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# KILLED BY THE CURRENT.

## THE ELECTRIC WIRE RESPONSIBLE FOR A BUFFALO STREET TRAGEDY.

## IT WAS THE SAME RISK THAT A NEW YORK CROWD LATELY RAN.

**A Colored Man Goes to Assist a Horse Knocked Down by the Shock and is Fatally Injured as Soon as He Touches the Animal's Bit—The Driver Thrown to the Ground by a Current Through His Whip—The Almost Similar Danger from a Broken Wire on Fourth Avenue, This City—Why Are Our Electric Wires Still Overhead?**

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

BUFFALO, Feb. 5.—An electric light wire charged with a powerful current—a broken telephone wire crossing it and hanging to the ground—a rainy night. These were the conditions which resulted in a fatal accident under distressing circumstances this morning. Isaac Moulton a colored waiter on the dining-car that flies between this city and New York on the "vestibule train," left his boarding-house for the depot about 1 o'clock. On Michigan street, near Eagle, his attention was arrested by a horse falling in the street almost abreast of him, and he went at once to the assistance of the driver. The latter, a boy of nineteen, rose from his seat and tried to jerk the animal to his feet. He used the whip and immediately fell back and out of the sleigh insensible. Moulton stooped to grasp the horse's bit, and as he touched it he uttered a yell that was heard for blocks and fell dying in the street. Dr. Mulhern, surgeon at the Emergency hospital, located on the corner of Michigan and South Division streets, heard the man's dying cry and hastily dressed and ran to the scene of the accident.

A crowd had gathered and Moulton's body was taken to Smith's drug store, where he breathed for three or four minutes. Dr. Mulhern poured brandy down the man's throat and assisted him in breathing, but he was too late. Moulton lived only ten minutes after touching the electricity-charged harness. The driver of the sleigh, Robert Taylor, was taken to the hospital in an ambulance and revived sufficiently to be sent home in a carriage before daylight.

The cause of the accident was apparent at once. The telephone wire hung in the street, and the horse in passing had become entangled in it. He fell dead on the instant, probably, and the driver's whip, wet with the rain, acted as a conductor and sent a portion of the current into Taylor. When the colored man touched the horse and his harness he received a full charge of the electricity from the hanging wire, which was entangled in the bit. Moulton's hands were burned and his face puffed up somewhat, but there were no other effects discernible on his body. The penknife in his pocket was strongly magnetized and polarized a needle ten hours after the accident.

The accident created great excitement in the eastern portion of the city, and the colored population is greatly exercised over it. Feeling is strong against the electric light company. The police officer who notified it of the accident threatened to arrest all the employees if the light was not turned off at once and the hanging wire attended to. A portion of the city was left in darkness for some hours in consequence. Moulton, the victim of the deadly overhead wires, was a bright young man, with a wife and family living in Detroit. Young Taylor, the driver, was seen at his home to-day, and was found very weak, but unharmed. The sleigh belonged to the Pioneer Co-operative Grocery Store, and was being driven to the barn.

Dr. A. P. Southwick, one of the commission which reported in favor of the substitution of death by electricity instead of by hanging, is greatly interested in this case and will attend the autopsy on Moulton's body to be held to-morrow. "It was an accident like this that first called my attention to the plan we reported in favor of," he said to THE WORLD correspondent to-day. "This man received the force of an interrupted current, which Edison says is stronger than that of a continuous current. The shock was a partial paralysis of the nervous system and before the man recovered his heart had ceased to beat. I wish some means of resuscitation could have been tried on him, such as Prof. Mott's new method of forced respiration. Such accidents are too common and will be as long as the wires are allowed to hang over our streets. Familiarity breeds contempt, and our people must be taught to let the wires alone. Death lurks in them."

There was an accident of a similar nature at the corner of Fourteenth street and Fourth avenue in this city on Sunday evening, Jan. 1 last, but fortunately no human life was lost. A telephone wire crossing an electric light line was snapped and the ends fell to the street, lying unguarded for some time and the electricity being imparted to the car tracks. A Fourth avenue car reached the spot without the driver being warned, and his team becoming entangled in the lines one of the horses was killed. Police were sent to guard the spot and restrain curious spectators from getting too near the broken wire. It was thought that the trouble was caused by the electric light wire coming in contact with the telephone wire at a point where the insulation had been worn off, and in consequence the stronger current of the electric light wire snapped the smaller wire. The companies soon repaired the break.

# DEATH OR DISGRACE.

**A New York Student at Amherst College Attempts Suicide.**

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Feb. 5.—Chas. E. Schweyer, eighteen years old, a Freshman at Amherst College, shot himself through the head in his room about midnight Saturday night and will probably die. He had just returned from New York, where he had been operated upon for a tumor, and seemed despondent. He borrowed a 32-calibre Smith & Wesson revolver from a friend, claiming that he was afraid to go home without it. A friend called on him about midnight and found him snapping the empty revolver at his head. He was remonstrated with, when Schweyer coolly asked where the most vulnerable spot on the head was.

