# TURKEYS CAUSE DIVORCE.

*THE MACHINE-HATCHED BEGINNING OF A TRAIN OF EVENTS.*

**Gobblers, Bulldogs, a Commission Merchant, a Pistol, a Black-Jack Oak, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and Two Pairs of Trousers Are in It.**

*From the Florida Times-Union.*

A suit for divorce is pending in a south Florida court wherein a flock of turkeys figures as the bone of contention that led to the strained relations between a husband and wife.

Mrs. Jones read an agricultural paper one spring, and, becoming fascinated with the alluring profits of turkey culture so temptingly displayed in a row of fat figures, pawned her jewels and bought an incubator and all the turkey eggs she could find in the neighborhood. During the first year she lost money, but was rich in an experience that enabled her to readily diagnose and cure congested craw, sorehead, pip, and other ailments peculiar to the great American bird.

Mrs. Jones was a game woman and one failure could not daunt her. The next spring found her with a pair of tweezers, pulling pips from the tongues of a flock of 336 young turkeys or anointing their heads with a solution of nitrate of silver. At the end of the summer she had 317 in the flock—pretty well, considering—and dreamed at night of Thanksgiving and the $317 she hoped to realize from her venture.

It was at this period in the game that the fun began.

Mr. Jones planted watermelons, and, being a prudent man, kept two bulldogs to guard the crop. It was known in the neighborhood that Mr. Jones kept these dogs, for he had been careful not only to advertise that fact, but laid great stress on the fierce temper of the canines, having accepted every challenge for a dog fight that came his way, and in all instances came forth with flying colors. Every visitor to the Jones ranch, having in mind the dogs, was careful to stop at the front gate and "holler" for admission.

One day a commission man came down to buy Jones's melon crop. It was a pretty hot day, too. The big flock of turkeys was scratching near by. The commission man opened his mouth and yelled, "Hello, there!" This surprised the turkeys, which gave one grand concentrated "Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble."

The gobble drowned the call, so the man yelled again:

"Hello, there!"

"Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble."

This made the man mad, but, he was a courageous commission man, and he filled his lungs fuller and shouted louder:

"Hello, there!"

This call excited the turkeys, which echoed his call with another "Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble."

There they had it up and down, first the man and then the turkeys, until the man was as red in the face as a turkey gobbler, his forehead was reeking with perspiration, and his tongue hung out of his mouth.

Finally he lost his voice and, out of sheer exhaustion, drew his pistol and fired it into the air six times in succession.

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang!

Afterward he became sorry that he did this, for the noise excited the bulldogs, which came forth from their kennels with a fierce "Bow, wow, wow!"

They leaped the fence, tore the seat out of the man's trousers and chased him up a black-jack oak pretty lively.

This was at 10 o'clock. Mr. Jones at that time was down in the grove ploughing. Mrs. Jones was over at a neighbor's discussing babies and turkeys.

The two dogs dug two cool holes at the foot of the black-jack and waited patiently for the man to come down, but for some reason or other he wouldn't. Of course the man used very bad language, and which got to be worse and worse as the hot sun blistered his face and the rough bark on the black-jack limb found a point of vantage on his south side. It was then that the man was exceedingly sorry that he had not saved four cartridges, two for the two dogs, one for Mr. Jones, and one for Mrs. Jones. Every now and then the dogs would curl around to a more comfortable place, during which operation they would glance upward and bark angrily: "Bow wow!"

This was always echoed by the turkeys in a chorus of "Gobble, gobble, gobble!" with a rising inflection on "gobble" No. 1.

This made the man —— mad. That's the only way to express it, but it has the merit of being true.

About 12 o'clock Mrs. Jones returned, and, seeing the commission man in the tree, could not restrain herself, but laughed. She called the dogs off and, while the poor chap slid down on the opposite side, she apologized to him most profusely, but during the whole proceeding expectorated the commission man more and more by stalling as her thoughts recurred to his ridiculous predicament.

She was a dainty little bit of humanity and he could not quarrel with her, but this made him madder.

They reached the house finally, the man being very careful to seek a dark corner in the parlor. There she entertained him enthusiastically for an uncomfortable half hour, for the man was afraid to move, and the cold perspiration poured from his brow. He wanted to go mighty bad, but he couldn't. He could come all right, but not go.

Finally he took the bull by the horns, as it were, and exclaimed: "Madam, would you be so kind as to lend me a pair of your husband's old trousers?"

This request opened Mrs. Jones's eyes to the true state of affairs, and she replied: "Why certainly; just walk right upstairs," but he wouldn't walk.

Mrs. Jones, however, brought her husband's best trousers, closed the doors behind her, and went upstairs to stuff a handkerchief in her mouth.

