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THIRTY REPORTED KILLED.

BURNED TO DEATH IN THE WRECK OF A TRAIN IN INDIANA.

At Least Fifty People Injured, and Probably Many More—A Fast Freight Crashes into a Passenger Train on the Chicago and Atlantic—A Gross Blunder Followed by a Wild Effort to Suppress the Facts—Dead and Wounded Hurried Fifty Miles Away—Terrible Scenes at the Wreck.

KOUTS, Ind., Oct. 11.—The horrors of Chatsworth were duplicated here to-day. A dozen blood-stained, smoke-begrimed, injured victims of railroad carelessness or blundering were brought into the village's little station house early this morning, and this afternoon nine charred corpses, victims of the same blundering or carelessness, were laid upon the station platform, while three miles west, down the track of the Chicago and Atlantic Railway, near a lonely old water tank, piles of fearfully tangled débris marked the spot where a collision, seldom equalled for terrible results, had occurred. According to the best estimate obtainable, for only an estimate was possible, fully thirty human lives had been sacrificed outright and half that number of persons had suffered injuries more or less serious. The eastbound express that left Chicago last night with a great load of passengers had, without a moment's warning, during a temporary wait, been smashed into from behind by a loaded fast freight, plunging madly forward in the dark, in hurrying dressed meat to the markets of the seaboard.

Some part of the machinery of the passenger engine had been thrown out of order during the run from Chicago. A trifling stop at the water tank would make it all right, it was thought, and the stop was accordingly made. Suddenly out of the darkness behind came the flash of a headlight, the rush and rattle of many wheels, and then a mighty crash. The sleeping coach got in its deadly work. Its massive framework was transformed into a huge catapult. Pushed mercilessly ahead by the freight, it crushed into the cars forward, smashing their comparatively light timbers, and making the work of destruction complete. The wreck quickly took fire, and the sight of the shrieking victims and dancing flames was one never to be forgotten.

To-day, on his bed of agony at the little hotel at Kouts, the engineer of the passenger train told the following story of the terrible disaster: "We passed No. 49 at Boone Grove on time, and started toward Kouts. No. 49 pulled out of the station in less than two minutes behind us, when they should have waited much longer. When we were well away from the town we could see her lights but a little way behind. We were not running very fast because the engine was "on one side." We had broken an eccentric strap, and were running but one pair of wheels, having been forced to disconnect the other pair, which were running loose. Of course the accident held our speed down a little, but we had no idea that the engineer of No. 49 would have any difficulty in keeping off our heels. The last time we looked behind there was ample room between us. We stopped at the Boone Grove water tank, and were there almost a minute before they struck us."

This afternoon, when the reporters who had been long delayed in reaching Kouts, owing to the secretiveness of the railroad officials, began at last to arrive, there was little in the aspect of the village to indicate the calamity that had so recently taken place. All the dead bodies had been carefully removed from sight, only two of the wounded were still in the village, and the local employees of the road were quiet and uncommunicative. The Coroner had been obliged to go to Huntington, over fifty miles distant, to obtain the statements of witnesses, and the villagers seemed wholly at sea regarding the extent of the disaster. Almost the only person about and willing to tell the details of the horror was Dr. W. C. McKee. The Doctor is a prosperous-looking, intelligent man of 35, who promptly responded in the dead of night to a call that he take a hand car and go to the scene of the wreck, three miles from his residence. Dr. McKee rendered noble service. He had scarcely time to spare the experience in detail, but stated that to the best of his knowledge it would not be over-stating the facts to say that the collision had cost the lives of fully thirty people. It was shortly after 1 o'clock this morning when he reached the wreck, and he immediately began to give his services to the wounded. Those who were badly hurt, when the crash came, he says, must have had little chance for their lives, so quickly had the cars taken fire and so thorough was the work of the flames. As an illustration of the destruction and the difficulty of arriving at a correct idea of its magnitude, the Doctor said that probably not a soul would have been made aware of the all but total wiping out of the Miller family of six had not their boy been saved. Dr. McKee stated that only nine bodies had been recovered, and they were so badly charred as to be almost beyond recognition, the most left of any of them being a blackened trunk, and in some cases little beyond a few handfuls of ashes. The nine were as follows:

The Miller family of Dundee—father, mother, two brothers, and a girl. (Their 14-year-old boy Herman will probably die also.)

