A BATTLE FOR BLOOD

Billy Corcoran and Joe the Kid Fight Eleven Rounds.

ENDED IN A GENERAL ROW

Captain Anson in the City and Expresses His Opinions.

BALL NEWS FROM OTHER CITIES.

President Hewitt Explodes the Alleged Von der Ahe Deal.

GENERAL SPORTING NEWS OF THE DAY

There was a desperate prize fight near the city yesterday morning with small gloves between Corcoran and Joe the Kid. The affair ended in a general row and had to be declared a draw. President Hewitt definitely states that there is no truth in the report that Von der Ahe is to get the Washington Ball Club. Almost all the players in the New York team are charged with indifferent playing. Captain Anson is certain that Chicago will win the League pennant.

It is some time since the local patrons of the prize ring had such a lively time of it as they had early yesterday morning. There was not only a rattling argument in the fistic arena, but something like a Donnybrook-fair row for a windup. The battle was between Billy Corcoran, of this city, and Joe the Kid, two lightweights. Corcoran weighed about 134 pounds, while his opponent was about a couple of pounds lighter. The fight was governed by Queensberry rules; small gloves were used, and the purse was $100. The battle ground was in a barn a few miles from Mansfield. Eleven desperate rounds were fought, when a free-for-all row commenced, and the constables put an end to the proceedings.

There was the customary trouble of getting to the battle ground and getting the men into the ring. The fight was arranged to take place at 11 o'clock P. M., but owing to some misunderstanding it did not start until after 1 o'clock in the morning.

THE SELECT CROWD

of 50 present was a representative one. Business, professionals, Justices of the Peace, constables and mill workers were all represented. During the delay the principals rested themselves in hacks and the impatient crowd nearly sweltered to death in the hot barn full of impure air.

Finally the principals entered the ring. Bilson Jack seconded Corcoran and two unknown men looked after Joe the Kid, and Josiah Tempkins was referee and Frank Lindon timekeeper. When time was called the young pugilists rushed to the center of the ring with a defiant air. They didn't indulge in many preliminaries as both were impatient for a lead. Corcoran was the first to let go and his left landed briskly on Joe's mouth. Joe's response was a good one as he lounged his right heavily on to Corcoran's ribs. They then went at it in a sort of hammer and tongs way, the exchanges being about equal when time was called.

A HOT ROUND.

The second round was a hot one. Corcoran again began the onslaught with his left hand, getting home on Joe's nose. The Kid responded, but not very effectively, and clinched. After they broke away Corcoran again pounded Joe's nasal organ, bringing away a copious stream of blood. First blood for Corcoran. The round ended after a few exchanges and clinches. The friends of the fighters were now becoming demonstrative and the noise angered the constables considerably. After quiet was to the crowd the battle proceeded, and after two more rounds the constables present stopped the battle because of the noise.

After a suspension of hostilities for about 10 minutes the fight was resumed and Corcoran again banged his left hand terrifically on Joe's nose. Joe was replying on Corcoran's nose and ear, but the latter's left hand was developing Joe's nose to a tremendous size. In the sixth round Corcoran, who apparently could only use his left hand, caught Joe's unfortunate nose, again staggering him. Joe was game and he stood his ground, replying with a hot one on Corcoran's right ear. The clinching now was frequent and it was evident that both men were weakening, though Corcoran seemed the fresher of the two. In the eighth round Corcoran hit Joe below the right eye, leaving a big cut from which the blood flowed freely. Both fighters

WERE NOW COVERED WITH BLOOD.

Joe looked as if he had just been steeped in a butcher's kit, but he was a game fellow.

Partisan feeling was running high during the tenth round, and it was plain that Joe was getting his second wind. Corcoran's blows, at least his left hand, the only one he used, was getting weaker and weaker. At any rate when he hit Joe, which he always did when he tried, his blow did not have the effect that it had early in the battle. Both men were now inclined to clinch, and it was the most difficult task to get them separated.

Corcoran opened the eleventh round as usual by banging Joe on his very unfortunate nose. After a few exchanges a row started in Corcoran's corner. His second was knocked down, and while on the ground someone broke a bottle over his head. A scene like pandemonium followed at once and almost everybody was running for the door. All this time the two fighters were clinched, fibbing away at each other, but when the constables threatened to arrest somebody, there was a general stampede. The principals were hustled off and fixed up as soon as possible. The referee, as was to be expected under the circumstances, declared the fight a draw.

An hour or so after the fight there were several collisions between representatives of the two parties. The last of the crowd arrived in the city about 7 o'clock yesterday morning.

ANSON'S CONFIDENCE.

The Big Captain Sure That Chicago Will Win the Pennant.

