3 O'CLOCK EDITION.

The Evening World.

3 O'CLOCK EDITION.

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1887. PRICE ONE CENT.

LINGG DYING.

Mortally Wounded by a Fulminating Cap in His Cell.

Horrible Scene in the Cook County Jail.

He Placed the Cap in His Mouth and Lighted It with a Candle.

No One Knows How the Anarchist Got the Material Wherewith He was Enabled to Cheat the Gallows—His Head was Nearly Blown from His Body and Death Must Result Soon — Terrible Spectacle Which Met the Eyes of the Prison Officials—Chicago in a Blaze of Excitement—Belief that Lingg's Act Has Settled the Fate of His Companions.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

CHICAGO, Nov. 10—9 A. M.—Louis Lingg, the Anarchist, has nearly blown his head off in

LOUIS LINGG.

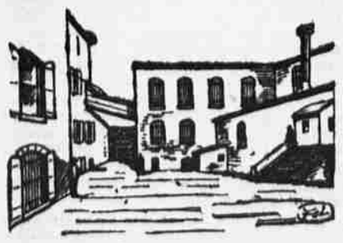
his cell with a fulminating cap. The jail officers will not permit any one to enter the jail, and are very reticent about the matter.

How Lingg secured the cap found in his cell is a mystery, as his cell and clothing were again thoroughly searched yesterday and to all appearances the guards that sit in front of his cell have watched him every minute. Lingg has always been regarded as the most desperate Anarchist of the lot. It was he who manufactured the bombs for the Haymarket riot and in whose cell the bombs were found last Sunday.

PUT DYNAMITE IN HIS MOUTH.

At a quarter to 9 precisely, Lingg placed in his mouth one of the powerful caps used in exploding dynamite, bent over and lighted a candle and then fired it.

The explosion tore away both lips and the tongue, lacerated the face horribly, blew away nearly all the teeth on the left side and fractured the lower maxillary. He fell to the floor with a stifled cry and lay there in a convulsion of agony, the blood pouring from the ghastly wounds.



THE JAIL YARD.

When the door was opened by the death-watch and the jailer the man presented a spectacle never to be forgotten. There was little smoke from the explosion and the report was like that of a 22-calibre pistol somewhat muffled. Lingg was hurriedly raised and placed upon his cot, and at first was supposed to be dead. The blood pouring back into the throat was strangling him.

THE WOUND PRONOUNCED MORTAL.

He was turned up on his side, his eyes protruded and the sight seemed to have been destroyed. With his hands he made feeble attempts to beat away the assistants, and with a gurgling half cry, half moan, he seemed to be struggling to speak.

The physician, who was hurriedly summoned, pronounced the wound mortal, and at this moment, one hour after the explosion, he is reported to be rapidly sinking.

The instrument of death and manner of its use was worthy the man.

EXCITEMENT IN THE STREETS.

The shattering of the candle caused the report that it was a bomb hidden in a candle. If it had been a bomb it would have blown the jail to pieces.

There is great excitement all over town and all kinds of rumors as to what the effect of Lingg's act will be.

NORTHEAST CORRIDOR IN THE JAIL.

The general impression seems to be it will only insure the hanging of the rest of the Anarchists.

OGLESBY WILL DECIDE TO-DAY.

Gov. Oglesby has just announced by wire that he will give his decision in the petitions for clemency during the afternoon.

At 11 o'clock Lingg was still alive.

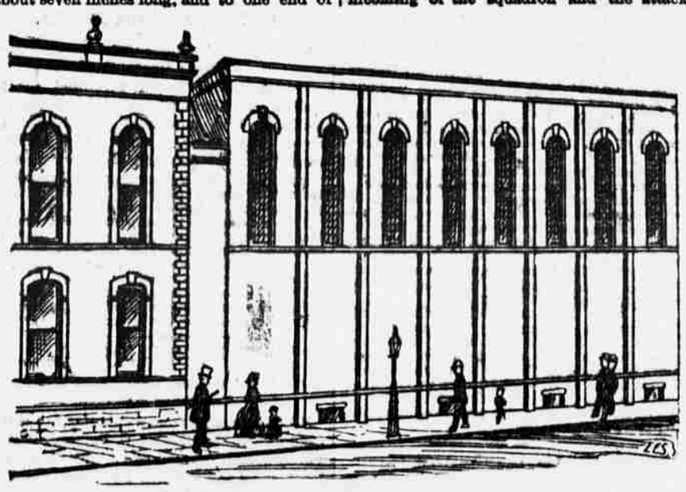
BOMBS ALL OVER THE CITY.

