The Sun.

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A TORNADO'S AWFUL WORK.

HOUSES HURLED THROUGH THE AIR AND SCATTERED IN PIECES.

A Panic in a Meeting—A Building in Which Odd Fellows were Gathered Blown Down—A Woolen Mill Destroyed and Persons Killed in It—The City of Washington Court House, Ohio, in Ruins and in Mourning—Five Lives Lost and $1,000,000 Gone.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 9.—Washington Court House is the county seat of Fayette county, in this State. It has had a most extraordinary growth within the past fifteen years, and being the centre of a rich agricultural district, with excellent railroad facilities, it had grown to be a business place of considerable importance. Its residents beautified the town with tasteful dwellings, and its recently completed Court House was one of the best in the State.

Last night's experience of the inhabitants of this town has no parallel in the experience of any town in Ohio. About 6 o'clock a heavy cloud began rising in the north, and in a few minutes afterward clouds also appeared in the south and west, gradually obscuring the sky. At 7:45 o'clock the heavens were filled with whirling masses of clouds, which seemed to be going in almost every direction at once. In a few minutes later a heavy rainfall began. That and the darkness drove everybody into shelter. Soon after the rain began to fall the wind came with a terrifying sound.

People were not frightened until they heard the rattle of signs thrashing in the terrific storm. The wind kept getting worse and worse until the most substantial buildings in the town rocked on their foundations at the mercy of the steadily increasing gale. Bricks and beams, roofs, fences, and almost every conceivable thing that could possibly be wrenched loose flew through the air, scattering death and destruction everywhere. The work of the storm was almost instantaneous. Some say it was over in two minutes, but nobody could take note of time in such a fearful experience. Above its fierce roaring was heard the crashing of broken and falling buildings and the incessant booming of thunder which followed the sharp flashes of lightning that seemed to plunge into the town from every side.

The people were taken completely unawares, and a wild panic-stricken flight from the tumbling buildings in which they were sheltered, mad frenzy seemed to seize them, and they hurried hither and thither in their wild distraction, little knowing whither they were fleeing. The two minutes of this startling experience was followed by a new feeling among the scattered and terrified survivors, more sickening and appalling than that which they had passed. It was the uncertainty of the fate of friends and relatives. All who escaped alive felt sure that many lives were certainly lost. When the fierceness of the storm had passed, and men could communicate with each other, it was found that the gas works were destroyed and all the street lights were out. Only by the lightning flashes were the frightened people able to catch glimpses of the desolation that had wrecked that little city. Friends called for friends, and as answers came the first shock of dread was relieved.

Bonfires were lighted and torches improvised, and the search for the missing, the dead, and the wounded began. Wherever cries were heard ready aid was given. More than that, the débris was overturned to see if any more dead could be found. With cheerful welcome the doors of such houses as were not destroyed were opened for the houseless ones. In many cases these were utterly bereft of all household goods. The night was a fearful one.

The storm first struck the house of J. N. Roberts, about six miles west of Washington. He and his family, a wife, and three children, were in an up-stairs room when they heard the cyclone coming on. They hastened to the cellar for safety, and had scarcely been quartered there when their entire house, lifted off its foundation, hurled through the air a distance of 250 feet, and then landed in the pike, a mass of broken timbers. Roberts and his family had a miraculous escape.

Music Hall was filled with people attending the Salvation Army meeting, and as a portion of the roof and ceiling fell in a disastrous panic and stampede was prevented with the greatest difficulty.

The tornado is described as having had the appearance of an immense rolling ball of cloud illuminated with the ghastly radiance of electricity. As it whirled on its course toward the east, it next struck the residence of John D. Stucker, in the western suburb of the city, which was completely demolished.

As the tornado made its inroad into the business part of the city, it left destruction and death in its path. Many buildings were twisted and whirled to the ground. Loaded freight cars were torn from the track, carried forty or fifty feet, and upturned. After wrecking the main portion of the city the tornado seemed to divide, one portion going toward the east and the other to the south. The northeastern and southwestern portions of the town escaped with comparative little damage, and the inhabitants of these portions did not know of what had happened until the clanging of fire bells announced that something was wrong. The work was indeed terrible. Five persons are known to have been killed, and other bodies may be discovered as the débris is moved away.

When the tornado came up the Odd Fellows were in session. Some noticed that the building was giving way. Members were in the main hall, and at once rushed to the front wall for protection. It went down with a terrible crash, and they all rushed to the rear wall, and were holding to it and to the railing of the stairway when this wall, too, went over. J. C. Tanpet was holding to it, went over, and was buried through the air a distance of fifty feet into the back yard of Reahards's store. He was taken up, and found fatally injured. About thirty members went down with the building, and were buried in the débris. The building is a mass of ruins. How any escaped alive is a mystery, but after the storm they crawled out one by one, and each was surprised to find that he was not the only one spared.