Captain Adrian Anson and his team of young men arrived in the city yesterday and will do battle with the local ball players to-day at Recreation Park. The stalwart Captain has a peculiar characteristic which some people would call sanguinity and while others would call it a bluff. However, it may be definitely stated last night that Chicago will win the League pennant. He said:

"Of course it will take a long pull to do so, but we can make a long pull. Cleveland is just now dropping, as every old baseball authority expected her to drop. She has not struck her level yet.

Regarding the rumors that Mr. Spalding has taken charge of the management of the team, Mr. Anson said: "All I can say to that is Mr. Spalding is not here, and I am managing the team. I may also add that I expect to hire and release players, roast them, fine them and order them about for many years to come."

About the Dunlap Rumor.

Speaking of the rumor about the sale of Dunlap last evening, Jack Rowe said: "Well, I don't know why there is any desire to sell Dunlap. I cannot tell why a club wants to sell its best players. This is generally done, however, when the club is about to disband. They cannot improve on Dunlap, and I think he will be playing here as soon as he is able." Rowe went on to say that he is well pleased with Pittsburg and the people in it, but he would rather be in Buffalo.

The Keystones' Trip.

The Keystones, the local colored club, will leave the city to-day on a two weeks' tour through the nearby towns. Their dates are as follows: Braddock, July 30; Homestead, July 31; Washington, Pa., August 1; Scottdale, August 2 and 3; Latrobe, August 5 and 6; Greensburg, August 7 and 8; Johnstown, August 9 and 10.

Beat the Browns.

NEWARK, N. J., July 28.—Fully 8,000 persons witnessed to-day's game between the Newark and St. Louis teams. Score: Newarks, 3; St. Louis, 2.

To-Day's Home Game.

The home team will tackle the Chicagos this afternoon and if Anson's prediction is true the local players won't get a hit. The batteries are: Pittburgs, Sowders and Miller; Chicagos, Dwyer and Farrell. The latter battery is subject to the dreams of Captain Anson.

ASSOCIATION GAMES.

A Brilliant Game Between the Reds and the Brooklyns—The Cincinnati Fellows Win in the Last Inning—Louisville Wins a Great Slugging Contest From the Columbus Team.

NEW YORK, July 28.—A splendidly contested game was played to-day at Ridgewood Park, Brooklyn, between the Brooklyns and Cincinnatis. Brilliant plays were numerous. The Western men won by a spirited rally in the last half of the ninth inning. Owing to rains and the poor prospects of a game being played, the attendance was kept down to 4,494. Score:

Brooklyns	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—1
Cincinnatis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	—2

Base hits—Brooklyns, 4; Cincinnatis, 5.
Errors—Brooklyns, 3; Cincinnatis, 2.
Earned runs—Cincinnatis, 2.
Bases on balls—Off Terry, 4; off Duryea, 2.
Struck out—By Terry, 2; by Duryea, 4.
Time—One hour and 50 minutes.
Umpires—Gaffney and Kerins.

HADN'T A CATCHER.

That's What Caused Columbus' Defeat by the Louisvilles.

COLUMBUS, July 28.—About 3,000 people witnessed the game between Columbus and Louisville to-day. Widner was at a great disadvantage in not having a catcher to take his delivery, and the visitors hit his slow balls at will. O'Connor, the only catcher who could be used, has sore hands, and caught with great difficulty. Louisville had a clean lead, but in the last Columbus pounded out five runs, and came near tieing the score. Score:

Columbus	0	0	0	0	3	1	0	1	5—10
Louisvilles	2	0	1	3	0	0	1	4	*—11

Earned runs—Columbus, 3; Louisvilles, 2.
Base hits—Columbus, 14; Louisvilles, 16.
Errors—Columbus, 5; Louisvilles, 7.
Two-base hits—Marr, Daily, Hecker.
Three-base hits—Marr, Daily, Kappell, 2; Weaver.
Stolen bases—Orr, Browning, Wolf.
Double plays—Tomney and Vaughn; Kappell, Esterday, Orr.
First base on balls—By Widner, 20; by Hecker, 4.
Struck out—Orr, O'Connor, Wolf, Tomney.
Passed balls—O'Connor, 1.
Time of game—One hour and 47 minutes.
Umpire—Holland.

Association Record.

	Won.	Lost.	Per Ct.		Won.	Lost.	Per Ct.
St. Louis	56	27	.674	Athletics	40	33	.548
Brooklyns	51	28	.646	Kansas Cities	31	45	.408
Baltimores	45	33	.584	Columbus	30	51	.370
Cincinnatis	45	36	.556	Louisvilles	19	63	.232

Tri-State League.

At Canton—									
Cantons	2	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	0—6
Wheelings	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0—3

Base hits—Cantons, 7; Wheelings, 11.
Errors—Cantons, 0; Wheelings, 2.
Earned runs—Cantons, 2; Wheelings, 2.
Both clubs were arrested.

