

BIELA'S COMET IS BURNED UP And the Recent Bright Meteoric Displays Came From the Fragments SCATTERED IN THE SKY.

The Theory of Garrett P. Serviss, the Illustrious Astronomer.

fainter now than it has been at any time since its discovery.

A Peep at the New Comet Shows It Is Disappearing Rapidly—It Is Still a Mystery, but No Longer a Cause of Fear Among Astronomers—It Is an Undoubted Feature in a Spectacular Way—To-Morrow and Sunday Night Have Beautiful Displays Promised—The Meteors Now Seen Are Termed Bielids, From the Burnt-Up Comet—The Whole Thing Interest- ing to Astronomers.

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.) NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—There were no celestial fireworks to-night. Hardly ever did a meteoric firefly flash across the firmament to reward the eager watchers who froze to watchposts beguiled by the display of the night previous, and by the various interesting probabilities thus indicated into the belief that the heavens would rain fire and the Columbian bridge fireworks fade from memory by comparison.

Garrett P. Serviss, the astronomer, explained all about the meteorites to a DISPATCH reporter to-night, and something of the latest news about the comet. "The shower of meteors seen last night," Mr. Serviss said, "were undoubtedly Bielids, meaning the scattered particles, may be remnants, of the famous Biela comet. This comet, it will be remembered, after coming around regularly every six and three-quarter years for some time, suddenly split in two in 1846, and these parts separated some 200,000 miles.

Now the earth crosses the orbit of Biela's comet on November 27, and it is on that date that these meteoric showers were looked for. But Bielids were seen in considerable numbers last Saturday. They were seen in fewer numbers again Sunday night, and the following nights until Wednesday, when an especially brilliant shower occurred.

The fact of these meteorites—which are positively identified as being particles from Biela's comet, by the direction from which they come, and all proceeding from the proper radiant point—appearing eight days before the earth is due to cross the orbit of Biela's comet indicates that these swarms of meteors are scattered over a space of at least 25,000,000 miles in diameter.

Not an isle of rest. Cleveland fails to find the solution for which he traveled far from the office-seekers.

Five Hundred People Greet Him on His Arrival at the Island.

MRS. CLEVELAND ESCAPES. With a Close Call From Death in a Runaway Automobile.

F. M. B. A. DECLINING. But Its Champions Proffers Confidence in a Speedy Revival.

FIGHTING IN SAMOA. Rival Tribes Fight Bloody Battles for the Empty Title of Manga.

ONE FILLED A BAG WITH JEWELRY. While the Other Held the Attention of a Responder With a Clock.

MELBOURNE, Nov. 24.—A bag containing two hundred dollars was found in Hawthorne, a suburb of this city, to-day. The members had evidently been recently recovered from a man's body. The bag was marked "Lot one—J. Ripper."



YALE'S WINNING TEAM. 1—MORCA, 2—BEARD, 3—WALLIS, 4—GREENWAY, 5—MSSLER, 6—WINTER, 7—BUTTERWORTH, 8—HICKOK, 9—HINCKEY, 10—DEER, 11—STILLMAN, 12—M'CORMICK (Capt.), 13—GRAVES, 14—BLISS, 15—DYER, 16—C. BLISS.

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DIED FOR HIS DEBT.

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WHERE THERE ARE ONLY 13 HOUSES

EXMORE, VA., Nov. 24.—President-elect Cleveland is enjoying himself quietly on Broadwater Island, the beautiful and isolated resort which is owned by the Broadwater Club. It is 19 miles from Exmore Landing, which is two miles from Exmore station, on the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railroad. The private steam launch Sunshine plies between the landing and the island over a course which follows Macchopone creek for 5 1/2 miles.

FRESH VERSUS SOPH.

Even Girl Students Take Part in a Class War in an Iowa College.

NEARLY BET HIS LIFE.

The Huntington Fire Chief Nearly Drowns in Paying an Election Wage.

REPORTER SEEKS HIM TODAY.

A reporter went to the island to-day and presented his card to the President-elect.

MINERS SUFFERING.

Short Working Time Bringing Starvation and Debt in Its Train.

THE DAY AT WASHINGTON.

Harrison's Household Feast on a 31-Pound Fowl, With One Chair Vacant.

BLAINE VERY SICK.

Though He Was Reported as Slightly Improved Yesterday Evening.

THE GROOMING PLACE ON A BAG CONTAINING PIECES OF A CORPSE.

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YALE WINS THE GREAT GAME. More Than 50,000 People Turn Out to Witness the Athletic Battle in New York. PRINCETON TIGERS MAKE A GAME FIGHT. Graphic Pictures of the Scenes on the Ribbed Manhattan Field.

HOW THE BLUESTOCKINGS GAINED THE VICTORY.

New York Turns Out En Masse at the Combat Between the Giants—Youth, Beauty and Fashion Applaud the Winners, While Strong-Voiced Enthusiasts Sing Songs of Joy on the Greensward—The Orange and Black Mourn Over Their Defeat—Charges That Favoritism Was Shown by the Umpire—Pittsburg Sends a Big Delegation to the Scene of the Scrimmage—The List of the Wounded Kept Down—Incidents of the Day.

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.) NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—The doctors of the city and surrounding country will never regret that the biggest football match of the year was played on Manhattan field yesterday, unless some of them had relatives among the spectators. Instead of 30,000 onlookers, as all the papers announced there would be, the number was above 50,000, the excess being spread all over the damp ground and wind-ravaged rocks and trestle works of the peculiar country around the field.

Princeton died game with all the luck against her. We were all there, with our lady loves and our colors. "Hah! Rah! Rah! Yale." It had just their proper cold, gave Yale. It had just their proper cold, gave Yale. It had just their proper cold, gave Yale. It had just their proper cold, gave Yale.

The town was captured. In front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel was the place to see the boys of both colleges. All crowds of out of town folk center there for some reason and during the whole of yesterday the Blue and the Tiger stripes passed and repassed one another on that block. Their wearers cheered themselves and gazed their rivals and idlers and strangers lined the pavement to see the fun.

The grand crush of carriages. The elevated trains were so crowded that it took them an hour and a half to get to Park Boulevard and Fifty-fifth Street from Park Boulevard and Twenty-third Street. The once great boom of rapid transit has in its turn become old fashioned, and something better is demanded. The thousands who made the trip in the past were not alone in the cars, but a great many were sitting on the floor and the roof of the cars. The scene in and around the grounds was such as no American city but New York can produce, except when a President is inaugurated or a World's Fair is dedicated.

Colors shown everywhere. One stand was yellow with the chrysanthemums that the wearers had not expected to bring as funeral flowers to deck the corpse of Princeton. The explanation of the great black mass of folks, at the western end under the hill, was blue with the victorious color of Yale. But these were not the only patches of color. There was a mass of orange and black at the northern end of the field, and that was covered with spectators, but the wonderful overflow was up the heights to the westward of the grounds. The whole face of this great hogmen and earth was crowded with the longer the game lasted, the more strange it seemed that so many thousands should assemble at such a disadvantage as to shiver in the cold and not be able to distinguish any but the broader general movements of the players. The explanation of the phenomenon is that this annual event is the last of the out-of-door gatherings at each autumn's end, and also that football is a profane fashion.