Daily Globe.

VOLUME I. ST. PAUL, MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 25, 1878. NUMBER 315.

A MINNESOTA HELL.

The Story of a Convict Who Has Passed Six Years at Stillwater.

CRUELTY OF THE DARK AGES

Surpassed by the Refined Brutality in Our State Prison.

PRISONERS TREATED LIKE DOGS,

Being Beaten, Starved and Kept in Dungeons While in a Dying Condition.

TENDERING A CRUST OF BREAD

And Snatching it Away Before a Famished Man, Crawling on Hands and Knees, Could Reach It.

THE ACME OF FIENDISHNESS

In Applying Croton Oil to the Back of a Convict and Leaving Him to Writhe in Agony.

AN INVESTIGATION NEEDED

To Let Daylight Into the Ways of Warden Reed and Deputy Hall.

Readers of the GLOBE are familiar with the cruel practices and murderous barbarities practiced in the Insane Asylum at St. Peter, as developed some months ago by an investigating committee. There have long been rumors that a still more barbarous condition of affairs existed at the State prison at Stillwater, and the GLOBE hopes, in behalf of humanity, to lay the ground work for determining whether these charges are true or false. It is certainly highly important that a thorough investigation be had as early as possible. Heretofore our legislative inspections have been a mere farce and fraud. The penitentiary officials have fixed a day when they would put the institution on dress parade and invite the legislature to come and see. As the investigation usually terminates with a ball and supper, the report is, of course satisfactory, the brains of the legislator being reached through his stomach and feet. Weak human nature rarely resists social blandishments, and the penitentiary management has played this game with great effect.

We are aware that the word of a convict is always looked upon with suspicion, and if his statements are true, those who are accused cite the fact that the word of a felon should not have consideration. The GLOBE does not, however, adhere to the theory that because a man has been a criminal he is entitled to no consideration, and that his word is to be arbitrarily disputed. In reality, the only way that the every day life in our public institutions can be ascertained, is from those who are practical inmates. A committee may spend a few hours, or a day, in inspecting affairs and ascertain nothing, though cruelty, devilish in its character may be practiced. The tendency among the class of men who seek and obtain positions in the management of prisoners and prisons is to become brutal, if they are not originally so, and that they need much watching and restraint is beyond question.

Patrick Coffee was arrested in St. Paul on or about Jan. 21, 1873, for a larceny of furs from the Hudson Bay company while in transport over the Northern Pacific, at Moorhead. Mr. Coffee laid in the Ramsey county jail some five or six months, when he was tried, convicted of the offense charged, and sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of six years and four months, which term, less his good time, expired a few days ago. His story of prison life reveals a horrible state of affairs and if untrue it can be readily disproven. It will not do to put it aside with the statement that it comes from a convict who required discipline. Deputy Warden Hall, who is credited by Coffee with superior barbarity, was, we believe, removed from a similar position in the Wisconsin prison at Waupun for cruelty to the inmates. The GLOBE believes that the State prison management will not bear inspection, and that humanity may be served and justice secured by a full and thorough investigation. We give Patrick Coffee's story of barbarity, merely premising that, if true, the warden and his deputy should lose no time in becoming inmates of the institution of which they are now guardians.

Patrick Coffee's Story.

Under my sentence I entered the penitentiary June 13, 1873. At that time Mr. Jackman was warden and Major Evans deputy warden. At first I was put to work as a common laborer, but in the course of six or eight weeks, probably owing to the fact that I did my work cheerfully and well, I was transferred to the house, where I came under the more immediate control of Major Evans. It should be stated that the house duties are the lightest, and in all respects preferable to any other about the prison, and such positions are therefore eagerly sought after by the convicts. Here I received what might be called fair treatment, much better than I had expected, and I was getting along swimmingly, and was tolerably well satisfied with my lot, until a change was made in the prison management by the removal of Jackman and Evans, the former being succeeded by Capt. J. A. Reed, and the latter by W. W. Williams. This change was made in August, 1874, I think, and with it my trouble commenced. I was still employed in the house, but without any cause on my part, so far as I know, a regular system of persecution was commenced upon me. At the same time Reed reduced the quantity of food issued the convicts, and poorer material was used.

Next he shut down on the fresh water supply of the convicts inside the buildings. You see, then, the water in the buildings would get warm before it was used—and heretofore prisoners coming in from the yard had been allowed to bring water with them for drinking and other purposes. While Jackman was in charge he had, where a convict was unable to write, allowed another convict to do it for him. Reed stopped this. In fact, from the day he took charge, he commenced lopping off the little privileges one by one, until they were all gone, while drills and severe punishment for little offenses were substituted. Of course this caused great dissatisfaction among the convicts, some of whom became quite insubordinate.