Beneath the Odd Fellows Hall was Stutson's dry goods store. The stock is a total loss. Several of the clerks, among them Chas. Sellers and Wm. Holmes, were seriously bruised by falling timbers. Near the depot on Market street was a brick dwelling occupied by two widows. It was buried to the ground and one of the women, Mrs. Jones, was buried beneath the falling walls. Her body was recovered to-day. The Forcha Woollen mill was also completely demolished, and two children of Mr. Forcha, aged respectively 12 and 20, were instantly killed and buried in the ruins. These bodies were also taken out this afternoon.

Bernhard Haggard, night operator in the Telephone Exchange, together with two companions, fled from the Exchange when the tornado struck the building. Haggard, in crossing the street, was struck by a falling beam and fell dead to the ground, fatally injured. In the Ohio Southern depot fifteen men and boys were gathered together. The passenger train had passed only a few minutes before. The depot gave way and in an instant was a heap of ruins. The crowd remained in the building, but were saved from total destruction by a part of the roof which caught on a high stove. Mr. Whelpley, the agent, received serious injuries, and a boy named Brownell was badly hurt on the head and shoulders.

Paul Hartman's handsome brick structure is an unsightly pile of brick and lumber. Across the way a lot of frame buildings were unroofed, upturned, and distorted. Trees and houses in the vicinity are alike demolished.

The Stutson block went down, and all the glass fronts on Main street for squares were broken out.

The part of the Vandeman block fronting on Main street was blown down, and the tower carried several blocks. Every church in the city except the Methodist Church, which had its cupola blown off, was demolished. They included two Catholic churches, the Baptist Church, and the Presbyterian Church.

Two drummers were calling at Jackson & Weaver's, on Main street, when the roof and back end of that structure went down. They narrowly escaped with their lives by crawling into the vault. The back end of Reahards's store blew off, and the wind lifted the burning lamps from the brackets and buried them through the building. Reahards hold to the wall, expecting instant death.

The Cherry House lost its roof and was badly riddled. The guests were panic stricken. Chas. Mercer had both arms broken by falling tim ber.

The Rev. John B. Steptoe was returning from holding a meeting at the Baptist Church. He had just reached the Catholic Church when the tornado came. He ran into the tower for protection, and was praying with all his strength, when the Baptist Church fell with a crash, and the main body of the Catholic edifice followed. Strange to say, however, all but the spire under which Steptoe was standing was demolished.

Barney Kelly's saloon fared no better than the churches, and crumbled beneath the blast. The following persons who took shelter therein were wounded: J. P. Lewis, hit on head with a brick; William Pickering, Edward Swartz, William Fogle, and James Dunn, all seriously injured about the head and shoulders by falling timbers.

The new frame house of Milton Burnett had its top and side stoop shaved off as with a knife, the rest of the building remaining unhurt except the glass. The next house was occupied by Mr. Clifton, and his family were passing from one front room to another when his little girl Lulu ran out into the kitchen. At that minute the roof and chimney fell in on top of her. No bones are broken, but she is seriously hurt internally.

The new Court House bore the assault of the storm very well, but yet was damaged to the extent of $1,000. A portion of the roof was torn off, and the tower twisted out of shape. Heavy three-quarter inch glass in the skylight was broken into small fragments, and hurled several hundred yards.

The covered bridge leading to Oak Lawn was torn from its foundation, and hurled into the creek. The two-story brick dwelling of John Hartman is now one story. A boy who was sleeping up stairs was carried out by the wind, and gently dropped on the ground, with no injury. Mr. Hartman and family were penned in, but were helped out without a scratch.

Across the street was the floor, the only thing left of the house of W. P. Irwin. The building belonging to T. M. Ustick was smashed flat. Fortunately, no one was living in the house. The house of J. K. Morse was turned inside out, the floor was raised up through the centre and forced out through the walls. Mr. Morse and three children clung together, and were carried fifteen feet away. The floor of the house can't be found.

The loss in Oaklawn, just across the river from Washington, is estimated to be larger than that of the whole of Jamestown last year. In all it is estimated that at least 200 buildings were either unroofed or totally destroyed in Washington.

The following is a list of the killed:

Miss Hattie Forcha, aged 20, Johnnie Forcha, aged 12, children of Hugh Forcha; Mrs. Mollie Jones, widow; Miss Edith Floyd, aged 20, and a ten-year-old daughter of Phil Carrs.

The following are seriously injured, and are not expected to live:

Bernard Haggard, arm and leg broken, breast crushed, two ribs and collar bone broken; James O. Jackson, spine injured; John C. Van Pelt, hurled fifty feet and internally injured; Judge A. Gregg, serious internal injuries; Miss Kinchart, insane through fright; Charles Mercer, clerk Cherry House, arm broken and internally injured; John W. Lewis, injured about the head.

The following is a partial list of others who have been injured:

Mr. Holmes of Stutsons, severe scalp wounds; Mr. Summers, wounded about face and legs; Thomas Taylor, injured in back.

