

CHICAGO HAS BEEN PASSED.

Transcontinental Relay Riders Now Have a Record to Break Into New York.

Chicago is now behind the war message that is being carried by the bicycle couriers in the Journal-Examiner Yellow Fellow Transcontinental relay from San Francisco to New York.

About 3 o'clock this morning the Postmaster of the big city of the middle West put his stamp on the packet. The relay riders had done more than two-thirds of the long road across the continent.

Chicago is, as the relay men rode, 2,400 miles from San Francisco. They did the distance in nine days and thirteen hours. No such time was ever made, except, of course, by the railroads. The pony express time, that caused so much excitement, couldn't equal it.

There are no bicycle relay records between Chicago and San Francisco with which to compare the work of the riders who, though hindered and harassed by storm and heat, mountains, washouts, terrible roads and unavoidable accidents, put the message over the Sierras and the Rocky Mountains, across the deserts, the prairies and the big rivers. From Chicago to New York, however, there has been one bicycle relay race. Five years ago, under the patronage of the United States army, a message came through on wheels in 108 hours. That was when wheels weighed forty pounds and there was hardly a road in the country fit for fast bicycling. If the men who are bringing the packet through this time did no better than the riders of five years ago the packet would reach the Journal office at noon on Tuesday. But the men in charge of the relay expect to cut a full day—maybe a day and a half—off this record and bringing it in on Sunday night or before daybreak on Monday.

If they do they will have made a record that will stand for a long time as a mark of the strength and endurance of American wheelmen.

The Journal-Examiner relay packet has not yet assumed its Eastern spurt. Dense as the countryside is after the terrors of desert and mountain, the pace of the relay is equally dense. There are no deeds of daring for couriers to perform, no skeleton stevedores to explore, no difficulties to mount or descend, but there is steady, painful plugging under a hot sun, over roads that are deep in mud where they are not deep in dust, and furrowed for miles by wagon ruts in hard clay such as every wheelman dreads as he dreads the plague. It is rolling country, too, and the most of those knolls that would appear to be a mere bagatelle from the window of a Pullman car are steep and irksome grades for the man that surmounts them one after another on a bicycle. So that, however softened the landscape, however civilized it may look, with slender church spires reaching skyward over seas of vibrating grass, no primrose path has yet opened up.

LI BECOMES SLEEPY IN PHILADELPHIA.

Chinese Viceroy Protests Mildly Against the Length of the Programme.

Doesn't Like the Jolting He Receives During His Long Rides Over Rough Pavements.

TAKEN TO INDEPENDENCE HALL.

Listens to an Address by Mayor Warwick and Then Asks to be Driven Directly to His Hotel—Asks the Usual Questions.

Philadelphia, Sept. 3.—Li Hung Chang, his suite and the Government representative, Major-General Rager, arrived here from New York at 10:25 this morning on a special train of six cars. Great preparations had been made for Li Hung's reception. Second street from Germantown Junction to Chestnut street, a distance of three miles, was roped off and the street kept clear by squads of police.

At Germantown Junction, awaiting the Viceroy's arrival, was Mayor Warwick, Major-General Snowdon, commander of the Pennsylvania National Guard; Brigadier-General Schall, commander of the First Brigade, and adjutant-general Stewart, their staffs, and a committee of prominent citizens.

Thousands of persons were assembled on the sidewalks, and the distinguished visitor was enthusiastically cheered. The Viceroy was escorted down Chestnut street to Independence Hall, where Mayor Warwick delivered to him an address of welcome. Li Hung Chang made an appropriate response.

IN INDEPENDENCE HALL. When Li Hung Chang was escorted into Independence Hall, he was given a chair directly opposite the old Liberty bell. Then the interpreter announced that as the Viceroy was greatly fatigued, he wished to go directly to his hotel, after leaving the hall. Li seemed to take little notice of the historical remotes of our Revolutionary period scattered around and smoked placidly on white Mayor Warwick made his address of welcome, extending to His Excellency, the freedom of the city.

After the response Li took the arm of his son and the Mayor and returned to his carriage. His suite followed, and the suite party went to the Hotel. Chinese amid lines of thousands of people on the sidewalks.

Heard crowds of people were packed outside the Walton, but the police kept the street clear and he was carried into the hotel in his wicker chair by four policemen. He went at once to the rooms assigned for him. Here Mayor Warwick presented him with a beautiful album of views of the city of Philadelphia.