COMPLAINTS OF THE INMATES.

It was a practice of Reed to go through the prison once a week to hear such complaints as the convicts might pluck up their courage to make, but as his persecutions grew, these complaints became so numerous and the convicts so persistent in calling them to his attention that these visits were entirely stopped about eighteen months ago. Reed was great in his Sunday chapel talks. At these, strangers were often in attendance, and Reed just spread himself in smooth words and fair promises, but all the time he was treating his charges like brutes. If a convict is so fortunate as to have poweful friends outside, Reed will give him special privileges and make his prison life as comfortable as possible, but God pity the poor fellow who falls into his hands without such friends. There are quite a number of the favored class in the prison now, the Younger boys being especial favorites.

NO LET UP FOR THE CONVICT.

Reed never eases up on a convict he has taken a dislike to for a real or fancied offense. Such a person is constantly watched. All it is necessary for Reed to do when he wants to get a man punished is to tell the guard to keep a watch on that man, and in nine cases out of ten the man will be in the dungeon before night on some trumped up charge.

Reed has been especially down on me of late, for the reason that, driven to desperation by his persecutions, I took a prominent part in organizing the big break about four years ago, and which created quite a sensation. At the time Farrell, a lifer, was charged with being the prime mover, but I was the one. Being in the house I could operate with greater freedom than the shop men. I studied out the project and took a few of the most reliable men into my confidence, including Farrell. To get Farrell out of his cell I put a false hinge on his door, made out of pine and painted black, so as to look like iron. This is a very difficult piece of work, but I succeeded splendidly, so that the cell door would swing back and forth with perfect freedom, and without any indication of having been tampered with. Finally, the plans having all been consummated, the night for the break was decided upon. The signal was to be the appearance of Farrell and a man named Clifton outside their cells, who were to attack and overpower a guard named Archer, a perfect brute, and who I wanted to get even with for some of his persecutions. At the time agreed upon, about midnight, Clifton got out of his cell, and going to Farrell's, called him to come out, but for some reason, what I never knew, his nerve failed him just at the critical moment, and though his doctored door presented no obstacle in his way, he would not make the effort. Seeing this Clifton went ahead, got out of the prison through the window bars, scaled the wall and was a free man, his absence not being discovered until the convicts were called to breakfast next morning. Through Farrell's failure to act my own plan miscarried, and when Clifton's escape was discovered I was not suspicioned. Clifton's escape discovered, Reed instituted a thorough search of the premises, one result being the discovery of the false hinge on Farrall's door. Farrall was brought up and questioned, but he refused to peach. He was then sent to the dungeon, where he was kept five or six days on bread and water, Reed supposed, but I kept him with plenty of good food.

PUNISHMENT FOR ATTEMPTED ESCAPE.

After a time Reed and Williams found out my connection with the break, how I do not know, and I was turned out of the house and put into the paint shop, where I was treated more brutally. As you will notice, my eye-sight is very poor. In fact I am almost blind in my left eye. Notwithstanding this, and that I am physically strong and capable of doing any amount of heavy work, I was put at fine work, such as puttying pails, requiring good and strong eyes, and because I could not do the work as fast and good as others, I was punished outrageously. I told Reed I could not do such work with my poor eyes, and begged him to give me some heavy outdoor work, which I would do cheerfully, and thus save the little sight left. My requests were refused in the most brutal manner. The fact is, Reed was at this time constantly seeking an opportunity to punish me, and so he kept me at this kind of work, knowing it was a physical impossibility for me to do it, and then when I failed he would send me into solitary confinement on bread and water or punish me in some other way. Once when I begged him to change my work, he blurted out: "There's your task, G—d d—n you, and you'll do it or I'll kill you."

SEEING THE INSPECTORS.

When this course of brutal treatment had been going on about a year, and I began to fear I really should die if it was continued much longer, I asked Reed if he would not let me see the inspectors. He refused. Then I asked him if he would listen to my story himself. He said, oh, yes. I then told him that I did the work for Farrell, but that I had become satisfied it was useless to attempt an escape, and that I had determined, if he would put me at something I could do, he should have no further cause to find fault with me. You see I thought if I told him the truth he would give me a chance to live. Well, I told him the whole story from beginning to end, taking all the blame for the part I took in that affair. This seemed to please Reed, and he sent me into the house again, and for a little time my work was light, such as I was used to, and my condition was greatly improved. But I knew Reed did not like me, and that his tool guards were watching my every movement in order to find something upon which to base a complaint, but I never gave them an opportunity to get anything against me. Wilson, a cell room guard, took particular delight in persecuting me and other convicts, and any little thing, no matter how trivial, a perfectly excusable accident even, would be straightway reported by Wilson in the hope of thus currying favor with Reed. He played his cards well, but there was something about him that caused Reed to mistrust him, and he has now been discharged.