Soon after the friend left a shot was heard in the room, and Schweyer was found with a hole in his head passing from one temple to the other. He was conscious to-day and admitted that the deed was premeditated. He said that a professor had unjustly charged him with dishonesty and he feared expulsion and disgrace. He is the son of Edward Schweyer, a New York malt dealer, who secured a skilful physician and started for Amherst at once. Schweyer has a changeable temperament, and, although popular and generally happy, suffered from moody turns.

**The Dog Kept Faithful Vigil.**

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 5.—On Jan. 10 H. P. Noyes left Sherwin's Station, Round Valley, on snowshoes for Bodie, taking four days' rations and his dog. A few days ago his little dog returned alone to Sherwin's Station in a starving condition. J. L. C. Sherwin, an old and experienced mountaineer, feeling certain that something was wrong, started out on the trail, and found the dead body of Noyes in Rock Creek canyon, lying on his face in the snow. It is supposed Noyes was taken with heart disease. The dog stayed with the body two weeks without food, although the rations which Mr. Noyes had taken with him were lying by his side. The track which the dog had beaten around the body, and outside coyote tracks, clearly showed the animal had been defending the body, and, although food was lying within reach, would not touch it without his master's permission.

**Have Suspended Payments.**

The boiler-making firm of Andrew J. Brown & Son, Paterson, has made an assignment. The liabilities are $9,000 and the assets far below that amount. The business was never very prosperous.

# A BROKEN FROG CAUSED IT.

**Five Killed and Many Injured in a Railroad Accident Near Steamburg, N. Y.**

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 5.—Train 8 on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad went through a broken frog shortly after 9 o'clock this morning near Steamburg, killing four men and one woman and injuring twelve others, one, it is believed, fatally.

Train 34, a freight, had orders at Randolph to run to Steamburg, five miles east, and take the siding, allowing train 8, the fast express, carrying Pullman sleepers, to pass. Train 8 was a few minutes late and entered the down grade leading into Steamburg at a terrific rate. The freight train was in on the siding and the engine was thrown wide open and with a rush it sped along the curved line, from which the switch diverged, hugging tight against the rail. The engine, baggage-car and day coach passed the rear end of the freight without accident, but just as the Pullman sleeper struck the frog the guard rail gave way with a loud report and the sleeper crashed into the caboose of the freight train, smashing to splinters and telescoping half a dozen box cars and throwing the day passenger coach from the track.

Conductor George Ellis and Brakemen George Dean, with another man, were in the caboose, and, while the latter escaped without a scratch, Ellis and Dean were crushed and mangled almost beyond recognition and death soon relieved them of their sufferings.

In the sleeping coach Miss Jessie Abbey, of Sterling, Ill., was just making her morning toilet, and when the crash came she was thrown against the wall of the car, breaking her neck, crushing her face and breaking one limb. She was only twenty years old, a pretty brunette, and was accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. Botley, and a cousin, Miss Botley. They had not yet arisen, and the latter escaped with a few bruises, but Mrs. Botley was injured internally and is not expected to live.

Frank Kimball, an oil operator, of Bradford, Pa., was killed, his head being crushed almost to a jelly.

Wm. McNeal, an electrical engineer, of Covington, Ky., was injured about the head and had two ribs broken. He was brought to this city by special train and is now at the Woman's Christian Association Hospital in charge of the railroad surgeon.

The place is out of the way and the railroad officials are concealing as much of the details as possible.

The following is a list, as nearly as can be obtained, of the killed and injured:

KILLED.

GEORGE ELLIS, conductor, Meadville, Pa.
GEORGE DEAN, brakeman, Meadville, Pa.
JESSIE ABBEY, passenger, or Stirling, Ill.
FRANK KIMBALL, passenger, of Covington, Ky.
—— SHOFFER, brakeman.

INJURED.

Mrs. BOTLEY, Sheffield, Ill., probably fatally.
Miss JESSIE BOTLEY, Sheffield, Ill., bruises.
WILLIAM MCNEIL, electrical engineer, Covington, Ky., broken rib.

# MILLIONAIRE MORROW ACQUITTED.

**San Francisco's Accused Jury-Briber Escapes Again—Shameful Court Proceedings.**

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 5.—The second trial of Robert J. Morrow, the millionaire President of the Sutter Street Railroad Company, on a charge of jury-bribing, was concluded yesterday at Santa Rosa, and resulted in acquittal. On the first trial, in this city, the jury disagreed, standing 11 for conviction to 1 for acquittal. The rulings of the Judge at Santa Rosa were all in favor of the wealthy defendant, and as no direct evidence connecting him with the crime was admitted, conviction was not expected; but aside from Morrow and his counsel, every citizen of San Francisco is indignant at the result of the trial.