Dr. Perry of North Judson, Ind.

Dr. Perry's wife.

Dr. Perry's daughter, aged 11.

A young Irish woman.

Superintendent Parsons of the Chicago and Atlantic was seen late in the afternoon gloomily pacing the station platform. He was extremely taciturn, and was very sure that no more bodies could be found under the wreck. Only nine persons had been killed, he declared, and not more than eleven or twelve hurt, none of the latter seriously.

He admitted that no flagman had been sent back from the passenger train when a stop was made. Mr. Parsons said the engine men depended upon a semaphore light fully 2,000 feet in the rear of where the stop was made. The conductor of the train had pulled the cord for this light when he stepped from his train. This would throw the glare of a red danger signal on the track. The night, however, was foggy, and the engineer of the fast freight must have failed to see the signal.

Superintendent Parsons thought the accident would have been a very ordinary one had not the stove in the sleeper upset. That caused the destruction of the sleeper, two coaches, and baggage car, and in the main was doubtless the cause of life.

Coroner Leatherman, Mr. Parsons said, reached the scene from Valparaiso about 11½ A. M., and, after viewing the débris and making some inquiries, had found it necessary to go to Huntington in search of witnesses. The wounded, Mr. Parsons explained, had been taken there as soon as possible, and the passengers who were unhurt, to the number of twenty-five, had been forwarded to their destinations without delay.

It appears that Coroner Leatherman did not impanel a jury. That procedure is not a necessity according to the laws of Indiana. At the wreck the Coroner had taken Mr. Parsons, son, the attorney for the Chicago and Atlantic, and being told that the engineer of the freight had been taken with other survivors to Huntington, decided to go there, which he did, in company with the railroad lawyer and several other gentlemen. The Coroner is well spoken of among the people at Kouts. They do not criticise his action in going to Huntington, believing he is square. He is described as being a rather young man to be charged with such an important duty as determining the responsibility for the wreck.

A man from Taunton, Mass., who was on his way home, was in the first car asleep, with his head on his satchel. "The first I knew," said he, "I heard a frightful crash, and the car seemed shattered, and the pieces were flying past me. The next I knew I found myself almost buried in the ruins, and they seemed to keep piling up. I tried to extricate myself and found I was pinned to a rear seat. It all dark and all around me were yells and groans, and the blackness made it fearful. I didn't seem to be hurt beyond being shaken up, so I called for help out of the window. Some man, I don't know who, helped me out, and I then turned in and helped to get others out. A little wind fanned out, though, the whole thing took fire, and we were forced to give up working on it bit by bit and let it burn, with the horrible cries of those held inside ringing in our ears. At one place there were two or three women, apparently all together, and we tried to get them out. They were shrieking all the time in a manner to freeze one's blood, for the fire was coming nearer to them all the time. We worked as long as we could, but could not get them out and the fire came all around them and finally silenced their screams. To hear their desperate cries, as the fire came nearer and nearer and finally reached them, was appalling. The wreck burned to the trucks, no facilities being at hand to extinguish the fire. A car load of the injured was taken eastward from the wreck this forenoon. They were mangled, bruised, and burned, some badly."

W. A. Duncan of Syracuse, Secretary of the Chautauqua Assembly, arrived in Chicago on the Chicago and Atlantic limited from New York, at 9 o'clock this morning. He says:

"We were told of the wreck, and I, with several other men, visited the scene. There were hundreds of people around, but every one seemed to be so dazed and excited that little had been done to assist the wounded. When we got there a most sickening sight met our eyes. Strewn all along the track amid the wreckage were ten or twelve charred bodies.

