WANTS NO MORE OF IT

Young Lady Who Will Teach Chinamen in Sunday-School No More.

Hattie Lloyd Resigns from Dr. Deems's School.

She Is Satisfied that Men Are the Proper Teachers for Celestials.

In the Chinese Sunday-school connected with the Church of the Strangers meets on second Sunday in September to fight out trouble between Supt. Krug and his ex-heathen pupils there will be an empty chair on the side of the table opposite of the most devout Celestials.

The place has been declared vacant by Miss Hattie Lloyd, of 142 Greene street, who for a year has been a teacher of would-be Mongolian Christians. Miss Lloyd has become convinced by her mother's good advice, doubtless maternal authority, that she was mistaken when she believed it was her duty to instruct a Chinaman in the intricacies of salvation.

She believes that men are better fitted for this work, and in order that men may have the opportunity she has resigned her position as teacher.

Miss Lloyd was seen by an EVENING WORLD reporter yesterday, and confirmed the statement that Miss Hattie had surrendered her charge of one to whoever wants him.

"I don't believe in girls teaching Chinese," said Mrs. Lloyd. "I didn't want Hattie to go in the first place, but she thought it her duty, and I gave in. Before the Summer vacation Hattie was sick for several weeks and did not been at school. She intended to begin when the school is reopened on the third Sunday of September, but we have been reading what THE EVENING WORLD has said to be the character of the Chinese and have concluded that she shall not go back.

"That is all I want to say about it. The case may be all right, but as long as they have the reputation they now do, I think they should be taught by men. I have had no experience with them myself, and perhaps I should not judge them harshly; but I don't think they are the right kind of people for me to associate with."

Miss Lloyd was one of the brightest young teachers in the Church of the Strangers Chinese Sunday-school. She always discouraged the efforts made by the Chinese to make social lions with their teachers and would not attend picnics and other affairs where Chinamen are treated by their teachers as particular friends.

A member of church people stated to an EVENING WORLD reporter yesterday that many of the Chinese Sunday-schools will see a change in the method of teaching when they are reorganized, as usual, in September.

Elder McKee, who recently visited the various schools of New York and Brooklyn, in behalf of the Presbytery, says that from what he has seen on his tour of investigation he is decidedly opposed to the system of employing young girls to teach Chinamen.

"I think men are more desirable. In my church," said the Elder, "men are employed to teach Germans who do not understand a word of English. Again, go into our Italian missions. There you will find men teaching these ignorant men—certainly no quicker to learn than the Chinese, who are renowned for their perspicacity. In regard to intermarriages, I will say, while I have never considered the matter, that I believe such affairs would be most unadvisable. I do not think, however, that girls when they undertake such duties are actuated by anything but religious fervor and self-sacrifice."

Dr. Edward Braislin, pastor of the Washington Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn, said in reference to Dr. Lewis's proposition to replace young girls by middle-aged women and men, that he would be happy to see such a change.

"As far as the danger of intermarriage is concerned," added Dr. Braislin, "I have not seen any cases in my own experience, yet I think in all probability they arise from that proximity and intimacy formed during the period when the Chinaman is the recipient of the Young Woman's teaching. She feels sympathy, which carries her away. The idea of self-sacrifice is paramount. It is not faithful love.

"The reason we have many young ladies as teachers in our large Chinese Sunday-school is because they are the ones who proffer their services. It is difficult to find teachers at all, and those who generally volunteer are young women who feel the greatest interest in the work and are willing to sacrifice themselves for the good of humanity. I think in our school, however, less than 50 per cent. are young ladies. The greater portion are middle-aged women and many married ones.

"As far as regards the one-teacher, one-pupil system, I think it arises from the custom in china of each pupil having a master. The Chinese here look for it and expect it. Another reason is that it is a necessity. Few Americans understand Chinese, and the others find it much easier and better to occupy the half or three-quarters of an hour of tuition on one pupil. By this they can accomplish something; otherwise they would fail of success.

"Where a Chinaman understands the English language thoroughly, as in the case of Dr. Thoms, a teacher in our school, he is able to teach a large class, at least eight of his fellow-countrymen. As many of the Chinese come to our schools simply to learn the language, not the doctrines of Christianity, I am free to say that the two teachings should be divided. Night schools should be established, and there they should learn the language. After this they should come to receive religious instruction."

Dr. Dixon, of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, thought that the matter of teaching should be placed in the hands of elderly persons.

"Young girls should not be placed in a position to be mortified suddenly by a profession of love from a pupil for whom they have felt merely a Christian interest," said Dr. Dixon. "I should not care to see it in my church."

TO PRESERVE LEAVES.

