"IF YOU SEE IT IN The Sun IT'S SO."

The Sun.

THE WEATHER PREDICTION
For New York and Its Vicinity:
Fair; southwesterly winds.

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AMERICANS WIN ALL.

England's Athletic Prestige Wiped Out Decisively.

ELEVEN CLEAN VICTORIES.

The Victors Score Three World's Records and Equal One.

Britain's Great Sprinter, Bradley, Succumbs to Wefers, Who Also Takes the Furlong Dash—Amazing Speed of Kilpatrick in the Half-mile Run—Conneff Easily Takes a Double Event—Burke's Great Race for the Quarter—Sweeney Electrifies the Onlookers—Twenty-five Thousand Spectators Cheer Victors and Vanquished—Chase Creates a Record Only to Lose It on a Technicality—Bloss Scores the Fourth Win for New England by Capturing the Broad Jump—Gray and Mitchell Again Invincible with Shot and Hammer—What the English Athletes Say.

All England's athletes wearing the emblem of the London Athletic Club were signally defeated by America's pride, the gallant New York Athletic Club champions, at Manhattan Field yesterday. There were eleven events on the programme, and all were won by the Yankees. Except in one contest, the quarter-mile run, the Britons were so easily outclassed that the result of the great international conflict was a source of wild enthusiasm for the 15,000 spectators, who sat for four hours in the broiling sun and weakening humidity to watch the efforts of these sons of Mercury. As if to further demonstrate their superiority over the Queen's subjects the Americans established three new world's records, broke another one, but it could not be allowed because of a slight technicality, and equalled still another. In only five events did the Englishmen succeed in taking second place, so that this is another bit of evidence to show how sorry a showing they made. There was no chance to quibble in any way, for the foreigners were treated with the utmost fairness by the officials, and the spectators applauded their efforts again and again. But they were not destined to win against such superb specimens of athletic manhood as carried the red Mercury Foot to the front without a single failure.

It was a torrid day for outdoor sport, but that was the only disadvantage. The track never was in finer condition, and the big bluff on the west kept the wind enough in check to favor the sprinters and runners immensely. Every New York A. C. man who won an event was a hero, but there were four in particular who were literally worshipped by the great crowd, B. J. Wefers of Lawrence, Mass., was the first champion to have the spectators at his feet. He won the 100 yard dash from Charles Alfred Bradley, the fleet Englishman, who had been heralded as a sure winner, in the remarkable time of 9 4-5 seconds, which equals the famous world's record of John Owens, Jr., of Detroit and others.

WEFER'S GREAT RECORD.

Wefers also won the 220 yard dash in the wonderful time of 21 3-5 seconds, which is a new world's record. Charles J. Kilpatrick also performed a feat that will remain as a standard for half-mile runners for some time to come. With a magnificent burst of speed he covered 880 yards in 1:53 2-5, which is another world's record, and excels the long-standing figures of 1:54 2-5, made by F. J. K. Cross of Oxford in 1888, and of 1:54⅘, made by the late W. C. Dohm in 1891. The most remarkable performance, though, was the breaking of the running high jump record by M. F. Sweeney, who cleared the bar at 6 feet 5⅝ inches, amid intense excitement. Stephen Chase also broke a world's record for the 120-yard hurdle race by doing it in 15 2-5 seconds, but the figures cannot stand as a record, as Chase upset a hurdle in his hurry. These particular accomplishments prove beyond the question of a doubt that America can carry off the athletic palm at any time, no matter how strong an English team may be. As for training and physical condition the New York A. C. men were perhaps a shade superior, but the Britons cannot claim that they were not in condition. Some of the best athletes in all England did not come with the London team. It is true, but even if they had America would have triumphed all the same, for the boys who ran for the honor of the Stars and Stripes yesterday were simply invincible.

As early as 12 o'clock the L trains began to carry the enthusiasts to the battlefield. There were athletic celebrities from the North, South, East, and West, who came to see the much-talked-of trial of skill and strength. There were loads of pretty women and girls who wore miniature Mercury-foot emblems or little English flags, as the case might be. There were plenty of Britons on hand to cheer their countrymen, and there were Scotchmen, too, besides many brawny fellows from old Ireland.

CROWDS FLOCK TO THE SCENE.

When the yawning gates of Manhattan Field were thrown open at 12:30 o'clock there was a jam at once, and from that time until the games began, two hours later, the crowds filed through the entrances like small black rivers. The advance sale of reserved seats in the covered grand stands had been particularly large, so that the holders of the magic coupons were considered particularly lucky. There were some seats left, to be sure, and these were eagerly snapped up at the box offices until all were gone. Then the speculators began to get out their pruning knives, and the excited seat hunters suffered. When all the grand stand vantage points were disposed of, the crowd had to charge upon the open stands. Five minutes on the burning bleachers was sufficient to make the coats and vests come off regardless of buttons. Collars melted like butter and shirt bosoms were soon like dish rags. Those persons who carried newspapers made improvised sun shades of them and managed to suffer with an occasional spell of comfort, but the others were simply broiled alive.

