Market stations there were distributed fifteen tons—five tons respectively—to 1,000, 1,200, and 1,000 people.

Following are lists of the deaths due to heat yesterday in this city, Brooklyn, and other towns comprised in the Metropolitan district:

DEATHS DUE TO HEAT IN NEW YORK.

BAKER, ANNIE, 48, of 443 East Thirteenth street, at her home.
BIRMINGHAM, MARY, 42 years old, of 542 Greenwich street, at her home.
BOWAN, FREDERICK, 70 years old, at 145 Cherry street.
BRAY, WALTER F., of 320 East Seventy-fourth street, a patrolman attached to the West Forty-seventh street station, at his home.
BOSSONG, CHARLES, 24, of 342 West Thirty-ninth street, at his home.
BOYSE, HERMAN, of 56 Macdougal street, at St. Vincent's Hospital.
CRAHL, FRED, of 1,685 Third avenue, at Presbyterian Hospital.
COTTRELL, C. L., of 970 Amsterdam avenue, at Hudson Street Hospital.
COOK, ANNIE, 33, of 457 West Fortieth street, at her home.
DEGUELDRE, WILLIAM, 70, at 511 East Thirteenth street.
DUGAN, ANNE, of 169 East Thirty-third street.
EMMRICH, ADAM, of 337 West Fortieth street.
GILL, JOHN, 40, at St. Joseph's Hospital.
GILMORE, NORAH, 36, of 244 East Fifty-fifth street, at residence.
GILSON, ROBERT, 30, at 339 West Broadway.
HOLLEN, THERESA, of 338 East Fifty-sixth street.
HERMANN, GEORGE, of 27 Christopher street.
HORNIE, JOSEPH, at St. Francis's Hospital.
HESSINGER, JOHN, 45, of 79 First avenue, at his home.
KEATING, MICHAEL E., 53, roundsman attached to Kingsbridge station.
LEDDY, ANDREW, policeman of Spuyten Duyvil, at Fordham Hospital.
LIPMAN, GUSSIE, 6 months, of 98 Essex street, at her home.
LONG, MATTHEW, 65, at Gouverneur Hospital.
LUDE, JOHN, 40, of 124 Second street, at residence.
MCKNOHT, BRIDGET, of 342 East Thirty-seventh street.
MCGRATH, WILLIAM J., 37, of 92 New Chambers street, at his home.
MITCHELL, CATHERINE, 50, at 152 East Twentieth street, where she was employed as a cook.
MURPHY, ——, of 601 West Thirtieth street.
MAURER, PETER, of 157 West Twenty-fourth street.
MILLER, PHILIP, 55, of 42 Avenue A, at Bellevue Hospital.
OPMAN, JOSEPH, of 445 West Fifty-third street.
OTIS, MARTIN, of 85 Christopher street.
RABISH, HERMAN, of 221 East Eighty-ninth street.
STRAUP, MARCUS, of 1,056 Park avenue.
SMITH, THOMAS, 60, of 51 Monroe street, at residence.
SCHLEICH, KATE, of 24 Avenue A.
TORREY, WILLIAM, 50, at Hudson Street Hospital.
THOMAS, E., of 5 East 106th street, at Harlem Hospital.
TIERNAN, MARY, 60, no home, at the residence of a friend at 86 Baxter street.
VALOSIEK, JOSEPH, 43, of 420 East Seventy-third street, at residence.
VAN DER EMDE, HENRY, 88, of 323 Bowery, in his drug store, above which he lived.
Unidentified woman, at Gouveneur Hospital.
Unidentified man, about 55, at Hudson Street Hospital.
Unidentified man, about 40, at Hudson Street Hospital.
Unidentified man, about 45, at Hudson Street Hospital.
Unidentified woman, who was removed from 106 Essex street Wednesday night, died yesterday morning in Gouverneur Hospital.
Unidentified man, about 35, found in Leggett's lane, near Southern boulevard.
Unidentified man, at 210 Eleventh avenue.

SUDDEN DEATHS, CAUSE NOT SPECIFIED.

BERNEY, JAMES, 56, of 380 West Forty-ninth street, at his home.
HERLEY, MARY, 20, of 79 Clinton street, at her home.
KANE, JAMES, 50, of 52 James street, at his home.
MERTAGH, JAMES, 50, of 530 Fifteenth street, Brooklyn, at 60 Front street.
MILLER, FRANK, 41, of 1,516 Fulton avenue, at his home.
MCDONOUGH, MARTIN, 7 months, of 47 Market street, at his home.
MONOHAN, WILLIAM, 4 months, at Jerome Park Reservoir.
TUCKER, CATHERINE, 48, of 170 Varick street, at residence.
WEIR, KATE, 23, of 531 West Twenty-ninth street, at residence.
WEIDENWAR, Mrs. GEORGE, 50, of 519 Fifth street, at residence.

DEATHS IN JERSEY CITY.

