

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JUNE 18, 1890.

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THE BIG RACE.

Thousands Anxiously Awaiting the Result of the Suburban.

WHICH WILL BE THE VICTOR?

Bustle and Preparation at the Sheepshead Bay Track.

A BIG CROWD WILL BE THERE

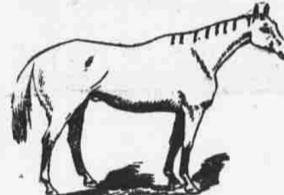
SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY TRACK, JUNE 18.

HE Clerk of the Weather is evidently in the Great Suburban Handicap, for a fair day could not be asked for.

The sun came out early and smiled benignly upon the Coney Island Jockey Club course at Sheepshead Bay, and a delightfully cool breeze blew fresh and strong over the ground, drying yesterday's moisture away, and preparing the track for the great struggle.

Stopt. Clark and a corps of men and teams were out with the sun with hammers and other implements at work on the track, preparing it for the sixth annual Suburban, which is the most important racing event in the American calendar, and of such social importance as well.



ERKWOOD.

weighed at 122 lb. or over must add one-fourth of these extra weights.

EXTRA WEIGHTS ADDED.

Under these conditions several of the favorites have been penalized for their recent winnings.

Among the entries Dwyer Bros.' filly Bella B. seems to have been recognized as a possible winner.

Her admirable performance last year should entitle her to a little consideration, and it is by no means the lowest in the scale of possibilities.

It is not expected to be the last in the race, by any means.

Paragon was generally conceded to be Mr. Cassatt's representative in event of the track being in good condition. It was said that he would be in place of Erkus if the weather were the case, and with the track a trifle holding after the severe rain, it is more than likely that Erkus will be the chosen one after all.

Carroll is the only three-year-old entered in the race. He is owned by Mr. J. C. Cotton and will be ridden by Littlefield. His chances to win are considered by the bookmakers to be worth odds of 100 to 1.

IN THE POOL-ROOMS.

Over a Million and a Half Estimated to Be Put Up by Suburban Speculators.

The pool-rooms in town did a lively business all morning, and generally on the Suburban, to the amusement of everybody else.

De Lacey's, on Park Row, was crowded at 11 A. M., and betting was brisk. At noon Harry De Lacey said he had taken in at the combination window alone over \$2,000, more than twice as much as on any ordinary racing day.

"How do the horses compare?" he was asked. "Well, I think they are better than those who went to the post last year," he answered, "and I imagine it will be a splendid race."

The favorites are Raceland, Terra Cotta and Badge, but generally an outsider wins.

"As you can see, Raceland is the best at 50 to 1 straight and 4 to 1 place; Carroll, 15 to 1 straight and 4 to 1 place; and Voltaire."

"The owners of these horses would never permit them to run unless they had a good chance to win."

The examination of witnesses before the Grand Jury is still going on.

It has been found that in a photograph of Sullivan's ice-house and the Carlson cottage, taken soon after the discovery of Dr. Cronin's grave, there is the figure of a man standing near the ice-house which the police say is Burke.

of condition, and will carry thousands of dollars in the race.

Badge, who is also heavily backed, is predicted to give Raceland a hard push. He was formerly owned by Mr. Belmont, who sold him when yearling to a Mr. Rutherford for \$120.

Byron McClelland and Dick Booche, of Lexington, Ky., offered Mr. Rutherford \$300 for him. He refused to sell, but offered McClelland a half interest for \$100. This was accepted, and later on Messrs. McClelland and Booche bought Mr. Rutherford's half interest for \$1,500.

Inspector B. was bought when a yearling by the Dwyer Bros., at which time he was known as Knolvarn. Later the brothers changed the name to Inspector B. in honor of their friend, the great detective chief. The day is regarded favorably by many who back their opinion with good hard cash.

Elkwood, the winner of last year's Suburban, was bred by Col. R. J. Hancock at the Ellerslie stud in Virginia. He was sold as a yearling to "Uncle" Charlie Modinger, a Southern bookmaker, as a two-year-old for \$1,000.

