STABBED TO DEATH.

Charles Hoover Cut Clean Through the Body by Michael Hanlan.

Fatal Result of a Neighborly Unpleasantness on the South Side.

Statements of the Murderer, Witnesses, and Victim.

Minor Offenses, Burglaries, Robberies, Abduction, Etc.

ANOTHER MURDER.

CHARLES HOOVER STABBED TO DEATH.

One of the most desperate fights that has been chronicled in this city for a long time occurred in the tenement-house No. 34 Sherman Block, in the rear of No. 36 Indiana avenue, at about 10 o'clock last night, resulting in the fatal stabbing of Charles Hoover by Michael Hanlan. The details are fully outlined in what follows:

A TRIBUNE reporter paid a midnight visit to the scene of the tragedy. The premises were most uninviting. A three-story tenement-house, filled with families and roomers, approached by an alley of tolerable width, but as dark as a pocket. A light in one of the rooms of the third story and the heartrending moans of a woman guided the scribe to the place, and the double door opening upon the alley was found wide open. No light was to be seen inside, but the occupants of the upper floor, hearing the noise of approaching feet, presented a light at the head of the stairs, and a woman came to meet the visitor. The stairway was a narrow, dingy affair, winding up by successive landings, all of them extremely narrow. Upon the second-story landing was discovered an immense pool of dark, clotted blood, showing that a desperate struggle must have taken place, and proceeding from this was a heavy trail of the same substance, leading up the last flight of steps, through the middle apartment, into the rear bedroom, until finally it was traced to the bed, upon which lay the victim, Charley Hoover, a boy of about 19, writhing in mortal agony. He lay upon his back, with his arms thrown over his head, which position he maintained throughout the sojourn of the reporter. His breath was irregular; sometimes it came quick and gasping, and at times drawn out to the full extent of his lungs, and ending in a deep sigh, which would cause him to quiver with pain. Accompanying each long-drawn breath would come a moan and an ejaculation of some sort, such as "My God!" "Oh, how can I ever stand this pain and live?" "Oh, my God, can't somebody do something for me? Am I going to lie here and die?" etc. He was partially dressed, having on a thin cotton shirt and a pair of dark pants. The former was raised half way to his neck, and a wet towel was laid over his stomach, in the centre of which appeared a lump about the size of a goose egg. Dr. Painter, who was attending him, kindly raised the towel that the reporter might see the wound. A large gash a little to the left of the navel was stretched to its utmost capacity,

BY PROTRUDING INTESTINES,

which oozed out in a thick, pulpy mass. The whole surroundings presented a most sickening and forbidding aspect. The floor was covered with thick clotted, blood, which had been tracked about by the feet of more than a dozen people, men and women. The bedstead was stained from head to foot; the face, arms, hands, body, and feet of the victim were smeared, and his clothing, the bedding, and even the mattress were soaked full of the crimson fluid.

Dr. Painter had made a slight examination of the wound, and stated that the knife must have passed entirely through his body. Indeed, he proved this by displaying a hole the width of the knife-blade in the back of the boy, near his left hip. He pronounced the case utterly hopeless, and thought young Hoover must die before morning at farthest. Charley vomited freely when he was first laid upon his bed, and the result showed the remains of his supper, at which he had eaten watermelon, cherries, etc One whole cherry was found in the contents of the basin. He had another vomiting spell later, in which he threw up a quantity of thick, black blood. This was just before the reporter left the house, and, after the vomiting ceased, the patient appeared to be sinking rapidly, and to be in great agony.

Dr. Andrews had been called, and he arrived a short time before the boy vomited blood. The two physicians held a consultation, and were preparing to sew up the cut, when the reporter had to go away.

A number of poor but kind-hearted women—neighbors in the adjoining apartments of the tenement-block—were present, and did what they could to alleviate the misery of the surroundings, but it was little that they could do in their frightened condition. The mother was nearly frantic with grief, and it took the united efforts of her friends to keep her away from her dying boy. She was hysterical, and it was her shrieks that guided the reporter to the spot.

One of the most affecting sights witnessed was the meeting of the dying youth and his little sister, a girl about 10 years of age. The little thing had been left to herself in the excitement, and she wandered into the room where her brother lay

GASPING UPON THE BED.

She rushed up to him, crying bitterly, and begged of him, in piteous tones, "Charley, give sister one kiss."

The dutiful brother turned his head, and in an instant the lips of his loving sister were glued to his. One long, fond kiss, and then the poor little thing said, "Good night, Charley," and she rushed off to her mother, who was nearly fainting. Even the stern officers who stood by were moved almost to tears at the sight.

Will, the younger brother, was a brave boy. One of his fingers had been chewed by Hanlan until every particle of the flesh was peeled off from the first joint to the end, leaving the bone staring clean and white for an inch and a half. And yet, with all the excruciating pain which he must have endured, he gave a cool, decided account of the whole transaction from beginning to end, without a murmur or a groan; besides this, he assisted in everything, held the only lamp in his uninjured hand, directed the movements of everybody, and still found time to comfort his mother. She caught a glimpse of the raw and bleeding finger for the first time, and the sight caused her to swoon once more.