CHANGE OF DEPUTY WARDENS.

I come now to the time when Deputy Warden Williams was called upon to get out of the way, so that the appointment could be given to Abe Hall, a former guard at the Waupun, Wis., prison, out of which he was kicked for his brutality. Hall was got into the institution in the interest of the contractors, who expected he, with his brutal nature and slave-driving propensities, would get more work out of the convicts.

At this time I was still in the house, but I will tell you a little incident just to show how small a thing will bring a prisoner into disgrace. As you probably know, convicts generally occupy a good portion of their spare time in making little trinkets. I had worked a long time in making a duplicate of the prison building. I called it "Stillwater No. 2," the name being lettered on a piece of glass over the door. It was a very pretty piece of work, and I had made it for the purpose of charity. My idea was to send it to an ex-guard, living at Minneapolis, discharged by Reed, named Heningen. Heningen was a kind man, and did everything he could to cheer up the prisoners and make their life bearable. When he was discharged, the convicts, many of them, cried like children, and they do to this day when they get to talking about his kindness.

WANTED THE TOY.

Before I sent the little toy away, one of Hall's daughters, a girl of about 18 years, saw it and wanted it. I told her it was no plaything, but was for charity, and refused her. She told her father, and it made him mad. One of Reed's daughters also asked me for it, but I refused her, for the same reason. Reed then sent a man for it, but I would not give it up. For this I was again taken out of the house and put to fine work in the pail shop, and being unable to do the work, as they knew I was, the course of inhuman treatment before mentioned, for the same reasons, was renewed in a more aggravated form if possible. Protesting that I could not do the work, I was answered they would make me do it or kill me. The guards finding me in bad favor went to work persecuting me systematically. I was beaten frequently, and thrown into the dungeon. Both Reed and Hall seemed determined to force me by their barbarities to commit some act of open rebellion, when I would be fully in their power, and they could safely carry out their revenge. On one occasion, Hall, holding a pistol to my face with one hand, beat me with the other. If I ever saw murder in a man's face it was in his then, and I have no doubt had I made a movement to stop the blows, or turn the pistol away from my face he would have shot me then. But I saw through the scheme, and I met his blows and taunting manner with smiles and not a sign of resistance. This made him fairly howl with rage and he stamped about like a wild man.

DUNGEON BARBARITIES.

All this time I was being punished by long terms of solitary confinement and deprived of every privilege. At one time I was kept four days without a mouthful of food or drop of water to drink, at the end of which time my tongue was so swollen I could not speak. Believing they had finished me this time I was removed from the dungeon to my cell, so that it would appear, should I die, that it was a natural death. Neither the doctor or the steward were allowed to do anything for me, though the doctor often said I was in a very critical condition and ought to have careful attention. As for the steward he was nothing but a go-between from the convicts to the warden, and I never asked any favors of him.

On one occasion I was kept seventeen days in solitary confinement on bread and water, the day's ration of bread being about two inches square and a half inch thick. [Mr. Coffee had a sample of this ration carefully preserved in a little box, which he declares was the average size, and which was of the dimensions described above.]

I'LL FIX YOU.

On another occasion Reed and Hall had everthing in my cell moved out and a blind door put over the cell door so I could not see outside. After I had been kept in there ten or twelve days the warden came to see me. He took off the blind door, looked in, and with a sneering "Helloa, you are there, are you. Are you hungry." Without answering his question, I told him I was dying and asked permission to see the doctor. He answered me: "I'll doctor you, I'll fix you, you d——d rascal," with which he stamped his foot upon the floor with rage, closed the blind door again and went off.

TANTALIZING BRUTALITY.