LI WORE HIS YELLOW JACKET and peacock feather this morning and betrayed great interest in the throng of people who lined his route. He put Mayor Warwick through his usual line of cross-questioning on the way to Independence Hall. He asked the Mayor his age. His Honor diplomatically evaded this question.

LI GROWS SLEEPY. Then Li began to weary of the length of the ride and commented somewhat testily upon the municipal policy that sandwiches Belgian blocks in between sheet asphalt

and shakes up the unfortunate people who are to be used to carry the war message. Yesterday two water bicycles were required to be used to carry the war message from the Battery to Governor's Island, where General N. A. Miles will be ready to receive it. The chain which operates the screw propeller of the boat is attached to the wheel of the bicycle. As the boats only draw three inches of water, there is no danger of their capsizing or sinking.

The Metropolitan district, including New York City, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, to join in an honorary escort to the final relay riders from McComb's Dam Bridge to the Journal office, were sent out Wednesday night. Thirty acceptances were received from Colonel N. P. Hartmann, of the Columbia Wheelmen; Captain Edward Knowlton, Jr., of the Monticello Wheelmen; Captain W. C. Nye, of Company E, Eighth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., formerly the Te To Tum Club; Captain Alfred F. Terry, of the Colonial Wheelmen; Captain E. C. Eaton, of the Essex County Wheelmen, of Newark, N. J.; Captain G. Hausmann, of the Bergen County Wheelmen, of Ridgefield, N. J.; Captain W. J. Wells, Jr., of the Eastern District Wheelmen; Captain R. Frank Simmons, the Amity Wheelmen, Brooklyn; Captain Alexander Hobbs, of the Pioneer Wheelmen; Captain E. D. Skinner, Jr., of the Glen Cove Wheelmen, and Captain James Joseph, of the Yellow Fellow Club.

The relay is expected to reach New York Sunday evening some time. It is impossible to estimate how near on schedule time the couriers will arrive, but by watching the Journal a very close calculation can be made, after they leave Syracuse. The Riverside Wheelmen are going to send out their corps of buglers, and the "Yellow Fellow" Club are going to be on hand, with a fireworks brigade, to illuminate the route from Fifty-ninth street and Boulevard to the Journal office.

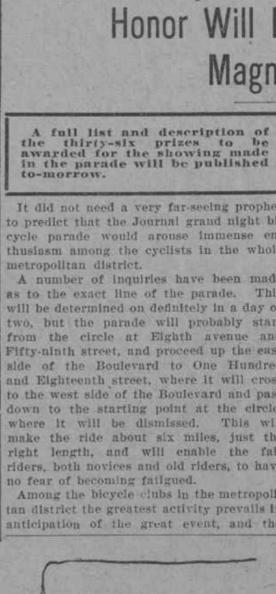
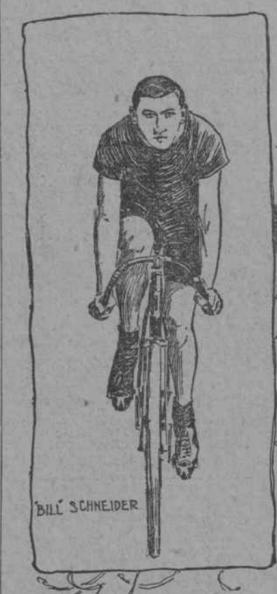
That the greatest amount of enthusiasm is being aroused over the glorious achievement of the relay riders is evident from the promptness with which all leading cycling associations are responding to the invitations, and suggesting ways by which the escorting parade can be made equal to the occasion. The captains will be in uniform.

The route of the last division in the great Transcontinental Bicycle Relay will be from Sing Sing to the Journal office, a distance of about thirty-five miles, as follows: Sing Sing down Broadway, through Tarrytown and Yonkers to Sedgwick avenue, over McComb's Dam Bridge, to Seventh avenue to One Hundred and Tenth street, to Manhattan avenue, to One Hundred and Sixth street, through One Hundred and Sixth street to Grand Boulevard, following the Boulevard to Fifty-ninth street, Eighth avenue to Twenty-third street, across Twenty-third street to Broadway, down Broadway to the New York Journal office.