THE VICTIM'S STATEMENT.

The following is the dying statement of Charles Hoover. It was made in a disconnected way, he saying that the effort to talk caused him great pain:

"Mike Hanlan stabbed me. I saw him do it. I tried to catch the knife, but he was too quick for me. He first hit me with an iron weight, and I took that away from him. He kept going down to the basement every night to get kindling wood. I couldn't see the knife, but it was a long bladed, bright knife. I couldn't make out whether it was a jack-knife or not. He first cut me in the arm and then in the stomach. Hanlan has been at me every night. Last night he came up-stairs drunk, and my brother (William) kicked him down. Hanlan struck me the hard as he was coming up-stairs. I then tried to defend myself. This happened in the hallway.

WILLIAM HOOVER'S VERSION.

The following is the statement of William Hoover:

"The fight commenced two days ago. My little sister had broken a cup and pasted it together, and tried to fool some little children with it. Hanlan took the matter up, and said we were trying to poison his dog. He said afterwards that I tried to poison it. Night before last I was out until half-past 9 or 10. When I came home along the walk, I saw a bright light in the hall. I didn't know what the matter was. When I got into the hall I heard Hanlan talking, and when I went up-stairs, I found him on the top floor. He lives on the floor below. My brother Charles was standing in front of him with a lamp. Somebody had thrown some kerosene on the floor below, and Hanlan came up and said somebody was throwing water down. I knew there was no water thrown. Just as Hanlan got to the top of the stairs Charley said, 'What do you want here?' Hanlan says, 'What are you throwing water down on top of people for?' Charles told him that nobody threw water down, and he wanted him to go down those steps as quick as he could. I asked Hanlan what he wanted to say that I poisoned his dog for. He said he didn't say anything of the kind, and I called him a liar. Then he raised one arm to strike me, and with the other he caught me by the coat and tried to pull me down-stairs. I couldn't strike for fear of falling down, so I caught the bannisters with both hands, and raised my right foot and kicked him in the ribs under the right arm. He let go of me, and fell down-stairs. Then he stood in his door. His wife also came with a lamp in her hand. He stood with his hand in his hip-pocket. I didn't see him draw anything. He says, 'Come down, you ——, come down.' I says, 'Never mind, you needn't pull your gun.' He says, 'I haven't got any.' Then I laughed at him. Hanlan didn't know what to say, I suppose, for he went in his own door. I went up-stairs and went to bed. The next day I heard he was calling my mother the worst names that could be thought of, and I made up my mind right away that the next time I saw him I was going to ask him what he meant by it. I didn't see him until to-night. About 10 o'clock my brother Charles had a light and went straight down into the basement."

"I went outside and stood on the sidewalk for about a minute or two, and then came in with the intention of going down after my brother. Just before I got into the door I saw a light coming up, and I waited in the lower hall, and when the light came I saw it was

HANLAN WITH A DARK-LANTERN.

I spoke to him, and said: 'Hanlan, come outside; I want to talk with you for a minute.' My brother came right up after me then when he heard me speak to him. Hanlan said: 'Talk to me right here where I am.' Says I, 'I will not do anything of the kind; come outside.' With that he reached back in his pocket and pulled out that iron weight that my brother spoke of, or whatever it was,—I could not see."

"When he pulled the weight out he walked backward up-stairs, and kept the light shining on my face all the time. He got up-stairs and stood right in the doorway, and his wife came out. Then my mother heard the noise and came down as quick as she could. Hanlan stood right in the centre of the door, and then he spoke to me and said, 'You bastard, you wanted to be hitting me, didn't you?' I did not say anything. My mother told him to be careful how he talked. He says, 'Yes, there is a bastard, and you have more of them up stairs.' My mother stepped up to him, and he struck her on the shoulder with the weight and then braced himself up in the door. As soon as he was braced up in the door I stepped up and hit him in the face with my fist. He then struck me on the head with the weight."

"My brother was behind on the stairs, and as soon as he struck me he struck him on the back or on the head with the weight. As soon as he struck my brother I ran back into the door again. I ran in after him, and he raised his weight to strike me, and I stepped back outside the door. He came outside and commenced swinging the weight as fast as he could. I ran up to him and tried to catch hold of the weight, and he struck my brother and knocked him down. He was stooping down over him, when he knocked him down, and I caught him around the neck. I got him with his head leaning over the bannisters and struck him in the face a couple of times with my fist. I do not remember seeing my brother strike him at all. He got back and got my brother under him; the latter lying on his back. He was on top of him and trying to strike him with the weight."

"I got him by the coat-collar, and gave him a couple of kicks in the side, and struck him in the face several times. He raised himself up, and got over toward the upper stairs. He got me by the arm, and slit my shirt-sleeve clear down. I don't know whether he did it with his hand or with his knife. The I

HEARD MY BROTHER HOLLER.