A few days later Hall called, removed the blind door and stuck an average piece of bread under the door and called me to come and get it. At the time I was so weak from my long confinement, the systematic persecutions I had undergone, and the want of food, that I could not stand up, but I was dying with hunger, and I stagged and crawled on my hands and knees with the greatest difficulty over to the door. Just as I got over where I could reach the piece of bread, Hall suddenly snatched it, saying, "Oh, you are not bad enough yet," and threw it away, and, rearranging the blind door, left me. I thought I should die then, and, shortly after hearing a guard passing, called out: "For God's sake get me out of here, or I shall not live the night out." The guard, after seeing my deplorable condition, reported the fact, and about two hours after I was removed to my regular cell. I was then so weak I could not stand, falling in a dead faint when I attempted to. When the dinner hour arrived, though nearly famished, I dare not eat, knowing if I did I would be compelled to go to work that afternoon. A brother convict brought me up some medicine I had asked him to get, and also smuggled me in a few choice morsels of food, which revived me very much. Next morning I was again sent to work in the pail shop. I told him, Reed, that I could not do that kind of work and asked him to put me at something else. He answered that he knew his business, and that I would do that work or he would kill me.

SEEING THE INSPECTORS AND THE RESULT.

Seeing how things were working I demanded of Reed that I be allowed to see the inspectors. He refused. I then told him if I was not allowed to see them I should smuggle a letter to them, telling them how I was treated. Finally he said I might see them and the next day I was sent to them. I told them how I was being punished for not doing impossibilities, without specially reflecting upon Reed or Hall. The doctor told them I had a cataract and ought to be given other work. They promised me all right, but nothing came of it. The next day I was sick in my cell, Dinner had just been sent in and I was trying to eat a little, when Hall came in, snatched my food away, and grabbing me by the collar jerked me off the bed with such force as to tear my shirt off. He then cuffed and jerked me about, and abused me as a d—d stubborn, lazy dog. He then went out and ordered me sent to a sick cell in the upper story. Here I was kept for three weeks, without medicine, and nothing but dry bread to eat and water to drink. I sank rapidly, and felling certain my time had come and that I was really about to die, I sent for Reed. He came up to the cell and told me to get up. I told him I could not, I was too sick. At first he stood outside the cell door as if afraid to come near me. Finally he came inside and I told him he had better kill me with his pistol than the way he was doing it, and asked him as a special favor that he would let me see a priest. He laughed at me, and said they did not care for me. I'm your friend, tell me what you want, and I'll get it for you, but I can't have any of those people coming around here. I again reiterated my request for a priest, when he shook his fist in my face, and told me to do as he said, or it would be the worse for me. With that he went off, but he came in again the next day, and said he had been to see that feller. I asked what feller? He said that feller I spoke about yesterday. I said I had not said anything about seeing any feller. What I wanted was to see a priest, as I was dying. He again ridiculed my request, and said he knew what I needed better than any of those fellows, meaning a priest. I said, leave me here a couple of weeks longer, treating me as you have been doing, and I will need a coffin. He replied, "That's just what you will need," and off he went. Fortunately a couple of comrades, one a negro, got some medicine and food to me, and my life was saved.

RUBBING IN CROTON OIL.

Another time when I was in the painting room, Hall put me in the dungeon for nine days, four days without anything to eat, the regular bread and water ration being furnished the other five days. After my release I was allowed one day in my cell to recuperate. The next day Hall came to my cell. I was lying in bed. He said, "Get up." I sat up. He caught me by the hair of the head and jerked me off the cot and put me on a stool with my back to the door. He then pulled my shirt up over my head and began rubbing with a feather, what I afterwards ascertained to be croton oil, all over my back, shoulders and neck. Not knowing what the preparation was, and it feeling cool and soothing when being applied, I did not think anything wrong. Hall finished his work without saying a word, and having finished, turned, shut the door and left. In about 15 or 20 minutes the parts of my person to which the oil had been applied began to grow warm, and in a short time I felt as if I was burning up. I was in terrible agony, and could do nothing for my relief. While thus suffering Wm. Hennigen passed along and I called him to look at my back and tell me what had been done to me. He looked at it and stepped back horrified at what he saw, but he dare not do anything for me and walked away. I was in such misery that I walked my cell all night, and the next morning my back was one great festering sore. I sent for Reed and showed him what Hall had done, but nothing came of it further than he ordered a soothing lotion to apply.

PETTY STEAL.