Mr. Jones was a pudgy little man, and the commission agent was tall and slender. However, he wore the trousers, looking a trifle odd, it is true, but we will let that pass.

He straightway went out into the grove and cussed Jones and his bulldogs and Mrs. Jones's turkeys until the atmosphere was lurid.

Jones was very much astonished and grieved finally, for the commission man wound up by shaking his fist in his face and exclaiming: "Dod gast you, you blankety blank, blank, blank, son of a sea cook. I came out here to buy your damn melons, but I want to tell you now and forever I wouldn't give you a cent for the whole farm."

As the commission man departed Jones rested his chin upon the hoe handle and reflected.

Those turkeys in due time exasperated Jones himself. They learned that there were good grubs in the new furrows behind Jones's plough and they followed it. Every time Jones said "Gee" there was a chorus of "Gobble, gobble, gobble."

Every time Jones said "Haw" there was another "Gobble, gobble, gobble."

It made him so mad that he cussed the mule and jerked on the line until the mule himself became exasperated, and out of spite kicked Jones in the pit of the stomach and laid him up.

Jones, as he lay in bed, thought of the sale he had missed, thought of the blisters on the crude mule, and all other of the many annoyances he had borne because of the turkeys.

When he got well he dug a mine under the turkey house, put dynamite in it, and covered the earth with firecrackers and feathers. This was the week before Thanksgiving.

And then he bragged about it, and that's where he lost his good judgment.

Mrs. Jones cried all night, left for her mother's the next day, and is now suing for alimony, leaving poor Jones alone with his two bench-legged bulldogs.

## *LIQUOR TAX LAW DISPUTE.*

**Republican State Leaders to Try to Amend the Raines Amendments.**

President Lauterbach of the Republican County Committee said yesterday that he will probably not go to Washington to-day after all to see Chairman Hackett of the State Committee and Senator Platt on behalf of the county organization with a view to securing a meeting of the Republican State Committee to pass on the proposed Raines Liquor Tax law amendments. Mr. Lauterbach learned yesterday that the fate of the amendments will probably be determined by the State party leaders some time this week.

The local leaders, at their caucus on Friday, declared against any amendment to the law, and they are supported in their position by the leaders in Kings, Queens, and Richmond counties. It is probable that their radical demands will not be fully met by the State leaders. What is likely to be done was said yesterday to be the modification of the Raines amendments so that the evils complained of in the country districts will be cured without interfering with conditions which exist in the city, which are not the subject of complaint.

It has been suggested by Senator Raines that the exemption of clubs which have been organized because of the Liquor Tax law will result in a diminution of the revenue from tax certificates. This is denied, so far as this city is concerned, because, it is said, there is not one of the clubs thus incorporated in New York city that would pay a tax if payment were required of clubs. Consequently, it is argued that, as the club in this city does not take the place of the saloon and does not affect the revenue derived from the liquor tax certificates, the only legislation necessary to prevent a reduction of revenue under the law would be such as would meet the case where the club is introduced as a substitute for the saloon, as in the interior of the State. Just how this can be done does not concern the local party leaders. All they want is to have New York left alone in dealing with the liquor law. They feel that they are entitled to that much consideration, and several of the leaders said yesterday that they have assurances that their opposition to the Raines amendments in their present form will be effective.

**21 Persons Drowned at Ferrol, Spain.**

FERROL, Spain, March 27.—A steamer ran into and sank a large boat in the harbor here to-day. There were thirty persons in the boat, twenty-one of whom were drowned. The remaining nine were rescued in an exhausted condition.

## *THE OPERA.*

**Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" Repeated by the Damrosch Troupe.**

When at the age of 23 Richard Wagner resigned his post of *chef d'orchestre* at Riga and embarked for Paris to seek a brilliant fortune for his child "Rienzi," his voyage was a tempestuous one, foreshadowing sadly the stormy fate of the audacious artist in the French capital. His vessel was driven in upon the Norwegian coast and it became neceeary to seek shelter in one of the fiords. The flashes of lightning, the roaring of the waves, and the cries of frightened sailors first indelibly impressed upon the sensitive mind of the double poet—a poet of tone and word—that wild legend of Vandesdecken which three years later, when he was alone and despairing in the great metropolis, came back to haunt him with its weird outlines. Now he was composing romances for public singers, hoping thereby to get favorable notice among musicians. He even offered to compose a *boulevard caudeville*, but the jealousy of others deprived him of this poor chance, and for very fear of starvation he resigned himself to arranging opera airs for the *cornet-a-piston*, supplementing his musical labors by the writing of various critiques and romances, among which was "The Fate of a Musician in Paris," wherein he describes his own sufferings with considerable humor. While Wagner was doing this miscellaneous work his unfortunate "Rienzi" was knocking vainly upon the portals of every opera house for admission. At last, when, through the influence of Mme. Schrœder Devrient, the celebrated singer, this work was accepted at Dresden, the composer was so poor that he had to sell his libretto of "The Flying Dutchman" for 500 francs to pay his travelling expenses to Saxony. The text he thus disposed of was set to music by M. Dietsch, but this gentleman's work proved an utter failure. "Rienzi" was so favorably received at Dresden that Wagner's hopes revived and with a lighter heart came the inspiration that brought into life "Der Fliegende Hollander," which had its first performance in 1842. At its first presentation to a London audience, in 1870, the cast was a powerful one, consisting of Ilma di Murska, Mr. Santley, Signor Perotti, Signor Foli, Signor Rinaldini (the Helmsman), and Mme. Corsi (Mary), Signor Arditi conducting.

