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THE "KEY"

To the Picture of the Great

HEENAN AND SAYERS CONTEST

Will be presented FREE with No. 198, issued Friday, May 27. Purchasers of this number of the POLICE GAZETTE should see that they are supplied with the Supplement FREE OF COST. Newsdealers are requested to send their orders for extra supplies of No. 198 without delay to their news companies.

It is one of the curses of political reformation that after some huge piece of villainy is unearthed the discoverers become suddenly indifferent about the punishment of the offenders. Take the Star Route swindles for instance. It has been some time since they were brought to light; yet nothing has been done towards punishing those implicated. The whole business has resolved itself into a war of words—criminations and recriminations. What the public want after the discovery of such offenses is the punishment of the offenders. Generally, want is their master. It looks as if the reformers in the present instance were afraid to go any further in their investigation lest they should find out something that had better be kept quiet "for the good of the party."

"WHAT is a star route?" asks a correspondent. A star route is any route over which the mails are carried by other power than steam. The bulk of mail service is done, of course, by railroads, steamboats and steamships. All other routes, of which there are thousands, are served by stages or other vehicles, or on horseback. These in the post-office route books are marked with an asterisk (*) and termed "star" routes. Some of them are only a few miles long; some run from 100 to 1,500 miles. They are most numerous and important in the extreme Western States and Territories.

THE new prohibitory liquor law in Kansas went into effect on May 1st. It prohibits the manufacture or sale of liquor in the State for other than scientific, mechanical or medicinal purposes, and its operation will be watched with intense interest on account of its severe provisions. One thing is pretty certain if it remains in force: Science will become a general study; mechanical branches will become very numerous, and for sick people—heaven! what an unhealthy State Kansas will get to be!

How long, oh Lord, how long, are the people of this country to be afflicted with the Whittaker trial? It began May 29, 1880, and has been going on at intervals ever since. It has cost more money than the whole thing is worth fifty times over, and has been utterly barren of any results. Well-fed and well-paid officers sit in judgment at the trial, more anxious for the arrival of pay-day than the solution of the conundrum, "what is Whittaker's case?" The investigation has degenerated into a huge farce, and the sooner it is wound up, no matter what the verdict, the better.

HONOR WHEN HONOR IS DUE

It is so seldom that an opportunity occurs to compliment the "finest police force in the world" that when one presents itself, we gladly improve it. The last effort at breaking up the gambling dens of this city has evidently proved a success. Silence and gloom rests upon the lairs of the tigers, and where once was heard the merry clatter of the ivories and the sweet, fascinating rustle of the greenback, desolation and loneliness reign. The flashily-dressed knights of the green-table wander aimlessly about—the majority feeling, like Othello, that their occupation's gone.

With characteristic modesty we give the police authorities the greatest part of the credit for this state of affairs, reserving only a small portion for the POLICE GAZETTE. That little, however, was the germ from which the successful crusade against gambling sprang. Single-handed the POLICE GAZETTE waged war on this vice, pointed out the ruin and disgrace it was entailing on the poor victims of its accursed fascination, and finally aroused the police authorities up to action. They have followed our lead nobly, and by so doing have won the admiration of the public. If they keep on in their good work of exterminating like evils, the distinction of being "the finest police force in the world" will become a verity instead of a sarcasm.

A DELUSIVE SNARE

The hotel proprietors at Saratoga have struck upon a new advertising scheme. They are now industriously giving out the singular statement that a new spring has been discovered there, possessing the fabulous property of causing every rich man who drinks thereof to go straightway and propose marriage to the first good-looking girl he meets, whether she be wealthy or poor. The reports are silent as regards the waters discriminating against poor men. However that may be, the landlords probably did not think it worth their while to give the last question any investigation, having, no doubt, concluded that men of small means would rarely trouble those waters. At the same time they seem confident that their hotels will be crowded with handsome girls.

AN INDUSTRIOUS PREACHER

Some of the papers are commenting unfavorably on the fact that a colored preacher at Washington preaches to his congregation on Sunday, and attends the door of a gambling house on week days. We suppose the gentleman has to do something to earn an honest living, and have no doubt that the rakings from the board buys more bread than the collections on Sunday. In any case it is better for a colored preacher to attend the door at a gambling house than to become interested in political jobs gotten up for the purpose of robbing the people, as the former occupation will not peril his immortal soul, and the latter certainly would. Always look on the bright side of things.

CURES FOR NIHILISM

Europe is reported to be in a panic over the schemes of the Nihilists who threaten to assassinate not only the new Czar, but any number more of crowned heads. Why, then, do not the Czar and the other crowned heads give their subjects a reasonable measure of self-government? This will put an end to Nihilism and all other revolutionary isms, and it is the only thing that will. Any monarch who imagines that in this age of progress and enlightenment he can continue the despotism of the dark ages, if he adheres to his folly long enough, will unquestionably pay for it with his crown or his head. Either loss will be a benefit to humanity. Anything that is an obstacle to the advancement of mankind should be put out of the way.

HIGH-PRICED BEANS.

How a Commercial Traveler Got Square on a Restaurant-Keeper Who Charged Him an Exorbitant Price For a Meal.

Tom Watrous, a commercial traveler, stepped off at a Marshall, Mich., railway restaurant for something to eat. He was not very hungry, and called for a plate of beans, which he received. He inquired the price and was informed that it was 75 cents.

"That's a thundering price for beans," said Tom. "That's the price," said the proprietor. The train was just starting; Tom paid the bill, and the reeling coaches bore him and his indignation on toward Detroit.

This was on Saturday. On Monday Gilmore, the eating-house man, received a telegram, collect on delivery, \$1.25, which he paid, and read on opening it: "A thundering price for beans!"

Thirty days from that date a neat express package was handed in to Gilmore, C. O. D., who paid 90 cents for the privilege of opening it to discover a lot of sawdust, on the top of which lay a slip of paper with the cabalistic symbols: "A thundering price for beans!"

Two months from this Gilmore was summoned to Chicago to meet a former business partner, and the hotel clerk handed him a letter conveying the pleasant information: "A thundering price for beans!"

During Gilmore's absence his son paid for two telegrams and one express package, all bearing directly on the subject of 75 cents being "a thundering price for beans!" Cost of these articles \$3.80. A genuine telegram from Gilmore's mining share broker advising him to sell was refused, and the loss of it entailed an actual damage to Gilmore of \$1,500.

A year rolled away. Gilmore ordered a case of Mackinac trout from Detroit. They came, C. O. D., \$18.88; when opened he found every fish had been removed from the ice and sawdust and a shingle met his eyes, marked with a blue lead pencil: "A thundering price for beans." Trouble arose between Gilmore and the Detroit fish house and they went to law, Gilmore winning the suit, \$25 damages, and all at a cost for the attorney's services of \$86.90. Gilmore grew dejected; life looked gloomy.

Letters poured in on every one of his family at regular intervals from all parts of the world, bearing the unpleasant information that it was "a thundering price for beans."

At last Gilmore sold the Marshall eating-house and moved to Chicago. He carried his deep affliction along with him, gnawing like a cancer at his vitals. The persecution never ceased. Gilmore drooped, faded and finally died. The terribly afflicted family followed him to his last resting-place and the widow, with what little money she had saved from the expenses of bogus telegrams and express packages, erected a plain marble slab to the memory of the tortured Gilmore.

The following Sabbath the mourning family went out to the cemetery to plant some violets on Gilmore's grave. Arriving on the ground, they observed in silent horror that another legend appeared above the name of Gilmore on the tombstone. It was chalked on a small blackboard and read: "A thundering price for beans!"

GIRLS WANTED.

An Opening for Spinners Who are on the Way to be Old Maids—Men who Pine for Female Society.

Here is the way an Idaho paper states the needs of the bachelors of that territory: We want girls! Girls who can get themselves up in good shape to go to a dance. The boys are getting tired of receiving invitations with a request that they "bring ladies." They are like oranges and apples—very scarce. We want girls who will go to church and to Bible class on Sundays, and that kind who can draw a congregation of the other sex, and who will take a buggy ride after the lesson is over. This will help the livery business, and will also hasten the sale of residence lots, for buggies are the vehicles in which homes are first thought of by many people. We want girls that can wait on the table, who can smile us into an appetite when stomach bitters are impotent, and who will make the boarders regular at their meals. We want girls for sweethearts, so that when we get an arm shot off, or are kicked by a mule, or thrown from a bucking horse and are laid away for repairs, we may hear a gentle voice and see the glitter of a crystal tear, spoken and dropped in unconscious sympathy for our pain. We want fat and funny girls to make us smile all over, and lean and fragile ones to hang upon our arms, and petite blondes who show themselves on sunny days, and stately brunettes, so beautiful in the twilight. We have mineral enough and plenty of coal and oxide of iron. The only lack of resources is those potent civilizers of their pioneer brothers—the girls.

Mr. Ludwig remarks that some of the temperance alliance women have holes in the heels of their stockings. Never despise a woman because she wears holes in her stockings. It requires a darn sight of trouble to mend them.

SEASONING.

"TWIXT women and wine, man's lot is to smart; the wine makes his head ache, the women his heart.—Old Egypt.

"WILL you have a cigarette?"
Said some one to "Olivette."
No; but my sister "Clarette"
Will take one. You bet!

It is a time-honored custom in Quincy, Fla., to salute a newly-married couple by firing a cannon. This is to remind those present that the battle of life has fairly begun.

"Well, you'll own she's got a pretty foot, won't you?" "Yes, I'll grant you that, but then it never made half as much of an impression on me as the old man's."

Won't some chemist invent a face powder which does not contain lard and tastes good? Our young men are all dying of lead poisoning, and kissing is going out of fashion.

A WOMAN in Eastern Pennsylvania became crazy on seeing her husband kiss another woman. The husband was a rascal. No true husband would ever kiss another woman when his wife is looking.

BENEATH this little tombstone
And flower scented green
Lies Arabella Murphy,
As usual—Kerosene.—Chicago Cityary.

A NEW YORK clergyman has an elaborate new bonnet placed on the pulpit before him every Sunday. He's going to make the ladies of his congregation keep up an appearance of giving attention to him, anyway.

WHEN a despondent Philadelphia wife attempted to escape the troubles of this world by drinking a quart of coal oil, her unfeeling husband caused her to swallow a yard of lampwick, and now he uses her of nights to read by.

THE female plaintiff in a western divorce suit was asked, upon taking the stand and prior to being sworn, if she believed in a future life. "I used to," she answered; "but since I was married I've had all the nonsense taken out of me."

ADVICE to girls: Remember, also, that a pretty hand is one of woman's chiefest charms. Never assist your mother in her household duties. It doesn't so much matter how her hand is sprawled out by hard work. She is out of the market.

"YOUNG husband"—House-cleaning means for the women to tie towels around their heads and run the men into the street without any breakfast every morning for a week or so, while they break lamps and spill whitewash on the stairs.

HONEST as the day is long: Girls are honest creatures. One at the South End, on being charged with the reckless extravagances of having seventy-five dresses and with having nine fellows in love with her at once, was too honest to deny it.

A WOMAN writes that she doesn't like the Russian bath because she can't see the fun of being laid on a marble slab and scrubbed, kneaded, slapped and dented from head to foot by a woman so stalwart that one can't quite get rid of the idea that she is a man in disguise.

A YOUNG choir singer called Anna
Climbed the stairs in a negligent manner;
A young man below,
Looking up, said I swear,
I've oft heard, now I see your nose, Anna.

A CINCINNATI girl spent all her leisure time for three years in learning to box, and then when she got married and wanted to fight her husband she went at him and pulled hair and scratched the same as any other woman would. You can't make over human nature.

It was their first night aboard the steamer. "At last," he said tenderly, "We are all alone, out upon the deep water of the dark blue sea, and your heart will always beat for me as it has beat in the past!" "My heart's all right," she answered languidly, "but my stomach feels awful."

EMPEROR WILLIAM is suffering from a cold and sore throat.—(Cable.) Let him take some vinegar, watered and sweetened, just before retiring, and tie an old stocking about his throat. If he can get a quinine pill it also may do him good. Sometimes fried onions are useful, taken at each meal. He ought to be thankful that I isn't a bill.

SIGN of an approaching proposal: "Mother," remarked a Dutch girl, "I think Harry must be going to propose to me." "Why so, my daughter?" queried the old lady, laying down her spectacles, while her face beamed like the moon in its fourteenth night. "Well, he asked me this evening if I wasn't tired of living with such a menagerie as you and dad."

"THE whisper of a beautiful woman," says Balzac, "could be heard further than the loudest call of duty." But the man who is creeping up stairs with his boots off at two o'clock A.M. and hears the whisper of his wife as she leans over the banister in the darkness doesn't think of her beauty. His chief thought is how much he would like to exchange his boots for a pair of wings.

"Well, what do you want here?" remarked Mr. Smith, as he sat up in bed and addressed a professional burglar, who stood in front of the bureau. "I want money and bonds," hissed the burglar through his clenched teeth; "and quick about it, too." "My friend," retorted Mr. Smith, "I've been looking for those things for the last 20 years without success. But go on with your burglary. I'm sleepy."

THE account of the Iowa girl who is said to have been hugged to death by her lover has caused "quite a sensation" among the young ladies of Westfield, who recently held a meeting to devise ways and means to prevent another case of death from hugging. They unanimously passed the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, It is reported that an Iowa girl died recently in her lover's arms, while being hugged, and
Whereas, Judging from experience we believe such an event to be utterly impossible, therefore
Resolved, That notwithstanding said report we are still in favor of hugging. We prefer to run all risks of death rather than have the beautiful, lovely, delightful and perfectly elegant custom abolished.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the newspaper for publication.

GREAT CRIMES AND CRIMINALS OF AMERICA.

BY ALFRED TRUMBLE.

CHAPTER III.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MEDICAL COLLEGE.

A case akin in thrilling interest to that of John C. Colt, as told in the "History of the Tombs," was the murder of Dr. George Parkman by John W. Webster, in Boston in 1849.

Dr. Parkman was a practicing physician, wealthy and of methodically regular habits. Dr. Webster was professor of chemistry in the medical college in Grove street. He was an easy living man, of somewhat expensive habits, and on several occasions borrowed money of Dr. Parkman, giving him as security mortgages on certain property. This property he afterwards sold to a brother-in-law of Dr. Parkman. The latter was very much incensed when he heard this, and commenced suit to recover his money. Dr. Webster promised to pay him out of the proceeds of a course of lectures he was about to deliver, and on Nov. 23d, 1849, he called at Dr. Parkman's house and invited him to come to the medical college for a settlement that afternoon.

Dr. Parkman left his house to keep this appointment. He never returned.

His family became alarmed at his absence and advertised for him. Large rewards were offered for information about him, but days passed, and nothing more was learned about the missing man, except that he was seen to enter the medical college shortly before two o'clock on the day of his disappearance; and this was confirmed by Dr. Webster, who informed Dr. Parkman's family that the latter had been in his company between one and two o'clock on the day of his disappearance.

Dr. Webster stated, in substance, that Dr. Parkman came to the medical college by appointment, as we have already shown; that Dr. Webster paid him the mortgage money in the lecture-room, stating the precise amount, \$463.84; that he received it and immediately started to go out, without leaving any evidence of its having been paid; that, on Dr. Webster's reminding him of this, he turned back, and dashed his pen over the signature of the note, telling Dr. Webster that he would attend to the cancelling of the mortgage at Cambridge; and that Dr. Parkman left him there, going over the stairs two steps at a time; that he had no recollection of the money, which he gave him, except that among the notes was a hundred dollar bill of the New England Bank.

This story was so improbable, and told with such peculiar expression, that suspicion was aroused and a search of the medical college ordered.

The officers who conducted the search commenced with the discovery of parts of a human body in the vault of a privy connected with the laboratory of Dr. Webster; and with these were some towels, bearing the initials of the professor, and such as he was in the habit of using in his laboratory. A further search led to the finding in the furnace of the laboratory of a number of bones fused with the slag and cinders; also some blocks of mineral teeth, and some gold, which had been melted. Upon further search, there was found in a tea-chest, imbedded in tan, and covered with a quantity of minerals, almost the entire trunk of a human body, a thigh, and a hunting knife of a peculiar character.

The parts of the body thus found were placed together. There were missing the head, the arms, both feet, and the right leg below the knee. There was nothing there with which to identify the remains as those of Dr. Parkman; but the size, the shape, and height, when supplying the missing portions with the average length, led to the belief that they were none other than parts of the missing man. The bones found in the furnace, so far as they were capable of being put together, supplied some of those missing from the remains, and there was no duplicate of such as had not been in the furnace. It was, therefore, pretty evident that these bones were a part of the same body, and that the missing portions, or some of them, had been burned in the furnace; and there were some appearances which indicated that the bones of the skull had been fractured before they were subjected to the action of fire.

The suspicion that these remains were those of Dr. Parkman was confirmed by the discovery in the furnace of the laboratory of a portion of a jaw which fitted in a mould made shortly before by a dentist who had supplied the missing man with a set of false teeth. The artificial teeth the dentist also identified as being of his make. The gold was the plate to which they had been attached and which had been fused in the fire.

Dr. Webster was accordingly indicted for the willful murder of Dr. Parkman, and his trial took place before the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, in the month of March following (1850). Hon. John H. Clifford, Attorney General, conducted the case for the government, assisted by George Bemis, Esq.; and the prisoner was defended by Hon. Pliny Merriam and Edward D. Sohler, Esq.

The trial was the topic of the time. Not only Boston, but the whole country was absorbed in it. The high standing of the accused, who was one of the most eminent chemists of the time, made him an object of immense interest. He bore his position very badly. At the time of his arrest he broke down completely, and he lived thereafter in a state of pitiable and abject dread. A human wreck, he came and went between the court-room and his cell like a machine. His life in jail was a long round of horror, walking and sleeping. He had horrible visions, and at times the corridors resounded with his agonized appeals for mercy from his phantom pursuers.

The evidence against him was purely circumstantial.

It was proved, in the first place, that on the day of the murder he had borrowed a heavy sledge hammer from a smith in the neighborhood of the college. This was found behind his laboratory door. It had been recently scoured off, whereas when he borrowed it, it had been grimed and blackened by use.

It was shown moreover, by many witnesses, that Dr. Parkman had entered the medical college that afternoon, but no one had seen him come out. The janitor of the college testified to Dr. Webster having been nervous and excited in manner from the afternoon of that day, and told that he had burned a great deal more fuel in his furnace during the next forty-eight hours than he was in the habit of using. The janitor had likewise noticed that the floor of the laboratory had been swabbed up, a duty he always performed but on this occasion certainly had no hand in. Out of these and other details the prosecution built a clear and damning case against the prisoner, to wit:

He had invited Dr. Parkman to the college on the fatal afternoon, with the premeditated purpose of ridding himself of him. The repeated demands his victim made for the money he owed him had angered him and he had sworn to end them. He had borrowed the sledge and an iron bar from the foundry for that purpose.

Dr. Parkman on entering the college had gone at once to the laboratory, and before many minutes Dr. Webster, watching his chance, had found it. While his victim was examining some object to which he called his attention he had felled him with the sledge. One blow was probably sufficient. Whether he had delivered more than one or used another weapon than the sledge could not be decided. His next work was to get rid of the corpse. Attached to the laboratory was a water closet into whose vault the tide ebbed and flowed. After dismembering the body, the butcher cast some of the smaller fragments into the vault. Then he built a roaring fire in the furnace, and shoved the head in to prevent any possible discovery of the fragments from resulting in identification.