GROSS, Mrs. EMMA, 33, of 20 Cook street; died at her home.
JENNINGS, Mrs. EMILY, of 301 Seventh street; found dead in bed.
MISEGAES, CHARLES, of 453 Bergen avenue, butcher; prostrated while at work in George Rurade's butcher shop, Fulton and Jackson avenues; taken home and died in two hours.
SMITH, SAMUEL J., 48, of 95 Spring street, Newark; prostrated Wednesday night at 227 Twelfth street; died in St. Francis Hospital yesterday morning.
WALSH, PATRICK, 52, of 197 Seventh street; found dead in bed.

There were twelve prostrations.

DEATHS IN HOBOKEN.

KETCHAM, Mrs. JANE, 42 years old, overcome on the barge William Gallagher; died in St. Mary's Hospital.
KEELAN, THOMAS, 35 years old, of 371 First street; found dead on a chair at his home.

The prostrations numbered fifteen.

DEATHS IN NORTH HUDSON.

GUTH, MARY, 3 years old, of Pierce avenue, West New York, at her home.
KERN, CHARLES A., 38 years old, of Palisade avenue, Union Hill, at his home.
SWARTZ, LEONARD, 60 years old, of Clinton avenue, West Hoboken, at his home.
WITMAN, Mrs. WILLIAM, 35 years old, of King street, West New York, in front of her home.

The prostrations numbered twelve.

TWENTY DEATHS IN BROOKLYN.

Two Police Captains Among the Prostrated—Mrs. Ashwell Dead.

In the twenty-four hours ending at midnight on Wednesday the police in Brooklyn received no fewer than 177 calls for ambulances. One of the deaths not reported to the police was that of Mrs. Mary Ann Ashwell, the mother of the wife of George B. Forrester, formerly an Excise Commissioner in Brooklyn. Mrs. Ashwell was a native of England and was 84 years old. She died at her son-in-law's home, 382 Degraw street.

Two of the new police Captains promoted by Commissioner Welles on Tuesday last are laid up with heat prostration. They are Alexander Lees of the Sixth precinct and William Burford of the Third precinct. Capt. Lees, who is the tallest man on the force, was prostrated at the station on Stagg street on Wednesday night, and Capt. Burford succumbed to the heat yesterday. Both will recover.

The sudden death of James J. Bowers of 24 Cedar street on a trolley car on his way from Coney Island on Wednesday night had a sad sequel. His wife Mary was with him, and she was so affected that she too was prostrated by the heat and was removed to her home in an ambulance. It is said that she will not recover.

The record of deaths from heat from midnight on Wednesday until last midnight was as follows:

CURTIS, GEORGE W., 40, of 520 Warren street; at the Cumberland Street Hospital.
COLLINS, ANDREW; at the Brooklyn Hospital.
CUNICS, PATRICK, 50, of 540 Court street; at home.
COLWELL, WILLIAM, 59, of 741 Myrtle avenue; at home.
DALY, JOHN, 46, of 1 Summit street; at home.
FARRELL, CHRISTOPHER, 57, of 290½ Furman street; at home.
FABER, HENRY; at Cumberland Street Hospital.
GALLAGHER, JANE, 30, of 112 Sandford street; at home.
HOLDEN, MARGARET, 70, of 224 Johnson avenue; at home.
JARVIS, JESSE; at the Cumberland Street Hospital.
LEWY, JOSEPH; at the Cumberland Street Hospital.
MAHR, KATE, 72, of 259 Humboldt street; at home.
MISRACH, ELIZABETH, 59, of 202 Throop avenue; at home.
BALMON, JOHN, 65, of 770 Monroe street; at home.
SMITH, GEORGE, 4 months, of 997 Flatbush avenue; at home.
THURIS, ELIZABETH, 60, of 71 Douglass street; at home.
TRACEY, FRANK, 87, of Ninety-first street and Fourth avenue; at home.
WALSH, THOMAS, 31, a prisoner at the Hamilton avenue station; in St. Peter's Hospital.
WETHERBY, WARNER S., 54, of 74 Fulton street; in his room.

FOUR MORE DIE IN NEWARK.

A Woman Found Dead in Bed by Her Husband Early in the Morning.

Four more deaths, due to the heat, were reported to County Physician Washington in Newark yesterday.

John Miller, a watchman of the Devoe Varnish Company, was found dead on the stairs by his son. He was accustomed to go for a pail of water after he had sent in his call at 1 A. M. He did not return, and when his son made a search he found him dead with his lantern at his side. He was a veteran. Hannah Ainley was found dead in bed by her husband at o'clock. At the home of the Little Sisters of the Poor on South Eighth street Mary Corbally, 65 years old, died after several hours' suffering. The other victim was a colored girl.

A LINEMAN'S SKULL FRACTURED.

The Heat Caused Him to Fall from the Pole on Which He Was Working.

John Ryan, 37 years old, of 450 East Seventy-ninth street, a lineman in the employ of the Edison Electric Light Company, fell from a pole at Twenty-third street and Madison avenue yesterday afternoon and sustained a fracture of the skull. He was sent to Bellevue Hospital.