The club house, which is always reserved, was a conspicuous place. Up in the balcony were the fashionables and down stairs were the rival athletes. Out upon the front of the building were three flags that attracted lots of attention. One was a big English banner that floated defiantly before the struggle began, but which hung without a ruffle when the last event was over. Another was Old Glory, and there was never a moment when the red, white, and blue was not flashing in the eyes of all who looked that way. The third pennant was that of the New York Athletic Club, a white field on which was the familiar club emblem, the red mercury foot. Near by, on the front of the horseshoe grand stand, there was hung a Union Jack, the owner of which was game to the last, for he never took down his colors until the last event had been decided.

Looking from the grand stand the field presented a beautiful picture. The grass was as green as the Irish flag, and was rolled as smooth as a ballroom floor. The cinder track which encircled the velvet oval was as hard as flint and looked fast the moment the experts saw it. Under a canopy that provided little or no protection from the hot sun a band of music was stationed, and the musicians in their red coats were soon dubbed a lot of "broiled lobsters" by the chaffing crowd.

PERFECT ARRANGEMENTS.

The arrangements were perfect in every detail. The track was well handled by a corps of Travers Island experts, and the officials for once did not get in one another's way. They even went so far as to recline on the turf during the various events, so as not to obstruct the view of the spectators. The results of each contest were posted on a big revolving bulletin board, and the announcer also gave the facts to the crowd through a megaphone, so that on the whole there was no fault-finding, and everything passed off nicely.

As was stated above, fully 15,000 persons saw the games from points within the vast enclosure. But there were at least 10,000 more on the viaduct along 155th street, and on the bluff. Therefore, when Tommy Conneff wound up the great triumph by winning the three-mile run at exactly 6 o'clock, 25,000 persons set up a cheer.

It was about twenty minutes after 2 o'clock when Capt. Godfrey Shaw of the London team emerged from the dressing rooms to take a look at the crowd. He was dressed in typical English style, with white duck trousers, bottle-green coat with gold trimmings, and a funny little gray cap, which bore the L. A. C. initials in green and gold. He said that the members of his team were all in good physical trim, except Downer, whose leg was injured in practice recently. He seemed to believe that he had a good chance to win several events, especially in the 100-yard dash and the middle distances. As Shaw walked about the infield he was the synosure of all eyes, and there was many a complimentary remark passed among the occupants of the stand, who never let an incident go by unnoticed. As soon as the English Captain had retired to his quarters there was a great cheer and then a merry laugh all over the field as Tommy Lee, the crack sprinter of the New Yorks, came out upon the track leading a frisky goat. Lee has been tanned by the sun so that at a distance he looks like a creole. Consequently it was not at all strange that a wild Irishman said to his friend:

"Mike, be gob, there's a nayger haulin' a nanny goat around the thrack because he wants ter Jonah the whole dom gang from London. And he will at that, be gob!"

The goat was the New York Club's mascot, and wore a little blanket, on which were two inevitable Mercury Foot emblems. Lee tugged at the strap and walked all the way around the track with the mascot, while the crowd arose and roared with delight. Then John V. Crum, the Western sprinter, came upon the track wearing the old familiar skull cap. He trotted up and down for a few moments and was loudly applauded. But all these preliminaries did not satisfy the rank and file of enthusiasts who were ranged like a great black and white wall along the side of the straightaway track for the sprinters. As the officials appeared one by one with their elegant badges fluttering on their proud bosoms, there was renewed enthusiasm, for everybody knew that the time for the great fight to begin was near at hand.

OFF FOR THE FIRST EVENT.

It was exactly 2:30 o'clock, the advertised time for the first event to begin, when the contestants for the half-mile run were called out. America's representatives were Charles J. Kilpatrick and Henry S. Lyons, and they were the first to appear. Their rivals were Frederick S. Horan and Charles H. Lewin. The Englishmen were warmly welcomed as they came out of the club house and ran slowly to the starting point. Kilpatrick was the perfect athlete as he waited to hear the pistol shot that would send him on his journey to victory. His legs were long and supple, his muscles well defined, but not too big, his arms were cleanly developed, and his body did not have an ounce of superfluous flesh on it. Kilpatrick had the pole and Horan was next to him. Then came Lyons and Lewin. As the men stood there and Starter Jordan, who did good work, by the way, held his pistol aloft, there was a breathless silence. The immense throng of spectators stood or sat around the enclosure like statues and waited to see the start. There was a moment of delay and then the gun went off. Lyons and Lewin at once set the pace, closely followed by Kilpatrick and Horan in the order named. As they ran easily around the quarter-mile track they were followed by 50,000 eyes. Every movement was noticed and every spurt was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm. They maintained the same order at the quarter, and when the bell rang for the final dash around the oval there was a deafening yell of joy from the spectators, who were now worked up to white heat. Just as the men were passing the club house, Kilpatrick, with a rush like that of a greyhound, bounded ahead of his competitors and began a race for his life. On and on he dashed, leaving everybody behind, while the frenzied crowd threw hats and canes in the air and howled like Indians. Lyons quickly dropped out and Lewin deliberately left the track while on the backstretch and hurried across the field to see the finish. Around the last turn Kilpatrick came like a well-oiled machine. As he struck the stretch and straightened out for the jape, he increased his speed and gave as pretty an exhibition of running as has rarely been seen on any track. Behind him, ten or twelve yards back, Horan, the Englishman, came along gamely, but he might as well have tried to beat the Empire State Express, for he wasn't in it at all. Kilpatrick came stronger and stronger near the finish, and finally, like a flash of lightning, he shot his lithe body across the line, a winner by twelve yards. It was the first victory of the day and Americans felt so happy that there was a grand hugging match all around. But when Kilpatrick's wonderful time, 1:53 2-5, was announced there was a wild demonstration in the great runner's honor.