But he reckoned without his host.

The closet vault, though the tide found ingress to it, was so closed up that no solid objects could drift out. The mutilated section of Dr. Parkman's body, with the blood-stained towels on which the murderer had wiped his hands and his pantaloons, spotted with sanguinary marks, remained there to be fished out when the time came and to appear, grim, mute witnesses against him.

The trunk, which was too bulky for him to cast to the tides, the assassin put in the tea chest, intending to have it expressed away.

This work done he set himself about cleaning up the scene of his crime. He washed the floor, not only with water, but with chemicals to remove the blood stains. He worked industriously, but this very fact aroused suspicion. The janitor, who was accustomed to attend to the cleaning of the laboratory himself, was so astonished at the sudden industry in that line developed by Dr. Webster that he watched him through the key-hole and through cracks in the door, and when he was away examined the room and noted the changes in it made by the murderer in striving to remove the traces of his crime.

A mass of other testimony was put in to show the suspicious conduct of Dr. Webster after Dr. Parkman's disappearance, and before his arrest, and his anxiety to show that the missing man had been seen after the time when he entered the Medical College, or that traces of him had been discovered in other directions. The testimony of an expert was also put in, to show that certain letters sent to the City Marshal of Boston, one stating that Dr. Parkman would be found murdered on "Brooklyn Heights," and another that he had been taken on board the ship "Herculan," and still another, signed "Civis," suggesting certain methods of search, were all written by Dr. Webster, in disguised hands.

The defence was simple. It rested first on the peaceable and good character of Dr. Webster, and second on the vague character of the evidence against him. It then boldly affirmed that the murder had been committed by the janitor, Littlefield, to secure the money paid by Dr. Webster to the murdered man, and asserted that after committing the crime, Littlefield had got rid of the corpse as it was gotten rid of in order to divert suspicion from himself.

There was a brisk fight over this theory, and there is every reason to believe that Dr. Webster would have enjoyed the benefit of a doubt, to say the least, in the minds of the jurymen, if it had not been for his own fault. As his

trial progressed he had gathered a little nerve, and at the conclusion of the evidence he asked for and was given permission to speak to the jury. He made this the occasion of a bitter attack on his counsel, in the course of which he said:

"On all the points testimony had been placed in the hands of the counsel, and my innocence would have been firmly established if it had been produced. But, acting entirely under their guidance, I have sealed my lips, and from the first moment I have trusted entirely to them. They have not seen fit to bring forward the evidence on a great variety of subjects, which, therefore, have been brought to bear with consummate ingenuity against me."

These reflections made an unfavorable impression on everyone, for his defence had been really masterly and powerful. The case went to the jury on the eleventh day and they returned a verdict of guilty that same night.

Dr. Webster was sentenced to be hanged on August 30, 1850. Strenuous efforts were made to secure a pardon or a commutation for him, but without avail. It was alleged that he made a full confession to the clergyman who attended him on the day before his execution, but if he did, it was never published. The mystery of the Medical College was unravelled only by the chain of circumstances which sent its hero to the scaffold.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STRIKING BACK.

A Bride Whose Romantic Ideas Got the Better of Her Judgment—Pretty Mrs. Bergman's Domestic Woes.

The romantic story of Mrs. Bergman, of Philadelphia, and her adventures, which were published in the POLICE GAZETTE several months ago, created some little excitement, and through their publicity caused the lady who was the subject of them to become quite well known. It will be remembered that Mrs. Bergman was arrested as she was leaving a ferry-boat on her way from Philadelphia, on a telegram sent by her husband. It was said at the time that she had run away for the purpose of joining a young Spaniard with whom she had become enamored on a steamship while traveling to New York. After her arrest she was imprisoned at the Police Headquarters in New York city, where several stormy scenes between herself and her husband occurred. She refused absolutely to live with him and announced her determination to seek for a separation. Proceedings for a divorce were instituted in her behalf last week in Philadelphia. In a recent interview she described the cause of the trouble between her husband and herself and her reasons for seeking a divorce. She says: "I was born in Philadelphia, and when thirteen years old I went to Europe to finish my education. I met Mr. Bergman in Havre two years ago. I was then only fifteen and a half, and I didn't know him long before I married him. He is a Swede. I came on to Philadelphia from Europe to marry him, and after traveling through this country I went with him to Europe. He is very jealous of me. Of course you understand that on board ship people speak to each other, and it was natural that I should be introduced to some of the passengers. But as for Mr. Gonzales—why, I shouldn't have remembered his name if my husband had not brought him here. There were a lot of Spaniards and Frenchmen on board the steamer, and they were gallant, especially to a young woman. The gentleman my husband appears to be jealous of and a Frenchman were very attentive to me, and of course I received their attentions as a lady should. The reason I left my husband was the indignities he heaped upon me, and that story about the Spaniard is absurd. My husband has treated me so cruelly that I threatened several times to leave him, and asked for a separation. My friends thought I was so young, perhaps, that they paid no attention to me. His cruelty at last was too much for me, and in the hotel, in the presence of my mother and my lawyer, I told him I was going to New York and would leave him. He threatened to have me arrested, but I took the train and came here." She then detailed the manner of her arrest which was published at the time of its occurrence. She also gave as her reason for seeking the divorce the cruel treatment by her husband, which rendered her life a burden. She anticipates no trouble in obtaining a separation, her husband being now in Europe and having stated before he left that he would not oppose her in her efforts to remove the conjugal yoke.

ROUGH COURTING.

Suitors Who Have to Fight for their Doxies—How Eloping Girls are Served in Australia.

Mr. Howitt's account of the Kurnai people, just north of Bass' strait, Australia, introduces us to a new set of marriage customs. Here the rule is elopement. The lad and girl make love without the knowledge of her parents and run away together. The bride's family, furious, go in quest of her and if caught and brought back she will be severely punished; her mother and brother will beat her and her father even spear her through the legs.

As for her husband, whenever he returns he

has to fight his wife's male relatives. The pair may have to elope two or three times, with new pursuit and fighting, till at last her family get tired of objecting and her mother will say: "Oh, it's all right; better let him have her." The wonderful thing is that this is not exceptional but the regular marriage rite of the tribe. The anger is not real and when the people are charged with being cruel they answer that it is not intended as cruelty, but simply to follow an ancestral custom.

The consequence of this Kurnai custom is a change to civilized ideas of marriage; it is no longer a shifting union between one group or tribe and another, but a real pairing by mutual choice of man and wife, and, to some extent, male descent comes with it.

The Kurnai elopement marriage shows another interesting feature. Though it is condoned at last by the wife's family, the man is never allowed to look at, speak to or live in the same camp with his wife's mother. This is the best fact yet produced in favor of the explanation of avoiding parents-in-law, as meaning that the act of taking their daughter, though practically allowed, cannot be openly agreed to by their acknowledging him. So deeply rooted is this custom in Australia that it retains its hold on the natives under missionary influence.

"A Brabrolung, who is a member of the Church of England, was one day talking to me. His wife's mother was passing at some little distance, and I called to her, 'Suffering at the time from cold, I could not make her hear, and said to the Brabrolung; 'Call Mary; I want to speak to her.' He took no notice whatever, but looked vacantly on the ground. I spoke to him again sharply, but still without his responding. I then said: 'What do you mean by taking no notice of me?' He thereupon called out to his wife's brother, who was at a little distance: 'Tell Mary Mr. Howitt wants her,' and, turning to me, continued reproachfully: 'You know very well I could not do that—you know I can not speak to that old woman.'"

WOUNDED HONOR.

Two Louisianians Meet Where the Owl Hoots and the Woodpecker Drums, and Practice on Each Other With Their Shot Guns.

We have heard of a very singular and almost fatal duel which occurred last week near Waverly, Madison parish, Louisiana. The circumstances are so unusual, and the events so unlike the requirements of the code, that we give the particulars as they have been related to us.

Joseph Richburg and one Brewer, whose given name we failed to get, are small planters over in Madison parish, and up to a short time ago were apparently very friendly neighbors. A dispute arose, however, about some meat Richburg had been owing Brewer for, and out of this grew a bad feeling which nothing but gore could satisfy. The debt for the meat Richburg was unable to pay, and though he explained that his crop had hardly been sufficient to carry him through, and made promises to do the best he could in the premises, Brewer not only indulged in personalities to the neighbors, but taunted Richburg's children on the dishonesty of their father. This was more than he could stand, so he sent a note to Brewer, saying he was tired of his abuse, and inviting him to meet him at Willow ditch to settle the matter.

Willow ditch is located in a lonely swamp, between Pawpa Lake and Joe's bayou, where the only noise that breaks the monotonous solitude is the mournful tooting of the owl and the knocking of the woodpecker. Both were determined men, and nothing but blood could appease their wrath; so they met in the dismal swamp, each armed with a double-barreled shot-gun. Besides his gun Brewer had brought with him his son Wash, aged about 21, and Richburg brought his gun and a friend, Mr. Willis.

Richburg's little son, about 15 years old, accompanied his father to the scene of the fray. It seems that by the persuasions of Willis a parley was agreed upon, and he and Brewer's son went toward Richburg to have the matter amicably settled. While the armistice was being held Brewer jumped from behind a tree and calling to his son and friend to "look out," blazed away at his man. The contents of one barrel tore away the front of Richburg's coat and the second shot the same in his pantaloons. Quicker than a wink old Richburg brought his gun to his shoulder and fired at Brewer, who had taken to his heels, and then, turning to the son of his treacherous enemy, was about to give him the contents of the remaining barrel, when the young man dropped his gun, threw up his hands, and begged for his life. It was truly magnanimous in Richburg, but he held his weapon and his temper, and bidding the young man to follow his father, allowed him to go. In the meantime Willis had also skeddaddled for dear life, leaving old Richburg master of the field. Strange to say, the only damage done to Richburg was the loss of the front part of his coat and breeches. Brewer received three buck-shots in his arm. At last accounts Richburg was seen plowing in his field, with his trusty shot-gun standing near by in the turn-row, expecting an attack from his cowardly assailants, but determined to act entirely on the defence.

Redmond, The Outlaw Moonshiner.

Lewis Richard Ranson Redmond, the famous outlaw moonshiner of North Carolina, has been captured in Swain county, N. C., the wildest portion of the Blue Ridge country. A correspondent had an interview with him. He said he was just 26 years old and got the title of "Major" from his youthful companions. In reply to further questions the Major told the following story of his life:

"I'm a farmer. I had got some lands leased, and had begun clearing up my fields. I had the timber cut down, and the land was nearly ready to be broke up when this trouble came on me. It was 10 o'clock one morning 'long 'bout the first week in this month, when my wife asked me to step out into the edge of the clearin' round the house and kill her a squirrel or two. She said that she heard the dogs barkin' up in the edge of the woods, and she 'lowed they'd treed one up thar. I got down the shot-gun and started up the ridge on t'other side o' the house. When I got in 'bout fifty yards o' the dogs, 'bout half a dozen men stepped out from behind a cliff, and hollered, 'Halt.' I knowed them wasn't no squirrels, and I turned round and left. They kept a hollerin', 'Halt' and a shootin', and every once in a while I'd feel a bullet hit me. They followed after me and every 'once in a while a hitting me, till at last they cotched up with me in the holler, 'bout two hundred yards from the house."

Notwithstanding the farmer's innocent air, it is generally known that he shot down Deputy Marshal Duckworth, who tried to arrest him in 1877 in Transylvania county for alleged violation of the revenue law. He fled to South Carolina. There his wagon and team were seized by a small special force of revenue officers, but he escaped them. But a few hours elapsed before he is said to have returned to the place at which the officers had their wagon and team, and, with the mild persuasions of a double-barreled shot-gun, induced them to restore the confiscated articles. Jumping into his wagon again, he drove to his mountain haunts, known as "The Dark Corner."

In 1879 Redmond went to Swain county. His reputation had preceded him. He told the credulous mountaineers that he was bullet proof, and they never thought of an effort to arrest him. He is reported to have said:



JOHN A. COX,
OF CAMDEN, IND., ALLEGED FORGER.

"There are not enough men in Swain county to arrest me."

One hardy man once said, in respond to the averment that he (Redmond) could not be arrested, that he could arrest him. Some friend of Redmond told him of this remark. Redmond went to the man, and, catching him by the collar, shook him as a dog would a rabbit.

Collector Mott, of the Western District of North Carolina, hearing of the desperate character of Redmond, instructed Capt. Cobb of the special force for that part of the State to take six of his best men and capture the outlaw. Capt. Cobb failed. His posse rushed in at each door of Redmond's cabin, having heard him there but a few minutes before. On gaining entrance, he was not to be found. There were no windows to the house, and it was afterward discovered that he had made his escape by the low, wide chimney.

The Cunningham Murder Case.

The crime which stands charged to John A. Chandler, of San Francisco, Cal., is that of murder, his victim being Thomas W. Cunningham. The circumstances leading to the murder were the cruelty and general bad behavior of Chandler to his wife, who is a sister of the murdered man's wife. Mrs. Chandler had her trunk detained at a boarding-house at the instigation of her husband, and had recovered it by judicial proceedings. Cunningham had accompanied Mrs. Chandler with other friends to court, and on returning were intercepted by Chandler, who asked Cunningham, "Are you healed?" and immediately both began firing, Chandler emptying six shots and Cunningham four, and resulting in the killing of Cunningham and the slight wounding of Chandler.

Chandler is a fine-looking man, 39 years of age, with a full beard and dark-brown moustache and dark skin. He was born in Augusta, Me., September 1, 1842. His father was a cousin of Zach. Chandler. His great-grand-father was General John A. Chandler, first United States Senator from Maine, and his grandfather a Judge on the Maine Supreme Court. His maternal ancestors are equally as illustrious, his mother's father being a Carver, descendant of John Carver, one of the



LEWIS RICHARD RANSON REDMOND,
THE FAMOUS MOONSHINER OF NORTH CAROLINA; CAPTURED
IN SWAIN COUNTY, THAT STATE.



HUGGING AS A MEANS OF SALVATION.

HOW BROTHER MOODY PERSUADES PRETTY FEMALE SINNERS TO TURN FROM THE
ERROR OF THEIR WAYS; CHICAGO, ILL.



JOHN A. CHANDLER,
NOW IN JAIL AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., FOR THE MURDER
OF THOMAS CUNNINGHAM.

early Governors of Massachusetts, and being also related to Rufus Hatch. He expresses neither regret nor satisfaction at the result of the shooting.

A Bloodthirsty Suitor.

A most lamentable affair occurred last week near Batavia, N. Y. John Welcker, a thrifty German farmer, had in his employ a young man by the name of Charles Stockly. The latter became enamored of his employer's daughter, a handsome, vivacious damsel, who did not reciprocate his love.

His importunities became so annoying that the father of the young lady finally discharged him. Stockly went to Batavia, purchased a revolver and came back to the farm on murder bent. Mr. Welcker was at work near the house when Stockly arrived and a quarrel ensued between the two regarding wages. Without any warning the ex-employee drew his revolver and fired four bullets into Mr. Welcker's body. He lingered a short time and died. Stockly was arrested shortly after and is now in jail awaiting his trial. There is nothing in extenuation of the deed and Batavia will doubtless ere long be the scene of a hanging match.

Brother Moody's Temptations.

It goes without saying that in order to be a successful evangelist in any work of reformation one must possess magnetism, passion and sincerity. The second qualification, unfortunately, has been the cause of many a reformer's downfall, simply for the reason that he did not possess the will power to keep that element of his nature in subjection. This has been the rock on which several of our parsons have struck, and went down moral wrecks. They fancied themselves proof against all the temptations that beset the worldly and sinful, and thus believing they invited temptation. Being magnetic, they drew sinful things to them, as it were, and when they embraced them, found, alas, that they were as weak at resisting as the rest of mankind. An exception, so far, to this experience is Mr. Moody, the celebrated revivalist. During his career



CHARLES STOCKLY,
MURDERER OF JOHN WELCKER, NEAR BATAVIA, N. Y.

as an evangelist he has carried himself in such a way as to win the respect of both saints and sinners. All believe him sincere in his ministrations, and, therefore, when he gets worked up to such a pitch of enthusiasm and anxiety for the conversion of pretty female sinners that he leaves his pulpit and puts his arms lovingly about their waists, and exhorts them to forsake the error of their ways, no one thinks any harm of it. Besides, the fair sinners seem to like it; in fact consider such an action fatherly, and so forth. It is to be hoped that he will continue his good work and prove a second St. Anthony. Most men wouldn't with his experience.

A Too-Clever Penman.

A peregrinating nuisance named John A. Cox has been getting in his work as a forger in Camden, Ind. Cox peddled sewing-machines, books and various other snide what-nots, and generally managed to fleece all who were foolish enough to patronize him. Not content with cheating people legitimately, he branched out into criminal ways by forging a note for \$50 on Mr. Adam Porter, of the above place. Before his crookedness was discovered he lit out for parts unknown. The authorities sigh for his return. If any reader of this paper should happen across him he will do the law a service by reporting him to Camden, Ind.

Fasting Played Out.

For goodness' sake let this fasting business be crushed out. It has become a horrible nightmare, and just as we begin to think some faster has settled the question for all time, another pops up and knocks all the stuffing out of the previous faster. In the midst of all these gaunt skeletons it is a relief to turn to the North Carolina man, who recently ate a quarter of mutton, a peck of potatoes, a roasted goose, two mince pies, and a miscellaneous lot of groceries and other provisions at a single meal, and then mounted his horse and rode off to a neighbor's, 6 miles away, presumably to get his dinner. One such a man as that will chop more cordwood in a day than all the skinny old fasters in the country.

Durango's First Baby.

Miss Una C. Pearson, infant daughter of John and Ella Pearson, bears her honors gracefully as being the first child born in Durango, Col. The happy event occurred on Monday, January 31, 1881. An unusual number of people were noticed going in the direction of the young lady's domicile for a few days past; frontiersmen, who probably had not seen an infant for twenty years; old miners who would part with their last nugget for a glimpse of the fragile bit of humanity; prominent business men, teamsters, doctors, lawyers and women all wended their way to see the new arrival.

One old miner from Silverton presented the little curiosity with a bag of gold dust. McFadden & Son gave a deed for a town lot on Second street; Mr. Luttrell followed suit with a corner lot on the Boulevard; Mr. Creek sent over four tons of coal; Newman, Chestnut & Stevens made the little one's heart glad with a dozen bottles of soothing syrup; John Taylor, jr., followed with a soft hair brush, while Griffin & Carpenter sent in a rubber ring and a box of safety pins. Mr. and Mrs. Diamond gave the baby their little cross dog Prince to play with when she gets old enough. Robertson & Rowley, as soon as they heard the news, went to work making a baby carriage. Ed. Schiffer wanted to give away his baby steam engine but it made such a big racket that it would keep the little one awake, so instead he presented her with a receipt for a post office box. Finch, of the Nose Paint, thought that his goods were too strong, so he brought a powder box as his offering for face paint.



"ALL ON ACCOUNT OF ELIZA."

A SELF-SACRIFICING LOVER ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE SKINNED IN ORDER THAT HIS SWEET HEART'S BURNED BACK MAY BE PATCHED UP WITH HEALTHY OUTCUTS.

the night and the shoemaker awoke and was badly fooled, for the people told him that it was a man disguised as a woman. When he heard this he shut up his shop and now is ashamed to go out among the citizens of the village.