The charge was founded on an attempted bribery of the jury in the case of Widow Wright against the Geary Street Railroad Company, of which Morrow is a director, to recover damages for the killing of her husband on the road. During the trial Juror Woods told the Court he had been approached by Frank Northey, a penniless ward politician and man about town, with a liberal offer of money in case the jury would fix the damages at a nominal sum. Northey said he represented Morrow, and McCord, Superintendent of the road, and others were implicated. Northey was tried for embracery, but refused to implicate his employers and was sent to the penitentiary for nine years. He has since declined to testify in other cases growing out of the same crime, and it is openly said he will be richer by $100,000 when his term expires than when he was sentenced. He holds the key to the situation and his silence is worth much to Millionaire Morrow.

The conduct of the court officials during the trial at Santa Rosa, according to all accounts, was scandalous. It is charged, and has not been denied, that members of the jury were drunk at Morrow's expense after they had been sworn to try him. It is also said that Northey, who had been brought from the penitentiary as a witness, while in custody of the Sheriff was allowed to make a tour of the saloons and flash houses of the town for several hours.

# TEN CIVILIANS KILLED.

**A Mob of 14,000 Spanish Peasants and Miners Shot Into By Troops.**

MADRID, Feb. 5.—In an encounter yesterday between Rio Tinto miners, who are out on a strike, and the troops, ten civilians were killed and five wounded, and two soldiers were wounded.

The miners had joined the peasants living in the vicinity in protesting against open-air calcinations. The Civil Governor of Huelva, accompanied by two companies of troops and some civil guards, arrived at the scene on Saturday, and found the streets occupied by a threatening mob, numbering about 14,000. The Governor spoke from the balcony of the municipal building, and tried to restore order, but the crowd drowned his voice with shouts and fired pistols and threw dynamite cartridges at the soldiers. The troops were then ordered to fire. The crowd was finally dispersed.

**The Pastor Wasn't Orthodox Enough.**

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

WILLIMANTIC, Conn., Feb. 5.—The first Congregational Church Society was greatly surprised this morning by the resignation of the pastor, Rev. Samuel R. Free, to take effect three months hence. Mr. Free has been pastor since 1881 and has built up the society to large prosperity. A few years ago he was accused of holding unorthodox views of atonement and scriptural inspiration and since that time has been constantly opposed by the "orthodox" members of the church. This continued opposition causes his resignation, though a large majority of the church people are in sympathy with him.

**Eloped With a Deaf and Dumb Man.**

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 5.—Six months ago William Kelly advertised in one of the New York papers for a wife. A young lady, living in Pennsylvania, answered, and a correspondence was the result. Kelly went to Pennsylvania about three weeks ago and found her to be a very pretty girl of seventeen years. Notwithstanding that Kelly is deaf and dumb, he succeeded in making love to the girl with such good effect that when he proposed an elopement she consented, and the couple were married and came to live with Kelly's parents in Birmingham, ten miles from this city.

**Another Washington Elopement.**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—Miss Maggie Ryan, a daughter of a clerk in the Quartermaster-General's office, walked down Pennsylvania avenue Saturday with Martin Brennan, who supposed, though nothing had been definitely said on the subject, that he was her accepted suitor. She parted with him very pleasantly and immediately went to the Pennsylvania Railroad station, where she met Patrick Moynahan, with whom she went to Baltimore, where they were married.

**Where We Now Live!**

On our arrival in this city we took our meals in uptown restaurants. Prices were so high, meats cut so thin, that with the extra charges for potatoes, pickles, &c., we thought we would become bankrupt. One day we stopped at the CONTINENTAL HOTEL, corner of 25th st. and Broadway, where we found PRICES REDUCED "as of yore," the best the markets afford, with excellent service, and none of these extra charges. Elegant lunch there caters for the multitude—not the few.*

# ROMAINE DILLON'S DEATH.

## IT IS THIRTEEN YEARS SINCE HE SHOT DILLIBER DEAD.

**The Tragedy in the Westminster Hotel—Dilliber Had Not Offended Him in Any Way and Dillon was Declared Insane—But He was Let Out After Four Years and Has Since Been Dangerous.**

At the undertaking establishment of Patterson & Bevins, No. 356 Fourth avenue, lies the body of Romaine Dillon, an aged man, for whom, although wealthy and well connected, no near relative or friend has inquired since his death, nearly forty-eight hours ago. Living a recluse in the very heart of the great city, with every luxury that a cultivated taste might appreciate at the command of his ample fortune, he was shunned and avoided by all who knew him, and even the hands that received his bounty dreaded lest the gift should be followed by a bullet. After committing one homicide admittedly, the result of a murderous mania, he was released from the insane asylum to which he had been consigned, under the evidently false pretext that he had been cured. His subsequent conduct proved, not only that he had not been cured, but that the homicidal tendency was stronger even than before, and that he did not take another life before yielding up his own is merely a lucky circumstance. It is not the only instance of public danger resulting from the unjustifiable release of rich and influential manslayers, who have escaped punishment on the plea of insanity, although in Dillon's case it is obvious, in the aggravation of its surroundings and in the clear evidence, that the homicidal tendency still existed. The case of Tom Buford, of Kentucky, who shot Judge Elliot, is another instance of a flagrantly wrongful release.