A Little Wax and Paint Is All That Is Necessary.

I lately went into the room where my invalid cousin was lying with a great spray of gorgeous red and yellow maple leaves from the trees outside her window.

"How I wish I could keep them so!" she sighed, and I resolved to reproduce them as a surprise to her.

I bought some nice yellow beeswax, two cheap camel's hair brushes, a tiny bottle of carmine powder and a tube of green oil paint. With some leaves of different sizes I was ready for work.

The leaves had been soaked over night. I put the yellow wax in two small tins; one I left bright yellow, the other I colored with a little of the green paint. When melted I put on the under side of one of the leaves with the brushes, first a coating of yellow wax, then one of the green; this made the leaves appear as turning from green to yellow.

I found one of plain bright yellow was very effective among the rest. When the leaf was well covered, and the wax about thick enough not to break, I pulled the leaf gently off, peeling from the skin upward.—*For Housekeeper.*

SLAVERY IN PERU.

It Goes by Another Name, but Is Bondage Pure and Simply.

Slavery has no recognition in Peruvian law, but there are ways of maintaining and explaining it not unworthy of some admiration for their cleverness. Take, for instance, an established chacra or hacienda—any hacienda. According to law the Indian is a free man. Certainly. Also, according to law, no man—white, mestizo or Indian—may leave the place where he has contracted a debt until he has paid it, if his creditors enjoin (embargo) him.

Now, it happens that the Indians are all and always heavily in debt to the owners of the chacra where they live, and said owners do choose to enjoin them. Wherefore, concludes *Harper's Magazine*, the Indian remains perpetually embargoed. When the young Indian has grown large enough to do what may be regarded as a man's work he enters service.

He receives the habitual recompense of nine soles per month. On this sum he cannot live. The master knows it, the Indian knows it; but what is to be done when such is the established stipend throughout the length and breadth of the valley? The result is, receiving none of the commonest necessaries of life gratuitously, he overdraws from the first. A strict account is kept of all that he obtains from his master of food, clothing, implements and knickknacks; papers of injunction are duly served and he is compelled to work on day after day in satisfaction of the debt.

Consider another phase of the matter. If a man desires to establish a new hacienda he can obtain all the land he may need by simply "denouncing" it in due legal form, occupying and building a house on it; but he cannot secure laborers by spreading the rumor of his wishes and summoning a crowd of applicants from which to choose.

For this he must repair to some well-stocked hacienda where there are Indians to spare, pay the debts of such as he selects, thereby transferring the Indian with his obligation and its attendant bond of servitude from one master to another.

Shabby.

[*From Tid-Bits.*]

Tommy—But you told me she was only your third cousin.

Dick—She is. Her mother is my only aunt, and she has two older sisters.

How to Conciliate an Editor.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

"You look awful blue. What is the matter with you?"

"That editor has sent back my last batch of poems. I wish I knew how to get his good will."

"That's easy enough done."

"How am I to do it, to put him in good humor?"

"Don't send him any more of your poetry."

(*From Last Night's Sporting Extra.*)

THE TURF.

Stewards at Monmouth Fail to Inquire Into Reiffe's Riding.

BAREFOOT, THE "GOOD THING."

Monmouth Association Offers $1,000 Cup in the Choice Stakes.

The worst piece of riding seen at Monmouth Park during the present meeting was that of Jockey Reiffe on Estelle in the sixth race yesterday. This mare ran seven furlongs a few days ago in 1:24¼ and won under a pull. Yesterday she was also under a pull, but she didn't win. She was beaten nearly fifty yards by Barefoot and May Win. If Master Reiffe is accustomed to riding in the West as he did at Monmouth Park, he should change the manner of his ways and learn to ride in Eastern fashion—to win. It may be, as some of the jockey's friends asserted, after the race, that he is incompetent. This is no excuse, and it only makes matters worse by holding up Owner McCafferty in an unfavorable light for putting up such a boy on a hot favorite. It was also asserted that Estelle could not run in the mud. This may be true also, but, then, why did Mr. McCafferty permit her to start and why did he tell his friends to back the mare if he knew that Estelle was averse to heavy going. It may be, as a contemporary charitably remarks, that Estelle had "one of her mean fits on and wouldn't try a yard." This disease must also be peculiar to Reiffe, for he was not observed to try, either. Nine-tenths of the spectators were of the opinion that the mare did not try. Everybody expected that the boy would be called before the stewards for an explanation of his peculiar jockeyship, but he was not questioned, for the simple reason that the stewards were not at their posts. They are not, therefore, competent to judge the race, and Master Reiffe will probably escape scot free. The paid Board of Stewards which was promised by the Monmouth Park management has not yet materialized. The betting in the race looked peculiar also. Barefoot opened at 10 to 1 and was plunged upon as though it was a certainty. His closing price was 3 to 1, and he won in a walk. Mr. M. F. Dwyer's opinion on the race would be most interesting. He had quite a swell bet on Estelle.

