FT. UNDERWOOD, OF CARTER.

AN AMAZING STORY OF A FAMILY FEUD IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS.

The Old Log Fort at Last Surrendered to the Holbrooks, who had Besieged it for Twenty-Seven Days—Only the Women and Children Left—George Underwood, his Ten Sons, and Numerous Partisans all Dead—The Assassination of Squire Holbrook—The Trial in a Neighboring County that Cost the State $150,000—A Girl's Heroism.

MT. STERLING, Ky., Oct. 25.—It is said that the cost to the State for the one item of sending a company of militia into the hills of Breathitt County last winter was over $100,000. A Judge had been shot and killed as he was about to open court to try one member of a Breathitt County family that had been at feud with another family of the same county. In the progress of this feud some fifteen or twenty persons—the exact number is not on the records—had been killed. To hold up the hands of the successor to this murdered Judge the State troops were sent into Breathitt, and they aided the Sheriff in making arrests, guarded the jail, Court House, jury, and witnesses, and generally kept the peace until the murderer was finally convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. To convict him the State spent nearly the estimated cost of the proposed new Capitol building at Frankfort, and more money than it pays for interest on the State debt in three years.

What the Littles and Strongs are to Breathitt, the Holbrooks and Underwoods were to the neighboring county of Carter. The Underwoods are lately extinct, except a few women and children, and the feud with the Holbrooks may be considered over for the present. Carter is not more than a hundred miles from the fertile fields of the blue-grass region, but between its dense woods and few, barren clearings and the great stock farms of Bourbon and Fayette the outlying spurs of the Cumberland intervene. It took the wagon trains that carried provisions from Mt. Sterling to the militia in Breathitt last winter nine days to make the seventy-two miles, or an average of eight miles a day. The six or seven counties in the eastern section of Kentucky are almost as foreign to the rest of the State as is Siberia to St. Petersburg. Once in a while a citizen of Breathitt, or Carter, or Magoffin, or Perry is brought down to Louisville to be tried before the United States Court for illicit distilling, and every winter their representatives, dressed in butternut jeans, get to Frankfort, and make more money at $5 a day than they have had before in their lives; but otherwise the mountain people know as little of the civilization of the lower counties as do the lower counties know of them. Mat Adams, present Clerk of the House of Representatives in Washington, represented this section for years in Congress; but it used to be said that he was about the only man in these counties who could read fluently, and whose signature was easily legible. Besides these accomplishments, he was afraid of no man living. However, his popularity was based upon many other qualities that made him an excellent representative. When one of the Judges of Breathitt was named as special Judge to try the case of the man who had murdered Judge Burnett he said, "Well, it'll be a heavy load to pack, but I reckin I kin pack it." But the Governor obtained a good lawyer from Louisville, and the murderer was convicted.

WHAT BEGAN THE CARTER COUNTY FEUD.

In Carter especially, of these counties, few inroads have been made into the primeval forests. The dense woods are only intersected at long intervals by stealthy footways that lead to the log farmhouses, with a hundred half-cleared acres, enclosed by worm fences. In surrounding this, Old George Underwood, an emigrant from Virginia, settled in this region forty years ago. He was a great hunter and then the country was hardly less a wilderness than it was when Daniel Boone made his way through it nearly a century before. The ten sons who were born to him grew up not less stalwart than was their father. They, like him, were dead shots. They were more reckless than the Western frontiersman, for they were never brought in contact with civilization. It is indeed a wild country. When the Louisville boys went up to Breathitt last winter, two of them were quartered for one night in a farmer's cabin. When awakened in the early morning they looked about to open the shutters.

"What, don't you have any windows up here," said their host. "In warm weather we keeps the doors open, and in winter the fires gives light enough—it and the cracks. But it was kinder dark in this room, and we sorter wanted a window so I made this little 'un." The little hole was a three-inch augur hole bored through one of the logs.

The first cabin built by old George Underwood was burned by guerrillas during the war, and the one put up in its place had no windows "to let the daylights in." George and his grown sons belonged to the Home Guards, the guerrillas on the Union side, and to that organization also belonged Squire Holbrook and some of his sons. Just what began the feud between the Holbrooks and Underwoods is not exactly known. Squire Holbrook, before he was killed, always averred that he caught young Jesse Underwood trying to steal his horses, and shot him only to save the beasts. It is certain that when Jesse was wounded he was near Squire Holbrook's premises.

