THE EVENING SUN
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The Sun.

THE EVENING SUN
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LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

UNIVERSAL SYMPATHY INSPIRED BY OUR GREAT DISASTER.

The People Indignant at the Lord Mayor's Failure to Open a Relief Fund—Irish Paupers Coming to Castle Garden—Gladstone Starts on a Stumping Tour—The Lucky Young Man who has Won a Dukedom, Two Derbys, and a Beautiful Bride—Tennie Claflin and her Husband will not Separate—Gorgeous Preparations of the Persian Minister to Receive his Master on his Visit to London.

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LONDON, June 8.—A meeting is now being held in Dublin to show sympathy, in words and in money, for the victims of the great disaster. Lord Mayor Sexton, who presides, and who on his own responsibility cabled £1,000 to America before the meeting was held, is an example of the earnestness everywhere displayed to prove substantial sympathy. When the news of the disaster first reached London a telegram was received at your London office from Andrew Carnegie, offering $5,000 to any subscription that might be started here, in addition to $10,000 given by his firm. Many similar generous offers followed. Channels for the prompt transmission of all contributions have now been opened in every direction, and only prompt organization by American representatives is needed to secure from travelling Americans much larger sums than have yet been received. The Americans in London have universally expressed what they believed to be the general sentiment in the United States, namely, that Americans are abundantly able and willing to give all that may be required, with no assistance from the outside. But the desire to give has been universally shown among Englishmen, and surprise and irritation are general at the Lord Mayor's failure to start a Mansion House fund.

The custom of opening a fund at the Mansion House in all cases of great disaster is so universal as to become a matter of course. It never fails in case of a flood in China or a volcanic eruption in an out-of-the-way island. Therefore the curious exception to the rule in this case is worthy of investigation apart from all question as to the money being needed.

The reasons given to your correspondent by the Lord Mayor's secretary this afternoon, though not entirely unfounded, proves the chief dignitary of this city to be suffering from an attack of offended official dignity not overcome even by the spectacle of thousands of dead bodies. The Lord Mayor thought, said his private secretary, that the Americans were quite rich enough to manage their own disasters; but what was more important, he did not think they appreciated charity. At the time of the Charleston disaster a fund was started, but the money subscribed was sent back by Charleston's Mayor with the remark that it wasn't needed. Afterward the Lord Mayor received numerous press cuttings describing the raising of a fund by the Lord Mayor as a display of uncalled for advertisement, or, as the Yankees had put it, Cheek. This had dried up the fountain of the Lord Mayor's sympathy. The latter is just now out of town. The Secretary thought perhaps his Worship might open a fund if waited upon by a deputation of prominent Americans and asked to do so, but that is not at all likely to happen.

It is only fair to point out that the warm sympathy expressed by the average Englishman forms a pleasant contrast to the sentiments of Lord Mayor Whitehead as expressed by his secretary, Soulsby.

Your correspondent at Bellmullet, in Erris, county Mayo, on the western coast of Ireland, this week sends some facts that may interest the Commissioners of Emigration in New York. During winter Erris was placarded with posters requesting all persons desirous of emigrating to America to apply to Emigration Agent Bourke, formerly a Vice-Guardian of Bellmullet Union, before April 1. Many families applied to Bourke who finally selected 100 of the very poorest and most worthless of the population for transportation to the Land of Freedom. But a hitch arose when he attempted to obtain means for conveying this precious freight. The Allan line of steamers, by which Bourke had intended to ship his passengers, refused to carry them unless it was guaranteed the amount of their return passage in case the United States refused to receive them. But Bourke was not discouraged, and he is now, according to the Rev. Henry Hewson, parish priest of Erris, dividing his people up into families and shipping them at the rate of one family per week from Queenstown. His method is to put one man in as head of a family and send with him a lot of others as his children and relatives. The alleged head of the family receives a sufficient amount of money to pass as a financially responsible person, and if it is necessary they are all fitted out with respectable clothing. Bourke has already got rid of several of these families.

John S. Murphy, the leading storekeeper of Belmullet, corroborates Father Hewson. Murphy says most of the people who are being sent away owe him money and are the poorest and worst class of the community. The strangest part of it all is that the money that is provided to fit out these emigrants is not supplied by the local Government. The Guardians of the Union or Township know nothing of the matter, and assert that Bourke receives his financial supplies from the British Government.

The fate of one employed in telling of what goes on here is to be always writing about Gladstone. He has been making open-air speeches in rain and thunder without an overcoat or hat, and he has managed to hold enormous audiences under such conditions. He has been boycotted industriously by the Tories in the places he has visited, and appears to have enjoyed it. His speeches now are based simply on the rule of three, and this he uses in a way cheerful to those interested with him in the home rule cause. Everywhere he says in substance:

"FELLOW CITIZENS: You'd better drop coercion and come along with me. We have gained ten seats in sixty-seven elections. How many will we gain when 670 elections come on together?" That was where Mr. Gladstone's rule of three came in, and it appeared to be convincing. The speechmaking tour on which Gladstone has started is most important. To-day he embarked at Weymouth on Cyril Flower's yacht and starts on his western cruise, which is to be the great event of this political season. He will do two or three hours' speechmaking each day, and his great effort will be at Plymouth. There his speech may run to any number of columns from six up, and when it is over he will come back to his hard parliamentary work. A remarkable man of almost 80 to take his vacation in such energetic fashion!