A Number of Infernal Machines Found on the West Side—George Francis Train.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

CHICAGO, Nov. 10—Bombs and infernal machines or things that are alleged to be bombs and infernal machines continue to be picked up all over the city. In many cases they are "dummies" scattered about by weak-minded persons who have a curious hallucination that there is something funny about scaring a lot of timid people into hysterics. Some of the articles seem to be real bombs, though why they should be put where they are found no one knows. This morning a physician living out on the west side found on his front porch a round box about three inches long and one and one-half inches in diameter. It was inclosed in a thick covering of brown paper, on which was written: "Don't let any one see you open this. Two lives are worth more than one. Beware, beware. The city calls upon you for help. Be careful upon which end you open this."

The box was taken to the Desplaines street station and found to contain a quantity of saturated gun cotton. The next development was the finding of a bomb on the back porch of another residence on the west side by a letter carrier. It was a piece of steam pipe about seven inches long, and to one end of



THE JAIL AND PART OF THE COUNTY BUILDING.

which was attached a fuse. It was taken to the Desplaines street station, and a plumber was sent for to open it. The pipe contained pieces of iron, nails, etc., and enough dynamite to have blown the house to pieces. So great is the terror of bombs that anything in the shape of pipe that is found anywhere is straightway pronounced an Anarchist bomb, but in these cases there appears to have been an actual attempt to kill somebody, though no one knew that the persons threatened were particularly obnoxious to the "Reds." Sensational despatches about Anarchists leaving various cities for Chicago to make trouble the day of the execution come in every day. One from Newcastle, Pa., says that the Mayor of that town received a telegram today advising him to look out for an Anarchist who had left Pittsburg for here, en route to Chicago. The man was seen at Lake Erie Junction, but did not stop. He is tall and thin, has red hair, is slightly bald, and wears glasses. He gives his name as Keller and is from New York. He was in charge of forty men, who were on the train, each with a rifle.

Keller says 5,000 strange Anarchists will be in Chicago Thursday and will prevent the execution. His story bears the appearances of truth, as the men all had Chicago tickets from New York. The men refused to talk. Several foreigners working here joined them at the junction with Chicago tickets. The police arrangements for Friday are so thorough that if any Anarchists really do come from abroad with the idea of making trouble they will find this climate very unhealthy for them.

Citizen George Francis Train called at THE WORLD bureau to-day to bid good by and announced his early reappearance in New York. He had with him his manager, his brass-buttoned messenger boy and a young man named Adam Cottam.

Cottam was a prisoner in the jail last week. He was a coachmen, and was arrested for running over a little child. Train said he had been in jail eighteen months without trial. He was discharged Monday. Train exhibited him as a witness to prove that the bombs were put in Lingg's cell by the police. Cottam was employed in cleaning the cell. He says that Thursday he cleaned and whitewashed the cells of all the Anarchists. Everything in Lingg's cell was taken out then and carefully examined. There was no sign of a bomb. Saturday afternoon he cleaned all the cells again and examined their contents, and he is willing to swear there was no bomb there, nor any such box as the officers say Lingg's bombs were found in. Train made Cottam stand up and deliver this statement like a schoolboy speaking a piece.

Train said: "I am going back to New York at 5 o'clock this afternoon. I leave Chicago forever. I am going back to my bench in Madison Square and I never will speak another word to an adult as long as I live. I broke silence to save these men and I have saved them. You need not fear, they will not be hanged. There is no doubt about that. But I want to get away from this sky here. It is a bad sky, an earthquake sky. You know I foretold the big fire. I tell you now that that is a bad sky, and it behooves every man that values his life to get out from under it. The papers say I am a crank, but you will see. I tell you those men will never hang, and I am the cause of it. Tell THE EVENING WORLD that I will be back on my bench in Madison square Friday."

MIMIC WARFARE AT NEWPORT.

America's Navy Successfully Resists the Blank Cartridge of Fort Adams.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

NEWPORT, Nov. 10.—The attack upon old Newport is over and the North Atlantic squadron has passed safely over the submarine mines and by the guns of Fort Adams, and judging from the noise made by the broadsides and howitzers, has laid that stronghold low. The vessels of the North Atlantic squadron went outside about 6.30 o'clock this morning. The seven submarine mines through which a channel had to be discovered for the incoming squadron, were laid from a point to the southward of Fort Adams, across to Conanicut Island. Shortly after 8 o'clock the torpedo-boats of the squadron were sent out to discover a passageway through the submarine torpedos, and having found one, returned and reported to the ships. The way was then clear for the approach, and headed by the Dolphin, the squadron came up towards Fort Adams, all the vessels were in trim, ready for action, with decks cleared and tops filled with Gatling guns. When the Dolphin had got nearly abreast of Fort Adams the guns there were opened upon her, the steady fire being promptly returned with broadsides and Gatlings. The Ossipee came next, with the Richmond and others. In each case the precision and discipline at Fort Adams and on the ships were admirable, and brought forth many commendations. The incoming of the squadron and the attack were witnessed by thousands of citizens. Castle Hill and the fort ramparts being crowded. The ships are now anchoring near Coddington Cove, preparing for the sham battle which is to take place this afternoon. Commander Walde has charge of the attack. Major Smith, of the Fourth Artillery, was in command of the defenses.