It is narrated of the company of Home Guards to which the Underwoods and Holbrooks belonged, that during the early part of the war they received a message from Maysville, a thriving town on the Ohio seven fifty miles from the Underwood settlement, begging them to come to the rescue of its citizens. A detachment of John Morgan's command had captured the town and were making themselves free with the property of Union merchants. The Underwoods and Holbrooks, nineteen in number, rode day and night until they reached Maysville, drove out the Confederates, and then plundered every store in the town belonging to a Confederate sympathizer.

THE KILLING OF GEORGE TRUMBO.

The first strictly personal trouble in which the Underwoods were engaged was in September, 1865, just after the war. Jesse and David Underwood, two of the old man's sons, went down into Bath County to attend a circus, and, on their return home, stopped at a wayside grocery. Somebody called for a "Jeff Davis straight." Jesse jumped and inquired, "Who asked for that kind of liquor?"

Samuel Crane acknowledged that he was the man, "and," as it was described in the contemporary account of the affray—fuss, they call such difficulties in the mountain counties of Kentucky—"made for Jesse. David got between the two. Crane raised an ale bottle to smash it over David's head, and Jesse cocked his pistol at Crane to save his brother's life; but one George Trumbo stepped in front of Sam Crane, and received the shot aimed at the latter, which killed him instantly."

The Underwoods escaped into the Carter woods, but Trumbo's relatives were well-to-do, and offered a reward for Jesse's capture. The Governor also issued his proclamation offering the usual reward of $300 for his apprehension. On the application of the authorities of any county the Governor is obliged to offer this reward, and sometimes there will be a column of such brief proclamations in the newspaper officially designated to print them. A Sheriff's posse during five or six years made several attempts to capture Jesse. In two instances the invaders returned from the Underwood fort carrying back their dead. Every attempt resulted in the wounding of one or more of the posse. It was about this time that he was shot by Squire Holbrook. But this continued strife at last proved so annoying to Jesse and his brother Alfred that the former left one night for Iowa, where he remained four years, and the latter went to Texas. There, his old-time neighbors were assured, he obtained great note as the leader of a band of outlaws, and there he died in due time from a too accurate pistol shot.

A REIGN OF TERROR.

During Jesse's absence things went on quietly in the Underwood neighborhood, barring an occasional chance against the law, and his sons of horse stealing; but no blood was shed. It was not until the spring of 1877 that Jack Tasor and John Martin were arrested for horse stealing. Old George Underwood went their bail, they were released, and settled on a clearing near Fort Underwood. Squire Holbrook and others notified them to leave, which they did not do; but one night in June they stopped at Alex. Penlam's and the next day Alex was waylaid and badly wounded. Old George was on his way to Penlam's house with a doctor when two shots fired from an ambush struck him. One put out his eye. The next day Penlam got out of bed as far as the door, seeking fresh air, and a shot fired from the opposite hillside laid him dead across his doorsill. The feud of the Holbrooks and Underwoods was in full strength again, for it was only the day after the assassination of Penlam that Robert Glover of the Holbrook clan was shot through the heart as he was at work in the fields; and on the 22d of June Lewis Underwood, while gathering firewood, was pierced by a rifle ball, was shot in the stomach, and lingered for two years. The case was an interesting one in a medical point of view. Through the wound the process of digestion might be often witnessed.

Perhaps it was the fault of their training that these people acted so often like brutes, but there were sometimes bright points in their natures; at any rate it is said that young Jesse loved this brother Lewis, and came all the way back from Iowa to see him before he died, and incidentally to revenge his death. Bill Sebastian, son of Isaiah Masters, one of the Holbrooks, was ambushed and shot dead, and divers partisans of both sides were variously wounded. Neighbors abandoned their clearings and stayed closely in their cabins. It was reported that any doctor who attended any of the injured did so at his peril, as did any storekeeper who furnished burial clothes for the dead. This state of affairs continued for a regular siege by the Holbrooks of Fort Underwood, a large double cabin, into which all the Underwoods, men, women, and children, had been hustled. For nineteen days the siege lasted, inmates and assailants occasionally exchanging rounds; and during this time the door of the fort was never once opened except for a few minutes at a time, under cover of the night, to admit a breath of fresh air. The county authorities twice demanded a surrender, but old George answered that the law was not strong enough to protect him, did he abandon his stronghold. The Governor at last ordered out the militia—a company from Covington—and to them old George submitted without resistance. He and his sons were brought before justices of the peace, but no charge was made against them. Nor does it appear that the Holbrooks were molested by the law; indeed they pleaded that they were only trying to break up a den of horse thieves.