"All on Account of Eliza."

Among the victims of the horrible tragedy near Oshkosh, Wis., in which a family was burned and killed was a young lady named Eliza Wiscow. She was saved but was fearfully burned, the most serious injury being on her back. The burn is about 15 inches square and the skin within that space is completely killed and the horrible sore refuses to heal up. Dr. Gordon has commenced the process of skin-grafting, taking small pieces of skin for that purpose from the arm of Mr. Frank, the young man to whom she was engaged to be married. About a dozen graftings have already been set and they are doing well. The doctor has every expectation of the grafting being successful and that the girl's back in time will be covered with a new and healthy skin. When Mr. Frank and Miss Eliza get married they will be one flesh and blood in more than the ordinary sense of the term.

Fluffy Angels.

The fluffy angel is not an uncommon thing on this earth, where any other sort of angel is very rare indeed. The fluffy angel is the perfectly sweet but insensibly soft young thing we have all seen somewhere; in fact, we see him almost everywhere. He is just too nice



THE FIRST BABY IN A NEW MINING TOWN.

AN EVENT WHICH SET THE MINERS OF THE SETTLEMENT ALL AGOG WITH JOY—"IT'S NICE TO BE A DADDY," ESPECIALLY IN DURANGO, COL.

Dr. Cowen, of the Windsor, gave a box of tooth picks; that's about as much as a bachelor knows about babies. Baldwin, the shoemaker, tried to take her measure for a pair of shoes, but his lasts were all too small. Justices Flagler and Craig and ex-Justice De Mattes, of Leadville, made a call in a body and took depositions that she really was the first born. Mr. Eldridge, of Leadville, presented a quilt. Myers, another old bachelor, of Myers & West, brought up a pony with a side saddle for the young lady to take a horseback ride.

Other and various things too numerous to mention were offered at the shrine of the first born, and, take it all in all, no other baby ever received such a rousing welcome as this one in the glorious climate of Durango.

An Amorous Shoemaker.

A shoemaker of Port Townsend, W. T., had a practical joke played on him by a man disguised as a woman. She came into his shop and asked him where she could get a place to sleep. There were two men in the shop at the time and the shoemaker asked the two men politely to leave and call again the following morning, which they did.

The shoemaker then escorted the woman into his bedroom and asked her if she would marry him, which she declined to do. The shoemaker then took her out to a restaurant to get an oyster supper. He told the waiter that he was going to get married to that young lady who was along with him. He called for champagne, which made him drunk. Then the woman said that she would like to go home and the shoemaker escorted her home and then went to bed. The woman escaped during



"THINGS ARE SELDOM WHAT THEY SEEM."

A MAN DISGUISED AS A WOMAN PLAYS A PRACTICAL JOKE ON A FROLICSONE SON OF ST. CRISPIN, PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.

for anything all through the earlier social life of the average young girl. He wears such lovely curls; his mustache is just awfully cute, and his neckties are perfectly killing. He understands the latest and positively the most fascinating of the dances; his clothes are just exquisite, always up to the latest turn of fashion, and frequently a few days ahead. He always knows where the awfully delicious ice cream is to be had; he always seems to have money to buy it with, and never seems to have anything to do but to be a fluffy angel. All this is very nice to the young girl who hasn't begun to get an idea of life beyond a dish of ice cream and a waltz. In her day dreams and in her night dreams she is so mixed up in this sort of thing that she would suppose it impossible that she should ever extricate herself. She has no care about it herself, and no thought concerning whether she will do it or not. She enjoys herself in this way better with a fluffy angel than she would with any other kind of human being, and when a young girl gets her mind upon her enjoyments she has got it fully occupied.

A Washington correspondent says of Belva Lockwood, the woman lawyer: "The other day I was at the Court House and saw her manipulate a case. Never before did I behold brass on a woman's face. She was the boldest of the bold. A witty fellow was once her opposing counsel and when he desired to refer to the Hon. Belva was perplexed. He couldn't say my 'brother,' as he did in speaking of the lawyers who wore pants. He didn't like to say 'my sister' out of respect to that expression. He sent a smile over the room by referring to Belva as 'my sister-in-law,' but she certainly looked daggers at him."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Trouble a Little Foot Caused.

A young society lady returning to San Francisco from a visit to Menlo Park met with a curious experience. The journey along the peninsula was monotonous, the sun shone with a summery warmth and the sultry atmosphere was not stirred by the faintest breeze as the train glided cityward.

She reached the city and took a line of cars which brought her to the foot of California street and there took a seat on the dummy car which bore her to the vicinity of her home in Octavia street. As she left the car and was crossing the track on the southern side her foot slipped and turned and was caught fast in the crack where the wire cable passes. Some imperfection in the road bed had caused the narrow aperture to slightly expand and the young girl's narrow foot was entrapped.

The engineer on the east-bound dummy saw the obstacle on the road in time to check his swiftly approaching car, and alighted, with the conductor and several other passengers of investigating minds, who endeavored to release the slender foot, but their efforts were in vain. Another car and another brought up in funeral row, and constant re-enforcements in the way of passing pedestrians cheered and enlivened the scene. An attempt was made to pry the iron rails forming the cable channel further apart, but they firmly resisted all efforts. Everybody had a suggestion.

"Push your foot forward," "Pull it back," "Tip it sideways."

The unhappy girl was almost fainting but she persevered in her efforts to extricate the offending member. By this time travel on the road had virtually ceased. The last car had long ago passed and was steadily approaching to fall into line at the rear of the singular procession. Down-town passengers fretted and fumed or slowly climbed the hill in disgust.

On every street corner groups of waiting people berated the laxity of street car management. Reporters from all the down-town dailies were proceeding westward to learn the meaning of the large crowd reported to have assembled in the Western Addition. From the scene of the accident envoys had been dispatched to the railroad shops to bring appliances to take up a section of the road.

At this juncture a tall, brawny Englishman, in the dress of a mechanic, forced his way through the throng and in a cheery voice, with a marked Derbyshire accent, asked:

"Ha' ye tried onfastening the young leddy's shoe?"

Ten buttons flew from as many buttonholes; in the twinkling of an eye the foot was free.

The Meanest Kind of a Thief.

Miss Putnam, the landlady of a sort of a boarding-house at No. 503 Wabash avenue, Chicago, reported to the police last week that one of her guests was systematically robbing her. His name was George C. Whiteside, she said, and he pretended to be her devoted lover while he was getting away with the valuables. Detectives Amstein and Costello went to her residence and concealed themselves behind the curtains in the parlor.

Soon Mr. Whiteside entered and fell at once into the ecstasies of making love. He caught the lady in his arms; said that he would die if she spurned his love; threatened to slaughter a rival, and ended by kissing her passionately on the ear. Then the cruel officers stepped out and put the nippers on him.

He confessed, when taken to the central station, that he had stolen the woman's opera-glasses, part of her toilet set and other articles. But he vowed that he never attempted to steal her diamond ring, as she asserted. He was searched and a number of handkerchiefs were found on his person, besides three or four pawn tickets. The tickets were for a diamond stud on which \$77 had been advanced, also for two gold chains and a bracelet. The detectives look on Whiteside as a professional brothel thief. They say that his peculiar game is to make love to a woman of the town and entrap her valuables simultaneously with her affections.

Again on the Ragged Edge.

About two years ago the Western Maryland Agricultural Society, which holds its annual fairs at Cumberland, Md., contracted with the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to deliver the annual address at its October fair. The fact of the contract was widely published, but for some cause Beecher was not present and consequently failed to deliver the address. There was great disappointment among the throng of visitors at the fair, and the society was accused of having made the announcement without authority as a card to draw.

A few days ago it was telegraphed from Washington with the general news that Mr. Beecher was in that city, and his presence became known to officers of the society at Cumberland. Beecher left Washington for New York and when the train stopped in its passage through Baltimore at the Union Depot a Deputy Sheriff stepped aboard and served a summons on Beecher to answer the suit begun against him by the Agricultural Society for his failure to deliver the address, the summons being returnable at Cumberland on the second Sunday in May.

Beecher took the matter good humoredly and said that he would answer through counsel. Some excitement was occasioned among the passengers by the action of the officer, but amusement took its place when the nature of the business was made known.

Feet-Washing Among the Tunkers.

The Tunkers are a queer body of religionists, who seem to aim at having more eccentric religious rites than any other sect. One of their articles of faith is the following, literally, of the customs and ceremonies of the days of Christ's stay on earth. The practice of washing each other's feet as an evidence of brotherly love and humility is followed strictly, and oftentimes leads to scenes not quite in consonance with the spirit of olden times. This ceremony occurs during passion week. In Illinois an incident occurred which almost upset the brethren. Among those who gathered in the church to take part in the feet-washing ceremony were several good-looking sisters. It was easy enough to go through the rite when men were present, but the women in the case put the male Tunkers in a very embarrassing position. It would never do for the elders to wash the sister's feet and it, they thought, would not be apostolic for the sisters to wash the brethren's feet. How to get over the difficulty and yet do the business scripturally was a puzzle. After due deliberation one bald-headed brother of ancient origin consented to take care of the ladies' pedal extremities, and with due humility got down on his knees and went at them. During the operation he was watched intently by all present, especially the elders. Peace was restored, and harmony reigned in Zion—at least that part of it occupied by the Tunkers.

Whisky Telegraphing.

A novel way of checkmating the new prohibitory law of North Carolina was discovered a few days ago. Brevard township, on the French Broad River, was made "dry" by the act of the Legislature. The township on the opposite side of the river is "wet." The latter is situated on a high bluff, overtopping the opposite banks. Two ropes have been stretched from the top of the bluff on the wet side to the lower bank on the dry side. Between these a basket is suspended on sliders, with other ropes attached to pass it back and forth. When a man on the dry bank wants a drink, he goes down to the river and blows a horn kept there for the purpose. Then the bar-keeper hails him from the other side and asks him what he wants. The order is given for a "whisky straight," "corn and rock," or "cocktail," as the taste of the thirsty individual may dictate. This is put in the basket, which is quickly drawn to the opposite side of the river, where it is taken out and drunk and the price of the drink or drinks is put in. The basket is then pulled back to the bluff and hung up for a future call. This novel practice has gained the name of whisky telegraphing.

King Gambrinus' Spring Carnival.

Once more has Bock beer made its appearance in the land, and great is the joy of all lovers of the amber liquid. Therefore, now does the young man and "his girl," Meinherr and his row, the gay man about town and the staid patriarch all repair to the shrine of Bacchus and quaff the glorious beverage whose name is Bock. And wondrous are the effects which it produces. The annoyances and cares of life, with some, vanish before its exhilarating influence, others become as valiant as Mars, and sing with Bobby Burns (slightly altered):

Bold John Barleycorn,
What dangers thou canst make us scorn,
With lager beer we fear no evil,
But give us Bock
And we'll face the devil.

Others become oratorical, musical and whimsical. In the present issue of the POLICE GAZETTE our artist has depicted the various effects which Bock beer produces among the sons and daughters of King Gambrinus, and his sketches are true to life, as all who have witnessed a festival in this city will testify.

Hands Up! Stand and Deliver!

Female highway robbers are very plentiful in fiction but very scarce in real life. One, however, came to the front last week near Deadwood, Col. The mail stage while on its way to that town was suddenly brought to a halt by a woman, who demanded tribute of the driver. Before he could make an effort at resisting this request the stage was surrounded by a gang of her confederates and all its valuable freight confiscated to their use. They all made their escape. It is supposed that the woman was allowed to perform her daring action just to see whether she had the grit to do it, and that she is the paramour of the captain of the band.

A City at the Mercy of Roughs.

The city of Troy, N. Y., has been for some time back, owing to a quarrel in the police board, without a police force, and the lawless element has been at liberty to do pretty much as it pleased. Last week some roughs set fire to a house in South Troy, and wound up their frolic by smashing the windows in several stores. Citizens whose business calls them out late at night have been subjected to all sorts of indignities. A clergyman returning from a visit to a sick parishioner was beset by a gang of street walkers, and when he escaped from

their clutches looked as if he had been fooling with a threshing machine.

GEORGE HAZAEL,

Ex-Champion Long-Distance Runner of England.

Geo. Hazael was born in London, Nov. 22, 1845. In height he is 5ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. and weighs 122 pounds. He is the recognized champion runner at 6, 10 and 50 miles. His best performances are: Dec. 10, 1877, London, Eng., beat A. Bargess, 30 miles; April 27 to March 2, 1878, Manchester, Eng., beat P. Crossland with the small score of 239 miles; March 18-23, Agricultural Hall, London, Eng., started in first contest for the Astley championship belt—6-day, make-the-best-of-your-way—of the world. At London, Eng., April 21-26, in the second contest for the Astley belt and the English six-day championship, Hazael led for 121 miles. He covered 100 miles in 15h. 35m.; 133 miles in 24 hours and 137 miles in 26 hours. He then took sick and Brown won the race. Hazael came in second, covering 473 miles. Brown covered 541 miles, beating all performances for 6 days up to that date. Hazael then came to New York city and entered in the Astley belt contest against Rowell, Ennis and others. He came in third. Rowell won the belt and Merritt came in second, Hazael covering 494 miles. Hazael was in the Ennis 6-day race which took place at the American Institute this week.

MISCEGNATION.

A Curious Case of Black and White Maturity—A Girl Who Very Quickly Sickened of Her Bargain.

One of the most singular instances of the intermarriage of the white and colored races that have ever come to notice, is now attracting considerable comment in Atlanta, Ga. The female is Miss Isabella Hill, of Petersburg, Va., the illegitimate daughter of William Gee, deceased, who during his life resided in Sussex county, Va., and was one of the most wealthy planters of that section. The mother of the girl was a white woman whom Gee became infatuated with, ruined, and afterwards lived with as his wife. At the death of Gee, which occurred several years since, and a few years after the departure from life of the mother, the handsome sum of \$75,000 was left by the father to his only child. Miss Hill was then at school at Petersburg, Va., and after attending the public schools of that city for several years, finally went to school at Staunton, Va., where she graduated at the head of the class. When she returned to Petersburg from Staunton, her guardian, it is alleged, introduced her to a negro woman, telling her that the woman was her mother. This notification shocked Miss Hill to such an extent that she lost her mind, and has since been laboring under aberration of the intellect. While in this condition she was married to J. W. Price, a negro, who is now a Professor in the Atlanta University. He married Miss Hill at Petersburg, and then removed, with his wife and the negro woman claiming to be her mother, to Atlanta. Since December last the husband and wife, with the professed mother of the latter, have been living in that city in a neat little cottage, handsomely furnished.

The wife, although she is still the possessor of a disordered mind, refuses to perform the functions of a wife and has apartments of her own. She also refuses to take her meals at the same table with the other members of the family. Miss Hill, as she insists upon being called, is a brunette of stately form and handsome features. She is not more than 17 years old in appearance but says that she is 19. I had a short interview with her a few days ago and asked her if she was the wife of Price.

"That I can't tell," she said. "He says that he married me and so does the negro woman who claims to be my mother. I have no recollection of having wedded him. He says that he married me while I was laboring under a temporary aberration of mind. I have always denied that he was my husband and have refused to have anything to do with him or the negro woman who would have me believe that she is my mother. I am white and she is colored. I know that I am an illegitimate child, but I am white; and he, as well as the colored woman who claims to be my mother, knows it. Sometimes she tells me that she is my mother and then again tells me that she is not. Upon one or two occasions I was told by her that my mother was dead, and then again have had her tell me that she was my mother."

Price, upon being questioned, said: "I have done everything in my power to make Miss Hill, as she insists upon being called, happy and contented. She married me in December last, and only a few moments after the ceremony was performed I discovered that her mind was disordered. She refuses to acknowledge me as her husband, and seems to look upon me as some sort of distasteful and objectionable creature. Although we have been married five months, she and I have lived as far apart as if we never knew each other; she refuses to let me come into her room; never comes into mine; never speaks to me or associates with me at all; and will not take her meals at the same table with her mother and myself. She refuses to acknowledge her mother, and never speaks to her. Her room is her home, and she never comes out of it, or at least has been out of it but twice since she has been in Atlanta, and

on both of these occasions she has wandered off and into houses of private citizens, where she has entreated them to come to her rescue and take her from us. I am getting disgusted with her, and am thinking of sending her back to Virginia, as I am satisfied that, although she is my lawfully wedded wife, she gives me no comfort and happiness."

As the Georgia laws do not allow the intermarriage of the races, or permit couples so intermarried to remain within the borders of the State, this marriage, if such a thing exists, will be broken up, or else Price and his wife will have to leave the State. Further developments are looked for in a few days, and the Grand Jury may yet have the case before it.

TROUBLED WITH "SHAKES."

The Romance of a Man Who in Succession "Shook" His Mother and Wife—Tracking the Fellow Down.

What has been for months past an apparently unexplainable mystery in Warren county, Ind., has been unraveled by developments occurring at Logansport, Ind., within the past few days. The mystery consisted in the sudden disappearance, last October, of a well-to-do farmer of the county named, while the solving of the affair happened with the discovery of the farmer aforesaid in that city, a day or two ago. To completely understand the story, which is, to say the least, as strange as fiction, it will be necessary to give the details.

It appears that thirteen years ago a widow, Mrs. Cox, was residing at Lafayette, when her 11-year-old son suddenly and without warning left her house. As year after year passed and he returned not, nor sent her any tidings of his whereabouts, she gave him up as either dead or irreparably lost to her. She learned from neighbors, however, that the boy had left his home because of alleged ill-treatment, and with frequent self-chidings for her cruelty she lived on, and finally moved to Logansport, where she yet resides. The boy, after leaving home, wandered aimlessly through the country, and finally found a home with a farmer, P. P. Griffin, in Benton county, Indiana.

While yet working for Griffin the boy, who had given his name as Trumphaugh, grew into manhood, and, being possessed of a reasonably well-developed brain and body, worked himself into the good graces of the family, and finally wedded a widowed daughter of his employer, and who, by the way, was well supplied with worldly goods. After marriage the couple removed to the wife's farm, situated in Warren county, near Templeton. Here they resided, the husband happy in being thus supplied with the peace and plenty of a productive farm, and the wife happy and pleased at having by her side a young man of good face and form. After they had cozily settled down in their comfortable home the husband, during one of his confidential moods, imparted to his wife the story of how he ran away from his home at Lafayette, dropped his real name of Cox, and assumed another. This information seems to have turned the wife against him. The next thing happening was the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the husband, which occurred on the night of October 30, 1880. He took nothing with him, not even money or clothes; and, although the wife was as much in the dark as others as to where he had gone or why, the neighbors immediately began to suspect that she had practiced some sort of foul play in the matter.

This suspicion assumed such general aspect that only a short time ago the whole farming community of the neighborhood formed into a party and searched the premises and the entire country far and wide for the body, but, of course, they found it not, for Cox was still in the land of the living and had deserted his wife simply because he had tired of living with her. After disappearing so mysteriously he went to Lafayette. Finding his mother gone, he traced her to Logansport and made himself known to her. Her joy, of course, was very great and the reunion which occurred attracted much attention.

A paper of that city published an article regarding the case and this, from its unusual particulars, caused its republication by a Benton county paper. The item happened to fall under the eye of the wife of Cox and she, remembering the confession he had made, at once set down the man mentioned as her husband. As soon as possible a man was dispatched to Logansport to learn the truth of her surmises. He arrived a few days ago and laid his case before the police.