Though the "Hollander" had but a cold reception in Berlin when it was first given there, its triumphal march along the path of success was not long retarded, and behold it now at this late day not ideally presented save in its orchestral score by Mr. Damrosch's company, but well enough done to afford an exceedingly charming afternoon entertainment to the patrons of the Metropolitan.

It was in this opera that Wagner first dealt with his beloved legends of unearthly or semi-world-dwelling heroes, but in this work human interest is indissolubly connected with the supernatural, and, indeed, most cleverly bound together. The moral of it is patent and plain—that though truth and fidelity are hard to find, they do, nevertheless, exist in this mundane sphere of ours.

The performance yesterday was an exact reiteration of the first one, with the same cast, including Mme. Gadski, Herr Somer, Herr Stehmann, Herr Ernst, Mme. Mattfeld, and an agreeable velvet-voiced *Steuermann* whose honorable name did not appear upon the programme, but who, notwithstanding the incognito, commended himself to the judicious.

A more graceful and dramatic *Senta* than Mme. Gadski makes were devoutly to be wished. Neither vocally nor histrionically is she suited to the rôle. Herr Somer might appropriately illuminate with a ray of cheerfulness the insistent melancholia which is his conception of the part of the *Hollander*. A slight trace of a smile would fitly welcome *Senta's* consoling promises. But not even a twilight gleam is allowed to lighten the hopeless black of his heavy spirit.

The stage setting is very admirable, the illusiveness of the sea being a worthy offering to the sense of sight in its excellent furthering to the impressions made upon the ear by Wagner's wonderful tone painting of wind and wave and storm and ocean immensity.

## *ORATORIO SOCIETY.*

**The Performance of "Elijah."**

"The Messiah" and "Elijah" are the two oratorios, and the only two apparently, that are ardently sought by our uncurious public. Let a work of more novelty be announced and the coffers of the Oratorio Society suffer. Yet those two cannot form the entire repertory of a great and exceedingly competent body like the organization we are speaking of. It really does such fine work now, so solid in tone, so prompt in attack of phrases, so intelligent in its use of light and shade, that it is a sort of virtuoso chorus. The old members of long years back still remain, and their drill has been severe. Now all that discipline tells for what it is worth.

A remarkably fine presentation of "Elijah" was thus given on Friday afternoon and last evening, fortunately not only in the splendid rendering of those grand choruses that are the crowning glory of Mendelssohn's fame, but also in having quite an unusually brilliant set of artists for solo work. These were Miss Ella Russell and Miss Miner, sopranos; Mrs. Bloodgood and Miss Horlocker, contraltos; Mr. Williams and Mr. Distelhurst, tenors; Mr. F. Davies and Mr. Witherspoon, bassos. Of these Miss Russell, Mrs. Bloodgood, and Mr. Davies particularly distinguished themselves, the latter by a rendering of the very dramatic part *Elijah*, in which conscientious care and an impressive; sympathetic, and picturesque delineation of his rôle had equal share. Mr. Davies's performance was in all respects a masterly and perfect one.

That Mendelssohn had a strong genius for a highly dramatic form of art is indisputably shown in the "Elijah." He was lucky in everything during his short, happy life, but scarcely in anything more so than in obtaining the admirable text to which his glorious music is congenially wedded. The Prophet is placed with all prominence in the foreground, but how thrilling is the episode of the *Widow* who has an entity as plainly recognizable as the most familiar friends introduced to us by amusing Mr. Dickens or dear genial brother Thackeray. So, too, *Jezebel*, though she has but little to say, stands boldly out a completely outlined character; and in the choruses, with their plaints and their ejaculations, We see as though we were in the midst the swarming populace sometimes mourning their sad plight, and perhaps menacing Elijah, or returning thanks, or contemplatively murmuring "Blessed are the men who fear Him," that exquisite chorus with its ever echoing retrocadence call of "Blessed!"