At Springfield—									
Springfields	6	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—10
Mansfields	0	0	0	3	0	1	0	0	0—4

Earned runs—Springfields, 4; Mansfields, 2.
Base hits—Springfields, 11; Mansfields, 10.
Errors—Springfields, 3; Mansfields, 4.

At Hamilton—									
Hamiltons	1	0	0	2	0	2	0	0	0—5
Daytons	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	*—3

Base hits—Hamiltons, 12; Daytons, 10.
Errors—Hamiltons, 4; Daytons, 3.

M'LAUGHLIN'S FUTURE.

He May Become Trainer for Lorillard's Stable Next Year.

Jockey McLaughlin is now at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., having finished his engagement with the Chicago stable. In a recent conversation with the writer, George Hankins, proprietor of the Chicago stable, said that Jimmy found it a physical impossibility to reduce himself to the weight called for in his contract, even after the weight at which he was to ride, according to the first agreement, had been voluntarily raised five pounds by Mr. Hankins, bringing it up to 120 pounds. One of the most skilled athletic trainers in the East came on and was in constant attendance on McLaughlin in his efforts to reduce his weight and the continued attempts to reduce his avoirdupois not only cost him much pain and sickness, but was a constant menace to his health, and even his life.

Under the circumstances it was thought best by all interested for him to make no further efforts to reduce below 125 pounds. Consequently a release from the contract was given to Jimmy, and he was paid $5,000 by Mr. Hankins for the ten winning mounts he has ridden for the stable this year. Jimmy considered the settlement a very liberal one, and they parted the best of friends. Mr. Hankins has no "call" on McLaughlin, but when his horses run in the East Jimmy will ride for him whenever he can make the weight. He weighed 137 pounds when he left Chicago for the East, and gains weight incredibly fast. It is very doubtful if he will be able to ride in any more races. He will probably accept a position as trainer for Pierre Lorillard next season.—*Horseman.*

AN ODD CAREER.

Singular Events in the Life of the Racer Bootjack.

Bootjack has had a career unequaled by any other thoroughbred. He was one of the gamest horses that ever won a race. He has defeated all the fastest horses on the turf and won a fortune for his owners. Bootjack was by Bonnie Scotland, dam Sparrowgrass. He was foaled in 1878, was first raced in Milton Young's colors, but later on was purchased by the Dwyer Brothers, and won large sums of money for them. He won 49 races before he was 8 years old. They were worth $33,965, and the money won in bets was probably ten times that amount. Some of the races that went to his credit were the Withers, Handicap, Ohio Derby, Belle Meade, Burnett House, Great American Stallion and Mapolia stakes, and among the horses that had to succumb to his speed were Checkmate, General Monroe, Ada Glenn, Girofla and Churchill, all speedy ones. When he broke down, Brown Dick, the colored trainer, broke him to harness and used him to draw a buggy. Last year he trained him again, and he started in a three-quarter-mile dash race at Gravesend. He came in last, but received much more applause than the winner. Dick then sold him, and now he is being used as a saddle and driving horse by a Kentucky gentleman who admired the old fellow in his paimiest days.

TO RECEIVE SULLIVAN.

Muldoon at Boston Arranging for the Champion's Reception.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

BOSTON, July 28.—Billy Muldoon has just made a fleeting visit to Boston to see what could be done about arranging a reception to Sullivan, who, unless he again changes his mind, will be in Boston next week. Billy has an eye on the Boston Theater for Boston's greeting to the champion, but there is little prospect of obtaining the necessary license for the show. If that scheme falls through, some big picnic grounds in the suburbs will be secured. Muldoon said:

"I have always thought a great deal of John, and I think I proved it when I took hold of him to train for that fight. I would not bring another pugilist living into my own house and turn the place into a gymnasium."

In regard to Referee Fitzpatrick's advice to surrender himself to the Mississippi authorities, Muldoon said: "Well, if an indictment is going to be secured I suppose it would be as well for us to face the music first as last. However, we have not outlined a plan of action in regard to this yet, but we probably will just as soon as I get back to New York."

A CHINESE PRIZE FIGHT.

Two Celestials Sign Articles to Battle With Two-Ounce Gloves.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

BOSTON, July 28.—Two Chinamen in this city, whose names would never be recognized by English speaking people, have signed articles for a finish fight with two-ounce gloves. The match grew out of a dispute that arose when an opium joint was raided by the police, and by the advice of friends they agreed to settle the dispute according to the "Melican" code.