Investigating Telephone Rates.

The Committee of five members of the Assembly, appointed by the Speaker last winter to investigate the telephone rates, met this morning at 21 Cortlandt street. D. E. Ainsworth, of Oswego was in the chair. The members of the committee were: Charles P. Sexton, of Wayne; Samuel Conover, of Westchester; George Dickey, of Rockland, and J. J. Hadley, of Franklin. William Weed, of Oswego, acted as clerk. Ex-Congressman John H. Camp, of Wayne, appeared for the telephone companies. The first case considered was that of the Staten Island Telephone Company, which is a licensee of the Metropolitan Telephone Company of this city. Sergt.-at-Arms Isaac Scott, of the Assembly, is with the committee.

Torn to Pieces by Machinery.

In Connett & Co.'s Empire Hat Works, in Block street, Yonkers, yesterday, George Swain an assistant of the engineer, somehow managed to get caught in the shafting of the machinery. He was instantly torn to pieces. The engineer noticed that something was wrong about the machinery and stopped his engine. He was horrified when he saw Swain's mangled body lying on the floor. Swain was about thirty-five years old. He came from New York, where he is believed to have a family. He had been in Connett & Co.'s employ but a short time. He was considered a careful workman. How he became entangled in the shafting is not known.

His Story Does Not Hang Together.

The report put in circulation last night by Edward G. Muller, an inmate of Sailors' Snug Harbor, to the effect that Charles Frederics, a friend of his, of Scranton, Pa., had committed suicide by jumping from the ferry-boat Southfield last evening, cannot be verified. It was learned to-day that neither Muller nor Frederics had been seen in the places where Muller said that they had spent the day. None of Muller's statements can be corroborated. Muller himself was having a hilarious time of it on Staten Island this morning.

Drove His Horse Into a Crowd.

Charles McGuire was employed by Henry Lotz, proprietor of the Henry House, of Rockville Centre, Long Island, to carry Democratic voters to the polls on election day. When within a dozen yards of a crowd of politicians congregated about the polling places he applied his whip furiously to his horses. It was impossible for all to get out of the way. Edward Malthews, of Hempstead, and Daniel Rhodes, confectioner, also of Hempstead, were both badly injured.

BACK FROM NEW MEXICO.

Dr. Cattanach Gives Some Points About the Pueblo Indians.

"Why, Dr. Cattanach! Back again? How many dead Indians?" A florid, well-built man, who seemed to know everybody in the Hoffman House yesterday afternoon, must have got tired of the exclamations, questions and handshakes. He had just been on a two months' western shooting trip, and down in New Mexico among the Apaches and Pueblos, and he has returned with three diarys written full of his adventures and observations.

"It seems awful good to get back to this town," said he to an EVENING WORLD reporter, as he pushed a bottle of his pet Scotch across the table. "I've had all the Indians and cowboys and camping out in the last twenty-six days I want."

"What sort of a time did you have?"

"Oh, immense," was the reply, "but I'd sooner fire and blister lame horses and cure up sick ones in New York than live on a ranch or under canvass by a long shot. There's enough wilderness about my place at Lake Ronkonkoma for me. I was one of a party of six—Mr. Bayley, the owner of the "O. X. O." Ranch in New Mexico, and his wife; Mr. Manly Castle, owner of the ranch which has as a brand "88;" Mr. Walters, owner of the "L. J." brand, and my friend Mr. Sheriden. We started Sept. 1 and went first to Lord Ogilvie's place in Colorado, and visited Estes Park, at the foot of Long's Peak. Then we went down to Taos, in New Mexico, in the Cimarron Cañon, and camped out with the Pueblo Indians, shot deer and caught no end of trout. I took out one of my phosphorescent spoons for catching bass. I didn't know but there might be some bass down there, and as soon as the Indians saw it they wanted to make a trade. I got very friendly with the war chief, Juan Vincente, and I said I'd put up the hook for a foot race between their best runners. I wanted to see how fast they could leg it. The son of the chief and José Archeletti ran for the fishing implements and young Vincente won. The distance was about half a mile straight across the prairie, and the runners didn't wear much of anything but moccasins. The Indian was so delighted when I gave him the basspoon that he hung it, hooks and all, on his necklace, and an hour or so after I had to hack the barbs out of his throat with my jackknife. He stood it like a brick. I never felt more like laughing, but I had a certain respect for that scalping knife of his."