BRADLEY'S WATERLOO.

Scarcely had the enthusiasm died away when it was renewed, for the crack sprinters of the world had come out for a death struggle at 100 yards. The Londoners were C. A. Bradley, who had been touted as a sure winner, and H. G. Steavenson, who arrived in this country a few days after his companions. Bradley looked almost too solid to be much of a sprinter, but the moment his legs were put in action the wiseacres knew that he was no slouch. It had been said of Bradley that he was able to do ten seconds easily, which was unquestionably true, for his performance in this particular dash was most praiseworthy. But he was beaten because one of the greatest runners of the age finished in front of him. Two years ago Bernard J. Wefers, the boy from Lawrence, Mass., was unknown in the athletic world. But he was born a sprinter, and it only was necessary for him to be handled properly to develop the wonderful ability that has made him famous the world over to-day. As Wefers said to THE SUN man later in the day:

"I owe my success to Mike Murphy, the New York A. C. trainer, who has taught me how to run properly and has instilled me with a get-there ability that I never had before."

When Wefers then came up the track to run this great race he was watched narrowly by all. He is but a boy, and as he cantered up to the starting point there were many who feared that the solid, muscular-looking Bradley would surely defeat him. Wefers's partner was the celebrated John V. Crum, who, by the way, is not so fit as when he ran in the inter-collegiate meeting at Berkeley Oval some months ago. There was a craning of necks and a general mounting on chairs as the four fliers got on their marks to take the gun's report. Wefers had the rail, with Crum next to him and the

Continued on Third Page.

GORMAN TAKES HIS STAND.

HIS CAMPAIGN AGAINST REPUBLICANS AND PARTY OPPONENTS.

He Says National Questions and Not State Issues Form the Lines on Which He Intends to Battle—No Compliments for Mr. Cleveland in His Opening Speech.

ELLICOTT CITY, Md., Sept. 21.—Senator Gorman was to-day the chief attraction at a all-day mass meeting in Lorenzo Warfield's Woods at Glenelg, in Howard county, and the scene of many former large political demonstrations. Senator Gorman made a memorable address there in the Presidential contest of 1892, in which he eulogized Mr. Cleveland. The statement had been published and repeated by Mr. Gorman's friends that he would again to-day eulogize the President. Those of the great crowd who came to hear him do so were disappointed.

A train load of Baltimoreans, including the Democratic candidates and Democrats well known in the city and State, arrived here at 9 o'clock in the morning. A procession of horsemen formed an escort to the State candidates, and moved up the Baltimore and Frederick turnpike toward the place of meeting, ten miles away. Two brass bands furnished music as the cavalcade marched on to Glenelg.

Nothing had been left undone to make the meeting a success. There were horses and carriages in plenty for everybody whereby all reached the woods in comfort; there were music and speeches galore; there was plenty to eat and drink. In fact, it was an old-fashioned barbecue. All the Democratic candidates were present, and thousands upon thousands greeted them.

Ex-Gov. John Lee Carroll, whose campaign twenty years ago is only exceeded in interest by the present contest, presided over the meeting. On assuming the chair, ex-Gov. Carroll said:

"I consider this assemblage a living protest against the actions of those who seek to divide and disrupt the Democratic party. I now here openly and frankly avow that the party is in danger of defeat by the action of those whose support it should justly claim."

The speaker commented at length on what he considered the flimsy causes that have been advanced for the disaffection that prevails in the Democratic ranks, and eulogized the fitness of the Democratic candidates for the respective officers. In conclusion he said:

"Having an ideal candidate, we have an ideal platform, which even Mr. Cleveland could have written himself. Under this condition of things are we to give away our State into the hands of people who, when in power, heaped upon us disgrace and dishonor?

"I am not going to mince words, for the time has come when one must talk plainly. But the cry is, 'Down with Gorman; down with the boss who rules the political actions of the people.'

