SPORTING EXTRA.

The EVENING EDITION World.

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PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2 1892. PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA.

WOODCUTTER

Wins the Mile Handicap from Baylor at Guttenburg.

HEAVY TRACK, LIGHT FIELDS.

St. Pancras Captures the Event for Three-Year-Olds.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

GUTTENBURG RACE TRACK, Jan. 2.—The weather was not exactly pleasant for racing this afternoon. A driving rain-storm made the grand stand untenable and drove the spectators indoors.

The card was a very good one, but scratches reduced the fields considerably.

The track was more like a circular canal than anything else. The heavy rain which fell completely submerged it.

Eleven out of fourteen went to the post in the first race. It was for beaten horses, so the quality was rather poor. Vagabond was the favorite at the short price of 7 to 5. Lillian was a good second choice and Count Luna was played into third choice.

The three choices finished in front, but the order was slightly reversed. Lillian won easily from Vagabond, who swerved badly in the stretch. Count Luna was third.

Little Fred was an odds on favorite for the second race, with Censer a second choice at 6 to 1, and Stratagem third choice at 10 to 1. Censor won easily from the favorite. Stratagem finished third.

The talent get even on St. Pancras. They made him a hot favorite over the field and he won in a canter. Even Weight and John Hickey had a red-hot finish for the place and the former secured it by a head.

FIRST RACE.

Purse $400; for beaten horses; six furlongs.

Starters.	Weights.	Jockeys.	Str.	Hfs.	Fin.
Lillian	95	Pinkerton	4	1	1
Vagabond	115	Flynn	6	2	2
Count Luna	113	Hueston	1	4	3
Flambeau	110	Verpanck	5	4	4
Young Duke	110	Bayer	2	3	5
Iceberg	98	H. Jones	10	6	6
Algebra gelding	105	Cook	6	8	7
Joe Courtney	110	Fitzsimmons	8	9	8
Bonnie King	98	Clay	11	5	9
Dispute Kelly	114	E. Boone	3	10	10
The Doctor	122	Wisham	9	8	11

Betting—Vagabond, 7 to 5 and 2 to 5, Lillian, 9 to 5 and 3 to 5, Count Luna, 10 and 3, Bonnie King, 12 and 5 to 2, Dispute Kelly, 15 and 6, Young Duke, 20 and 7, Iceberg, 20 and 8, Joe Courtney, 20 and 8, Flambeau, 40 and 15, Algebra gelding, 40 and 15, The Doctor, 100 and 15.

Lillian rushed to the front in the first furlong and stayed there to the end, winning easily by four lengths from Vagabond, who beat Count Luna two lengths. Time—1:10.

Mutuels paid: Straight, $5.85; place, $2.35. Vagabond paid $2.75.

SECOND RACE.

Purse $400; selling allowances; five furlongs.

Starters.	Weights.	Jockeys.	Str.	Hfs.	Fin.
Censor	107	Lettersay	3	2	1
Little Fred	104	Clay	4	4	2
Stratagem	108	Morris	7	5	3
Bill Barnes	107	Shelowe	8	8	4
Lomax	107	Ross	1	1	5
Hawkeye	102	C. Jones	9	7	6
Himiez	107	Flynn	6	6	7
Cora Tanner	109	Verpanck	2	3	8
Maggie B	109	Gorman	6	9	9

Betting—Little Fred, 1 to 2 and out, Censor, 6 and 8 to 5, Stratagem 10 and 3, Himiez, 15 and 6, Lomax, 15 and 6, Hawkeye, 15 and 6, Cora Tanner, 20 and 8, Bill Barnes, 30 and 10, Maggie B., 100 and 40.

Lomax led into the stretch with Censor, Cora Tanner and Little Fred next.

Censor then came through and won easily by two lengths from Little Fred who was a length and a half in front of Stratagem. Time—1:05¼.

Mutuels paid: Straight, $23.40; place, $8.05. Little Fred paid $5.50.

THIRD RACE.

Purse $500, for three-year-olds; selling allowances; six furlongs.

Starters.	Weights.	Jockeys.	Str.	Hfs.	Fin.
St. Pancras	102	Pinkerton	1	1	1
Ever Weight	100	H. Jones	5	3	2
John Hickey	108	Taylor	4	2	3
Rose G. Cox	97	Martinez	2	4	4
Noble Duke	102	Flynn	3	5	5

Betting—St. Pancras, 6 to 5 and 6 to 5, John Hickey, 12 to 5 and 6 to 5, Rose G. Cox, 7 and 2 to 5, Even Weight, 10 and 5 to 2, Noble Duke, 20 and 6.

St. Pancras led from start to finish and won easily by three lengths from Even Weight, who was a head in front of John Hickey. Time—1:20.