But to turn from the work to its performance we must accredit excellent efforts not only to the chorus but the orchestra, and then mention with enthusiastic warmth the strong, exact, dignified, and powerful rendering given to the chief soprano part by Miss Russell. Not only was the great beauty of tone to be found in her work, but a nice sense of proportion in expression, the dramatic fervor of an accomplished prima donna, and the aspiration of spirit which lent a glow and halo to all the rest of her eminently good qualities.

## *DR. KOCH'S RINDERPEST CURE.*

**Plain Serum Not Very Effective, but Inoculation with the Bile or Blood of Tainted Beasts Renders Cattle Really Immune.**

*From the London Standard.*

Dr. Koch's discovery of the process by which cattle may be rendered free from rinderpest has been received with great rejoicing. The following is the eminent scientist's report to the Secretary of the Agriculture Department:

"SIR: I have the honor to report herewith to you on several very important facts resulting from my investigations at the Rinderpest Experimental Station. In my last report I was already in a position to inform you that the blood serum of cattle which have recovered from rinderpest had a certain immuning effect upon healthy stock when inoculated with it. Its protective properties, however, are not very great, for 100 cubic centimetres of such serum are required to protect an animal against an inoculation with a small dose of rinderpest blood. This immunity is in its nature merely a 'passive' one, and will only last during a short period. For protective inoculation on a large scale such serum is not applicable, but I succeeded in immuning within a fortnight several animals by means of a mixture of serum and virulent rinderpest blood to such a degree that they were enabled to withstand an injection of 20 ccm. of rinderpest blood, a ten-thousandth part of which is a fatal dose. From this fact I judge that the immunity of these animals is of a much higher degree, and I believe it is an active immunity equal to that of a beast which has contracted rinderpest and has then recovered. It is particularly important to know that only 20 ccm. of such serum are required to immunise one animal, and one litre, nearly one and three-quarters of an imperial pint, suffices for fifty head of cattle. My further investigations concerning this modus operandi will aim at finding—if this immunity is obtainable in a still shorter period; if a smaller dose of serum will suffice; and if it may be obtained with one injection.

"A second and equally important fact is that one is able to render immune healthy cattle with the bile of such as have succumbed to rinderpest. In this case, only one hypodermic injection of 10 ccm. is sufficient. This immunity sets in on the tenth day at latest, and is to such an extent that even four weeks afterward 40 ccm. of rinderpest blood could be injected without any injurious effect. I therefore conclude that the immunity produced in such a manner is of an 'active' nature. The local result of an injection is merely a hard, somewhat painful swelling of the size of a man's fist, which gradually disappears in the course of a few weeks, provided, however, that the bile is not in a state of decomposition, as is not uncommon when an animal suffers from rinderpest. Under such circumstances an abscess may form, which, however, does not seem to be detrimental to the process of immunization. Both the above-mentioned facts convince me that rinderpest can be readily tackled with but little difficulty, and within a comparatively short time, by putting these methods into practice. The method of immuning cattle with serum may be employed in order to separate from infected areas those tracts of country which are still free from the disease, leaving a broad belt between them, in which all the cattle are inoculated with the vaccine. The protective properties of the bile will be of inestimable service.

"In infected parts nearly every case of rinderpest supplies a greater or lesser quantity of vaccine for those animals which are still healthy. I cannot but urge upon you the importance of bringing this method immediately to the notice of those cattle owners whose animals are suffering from or threatened by the disease, as I am sure thousands of cattle may daily be saved by its application. The modus operandi is very simple in both these methods, but it will, nevertheless, be desirable to teach a nearly possible veterinary surgeons and other persons fitted for such work. I am willing to give a course of instruction to the Experimental Station in Kimberley. It may further be advisable at once to take into serious consideration the establishment, in other parts of the country, of branch stations of the Central Laboratory in Kimberley; to furnish them with the necessary equipment, and to appoint suitable persons to take charge of them. With reference to your telegram, dated Feb. 6, I beg to add I do not consider it any more essential to experiment on camels, as our experiments performed on cattle have been so favorable. I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

"R. KOCH."

## *DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.*

**Three Children of a Revolutionary Soldier, the Oldest 91 and the Youngest 81.**

PORT JERVIS, March 27.—THE SUN to-day editorially mentions the fact of the death of Mrs. Sarah Richards of West Milton, Saratoga county, at the age of 86 years, who was a widow of a soldier of the American Revolution, and of the funeral of Mercy Foster Clark at Orange, N. J., at the age of 93 years, who was one of the few surviving children of Revolutionary soldiers, and says: "It is remarkable that any child of a Revolutionary soldier should be still living, more remarkable that the widow of a Revolutionary soldier should be still living, and more remarkable still that such a widow should be in existence at a more youthful age than that of a Revolutionary soldier's child."