Ryan had been working all day, and gradually became affected by the heat until at the time of his accident he was completely exhausted.

A Tailor Crazed by Heat Stabs His Wife.

While crazed with the heat yesterday morning Christopher Prausch, a tailor, 39 years old, of 236 East 108th street, stabbed his wife Hannah, 35 years old, with a penknife, inflicting painful wounds. Prausch could not sleep on Wednesday night because of the heat. He walked the floor, holding his hands to his head and talking incoherently. While his wife was making preparations for breakfast he suddenly rushed at her, seized her by the throat, drew his penknife, and stabbed her in the right arm and abdomen.

The demented man then rushed into the street, flourishing the knife, and, meeting Policeman Logan of the East 104th street station, said that he had stabbed his wife and that a crowd was following him to kill him. Ambulance Surgeon Opdyke, who was summoned from the Harlem Hospital, dressed the woman's wounds, and Prausch was taken to the police station and afterward to the Harlem Court. As he was placed at the bar to plead to the complaint, Prausch suddenly shrieked, threw up his hands, and fell to the floor in convulsions.

He was carried to an anteroom, and Ambulance Surgeon Tate found from examination that he was crazed by the heat. He took him to the Harlem Hospital for treatment.

STOOD DEAD, IRON IN HAND.

An Old Servant Succumbs at the Ironing Board to the Heat.

The family of Mrs. Sarah E. De Hart of 451 Jersey avenue, Jersey City, went to the country a few days ago, leaving the house in charge of Mary Ellen Flaherty, a servant. Mrs. Flaherty was 70 years old, but was strong and active. One of the family came home yesterday morning and called down stairs to the servant, but there was no response. Then he went down to the kitchen. The aged servant was standing with her back to the wall and partly resting on an ironing board. The iron she had been using was clutched tightly in one hand. Her eyes were fixed and glassy and her body rigid. She had died at her work.

Mr. De Hart had the body removed to Speer's morgue. It is supposed that death was caused by heart disease, brought on by heat and over-exertion.

PARKS TO BE OPEN AT NIGHT

People Also to Be Allowed to Stretch Out on the Benches.

Sergeant Fitzpatrick, who is Acting Captain at the Arsenal during the absence of Capt. Collins, read the following order to the men of the night section last night:

"By order of the Park Commissioners, no persons in the parks during the warm weather are to be prevented from going on the lawns or from remaining in the parks after 12 o'clock midnight; neither are they to be prevented from stretching on the benches when the benches are not required by others. This order refers, of course, to persons seeking relief from the excessive heat. Officers are instructed to be vigilant in preventing mischievous boys and disorderly persons from enjoying the privileges set forth in this order."

ROUNDSMAN KILLED BY HEAT.

The Finding of His Horse Gives Rise to a Suspicion of Murder.

A horse used by the mounted police squad, wearing a saddle and bridle, was brought to the Kingsbridge station Wednesday afternoon by Harry Van Zandt, who was dismissed from the police force ten days ago. Van Zandt told Capt. Donohue that the horse had been turned over to him on Riverdale avenue by a fireman who asked him to bring it to the station house, as it had lost its rider. Capt. Donohue immediately recognized the horse as the mount of Roundsman Michael E. Keating of his command. Keating should have reported to the station house at 1 o'clock, four hours before his horse arrived there. Capt. Donohue was surprised at his absence, and, when the horse arrived without its rider, Capt. Donohue surmised that something had happened to the roundsman. Van Zandt, who was dismissed from the force on Keating's complaint, was questioned closely by Capt. Donohue. The ex-policeman said the fireman who turned the horse over to him said that he had taken it from an Italian, who claimed to have found the animal wandering about the streets.

After hearing Van Zandt's story, Capt. Donohue sent his men out to see if any trace could be found of the missing roundsman. The search was kept up until late at night, but no trace of Keating could be found. The police began to think he was murdered, and began to watch the movements of Van Zandt and another policeman whom Keating had caused to be dismissed from the force. The other man was ex-Policeman John Morrison. Both men were very bitter toward Keating because of the loss of their jobs, and it was alleged that both had made threats against his safety. While the ex-policemen were kept under surveillance neither of them was arrested, as there was no evidence that they had harmed Keating.

Yesterday morning Keating's body was found in the Delafield woods, near Riverdale avenue. While Sergeant John Hatton of the Kingsbridge station was riding along the avenue, an Italian who had been looking for mushrooms, ran out of the woods and yelled at the policeman. He guided him to where the dead roundsman lay. Keating lay face downward, with his right arm extended and his left arm bent under him. His body and face were greatly swollen and blood was smeared about his head. A wound on his head looked as if it might have been inflicted by a blow with a club. His helmet was within a few feet of the body. It was battered and broken. The ground looked as if a struggle had taken place. The body was taken to the Kingsbridge station in a farm wagon. It was again examined there, and the blouse was found to be torn on the shoulder. Nothing had been taken from the body. Keating's gold watch and chain and the money he had in his clothes had not been touched.