Mutuels paid: Straight, $6.30; place, $3.45. Even Weight paid $6.70.

FOURTH RACE.

Purse $500; a handicap; one mile.

Starters.	Weights.	Jockeys.	Str.	Hfs.	Fin.
Woodcutter	102	Irving	1	1	1
Revler	95	Hueston	3	2	2
Nina Archer	102	T. Flynn	2	3	3

Betting—Woodcutter, 4 to 5 and 4 to 5, Nina Archer, 8 to 5 and 2 to 5, Revler, 12 and out.

Woodcutter led throughout and won easily by two lengths from Revler, who was eight lengths in front of Nina Archer. Time, 1:40.

Mutuels paid: Straight, $2.30; place, $2.55. Revler paid $2.75.

FIFTH RACE.

Purse $500, a handicap; five furlongs.

Starters.	Weights.	Jockeys.	Str.	Hfs.	Fin.
Flourette	92	T. Doane	1	1	1
Wrestler	95	T. Flynn	2	2	2
Mohican	101	Clay	3	3	3
Bigtree	90	Brown	4	4	4

Betting—Wrestler, 8 to 5 and 2 to 5, Flourette, 6 to 5 and 1 to 5, Mohican, 3 and 5 to 5, Bigtree, 60 and 10.

Flourette led all the way, and won easily from Wrestler, who was a length and a half in front of Mohican. Time—1:04¾.

Mutuels paid: Straight, $4.05; place, $2.65. Wrestler paid $2.60.

SIXTH RACE.

Purse $500; selling allowances; one mile.

Starters.	Weights.	Jockeys.	Betting.	Str.	Hfs.	Fin.
Addie T	101	J. Atkins	3-1	2	2	1
Theodosia	103	J. Mosby	20-1	4	4-1	2
Perilla	111	Taylor	4-1	1	1	3
Glenberg	105	Hayes	6-1	3	3	4
Malachi	100	Pinkerton	20-1	5	5-1	5
Chevisaut	97	Martin	4-1	out		
Richard	110	Hueston	3-1	6	10	6
Bivouac	104	Martin	6-1	7	6	7

Won by Perilla, Chinax second, Richard third. Time—1:49½.

Killed by a Kicking Horse.

Robert Beatty, a stableman in the employ of Buckman & Smith, of Second street, nineteen years of age, was instantly killed this afternoon by a kick from a horse he was leading from the stable to the Bloomingdale Asylum. Young Beatty was a nephew of Policeman Beatty, of the Eighteenth Precinct, and lived with his parents at 309 West Fifty-fourth street.

GET OUT YOUR WINTER FURS.

A Cold Wave En Route That Will Reach Here To-Morrow.

It Started in the Northwest and Is Bearing This Way.

A cold wave, which is likely to be the severest felt in this part of the country thus far during the Winter is following close upon the heels of the rainstorm which is now deluging the Atlantic seaboard.

It will begin to make its presence felt early to-morrow morning, and by Sunday night New Yorkers will get the full benefit of it.

The wave started in the Northwest and to-day had pushed into the lake region and the Ohio Valley. There it caused a drop in the temperature ranging from 15 to 22 degrees.

At St. Louis the mercury has fallen to 16, and at Chicago to 20 degrees above zero. The coldest weather to-day is in Minnesota, St. Paul reporting 4 degrees below zero, Moorehead, 16 degrees below and St. Vincent, the coldest place in the United States, 24 degrees below.

The drop in New York will be in correpending proportion and the cold wave will stay with us over Monday, after which time the weather will begin to moderate again.

The storm to-day is central over the eastern lake region and is accompanied by very high southeast winds, extending all the way from Michigan to the sea coast. The rainfall has been very heavy east of the Mississippi and north of the Tennessee line.

In this vicinity the wind has been blowing a hurricane at the rate of forty to forty-six miles an hour and cautionary signals are up all along the sea coast. It is feared that the storm will do a great deal of damage to shipping, for it is blowing lively on the coast of the Middle and New England States.

The local forecast for the next twenty-four hours is for rain possibly turning into snow, with high southerly winds. For Sunday it will be fair and colder, with the cold wave in the afternoon and high northwesterly winds. Monday will be fair and cold.

FOUND DEAD IN THE STREET.

Night Watchman Mallard Supposed to Have Died of Apoplexy.

Policeman Peter Nathan, of the Leonard street squad, found the dead body of an old man lying on the sidewalk in front of 466 Greenwich street at 3.45 this morning.

It was suspected at first that he might have been the victim of foul play, but after the body had been taken to the station and an examination made by a surgeon, who had been summoned from Chambers Street Hospital, it was reported that no marks of violence were to be found upon his person. It was the opinion of the surgeon that he had died of apoplexy.