"Are you quite sure that the defeat of our party will accomplish that end? Some years ago the Republicans in Pennsylvania defeated Delamater, who was Quay's man, on the plea that it would destroy the boss. But he is now stronger than ever. If you want to rid yourself of the boss who is unsatisfactory to you, you have the power to do it.

"Two years hence when his name comes up for reelection for United States Senator, you have the opportunity to defeat him. But if you do, remember that you will bring defeat to a Senator who has the unbounded confidence of his fellow Democrats in the Senate, and the unqualified respect of his political opponents. The people of this State are not to be driven from the Democratic party for the purpose of getting rid of your boss. I am an advocate at all times and all places of a full and free opinion by the public press, but when certain leading papers that are now arrayed against the Democratic party in this contest have undertaken to say that a man who supports the Democratic ticket this year is false to the interests of his State and unworthy of the man whom we have honored among us, it is going a step too far. Let me say to them that their opinions will be classed as the opinions of the Republicans and produce among Democrats only the same effects."

Senator Gorman was wildly cheered as he stepped to the front of the platform. Senator Gorman began his remarks by allusions to the character of the candidates, both of whom, he declared, are honored citizens and would fill the offices for which they had been named with personal credit and ability; but he said personal success was a secondary consideration, except as it represents principles and theories relating to governmental affairs. The real question is which of the two great parties, Democratic and Republican, shall have control of the State for the ensuing four years. He was aware that Mr. Lowndes and the leaders of the Republican party in the State have made and are making frantic appeals to eliminate all questions of national concern from the canvass. "They are aided in this effort," he said, "by a few discontented and disappointed men heretofore acting with us, but whose interests or whose malice led them to desire Republican success rather than Democratic supremacy. The complex character of our Government, Federal and State, has necessitated the formation of political parties, which, in their objects and principles, almost forbid and prevent a purely State campaign. The national parties are the parties in the State, and the organizations and principles of the national parties are those of the subdivisions of the States. Hence the national Democratic and Republican parties are contending this fall for success in Ohio, in Pennsylvania, in New York, in Maryland, and in other States, as preliminary to the great contest for the Presidency in 1896."

It was not astonishing, he thought, that the Republicans should desire to avoid national affairs. He thought it safe to say that one half of their party is ashamed of the record they have made in the past eight years. "They were defeated overwhelmingly throughout the country, and," said the Senator, "if the Democrats are united, they will be overwhelmingly defeated again in 1896. It is not, therefore, strange that the Maryland Republicans would like to relegate their misleeds in national legislation to the rear and endeavor to make campaign upon local questions. But they will not be permitted to select the line of battle for us. Inviting, as we do, the fullest and closest inspection and investigation into Democratic methods of State Government, we shall also demand and exercise the privilege of looking closely into Republican administration of national affairs. We proudly boast the rectitude of Democratic administration, and defy contradiction of our claim that the Democratic party has administered the affairs of the State so well and faithfully that there is not a better governed State than Maryland among the forty-four States of the Union."

Alluding to the possession by the Democratic party of the Presidency and its control of both Houses of Congress for the first time in thirty-two years, the Senator said:

"Two years is a short period in governmental affairs in which to accomplish great results, or to recover a great country from the evil effects or vicious influences of thirty years of bad legislation and worse administration. And yet I assert, without the fear of contradiction, that no party in this or any other country has brought about so many or so great reforms in the interests of the people or done so much to insure their liberties as has been accomplished by the Democratic party since the inauguration of President Cleveland on March 4, 1893."

Mr. Gorman referred to the pledges of the party to the people to repeal the McKinley bill, abolish subsidies, secure a sound currency, and to rescue the country from all the evils of Republicanism which, during three decades of Republican misrule, had been inflicted upon the country. He said the heedless and ill-considered financial legislation of the Republicans did not produce its full effects until '93, "and in that year," said Mr. Gorman, "the business depression became so general that the whole country seemed likely to become panic-stricken." The business depressions, closings of factories, drain on the Treasury reserve, &c., were enumerated at some length. "And these," said the Senator, "are some of the extraordinary conditions of public affairs by which the Democratic party was confronted when it came into power."

The long fight in the Senate over the Sherman Repeal bill was a subject of the speaker's attention. He detailed the struggle, and said for a long time the Democratic party was unjustly held responsible for a condition produced by the Republicans and for the delay which was unavoidable. "As we look upon it now," he said, "the wonder is that the victory was achieved so soon."

The Senator traced the legislation resulting in the defeat of the McKinley law and the enactment of a Democratic tariff measure, under which, said he, more laboring men and mechanics have had their wages raised than ever before in the history of the country, and when business has resumed its normal condition the tariff law would produce revenue enough to support the Government, economically administered. Continuing in reciting the remedial work of the Democracy for evils that existed when they came into power, he said:

"And yet there are men who, because the party has not accomplished more, or even accomplished what it has in the identical manner that they think would have been preferable, are preparing to abandon the Democratic party and go over to the support of Mr. Lowndes and place the Republican party in power in Maryland and permit them to send to the Senate of the United States a man who would restore the McKinley law and reenact Federal legislation for the control of elections. I say there are some styling themselves Democrats who advocate this course; but they are so few in number that they cannot disturb, they do not alarm, the Democrats, for they are impotent to bring about a result that would be so disastrous, not only to the State, but to the nation.