Two professionals have agreed to train the contestants for the first Celestial battle in Boston. One sporting man of this city, when questioned this evening by a reporter, remarked: "I have made them an offer to run the fight, but Celestials, like ourselves, want all the receipts. Come to the scratch they will, and I am well satisfied. I offered to give a champion belt, worth at least $250, to the winner." Both men are over what may be called middle-weight.

White and Sheehan Matched.

D. R. Sheehan and Grant White met at this office Saturday and signed articles to run a 100-yard race at Exposition Park on August 17 for $250 a side. Each put up a forfeit of $25 a side with THE DISPATCH. A second deposit of $75 each will be put up on Saturday evening, when a final stakeholder will be chosen.

Ribbons for Dress Trimmings—Our Final Markdown Sale.

Special bargains in all summer hats, trimmed and plain.

JOS. HORNE & CO.'S
Penn Avenue Stores.

FROM OTHER CITIES.

Interesting Baseball Gossip From the Home of the Bostons—A High Tribute to Buck Ewing—Financial Success of the Triumvirs—The Von der Ahe Washington Deal Exploded—Something About the Giants' Poor Playing.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

BOSTON, July 26.—Since the Bostons' return from their recent Western trip they have been putting up a very steady game of ball, having bested all their Western rivals, with the exception of Chicago. Anson's aggregation were beaten badly in the initial game, but to the surprise of all they walked away with the next two games. Anson has as much gall as ever, and when he left town he declared that Boston was not in it; that the fight at the finish would be between New York and Chicago. Well, there is no telling how the fight may end; it's a long way to the finish and many a club will be given a surprise party between now and the 10th of October. "New York will get there" seems to be the cry from all sections of the country, but some of the wise prophets may get badly left. If Ewing should get injured—and it has happened many times in the past—then look out for a big drop on the part of the New York team. In Bennett, Ganzel and Kelly, the Boston club have a trio of catchers that no club in the country can equal. Brown and Murphy, of the New Yorks, are good catchers, but when you "stack 'em up" side by side with the incomparable Buck Ewing, they appear like mere pigmies. Ewing is the greatest ball player in this country to-day; a man who plays from start to finish and never quits on till the last man is out. But Ewing, like all other players, is liable to meet with an accident which might lay him up for several weeks. If Buck is injured you will see the Bostons go away to the front while the Giants will do the "parachute act" in grand style.

F. C. Bancroft, accompanied by a thunderstorm, blew into the suburbs of this city the other day; then Bannie made his escape and we next hear of him as a disgusted base ball manager who wants to throw up the sponge. Bancroft gave up after the 67th round, and now Jack Glasscock will try to pilot the Hoosiers to victory. He will also invite some of the gang to stop hitting the bottle. The Hoosiers, as usual, put up a strong game against Boston, and we would find no fault if they only made the same desperate stand against New York. Young Daley, who was recently purchased from the Jersey City team, made his first appearance here against Indianapolis, and outside of giving too many bases on balls he acquitted himself quite creditably. His second appearance was against Washington, on Monday last, and his four bases on balls, in the seventh inning, gave the Senators the game. Up to the fatal seventh the boy phenomenal pitched a great game, and had the Bostons done a little of their old-time stick work the boy would have been an easy winner. He struck out 11 men, and with proper encouragement he is going to be the best south-paw twirler in the business. Were it not for wildness he is about as good as any of them to-day. Daley is 20 years of age, hails from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., which is close to Wappinger Falls, the home of Dan Brouthers.

Director Billings, who was so sure of the pennant a few short months ago, is not quite so sure that the pennant will float over the Boston grounds next season. Ah! but how the shekels are falling into Treasurer Billings' lap—how happy he feels as he grabs his capacious valise and carts it off loaded down with filthy lucre! "We may get there yet," says Billings; "I'll back the boys for a while longer." So you see that

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

Up to date the attendance in this city has nearly reached 200,000, with many more important games ahead, especially the series with New York, which will draw out an enormous attendance. The Phillies, too, will draw big crowds, and even the Senators, who are now playing like four time winners, have not been overlooked. Hewett's men drew well on Monday, the attendance approximating 3,500, but on Tuesday they had the misfortune to run up against a thunder shower.

John Morrill is still here, and will talk business with several parties as soon as his hand is entirely healed. He has had offers from Louisville and London, but it is not likely that he will leave the League, as John is one of the highcockalorums of the Brotherhood.

Poor Pittsburg! I am sorry the boys are not doing better, but hope the hard luck which has pursued them so long will soon take wings and fly to some other community. As I told you, Cleveland is now on the toboggan slide, and the Phillies will soon jump into third position. Anson and his Windy City crew are pegging away with fond hopes of getting into one of the leading positions, but it is doubtful if the "Chicks" get any better than number four.

Spalding's plan is not looked upon with favor by the Boston players. There would be too much experimenting with youngsters, besides it would crush minor leagues.