* * *

After this most extraordinary race Barefoot was put up at auction. He was entered to be sold at $2,000. Mr. J. J. Christy ran the colt up to $2,600, at which price the auctioneer declared him sold. Trainer Walden objected, however, saying that he had bid $2,500, and this necessitated another sale. This time Mr. Christy bought the colt for $3,100.

* * *

The Monmouth Association, in an endeavor to bring those two good three-year-olds Tammany and Lamplighter together in the Choice Stakes on Saturday, have offered a gold cup valued at $1,000 to the winner. This inducement may induce the owners of Lamplighter and Tammany to start, but it is very doubtful. There would be no excuse for one or the other withdrawing, but somehow owners of crack horses fear to meet one another. Besides the two mentioned there are engaged in the Choice Stakes Azra, Pickpocket, Sir Matthew, Yorkville Belle, Highness, Dagonet, Leonawell, Mars, Barefoot, Lochiatchee, Kilkenny and Two Bits, making a grand field.

* * *

It is reported that John Marr, the trainer of Poet Scout, is to take that good son of Longfellow back to Kentucky. It is not likely that Poet Scout will again be seen on the Eastern tracks. He has a small lump on one of his ankles, and as Trainer Marr says: "It's no use waiting for a horse to become a cripple before you try and cure him."

* * *

Yorkville Belle was added in the Comparative Stakes and made a hot favorite. In her preliminary something frightened her and she stopped short and refused to budge. Trainer Allen went out on the track and with his open umbrella prodded the belle so as to make her move along. Then the superstitious gamblers rushed in and hedged on Montana, for they declared Allen had "hoodooed" the mare. Certain it was she did not win. Montana beat her easily.

* * *

Schuylkill would probably have won the last race yesterday had not his headstall slipped in the last fifty yards.

* * *

Gideon and Daly bet $2,200 on McCormick in the last race yesterday. The colt ran a disappointing race.

The Vice-President at Bar Harbor.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

BAR HARBOR, Me., Aug. 12.—Vice-President Morton arrived here this morning.

GRACE IS FOR PEACE.

He Does Not Favor an Independent Mayoralty Candidate.

Still, It Is Too Early to Discuss Local Politics.

Above All Things He Wants to See Cleveland and Stevenson Elected.

Ex-Mayor Grace's interview in THE WORLD this morning, in which he said that he is personally opposed to the nomination of an independent county ticket, was the talk of politicians at the City Hall, the hotels and the National headquarters of both political parties.

The interview was regarded from various standpoints. It was generally concluded that Mr. Grace meant just what he said. At present he was against the nomination of an anti-Tammany local ticket, and whether a fight should be made later depended on how events shaped in the future.

Mr. Grace was asked:

"Will there be a ticket nominated by the Anti-Tammany democrats?"

"Ah," replied the ex-Mayor, "I cannot answer that question. There may, and there may not, be a third ticket placed in the field."

"The organization which sent delegates to the Syracuse Convention and opposed Senator Hill's nomination for President at Chicago is still kept up," suggested the reporter.

"Yes, and it is being strengthened. We are thoroughly organized in nearly every Assembly district and we will have committees in each of the thirty districts before Sept. 1. While we do not say that the organization will nominate a county ticket or take part in a combination against Tammany Hall, we will hold ourselves in readiness to meet any emergency which may arise.

"We do not," continued the ex-Mayor, "desire to do anything that will jeopardize the election of Cleveland and Stevenson. The success of the Nation's ticket will be considered above everything else."

Mr. Grace said that in his interview on Wednesday he did not intend to criticise Mr. Whitney. He added:

"I am glad he is taking a prominent and active interest in the campaign, as there is always need of an able and experienced man like him at National Headquarters. Mr. Whitney and myself are on the best of terms. What differences of opinion which may now exist will all be settled. There is no doubt about that. You see it is early to arrange everything, and, as far as local politics is concerned, September and October are better months to decide what is best to be done than in August."

"If you thought a third ticket would cost Cleveland votes, would you oppose its nomination?"

"Most assuredly. And, on the other hand, if I thought opposition to Tammany Hall would help his election I would favor a third ticket. However, I wish above everything else to see Cleveland and Stevenson elected."

JAGGERDORF FOUND ALIVE.

He Is a Patient in Bellevue Hospital, but Will Soon Be About Again.