He said all he wanted was to get proof that Cox was alive and well, so as to forever quiet the busy tongues that had connected his innocent wife's name with his disappearance. The police took him in the neighborhood of the Cox residence, where his eyes were soon greeted with the sight of a man whom he fully recognized as the recreant husband.

However, he remained at a safe distance, so as not to be seen, lest Cox should leave before undoubted proof of his identity could be established. Accordingly he withdrew and sent word to interested parties to come and see with their own eyes that Cox was the man in question. At this writing the case stands as above stated. Cox is unconscious that his wife knows of his whereabouts, and the wife's spy is waiting for the appearance of further witnesses.

RELIGION VS. AVARICE.

Two Female Bible Sellers who Lost Their Stock in Trade by the "Now You See It, Now You Don't" Game.

One day last week, as the western bound train arrived at a station west of Elmira, two women of the crusading class, who had been traveling on the train for some time, got off to see if they could find either sin or sinner to go for. They had with them a basket filled with nice little Bibles, and with these they were going around doing good and making money. While on the train they sold several Bibles, and talked religion and rum to everybody who would be thus inflicted. While wandering about seeking customers for their wares, they ran across a genteel-looking individual, who was tossing around three pieces of paste-board, and who seemed to be buried in deep meditation. They drew nigh unto him, and, noticing his finely-cut, classical features o'er-spread with shades of sadness, they offered consolation and a Bible for a half dollar. Finding they were very enthusiastic in their profession, he good naturefully allowed them to instill the words of wisdom into his listening ears. Finally he began to throw the cards around on the seat, and then asked them to pick out the jack, which he had previously shown them. They did so once, twice three times. Then he threw them again, and one of the innocents exclaimed:

"There it is; you can't fool me, if you did throw them quick."

"No, madam, you are mistaken," he replied, and drawing out of his pocket a ten and two twenty dollar pieces, he said: "I'll bet you fifty dollars you don't know which is the jack."

"Oh, we never bet," said one of them, "but you can't fool us with your nimble fingers."

And then they stood and eyed those pieces and thought how much good they would do and how little, apparently, their possessor appreciated their worth.

Watching for the favorable moment the reckless young man said:

"Well, I don't care; seeing it's you I'll tell you what I'll do, seeing you are so sure about it. I'll bet you this fifty dollars against that basket of books—hello! dem-me, they are Bibles; but everything goes as it lays, you can't find the jack."

Now they were convinced more than ever that he was a bold, bad man and were determined to take his money to help them along in the good cause in which they were engaged. They "put up," and as both were certain that the same card was the one they were after one of them seized it with:

"This is the boy."

It was turned over and it was—the tray of hearts!

Their naturally long faces at once assumed a longer and more serious cast and they looked at the card, at each other and at the bold bad man, at the money and at the basket of Bibles, thoroughly bewildered. The innocent young man put up his tools and walked off with his plunder, and before his victims comprehended the situation he had disappeared from sight.

The sequel is soon told. The winner passed through the train and distributed the Bibles among the passengers. Several of the trophies are now on exhibition in that city. What became of the women history stateth not.

IT WAS NOT A WOMAN.

How an Inquisitive Landlady Got Fooled—A Wife's Mistake and the Trouble it Caused.

The circumstances connected with the row at Mrs. Peck's boarding house are these: Ragbag has been boarding there while his wife was temporarily absent. Now there was in that house an enemy of Ragbag, and he had a watch charm in the form of a diminutive gold telescope. This telescope contained a powerful magnifying glass and the picture of a popular actress, and when applied to the eye showed the picture magnified to almost life size. Now this enemy went and stuck that telescope in the keyhole of Ragbag's door. Mrs. Peck had her suspicions that all married men cut up when their wives are away, and she resolved to keep strict watch of Mr. Ragbag. But for over a week careful examination of his room through the keyhole failed to develop anything, and she had quite come to the conclusion that he was a very provoking man, when at last the telescope was put in the keyhole. She looked through and beheld in the room a handsome woman. And it wasn't Mrs. Ragbag, either. Mrs. Peck was delighted. But she was uncertain what to do. And while she was considering, Mrs. Ragbag, who had got home a day earlier than she expected, came up the stairs. Mrs. Peck exclaimed: "Oh, my poor dear, I'm so sorry for you!" and wept upon her neck, and having wrought Mrs. Ragbag up to a wild state of anxiety and excitement, induced her to look through the keyhole. Mrs. R. gave a wild shriek. Then she beat upon the door and Ragbag, who was within, came and opened it. He saw his wife there and expected an affectionate embrace. But he didn't get it. She flew at him like a tigress, pulled his hair and scratched him and then looking about and seeing no woman present demanded to know where she was.

Ragbag, of course, denied, and his wife searched the room, but could find nobody.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Peck had kindly called all the boarders to come and witness the scandalous affair. They helped in the search. Ragbag was mad as a hatter, and finally his wife fainted and he drove everybody from the room and closed the door. Then finally in rattling the door the telescope fell out and was discovered.

Mrs. R. wept and begged to be forgiven, and so did Mrs. Peck. And Ragbag forgave his wife, but he called Mrs. Peck a lantern-jawed old obelisk, and then he got a club and started out to wreck the man who put the telescope in the keyhole.

MODERN COURTSHIP.

Blending the Practical with the Romantic—Wives Who are Ornamental.

"And you really love me?" he asked, as he coiled his arm around her wasp-like system.

"And you'll always love me so?"

"Always, Frederick; always so."

"And you pledge me to sew but—"

"Sir?"

"You pledge me to so beautify my life that it will always be as happy as now?"

"With my last breath, Frederick."

"And, darling, you will mend my sock—"

"Your what, sir?"

"You will mend my social ways and draw me upward and onward to a better existence?"

"It will be the pride of my love so to do, my Frederick; I will sacrifice all for your complete happiness."

"I know that, sweetness. But suppose that in the fullness of time some accident should happen to my trou—"

"You forget yourself, sir. To your what?"

"To the trousseau; would it defer the hour that makes you mine?"

"Never, Frederick; I am yours mind and heart and naught can separate us."

"But what I want to say is, that should my pant—"

"Begone, sir. What do you mean?"

"Hear me, my life. I say if my panting bosom should grow cold in death, would your love still warm it?"

"As the sun melts the iceberg, Frederick, so would the rays of my affection thrill your heart again."

"And you will care for me ever, my soul, and I for you, for though I may never have a shir—"

"Enough! Leave me for ever."

"But listen. Though I may never have a shirking disposition, I shall sometimes, perhaps, in the struggle for life, forget the plain duty—"

"And I'll remind you of it, Frederick, in tender actions, and make the duties of existence so pleasant of performance that to avoid them will be pain."

And so on. That's modern courtship. Lots of abstract swash, but a manifest disinclination to contemplate such conveniences as buttons, socks, trousers and shirts.

THE STORY OF A TOOTH.

How a Young Man whose Chief Business was Holding Lamp-Posts Made a Rich "Catch."

A young woman, who is described as "one of the loveliest and most accomplished daughters of Cheyenne," while riding through the streets of that lively city a few months ago was thrown violently from her horse. A Spanish lad sprang from the lamp-post against which he had been leaning and endeavored to prevent the accident, but the only assistance that he could render was to lift the lady from the ground and bear her into a neighboring house. Then, sighing for further sight of the fair one, the youth resumed his duty at the lamp-post. As for the young woman, she sustained an annoying injury. It was nothing less than the fracture of one of her front teeth. The delicate pearl that flashed through "lips within whose rosy labyrinth when she smiled the soul was lost," was hopelessly crushed. Beauty in distress appealed to art; the young woman went to a dentist, who promised to search high and low for a pearl of the proper size and brilliancy. The search was made faithfully, but not until the dentist saw a young Spaniard leaning against a lamp-post did he find the coveted prize.

The youth gladly sold one of his teeth for \$100, offering all his stock in trade at the same terms. The tooth was submitted to proper treatment and the young horsewoman appeared at a ball on the following evening, apparently none the worse for the accident. But, with a woman's curiosity, she would have given her head to know whence came the tooth. Time passed. The Spaniard made a fortunate purchase of stock with his hundred dollars and not only began to patronize the tailor but indulged in a bank account. One evening last week chance threw him into a select little party, where the fair rider happened to be present, and he related his dental adventure. When he smiled and pointed to the vacant place in his mouth the young lady gave a little shriek. Her secret was discovered, and now the Cheyenne and Denver papers announce that the Spaniard will get his tooth back at the altar on the 28th of this month.

A BEWITCHING BLONDE.

And How She Enthuses Susceptible Males and then "Works" Their Pocket-Books—"The Old Bear Got Onto the Racket."

For some time past it has been well known to quite a number of persons in Kansas City, Mo., that a very handsome blonde married female has been "working" a confidence racket among the more susceptible and unsophisticated bloods of that city. To such an extent has this game been played that the blonde female is supposed to have added many shining shekels to her exchequer. Her mode of operation is perfectly simple, and requires neither nerve, skill, nor any particular diplomatic qualification, and is calculated to ensnare only the more thoughtless, giddy and over-anxious. The only requisite qualification necessary to enable one to play the racket successfully is a large amount of assurance, or, what would probably be a more expressive term, gall.

A gentleman from the East who has been in that city several months made the acquaintance of this blonde some time since and it appears was much smitten with her beauty, and, although her husband was in the city, he persuaded her to take a Sunday ride with him out to Westport. It was on this trip that the fair charmer made an arrangement with the Eastern gent to meet him by moonlight alone in a sequestered spot where, unrestrained, they could pass the time. The man was at the appointed place long before the time, and each passing moment seemed to him like centuries, so eager was he that the blissful moments should begin.

But she never came and in her place a colored boy presented himself with a delicately-tinted and perfumed note saying that the "old bear," meaning her husband, "had got onto the racket" and that she would be obliged to postpone the meeting for a day or two.

She was, however, very sadly and emphatically in need of a little change just now and on account of her ruction with the aforesaid "old bear" she could not well ask him (the bear) to come down. Could not the eastern gentleman loan her twenty or twenty-five dollars until she could see him? What could he do but to answer in the affirmative. The money was sent post-haste, but when the man had a moment to himself in which to reflect, he came to the conclusion that he had been most beautifully worked. By a comparison of notes it was then discovered that this insinuating blonde had played the same game upon several of the city's well known citizens. The Eastern gentleman is terribly broke up and says he will never, no never, take another married woman buggy riding out to Westport.

A TROJAN'S EVIL RECORD.

Deserting His Wife, Rising to Wealth and Office in the West, and Finally Becoming a Murderer.

Walter Bullock, a lawyer and an old citizen, was shot and instantly killed in El Paso, Ill., last week by P. C. Ransom, who was badly defeated in the recent municipal election in that city for Mayor. Bullock was standing on West Main street, talking to a friend, and made some remark about the election as Ransom passed by. Ransom stopped and ordered him to retract his words and upon his refusal to do so pulled a revolver and shot him three times—once through the head, then through the heart and once in the shoulder. Bullock fell, gasped two or three times and then died. Ransom walked down the street and waited in front of the bank building until he was arrested. He was followed to jail by an infuriated mob crying, "Lynch him! lynch him!" but no attempt was made to interfere with the officers.

Thirty-three years ago Porter C. Ransom suddenly disappeared from Troy, exchanging his then young wife for a beautiful married lady named Burnett. For years no trace of him was found, and the deserted Mrs. Ransom became Mrs. Lot Ackley, Mr. Ackley dying some time after. Finally Mrs. Ackley learned that her former husband was still living, he then being Mayor of El Paso, Ill., and a very wealthy man. She immediately brought suit for divorce and to this day the matter is still pending.

About fifteen years ago a gentleman in the prime of life with a lady and a little boy, appeared at Secor, Woodford county, Ill., and settled on a large farm which he had purchased. He came from Minnesota, and said he was born in New York and on his marriage had gone to Europe, where he resided for eight years. Returning, he had settled in Minnesota and entered into the banking business. The lad Paul grew to man's estate and began the study of medicine.

Shortly after Paul ran away and was married. This aroused his father's ire and he disinherited him. Mrs. Ransom, the Burnett woman of years ago, was of a retiring disposition and a general favorite. He occupied one of the handsomest residences in Illinois. He followed the business of money-lending, and was elected Mayor of El Paso. In this capacity he was immensely popular, instituting a series of reforms, and in the succeeding spring he was re-elected by an overwhelming majority. In September, 1878, Mrs. Ackley, the deserted

wife, appeared upon the scene. She declared that she was the wife of P. C. Ransom; that she married him twenty-five years ago and had one child, the boy Paul; that Ran took the boy and \$30,000, while residing in Troy, and disappeared, and that she had been tracking him ever since. She employed detectives who attached Ransom's property. He declared that the tale of the woman was a wild fiction; that it was a case of mistaken identity. This is the case as it now stands.

HIRING OLD HYMEN.

An Illustrious Scheme to Give Young Men a Marriage Dot—A Big Chance for a Good Start in Matrimony.

One of the most singular corporations ever formed is located at Independence, Mo. Its title is the National Matrimonial Mutual Benefit Society. Under the old plan of assurance, a man receives \$1,000 or \$2,000, or whatever may be the amount of his policy, when he dies or breaks his neck or commits suicide. The projectors of this novel institution, realizing the fact that there is even a greater danger which can befall hapless humanity, proposes to give the beneficiary his \$1,000 when he commits matrimony. M. Rogers Wright, a young man who parts his name in the middle and writes it in a bold graceful hand, is president of the association. Belza C. Kerr is vice-president, Sam. C. H. Gilkey, secretary; Benjamin Holmes, treasurer, and Samuel H. Kerr, business manager—a formidable list of officials if nothing else. Here at last is an opportunity for all to "catch on." You pay your money and take your choice of fair women throughout the land. As soon as you present your marriage certificate you get your money and can immediately proceed to invest it in:

Tin pans,	Kerosene,
Cane seat chairs,	Cradles,
Kettles,	Soothing syrup,
Pots,	Nursing bottles,
Household furniture,	Flour and feed,
Gingerbread and French novels for the honey-moon,	Beds and bedding.

Then, again, if a man belongs to this society it is an indication patent of his intentions. Everybody knows when he comes round that he wants to get married and receive his beneficiary fund. He has an object in getting married; he has something to get married for.

The following are the articles of association of this model matrimonial bureau: The object is to form a fund and pay every member a certain stipulated sum upon his marriage. The amount to be paid is not yet decided on. In a similar society formed recently in the East it was \$1,000. It is probable that this society's policy will not reach that amount.

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

First—The corporate name of the association shall be the National Matrimonial Mutual Benefit society, the objects and purposes of which are to give financial aid and benefit to its members upon his or her marriage.

Secondly—The requisite qualifications for membership shall be that the applicant be of good moral character.

Thirdly—The affairs of this society shall be vested in and the business operations thereof shall be conducted by a board of trustees, consisting of five (5) members, to be elected triennially by the members of the society at a special meeting, called for that purpose.

Fourthly—The offices of the society shall be at Independence, Jackson county, Mo.

Fifthly—The officers of this society shall consist of a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and business manager, to be elected by the board of trustees and to hold office until their successors are duly elected and qualified.

Seventhly—This society shall continue for the term of ninety-nine (99) years.

SUNSHINE AFTER CLOUDS.

The Effect a Spoony Letter had on a Recreant Lover.

Charles H. Leighton is a young man of Sea Cliff, and Miss Eva M. Leick is a belle of Brooklyn. They were engaged to be married last winter but Mr. Leighton, for some cause unknown, sought to break the engagement. Miss Leick admitted that it is always a sad thing to take a love case to court, but she did take the case in question there, as well as the following letter which she had received:

"You dear, darling little sugar plum, you are just as sweet as a lamb about six months old. I wish you to come up on May 3. Leave the house at 2:30. I wish you would work a motto, 'Sunshine after the Clouds,' for mother. She says for you to come up and I wish you to tell your mother to let you come for my sake.

"P. S. Try to work that motto if you can and let me know if you can.

"P. S. I will write to let you know all about it.

When the letter was read in court Mr. Leighton's affection apparently returned. He at once sent for the Rev. Dr. Hall and defendant and plaintiff were married.

A Cincinnati milliner is suing for breach of promise a whilom admirer of over fifty, who pleads the objection of his parents to the match.



SHE PUT HER LITTLE FOOT IN IT.

A YOUNG LADY'S FOOT GETS CAUGHT IN THE STREET RAILROAD TRACK, AND CAUSES TRAVEL TO BE SUSPENDED; SAN FRANCISCO.



AGAIN ON THE RAGGED EDGE.

HENRY WARD BEECHER IS SERVED WITH A SUMMONS WHILE ON A TRAIN OF CARS TO ANSWER IN A SUIT FOR VIOLATION OF A CONTRACT; BALTIMORE, MD.



THE MEANEST KIND OF A THIEF

LIVES IN CHICAGO—WHILE MAKING LOVE TO THE SUSCEPTIBLE GIRLS OF THAT CITY HE RIFLES THEIR POCKETS OF VALUABLES.



"TELEGRAPHING" FOR COCKTAILS.

HOW THE THIRSTY INHABITANTS OF A TOWN WHERE LIQUOR IS PROHIBITED GET A "SMILE" FROM A TOWN ACROSS THE RIVER WHERE IT IS NOT; BREVARD TOWNSHIP ON FRENCH RIVER, N. C.



FELL AMONG THE PHILISTINES.

ONE OF THE RESULTS OF HAVING NO POLICE FORCE IN TROY, N. Y.—A PARSON OUT LATE AT NIGHT IS BESET BY A BEVY OF NYMPHS DU PAVE AND ROUGHLY HANDLED.



A CURIOUS AND DELICATE RELIGIOUS RITE

PRACTICED ONCE A YEAR AMONG A SECT IN ILLINOIS CALLED TUNKERS—HOW A BALD-HEADED BROTHER HELPED HIS MODEST MALE ASSOCIATES OUT OF A DILEMMA.

AMERICAN PRIZE RING

Its Battles, Its Wrangles, and Its Heroes--Great Fistic Encounters Between Pugilists of the Past and Present.

How the Champion and Non-Champion Pugilists Fought, Bled and Battered Each Other in 1867 and 1868.

The O'Baldwin and Wormald Battle, and How it Ended.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE.

On July 13, 1867, Charley Belcher and Marcellus Baker fought off-hand at Bangor, Me., for a purse, which Charley won in 15 rounds, occupying an hour and fifteen minutes.

On the 6th of August, 1867, Hugh Shaunnessy and B. Duffy hammered each other three-quarters of an hour in Colorado for \$2,000, which was declared the property of Hugh at the end of the 25th round.

On August 13, 1867, Charley Creamer knocked spots out of Tony Sperle near Suffolk, Va., for \$200, 11 rounds being fought.

On the 15th of August, 1867, Morris Phalen, who fought Kerrigan, died of consumption at Brooklyn, N. Y.

On August 24, 1867, Billy Parkinson got square on Tommy Kelly by defeating him near Pottsville, Pa., for \$300, 17 rounds being fought in 27 minutes.

On August 31, 1867, Mike McCoole and Aaron Jones (who fought Tom Sayers twice, and other good men beyond the broad Atlantic) encountered each other at Busenbark's Station, O., in a match for \$2,000, growing out of a challenge from McCoole. The prominence of the principals caused this match to be invested with wide-spread interest. McCoole won in 34 rounds in 26 minutes.

On Sept. 26, 1867, Izzy Lazarus, a noted pugilist, died in New York.