On the last day of 1875 Dillon shot and killed John R. Dilliber, in the Westminster Hotel, at Irving place and Sixteenth street. Dillon had boarded at the hotel about two years, and had formerly lived at Long Branch, Conn. He was a native of this city in early life, and it is said that he had represented the United States as Consul at Lisbon or some other European port. He was extremely eccentric. For days at a time he would remain in his rooms, which included a parlor, bedroom and bathroom. His meals were served in his rooms, and he seemed to have an idea that spies were on his track—"spies and blackmailers," he called them, and he frequently communicated his morbid suspicions to to the hotel proprietor, Mr. Ferrin, and the clerks. He did not, however, give them any reason to believe that he was capable of homicide.

"HE HAS ANNOYED ME ENOUGH."

Mr. Dilliber was a wholesale liquor-dealer, doing a large business in Beaver street. He had formerly lived at No. 151 West Fifty-third street, but had been a guest at the hotel at the time for about four months. He and Dillon had only a casual acquaintance. About 8 P. M. on the evening of the tragedy Mr. Dillon was leaving his apartments, and meeting Mr. Dilliber entered into conversation with him. A few moments later a hall-boy stepped up to Mr. Ferrin and said that Mr. Dillon was quarrelling with Mr. Dilliber and that he appeared greatly excited. Mr. Ferrin stepped towards the disputants, and when within a few feet of them he saw Dillon draw a revolver and shoot Mr. Dilliber. The latter staggered but did not fall. Dillon only said:

"He has annoyed me too long. I have had enough of it."

Then he put up the weapon and surrendered himself. Mr. Dilliber did not know how badly he was hurt. He was even cheerful when conducted to his room. The wound, which was through the left breast, proved fatal soon afterwards.

Mr. Dillon's friends, who had, with few exceptions, carefully avoided him before the tragedy, rallied at once to his assistance. The authorities were convinced, after a thorough investigation, that he was insane, and on March 22, 1876, he was committed to the Utica Asylum for the Criminal Insane. He was thence transferred to the Middletown Homœopathic Asylum, and remained confined altogether about four years. It is understood that shortly after his commitment he settled with the Dilliber family by the payment of a large sum of money, amounting to $30,000, or, as is asserted by another well-informed source, $50,000.

AT LIBERTY ONCE MORE.

The crime was gradually forgotten, and when Dillon was released, as cured, about eight years ago, there was no protest or notice of the event. He took up his abode at the Union Square Hotel, and behaved very much as before the tragedy. He remained in his rooms nearly all the time, sometimes not leaving them for a week. The transient guests did not know who he was. The regular patrons knew and avoided him.

"He would come to me sometimes," said Mr. Canfield, the clerk, to a WORLD reporter last night, "and tell me that this man or that man was a spy on him and he intended to shoot him. I would sooth him and drive the idea out of his mind."

"Did he carry a weapon?" asked the reporter.

"He had a pistol in his room," said Mr. Canfield, "but I can't say that he carried it."

Mr. Dillon had been ailing for some time with various troubles incident to his advanced age. Not content with regular medical attendance, he recently engaged a massage operator, and it is thought this, involving, as it did, a disrobing for the operation, may have given him pneumonia and hastened his death.

HIS LONELY END.

Saturday afternoon, fifteen minutes after his physician, Dr. Louis Conrad, had left him, the chambermaid heard a noise in his room. The help generally avoided him, but thinking he might be in danger she hastened in. He was in the throes of death. The clerk called in Dr. Dimmick, but it was too late. Dillon had died of heart disease. Although the fact of his death was made known no relative called, and the body is at an undertaker's, as stated above.

"I was surprised to learn of Dillon's release from the asylum," said Mr. Ferrin, now of the Hotel St. Marc, to a WORLD reporter. "He killed Dilliber because Mr. Dilliber, in taking exercise, passed Dillon's window and Dillon thought Dilliber was watching him. I certainly should not want such a man in my hotel again. He would not have one waiter attend him more than a week or two, because he thought the waiter was a spy on him. He lived at the rate of $75 or $100 a week for hotel expenses (and always paid promptly."