Bowman Hess, W. W. Shupe, Nye Gregg, E. C. Hamilton, Lon Thompson, James Snapp, M. Hyer, Henry Edwards, Frank Kennedy, were all more or less hurt.

Early this morning Sheriff Rankin called out Company B of the Sixth Regiment, and the soldiers carefully guarded every street entrance to stop plundering. The city is an awful sight. The main buildings are all in ruins.

The loss as near as can be estimated now is fixed at $1,000,000. Among the more heavy losers are:

White & Ballard, hardware, $25,000; Welton & Ballard, agricultural implements, $8,000; Mills Gardner, business block and residence, $20,000; Stucking Milling Company, $25,000; Madison Paper, $25,000; J. A. Van Demen, $25,000; Stutson's dry goods store, $23,000; Barney Kelly, saloon and residence, $5,000; Purcell Bros., planing mills, $6,000; Tothill Carriage Company, $3,000; Bonner L. Bacon, $2,000; Washington Woolen Mill Stamping Company, $2,000; *Herald* office, $2,000; Pan Handle depot, $3,000; Catholic Church, $15,000; Baptist, $6,000; Presbyterian, $9,000; Methodist, $5,000.

The tornado's track was about forty rods in width. Boards and timber were found six miles east of the city, hurled there by the storm.

A relief meeting was called this afternoon, and it was decided not to call on outside towns for assistance.

Heavy Gale on the Lakes—A Boat Load of Sailors Drowned.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 9.—The gale of last night still continues, the wind blowing from the northeast at the rate of twenty miles per hour. Old vessel men declare the blow to be the most severe experienced in a great many years, and express fears of serious lake disasters should it continue much longer.

CHICAGO, Sept. 9.—Evidence of the severity of the gale on the lake yesterday is hourly accumulating, as unfortunate vessels are being towed into harbor from the north. Several lumber scows sustained severe losses, either from damage to the vessels or the cargoes. The barge George M. Case, Capt. McDonald, was towed in this morning at about 6 o'clock. Its deck was swept of everything in the shape of moveables, but the vessel's hull was sound, and nothing remained except the mere shell of the vessel. The Captain says that the gale struck them at about 8 A. M. yesterday while the vessel was about ten miles southeast of Milwaukee, and in less time than he could tell it the damage was done.

SHEBOYGAN, Wis., Sept. 9.—The schooner Advance of Chicago was capsized in a gale last night nine miles south of Sheboygan. Capt. Paulson, with his son and crew, made for the shore in a small boat. When in the breakers the yawl struck the bar, capsized, and all were drowned except a sailor named Jacob Rawn.

VICTIMS OF THE SAWDUST GAME.

Letters from Countrymen Who Have Heard of New York Rascals.

The mails of the Superintendent of Police, the Chief of the United States Treasury Secret Service, and the Special Post Office Inspector bring almost daily large numbers of complaints from the victims of the New York sawdust games. The letters come from all parts of the country, but mostly from backwoods districts. More letters are received from Texas than from any other State. Public officials, lawyers, frontier soldiers, hotel keepers, farmers, miners, and men of other avocations appear among the writers.

The complainants generally begin by saying that it has come to their knowledge that a big gang of swindlers exist in New York. They generally say that they received particulars about the gang from some neighbor who had been victimized. Seldom is a writer bold enough to acknowledge that he has been negotiating for counterfeit money. In closing their complaints the writers nearly always ask that their names and addresses shall under no circumstances be disclosed.

Most of the complaints are directed against Tom Davis's gang and the Barney McGuire coterie, whose principal haunt is around East Fifth street. The Police Superintendent forwards the letters he gets to the Chief of the Secret Service. It is rarely that anything is done with them, as the writers decline to appear as prosecutors.

The Young Men's Republican Club.

The Young Men's Republican Club met at 21 West Twenty-seventh street last evening. The Committee on Municipal Affairs, through ex-Alderman Hawes, reported that all measures brought before the last Legislature affecting municipal affairs had been carefully considered by the Committee. Their suggestions had generally been well received by the Legislature. The question of spring elections for local offices was receiving particular attention, and the club was urged to advocate a constitutional amendment to bring about that result. The report said that the thirty days' time given to the Governor for signing bills after they had passed the Legislature should be shortened. It was further recommended that the membership of the Legislature be increased. The the counsel thought would have the effect of cutting more honest men into office.

The committee of twenty-five appointed at a previous meeting was empowered to take into consideration the subject of local, as well as state, nominations.

Ada Sweet's Successor Named.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9.—The President at a late hour this afternoon appointed Mrs. Marion A. Mulligan of Chicago, Ill., to be Pension Agent at Chicago, vice Miss Ada C. Sweet, resigned.

Mrs. Mulligan is the widow of Col. Thomas A. Mulligan, the organizer and Colonel of the famous Mulligan Brigade, whose gallant service in the Union cause during the early days of the war is familiar to every reader of the history of that struggle. Col. Mulligan was killed at Lexington, Mo., while gallantly defending that city. Mrs. Mulligan is about 40 years of age, and quite prominent in social and religious circles in Chicago.