I did not know what was the matter. Then Hanlan got up and ran into his own door. He says, 'Now, have you got enough?' None of us said anything.

"A young man who lived with us by the name of John L. Tabers, and who has been staying with us for the last four years, took hold of my brother with me and helped him up-stairs. When I struck Hanlan in the face the first time he got my finger in his mouth and hung on until I jerked it out of his mouth."

Hoover here exhibited the index finger of his right hand. It was a disgusting sight. The flesh had been stripped clear off of it from the second joint down to the nail, showing the ferocity with which Hanlan had held on to it with his teeth.

"Mr. Gage, on the first floor, and Albert Reinhart and Mrs. Gage stood on the stairs and would not let the women up."

THE DOCTOR'S STATEMENT.

Dr. Dayton Painter, of 697 State street, who was immediately called in to look after the wounded man, gave the following statement to a reporter last evening:

I was summoned to see Charley Hoover at about 10:15 o'clock. I found him stabbed through the abdomen in the left iliac region, one and a half inches to the left of the umbilicus. The wound extends entirely through the body, making exit in the back, severing the intestines. I also found a severe wound on the right wrist on the ulner side. The abdominal wound is fatal.

THE PRISONER INTERVIEWED.

A TRIBUNE reporter saw Hanlan at the Armory about midnight. He had a bad cut on his right thumb, which was done up in a bloody rag; a bruise on his left hip, caused by a kick, he said; a lump in his throat and two lumps on his forehead, produced by a boot; and his face was bruised in several places. He appeared to be sober. Appended is his statement:

"I had a couple of little dogs in my room, and took them down into the cellar, where I keep them. One of the Hoover boys (Charley) followed to watch me. I came up the steps again to get some water for the dogs, intending when I went back to fetch up some kindling. Billy Hoover met me at the head of the steps, and he says, 'You Irish ——, come outside the door, I want to talk with you.' Says I, 'What do you want to talk with me for? I am here. Talk with me.' Says he, 'I want you outside,' and then he says to his brother, Pete, the young fellow who ran away and the officers didn't get, says he, 'Pete, come down.' Pete was up-stairs. Says I, 'You had better let me alone. I'll have nothing to do with you. I don't want to go outside.' The Gages came to their door and were listening. I guess they heard what was said. Says I, 'Let me go up-stairs and attend to my own business and have nothing to do with me, because I don't want to have anything to do with you; but if you bother me I will get out of the way the best I can. If you do, I'll surely hurt you if I can.' Now I recollect, I don't think I used the word hurt. Says I, 'Don't you bother me now if you can help it, because I don't want to bother you, because you are a bad set.' Says he, 'What is that you have in your hand?' Says I, 'What is that your business?' I had a lamp and some keys in my hand. Says he, 'You —— ——, I'll let you know,' and says he, 'Pete, come here, we'll take the drunken Irish —— out of doors, and we will give it to him now.' In spite of them I backed up the stairs, and got within two or three feet of my own door, when Pete and Billy hopped on to my back, and the mother came with a

BILLY IN HER HAND.

I halloed to my wife, says I: 'Annie, come out and save me, or I'll get killed.' She came, and with a slipper or a board, I couldn't tell which, she tried to defend me, but she couldn't, doing her best. Mrs. Hoover says to her, 'If you strike I'll strike you,' and she shook the billy at her. I could see her, though I was down. Then my wife halloed to the next neighbor, Mr. Reinhart, to come out and save her husband or they would kill him. He came to the door, and my wife says, 'Don't let them kill my husband!' He came then and threw some of them off, and she says, 'I won't let you kill the man down. Let him get up!'"

"Were you on the floor?"

"Yes, and four of them pounding and kicking me."

"Four—who were they?"

"Charley, and Billy, and Pete Hoover, and their boarder. I don't know his name."

"What happened then?"

"Mr. Reinhart says, 'Boys, don't kill the man down. It looks too bad, so many atop of him.' And Billy says, 'G— d— you, mind your own business, or we'll make you do it.' And then Billy says to Pete, 'Let's take him down-stairs, we'll give it to him there, the Irish drunken —— ——.' 'Will you take him down-stairs?' says my wife, and she gave one of them a shove, and threw him a couple of steps down-stairs. I got up and drew myself into my door, and Billy, I think it was, made a stab at me, and the knife struck my thumb, as I held up my hand to defend myself; and then

HE MADE A SECOND STAB,

and I says to my wife, 'Annie, I am stabbed in the hand;' he has got a knife.' She was behind the door. They followed me, and Billy made another stab at me around another fellow's body, and I drew myself back and locked the door, and staid in my house until the policeman came."

"Why did the Hoovers quarrel with you?"

"I don't know, sir. They threw water down on my head the other night in the hall. I didn't think it came from the roof, and I went up, and Billy says, 'What if water did come down. Get out of here, you old bastard, or I'll kick you.' They are pretty smart boys. Billy drew a revolver on Mr. Reinhart sometime ago, and tried to shoot him, and Mrs. Hoover threw an ax at Mrs. Reinhart. I was told that."