Another remarkable case is worthy of note. There are now living three children, daughters of a Revolutionary soldier, the only ones on record. Their names are Mrs. Phebe Gainford, widow of William Gainford, who is 91 years old, and is now visiting her daughter, Mrs. Emma Crine, in Matamoras, opposite the Delaware River from this place. She makes her home with her son in Ellenville, N. Y. The next oldest is Catherine Bowden, widow of John Bowden, aged 86, and the youngest Mrs. Lucinda Valentine, widow of Harrison Valentine, aged 81. The last two named live in Stroudsburg, Pa., and are members of the Valley Forge Chapter of the National Society of Daughters of the Revolution. They are the daughters of Jabez Rockwell, a Revolutionary soldier, by his second wife, whom he married in Milford, Pa., in 1798. The photographs of these three ladies have recently been presented to Mrs. Annie Holstien, Lady Regent of that Chapter, and they are in a showcase, with an old powder horn which was carried through the Revolution by their father, in one of the rooms of the old stone house at Valley Forge which was Washington's headquarters, now made into a museum of Revolutionary relics. Jabez Rockwell fought under Benedict Arnold and Gen. Washington, and was with Lafayette at the surrender of Yorktown. When Lafayette visited this country in 1824, Rockwell and two other soldiers walked all the way from Milford to New York to see the General, and were very cordially received by him on that occasion, being presented by Henry Clay.

**Science of the Mosquito.**

*From the Boston Evening Transcript.*

There are four truths respecting the mosquito which modern science has established:

First—A mosquito cannot live in air free from malarial poison. Untainted air has the same effect on him as a health community on a doctor. It deprives him of patients, and he must go to less-favored localities to practise his profession.

Second—The lymph, which flows through an automatic valve when it inserts its proboscis, contains the germ of the malarial fever, and, according to the well-settled law of inoculation, the introduction of the weak germ renders harmless a subsequent attack by the strong germ.

Third—The mosquito never swallows human blood. It cannot. The fact that its body becomes discol red and swells, while probing, is caused by the discoloration of the lymph in contact with the blood and the muscular effort of inserting the probe.

Fourth—A mosquito will never insert its lancet in a person not susceptible to an attack of malaria. In this respect, its sense is more accurate than the most skilled and experienced pathologist. This also proves, not only its unerring instinct, but that it never wounds unnecessarily. Its thrusts are those of a skilled and human surgeon, and even more unselfish, for hope of a fee never quickens him, nor does the malediction of his patient deter him in the fulfilment of his duty.

Remember, then, that the presence of a mosquito is an infallible sign that malaria is in the air, and that you are exposed to it, and when you hear that well-known but solemn note of warning, do not treat him as a foe but as a friend.


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## *YOUNGS AND M'CUE DRAW.*

**They Box Fifteen Fast Rounds at the National Sporting Club.**

Despite the other boxing attractions in this city and vicinity last night, there was a very good attendance at the show of the National Sporting Club, St. Nicholas avenue and 124th street. The bill presented was a very fair one—two ten and one fifteen round bout between men of considerable fistic notoriety.

The opening bout was between Patsy Broderick of Providence and Frank Zimpher of Buffalo. It was 8:45 o'clock when they appeared. Brooklyn Jimmy Carroll was the referee and Walter De Baun acted as timekeeper. It was a ten-round go at 118 pounds, but from the mild manner in which the first two rounds were fought, it looked as though they could fight a lifetime without either competitor being hurt. To the surprise of everybody, however, the very next round brought the contest to an abrupt termination. The men had been sparring hardly a minute when they came together for a clinch. There was some close infighting, a cry of "Foul," and Zimpher doubled up like a jackknife and rolled on the floor, holding his stomach with both hands. There were shouts of "fake" from the crowd, but Referee Carroll viewed the matter in a different light and awarded the fight to Zimpher on a foul. The latter's seconds carried him to his corner, and about five minutes later took him to his dressing room.

Stanton Abbott, the ex-light-weight champion of England, and Mike Farragher of Youngstown, O., lost no time in getting into the ring and starting the second bout. They were a little light in their work in the first round, as they were both very cautious and were sizing each other up. The bloodthirsty sports, however, thought it rather tame and set up a howl of "Take them off!"

The boxers, who were both very clever, settled down to work in a spirited manner in the second round, and the impatient crowd had no further occasion to show their disapproval. The second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth rounds were spirited and the applause was almost continuous. The seventh round was another red-hot affair like the sixth, and after about two minutes of fighting Farragher got in a stiff left-hander on Abbott's jaw and the latter staggered back. As quick as a cat the Western man followed it up, landing two more damaging blows in the same spot. Abbott was sinking as Referee Carroll spread between them and stopped the fight in order to prevent a "knock-out." Farragher won.