I might enumerate a good many other acts of brutality like the above, but these will answer to show how prisoners are treated by Reed and Hall. I must, however, mention a petty steal upon the convicts. As you know, the convicts are given credits for good conduct, and time money. The amount of money thus earned by one convict is small in itself, but when there are nearly three hundred in the institution, as is the case now, the aggregate of the time money amounts to a very comfortable sum. This account is kept by the warden, and convicts are allowed to draw upon it from time to time for the purpose of buying little delicacies, etc., not in the prison fare. In the case of married men, this time money is used for the benefit of their families, but single men—and most of the convicts are single men—have the money stand to their credit as a kind of stake when they come to be discharged. Under the rule made by Reed and Hall, a convict wanting a dollar for any purpose is obliged to sign a voucher for $10, $12 or $15, which the warden takes possession of, and whatever sum he gets is charged against him. The convict himself does not see the account, but has to take Reed's or Hall's word for the way it stands, and the complaint is general that having got a voucher in their possession, they will only pay out a half or two-thirds of its face, when they tell the convict he has used up the amount and compel him to sign another voucher before he can get any more money. One time I got but $6 on a $15 voucher, and I have heard of other similar steals, and the impression is general in the prison that both Reed and Hall are making a good thing from this source.

I ought to state also that while the contractors are supposed to furnish all needed medical supplies, I was forced by the circumstances to pay out over $50 for such articles during my term of service. The fact is, I tell you, the Minnesota penitentiary as now managed is a *swindling hell.*

INVESTIGATION NEEDED.

Both Reed and Hall are appointers of th contractors, and both are interested in the contractors' profits, and they manage the institution solely for the benefit of the contractors. A convict is graded according to the amount of work that can be got out of him, and no slave-driver ever lived that used his power more brutally to get work done than does this man Hall. The legislative visits and visits of inspectors are the greatest farces possible. The contractors know long beforehand when they are to take place, and everything is arranged, and by a system of surveillance, carried to perfection under Hall's management, the very possibility of anything unpleasant coming to the attention of the visitors is prevented. A thorough and honest investigation would develop a condition of things that would horrify the community. Until such an investigation is made the facts as to the management of Minnesota's penitentiary cannot be known. The incidents of inhuman treatment I have given but faintly outline the real facts.

NEW YORK GRAIN CORNER.

Operations of the "Bulls," and the Disastrous Effect upon Trade.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—Regarding the reported wheat corner the *Times* says: The bulls happened to have the upper hand on the Produce Exchange, and forced up No. 2 red wheat one to two cents per bushel. Reports were circulated that there had been a large overselling and that they had the market cornered on this grade for November and several forced settlements were made, but that there is actually any "corner" is not believed. Legitimate dealers are very indignant about this entire business. Some six weeks ago certain persons who make their living by gambling in stock entered the market and purchased immense quantities of wheat all over the country. They gave out that a foreign war was imminent and that various other disasters were about to happen, which haven't taken place, and they are now endeavoring by circulating other lies about having the market cornered, to make people believe prices are to go up and thus enable themselves to unload at a profit. Meantime, with a crop amply sufficient for all possible needs of legitimate business, both for home consumption and export demand, the market in this country is being so manipulated that no shipper can calculate even on cable orders two hours ahead. Farmers are influenced to hold back their stores of wheat in the hope of high prices. The railroads suffer for lack of transportation, shipping lies idle in the harbor, thousands of laboring men, barristers, railroad employes, longshore men, sailors and others, are thrown out of employment, and people are forced to pay tribute to a few gamblers in the necessaries of life. There is really no occasion for any speculation of this kind and those engaged in it, on the one side or the other, are bound to be hurt in the end, but until the "bulls" succeed in striking everybody, the trade of the country will have to suffer.

Not a Bad Enterprise.

[Boston Post.]

The Northern Pacific railroad may not be such a very bad enterprise for the country at large after all. In 1871 the first furrow was turned in its neighborhood with a population of 100, while now there are 50,000 people along the line of the road, and the breaking up of new land this year will amount to 138,840 acres. The grain crop of this season is estimated at 4,000,000 bushels, and of next at 7,000,000, while the wheat raised here has the endorsement of the Minnesota millers as being of the very finest quality.

MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY.

Down Into the River of Darkness and Death.

A SUICIDE OR MURDER, WHICH?

A Pistol Shot and the Victim Goes Over the Bridge at its Highest Point.

CRIES OF HELP, HELP, HELP.

A Policeman and "Globe" Reporter Respond in Great Haste,

BUT ALL EFFORTS UNAVAILING,

And the Mysterious Stranger Sinks Out of Sight and Life.

Bang.

Splash! SPLASH!!

Help! *Help!!* Help!!!

These sounds disturbed the stillness of the night on Bridge Square just as the town clock tolled out the twelve strokes of midnight.

The noise came from the direction of the bridge, and Officer Baer and a GLOBE reporter hastened forward in the direction of the cries of distress. Arriving on the bridge, lower side of the iron span, a look in the cold depths of the waters revealed a man struggling in the throes of death.

