WHERE ARE THE BIG FAMILIES?
Has No Mother More Than Fifteen Living Children
TO COMPETE FOR THE
"Evening World's" Maternity Prizes
OF
$100, $50 and $20?

The Evening World.

A MIDSUMMER COMPARISON.
TOTAL NUMBER OF COPIES OF THE WORLD PRINTED DURING THE FIRST SEVEN MONTHS OF 1887:
45,197,738.
TOTAL NUMBER OF COPIES OF THE WORLD PRINTED DURING THE SEVEN MONTHS OF 1889:
71,309,135.

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1889. PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA

11.30 O'CLOCK.

MURDERED.

A Burglar Kills a Brooklyn Grocer This Morning.

A Similar Crime to the Slaying of Lyman S. Weeks.

Almost Hacked to Pieces with a Bowie Knife.

A Terribly Brutal Crime by a Midnight Marauder.

The Murdered Man's Wife Sees Him Stabbed to Death.

A Vigilant Policeman Captured the Murderer as He Ran.

One of His Companions Caught in This City and Confesses.

A murder even more horrible and more brutal than that of Lyman S. Weeks, who was shot dead by a burglar on March 15, 1887, was committed in Brooklyn early this morning.

The victim is Christian Wilhelm Luca, a well-to-do German groceryman, who lives with his family over his store at the corner of Jay and High streets, within three blocks of the Bridge entrance.

The unfortunate man was literally hacked to pieces with a big bowie-knife in the hands of a burglar who had broken into his apartments.

The murderer's name is Charles McElwain, and the people say he had two accomplices.

McIlwain was arrested immediately after the murder as he was leaving the house, and is now locked up in the Second Precinct Police Station.

He is a driver of an ice wagon for Coughlin Bros., of this city, but he lived at 143 High street, Brooklyn, only a few doors from Luca's store.

His two accomplices are said to be professional burglars, and the police give their names as Martie Diveen and Tom Quinlan, both of whom are reported to be well-known criminals.

THE MURDER.

The murder was committed about 3.30 this morning, and ever since daybreak the street in front of the house has been crowded with people, eager to obtain every scrap of news in regard to the terrible tragedy.

THE DEAD MAN'S HOME.

The house is a three-story frame building, in the rear of which is a yard opening on High street, and inclosed by a high board fence.

Mr. Luca occupied the entire second floor with his family. The front room on Jay street was used as a sitting-room, the middle room as a bedroom where Mr. and Mrs. Luca and the two elder children—Harry, nine years old, and Gus, four years old—slept.

The rear room looking out on the yard is a comfortably furnished apartment used as a dining-room, and a small room opening out of it was occupied by the servant, Maida, who also had the baby under her charge.

Two clerks, Henry Beekman and a boy named Dick, slept in the front hall bedroom.

ENTERED THE HOUSE FROM THE REAR.

The burglars entered the yard in the rear of the house, and put a ladder up to the middle second-story window. McElwain was the one selected to go in.

THE MURDERER BUT NINETEEN YEARS OLD.

He is a slightly built young man and only nineteen years old.

He opened the window easily and crawled in and was making his way to the front room, where it was supposed that Mr. Luca kept his money box.

It was quite dark at the time.

HIS VICTIM AWAKENED.

He had reached the passageway leading through the bedroom when Mr. Luca was awakened by the noise, and got up to see what was the matter. He did not wake his wife.

As he entered the dining-room he saw the figure of a man making for the window and grappled him at once.

McIlwain was so frightened that he dropped his hat near the bedroom door, where it was picked up afterwards. He was in his stocking feet

STABBED WITH A BOWIE KNIFE.

Luca was a big, powerful man, weighing over two hundred pounds, and he would have made short work with the intruder had not the latter been armed with a knife, an ugly-looking weapon, with a blade fully six inches long.

As soon as Luca seized him near the window they began to tussle about, knocking the furniture about and making a great noise, which woke up all the rest of the family.

A DEATH STRUGGLE.

Mrs. Luca rushed out of the bedroom, followed by Harry, her nine-year-old son, and the servant came out of the other door.

Luca was down on one knee in front of the window and his assailant stood over him, striking him repeatedly.

"I'M BEING MURDERED."

"Help! Murder! Police!" shouted Luca at the top of his voice. "Help! I'm being murdered."

Mrs. Luca jumped forward and caught the murderer by the arm while the servant grabbed him by the coat, while Luca tried to get up.

"Stand back!" cried McIlwain, to the two women flourishing his knife, which they then saw for the first time. "Stand back and let go of me, or I'll cut you open as I did him."

THEN HE JUMPED FROM THE WINDOW.

Both women shrank back in horror, and McIlwain jumped out of the window, and grabbing up his shoes ran out of the yard down High street.

Luca meanwhile had struggled to his feet and had staggered to the sink in the corner of the room.