"You cut one of them?"

"Oh! no, sir. I hadn't time."

"Didn't you have a knife?"

"No, sir. I have a knife that I cut my corns with, and we had it cutting onions; and the policeman found it in the bureau. He says it looked as if it had been wet. It might be, because after I cut my corns I wiped it with a towel."

Hanlan here offered to show the reporter the cut corns, but, not liking onions, he declined to look at them.

"You hadn't the knife with you at the time?"

"No; sometimes I had. Anybody is liable to carry a jackknife in his pockets."

"And you don't know why the Hoovers assaulted you?"

"No, only because I am Irish and a Catholic and they are not. I don't know of any other reason. I never hurt one of them, or anything belonging to them. Their plan was, I am aware, to kill me, and only for my wife and Mr. Reinhart they would have done it."

"Has your wife ever had any words with them?"

"No, sir, nor I either. I didn't speak to them. I never bother with the neighbors unless they bother me."

"WERE YOU DRUNK?"

"Oh, no, sir; you can see I am sober."

"Who do you think stabbed Charley Hoover?"

"I think Billy did it, accidentally, when he struck at me. If he didn't, Pete did, because he has cleared out."

"Didn't you strike any one?"

"When I tried to get up I struck out with my fists, and I may have struck one or two of them with the lamp."

Hanlan said further that he worked at Crane Bros.' foundry, and that this was the first time he had ever been in jail. While his injuries are not serious, his appearance indicates that he had been pretty roughly handled.

MINOR OFFENSES.

SWEEPINGS FROM THE POLICE STATIONS.

M. Levy yesterday complained at Central Station that, while unloading junk and old iron at Schwartz's yard, No. 300 Canal street, some one stole from his wagon a box containing about $150 worth of dry goods. He wanted a search-warrant for the premises.

The police still continue to run in vagrants wherever and whenever they find them and happen to be provided with the necessary warrant. In the West Division there were booked last night Dyer Smith, a Halsted street gambler, Walter Carpenter, Thomas McDermott, and Charles Peters, alias Fred Hanley, young thieves and vagrants. A number of worthless creatures were taken in at the Armory, chief amongst whom was Florence Crandall, the alleged Wilckie murderess.

The night of July 1 William Graham's cigar-store, No. 73 West Madison street, was entered by burglars, who carried away about $40 worth of cigars. Albert Fetterman, Eugene Keller, and George Jennings were arrested as they were removing the plunder from a hole under the sidewalk. The boys were held to the Criminal Court, but they claimed that a song-and-dance man named Richard Knowles had committed the burglary, and that they had only seen him hide something under the sidewalk, which they were anxious to obtain as a joke on him. Knowles was arrested last night.

Yesterday afternoon two courtesans, named Maggie Coogan and Nellie McCabe, had some words as to how long each had been living a life of shame, and the quarrel was finished in a restaurant at the northwest corner of Clark and Van Buren streets by Nellie cutting her antagonist twice with a sharp pocket-knife, once over the nose, and once on the right temple. A river-hand named Sam Bremen, who was a witness of the quarrel, furnished the termagant with the knife with which she did the cutting, and was arrested with her. The injured woman's cuts were stitched up by Dr. M. Jones in a neighboring drug-store, and were pronounced not serious.

Friday morning a couple of officers in the West Division were greatly censured by some of the papers, and by the presiding Justice, for making an attempt to convict for vagrancy, John Wall, of whom everybody spoke highly. It transpires that Wall was arrested on the 9th of January last, in company with John Burns and Charles Bellman, charged with stealing a copper worm from Wolff's foundry, on West Lake street. He was tried in the Criminal Court, and was awarded one and one-half years in the Penitentiary, which penalty he in some way escaped. The detectives have nothing against him if he will keep off the streets and remain at work.

Quite an excitement was occasioned yesterday by the complaint to the police that a young woman named Emma Faist has been abducted from No. 820 Elston avenue. It was stated that she arrived here on the 4th inst. direct from Germany, and that her brothers, living at No. 77 Vedder street, had found employment for her at the home of a milk-dealer at the number mentioned on Elston avenue. The harrowing part of the tale was that last Wednesday a wagon containing two men and women and some children drove up to the house, and that one of the men entered the house, and stated that Emma's cousin had found for her a better place, and that she should come along with him. She did so, and was heard of no more. Hence the abduction story. This sensation, however, fell flat when it was reported last night that Emma had been found in good and safe keeping, and in the employ of a rival milk-dealer at No. 203 Southport avenue. But how she happened to change places was not fully explained.

The McQuade family, of the Eighth Ward, is doing more than its share in the criminal line. One of the sons is in jail for the brutal killing of young Robert Anderson on the Fourth of July, and a younger member of the family named Timothy was yesterday lodged in the Armory, but, singularly enough, was booked by the alias of Thomas Mack. There was a commotion and cries of "Stop thief!" early yesterday afternoon at the Exchange Building, corner of Clark and Washington streets, and Detectives Steele and McDonald, who ran with the crowd, succeeded in arresting the young man. In his flight he tried to throw away a skeleton key and several other burglarious implements. People in the building state that they surprised him in the act of going through some of the rooms, which is quite probable, for he is only recently out of jail for the same kind of work. He is an inveterate young thief, who has greatly disgraced his family.