To be Indian Agents: Thomas M. Jones of Virginia at the Shoshone Agency in Wyoming Territory; John S. Ward of California at the Mission Agency in California.

Politicians Forget their Cares.

The Ivy Club, composed of Republicans of the Twenty-second Assembly district, had a clam bake at Sulzer's East River Park yesterday. Among those present were Judge Alfred Steckler and former Coroner John H. Brady, Isaac Fromme, Thomas Riker, John H. Gunner, Coroner Messmer, Capt. Gunner, John Little, Charles Engert, and Lawrence H. Hutchison.

The friends of Anthony Hartman gave a picnic in his honor in Baur's Union Park yesterday. The Anthony Hartman Association was out in force.

State Politics.

The Rockland county Republicans yesterday elected Gen. Ira M. Hedges, Gen. Abram Merritt, Isaac W. Edsell, and Peter De Bevoise as delegates to the State Convention. They were uninstructed, but the preferences of all are for Gen. Carr for Governor.

The delegates to the Democratic State Convention from the Second district of Tattaraugus county are Hudson Ansley, Joseph Schock, and J. S. Leach. Resolutions endorsing Gov. Hill for Governor were adopted.

The Eleventh Ward Brooklyn Republican Association endorsed the candidacy of Stephen M. Griswold for State Senator for the Third District. The ward delegates were instructed to vote for him at the Republican Convention.

Labor and Wages.

The strike of the switchmen in the yards of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago road was ended at noon yesterday, the division superintendent acceding to the demands of the men.

The strike of the 10,000 operatives in the jute mills in Dundee, Scotland, has ended in favor of the employers.

Staten Island Republican Primaries.

The Republican General Committee of Richmond county have called the primaries for next Wednesday, and the County Convention one week later.

REPAIRING THE WRECKS.

THE GENESTA GETS A NEW BOWSPRIT, AND THE PURITAN A PATCH.

The Genesta to Be Remeasured—Music for the Puritan, and Cheers for the Genesta—Statements About the Disaster Which Will be Forgotten in Good Cheer To-night.

A tug from New Haven, so smothered in flags and pennants as to suggest an immense aquatic bird of many-colored feathers, steamed to and fro between the English cutter and the Yankee sloop off Tompkinsville and Stapleton, Staten Island, yesterday. Several hundred excursionists from the Nutmeg State swarmed to the sides of the tug and cheered the rival yachts with great fervor and impartiality. Every time they exercised their lungs for the Genesta a blond, British tar made the red-crossed burgee at the topmast courtesy.

Small craft of every kind circled around the famous single stickers all day. Everybody said the Englishmen had done a manly thing in refusing to take a walk over on Tuesday. Patriotic Long Islanders, with banjos and harmonicas, raced around the Yankee sloop on the catboat Jenny, and played "Yankee Doodle" and the "Star Spangled Banner" for several hours. Staten Island saloon keepers, alive to the advantages of cosmopolitan feeling, have had their places liberally decorated with American and British colors. One man at Stapleton sacrifices business opportunities for national sentiment by catering only to one class of yachtsmen. Below a picture of an inverted broom he displays this sign:

YACHT PURITAN'S HEADQUARTERS.
This is the old broom.
She will always carry it.

The damage to the cutter by the accident was confined to her bowsprit. The missing spar detracted a little from her grace, but even without it she looked very shapely and wicked.

Relic hunters cut off small fragments from the jagged ends of the Genesta's broken bowsprit at Pollion's shipyard yesterday, reverently and carefully wrapped them in paper, and put them in the pockets nearest their hearts. The parted spar was found to be a soft and very imperfect piece of wood. Nobody who saw it wondered why it was snapped off so suddenly on Tuesday. Skipper John Carter and Mr. J. Beavor-Webb selected a flawless log of Georgia pine for the new bowsprit early yesterday morning. Carpenters had the log cut out into one of the finest spars that has ever graced a yacht, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. After receiving a coating of shellac it was towed down to the cutter with the copper bobstay that was doubled up in the collision on Tuesday. The new bowsprit is of the same dimensions as the old one, but it weighs 264 pounds more and is many times stronger. Its greater weight will not, however, have much effect upon the cutter's sailing qualities, for it will alter her trim ever so imperceptibly, weighing her down by the head a little. If the new bowsprit gets entangled in the sails or rigging of the Yankee sloop again she will not get off so easily as she did on Tuesday.

Capt. Carter said his men had the new spar in position at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and, less than two hours later, the rigging was put on. The Captain said he would have been ready to sail the postponed race to-day. He added that the scene outside the Hook on Monday was worth an ocean voyage to witness. The Captain said that accidents similar to that by which the Genesta lost her spar were of common occurrence in England, where the yachts were timed from the firing of a gun, and necessarily struggled and manœuvred desperately to get a good start. He said that he put his helm hard up, and did the best he could to avoid running down the Puritan on Tuesday. He added that he would not have cared, but the Puritan's sloop ran back into his weather bow. He would have luffed close to the lightship to squeeze her to leeward.