Acting Inspector McCullagh was notified of the finding of Keating's body. He sent back instructions to Capt. Donohue, and two of the special duty men were sent on mysterious errands. They did not return until the time Coroner's Physician Donlin appeared to hold an autopsy.

He found that Keating had died of the effects of the heat. The wound on his head had not fractured his skull, as was at first supposed. When the result of the autopsy was made known investigations were abandoned, the police being satisfied that Keating had not met with foul play.

Before the autopsy was held, Capt. Donohue sent a report to Chief Conlin relative to Keating's death. Capt. Donohue told of the suspicious circumstances surrounding the finding of the body, but said that he wasn't certain that Keating had been murdered. Keating was 53 years old and married. He lived at 624 Third avenue. He had been on the force sixteen years, nine of which he was a roundsman. He had a good record until recently, when Capt. Donohue preferred charges against him for being asleep when he should have been on duty. The charges are now pending. His body was taken in charge last night by his brother, a waiter at the Grand Union Hotel.

DRIVEN INSANE BY THE HEAT.

Police and Hospital Attendants Unable to Restrain Joseph Lyon.

Joseph Lyon became violently insane last evening at his home, 1,799 Dean street, Brooklyn, and the police of the Atlantic avenue station had a task overpowering him.

He was strapped in a strait-jacket and taken to St. Mary's Hospital. The hospital attendants were unable to restrain him, so they sent him back to the station.

He will be sent to the Flatbush Asylum. He had been suffering from the heat, which finally drove him mad.

HEAT STOPS A WEDDING.

It Kills John Muller, Who Was to Have Married Next Sunday.

John Müller, bookkeeper for Powers & Liedig, diamond brokers in Great Jones street, was found dead in bed in his lodging at 1,316 Fulton avenue yesterday. He was engaged to Johanna Lindheimer of 1,302 Fulton avenue, with whose family he took his meals.

All preparations were completed for the wedding, which was to have taken place on Sunday at the home of the bride's parents. Young Muller is believed to have died from the effects of the heat.

A New York Baker's Fatal Attack of Insanity.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Aug. 13.—August Bach, a baker, who came here on Tuesday from a bakers' agency at 310 West Thirty-eighth street, New York, died in the New Brunswick Hospital last night after becoming insane from the heat.

Joseph Reynolds, an insurance agent, was stricken with the heat yesterday afternoon and fell fainting upon a porch. He remained there two hours without assistance, as passers-by thought that he was intoxicated. He may die.

John Donahue, another insurance agent, lay in the road near Woodbridge for seven hours without assistance, then he was carried to his home.

Sunstruck with $2,495 in His Pocket.

Park Policeman Connell found John Weston, 45 years old, address unknown, prostrated by the heat at 100th street and Eighth avenue last night.

Mr. Weston had in his possession when found $2,495.10, which was turned over to Acting Captain Fitzpatrick. He was removed to the Presbyterian Hospital.

Delightfully Cool in Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Aug. 13.—The backbone of the heat is broken. The weather is delightfully cool tonight, the wind shifting to the northeast, with a velocity of twelve miles an hour. Despite the change, ten deaths and fifty-seven cases of prostration from heat were reported to-day.

STRICKEN IN A DRUG STORE

ONE MAN KILLED BY HEAT AND A SECOND PROSTRATED.

The Dead Man Henry Van Der Emde—The Other His Clerk—Neither Could Sleep in Their Hot Rooms Over the Shop—The Druggist Was About to Leave Town.

The little drug store at 323 Bowery has been like an oven since the heated term began, and the small rooms above it in which Henry Van Der Emde, the proprietor, and his clerk slept have been close and stifling during the long days and nights. There was hardly ever a breath of fresh air in the shop, and the two men who lived there became tired and worn out in a fruitless endeavor to keep cool. Mr. Van Der Emde, the older of the two men, suffered more than his assistant from the heat, and for a week back he complained of pain in his head and a dizzy feeling that he could not account for. He felt that his health was giving away, and he made up his mind to leave the stuffy drug store yesterday morning and go to his brother's farm in Westchester for a fortnight.

So on Wednesday evening he sat up until midnight, giving his clerk directions about the conduct of the business. Then the two locked the doors and went to their room by a small stairway connecting the rear room of the store with the upper floor. Both undressed and went to bed, but neither could sleep, and, after half an hour of restless tossing about on his bed, Mr. Van Der Emde rose and began to walk around in his room. He walked for several minutes, and then he went down stairs to the store.

The clerk lay awake for half an hour expecting to hear his employer come up the stairs. He heard nothing, and finally the clerk became alarmed and made up his mind to go in search of Mr. Van Der Emde. He drew on his trousers, and, lighting a match, started down the stairs. As he neared the bottom he saw Mr. Van Der Emde lying across the lower steps, unconscious. The clerk, alarmed at what he saw, ran out of the side door and called Policeman Smith, who was near by, and the two summoned Dr. Landmann and called an ambulance. Dr. Landmann examined Mr. Van Der Emde and found that he was dead.