This has been a tremendous racing week, with the Derby on Wednesday, the Oaks yesterday, and any number of turfmen's dinners, and such functions sandwiched in between on Thursday to give an opportunity to discuss events. All tastes are suited. The Derby is won by Donovan, a tremendous favorite, and the Oaks by Abbess de Jouarre, such a rank outsider that she was scarcely mentioned in the betting lists, and 200 to 1 might have been had against her. This remarkable win is another instance of the marvellous luck of Col North, the bonanza nitrate king, for though entered in Lord Randolph Churchill's name, the Abbess is understood practically to belong to North, whose financial backing keeps the stable going. Churchill before his association with North had never won a classical turf event, but for once Churchill, though mixed up in all the racing business, is not the chief picturesque figure. That individual is the Duke of Portland, and even those who ordinarily take but slight interest in dukes cannot fail to be interested in this young man.

His luck has been simply wonderful. At the age of 19 he was an unimportant Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, with any number of uncles, cousins, and all kinds of things standing between himself and the Duke of Portland, he being the son of the second son of the third son of the Duke. At 20 his father died leaving him the dukedom and one of the biggest fortunes in England. The old Duke, who was then living, promptly presented him with £70,000 to go on with, as he put it, in a manner becoming a gentleman. While waiting for the old Duke to die he never had to bother about being grateful, for the old Duke didn't want to see him, and never did see him until the day of his death. On that day he inherited miles and miles of the most valuable land in England, a great deal of it in the heart of London, the finest estate perhaps in the kingdom, and a great many millions of pounds in hard cash to make everything run smoothly. He doesn't gamble, but went in for horse racing in a mild way. With only sixteen horses in his stable he has won the Derby two years in succession, and his luck very much now as if the chief three and four year old events of this season were to be his. In four days he is to be married to a very handsome young woman about six foot tall, with whom he is desperately in love, and, though he has ruined the hopes of many British mothers who looked anxiously and hopefully upon him as the best catch in England, he is cheered by the blessings and prayers of British matrons as a whole for his patriotism in marrying the daughter of an English squire and not a Yankee.

An interesting feature of this year's Derby has been the unusually heavy betting done by women. The names of many are quoted whose earnings on the Duke of Portland's horse have been sufficient to carry them through the gown and bonnet crisis for several seasons, and that means a great deal of money.

A Lieutenant, less lucky than the Duke of Portland, is the unfortunate Walter Arthur Powell, described as a gentleman, but who is now completely knocked to bits in a financial way, instead of having a relative die and make him a Duke. This unfortunate young man began early in life by inheriting a lot of money. He went with his check book to the Field Gambling Club, about which you have heard so much of late, invested in plenty of ivory counters, and is now in the Bankruptcy Court. His last transaction at the club resulted in the loss of £13,000, and altogether this poor, broken-down young gentleman of Bury street, St. James's, has spent over $500,000, with only one or two games of cards and a few races concerning which he had formed judgments to show for it. The bright spot in his career, on which he dwelt cheerfully in his bankruptcy examination, was the fact that he had once won £15,000 when within an ace of being ruined, and had managed to go on with that and enjoy life for quite six months.

Sir Morrell Mackenzie is having a cheerful time with his libel suits against the *Times* and Steinkopff, who had the bad judgment to put unpleasant things about him in black and white and lacked energy to keep them from getting into print. Steinkopff has apologized most humbly, without being asked, and offers, in addition, to pay a reasonable sum of money to settle matters up, but Mackenzie doesn't want a reasonable sum, and George Lewis, his solicitor, says that he will get a very fine one, namely, £10,000. The *Times*, which published the letters, will probably also authorize its solicitors to prepare apologies and offers of compromise, but there is very little chance of these being accepted either. Steinkopff's anxiety is based on the fact that he owns the *St. James's Gazette*, a good property, which will be damaged, if the trial shows, as it inevitably will, that the paper has been used as Bismarck's tool. I have reason to believe that in the course of this libel suit some amusement will be furnished and some very unexpected revelations will be made.

I have been asked by Sir Francis Cook to contradict certain false statements concerning his private life which have been printed in America and which have caused him great annoyance. These statements are to the effect that a separation is pending between himself and his wife, Lady Cook, formerly Miss Tennie Claflin. Sir Francis declares that nothing could be further from his mind or that of his wife's than the thought of a separation. He also denies most emphatically that his children have ever, as alleged, sought to bring about such a separation. So unfilial a course, Sir Francis declares, would be impossible on the part of his children, apart from the question of their own interest, which would make it absolutely suicidal to offend Sir Francis, whose very large fortune is unencumbered by entail and entirely at his own disposal. So confident is Sir Francis that his children are guiltless of any such undutiful conduct that he declares he will give $50,000 to any one in America or elsewhere who will prove to him that his son or daughter or other relatives had employed detectives, as has been reported, to obtain such information as would make it possible for them to separate Lady Cook from her husband. Sir Francis, who was about cabling to America offering this reward when I chanced to see him to-day, may be relied upon to pay it to any one who can fulfill the conditions under which it is offered. It is to be hoped that the circulation of these statements concerning Sir Francis will not be persisted in, for the malice which lies at the bottom of them would certainly be dispelled on acquaintance with him.