In selecting the final relay rider the honor was conferred upon Teddy Goodman, who is eminently worthy of the place, for he is looked upon as the most popular rider in the metropolitan district. Only eighteen years of age, he holds the New York State championship, which he won on the 10th of June this year. He has also won twenty-nine firsts, eighteen

seconds and fifteen thirds so far this season.

Yesterday two water bicycles were required to be used to carry the war message from the Battery to Governor's Island, where General N. A. Miles will be ready to receive it. The chain which operates the screw propeller of the boat is attached to the wheel of the bicycle. As the boats only draw three inches of water, there is no danger of their capsizing or sinking.



COURIERS WHO WILL RIDE THE LAST RELAYS.

NIGHT OF WONDERS ON WHEELS

The Grand Bicycle Parade in the Couriers' Honor Will Be More Than Magnificent.

A full list and description of the thirty-six prizes to be awarded for the showing made in the parade will be published to-morrow.

It did not need a very far-seeing prophet to predict that the Journal grand night bicycle parade would arouse immense enthusiasm among the cyclists in the whole metropolitan district.

A number of inquiries have been made as to the exact line of the parade. This will be determined on definitely in a day or two, but the parade will probably start from the circle at Eighth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, and proceed up the east side of the Boulevard to One Hundred and Eighteenth street, where it will cross to the west side of the Boulevard and pass down to the starting point at the circle, where it will be dismissed. This will make the ride about six miles, just the right length, and will enable the fair riders, both novices and old riders, to have no fear of becoming fatigued.

Among the bicycle clubs in the metropolitan district the greatest activity prevails in anticipation of the great event, and the very keenest kind of competition can be expected to carry off some of the magnificent prizes offered by the Journal. The clubs should bear in mind that in this parade no banners at all will be given, but all the club prizes will be of solid silver, and will be well worth going to any amount of trouble and labor to win. They should also remember that the chief factor that will probably govern the judges in their decisions will be the effects at illumination.

The Triumph Wheelmen will have about one hundred and twenty-five riders in line, led by buglers and color bearers.

The Clio Wheelmen, of Jersey City, will have 215 riders under Captain John J. Corley, with two buglers and two color bearers.

The Indian Cycle Club, of Brooklyn, will have sixty riders, under Captain S. Lottis, with one bugler and two color bearers.

The Yellow Fellow Club will have fifty riders, under Captain James Joseph, with three buglers and one color bearer.

One of the features of the parade will be the appearance for the first time here of a drum and fife corps mounted on bicycles. It is the Lincoln Post Drum and Fife Corps, of Newark, N. J., and consists of twelve men. They have been practicing on bicycles for a long time now, and have reached a high state of efficiency. The Society for First Aid to Injured Bicyclists will make its initial bow to the public in this parade. This society was started, not only for the purpose of aiding the injured, but also for repairing punctures and the like, so that when a wheelman meets with an accident and is away from the vicinity of a repair shop, and a member of the society is around he will be all right. While en route the captain of this society is required and does carry a case of bandages, splints, plaster, medicine, etc. All the members are required to carry complete repair kits for tires and proper assistance when required. The society will turn out fifty strong, and members of it will be attached to each division in the parade. Members of the society will be distinguished by a broad band of white with a red cross on the right arm.

The prizes to be awarded in the parade will be placed on exhibition in a day or two in the window of the store on the southwest corner of Broadway and Twenty-fifth street.

M. M. Belding, Jr., a prominent member of the New York Athletic Club, League of American Wheelmen and treasurer of the local section of the L. A. W., has consented to act as grand marshal of the parade.

A meeting will be held this evening of marshals, couriers, etc., at the Imperial Hotel, Broadway and Thirty-second street. All of the captains of the bicycle clubs or officers of military companies will be welcome. As far as possible, many of the details of the parade will be then arranged.

and the interpreter, giving the Mayor a hint of this, both His Honor and the interpreter talked all they knew how to keep His Excellency awake.

After Mayor Warwick had presented Earl Li with the album of views, the former withdrew. The Viceroy seated himself in a chair for about five minutes, and then called upon Mrs. John Russell Young, who is in the hotel.

At 3 o'clock Li Hung Chang was driven to the Union League Club, where he held a reception. He signified his wish to rest, and at 4:15 was driven to the Broad street station, where he took the train for Washington.

LI SEES A BOXING BOUT. Mike Donovan and a Pupil Put on the Gloves in the Viceroy's Room and Please Him Greatly.

Li Hung Chang thinks Mike Donovan, the instructor in boxing at the New York Athletic Club, a great general.

