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

The Sun.

THE WEATHER PREDICTION
For New York and its Vicinity:
Showers; variable winds; clearing on Monday.

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OUR GREAT DAY ABROAD.

MORE STARRY BANNERS THAN UNION JACKS IN LONDON.

American Social Functions More Prominent than Any Others in London and Paris—The British Do Not Share Mr. Gladstone's View that Money Is Wasted in Armaments—Terrible Suffering of the Italian Prisoners of King Menelek—Big Scandals in Connection with Siberian Railroad Building—Canon Holland's Peculiar Letter to a Boy—Poking Fun at the American Theosophist Travellers.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, July 4.—Nature paid the highest compliment in her power to Americans abroad by giving them an Independence Day which it would be impossible to improve upon. Clear skies, a fresh breeze, and a temperature of seventy at midday were conditions which London Americans rejoiced in, and as they are here in greater numbers than on any previous Fourth of July, they made their presence felt in the public places of the metropolis.

In fact, American social functions have been the most prominent of any, both in Paris and London, in the past day or two. The open-air fête given in the Bois de Boulogne on Thursday evening by the Count and Countess Castellane was the most brilliant private event of the Paris season. Ambassador Bayard's reception in Eton square, this afternoon, was attended by the largest crowd that ever attempted to enter a private house in London at one time. Lady Cook (Jennie Claflin) entertained no less than 2,000 persons at her magnificent estate at Richmond yesterday, and the gardens of Mrs. Biddulph Martin (Victoria Woodhull) at Hyde Park Gate are thronged by Americans to-night.

Besides these purely social gatherings the American meet in Hyde Park at noon proved quite an imposing display of Yankee turnouts of all descriptions, and the dinner of the American Society this evening gave an opportunity for a further display of spontaneous patriotism judiciously admixed with expressions of good fellowship for the less fortunate mortals in whose society they are thrown.

It is a notable and significant fact that America's national holiday never before attained so much attention and complimentary recognition at the hands of the English people. Most Londoners know this year what the day commemorates and confess their knowledge in an amusing spirit of tolerance which is refreshing and inoffensive. American flags are more numerous on London buildings and streets to-day than the union jack, and the references to the anniversary in the press are genial and free from bitterness. Americans for the first time, indeed, are able to feel that they can give expression to their patriotism in London without giving offence to British pride.

Right here it is interesting to note that the annual report of the British Naturalization Bureau is made public to-day, by which it appears that just one American citizen in the past year changed his allegiance from the United States Constitution to Queen Victoria.

In a letter published to-day Mr. Gladstone denounces what he described as the wild, wanton, and most dangerous expenditure of the present Government upon armaments, which reads rather curiously from a statesman who, a little more than ten years ago, arrived at the conclusion that there was danger of a war between England and Russia, and by a couple of eloquent speeches persuaded the House of Commons to vote $30,000,000 for war ships, cannon, and rifles. His warnings now will fall on deaf ears. Even the faithful *Daily News* reproaches the Grand Old Man for the present inconvenient outburst, and the Tories revile him. The fact is that three-fourths of all Englishmen, in which are numbered members of all political parties, are prepared to support any scheme for increased armaments vouched for as necessary by the responsible Ministers, and the reason of this is the uncomfortable belief that England's position of "splendid isolation" in Europe, coupled with frequent controversies with America, involves serious danger which must be provided for. The tendency in this country until a great war has been fought somewhere will undoubtedly be toward increased armaments. Only the other day a well-known military strategist, lecturing before the chief military institution, drew an alarming picture of London's defenceless condition. If, he declared, the channel fleet were defeated, or lured away to distant fighting, England would be left without her breastplate, and an invader could easily reach the empire's heart. His idea was that London should be fortified like Strasburg or Metz, and if the War Office should endorse the soundness of his arguments and ask the Government to provide the necessary money, the request, in all probability, would be granted. As a matter of fact, large sums are being expended at this moment in building detached forts around London and strengthening the fortifications of the Mersey, Clyde, and Tyne. The money appears in the estimates under a general head, and few Englishmen have an adequate idea how much work is being done in this direction.

THE SUN reporter has ascertained that responsible military experts lately have been giving renewed attention to the defences of Halifax and Vancouver and possibly other points in the Western Hemisphere; and there is reason to believe that a small committee, installed at the War Office, and working in concert with the Admiralty, has been charged to discover what modifications are necessary and desirable in the defences of Canada, the West Indies, &c., in view of the fact that, in a few years, the United States will become a great naval power. Presumably the committee's instructions do not end with defensive schemes, but it is impossible to say more than to announce the fact that the committee exists and is at work.