CHARLES J. FOLEY.

MR. LARNER'S LORE.

He Explodes the Idea of Von der Ahe Getting Washington's Franchise.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, July 28.—It has been a remarkably quiet week at League headquarters, and President Young has had very little to do in the way of making assignments of players or granting releases to those who are dissatisfied with their present positions. The reaction has set in, however, so far as regards the Senators, and after an exceptionally brilliant career of a couple of weeks at home they have taken a lasting grip on eighth place and are holding to it with a desperation worthy of a better cause. After maintaining an average of two-thirds against Chicago and their old-time terriffers from Indianapolis, a clean record of three straight from Pittsburg and but one scalp for the babies, since their Northern tour they have become terribly scared and seem afraid to win. At least, such is the opinion here among the cranks, and there are loud cries for reform and recruits to strengthen the badly wrecked "Senatorial aggravation," as a colored enthusiast aptly termed them.

One of the most interested spectators during the sojourn of the Senators at Capitol Park was Secretary Rusk, of the Agricultural Department, whose long, white beard seemed to be a talisman for the local team. He was termed the mascotte because he has thus far failed to see them beaten, and since their return from the West the Secretary's peculiar coincidence, missed every defeat by being detained at his office until after the game. Another thing has been noticed in connection with the Secretary's visits, and that is, the ball is always kept in sight, and he always is in the first tier at the right of the steps leading into the grand stand. A chair has been set apart for his use, and no one is allowed to take possession of it, no matter how great the demand may be for seats. The head of the Agricultural Department is usually accompanied by his private secretary, and both gentlemen keep score of the game, and occasionally indulge in the inevitable disputes as to the merits of a base hit or error, and the Secretary is generally right in his conclusions.

All sorts of rumors are prevalent here at present, the most popular being the revival of the story that Von der Ahe proposes to remove his nine from St. Louis to Washington at the close of the present season. His reason for making the change is said to be that people in St. Louis will not accord him the patronage which he thinks his combination merits. "There is no use going out to see the St. Louis nine play," said a citizen of that place recently, "because it is a foregone conclusion that they will win. Once in a while they lose a game, but that is only for appearance's sake and it is usually like a cent put—all the fruit is on one side. Von der Ahe is not making money this year, for the crowds have fallen off, and he is anxious to come to Washington and take charge of a League team. He thinks that there will be money in it for all concerned, and when the next annual meeting of the League is held there is going to be some lively music and competition for a place by der boss manager.

Meanwhile Manager Hewett, of the Washingtons, is laughing in his sleeve at the gullibility of mankind and the ease with which he disposed of 1,000 season tickets at $25 each. When there was a prospect that Ward and other big guns of the League would come here people could not get their money down fast enough to secure their tickets, and before a ball was pitched 1,000 anxious spectators were clamoring for admission to the grounds. Subsequently these tickets, which were of the coupon variety, were retailed about the city at the rate of 40 cents each, and it was not long before the supply was exhausted. Now that coupon tickets can no longer be had every visitor to Capitol Park must put up half a dollar, and the League magnates congratulate Young Napoleon Hewett upon his foresight. Twenty-five thousand dollars in cash is pretty good for a starter, and this amount was deposited in bank for emergencies before Mr. Hewett opened the park gates last spring. He says he is playing on velvet now.

R. M. LARNER.

ABOUT THE GIANTS.

Gossip About Their Poor Playing—The Pitchers Not at Fault.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, July 28.—The poor work of the New York team while in Philadelphia, or rather the reason of their poor showing, was inconceivable to the baseball lovers of this town. Among other excuses given was that their pitchers were hit more than usually hard. Now that the team is home, there is no need of excuses. If the blind man who sells papers near the postoffice corner was to go up to the Polo grounds he would tell you at once that it was not the pitchers' fault, but that the team was playing bad ball. The poor work was not confined to a few men, but they have all caught the fever, even Ewing has fallen off in his work. He does not pretend to do the coaching that he did earlier in the season. As for Mike Tiernan, well if we did not know that he was not a record player his work now would lead us to think so. He is slow in going after the balls and when he does get under them he is apt to let them get away from him.

However, there is an excuse for him as he is a very sick man. There being no one to take his place he must go on playing just the same. The reported deal for Ed. Andrews has not been settled at this writing, but if the club could get him he would no doubt prove a tower of strength to the New Yorks' broken up outfield.

A rumor has gained ground in this city that the careless work of the New Yorks is due to the fact that they have an idea that they can win the championship so easily that they need not hurry themselves. Any one that is at all familiar with base ball knows that this is all nonsense, and that if they expect to win the championship, which they certainly do, they will have to play ball all the time.