The policeman told the clerk to watch the body and went out to report the death. He did not return for some time, and when he did he looked through the window to see how the clerk was getting along. He could not see him at first, and was about to turn away, when a slight noise attracted his attention. Looking in the direction from which it came he saw the clerk, whom he had left to watch his dead employer, writhing on the floor as though in convulsions. The policeman sent in a hurry call for an ambulance. When it arrived the surgeon said that the clerk was suffering from heat prostration, and took him to Bellevue Hospital. Then Mr. Van Der Emde's friends were called in.

Mr. Van Der Emde was 38 years old. He came to this country in 1873. After attending the public schools he went into the drug store where he died as assistant to his brother Reinhold. The drug store was founded in 1869, and was so prosperous that when Henry fully understood the business he became a partner in it, and with his brother opened another store at 111th street and Third avenue. Henry managed the Bowery store and Reinhold took care of the up-town shop. Both were well known in the vicinity, and Reinhold is the President of the Yorkville Bank and prominent in German charities.

Dr. J. P. Janinski, a brother-in-law of the dead man, examined the body yesterday, and said that apoplexy, brought on by the extreme heat, undoubtedly caused death. The clerk was exhausted by the long-continued hot weather, and the excitement of his late employer's body brought on his prostration. No one could be found yesterday who knew the clerk's name.

SENATOR LINDSAY PROSTRATED.

Overcome by Heat at Home—Now Pronounced Out of Danger.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 13.—United States Senator William Lindsay was overcome by heat at his home in Frankfort last evening. He was very sick all night. His family physician remained with him for several hours.

Toward noon to-day he dropped off into a peaceful sleep and was pronounced out of danger. Mr. Lindsay is a man of robust physique and has suffered intensely during the hot weather.

OVERWORKED NAVAL ENGINEERS.

Chief Tower and an Assistant on the Battle Ship Indiana Are Prostrated.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13.—The alarming news received to-day at the Navy Department telling of the physical collapse of Chief Engineer George E. Tower and Passed Assistant Engineer Andrew McAllister, both of the battle ship Indiana, gave rise in the minds of naval officers on duty here to the question whether in the care of our war ships the danger line had not been crossed in the attempt of the overworked naval engineers to carry on the exacting duties required of them.

The North Atlantic Squadron has now had only eight days of grand manœuvres, and during that short period the efficiency of the most powerful battle ship of the fleet has been temporarily impaired, two of the four naval engineers attached to the vessel having been condemned by medical survey and sent to the Naval Hospital for treatment.

"It is not surprising," said a prominent official to-day, "that this repeated tale of the prostration of naval engineers is heard from our war ships. In the British service there are one-half as many engineers as deck officers, while in the American navy there are only one-fourth as many engineers as there are officers of the line. The physical history of the corps of naval engineers," he continued, "during the past two years is a sad one, and it emphasizes the fact that not only must the number of engineers be increased, but their condition should be improved in order to render the ships efficient for the day of battle. The engineers are now working under an organization which was founded upon the necessities of wooden ships, but which is not adapted to vessels of steel."

Thunder Storm and Heavy Rain in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13.—A thunder storm, accompanied by heavy rain, just before sundown this evening served to cool the air temporarily, but furnished no real evidence that the backbone of the hot spell is broken. It is still very warm at 10 o'clock to-night, and during the day the heat was apparently as great as at any time since the hot wave made its appearance here on Aug. 3. The maximum temperature to-day was 95 degrees. One death occurred and some prostrations.

LI'S IGNORANCE OF ETIQUETTE.

Yamagata Says It Involved Li in Embarrassing Situations in Russia.

TOKIO, Aug. 2, via Vancouver Aug. 13.—Field Marshal Yamagata has returned from his mission to Russia, where he represented the Emperor at the coronation. His health is impaired and he looks greatly emaciated. When asked if he had been coolly treated in Russia, he emphatically denied the allegation. He was greatly pleased with the warm reception accorded to him in America.

Speaking specially of Li Hung Chang, he said he was almost idolized in Russia, but his ignorance of etiquette frequently involved him and his Russian hosts in embarrassing situations.

The Steamer Ohio in Collision.

LONDON, Aug. 13.—The British steamer Ohio, Capt. Page, from New York July 29 for Deptford and Hull, which was proceeding for the latter port after landing her cattle at Deptford, came into collision to-day with the British steamer Cadiz, lying at anchor in the Thames. The starboard plates, davits, and lifeboat of the Cadiz were damaged. The damage sustained by the Ohio is not known, as she kept on her way for Hull.

Japan Denies the Charges of Cruelty.

TOKIO, Aug. 2.—With reference to the outbreak of the insurrection in Formosa and cruelty on the part of the Japanese, civil and military, the Niche Nichi Shinbun characterizes the reports of cruelties as reckless fables, base calumnies, and deserving no attention.