Homer Jaggerdorf, of 53 Eldridge street, who until yesterday had been numbered among the "mysterious disappearances," was sufficiently recovered this morning to leave Bellevue Hospital.

Jaggerdorf is a cloakmaker for Stern & Co., of 43 Lispenard street. A week ago nineteen of his fellow-cloakmakers were discharged. They suspected Jaggerdorf of having caused their discharge by acting informer. Some of them assailed Jaggerdorf with clubs and beat him severely.

Jaggerdorf was taken to Bellevue Hospital, and on account of being unable to speak English very well his name was registered as Lulorf.

His family, in searching for him, visited Bellevue, but no Jaggerdorf was recorded there as an inmate. Yesterday, however, it occurred to one of the office men at Bellevue that Jaggerdorf might be the man. His family were notified and an identification followed.

IRON HALL SUPREME SITTING.

High Officers Who May Be Ousted from Their Positions.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 12.—The Supreme Sitting of the Order of Iron Hall held a short secret session to-day, but nothing of importance resulted, that body deferring all important matters until the result of the application for a receiver is made known.

That Supreme Cashier Davis and Supreme Accountant Walker will be ousted by the Supreme Sitting, however, in case the plea for a receiver is not granted, is regarded as certain, as Supreme Justice Somerby and the other executive officers are of the opinion that the action of Davis and Walker has been against the interests of the Order.

NEW YORK CITY PAYS $507,000.

Cash for the Langdon Claimants Turned Over to Counsel To-Day.

Comptroller Myers this afternoon paid over to Richard S. Emmet and Thomas L. Ogden, counsel for the Langdon claimants for bulkhead rights on the North River, the sum of $507,000. This is the amount allowed by the Supreme Court to the Langdon claimants on the amended report submitted by ex-President Grover Cleveland, who was appointed referee in the matter.

TRANSFERS OF SERGEANTS.

Some Patrolmen Also Changed by the Police Board.

The Police Board this afternoon made the following transfers of sergeants:

William B. Porter, from the Sixteenth Precinct to Twenty-second; Edward Delamater and William P. Coffey, from the Second to the Sixteenth; John P. Herlihy, from the Fifth to the Sixteenth; Edward J. McAuley, from the First to the Ninth; John Batt, from the Ninth to the First.

These patrolmen were transferred:

Herman Wagner, from the Thirtieth to the Thirty-first Precinct; Micheal Tarpey, from the Thirty-third to the Twenty-first; Daniel Curtin, from the Twenty-first to the Twenty-second; John Delaehy, from the Thirtieth to the Thirty-second; William Swan, from the Eighth to the Thirtieth; Thomas J. Cullen, from the Twenty-fourth to the Second.

CONSUL M'CREERY'S CASE

If Investigated at All, 'Twill Be by Secretary John Foster.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12.—Consul McCreery this morning called on the Secretary of State, presumably in relation to the charges made against him of misconduct during the Chilian trouble.

It is understood, however, that nothing will be done in the matter until after the Secretary's return from Deer Park, where he expects to go Saturday to stay over Sunday with his family. If an investigation is decided upon, Secretary Foster will most probably conduct it himself.

NO ONE TO BLAME.

The Death of William Walker in Kings County Hospital a Pure Accident.

The case of William Walker, the patient who jumped from a third-story window in the Kings County Hospital last week Thursday night, sustaining injuries from which he died last night, was investigated by the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, Brooklyn, to-day. They found that no blame could be attached to any of the medical staff or corps of attendants.

ONLY A CHANGE OF COURTS.

Frances Hastings Discharged Only to Be Rearrested.

Frances Hastings pleaded guilty in the Court of General Sessions to-day to a charge of keeping a disorderly house at 30 Bayard street and was fined $100.

A charge of abducting fourteen-year-old Martha Ryan, who was discovered in the house when it was raided, was dismissed, but when the woman left the court-room she was arrested and will have to stand trial in the Court of General Sessions, she having been indicted on the abduction charge.

$30,000 STALLION DEAD.

Heart Disease Kills Harvey Noble—Record 2.17¼.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Aug. 12.—The trotting stallion, Harvey Noble, owned by W. S. Kirby & Co., of Galesburg, Mich., died to-day of heart disease.

The horse had a record of 2.17¼ and was valued at $30,000.

NEW YORKERS WIN AT TENNIS.

Morning Results in the Invitation Tournament at Nahant.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

NAHANT, Mass., Aug. 12.—The following are the results of the morning's play in the invitation tennis tournament:

E. L. Hall, New York, beat S. T. Chase, Chicago, 6—1, 6—3.

Malcolm Chace, Providence, beat Quincy A. Shaw, jr., Boston, 6—0, 6—0.