Sir Francis Cook, who is more than seventy years of age, has devoted the greater part of his life to his wonderful art collection at Doughty House and is a man universally respected. I chanced one day to meet his children at Doughty House, and all appeared to be living in perfect harmony with their father and his second wife. They indignantly deny assertions made concerning them.

Julius Lowry is the editor of a Vienna newspaper, and a good friend of the four-wheeled cab. He is going to drive from his newspaper office to the Paris Exposition in one of those things unless he changes his mind; and after having received an ovation and done the Exposition he will drive back in the same style.

Stockholders and others interested in the Monte Carlo gambling rooms are in a state of unusual glee over the season which has closed. It has been so profitable and birds have flocked in so plentifully to be plucked that the large gambling halls have been insufficient to accommodate them. A friend of mine in Paris has received a letter from the Governor of Monaco saying that a new gambling room is to be erected at a cost of 1,000,000 francs, and incidentally mentioning that the profits of three months of the winter season, all expenses being paid, exceed twenty times that amount.

A thousand press controversies, of which Englishmen are so fond, have broken out on the question of woman suffrage, which is being very vigorously attacked. Mrs. Ashton Dilke is preparing for the forthcoming number of the *Nineteenth Century* a reply to certain of the most vigorous opponents of her idea that as a woman as a political power is just as good as a man, and a trifle better. This remarkable woman, who manages to attend to the care of her children, run a newspaper, and discharge effectually her duties as a member of the London School Board, has also on hand a scheme to defeat the wiles of certain French legislators. There has been arranged a women's congress, to be held in Paris during the course of the exhibition. The idea of adding female political agitation to the other rows going on in France was not pleasing to the Government, and the latter decided to stifle this intended congress by organizing a women's congress of its own, at which, however, political questions could not be discussed, and delegates would be obliged to confine themselves to such trashy matters as charity, art, and cooking. Mrs. Dilke, who can speak French extemporaneously, and make a good speech without having thought it over beforehand, has been selected by the English Women Suffragists to go to Paris and frustrate this plot. She will not hand in a paper which will be objected to, but will ask permission to make an impromptu speech of fifteen minutes, and when she gets it will talk nothing but pure politics all the time. The general opinion here is that the Frenchman who tries to stop her will not succeed.

There is no doubt that the Prince of Wales, for a man so thoroughly spoilt as one in his position must be, displays at intervals unusually sound common sense. The bad taste of Lord Salisbury in withdrawing the British Minister from Paris at the opening of the exhibition aroused great bitterness of feeling in France. The Prince of Wales has just started for the exhibition, taking with him his wife, two boys, and three girls. He has declined an English embassy, which was put at his disposal, and intends to patronize a French hotel, and thus swell the receipts of a French tradesman. A rather funny story, perhaps untrue, is told about the Prince of Wales, who has some ideas of public speaking, rehearsing his youthful son Albert Victor in that art. His son, who is a young man singularly devoid of brains, had many speeches to make when he went to Ireland, and is described before his departure as coming into his papa's room in the morning and rehearsing without a coat or a waistcoat the little speeches and toasts and gracious observations generally that he had concocted, submitting them to the revision of his more experienced daddy. A more difficult task, however, than that of making a Chauncey M. Depew out of the material supplied by the Guelph family can scarcely be imagined.

The Shah of Persia is soon to arrive, and various persons are preparing to receive him. Prince Malcom Khan, his Minister here, is in the greatest state of activity and agitation getting his legation into such a shape as will make a stern potentate proud of his London headquarters. He is going to illuminate his big house in Holland Park, outside and inside, and is laying in an extensive stock of gorgeous and imposing lamps of different colors calculated to catch his Majesty's fancy. Those who will be introduced to the Shah will be informed that if they do not speak his own language the next best thing is French, which he manages to scramble through in an Oriental fashion.

On his arrival here, according to the *Jewish World*, he will be memorialized by the Anglo-Jewish Association and foreign Jewish associations to further improve the condition of the Jews in his country. Everything is going to be done to make this important barbarian feel that he is appreciated here. The Prince of Wales will meet him at Gravesend deck, and he will be brought to London with all the pomp imaginable.