On account of the horse's poor performance, Modinger's failure, meeting continually with defeat, winning his first race in November, 1885, at Columbia, S. C., for a \$75 purse. He was then purchased by Mr. Walter Gratz, his present owner, under whose management he has won many stakes.

His Suburban win was made in the best time that race has ever seen—2:07 1/2. On account of the horse's poor performance, Modinger's failure, meeting continually with defeat, winning his first race in November, 1885, at Columbia, S. C., for a \$75 purse.

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IS HE THE BURKE?

Chicago's Police Think So, but There Are Doubters.

He Has Secured Counsel and Will Resist Extradition.

Hopes and Conjectures About the Latest Suspect in the Cronin Case.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.

CHICAGO, JUNE 18.—The sensation of the day is still the arrest in Winnipeg, as told in yesterday's EVENING WORLD, of Martin Burke, alias Delany, who is said to be an accomplice, if not one of the principals in the Cronin murder.

It is now stated that Burke is the man for whom Moroney was arrested a few days ago, and that the arrest of the New York suspects was nothing more or less than a device to throw the reporters off the track while the real assassin was being pursued in Canada.

It is suspected, however, that the police say this merely to cover up the riddle which they made in the New York case.

Burke, it appears, has been shadowed for some time past by a Chicago detective.

He moved from Chicago to this city at the time of the murder of Dr. Cronin, and that his movements for several days after were very suspicious.

He moved, according to one boarding house to another, and seemed to suddenly come into possession of large sums of money.

He was also an intimate friend of P. O. Sullivan, the man.

Woodruff, it is said, put the police on his track, and after his photograph was secured and identified by several persons, including the old horse trader, the police were notified.

After Burke had raised all the money he could get he bought a ticket for Liverpool by the way of Montreal. His taking the train was followed by the officers, who secured at first, but they struck the trail shortly and telegraphed to Chief McGee, of Winnipeg, to arrest him, which was done just as he was boarding a Montreal train.

He will be sent back here as soon as extradition papers can be procured, and the greatest interest is manifested in the prospect of a sensational trial.

The Burke that is wanted, should this prove to be the man, is a hot-headed young Irishman about twenty-eight years old, and just the sort of person who would be selected to execute a job like the removal of a suspected spy or traitor.

He has a fanatical devotion to the Irish cause and is a member of the Clan-na-Gael. He was born in Ireland and has only been in this country three years, but he is known in Chicago as a desperate fellow and a dead-end runner.

He was acquainted with Senior Guardian Beggs, of the notorious Camp No. 20 of the Clan-na-Gael, and through him got a position in the Sewer Department of the city, but he was discharged about four months ago and has apparently had no employment since.

He left Chicago the day after Dr. Cronin's funeral.

There are so many contradictory stories about him that his identification by people in this city that there is some doubt as to whether he is the man who got the credit of having been abandoned by imaginative reporters.

Advice from Winnipeg states that Burke is in the hands of the officers, and that he proposes to make a bitter fight against extradition.

He says that he knew Dr. Cronin by sight, but he is not a personal friend of his.

In his trial was found a soft felt hat, the name in which had been blotted out by the use of some acid. It is believed that the hat was given to Burke by Dr. Cronin on the night he was murdered.

Burke is a tough-looking customer, according to the Winnipeg dispatches. He has several scars on his head, a laceration on his forehead and a bullet wound in his neck. He did not register at the hotel where he stopped.

The examination of witnesses before the Grand Jury is still going on.

It has been found that in a photograph of Sullivan's ice-house and the Carlson cottage, taken soon after the discovery of Dr. Cronin's grave, there is the figure of a man standing near the ice-house which the police say is Burke.

The features are indistinct, but it has been recognized by some of the witnesses, and by both Mr. Carlson and Martinson, the truckman.

This information has been in the possession of the police for some time, but it has only just come out.

LATERA

2 O'CLOCK.

HUYLER'S GONE

Untold Quantities of Delicious Candy Fed the Flames.