Sir Richard Sutton has sent an answer to the letter he received from the owners of the Puritan apologizing for their share in Tuesday's mishap. He was satisfied, he wrote, that it was unavoidable, and he was not regarding the damage. Sir Richard said, was trifling, and he could not think of permitting the owners of the Puritan to pay it. He closed the letter with the hope that the two yachts might have a good breeze and a lively race on Friday.

The yachtsmen on the Puritan say that Capt. Aubrey Crocker had no intention of weathering the Genesta.

"The accident was the result of hesitancy," said one of the Puritan's owners. "When we found that we might not be able to clear the Genesta, it was suggested that we should go to leeward or astern of her, and, coming up on the wind, cross the Genesta's starboard tack on her weather side, which would have given us a very fair start. Capt. Crocker made a motion to do this, but being advised otherwise, he kept his course. A few seconds later we saw that we were likely to get into trouble. If we had then attempted to go astern of the cutter we would have sailed over her. We had nothing to do but go ahead. You know the result. If we had succeeded in crossing the Genesta's bows we would have bore away between the Genesta and the lightship, and, coming about on the starboard tack, crossed the line. This would have delayed us a little and given us the leeward position, but would have been much better than the foul. It was impossible for us to go about on the starboard tack and weather the Genesta, as there was not room enough for that manœuvre between us and the lightship."

Dr. John Bryant said that the Genesta's skipper put his helm up, as the cutter would have done, instead of luffing the Puritan's starboard quarter. "As the Genesta came down on us," he continued, "Mr. Forbes put up his hands, and said, 'Don't do that.' I do not know whether Capt. Carter put his helm hard up before or after Mr. Forbes made this remark. I know that the Captain did bear off, however. I believe we could not have gone under the Genesta's stern. We would have run into her if we had attempted it. There was only one thing to do, keep on our course and trust to the Genesta's bearing away, or let her (the Genesta) run into us. We did this, with the lamentable result known."

Dr. Bryant said that Mr. Lloyd Phoenix, who was in the lee waist of the Genesta, and was looking at the Puritan, had said that the Genesta's skipper bore away.

Capt. Aubrey Crocker, who was accused of having deserted his post, said that the only movement he made was to look up and see whether the mainboom was going to fail. He sat still on the wheel box and keep his hands on the wheel. He was so involved in the business of trying to avoid a collison that he did not notice what the Genesta's skipper did. His first thought was to go astern of the cutter, but different advice made him try to keep ahead. His object was not to tack on the Genesta's weather bow, as he could plainly see that that was impossible with the lightship so close aboard. He intended to bear away if he had crossed the cutter's bows, and, coming about on the starboard tack, crossed the line to leeward of her.

None of the yachtsmen say that the little twirl of the wheel that made the Puritan deviate from her course was what caused her and her rival to come to grief. The moment sacrificed in hesitation probably would have been enough to have allowed her to clear the cutter.

The Genesta's bowsprit, Dr. Bryant said, was not torn off by the fetch rope of the sloop's mainsail. The Puritan rose on a swell as the bowsprit penetrated her canvas, and her boom bobbed up against the bowsprit and broke it off.

The rent in the Puritan's sail was almost five feet in diameter. Two sailmakers neatly mended the sail yesterday. Both yachts will be ready to sail for the race to-morrow.

The new bowsprit is 53½ feet long, 12 inches thick at the squared inboard end, which is twelve feet in length, and tapers down to ten inches at the tip. It weighs 2,000 pounds, or 264 pounds more than the old bowsprit.

The additional weight of the bowsprit will necessitate the remeasurement of the Genesta to find what change, if any, is made in her length at the water line.

The Regatta Committee will entertain Sir Richard Sutton and Sir William Levinge at the Union Club to-night. The yachtsmen of the Puritan will be present, and the memory of Tuesday's mishap will be banished in good cheer.

Mr. George L. Schuyler, who was on Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry's steam yacht Electra, and was watching the movements of the Puritan and Genesta as they approached the line, told Mr. Gerry that there was going to be a collision. Mr. Gerry, who is an enthusiastic amateur photographer, quickly turned the lenses of his camera upon the racers and captured three views of the collision; one as the bowsprit of the Genesta came in contact with the Puritan's mainsail; another as it went through the canvas, and another as the bowsprit fell into the water.

James A. Brown's Murder.

George Ogle, who was arrested on Sunday on a charge of killing James A. Brown, a young truckman, in Edward Danner's saloon, 250 Eighth avenue, on the night of Nov. 20, 1883, after a ball of the Lynwood Association, was arraigned yesterday in the General Sessions. Ogle pleaded not guilty to the indictment charging him with killing Brown with a single thrust of a dirk in the left breast. Recorder Smyth committed him to the City Prison to await trial. Mr. Joseph Ogle, Jr., a very distant relative of George Ogle, says that the arrest was not made in his saloon in Eighth avenue and Fifteenth street.