Again he cried out, "help, help," but was born down by the stream. Encouraging words were shouted to him, and the only two witnesses of the tragedy turned about and hastened down to the river's edge. A circuitous route down Bench or Second street to the levee and up the levee to the freight house of the St. Paul and Sioux City road was traversed at a break-neck pace. As the officer and reporter reached the river the cries for assistance were again heard. Around some half dozen freight cars, the river was at last reached. Then the last gurgling cries of a drowning man were heard. From his fall from the bridge, about in the middle of the span, the man seemed to have floated in shore. And when his last struggle was made, it happened just under or near the west end of the freight house. His cries sounded so near to the shore, and were so muffled in tone, that for a time it was thought he had succeeded in getting underneath the wharf extending from the house over the edge of the water. In the mean time the night watchman at the freight house had come out, and was informed of the probable death. He procured a lantern, and the officer, watchman and reporter instituted a thorough search. The worm eaten wharf was walked over, and the light of the lantern thrown upon the water; not a ripple on the surface. Next the piling supporting the wharf was examined and the water's edge was followed from the bridge to the east end of the house. The river had taken in the man, and gave no sign.

WAS IT A MURDER?

The first idea formed, so soon as the shot was heard, followed by the splash, and then the sight of the struggling man in the water, was that murder had been done. The man was shot, and thrown over the bridge. But said the officer, "I was on the bridge within twenty seconds after the report, and saw no one on the bridge."

THE BRIDGE EXAMINED.

All hopes of recovering the man or gaining a sight of the body being abandoned, a return to the bridge was made. A careful survey of the structure followed; attention being first given to the lower side, about midway of the iron span to the place where the deed was done. The railing up to this point was covered with snow, here it was laid bare. At the foot of the railing the snow was found trodd en down and brushed aside.

EVIDENTLY A SUICIDE.

Further examination gave evidence that the man had gone to his death by his own act. Over the rail and on the beam of the flooring were found the unmistakable marks of fingers. Closer examination showed the same impression on the slight sprinkle of snow covering one of the lower rails. It seems from all these traces that the man deliberately climbed over the railing and suspended himself over the river from the flooring of the bridge. He grasped the edge with both hands, face towards the bridge. Then releasing his right hand (the impress on the snow, where the left hand rested shows as if a greater weight had rested upon it) he raised the pistol, fired the shot.

The pistol falling from his grasp made the splash.

The body followed with the louder splash.

So soon as he touched the water, doubtless the cold bath brought him to a condition of consciousness, and the cries followed of,

Help, HELP, HELP.

WHO IS THE SUICIDE?

When the shot was heard and was followed by the other alarming sounds, Officer Baer and a GLOBE reporter had just met on the corner of Wabashaw and Third streets. The reporter had seen no one in front of him as he came up Third street from the direction of the Merchants hotel.

Officer Bahe had been making a tour of his beat. Just as he crossed Fourth street, on Wabashaw, west side, he observed a man go up to the letter box, on the northeast corner of Wabashaw and Third streets. Then the man walked over towards the bridge. This event was only recalled to the mind of the officer by the subsequent tragedy, happening almost within a few seconds after the above occurrence. The officer noted nothing peculiar in this man. He was dressed in dark clothes, and wore a long coat—probably an overcoat. The distance was so great and the light combined made it difficult to distinguish distinctly, and besides, the occurrence at the time was of so little importance, that it demanded only a passing notice from officer Bahe. The theory is that this man stepped up to the letter box and mailed a letter. A letter containing the announcement, to friend or relative, of his purpose, and giving the causes which had wrought his mind up to a condition where self-destruction was preferable. Then he walked out on to the bridge and plunged off into the unknown.

THE LORNES.

The Landing at Halifax and Reception—The Official Landing To-day.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

HALIFAX, Nov. 24.—As soon as the Sarmatian came to anchor last evening the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louisa landed by Admiral Inglefild's boat and proceeded to the admiralty house. They remained perfectly quiet. Outsiders were denied admission unless they were of high official rank. Sir John A. MacDonald, the premier, Sir Patrick McDougall, at present administrator of Canadian affairs, Chief Justice Ritchie, of the superior and exchequer courts, and several other ministers and Dominion Senators, were early in attendance to pay their respects. The marquis and princess received them in a cordial spirit and seemed very gratified with the reports of the preparation made for their reception and the state of popular sentiment. The marquis looked in good health and was in excellent spirits. As soon as the viceroy and his consort arrived at the admiralty the Duke of Edinburgh was on the scene. The meeting between himself and sister is described as of an affectionate nature. The marquis and princess remained at the admiralty house to-day, invisible, except to the before mentioned notables. About 10 o'clock to-morrow morning they will return to the Sarmatian for the official landing, which will take place at 1:30 P. M. If the weather does not improve the show will not pass off as brightly and enthusiastically as Haligonians wish. Thanks were offered up at the churches for the safe arrival of the illustrious couple.