JESSE UNDERWOOD'S COURTSHIP.

It was at this time that Jesse reappeared. He partly sued for, partly commanded a peace; and as he was a particularly accurate shot, his request was heeded. Besides, he fell in love with the daughter of a neighbor, and during his courtship it would have been considered ill breeding to shoot him.

The people of these mountain counties of Kentucky are peculiar. It is an unquestionable fact that you can travel from Cumberland Gap to the Ohio, and that everywhere you will be hospitably received. You can carry a large sum of money with you, and you will never be harmed. "I reckin we kin keep you," the householder says, as you ride up with your whipstock at his cabin door; and his "bride and bread," coffee without sugar, and buttermilk, he will share with you without expectation or hope of a fee. In fact, your person is as perfectly safe in any part of these mountains as in Broadway, if you do not happen to get mixed up in a family quarrel. There are no murders for gain or lust; it is a pure question of give and take, and they do not understand why outsiders should concern themselves about it.

Jesse Underwood was the pride of Carter County. The accusation that he or his kin were horse stealers was always repudiated by them with scorn; they said that it was only a convenient excuse of the Holbrooks. Now the charge lies against them without protest, for they are all dead. Of Jesse an enthusiastic reporter of the Cincinnati *Independent* once wrote:

"Of middle size, with black hair, mustache, and eyes, in which was an expression of absolute courage, a handsomer man I never saw." The reporter added that in the eyes was also a look of simple gentleness, but this may be imagined. "He wore a gray felt hat, a drab vest and pantaloons, whose legs were tucked in his boots. On his belt was a Smith & Wesson six shooter, a cartridge and cap pouch, and slung over his shoulder was a powder flask. In his right hand was a double-barrelled shotgun, held, walking cane fashion, by the stock, the barrels downward."

"The world has been hard upon me," he said. "I don't like to fight; I want peace. Bushwhacking is so dreadful barbarous that I hate it."

Old George promised Jesse that he would sell out and move to Iowa, and Jesse again started for the West, taking a young wife with him. Travelling overland to a point on the Ohio, where he intended to take a steamboat, he was followed by the Sheriff of Lewis County—the old record of the killing of Trumbo, twelve years before, were thought to be still outstanding. They ambushed in the path of the bridal couple late one night, and as they passed opened fire on them, badly wounding Jesse at the first shot. But he fought desperately, killing one of the posse outright, and wounded two others before he fell, bleeding from half a dozen shots. He was taken to the Bath County jail, a new indictment for the murder of Trumbo was framed, and he was in jail awaiting trial when, in the spring of 1878, he escaped and quietly made his way back to Carter. His wife was dead, meanwhile, but his brother Lewis was still lingering from the wound of a year before.

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE OLD 'SQUIRE.

Jesse only left the fort thereafter to attend church meetings, but with the precaution of two revolvers and his shotgun. The hatchet was buried for nearly a year. It was on the Saturday in May that it was dug up, and the complete wiping out of the adult Underwoods was the result. On that day Elverton Underwood was shot while surrounded by his children. Two bullets passed through his body. They were fired from ambush. Jesse claimed that the trouble was begun by 'Squire Holbrook's, and that the tracks of one of them were those of the old 'Squire himself. But his brother Lewis was dying, and Jesse did nothing until in September death released the boy from two years of cruel suffering. Then the bloody work was renewed.

The boy died Sept. 1. Sept. 5 'Squire Holbrook and his son Millard were shot at as they were catching a horse in the pasture adjoining their house. A rifle ball passed through the old 'Squire's brain, and he fell dead. The son escaped. Sept. 8 William Underwood was shot through the heart while at work. Sept. 12 David Wilson of the Holbrooks was shot at from ambush and his left arm shattered. Sept. 15, as old George Underwood was stepping out of the door of the fort, sixteen shots were fired from behind the trees opposite. He was badly wounded in the arm and shoulder and the women dragged him in and sent for Jesse.