"One little Bohemian boy was propped up against the fence, badly crushed and dying, and there in front of him lay his dead mother, father, and two sisters. It was impossible to secure names, as all were half out of their wits, and it was a long time after the accident occurred that any assistance was rendered. The people around there said that about ten people were burned, but I think there were at least fifteen, as I saw a dozen bodies laid out."

Frank Cramer, the general Western agent of the Guion line of steamers, was on board the wrecked train, but escaped uninjured. "The first we, who were in the sleeping car, knew of the accident," said Mr. Cramer, "our coach was run into from the rear. The forward coaches, it seems, were telescoped by the shock. There were only seven passengers, I think, in the sleeper, and none of them were killed or injured. I was asleep when the shock occurred. I dressed myself, and when I got off the wreck I saw the whole train was ablaze. Many who were killed or seriously wounded must have been burned up, as the fire broke out as soon as the accident occurred. The trainmen did what they could to relieve the wounded, but facilities were lacking, and many people doubtless perished in the flames because no help could reach them."

An incident of the wreck is related by the station agent. It is the story of a young lady from Ohio, whose name could not be remembered. She was one of the passengers on the train, and when the crash came she seized an axe from its resting place on the side of the car and hewed her way through to a window. Her own safety assured, she rushed in the direction of the cries of those imprisoned in the wreck and personally aided those persons from the wreck. To use her own language: "I did all I could and would have continued had I not heard Dr. Perry crying and moaning piteously that his feet were burning, then my strength gave way, and I was compelled to desist and seek assistance myself."

In the little sitting room of the cottage, which serves as a hotel in this town, two of the wounded survivors of the accident still remained late this afternoon. Herman Miller, a Bohemian boy, on his way from Dundee, Ill., to the old country, is stretched on the one lounge in the low, dark room. His head is fearfully battered, and his right leg is fractured. The other wounded man is Joe McCool, a bartender, of Boston. His injuries are for the most part internal, and are not so severe but that his recovery is possible. He was able to tell of the awful occurrence as follows:

"I had gone in the passenger coach, which was next to the last car in the train. Just before midnight I went into the smoker, which was just ahead of our car, and chatted for an hour, and came back to the coach with a young man, who sat down near me. That is the last I've seen or expect to see of the poor fellow. Just as I had stretched out to go to sleep, and most before I closed my eyes, there was an awful crash which God help me, I never want to hear again. I could feel myself thrown violently toward the top of the car, and then I became insensible. On the way up I realized that all was confusion in the car, that canes, umbrellas, rods of iron, and lamps were in the air about me. I must have regained my consciousness in a very short time, for when I awoke all was darkness in the car, and horrible shrieks and piercing wails of agony almost deafened my ears. In the end of the car furthest from me the stove was overturned and the flames were just starting to spread with magic rapidity. There was some sort of a new gas lamp in the car with reservoirs reaching from one to the other. The flames leaped up the side, and in less time than I can tell it the gas was burning the whole length of the coach over our heads. I was wedged in between two seats, where I couldn't move a limb of my body, and there watched the fire slowly creep upon me. It was a terrible sight. In the end of the coach near the fire I could see a lady caught between the seats as I was. The fire slowly crept across the car; she was soon enveloped in flames, and then in agony she burned before my eyes. Just across from my seat I noticed soon before the accident a father, his wife, and daughter. I saw them, also, crushed together and burned. Just as the flames were blazing a foot or two away from my face some one pulled me into the aisle and said: 'Come to the window.' He must have mistaken me for some one else, for the moment he had looked closely at my face, he dropped me, and hurried through the window with an exclamation of evident disappointment. I then painfully crawled after him in safety."

All efforts to obtain information from Huntington as to the names of the killed and wounded have up to this hour been unavailing. The Chicago and Atlantic railway officials, who went there with the Coroner to-day, seem to have complete possession of all sources of information. The Coroner, it is said, has strictly positively to make public the names of the victims of the disaster. The killed and wounded were taken from the scene of the wreck to Huntington early this afternoon, accompanied by the Coroner.