On Tuesday night, Lo Ping Luh, his interpreter, was present by invitation at the New York Athletic Club, and saw for the first time in his life an old-fashioned boxing bout between Mike and one of his pupils.

Lo Ping Luh at once invited Mike to call upon his illustrious master.

As there was no punching bag in Li's suite, Mike chose for his victim one of his pupils, who looks not unlike the Prince of Wales. Mike wears a Grand Army button. He

MIKE WAS SILENT. "How many battles have you been in?" "More than two hundred." "In how many were you victorious?" "I never was defeated." "You must be a great general," mused Li.

"Many of my friends have been kind enough to look upon me as the greatest general in the ring," said Mike. "What have you in the bag?" "Thee, without more ado, then produced the gloves. The two callers put them on, and Mike proceeded to show his companion that this was a point where Friendship ceased. Swings and upper cuts were landed on his fat friend for about a minute, and the latter was showing bad symptoms when the Viceroy raised his hand, and saved a possible knockout. That ended the interview, at which the Viceroy was delighted.

ANGRY FLATBUSH AVENUE CITIZENS. They Arose and Had the Driver Arrested. Outcome of a Long Warfare Between Farmers and Wakeful Urbanites.

Because he drove a wagon, the wheels of which squeaked and rattled in the car tracks as he passed along Flatbush avenue, Thomas McLaughlin, a truck farmer of

that they could sleep while their horses plodded along.

Some weeks ago the Health Department was appealed to for relief on the ground that the noise of the wagons was a constant cause of sleeplessness to the Flatbush avenue residents. In the sanitary ordinances was found a clause by which any person wilfully disturbing the rest of another is liable to a fine of not more than \$300 and not less than \$10. The police were instructed to arrest the first offender, and, as a consequence, McLaughlin was locked up by Policeman Daniel Underwood.

McLaughlin employed Attorney John P. McNamara. The latter tried to have the case taken before the Grand Jury, but failed, and was ordered to go on with the case before Justice Steers. When the trial began yesterday Albert H. Moore, counsel to the Board of Health, and Second Assistant Corporation Counsel Van Cott appeared for the prosecution.

A request by Mr. McNamara for a jury trial was refused, and George T. Moore and Andrew W. Fiero, residents of Flatbush avenue, were called as witnesses for the prosecution. They told how, day after day, they had been awakened by the sound of the farmers' wagons, which they said made a great deal more disturbance than the trolley cars or any ordinary vehicle.

Dr. Robert Hoopes, another resident of the avenue, said that in his opinion the noise made by the wagons was injurious to the health of persons who lived within sound of it. Policeman Underwood testified that McLaughlin's wagon made a noise which could be plainly heard for a mile.

Justice Steers decided that as the case was the first one tried under the law, he would only fine McLaughlin \$10. The farmer was unable to pay the sum and was in danger of going to jail when Mr. McNamara advanced the money and paid the fine under protest. The case will probably be appealed.

MAN CAUGHT, WOMEN FREE. They Robbed Raith While He Slept on His Stoop, but His Yells Did Some Good.

Henry Raith, a Frenchman, went to sleep on the stoop of his home, No. 217 West Twenty-ninth street, Wednesday night, and was roused at 3 o'clock yesterday morning to find two women and a man bending over him. The man had just removed Raith's watch and chain from his vest.

Raith began to yell, and the women and the man took to their heels. Raith, in hot pursuit, his cries awoke the neighborhood, and many people rushed from their homes half clad and joined in the chase. Several policemen fell in with the crowd and the man was finally captured.

He proved to be John Johnson, and in Jefferson Market Court yesterday was held in \$1,000 bail.

WELL DRESSED WOMAN FOUND IN THE ANNEXED DISTRICT WITH A FRACTURED SKULL.

A woman about forty years old was admitted to the Fordham Hospital about 10 o'clock yesterday morning and remained unconscious all day and last night. She was found wandering in the streets of the annexed district talking incoherently, and her clothing, which was of good material, was stained with blood flowing from four deep gashes in her head.

When in the ambulance she muttered something the surgeon thought sounded like "Please don't, I'm hurt."

An examination showed that her skull was fractured. The wounds had been apparently inflicted with some blunt instrument.

Her recovery is doubtful.