THE SECOND SIEGE OF FORT UNDERWOOD.

Jesse was out in the forests and at once hastened home. Just as he was entering the door one of the three shots from the brush-covered hillside opposite struck him in the shoulder, and passing through his left lung, came out on the other side of his body. He fell across the doorsill, but the ready hands of the women dragged him in before another shot could finish the work. Then began a drama unparalleled even in the history of these mountain outrages. The Holbrook faction rose from their ambush, and rushed yelling to the door. Inside there were huddled a dozen women and children, and on two corn-husk pallets the father and son were lying mortally wounded. There was little to eat or to drink in the house. Around it the Holbrooks established a cordon of sentries, and for seventeen days the door was never opened, except that a shot warned the women to close it speedily. On Sunday, four days after Jesse was shot, the wails of the women inside gave notice that the man was dead; but, as they had before refused to allow any doctor to go to the relief of the wounded men, so now the besieging party gave notice that any man or woman, either in the house or outside, who attempted to bury the dead man, would need to arrange for his or her own funeral.

In this stress old George Underwood did manage to get a message to the County Judge at Grayson, nineteen miles distant, asking him for protection. That official ordered the Sheriff to take a posse, bury the dead, and bring to Grayson the women, children, and the one living survivor; but so great was the terrorism that the Sheriff could induce not a single man in the county to accompany him. Then the Governor was telegraphed to for a company of militia, but without success.

On Sunday, October 12, the four women, a daughter, two nieces, and the sister-in-law of the old man, were keeping watch beside his pallet. At a knock at the door the women peered out through a loophole and saw a group of some twenty men with blackened faces in the yard. They demanded admittance, averring that Caleb White and John Martin had been seen to enter the house. They promised safety to the old man and the women if they were allowed to enter. The old man consented, and they searched the house without finding the men, but they seized old George's arsenal. It consisted of six guns, five pistols, three bowie knives, and a sword. They laughed as they uncovered Jesse's corpse, and then asked the old man to show his wounds.

THE LAST OF THE UNDERWOODS.

Old Jesse stooped over to take off the bandage. "Let's bring this meeting to a close," said the leader, as he raised his gun and emptied a load of buckshot into the old man's body. Another at the same moment shot him through the head, and he fell forward on his face dead. Through the wound in his body a man's fist might be thrust. Then the band went away.

The father of the Underwoods had, in some way, got befriended Frank McFerran of Olive Hill. The morning after the murder Agnes McFerran went about among the neighbors begging for assistance to bury the dead at Fort Underwood, but no one would venture. Then the girl and her father started for the house in a wagon. They expected nothing short of death, but happily found that the besieging party, having finished their work, had disappeared. The scene inside the cabin cannot be described, but with the help of the Underwood women, the two bodies were given decent burial. The cries of the mourners echoing through the stillness of the forest.

When a local Judge was asked to quash indictments against the Littles and Strongs in Breathitt, four or five years ago, he promptly concurred. The explanation given at the time was simple:

"Why shouldn't they be allowed to fight it out? If witnesses testify against either party they will be killed and so the feud will widen. If all witnesses testify they kill each other, that will be the end of it, and justice will be done."

Gov. Blackburn has said to a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* that he had been censured for not sending troops into Carter County. The truth was he had acted with all promptness and had taken all the legal steps to suppress that disturbance that he was legally empowered to do. He had been appealed to by the authorities of Grayson to commission a local militia company to undertake the suppression of the outlaws. He refused, because he did not know of whom the company was composed, or whether it might not happen that the members might not have a personal feeling in the matter themselves, and might want to take a little vengeance on their own account. He concluded to send Lieut. Bryan of Covington to report. Carter was now quiet, and he thought there would be no trouble about enforcing the law if the officers showed any disposition to do their duty.

The people of these mountain counties, with the negroes, give the main part of the Republican vote of Kentucky.

Col. Bryan's Report on the War.