Then followed the great battle between George Rooke and Matt, alias Rockey Moore, for \$2,000 and the middle-weight championship of America. The battle was fought at Smutty Nose Island, Isle of Shoals, Mass., which was largely attended by prominent sports from New York, Brooklyn, Boston, and other leading Eastern cities. The stakes were \$2,000. Rooke's seconds were Jim Cusick and Mike Costello, while Rooke had for esquires Pete Dailey and Jack Brown. Jim Collins officiated as referee. George obtained first blood in the first round and was awarded first knock-down in the fifth, while Moore gained first fall in the opening bout. It was a very scientific battle, and one wherein thorough gameness was shown to be possessed by both contestants. Rooke was knocked senseless in the 25th round, and Moore was hailed the winner of his maiden P. R. battle, the time occupied being 1 hour and 4 minutes. It was a well-conducted affair and the best man won.

On October 5, 1867, at Fighting Island, near Detroit, Mich., Bill Davis whipped Charley Gallagher in thirty-four rounds, winning \$300.

On October 14, 1867, J. Shaunnessy beat W. Ward at Denver City, Col., in 67 rounds, by a foul, winning \$500.

At Coburn Station, Nevada, on October 20, 1867, Andy M. Bush beat Joe Budd in 15 rounds fought in 11 minutes.

On October 25, 1867, at Nevada, Con Orem fought Jimmy Dwyer for \$1,000 and the gate money. Forty rounds were fought in two hours, when darkness came on and they were ordered to meet again next day. Dwyer was there, but Orem was *non est*, and it was agreed to withdraw the stakes and divide the ring money, of which Dwyer got two-thirds.

At Aquia Creek, Va., October 29, 1867, Tommy Kelly and Billy Parkinson fought for \$1,200. The latter won by a foul in 14 rounds, lasting 30 minutes.

On November 7, 1867, Charles Creamer beat Fred Agrote in 23 rounds, lasting 8½ minutes. At Cheyenne, D. T., Nov. 9, 1867, Jack Hardy whipped Jack Shaunnessy in 126 rounds fought in 2 hours 23 minutes. The stakes were \$1,000.

On Nov. 20, 1867, at Robertsdale, Ill., Fred Bussey, a Chicago novice, whipped Andy Duffy in 35 rounds, lasting 1 hour 45½ minutes, winning \$1,000.

At Strickland, Pa., on Nov. 27, 1867, another battle for the championship of light-weights and a stake of \$1,000 a side was decided, the opposing pugilists being the holder of the title, Sam Collyer, with whom Barney Aaron declined to make a fresh match after his victory in June, thereby forfeiting the title, and Billy Kelly, of New York.

Kelly never had the slightest chance to win, Collyer out-fighting him at every point and administering dreadful punishment, while he escaped with a split lip and a flushed cheek.

Finding that he was so greatly overmatched, Kelly, by the advice of his seconds, resorted to the dropping game, in hopes that Collyer would play foul, but Collyer was wary and was not to be caught. At last Kelly was down all of a heap by a right-hander in the 111th round, when the sponge was thrown into the air in token of his defeat.

The battle lasted 1 hour and 50 minutes. Collyer was seconded by Johnny Roche and Johnny Newell; Kelly by Jim Cusick and Barney Aaron. Referee, Thos. Mead.

On December 17, 1867, Harry Hicken, who had just arrived from England, whipped Geo. Sizler in a room in New York, in 28 rounds, lasting 90 minutes.

In 1868 a number of noted pugilists arrived from England, viz: Joe Wormald, Bob Brettle, Patsy Reardon, Jim Ward, Tim Collins, Tom Kelly, Johnny Walker, of Nottingham, and Jim Welch, who kept sporting matters lively. Several battles followed but important events were limited.

At Fighting Island, Detroit, on May 14, 1868, Tom McAlpine whipped Jem Boyne in 26 rounds, lasting 2 hours and 25 minutes.

On May 27, 1868, Joe Coburn and Mike McCoole were to have fought at Cold Spring, Ind., for \$5,000 a side. Coburn was arrested while near the battle ground. McCoole was also arrested and both pugilists were sent to Laurenceburg jail, Ind., for 40 days. The stakes, \$10,000, were drawn.

On August 8, 1868, at Philadelphia, Barney Mullen whipped Dan Dillon in 44 rounds, lasting 44 minutes.

On August 24, 1868, Billy Edwards and Sam Collyer fought at Cherry Point, on the mouth of the Cone River, Va. The stakes were \$2,000 and the light-weight championship of America. Forty-seven rounds were fought in 1 hour and 14 minutes, when Edwards was declared the winner by knocking Collyer out of time. Edwards came to New York in 1865, is 5 feet 5 inches in height and had never fought in the ring. The result of the fight surprised the sporting world.

On Sept. 5, 1868, Con Orem defeated John McArdle at Helena, M. T., for \$1,000 in 43 rounds, lasting 1 hour and 30 minutes.

At the same place, on the day following, Jimmy Raffell beat Teddy Smith in 20 rounds, lasting 25 minutes.

On Sept. 11, 1868, John C. Heenan challenged Mike McCoole to fight for \$10,000 a side. The champion, however, did not accept.

On Oct. 8, 1868, at the Isle of Shoals, Portsmouth, N. H., George Seddons and Tom Kelly fought for \$500. Ninety-six rounds were fought in 1 hour and 34 minutes, when Seddons was declared winner.

On Oct. 29, 1868, Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish giant, who stood 6 feet 5½ inches in height, and Joe Wormald, one of the English champions who had arrived from England in August, 1868, met at Lynnfield, Mass., to fight for \$2,000 and the championship of the world.

The ring was pitched at daylight in a field in the outskirts of the village, but on account of delay on the part of Wormald the men did not appear therein until after 7 o'clock. O'Baldwin was seconded by Joe Coburn and Charley Diamond, while George Rooke and George Butts esquired Wormald. The referee was Dan Noble, O'Baldwin's umpire being Jim Collins, with Jess Allen for Wormald.

One round was fought in 10 minutes, Wormald gaining first blood and having the best of the fighting.

Before the second round of the fight was fought the police, who had been concealed in a barn close by, made a descent, causing a scattering and arresting both principals, who were at once conveyed to Lynn, where they were, on examination, required to give bonds in \$5,000 to appear for trial, in default of which they were committed. Friends came forward, however, and O'Baldwin was bailed the same day, Wormald being released on the 31st.

Dan Noble appointed another time and place of fighting but Wormald refused to obey the mandate, and the stakes were awarded to O'Baldwin.

"The Champions of the American Prize Ring," published by the POLICE GAZETTE, contain O'Baldwin's and Wormald's great battles.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BILLY THE KID'S EXPLOIT.

The particulars of the escape of Billy Bonney, alias "Billy, the Kid," on April 30, from the Lincoln county Jail, N. M., already telegraphed, have been received. Robert Olinger and J. W. Bell were the guards. Olinger had been to supper, and Bell was sitting on the floor, when the Kid approached him, talking to him in a pleasant way. Being near enough to the Kid, who was heavily shackled and handcuffed, managed to jump at Bell, hitting him with his handcuff on the head, fracturing Bell's skull and laying him senseless on the ground; then, snatching Bell's revolver from his belt, he shot him in the breast.

Olinger, hearing the shot, thought something was up, ran from the house, about seventy-five yards from the jail. Just as he entered a small gate leading through the jail fence, the Kid shot him with a double-barreled gun, filling his breast full of shot and killing him instantly. The Kid then got an ax, knocked off his shackles and handcuffs, made a man in the jail-yard saddle a horse for him, took a Winchester rifle and four revolvers from the jail, and rode off.

EGCENTRIC FANTRUMS.

WITH a regretful tremor in its voice one of our far Western contemporaries remarks: "It is 12 years since a man has been killed at Boise City."

A STRANGER in St. Louis, thinking he recognized his coat on the back of a pedestrian, shouted, "Stop thief!" and about 30 of the inhabitants suddenly disappeared down a side street.

THE reading of Zola's works filled a Pennsylvania woman's head so full of romantic nonsense that she eloped from her husband. Since the announcement of this fact Zola's books are meeting with a tremendous sale in the east.

THERE was a double marriage in a circus side show at Galveston. The giant wedded the fat woman and the living skeleton married the Circassian girl. In celebration of the happy event a banquet was given in the tent to the employees.

THREE boys between 10 and 13 years of age were detected in stoning a railroad train in Georgia, the other day, and being considered too young to punish otherwise, were given 25 lashes each and turned loose with an injunction to do so no more.

A MINISTER, while marrying a couple recently, was rather disconcerted on asking the bridegroom if he was willing to take the young lady as his wedded wife, by his scratching his head and saying: "Yes, I'm willing, but I'd rather have her sister."

IN Caldwell county, Texas, a little girl of 13 years was found in a smoke house. She was fearfully emaciated and insane from starvation. The unfortunate child was nearly naked. She was unknown to the neighbors, and they do not know how she came there.

AN old man in Lewiston, Me., refused to ride at his wife's funeral, saying that he wanted to take his last walk with her. And so, in a pouring rain, unprotected by umbrella or overcoat, he followed the hearse with bowed head a distance of over a mile to the cemetery.

THE fight between Brooks and Love, at Logan, Ohio, lasted more than an hour. They began by throwing bits of wood; they next used stones, and finally fired from behind covers with pistols. Twenty shots were exchanged, and both men were mortally wounded.

AN Indiana woman has just killed twenty snakes, which she found on one spot enjoying the warm spring sunshine. If Adam had only had that kind of a wife! But somehow the Garden of Eden had to be placed on the wrong side of the Indiana line, and things got mixed.

THE girl whom Tom Hancock wanted to marry at Indianapolis was only 15 and she said that he must wait at least two years. Then he asked her to kiss him and she declared he would have to wait for that too. The second disappointment crushed him and he committed suicide.

THE Rev. Mr. Vandeburg, of Springfield, Ill., has a bad-tempered wife. Becoming enraged at him she cut his Sunday coat, vest and shirt into shreds and then tried to further use the knife on his body. He concluded that forbearance would no longer be a virtue and had her arrested.

THERE is a crematory in South Boston in the form of a lime kiln. Tramps crawl into it because it is so warm, go comfortably to sleep, are overpowered by the gas and finally are burned to a crisp when the fire is freshened in the morning. Sixteen lives have thus been lost within a few years.

THE wife of Mr. Rice eloped at Charleston, Ia. He hurriedly looked at his wallet, found it was as full as when he had last seen it, and said that he felt no further concern about the matter. But a few days afterward, when he found it was stuffed full of scraps of paper instead of money, his interest revived.

A SON and daughter of John C. Smith, of Parker, Mich., killed a bear the other day. The bear was in a hole and the boy shot it but did not kill it. Miss Smith, with an axe, kept the bear in the hole by chopping its nose whenever it started to come out, until her brother had time to reload his gun and fire a shot that was fatal.

A MADISON minister was victimized a few days ago, by a bridegroom who passed a \$20 counterfeit bill on him and received \$15 in change, after performing the marriage ceremony. The bride was a young fellow who was a pal of the groom, and was spoken of by the local press as handsome and accomplished, as is customary.

FOUR covered wagons, 4 mule teams and 4 dogs, beside a promiscuous crowd of women and children, passed through Parsons the other day on their way to Texas, and the local paper remarked: "They are from Pottawatomid county, Kansas, and go to Texas to gain freedom from the dry, tyrannical yoke of St. John, the apostle of temperance."

A DISTINGUISHED actress sitting among the audience at Booth's Theatre recently said: "What is there in a ballet to attract so many men? Just look at this house: there is not one woman in it to every fifteen or twenty men. Now, I would like to see a ballet composed entirely of men. I think that if there were 200 or 300 representative legs of men brought out

here it would draw, particularly at the matinees."

THE other evening, at Janesville, Wis., a young lady and gentleman were walking along Bluff street, and when near the Pember House the young man stepped in to get a drink. Another man, noticing the lone damsel, came up and endeavored to take her arm, but she raised her umbrella and demolished her intruder's head-gear, as well as the umbrella itself, before her dibulous escort returned.

A FREEDMAN in Lee county, Va., accused of bigamy, has been discharged by Judge Bailey, his marriage in slavery not being proved by record evidence. The facts shown were that the freedman married a colored woman during the war, according to the old mode of slave marriage; that the two lived together as man and wife until about November last, when he abandoned her, and, procuring a marriage license, was married to another colored woman.

A MAN in Des Moines, Ia., who advertised for a wife was answered by a wag, who gave the address of a very estimable widow residing in a comfortable home of her own, and stated that she would be pleased to see him at her residence. The candidate for matrimony then introduced himself to the lady and the explanations which followed were both good-natured and cordial, and, although the lady has no intentions of entertaining his suit at present, she may relent.

TWO boys of Orange, Pa., who had seen Barnum's tattooed Greek, decided to go into the show business with an imitation. They procured a variety of oil colors and one elaborately painted the other from crown to heel. The operation lasted all day and that night the decorated boy slept sitting in a chair by a hot stove so as to dry thoroughly. Next day his companions put him on exhibition in a breezy shed and he caught cold, being nude. The enterprise ended in pneumonia for the curiosity and a flogging for the exhibitor.

AN immense suggestion: A Boston young lady of culture, who is much annoyed by the staring of rude young men in the horse cars, and who is, moreover, beyond her years a keen judge of human nature, has discovered a simple remedy against the discomfort. She reports that, gazing at the shoes of silent admirers with a look composed of equal parts of deprecation and amusement, the most annoying boor is reduced to a contemplation of the articles and in wondering what is the matter with them, they are kept diligently employed for an indefinite period.

A BELGIAN peasant in the commune of Havay lost a child and a cow in rapid succession. He believed that he was bewitched and consulted a somnambulist, who advised him to baffle the evil spirit by burning the first woman who entered his house on the following day. He went home, lighted his fire and prepared a warm reception for the expected visitor. She happened to be a neighbor who brought him a message from Maubeuge. He invited her in, and ordered his wife to close all the doors and windows. Then he stirred up his big fire and proceeded to broil his visitor. The police arrived in time to prevent her being cooked.

ALMON GRAY could not persuade Susie Jones to marry him at Lorenzo, New Mexico, though he assured her that he would kill himself if she did not relent. She told him that Jose Hanni had her preference and that there was no possibility of her changing her choice. Almon not only carried out his threat of suicide but did it by hanging himself in the doorway of her residence, so that when she opened the door his dead body dangled before her. The sight horrified her and she was ill for several weeks with brain fever. On her recovery she broke her engagement with Jose with the intention of remaining a virgin sacred to the memory of Almon.

THE Indians near Winnemucca, Nev., recently sacrificed a squaw upon the grave of a brave whom they were burying. They say they did it because she was a witch and had caused the death of four or five warriors of the tribe. The affair has brought out the fact that the Indians have been accustomed from time immemorial to thus sacrifice witches, who they seem to think are not really responsible themselves, but are possessed with evil spirits. A young squaw condemned to this death a while ago escaped, and as no further death occurred, it was considered that the evil spirit had been frightened away, and the girl was pardoned and permitted to return.

ELDER TRAVERSE, who lately died in Buffalo, was one of the most noted camp meeting leaders in eastern New York. Of splendid physique, he made short work of interrupters. On one occasion a notorious rough, "Chicago Bob," interrupted the congregation while singing by crowing. "Sit down, Robert," said Traverse. "I'll sit down for no one," growled the bully. Once more the Elder told him to sit down. Robert's reply was a movement to pull off his coat. One under the ear came directly from the Elder, followed up by another and another, and Chicago Bob retired unconscious. Next day he appeared among the repentant sinners. "Are you in earnest, Robert?" mildly inquired the Elder. "I am." "Really seeking for faith?" "You bet; if faith helps a man to get in his work as quick as you did yesterday I'm bound to have it if I sell me hat." He crowed no more.

TRUBBLE ON DE PARSONS'S MIND.

Accused of Drinking Lager Beer and Being too Familiar With One of His Female Parishioners.

The town of Manassas, Va., situated a short distance from Washington, D. C., is in the full enjoyment of that choicest of all sensations, a church scandal, involving the reputation of a talented young pastor and a beautiful young lady of his flock. The denizens of the historic place have not been under such a high pressure of excitement since the guns of two great contending armies in the early days of civil war resounded about the neighboring valley of Bull Run. The young pastor whose name is brought into such unenviable notoriety is well and favorably known in Washington. He was a member of the strictest Presbyterian cast. Lately tried Brother Ramsdell, of the North Presbyterian Church, for alleged unchristian conduct in selecting a Catholic lady for his life-partner, and on that occasion preached the opening sermon, conceded by all to be a masterly effort. Manassas, with its seven hundred and fifty inhabitants, has three churches, one of them of the strictest Presbyterian cast. Some four years ago Rev. Francis M. Todd, of New Jersey, accepted a call, and since then he has zealously labored in the Lord's vineyard, with marked manifestations of success. One of the most zealous of the church is Deacon Trimmer, who runs a saw-mill, and has a pretty daughter, Miss Kate, with the glow of twenty odd summers on her fair head.

Miss Kate was an earnest friend of her pastor and a constant visitor at his house. Both, too, were enthusiastic members of a Good Templar lodge that had long been an eyesore to the tipplers of the village. An ardent admirer of Miss Kate resides in the village, but he did not meet with marked success in his wooing—W. C. Gaines, a jeweler by trade, hailing from Mississippi, and crawling up in the forties in age. On the evening of the 19th of last month, about 10 o'clock, Mr. Todd escorted Miss Trimmer from the lodge meeting to her home, along the main street of the village. The next day Gaines circulated the story that he had overheard the parson making an improper proposal to the young lady, to which, after an emphatic refusal, she had consented. The gossips were happy and the rumors were widely spread. The good and pious elders of the church heard it, and promptly called a "session" to investigate as to the reliability of the rumor. The session continued for three nights. Mr. Gaines was first called to the witness-stand. He testified that on the night in question he had gone to the town well after water—the well was across the street from Deacon Trimmer's house, a distance of seventy-five feet—and that he saw Mr. Todd and the lady at her father's gate, just returning from the lodge. They seemed to avoid observation. He heard them in earnest conversation. Todd wanted her to do something; she refused, but after considerable entreaty consented. He heard her say, "Meet me at the back gate." Then he accidentally coughed and had to make tracks to avoid detection. On cross-examination he admitted that he loved Kate, and had been courting her, but without receiving much encouragement. He gave the name of twenty or thirty residents, mostly young men, to prove Todd's immorality.

The session sent for these men. Some of them would not come forward, and of those who testified only two said anything disparaging to the pastor's reputation. One said: "We used to tell Gaines that Todd was sweet on Kate just to make him mad."

On the second night of the session Gaines pulled out a revolver and threatened to shoot Todd, but the weapon was wrested from him. The next evening he apologized for the action and said that it was inexcusable. Miss Trimmer was called to the stand. She affirmed that nothing of an improper nature, not even an improper word, had passed between her and her pastor.

On the night in question he was urging her to consent to the use of a certain sum of money raised by the Mite Society, for the purchase of a new organ instead of a church bell, as intended. She wanted the bell but finally, after a great deal of urging, consented to the organ proposition. She earnestly denied the statement that she had said to Todd, "Meet me at the back gate." Her testimony forced conviction.