"FOR GOD'S SAKE GET ME SOME HELP!"

"For God's sake, Mary, get me some help," he groaned. "I believe I am killed," and with that he sank down in a heap in the corner of the room.

The shrieks of the woman aroused the whole neighborhood, and a few seconds afterward Dr. Stone, who lives on the opposite side of Jay street, came running in.

It was too late, however, to do anything for the wounded man. He was fast dying.

LITERALLY HACKED TO DEATH.

There were three or four deep gashes on his right shoulder and arm, and a horrible cut in the breast right under the heart from which his life-blood was pouring in a stream. Within ten minutes he had breathed his last, and a sheet was spread over his body just where he fell to await the coming of the Coroner.

DRENCHED WITH BLOOD.

The carpet of the room near the window was drenched with blood, and on the sill of the window and all down the side of the house there was a stain which looked as if a torrent of blood had been poured down there.

CROWDS ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Hundreds of people stood in the street this morning and eyed the horrible spectacle curiously.

THE MAN WHO CAUGHT THE MURDERER.

Policeman Kennedy, who has the post on High street, was the officer who captured the murderer. He said to an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning:

"I was standing at the corner of Bridge and High streets about 3.40 A. M., when I heard a man yelling 'Murder! police!' up the street.

"I started on a run and hadn't gone half a block when I saw a man running towards me with his shoes in his hand on the other side of the street.

"I ran over and grabbed him. He had blood on his clothes, and would at first give no account of himself.

PUT THE NIPPERS ON HIM.

"Officer Cassidy of the next post came up and we put the nippers on him and searched him. We found a big, wicked-looking knife with a blade six inches long and covered with blood in his pocket.

"We took him up to the corner and found that Mr. Luca had been stabbed by a burglar, so we took the fellow in.

"Mr. Luca was so far gone that he couldn't talk and he died a minute afterwards.

RECOGNIZED AS THE MURDERER.

Both Mrs. Luca and the servant recognized him as the man who had stabbed Mr. Luca, and the little boy Harry also identified him as the man he saw running out the gate.

M'ILWAIN OWNS UP.

McIlwain then confessed that it was he who stabbed Luca, and told where he lived. at 143 High street.

"I asked him where the other man was and he said there was no other at first, and then told me that he had a companion, but he didn't know where he had gone.

"I sent him to the station-house, and then went around to the house where he said he lived."

AN ARREST IN THIS CITY.

Soon after the alarm was received at Police Headquarters in this city Roundsman Ivory, of the Madison street police, was walking through Pike street when he met Martin Diveen, who has served several terms for burglary.

Diveen had just come from Brooklyn and the roundsman arrested him on suspicion.

At the station-house Diveen said that he had spent the evening in Brooklyn with a friend named McIlwain, and that the two had parted about 1.30 o'clock this morning on the corner where the murder was committed.

He stoutly denied all knowledge of the murder, but was taken to Police Headquarters.

RECOGNIZED BY INSPECTOR BYRNES.

The prisoner was recognized by Inspector Byrnes the instant he saw him as a professional thief and ex-convict, who has been "up" two or three times for burglary.

He is a small, mean-looking thief. The recognition between him and the Inspector was mutual. The prisoner corrected the Brooklyn police. His name was Martin Diveen, he said, not Benson, as they had it.

He said that he and McIlwain, the Brooklyn prisoner, and Quinlan spent the night in this city. McIlwain's wife was with them.

Afterward they went to McIlwain's house, in Brooklyn, and stayed there till 1.30 A. M.

DINEEN CONFESSES.

Tom Diveen made a confession to Inspector Byrnes later in the morning, in which he said that he and Tom Quinlan were standing on the corner of Rutgers and Cherry streets last night, when McIlwain and his wife came along.

McIlwain said he was going to rob a house in Brooklyn and asked for their assistance.

AWAKENED FOR THE ROBBERY.

They went to McIlwain's house and slept until 2 o'clock, when they were awakened and set forth for the house.

Diveen and Quinlan remained outside while McIlwain entered.

A pedestrian saw them and whistled, and he and Quinlan started to run.

CAUGHT BY A POLICEMAN.

They were caught by a policeman just as McIlwain jumped from the window, covered with blood.

The crowd, who had assembled, shouted: "There goes the murderer!"

The policeman released them and caught McIlwain.

Diveen and Quinlan then came to this city, where Diveen was caught.

HOW LYMAN WEEKS WAS KILLED.

A Former Brooklyn Murder to Which To-Day's Crime forms a Parallel.

On March 16, 1887, two years and five months ago, the people of New York and Brooklyn were startled by the news of the murder of Lyman S. Weeks, a salesman in a Brooklyn wholesale house, in his home, No. 1071 De Kalb avenue, by a burglar.