Justice Walsh: Thomas Quirk, vagrant and thief, $50 fine; Daniel Hanley, larceny of a horse blanket from D. Farley, $300 to the 28th; Albert Wiesner, $300 to the Criminal Court for the theft of cigars and groceries from the wagon of J. W. Stebbins, agent for Sprague, Warner & Co., and which was kept in Gross' livery on Clinton street; James Levere, same charge, $500 to the Criminal Court; Thomas Martin, receiving the plunder in his saloon at No. 16 West Lake street, $500 ditto; George Stokey, Thomas Keating, Timothy Harding, Samuel Hill, Margaret Hanley, vagrants, $100 fine each; Ann Duffy and Jerry Donnelley, drunk and disorderly, $100 fine; Mary Clark, alias Hicks, the mistress of Thompson, the burglar, $100 fine. Justice Wallace: Maggie Smith, George Walker, and George Foster, vagrants and thieves, $50 fine each; Fannie Williams, Nellie Anderson, Joseph Covey, disorderly, $25 fine each; William Joyce, charged with stabbing Patrick Flaherty twice in the face some weeks ago, $300 to the Criminal Court; Patrick Cavanaugh, John Russell, Thomas O'Brien, attempting to rape Mrs. Catherine Leavey, $200 each to the Criminal Court; Harry Aston, the bunko-roper who beat Capt. Percival, of the English army, out of £14 in gold and a diamond ring at the real old-fashioned game of bunko, as dealt out in rooms at No. 147 Monroe street, discharged, as Capt. Percival had been "squared," and refused to appear to prosecute; John Feeley, larceny of a harness, $200 to the 30th. Justice Kaufmann: John Stramms, a Swede, 65 years of age, a homeless, destitute man, sent to the House of Correction on a fine of $100; Patrick, Ellen, and Michael Burke, breaking Mary Harrley's nose, $500 to the 30th; John Huber, assaulting Minnie Christian, $300 to Aug. 1; John Thomas, threats to kill William Barminster, $300 to the 29th; James Keegan, alias O'Grady, a well-known confidence operator, charged with vagrancy, $100 fine, which was suspended on his promising to leave town. Justice Kaufmann yesterday discharged Max Romer, charged with assault and battery upon Fred Kutz.

DARING ROBBERY.

Masked burglars have again commenced their midnight antics, and at daybreak yesterday morning they made quite an extended visit to the household of James Rutherford, No. 33 DePuyster street. The house is a basement cottage, and entrance was effected by mounting a tub placed upon an ash-barrel, standing on which, the thieves managed to cut out a slat in the blinds of a side window, and entered the front parlor. First they planned ways of exit in case they should be discovered while in the house, and fixed a good escape by throwing wide open one of the front windows, and by pinning back the curtains. They were engaged in trying to find the inner stairway leading to the basement when their whispers were heard by Mrs. Rutherford. She at first thought the whispering was in an adjoining house, but upon listening closer she heard distinctly all they were saying. She called to her husband, who was asleep in an adjoining bedroom, and asked: "Do you hear noises in the house?" "Yes," he promptly replied, "there are robbers here, and they are plundering us." As the words were spoken a masked burglar rushed in upon each of them. One placed a revolver close to Mrs. Rutherford's head and ordered her to keep quiet. Another did the same to Mr. Rutherford, but he was not so tractable as his wife, and began to fight back. The burglar put the muzzle of his weapon almost into Mr. Rutherford's left eye. He instinctively grabbed the fellow's arm, and, notwithstanding a desperate endeavor made to choke him off, he still kept his hold. They wrestled thus desperately for some minutes, during all which time the third burglar was engaged in lighting matches and ransacking the house for money and valuables. Mr. Rutherford finally succeeded in getting the best of his man, whereupon the latter called to the third man, who ran to his assistance. They beat him severely about the arms in order to make him let go of the weapon, and then, after pushing his head through a window, one of them dealt him a stunning blow with a slungshot. They then rushed out, one escaping by the front window and the other two through the rear basement door.

The burglar who paid particular attention to Mrs. Rutherford was a brutal fellow. He handled her roughly, and kept striking matches to see whereabouts he and his companions were. When Mrs. Rutherford's two little daughters heard their father struggling they cried out "Save papa!" several times, and the fellow struck each of them. This angered the mother, and, seizing a lamp, she held him at bay until the word was given for him to escape. They left behind them a skeleton key which they used in opening bureau-drawers, and a cap and handkerchief which they dropped as they ran. The little girls say they had on common white socks to which pasteboard soles had been sewn. The only plunder secured was about $20 in cash, but they evidently expected to get a much larger sum, as they kept calling for Mr. Rutherford's vest and pocketbook. In consequence of the scare the children were sick all yesterday, and Mr. Rutherford was quite ill from the effects of the blow in the head, and his bruises and cuts on the right arm and hand.