"Did you see any of the Indian villages?"

"Oh, yes, as soon as we got to Taos. The Indians live about three miles outside the Mexican village, where not a single word of English is spoken. The Indian houses are built in pyramid style, with openings only on the roof. One of them is of adobe, seven stories high. We saw Juan Vincente's wife and a little six-days' old boy of the chief's which was about as large as a five-cent loaf of bread. One of the tribe of Pueblo Governors told me that his son was in Philadelphia at school and said that he sent him on there to become acquainted with the manners and intentions of the whites so that the Pueblos would no longer be cheated. This Governor says that all that the Indians received from the Government last year were two old ploughs and two hoes. He said that he knew that more was sent them, but supposed that some one had robbed them of their share. These Indians do a good deal of hard work, and it's a pity they should be charged with goods they never get."

The doctor, unarmed, came upon three Apaches one day in full war paint and could feel a cold shiver run around the place on his head where a certain lock of hair grows. When he gave his imitation of the pronunciation of Juan Vincente they said "Bueno" and rode off. Most of the Apaches were up in the mountains obeying their Medicine Man's order to stay there until they got over the mumps. The doctor had lots of fun mystifying the Pueblos with his field-glasses and stop-watch.

One night Mrs. Bayley gave a scream and Dr. Cattanach awoke to hear a scratching and thumping on the canvass roof of the tent. He fired his Winchester at a dark body which he saw outlined in the dim moonlight and the body fell heavily off the side to the ground. In the morning it was found to be a big catamount. THE EVENING WORLD reporter saw its skin yesterday. It measured 3 feet 8 inches from the tip of its nose to the tip of its short "bob" tail. It looked as if it might have belonged to a gigantic tortoise-shell tabby.

The Feathers Had to Go.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

You remember, do you not, how all of the ladies used to admire peacock feathers? Every boudoir contained a bunch of them; every parlor was made richer by their gorgeous tints. They were even used now and then as a border to a frieze, and they were fastened on screens, painted on plaques, pinned on curtains and embroidered on chairs. But now, go where you will, you will see no peacock feathers. They are banished from hall and bower. Why? Because it has been decided that they bring bad luck. Even fashion couldn't stand against that. They had to go. The news spread rapidly and every lady, sitting down to reckon up the beginning of her bad luck, concluded that it was when she bought her peacock feathers. The ladies of the Woodruff Hotel held a meeting and decided to banish these omnibus plumes. So they all went. All along the avenues the ladies followed their example. The servants caught the infection and refused to stay in a house where the exquisite but fateful feathers were kept. So the comfort and peace of mind of the vainest of birds is restored, for he will be molested no more.

Jumped From a Moving Train.

[From the Savannah News.]

Adeline Davis, a negro woman, went into the Bull street ticket office of the Central Railroad yesterday and asked for a ticket for five-mile post. Assistant Agent Nungezer told her that he could not sell her one, as she could not get off at that point, but that he could sell her a ticket to Pooler, the nearest station. She bought a ticket to Pooler and left on the up-bound passenger train yesterday morning. As the train neared the five-mile post and was crossing a switch, the woman jumped from the platform of the forward car. She struck the crossties, breaking her back and crushing in her skull. A frightful gash was out in her forehead. One shoulder-blade was broken, and her flesh was torn and cut by the fall. She was a large, stout woman, and fell heavily, and died in a few minutes after her jump.

The South's Attitude.

[From the Augusta (Ga.) Gazette.]

Southern papers and speakers have done entirely too much explaining since the war. It is poor policy and in wretched taste to be everlastingly making protestations of loyalty to the old flag. When a gentleman's word is doubted there is an end of argument. The South is in the Union on a footing of absolute equality with all the other sections, and she acknowledges no censorship over her sentiments in any State, section or party; and the man who puts himself in the attitude of an apology for her past, her present or her future does her a grievous wrong.

Pretty Nearly Civilized.

[From the Chicago Times.]

The members of the Choctaw National Council have been on a big drunk for more than a week. The Indians manifest in so many ways a readiness to adopt the usages of civilization that with a little systematic and well-directed effort there is no reason to doubt that they might be entirely reclaimed from a savage state.

ACCUSED OF ABDUCTION.

DR. C. M. GOFF, OF THIS CITY, ARRESTED ON STATEN ISLAND.