Mr. Weeks had passed the previous evening playing backgammon with his family. About 11 o'clock he went to bed. A few minutes after midnight his wife heard a noise in the basement dining-room.

She called to her mother, Mrs. Ellingham, who was asleep in the next room, and asked her if she was putting coal on the fire. Mrs. Ellingham replied that she was not, and that she feared some one was in the house.

Mrs. Weeks awoke her husband. He arose, put his ear to the speaking-tube leading to the kitchen, was convinced there was some one in the house and then started downstairs, lighting a gas-jet on the first floor on the way.

In a few moments Mrs. Weeks and her mother heard a scuffle and a crash, but no pistol shot. Fearing that something serious had happened they raised the window and shouted "Police! Murder!"

Neighbors came to their assistance. On entering the basement room Mr. Weeks was found lying dead on the floor with a bullet hole in his night-shirt above his right breast. The bullet went through the heart and lungs and passed clear through the body.

He had been shot by a burglar, who was seen leaving the house at the time the alarm was given, and who walked down the street without being arrested.

Inspector Byrnes arrested three men—John Greenwald, "Butch" Miller and Paul Krause. All were indicted, but the indictments against Miller and Krause were quashed.

Greenwald was twice convicted of the murder, the last conviction being obtained Jan. 18 last. Greenwald's case is now before the Court of Appeals.

SARATOGA GAMBLERS ARRESTED.

Spencer Trask Starts a Crusade for the Reform of the Springs.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

SARATOGA, Aug. 21.—The managers of three gambling resorts were to-day arrested and arraigned before Police Justice W. A. Pierson on the charge of "keeping gambling establishments in violation of section 343 of the Penal Code." They waived examination and furnished bail in the sum of $300 each for their appearance before the Grand Jury, which will meet at Ballston Spa in October next. Those arrested include C. W. Mitchell, of No. 390 Broadway; Charles F. Mahon, of No. 19 Philadelphia street, and James Welch and Michael McCormick, of No. 449 Broadway. The complainant is Eugene Souilwet.

Albert Spencer, the owner of the Saratoga Club House, was to-night arrested by Chief Blodgett on the charge of being a "common gambler." Spencer waived examination and furnished bail to the Grand Jury in the sum of $500. It was disclosed in the police court that Souilwet and another informer named John O'Connel, besides an Albany lawyer, George Addington, are specially employed for these raids by Spencer Trask, who has a country seat, "Laddo," adjoining the Union Avenue Running Park. Spencer Trask is a member of the stock brokerage firm of Spencer Trask & Co., of New York, Philadelphia, Albany and Saratoga. He several months ago purchased one of the Saratoga papers, which has of late been making attacks upon the Club House here.

WEST VIRGINIA'S FLOOD VICTIMS.

Terrible Suffering Among Them Predicted Unless Help Is Given.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Aug. 21.—The suffering among the victims of the late disastrous flood in the valleys of Slate, Tucker, Tygart, Lee, Sandy and other creek valleys debouching from Limestone Mountain, the scene of the fatal cloudburst, still continues, with a prospect of still more suffering as the night grows colder. Many families are huddled in extemporized huts, built of rough boards, along the creeks and islands of the dismantled territory. Many are taken care of by the more fortunate but poor hill farmers, who have opened their doors and their hearts to their ruined neighbors. The charitable of the neighboring villages and cities are doing all in their power to relieve the sufferers, but all the help they can render will be entirely inadequate to place the hundreds in comfortable or even safe condition for the coming Winter. There will be terrible suffering among these people when the cold weather sets in unless outside relief is extended.

Suicide of a Fratricide.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

AUBURN, N. Y., Aug. 21.—Perrine D. Matteson, the first man committed to the State Asylum for Insane Criminals under the act that persons adjudged insane at the time of their crime may be sent to the Asylum without trial, hanged himself there last night. Matteson was always considered insane. He was arrested and imprisoned in the Asylum for the murder of his brother.

Charged with Being a Dynamiter.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

LEXINGTON, Ky., Aug. 21.—John R. Mock, a carpenter of Sandersville, near this city, was arrested to-day on the charge of trying to murder with dynamite D. T. Baxter, a newspaper correspondent. Detective Ray, of Chicago, worked up the case, and the evidence, while largely circumstantial, is very strong. Mock is a discarded lover of Baxter's young wife.

ONLY FOUR NOOSES DANGLE.

Gov. Hill Grants Charles Giblin a Respite for Sixty Days.

BUT A NEW TRIAL IS DENIED HIM.

The Good News Follows Close Upon the Bad—Lewis's and Nolan's Petitions for Reprieve Refused—How the Tidings Were Received—To Be Hanged in Paire—The Gallows in Place To-Day.