MISS CRAVELING SCARED.

The Rev. Mr. Millen Accused of Having Tried to Intimidate Her.

The trial of the Rev. C. W. Millen, the pastor of the Washington Street Methodist Church, Brooklyn, for alleged immorality, was resumed in the church yesterday morning. Presiding Elder Adams presiding. Prosecutor Parshley arose to a question of privilege and declared that Pastor Millen and a member of the church had been trying to tamper with Miss Maggie Craveling, one of the witnesses from Boston. He said that he had received this despatch from Miss Craveling on Monday night:

9 P. M., NEW YORK, HOTEL MARTIN.

P. E. Parshley, 70 Hicks street, Brooklyn:

Millen and counsel left here ten minutes ago. Am alone and frightened. MAGGIE CRAVELING.

Mr. Parshley said that the visit to the hotel was evidently for the purpose of tampering with or intimidating Miss Craveling.

The fifth specification, in which immoral behavior on Mr. Millen's part in Fourteenth street, New York, is alleged, was then taken up. Robert Prodden of 104 Montague street testified that in the spring of 1885, while he was a member of the Washington street church, he saw Mr. Millen following women in Fourteenth street. He noticed that Millen was endeavoring by gestures, coughing, and the expression of his face to attract their attention, but they were apparently respectable, and they frowned on him and got away from his vicinity as soon as possible. The witness was ready to testify that he had also witnessed misbehavior on Mr. Millen's part while in bathing at Ocean Grove last summer, but as there was no reference to this matter in the specifications the testimony was ruled out. He said further, however, that a few days before the present trial began Mrs. Millen called on him at his house and begged him for her sake and not for her husband's not to appear before the Council and give that testimony. Subsequently the Rev. Mr. Eggleston also called and begged him not to appear against Mr. Millen.

Detective Chapman, whom the prosecution employed to gather the criminating testimony in Boston, told at great length the circumstances under which the affidavits of Miss Joy and Miss Craveling, relating the story of Mr. Millen's visit with Miss Joy to Miss Craveling's apartments and already published, were obtained.

The investigation last night was transferred from the church to the house of one of the brethren at 29 Sands street, and the specification relating to Mr. Millen's alleged misconduct while pastor of the De Kalb Avenue Church in Brooklyn was taken up. It accuses Mr. Millen of immoral behavior with a domestic in the parsonage. Ira E. Way was the first witness examined in this branch of the case, but his testimony lacked directness and was based entirely on what he had heard from other persons. Mr. Millen said last night to a reporter of THE SUN:

"I am not at liberty to give the particulars about the De Kalb avenue matter, but I don't think that any unprejudiced person listening to Mr. Way's testimony would regard it as other than flimsy such a serious charge as has been made against me. The prosecution will probably close to-morrow, and I will then have my innings. I can assure you I am not greatly alarmed about the result."

He Thinks Cigars are Medicine.

BOSTON, Oct. 11.—An association of Hebrew cigar manufacturers and dealers, which was formed shortly after the stringent enforcement of the law against keeping open shop on Sundays had deprived them of the Sunday trade, was instrumental in the arraigning in the Municipal Court this morning of George Burwell, an apothecary. Mr. Burwell was charged with having sold on Sunday a five-cent cigar, and he raised a new point in defence. He quoted the definition which is given in the pharmacopœia of tobacco, which he declared was set down as a remedial agent, a drug, in fact, in which he was at liberty to deal as he saw fit. The argument made by the Legislature allow the selling of drugs on Sunday. Judge Hardy imposed a sentence of $10 and costs and the defendant took an appeal.

Experts on a Norwich Cashier's Books.

NORWICH, Oct. 11.—T. H. Hood, cashier of the Board of Water Commissioners, left here several weeks ago. Rumors are current that there was a deficit of more than $5,000 to $7,000 in his accounts. Experts are at work on his books, and have yet made no report.

TIRED OF CRIME AT LAST.