The Italian people are tardily beginning to realize that their country has emerged from the war with Abyssinia not only beaten but dishonored, but so thoroughly were the horrors of war brought home to the popular mind that it is more than doubtful if any attempt will be made to lessen the stain upon the national honor by obtaining the release of some 2,000 Italians who are still prisoners in King Menelek's hands. Marquis Rudinì's policy of scuttle is possibly best under the circumstances, but patriotic Italians say it ought never to have been carried out until the prisoners were liberated by force or diplomacy. The latter method is now being tried, but King Humbert's envoy, Signor Nerazzini, instead of meeting King Menelek on equal terms, will have to grovel in the dust, which, in the opinion of the Abyssinian warrior monarch, is the proper attitude for the representative of a nation which has been thoroughly beaten in war and has fled, bag and baggage, horse, foot, and artillery, from the country which was to have been easily conquered and comfortably partitioned, while its ruler was to have been sent in the victor's train to Rome.

Nerazzini's applications may succeed, but not until he has given to King Menelek King Humbert's note of hand, or perhaps hard cash, for a big sum by way of ransom.

Meanwhile the prisoners are enduring frightful hardships. The latest reliable reports say that they arrived at Antollo, after a forced march, famishing, footless, and in rags. Over 500 of these poor wretches fell dead by the roadside, victims of political exigencies in Europe. There cannot be more than 2,200 now alive, and most of these are suffering dysentery and other diseases due to their awful privations. The Italian Government and people, by way of a salve for their consciences, have sent generous succor in the shape of preserved foods, medical comforts, clothing, and money, but these cannot reach the prisoners without King Menelek's consent, and anyhow, up to the present, they have got no further than Ajibuti, whence it will take several weeks to transport them to Antollo, even if the necessary camels can be obtained.

Despite the semi-official denials, there is good reason to believe that the release of the prisoners might have been secured two months ago, but precious time has been wasted in haggling over the price to be paid. Since then nearly a thousand prisoners have died, and for these deaths the Italian Government is largely responsible.

Another of those frequent frontier incidents of which little is ever heard outside of the immediate locality, but upon which, as likely as not, may be founded a pretext for the next war between France and Germany, occurred a few days ago. A house painter named Steck, an Alsatian liable to German military service, crossed the frontier to avoid that obligation, and has since resided near oid Montreux, a source of constant irritation to the German frontier authorities to whom he is well known and by whom he has been threatened with arrest at the first opportunity. Last week Steck, having finished some work in a neighboring village, started home in the evening, and in an unwary moment took a short cut which compelled him to traverse German territory for a few yards only. It would have been all the same if only a few feet, for Guards Hofman and Wagner of Montreux had tracked him, and as soon as he was well across the frontier line took him a prisoner. Steck offered desperate and prolonged resistance, freely using a big knife which he carried, while the policemen as freely made use of their sabres and revolvers. Steck naturally got the worst of it, and was carried, grievously wounded, to the Dannemarie Hospital, and the only satisfaction derivable by him is the knowledge that Hofman and Wagner are under surgical treatment in the same institution. Local passions were greatly excited over this incident, because it will probably result in daily inconveniences. The road whereon Steck was captured has long been tacitly regarded as neutral, and has been used habitually by Frenchmen and Germans without interference from the frontier guard. The importance attached to Steck's capture, however, has spoiled this friendly arrangement, and now both peoples are shaking their fists at each other, while the two Governments have issued imperative orders for the observance of the letter as well as the spirit of the frontier regulations.

By order of the Czar an inquiry is about to be instituted concerning the causes of the slow progress in railway construction in Siberia, and a special Government commissary, M. Kulemsin, is now on his way to investigate matters on the spot. There is good reason to believe that he will expose scandals which will attract the attention of the world, and that he will find proof of bribery or corruption on a gigantic scale and of cruelty incredible in these modern days.

The chief trouble is believed to be due to the scandalous treatment of the workmen by the contractors for the railway sections. The men engaged as free workmen at fair wages have been treated as slaves and swindled out of their just dues until, driven to desperation, they have deserted by wholesale, with the double result that the work has been brought to a standstill and the country is overrun with bands of men that are little better than brigands. The Czar is also anxious to ascertain the causes operating against the colonization of Siberia by free Russians. The process of colonization commenced two centuries ago, but although the country is of vast extent, extremely fertile, and capable of supporting, without outside help, a population of 100,000,000, it does not contain to-day 5,000,000, while great tracts of territory are practically uninhabited.

The most painful subject of the entire week has been the incidental exposure in a police court case of a certain strange letter written by Canon Scott Holland to one of the boy members of the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral. Canon Holland, as American churchmen well know, is one of the most prominent and progressive leaders of the English Church. He is an intimate friend of Mr. Gladstone and declined a bishopric at his hands. The Canon's denial of any immoral or other evil intention is the only explanation of the peculiar language ascribed to him which is yet forthcoming. The matter cannot be allowed to rest in its present position, and a lamentable revival of the form of scandal which was rife a year or two ago seems inevitable.