"No, fellow citizens, the people of this country hurled the Republican party from power in 1892 because they had abused the great trust confided in them. That people will take no backward step. They will not return to McKinleyism or to the Force bill. Mr. Lowndes, who heads the Republican ticket in this State, may well appeal to his followers not to discuss national questions. I know Mr. Lowndes well; he is a thorough and consistent Republican. He stands by his party and with his party. If elected to the office of Governor he would use his great power to hold the State in the Republican column. He would see to it, so far as he had the power, that Republicans should be sent to Congress who would vote with and follow the lead of Reed of Maine and McKinley of Ohio. He would have a Senator in Congress in the place of my colleague, Senator Gibson, thoroughly in accord with him and his party upon measures for which his party stands.

"He is a Republican because he believes with his party in promoting the interests of corporate power and of trusts and combines. His education, his belief, his party loyalty, would make him use all the power he could command to elect Harrison, McKinley, Reed, or any other distinguished person who may be the Republican nominee for President. He is an honest man, and honesty would require that he be faithful to the party, and faithfulness to the Republican platform and party involves the return to all that the Democratic party has reformed. He cannot afford to discuss these questions before the people of Maryland."

The Senator spoke at length of the disaffection of certain Democrats in the State. Everybody knew, he said, that they pretend that it is necessary to defeat the party in order to defeat the influence of two members of it. "and," continued Mr. Gorman, "everybody knows that that is not the reason." He declared that never in the history of the party was there a more independent and fitting action of a party convention than the one which nominated Mr. Hurst for Governor.

The war that was being made upon him, said the Senator, was nothing new, and is generally made upon public servants who have pursued an independent course in the interests of the people.

"I am for my party," said Mr. Gorman, "and with my party and its nominees on all occasions and at every election because I believe my party best subserves the interests of the people. Its success at this election cannot increase my power or give me additional place and honor any more than the election two years ago. The good people of the State of Maryland have already given me all that I ever asked for; indeed, more than I ever expected.

"Fellow Democrats, you have now, as in the past, a great duty to perform. Slander, vituperation, and misrepresentation cannot and will not prevent you from doing that duty. As much as the Democratic party has accomplished, its mission is not yet performed. We must continue that party in power, not only to hold the vantage which the people have gained from its two years of power, but to continue its reforms, to cut down expenditures, to reduce extravagance in every quarter, and to maintain the rights of the American people to self-government, so that this great structure may be handed down to our children unimpaired."

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT INJURED.

His Horse Stumbled and Fell, Rolling Over Him, Breaking His Arm.

NEWBURGH, Sept. 21.—The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, has been spending some time at his summer home at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. One of his favorite pastimes is riding, and when he goes out he generally uses one of his best horses.

Yesterday afternoon he put the saddle on a spirited horse for his customary ride, and was enjoying it, when suddenly his horse stumbled over a stone or a rut in the roadway and fell. Dr. Abbott was thrown off on one side of the animal, and in some way the horse rolled over on him. He received serious injuries. His left arm was broken and he was bruised and otherwise injured.

The accident happened near his home, and his neighbors came to his assistance. He was quickly removed to his home in a carriage that was summoned, and Dr. L. A. Brown was sent for. The physician set the broken arm and cared for the other injuries, and made the patient as comfortable as possible.

WAKEFUL NIGHTS IN JERSEY.

Burglars Busy in a Small Way on the N. J. and N. Y. Railroad.

HACKENSACK, Sept. 21.—Burglars have been keeping the people along the New Jersey and New York Railroad awake during the past two nights, and half a dozen officers are patrolling the country roads and compelling every stranger to give an account of himself. On Thursday night the residence of J. C. Demarest, florist, at Etna, was entered through a window, the glass of which was cut, and Mr. Demarest's pocketbook and watch were taken, the haul being worth about $125.

On the same night Aug. Block's hotel at Etna was entered and a few dollars secured. Emil Buerck of the same place was stopped on the road home at a late hour, but escaped from two men by lashing his horse. He had in his pockets over two hundred dollars, which he had drawn from the bank.

Last night the store of Van Buskirk & Landmann at Oradell was entered through a window, evidently by professional burglars, who were surprised while drilling holes through the safe door around the combination lock. Mr. Van Buskirk, who lives over the store with his mother, was aroused by an unusual sound, and going down stairs found a light in the store room in front of the big safe. Five holes had already been drilled through the door, and it would soon have been opened. Mr. Van Buskirk made considerable noise in descending the stairs and the robbers escaped.

