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PLAGUE SPREADS IN NEW YORK BAY

Ten More Persons Stricken With Cholera in the Port.

EIGHT OF THEM FROM THE NORMANNIA'S CREW.

No Deaths Reported Yesterday—Fifty-three Cases in the Hospital on Swinburne Island, retreating the East River. No New Developments on Hoffman Island and—Baggage Rained by Disinfection at Boston.

QUARANTINE, S. I., Sep. 8.—A resume of conditions in the lower bay on the infected ships and islands shows that the situation is grave without being alarming. Since yesterday's report the result is ten new cases, eight on the Normannia among the crew, who have been returned to the ship after their abatement and disinfection on Hoffman Island, and two on the Rialta among the steerage passengers.

The new cases of cholera are as follows:

NORMANNIA.
Max Gerhman, aged 24.
Stanislaus Kansa, aged 26.
Richard Fisher, aged 24.
Franz Geat, aged 31.
Emil Petri, aged 21.
Julius Solurz, aged 30.
Wilhelm Bennenegg, aged 30.
Karl Bornand, aged 24.

RIALTA.
Katherine Tesnow, aged 29.
Orakle Kiporian, aged 28.

While it is common to term all cases cholera, it is reported that the cases on the Normannia are bowel troubles, resulting from the imperfect drying of the clothing after disinfection.

The ameliorating feature of the situation is the progress made towards securing a refuge for the safe detention of the uninfected voyagers. Dr. Jenkins has been working hard on this problem, and expects very soon the conclusion of an arrangement for the use of Fire Island Hotel for the cabin passengers of the Normannia.

It is also contemplated to erect barracks on Sandy Hook, and if the Fire Island is secured the steerage people can be cared for on the Hook.

Secretary Tracy's suggestion for tents will be carried out if they are furnished by the War Department, as Dr. Jenkins has advised Gen. Tracy that he can use them to advantage.

Great encouragement is felt at the fact that the new cases have developed among the Normannia's steerage passengers who are domiciled on Hoffman Island. This shows that they are not seriously infected.

The events at the upper boarding station have been the arrival of the Washland, City of New York and the Sprea. Chief interest has centered in the Inman American account of Dr. Chauncey Dewey and other notables.

Among the passengers on the Sprea which came in at dusk are Mrs. G. Pierpont Morgan and children, Rev. Thomas C. Hall of Chicago and others well known.

Owing to the precautions printed about the arrivals via Hell Gate, which have been hampered as customary, the action of Collector Hendricks in ordering the tug Nacketta on patrol in the East river, will effectually check any further scares on that score. The Bourgoigne will be released to-day and possibly the New York.

There are reported to be 53 cases in the hospital on Swinburne Island, the wards of which are ample for 750 patients.

Although strenuous efforts have been made by influential persons to get aboard the vessels at anchor off the upper station they have not been successful. A man of the name of Potter has a sister aboard La Bourgoigne suffering from cancer in the throat. She is constantly attended by a physician, but Mr. Potter could not go on board despite the entreaties for the desired permission. Last night he sent a number of necessities aboard to her.

Another man displayed a telegram from a passenger who is on La Bourgoigne, saying that a New Yorker's wife was seriously ill and urged him to get aboard and stay there if possible. Permission was refused him as in all other cases.

It was stated this morning that the Federal Government would offer Sandy Hook as a camp for cabin passengers. If this were done quickly it would at once satisfactorily solve the question of their disposition. Those on the Normannia like the idea, and there is no question but that it would make an admirable station. Once used and a precedent established, it could always be used in the future.

Efforts to secure a boat on which to transfer the cabin passengers of the Normannia have not with success. The passengers are preparing an appeal to the citizens of New York, praying that something be done to get them off the vessel. Many think that some isolated spot on the coast or some deserted seaside hotel might be secured, and the unfortunate persons transferred and kept there under strong guard until all danger is past.

RUINED BY FUMIGATION.
Disastrous Result of Steam Disinfecting on a Steamer at Boston.

Boston, Sep. 8.—Baggage of the Scotia's steerage passenger which had undergone disinfection by superheated steam was overhauled yesterday and it was found that in some cases the process had disastrous results.