Then Rev. Mr. Todd was called and put in a solemn denial of any unclerical or immoral conduct with the lady in question, or with any other lady in Manassas or elsewhere. Then, it is said Gaines came voluntarily before the session and admitted that he stood convicted of having brought charges against the preacher that he could not sustain; that Todd had explained to him some things that were dark, but other things he feared would ever remain dark. As to the lady, he had perfect confidence in her virtue and honor. He complained that the witnesses he had called had gone back on their statements to him.

The session then brought in the verdict that they found nothing in the rumors against the Christian character of Rev. Mr. Todd or Miss Kate Trimmer, except a possible imprudence that gave the devil a chance to talk.

In the examination another lady's name was brought into the scandal, by a witness who said that he had seen a young lady with her head on the pastor's lap, while the two were beside

the death bed of the lady's uncle, but this charge the session pronounced not sustained. Another witness said that Todd was a drinking man, that he had seen him go into a saloon in Alexandria and drink a glass of beer. Mr. Todd admitted the fact, and said that when away from home and usual medical care he would occasionally take a glass of beer; that he had for years been suffering from nervous prostration, and his physician had advised him to this course. The charge against the pastor will be investigated by the Good Templar lodge.

ANOTHER REVISION OF THE BIBLE

Specially Made for the Benefit of the "Curled Darlings of Fashion"—High-Heeled Shoes, Bangles, Striped Hose, etc., all Provided For.

Yes, a revision of the Bible is urgently needed. A fashionable woman of the present day cannot understand some of the Scriptural references to dress, unless she goes to the trouble of hunting up the meanings of the obsolete words. I have tried my own hand at revising the latter part of the third chapter of Isaiah:

THE KING JAMES VERSION.

Moreover, the Lord saith: Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet.

In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round ties like the moon.

The chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, The bonnets, and the ornaments for the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings.

The rings and nose-jewels, The changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping-pins.

The glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils.

And it shall come to pass, that instead of sweet smell there shall be stink; and instead of a girdle a rent; and instead of a well-set hair baldness; and instead of a stomacher a girdle of sack-cloth; and burning instead of beauty.

There! I have adapted the passages to the spring fashions of 1881, and turned obscurity into clearness.—*Clara Belle.*

THE CLARA BELLE VERSION.

Moreover, the Lord saith: Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with some style about them and on the mash, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling on the sidewalk with the brass heels of their French gaiters:

In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling brass heels from their heels, and their netted hair crimps, and their Gainsborough hats like the moon.

The chains, and the bracelets, and the Marie Antoinette ruffles for the neck.

The bonnets, and the embroidered silk-stockings, and the back-combs, and the painted satin tabliers, and the ear-rings.

The rings and bangles, The combination suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the plaited bodices, and the beaded pocket.

The glasses, and the under clothes, and the satin-lined hoods, and the metal-threaded veils.

And it shall come to pass that instead of perfumery there shall be stink; and instead of a belt a rent; and instead of blonde switches baldness; and instead of a corset a girdle of coarse Wamsutta; and red-faced ugliness instead of beauty.

OBJECTING TO ROUND DANCES.

An Amusement Which Displeased the Mormon Elders.

At Brigham City, Utah, the other night, a Scandinavian elder, weighed down with the responsibility of his position, appeared at one of the ward dances. The young saints and saintesses had whirled themselves giddy in the round dance, and were sweating from every pore like an April shower. The bishop of the ward had forgotten to come around and open the dance with prayer and the boys and girls were having their own way about the dances. There is a good deal of hugging in a round dance and therefore the young saints are partial to it.

But the coming of that old Scandinavian, the Bishop's counselor, cast a damper on the dancers. Getting out on the floor he began his lecture:

"Brethren and sistern, you proke tem rules of dis church; you round dance mit you; you hoog and kiss chust like tam fools mit you. I comant you to try up mit tis bishness."

The elder's counsel prevailed and the mutual improvers chose partners for a cotillion.

Michigan has a man with three arms. He is the only man alive who can take two girls out riding and enjoy it.

"WHERE HAVE YOU HIDDEN THE DOCTOR?" An Actor's Jealousy—A Note that Kicked up a Racy Domestic Row.

A handsome young actress attached regularly to one of the New York theatres has a husband and a baby, a sickly little thing, and the husband is outrageously jealous, all the more that this season he has done "job work," which has kept him "on the road" pretty constantly. Lately he "came in," the "combination" with which he was connected having "gone up."

He arrived unexpectedly late one afternoon, and found his wife was out. On the table lay a note addressed to her in a masculine hand. It was open and ran thus:

"DEAR FRIEND: I do not think you have any cause to be anxious about the baby. It is only cutting its teeth a little hard—that's all. However, as you desire it, and say it would relieve your mind while you are away at the theatre, I will come to-night about 9, and stay all night with you. Don't speak of the trouble. I shall only be too glad to let you get a little sleep after being up so much with baby. Your true friend, K. S. STANTON, M. D."

The husband was furious at this note, seemingly so harmless. He thrust it into his pocket, and without waiting to see his wife strode from the house. He had now, he thought, what he had long suspected, proof of his wife's infidelity. Why, it was shameful! Dr. Stanton would pass the night, would he, and blame it on the baby! but he should find that there was a husband around ready to deal terrible vengeance upon the betrayer. His feelings were not pleasant ones, as he lay perdue the rest of the day, nursing his wrath, to keep it warm. When the pretty young actress came home she was told that a gentleman had called and gone away in a great hurry, leaving no name. At about half-past ten that evening, while she was at the theatre, the door of her bedroom was dragged open furiously, and the enraged husband rushed in. He looked around under the bed and into the closets, but found no man.

There were, however, two persons in the room. One an infant slumbering peacefully in the crib, the other a lady sitting at a small table on which lay several little bits of white paper into which she was pouring some globules from a tiny bottle. Her eyes were blue, her complexion a pure pink and white and her hair, curling in loose ringlets over her well-formed head, was just touched with gray. She looked up astonished and said:

"Don't make such a noise; you'll wake the child. Are you a burglar or what do you want?"

The husband paused in his fruitless search and replied: "I want that man."

"What man?"

"The man that's made an appointment with my wife for to-night."

"Who is your wife and what business have you in Miss —'s bedroom," asked the lady.

"Miss —'s my wife."

"Indeed; well, you can't make me believe that she ever made any appointment with any man she oughtn't to make."

"I can't, can't I? read that then," he said, throwing the letter on the table and scattering the medicine. The lady read the letter and began to laugh, which enraged the husband still more.

"Where have you hidden this Dr. Stanton? I will blow his brains out," he cried.

"No you won't."

"You see if I don't."

"Well, blow then, I am Dr. Stanton, the author of that letter," said the lady.

She had to sign her name, Kate S. Stanton, and show him that the writing was the same as in the note, before he would be convinced, and then he was the most sheepish-looking man in New York. The story got out, and now he is the butt of every actor in the city. They refuse to believe that he "walked home." They condole with him on account of his ill-health, which forced him to stop acting. They recommended him to consult a doctor, especially a lady doctor, Kate Stanton, for example. Altogether he is getting so "roasted" that he will have to have more than a mere letter in future to make him thirst for vengeance. "Hang these women doctors!" is all you can get him to say; "if they must be doctors, why can't they sign their full name, and not make trouble between man and wife?"

VERY PATHETIC,

And From a Marriage and Divorce Standpoint Very Instructive—The Adventures of a Fickle Female.

A. D. Sprague is a merchant, postoffice address, Berlin, N. Y. It is very likely that he will never forget the trip he took to Chicago in 1868. He is said to be a very respectable kind of a man.

Bob Darrow is a boss hackman and well known among the cabby-faking fraternity. Bob has a wife, Jennie, at the time the Berlin man put his feet down in the city. It is said that Bob wooed and won his Jennie in that portion of State street known to policemen and night reporters as the "Levee." How or where Sprague first met her is not recorded. But he cooled whatever passion she had for Bob and finally, after one thing and another, the rib that made them one was broken

and Bob secured a separation from a patent-divorce man.

In the latter part of 1868 Mr. Sprague led Mrs. Bob Darrow to a hymeneal altar that stood in the village of Lombard, Ill. They were made one by a justice of the peace and the payment of a fee, and departed for the land which a young man made famous by climbing a hill with a flag and refusing the old man's injunction to "shake" the pass.

They lived together three years and three months. One day, down in Philadelphia, she ceased to love Mr. Sprague, and leaving his linen on the bed put her own things in the trunk and started for Chicago and Bob Darrow, who again took her to his bed and board. How long this continued does not appear, but Mr. Martin, a saloon keeper on West Randolph street, in the vicinity of the old hay-market, did appear, and something about his form attracted the fickle Mrs. Darrow-Sprague and, leaving Bob once again, she pitched herself and chattels into the rye and rock domicile on the hay-market, where she at present assists him to dispense the beverage of St. Paul and cleaveth unto him as his wife.

Such is the history of Mr. Sprague's adventure out West, and this is the ground on which he buldied his petition for divorce in the court and obtained his decree.

ROMANTIC LOVE STORY.

A Young Man's Betrothed Becomes Blind, he Marries Her and is Compelled to Resort to Law to Obtain Possession of Her.

The particulars of a very romantic love story were developed before Judge Dixon, holding Supreme Court, Chambers, at Paterson, N. J., the past week. From the uncontradicted testimony in the case the following facts are gathered: Mr. John P. Clifford is a young man who resides at Yonkers, this State. He is a very respectable young man and of good habits, and so when he asked to be received as suitor to the hand of Miss Ellen McKilvey, of Paterson, her parent did not offer any objection.

The courtship proceeded very smoothly until Miss McKilvey was suddenly taken sick. The lover spent anxious days and nights, but finally the young lady recovered her health, but with it came a terrible affliction—the loss of sight. Before this the two had promised to marry each other; now the lady offered to release him from his vow, but he would not consent to it, declaring that he had promised to marry her and that he considered a promise as good as if the ceremony had been performed, and that her misfortune had only increased his affection for her. But her misfortune seemed also to have increased the affection entertained for her by her parents, and these absolutely refused to give their consent to the marriage, though they did not have any objection previous to the sickness of the young lady. Now that she was stricken with blindness they declared that they were the only persons who ought to take care of her. They told Mr. Clifford that under the circumstances they could never think of parting with their daughter and requested him to give up his idea of marrying her. He used all the arguments at his command, but the parents were inflexible and would not be persuaded. The two lovers, however, were so attached to each other that it seemed too cruel to separate them altogether, and so Mr. Clifford was allowed to continue his visits.

Miss McKilvey was over 21 years of age and consequently was her own mistress, and Mr. Clifford soon persuaded her that the demands of her parents were unreasonable. He finally persuaded her to marry him and the ceremony was performed at St. Boniface's Catholic church in Paterson, by the Rev. Father Hens.

When the parents of the bride were informed of what had taken place they refused to give credit to it and accordingly would not allow their daughter to accompany her husband to his home in Yonkers. Mr. Clifford concluded to have the matter settled at once, and accordingly consulted Mr. D. B. English, a lawyer of Paterson. The result was that a writ of habeas corpus was granted on Tuesday and made returnable on Thursday.

The parents appeared in court with their daughter and alleged that she was blind and that they had taken care of her all her life and did not know why they should not continue doing as they desired to, though they did not want to deprive her of her liberty in any way. Mr. Clifford then produced the marriage certificate and the parents of the bride then saw that what he had told them was not fiction but the truth. The Court gave the custody of the blind bride to her husband and he led her away, the happiest man in the court room. Mr. Clifford is not wealthy but he has a pleasant home and everything is in readiness there to receive the mistress for whom he made so great a sacrifice.

Two miners named Brooks and Love at Nelsonville, O., fell out while at work in the mine, and agreed to meet next morning, armed with revolvers. A crowd gathered at the appointed time and place, and nobody attempted to heat the quarrel. Brooks fired first, and the bullet passed through Love's body. "Give it to him back, Love," cried one of Love's friends, and Brooks received a wound in the breast. The spectators yelled like factions at a prize fight, and the combatants kept on firing. Both were fatally wounded.

Eph Clow, Police Gazette's Entry in the Ennis Six-Day Race.

Eph Clow, the POLICE GAZETTE'S entry in the John Ennis six-day go-as-you-please race at the American Institute, was born in North Wiltshire, Prince Edwards Island, on Dec. 25, 1855; he stands 5 feet 10 inches in height and weighs 160 pounds.



M. TOURNIE,

TENOR; SUPPOSED TO HAVE ELOPED WITH MME. AMBRE, PRIMA DONNA.



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS HORSEMEN.

GABE CASE,

PATRON OF THE TURF AND FAMOUS SPORTING INN KEEPER.

and during that time she will doubtless realize the force of the proverb that the way of the transgressor is hard. A more consummate schemer, search Manhattan Island over, could not be found. She is now in her proper place.

Flight of Song Birds.

The members of M. de Beauplan's French Opera com-



MME. AMBRE,

PRIMA DONNA; ALLEGED PARTNER IN M. TOURNIE'S FLIGHT TO EUROPE.

Clow has figured in numerous races. He has started twenty-one times and won eighteen prizes in the different contests, amounting in value to over \$2,000. At Boston, Mass., March, 1880, he won fourth prize in a 70-hour race, being beaten by Panchot, Albert and McEvoy.

In March, 1880, he won the third prize in a six-day race, twelve and a half hours a day, at Brockton, Mass.; Albert, first, Hughes was second, Clow, third. In the match he covered 414 miles. At Lowell, Mass., April, 1880, he won second prize in a six-day 12 hours a day race, covering 384 miles, being beaten by M. J. Toole, who made 390 miles.



GEORGE HAZAEL,

EX CHAMPION LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER OF ENGLAND.

His first appearance in a six-day, 12 hours a day race, was at Worcester, Mass., September, 1879, when he covered 390 miles. He then entered the six-day race for the Rose diamond belt at New York, December, 1879, and made 462 miles in 130 hours. At Cambridge, Mass., February, 1880, he won a 27 hours go-as-you-please race by eight miles, covering 138 miles. In the Englehardt eight-day go-as-you-please at Cincinnati, May, 1880, he started with 23 competitors and won second prize, covering 530 miles. At Toronto, Canada, May 6 to 12, he started in a 12-hour a day go-as-you-please race against twenty-nine starters, including P. J. Panchot, J. Cox and Wm. W. Barrett. He won easily by 24 miles, covering 386 miles. At Bedford, Pa., April 26, 1881 he won a 12-hour a day go-as-you-please by 18 miles, beating fourteen starters and covering 371 miles. Clow will make a good record in the Ennis race.

Red Peppered.

Mrs. Helen Gardner, nee Freeman, whose exploits as a man-beater, red pepper thrower and blackmailer were described in last week's GAZETTE, is now up at her residence on Blackwell's Island. Her stay will be about a year,



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

EPH CLOW,

POLICE GAZETTE'S ENTRY IN THE ENNIS SIX-DAY RACE.

Photographed by John Wood, 208 Bowery, New York.

pany, whose performances at the Academy of Music in this city came to an unfortunate close last week, were thrown into a state of excitement on the 4th inst. by the announcement that M. Tournie, the tenor of the company, had eloped with Mme. Ambre, the soprano and the wife of the manager. They were missed from the Westminster Hotel at a late hour the previous night and it was said that they had gone away together. M. de Beauplan also left the hotel the same night. It was said that Mme. Ambre is possessed of a large fortune in her own right. Mme. Tournie, wife of the tenor, went to police headquarters, accompanied by many ladies belonging to the com-



HELEN FREEMAN,

BLACKMAILER; SENTENCED TO THE PENITENTIARY FOR ONE YEAR.

pany, and said that she had reason to believe her husband and Mme. Ambre intended to sail in the steamship *Amerique* for Havre. Mme. Tournie desired the police authorities to interfere and prevent them from sailing together. There is a great deal of mystery surrounding the whole affair, and it has been the main topic of interest among operative circles for the past few days.

An Old Turfman.

Mr. Gabe Case has for many years been a well-known character among all lovers of blooded horseflesh in this city. His hotel on Central avenue, a favorite drive for horsemen, is the headquarters of some of the most famous turfmen of America. Mr. Case is an excellent *connoisseur* of good stock, and in his youthful days handled the ribbons over some of the best flyers of the day.

P. C. Ransom had been Mayor of El Paso, Ill., for two terms, when a charge of bigamy prevented his re-election. The defeat made him morose and desperate. Overhearing an offensive remark on the subject by Walter Bullock, chairman of the opposing political committee, he demanded an instant retraction, and failing to get it, shot Bullock through the heart.

Courting Before Work.

It seems that in some parts of the country a certain night in the week is regarded as courting night. A manufacturer of Paterson, N. J., discovered by some means beyond our guessing that Wednesday night is courting night, and, as there was a demand for overwork in the mill, he requested all the girls to remain on that night, in fact, insisted upon it, under the penalty of being discharged if they did not comply. One without fear of "being out of a job" but happy in the possession of a "feller," made her escape by climbing over a large fence surrounding the factory, and was soon in her lover's arms, beyond the frowns and exactions of an unromantic employer.

Laying In a Supply of the "Old Stuff"

The prohibition law which went into effect in Kansas on the first inst. has caused a great deal of indignation among the tipplers of that State. The day before the law went into effect witnessed some of the most ludicrous scenes ever enacted. There was a constant stream of whisky flowing into the country all the week. It went out by the jug, keg and barrel. It is safe to say that there was more whisky among the country people than ever before in the history of the country.

The saloons were besieged by all classes with



BOUND TO MEET HER "PELLER,"
AND SCALING A HIGH FENCE TO DO IT—A FACTORY GIRL MAKES HER ESCAPE FROM AN EXACTING EMPLOYER IN ORDER TO KEEP AN ENGAGEMENT WITH A YOUNG MAN.

wells in Pennsylvania. So, you see, the sharpers had to turn their attention to something else, and they hit upon mining ventures. A mine is something like an oil well. If it is unproductive there is almost always hope that a little more digging will reach the metal sought. Even if the managers have no hope that the speculation will pan out, they make the stockholders think that it will pay to continue the enterprise. The shares are thrown upon the market and are gobbled up by the gudgeons, who do not know that they are caught till they feel the hook.

"Is there any way in which a man can try his luck with investments in stocks and securities and be certain that he will not lose by the transaction?"

"There is no sure road to wealth as far as Wall street speculations are concerned. A person with a small or moderate amount of capital, who puts up what are called margins, cannot operate long without being cleaned out of his money. Of course if he can get reliable points from some heavy operator, he may stand a better chance of winning, but such men as Russell Sage and Jay Gould are not in the habit of giving points. Whatever special knowledge they possess they usually prefer to use to their own advantage. It is a well known fact that Uncle Daniel Drew, in his lifetime, seldom or never furnished a point unless he intended to mislead. If Uncle Daniel had a stock which he wished to unload he would



PREPARING FOR A DROUTH.
SCENE IN A KANSAS BAR-ROOM THE DAY BEFORE THE PROHIBITION LAW WENT INTO EFFECT.

pitchers, pails and basins and the proprietors reaped a big harvest. What the outcome of this law will be no one can tell.

Favorites of the Footlights.

Miss Maud Granger has been one of the most successful actresses in America. From the date of her debut she has grown steadily in public favor, and is now classed among the leading artists of the American stage. During the past week she has been playing in the large towns of Colorado, and large audiences have greeted her at every place.

Shearing the Lambs.

"How are the lambs fleeced in Wall street?" was asked of a well-known broker.

"There are dozens of ways in which it can be done," was the reply.