WHERE IS FRANCIS G. O'KEEFE? Frank W. Ryan, of the firm of F. W. Ryan & Co., of No. 415 Broadway, called on Chief Conlin yesterday, and asked the aid of the police to help him in finding his cousin, Francis G. O'Keefe. Mr. Ryan said that O'Keefe, who was employed by him as a salesman, was stopping at Aubury Park, and left that place for Pleasant Bay on August 22. Since then nothing has been seen or heard of him.

LI'S DEPARTURE IN A PRIVATE CAR. Williams was lying on his bunk, two men came down the companionway. He called to them to stop, and receiving no answer, pointed a pistol at them.

They were moved to advance, and he pulled the trigger, but the cartridge failed to explode. One of the men then clutched him by the throat in the struggle he managed to cock the pistol. This time the weapon went off, and the man who was nearest the door staggered back with a groan. The man, who had the Captain by the throat, then wrenched the pistol from his hands and bent him over the head with it until he became insensible. When he recovered consciousness it was daylight. All his money (\$100) was gone. The pistol had also been taken.

My little girl, Julia, was taken with a Cough and powder with fever. I began administering Jayne's Expectoration, which gave relief and did her work satisfactorily—Miss E. S. WALKER'S, Vermilion, Miss., Nov. 13, 1895. The Best Family Pill—Jayne's Painless Senna—Advt.

LI SEES A BOXING BOUT.

Mike Donovan and a Pupil Put on the Gloves in the Viceroy's Room and Please Him Greatly.

Li Hung Chang thinks Mike Donovan, the instructor in boxing at the New York Athletic Club, a great general.

On Tuesday night, Lo Ping Luh, his interpreter, was present by invitation at the New York Athletic Club, and saw for the first time in his life an old-fashioned boxing bout between Mike and one of his pupils.

Lo Ping Luh at once invited Mike to call upon his illustrious master.

As there was no punching bag in Li's suite, Mike chose for his victim one of his pupils, who looks not unlike the Prince of Wales. Mike wears a Grand Army button. He

MIKE WAS SILENT. "How many battles have you been in?" "More than two hundred." "In how many were you victorious?" "I never was defeated." "You must be a great general," mused Li.

"Many of my friends have been kind enough to look upon me as the greatest general in the ring," said Mike. "What have you in the bag?" "Thee, without more ado, then produced the gloves. The two callers put them on, and Mike proceeded to show his companion that this was a point where Friendship ceased. Swings and upper cuts were landed on his fat friend for about a minute, and the latter was showing bad symptoms when the Viceroy raised his hand, and saved a possible knockout. That ended the interview, at which the Viceroy was delighted.

ANGRY FLATBUSH AVENUE CITIZENS. They Arose and Had the Driver Arrested. Outcome of a Long Warfare Between Farmers and Wakeful Urbanites.

Because he drove a wagon, the wheels of which squeaked and rattled in the car tracks as he passed along Flatbush avenue, Thomas McLaughlin, a truck farmer of

that they could sleep while their horses plodded along.

Some weeks ago the Health Department was appealed to for relief on the ground that the noise of the wagons was a constant cause of sleeplessness to the Flatbush avenue residents. In the sanitary ordinances was found a clause by which any person wilfully disturbing the rest of another is liable to a fine of not more than \$300 and not less than \$10. The police were instructed to arrest the first offender, and, as a consequence, McLaughlin was locked up by Policeman Daniel Underwood.

McLaughlin employed Attorney John P. McNamara. The latter tried to have the case taken before the Grand Jury, but failed, and was ordered to go on with the case before Justice Steers. When the trial began yesterday Albert H. Moore, counsel to the Board of Health, and Second Assistant Corporation Counsel Van Cott appeared for the prosecution.

A request by Mr. McNamara for a jury trial was refused, and George T. Moore and Andrew W. Fiero, residents of Flatbush avenue, were called as witnesses for the prosecution. They told how, day after day, they had been awakened by the sound of the farmers' wagons, which they said made a great deal more disturbance than the trolley cars or any ordinary vehicle.

Dr. Robert Hoopes, another resident of the avenue, said that in his opinion the noise made by the wagons was injurious to the health of persons who lived within sound of it. Policeman Underwood testified that McLaughlin's wagon made a noise which could be plainly heard for a mile.

Justice Steers decided that as the case was the first one tried under the law, he would only fine McLaughlin \$10. The farmer was unable to pay the sum and was in danger of going to jail when Mr. McNamara advanced the money and paid the fine under protest. The case will probably be appealed.