First—Conclusive proof never was furnished that the bill offered by Charles Giblin was counterfeit, and bill has disappeared. If bill were good, he was not engaged in an unlawful act and the grade of his offence is thereby reduced. *If it were good, Giblin was being robbed, with violence.*

Second—The ownership of the weapon with which the killing was done certainly is in dispute.

Third—The killing occurred during a scuffle, after Giblin had been attacked, and no evidence of premeditation was shown. Giblin's previous character has been shown to have been good.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

ALBANY, Aug. 21.—Gov. Hill had before him three applications for clemency in murder cases yesterday. They concerned Lewis, Nolan and Charles Giblin, three of the five condemned murderers under sentence of death in the Tombs in New York. The Governor denied the application of a commutation of death sentence in the cases of Lewis and Nolan and they must hang. Lawyer William F. Howe appeared for all three, asking for a respite in each case or a commutation of the death sentence.

"I will state the points in the Giblin case as they were stated in The New York World of Tuesday," said Mr. Howe. "Where is the five-dollar bill that caused the trouble? Was it ever declared counterfeit by experts? If so, who are they? Whose was the pistol? Did the pistol explode accidentally? Is the alleged counterfeit five-dollar bill still in existence?"

The bill, he said further, had not even been produced at the trial.

"The bill was produced," corrected Assistant District-Attorney Parker, and he read from the records of the trial to prove it.

"But the bill was not shown to be a counterfeit," interjected Mr. Howe.

"This was not necessary," Mr. Parker replied, "for Giblin was not tried for passing counterfeit money, but for murder in the act of committing a felonious assault upon Baker Goelz."

THE GOVERNOR QUESTIONS.

"But I consider the fact, as to whether the bill was a counterfeit or not, as very material in the case," quickly interposed Gov. Hill, "for it was the attempted passage of the bill which led to the murder. Now, is this not a fact?"

Mr. Parker gravely bowed his head.

"What was the previous record of Giblin?" asked Gov. Hill.

"Good," quickly answered Lawyer Howe. "He was a loving husband, and came from Worcester, Mass., to New York to work at his trade as an engraver. He had been in our city only a few months when the affair happened, and the District-Attorney failed to find anything damaging to the character of Giblin. The Judge, in passing sentence of death upon the prisoner, referred to this fact." And Lawyer Howe read what the Judge had said upon this point.

"This fact should certainly have some bearing upon the determination of the case," said Gov. Hill.

Mr. Parker acknowledged that nothing could be sworn to against the previous good character of the prisoner, though an attempt had been made to prove he had attempted to pass counterfeit money in Massachusetts, but the Judge excluded this testimony.

THE BILL MISSING.

Mr. Howe then read from the evidence to prove that the five-dollar bill was missing; that no expert had ever declared it a counterfeit; that Giblin never had a pistol; that the weapon used was the property of Baker Goelz and that the fatal shot was fired during a scuffle, in which the baker was being assisted to beat Giblin by several others, and in which scuffle in defense of his life Giblin had picked up the pistol when it dropped to the floor from the hand of Baker Goelz.

When the lawyer had concluded Gov. Hill promptly granted a respite for the condemned man. The genuineness of the five-dollar bill had not been proven at the trial; the prosecution had failed to follow up the case to find out whether Giblin ever owned a pistol, and there was no evidence as hinted at to prove that Giblin ever owned a pistol, and there was no evidence, as hinted at, to prove that Giblin was a passer of counterfeit money. So the Governor reviewed the case. There were many incongruities in the case which he would like to analyze and examine. He also desired to read the decision of the Court of Appeals in the case, and would therefore respite Giblin for sixty days.

This appeared eminently satisfactory to Lawyer Howe and Mr. Parker. The Governor's decision also gave great satisfaction to those present at the hearing. Gov. Hill took unusual interest in the case, asking Messrs. Parker and Howe a great number of questions at various times during the hearing.

Long before the news of the Governor's action reached this city Giblin's hopes were dashed by the failure of his application for a new trial, so that the respite from the death penalty was received as by one with the halter already about his neck. Judge Barrett's decision denying the application was handed down yesterday morning and is as follows:

THE DECISION.

I have gone over these affidavits with all the care called for by the present grave and painful circumstances. But looked at in the most considerate light there is nothing in the affidavits which would justify the granting of a new trial. It is impossible to resist the conclusion that this application is the last resort of a hopeless defense. The falsity and shallowness of what is erroneously called newly discovered evidence are abundantly demonstrated, not only by the proofs on its face, but by the affiants statements. The silliness of one excuse for not giving a very false and improbable excuse for not telling what she now says was the whole truth, while the new witness, her sister, is overwhelmed, not only by the people's affidavits as to her character, her conflicting statements and the actual facts, but also by the unreasonable nature of her evidence.

Upon all this testimony, pro and con, the verdict could not well have been different.

The testimony under consideration could not, under all the facts and circumstances disclosed, have carried weight, much less conviction, to any fair or reasonable mind.