Hon. L. P. BLACKBURN, *Governor of Kentucky:* In obedience to Executive Order No. 2 of date the 13th inst., directed to me, I immediately upon its receipt, proceeded to Grayson, Carter County, Ky., and, after a careful and thorough examination touching the points covered by said order, would report:

A feud has existed for several years among two families residing in that county, the Holbrooks and the Underwoods, which has resulted in frequent deeds of violence. Within the past six months six persons have suffered death by violent means, five of the Underwoods and one Holbrook, they having in each instance been shot from ambush. The killing of George Underwood on the night of the 12th inst. was peculiarly cruel, brutal, and cowardly, he having allowed masked parties to enter his house, they guaranteeing protection. They seized his arms, and then shot him dead, he being confined to his bed from a wound received a few days prior, and at the time of the killing was surrounded by the female members of his family. The scene of this lawlessness is a rugged, hilly, nearly mountainous region, twenty-five miles west of Grayson, the county seat, and near the Rowan County border. All of the grown members of the Underwood family residing in that region have been killed. The Holbrook party, as their adversaries are known, number, I am inclined to think, about twenty persons, some of whom live in Rowan and Elliott counties, near the Carter boundary. I have no doubt of the ability of the civil authorities in the county not only to suppress the lawlessness, but to bring the offenders to justice, if the proper effort was made. Indeed, no real effort toward that end has been made by them.

I regret to add that the indifference of the citizens generally, the failure upon their part to extend any moral support to the civil officers in enforcing the law against these violators, is, to a great extent, the cause of the utter failure of the officers to do anything.

I would add that a session of the Criminal Court for that county will begin on the 27th inst., and I was assured by both the officers and the citizens that an honest effort would be made to bring the guilty to justice.

The balance of the county is safe, quiet and peaceable. Having expressed the above opinion as to the ability of the civil officers in the premises, I only add that I do not conceive any military force necessary or proper to enforce the civil law. The Carter County State Guards, commanded by J. N. Stewart, number forty men, undisciplined, and consequently inefficient, although perhaps twenty of them, who have seen military service, including their Captain, and are familiar with that country, would, properly handled, be quite efficient in support of the civil officers. In pursuance of Adjutant-General Nuckols's order of the 15th inst., I took possession of the State arms issued to Capt. Stewart in 1877 by Gov. McCreary, and shipped the same, with accoutrements, to the State Arsenal. Two Springfield rifles are missing.

J. W. BRYAN,
Colonel on Governor's Staff.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Italian Opera—Carmen.

It is very evident that if Col. Mapleson wishes to save his season he must bring Mme. Gerster to the rescue, since none of the prima donnas whom he has thus far brought forward have reached the measure of public expectation.

The fourth of the newcomers, Mlle. Dolaro made her appearance last evening in "Carmen." She was a disappointment. Not that she had not a pretty and delicate voice, a pleasant method of singing, and a somewhat attractive presence, for all these she possessed; but she was entirely inadequate to the part, both as a vocalist and as an actress. She failed to fill the stage with her presence and to hold attention upon herself.

An actress who is so weak that she becomes inconspicuous, whose performance is so tame that the audience hardly knows whether she is on the scene or not, or knows it only to realize her inadequacy, is evidently not a person having the qualifications for a prima donna. The trouble with Col. Mapleson and certain of the young artists who he has brought before the public this season is that he has not measured them to the size of the Academy stage.

A woman may be a very charming and intelligent parlor singer, or even command admiration on the stage of some little theatre seating a few hundred persons, and yet fill the Academy walks into complete insignificance.

This was the case last evening with Mlle. Dolaro, and the worst of it was that she seemed to pull down the other characters with her, so that a general air of listlessness pervaded the earlier portion of the performance. Even Campanini was naturally in some degree affected by it, though he is such a conscientious artist, and so full of life and buoyancy, that it requires a great deal to take the spirit and freshness out of him, and, indeed, in the third act he recovered himself, and in the third and fourth acted and sang in his very best manner, and with such fire that the prima donna seemed all the weaker by contrast.

In most essentials the cast was the same as that which was given the opera last season. Del Puente, the ideal *Toreador*, assumed his old part with his old vitality. The ever-reliable Mme. Labiache was the *Mercedes*, Mlle. Robiati the *Paquita*. The three minor characters of the opera were all improved, and two smugglers were in weaker hands than last season, M. Thierry is a great loss, for he did many things notably well, and among them the old smuggler in this opera.

In one respect only was the performance better than that of last season, and that was in the representative of the character of *Michaela*. Last winter Mme. Sinico sang this, to us, as through a comb. This season a charming presentation of it is given by Mlle. Valleria, who is in every way suited to give expression to the delicate and lovely music of the part. This is something of a gain, but it does not make us any the less regret the loss of Miss Hauk in this part, but rather enforce the recollection of the wonderful and hardly rightly estimated talents.