The Girl in the Case is Kitty McKernon, Who Was the Principal Witness at the Trial of Mysterious Dolores Dartmoore—The Charge Made by Her Father—Dr. Goff Denounces the Arrest as an Outrage.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

STAPLETON, S. I., Nov. 10.—Dr. John Goff, of 34 Eighth street, New York, was arrested this morning at West New Brighton, on complaint of Patrick McKernon, who charged him with abducting his daughter, Kitty McKernon, who is seventeen years of age. He was given a hearing before Police Justice Vaughn at Stapleton.

Kitty McKernon is the girl who figured prominently in the shooting case of Dolores Dartmoore. It will be remembered that Dolores had a romantic history which was hard to substantiate, and that she shot a Miss Jennings last August at West New Brighton.

Dr. Goff met Kitty during Miss Dartmoore's trial at West New Brighton, at which Kitty was the principal witness. Dr. Goff was an interested spectator at the trial during the two weeks it lasted, and was a frequent visitor at the Winchester residence, where the McKernons lived. He frequently escorted Kitty to her home from the court-room.

When the trial ended in the conviction of Miss Dartmoore, Dr. Goff, it is said, went to board at Kitty's home. Kitty's mother and father have not lived together for some time. Mr. McKernon did not like Dr. Goff, who is about fifty years of age, being so intimate with his daughter and told him so.

A few weeks ago Kitty left her home. McKernon did not hear of her departure until Wednesday, when he went before Judge Vaughn and swore out a warrant, charging Goff with abduction.

Dr. Goff was walking along the main street of the village this morning with the girl when a policeman tapped him on the shoulder and invited him to call at the Sergeant's desk in the station-house.

The trio then took the train around the island to Judge Vaughn's court.

On the way to court the Doctor said to a reporter: "This is a most contemptible outrage. I have had some of the children of the family in my charge for years. This girl has been in my care for some time. It is devilish to have such a trap sprung on one.

When the party reached the station-house Justice Powers was awaiting them. His horse was smoking with heat from fast driving across country to be in time for the hearing before Judge Vaughn.

The doctor said, excitedly to Judge Powers as soon as he saw him: "Give me a warrant for grand larceny against this man. I will teach him a lesson."

At that Kittie laughed pleasantly and said: "It is horrible to be treated this way.

"I ought to be old enough to do as I please, although the law says a person nineteen is only a child."

She looked older than that then with a look of defiance on her face, flashing eyes and clinched teeth.

Dr. Goff was held in $500 bail for further examination to-morrow at 4 P. M. He could not secure bonds and was locked up in the police station.

Then the whole party entered the court-room and the hearing was begun.

Not Born to be Drowned.

[From the Milwaukee Sentinel.]

There is a sailor on Lake Michigan who seems to bear a charmed life. When the fury of the gale is at its highest and the waves are swaying in a way that threatens to engulf every craft upon them, he is in his element. He sails alone in a little sloop not thirty yards long, trading potatoes and apples between Sturgeon Bay and Manitowoc. He was out in the terrible storm that foundered the propeller Vernon and came into port in the midst of it. He had been out in a hundred storms before, and he lived through them in his little shell, when stanch schooners went to pieces, but he declared he had never before been out in such a gale before. People who witnessed his coming into the straight-cut at Manitowoc say that the sloop was tossed about like a chip. It would disappear entirely and then bob up again until dropped from view between the next two waves. The old—man he is seventy years of age—was mighty glad to get into port.

"I wouldn't have given half a dollar for my chances of living twenty-four hours," he said to the throng of curious people who crowded around him when he reached his dock, just above "the iron bridge." When that storm broke I took a swig from my whisky bottle, grabbed the rudder, held on as hard as I could and trusted to Providence. I expected to be washed overboard every minute, I can tell you."

Nobody knows who the old man is. Apparently he has neither kith nor kin. He lives solitary and alone. He bothers his head about nobody, and nobody about him. When an inquisitive person asks his name, he replies that it is the name as that of his boat, and when a person looks for it he finds the boat goes without a name. Though three score years and ten, the old man looks a giant in health, as he is in stature. His ruddy face and red nose contrast oddly with his gray beard and hair.

A New Counterfeit $20 Bill.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

NEWARK, Nov. 10.—John S. Bell, of the Secret Service in Newark, has just discovered a new counterfeit $20 bill of the series of 1886. The ink rubs if the scrip is dampened, but otherwise it is a clever piece of work, and many of the counterfeit bills are supposed to be in circulation.

Threatened to Kill Mary Rocca.