The Old Six-Story Factory on Irving Place Wrecked by Fire.

It Started Just Before the Girls Got There This Morning.

Confusion in Giving the Alarm and a Hot Fight for the Firemen.

Old Henry Hughes, the night watchman at Huyler's big bonbon and chocolate factory, at Eighteenth street and Irving place, was sitting in the office on the ground floor this morning about 5:15 o'clock when his attention was attracted by cries of "fire" from some people outside.

He picked up his cane and hobbled out as fast as he could.

The first thing he saw when he got on the street was a thick mass of black smoke pouring from one of the third story windows of the factory just above the main entrance on Eighteenth street.

He was so frightened that he lost his head, and started to run upstairs to see where the fire was instead of sending out an alarm.

He reached the second floor, where the smoke and flames drove him back. Then he remembered about the alarm and ran to the office to get the key.

As he was coming out with it he met Emil, the night engineer, who had begun to light the gas fires in the engine-room just about half an hour before.

Hughes gave Emil the key and told him to run quick to Third avenue and send out an alarm, but Emil got so mixed up that he could not find the box, and came back several minutes afterwards and said he did not know where to go.

The fireman policeman John J. Brady, who had seen the smoke from his post two blocks off, ran into the Westminster Hotel and summoned the Fire Department.

When they were about to give up their struggle they saw a tugboat about a mile away. The tug saw the floating rowboat and came towards it to pick it up.

The crew discovered the two men struggling for life and rescued them. The tug was the Arcton, and it carried the men to Bridgeport, Conn.

When they were in New York last night, and after telling their story were held for examination. They were arraigned in the Tombs this morning and promptly discharged.

NEW HOMES IN JOHNSTOWN.

A Hundred Simply Furnished Structures Soon to Be Ready.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.

JOHNSTOWN, June 18.—By the middle of next week 100 new houses will be ready for occupancy in Johnstown.

The houses will be portable frame structures, and will arrive in sections, from Chicago, on Saturday next, all ready to put together.

For each house the Relief Committee will allow a supply of plain furniture and things necessary for simple house-keeping.

These structures will stand until the time for the permanent rebuilding of the town is at hand.

The river will be clear by the end of the week. At this time there is a channel in each stream wide enough to allow the passage of a steamer.

Several persons tried to identify the body that was found in the river, but they were unable to do so.

LOST IN THE STORM

A Rowboat Capsized and Two Men Were Drowned.

Their Companions Rescued After a Half Hour in the Sea.

Sad Catastrophe Which Overtook a Merry Party.

Benjamin Foster, for the past four years the cashier of a morning paper; Robert Smiley, an employee of the same paper; John Burke, of another paper, and Michael Ryan, a newsdealer, started out at 8 o'clock yesterday morning for a day's recreation on the river.

They got into Foster's light rowboat, the Gracie, with the intention of rowing up to High Bridge.

When they got near Ward's Island it occurred to them that there was a yacht race on the Sound, and some one proposed to go to the regatta.

A little mist was put up in the rowboat, a leg of mutton salt met it, and the party sailed into the Sound to join the yachts.

The little rowboat was soon in the midst of the race. It went with the fleet as far as Westchester, L. I., where they went into shore.

The men landed, took dinner, went in swimming, and about 2 o'clock hoisted the leg of mutton salt and started for home.

The breeze was fresh and the light rowboat scudded across the rough sea.

After going about three miles, the boat came up with the sand scow John Kelly, which was in tow of the tug-boat Volunteer.

The sand scow threw out a line and took the rowboat in tow. The rain began to fall and the men took down the leg of mutton salt, spread it over the boat and got under it for shelter.

The sky grew black; a squall came up; the waves came in, and the men had to bail to keep the rowboat afloat.

A big wave struck the little boat, turned it over, and the four men were left struggling in the water, two miles from the nearest shore.

The waves were so high that the tugboat did not dare stop, for fear of a general wreck. The man on the sand scow started for home, but the men might have something to swim to in the storm, and went on.

Foster and Smiley had off their caps and shoes when the boat went over, but they were not seen after the disaster and it is believed that after a short struggle they drowned.