The steam ruined everything in the shape of leather. Shoes were shrunken and twisted out of shape and rendered as hard as iron.

A pair of lady's 6 1-2 gloves had shrunk to the size of a man's thumb.

A lady's waikin sash had shrunk so that a baby could not wear it.

Almost every lot of baggage was damaged, and many of the women sat down in grief when their trunks were opened.

One woman and her two children could not get their shoes on and had to leave the wharf without any; and a man whose disinfected trousers did not reach his shoes tied them down with strings.

Death of Editor Starke.
Troy, N. Y., Sep. 8.—Wm. J. Starke, one of the editors of the New York Herald, is dead at Lansingburgh, N. Y. Death was caused by nervous prostration.

THE QUAKER POET.

His Death Causes General Sadness—Sketch of His Life.

AMESBURY, MASS., Sep. 8.—Amesbury is a saddened town to-day. The news of the death of John G. Whittier, poet, friend and citizen, has brought grief to every heart. The last few days were full of anxiety, but the hope has ever held sway with the people here that they might once again see the beloved form on the streets of Amesbury, but that has passed, and the tolling bells echo the grief in many a heart. The Quaker Poet died at Hampton Falls, N. H., yesterday morning.

His body has been brought to his home in Amesbury and the funeral will be held at 2:30 p. m. on Saturday afternoon from his late residence on Friend street, the house in which many of his best poems were written, and the shrine of every visitor to Amesbury.

The body will rest in the Friends' Cemetery, connected with Union Cemetery, in the family plot where rest his parents, uncle, aunt, sister and brother.

All business will be suspended in Amesbury on Saturday during the funeral. John Greenleaf Whittier was born in Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 17, 1807. His parents were members of the Society of Friends, and the poet himself always conformed to the customs and usages of that sect, even to its peculiarities of speech and dress.

It was thus that he was early brought into touch with nature, his intimate acquaintance and knowledge of whose charms gives such a picturesque beauty to many of his poems. They reflect the country scenery of New England with a fidelity that has never been equalled.

His early schooling was of the scantiest kind, for it was only in the winter months that he had the opportunity of attending the neighboring district school. Later on he learned the shoemaker's trade, and by this means he earned enough to enable him to attend the Haverhill Academy during six months in 1827.

He was then able to teach school himself, thus obtaining the means of continuing his course at the academy another year. During all this time he was a regular contributor to the "Poets' Corner," in the Free Press, a paper edited by William Lloyd Garrison, at Newburyport, Mass., for his literary tastes had begun to develop when he was still a boy.

Garrison saw signs of promise in the young man, and their association at this time led to the life-long friendship which existed between them and brought them closely together in the anti-slavery crusade, which began in 1831 with the establishment of the Liberator, to which Whittier was a regular contributor and which caught much of its inspiration from his fervid lyrics.

After his father's death Whittier carried on the farm for five years until 1835, during which he was an industrious writer and contributed verses to many periodicals. He was also in turn editor of the "American Manufacturer," of Boston, the Haverhill "Gazette," and the "New England Weekly Review," of Hartford, Conn.

In 1836 he became the secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and removed to Philadelphia, where he edited the "Pennsylvania Freeman" until the office of that paper was sacked and burned by a mob. In 1849 he returned to New England and took up his abode in Amesbury, where he lived a quiet and simple life.

During his seclusion Whittier has never been idle. From 1847 to 1859 he contributed editorially to the National Era, the Washington anti-slavery paper, and helped provide the material for the groundwork of the Republican party.

No American poet, with the exception, perhaps, of Longfellow, has been more popular than Whittier. This is ascribed to the noble simplicity of his character, which was reflected in all his writings, whether in verse or prose.

His first volume in prose and verse, "Legends of New England," was published in 1831, and since that time collections of his writings have appeared almost every year. The last edition of his poetical and prose works was published in 1889 in seven volumes.

RESCUED BY LIFE SAVERS.

Thrilling Experience of a Steamer's Passengers Off the Isle of Man.