An account recently published gives one a deep respect for the taste of Russian women of means in want of nightgowns, and is calculated to make the American girl envy the Petersburg climate, which makes such things excusable. Princess Alexandra of Greece, who is soon to marry Prince Paul of Russia, will have such fine nightdresses as will make her sorry she cannot drive out and walk about the streets in one of them. Three of these things are to be given to her by the Czar's wife. They are made and ready to be sent. One is made of silver fox, bordered with gold; another of sables fastened with six large pearls, and the third, which is the best, is made of fur of blue fox, with a girdle of diamonds. Anybody who has ever known what it is to buy blue fox will also know how young Prince Paul must feel at having his wife start out in such an extravagant fashion.

An interesting address was delivered on Tuesday by Mr. Romanes, of which the subject was a bald-headed female by the name of Sally Chimpanzee at the Zoölogical Gardens. Sally is a very interesting young chimpanzee woman, indeed, and should have known our Mr. Crowley, now dead. Mr. Romanes talked to the Zoölogical Society about his observations on Miss Sally, and the conclusions which he had drawn. Sally, it seems, can count up to five, but this Romanes thinks does not mean much, as other animals, for example, the sea lion, can be taught to do the same. But she goes further, and has a language of her own, in which, however, the vocabulary is very limited, being confined to three grunts, one meaning yes, another no, and the third saying very plainly "thanks, very much." Sally is inferior to the average young woman, inasmuch as she appears to be color blind. She can distinguish between black and white, but red, blue, or green are all the same to her. Mr. Romanes thinks Sally would improve with prolonged education. Sally, according to Mr. Romanes, confirms the theory of Wallace and Mivart, to the effect that while we may get our shape and our bodies generally from the apes, there has been no corresponding evolution in our brains.

Sally, for example, has not the slightest sense of humor. If she succeeds in pulling the nose of an unpleasant visitor it gratifies her, but does not make her laugh or do anything approaching it.

The attempt has been made unsuccessfully to revive the Whitechapel scare over the discovery of the chopped up remains of a woman in the Thames this week. The murder, though a horrible one, is commonplace enough in its cause, which was doubtless a desire to hide an unlawful operation which had proved fatal. It has fortunately attracted attention and much indignation concerning the criminal practice which is growing to an alarming extent in England, and though Scotland Yard has thus far shown only its peculiar faculty for avoiding discoveries, some good may eventually result from this woman's fate.

Far more interesting to the public is the murder case in Liverpool which has just resulted in the Coroner's jury bringing a verdict against Mrs. Maybrick. This promises to be one of the great poisoning cases of England. All the circumstances tend to develop a tremendous sensation. The fact of the woman being wealthy and well known in society, the wonderful perseverance with which she is alleged to have obtained from fly papers the arsenic which killed her husband, administering it to him in carefully arranged doses, and the fact, too, that the alleged murderess is an American, all supply the necessary surroundings for a dramatic trial. The British mother will no doubt be pleased, since so sad a thing had to happen, that the guilty wife should have been one of the Americans whose competition is just now having such a deadly effect on the market for home-bred maidens.

The Liverpool occurrence appears to have imparted zest to the enthusiasm with which music hall audiences receive a certain very popular song declaring English girls to be good enough for English men, and moaning at the bad taste which leads the latter in so many cases to come to Yankee land for small-footed wives. There is no doubt Mr. Maybrick died from arsenic poisoning, and the guilt of the accused woman was generally accepted, but it is not likely that she will be hanged. The defence will probably prove to the satisfaction of the jury that the dead man was in the habit of taking small quantities of arsenic for certain medical reasons, and, in a jury of twelve men, one or two will be found, especially as Mrs. Maybrick is a young and handsome woman, to adopt the view that the man did away with himself without meaning it.

A certain English firm which is exhibiting in the Paris exhibition, and which is in the habit of covering its cases and withdrawing its attendants on Sunday, the only day when French workingmen can go there, received a valuable lesson on last Sunday. They had been asked by the exhibition authorities to at least leave their exhibits uncovered if they didn't care to keep attendants there, but declined to be advised. On last Sunday the French workingmen amused themselves by tearing the covers off the cases, and organized that particular exhibit in their own way.

With all regard for the United States exhibitors, it is urged that it would be a most excellent thing if the latter, who close up their entire section on Sunday and go away, could receive a similar or even more vigorous reminder of the fact that it is piggish to take advantage of the hospitality of the French nation to devote tremendous industry to getting rid of their things exhibited for sale on week days, and then to deprive the French benefactor of their exhibits on a day when the sale of goods cannot go on.

The week's thunder storms have not damaged crops in England, but the reports from the Continent are not quite so satisfactory. The trade in Mark lane and the country markets is dull and without feature, prices closing at 1½ to 2 cents decline. Corn has been weak.

On the Stock Exchange Americans have continued to improve. To-day there have been some realizations on the approach of the holidays, and the markets close somewhat easier.

A. B.

KILRAIN WINS THE TOSS.

The Ceremony Takes Place at Charley Johnston's in Brooklyn.