The New Yorks' new grand stand is now about the only thing to be finished before the grounds can be called complete. The stand at present is only an outline, but an idea of its great strength can be had from the fact that the uprights which will hold the upper gallery consists of ten-inch square yellow pine logs weighing a ton or more apiece, and it has taken a day to put each one in place. The trusses on about half the stand are now up, and are similar in thickness to the floor beams used in many of the five-story warehouses in this city. Just why the stand must be so strong no one knows, but the building department says that's the way it must be built, and that settles it. The free seats running along both sides of the grounds in addition to the grand stand, when finished, will seat 13,000 people.

J. H. M.

Baseball Notes.

CHAS. O'MALLEY: They each play 140 games.

ANSON thinks that Williamson will join the club when it returns to Chicago.

A READER: He certainly cannot win the bet, as he was acting fraudulently.

IT is hardly to be expected that the officials of the local club will act so foolishly as to sell Dunlap.

ANSON says Chicago is out for good talent every time and that the club's cash is always forthcoming for good men.

THE new Oakland Baseball Club claims the game from the Duquesnes scheduled for July 27, by 9 to 0, and will contest the game, if necessary, at a meeting of the County League.

TWO OF THEM GONE.

A Manchester Man Thinks His Comely Young Wife Has Eloped With a Neighbor—Their Disappearance the Evidence.

The residents of Manchester are being treated to another alleged elopement. The parties missed are Mrs. James E. Bixler, wife of a railroader, and Michael Glitsch, a moulder. They lived in the same house, at No. 30 Adams street, and have been missing since Friday morning. Mrs. Bixler is a comely little woman, about 25 years of age, and the gentleman is not yet 21. Her husband is a flagman of one of the through freights now at the Fort Wayne yard and runs between the outer depot, Allegheny, and Alliance, a distance of 83 miles. Mr. Glitsch is a moulder and has been working at the Rosedale Foundry, owned by W. H. Irwin, on Fayette street. He has been boarding with his sister, who occupies one story of the house in Adams street.

The pair disappeared shortly after a troublesome incident last Friday, and the husband stated yesterday that he was sure they had eloped. He may have been mistaken, however.

Mrs. Bixler left, besides her husband, two small children, the oldest a girl about 3 years old. The other is a boy, in delicate health. Last night the husband packed up his things, at his home on Adams street, and took his two children to the residence of his sister-in-law in Allentown, Southside. He stated when leaving that he would never live with his wife again under any circumstances.

From people who lived in the same house with them it was learned that Bixler had almost idolized his wife. He showed her marked respect and more attention than the ordinary man. They have lived happily together for the past four years, and when not out on his run Bixler could always be found at home with his wife and babies. No cause can be assigned for the runaway, if such it be, unless it was a sudden infatuation. It was stated yesterday among the people who knew him that Glitsch did not have any money, and this being the case, the husband did not expect them to go very far.

Mr. Bixler has an idea the couple left for St. Louis, where his wife has relatives. He said he would not bother his head about the couple, and if she came back he would not receive his wife. The matter has been reported to the police authorities, however.

A JEALOUS HUSBAND.

He Commits Suicide With Paris Green, and Charges His Wife With Infidelity—A Moon Township Tragedy.

John G. Schreiner, a well-to-do farmer from Moon township, committed suicide on Saturday night by taking paris green, and about 2 o'clock yesterday morning he was found in his yard nearly dead. He was carried into his house, and some milk given him, because he said he had poisoned himself, but it was too late and he died soon after.

Schreiner had been on very bad terms with his wife for several months past. He accused the woman of infidelity. About two months ago he ill-treated her in one of his jealous fits and injured the woman very badly. He was sued and sent to the workhouse for 20 days.

On Saturday night, a few hours before his death, he gave a letter to one of his neighbors to post it for him. This letter he sent to the PITTSBURG DISPATCH stating the cause of his suicide. He alleges that his wife does not love him any more and cares for George W. Scott, a boarder in his house, and he therefore had made up his mind to kill himself. A similar letter he sent to his wife, only he stated in it that he would drown himself.

The Coroner held an inquest on the body yesterday morning. The jury returned a verdict of suicide and censured Mrs. Schreiner, the wife, and George W. Scott with inhumanly treating the deceased. Schreiner was 49 years of age.

COMING OUT CLEAR.

Kaercher Thinks He Can Stand the Soda Water Fine Anyhow.

Albert Kaercher, the druggist on Federal street, Allegheny, did a rushing business yesterday. To save paying a double, triple or sextuple fine he conducted the business personally during the day without a clerk. It was marvelous to see how dexterously he handled the glasses, and dealt out iced soda to the thirsty multitudes. Had his arms been propelled by steam or clockwork he could hardly have been more rapid. No one had to wait long, and his day's trade closed without any special features, beyond the fact that he will come out clear, even if fined as usual. The first two Sundays he lost, the first one finding him not prepared, and the second evening being wet.