MARTIAL LAW IN SPAIN.

The King to Declare Certain Cities in a State of Siege—Newspapers Seized.

LONDON, Sept. 9.—The internal troubles of Spain are very likely to assume within a few days a new phase in which the royal power will be directly pitted against the revolutionists. King Alfonso's constant counsellors of late have been Marshal Campos and Gen. Jovellar, who were among the most active agents in overthrowing Republicanism in Spain, in restoring the monarchy, and in reëstablishing the Bourbon dynasty upon the Spanish throne. Acting upon their advice, the King has decided upon proclaiming a state of siege in those cities in which disorderly and disloyal demonstrations have occurred. This will place those cities under martial law and make it easier for the Government to unearth and repress the Republican propaganda. The movements of Ruiz Zorilla have been shrouded in mystery since his recent flight from London, but he is now supposed to be in Perpignan, in France.

MADRID, Sept. 9.—Emperor William has sent a despatch to King Alfonso, saying that he has no intention of trenching upon Spanish rights, and will do nothing to prejudice his old friend Alfonso; that Germany will withdraw from Yap, abandon all designs on the Caroline Islands, and admit Spanish sovereignty over those islands provided it be made effective.

The campaign against the press is active. Thirty-four papers of Madrid have been prosecuted. Caricature journals are being seized by the wholesale.

Not a single German has been attacked by Spaniards in this city since the beginning of the excitement over the German occupation of Yap. During the hottest part of the excitement on Saturday last a crowd of Frenchmen grossly insulted several Germans in a café, compelling the waiters and a number of Spaniards present to protect them from serious bodily harm. The Germans eulogize the conduct of the Spaniards.

BERLIN, Sept. 9.—Emperor William has received a long and pressing letter from King Alfonzo respecting the Carolines question and the situation of affairs in Spain growing out of it. The details of the letter have not been learned, but the contents greatly impressed Emperor William, Empress Augusta, and Crown Prince Frederick William.

THE FUGITIVE ST. ALBANS BANKER.

How He was Kidnapped from Canada by Two Boston Detectives.

WINNIPEG, Sept. 9.—International complications are likely to arise over the kidnapping of Lawrence Brainerd, the fugitive St. Albans, Vt., banker. The Dominion Government has been requested to demand that Brainerd and his kidnappers be handed back to the Canadian authorities. The detectives who kidnapped him are Newbegin and Repley of Boston. The lawyer who pursued the kidnappers to the boundary, and who returned, says:

"On Sunday morning we started south, and found Mr. Brainerd at Pembina. He seemed to be completely under the influence of the two men and to have no will of his own. He told us that he had been seized violently in the woods on the other side of the Assiniboyne River by Newbegin and two others, put into a covered wagon, and driven across the boundary line. They had no warrant and no legal document by which they could detain him. I asked Brainerd to come across to Emerson with me to meet his wife, assuring him that he was a free man, and that his captors had no warrant, and could not detain him. While I was making inquiries for the nearest magistrate in order to obtain a warrant for the arrest of the two men who had detained Mr. Brainerd, they put him into a gig and drove south, and that was the last I saw of them."

Obituary.

George Leib Harrison of the firm of Harrison & Havemeyer, sugar refiners, and one of the most distinguished of Philadelphians, died yesterday.

Benjamin F. Packard, a prominent shipbuilder and shipowner, and Superintendent of the New England Shipbuilding Company of Bath, Me., and of the firm of Goss, Sawyer & Packard, died yesterday after a short illness, aged 55 years.

Sylvanus Boughner died in Sunbury, Pa., on Tuesday, aged 99½ years. He was a soldier in the war of 1812, and was at Lundy's Lane and the capture of Fort Erie.

William W. Yonge, well known throughout the United States as the President and manager of the Tradesmen's Publishing Company, died in Chattanooga yesterday of bilious fever.

Samuel Fisher of Fultonville, Congressman Starin's chief man, died on Tuesday night, aged 62.

Alexander Mackenzie of the Produce and Mercantile Exchanges died on Tuesday night at the Victoria Hotel. He was a native of Scotland, and was 58 years of age.

Elihu Bliss died at Newark on Tuesday afternoon, in his 74th year. He was at one time senior partner in the jewelry firm of Bliss & Dwight, in this city, and later a member of the manufacturing firm of Baldwin & Co., in Newark. He also was President of the Apollo Club.

Dr. Francis D. Cunningham, one of Richmond's most eminent and popular physicians, died last night, aged 49.

The Rev. Father James Clark died at the Georgetown College, D. C., last evening of paralysis. He was 76 years of age. He was a graduate of West Point, a classmate of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and served for some time in the United States Army.

Robert M. Wilson of St. Louis, aged 50 years, a brother-in-law of Bishop Robertson of Missouri, died yesterday at the residence of his father-in-law, James Robertson of Peekskill.