Dillon was a nice-looking old gentleman of seventy years of age, and he was very wealthy. He had the best suit of apartments at the hotel and lived extravagantly. Mr. Allen, one of the proprietors of the Union Square Hotel, in speaking of Mr. Dillon to a WORLD reporter, said:

"Mr. Dillon was a gentleman with very peculiar ideas. He seemed to always be thinking remorsefully of the murder. This murder seemed to be constantly preying on his mind. He lived in the very best of style and kept me going all the time to supply him with servants. He always had a personal attendant, and he would not keep a man longer than four or five days or a week, when he would complain at the office that the man seemed to be watching him, as if he were a murderer and would demand the attendant's dismissal. Mr. Dillon had no confidantes at all. He had very few visitors and he would see still fewer. One of his regular visitors Mr. Dillon said was his nephew, and that he always called for money, although he had plenty of his own."

WOULD NOT BE STARED AT.

Mr. Allen, continuing, said that if any one would happen to look at Mr. Dillon he would demand to know if he were being watched as a murderer. He would not even ride up in the elevator except alone. If he entered the elevator and was followed by any one else he would step briskly out and wait until he could have the elevator to himself.

His will was found yesterday. It is dated some years back, and by it he leaves the bulk of his property to his niece, who was the daughter of his brother, John Dillon, whose remains are interred at St. Patrick's Catholic Church on Mott street. This niece also received the bulk of her father's property, the estate being divided between her and Romaine Dillon. Mr. Allen thought that this niece had since been married and believed her name was Baldwin, but was not sure. She is supposed to be travelling on the Continent, France being the last place she was heard from. The hotel people are using every endeavor to find Mr. Dillon's relatives so as to turn over his effects to them. Yesterday morning a young man, who said his name was John Romaine and that he came from Petersburg, Va., called at the hotel and said that he was a cousin of the deceased. He seemed very much surprised when informed of Mr. Dillon's wealth and asked wonderingly where he could have got it. The young man said he would call again.

Mr. Dillon was not a relative of Sidney Dillon, late President of the Union Pacific Railroad, as stated in the *Herald* yesterday.

# FATALLY FLOGGED BY WHITE CAPS.

**An Enemy of the Band Tied to a Tree and Lashed Unmercifully.**

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Feb. 5.—A report has reached this city of an outrage by White Caps, committed Friday night near Marengo, Howard County, Ind. In that locality resides Thomas Williams and wife, who were subjected last year to great indignities at the hands of the White Caps. At the time Williams claimed to have recognized among his assailants a prominent young man, Thomas Courtney, jr., the son of one of the leading physicians of the county. He immediately sought the arrest of young Courtney, who, fearing trouble, left for parts unknown. Nothing further was heard of the young man, though it transpired that he had located with his father at Fort Scott, Kan., and a telegram from that point yesterday announced that he had been arrested upon a requisition from the Governor of Indiana and was back in Crawford County.

This news seems to have enraged the friends of the young leader, and they determined to have vengeance on Williams, who was supposed to have caused the arrest. They went to his house last night at a late hour and demanded admittance, which was refused. When they broke down the door, just as Williams fired three shots into the crowd from his revolver. It is not known if any one was hurt, but it seemed to infuriate the masked men, who proceeded to tie Mrs. Williams to the bedstead and took Williams into the yard, where he was bound to a tree. They then told him that they had come for his sworn statement exonerating Courtney from all participation in the crime charged against him, and that his refusal would result in his being put out of the way.

Though thus intimidated, he refused to do it, and their leader ordered that he should be flogged until he agreed to sign the statement. He was therefore stripped and bound closely to the tree, with his face turned inwards. The lash was applied vigorously, bringing the blood for some moments, when the head of the poor man was noticed to fall backward, and it was ascertained that he had fainted. At that moment the sound of approaching people was heard and caused them to decamp. Williams was cut down and the usual remedies applied, but he failed to regain consciousness, and at last accounts was reported in a dying condition. The White Caps escaped. The wife states that during the parley with her husband in the yard, and while she was fastened to the bed, one of the miscreants would have assaulted her had he not been prevented by a companion. The outrage is said to have aroused that section of the country, where a very strong feeling has sprung up against the repeated crimes of the White Caps.

# WRECHED FATE OF A POET.

**Samuel E. Moulton, Formerly of New York Dying in a Louisville Out-House.**

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 5.—Samuel E. Moulton, better known as "Brent," author of "Dreams of a Country Lad," is dying in an out-house of Ed. Weaver's cottage, 502 Laurel street, here, the result of intemperance and destitution. He staggered to Weaver's door Friday night deeply intoxicated and asked for lodging. He was given a bed in the out-house. Yesterday morning he was free of whiskey, but very weak and unable to rise. A physician was called, who gave him opium. He gave the physician a letter to Mrs. Amelia Moulton, Macon, Mo., to mail after his death, and after much coaxing acknowledged his identity. The opium had no effect, and he became delirious.