He heard them run across the bridge to the east. All the thieves secured was two Spanish dollars from the till. The dwelling of Peter Felter, butcher, at the same place, was entered last night, but nothing taken. The Van Buskirk & Landmann store was robbed last spring, and they put in a larger safe. On Thursday night a horse and buggy were stolen from John Alberts, better known as Humpy John, near Etna.

WOUNDS DIDN'T STOP HER LOVE.

Miss Bethancourt Weds the Man Who Tried to Kill Her and Her Parents.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 21.—Miss Eugénie Bethancourt and Louis Gervais were married here yesterday. Gervais had courted her for several years, and had built a house in which to take his bride, but at the last moment she broke off the engagement. Just a month ago he visited her house to demand a final answer in his suit. She again refused him and said she never wished to see him again.

He left the house furious over the rejection and returned a few minutes afterward armed with a revolver. There was some lively shooting in the next few minutes. Miss Bethancourt received two wounds, one in the cheek, the other in the shoulder, both serious. Her father, who arose from his sick bed to come to her assistance, was shot in the eye, and has been confined to the Charity Hospital ever since.

Gervais shot at the mother, but missed her, and clubbed a younger sister over the head with the stock of his pistol, felling her to the ground and seriously injuring her. He then ran to the river and threw himself in with the intention of committing suicide. He was rescued and arrested.

It was thought at first that at least one of his victims would die. When it was guaranteed by the doctor that the girl was out of danger he was released on bond, and at the first opportunity offered he ran off with her and married her. The father still insists on prosecution, and says that if he can send Gervais to the penitentiary he is satisfied his daughter will return to him.

Six More Bodies from the Wreck of the Spanish Cruiser.

HAVANA, Sept. 21.—Six more bodies were recovered to-day from the sunken wreck of the cruiser Sanchez Barcaiztegui. One of the bodies was that of the purser of the ship. Another shark was caught in the vicinity of the wreck to-day whose stomach contained fragments of human bodies.

The Color, Body, Flavor, and Purity show the high grade ingredients used in the Schaefer Brewing Co.'s product and their advanced method of bottling. Mail orders Park av. and 51st st.—Adv.

WEATHER RECORDS MADE.

YESTERDAY THE HOTTEST SEPT. 21 IN NEW YORK'S ANNALS.

Also the Hottest Day of the Present Year—The Thermometer Between 95° and 96° for Hours—No Relief Promised for To-day—Afflictions of the Prudent Ones Who Had Put on Their Fall Clothes.

All weather records were broken yesterday. Not only was it the hottest Sept. 21 ever recorded in this city, but it also beat any other day of this year by a degree. Moreover, it established a new record for the thermometers after Sept. 15, the date of departure for straw hats, as previous years fail to show any mark above 95° after the first half of the month. It was of the nature of a final effort of the mercury to make up the 100° which New York has fallen behind this year.

No New Yorker who reads THE SUN carefully was unprepared yesterday, for full warning from Farmer Dunn was given. Friday, while it was bad enough, was just a foretaste. The night was notable principally for the decrease in humidity, and this was a fortunate circumstance, for had the humidity been high instead of between 60 and 70, and therefore below normal, the sunstroke list probably would have been added to the shattered records for which the weather and the international games made yesterday remarkable. Another mitigating influence was a persevering breeze, which sprang up quite early in the day and stuck to its business nobly, blowing from eight to twelve miles an hour. Despite these circumstances, there was about as much positive discomfort in New York yesterday as any atmospheric agent could crowd into a day.

The trouble began bright and early. At 8 o'clock the mercury marked 80°. Deliberately it found its way to the 81° mark, which it reached at about 9 o'clock. Then came a regular sprint, and in the next hour it covered 7°, settling down after that to a steadier pace, which brought it to 91° at 11 o'clock and 94° at noon. By this time people were beginning to gather round the thermometers and watch them. Between noon and 1 o'clock the mercury struck 96°, the record point, vacillated for a time between that and 95½°, and then dropped to 95°. This was only to rest before a new endeavor, apparently, for after resting at 95° for an hour it went up to 96° again, and for two hours did an elevator act between those two points while New York sweltered. But it couldn't get any higher, and as the sun went lower there was some relief, although the evening was not one that called for overcoats, nor did bedtime bring with it demands for blankets and quilts. At 8 o'clock the mercury showed 85°, and there was hardly a stir of air.

Coming at this time of year so unexpectedly, the hot wave caught many off their guard. Particularly was this noticeable in the matter of the straw hat. These were few and far between, and in all the streets of the city the sun beat fiercely down upon the unprotected heads of men who carried derbies in their hands. Unhappy was the lot of him who had put on his winter underclothes. Prudence in this case overreached itself, and the flannel-swathed citizen ran more risk in the heat than he could have found in the cold if he had postponed the change a fortnight. Up at Fifth avenue and Thirty-third street two such citizens met yesterday noon, when the thermometer was at its highest. One wore his coat on his arm and his handkerchief round his neck. The other carried an umbrella over his head and a stiff hat under his arm.