Eloped with the Barber's Daughter.

Bertha, the 16-year-old daughter of John Fromm, a barber of Elizabeth, has eloped with Julius Bayha, son of John M. Bayha, wholesale marketman of 12 and 14 South Broad street, Elizabeth. The girl, who is very pretty, ran away from home on Sunday, Aug. 30, after being chastised by her parents for going out walking with Bayha. Yesterday Mr. Fromm received a note from his daughter. It was from New York, and read:

"Dear Jule and I are together, and I feel so glad and happy. Do not try to follow us. If you do we will go to New Haven. Please send my trunk to New York by Adams Express. Your loving daughter, BERTHA."

Young Bayha, who was clerk for his father, ran off with a woman older than himself two years ago. He was brought back by his parents. He is a fine-looking fellow, 24 years of age.

Thrown From Their Carriage.

Miss Louisa Vanburon Davis, whose home is 21 West Fourteenth street, and who was seriously injured on Tuesday by being thrown from her carriage in Seventy-third street, near the Boulevard and Tenth avenue, was getting better yesterday. Doctor Myers, house surgeon at the Ninety-ninth Street Hospital, where Miss Davis is now living, said yesterday that the chances of her recovery were good unless inflammation of the brain should set in. This was not probable. Miss Davis's friend, Miss Lella Berry, who was severely bruised in the same accident, was well enough to be removed to her home, 73 William street, yesterday morning.

The Bay Ridge Ferry.

A meeting was held at Bath, L. I., on Tuesday night to discuss the proposed improvement of the Bay Ridge Ferry by building a new slip and putting on boats that can carry teams. It was said that at least 8,000 loads of farm produce would pass over the ferry during the trucking season, and that the other business would be large. Mr. Man, for the Sea Beach Railroad, said that the road would be ready to meet the ferryboats. Mr. Erastus Wiman of the ferry company said the proposed improvements would be carried out.

Found Crying in a Railroad Station.

Ida Williams, a bright little girl of eight years, was found crying in the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad station in Hoboken on Tuesday night. She and her mother had come in on a train from Pennsylvania, and had got separated from her in the depot. The girl said that she and her mother were going to Wales, and that they had intended sailing on an Inman steamer to-day. The police took charge of her.

Mr. Maddox Nominated for Surrogate.

A canvass of the Republican members of the Kings county Board of Supervisors was held last night in the rooms of the Griswold Club, in Fleet street, for the purpose of selecting a candidate to fill the vacancy created by the death of the late Surrogate Bergen. Samuel T. Maddox of the Fourteenth ward, Brooklyn, was chosen on the first ballot. The other candidates were Gen. Isaac S. Catlin and Mr. Peter W. Ostrander.

Smugglers Lose their Goods.

Treasury Officers Harrison and Hussey intercepted four passengers, named Theodore Brogie, Louis Palz, Frank Bottler, and John Heims, on the steamship Fulda from Bremen yesterday, each with a lot of fancy meerschaum pipes, handkerchiefs, silverware, sapphires, emeralds, diamonds, and pearls and coral jewelry in his possession. The goods were seized on the charge of attempted smuggling.

Two Women Claim Him.

Two young women assert that Owen Melody, who was found dead in a stable at North Eleventh and Fifth streets, Brooklyn, on Tuesday morning, was their husband. He had his life insured for a small amount, and they are after the money. The police are looking for Joseph Hinch of 352 Fifth street, who, it is asserted, threw Melody down, fracturing his skull.

The Barge Office Contract.

The landing of passengers from vessels at the Customs Barge Office on the Battery ceased yesterday, the Treasury Department having abrogated its contract with John H. Starin for the passengers and baggage, and having granted the steamships permission to go direct to their wharves. Mr. Starin contemplates suing the Government.

All grocers sell Higgins's German Laundry Soap because it is the best.—Adv.

HUNTED DOWN AND KILLED.

THE END OF TWO OUTLAWS, MURDERERS, AND CATTLE THIEVES.

Three Detectives Surprise Them Outside of Their Stronghold and Kill Both of Them in a Long-range Duel with Rifles.

GAINESVILLE, Texas, Sept. 9.—At about 12 o'clock on Monday night a wagon arrived in this city carrying the dead bodies of Jim and Pink Lee, the noted desperadoes and outlaws, who for two years past have been the terror of north Texas and the Indian Territory. Their plan of operation was to steal cattle on the Texas side and drive them across Red River into Indian Territory, where the three Lee boys had a ranch. The gang consisted of about twenty men, and they are said to have committed over forty cold-blooded murders within the past two years. James Lee was the leader, and all the stolen cattle were corralled at his ranch on Caddo Creek, where they had erected a strong block house or fortress.