Woman Killed at a Railroad Crossing.

ELMIRA, Aug. 13.—Mrs. Henry Benson was killed to-night at Alexandus railroad crossing, half a mile above Breesport, on the Elmira, Cortland and Northern branch of the Lehigh. She was returning from a soldiers' picnic at Erin, when the horse became unmanageable. She swung him around by the side of the track and jumped out, but was caught between the engine beam and the carriage.

Her head was badly cut, and her neck and arms were broken. The wagon was smashed, but the other occupants (a woman and little girl) escaped.

THE HOT SPELL ON THE EAST SIDE.

Scenes of Life and Death Among the Dwellers in the Cliff-like Tenements.

Life among the east side cliff-like tenements during the past few days has been almost unendurable, and the cliff dwellers have spent most of the time eating, sleeping, and living on the streets, fire escapes, and roofs. The hot weather has swelled the suicide and sudden death records of the Coroners' office and the intoxication lists of the police stations. A visit to the streets east of the Bowery and below Fourteenth street showed that half the population was sleeping outdoors rather than endure the deadly heat of the box-like rooms. The people had dragged their pillows and bedding out into the street and laid beds on fire escapes. Men and women walked up and down the streets carrying babies gasping for air, while here and there baby carriages with the infants of three and even four families were being trundled off toward the river front. The atmosphere was laden with the warm, sickening odor exuding from the cliff tenements, and was almost stifling to those who breathed it. Those that could not find breathing places on the sidewalks, or were deterred through a sense of modesty from sleeping on the street, took to the roofs and back yards, that is, where there were any spaces which could be dignified by the name of yard.

Occasionally a laborer staggered along drunk with the beer which he had taken in an attempt to cool himself and quench his thirst. It was observed that the faces of the drunken men were screwed into painful, tired expressions quite unlike the usual hilarious effect which excessive libations produce on the east side. Magistrate Flammer, in the Essex Market Police Court, was lenient with those arrested for intoxication, and the heat superseded all the puerile excuses which they could invent. Most of the prisoners for intoxication were discharged because of the heat.

A young man and a girl was sitting on a stoop on Sheriff street hill when a wail, apparently from a woman in distress, broke the stillness of the night.

"What was that?" asked the girl, excitedly.

"Oh, a cat, I guess," replied the young man, and then he continued his conversation, which could be heard plainly.

"Now, don't worry, Nell," said he, in a cheery voice. "I'm not very well fixed, but we can take in the music at Corlears Hook Park on Monday night, the East River Park on Tuesday night, Mount Morris Park on Wednesday night, Abingdon Square Park on Thursday night, and the Battery Park on Friday night, and I'll get paid on Saturday, and we'll go down to the Island. Now, don't worry, will yer?"

"Don't worry?" repeated a man, who happened to pass the stoop at this moment. "First a doctor, then a priest, and now an undertaker."

"I wonder what's got into him," said the young man on the stoop as the man who made the remark hurried down the street.

A few moments later two women walked out of a house a few doors away. They were crying.

"What's the matter?" asked the girl on the stoop.

"Mrs. Doolan's daughter's dead," replied one of the women.

"Oh, God bless us, Willie, I must go up stairs," said the girl, and the young man walked off down the street.

A man sat dozing behind a soda-water stand in Ridge street, near Houston, when a young laboring man came along and, waking the soda-water man, said:

"Gimme some plain soda water in the largest glass yer've got, and gimme it quick, too."

The soda-water man filled up a glass, the contents of which the young laborer downed at a gulp.

"Gimme another glass," said the laborer, and the soda-water man filled up the glass again.

Once more the young laborer dashed its contents down, and, handing the empty glass back to the soda-water man, said:

"Fill it up again."

The soda-water man did so, and as the young laborer drained the glass for the third time asked:

"Where's the money?"

"I'll give you a run for it," said the young laborer, and he dashed down the street like a deer.

The soda-water man watched him till he disappeared and then resumed his seat, dozing away as before. It was too hot even to cry "Stop, thief."

The clang of an ambulance bell at 1½ o'clock in the morning attracted a crowd of nearly a thousand in Clinton street, near Delancey. It stopped in front of one of the tenements, and a policeman with a lantern led the surgeon up through the house. A few moments later the stretcher was carried up, and after another short interval an old man was carried out on the stretcher. He was laid in the ambulance, which was hurriedly driven away.

"That's the last of Old Bill," said one of the bystanders, and the crowd dispersed.

SEVEN ROUNDSMEN REDUCED.

Twelve Patrolmen Made Acting Roundsmen—Transfers.

The following changes among roundsmen were announced last night by Chief Conlin. Seven roundsmen were reduced to the ranks and twelve patrolmen raised to the rank of acting roundsmen. The changes were made for police reasons, and will go into effect at 6 o'clock this evening. The following roundsmen were reduced and transferred:

John Sweitzer, from Fifth to Eldridge street; John N. Martens, from West Thirtieth street to Tremont; Patrick White, from East Thirty-fifth street to East 104th street; A. A. Strausmer, from West Forty-seventh street to East Fifty-first street; John P. Meade, from West 100th street to West 125th street; Charles Meitner, from West Twentieth street to West Forty-seventh street; Cornelius P. Tubbs, from West Thirty-seventh street to Macdougal street.