"Please state some of the methods," persisted the seeker after information.

"Well, if you will promise not to print my name I will tell you how many of the brokers fleece the unwary. The first step to be taken toward fleecing the unwary is to pull wool over his eyes. If there is a certain stock to be unloaded upon him he must be made to believe that it is to his great advantage to purchase."

"Who are the lambs?"

"Of course they are not old brokers or experienced speculators. They are composed for the most part of two classes. In the first place, a large number of raw recruits are found among those who know little or nothing of the in and outs of Wall street, but have an irresistible impulse to try their luck on the wheel of fortune. The other large class is composed of persons who, having extra cash on hand, desire to make investments so that their money will not be idle. In this class may be found, among others, elderly maiden ladies, widows, retired tradesmen and professional men who have a little store laid by for a rainy day. These people are easily misled."

"Do you consider mining stocks especially attractive bait for the capture of gudgeons?"

"Yes; they have been for some time all the rage. People are induced to invest in them by the promise that their money will be returned to them doubled or trebled in amount."

"How about oil stocks?"

"Oh, oil is played out as a medium for speculation. You see the Standard company has monopolized the business by securing, either directly or indirectly, the control of all the

slyly whisper in the ears of his friends that it was a good thing to try. The wily old speculator is dead and gone, but there are scores of men in the street who are imitating his methods."

Gambling Licensed.

The city government of New Orleans has practically licensed the gambling houses of that city, in accordance with an understanding had with Mayor Shakespeare. Charles Brush and Alexander Brewster donated to the city government specific amounts due by each for the keno and faro houses under their control. The amount in the aggregate is \$400 and others will donate in that proportion.

The determination to receive these donations as a special fund was reached by the Mayor after careful consideration of the matter and familiarizing himself with the methods adopted by the chief magistrates of larger and much more prosperous cities.

The Mayor is fully determined that gambling in New Orleans shall be under the exclusive control of New Orleans men and that in the future no one will be permitted to come from other cities, open gambling houses in the height of the season and leave the burden of a dull summer to those in the same business who permanently reside there. The rate fixed upon by the gamblers and the Mayor is \$100 a month from faro and \$150 a month from keno rooms. This policy is generally commended.

Didn't Have a Marriage Certificate.

A young couple from the country, newly married, took in Toronto on their wedding tour. On their arrival they registered at one of the city hotels as man and wife, but during the evening the landlord took it into his head to suspect that they were not married and in the morning he undertook to question them. The couple, of course, assured him that they were man and wife but unfortunately were unable to produce their marriage certificate for the reason that the clergyman had deferred making it out until they should return, not having the printed form by him.

The absence of the certificate confirmed the landlord in his suspicion and, notwithstanding their protestations, he summarily ejected them, without even allowing them to take breakfast. The injured couple communicated with their pastor, who came to the city and demanded an apology from the landlord. He refused it and an action in court is threatened.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

MAUD GRANGER,

THE CELEBRATED MELO-DRAMATIC ACTRESS.

Sporting News

THE "KEY"

To the Picture of the Great

HEENAN AND SAYERS CONTEST

Will be presented FREE with No. 193, issued Friday, May 27. Purchasers of this number of the POLICE GAZETTE should see that they are supplied with the Supplement FREE OF COST. Newsdealers are requested to send their orders for extra supplies of No. 193 without delay to their news companies.

Turf sports are now all the rage.

FRANK HART arrived safe in England.

WESTON has left, it is said, for England.

AQUATICs are at a stand still in England.

ROWELL has gone into training for the Astley belt.

JOHN McMAHON, the wrestler, is in Philadelphia.

HANLAN rows daily on Toronto Bay with Fred Plaisted.

PEREGRINE is now the Derby favorite, 3 to 1 being offered.

HIMYAR, one of the big Kentucky favorites, is broken down.

THE Harlem regatta on June 4 promises to be a very fine affair.

THE Potomac Boat Club of Washington, D. C., has left the N. A. A. O.

THE Citizens' Association regatta at Boston will be held July 4 as usual.

IT is reported that Hanlan and Trickett will row on Toronto Bay in July.

WAR DANCE, the great racing stallion, died at Louisville, Ky., on the 30th ult.

THE trotting stallion Toronto Chief is dead, having lived to be 31 years old.

W. WRIGHT won the Sheffield Easter Handicap. He had 77 3-4 yards start.

MORE than 50 horses are now stabled at Monmouth Park, Long Branch, N. J.

PLAISTED displays speed enough in his shell to beat any oarsman in America.

IT costs Pierre Lorillard a small fortune to keep his race horses in England.

NEARLY 200 entries have been made for the Chicago trotting meeting of 1881.

OWNEY GEOGHEGAN has sent to England for Jimmy Highland and Harry Evans.

PADDY RYAN will have to fight Sullivan of Boston, or give up the championship.

WHISTLER defeated Muldoon in a Græco-Roman wrestling match at Pittsburg, Pa.

SAN FRANCISCO sports expect Santa Claus to beat all the kings of the trotting track.

TRICKETT, the oarsman, will arrive here on the 24th inst. Who is he going to beat?

THE fast trotter Hopeful is now quartered at the Gentlemen's Driving Grounds, N. Y.

JIMMY KELLY, the pugilist, agrees to fight George Taylor for a purse of \$250 a side.

FRANK MUMFORD, of New Orleans, is coming North to row Holmes, of Providence, R. I.

JOHN McMAHON is wrestling with Steve O'Donnell at Prof. Clark's in Philadelphia.

RARUS has been reinstated and can now trot, if his owner desires, in the trotting meetings.

PHILLIPS has challenged Waller to ride for the 100-mile bicycle championship of England.

THE Metroplitan base ball club of New York cannot be bought at any price. If so, prove it.

BASE ball games in this vicinity are again being played in the interest of the betting-men.

HARVARD has yielded the point of place and agrees to row the annual 8-oared race at New London.

DAN SWIGERT, the noted Kentucky turfman, has decided to sell his racing stock and retire from the turf.

MAUD S. has trotted a mile 2:10 3-4, which is the best on record. It will be beaten before the snow flies.

HARVARD won the first base ball game for the college championship, defeating Amherst by a score of 15 to 0.

PEREGRINE, the winner of the 2,000 guineas, was an upset for it betting men on both sides of the Atlantic.

AFTER the great set-to Mike Donovan and George Rooke made, the former has gained host of backers.

CHARLEY NORTON offers to fight George Fulljames for \$1,000 and the light-weight championship of America.

THE schooner yachts Nellie and Cornelius O'Connor are to sail a race in San Francisco on July 3 for \$2,000.

JOS. VERMULEN, at one time champion billiard player of Illinois, has opened a two-in-five in Terre Haute, Ind.

BOB LARMON, of Union Springs, N. Y., and Dabnet of Auburn, N. Y., are to row a four-mile race on Owasco Lake.

BANCROFT'S easy victory in the Railroad Stakes at Nashville has sent him up in the betting for the Louisville cup.

ALBERT M. FREY has challenged Geo. Wahlstrom, the Swede, to play for the 15-ball pool championship of America.

If Archer had ridden Lorillard's Iroquois in the 2,000 guinea race in England what money P. Lorillard would have won.

MAUD S., driven by Wm. Bair, now heads the list of trotters who take their daily exercise in Chester Park, Cincinnati.

In Australia, sporting men are "red hot" to back Michael Rush against Elias C. Laycock, to row for the championship.

In this city arrangements are being made for a prize fight between two noted pugilists, which will create a sensation.

W. PHILLIPS, the bicycle rider, has challenged George Waller to ride 100 miles for £200 and the championship of England.

AT Washington, D. C., Mattie Hunter, the pacer, has shown great speed while training, and recently trotted a mile in 2:19.

RUSH, of Australia, says he will match D. McDonald against any oarsman of his weight, 146 pounds, for \$100 or \$200 a side.

THE owner of the dog Daisy Laverack will match her against Lizzie Lee for a 6-days' hunt next fall, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

IT now turns out that the John Wilder of the London Athletic Club, who said Hanlan's boats had wheels on the bottom, is a fraud.

COTSFORD, of British Columbia, and Stevenson of San Francisco, are to row five miles for \$2,000 at San Francisco on May 28.

RUMORS are afloat that Hindoo will not start for the Louisville Derby. What a harvest for the book-makers if the rumor proves true!

ASA BURNHAM'S racing stable appears to be not up to racing form. He will be heard from when the flyers begin to run in this vicinity.

DAN CUSTY, of Long Island, writes that he will wrestle any light-weight wrestler on Long Island, collar-and-elbow, for \$250 or \$500 a side.

AT London, Ont., Wright, the Detroit wrestler, defeated J. Coomes, of New York, in a collar-and-elbow wrestling match. Who is Coomes?

In England Keene's Foxhall has beaten everything, except the Derby winner, and no better 3-year old has been seen this year in public.

THE Dwyer brothers, of Brooklyn, have purchased a full brother of Luke Blackburn, the king of the running turf, from W. G. Harding, for \$7,500.

RICHARD GOOKIN, one of the famous Gookin Brothers, has decided to row this season with a new partner. He has married Miss Curtin of Boston.

AT Northbridge, recently, Jack Smith defeated John H. Louney in a blackened glove contest. Smith gained 29 and Louney 18 clean hits in 30 minutes.

HOAGLAND, the fast walker of Auburn, N. Y., is in Itasca, Ind., trying to victimize the sporting public sports. Look out for him—he is a second Hamilton.

WM. LEE, the long-distance swimmer, lately arrived at Nice where he was, on the 29th of April, to have swum Captain Webb 21 miles for £1,000 a side.

TWENTY-TWO clubs will be represented at the regatta of the Mississippi Valley Amateur Rowing Association which takes place at Peoria, June 22, 23 and 24.

WILLIAM MULDOON has been engaged to give exhibitions at Græco-Roman wrestling by Prof. McDonald, for which he is to receive \$200 for each event.

MATT GRACE, the famous wrestler and sporting man, had a grand opening at his new sporting house, next to Niblo's theatre, in Crosby street, on the 9th inst.

IN England, Thornton, the champion wing shot, has challenged Ira A. Paine, the American ex-champion, to shoot at 100 pigeons, Hurlingham rules, for £200.

AUSTRALIAN sporting men claim that Trickett did not row in his true form while in England and assert that he can beat Hanlan on American waters.

THE Irish Athletic Club has challenged the hurriers of the Knights of Father Matthew, of Worcester, to play at Boston, Mass., June 17, for the State championship.

STALLION RACES, free for all, are a feature in the coming Michigan circuit meetings. Each of six or seven tracks offers a purse of \$1,000 for trotting stallions.

If Foxhall does not win the English Derby or Mistake land some important race, it will be time to stop talking about the great speed and superiority of American race horses.

HERR VON STUBELL, of Munich, has written to the POLICE GAZETTE, offering to fast against Dr. Tanner and wager \$1,000 that he can fast longer than the champion faster.

BEND OR was beaten by Sligo at Lexington in the race for the Phoenix Hotel Stakes, but he ran second. Sligo won easily. What part of the Kentucky Derby can Bend Or win now?

GEORGE ENGLEHARDT, the Greenpoint professional oarsman, is taking regular practice in his shell now. He has recovered his old-time energy, and many pick him out as the coming man.

AT Fleetwood Park, N. Y., Johnny Murphy, the famous driver, is training the trotting horse Charley Ford; record, 2:16 3-4, for saddle races and trots of double teams with running mates.

IT is now claimed that Hanlan's boat had machinery, and the papers West are publishing columns about it. What ho! The machinery in the boat is muscle, style, science and nerve.

THE entries for the Astley belt will close on the 23d of May, and it is thought America will be represented among the entries by Weston, Albert, Hart and Panchot. The race will begin June 30.

A BOSTON sporting man has offered a purse of \$2,000 to be paced for at Beacon Park about May 21, provided Lucy, Rowdy Boy, Mattie Hunter, Sorrel Dan and Ben Hamilton will compete for it.

THE entries for the Chicago Jockey Club purses of \$40,000 have closed. Among entries are Balch's Parana, seven years old, by Mambrino Hambletonian, and one of Belle of Cayuga, she by Volunteer.

J. B. LITTLEFIELD, of Auburn, Me., owner of the horse Dispatch, which was campaigned throughout the West out of his class and under a false name, has been expelled by the Trotting Breeders' Association.

OWNEY GEOGHEGAN, the noted Bowery sporting man, offers to back Charley Norton, of Providence, R. I., to fight George Fulljames, of Canada, for \$1,000 a side and the light-weight championship of America.

MISS M. B. WILLIAMS, of England, has challenged Miss Belle Cook, of California, to a race of twenty miles, catch weights, or to a series of from four to six races of twenty miles each, for the sum of \$1,000 a side.

ARANZA, by Bonnie Scotland, is the new sensation in turf circles. She won two great races at Nashville, Tenn. She is owned by G. W. Daven and will surprise the knowing ones. What a pity she is not in the Derby.

COLUMBIA College University crew, now composed of C. Eldridge, bow; H. R. Muller, A. H. Van Sinderen, Justus Cowles, stroke, will row at the Passaic River A. R. A. regatta, May 30, and the Harlem regatta on June 4.

THE Key to the great HEENAN and SAYERS FIGHT will be presented with No. 193. Subscribers should see that they receive their supplement free with that number. Orders for extra copies should be sent at once to the publisher.

BANCROFT won the Railroad Stakes at Nashville and beat Longfellow, son of Long Taw. Yes, and if Bancroft is O. K. he will be running head and head with Bowling Green at the finish in the race for the Louisville cup.

SLOSSON complains of malaria. No doubt he contracted the malady at Paris or else in his recent match with Schaefer. Hughes, the "Lepper," when he is beaten, shouts "I was poisoned." Courtney screams vertigo and sun stroke.

O'LEARY has wagered a thousand dollars that the third man in the race for the International belt, which is to be held in the Garden in this city from May 23 to May 28, will receive for his portion of the gate money and sweepstakes \$3,000.

JAMES McLAUGHLIN was beaten by an unknown in a sixty-yard race, at Arcata, Cal., recently. Mac thought he had a sure thing, and laid \$500 against \$300, but he lost to the feet stranger, who ran the distance close to 5 3-4 seconds.

THE noted Jack Hallinan, of Virginia City, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office while on a visit to the sports of Gotham. He is a thorough sport and liable to "do" any of the wrestlers, jumpers or athletes who play the double in Nevada.

ON May 21, at San Francisco, Cal., there will be a 6-day go-as-you-please for lady pedestrians. The following have entered: Madam Tobias and Amy Howard, of New York; Milly Young, La Chapelle, Belle Sherman, Annie Mason and Rhoda Lee.

RECENTLY, Bonner is said to have driven Edwin Forrest to a top wagon, weighing, with driver, 360 pounds, a half mile in 1:09. This time is the fastest half mile ever trotted by any horse, mare or gelding in the world, carrying that weight.

THE first great boat race of the season will be rowed at Hulton, Penn., when Wallace Ross of St. John, N. B., will show Evan Morris of Pittsburg the way over a five-mile course and win \$1,000. Of course, that is supposing Ross desires to win.

SEVERAL sporting men of Boston, Mass., offer to give a cup valued at \$200 if Frank Mumford, of New Orleans, the champion amateur oarsman of America, will agree to row a 3-mile single scull race at Boston against Holmes, of Providence, R. I., for the trophy.

GEO. ROOKE, the middle-weight champion pugilist, and Mike Donovan, ex-champion, are to figure in a glove contest at Harry Hill's theatre on Thursday afternoon, May 19. The meeting between these rival pugilists promises to be exciting. A host of other talent will appear.

WE do not expect Vignaux will accept Schaefer's challenge and come to New York to play a match of 4,000 points for \$1,000. Why does not Roach of St. Louis offer to back the champion for \$5,000, that is, if he desires to see Schaefer and Vignaux sport with their cues on the green?

IT is to be hoped that the team of American athletes going to England will be more successful than Keene's and Lorillard's horses. If Myers, Merrill and Duffy do not suffer from sea voyage and change of climate, America will have no cause to be dissatisfied with her representatives.

G. W. CALVIN, of Beardstown, Ill., writes to this paper that he has rowed three miles in 21 minutes and 2 miles in 14 minutes. He is 23 years of age, stands 5 feet 10 1-2 inches in height and weighs 180 pounds. He wants some Boston or New York sporting man for a backer. He has followed boating, fishing and rafting all his life.

THE Cornell University crew sail for England May 21 by the steamer Italy, of the National Line. They will take with them a four-oared paper boat, manufactured expressly for them on a new model, from which much is expected; also a full set of oars, including a set of Davis' new "lopsided" patent. The crew are now hard at work.

AT the great Chicago trotting meeting the race free-for-all stallions will be a grand one, the entries being Santa Claus, Boneletter, Piedmont, Monroe Chief, Wedgewood, Scott's Thomas, Independence, Voltaire, Robert McGregor and Hannia. All others except Scott's Thomas, are entered for the \$10,000 purses at Rochester or Boston.

THE second and final deposit of \$100 a side in scull swinging match between Gus Hill, of this city, and John Monock, of Greenpoint, L. I., is to be posted with R. K. Fox, at this office, on the 14th inst. The match is for \$400 and the championship of America, and is to be decided at the London theatre in the Bowery, on Wednesday night, May 18.

RECENTLY a meeting of sporting men was held at the POLICE GAZETTE office for the purpose of arranging a contest with hard gloves between Jimmy Kelly, the novice of Harry Hill, and Geo. Taylor, colored. Dick Hollywood and Kelly were present, and William Stevenson, of Bleeker street, was on hand, ready to post a deposit and sign articles on behalf of Taylor. After a long discussion, the men failed to arrange a match, and agreed to meet this Friday at 3 p. m.

CHAS. REED'S THORA has developed into the best looking three-year-old filly in America. She started eleven times last year and won four races, and closed the season at the Baltimore fall meeting by winning two successive races, viz: the Merchants' Stakes, for two-year-olds, one mile, defeating Crickmore, Spark and Ripple; time, 1:44 1-2; and on the last day, October 23, won dash of one mile, for two-year-olds, defeating Compensation, Spark, Ripple and By-the-Way; time, 1:47 1-2.

THE O'Leary International champion belt, which is to be competed for at Madison Square Garden on the 23d inst., under the management of Dan O'Leary, is an exhibition at the POLICE GAZETTE office. In the first

contest for the trophy the POLICE GAZETTE's entry won making the best score on record. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, will start a first-class pedestrian in the race, and Wm. E. Harding, the sporting editor of this paper, will train him during the race.

THE Key to the great HEENAN and SAYERS FIGHT will be presented with No. 193. Subscribers should see that they receive their supplement free with that number. Orders for extra copies should be sent at once to the publisher.

FELLOWPLAY's defeat by Bootjack and King Nero, in the Belle Meade stakes at Nashville, caused havoc among the betting men, who had him heavily backed to win the Kentucky Derby. Fellowplay is not a good horse for a heavy track, therefore his defeat is no criterion to go by in the future. In the books in this city the betting was 3 to 1 against Hindoo, 4 to 1 against Lelex, 4 to 1 against Bend Or, and 7 to 1 against Fellowplay. In the race for the Louisville cup Bancroft is now the favorite.

EPH MORRIS, of Pittsburg, ought to know whether or not he has improved in rowing ability, and if he is as good as or a better sculler now than Wallace Ross. Last week he challenged Ross to a three or five-mile race in best and best beats, for \$1,000 a side, the race to take place over the Hulton course at Pittsburg, and Ross to receive \$200 for expenses, the date of the race to be mutually agreed upon. Ross has accepted the challenge, and forwarded \$100 to New York to bind the match, which will be rowed at Hulton, Penn., in June.