Moulton formerly lived in Nashville, Tenn., where he wrote his first articles. As they met with favor he moved to New York City, where he wrote for many of the magazines and published several books, among which was his collection of poems. His downward course began when he became acquainted with Lucy Amilon, a pretty actress, who, when he had squandered his fortune, left him to begin life again at thirty-five. He soon became a confirmed inebriate. He lost his powers of composing and sank deeper every day, until sent West by a compassionate friend who had known him in prosperity. He became editor of the Macon (Mo.) *Times*, and there married Miss Amelia King. While in Macon he wrote "Hesperia," which was the last of his productions. He lost his interest in the Western paper because of intemperate habits, and wandered to this city, where he has lived for five years. Of late he has been begging.

# THEY HAD TO BE MARRIED AGAIN.

**A Bridal Couple's Singular Adventures at an Atlanta Hotel.**

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

ATLANTA, Ga., Feb. 5.—Late Friday evening two gentlemen called on Chief Connolly and stated to him that Mr. William E. Scruggs and Miss Lula Watson had registered at the Markham House as Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Smith, of Macon. Mr. Scruggs is well known in Atlanta and is a son of W. L. Scruggs, and Miss Watson is a daughter of Mr. Watson, who keeps a hotel at Roswell Junction. Chief Connolly called to see Mr. Scruggs and asked him why he had registered under an assumed name. Mr. Scruggs explained that he had married Miss Watson at Flowery Branch on Thursday last. A telegram sent to Flowery Branch brought the reply that a Mr. Henry E. Deykin and a Miss Mary Mayre had been married there on Wednesday. Mr. Scruggs was seen again about midnight and asked why he and the young lady had married under assumed names, and he stated that it was done because he did not wish his family to know of the marriage. Both Mr. Scruggs and the lady insisted that the marriage was legal, but Chief Connolly thought otherwise and at once notified Mr. Rogers, the young lady's brother-in-law.

Mr. Rogers insisted that the couple marry again and Mr. Scruggs, after much protesting, at last consented to do so. Capt. Couch was deputized by the Chief to procure a license and the party proceeded to the residence of Rev. Dr. White, Mr. Rogers in one carriage and Mr. Scruggs, the lady and Chief Connolly in the other. Dr. White was not at home and the party went to Dr. J. W. Lee's residence, where Mr. Scruggs and Miss Watson were made man and wife and returned to the hotel.

**His Relatives Worth Millions.**

Policeman Peter Brannick, of the Nineteenth Precinct, died on Saturday evening of acute pneumonia. He was twenty-five years old and was considered one of the most efficient men on the force. He leaves a widow ed mother and a sister.

Mrs. Brannick is one of the heirs of the Savage estate, in California, valued at $8,000,000. John Savage, the millionnaire, was her uncle, her maiden name being Savage. Besides Mrs. Brannick Curistopher Savage, James Savage and his children, Thomas and Margaret, are the claimants of the vast estate who reside in this city. The estate has not yet been settled.

**Will Not Be at Her Father's Funeral.**

Miss Coffin, the alleged lunatic, now a resident at Taylor's Hotel in Jersey City, has determined not to go to Cincinnati to attend the funeral of her father, who died a day or two ago. She saw no visitors yesterday, but spent the day in her room, with brief visits to the parlor of the hotel.

**Obituary Notes.**

Capt. John Douglas, of the Guion steamer Nevada, died at 5.30 A. M. yesterday at the New York Hospital of an abdominal complaint. He was a native of Gairleton, Wigtonshire, Scotland, and was fifty-four years of age. He had been a commander on the Guion line for eight years.

Col. John H. George, of Concord, N. H., died last night. He was born in Concord Nov. 20, 1812, where he always resided. Col. George was Clerk of the State Senate in 1847, 1848 and 1853. He was Solicitor of Merrimack County from 1849 to 1850; was United States District-Attorney from 1853 to 1858, and was a member of the Legislature. President Pierce tendered him the office of Secretary of the Territory of Minnesota in 1855, but he declined to accept the appointment. He served several years as Chairman of the Democratic State Committee; was a member of the National Committee eight years, and was twice a delegate to National conventions. He was the nominee of his party for the United States Senate in 1866, and was four times a candidate for Congress.

Frederick Boylan, seven, was struck and instantly killed by a passenger train while crossing the Erie track near the rolling mill at 6.30 yesterday afternoon.