LONDON, Sep. 8.—A thrilling scene was presented, shortly after midnight, off the southeastern coast of the Isle of Man. The steamer Monas Isle was carrying 500 passengers from Dublin to Douglas, the favorite resort for pleasure seekers from England and Ireland.

The night was dark and there was a heavy fog, making navigation difficult. Suddenly the Monas Isle ran aground on Scariel Point, near the entrance of Castletown bay.

The passengers were aroused by the shock, but displayed considerable courage under the circumstances.

Several ladies fainted, but among the men, as a rule, the chief anxiety seemed to be to aid in the work of rescue.

The passengers were promptly provided with life belts, and the crew cleared the boats.

Everything was in darkness, and even on the steamer people could see each other but a few feet away, owing to the fog.

The steamer was some distance from the shore, but the waves could be heard breaking on the point.

One passenger offered to swim ashore with a line, and was restrained by the crew with much difficulty.

Rockets were sent up and these attracted the attention of the coast guard and the people on shore.

Steps were at once taken to effect the rescue of those on the steamer. A number of men volunteered to assist the coast guard, and a lifeboat was launched and every person on the steamer was brought safely ashore.

Once there they had to be assisted by ladders up the steep face of the cliff.

The steamer Tynehead is endeavoring to dislodge the stranded vessel and bring it into open water.

The Arkansas Election.
LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Sep. 8.—Returns from 53 counties give Fishback (Dem.) for Governor a plurality of 16,329 over Whipple (Rep.) and Carahan (People's) vote combined. This indicates a majority of about 23,000. In the last State election Eagle (Dem.) received for Governor 100,297 votes, and Fryer (Union Labor and Rep.) 80,181.

Stevenson to Speak in Ohio.
New York, Sep. 8.—Bradley B. Smalley, chairman of the Committee on Speakers of the Democratic Campaign Committee, announced that Adlai E. Stevenson and W. Bourke Cochrane will speak at Roadside Park, near Cincinnati, on October 1.

SULLIVAN EASY FOR CORBETT

John L. Knocked Out by the Californian in 21 Rounds.

REPORTED THAT THE EX-CHAMPION WAS NOT IN CONDITION.

Corbett Wholly Uninjured and as Fresh as Ever at the Close—He Nearly Broke Sullivan's Nose, and Almost Finished Him in the Fifth—Story of the Battle by Rounds—Sketch of the Victor's Career.

NEW ORLEANS, Sep. 8.—A sicker lot of sports than those who backed John L. Sullivan it would be hard to find. As was to be expected, the men who had lauded the champion to the skies before the battle, now roundly execrate him.

Corbett's victory carries with it not only the championship of the world but the ownership of the princely stake of \$45,000. Sullivan was clearly out of condition and wholly unfit to fight a championship battle.

Corbett outfought his man from the opening of the first round until the end of the twenty-first, when the most notorious fighter of this generation surrendered. He showed more science, greater strength and was quicker than the mighty John L., who for the first time in his career found a conqueror.

Before the Battle.
Corbett got up at 7 a. m. and was feeling first rate. He took a sponge bath and then ate a square meal. He talked away to his trainers at such a lively rate that a stranger would have thought he had been drinking. He read the papers, got a shave and hesitated about allowing a barber with whom he was acquainted to touch his pompadour style hair. He finally consented, and afterward gave the barber \$2 for the job. He stayed in the house all day, not leaving it until he went to the fight.

He was expected to show up at the Southern Athletic Club, but at 11 o'clock sent word that he would not go over. A large crowd that had assembled to see him was disappointed, but they waited until 2 in the afternoon. The reception committee of the club were out in full force to say once more that they were delighted to have him as their guest, and they, also, were fooled.

Sullivan did not leave his room until about 10 o'clock. There was an immense throng in front of the St. Charles all morning to see him come down the stairs, but he bothered with nobody as he was taken to the Sportsmen's Gymnasium Club, where he took light exercise, "to prevent getting stiff, you know." He came back about 3 o'clock, having loafed in the club house, without doing any work to speak of.

He skipped the rope a few times and punched the ball for a while, but he quit early in each game. It was given out as a report that John L. had hit the ball so hard that he broke the rope twice, but that was untrue.