MRS. HUDSON'S ATTEMPT TO KILL HERSELF WITH CHLORAL.

A Recent Attempt to Swindle Aitken, Son & Co. was the Immediate Cause—Her Exploits at the Coleman House and in Boston.

The woman who attempted suicide at the Philadelphia Hotel in Jersey City on Sunday by taking large doses of chloral, was identified yesterday as a confidence operator who has figured in police annals under the various names of Mrs. E. L. Hodson, Mrs. Emma Lee Hudson, Mrs. Lee, and Mrs. Georgiana P. Kensett. The last mentioned is believed by some to be her real name. She was traced through the publication in THE SUN of yesterday. She is probably the most skilful woman swindler in the country, and her operations have brought her in contact with a great many prominent persons whom she has blackmailed repeatedly. Her latest swindle, and the one for which she is now in the clutches of the law, was one by which she defrauded the dry goods firm of Aitken, Son & Co. of Eighteenth street and Broadway. On Sept. 27 a well-dressed and refined-looking woman entered the store, and, after looking over a large assortment of silk dress goods, finally selected a pattern worth $60, and requested that it be sent to the Grand Central Depot. She said she was Mrs. C. J. Lawrence of 81 Park avenue, and that she wanted to have the goods charged to her. She mentioned incidentally that she was stopping in the country, and that that was why she wanted the package sent to the depot. After Mr. John Miller, the cashier, had looked over the books, and had ascertained that Mrs. Lawrence was an old customer, he assured her that it would be all right. The silk was duly delivered, and on Oct. 1 a bill was sent to Mr. Lawrence. That gentleman was surprised upon looking at the date of the purchase, for his wife was at that time many miles away. He stopped at the store to inform Messrs. Aitken & Son of his doubts. A day or two later Mr. Lawrence received a letter from B. Altman & Co., the Sixth avenue dry goods house, asking him whether he knew Mrs. Lee. The letter said that a woman of that name had referred to him in purchasing a bill of goods. Mr. Lawrence became more suspicious, and the result was a conference between him and representatives of the two firms. Mrs. Lee had given Altman & Co. her address as 141 West Forty-first street. Mr. Miller called there and found it was his customer. He told her that he would give her twenty-four hours to pay the bill. When he called there next day he found her in the company of Lawyer Abraham Suydam of 102 Chambers street. Mrs. Hudson, as she now called herself, was in despair, or pretended to be. She said she did not have the money, but vowed tearfully that she would certainly get it. Mr. Miller threatened to have her arrested. Mr. Suydam asked him whether he had secured a warrant, and Mr. Miller replied that he had not, but that he would have one if she did not pay up at 6 o'clock that night. Mr. Miller had, however, already spoken to Inspector Byrnes on the subject, and the latter had detailed Detective Sergeant Hanlon to accompany the woman when he was called upon by the firm to do so. That was the last seen of her by Mr. Miller until yesterday, when, attracted by THE SUN'S story, he went to Christ's Hospital in Jersey City and identified her. She did not attempt to deny her identity and she was arrested by Detective Hanley. Lawyer Suydam explained to a reporter last night the circumstances attending Mrs. Hudson's disappearance from the house in Forty-first street and subsequent reappearance in Jersey City.

"After Mr. Miller had gone," he said, "I advised Mrs. Hudson to get the money if possible. I also told her that it would not be judicious for her to return to her place of abode until she had secured it. I escorted her to a horse car, and she went down town, promising to follow my advice. I did not then know that any charges had been preferred against her. The next night, when I went to my home in New Jersey, she came to my house at 57 Morton street. I was greatly surprised. She said she was in despair, as she could not raise the money. That was Friday night. I told her she had better return to New Jersey and renew her efforts to raise the money. I myself took her across the ferry and to the street-car and registered her name at the hotel as Mrs. Irving at her request. She undoubtedly tried to kill herself in despair at being unable to get out of her troubles."