Mlle. Dolaro costumed the character quite differently from Miss Hauk—far less prettily. This probably was more in accordance with the manner in which Mérimée represented his wild, lawless gypsy heroine, but it was a sacrifice of picturesqueness to truth.

To-morrow evening Miss Cary will appear. Happily there is no doubt as to what she can do. The audience of last evening was very large, in fact the best house apparently thus far of the season.

"Pique" at the Grand Opera House.

Miss Fanny Davenport began an engagement of one week last evening at the Grand Opera House, appearing as *Mabel Renfrew* in Augustin Daly's play of "Pique."

The play is not new to the New York stage, nor is Miss Davenport's impersonation of the leading character in it a novelty; but there was a large audience assembled, and Miss Davenport was accorded a warm reception. She acted *Mabel Renfrew* with an easy mechanical grace that relieved her of any serious responsibility that the part might imply; but such parsimony as there was of art was amply compensated for by the liberality of her personal appearance and attire. Her dresses were very bewildering and mysterious in their beauty, and any weak unsuppressing of their origin it was allowed by appropriate information in the play-bill. Indeed, Miss Davenport presented a personality which it would be futile to speak of as less than sumptuous, and as such it was received with deferential enthusiasm by the audience.

Miss Davenport's theory with regard to acting as an obsolete art has found stubborn and assiduous proselytes in several members of the company by which she is at present supplied at the Grand Opera House. Mr. Edwin H. Price afforded a startling example of the ease with which any pretence at acting may be dispensed with; and there were others who emulated his example with great effectiveness.

Upon the whole, "Pique," apart from certain qualities which it may be said are literary nature, presents, as it is now given at the Grand Opera House, an interesting occasion of study and contemplation.

Amusement Notes.

The manager of the Olympic Theatre has invited the Commissioner of Public Instruction to send the children in the public institutions to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin." About 200 of them will attend on Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Maggie Mitchell appeared as *Lucie*, in a play of that name, before a large audience at the Brooklyn Park Theatre last night. The plot of the play is interesting. The role of Lucie was well suited to Miss Mitchell's peculiarities, and her rendition of the part last evening was given with all her accustomed vivacity. The support was good.

Dying in the Street.

Early yesterday morning Policeman Conkling saw John Calvin of 210 Hudson avenue, Brooklyn, leaning against a stable at Concord and Gold streets. Calvin was very ill, and the policeman hastened to summon an ambulance. On his return a few minutes later Calvin was dead. His body was taken to his brother's home, at 107 Gold street. Calvin, who was 45 years of age, lost his wife about a year ago, and after that drank heavily.

Postmaster Greene's Resignation.

Postmaster Greene of Jersey City yesterday sent to the Post Office Department, Washington, his resignation, asking that it take effect immediately. He gives as the reason that if he remained in office he would be compelled, because of the peculiarities of some of his subordinates, to discharge the entire force and thus make the innocent suffer for the guilty.

Pistols in the Household.

Emma Milman, 17 months of age, shot herself in the breast yesterday while playing with a pistol at 22 Catharine street. Her father had put the pistol under a pillow and forgotten it. The child, crawling about the floor, found the weapon. She was alive last night.

Court Calendars This Day.

SUPREME COURT—CHAMBERS—Nos. 55, 61, 87, 89, 92, 94, 103, 115, 128, 149, 153, 177, 208, 218, 220, 222, 247, 248, 249, 250, 257, 258, 260. GENERAL TERM—Nos. 58, 197, 202, 253, 254, 255, 256. SPECIAL TERM—Nos. 201, 242, 267, 90, 203, 149, 151, 219, 249, 148, 230, 210, 215, 176, 32, 238, 166, 146, 171, 262, 162, 124, 220, 264, 175, 252, 243, 145, 218, 225, Part II—Nos. 1869, 987, 1463, 1447, 1467, 1284, 1446, 290, 1020, 1227, 1441, 1078, 1215, 1024, 1400, 1103, 1374, 1381, 1055, 471, 1081, 1218, 1315. Part III—Case on—Nos. 1124, Part III—Nos. 1252, 1255, 1256, 1257, 1259, 1261, 1262, 1270, 1263, 1265, 1266, 1269, 1270, 1272, 1269, 1267, 1268, 1266, 1264.