The mob went out to the club house in every car that started from anywhere along the line. It was a great mob in numbers and by half past seven the galleries were as full as they could have been. By 9 o'clock the house was packed to overflowing, and standing room was at a premium.

But Masterson was named as Corbett's timekeeper. Sullivan came on first, at 8:51 p. m. His last handlers, Johnston, McCalliffe, Joe Lannon and Casey were with him. Jack Ashton was not to be seen. Corbett came in almost immediately after, with several of his friends as well as W. A. Brady, his manager.

Both men were stripped all the way up and down, except that they wore trunks and shoes and stockings.

Sullivan's trunks were of a bright green, and Corbett's of a queer mixture of white and a shade of slate. Corbett seemed nervous after he had taken his seat and swung his legs from the floor up and back again, like an amateur. Then all hands collected in the middle of the ring and shook hands, handers and all. It was announced that Sullivan weighed 212 pounds and Corbett, 187.

Prof. Daly, the referee, ran into Corbett, looking out for handkerchiefs, bottles and sundries, and, having done so, ordered things to go on. When the 5-ounce gloves were distributed, Sullivan had trouble in getting his hands into his. Corbett was ready in an instant. Sullivan laughed with his handlers as though he had told a funny story of his own, after he had shaken hands with Pompadour Jim.

Story of the Fight.
Round 1—July was a ridiculous exhibition of prize fighting. Sullivan made no less than seven tents with the left for Corbett, but Corbett ran around the ring each time, and no blow was struck.

Round 2—Corbett made no effort to do anything but walk around. The big fellow stood up lazily and looked at Corbett, and then let go a left on Corbett's shoulder, and a clinch followed.

Round 3—Sullivan missed a left-hander on the jaw, and then touched him on the stomach. It was of no harm, however. The first good blow was struck by Corbett, who ran in on top of a run by Sullivan. Corbett almost landed two lefts on Sullivan's body. Whenever Sullivan had Corbett ducked and John could not touch him.

Round 4—Sullivan made two runs at Corbett, but Jim ran away and no blow

was struck. Sullivan continued to run in on him, but Jim's feet were too good for the big fellow and he slipped away like a good sprinter. Sullivan, the big fellow, laughed at the business.

Round 5—In this round Sullivan caught Corbett a fairly hard blow on the chin, but Corbett clinched, and nobody was hurt. Sullivan missed with his left, and followed that with a triller on the shoulder. Corbett smashed him with right and left on the stomach and face, and had the big fellow's nose bleeding in no time. Right and left, right and left, and Sullivan was not in it. The activity and cleverness shown by Corbett was so admirable that the house got up and yelled.

Round 6—Corbett jumped around like a cat and worried the big fellow, getting in two light blows on the stomach. Sullivan missed a left-hander for the face.

Round 7—Two slaps on the body, one from each, opened this round, and after a bit of fighting Corbett gave Sullivan two smacks on the face with left, and two more shortly after. Sullivan's nose was bleeding again freely. Corbett ran in and rushed Sullivan to the ropes, letting go right and left on the big fellow's body. Sullivan could make no return.

Round 8—Sullivan came out looking worried. He made a lunge at Corbett, but Corbett ducked cleverly. In a rally Sullivan landed his right on the ribs, but Corbett got in two good left jabs on the body and one on the face. Sully seemed to be played out.

Round 9—Corbett led out without effect. Sullivan led with his left, but Corbett ducked. Sullivan did not show any want of wind, although Corbett hit him five more times, one after the other, three on the body and two on the face. Corbett was away ahead in points.

Round 10—Corbett stood up like a major. Sullivan missed with the left. Both land on the face, but weakly. The same again. Sullivan's face again. Sully missed with the left, and Corbett jumped back. Corbett landed left on face.

Round 11—Sullivan could not get in a straight blow on Corbett. A couple of light passes and a good deal of running around by Corbett. Corbett hit Sullivan in the face twice with his left and right in a clinch. Sullivan's nose again bleeding.

Round 12—Corbett got in his left three times in the stomach, getting away each time. Great cleverness was shown by Corbett in the way he jabbed and got away, but his blows did not seem to be effective.