Clarence Hobart, New York, beat F. H. Hovey, 6—4, 11—9.

A JAPANESE MINE HORROR.

The Workings Suddenly Flooded by a Rise in the River Ginzan.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 12.—The steamship City of Rio Janeiro, just arrived from Yokohama, brings advices to the effect that the finest copper mine in Akitaken, Japan, was inundated July 14 by a sudden overflow of the River Ginzan. According to some accounts nine miners and according to others sixty miners were drowned.

No Claimant for Merley's Body.

The body of John Merley, who died from the effects of sunstroke in the Brooklyn Navy-Yard Wednesday, is still at the Morgue.

Although Coroner Rooney has notified the man's relatives, who live at 569 Twentieth street, to take it away, they have shown no disposition to do so. The body will be buried in potter's field to-morrow unless it is claimed by the relatives.

NANCY HANKS'S GREAT SPEED.

The Crack Trotter Likely to Beat Her Record This Season.

The great trotting mare, Nancy Hanks, will in all probability lower her record of 2.09 before the season is ended.

Yesterday at Grand Rapids, Mich., 10,000 persons saw her equal her record over a track that was not in the best possible shape. Nancy reached the first quarter in :33¾, the half in 1:05, the three-quarter in 1:37¾ and the wire in 2:09.

The mare finished good and strong, her last quarter being timed at :31¼s, the fastest of the four.

KILLED BY FALLING WALLS.

Rumored Disaster at a New Jersey Concentrating Works.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Aug. 12.—It is reported here that one of the buildings of the New Jersey and Pennsylvania Concentrating Company's Works at Ogden, collapsed to-day.

Four men are reported killed and twelve others seriously injured.

The office of the New Jersey and Pennsylvania Concentrating Company is in the Edison Building, at 44 Broad street.

The clerk in charge said no news of the reported disaster at the Company's Ogden works had been received.

A King's Third Son for a Gift.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Aug. 12.—At Morris Cove, in East Haven, Prince Mensar Giraldo de Lime, the third son of the King of Congo, is spending the summer. He is visiting this country with Lieut. Strensch, of the German army, who is a well-known African explorer. Five years ago the King of Congo made the lieutenant, when he was about to return home, a present of his third son. The Prince is seventeen years old and has been well educated. He will return to Africa soon.

Another Wreck on the Big Four.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

DAYTON, O., Aug. 12.—A west-bound Big Four passenger train collided with an east-bound local freight at Sidney last evening, wrecking both engines. The mail car was whisked down the embankment against a dwelling-house. John M. Lingley, of Indianapolis, fireman of the passenger train, was fatally injured, and the engineer slightly. The passengers were thrown over the seats, but all escaped serious injury.

Christianized Indians Burn a Village.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

VICTORIA, B. C., Aug. 12.—Advices have been received of the burning of an Indian village on Queen Charlotte Island. The fire was started by Christian Indians from Vancouver, who objected to the hanging of dead bodies on poles in one portion of the village, this being the tribal manner of burial. Supt. Vowell has been requested to investigate.

Mrs. Fillmore's 105th Birthday.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

BUFFALO, Aug. 12.—Mrs. Lavina Fillmore, the oldest woman in Western New York, will celebrate her 105th birthday to-morrow at her home in Clarence, Erie County. She is the widow of Rev. Goodin Fillmore, a noted Methodist preacher, who was a cousin of the late President Millard Fillmore.

Unknown Man Killed on the Rail.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 12.—The unknown man who was killed by a train on the Pennsylvania Railroad at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon died at the hospital at 4 o'clock this morning. A gold watch and chain and $66 were found in his pockets.

Ignore's Carver's Challenge.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

DENVER, Col., Aug. 12.—The editor of the *Republican* has not yet accepted the challenge to a duel sent him by Dr. W. Carver, the famous rifle expert, because of slurring references made to Carver in the columns of the *Republican*. It is not believed that there will be a meeting.

Watching the City's Milk Supply.

Mr. B. F. Van Valkenburgh, Assistant State Dairy Commissioner, sent two forces of men out this morning to inspect milk arriving over the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western road at the Christopher and Barclay street ferries. Thirty-five hundred cans were inspected and sixty cans of adulterated milk were found.

Jacob Wells Dies Suddenly.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

WATERTOWN, Aug. 12.—Jacob Wells, a wealthy retired merchant of New York, died suddenly this morning at J. Y. Chapin's Island, on the St. Lawrence, eight miles below Alexandria Bay.