COMMON PLEAS—SPECIAL TERM—Nos. 1 and 12. EQUITY TERM—No. 7, 1, 27, 14, 26. Part I—Nos. 1157, 1035, 1144, 1145, 1148, 1045, 1100, 1080, 559, 993, 560, 1128, 1060, 1149, Part II—Nos. 1147, 1149, 1148, 1198, 1149, 1163, 641, 878, 1087, 1132, 1110, 1170, 1170, 1162, 1199.

MARINE COURT—GENERAL TERM—Appeals from Orders, Nos. 5 and 6. Appeals from Judgments—Nos. 13, 3, 4, 10, 14.

MARINE COURT.—Part I.—Adjourned for the term. Part II.—Adjourned until Nov. 3. Part III.—Adjourned until Friday, the 31st inst.

Greenfield's Caramels
Speak for themselves. 909 Broadway.—*Adv.*

PURSUING A BURGLAR.

A Twentieth Ward Grocer's Pluck and Persistence in the Face of Danger.

"I hear somebody down in the store cutting something," Mrs. Richard E. Butts said to her husband, who sat reading beside her at about 9½ o'clock on Sunday evening. Mr. Butts keeps a grocery at 339 Ninth avenue, and lives over it. The room they occupied is in the second story above the store, and the sound was indistinct.

Mr. Butts arose, and, taking with him a boy, George, 17 years of age, went down and thrust a key into one of the two locks on the door. A gas jet was burning in the rear, and he saw a man in the middle of the store staring at him. It was a well-dressed young man with a stiff black hat and black moustache. Mr. Butts turned the key as noiselessly as possible, and then drawing it out quickly thrust it into the second lock, lower down. As he did so the man made a dive, and was half way through an aperture in the rear door, which had been made by splitting out one of the lower panels. Mr. Butts, however, was able to seize his heels as they were disappearing, and to pull him back.

"George, bring me the hammer or the icepick, or something," Mr. Butts shouted, intending to fracture the bones of the man's legs unless he surrendered.

"Come here and help me hold him," was Mr. Butts's next shout to George. Then he became aware that somebody outside was pulling against him. George ran up to the door and grasped one of the man's legs. They pulled him back until part of his body reappeared. Then the man seemed to double on himself, and his face was seen at the opening. It had a bad look.

"Let go of my legs, or I'll shoot you both," came through the set teeth.

At this George loosed for the front door and began to shout "Police!"

"Shoot away," was Mr. Butts's response. "I've got you, and I'll hold you;" but the legs again began to disappear. Mr. Butts twisted the leg at right angles with the body, so as to get a purchase on the door, but the free leg followed him and kicked pertinaciously at his hands, until they were sore with bruises. Again and again he was obliged to let go and renew his hold in another place. The door was locked, and Mr. Butts could not let go his hold to unlock it, nor could he persuade George to unlock it, because he was intent on summoning the police. At last, when Mr. Butts was obliged to give up, he darted back through the store, seizing a hammer on his way, and going out on the sidewalk reentered the building by the hall. Just inside the door he met a young man hurrying out. He caught him by the throat, and raised the hammer.

"For God's sake! don't you know me, Mr. Butts?" the young man gasped.

It was an immediate friend of the man who had heard the noise in the store and was hurrying down to give assistance. Mr. Butts rushed past him into the back yard. He found a jimmy left by the burglar on the back stoop. A leader attached to the roof of the adjoining yard was broken, showing the track the burglar had taken. An occupant at 335 said that a stranger had just gone down into his cellar. Mr. Butts followed, and, feeling in the dark among some rags, laid his hand on the fugitive. No resistance was offered.

The prisoner gave his name in the Jefferson Market Police Court as Adolph Bradwell, and said he lived at 511 West Twenty-seventh street. In his pockets were a gold pencil case and some money taken from Mr. Butts's money drawer, which had been forced open.

Thousands of Acres of Forest on Fire.

NORFOLK, N. Y., Oct. 27.—Forest fires are again creating sad havoc in this neighborhood. An area covering thousands of acres is in a blaze. A large quantity of hay in stacks and much valuable timber is being destroyed. The season has been the greatest for years. There have been no rains here for thirty days. The ground is very dry, and to-night the wind blows hard. The loss will reach many thousands of dollars. Men are engaged day and night in saving farm property and buildings. Telegraphic communication is interrupted in several places by fire.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

New York Stock Exchange—Sales Oct. 27.