Really extraordinary preparations are being made for the entertainment of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston next week. All officialdom, from the Queen and Prince of Wales downward, have seized upon this occasion for an opportunity to give expression to the rapturous affection which the English official heart desires to extend to America at the present moment. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company is the one organization in all America which is best able to face such overwhelming hospitality as will be bestowed upon the visitors. I doubt if another corps exists which could go through the ordeal of the coming week unshaken and unscathed. It will be a glorious time, memorable above all others in the long annals even of this illustrious organization. Many of the Ancients' field days have been occasions which have tried men's souls and stomachs, and, in that regard, I speak whereof I know; but those tests of their courage and resources are trifles compared with what they must encounter in the next week in London.

The mission of the American Theosophy Crusaders to England and the rest of the world has encountered the fatal obstacle of ridicule at the outset. This is a scoffing generation of Englishmen, and attempts made, in white flowing robes, to convert them to an occult doctrine which they are prejudiced to believe is some new humbug, excites chiefly amusement. Col. Olcott and Mrs. Besant take them seriously, however, and issue solemn repudiation of them and their mission. In name only are they the original Theosophists.

The first London meeting at the Queen's Hall last night was a dull affair, and the attendance was small. Not one of the speakers developed a spark of enthusiasm, and somehow the impression prevails that the group of so-called Propagandists have started on a pleasure trip round the world, of course at their own expense, with theosophy as a convenient *raison d'être*.

Important improvements in Röntgen photography are announced from Berlin. The most interesting is a simple method of photographing the stomach and intestines. It is only necessary for the patient to drink some harmless solution of mineral salt, such as lime water, which is as impenetrable as bone to X rays, and excellent results are obtained.

A Relative of Thomas T. Eckert Injured.

ASBURY PARK, July 4.—Clendenin Eckert, a relative of Thomas T. Eckert, the President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, was injured this afternoon while riding a bicycle at Allaire. He was attempting to dismount when his foot caught in the pedal, and he was thrown heavily to the ground. He was brought to Asbury Park, when it was found that his arm and hip were broken, and that he had received internal injuries.

Umbria Gets to Queenstown All Right.

The Cunarder Umbria, which was fast for ten hours on Saturday, June 27, on the wreck of the sunken coal barge Andrew Jackson, in Tredney's Channel, on her way to sea, arrived at Queenstown yesterday all right.

Families supplied with Mountain Side Farm products at their residences. Milk guaranteed 20 per cent. cream. Also Eggs and Cream. Dairy 622 Sixth avenue. Visitors welcome.—Adv.

Make way for the Liberty, the watchword of all patriots and most wheelmen.—Adv.

JUST ESCAPED LYNCHING.

POLICEMAN AND FIREMAN HOLD BACK A FURIOUS MOB.

A Negro Had Stabbed a White Man on an Eighth Avenue Car, and in a Moment there Was a Full-fledged Riot—The Negro's Life Saved After a Hard Fight.

Eighth avenue celebrated the glorious Fourth in a manner somewhat out of the ordinary. On the spur of the mo[illegible] mean proportions and was preparing a lynching bee when the police interrupted. For a quarter of an hour traffic was blocked, law and order cast to the winds, and the avenue for a block filled with howling men and boys bent upon having the life of Zachariah Smith, a negro. Smith's offence was that he stabbed the wrong man in the neck.

In car 180 of the Eighth avenue line, which reached Thirty-sixth street on its up-town trip about a quarter before 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon, sat Smith with two friends, Mary Gordon and Samuel W. Woodley, both colored. Richard Bruns, a white man, sat in the seat in front of them. He was on his way to the Polo grounds. When the car reached Thirty-sixth street a scuffle began in the seat where the three colored people sat. All the details of the scuffle are veiled in o[illegible]urity except the outcome, which was that [illegible] knife in Smith's hand cut Bruns, who took [illegible] part in the fight, in the neck. In his s[illegible]rise and pain Bruns yelled "Murder!" and [illegible]ll off the car. The avenue was full of peopl[illegible] setting off firecrackers themselves or watcl[illegible]g others set them off, and there was an imi[illegible]diate rush for the car. All the other passen[illegible]s jumped out except Smith, who slipped his [illegible]ife back into his pocket and moved up again[illegible] the railing. Somebody set up a cry that the [illegible]gro had killed a man. Instantly the crowc [illegible]ook it up.

"Haul him off [illegible]e car," they shouted. "Kill the murderer." Look out; he's got a knife." "Put him off." "String up the nigger."

Smith had been drinking, and the shouts, instead of terrifying him, roused him to rage. As a man jumped on the step and started toward him, the negro rushed forward, sent the boarder flying into the street with a powerful kick, and stood at bay, shouting:

"I'll kill the first man that dares lay a hand to me."

A great yell from the crowd answered this threat, but nobody seemed inclined to put the challenge to the proof. He looked capable of doing murder and more than willing to do it. Somebody threw a stone that narrowly missed him, and a club rattled against the roof of the car and fell beneath the seat where he stood.