Henry Finkelpearl, the druggist at 243 Fifth avenue, had a sign in his window and a barrel in front of his store. The sign said free ice water to everybody, and the barrel contained it. Last Sunday's soda water fine sufficed for Finkelpearl.

The ice water barrel in the entrance to Smithfield Street Methodist Church was kept filled all yesterday. The stream of thirsty folk was very constant. Several other churches followed the good example of the Smithfield street pioneers and established water barrels in their portals.

River Telegrams.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAMS TO THE DISPATCH.]

WARREN—River 5-10 foot and stationary. Weather clear and warm.

MORGANTOWN—River 8 feet 2 inches and falling. Weather clear. Thermometer 88° at 5 P. M.

BROWNSVILLE — River 9 feet and rising. Weather clear. Thermometer 86° at 4 P. M.

BEECHAM'S Pills cure bilious and nervous ills

FRAZER' Soap secures a beautiful complexion

RANDALL AND 1892.

The Great Protection Democrat Talks About Three Years Hence,

BUT NOTHING OF ITS POLITICS.

He Favors Holding the Greatest World's Fair in New York at That Time.

AN EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS

He Thinks Will Surely Be Called, to Convene About October 21.

Congressman Randall talks with a DISPATCH reporter in Philadelphia about an extra session of Congress, which he feels sure will be held. Mr. Randall thinks very favorably of the proposed World's Exposition in New York in 1892.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

PHILADELPHIA, July 28.—A reporter of THE DISPATCH had a brief interview with Congressman Randall this morning on a question of local politics. Mr. Randall is looking remarkably well. He moves with ease. His eyes are clear and he laughs heartily at a joke. Since he has been living at Wellingford, a suburb of Philadelphia, Mr. Randall says he has been enjoying life immensely. He now has Mrs. Randall, Mrs. Lancaster, his oldest daughter, Miss Susie Randall, and young Sam with him. Young Sam, who was formerly a staunch supporter of the Athletic club, has abandoned that organization, and is now one of the most enthusiastic cricketers of Philadelphia.

At the conclusion of the talk about local matters, Mr. Randall was asked what he thought was the likelihood of an extra session of Congress.

SURE OF AN EXTRA SESSION.

"I had been hopeful," was the answer, "that there would be no extra session. I feel sure now that there will be one. The date I have not been informed of, but I should suppose it would be about October 21. The elections are held on the first of the month, and that would give ample time for the filing in Washington of the certificates of election by the new Congressmen."

Mr. Randall declined to answer any questions as to the political complexion of the four new States, but when the question of the proposed exhibition in New York in 1892, in commemoration of the discovery of America by Columbus, was touched on, he talked freely.

"Dana and his New York *Sun*," said Mr. Randall, "have done wonders toward creating sentiment on this question. I see that the *Press* was the pioneer of the Philadelphia papers to indorse the holding of the exposition in New York. That is

AS IT SHOULD BE.

Philadelphia is big enough and broad enough to assist New York in the coming exhibition. She realizes that New York is not only the great financial, but the commercial center of the country. She knows New York is even more than that—that she if practically the financial and commercial center of the world. I am sure that New York is the place for the great international exhibition of 1892. There should be some sort of celebration in Washington, but New York should be the site of such a show as it contemplated, and which the advance of civilization requires.

"The Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia did more to advance mechanical art than all other influences that had been at work during the time of the previous generation. It marked an epoch. Since then steady strides have been made which have not only kept the United States in the front rank of modern progress, but even ahead of the front rank."

GOVERNMENT AID FOR IT.

"What do you think of the question of giving the exhibition Government aid?"

"I am not in favor of that," answered Mr. Randall, "unless private subscriptions come in very handsomely. Understand that I am not opposed to the exhibition. I am warmly in favor of it, and I want it to be held in New York. Yet it depends on New York's action whether it will be held there. Chicago has been offering inducements to have it held in that city, but Chicago is too far west. To answer your question, I do not think the Federal Government should give a cent until we find out what will be given outside of that. The United States loaned $1,750,000 to the Centennial at Philadelphia with the understanding that it be paid back if the show was a success. It was a success, and every cent was paid back. My desire now is to have the exhibition in New York eclipse every exhibition that has ever been held on the face of the habitable globe."

INCENDIARY AS EVER.

Mrs. Lucy Parsons Addresses a Meeting Celebrating the Storming of the Bastile—The Chicago Anarchists Out in Force—Sanguinary Sentiments.