The event of the evening was announced as a fifteen-round bout at 125 pounds between Marty McCue of this city and Joe Young of Buffalo. This former looked to be much the heavier man. Young, however, was very spry and exceptionally clever, and what he lacked in height and reach he made up in activity and aggressiveness.

The first five rounds were most admirably contested and honors seemed to be pretty evenly divided. In the sixth, however, Young cut such a lively pace that he set the crowd wild with excitement, and McCue was on the run.

Young played entirely for the stomach, and he seemed to land each time he led with his left. McCue seemed to regain his cleverness during the minute's rest, and during the seventh and eighth rounds honors were even, although they both fought viciously. Young used both hands to advantage in the ninth round, and, if anything, had a shade the better of the fighting. The next three rounds were spirited, Young showing himself to be a glutton at taking punishment. He was as full of fight as a wildcat, and the harder he got hit the more fiercely he fought.

The thirteenth round was of the same lively order, and nothing would have suited the crowd better than a finish fight between these well-matched lads. There was no slackening in the speed in the fourteenth round, and the crowd was worked up to the highest pitch of excitement when the fighters faced each other for the fifteenth and last round. They were both strong and full of fight, and each put forth his utmost exertions to gain the decision. They fought like tigers, and at the close of the round the referee decided the contest a draw.

## *SLUGGING AT THE N. Y. A. C.*

**The Police Interfere for the First Time in the History of the Club.**

Slugging was the rule rather than the exception at the New York A. C. boxing tournament last night, and the members were more than pleased at the exhibition. There were four ten-round bouts on the card, one resulting in a clean knock-out. Frank Patterson of Brooklyn put Henry McDonald of New London to sleep with a left hook on the jaw, after two minutes of fighting, in the sixth round. The referee was George Schwegler.

Bobby Wilson and Maxey Haugh met each other in the opening bout, at ten rounds, at 118 pounds, or at least they were supposed to weigh that, but both looked to be overweight. Haugh had all the better of it until the fourth round, and then Wilson who was very tall and had a long reach, kept jabbing Haugh with his left until he had the latter guessing. Haugh had plenty of confidence, though, and as the last round was very tame the judges disagreed, and the referee declared it a draw.

The second bout was between McDonald and Patterson, and as before stated the latter won in the sixth round.

The third bout brought out Andy Walsh of Brooklyn and George Clare of Long Island City. The men were supposed to weigh 126 pounds. The latter tipped the beam at 149 pounds, and Walsh said he weighed 162, claiming that the fight was to be at catch weights.

The bout was the most sensational of the night, and it looked at times as if it would become that, for the first time in the history of the club, the police authorities stepped in and stopped the fight. Clare started off well and surprised himself and friends by landing a left-hand jab on Walsh in the first round which nearly put the latter out. Clare followed up his good work in the second round with a left-hand swing, which raised a "mouse" on Walsh's right eye.

In the third round Walsh's weight, combined with savage fighting, nearly settled Clare's chances. In the fourth round Walsh landed some terrific swings on Clare's body and the Long Island fighter fell to the floor after a minute's fighting. He slowly rose to his feet and was just about to receive his quietus when Capt. Sheehan ordered the men to stop.

The final bout was between Loudin Campbell of Pittsburgh and George Hammell of New York at 128 pounds.

The former clearly outclassed his opponent, and the latter was supposed to be knocked out in the fourth round, but many of those present contended that Hammell quit.

## *VICTORY FOR PETE M'GLONE.*

**He Defeats "Chappie" Riley in a Hard Bout at the Greenwood's Show.**

Some fast fighting was witnessed at the arena of the Greenwood Benevolent A. A., Brooklyn, last night.

Danny Baugh of New York and Tommy Sullivan of Brooklyn shook hands for the first fight on the programme, a ten-round affair at 112 pounds. Baugh started to rush from the start, but could not land. Sullivan ducked some fierce right and left hand swings. He later countered heavily in the ninth round on Baugh's left eye, and continued to jab him on the damaged optic until he had it closed up. The tenth round was clearly Sullivan's. He jabbed Baugh at will on the jaw and eye. The referee declared the bout a draw.

The principals in the second bout were Eugene Garcia and George Fagan of New York. They were to box ten rounds at 120 pounds. Garcia landed a left hard on Fagan's right eye in the second round and cut it open, and placed a hard left on the nose in the fifth round. He landed repeatedly on Fagan's nose and eye, and had him bleeding freely. The Cuban kept the advantage to the end and received the decision.