The body was afterwards identified by articles found in the pockets of the clothing as that of John Mallard, fifty-six years old, who has long been well known in the dry-goods district, where he had been employed by several firms as a night watchman.

Mallard was single and had been living for some time past in a cheap lodging-house at Washington and Canal streets. No money was found upon him, which raises the suspicion that the body may have been robbed as it lay on the sidewalk before the police found it. Mallard had no relations, and his body will probably be sent to the Morgue to-day.

GIBBONS GOING ON THE STAGE.

The Paterson Light-Weight to Have a Big Reception.

Austin Gibbons, the Paterson light-weight who recently defeated Andy Bowen in forty-four rounds at New Orleans, was signed today by A. T. Gorman, manager for the Valdis Sisters Gayety Company for the season at a salary of $250 a week.

The company will appear at the People's Theatre in Paterson next week and at each performance Gibbons will meet all comers, and should he fail to put his man out in four rounds he will forfeit $50.

All the athletic clubs in Paterson have combined and will give Austin a royal reception at the United States Hotel in that city, on Wednesday night.

WAS THE KILLING ACCIDENTAL?

A Pastor's Son Shot in a Dispute Over Target Practice.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

FLEMINGTON, N. J., Jan. 2.—Forrest Hyatt, aged 16, a son of the Rev. J. N. Hyatt, was shot and instantly killed while at target practice by Theodore Stamitt yesterday.

The young men had a dispute about their turns to shoot when the rifle was suddenly discharged and the bullet entered Hyatt's brain.

The County Physician is not satisfied that the shooting was entirely accidental.

LOCAL SPORTING DATES.

Racing at Guttenburg daily, 2 P. M.

January.

3.—Standard Athletic Club's boxing exhibition, 8 P. M.

5.—Entertainment of the National A. C., 8 P. M.

7.—Preliminaries of the Star Athletic Club's boxing championship, 8 P. M.

9.—Company D, Forty-seventh Regiment, games at their Armory, 8 P. M.

Star Athletic Club, boxing championship of New York State, 8 P. M.

11.—New Jersey A. C. boxing tournament, 8 P. M.

Living with Holes Through His Head.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 2.—A few days ago John Brooks, of Buena Vista, Ouchita County, this State, fired two bullets into the head of Fayette Robinson, his father-in-law. The bullets made four holes, from each of which the brain oozed. The shooting occurred a week ago, and, strange to say, Robinson still lives, his physicians being confident of his recovery.

Steeklers' New Year's Banquet.

The Executive Committee of the Steckler Association gave a New Year midnight banquet in the spacious dining hall of its big Second avenue club-house. The spread was beautiful and the dishes dainty. The vintages of France, Spain and Germany played important part in this gourmet welcome to the New Year.

Souvenir for Inspector Steers.

Police Inspector Henry V. Steers will be fifty-eight years old next Wednesday. Attaches of the Central Office to-day presented the Inspector with a souvenir in honor of his birthday. It is a handsome piece of engrossing, framed in silver, with the Inspector's photograph and the dates of his appointment on the force and his promotion from patrolman to Inspector.

Dropped Dead in the Street.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 2.—City Attorney Garret Berry, of Rahway, fell dead in Market street last night of heart disease. He was fifty years of age. He leaves a wife and five grown children.

"MAC HAS GRIT."

But Honest John Kelly's Is Closed for a "Blow Over."

His Patrons Entertained Last Night at Neighbor McCormick's.

Who Isn't Afraid and Shows It by Keeping Open Till Dawn.

Carey Welch's Notorious "Hole in the Wall" Temporarily Corked.

The Pickwick Has a Picnic Through the Overflow from McCormick's.

New York City, Dec. 31, 1891.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

You have started in to "do up" the outlaws of New York. You have sent McGlory to prison and smashed Tom Gould. Now go for the Pickwick Garden, Thirty-fourth street and Broadway, run by an old-timer named Springer, who comes from Chicago. Go for McCormick's, next door to Kelly's, where men are robbed nightly, and where two newspaper men were recently pounded. Go for Carey Welch's "Hole in the Wall," Fourth avenue, and Jim Sullivan's, 78 Third avenue. All these places are dives. Go for them.

Respectfully yours, S. A——

The above letter is one of the many received by THE EVENING WORLD urging it to put down New York's outlaws.

M'CORMICK'S DIVE.

Carrying it for reference, a reporter last night went to the places enumerated, merely to give the public some idea of them.