Burke and Ryan, who had on their coats and shoes, kept afloat for half an hour. Burke had been struck by the boat and was in a semi-conscious condition.

When they were about to give up their struggle they saw a tugboat about a mile away. The tug saw the floating rowboat and came towards it to pick it up.

The crew discovered the two men struggling for life and rescued them. The tug was the Arcton, and it carried the men to Bridgeport, Conn.

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SAVED FROM LYNCHING.

The Duke of Portland's Cakes Racer Wins the Prince of Wales Stakes.

BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.

LONDON, June 18.—The Prince of Wales Stakes were won to-day by Donovan, the winner of the Derby.

Royal St. was second and Enthusiast third. There were eight starters.

First Train Over a New Route.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.

LIKE DEAD ELAINE.

Weird Voyage of the Corpse of a Fair Woman in White.

Floating Upright Down North River in Sight of Thousands.

Fine Linen and Rich Lace the Only Clues to the Supposed Suicide's Identity.

Once more the river has given up its unknown dead.

Lying in a plain pine box at the Morgue this morning was the body of a woman, young and fair, with bonny brown hair, awaiting identification.

A burly longshoreman, leaning idly against a bulkhead on a North River pier yesterday, discovered the body floating down with the ebb tide.

He called Park Policeman Manning, and both men watched the corpse for a few seconds as it glided swiftly across the river, and only submerged from the waist down.

The face was surprisingly beautiful. The blue eyes were wide open, and seemed staring straight ahead at some object far less than the bay.

A thick crop of nut-brown hair fell in reckless profusion down her back, and gleamed like gold wherever the sunlight fell upon it.

She wore a thin white dress and through it could be seen the white flesh and bust gleaming like marble.

Rising and falling with the motion of the water the body was carried down past Pier A, and there the swell from a large ferry-bus dashed against the body and threw it back in a horizontal position with the white face upturned to the sky.

The park policeman ran to the police patrol boat and notified Capt. Smith of the wandering corpse.

The Captain immediately sent two men in a rowboat to pick it up.

Once out on the waters of the bay they could see it dancing merrily away before them around Castle Garden.

A large crowd had gathered and watched the course of the beautiful unknown.

There was something fascinating in the spectacle of that lovely body tossed here and there at the will of the waves.

On end on it floated until finally it was caught in an eddy at the Barge Office, where it swirled round and round, and then shot forward again, finally being corralled in the Hamilton Ferry slip.

There were two boats full of people bound for Coney Island and the race track who saw the body, and for some it spoiled the day's enjoyment.

The policemen in the rowboat made fast to the body in the slip and then towed the float around to Pier A, from whence it was sent to the Morgue.

The woman was about twenty years old, and the body had evidently been in the water for five days.

The cruel waters had dashed the body against numerous hard substances, especially, for it was badly bruised all over.

The white waist was of fine cambric with stripes half an inch wide, and three or four inches apart.

In addition to this there was a heavy black cloth skirt with a faint blue stripe running through it.

The underclothing was of soft, fine linen, trimmed with delicate lace, and her corsets were of the finest quality, and a faint scent of perfume lingered about her.

The small, white hands were covered with black kid gloves.

The feet were well formed, high-arched and covered with long black stockings. She wore a soiree slipper of French glove kid, with high heels.

Not a handkerchief, piece of jewelry, nor any money was found in her pocket, and there was no name, initial or mark of any kind on her clothing.

Several persons tried to identify the body that was found in the river, but they were unable to do so.

THE GREAT SUBURBAN.

"THE EVENING WORLD" SPORTING EXTRA WILL HAVE A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT SUBURBAN.

Fair and Slightly Cautious.

WASHINGTON, June 18.—Weather indications: For Eastern New York—Fair, rotated on Long Island Sound by light rain; slightly cooler; northwesterly winds.

WEATHER TODAY: B. S. 65-75. W. 60-70. S. 65-75. N. 60-70. AVERAGE FOR CORRESPONDING DATE: 65-75.



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