Just prior to this desperate encounter the burglars had forced an entrance to the residence of Mrs. Carney, No. 33 DePuyster street, and had carried away a quantity of clothing.

DROP LETTERS.

Expediting Their Delivery.

A correspondent writes to THE TRIBUNE in regard to the delay in the distribution of drop letters. He complains with some justice that not enough collections are made from the stations, and suggests that the Postmaster take some measures to remedy this evil. There is great foundation for these complaints, but it is difficult to see how it can be obviated without a decided increase in the working force. At present, in some of the outlying districts where only two daily delivery trips are made, a letter posted at, say 8 a. m., does not reach the station until about noon, as the carrier is obliged to carry his collections with him while making his delivery trip, which takes perhaps several hours. In case this letter is addressed to another division it must be sent through the main office, and reaches its destination in the evening. A letter mailed at the box mentioned above, shortly after the collection is made, would be at least twenty-four hours in reaching the person to whom it is addressed. With the present force of carriers it is difficult to see how the system can be much improved. At present, collections are made from the West Side station for the main office six times daily, from the North Side station five times, and from the south, southwest and northwest stations four times a day. It is anticipated that there will be a slight increase in the force within a short time, in which case one delivery trip will be added in the business section of the North Side, and one more collection daily be made from the north station. The rest of the increased force will be required to keep up the efficiency of the service at its present status owing to the large increase in the number of letters carried.

Mr. J. M. Hubbard has proposed a plan to the Department which he hopes will do away with a great deal of the delay at present experienced. He proposes to have boxes located at frequent intervals on the principal thoroughfares in each division, and keep a carrier constantly employed in collecting from these boxes, which, lying in a direct route, can be emptied at very short intervals of time without much extra pedestrian labor. The other boxes would be collected as usual. In case one were in a hurry with a letter, one could then put it into a box, without going too far, which would be collected within an hour at most. For the present the public will have to be contented with things as they now are, for Postmaster Palmer can afford no better facilities with his present force.

NOT YELLOW-FEVER.

A Scare at Ridgeland.

Through some unexplained manner a report was circulated yesterday that there was a genuine case of "Yellow-Jack" at Ridgeland, and a few persons interested in that suburb—which is about seven miles west of the city on the Galena Division of the Northwestern Railway—were considerably worked up about the matter. A TRIBUNE reporter gleaned some information in the city about the alleged case of yellow-fever, and then went out to Ridgeland to get at the real facts of the matter. As he alighted from the train the reporter met Dr. Milton Jay, the well-known Eclectic physician, and divining at once that the latter had an urgent case of some kind, asked him if he had a yellow-fever case on hand. The Doctor smiled audibly, and said, "Bless you, no; where did you get such a report?" The reporter told him of the rumors, and Dr. Jay invited him to go right along and see the patient, a young man of about 21 years, named John Mayberry, who was found in a pleasant, shady residence near the railroad depot, kindly and well cared for by his mother and father.

After the Doctor had examined his patient and given the necessary directions to his parents regarding the remedies prescribed for him, he pronounced him convalescing, and said he looked for his speedy recovery. The patient was then informed of the rumors concerning him, and stoically remarked that if he had had yellow-fever he would not have been lying there for the past two weeks, as he had done. He was anxious to know how the rumors about him got into circulation, and was informed that it was probably owing to the fact that he had been in Memphis. His father stated that he had been on business in that city in June last, but left there July 1, before there were any reports or signs of yellow-fever. Dr. Jay said he was suffering from typho-malarial fever, and had been very ill. He had other patients who were ill from the same cause, and there was not the slightest reason for saying they had yellow-fever. He expected to have his patient up again in a few days.

PORT HURON.

PORT HURON, Mich, July 26.—Passed Up—Props City of New York, St. Joseph, Newburg with Hazard, N. Mills, and Ohio and barges, Superior and consort, Philadelphia with Schuylkill and Sherwood, Henry Howard and Fame, Fred Kelly with John O'Neil and consort; stmr Keweenaw; schrs Lem Ellsworth, Guido Pfister, Saveland, Montgomery, Gold Hunter, Hartford.

Down—Props Mary Mills, Starucca, Roanoke Lowell, India, William Cowie, Oswegatchie, V. Swain with J. O. Thayer and consort, Jarvis Lord and consort, J. B. Merrill; schrs Henry C. Richards, Oneonta.

Wind—South, light; weather fine.

PORT HURON, July 26.—10 p. m.—Passed Up—Props St. Louis, Pessaic and barges, Mayflower and barges, Conestoga with Thomas A. Scott, Clinton with consort and Glenifer, Sovereign and consort; schrs M. J. Cummings, Monterey, Jane Bell, Sweetheart.