The following patrolmen were promoted and transferred: George Bond, from West 152d to West Sixty-eighth; Patrick Farrell, from Macdougal to Charles street; Charles Eckstadt, West 125th to West 100th; Richard Daly, East 104th to East Thirty-fifth; John McKeon, Tremont to Kingsbridge; James H. Kelly, Central Office to West Forty-seventh; James Walsh, Morrisania to Madison; D. Lynch, Church to West Twentieth; J. N. Burke, Eldridge street to Fifth; Daniel Connor, West 125th to West Thirty-seventh; John J. Lantry, East Fifty-first to East 126th; Elmer E. Dixon, East 126th to West Thirty-seventh street.

WATERTOWN'S OLD MILL.

It Has Ground Its Grist for 200 Years and Still Its Stones Turn Briskly.

From the Boston Evening Transcript.

The old grist mill in Watertown was established, so says tradition, near the close of the seventeenth century. It was at first a town mill, erected at the public expense, for the accommodation of the farmers who had corn to be ground. It is long since the old mill ceased to be owned or controlled by the people of the town, but it is only within very recent years that the idea of its public ownership faded from the minds of the citizens. There are employees of the mill to-day who well remember visits of outlying farmers of Watertown who had grists to be ground, and who insisted that, being citizens of the town, they were entitled to be served in preference to earlier comers who chanced to have come from Newton, Brighton, Cambridge, or Belmont.

For many years after its erection, then, the old grist mill was a town institution, and during King Philip's war it was carefully guarded by the yeoman soldiery of Watertown, as vital to the sustenance of the people. Finally it became private property, and at one time in its existence, it is said, the grists ceased to be ground, and the "mill privilege" was employed in the manufacture of paper. In later years Samuel Slater, a young English mechanic, came over from England "with a spinning frame in his head," for the paternal British Government desired to do all the cotton spinning for this growing Western country and forbade the exportation to America of cotton machinery. He built the frame at Pawtucket, on the Blackstone, and established the first cotton mill in America. A few years after this old grist mill was employed in the manufacture of cotton. But whether the experiment was a failure or not the story does not say. At all events the old mill soon returned to its original use as a grist mill, and a grist mill it has remained to the present day.

It has had many proprietors throughout its long life of two centuries. Of its earlier owners who purchased it from the town the tradition is silent; but Mr. J. W. Magee, Watertown's oldest miller, whose name was connected with the ancient mill for more than forty years, and who now allows no day to pass without paying a visit to his long-time place of business, well remembers the name of Peter C. Jones as one of its old-time owners. Then the names of Perkins and of Magee are well known by the Watertown of to-day as proprietors of the old grist mill.

In all these years, although the advance of modern invention has been rapid, the proprietors of this mill have found nothing more satisfactory for the grinding of corn than the old-fashioned upper and nether millstones. This is not because they are not enterprising and progressive, for they long ago discovered that it was much more economical to raise the corn to be ground from the street level to the bins in the upper floor by means of a power elevator rather than by sending it up on the shoulders of laborers. But in the grinding, the great stones, driven by the force of the water below, and regulated as to fineness or coarseness of the grist by the turn of a crank, have to them no superior in method. Although they are well aware that modern times have brought into use in places the steel rollers for crushing the grain into meal, the old mill at Watertown is pushing along into its third century of existence in the good old way, to the satisfaction of all.

BROOKLYN PARK LODGERS.

FREE BEDS OF GRASS FOR ALL DURING THE HOT SPELL.

Commissioner Woodruff's Order Rescinding the "All Out at 10" Rule is a Boon to Sweltering Humanity—All Sorts of Sleepers to be Seen and Conditions.

Park Commissioner Timothy L. Woodruff's experiment in throwing open the parks of Brooklyn to the public on hot nights has proved successful. When Mr. Woodruff issued his order to the police last Tuesday, telling them that the "10 o'clock and all out" whistles were not to blow during the heated term, he was not aware how many people would take advantage of the opportunity to exchange a hot bed and a close room for a cool couch of green grass and the unbroken breezes which float across the park commons. His idea was to relieve the dwellers in lodging houses and crowded tenements, and he did not realize that many other Brooklynites, living in homes ordinarily comfortable, would hail the order.

The parks have been open three nights, and from all parts of the city men, women, and children have flocked to them, some bringing sheets, blankets, and pillows, others bringing air cushions, and still others bringing nothing but a sufficient stock of fatigue to impel them to roll over and go to sleep the moment they touched the ground. The majority of park sleepers belongs, of course, to the class which Mr. Woodruff wished to reach when he issued the order, but many persons in good circumstances have slept in the parks during the last three nights.