MAN CAUGHT, WOMEN FREE. They Robbed Raith While He Slept on His Stoop, but His Yells Did Some Good.

Henry Raith, a Frenchman, went to sleep on the stoop of his home, No. 217 West Twenty-ninth street, Wednesday night, and was roused at 3 o'clock yesterday morning to find two women and a man bending over him. The man had just removed Raith's watch and chain from his vest.

FINED \$10 FOR MURDERING SLEEP.

Poor McLaughlin Was Without Malice, for He Simply Drove a Wagon.

Burdened with Farm Truck Its Wheels Shrieked When Twisted in Car Tracks.

ANGRY FLATBUSH AVENUE CITIZENS. They Arose and Had the Driver Arrested. Outcome of a Long Warfare Between Farmers and Wakeful Urbanites.

Because he drove a wagon, the wheels of which squeaked and rattled in the car tracks as he passed along Flatbush avenue, Thomas McLaughlin, a truck farmer of

that they could sleep while their horses plodded along.

Some weeks ago the Health Department was appealed to for relief on the ground that the noise of the wagons was a constant cause of sleeplessness to the Flatbush avenue residents. In the sanitary ordinances was found a clause by which any person wilfully disturbing the rest of another is liable to a fine of not more than \$300 and not less than \$10. The police were instructed to arrest the first offender, and, as a consequence, McLaughlin was locked up by Policeman Daniel Underwood.

McLaughlin employed Attorney John P. McNamara. The latter tried to have the case taken before the Grand Jury, but failed, and was ordered to go on with the case before Justice Steers. When the trial began yesterday Albert H. Moore, counsel to the Board of Health, and Second Assistant Corporation Counsel Van Cott appeared for the prosecution.

A request by Mr. McNamara for a jury trial was refused, and George T. Moore and Andrew W. Fiero, residents of Flatbush avenue, were called as witnesses for the prosecution. They told how, day after day, they had been awakened by the sound of the farmers' wagons, which they said made a great deal more disturbance than the trolley cars or any ordinary vehicle.

Dr. Robert Hoopes, another resident of the avenue, said that in his opinion the noise made by the wagons was injurious to the health of persons who lived within sound of it. Policeman Underwood testified that McLaughlin's wagon made a noise which could be plainly heard for a mile.

Justice Steers decided that as the case was the first one tried under the law, he would only fine McLaughlin \$10. The farmer was unable to pay the sum and was in danger of going to jail when Mr. McNamara advanced the money and paid the fine under protest. The case will probably be appealed.

MAN CAUGHT, WOMEN FREE. They Robbed Raith While He Slept on His Stoop, but His Yells Did Some Good.

Henry Raith, a Frenchman, went to sleep on the stoop of his home, No. 217 West Twenty-ninth street, Wednesday night, and was roused at 3 o'clock yesterday morning to find two women and a man bending over him. The man had just removed Raith's watch and chain from his vest.

Raith began to yell, and the women and the man took to their heels. Raith, in hot pursuit, his cries awoke the neighborhood, and many people rushed from their homes half clad and joined in the chase. Several policemen fell in with the crowd and the man was finally captured.

He proved to be John Johnson, and in Jefferson Market Court yesterday was held in \$1,000 bail.

WELL DRESSED WOMAN FOUND IN THE ANNEXED DISTRICT WITH A FRACTURED SKULL.

A woman about forty years old was admitted to the Fordham Hospital about 10 o'clock yesterday morning and remained unconscious all day and last night. She was found wandering in the streets of the annexed district talking incoherently, and her clothing, which was of good material, was stained with blood flowing from four deep gashes in her head.

When in the ambulance she muttered something the surgeon thought sounded like "Please don't, I'm hurt."

LI SEES A BOXING BOUT.

Mike Donovan and a Pupil Put on the Gloves in the Viceroy's Room and Please Him Greatly.

Li Hung Chang thinks Mike Donovan, the instructor in boxing at the New York Athletic Club, a great general.

On Tuesday night, Lo Ping Luh, his interpreter, was present by invitation at the New York Athletic Club, and saw for the first time in his life an old-fashioned boxing bout between Mike and one of his pupils.

Lo Ping Luh at once invited Mike to call upon his illustrious master.