Although neither Sullivan nor Kilrain was at Charley Johnston's saloon last night when the coin was tossed for choice of battle ground, each was represented by sporting friends. Sullivan was up at Belfast, Wrestler Muldoon's farm, in training, and Kilrain was in Baltimore. The articles of agreement made it imperative to toss between 8 and 10 o'clock last night, and the saloon was filled before that hour. Frank Stevenson represented Kilrain's interests and Charley Johnston, who is one of Sullivan's backers, stood up for the Big Fellow. There were present also Alex. Johnston, Prof. Mike Donovan, James Wakely, Arthur Lumley, W. H. Germain, Hermann Praeger, Jas. Dreyfuss, C. C. Clarke, Tommy Waldron, Capt. Phil Lynch, Will Johnson, and Capt. John Healey. It was decided that Charley Johnston should toss up a silver dollar and Stevenson should call. Alexander T. McGuire of Flatbush produced a silver dollar of the issue of 1883 and marked it for identification. Then a dozen of the leading sporting men and the reporters adjourned to the back room, while the rest waited outside in suspense. It was 8½ o'clock when Alex. Johnston closed the swinging doors and a space was cleared in the centre of the room.

"Now, don't let the dollar roll down the register," said Charley Johnston, as he adjusted his lucky diamond horseshoe scarf pin.

A dozen feet were raised to stop the coin if it should try to get away.

"Pitch," cried Prof. Donovan, and the coin flew up toward the ceiling.

"Heads," yelled Stevenson.

The coin fell and turned once. Donovan stooped down and looked at it, and the others crowded around, too.

"Kilrain's won," said the Professor.

Sullivan's friends looked aghast, and Arthur Lumley wiped perspiration from his forehead.

"I'm kind of it," said Johnston. "It puts the responsibility on Kilrain's shoulders."

The announcement was received outside with varying emotions, but it was generally agreed that it made little difference. Word was telegraphed to Sullivan and Kilrain, and then the party broke up into groups and discussed the outlook. The articles of agreement make it imperative for the winner of the toss to announce his decision ten days before the date of the fight, but it is likely that it will be known before then. It is very probable that Budd Ienn's grove, the spot selected by the Southern syndicate, will be chosen. It is within 200 miles of New Orleans, and it means $5,000 apiece for the fighters, independent of the purse or the results of the fight. Harry Maynard, the representative of the syndicate, having made this offer.

Immediately after the toss McGuire got an offer of $1,00 for his coin. He refused.

"What will you sell it for?" asked several.

"I won't sell," was his reply.

He lent it to C. C. Clarke, however, to have a drawing made of it for an illustrated journal. The articles of agreement now make Kilrain responsible for the protection of the party. He must select a spot where neither the authorities nor outside toughs will interfere. Two excursions from New York have been arranged for already.

Unique Challenges Accepted.

The challenge of John Rielly of the Third street dock to eat clams against time has been accepted by Thomas McCarthy of 320 Stanton street, who offers to bet $50 or $100 that he can down more clams than Billy.

Mr. Puck Earley brings his digestive powers to the front and boldly accepts the challenge of the equally courageous Henry Carr, and says he will bet from $25 to $100 that he can make fifty pies disappear in quicker time than the other fellow. "I can be found at 103 Pearl street, Brooklyn, where my money talks," remarked Mr. Earley yesterday.

Latest English Sporting Gossip.

The following is a special cable received at the *Police Gazette* office yesterday from London:

All the stakes have been posted in prize fight between Ted Pritchard and Alec Burns, who fight for middle-weight championship and £400. Pritchard is training at Hove county ground, Brighton, with Bob Webb. Sam Blackstock is training Alec Burns at Park Hotel, at Wheathamstead.

Betting here is 6 to 4 on Kilrain beating Sullivan. Jimmy Carney fight Meyer, McAuliffe, or any man in the world for light championship for £500 to £1,000.

ATKINSON.

An Extensive Storm Afoot.

The storm that was in Kansas on Thursday moved slowly eastward to Missouri, where its centre was yesterday, and extended diagonally from Kansas to the North Atlantic coast, becoming severe in the Mississippi valley. The wind at St. Louis blew forty miles an hour, and heavy rains fell in Nebraska, Kansas, Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, northern New York, New England, and Canada. Omaha reported 1.84 inches, Indianapolis 1.76, Springfield, Ill., 1.16. The weather in the southwest and northwest was generally unsettled, with occasional showers. The storm will move slowly to the northeast, and to-day it will be rainy in the Pennsylvania region. There is a high barometer on the coast south of this city that will prevent the full force of the storm from passing this way. The temperature was higher everywhere, and the air was especially moist in these parts. Stationary temperature and rainy weather may be expected to-day and part of Monday for this city.

The thermometer at Perry's pharmacy in THE SUN building recorded the temperature for the past twenty-four hours as follows: 3 A. M., 63°; 6 A. M., 65°; 9 A. M., 69°; 12 M., 75°; 3 P. M., 78°; 6 P. M., 79°; 9 P. M., 77°; 12 midnight, 76°. Average, 72¾°. Average on June 8, 1888, 67½°.

FORECASTS TILL 8 P. M. SUNDAY.

For Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and eastern New York, light rain; stationary temperature; southwesterly winds.

For New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania, light rain; stationary temperature; southwesterly winds.