# EXTRA

## 11 A. M.

# ON THE RUN.

## Forty-six Men Racing at the Garden.

## Cartwright, Heggleman and the Greaser in the Lead.

## The Start Witnessed by an Enormous Concourse.

## Lepper Hughes Makes a Spurt Then Gives His Feet a Rest.

**Animated Scenes in and About Madison Square Garden at the Beginning of the Six-Day Contest—Old Sport Campana First on the Track—The Men Started in Files of Six, Guerrero Leading in a Trot—Hoagland Keeps Up a Heel-and-Toe Walk—Marie Jansen Stands on a Table to Watch the Race—Scorers Strike for Breakfast Passes and Get Them—The Men and Their Trainers—Breakfasting on the Track—Dominie Tilly Chasing the Leaders—The Contestants and the Scores.**

**The 10 O'Clock Score.**

| | Miles. | Laps. | | Miles. | Laps. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cartwright | 64 | 4 | Heggleman | 66 | 7 |
| Alberts | 62 | — | Vint | 53 | 3 |
| Guerrero | 63 | — | Curran | 51 | 2 |
| Hart | 59 | 7 | Stokel | 58 | 2 |
| "Manhattan" | 59 | 4 | Dillon | 50 | 5 |
| Golden | 58 | 6 | Horan | 52 | — |
| Herty | 58 | 6 | Conners | 55 | — |
| Panchot | 58 | 1 | Sinclair | 52 | 5 |
| Day | 57 | — | Dufrane | 51 | — |
| Hughes | 46 | — | Larkey | — | — |

No, there were not 20,000 people in Madison Square Garden last night when the start was called in the six-day go-as-you-please race. But that was because at 11.40 o'clock the big building was packed as full as a sausage case, and Manager O'Brien, of the last great event of the kind ever to occur in the old structure, ordered the doors closed. No one was admitted after that, and fully 2,000 people, envious of the 12,000 or 15,000 who had gained admission, swore red oaths and threatened to boycott the show forevermore.

Every seat in the house was placarded "Reserved," but at 11.30 they were all occupied at 25 and 50 cents each, and the 25-cent squares of standing room behind the seats were taken, too. A surging mass of people passed over the bridge at the Madison Square entrance to the ground inside the oblong oval track, and soon it was impossible to make any progress through the crowd here. The stationary crowds immediately became the prey of a host of schemers who lured nickels and dimes from the pockets of the nearest members of the "stalled" throng.

There were knife boards, baseball targets, cane racks, places to buy railroad sandwiches and sawdust pie, soda-water fountains, peanut and popcorn stands, candy stands, fruit stands and a bar where 100 bartenders dealt out weiss beer with a flavor like lager, and compounded prescriptions to deceive old topers into the belief that they were drinking bourbon or rye.

"Drop a nickel in the slot" caught the people curious of their own weight, their lifting powers and the strength of their lungs, and those who were partial to tutti-frutti chewing gum. A dime paid for a glass of ice surrounded by sarsaparilla, or a very good "two-for" cigar. Floral anchors and horseshoes and stars and wreaths bearing talismanic though trite sentiments worked in the flowers were offered at booths to enthusiasts who would decorate their favorites in the great race on the sawdust ring. In short, it was a Coney Island campaign.

About 1,000 of the jostling people found relief in the picketed inclosure reserved for the forty reporters of newspapers, much to the chagrin of the newspaper men who were there for work. At 12.05 the hands on a big-faced clock located at the starting mark were set back fifteen minutes, and Referee Peter J. Donohue gave the word to a many-colored and motley throng of pedestrians to "Go."

"Old Sport" Campana was the first to appear on the track. He was dressed in the latest Bridgeport style. A blue and white bandana swathed the pied old head of the peanut vender. A gorgeous pink shirt followed after his gray and rather mangy neck. Blue polka-dot trunks came next and dirty gray drawers and old shoes completed the outfit, barring the hair on his lean old shanks and red ribbon bands and elaborate works of the tattoo artist on his wearened arms. Of course Old Sport got an ovation. He acknowledged it by gracefully kicking up the heels that have done him service for fifty-six years.

Then Jimmie Alberts, looking as neat and natty as a bright-eyed, handsome young man could look in a suit of perfect-fitting blue tights and black silk trunks, came forward. Alberts jauntily swung a short silver-headed cane as he trotted away on the six days' jaunt.

Peter Golden, who has been set down as a promising dark horse; W. A. Hoagland, the student "compasses" from Cayuga Lake, in tights of the color known as ashes of roses, and faded red trunks; "Lepper" Hughes in the famous blue shirt bearing the insignia, "*Police Gazette* Champion," red trunks and white tights; Dan Herty in brightest of red tights that set off his handsome form, and a faded blue cap; George Cartwright, the English champion, in light blue trunks, a striped bodice, striped jockey cap and white tights; Bobby Vint, in a flannel shirt broadly striped with red and gray, crimson velvet shorts, an earnest little chap; Gus Guerrero, the "Greaser," in red velvet trunks, drab tights, and a smile; Connors, a bold-faced boy, in white tights and red trunks; Panchot, the "Buffalo postman," in blue small clothes bordered with white braid, red tights and a white shirt; Heggleman in a red shirt, magenta trunks, black tights, a white head and a jockey cap quartered in yellow and black; Anton Strokel in red trunks, last week's tights and a woebegone expression; Frank Hart, the happy colored boy, in a blue shirt, red trunks, gray tights and an old checkered cap, and the rest of the huddle of ambitious owners of good legs followed Old Sport into the ring at 11.55.