The triplicate establishment run by Mr. "Honest" John Kelly, on the northeast corner of Thirty-first street and Sixth avenue had only one section open. That was the barroom. The assignation department and the gambling hell were temporarily closed. The reason for this partial suspension of business was explained in a typical way by a friend of the proprietor, who said:

"John will lay low for a few days till this blows over. Then things will run on again all right. He knows what he is doing, for he got the advice straight."

Who gave Mr. Kelly the advice and where the adviser got his information, Mr. Kelly's friend refused to say. But his conviction that Mr. Kelly's subsequent career in the dive business would go on with prosperity and without disturbance, was firmly fixed as Gibraltar's rock.

M'CORMICK'S DEN CROWDED.

Mr. "Jim" McCormick, whose establishment adjoins that of Mr. Kelly to the north, did a land-office trade. His three little assignation rooms were crowded all night, and not a place at any one of his seventeen tables was vacant for five minutes at a time.

That "Honest" John Kelly's dive should have been closed at 1 o'clock yesterday morning was something so unusual that the habitues of the place thought it was a New Year's joke put up by "Honest" John. They wouldn't leave the place until "Honest" John and his bouncer forcibly convinced them that there was no joke about it.

But imagine the suprise of the frequenters of the dive when they called last night and found the assignation room closed altogether. The room was in darkness. Neither the accustomed thrumming of the much-abused guitars downstairs nor the rattle and click of the chips in the tiger's lair upstairs were heard. There was no sound of coarse voices, singing ribald songs. Nothing but gloom, deep and in large chunks, pervaded the atmosphere.

A white-aproned bouncer took up his station at the side door about 10 o'clock, the fashionable hour at which Mr. Kelly's guests begin to arrive.

Finally dressed women, singly and in pairs and others accompanied by men began to make their appearance shortly after 10. Many carriages drove up to the side entrance, for, old and well known men and women got out and disembarking the drivers started for the Tenderloin.

"DON'T SPEK PLAYIN' NASTY."

"Can't get in here. No ladies served here to-night," was the curt and stereotyped greeting of the bouncer to one and all who, had evidently come to make a night of it in the dive as a fitting wind-up to a New Year's carousal.

"Why?"

"What's the matter?"

"What's happened?"

"Has the place been pulled?"

"Has somebody been done up?"

All these questions, which represented the ideas of some of "Honest" John Kelly's patrons, as to the cause of his sudden suspension of business, were fired in a volley at the bouncer, but he vouchsafed no explanation.

Once in a while he changed his tactics if one more importunate than the rest insisted on information. With the air of the barroom bully, he would order the questioner away with a wave of his big hand and say:

"Well, you can't get in here. That's all. See. Skipee Vous?"

The attractions for the patured women and the professional crooks at Kelly's dive are great, probably because they and there more victims than in any other place, and the rounders expressed regret, despite the rude repulse of the bouncer, that the house should be closed.

WELCH'S "HOLE IN THE WALL."

The closing of Kelly's dive meant a great deal to them. It compelled them for a time to seek new haunts in which to follow their lawless life.

But the people are easily consoled, and in the same breath that they expressed their sorrow for "Honest" John they exclaimed: "Let's go to McCormick's."

And to McCormick's they went, and the principal topic there as well as throughout the Tenderloin Precinct was the closing of Kelly's dive. It was an event so unusual that it created more talk than the killing of Bouncer Wogan in Tom Gould's underground den of vice by Joseph Selling.

Murders are committed every day, but that "Honest" John Kelly should close his triplicate trap of sin and iniquity was something far out of the ordinary.

"THE EVENING WORLD' DID IT."

"Kelly is done for. Those articles in THE EVENING WORLD did it," said a sallow-faced, hollow-eyed opium fiend who sat at a table in McCormick's talking to a blear-eyed brunette who was temporarily a blonde.

"Honest" John Kelly was dead in the sense that sporting gentry apply that term to a man who has lost his "standing" in the particular "line" or "profession" he may follow, and one of the "profesh" scratched off this bit of obituary doggerel:

Solitly tread,
Kelly is dead.
No more doth slide
Door at side
Of Kelly's dive.

McCormick's dive is located in a three-story brick building in the same block with the Union Dime Savings Bank. To all outward appearances it is a respectable family dwelling. There is nothing in its aspect to indicate that it is a den into which the guileless and unwary are nightly lureiged and relieved of their money.

The place is entered from the street by a glass door, which is shaded by a blue curtain. A certain of similar hue hides the bar from the passers-by on the street. There is no sign on the window or door to indicate that it is a saloon, and if McCormick depended on transient trade he would starve. But the initiated know what kind of a place it is, and they are of the sort who skirmish for pigeons to take there and pluck.