On a warrant issued yesterday by Justice Patterson at Jefferson Market two detective sergeants of Central Office arrested a dangerous Italian named Andrew Massante, a grocer, of 62 Watt street. He had threatened to kill on sight Mrs. Mary Rocca, a countrywoman of his. He was held for trial.

Dr. William O'Gorman Dead.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

NEWARK, Nov. 10.—Dr. William O'Gorman, the well-known physician, of this city, died to-day. He had been ailing for some time.

The Mariuette Horror.

[From the Baltimore Herald.]

A little wholesome legislation in the Molly Maguire style, with a few judicious hangings, would soon put a stop to the dives of Marinette.

Telegraphic Brevities.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Nov. 10.—Mrs. Cleveland will be present to-day at the opening of the Seaside Institute in this city.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 10.—Speaker Carlisle, in an interview last night, stated that the result of the elections assures the renomination and re-election of Cleveland in 1888.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 10.—C. C. Crecilius, cashier of the suspended Fifth National Bank, has been arrested, charged with fraud and forgery. President Henry Overstoltz, who is supposed to be implicated in the frauds, died yesterday afternoon.

NEWBURG, Nov. 10.—Ryall Miller was returning from Pine Bush with a load of wood last night when his horse became frightened and ran away. His feet became entangled in the lines and he was dragged three miles over the rough roads. He died this morning.

STRUGGLE WITH A PANTHER.

It Was a Desperate Fight that Nearly Cost John Patterson His Life.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]

John Patterson and James Arrandale, while on their return from North Carolina, were attacked by a large panther about one-half mile from Clayton. Patterson, having lived in a country infested with this ferocious beast, took in the situation at once. It seems that the animal fell upon Patterson for its prey, due to the fact, no doubt, that he attempted flight upon its discovery. The struggle that ensued, and the frantic effort of Patterson to extricate himself from the clutch of his unexpected assailant, were witnessed by his partner.

The huge beast, with glaring eyes, sprang with its forepaws upon Mr. Patterson, circling him with a hug which almost bulged out his eyes. The panther would first shake itself to one side and then to the other, evidently with the purpose of throwing its victim to the ground. Patterson knew that if he fell he would be instantly torn to pieces, so, leaning against a chestnut tree by which he stood, did his best to poise himself so as to maintain his balance. After hard endeavors he managed to get his knife from his pocket, which he opened by clasping his arms around the panther's body. In doing so he had to squeeze the animal sharply. The panther seemed to catch the idea of the old "backhand wrestle" from this movement, and entwining its hind legs around Patterson's waist, there was for a minute or two as pretty a wrestling match as was ever witnessed on the arena. It ended in a "dogfall," both coming down at once and rolling over each other.

Arrandale in the mean time was not idle. He was unarmed, and for a moment was in a quandary as to what to do. He saw no means of attacking the animal, but was too brave to think of deserting his friend in such an emergency. He ran over the ground looking for some weapon. It seemed as if the ground had been swept of every offensive object. At last he found a long piece of granite, sharpened on one side and heavy on the other. With this he determined upon a hand-to-hand struggle with the monster. Running up just in time to find his friend giving away from exhaustion, he delivered one stunning blow on the panther's head. This attack from an unexpected quarter evidently aroused the fear of the panther, for, releasing its embrace upon Patterson, it made one spring across the road and, with a piercing cry, disappeared in the dense forest beyond.

As soon as Patterson had recovered sufficiently to do so the journey home was continued. He did not sustain a scratch, but says that from the vice-like grip of the panther he feels as if every bone in his body had been broken. The panther on the night following occupied the front yard of Mrs. York, a widow. She had no arms of attack, but had to close doors, bar windows and sit up in terror all night, while the beast outside filled the air with its mournful lamentations.

A NOVEL WOMAN'S RIGHTER.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton and How She Works for the Cause.

[From the Paris Herald.]

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton leaves Paris on Saturday next to spend the winter in England with her daughter, Mrs. Stanton Blatch. Mrs. Stanton is, as she says, in the sunset of life; but it is a bright and genial sunset, and her face, with its halo of silver hair and its kindly smile, tells the story of a life of lofty purpose. As the "war-horse of woman's rights" she ought to be strong-minded and disagreeable, but she isn't, and I have met hundreds of women who did not believe in women's suffrage, and who did not believe in bustles, who were not half so gentle and interesting. "I have never failed," she remarked yesterday, "to take advantage of any opportunity for propagandism in reference to the woman question. Whenever I am asked for my autograph I give it with some appropriate sentiment, and I suppose the United States is flooded with such productions. I preach in the pulpit whenever I am invited to do so, and do my best on such occasions to convince my hearers that the Bible teaches woman's rights. In my lecturing tours, as the oldest person present, I was often asked to say a grace, and finally I composed one which I have said thousands of times to the great astonishment of persons present. It runs as follows: 'Heavenly father and mother, make us thankful for all the blessings of this life, and make us ever mindful of the patient hands that, oft in weariness, spread our tables and prepare our food. We ask this for humanity's sake. Amen.' You see there are three gross heresies in this. First I address a heavenly mother as well as a father, then I imply that the tempting meal is due more to the good wife's devotion than to the case of providence, and lastly I put it all for humanity's sake instead of for Christ's sake. People used to be dreadfully scandalized by this grace of mine, but I know that it often set them thinking. You see, I used to be so annoyed to see a great pathoric farmer extend his arms in an unctuous way and thank the Lord for what his poor little nervous wife had nearly killed herself in preparing that I took this means of doing justice to my fellow-woman."