It is, the more, on the utter improbability of this testimony, the fatal evidence of the witness when she should have spoken, the consciousness of her falsity evinced by the prisoner in the delay which ensued after she did speak, as well as the affirmative evidence of inadequate motives, conflicting declarations and down-right fabrication that the motion should be denied.

My judgment is therefore placed upon the distinct ground that on this evidence the verdict would probably not have been changed; and indeed that a change would scarcely have been possible. The application, therefore, must be denied.

For nearly three hours these words, shutting out hope, had been ringing in Giblin's brain. The apathy of despair had seized him. Then came the message from Albany, lifting the condemned man from the slough of despond. Sixty days! What possibilities do they not contain!

HOW GIBLIN RECEIVED THE NEWS.

"Thank God for his mercy!"

It was a fervent exclamation and dropped from the tremulous lips of the respited man yesterday afternoon on being told by the captain of the death watch that Gov. Hill had granted him a respite.

Few men have passed through such an awful experience as his. The change in his appearance and demeanor during the interval between

THINK MR. PECKHAM DID RIGHT.

Twenty-five Masons Withdrew from the Baltimore Lodge Aug. 12.

The resignation of Past M. G. Commander William H. Peckham from membership in the Cerneanan Consistory, whose letter explaining his action therefor was published in yesterday's WORLD, was the subject of considerable comment in Masonic circles yesterday. The general opinion seemed to be that Mr. Peckham had acted wisely in withdrawing, and that his action was merely the forerunner of a general exodus from this body.

Since the recognition of the Grand Orient of France by F. T. J. Gorgas, the Chief of the Cerneanan Rite Masons, in direct opposition to the rules and proclamations of the grand lodges in this country, the adherents of that body have felt themselves placed in a very delicate position.

"Yes," said Grand Secretary E. M. L. Ehlers, who was seen yesterday at the Masonic Temple, "Mr. Peckham was wise in his day and generation. He has taken time by the forelock. There are but two things for the members of the Cerneanan Rite to do, either to ignore Gorgas or to be subject to a Masonic trial in the blue lodges. There can be doubt of the power of the blue lodges to act in the matter. The law reads that no person shall be recognized as a Freemason who doubts or ignores the existence of a Supreme Being. Certainly the recognition by Mr. Gorgas of the Grand Orient of France, where no such belief is required, is in direct violation of the law."

Grand Secretary P. F. D. Hibbs has written an open letter, in which he supports Mr. Gorgas and says that Mr. Peckham approved all that the latter had done while in France.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 21.—The announcement of the resignation of William H. Peckham, Past M. P. Grand Commander, from the Scottish Rite Masonry occasioned little surprise here, as some twenty-five members of Baltimore Consistory, No. 9, at a meeting held Aug. 12 withdrew from this Consistory, Mr. Gorgas being present at the meeting.

C. C. Isaacs stated that the course of Mr. Gorgas was such that he and many others withdrew to testify their disapprobation and were convinced that as long as friendly relations were continued with the Grand Orient of France such was a violation of the Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite and its original and unalterable law of respect for the prerogative and wishes of the grand lodges of the country.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—The resignation of William H. Peckham recalled to old Masons here the events in the history of Masonry with which he was prominently identified. In this State Peckham had been ostracised from the Ancient and Adopted Rite by reason of his connection with the illegitimate Supreme Council of Scottish Masons. The general feeling among Masons in this city is that Peckham's retirement is a matter for congratulation rather than regret.

COLUMBUS, O., Aug. 21.—This city is the headquarters of Cernean Masons in Ohio. Dr. J. E. Bowen, a leading representative of the division here, when asked what he thought of the withdrawal of William H. Peckham, said:

"It affects only the Gorgas Council and not Cernean Masonry. That Council is under the ban by every Grand Lodge for affiliation with the Grand Orient of France, an atheistic body. He seems to have withdrawn voluntarily and not to have been forced to it. For this reason his action cains respect for him."

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—The resignation of W. H. Peckham from the Scottish Rite is not a great surprise to Masons here, though it is regarded as a most important move and one likely to be followed by many other resignations from the Order.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 21.—"The action of Mr. Peckham, while unexpected, is certainly commendable," said Eminent Commander W. T. Robbins, to a WORLD correspondent, "and will assist in bringing to an issue and settlement a question that has grievously vexed Masonic bodies. Mr. Peckham has taken a brave stand in favor of one of the cardinal principles of Free Masonry, which recognizes the Deity, and good will come of it."

BLOWN TO NOWHERE.

Explosion of Gasoline Oil Obliterated All Trace of a Pittsburg Engineer.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 21.—The last stroke of the 3 o'clock bell had hardly died away this morning when a sudden and brilliant glare spread over the lower sections of the cities of Allegheny and Pittsburg. It was followed by a dull, heavy boom. For a moment darkness once more covered the sky, and then flame and smoke shot up in vast volumes from the Allegheny side of the Ohio River.