During the day only only a few of the "regulars" drop in to chat with Mac, as McCormick is called for short, or the barkeeper or bouncers, if he is not there. They sit around with their heels resting on tables till dusk, when the night prowlers begin their search for prey, and the place begins to bustle with excitement and the orgies are begun.

WHERE PAINTED FEMALES PRACTICE WILES.

The "ladies' entrance" is through the hallway, which is a narrow, dimly lighted passage, not wide enough for two to walk abreast through it, and which leads into the assignation rooms in the rear. There are three of these, and in order to reach them several steps are descended, which makes it a dive in more than one sense of the word.

There are altogether seventeen tables in the rooms, four chairs to each, but there are accommodations for many more.

Last night men and women were so eager to crowd in that they were satisfied to stand up.

Windows are never opened, so that the sounds of the coarse revelry within do not escape to the street, but the bold songs and foul language of the abandoned women reach the street every time the street door is opened, and if a policeman passes there at any time he cannot help hearing, as well as other citizens who are attracted by the noise and stop to listen.

Offtimes respectable women passing stop too, not knowing the character of the place, to find out the bearing of such unseemly goings on. At these times when a current of foul air and an eruption of profanity is wafted into the street occasionally hide their faces, and, flushed and mortified, hurry out of the neighborhood. Respectable people who have been through the experience, and have occasion to pass there, now take the other side of the street.

AS ALL-NIGHT DEN.

Last night a negro, twangling a banjo and singing lewd songs to popular airs entertained the crowd which, with the overflow from Kelly's, packed the place to suffocation. Fumes of bad beer and whiskey and tobacco smoke filled the stuffy little room, not hardly big enough for an ordinary family sitting-room, in which about two hundred men and women caroused.

All night the men and women came and went. If "Honest" John Kelly had a wholesome fear of the consequences of his lawless traffic, James McCormick evidently did not share it.

Like all persons who for the time money and shrewdly defy the law, McCormick received the congratulations of the class who admire "grit."

"You're the stuff, Mac," said a short woman with a hundred-dollar face. "You're the stuff. Don't let them frighten you."

Mr. McCormick smiled in the consciousness of pride at such praise, and cast a fall girl with painted cheeks and a blackened eye leaned over to her male companion and said, in a stage whisper intended to reach "Mac's" ears:

"Mac's all right. He is a bigger man than Kelly. He's always about to the spelling people."

"Kelly was called for a show-down. He was outhelped and lost the pot," is the terse and sporty way a gambler put it at another table.

Mr. McCormick, who has not been called upon for a "show down" yet, but who did not know how soon he might be, refrained from expressing his opinion as to what he would do in that case.

Now, that Gould's and Kelly's places are both out of joint, Mr. McCormick is doing all the business, and doing quite well, he would probably like to "hold on."

MCCORMICK'S DIVE OPEN AFTER 3 A. M.

He had no intent of closing up at 1 o'clock this morning, which the place was in bad taste. Three policemen stood on Kelly's corner and watched the rush to McCormick's.

In Kelly's barroom the usual crowd of hackers, cappers, confidence men and shoulders stood around drinking and discussing the situation.

They were savage in their attacks on the EVENING WORLD, and Mr. Kelly said he would like to have that reporter alone just for two minutes.

He didn't say what he would do with him, but the expression on his face seemed to indicate it is very little death. There was blood in his eye.

A dive that for notoriety takes rank with Kelly's and McCormick's is that of Carey Welch, Fourth avenue, between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets. The same scenes that are enacted nightly in the uptown dens are represented here, and some of the worst characters in the city frequent this resort.

The women who frequented McGlory's before it was broken up now make Carey Welch's their headquarters.

Welch is aware that the character of his dive is well known, and he does not want the search light of THE EVENING WORLD thrown upon it.

So he followed "Honest" John Kelly's example last night and closed up. Both the bar and assignation room were shut up tight.

The lights were burning, however, and the curtains were rolled up so that all could see what a law-abiding spot obtained in Mr. Welch—which he had reason to fear exposure.

The entrance to Welch's den is down a flight of steps. It is a long, foul smelling place about sixty feet long, the assignation room being divided from the bar by a partition.

THE PICKWICK.

The bar is reached directly from the street, but the assignation room has a private entrance through a door under the stone stoop, which bears the sign "Family Entrance."

To the familiars Welch's resort is known as "The Hole in the Wall," and it is a hole.

Mr. Welch is not a novice in dive-keeping. He has reason to fear exposure. He, with Jim Sullivan, who now keeps the dive at 78 Third avenue, known as Farley's Hotel, formerly kept the "Golden Horn," a still lower dive than the "Hole in the Wall."

It was on Thirteenth street, near Third avenue. The police raided and broke it up two years ago, but Welch got a license again just the same. So did his partner.