To Bridge the Dover Straits.

[From the St. James Budget.]

Now that the Channel Tunnel scheme has been knocked on the head, an endeavor is going to be made—so the French engineering journals say—to build a bridge over the Straits of Dove. We have heard something of the kind before, but the world is now favored with a few details of this interesting project. The bridge would start from a point on the French coast, between Cape Grisnez and Ambleteuse, and end at Folkestone. It would be thirty-five kilometres in length, would cost a milliard to build, and would be completed in seven years. It would be high enough for the largest vessels to pass beneath it, and "in time of war it could easily be blown up." M. Hersent, who had a good deal to do with the cutting of the Suez Canal, is said to be the sponsor of this wild scheme.

A Boston Literary Woman.

[From the Paris Herald.]

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has two peculiarities in conversation; one is that she almost closes her eyes in looking at you, and the other consists of a curious modulation of the voice, a sort of purring, cooing effect. You feel a little uncomfortable in her presence, not being perfectly sure whether she is making a fool of you or of herself. Mrs. Moulton was met at the Normandy Hotel and asked her opinion about the letters of a well-known London newspaper correspondent. "Ah," she replied, "does Mr. ——" mentioning his name, "write for that paper? You know I pay so little attention to newspapers. Write for them myself? Oh, yes; I know I send off something every week to a Boston paper, but it's an awful bore, nevertheless. I must eat, once in awhile, you know."

The Porter's Lament.

[From the Chicago National.]

The most disgusted colored man in the State is the porter of the Home Insurance Company's building. To save the price of his meals he acts in a dual capacity. After his "porterical" duties have been performed, he waits on the table at a well-known restaurant, for which service he receives his meals free. He was looking decidedly grum the other day, and when asked the cause he replied: "You see, boss, I works hard all night as porter, den I comes here and waits on de table for my meals, and de trooth is, for de pas' few days I done got no appetite."

The Burglar's Widow.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

It was the burglar's widow
His coffin sat beside,
Her hot tears fell like summer rain,
And piteously she cried:
"St. Peter'll never let him
Inside the blessed gate!"
But came to her a sudden thought,
And she exclaimed: "Just wait."

Then rose the burglar's widow,
And this is what she did,
She slipped his trusty jimmy
Beneath the coffin lid;
"Now let old Peter hold the door;
Jack will get in, you bet!
He's got his jimmy with him and
It never failed him yet!"

A Demon in the Head.

Catarrh commences in the head and ends with consumption of the lungs. WOLCOTT'S CATARRH ABSORBENT relieves relief and cures. Of druggists.

COAL BLOCK ON THE RAILS.

READING EMPLOYEES REFUSE TO MOVE CARS LOADED BY SCABS.

Meanwhile Coal Dealers in New York and the East Are Clamoring for Fuel to Serve Their Customers—The Coal Barons Say They Will Not Give in to the Demand for More Wages.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 10.—The new move by the miners out on strike keeps thousands of tons of coal blocked on the tracks, while dealers in New York and the East are clamoring for fuel to sell. It has been decided by the Executive Board of the Reading Railroad men, nearly all of whom are Knights of Labor, that no more cars loaded with coal mined by non-union men shall be handled. This decision was reached in Pottsville yesday, and was made known by Reading employees who attended the meeting.

Beginning to-day this policy will be rigidly adhered to on the North Penn branch of the Reading, which is the natural link between the Lehigh region and Philadelphia. All the interdicted coal must come over the North Penn, and if any of it is accepted from the Lehigh Valley the Reading men will refuse to handle it.

The men have already in at least three instances refused to handle non-union mined coal. There are several cars, it is stated by Reading employees, consigned to this city now side-tracked on Ninth street. A number of cars are also standing on the main line on Pennsylvania avenue, and the men refuse to move them. For several days six carloads of coal from the Buck Mountain collieries have been on a siding at Bridgeport, and the freight hands of the Reading Railroad openly declared that they would not touch the cars because the coal had been mined by non-union men, who were paid less than the miners had demanded.