Round 13—Sullivan led left on Corbett's neck, and Corbett landed left on neck, and a good deal of running around by Corbett. Corbett hit Sullivan in the face twice with his left and right in a clinch. Sullivan's nose again bleeding.

Round 14—Sullivan went in to do Corbett this time, and rained Jim three times. Corbett's long reach held the big fellow at bay, and he could not break in under the guard. On the contrary, Corbett's left-hand Sullivan's face twice. In two more rushes by Sullivan, Corbett held him off and plunked him on the ribs and stomach with left.

Rounds 15 and 17—Sullivan resorted to running tactics, but was met every time by Corbett's left on his stomach, nose and head.

Round 18—Corbett's cleverness in tapping the big fellow and getting away was greatly admired up to this time, and when he jabbed the big fellow four times in succession on the face the spectators raised a howl. Sullivan here got in a left on Corbett's breast, but it did not hurt. Then Corbett touched John L. up for two right-handers on the body.

Round 19—On coming together Sullivan hit Corbett on the neck with the left, pretty hard, and Corbett countered with the left on the stomach. Sullivan missed a left punch for the face. Corbett again came forward and landed his left on Sullivan's stomach.

Round 20—With left and right Corbett caught Sullivan on both sides of the head close to the ropes, and this same dose the Californian repeated several times before time was sounded.

Sullivan Knocked Out.
Round 21—That the contest would end in this round no man present believed. Corbett jumped back, rushed forward, hit John a blow on the nose that dazed him. Corbett went at him further, and the same nose was again smashed and more blood came out. Then he got a crack on the side of the head that made him close his eyes. With this, Corbett was on top of him in no time. Left on one side of the head and right hand on the other, Sullivan became an unconscious beaten man. He staggered about on his pins for a second or so, and while displaying this fatal weakness Corbett went down on him again.

A right on the ear and a left on the jaw settled the business and the championship. The last blow sent the great John L. Sullivan to the floor with a thump, the second time in all his long career as a fighter that he had ever been knocked down.

The pandemonium reigned. In the midst of the tumult Corbett shook the hand of Sullivan, who had managed to regain his feet, and then the big crowd dispersed.

James Corbett's Record.
James J. Corbett was born in San Francisco Sep. 1, 1866. After graduating from college, Fiscal, the bonanza king, secured him a clerkship in the Nevada bank. It was while holding this position that he won the heavyweight championship of California in 1884. Later he resigned his clerkship and became the instructor of the Olympic Athletic Club. Here is his record:
Dave Eisman, 2 rounds.
James Daily, 4 rounds.
Duncan McDonald of Butte, Mont.
Jack Burke, San Francisco, 8 rounds (draw).
Joe Choyinski, San Francisco, Cal., 4 rounds.
Mike Brennan, 3 rounds.
Capt. James Daly.
Frank Smith, of Salt Lake, 3 rounds.
George Atkinson, 3 rounds.
Frank Glover, 2 rounds.
Joe Choyinski, on a lunge in Sacramento river, 27 rounds.
Joe McCalliffe, 4 rounds.
John Donahoe, at San Francisco.
Prof. William Miller, of Australia, 5 rounds.
Martin (Buffalo) Costello, 3 rounds.
Dave Campbell, Fossil, Ore.
Jake Kilrain, New Orleans, 1890, 6 rounds.
Dominick McCaffrey, South Brooklyn, 1890, 4 rounds.
Peter Jackson, San Francisco, 1891, 61 rounds (draw).
Thills and Spillings, Bob Coffee, Joe Lannon, Madison Square Garden, the same night.

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DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVEINE.
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The American people are rapidly becoming a nation of nervous wreck, and the only remedy for the most serious ailments of the nervous system is Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerveine. It is a pure, natural, and powerful medicine, and has cured thousands of cases of nervous prostration, headache, dizziness, and all the ailments of the nervous system. It is the only medicine that can be taken with safety by the most delicate and nervous of constitutions. It is the only medicine that can be taken with safety by the most delicate and nervous of constitutions. It is the only medicine that can be taken with safety by the most delicate and nervous of constitutions.