Died in Switzerland.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 12.—Daniel M. Zimmerman, for many years Secretary and Treasurer of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad Company, died on Wednesday at Pontresina, Switzerland, in his sixty-ninth year.

Union Stock Yards Win.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 12.—The Chicago Stock Yards case was decided by Vice-Chancellor Green this morning in favor of the defendants. The case involves several million dollars' worth of property. The successful defendants are the C. L. Willingby Company, the Chicago Junction Railway and the Union Stock Yard Company.

WRECKED OFF THE JAPAN COAST.

The American Ship North American Went Down During a Storm.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 12.—Advices from Yokohama to the steamship City of Rio Janeiro tell of the total loss of the American ship North American, Capt. Creelman, in Kii Channel. The vessel left Yokohama in May for New York, via Kobe, sailing from the latter port July 22 with a cargo of rags and camphor. She went down in the channel during a storm, but the advices tell nothing as to the loss or safety of the crew.

MAY HAVE BEEN KIDNAPPED.

An Old and Wealthy Resident of Middletown Disappears.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Aug. 12.—Great excitement prevails at Middlefield over the disappearance of Capt. Henry A. Miller, a very wealthy and influential citizen. He was seen last evening by his nephew, Henry Ives, but this morning he had disappeared.

Searching parties have scoured the country and drawn off ponds thereabouts, but no trace of Mr. Miller has been found.

He was over eight years old, unmarried and eccentric. He wore long white hair. A gang of toughs was seen in the vicinity of his house last night, and kidnapping is suspected.

Riverdale Church Dedication.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

RIVERDALE, Aug. 12.—The new Catholic church of St. Margaret here will be dedicated on Sunday next. The Archbishop of New York will officiate, and the sermon will be delivered by Rev. Father Van Rensselaer, of St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York City.

Family Troubles and a Tragedy.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 12.—John Morgan, a farmer living two miles from Carmichael's, Greene county, Pa., was fatally shot yesterday by his son, Thomas Morgan, a young man of twenty-two. A stray shot wounded a younger sister dangerously. The shooting grew out of family troubles.

Want to Regain the "Advocate."

A motion was made to-day before Justice Andrews in Supreme Court Chambers on behalf of the Bedell Brothers to set aside the meeting of the trustees of the New York Advocate Publishing Company, at which they were practically frozen out of the concern. Decision was reserved.

Van Heest to Challenge Dixon.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

CHICAGO, Aug. 12.—Johnny Van Heest is at Ashland, Wis., and will not go to California to fight Sol Smith, as reported. George R. Clark, his backer, will challenge the winner of the Dixon-Skelly fight in behalf of Van Heest. Clark expects Dixon to win and will back Van Heest for $2,500 against the champion.

Killed Instantly by a Fall.

Albert Herd, an engineer, employed at 76 Mercer street, this morning, fell through the hatchway into the subcellar and was instantly killed. He was twenty-three years old and lived at Conlee, N. J.

Died of His Self-Inflicted Wound.

Casper Goekel, janitor of the flat 1779 Lexington avenue, who shot himself last night, died in the Harlem Hospital at an early hour this morning.

On the one hand there's $500 in cash; on the other, there's a cure for your Catarrh. One of these two things has got to come to you—that's promised and agreed by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

But, do you think they'd make any such promise if they weren't sure that you'd be cured? That has come to thousands, through this Remedy, when everything else has failed. By its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, the worst chronic cases of Catarrh in the Head have been perfectly and permanently cured.

That's the reason they're willing to take such a risk. This is what they say: "If we can't cure your Catarrh, no matter how bad your case, or of how long standing, we'll pay you $500 in cash." If they have faith enough to say that, isn't it safe for you to have a little faith, too?

NO ONE NEED SUFFER

Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment acts like a charm for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Nausea, Sick Headaches, &c.

Warranted perfectly harmless. (SEE OATH AT COMPANY'S) on each bottle, also directions FOR USE. ITS SOOTHING and PENETRATING qualities are felt immediately. Try it and be convinced. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by all druggists.

AN OUT-OF-DOORS PROPOSAL.

1. "Ah! darling you *will* have me!"

2. "I can never wed you."

3. "I am"—

4. —"up to the neck"—

5. —"in love. Save me!" "Yes; I am conquered."

6. The course of true love.

Neil Nelson in Doldom.

Read in the SUNDAY WORLD of Neil Nelson's visit to Sonneberg in the Thuringian Forest, whose 12,000 inhabitants, with one or two unimportant exceptions, are engaged in making dolls.

A MODERN LEAR.

The Troubles That Beset a Man with an Appetite.