The final bout was between Pete McGlone of Fort Hamilton and "Chappie" Riley of Brooklyn for ten rounds at 150 pounds. In the first round McGlone landed a right swing on Riley's face, and cut him under the left eye. In the second round both men started to rush, landing right and left hand swings.

In the sixth round Riley got home a right-hand swing on McGlone's jaw and scored a clean knock down. The latter was weak when he arose. In the seventh round Riley started to mix things up, and landed several hard swings on the face and wind. In the ninth round Riley cut McGlone's left ear with a right swing.

In the last round Riley jabbed McGlone repeatedly on his "rose" ear and had it bleeding freely. McGlone in return landed on Riley's nose and drew the blood. The referee awarded the bout to McGlone.

**Held for an Old Swindling Game.**

Edward B. Fisher of 219 East Seventy-seventh street was arraigned in Yorkville Court yesterday on the complaint of John and Mary Morley of 219 East Forty-fourth street, who accuse him of swindling them. In October, 1894, the Morleys answered an advertisement for a man and wife to care for a hotel in Amityville, L. I. They were to get $30 a month each, and to secure the man who hired them they deposited with him $210 in cash and a bank book showing a balance of $90. They went to Amityville and, according to the story they told the police, they almost starved. The man who had taken their money could not be found afterward. On Friday evening Morley met Fisher at Thirty-fourth street and Third avenue. He caught Fisher and held him until a policeman came up. Then Morley charged Fisher with being the man who swindled him and his wife. Fisher waived examination and was held in $1,000 bail for trial.

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## *GREATEST OF ALL THE SCHOONERS.*

**The Frank A. Palmer of Bath Launched All Standing, with Sails Bent.**

*From the Bangor News.*

BATH, Me., March 18.—At ten minutes past noon to-day there was launched from the shipyard of N. T. Palmer the largest and perhaps the finest schooner in the world.

This vessel is the four-masted schooner Frank A. Palmer, named for a brother of the builder. She is a marvel as to size, and is in every other way a credit to her builder and to Bath. Her principal dimensions are as follows: Keel, 274.5 feet; beam, 43.05; hold, 21; poop, running from taffrail to fifteen feet forward of main rigging, 3 feet 10½ inches; gross tonnage, 2,052.

Unlike most big schooners, the Frank A. Palmer is a handsomely modelled vessel, her lines being so good that she doesn't look to be nearly as large as she really is. She has a good, long floor and ought to be a great carrier. Her overhang is 18 feet forward and 14 feet aft, making her 306.5 feet on top. She is expected to carry from 3,300 to 3,500 tons of coal, and will be used chiefly in that trade, although fit to go offshore whenever business is profitable in that line.

Her lower masts are of Oregon pine, made belted and without bands, each 118 feet long and 31 inches in diameter. The foretopmast is 57 feet long and 21 inches in the cap; others the same length and 17 inches in the cap. The bowsprit, 30x32, is 32 feet outboard; jibboom, 21 inches in the cap and 75 feet long. The spanker boom is a mighty stick, 87 feet long. It was made from a spar of the schooner Bessie Dixon and measures 20 inches in the slings. The other booms are 56 feet long, gaffs, 53 feet long, and 13½ inches in diameter. From the tip of her jibboom to the end of her spanker boom is 415 feet.

The equipment of this big fellow is first class in every respect, being the best that the Bath Iron Works can produce. She has a very powerful steam engine and winches, steam foghorn and whistle, an evaporator for making fresh water from sea water, latest pattern of windlass and capstan, steam heating apparatus, and everything else that they put aboard sailing vessels. She has anchors big enough for a man-o'-war, and chain cables of 2½ inch iron, each 210 fathoms long. All rigging, including backstays, topmast shrouds, and headgear, is set up with patent turn buckles. She was all rigged and ready for sea, with sails bent, when she went overboard. In the making of her sails about 8,000 yards of the best and heaviest duck were used. Her after house is big enough for a small hotel, and the finish and furnishings of the various cabins and staterooms are both handsome and luxurious. The toilet room is supplied with hot and cold water service.

In the construction of this monster schooner there were used 475 tons of white oak timber, 750,000 feet of hard pine, and about 170 tons of iron. She is about 275 tons larger than the five-master Governor Ames, and is expected to carry 500 to 600 more tons dead weight than that famous vessel.

The Frank A. Palmer will be commanded by Capt. Lewis A. Parker of Pembroke, formerly of the schooner Luis G. Hasbel. He may well feel proud of his new vessel—the king of the famous Palmer fleet.

The launch was witnessed by a crowd of about 3,000 people, and it was a grand sight. The yards full of men, women, and children, the surrounding housetops all black with spectators, the decks of the steamboats Sagadahoc and Kennebec were crowded and the big schooner herself was swarming with the belles of Bath, who came out in force, dressed in their best to do honor to the occasion to the splendid vessel and lend grace to the occasion. These Bath girls are good sailors, and to them a launching is a source of joy and jubilation.