HERE is a nut for Daly, the Irish champion wrestler to crack.

"EAST WALPOLE, MASS., MAY 5, 1881.
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
"Sir:—I would like to wrestle Mr. J. C. Daly, the Irish champion, for \$250 a side, collar and elbow, catch-as-catch-can and Græco-Roman. Now if he wants to make a match I will choose you as stake-holder; he can choose the place and we will wrestle for the \$500. The best place is on some green. No gate taken. S. F. HUNT."

RECENTLY O'WNEY Geoghegan called at this office in regard to the proposed fight between Frank White and George Fulljames, the Canadian light-weight champion. Geoghegan authorized Richard K. Fox to cover any amount of money the backers of Fulljames posted at this office, and authorized him to notify Fulljames' backers that he would match an unknown to fight Fulljames for \$1,000 a side and the championship of light-weights, and he was ready to arrange the match at any time. O'WNEY Geoghegan also wishes it understood that his unknown is not Billy Edwards, Johnny Clark or Arthur Chambers.

THE San Francisco papers are boasting about R. S. Haley's running 200 yards in 21 seconds, at San Francisco, May 7. The distance is seldom run in this country, but if Myers started to beat it he could easily do so; yet his friends can win more money by beating Haley. To show that Haley's feat is not so wonderful we publish the following records: In England 200 yards has been run in 20 1-2s., by an amateur, E. A. Lucas, and in 19 1-2s. by a professional, George Seward. In this country the best 200 yard record is 22 3-4s., by L. E. Myers, which is much better in proportion than 200 yards in 21s. Haley took 21s. to do 200 yards; Myers took 22 3-4s. to do 200 yards, which is 1-4 second better in proportion than the California man.

THE following challenge explains itself:
"Providence, R. I., May 6, 1881.
"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
"Sir:—In your last issue I see a card from Capt. J. C. Daly, the Irish athlete, challenging any man to wrestle him a mixed match. Having already wrestled the Captain, I am not particularly anxious to meet him again, but if he is anxious for a match and puts a suitable forfeit in the hands of Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, I will at once cover it and wrestle him as he desires in the town of Woonsocket, R. I., May 30th; or if he prefers New York I will wrestle him there on any date. So if the Captain means business he will accept this offer and put up a forfeit and not do so much talking. "DUNCAN C. ROSS."

WE have received the following from Wm. Muldoon, the champion Græco-Roman wrestler:
"New York, May 14, 1881.
"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
"Sir:—I desire to announce through your valuable sporting journal that I have engaged myself to Mr. E. T. McDonald, of this city, to give a few exhibitions of wrestling in different cities of the United States and Canada. I wish it distinctly understood that there is no matching or hippodroming about this business. Mr. McDonald has signed an agreement to pay me the sum of \$200 and expenses for each exhibition, and I to wrestle whoever he may put against me, barring no one. I wish it understood that any of these contests advertised as a match for the championship will be misrepresented, as I am not in condition to wrestle for the title which I now hold, but shall do my best to down all whom he may put before me. Mr. McDonald is now in Pittsburg and our first exhibition takes place in that city on the 7th inst., and he says he will put the best man on the top of the earth against me on that occasion. Respectfully yours,
"W. M. MULDOON."

SPORTING circles here are somewhat excited over a great pugilistic event which is to be decided in a few weeks within 100 miles of this city. The principals are John Flood, one of the famous Bull's Head gang of this city, and John Sullivan, of Boston, the next aspirant for the championship of America. The pugilists are to fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring for a purse of \$1,000. Both pugilists are in training under the mentorship of experienced trainers and the latter are doing all they can to bring their proteges into the arena in the pink of condition. Sullivan, the double-jointed and gigantic pugilist of Boston, is under the care of Billy Madden, while Flood is training under the watchful eye of Bob Smith at a quiet resort near this city. Sullivan stands 5 feet 11 3-4 inches in height, is 23 years of age and weighs 190 pounds when trained and 212 pounds untrained. He has proved himself to be a terrific hitter and is possessed of great strength and endurance. He has gained the supremacy over every pugilist he has ever met and Boston sporting men will match him to fight any man in the world. Flood is 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs 180 pounds in condition. He has never fought according to the rules of the London prize ring, but from a boy he has been constantly engaged in rough and tumble fights, in which he displayed great pluck and endurance. Sporting men in this city are divided as to the probable winner in the coming battle, but Flood has an army of tried, determined friends who will do their utmost to make him win. If the pugilists are allowed to battle on their merits the fight will be a short, sharp and desperate one. Both pugilists are terrific hitters, so that one or the other will have to hoist the signals of distress before one hour elapses after they enter the ring. Sullivan will have to win inside of an hour or he will never carry the day. In this city Flood's backers are laying even money that he will win. After Sullivan and the Boston sporting men arrive the betting will change.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALL LETTERS IN REGARD TO SPORTING MATTERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO WM. E. HARDING, SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE, 183 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.

SPORTING.

D. W., Red Wing.—No. J. H. L., Fort Grant.—It was H. B. J., New York City.—Will publish picture; can do nothing further. J. J., Mansfield, Ohio.—Wash your face in butternut light and morning. H. W., St. Louis, Mo.—1. No. 2. Dan Mace will drive 100 feet this season. N. BRINA, Sutra.—We will furnish you with the cabinets at 50 cents each. C. H. B. N., Bennington, Vt.—Send on \$2 and we will forward you the book. M. P., Buffalo, N. Y.—Johnny Grady, the pugilist, died in New York years ago. S. W., Elgin, Ill.—The best running jump on record is 29 feet 7 inches, at Chester, England, May 1, 1854. SCIRO, Albany, N. Y.—1. How we tell which is the best two-year-old George Lorillard owns? 2. Spinaway. H. W., Providence, R. I.—Duncan C. Ross threw the hammer at Philadelphia, July, 1879, 100 feet 9 inches. W. G. H., Canton, Ohio.—The Regatta will be held on the Schuylkill at Philadelphia, Pa., on June 11, 2. It was M. B., Oil City, Pa.—Billy Edwards defeated Sam Collier the third time at Mill Creek, Va., on August 11, 1874. SAM, Seymour, Ind.—Tom Spring beat Jack Langan twice. The stakes in the second battle were 1,000 guineas. W. C., Indianapolis.—Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, stood 6 feet 5 1/2 inches in height and weighed nearly 215 pounds. S. W., Watertown, N. Y.—We only answer business communications by mail; all other questions will be answered in the POLICE GAZETTE. D. S., Herkimer.—Black Maria and Canada Joe trotted 100 miles for \$3,000 at Providence, R. I., June 16, 1867. Conqueror won in 8h. 55m. 53s. HARRY, Utica, N. Y.—1. Billy Edwards was born in England. 2. He beat William Hitchen (Fawcett), at Manchester, Eng., on March 11, 1873. PUGILIST, Amateur, Boston, Mass.—Joe Goss and Tom Allen fought a draw near Bristol, England, March 5, 1867, and Goss defeated Allen in Kentucky, in 1876. H. W., Pottsville, Pa.—You win; Arthur Chambers has fought three times since his arrival in America. He beat George Seddons, Billy Edwards and John H. Clark. P. W., Trenton, N. J.—The POLICE GAZETTE has entered an unknown for the races to be held by O'Leary in Chicago and in New York; also in the Ennis six-day race. H. W., Boston, Mass.—Col. McDaniel's, of Princeton, N. J., racing stable at present consists of King Nero, Lettina, Pacific, Lady Alice, Effie, Ellsler and Sarah Bernhardt. G. W. C., Beardstown, Ill.—Write to James Keenan, Portland street, Boston. If you can row as fast by his watch on the Charles River you will not need a backer. H. W., Omaha, Neb.—The longest battle fought in England was between Bill Hayes and Mike Madden. It was fought at Edenbridge on July 17, 1849, and lasted 6 hours and 3 minutes. W. H., Albany, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Hanlan never rowed George Brown of Halifax, N. S., or Walter Brown either. 3. The "Life of Hanlan" is published by the POLICE GAZETTE. Price 25 cents, by mail. C. W. M., Marshall, Mich.—1. Tom Allen, the pugilist, has been beaten in numerous prize ring encounters. 2. Send to this office for "Champions of the American Prize Ring," price 25 cents; it will give you full information. H. W., Sioux City, Iowa.—Harry Allen, the English pugilist, fought a draw with Jack Rooke for £200 a side, at 10 stone 9 pound; time, 1h. 22m.; 16 rounds, Feb. 5, 1867, Gray Riggs, Westmoreland. 2. We make no charge for answering questions. PEDESTRIAN, Lowell, Mass.—1. Beneke Brothers, corner of Canal and Mulberry streets, this city, make pedestrian shoes from the Rowell "last." See business department. 2. Hazael and Littlewood are both in this country. 3. The entries for the Astley Belt have not yet closed. H. W., Chicago, Ill.—At Brighton, London, Eng., on Sept. 21, 1880, William Bennett, in a 2,000 point game, made the unprecedented run of 1,830, the largest on record in England. 2. He allowed R. Topping 1,500 points, and the latter only handled the cue three times. S. W., Denver, Col.—1. In 1858 Sam Hurst, the Stayley-bridge Infant, challenged John Morrissey, John C. Heenan and Tom King to fight for £200. 2. Jerry Donovan fought four times, beating Jim Burns, Johnny McGlade, Jack Gallagher and Steve O'Donnell. He received forfeit from Barney Ford, and has fought several turn-ups. JAMES W., Baltimore, Md.—Joe Wormald and Ned O'Baldwin fought one round; Wormald had the best of it all through while it lasted. Wormald received £200 forfeit from O'Baldwin April 27, 1867. 2. Jem Mace and Ned O'Baldwin met to fight for \$2,000 at Collier Station, West Virginia, August 21, 1872, but could not agree upon a referee. W. A. Y., San Quenton, Me.—1. Any pedestrian can compete for the Astley Belt that sends \$500 to the Sporting Life, London, Eng. 2. It will be competed for in London on June 30. 3. It has to be won three times in succession before it becomes the property of any pedestrian. If Rowell wins the next race it will be his own property. J. J. B., New Fane, N. Y.—1. Bob Way, of Olean, N. Y., was champion jumper in 1867, '68 and '69 until beaten at Binghamton, N. Y., by Ned Searles of Sing Sing. 2. We have seen Bob Way jump 12 feet 11 3/4 inches single standing jump. 3. At Romeo, Mich., October 3, 1879, G. W. Hamilton, of Fredonia, N. Y., jumped 14 feet 5 1/2 inches, which is the best on record. FORT YATES, D. T.—1. In the POLICE GAZETTE'S supplement of the great Heenan and Sayers fight at Farnborough, England, given away with No. 179, the figure on the left is Sayers and not Heenan; so B loses. 2. Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, will give away the "key" to the Heenan and Sayers battle free with No. 193, so that you can, by referring to the "key," find all the great sporting men who witnessed the great battle.

"THE Champions of the American Prize Ring." Opinions of the press. A handsome volume published by Richard K. Fox, New York, contains full page portraits of all the champions, elegantly engraved.—N. Y. Sunday News. "The Champions of the American Prize Ring" is a new and handsome work issued by the POLICE GAZETTE, edited and arranged by William E. Harding.—N. Y. Star. "Fisticuffs;" Richard K. Fox, New York, has recently issued under this title a handsomely illustrated work which should be a text book for the "Fancy."—N. Y. Sun day Times. "The Champions of the American Prize Ring" is the first work of its kind ever published in this country and will doubtless be largely perused by the fistic fraternity.—Turf, Field and Farm. The only attempt to place on record a complete and connected history of Tom Hyer and his successors who held the championship of America. The book is filled with excellent likenesses of the men, and those who are in any way interested in the prize ring should get a copy of the book.—N. Y. Sportsman. Richard K. Fox, publisher of the POLICE GAZETTE, of New York, has issued a handsome book containing a complete history of the heavy-weight champions of America, with authentic portraits of all the noted pugilists and accounts of their battles. The work is the only one of its kind that has ever been published in this country.—Boston Globe, April 3, 1881. "The Champions of the American Prize Ring," with their battles and portraits, has been published in convenient form by Richard K. Fox, of New York. The record begins with the memorable fight between Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, and concludes with the Goss-Bryan battle in Western Virginia last June. The sporting fraternity will find this little volume very interesting.—N. Y. Herald, April 9, 1881. "The Champions of the American Prize Ring" will be mailed to any address on receipt of 33 cents.

JUST OUT.

THE AMERICAN ATHLETE.

A treatise on the rules and principles of training for athletic contests and regimen of physical culture, giving sketches of well known athletes, their experiences and how they were successful. No athlete should be without this valuable work. In addition the work contains portraits of the following famous athletes: Charles Rowell, Dan O'Leary, Harry Vernon, John J. Shea, champion athlete of Canada, George W. Hamilton, champion jumper, Wm. E. Harding, champion bicyclist, Tom Lynch, Dennis Driscoll Ed. Holake, Wallace Ross, E. A. Treckett, Gus Hill, champion club-swinging, Edwin Bibby, Wm. Mel. doon, Clarence Whistler, Rudolph Goetz, L. E. Myers, champion runner, Duncan C. Ross Miss Lizzie Mowbray, the famous club-swinging, Miss Carrie Davenport, Professor Baner, Miller, etc. "The American Athlete" is the cheapest and handsomest sporting book in America. 25 cents, by mail. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, 183 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Boxing Gloves. BUTT'S PATENT SEAMLESS PALM GLOVES, Good Curled Hair Gloves, No. A, \$2.50; No. B, \$3.00; No. C, \$3.50; No. E, \$4.50. Best Kid Sounding Gloves, with ventilated palms, No. 1, per set of two pair, \$3.50. The Marquis of Queensbury Contest Gloves, per set of two pair, \$3.00. Indian Tanned Buck Gloves, very durable, per set of two pair, \$3.00. Heel Padded Gloves are 50c. additional to the above price. Gloves by registered mail, 50c. additional, or by express C. O. D. Address, PECK & SYDNER, Manufacturers, 124 and 126 Nassau St., N. Y. Ned Donnelly's Art of Boxing.—A thorough Manual of Sparring and Self-Defence, illustrated with Forty Engravings, showing the various Blows, Stops and Guards, by Ned Donnelly, Professor of Boxing to the London Athletic Club, etc., etc. This work explains in detail every movement of attack and defence in the clearest language, and in accordance with the most approved and modern methods; the engravings are very distinctly drawn, and show each position and motion as plainly as the personal instruction of a professor could convey it. It teaches all the feints and dodges practiced by experienced boxers, and gives advice to those who desire to perfect themselves in the game. Art. 40 has illustrations. In cloth and gold, 50c. Our complete catalogue of everything in the sporting line, 192 pages, 700 illustrations, sent by mail for 10 cents. PECK & SYDNER, 124 and 126 Nassau street, N. Y. 70 Your Name in New Type on 70 Cards 10c. New styles, best artists. Song-books, Birds, Gold Chromos, Landscapes, Water Scenes, etc.—no 2 alike. Agent's Complete Sample Book, 25c. Great variety Advertisers and Bevel-Edge Cards. Lowest price to dealers and printers. 100 Sample Fancy Advertising Cards, 50c. Address STEVENS BROS., Box 22, Northford, Ct. Patent Police Gazette Binders will be sent to any address in the United States on receipt of \$1.50. Each binder will contain 4 copies of the latest dates of the POLICE GAZETTE. Back numbers of the GAZETTE can always be obtained by addressing the publisher, RICHARD K. FOX, William and Spruce Streets, New York. Lynch's Diamond Store, 925 Broadway, near 21st Street. The largest and finest assortment of Diamond Ear-rings, Crosses, Studs, Rings, Pink Pearls, Cat's Eyes, Jewelry, Silverware, &c., at prices 25 per cent. lower than any other house. Send for Catalogue. Judge for Yourself—If you wish to see the picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage, give your age, color of eyes and hair, and send 35c. money or 40c. postage stamps to W. Fox, box 33, Fultonville, N. Y. Poker!—If you want to win at cards, send for the Secret Helper. A sure thing. It will beat old sports. Address H. O. BROWN, Salem, N. H. Zenas M. Swift, Attorney and Counselor, American Block, Buffalo, N. Y. Criminal law a specialty. \$999 a year to agents and expenses. \$6 out-ft. free. Address F. SWAIN & Co., Augusta, Me. \$72 a week. \$12 a day at home easily made. Outfit free. TEUB & Co., Augusta, Maine. \$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address, GEO. STILSON & Co., Portland, Me. \$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. Relief from the worst of aches. German Corn Remover. It never fails. Druggists. 25cts. Rare Books, Prints, etc. Rare Sample 3c. stamp. SAMPLE CO., Haverhill, Mass. Books, Photos, &c. Sample Catalogue 3c. PARIS BOOK CO., Chicago, Ill. Photos of Female Beauties, 10c. Illustrated Catalogues free. J. SMITH, Box 3, Reading, Pa.

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SPORTING.

Six-Day Race TO BE HELD IN THE NEW ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE, CONEY ISLAND, COMMENCING JULY 17, FOR ROSE'S NEW INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP BELT. VALUE OF BELT \$3,000, AND THE LARGEST CASH PRIZES EVER OFFERED. There will also be preceding and following this race a series of short races. June 19, 50-mile go-as-you-please race, professional. June 22, 24-hour go-as-you-please race, amateur. June 25, 25-mile race, heel-and-toe, professional. June 26, 24-hour go-as-you-please race, professional. June 30, 25-mile heel-and-toe-handicap, amateur. July 1, 10-mile heel-and-toe, professional. July 2, 10-mile running-race, professional. July 3, 84-hour race, 12 hours a day. All Professional and Amateur Athletes are requested to send at once for circular. D. E. ROSE, 71 John street, New York. Owney Geoghegan's English Champion pugilists are to arrive at The Old House at Home, 105 Bowery in two weeks. Owney Geoghegan has forwarded \$200 to England for passage money for Jimmy Highland, and Harry Evans, the English champion pugilists to come to America. On their arrival in New York, they will appear in a series of glove fights every night, at Owney Geoghegan's Old House at Home, 105 Bowery, New York, near Grand street. Highland is one of the cleverest and most scientific pugilists in England and has fought Alf Greenfield, the present champion of England, and other noted pugilists. On his arrival Owney Geoghegan will match him to fight any 125lb. man in America, give or take four pounds for \$1,000 a side. Harry Evans recently challenged any 124lb. man in Great Britain. Owney Geoghegan will also match Evans to fight any pugilist in America, for \$1,000 and the light-weight championship of America. Look out for their arrival! Charley Norton, who is eager to fight George Fullinane, the Canadian champion, has also been engaged to box every night at Owney Geoghegan's, 105 Bowery, with Dan Doherty in full ring costume. Beneke Bros., Largest Custom shoemakers in the country, are the POLICE GAZETTE'S shoemaker. Shoes for Pedestrians are made on the "Rowell" last at \$6 and \$7 pair. Fine English dress and easy walking shoes for business wear ready made, \$3 to \$5, to order \$4 to \$6. All our shoes are sewed by hand with the best Irish flax and are light and warranted. 291 Canal street, corner of Mulberry. Why suffer! German Corn Remover warranted to cure. Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

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