HOW SUNDAY WAS PASSED.

[Western Associated Press.]

HALIFAX, Nov. 24.—There is every prospect of good weather for the grand reception to-morrow. General McDougall, administrator of the government, and Vice Admiral Inglefield, visited Lorne and Princess Louise this morning on board the Sarmatian, at anchor down the harbor. The Marquis and Princess Louise left the Sarmatian at 1 o'clock in the steam launch and went on board H. M. steamship Black Prince, where they lunched with the Duke of Edinburgh. After lunch the Marquis and Princess Louise landed and drove to Maplewood, the residence of General McDougall. The city is decorated in a manner never before attempted by our citizens. Public buildings, business houses and private dwellings are a mass of evergreens, and banners are arranged in every conceivable style.

This evening the Marquis and Princess returned to the Sarmatian. The programme for to-morrow has been changed so far as the naval display is concerned. The ships will not go down the harbor to accompany the Sarmatian up. The latter will leave her present moorings at half past 10 A. M., come up the harbor under a salute of the forts, and proceed to the dock yard, where all the war vessels will be in line. The ships will be decorated with bunting and the yards manned. At half past 1 the official landing takes place.

BALL INVITATION ACCEPTED.

MONTREAL, Nov. 24.—The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise have signified their intention to attend St. Andrew's ball here Friday evening next. Several Governors of States on the Canadian border have also accepted an invitation.

HOLOCAUST IN A HOVEL.

Two Children Locked in a Cabin and Roasted to Death.

[Kansas City Journal.]

One of those horrible and shocking affairs that make the flesh creep and wring the heart with the keenest sympathy for the suffering that comes upon her—high and low at times—occurred near the Union elevator in West Kansas yesterday about 3 o'clock. Among the squalid group of wretched little hovels lying between the Union elevator and the railroad tracks on the south was a small shanty about ten feet square occupied by Betty Green, a colored woman, who was the mother of three children. She was in the habit of working among families in the city during the day as a washwoman and returning to her home and children late in the afternoon. Yesterday morning early she left home and came up to Catherine street, where she had a day's washing to do. Her oldest child went to school, and following a stupid and dangerous practice common among her class, the mother locked the two youngest, a boy four years old and an infant about twelve months old, in the house and left them, where she expected them to remain until she returned in the afternoon. There was only one room in the house and in this was a cook stove with a fire burning in it. In the afternoon about 3 o'clock some of the neighbors saw smoke issuing through the roof of the house and heard the roaring of flames inside. The alarm was instantly given and soon a crowd assembled and efforts were made to extinguish the fire. The window was broken open and a great volume of flame and smoke instantly poured forth, showing that the whole interior of the house was on fire. A section of the fire department reached the ground about this time and succeeded in saving the surrounding houses, which were seriously threatened, but the house in which the fire originated was entirely consumed. The crowd surrounding the burning building did not know that two helpless children were being roasted to death in the horrible furnace until a faint smothered scream was heard from the inside, but it was not possible to extricate the doomed little creatures, and when the building had been consumed the two bodies, burned into unrecognizable masses of charred and smoking human flesh, were discovered lying amid the ashes. The heads had been burned until the skulls had split open, the extremities were roasted off, and stout men turned away sick with horror from the revolting spectacle. The remnants of the bodies were placed in a neighboring cabin, and all the afternoon people, impelled by morbid curiosity, were thronging the room and looking at the poor, pitiful remains of the unfortunate children. The mother did not reach home until nearly dusk, and her grief at the woe and ruin wrought by her own carelessness was heart-rending. Dr. Day, the coroner, viewed the remains late in the afternoon.

WASHINGTON.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Sherman Considering the Issue of a New Small Bond--Large Sales of Four Per Cents--A Commission to Meet in Chicago to Investigate Major Reno's Conduct in the Custer Massacre--Extra Session of Congress Not Probable--Miscellaneous.

DEVENS' REPORT.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.—Attorney General Devens has completed his annual report to the President, which is, however, not a very important document, as it is mainly devoted to dry details of cases that have come before him in his office. He will not speak in his general report of violations of the laws in the South and the steps taken to enforce them, but it is understood that he is engaged in preparing an important special report upon the subject, which will be forwarded to Congress with other executive documents at the opening of the session.