As far as can be learned the woman is a native of Maryland. She was the wife of a minister in good standing. His name was E. L. Hudson. After several years of wedded life he gave up his profession and studied medicine. He was admitted to practice, and went to Massachusetts. When he died he left one daughter, Amy, a pretty girl with reddish hair. After her husband's death Mrs. Hudson studied medicine at a female medical college in this city, and received her diploma. Up to this time she had been honest, but shortly afterward she appears to have made up her mind that honesty was not good policy. Her first conspicuous appearance as a confidence operator in this vicinity was in August, 1881. She was arrested then for swindling Arnold & Constable by obtaining some costly materials under false pretences. She had represented herself as a Miss W. H. Heiser, a customer with large credit. At that time she was 39 years old, of prepossessing appearance and attractive manners. Her daughter Amy was 15 years old, and she was with her wherever they went. They had just previous to her arrest been sunmering at a hotel at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, where she had been known as Mrs. Emma Lee. Two children were with her who have not been seen in her company since. During the police investigations of her character it was then found that she had been acting as the agent of a religious paper, and had proved a very valuable canvasser. The acquaintance with wealthy persons that she made in this manner she has ever since utilized in her schemes.

One of the most daring of her attempts at swindling occurred at the Coleman House in March, 1885. She registered there on March 5 as Mrs. Emma L. Hodson. She passed much of her time in writing in her room. On March 12 she startled Mr. Rogers, the proprietor, and the superintendent by the announcement that she had been robbed. She came down to the desk in the evening, pale and trembling with excitement, and remarked in a loud voice to Mr. Rogers:

"I thought this was a hotel where the valuables of guests would be safe if they left their rooms for a moment."

In answer to Mr. Rogers's queries she said she had gone to church twice that day (Sunday), and before going out had locked three rings, valued at $116, and $75 in money in a bureau drawer. When she returned the second time she found that the bureau drawer had been forced and her valuables stolen. She said there were scratches about the outside of the lock, where the thief had tampered with it. Her manner, accurate description of the rings, and perfect semblance of excitement made Mr. Rogers believe her story. As the valuables were not found she suggested, several days later, that Mr. Rogers should contribute for her for her loss. While pondering over this proposition Mr. Rogers received a copy of a *Boston Herald* sent by some person who had read of the rumpus she had created at the Coleman House. The contents of this paper opened Mr. Roger's eyes. Four columns in it were devoted to the story of Mrs. E. L. Hodson, and the description tallied exactly with that of his guest. The article detailed some of the schemes by which she had defrauded Boston hotel keepers and merchants out of $30,000 and had then managed to elude the police. Instead of paying Mr. Rogers she invited the police to examine into Mrs. Hodson's alleged loss. They found that the bureau drawers had a patent lock which could not have been forced without breaking it. They arrested Mrs. Hodson, and after a short experience in jail she confessed. She was perfectly cool, and denied that she had intended to defraud Mr. Rogers or desired to avoid payment of her board bill. Three letters were found in her room that she had written just previously. One was addressed to Bishop Potter and contained a reiteration of charges that she had previously made against the Rev. J. B. Drysdale and Williams, assistant rector of St. Thomas's in this city. Another was addressed to Mr. Drysdale himself, and was full of florid protestations of love and reproaches for his coming marriage. While she was in jail a letter was sent to her by her daughter Amy, and seemed to indicate that she was also interested in her mother's schemes. Afterward this impression was contradicted, and considerable prominence was given to Mrs. Hudson's imprisonment by the filial affection shown by her daughter. Mrs. Hudson was tried on a charge of petit larceny, the charge of attempting to swindle Mr. Rogers not being pressed. She was defended by her present lawyer, Abraham Suydam. She was sentenced to the penitentiary for three months. Her daughter clung to her and wept bitterly when she was taken away to prison, and after that she kept attracting notice by the frequent presents of flowers which she sent her mother. It is said that Amy, who is now 22 years old, is a model young woman, who is much depressed by her mother's crimes.