"Lick up your horses," called the conductor of the car to the driver. "Get out of this as quick as you can."

"I can't," shouted back the driver. "The track is blocked."

Not only was the track blocked, but several men were at the horses' heads and were warning the driver with threats against trying to drive on. It looked bad for the negro. From behind some one had struck him with a stick, and the blow, while not hard enough to do any serious damage, apparently dazed him, for he sat down and put his hand to his head.

"Now we've got him," yelled the crowd. "Pull him out."

Half a dozen men were on the step, but the nearest ones were hauled back, and a policeman in uniform jumped in and closed with Smith, getting a hard punch on the side of the head as he came to close quarters. It was Policeman Rheinish of the West Thirty-seventh street station. Catching his man under the arms, the officer half lifted him off the car to the ground, and the next instant was sorry he had done so, for a terrific kick in the stomach sent the negro down in a heap, taking all the fight out of him and rendering him helpless. With shouts of triumph the crowd piled in.

"Now we've got him!" "Get a rope, somebody!" "Lynch him! Lynch him!"

The miserable negro, seizing Rheinish around the knees, tried to crawl behind him, begging:

"For God's sake, save me! Don't let 'em get hold of me. They'll kill me, sure."

It seemed highly probable. A blow in the face sent him sprawling again and a man jumped on his chest. Rheinish hit out with all his force, sending the man back, then straddled over Smith and drew his pistol. By good fortune a gin cracker came flying through the crowd and exploded above the crowd.

"Look out, he's shooting," they yelled, and the foremost fell back a few steps, leaving a little open space.

In that moment of respite the policeman hauled the negro to his feet, thrusting him around between himself and the car.

"The first man that touches him I'll shoot," he cried.

But, as is always the case in a mob, the eager ones in the rear pushed forward the reluctant ones in front. It was impossible for Rheinish to guard on all sides. While he did what he could to hold back those in front, others, falling upon Smith from the sides, were punching and kicking him into insensibility. To shoot into the crowd at such a range seemed little short of murderous, yet the policeman knew that it was a matter of life and death for the negro, and in a very few seconds. While he hesitated there was a break in the crowd and a fireman in full uniform came smashing through, using both fists and cursing like a pirate. Before Rheinish knew whether he was a new assailant or a rescuer the fireman had knocked down two of the negro's assailants and was fighting back the rest.

"I'm with you," he said briefly to the policeman, and he stretched a man who tried to stop him flat on the ground with a heavy right-hander. In the instant the mob found that their victim was out of their reach for the moment, at least, with the policeman guarding him on one side and the fireman on the other. Possibly that would have ended the fight but for a shout from the sidewalk:

"Here's a rope! Pass it along! Get it around him!"

Some one had run into a store near by and come out with a rope. It was thrown from hand to hand over the heads of the mob toward the centre. This acquirement of the material for a lynching stirred the mob up to renewed vigor. Beginning at the outside there was a surging forward. A big man in the front rank, unable to keep his footing, with a cry half fear and half of rage, jumped at Rheinish and staggered back as the butt of the policeman's revolver struck him full in the face. But others followed him.

"He daren't shoot; get his pistol," was the cry.

Rheinish was forced back until he was standing on the negro, who had been knocked down again. At the same time the fireman was struggling with half a dozen men, and was pulled down, but staggered to his feet again. It was back to back literally now for the two defenders, and beneath them the negro squalled and prayed for mercy. He had heard the shouts for the rope.

Meantime a young man on a bicycle had been doing some scorching toward the West Thirty-seventh street station house. Arriving breathless, he rushed in and shouted:

"They're lynching a man down on Eighth avenue, and a policeman's getting murdered."

Detective Pepperted and Patrolman Giblin ran out into the street and promptly chartered a Hotel Netherland express wagon, driven along Thirty-seventh street by two youths, who, upon learning what was wanted, whipped up their horses. On reaching Eighth avenue the location of the trouble was at once apparent. From Thirty-sixth to Thirty-seventh street the street was black with people, and a dozen cars were blocked.

"Drive right through 'em," said Pepperted, and the wagon went into the mob like cavalry, knocking people right and left. It got there none too soon. When the two policemen had clubbed their way to where the fight centred Rheinish was being grappled by three men, the fireman was down, and the negro was beyond being able even to yell. The new arrivals quickly clubbed down their fellow officer's assailants, got the fireman to his feet, and lifted Smith into the express wagon, which the two intrepid drivers had forced through the crowd to the place despite curses, threats, and missiles. Having got the negro into the wagon the policemen jumped in, Rheinish stopping to lock for his comrade in arms. But the fireman had disappeared. As they drove away Detective Pepperted caught sight of a negro with a broken cane and a cut on his hand and arrested him on suspicion. The prisoners were taken to the station, where Smith was locked up on a charge of felonious assault. He was badly bruised and cut. The other prisoner, who gave his name as Samuel W. Woodley, was held for disorderly conduct. It is supposed that the quarrel in the car originated between Smith and him. Mary Gordon, the woman who was with them in the car, was also brought to the station house, but was released. She did not throw any light on the quarrel.