For the District of Columbia, Delaware, and Maryland, fair, followed Sunday by showers; stationary temperature; southwesterly winds.

For West Virginia, western Pennsylvania, western New York, and Ohio, rain; cooler; southwesterly winds.

B. and O. R. R.—Official Notice.

All passenger trains via the General R. R. of N. J., Reading, and Baltimore and Ohio Railroads will run on schedule time without transfer or delay. Trains leave for Johnstown and Pittsburgh at 2.30 P. M. and 12 midnight. For Chicago and Columbus at 3.15 P. M. and 12 midnight. For Cincinnati and St. Louis at 8.30 A. M. and 6 P. M. For Washington and Baltimore at 8.30, 11 A. M., 1.30, 2.30, 3.40, 5 P. M., and 12 midnight.—Adv.

Through Sleeper to Pittsburgh

Will leave New York daily at 2.30 P. M. via Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, running through without change.—Adv.

We cannot make this advertisement as attractive and beautiful as our engraving for obvious reasons; but if this makes you think we are in earnest in our fight against monopoly, enough because we want your hands, we are satisfied. New York Bank Note Company.—Adv.

Royal Baking Powder. Absolutely Pure.
For twenty-five years the standard.—Adv.

E. & W. "The Chetopa Collar." E. & W.
Our trade mark on your collars or cuffs denotes perfect form, also superiority of quality and finish.—Adv.

PESTILENCE IN THE AIR.

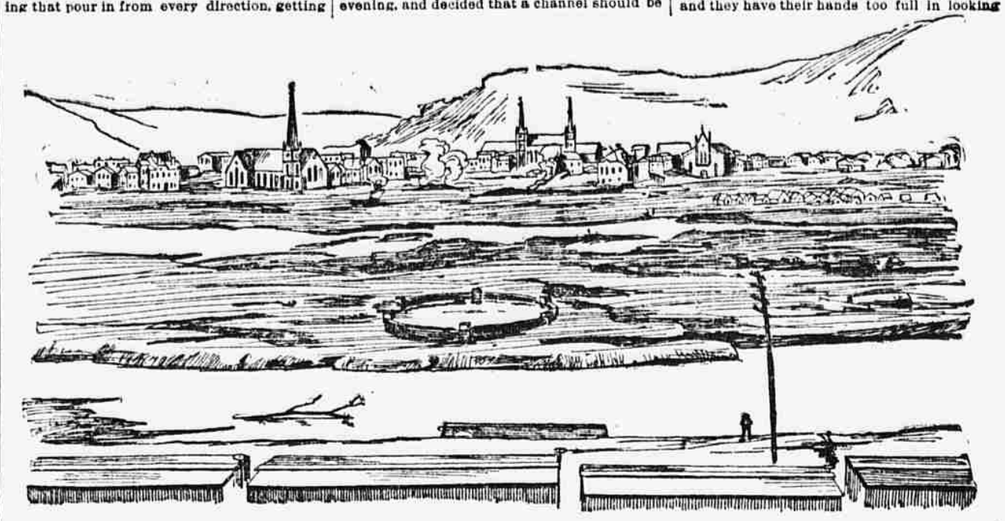
The Sanitary Situation in Johnstown Unchanged.

NEARLY 4,000 DEAD BURIED

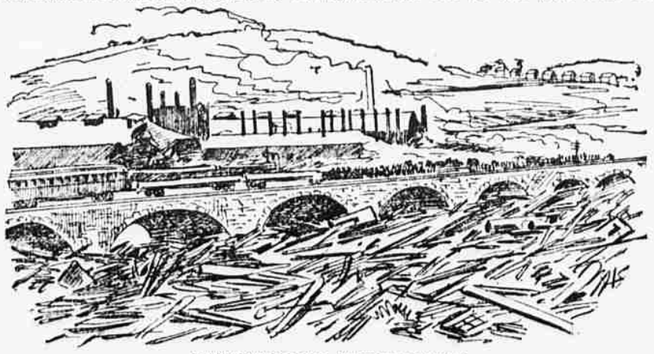
Small Progress Made in Clearing Up the Town.

A Million Dollars will be Required to Restore the Site of the Place to an Inhabitable Condition—The Sun's Representatives Still Believe the Number of the Dead will Not Exceed 5,000—Eighty Dead Bodies Recovered Yesterday—Burials Made in Trenches Without Funeral Ceremonies of any Sort—All of the Churches Ruined and Most of the Pastors Drowned with at Least Half of the Members of their Congregations—The Military Commanders Decide that the Great Gorge Must be Burned.

JOHNSTOWN, June 8.—Day by day the plight of Johnstown and the towns surrounding it becomes more hopeless. The people are, by the grace of the train loads of food and clothing that pour in from every direction, getting enough to eat and wear day by day, but should the generous heart of the country fail them, or should railroad communication be cut off once more for so long as twenty-four hours, starvation would stare them in the face. Pestilence hovers over them, and disease, the result of hardships and misfortunes, is prostrating them by the score. A week of hard work has made but insignificant progress in the clearing up of the town. It is evident that the people must be maintained by charity for a full month before the community can in any degree become self-supporting, and that besides vast sums of money, not less than a million dollars, must be contributed to aid in restoring the site of the place to an inhabitable condition. There are large demands to be made upon the generosity of the people, but they are not so enormous as the calamity which calls them forth. The flood, with cruel kindness, made the task of relief small in proportion to the extent of the disaster. It left nothing to be cleared away from a large part of its path, and the vast majority of its victims it placed beyond the need of any relief.