THE PICKWICK ALSO KEPT OPEN.

At the Pickwick, 106 Broadway, near Thirty-sixth street, business was rushing last night.

The place was crowded with women, who all came unaccompanied and took seats at the tables, where men sat from 9 o'clock at night until 9 o'clock in the morning.

There were between fifty and sixty women there at one time, a greater number than usual.

They were the overflow from McCormick's, which was so thronged that people were turned away.

From 10 to 11 o'clock there was a constant stream of arrivals at the Pickwick.

Proprietor Springer seemed to know all the women and had a pleasant nod to each of them.

He went from table to table and laughed and joked with his customers, and smiled approvingly whenever one of them induced a chance acquaintance to spend his money for drinks.

Only four women came with escorts, but many of them went away with strange men whom they had met in the assignation room.

The Pickwick is a combination bar, restaurant and assignation-house. It is within the shadow of the Hotel Martinique, and, to attract the attention of passers-by there is a glaring sign of little gas-jets forming the word "Pickwick," and two lamp-posts at the main entrance.

For the "ladies" there is a side entrance which is partitioned off from the barroom. The assignation room is in full view of the barroom, where customers have their attention attracted by the women at the tables.

HERRICK GIVES HIMSELF UP.

Committed for Causing the Hastings Disaster.

With Train-Despatcher Ossman, He Awaits Bail at White Plains Jail.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

YONKERS, Jan. 2.—Brakeman Albert Herrick and Train Despatcher Augustus Ossman, on whom a Coroner's jury last night laid the responsibility for the awful railroad wreck at Hastings, in which thirteen lives were lost, were arrested and committed by Justice Mitchell at his office this morning. The New York Central railroad officials had promised that Ossman should be present, and Timothy Herrick, of Evansburg, the brakeman's father, had assured the coroner that his son would appear.

Ossman came to Yonkers on the 10.02 train accompanied by Chief Humphreys of the Central road's detectives, and Lawyer Cornell, of the road's legal department, who appeared to advise Ossman not to answer.

Coroner Mitchell read to Ossman the verdict of the jury, and informed him that he was not obliged to answer questions at this time.

By advice of his lawyer, Ossman declined to answer any material questions. He stated his age as twenty-seven years, his occupation as a train despatcher and his home at 3 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, New York.

The Coroner committed him, and gave him in charge to Deputy Sheriff Verplanck, with instructions to take him to White Plains jail.

About 11.40 Herrick appeared. His father and William P. Dickinson, of the Associated Press Company, were waiting with him. He was accompanied by Lawyer Adam Wenck, of 280 Broadway, New York, who is his counsel. Mr. Dickinson's purpose was to offer bail for the young brakeman.

By advice of his lawyer young Herrick declined to make any statement other than that his name was Albert E. Herrick, his age twenty-three years, six hours as a brakeman, and that at present he had no occupation.

Coroner Mitchell committed him to White Plains jail, and he, with Ossman, was taken to that place in a carriage by Deputy Sheriff Verplanck.

Timothy Herrick, Mr. Dickinson, Lawyers Walsh and Cornell followed in another carriage.

No information as to Brakeman Herrick's whereabouts since the disaster could be obtained from him or from his father.

The offence with which both Herrick and Ossman are charged is manslaughter, which is bailable. Coroner Mitchell, however, did not care to assume the responsibility of fixing bail himself, and sent the prisoners to jail, whence they can be taken out and bailed on a writ of habeas corpus.

The District Attorney of Westchester County can admit the men to bail in his discretion.

By the statute, the bail in either case is $5,000. It was said that it was the intention of the prisoners' counsel to have them brought at once before Justice Dykman, who would have no option to fix a higher amount.

Counsel Tilyer, of the Central's staff, will offer bail for Ossman, and Mr. Dickinson for Herrick.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Jan. 2.—Coroner Mitchell, in charge of Herrick, reached White Plains at 2 o'clock. The party went to the Orawampum House, near the depot, where County Judge Mills was waiting to entertain a motion for bail.

Lawyer Walsh formally asked that bail be fixed in Herrick's case. Judge Mills examined the papers and said that he would fix bail at $5,000.

Herrick's father and Mr. Dickinson at once qualified as bondsmen, each in the sum of $5,000. Young Herrick was then released.

Train-despatcher Ossman, who had arrived ahead of the Herrick party, was also admitted to bail. Judge Robertson, of White Plains, represented his interests, and bail was fixed in his case at $5,000.

Ossman's bondsmen were Sandel Hopper, President of White Plains Village, and J. H. Phyfe, Superintendent of the Harlem Division of the New York Central Railroad.

Policeman Sherwood Injured.