Later, the man who was stabbed, was taken to the New York Hospital. The wound was so slight that, after having it dressed, he went home. Later a squad of five patrolmen under Roundsman Tubbs were sent to the scene of the trouble, but the mob had dispersed. Policeman Rheinish was somewhat lame from his encounter when seen by a SUN reporter yesterday afternoon. He is a young man, strong-built, and agile.

"This is my first experience with a mob of that kind," he said, "and I don't hanker after any more of it. They would have lynched that man sure if they could have got him away. Pepperted and the others got there just in time. I hadn't much more fight left, for I was worn out. I'd give something to know who that fireman was. He's a great fighter, and I never was gladder to see anybody in my life than I was to see him after he got to work. I think he was from Engine 26, but I'm not sure. He was in uniform. After the fight was over he got away [illegible] I could find out who he was. I was fro[illegible] d might set on him when they [illegible], but probably they had enough of him.

The police give great credit to the two young men in the express wagon, who, they say, showed pluck and skill in getting through the mob. They were escorted across Eighth avenue by two officers after they left the station.

A TRACE OF NATHAN JOHNSTON.

The Horse and Phaeton of the Missing Man Found in a Pond.

YONKERS, July 4.—While Arthur Brazier of 157 Waverly street was returning from a friend's house in Kimball avenue to-night at 7:30 o'clock he saw a horse and phaeton partly submerged in the mire of McClainss pond near the Pipe line road. He at once notified the Yonkers police and word was sent to Patrolman Lawrence of Bronx sub-station.

On Thursday last the Mt. Vernon police sent out a general alarm for Nathan Johnston, 64 years of age, who left his home for Yonkers in a phaeton during the afternoon. He was to do some shopping in Yonkers and promised to return early.

On his non-arrival at 7 o'clock his family became alarmed and notified the police. It is believed that Mr. Johnston, who is a sufferer from heart disease, was drowned in the pond where the horse and phaeton were found. It is not doubted that the horse and phaeton were his.

The pond is in a lonely spot just north of Woodlawn, and it is just possible the horse wandered at nightfall through Kimball avenue and into the pond, which is alongside of the road. Whether Mr. Johnston was in the phaeton at that time is a matter of conjecture. Mr. Johnston's family will have the pond dragged tomorrow morning. Since his disappearance the family have sought far and wide for him in vain.

Mr. Johnston was in partnership with his son, William F. Johnston, in the pickle business at 220 West street, New York city.

THE FOURTH IN LONDON.

Brilliant Gathering at the American Society's Spread Last Night.

LONDON, July 4.—The American Society in London gave its usual Fourth of July banquet in the hall of the Criterion restaurant to-night. The hall was beautifully decorated with American and British flags.

Ambassador Bayard presided. Behind his chair was an American eagle with wings outstretched, while above it was a small copy of the statue of Liberty.

Covers were laid for 220 guests. Among those present were the Ambassadors and Consuls of the various powers and many well-known Americans.

Sir Richard Webster, the Attorney-General, proposed a toast to the President of the United States. In offering the toast he paid a high tribute to American institutions, which, he declared, were as near perfection as human wisdom and forethought could make them. This statement was greeted with cheers. Continuing, Sir Richard dwelt upon the honor and dignity with which Mr. Cleveland had filled the office of President.

Ambassador Bayard proposed "The Day We Celebrate." In speaking to his toast he said the experience of 120 years had shown that no Government was so strong and safe as that which was anchored in the affections of the people. The echo and impulse of the voluntary principle of government under which the Americans lived had been felt in Great Britain.

Now there were no other two countries in which the national heart formed so greatly the strength of their Governments. He rejoiced at the assembling of Americans in London. He felt completely at home here, as much so as in the United States.

Mr. Bayard alluded to the visit to England of the Honorable Artillery Company of Boston as a gratifying sign of the times and as likely to hush the spirit that would seek to create contention.

Mr. Street proposed "The Community of the English-speaking Peoples."

Replying to this toast, the Right Hon. James Bryce, M. P., advocated a tangible expression of the existing community of feeling. He said he sometimes thought that the law of each nation might be so altered as to recognize the civic rights of the citizens of the other.

Americans ought not to be aliens in Great Britain, and vice versa. Nevertheless, the best way to cement the ties between the two countries would be to establish a tribunal to settle international disputes.

THE DAY IN PARIS.

Gen. Wayne MacVeagh and Other Oratorical Lights at the Banquet.

PARIS, July 4.—A banquet in honor of Independence Day was given this evening by the American Chamber of Commerce at the Galeries des Champs Elysées.

Among the 500 guests were Gen. Wayne MacVeagh and many prominent members of the American colony, Mr. Henry Vignaud, First Secretary of the American Legation, and M. Lebon, Minister of the Colonies.