LOOKING SOUTHWARD FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TRACK, COVERING THE ONCE MOST POPULOUS AND BEST-BUILT PART OF JOHNSTOWN



PART OF THE GORGE ABOVE THE BRIDGE.

In spite of all that has been written, people do not understand the extent of the disaster that has befallen Conemaugh valley. From Conemaugh to Morrelville is a good five miles, and before the flood it was one continuous town of densely populated streets, built upon flats beside the river, with little extensions upon the high ground at the sides. The flood came, and in fifteen minutes the only houses left standing in that five-mile stretch were the little fringe along the high ground, and from one-fourth to one-third of the inhabitants lost their lives, while thousands more were rendered homeless and penniless. If ever a people were entitled to the helping hands of the nation and of the world, it is the people of the Conemaugh valley to-day.

IN WASHINGTON STREET.

The progress of the past twenty-fours in the work of preparing the town for rebuilding has not been encouraging. The magnitude of the task increases the further the attempt proceeds. If there were any possibility that the disaster might be repeated it would be a fair question whether the town were worth saving at all—whether it would not be better to burn what there is left of it and build a new one on a safer site. But with the lake gone there is no question that the Conemaugh valley is a perfectly safe and very desirable location for manufacturing towns. It is a question, however, as to which expert engineers should be consulted, whether it would not be better to suspend operations on the present plan in Johnstown proper, as soon as a reasonably thorough search for bodies has been made, level all ruined or partially ruined buildings by fire, and then bury the whole ill-fated place under several feet of earth and build the new town on that. It would be a healthier and a safer town than it will ever be any other way. There has been no outbreak of epidemic in the town yet, but other diseases are on the increase.

The special police and deputy sheriffs are being dismissed and soldiers put in their places. It is expected that another regiment of militia will arrive to-night. Dynamite operations on the gorge made little progress yesterday, although at the close those in charge thought they saw indications that the bottom of the raft had been so loosened that the pressure of water was gradually forcing it out from beneath the top of the mass. Bodies of the dead continue to be found in the gorge and at other places all over the city, as well as on the river below. Nearly all of the dead have been buried without funeral ceremonies of any sort, many of them in trenches instead of in separate graves. Religious services will be held in the Johnstown open air to-morrow by the few pastors who are left alive. There are no churches left.

Adjutant-General Hastings, Gen. Wylie, and the other military commanders made an inspection of the raft above the bridge this evening, and decided that a channel should be opened through it, and then that it should be set on fire and burned from each side. It was decided to send for 150 expert axemen from Michigan to assist the dynamite in cutting through a channel.

FILLING THE CEMETERIES.

No Funeral Corteges, No Hearses, No Pall Bearers, No Services Over the Dead.

JOHNSTOWN, June 8.—The cemeteries of Johnstown are the only institutions in it that remained in active operation after the flood. Their business has been terribly active. There are several of them. The best known, called Sandyvale, is down in Stony Creek Gap. Up on top of the mountain, south of the town, is Grandview Cemetery. It is a new cemetery, and it gets the bulk of the business now because there is more room in it. No cemetery in Johnstown, and probably none in the country, ever saw burials conducted in the fashion that is now in vogue at Grandview. Over 200 bodies of victims of the flood have already been interred there, and there has not been a single funeral out of the lot. The approach to the cemetery is by a magnificently built and maintained road leading up the mountain in long loops that take nearly two miles to go a few hundred feet up. The whole valley lay spread out before the long processions of carriages that used to wind slowly up behind the hearses. No hearses crawl up that road now, nor any processions of carriages, yet more of the dead have been carried that far toward heaven within the last week than within years before. The only vehicles on that road now are dirt carts and lumber wagons heaped with coffins and ordinary pine boxes, and driven by a laborer in muddy clothes, with a pipe in his mouth. No mourners follow and no clergyman or pall bearers precede this funeral.

Up at the cemetery there is a gang of twenty men on duty to dig and fill graves and handle the coffins. When a wagon load of the dead arrives they all fall to work digging fresh graves in plots where the labels on the coffins show that the inmates are entitled to burial in some family plot. Those who come from families who own no plot, and the bodies of the unknown dead, are lugged off to where great trenches, a hundred feet long and as wide as the length of a coffin, have been dug in the earth. The coffins are laid close together along the bottom of this trench, and the dirt quickly shovelled over them. One trench is full already, and a start has been made on a second. Neither over their bodies nor over the bodies that are buried in family plots is there any ceremony beyond the muttered words of the gravediggers, commiserating all their fellow men upon the necessity of death. At the head of each grave is stuck a shingle with the name of the one interred there scrawled on it in lead pencil, or a number, if the person be unknown. On five adjoining shingles along the trenches are the names: "W. L. Harris, aged 23 years." "Frank Harris and John Harris." "Maggie Harris." "Margaret Harris," and "Sarah Harris." There have been frequent cases of the wrong identification of bodies, and consequently some scratching and rewriting on the shingles. One runs this way: "Miss Bracken." "Unknown." "Supposed to be Miss Bunting, a factory girl." "Supposed to be Carie Christie, formerly of Butler." "Supposed to be Frankie Wagner, Market street." On another shingle is written: "A large woman, with earrings," and underneath "Mrs. Mary Tingle."