As there was no punching bag in Li's suite, Mike chose for his victim one of his pupils, who looks not unlike the Prince of Wales. Mike wears a Grand Army button. He

MIKE WAS SILENT. "How many battles have you been in?" "More than two hundred." "In how many were you victorious?" "I never was defeated." "You must be a great general," mused Li.

"Many of my friends have been kind enough to look upon me as the greatest general in the ring," said Mike. "What have you in the bag?" "Thee, without more ado, then produced the gloves. The two callers put them on, and Mike proceeded to show his companion that this was a point where Friendship ceased. Swings and upper cuts were landed on his fat friend for about a minute, and the latter was showing bad symptoms when the Viceroy raised his hand, and saved a possible knockout. That ended the interview, at which the Viceroy was delighted.

ANGRY FLATBUSH AVENUE CITIZENS. They Arose and Had the Driver Arrested. Outcome of a Long Warfare Between Farmers and Wakeful Urbanites.

Because he drove a wagon, the wheels of which squeaked and rattled in the car tracks as he passed along Flatbush avenue, Thomas McLaughlin, a truck farmer of

that they could sleep while their horses plodded along.

Some weeks ago the Health Department was appealed to for relief on the ground that the noise of the wagons was a constant cause of sleeplessness to the Flatbush avenue residents. In the sanitary ordinances was found a clause by which any person wilfully disturbing the rest of another is liable to a fine of not more than \$300 and not less than \$10. The police were instructed to arrest the first offender, and, as a consequence, McLaughlin was locked up by Policeman Daniel Underwood.

McLaughlin employed Attorney John P. McNamara. The latter tried to have the case taken before the Grand Jury, but failed, and was ordered to go on with the case before Justice Steers. When the trial began yesterday Albert H. Moore, counsel to the Board of Health, and Second Assistant Corporation Counsel Van Cott appeared for the prosecution.

A request by Mr. McNamara for a jury trial was refused, and George T. Moore and Andrew W. Fiero, residents of Flatbush avenue, were called as witnesses for the prosecution. They told how, day after day, they had been awakened by the sound of the farmers' wagons, which they said made a great deal more disturbance than the trolley cars or any ordinary vehicle.

Dr. Robert Hoopes, another resident of the avenue, said that in his opinion the noise made by the wagons was injurious to the health of persons who lived within sound of it. Policeman Underwood testified that McLaughlin's wagon made a noise which could be plainly heard for a mile.

Justice Steers decided that as the case was the first one tried under the law, he would only fine McLaughlin \$10. The farmer was unable to pay the sum and was in danger of going to jail when Mr. McNamara advanced the money and paid the fine under protest. The case will probably be appealed.

MAN CAUGHT, WOMEN FREE. They Robbed Raith While He Slept on His Stoop, but His Yells Did Some Good.

Henry Raith, a Frenchman, went to sleep on the stoop of his home, No. 217 West Twenty-ninth street, Wednesday night, and was roused at 3 o'clock yesterday morning to find two women and a man bending over him. The man had just removed Raith's watch and chain from his vest.

LI BECOMES SLEEPY IN PHILADELPHIA.

Chinese Viceroy Protests Mildly Against the Length of the Programme.

Doesn't Like the Jolting He Receives During His Long Rides Over Rough Pavements.

TAKEN TO INDEPENDENCE HALL.

Listens to an Address by Mayor Warwick and Then Asks to be Driven Directly to His Hotel—Asks the Usual Questions.

Philadelphia, Sept. 3.—Li Hung Chang, his suite and the Government representative, Major-General Rager, arrived here from New York at 10:25 this morning on a special train of six cars. Great preparations had been made for Li Hung's reception.

Second street from Germantown Junction to Chestnut street, a distance of three miles, was roped off and the street kept clear by squads of police.

At Germantown Junction, awaiting the Viceroy's arrival, was Mayor Warwick, Major-General Snowdon, commander of the Pennsylvania National Guard; Brigadier-General Schall, commander of the First Brigade, and adjutant-general Stewart, their staffs, and a committee of prominent citizens.

Thousands of persons were assembled on the sidewalks, and the distinguished visitor was enthusiastically cheered. The Viceroy was escorted down Chestnut street to Independence Hall, where Mayor Warwick delivered to him an address of welcome. Li Hung Chang made an appropriate response.

IN INDEPENDENCE HALL. When Li Hung Chang was escorted into Independence Hall, he was given a chair directly opposite