The starting place was on the north side of the Garden, between the reporters' corral and the row of black dials of the scorers. The men were started in files of six, each file setting out on the journey from a point opposite the dials on which their score was to be recorded.

"Go!" said Referee Donohue, and forty-seven men broke into gaits fitting their ideas of pedestrianism.

Gus Guerrero shot to the head. He led the way in that easy, deceptive trot which is so well known, and which he can continue until eternity, his admirers and traducers think, but which he invariably drops after the audience has dwindled to the few people who have the "craze," but no plaudits.

Dan Herty, who is not so graceful, but has Guerrero's determination tenfold, followed close at the Greaser's heels, and Cartwright, the little English "bulldog" champion, took third place, ahead of all the rabble behind them.

The excitement in the big crowd of spectators was intense. Superintendent of Garden Police Charles H. Ivins, in a big red satin rosette and badge, and a face full of more concern than serenity, marshalled his fifty special officers and exerted all his powers to keep order in the enthusiastic audience.

On one side of the tracks were the scorers for the audience; on the other those who kept the official record. Callers shouted the number of each "trotter" as he passed under the wire, and the two sets of scorers recorded the lap to his credit. Eight times around the track made a mile, and in exactly 6m. 20s., Gus Guerrero scored. Dan Herty and George Cartwright were not a second behind, and in half a round the rest of the men had each a mile to his credit.

Hoagland, the only simon-pure heel-and-toe man in the crowd, made his first mile in ten minutes, and his face was troubled, for Guerrero was closing up his second mile.

Each contestant wore a black card on his bosom bearing his number in the race.

THE SCORE AT 1 A. M.

At 1 o'clock, the end of the first hour, the score stood like this:

| | Miles. | Laps. | | Miles. | Laps. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cartwright | 8 | 6 | Hughes | 6 | 7 |
| Guerrero | 8 | 6 | Elson | 6 | 7 |
| Alberts | 8 | 5 | Paul | 6 | 7 |
| Heggleman | 8 | 5 | Johnson | 6 | 7 |
| Golden | 8 | 4 | Pittilla | 6 | 7 |
| Reinhoffer | 8 | 2 | Dillon | 6 | 7 |
| Strokel | 8 | 2 | Fields | 6 | 6 |
| Herty | 8 | 2 | Ghost Sullivan | 6 | 6 |
| Taylor | 8 | 2 | Call | 6 | 5 |
| Callahan | 8 | 1 | Hoagland | 6 | 4 |
| Hart | 8 | 1 | Swenk | 6 | 4 |
| Connors | 7 | 7 | Newnart | 6 | 3 |
| Sinclair | 7 | 6 | Burrell | 6 | 3 |
| Larkey | 7 | 4 | Munson | 6 | 2 |
| Vint | 7 | 3 | Schriver | 6 | 2 |
| Manhattan | 7 | 3 | Winters | 6 | 0 |
| Cox | 7 | 3 | Sohn | 5 | 6 |
| Dufrane | 7 | 3 | Old Sport Campana | 5 | 6 |
| Horan | 7 | 2 | Hales | 5 | 2 |
| Noremac | 7 | 2 | Gutterman | 5 | 2 |
| No Name | 7 | 2 | Hogg | 4 | 6 |
| Panchot | 7 | 1 | Stout | 4 | 6 |
| Curran | 7 | 1 | Stolpp | 4 | 1 |
| Day | 7 | 0 | | | |

So completely demoralized were the management that the names of several of the contestants had not been learned at the close of the first hour. When Chief Scorer Ed Plummer announced the score of the first twelve of the pedestrians there was a deafening cheer and the men were encouraged to greater effort.

Lepper Hughes was the first to cry, "Hold, Enough." His old trouble with his feet returned in the second hour, and he retired to his cot at his number in the row of rude huts at the east end of the track to have the weak pedal rubbed and bathed. When he returned, men who did not know his pluck pitied the poor fellow and shook their heads discouragingly, but old John kept on, limping many a turn around the track.

As the plodders went on in their journey under the eyes of the thousands, the dogged, persevering way in which the long-legged heel-and-toe man, Hoagland, pushed one foot ahead of the other, the gunshot speed and the "business-is-business" air of the "Shoestrings" roused the interest and admiration of the spectators, and he was applauded at every turn. He walked. Every one else ran or trotted, yet at 3 o'clock he was only six miles behind the greaser, who was still leader of the pack.

Six miles—less than an hour's work.

Hoagland is anxious to make a match with George Littlewood, the English champion heel-and-toe walker of the world. Littlewood's record is 9 miles 1,395 yards in 1 hour, and 439 miles 1,720 yards in 94 hours.