On Tuesday night, when the order went into effect, many of the small parks were so crowded that the policemen on duty there had to pick their way for fear of stepping on a sleeper. On Wednesday night every park in Brooklyn, from big Prospect to little Winthrop in Greenpoint, resembled somewhat an open-air lodging house, and last night the number of sleepers in some of the smaller parks was even greater than on either of the previous nights.

The open parks have proved a great boon to loving couples. Night after night for years they have sat on the benches in Prospect Park, Fort Greene, now Washington Park, City Park, and in the small parks which are scattered all over town, holding hands, billing and cooing, and dreading the hour of 10, when the graycoats have been accustomed to order all hands out. Now, however, the lovers can sit up as late as they like, so long as they keep quiet and orderly. No longer does the big steam whistle in the Raymond street jail give its 10 o'clock blast.

A SUN reporter made a tour of some of the smaller parks in Brooklyn early yesterday morning, to see how Mr. Woodruff's plan was working. A sparrow policeman, whom he encountered at City Park, which is about the only breathing spot in the thickly populated neighborhood of the Navy Yard, proved a mine of information.

"Say," he remarked to the reporter, "I never expected to see such a sight as this here park has brought to my eyes, and I've been a park copper for a good many years. They're sleeping in all the parks, you know, Prospect, Washinton, Carroll, Tompkins, Winthrop, Bedford, and a whole lot of smaller ones, but this is the place to go if you want to see them any-where else. The crowd that lives around here is the kind that sleeps on roofs and fire escapes, because they can't stay in their tenement rooms and live. They haven't done a thing to this park since the sprinkler came out. Just come in and look at 'em."

City Park is not large. It is only a few acres at most, and it is level ground, too, but there are plenty of trees and bushes, plenty of good grass and plenty of benches. There were men asleep on many of the benches, some sitting up and others sprawled at full length. The policeman aroused the latter with nudges in the ribs, accompanying the poke with a:

"Get up now! If you want to sleep lie on the grass. These benches ain't here for beds."

"Most of the lovers have gone home," said the policeman. "They get away about midnight, although some of them stay until 1 o'clock. They don't dare stay out later than that, because most of them has homes and the girls somebody to account to for their bein' away."

By this time the reporter had reached the common, and there on every side were men, women, and children. The men were in the majority, but there were many women and a number of children, and they were in every conceivable position. Some were asleep and others awake, some had bedclothes and pillows, one or two had even brought mattresses, but everybody seemed comfortable, and there was no reason why they shouldn't be, for a cool and steady breeze was blowing across the park. A controversy was going on among several "guests" on the common when the reporter came up.

"Now, just listen to them," said the policeman; "they get into these scraps every little while, and then I have to pile in and separate them. Then, as soon as I go away, they start in again."

A woman was talking. She was large, and had a voice that there was no difficulty in hearing.

"If I come over there, Johnnie Carroll, I'll break yer jaw," she was saying. "If yer are so contrary as ter eat apples in yer bed they ain't no reason ter throw the core at me."

"Ah, yer talkin' three yer face," responded Johnnie Carroll contemptuously.

"I am, am I?" shrieked the woman. "I am, am——"

"For the love er heaven shut up," roared a man about twenty-five yards away. "You women must have bellows in yer, the way you talk. Let me sleep."

"Let yer sleep! let yer sleep!" cried the woman, turning her attention to the speaker. "Am I anybody but the tiredest woman in this place? Who was a-sleepin' quiet like, but me, till the crowd broke out again. This time the object of their indignation was a tall, thin man, with a red rose and a red jag. He insisted on singing, and evidently had been indulging to some extent in this pastime before the policeman came up.

"Five boarders once slept in a bed side by side,
Turn o-o-over.

"Shut up!" came from all sides.

"Yer really orter (hic) hear this," remarked the singer. "Greates' thing yer c'm over the hills. Lemme sing it ter yer:

"Five boarders once slept——"

The singer came to a short stop. A number of stones had been hurled in his direction, and one landed on his chin.

"It's a damn outrage," he yelled. "I'll sing m' song anyway, shee? An' I sing anuzze after, too, shee?"

"Let him sing! Let him sing and get it over with," yelled some one, and then the drunken man began:

"Five boarders once slept in a bed side by side
They agreed to all turn when the outside man cried,
Turn o-o-over.
But the man in the middle, he thought it a joke,
And with the rest failed to turn ov r, poor bloke;
He got lost in the shuffle and had his leg broke,
Turn o-o-over.

"D'yer ever hear rowdy dowdy girl? Greates' song ever came over the hills. Wait a minute an' I'll sing it f'yer."

"Yes, you will, nit," said the sparrow policeman, coming up behind him. "You keep quiet or git."

The drunken man subsided, and so did everybody else.

"They're fakin' sleep," said the policeman, "just as soon as I get out of sight they'll go it again."

The reporter didn't wait to see whether they did or not. He went straight to Washington Park, where he found several hundred people better dressed and