Letters of regret were read from Ambassador Eustis, Prime Minister Meline, M. Hanotaux, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Hon. A. W. Terrell, American Minister to Turkey.

As the guests entered the banqueting hall the band of the Garde Republicaine played the Hungarian march from "The Damnation of Faust."

Between the speeches there was singing by Mme. Marie Barna, Col. Mapleson's new star; George Devoll, Edwin Isham, Mlle. Flora Bartels, and Mlle. Edith Le Gierse.

The toast list included "The President of the United States," "The President of the French Republic," "The Reciprocity of Trade between France and the United States," "The Obligations of the United States to the Colonial System of France," "The International Influence of America in Europe," and "The Fourth and Fourteenth of July."

Gen. MacVeagh spoke optimistically regarding the foreign relations of the United States. He said the declaration of the American Government that the United States would not allow any European power to fix arbitrarily the boundaries between its own possessions and any American republic need not cause alarm or anxiety.

Speaking of the currency question, he said he did not fear that the Americans would adopt a base standard. The people of the United States were not in the least likely to abandon the standard of the civilized world for that of the semi-civilized nations. There was no nation on the globe whose financial integrity was surer than that of America. He made a reference to the American sympathy with the Cubans in their struggle for liberty, which was greeted with cheers.

The tri-color, mingled with the Stars and Stripes, was displayed on every boulevard and important thoroughfare in honor of the day.

The usual festive private parties were given. Most of the members of the American colony attended a reception given this afternoon by Mr. and Mrs. Harris Phelps at their residence, 43 Rue St. Dominique.

KILLED ON N. Y. C. TRACKS.

An Unknown Man Hurled 100 Feet Out Into the Hudson.

At 8:30 o'clock last night an unrecognized man, while walking on the tracks, was struck by freight train No. 614 of the New York Central Railroad at 136th street. The train, which was bound north, was running at a high rate of speed, and the man was hurled 100 feet out into the Hudson River.

When picked up by Boatman Tony Girmann he was dead. He was poorly dressed, was about 30 years old, with smooth face and dark hair and eyes. Nothing was found on his body that would lead to his identification.

Great Luck—Democratic Convention, Chicago. Take the picturesque Lehigh Valley R. R. Round trip tickets $7, July 4, 5, and 6, good to return July 12. Apply to 235, 273, 944, and 1,323 Broadway.—Adv.

FIERCE RIOT AT A PICNIC.

RUSSIANS AND A SHERIFF'S POSSE FIGHT AT MASPETH.

Some Reported Dying and Many Others Severely Hurt—The Russian Veterans Used Swords and the Authorities Used Pistols—All Citizens Against the Veterans.

The Independent Order of Late Russian Soldiers of this city gave a picnic yesterday at William Suhr's Flushing Avenue Park, Maspeth, L. I. The picnic had been in progress a short time when a fight took place over the ejectment of a drunken member of the Russian Hussar Association, which was represented by several members in uniform.

The fight grew into a riot that necessitated the summoning of Sheriff Henry Doht and a posse. The authorities were assisted by nearly every male resident of Maspeth. All the Russians at the picnic were not only in uniform but also carried long swords.

These weapons were drawn by them during the riot, and were put to effective use. While the riot was in progress there were about 2,000 men, women, and children in the park, besides the hundreds of residents of Maspeth who congregated in the grounds.

When the riot was over men were seen on all sides nursing their injuries. Deputy Sheriff Washington I. Scherry and Citizen Frank Bauman were picked up for dead and carried away.

Five more are known to have been hurt badly. Many others received injuries, but their names could not be obtained, as they were hurried away by friends.

At one time it was reported that two of the Russians had been shot dead and that another had received a mortal pistol shot wound in the abdomen. These reports, however, could not be verified.

The Independent Order of Late Soldiers of Russia has its headquarters at 214-218 Broome street, this city. The Russian Hussars are at 236 Broome street. The representatives of the two organizations, in full regalia and with mammoth sabers at their sides, marched to the picnic park, according to the statement of J. Alexandre, President of the Russian soldiers. Alexandre said that he had a permit to carry the arms and to parade through the streets of this city. The wives and children of a majority of the members accompanied the column to the park, and the place was pretty well crowded.

Soon after arriving at the park D. Curgan, one of the Russian Hussars, is said to have become very pugnacious. The managers of the picnic called upon Proprietor Suhr and requested him to have the Hussar ejected from the place. Deputy Sheriff Scherry was induced to put the man out.

Scherry seized the man and started with him toward the gate. On the way President Rehn tried to remonstrate with the officer, and claims that the deputy struck him on the head with his club.

With blood streaming down his face Rehn rushed from the park and proceeded to the office of Justice Schumacher, a few blocks away, to make a complaint against the officer. Before taking his complaint, however, the Justice sent the man to a drug store to have his wounds dressed.