If there is anything upon which a vast amount of fine language has been needlessly expended, that thing is personal influence. In my opinion—an opinion based on thirty years of most convincing experience, personal influence, though talked of as much as the late Mrs. Harris, is as unsubstantial as a myth. The philanthropist who has begun by trying to reform the world and ended by seriously asking his conscience whether he has altered the views of any soul in it besides himself, will understand me.

My benevolent efforts were expended wholly in behalf of my father. My mother was a New England housekeeper of the old-fashioned sort—a woman who blushed with mortification if unexpected company found her with less than five kinds of cake, with tarts, pies and doughnuts galore. Her preserves were always made "pound for pound," and her hams, pickles and jellies were the admiration of the neighborhood. Under this regimen, my sister Rhoda and I grew up to be a pair of sickly dyspeptics, and at about the age of twenty married two brothers similarly afflicted. My sister Cordelia incurred the lasting displeasure of our parents by eloping at the age of seventeen with a blacksmith's son. She was a self-willed little tomboy, and though we did not exactly feel that her loss was our gain, still people of a delicate nature, like my sister Rhoda and myself, could hardly be expected to thrive too much after one of such tendencies as Cordelia's. My mother dying a few years ago, my father divided his property between Rhoda and myself. He had no son to work his farm, he was too old to work it himself, and he did not wish to be bothered with overseeing hired labor. Joseph and I begged him to make our house his permanent home, but Jacob and Rhoda were equally urgent, and it ended in his dividing his time about equally between us. But he hadn't been at our house more than three days before he began finding fault with his food.

"Seems to me, Jane," he said, "this bread ain't just like what your mother used to make."

"I'm thankful to say it ain't," said I. "This is unleavened bread. Yeast is rank poison."

"It's pretty hefty," said he, lifting a piece in his hand, as if trying to guess its weight. "Don't let that slice fall on your toes, Joe. I've known less than that to lame a man for life."

"The merit of this whole wheat bread," said I, "is that it contains all the elements necessary for the nutrition of the system."

Another time he said: "Jane, why don't you cook some meat? I'm perishin' for want of it."

"Meat!" I exclaimed. "Are we carnivorous beasts, that we should prey on other animals and make our bodies a burying-ground for their remains?"

"Burying-ground!" he said, dismally. "The fact is I ain't half such a cheerful object as a burying-ground—there ain't any bumps or fullness about me."

"This sort of talk is distasteful to me," said I.

Breakfast was perhaps my father's worst meal. The many wholesome preparations of grain, such as cracked wheat, oatmeal, cornmeal and hominy appealed to him in vain.

"We consider this excellent brain food," my husband said cheerfully one morning, as he took a second help of Graham mush.

"Tain't brain food I want," said father; "it's stomach food. If I was a horse I wouldn't mind livin' on bran and chopped stuff. Don't you ever have any milk?"

"No," said Joe, smartly, "we don't. If I was a calf I wouldn't mind livin' on milk."

"You shall have some milk, father," said I, rising to get it. "It's a bilious food, but it contains all the elements that make up the human frame."

"How are tea and coffee in the way of elements?" he asked in a miserable way.

"They are nothing but stimulants," I exclaimed, glad to find he took even this slight interest in the subject. "There is nothing in them to build up the body."

"Well," he said dolefully, "I don't know as I'm looking for anything to build my body up. I've got past that. If I can only find somethin' to prop it up, somethin' to keep it from cavin' in, I'll be satisfied."

If it were not that people who live hygienically are good-natured, my father's querulous discontent would have been a sore trial to us. One day at dinner, after Joseph had said our usual form of grace, my father exclaimed rudely, "Ye may well say the Lord make us thankful, Joe, for if he didn't make us thankful no power on earth could." That same day he asked for pie.

"Do you know what pie is?" asked Joe; and I explained: "Pie is a deadly compound of fruit, fat, flour and fire."

"All them things is good, Jane," said my father, "taken in moderation."

"We don't want them in this house," said Joe. "I ain't goin' to be bothered with dyspepsia in moderation."

Not long after I was horrified to behold my two delicate children munching candy. "Grandpa gave it to us," they said, smiling sickly at me.

"Father," I exclaimed, "this is too bad! Candy is made up wholly of carbonaceous materials—none of the nitrogeneous or phosphatic elements enter into it, and it is a severe tax upon the excretory organs."

He said nothing, but turned away and took out his pipe, indifferent, also, to the fact that tobacco is a poisonous narcotic. I was out of patience with him. I felt relieved when he expressed his intention of going over to stay with Rhoda and Jake for a month.