There never was a prettier launch since Noah floated the ark. There was a shout of "There she goes!" as the giant schooner slowly gathered way a roar of applause went up that echoed across the Kennebec. Once water borne, the Palmer dipped a most graceful courtesy to all her admirers and then started at an alarming rate across toward Woolwich. But now came a thunder of her cable as the ponderous anchor splashed at the bows, and the chain ran out so fast that a cloud of smoke rose from her hawse pipe. A big tug was on hand to help snub her, and soon, a glorious sight with all her flags a-flutter, she was brought alongside the pier.

The *News* correspondent was informed that Mr. Palmer would immediately lay the keel for a five-masted schooner of considerably greater tonnage than the Frank A. Palmer.

**Neuman's Wonderful Faro Box.**

*From the Chicago Daily Tribune.*

Mrs. Rudolph Neuman, wife of the old-time Clark street gambler, who shot himself in Omaha recently, Sunday made known the exact contents of the letter found by his side and addressed to her.

For ten years Neuman had worked to perfect a "brace" faro box so the dealer could control the cases. To win with the "brace" box now in use a confederate is needed. He applied electricity to the brace box, and his invention was a success. Practical experiments with the apparatus showed it to be absolutely accurate. It was composed of an ordinary faro box fitted with a drop slide, an ordinary "casekeeper" and a chaste of wires buried in the woodwork of the table under the "layout."

In the delicate connections between the box and the "casekeeper" the secret exists.

Neuman had gone to Deadwood from Chicago at the request of a syndicate of gamblers, who were to purchase the invention for $200,000. But he lost the model and all the papers while drunk. He got a clew to the thieves in Omaha and followed them until satisfied he could never secure the invention, and then ended all by sending a bullet through his brain.

With Neuman died the secret of how to bring electricity to the aid of the brace faro game.


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## *MISSISSIPPI FLOOD SCENES.*

**Desolation Marks the Course of the Father of Waters for Many Miles.**

*From the Chicago Times-Herald.*

Did the reader ever travel on a Mississippi River steamboat from St. Louis to New Orleans during an overflow? If so, he has seen a condition of waste and desolation that sickened the heart and one that defies the imagination to accurately describe. It is a long line of blackness and despair, with the surface of the muddy waters covered with floating timbers, wrecks' houses, eddies of swollen dead animals, with an occasional lifeless human being mixed with the débris. From foothill to foothill there is nothing but a sea of black water. There is an occasional mound to be seen, and on these are sometimes to be found grouped shivering, trembling animals, wild and tame.

I took a skiff one morning at Gold Dust Landing, and was rowed out in the black waters four miles toward the hills. Upon a little promontory of a half-acre size we saw cattle, hogs, sheep, coons, rabbits, deer, and one bear, standing together, trembling with fear as they watched the fast-rising waters that must soon envelop them. They did not frighten at our approach, but appeared as though glad to see us, walking far out into the water as if appealing for help. Every man in the boat had a gun, but none dared to use it. No one said anything about shooting, each apparently waiting for the other to speak. But as we rowed away looking for a helpless family reported to be in that vicinity, a deputy sheriff remarked that he thought some men were humane after all, and nobody disputed him.

If the flood that came in 1892, when its warning had been sent forward more than a month in advance, destroyed growing crops and property to the value of over $20,000,000, what must be the extent of damage this year, when the rivers south are already higher than they were during 1892? And then the War Department advises that the waters will continue to rise indefinitely. From St. Louis to Cairo, all of that immense basin that was created by the earthquake fifty years ago is deep enough to swim a steamboat. This section embraces a remarkably large part of the wheat fields of southern Illinois and Missouri. These submerged farms may be entirely useless for grain purposes for the remainder of the year. It takes growing wheat a long time to recover from a flood, however short the period may be that it has suffered. So if the Missouri and Illinois valleys are not instantly drained the fall wheat crop there is gone.

But it is south of Cairo and clear down to New Orleans where the real damage is now being done. That is the part of the country that lies unprotected, where millions of acres of fertile fields and hundreds of homes belonging to the laboring people are absolutely at the mercy of the remorseless waters. The lowlands are so much more productive than the hill country that the highlands have almost been abandoned of late years, the farmers going to the "bottoms" to raise their produce. Until Memphis is reached there are no levees to speak of. There are a few, to be sure, but they are as chaff in a storm when a big flood comes. They seem to excite the river's wrath all the more. Tennessee is but little affected even at the highest stages of the river. The banks on the left are high and are supported by rocky hills that come almost to the river's edge. Thus the volume of water is