PROBABLE APPOINTMENT

From the best information obtained here it is safe to expect that Judge Litwell, of the United States district court, will be appointed in December to the circuit court judgeship made vacant by the death of Judge Shipley last summer. Senators Hoar and Dawes have united in recommending the appointment.

NEW SMALL BOND.

Secretary Sherman in his coming annual report will report his recommendation of the last year that a new bond of small denominations, bearing less than four per cent. interest, be authorized in order to enable persons of small means to acumulate sufficient sums to buy four per cent. bonds. The secretary has determined to recommend a ten dollar bond bearing 3.65-100 per cent. interest. He did not fix upon the rate of interest in his last report. The secretary recommends that authority be granted to issue certificates for small deposits convertible into 4 per cent. bonds now authorized by law, the proceeds to be used solely for redemption of bonds bearing a higher rate of interest and redeemable at par.

INDIAN TRANSFER.

The joint Congressional commission to inquire into transferring the Indian bureau to the war department, will meet at the capitol Monday. They will hear further testimony and prepare a bill for adoption and get to work on the reports. The majority of the commission are in favor of the transfer.

SALES OF FOUR PER CENTS.

President Potter, of the Maverick National bank, of Boston, had an interview with Secretary Sherman yesterday regarding the sale of 4 per cent. bonds, for which the Maverick bank is special agent at Boston. Secretary Sherman informed Mr. Potter that he would be able to report to Congress the sale of over $100,000,000 of 4 per cents. during the past year, and he believed that the sales next year would amount to $300,000,000. The total amount of 4 per cent. bonds authorized is $1,000,000,000. The amount subscribed for on the 1st of December next will exceed $175,000,000, if the secretary is not disappointed next year. Therefore he will be able to report at the opening of the Forty-sixth Congress sales of nearly $500,000,000 of 4 per cents.

WAR ARCHIVES.

The secreeary of war, in his annual report, will call the attention of Congress to the desirability of providing for the publication of the archives of the war of the rebellion, of which some forty volumes have been edited and prepared for printing at the war department.

NO EXTRA SESSION.

Chairman Atkins, of the appropriation committee, thinks there will be no extra session. Speaker Randall is of the same opinion.

RENO TO BE INVESTIGATED.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.—An order will probably be issued this week for an investigation at Chicago of the conduct of Major Reno at the time of the Custer massacre.

SOUTHERN OUTRAGES.

[Western Associated Press.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.—In his forthcoming message the President will make the reported outrages and violations in the South during the late Congressional elections a prominent feature of comment. These violations will be condemned as forcibly depriving a large number of citizens in specified localities of the rights conferred both by the national and State authority, thus preventing results expressive of their will in the administration of public affairs. Such proceedings will be further deprecated, because they indicate that pacification of the South is not yet complete, and because they cost reproach upon and endanger the integrity of free institutions. The subject will be earnestly presented to the consideration of Congress for such action as the circumstances demand, with a view to preventing the recurrence of such wrongs, and to secure the absolute exercise of the right of suffrage.

The Stewart Mystery.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—The idea that "Dr." Douglass, who disappeared the day after the Stewart grave robbery, was a Christian Washington resurrectionist, was disproved yesterday. Douglass is at Pittsburgh. The police are satisfied that he had nothing to do with the robbery. The only two men now being searched for are Kealey, a hackman, supposed to be employed by the robbers, and May, a soda water manufacturer. The police consider the free talk of May, however, as evidence that he was not engaged in the affair. Thus, after all the clues given out, and stories invented by detectives, the mystery remains as deep as when the crime was first announced.

Delegates to New Orleans.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 24.—Governor Phelps has appointed all Congressmen elect from this State as delagntes to the commercial convention to be held at New Orleans Dec. 3d, excepting Messrs. Bland, Clark and Buckners, who are members of the present Congress and whose presence is necessary in Washington at the time the convention meets.

Advance in Eastern Freights.

CHICAGO, Nov. 24.—The general freight agents have agreed on the following rates for fourth-class freight, to go into effect Monday: To New York, 40 cents; Baltimore, 37 cents; Philadelphia, 38 cents; Boston, 45 cents. Grain rates five cents less than the above. These prices are a considerable advance.

Flour from Montana.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 24.—The steamer Nellie Peck brought down from Fort Benton a consignment of flour for this city, the first exportation of food ever made from that far-away land.

DEFECTIVE PAGE