The assault on Rehn was the signal for a general row. The Hussars, who wore red trousers, insisted that Durgan should not be put out of the park, while the Russian soldiers, who were distinguished from their compatriots by blue-colored trousers, insisted that he should go. From what could be learned after the riot the Hussars led an attack on Scherry.

The deputy was knocked down and set upon by the entire crowd and severely beaten. A friend pointed out one of his eyes, and he received cuts about the head and body. Fearing that he would be killed, Scherry drew his revolver and fired at the legs of his assailants. A shot struck Jacob Cohen in the leg, while the other shots, it is asserted, also found lodging places in Russian flesh. The shots and cries of the combatants aroused the neighborhood, and, believing that residents were being killed in the park, a mob of citizens charged through the gates, and were met by the Russian Hussars with drawn sabres. A stiff fight followed, and there was a wild struggle for possession of the sabres. The citizens used chairs, tables, stones, and bricks. Russian after Russian was seen to go down, while here and there a citizen was toppled over.

The Russian soldiers, seeing their fellow countrymen assailed, rushed to their aid and charged the citizens. The citizens retired through the barroom and were closely pressed by the Russians. As both sides emerged into the roadway the Russians waved their sabres in the air and exclaimed:

"We have dispersed the enemy with our swords."

Their victory was short-lived, however, for the deputies summoned by Sheriff Doht arrived, and were quickly reinforced by others.

Some came on trolley cars, some on foot, and others in wagons. Then the battle was renewed. The deputies rushed into the park and with drawn clubs charged the Russians. The Russians lost courage and fled.

Many of them scaled the fence, while others made their way out through the barroom window and escaped through the rear doors. The deputies corralled in one corner of the park about sixty Russians and quickly disarmed them.

The prisoners were rounded-up in the barroom and paired off. Then they were put into market wagons and Sheriff and his deputies had need to reach the scene of the riot and driven to Justice Schumacher's court. Each one of the prisoners was arraigned in turn and committed for trial on a charge of rioting.

When the fifty-nine prisoners were loaded into the market wagons for transfer to the county jail at Long Island City the scene suggested the hustling off of prisoners after a battle.

Here and there was a bandaged head or a bruised eye, while shirt fronts were soaked with blood, uniforms torn, and some of the prisoners walked with difficulty owing to injuries. The procession of wagons was followed all the way to the jail by a big crowd.

At the jail the office was too small to allow all the prisoners being taken in at once and they were detained off in squads. They were arraigned, and as fast as their record was entered the men were sent to cells.

As they stood before the Sheriff's clerks the prisoners presented a sorry spectacle. Those who had outward evidence of injury had the appearance of having participated in a battle.

Their uniforms were torn, and in many instances either coat or hat was missing. Blood stains were visible on many of them, and they were all suffering in some way or another.

The prisoners complained at being locked up without having a chance for a hearing. Many of them had lost their wives and children during the riot and did not know what had become of their families.

Those who could talk English stated that they were not responsible for the fight, and asserted that the trouble was due to the officers, who not only clubbed but fired upon them before they raised a hand to defend themselves.

Some of the men said that on the way to the jail they were taken to a saloon and searched, and that their watches, money, and other valuables had been taken, and not one of them knew the place where the articles had been left.

Proprietor Suhr was congratulating himself last night that he escaped with his life. He said that after he returned from summoning the Sheriff, one of the hussars flashed a sword in front of his face and threatened to take his life.

Suhr stated that he was surprised that there were not at least a dozen killed, considering the savage manner of the Russians. He expresses the intention of going to court and making a charge against the prisoners when they are arraigned before Justice Schumacher at 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon.

After the riot the employees of the park gathered up over 100 swords, and besides a collection of broken Russian military caps, pieces of uniforms, and other articles, including women and children's garments. The rioters broke nearly every chair in the place and wrecked most of the tables.

For several hours after the affray there was a crowd of weeping women and children around the park gates. Some did not know the way home, others insisted on waiting for their husbands, while others were sorrowing over the loss of the checks that were necessary to redeem their hats and canes left in the cloak room on the picnic grounds.

The list of severely injured, as far as it could be completed in the indescribable confusion, is as follows:

BAUMAN, FRANK, 26 years, of Broad street, Maspeth; sabre wounds on hip; head battered.

COHEN, JACOB, 35 years, of 152 East 103d street, this city; shot in right leg.

SCHERRY, W. I., 60 years, of Grand street, Maspeth, deputy sheriff; eye gouged out; head cut open; badly battered all over body.

SHOMOVITZ, ISAAC, 27 years, Russian Hussar, skull fractured.

WAIS, HENRY, deputy sheriff, Maspeth, scalp torn, head and neck battered.

WYSZLE, ERNEST, florist of Maspeth, stabbed in right arm with sabre.

The Russians carried off most of their wounded.

Lovely rooms, overlooking Madison Square Park; always cool; prices greatly reduced for summer. Hotel Bartholdi, 23d and Broadway.—Adv.