"Hello, Jim," said the first. "Nice fall weather we're having. Where's your straw hat?"

"Wife packed it up," growled Jim. "Where's yours?"

"Sister-in-law gave it to a tramp," was the reply. "Pretty new looking suit you've got on. Fall weight?"

"Yep, dammit."

"Same here.

"Winter underclothes, too, Charley?" asked the first man, expectantly.

"Patcher life; summer ones packed away. You, too?"

"Sure thing."

Then they exclaimed together:

"Let's get some humidity," and they went to a saloon and, after drinking thanks that the heat hadn't come on Sunday, when everything is closed.

Most weather discussions ended in the saloons yesterday. There was a trade in "coolers" and iced temperance drinks that kept the bartenders busy. It was too hot for beer, many said, and mixed drinks, alcoholic and non-alcoholic, were in great demand. One thing usually seen on hot days was conspicuously absent—the palm leaf fan. Probably the dealers had their stock packed away, for not one of the resonant street fakirs who in midsummer do such a trade in these fans was to be seen on Broadway, and perspiring humanity had to fan itself with its hat or go unfanned. Some remarkable effects in costume were brought about. An elderly gentleman who got caught in the weather, ambled across City Hall Park at about noon with his light overcoat over one shoulder, his undercoat over the other, his waistcoat artistically draped round his neck, and his high hat carefully dandled in his arms. Another ingenious citizen, finding an unbrella handy, fastened his superfluous clothing to the handle and toddled along quite comfortably. A few had the courage of their convictions and wore white duck trousers and pleased smiles, but they were very few. The vast majority sweltered through the day in apparel which at best was only a compromise between uncomfortable weather and the expected weather of the season.

Probably no persons had a harder time than the police had during the morning. Sept. 20 is the usual date for the change of clothing, but the cool weather of the last week led the police authorities to believe that the summer uniform should give way immediately. So on Friday the men appeared in dress coats, heavy trousers, and winter helmets. It was the same in Brooklyn and on the bridge. Yesterday morning the men were sent out again in the heavy uniforms. As the mercury began to mount upward in the tubes of the thermometers the poor men became painfully aware of the fact that summer had not departed. They tried to get on the shady sides of the streets, or took refuge under awnings. The heart of Roosevelt would have been moved to pity could he have seen the efforts of the men to escape the terrible scorching. Evidently he or somebody else in authority did see them, for when the second division went out they were wearing their old dusty uniforms, and the order now reads that the men must wear their heavy uniforms when the weather permits. This rule is sure of a liberal interpretation. In Brooklyn the men continued to wear the winter helmets throughout the day, and the glossy blue cloth looked as comfortable as would a red-hot coal stove in a living room. The bridge policemen had a day of training that would have delighted a Rotteton, for there wasn't a more unpleasant place anywhere yesterday than the big bridge.

Considerable disparity of climbing powers was shown by the street thermometers. The big tube in front of Perry's drug store in Park row failed to get above 92°, upper Broadway the mercury ranged from 95° to 97°, one registered 100°. To this one an unsteady man, who evidently had been seeking relief in the flowing bowl, addressed himself in tones which brought a sympathetic crowd about him.

"You know wha' day thish is?" he inquired of the thermometer. "Thish ain' Forsh Jooly. Thish September 21, an' wha' you goin' to do 'bout it? Mortish hundred in shade," he added, appealing to the crowd. "Wha' you think of tha'. I'll fixh 'em," and drawing back the unsteady man aimed a tremendous blow at the tube, but, fortunately, he struck side of the mark. Before he could get another he was seized and led away, weeping bitterly because, as he said, if they'd only let him alone he'd have fixed it all right. Ten minutes later he was standing in front of a clothing store show window indignantly remonstrating with a dummy that wore a winter overcoat.

Up in Farmer Dunn's lofty abode a palm leaf fan fluttered all day, and little drops of perspiration trickled down the prophet's face as he predicted more warm weather.

"There's nothing in sight that tells of relief," he said; "no cold wave or storm, or anything else. The heat may decrease a few degrees to-morrow, but it won't be much, not such a jump as they had at Huron, S. D., for instance, where it fell from 100° to 46°, and people who were sleeping on the roof last night are getting their skates ready to-day. We warm wave of ours is central over the middle Atlantic States and reaches from Cape Hatteras to this city. Philadelphia is a little better than we are, but not much.

"To-day beats May 30 and June 1, the hottest two previous days of this year, by a clean degree. The summer began with great heat, you see, and is ending the same way. Probably the weather will moderate gradually, very gradually, for a time, until it becomes comfortable. As for to-morrow, all I've got to say is that if a man can get out of town he'll do well to go. There won't be much humidity, however."