CHICAGO, July 28.—The one hundredth anniversary of the storming of the Bastile was celebrated by the Socialistic and Anarchistic societies of this city to-day. Although not so described upon the programme, it was practically a jubilee day for Chicago Anarchists. Mrs. Lucy E. Parsons, widow of the distinguished leader of the Haymarket massacre, made an incendiary speech that was vociferously applauded by hundreds of listeners.

"The fall of the Bastile," she said, "was a victory for free government, a blow to tyranny, but it did not destroy economic slavery. We have a free government here, they have a free government in France, yet are we slaves. There must be another revolution [applause]—a revolution against the bastiles of labor. The people must rise and hear me. They will rise. And they will storm and capture those bastiles and they will bear out the heads of those devils, those capitalists, on the tops of pike staves. [Vociferous applause.]

"They presume to rule by the divine right of the rifle and the gatling gun and the noose and the prison, but they have no such divine right. You must seize those rifles and those gatling guns, destroy the gallows and storm the prisons. You must march, arm in arm, and shoulder to shoulder against those 'bastiles' of labor. You must not march in the street to be mowed down, but you must get within the walls, and victory, sweet victory, is yours.

"They say that we must not say such things. Are the men at Washington who say there is a storm coming to blame for the damage done by that storm? If I say there is another revolution coming am I to blame if it does come? Are you cowards, men, to stand still and tamely submit to such tyranny? Do you not know there are 6,000 in Chicago to-day dependent on charity".

The crowd cheered itself hoarse when Mrs. Parsons ended with these words, and continued cheering until the Marseillaise was commenced by the band.

Slight Sunday Fires.

William Calhoun's unoccupied butcher shop, on Wilson avenue, Allegheny, was damaged by fire early yesterday morning to the extent of $100. The alarm came from box 242. The roof of the house No. 193 Morgan street, owned and occupied by John Simpson, was slightly damaged by fire yesterday afternoon. The alarm was sent in from box 193.

Considerably More Than the Limit.

LOUISVILLE, July 28.—Rollo Brown, colored, died here yesterday at the age of of 105 years. She was born in Virginia, but has lived here since she was 7 years old.

A NEW JOHNSTOWN.

Continued from First Page.

blocks, were pretty well shaken up, but escaped total demolition. They are being rapidly made habitable by the individual owners, who are displaying there, as at other portions of the city, most creditable energy and enterprise. Cellars are being pumped out, and the few stores totally demolished are being rebuilt.

An interesting sight was that near the corner of Washington and Clinton streets. On a just completed foundation sat an elderly man talking with a pretty girl, his daughter. A third party joined the group and unfolded a parcel of thin oilsilk paper. The plans for a new store came to light, and the owner looked at them and laughed aloud, while his daughter hid her face in her hands and cried. It was an illustration of the power of emotions to act in widely varied ways.

SEARCHING FOR VALUABLES.

A few feet further on a wall-paper store used to exist. The first and second floors had fallen into the cellar, and the stock was a mass of pulpy paste. Here were a man and his wife and two children, stirring vigorously in the ruins and vainly striving to fish something of value out of the foul mess. On the opposite side of the street was a handsome brick residence, from which the whole front had been separated. Masons were just closing in the yawning gap up under the mansard roof.

From Clinton street several hundred feet back to the hillside was a considerable extent of debris, apparently untouched. On upper Main street the only new building in two squares is the large double store being erected by Foster & Zuin and Geis & Schry. On Clinton street, which takes an oblique angle toward Stony creek, is Swank Bros.' large new wooden store. The father was drowned in his residence on the same site, but

THE SONS ARE PLUCKY

and have already a good trade. Next door is George Schrader's new grocery store. Back of these buildings, and covering the space between Clinton street and the Fourth ward school, for a long time the ghastly receptacle of the dead, there is another expanse of ruined territory upon which no work has been done.

At the corner of Main and Clinton streets is a nest of booths. One of them purports to furnish every creature comfort, including "French oysters," whatever those may be.

Main street is now reached. The powerful bulwark of brick stores which lined each side of this street and retained a huge mass of wreckage, is being rehabilitated. It was right in the squares bounded by Franklin and Clinton streets that

THE GREAT JAM OF DEBRIS

was carried by the backwater. Photographic views of this feature of the flood have been sold all over the country, and have adorned the pages of nearly every illustrated paper in America. This enormous mountain of debris has been cleanly removed by the contractors, but its traces remain upon the buildings on the street. Not a ground floor window remains intact. In fact, in all the stores which yet stand in the business streets, plate-glass is conspicuous by its absence. It must have cost the plate-glass insurance companies a pretty penny to settle its Johnstown losses.

The stores on Main street have been energetically reclaimed, and the former occupants have put in board fronts, and are making heroic efforts to transact business under difficulties. Cellars are being c