In April last Johnson and Henry Roff, respectable cattle owners of this county, had eighteen head of cattle stolen from a pasture at Delaware Bend. On May 2, in company with Deputy United States Marshal Williams, Sergeant Goff of the Indian police, and a posse of Texans, they went in search of the cattle in the Chickasaw Nation, and came upon the stronghold of the Lee gang. They bravely approached the stockade to arrest the thieves, but when within speaking distance Sergeant Gay was invited to come to the house for a parley for the surrender of the fugitives. When near the stockade the desperadoes opened fire upon him through the portholes of their fortifications, and he fell riddled with bullets. The posse then attempted to storm the stockade, but they were repulsed. Both the Roff brothers and Marshal Williams were killed and a man named Mather was wounded. The bodies of the dead lay exposed for several days and were partly eaten by hogs. Since then large rewards, aggregating $7,000, have been offered for the Lees, dead or alive. Bill Lee, with two members of the gang named Stein, was captured in May and taken to Fort Smith, Arkansas, for trial before the United States Court, but all efforts to locate and capture Jim and Pink Lee proved unavailing until Monday evening, although about 200 men have been engaged in the pursuit.

Yesterday Detective Heck Thomas of Fort Worth learned that the Lee brothers were somewhere in the vicinity of Dexter, a small village of this county, and taking two officers, James Taylor and James Shattles, with him, he started out in search of the desperadoes. At about 3 P. M. they came upon the old cow pen on John Washington's ranch. They dismounted and crept up to within forty yards of the desperadoes, and ordered them to surrender. For answer the outlaws opened fire on the officers, which the latter returned with their Winchesters, killing Pink Lee and wounding Jim in the wrist with the first volley. Jim fell, but continued to fire, discharging as many as ten shots before he was killed.

The arrival of the dead bodies of the outlaws in this city caused intense excitement. The Coroner impanelled a jury and held an inquest yesterday afternoon, as this measure was thought necessary to secure the identity of the officers. Heck Thomas, being sworn, testified as follows:

"About 10 o'clock yesterday morning I was informed by John Strather Brown that the Lee boys were near his house and he thought they had cut his pasture fence. I tried to find the Lee boys, but failed. Between 12 and 1 o'clock, while at dinner, a runner came and told me that the Lee boys were riding through Strather Brown's pasture. Jim Taylor, Jim Shattles, and myself began looking for them. At about 3 o'clock we saw them half a mile off. They were off their horses and on the ground. We could not tell what they were doing. We hurried in that direction, but we couldn't see them. After we had got over the hill, and when we struck the lane between Strather Brown's pasture fence, they were cutting John Washington's pasture fence across the lane. We got as close to them as possible, and called on them to throw their guns away, and ordered them to surrender. They dropped their nippers and fired at us, and missed us. As Pink tried to put another shell in his gun he was killed. We all were shooting at them, and could not tell which one killed him. A second or two later Jim was shot by one of the officers, and he fell and quit. I don't know how many shots struck the Lee boys. No one did any shooting at the Lee boys except Jim Taylor, Jim Shattles, and myself. Jack Brown saw part of the shooting, but didn't do any of it."

A witness was then sworn who identified the dead bodies as those of Jim and Pink Lee. The jury returned the following verdict:

We, the jury impanelled and sworn to inquire into the cause and manner and time of the death of Jim and Pink Lee, find that they came to their death on Sept. 7, 1885, from gunshot wounds inflicted by Heck Thomas, Jim Taylor, and Jim Shattles.

By the time the investigation was over the crowd outside increased to several hundred, and had managed to get in at the doors and windows until the room was filled. The bodies of the dead men, which were covered with blood, were washed and ordered carried to the Court House, where hundreds called during the day to look at them. An examination of the bodies showed that Pink Lee had one wound only. The ball went in at the right side of the neck, ranged upward, and came out behind the left ear. Jim Lee was shot twice, once under the chin, the ball coming out in the back of the neck. The lower part of the right ear was shot off. The men were very much alike in appearance, Jim being a little the taller of the two. Pink Lee had sandy whiskers and light hair, and weighed about 135 pounds. He was about five feet five inches high, and 25 years old. Jim Lee was about 30 years old. He had sandy whiskers and light hair, was five feet six inches in height, and weighed about 150 pounds.

Heck Thomas said: "I have been after the Lee boys since June 10. Jim Taylor has been out since about May 5. We would have taken them sooner, but the country through which they were accustomed to run is full of thieves and desperadoes, and we had besides they had friends on the outside who kept them posted as to our movements. At times we were in close places, and I could not tell whether the Lee boys were after us or we after them. After we demanded their surrender not a word was spoken. The fight was in the grass in the open prairie, and was as pretty a fight as I ever saw. As soon as we called on them to surrender they dropped their nippers and fired at us. We returned the fire and Pink Lee fell forward dead. Jim then knelt in the grass beside his brother and continued to shoot at us. He wore a red shirt, which was a splendid mark. We wove all surrounded, and Jim made a triangular fight. He died game, fighting as long as there was breath in his body. Even after he was fatally hurt he fired several shots