The large oil refinery of A. D. Miller was doomed to destruction.

Perry Heuck, the night watchman of the refinery, was found lying wounded and dazed on Washington avenue. He was taken to the drug store at the corner of Beaver and Washington avenues and his injuries attended to. Heuck could tell nothing of the explosion or how he escaped. Thornton Miller, the engineer of the establishment, was missing, and it is thought he perished in the flames.

Starting from the gasoline still, which had exploded, the flames spread in all directions. The tank of white oil was the first to ignite, but was soon followed by a large receptacle of the ordinary brand, and 25,000 barrels were ablaze at once. Alarm after alarm was sent out from fire headquarters and soon every engine in the city was at the scene and streams of water were pouring in from all directions.

Near the corner of Preble avenue and Adams street stood a cooper shop, a long, low, brick building, stored with empty barrels. Within fifteen minutes the entire square, except a narrow strip along Preble avenue, was one mass of flame. The roofs of the neighboring houses were smoking and the occupants, many of them half clad, were standing around half stupefied with fear. At 5.30 o'clock the flames were under control, so far as confining them within their original limits was concerned, but the fire was still burning at 9 o'clock this morning. The destruction of the refinery was complete. No trace of the engineer has yet been found, and there is no longer a doubt that he met death at his post. The plant was valued at $225,000. The insurance, if any, is light.

TWO SMASH-UPS ON ERIE.

Kindling-Wood Made of Cars and Several Persons Injured.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

ELMIRA, N. Y., Aug. 21.—A Lehigh Valley coal train, east-bound, was backing into a switch near Big Flats about midnight last night to make way for passenger train No. 2 over a west-bound track. The Lehigh Valley train had not backed into the switch before the west-bound train came into sight, and before it could be flagged plunged with great velocity into the centre of the Lehigh train. The engines on both trains were badly damaged and many cars were demolished. Fortunately no one was hurt. A man was sent to flag the Erie train No. 2, which was expected every moment. The flagman, it is claimed, failed to perform his duty. No. 2 came on at a high rate of speed and ran into the rear end of the freight train. The engine of the passenger train was badly demolished and several cars caught fire.

The engineer on the passenger train stuck to his post. His name is Andrew Wallace, of Horseheads. He and his fireman, Charles Kimball, of Horseheads, were terribly scalded, and it is feared they will die. It is said a drover named Tutton and several passengers were injured, but the report lacks confirmation. Work on the wrecks was pushed vigorously all the rest of the night, and about 10 o'clock this morning Erie train No. 8 was allowed to pass.

Amended Civil-Service Rules.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—The President, upon the recommendation of the Civil-Service Commission, has approved an amendment to the rules governing the railway mail service, excepting from examination clerks employed in that service exclusively as porters in handling mail matter in bulk, in sacks or pouches, and not otherwise, and clerks employed exclusively on steamboats. The Commission has amended regulation 7, concerning certification, so as to provide that eligibles not having claim of preference under section 1,754 of the Revised Statutes shall be entitled to three certifications independently of any certifications that may be given them in connection with persons having a preference claim.

NEVER in our recollection has well-made FURNITURE been sold at such low prices as are offered at FLINT'S, 104 & 106 East 23d st.

FARMER ATWOOD'S "FAKE."

Wanted It Thought that He Had Been Murderously Assaulted.

WISHED EXTENSION FROM CREDITORS.

He Drew Blood from His Nose and Spattered It Over His Clothing, Which He Left Behind Him in the Woods, and Disappeared—A Sensation, Admirably Contrived, Proves a Failure.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

BOSTON, Aug. 21.—When Farmer Charles Atwood, of Orange, set about making his friends and neighbors think he had been murdered he did so with cool and calm deliberation. Farmer Atwood had no idea of shuffling off the mortal coil at all. He had a good many troublesome debts, and he reasoned that by working up popular sympathy over his supposed murder the facts about his hard struggles to make a living would come out. Then again, he might use this as a means of securing an extension of time from his creditors.

So he went to work to play his ingenious little game of murder without blood or death. So with $25 in his pocket he hitched up his team at his Brook Valley farms and said to his good wife that he intended to visit Orange, three miles away. He started at nightfall. Halting at a dark spot in the highway, just such a place as the truculent and omnivorous tramp would select to lie in wait for an honest yeoman with a wad of $25 in his pocket, Farmer Atwood began to scatter about the mysterious signs of his bloodless murder, which were discovered the next morning. He punctured his nose with a knife until it bled as freely as a greenhorn against a "brace game." He drew off his overcoat, dashed a little blood on it here and there and threw it upon the ground. But before doing so the foxy ruralist tore off the buttons and ripped the sleeve half off, as if to indicate a struggle of Sullivanic proportions. His vest he also left behind, torn and muddy, with half of his broken watch chain dangling from the pocket. The watch, however, was carefully preserved for future use. A cheap pocketbook with a tired-looking dime within its folds was deposited just where the sand-bagging tramps would toss it when they had nothing but money.