UNITED STATES, STATE, AND CITY BONDS (IN $1,000).

25 U. S. 4s, r	102½	5 N. Y. 6s cons	84¾
4 Georgia 7s	102	25 N. Y. 6s Loan Ctf	100
2 Tenn. 6s, new	33½	20 La. consols	43½

RAILROAD AND OTHER BONDS (IN $1,000).

15 R. H. A. E. inc	44¾	4 N. Y. El. 1st	113
25 R. O. R. A. inc	8½	9 Ohio & M. 2d	111¾
40 C. P. Pac. 6s	97	10 Ill. Cent. L. G.	106½
20 Ch. & O. 6s Ctf. unfd	20¾	14 C. Pac. L. G.	102½
5 R. & A. Pref.	11¾	4 P. & So. 1st	104½
14 C. R. I. & P. 1st coms.	102½	18 E. Tel. B. 7s	107½
10 C. Pac. Div. ass.	12½	13 K. P. 2d inc.	32
25 L. & W. Con.	82½	5 K. P. No. Bonds	7¾
25 A. & D. L. ass.	12½	5 N. Y. C. & H. R.	124
4 N. P. Coupons	179¾	10 C. & A. C. 1st	7¾
4 N. P. Pref.	37½	1 Tol. A. A. & N. M.	70
2 C. & A. Con.	117¾	10 C. & A. C. 2d	37¾
5 W. & A. Pref.	31	1 Pt. Huron 1st	37¾
2 C. & A. Pref.	117¾	5 St. L. & A. 1st	55
10 D. & H. C. 7s, 1st	109	2 St. L. & M. 2d 7s	100
10 D. & H. C. 1st	108	28 St. L. & A. 1st inc.	90
5 Mich. 6s	100	5 St. L. & I. M. 2d	74
47 Erie 2d	110¾	2 A. & T. H. 2d inc.	72¾
1177 Erie 1st	34	2 A. & T. H. 1st	73
5 Erie 3d	86¾	4 A. & T. H. St. L.	72¾
16 L. S. & M. S. 2d	107	3 T. & W. 1st	70
10 Mob. & O. Bonds	32¾	3 T. & W. 2d inc.	34¾
15 L. S. & M. S. 1st	94¾	8 T. & W. 2d inc.	34¾
2 L. S. & M. S. 2d	93	2 Ohio & Miss. 2d	34¾
2 L. & W. R. 1st	73	3 Ohio & Miss. 1st	90
5 Mo. K. & T. 1st	90¾	3 C. & I. C. 7s	80
2 Mich. Cen. 7s	120	10 St. L. A. & T. R. pf.	60¾
207 N. C. & A. T. con.	28	28 Tex. Pac. L. G.	9½
131 Mo. K. & T. 2d inc.	34¾	10 Iowa Midland 1st	90
1 N. Y. Central 1st	112	1 Rome & W. 1st	95
10 Am. Sc. 1st	80¾	2 Rome & W. cons. 1st	109¾

RAILROAD AND OTHER STOCKS.

100 Ath. & Sus.	107	200 Lake S. & M. S.	95¾
100 Atch. & Sant. Fe	30½	200 Lake S. & M. S.	95¾
100 Atlantic & Pac.	1¾	100 Mich. Cent.	50
100 Balt. & Ohio	14	100 Mich. Cent.	50
100 Bost. & Alb.	86	100 Mich. Cent.	50
100 Bost. & Alb.	86	100 N. Y. Elev.	125
100 Bost. & Alb.	86	100 N. Y. Elev.	125
100 Bost. & Alb.	86	100 Northwestern	57
100 Bost. & Alb.	86	100 Northwest. pf.	102
100 Bost. & Alb.	86	100 Northwest. pf.	102
100 Bost. & Alb.	86	100 Pacific Mail	36¾
100 Canada South.	75¾	200 Pacific Mail	36¾
100 Canada South.	75¾	100 Pacific Mail	36¾
100 C. C. C. & I.	32½	100 Pacific Mail	36¾
100 Chic. & Alton	24	100 Pacific Mail	36¾
100 Chic. & Alton pf.	74