Down—Props Jay Gould, Alaska, Toledo, Forest City with Three Brothers, Itasca end consort, Glasgow and barges, B. W. Jenness and barges, V. H. Ketcham with P. S. Marsh; schrs Parana, M. S. Bacon, and China.

Wind—South, light; weather fine.

The Kiss of a Serpent.

New Orleans Democrat.

A correspondent in Lafourche Parish guarantees the truth of the following details:

Near the "Cutoff," M. Lambasse and his son both fell a victim to snake bite under the following circumstances: Lambasse and his son Bibi were serpent charmers, who cared as little for rattlesnakes as they would for turtle doves. They were constantly surrounded by their venomous pets, serpents of the most deadly species, with which they played fearlessly. Last Sunday Bibi, who had a magnificent rattlesnake, tried to sell it to one of his friends. For this purpose he took it out of a barrel where it was kept, and, in order to show his skill, tried to make the reptile "kiss him." The serpent, unwilling to grant the caress desired, ended by becoming so enraged that he bit his charmer's tongue, and also his left arm. Immediately afterward, Bibi's father took the serpent in his hands, and tried to show those present that his son had acted clumsily, or was a charmer of a much inferior character to himself. So saying, he put the head of the hideous creature in his mouth. The serpent bit him also. Father and son were both attacked with frightful pains shortly after, and their bodies became horribly swollen. They died in excruciating tortures.

GREENBACKS.

Feeble Rag-Baby Demonstration Last Evening.

Congressman Wright Orates on Labor and Cheap Money,

And Advocates His Amendment to the Homestead Law.

The "Grand Concert and Eight-Hour Demonstration" at the Base-Ball Park last evening, under the auspices of the National-Greenback-Labor party, was not the success anticipated, though there were nearly 1,000 people present. Most of them, however, were attracted by the music, while a good many Socialists attended to hear some of the Congressmen talk. It is doubtful if there were 200 genuine Greenbackers in the crowd. Only one speech was made, Mr. Murch, of Maine, being detained at home by an accident to his wife. The Elgin Band, about the best in the Northwest, furnished the music, which was well worth listening to, though there wasn't very much of it.

The gathering was called to order at 8:30 by William Halley, who nominated George S. Bowen for Chairman. He was, of course, elected, and, after returning thanks, referred to the Congressional Committee now in this city, who are to investigate the causes of the business stagnation throughout the country, saying that he trusted they would be enlightened while here.

A committee was appointed to pass the hat, in order to raise money to meet the expenses. While the collection was being taken the band played several airs.

CONGRESSMAN H. B. WRIGHT,

of Pennsylvania, was then introduced, and started out by expressing his satisfaction at meeting the workingmen of Chicago. He had come to talk about one of the most momentous questions that could engage the attention of the people.—the rights of man. [Applause.] He had no recrimination to cast upon any party or any branch of business or trade. His mission was not to say angry words, but to talk to the laboring men of Chicago about those rights which, under the Constitution and the laws, were guaranteed to them, and which they ought to have and to enjoy. [Applause.] He was not an advocate of the cause of labor because it was going to be of any advantage to him. He had reached the meridian of life, and had made a league between the laboring man and himself to devote the remnant of his life to ameliorating their condition. [Applause.] For ten years he had devoted his time to the subject, and his advocacy of the cause had brought upon him the enmity of men who represent capital. But he cared nothing for it. He was in no danger from the money rings. The country would never prosper unless the laboring men were paid full wages and had enough to sustain themselves and families beyond want during twelve months of the year. There could be no prosperity without it. That was the foundation of prosperity. No enterprise could be sustained unless there was a healthy condition among workingmen. How was this to be brought about? His reflection had led him to the conclusion that the rights of the laboring-man in the legislation of the country ought to be equal with those of capital, or any of the industries of the country. [Applause.] He didn't want the rights of labor made subservient to the money or the industrial interests. Labor and capital should stand on one platform, each having equal rights. [Applause.]

THE COUNTRY COULD NOT PROSPER

unless that rule was observed. His experience in Congress showed him that the contrary was the case. Capital always had the inside track, and therefore the benefit in the race. Those who advocated the rights of labor there were denounced as demagogues and fools. Six-tenths of the whole population were workingmen, and if they didn't rise in their might and dictate the legislation, they had no right to claim any. He did not encourage the idea that they should abandon the shop and turn politicians, but what he meant was that they should lay down the rule of conduct to be observed by the agent they sent to Congress, because, after all, the man they selected was merely the representative of their own opinions.

Mr. Wright then referred to his supplement to the Homestead law, by which $500 was to be loaned by the Government to enable settlers to commence life, the money to be paid at the end of ten years, bearing 3 per cent interest. [Applause.] It was to be handed over in installments, and before the second and subsequent ones were paid, proof was to be made that the other installments had been actually expended in the improvement of his home. This guarded against imposition. The measure was defeated, but he intended to renew it. [Applause.] It was the duty of the country to take care of its unfortunate people, —one of its first duties where a man had behaved himself and was honest, but, through want of employment, had become destitute, to give him aid and assistance. If it could be charitable to the starving abroad, why not to those at home. [Applause.] But money had overruled the Constitution.