Rhoda and I are back and forth a good deal, and I soon heard how things were going there. She and Jake are far more advanced than Joe and I are. They consider the use of cooked food a sin in pandering to animal appetite. For breakfast they usually have a little ground wheat, moistened with berry juice, or canned pears or something of that sort. Dinner consists of a little uncooked oatmeal, with figs or dates, and occasionally nuts. They have no supper. My father soon observed that this was a fortunate thing, as three such meals a day would have finished them off long ago. Rhoda quoted father as saying that if he had to live on two meals a day of raw provisions he meant to have enough of those. When, therefore, my sister went into the dining-room one day to set the table with apples, raisins and rye meal, she was astonished to find it already spread with covered dishes, containing uncooked potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbage and onions. She and Jake ate some of the cabbage. The other vegetables they held not fit to eat because they had grown and ripened underground.

"Underground," said father, who was eating everything before him with a savage rapacity, "underground ain't such a bad place. I've often thought I'd better go there myself and settle down." That afternoon Rhoda said she really believed he would die. The turnips and carrots seemed to disagree with him. She made him drink cup after cup of hot water, just as near the boiling point as he could bear it. I ran over with ginger and mustard, which I use only in case of sickness and heard his feeble voice refusing the seventh cup of hot water. "No, thank ye, Rhoda," he said, "my stomach can stand a good deal; it can stand to be flattened out with chicken feed and greens, but it hain't no mind to be drowned out nor scalded out."

The old man looked first at Rhoda, then at me, saying things which I will not repeat. It distressed us to be spoken to in this way, but allowance must always be made for the fretfulness of old age. The poor man never seemed wholly to recover from the raw potatoes and turnips. He grew weaker and weaker till he took his bed altogether. During his illness he maintained a curious aversion for anything in the shape of gruel or fruit, and astonished one good lady who brought him a basket of delicious grapes by stripping bunch after bunch, and throwing them, three or four at a time, hard at her, now at my sister or myself, now at the walls and windows. He called it "grape shot," I remember, and laughed in delirious glee at our protests. After this he sank into unnatural calm, and thinking that his end was approaching, we sent for the minister. A portion of Scripture was read and prayer offered. Then the good man approached his bedside and asked him what would satisfy the deepest desire of his nature.

"Pork and beans!" exclaimed father, with sudden force.

"I was not alluding to creature comforts," said the minister, confused.

"But I am," was the fart response, "and I intend to allude to 'em till I get 'em." The glitter of delirium reappeared in his eye, and the house re-echoed with shrieking demands for pork and beans. Our nearest neighbor, whose sleep was disturbed by this strange outcry, came in next day with a dish containing the loathing viands. "Oh, you'll kill him," said Rhoda.

"He'll kill himself," said she, "with this awful shrieking. If he's going to die anyway, he'd better die in peace." She went into the sick room with her pork and beans, and a slice of home made bread and butter, and came back presently with an empty plate. A great stillness brooded over the house. I looked in at the invalid half an hour later, and found him peacefully sleeping, with a sweet smile on his face.

From this moment—mercy! I see it may seem, father's trouble ended. Of course the man was a great influence over this body, but I do not suppose that a masculine love of having his own way could triumph over the pernicious effects of the most abhorred of culinary products.

As soon as he was able to walk father came back to our house, making some unpleasant remark as he came about jumping from the fire back into the frying-pan. But conveniences are proverbially irritable, and I took no notice. "What you need now in your present weak condition," I said, "is a liberal supply of all the elements necessary to renovate the system." And for supper that night I provided him with a generous slice of brown bread, made of the whole grain, and a large sauce dish of dried apples. He began to eat in silence. I could see he was weak yet from his sickness, for presently a tear trickled down his cheek, and moistened the bread. "You are thinking of mother, but you should not grieve after her. Death is so common to all. It is a wise provision of nature."

"Don't talk to me about provisions, Jane," said he."

At that moment the door was softly pushed open and a rosy-cheeked young woman looked in and made a rush across the room at father. "Dear old dad," she cried, throwing her arms around him; "dear, blessed old dad, you will forgive me, won't you? Oh, you must forgive me. I'll not let you go till you do."

"Why, Cordely," said father, "is that you?" He was so weak he could only sit still and look at her, while his lip quivered. "Of course, if you're happy," he added, "I hain't a word to say agin' the match."

"Do I look very miserable?" she asked, a smile playing among the dimples in her red cheeks. Then she crossed and shook hands with me, and kissed me, looking a little shy and frightened. Suddenly her face grew grave and sad. She took a chair by father's side. "I didn't hear of mother's death till after it was all over," she said, "and then my baby wasn't expected to live and I couldn't leave the little fellow. But when I heard you were sick I told I'd I couldn't stand it to be estranged from you any longer. And so we've come back here to live,