The finishing touch to this little bit of Yankee comedy was the spattering of the lap-robe with Farmer Atwood's honest blood. The horse was allowed to roam at will and Atwood made off into the woods. Of course the next day the neighborhood was full of the story of the bloody tragedy. On all sides the most sincere sympathy for the tearful widow of the murdered man was expressed. Just as Atwood had planned, correspondents from Boston and Worcester and other country papers swooped down into the town, viewed the pregnant signs of a dark tragedy, interviewed the wife, talked with the neighbors, consulted the detectives and in their papers drew some thrilling word-pictures of the bloody assault, making the best sensation of the month.

Meantime, Farmer Atwood, being bereft of his coat, was safely laughing in his shirt sleeves over the commotion he had so successfully stirred up. He had gone to Greenfield, and had his hair cropped, whiskers shaved, for the double purpose of disguising himself and preventing undue familiarity on the wind. He then went to Shelburne Falls and bought Sunday papers recounting the mystery. He chuckled, and returned to Greenfield Tuesday last. Bernardston next. Here he hired a team and drove to Northfield. From the latter point he walked into Warwick, slept in a barn that night, and next day was seen crawling on all fours through the woods towards his own home. Farmer Atwood's art is of a high and dazzling order. Like one almost dead, entering his barn, he stood himself out on the floor, face-downward, in a pile of sawdust, giving the appearance of one who had fallen unconscious. There his wife found him.

The neighbors were summoned. Mr. Felton, who raised the fraudulently unconscious farmer, heard him utter, with studied incoherency, "You ain't the man who hit me."

They looked for terrible bruises, but found none.

"Don't hit me again. Take that sponge away, will you?" he cried, with melodramatic variations, all the while moaning piteously and apparently suffering intensely.

But Farmer Atwood's gory bluff was soon penetrated by Selectman Fowler. He smelt a rodent of the most gigantic kind from the beginning. It took almost a week to get right down to the fraud, but last night Atwood admitted that he was trying to fool the people and that his little razzle-dazzle had failed to work. He said he was in financial straits and ran away. He thinks he has been partially insane, and so do his neighbors and friends in the town of Orange and its vicinity.

LOST ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Three Portland Women Spend a Dreary Night on Mount Hood.

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 21.—Three Portland women, Mrs. George Bonar, Mrs. Frank Morgan and Miss Sallie Wiberg, had a thrilling experience on Mount Hood the other day. They became separated from a party that made the ascent and spent the greater part of the dreary night on a barren rock, 10,000 feet above the sea. Fifty men, armed with guns and lanterns, started out to search for the lost ones. The search was kept up all night. About 3 o'clock A. M. several signal guns were fired from the eastern slope of the mountain, near White River Canyon, where one section of the searching party found the women perched on a large stone and huddled together to keep warm.

The ladies said that when they found they had become separated from the party they wandered about for hours in the hope of finding the right road to the base. While doing so they frequently heard the scream of panthers and the howl of wolves. Fearing attack they sought a place on the top of the rock where they were found. Miss Wiberg held a long alpenstock with a sharpened iron bolt in one end, their only weapon, and seven times, when wolves and panthers were prowling about the base of the rock on which they were perched, she made ready to use it in defense of their lives.

Statistics for Anti-Prohibitionists.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 21.—County Clerk J. W. Nichols, of Leavenworth County, Kansas, has sent to the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture the annual census returns. They show a decrease of 14,421 in the population of the city of Leavenworth during the past year. Leavenworth now has but 20,800 population, against 35,227 in 1888. The figures were so surprising that Secretary Mohler wrote to the County Clerk that there must have been a mistake. The reply, written on the bottom of the Secretary's letter, was: "No mistake—prohibition."

North Dakota's Dilemma.

GRAND FORKS, N. Dak., Aug. 21.—A sensation was produced here yesterday when two lawyers discovered a serious difference between the Constitution and the Enabling act passed by Congress. All State institutions were located in the Constitution, and the public lands granted by Congress were divided. Lawyers find that Congress specifies that the Legislature shall locate institutions and divide the lands. Unless the Constitution is voted down it is probable that North Dakota will not receive the public lands from the Federal Government.

IT IS STILL A SOLID SOUTH.

Wade Hampton Says that the High Tariff Bribe Is Futile There.

WOULD WELCOME A NEGRO EXODUS.