He then touched on the Eight-Hour law passed by Congress in 1873, which very strangely had been a dead letter. Originally twelve hours work was required of a laboring man. Martin Van Buren

REDUCED THE HOURS TO TEN.

Then came the law to cut them to eight. But the law was not revived by the last Congress. [A voice, "Why?"] He supposed money had something to do with it. The law applied to Government work it was thought would be an entering wedge, so that the men in the States would follow up their representative men and drive them into acknowledging the justice and uprightness of such a law. That also was to be tried again. [Applause.] If things went on as now, the workingmen would be like the serfs of Russia. They should make the laws as well as fight the battles. All it required to bring that about was their energy, perseverance, and determination. Eight hours of steady work was as much as a man of ordinary constitution could undergo. They should say "It is our will," and that will must be observed. [Applause.] If he did not mistake public sentiment, there was a disposition upon the part of the wage-workers to favor it; there was enough of them to enforce the measure, and it was their duty to do it. [Applause.]

The currency question next received attention, the speaker being a Greenbacker. [Applause.] In order to help the people out of their difficulties, and to increase the price of labor, something ought to be done by the Government. He believed the present prosperity of Chicago was only spasmodic. The foreclosure of mortgages affected the price of labor. Until debts were paid prosperity would not come. He was not an inflationist. He didn't want to see $2,000,000,000 of currency again afloat. It wasn't necessary. There were now only $700,000,000 in circulation, one-seventh of which was locked up in the Treasury. Why had it been necessary to contract to such an extent?

THE SPEAKER RIDICULED RESUMPTION,

claiming that it had accomplished no good. Lack of currency was the complaint everywhere in the country except in Wall street. There the money-changers were as obnoxious to the interests of the people as those Christ found in the Temple. It was not to their interest to have the greenback currency enlarged. They wanted a corner on money so as to speculate in it. All the speaker wanted was as much money as was necessary to transact the ordinary business of the country when prosperous. He desired to see it redeemed. Men with princely incomes derived from Government ponds paid no taxes, while the men at the bench did. Incomes ought to be taxed. [Applause.] Taxes were not reduced because the great sources of wealth of the nation were shielded by legislation, and the money power had stood in the path of the people with a drawn sword and said to them, "So far you shall come, but no farther." Reference was made to the land monopolists of California, who were those struck at in the recent upheaval there. Men who would incite insurrection had no place in the speaker's confidence. If there was one, he wanted to see it at the ballot-box. [Applause.] He desired to see the common men of the country—the laborer and the artisan—have an equal share in the administration of the affairs of the Government. [Applause.] They should have equal justice with the class that ruled. If there was currency enough to restore the industries, workingmen would be prosperous. The circulation now was $12 a head, while the rate of taxation was $18. [Laughter.] What they wanted they ought to have, even if their demands came in conflict with the men who had control of the Government, for the workmen were as competent and as able to judge of their needs as those who had the political power. [Applause.]

In conclusion Mr. Wright advised his hearers to submit to the laws. If the laws were wrong they should be reformed. [Applause.] By being the law-makers, no one would have the right to find fault with them. [Cheers.]

After a tune by the band, Mr. Goodhue offered a resolution of thanks to Mr. Wright for his "honest and earnest advocacy of the rights of the people," urging him, as a true citizen of the Republic, to continue in the cause; also the following:

Resolved, That the tailors, merchants, and business men of Chicago, in mass-meeting assembled, do pledge themselves here not to vote for any man who will not pledge himself to vote and support the Wright Homestead law, the Eight-Hour law, and greenbacks instead of National bank notes, and the free coinage of silver.

These were adopted; whereupon the meeting adjourned.

THE SERENADE.

At the close of the powwow on the Lake Shore, the crowd poured itself into the lobby of the Tremont House, where the Elgin Band serenaded the Committee appropriately with sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Mr. George S. Bowen officiated as master of ceremonies, and the music drew to the grand staircase many of the lady guests of the Tremont House. An excursion party of 350 people from Indiana merged itself into the audience, and partially attributed the martial strains to their own arrival. At the conclusion of the serenade Mr. Bowen, in a few laudatory words, introduced the Hon. M. P. O'Conor, M. C., of South Carolina, who, in behalf of the Committee, returned thanks for the music by the band. They would, he said, consider the event as a welcome from the workingmen of this great emporium to a committee appointed to look into the causes of the depression of labor by which they were suffering, and to concert measures for their relief. He had come 1,200 miles, from Charleston, a city which was of age at the time of the Revolution, and now was lying overcome and in the greatest financial distress. For years past Charleston had been reaching out its arms toward the Northwest in the hope that in time this section would empty into its lap some of the countless millions now diverted to other ocean ports. He had hopes that railway connections would be made which would lessen the distance between Chicago and Charleston by 150 miles. In speaking of the functions of the Committee, a man like himself, coming from the impoverished South to a vigorous and busy metropolis,