The heat is ascribed by the weather people to an area of high pressure. New Yorkers who stayed in the city through the season will remember, however, that about the last of July the summer heat was lost, strayed, or stolen for about three days. There is more than a suspicion that this wave is that three days' spell come home to roost.

ASBURY PARK, Sept. 21.—The weather to-day was the warmest recorded in years. At noon the thermometer in the shade registered 100°. With the hot wind blowing in from the sand hills west of Asbury Park, life here was almost unbearable. The evening trains were crowded with people who had left New York bent on getting what fresh air there was at the seashore.

GREENPORT, L. I., Sept. 21.—To-day has been the hottest of the season. The thermometer at 3 o'clock this afternoon registered at 96 in the shade. Mechanics and laborers in many instances were compelled to abandon work from fear of sunstroke. With the exception of one slight shower, there has been no rain during the entire month. Crops are being ruined by the drought.

The Hottest September on Record.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 21.—The Weather Bureau has issued a special bulletin regarding the present hot spell, showing that it exceeds any previous records for the second ten days in September. An accompanying table shows temperatures of 104° for nine days at Concordia, Ka., of 102° for eight days at Omaha, Neb., of 104° for six days at Sioux City, and at twenty other points temperatures ranging from 90° to 100° for the last ten days. In Washington the highest point was 96°, which has prevailed for four days; New York, 92°; New Orleans, 90; St. Louis, 94; Chicago, 92; Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, 94, and Cincinnati and Louisville, 96. The bulletin further says that the heated conditions will probably continue throughout the Atlantic coast States during Sunday, but some relief may be expected on Monday.

Chicago Sorely Burdened by Heat.

CHICAGO, Sept. 21.—The intense heat of the past week has caused many prostrations daily, but yesterday's record eclipsed all others. For the twenty-four hours ending at 8 o'clock last night, the death roll of the city numbers fifty-one, forty-seven of the number, however, being children under seven years of age. The thermometer has hovered around the 91 mark for a week, and the excessive humidity has made the heat all the more unbearable.

Archbishop Kenrick Affected by the Heat.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 21.—The intense heat of the past three weeks has had a depressing effect on the health of Archbishop Kenrick of this diocese, and his condition at times has been so serious as to give his attendants considerable alarm. He is nearly ninety years old, and his physicians say that it is not reasonable to expect him to live much longer. His mind is very weak and he is almost physically helpless.

Ninety-six in the White Mountains.

NORTH CONWAY, N. H., Sept. 21.—The heat to-day all through the White Mountain region has been unprecedented for September. Here in North Conway the temperature in the shade has been 96°, a higher point than has been reached this year, and much higher than on any previous September day.

Snow in the West.

Despatches received from the West last night by Forecaster Dunn said that there was snow at 8 P. M. in Cheyenne, Wy., and in Rapid City, S. D. Four inches of snow fell in Salt Lake City.

TO RECOGNIZE THE VATICAN.

Mexico Will Receive the Papal Delegate as an Ambassador.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 21.—Archbishop Lopez of Monterey, Mexico, accompanied by Vicar-General Cabello, left Union station last night for Mexico. The Archbishop and the Vicar-General have just returned from Rome, and stopped here to visit Archbishop Kain. The Archbishop said to a reporter that the Apostolic Delegate to the hierarchy of Mexico, who is to be appointed, would also be Ambassador from the Vatican, and would be so recognized by the Mexican Government. He said that an understanding had been arrived at for official recognition of the representative of the Pope's temporal interests.

"This will be done," said the Archbishop, "without giving offence to the Italian Government, and will be done mainly to give an official head to the property in this church now in litigation."

An official of the Mexican Central Railway now in this city, was asked last night what the effect of the recognition of the Vatican would be. He said that he could see nothing in it but disaster. The Liberals would resent it; the Clericals would uphold it, and a condition approaching civil war would result.

"President Diaz," said he, "wants reelection, and in the turmoil that will ensue he hopes to again ride into power."

THE ST. LOUIS BROKE DOWN.

But for This, Her Engineers Say, She Would Have Broken Her Record.

The American liner St. Louis, which had a brush with the Cunarder Campania on Tuesday in midocean, arrived yesterday, completing the voyage from Southampton in 6 days 17 hours and 25 minutes. The Campania passed the St. Louis at 11 o'clock on Tuesday night. It is surmised that the commander of the Yankee ship did not like to be overhauled, even by a vessel with 10,000 more horse power, and that he let the St. Louis go for all she was worth. At 7 o'clock on Wednesday morning the St. Louis's starboard engines were stopped because the packing of one of the high-pressure cylinders blew out.

There was some excitement in the engine room, which for several minutes was permeated with escaping steam. The ship proceeded at three-quarters speed under the port engines for ten hours. Repairs were then completed. There was a derangement of the reversing gear of the starboard engines on Friday morning, which compelled the ship to make the rest of her voyage with only her port propeller going.

But for these accidents, her engineers say, she would have beaten her best previous westward run. Few of the