An unusual feature of Grandview Cemetery hereafter will be the large number of big square hillocks, covering a number of graves at once. Beneath one of these mounds, in the Fisher family plot, rest seven bodies, all dead in the flood. There are many graves where three or four have been interred side by side. Probably the majority of the bodies of the dead from the flood have been buried in the cemeteries below Johnstown, as they have been recovered lower down the river. At Nineveh alone hundreds have been interred. Most of these were buried in trenches as unknown. There have been no funerals over them.

Out of all the nearly 4,000 dead who have been buried it is probable that there have been not over a dozen funerals. One is in progress in Johnstown this afternoon. It is over the remains of the Rev. William Diller, which was recovered yesterday. Lack of funeral ceremonies is not in any way indicative of disrespect, but because the extent of the calamity has overwhelmed all the survivors. The usual customs of life are lost sight of in the presence of such a catastrophe. The people are too overcome for any ordinary grief. There has been little weeping and no louder evidences of woe but simply a dull, sullen melancholy that has impressed both the appearance and the manners of the people. They have been wandering about like lost people in a strange land. It is only within a day or two that they have begun to talk among themselves about the events of the terrible afternoon and night of the flood. It is impossible even now to get them to tell a connected story of what they saw and heard during those hours. Besides this crushed feeling to hinder the usual observances over the dead, there would be difficulty in finding clergymen to read the burial services. Few are alive, and they have their hands too full in looking after the living in their congregations to pay any attention to the dead.

ATTEMPTS TO DEFEND THE DAM.

The Sun's Statement that the Waste Gates Were Closed is Admitted to Be True.

JOHNSTOWN, June 8.—The South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club people are squirming under THE SUN'S plain statement of the facts in reference to the character of the dirt heap, the giving way of which was the cause of the desolation of the Conemaugh valley. They have about two columns a day of interviews in the Pittsburgh papers in defence of the dam and of themselves. After attempting, however, by ambiguous reference to wasteways, sluiceways and other things about the dam to confuse the public mind, they have had to admit the truth of THE SUN'S statement that the waste gates at the bottom of the dam had been kept closed ever since the club leased the lake. The attempt is made to belittle the effect that these gates could have had in lowering the water in the lake, but that is a matter too easily calculated to be an issue. People in the neighborhood say that the waste gates let the water through five pipes, each as big as a hogshead. The remains of the arch through which they ran, still to be seen at the dam, show that it was about twenty feet wide and probably half as high. It certainly was no smaller than that. This indicates the correctness of the people's statement of the capacity of the gates. How fast water would pass through five pipes, each as large as a hogshead, with seventy-five feet head of water behind them, is a problem that any engineer can solve, and the answer will be a figure large enough to effectually dispose of the statement that the waste gates were of no practical use for permitting the escape of surplus water. Great stress is also laid upon the size of the waste weir at the side of the dam. It is said to have been 10 feet deep and 75 feet long. Such a waste weir, even though situated as this was, would be able to carry off all the water that would naturally be expected to get into the lake above the normal level. But in dams, bridges, and such works of engineering the rule is not to meet the exact demand, but to provide a factor of safety greatly above any possible demand. The event shows that the factor of safety in the Conemaugh Lake dam was precisely nothing. It is not likely that the actual surplus water in the lake was not vastly beyond the capacity of the weir, but the construction of the dam was such that the moment the water reached the level of its top the dam was found to go. There was nothing but dirt to hold it back, and no power on earth could have prevented a breach which every moment afterward would increase. Had the waste gates been used, five pipes, each four or five feet in diameter, would have been spouting out water under a pressure of seventy-five feet head. It will be hard to make people believe that this would not have been relief enough to have kept the water below the top of the dam.

ST. JOHN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Two men who had gone up to see the Conemaugh dam were entertained over night on Thursday at the club house there. As they were retiring, the member of the club who was their host said:

"Gentlemen, I take no responsibility for your safety here to-night. I think I ought to tell you that I have reason to believe that the house may be blown up before morning. I have information that a gang of men at Johnstown are determined to destroy all that there is left of the club's property. I am in such a nervous condition over this affair that I have scarcely slept since the dam went out."

The guests slept with their windows wide open, convenient for a jump in case of danger, but their slumbers were not disturbed. It is doubtful if any such scheme of revenge upon the club is ever really attempted, but that it should be talked about is a natural develop-