Policeman Charles Sherwood, of the Sixteenth Precinct, while getting on a Twenty-third street horse car at Third avenue just after midnight, fell and received a lacerated wound in the right side. He was taken to the New York Hospital.

Sealoox in Second Street.

A case of smallpox was to-day reported by Dr. Ignatz Rotkin, at 206 Second street. The patient is Harry Siegel, of 210 Second street, and the Board of Health to-day ran to isolate him.

Fireman in a Brick Dwelling.

Fire broke out on the top floor of the three-story brick dwelling at 141 West Fifteenth street, occupied by Louisa Peoples, at 1.30 A. M. to-day. Damage, $2,000.

Yuban smile's "Acme" Licorice Pellets
Tell every friend they're the best. "y"

EUGENE BLACKFORD REMOVED

Gov. Hill, on His Last Day, Supplants the Fish Commissioner.

Mayor Hackney, of Fort Plain, Named in His Place.

Fulton Market was really astonished this morning by the announcement that Gov. Hill, just previous to the expiration of his term of office, had summarily removed Fish Commissioner Eugene G. Blackford, of this city, and appointed in his place Mayor David Hackney, of Fort Plain.

EUGENE G. BLACKFORD.

This action was not altogether a surprise to Commissioner Blackford and his intimate friends, however, they having been somewhat prepared for it since a year ago last Fall, when it pleased him, they allege, to begin a systematic effort to get him removed from the Commission.

The Fish Commission consists of five commissioners appointed by the Governor. They have charge of the state fish-hatching establishment, and it is under their supervision that the fish and game laws of the state are protected with artificially propagated fish.

The Commissioners serve without compensation and are responsible at the will of the Governor. They appoint a superintendent, employ necessary help and report their proceedings to the Legislature annually. They also appoint the fish and game protectors, who enforce the laws for the protection of game and fish. The Chief Protector receives $2,000 and the subordinates $500 per annum.

The Commission as at present constituted consists of Seth Heartington, of Westchester, appointed in October, 1886, to succeed Richard Oliver, of New Hartford, resigned; William H. Bowman, of Rochester, appointed April 26, 1884; A. Sylvester Johns, of Tottenville, appointed July 15, 1887; Henry Burden, of Troy, appointed July 6, 1885, and David Hackney, of Fort Plain, appointed Dec. 31, 1891.

Commissioner Blackford was appointed May 29, 1876.

Commissioner Blackford has been the most prominent figure in the Commission during the last thirteen years of its existence. His knowledge of pisciculture caused his associates in the Commission to allow him to direct very largely the operations of the Commission. Sportsmen throughout the United States have come to regard him as a zealous, intelligent guardian of the best interests of true sport.

Mayor Hackney, who has been appointed to succeed Mr. Blackford, is not known to have any particular fitness for the position. Although he is a Republican, on the hard money platform, Blackford would be disturbed, because of the peculiar abilities that knowledge which he possesses, and which it is generally admitted have given the Fish Commission such success as it has enjoyed.

Until the power of appointment of Fish and Game Protectors was placed in the Commissioners' hands it was not regarded as a political body, but was considered non-partisan in its competition and work.

An EVENING WORLD reporter called at Mr. Blackford's office on Dushees in Fulton Market this morning. Mr. Blackford had not yet arrived, but his son said:

"Ever since the Fish Commission was given the power of appointing Fish and Game Protectors the political lobbies have been after my father's place. He always declared that politics should be kept out of the Commission. When he was taken sick with Bright's disease a year ago the politicians redoubled their efforts to get him out.

"Father wouldn't resign, because he knew they were making a fight against him. That was, Hill would be something like this at the last moment, when it would be too late for public criticism to have any effect, was not, therefore, unexpected.

"I don't think Mr. Hackney will make any change in the force. He has filled the office a long time. It takes time and money to get up the duties of a Fish Commissioner, and I think he has acquired enough of it."

Mr. Hackney is about 50 years old and has been in business at Fort Plain, Montgomery County, for 30 years. He is said by his friends to be a Republican in politics since 1884, which he became a Mugwump and voted for Cleveland.

It was said that he was the man that gov. Hill had in view for a Judge of Appeals in the place of Judge Rapallo, but he failed to get the appointment, it is said, because he failed to get the support of his own county.

Mr. Hackney is a member of the Executive Committee of the Republican State Committee, and is a member of the Fort Plain Board of Trustees. To THE EVENING WORLD reporter he said:

"I had no knowledge of my appointment or any intimation of it, and I read it in the newspapers this morning.

"As to my acceptance, I feel the legality of the action of Governor Hill, yet I question very much whether the new appointee can legally hold the office.