With no Enmity to the Black Man, South Carolina's Senator Would Vote Fifty Millions to Find Him Another Home in Cuba or Elsewhere—Mahone to Be Snowed Under—Harrison's Policy.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—Senator Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, is in town. He has been keeping a weather eye open for President Harrison's widely-heralded Southern policy which does not appear to the Senator to have materialized as yet.

"The Republicans," he said to-day, "have always made an effort to break into the South, and I have no doubt that at this time they are especially earnest. At present they are directing their attention chiefly to Virginia, where they will certainly be snowed under. They have no chance of carrying Virginia this Fall, nor can they hope for better success in the other Southern States. They are trying to win by introducing the Economic question in the South. But as long as the matter of local self-government demands our attention our people cannot be divided on this issue. Whether a man is a Protectionist or a Tariff Reformer, the safety or welfare of his home is paramount to the tariff."

"Do you think," was asked, "that there is a growing protective sentiment in the South?"

"No," the Senator replied. "I think the tendency is more likely to be the other way, especially in the mining and manufacturing districts. The interests of the States of Virginia, Tennessee and Alabama particularly are advanced by low duties. They can produce iron and coal much cheaper than the same articles can be produced in the East. The protection only assists the Eastern manufacturers to keep up this rivalry. Without the high protection the rivalry would be greatly lessened. The less protection the more capital will go to develope the industries of the South. Seeing this, I do not think our people will be led off by this question. The efforts of the Republicans will be in Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina and, perhaps, Alabama. I do not think they will meet with success in either. The exodus of negroes from North Carolina, if it keeps up, will hurt them there, but they could not carry the State anyhow. Mr. Harrison's appointments in the South have been of a character to strengthen us in the resistance of any attempts made upon the Southern States. I know it has been so in South Carolina, and I presume it is the same elsewhere."

"Would any injury result to the South from an extensive exodus?"

"An inconvenience but no injury. We would gladly see the colored people move elsewhere, and we would be willing to suffer any reduction of representation that might result from their departure. It would derive no small share of our labor and make it a little harder for the present generation, but it would be the salvation of the future. I do not wish any harm to the negroes, but I would gladly sacrifice whatever votes we get in the Electoral College or in Congress by reason of them if they would go off to themselves or settle in New England. I would gladly vote to appropriate $50,000,000 for the purchase of Cuba or some other place for them to settle in.

"What do you think the Republicans will do with the Southern question in Congress this winter?"

"They can do nothing constitutionally. I think they will attempt to provide for Federal Supervisors and place the elections under Federal control. This would be unconstitutional and vicious. I do not think they can succeed in it, and I do not see that there is anything else they can do. There are Republican Senators who would oppose any measures oppressive to the South. Those who have investments there would oppose such a policy."

HOT WORDS FROM JUSTICE FIELD.

Denies that He Ever Sought Terry's Aid and Denounces Porter Ashe.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 21.—That lively Californian, R. Porter Ashe, had better stick to his racing stable than conjure up fairy tales in which Justice Field's name is mixed up. At least so think all the persons to whom THE WORLD correspondent spoke to-day on the subject of Justice Field's alleged bid for Terry's political support. Anyhow, old Judge Sol Heydenfeldt declares flatly that he never received such a letter from Field. Porter Ashe evidently got those babies mixed.

DEPUTY-MARSHAL NAGLE.

Mr. Heydenfeldt was rather angry when THE WORLD representative saw him to-day relative to Mr. Ashe's story of the correspondence. "Let's have this denial in black and white," said he, and forthwith he wrote the following statement:

"I had at one time, many years ago, a letter from Justice Field in which he stated that he was going to devote his leisure to preparing for circulation among friends his reminiscences, and referring to those of California times he requested me to obtain from Judge Terry his version of the Terry-Broderick duel in order that his account of it might be accurate. As soon as I received this letter I wrote to Judge Terry informing him of Justice Field's wish and recommending him to comply, as it would put him on record as compiling a correct account of the affair. I received no answer from Judge Terry, but meeting him some weeks later on the street in this city he said he had had no time to write the history of the duel, and added that the published and accepted version was correct. This letter is the only one which passed between Justice Field and myself in which Terry's name was ever mentioned, and with the exception of the above-mentioned street conversation Justice Field was never the subject of conversation between Judge Terry and myself from the time I left the Bench in January, 1857, up to the time of Terry's death.

"As to the statement that during Terry's trouble with the Sharon case I offered Terry the use of Field's letter, it is a vile falsehood, whoever may be responsible for it. I had no such letter, and consequently could have made no such offer.

"Judge Levy was very positive in saying he didn't believe that such a letter as Ashe's leaks of is in existence. 'I was in both the Oakland and Stockton conventions,' said he, 'and never knew of Field asking for Terry's aid. Besides, I'm a nephew of Judge Heydenfeldt, and, I think, would have known if the Judge had received such a communication from Justice Field.'

Justice Field was in a rage when this *ignis fatuus* letter business was again brought to his not