NOT AN OBLIGING CORPSE.

A Man Pronounced Dead Twice Before He Found it Convenient to Die.

[From the Pittsburg Post.]

A prominent county official told a remarkable story last night, but declined to give names, although he gave his solemn word that the statements could easily be verified. He said that on Monday, Oct. 24, an undertaker downtown received a telephone message from another undertaker in the Lawrenceville district, asking him to come out and embalm a body, the Lawrenceville undertaker not having facilities for embalming. The downtown undertaker went to the house indicated and found what he supposed was the corpse of a man. He opened his satchel, took out his force-pump and bottle of embalming fluid, and prepared for the operation. He then took hold of the arm of the supposed corpse to make the usual incision for the insertion of the tube of the pump. As he lifted his arm he was astounded to see the man open his mouth and yawn, and discovered he was alive. He hastily kicked his embalming materials under the bed and called the family, who at once sent for a physician. The embalmer then learned that the man had been lying in a stupor for nearly three months, during which he had been kept alive by injections of milk, but that the doctor had finally pronounced him dead. On Thursday, Oct. 27, the embalmer got word again from the same undertaker that he had a body to embalm. When he went out he found it was the same person he had visited the Monday previous. This time, after he had got everything in readiness again, and had lifted the arm to make the incision, the man not only opened his mouth, but also unclosed his eyes, looked at the embalmer for a moment, then, with a faint groan, rolled over on his side and once more became insensible. The embalmer hastily pulled the sheet up over him, and the physician was the second time sent for. On Wednesday of last week, Nov. 2, the embalmer was once more called upon, and found that for the third time he was asked to embalm the same man. This time he found no further evidences of life, and concluding the man ought to be dead, if he wasn't, made a sure thing of it and embalmed him.

Wild Ride With a Madman.

[From the Omaha Bee.]

Yesterday a farmer by the name of Claus Seevers had an exciting escapade on the highway with a madman. Seevers lives some seven miles from the city and has in his employ a young woman by the name of Meyers. She has a brother named Herman Meyers. Recently Herman Meyers began to show signs of mental disturbance and his insanity took the religious form. At no time was he violent, but his eccentricities finally became a bore to the Seevers household and Mr. Seevers resolved yesterday to turn the young man over to the county authorities at Omaha. Meyers accepted an invitation to accompany Seevers to Omaha to look upon the wayward and ungodly of the place, and the two took a seat in a wagon. On their way to the city Meyers seemed to fathom the object of the drive, and he became violent and showed fight. He grasped Seevers by the throat and swore that he would kill him. A hand-to-hand conflict took place between the men, with the insane man getting the best of it when Seevers's cries attracted several farm hands, who went to his assistance. It took the entire strength of the combined forces to overpower the maniac, whose hands were shackled to keep him from harming himself and his conqueror. Meyers was brought to the court-house, where an information in lunacy was made against him and he was confined in the jail where he proved so disorderly and rampant that it was found necessary to put him in harness. He will be sent to the asylum for the insane.

Tips From "The Evening World's" Tickers.

The complexion of neither the bull nor bear cliques was changed to-day.

The bulls maintain that stocks are too low already, and are bound to go higher.

The New York and New England Railroad has swallowed up the Housatonic Valley road.

The bears pin their faith in a speedily declining market on the reported business troubles throughout the country.

THE EVENING WORLD'S "Extra" telling the story of the tragic death of Lingg, the Anarchist, sold like hot cakes on Wall street.

A director of the Canadian Pacific says that $35,000,000 of that stock is held in London and $12,000,000 in Amsterdam. One bank in Amsterdam holds $10,000,000.

Dispatches to German bankers stated to-day that the markets are weak, and that there is much excitement owing to the belief of the approaching death of the Crown Prince.

Less gold has been coined during the present year than in any year since 1869, while the silver coinage exceeds the highest previous figures, and more money is in circulation now than at any time in the history of the country. So says the report of the Director of the Mint.

Killed in a Printing Office.

Frank Horning, a fourteen-year-old youth, of 175 Stanton street, while working in the printing office at 110 Attorney street, was drawn into the machinery and killed at 9 o'clock this morning.

Prob Gives Some Bad Weather.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—*Indications for Connecticut: Light rains, followed by clearing weather Friday; light to fresh winds, shifting to westerly; slowly rising temperature during Friday.*

For Eastern New York: Light rains, followed by fair weather; light to fresh winds, shifting to westerly; slightly colder Friday morning, followed by rising temperature.