"The law under which I was appointed requires that the appointee be a resident of Montgomery County. I am, Mr. Editor, a resident of Fort Plain. There, I do not see how he can legally

"I am very, very sorry I do not please politics in this place. I am not a politician, I do not belong to either a Republican or Democratic organization. I am proud of being a Mugwump. I have been an independent Republican in the past.

"I have voted against the appointments of Democratic predecessors, who were popular, able and acceptable, and for the position, I have been in opposition to the wishes of the Democrats.

"Politics is another point against me. I have had no ambition to be a candidate—from my party. There was strong pressure brought to bear on me to be a candidate for Congress, but I refused to be a candidate. Finally the Democrats nominated a man who was not a Democrat, I accepted the only commission that I ever had in my life.

"I have no idea of making it known that I could have accepted the position, as governor of the State. I have nothing but the interests of the State, I have no ambition.

"I have been in office for Gov. Robinson, a Democrat, and for the last three years have been a Democrat.

"I have resigned office."

President Harrison After Her.

Mrs. Mary Harding, of Eleventh avenue and Forty-second street, was held in the Jefferson Market police court yesterday for examination as to her sanity. She was found running barefooted through West Twenty-ninth street and Madison avenue and she was trying to elude a policeman. President Harrison, who, mounted on a battle-ship, was in pursuit of her.

DID NEGLECT CAUSE HIS DEATH?

A Chambers Street Hospital Surgeon Refused to Care for Lispen.

Rosalie Lispen, a German, died at Bellevue Hospital, on the Corner this morning. Dr. Lusk, who was called upon to determine the cause of death, thinks it was a case of starvation. The deceased lived in a room in the Bowery, which he shared with his wife and two children. She was prostrated by the death of her husband, and was too ill to care for him.

He was sick when the ship reached the pier, but the ambulance surgeon from the Chambers Street Hospital refused to take him to the hospital, claiming that he was suffering from simple drunkenness.

Even in his last, when a Bellevue hospital ambulance arrived, the sick man was in a dying condition.

DIED OF RABIES, AFTER ALL.

This Man Was Pronounced Cured When He Left New York.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

NEWARK, Jan. 2.—On September 19 last Jacques S. Lach, a Swiss by birth, 27 years, was bitten on one of his arms by a dog. He had the wound cauterized, and then began a course of hydrophobia treatment at the New York Institute for Infectious Diseases, and left there with a certificate of a cure from the chief of a doctor in charge.

The wound healed up, it was said, without any of danger. He left his place and shipped on the passage home. He came home on the Lahn, but he grew so ill on the voyage that he was obliged to be carried off the steamship on a stretcher and taken to his home in this city.

Washington's Sick List.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2.—Mrs. Harrison is improved not less slight and is feeling much better to-day than for a week past. She is still in her room.

Secretary Windom is still ill with the grip, but had a slight improvement last evening and is again confined to his bed.

Secretary Tracy is improving. It is said it may be several days before he is able to resume his official duties. Dr. Gatchell has frequently prescribed for a short time this afternoon.

Burned by a Lamp Explosion.

By the explosion of a lamp in a flat in Elizabeth street at 2 o'clock this morning Mrs. Catherine Kelly, aged 40 years, took was badly burned about the face and arms. She was conveyed to Bellevue Hospital.

Health Commissioner Jackson to W. H. Morton, Fort Wayne, Ind. "y"

EXTRA.

THE TURF.

10,000 People See the Horse Races at Guttenburg.

EXCITING SPORT PREVAILS.

Early Racing Considered Beneficial to the Yearlings.

Ten thousand people visited the North Bergen course yesterday, and were well rewarded for their visit. They saw some excellent racing. The last race of the day in particular was one of the best the writer has ever had the fortune to witness. It was a superb struggle, and it set the crowd wild with delight. Among the starters in this race were Sparling, Firefly and Sir George II. Sparling got away well in front and stayed there until the far turn was reached, where Sir George moved up, and at the head of the stretch joined the leader. The pair struggled together on even terms to the last furlong, where Flynn brought Firefly up and sent him in between the two leaders. From this point to the wire the horses ran absolutely on even terms. Their jockeys strained every nerve and used all their art to get their respective mounts in first. It was a grand struggle, and it was not until the last jump that Sparling succeeded in getting his nose in front and winning the race. Firefly was only a nose in front of Sir George II.

* * *

The finish in the second race was also a thrilling one. It was a three-quarter dash for three-year-olds. The field ran well bunched for five furlongs and then the struggle began. It was whip and spur for an eighth of a mileand, amid tremendous yelling Magic, Kingdom, St. Pancras, Adalgisa colt and O. P. B. finished almost on a line short heads apart.

* * *

The first race also furnished an excellent contest. In this event, Ma Belle, Comet, Houston and Mike