THEY WON'T HAVE SENATOR HILL

Daniel Says They'll Unseat Him if He Is Named as Temporary Chairman.

CHICAGO, July 4.—Gov. Altgeld returned from Springfield this afternoon, and he again rushed among the silver leaders and insisted that they oppose in every way any proposition of any nature from the National Committee or anybody else who is opposed to the silver men. Gov. Altgeld has ascertained that there are a number of Morrison men in the Illinois delegation, and some of these Morrison men he is afraid he cannot handle or deliver.

Senator Daniel, one of the steering committee of the Democratic Bimetallic Committee, called on Senator Hill to-night at the Palmer House. The courtesies were exchanged, but Senator Daniel said afterward:

"The silver men will oppose Senator Hill if he is presented for temporary Chairman by the National Committee. We shall certainly unseat Senator Hill if the committee attempts to make him temporary Chairman. I am personally friendly to Senator Hill, but personal reasons do not enter into this matter. A number of members of the National Committee who are to vote for a gold man for temporary Chairman are misrepresenting their constituents. I have only to refer to the conduct of Col. John G. Prather of Missouri to confirm what I say. The Missouri Democrats are instructed for a free-silver man, and yet Col. Prather is opposing their wishes as a member of the National Committee."

TOM CARTER IN THE CAMPAIGN.

Congressman Hartman Says the Senator Will Stump for the Democratic Ticket.

CHICAGO, July 4.—Senator Thomas H. Carter passed through Chicago last night with his family on his way to Montana. His son is sick, and Senator Carter is anxious to get him home. Senator Lee Mantle met his colleague at the railway station by appointment, and they had a conference about the situation here. Congressman Hartman made a statement to a reporter to-night that Senator Carter would go on the stump for a Democratic candidate pledged to free coinage. Mr. Hartman did not care to speak of the matters which were arranged between Messrs. Mantle and Carter last night, but he was emphatic in saying that Mr. Carter would work for a Democratic free-silver nominee.

"He cannot support the gold standard," said Mr. Hartman. "He signed a telegram jointly with Senator Mantle and myself that will make it impossible for him to support the Republican candidate. He will not take part in this Convention, but he is going into the campaign to stump for the free-coinage candidate."

STRIKE ON VANDERBILT'S YACHT.

Seventeen Swedes, Italians, and Englishmen Wouldn't Work on Fourth of July.

CITY ISLAND, N. Y., July 4.—This morning the firemen, oilers, and coal passers on W. K. Vanderbilt's steam yacht Valiant refused to work on the ground that it was Independence Day. They were ordered to work until noon, and upon their refusal they were all discharged and set ashore with their dunnage.

There is not an American among the seventeen men who struck. They are Swedes, Italians, and Englishmen. The Valiant is anchored off City Island.

TAILORS WILL STRIKE.

All Branches of the Brotherhood So Decided Yesterday.

All the branches of the Brotherhood of Tailors have now decided to strike on a day to be fixed by a special committee. The finishers' branch decided in favor of the strike last Tuesday afternoon. The other branches reached that conclusion yesterday afternoon at a monster mass meeting in Walhalla Hall. Henry Wachsman presided and the principal speakers were Max Cornfeld, Herman Miller, and Meyer Schoenfeld.

Schoenfeld advised the men not to strike until they were sure of what they were doing. If they decided to do so he counselled them to have the vote ratified by the individual branches, so that they might be sure of all being in favor of it.

"If you do strike," he said, "I give you my positive opinion that you will win."

A unanimous vote was cast in favor of a general strike and then everybody began to cheer. The atmosphere of the hall was so stifling that there was a tendency to stampede after a decision was reached.

The strike will bring out from 10,000 to 12,000 workers.

THE REV. J. B. CLARK INJURED.

Fears that He Is Dying as the Result of a Bicycle Accident.

A bicycle accident which befell the Rev. John Brittan Clark, the pastor of the Lee Avenue Congregational Church, at Lee avenue and Hooper street, Williamsburgh, on last Monday may result in his death.

He was reported last night to be in a critical condition at the house of his brother, Dr. Frank H. Clark, at 600 Greene avenue, Brooklyn. The family of the Rev. Mr. Clark are at Nantucket. Concerning the accident Dr. Clark said last night:

"My brother and his brother-in-law, Charles A. Woodridge, set out on last Monday for a tour through New Jersey on bicycles. When they were near Hackettstown, from what I have been able to learn, my brother got ahead of his companion. Mr. Woodridge saw nothing of him and having dismounted he made a search. He found my brother lying across a pile of rocks below a cliff. My brother was unconscious and his wheel was near by. A special train brought him to Hoboken and he was brought over here to my house. He has been unconscious nearly all the time, and I fear the worst. I have been unable, in view of his condition, to find out just how the accident happened."

THREE COAL BARGES STRANDED.

**One Got Off and Two Still Await Assistance from