After Mrs. Hudson had served out her sentence she was rearrested and taken to Massachusetts on a requisition. She was convicted of several offences and was recently only released. She has for some time been employed as a canvasser by the *Churchman*, a religious paper, and was very successful. She could not, however, keep out of her old ways, and the police have already learned of numerous frauds she has perpetrated besides those for which she is in custody. A number of wealthy persons have been victimized. Almost all of them, like Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, were persons who were attracted by her appearance of gentility, and in many ways tried to assist her. The manager at Aitken, Son & Co.'s said that operations similar to that by which they were defrauded are reported from merchants in Jersey City, and that a number of well-known persons in this city have called upon them in regard to her.

Last night Mrs. Hudson had so far recovered from the effects of the chloral she had taken that it was deemed safe to take her away. She was brought to this city by Detective Hanley and locked up at Police Headquarters. She will be arraigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court to-day.

BOTH FAIRS ARE THRIVING,

But at One of Them Raffles are Forbidden, and at the Other They are Not.

It took twenty-four hours for the matrons and pretty girls of the Anti-Poverty fair to recover their spirits after Mayor Hewitt's decision that they must not conduct anything in the nature of a raffle or lottery. They were there last night distributed in little armies all over the Garden, and their enthusiasm found an outlet in thrusting little baskets at you, and asking for contributions, "no matter how little, for the Labor party." A "Journal of the Fair," packages of coffee, and "tickets for the waltz" also brought out the dimes.

The bright-eyed young lady who has charge of the autograph album isn't one of the despairing kind. She said that her album was worth $100, either at lottery or by auction, it didn't make much difference to her which. Dr. McGlynn had written in it a sentiment to the effect that all are God's children, and the young lady's other treasures are:

Michael Davitt—Living in a country where poverty is all but general, I am as anxious as any one can well be to see this great social evil abolished everywhere.

James Redpath—Might is right. This is the creed of all old parties. Right is might. This is the creed of our party.

The Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost—The platform of the United Labor party is a good enough creed for me.

William T. Croasdale—No man can possibly hold exclusive possession of the earth by consent of his fellows, and none can hold it except on such conditions as the consenting parties prescribe.

Charles F. Wingate—The cause of the people is the cause of God.

T. V. Powderly—My earnest prayer is for the speedy abolition of poverty.

The young lady with the Elizabethan ruff and energetic ways who had charge of the electrical battery did a fine business, and Miss Murphy, in charge of the table of the Committee of Thirty-five, did her prettiest to interest all in her collection. But probably the restaurant did about the best stroke of business during the evening. Strangers wanted to see Mary Halligan, the cook who had served Dr. McGlynn from almost his boyhood days, and her persistents, Miss Maggie Morgan, Miss Mullaney, Miss Annie Morris, Miss Mary Tierney, and Miss Madeleine Michel serve anything from Henry George sleeve buttons to home-made cake. Miss Munier and the young ladies of the Concordia chorus sang what they called "Corrigan's Curse" to the tune of "The King of the Cannibal Islands." Manager Croasdale hopes to pump enough from the ball in the Garden next Monday evening to make up for "the rain of last week and the Mayor's action this week."

The Anti-Poverty people were still talking yesterday of the prohibition of their raffles while raffles at the fair of the Church of the Sacred Heart, in West Fifty-first street, near Tenth avenue, were not interfered with. This fair is in its second week, and by three weeks more Father Brophy and the matrons hope to have enough to begin to build a parochial school opposite the church. The land, costing $23,000, has already been purchased. The entrance ticket to the fair costing ten cents entitles one to a chance in a drawing for $50 in gold, and Miss Ella Stedman won last night. Each week of the fair $50 will be put up. There are a score of tables containing household articles, crockery, silverware, and about everything that is pleasant to look at and would save in your home. The tables are in charge of:

Mrs. Henry Murray, Miss Mary McIlhaney, and Mrs. Foley.
Mrs. James McIlhaney and Miss Carbonell.
Mrs. McWilliams, Miss Sandman, and Miss Woods.
Mrs. Kelly, Miss Muldoon, and Miss McKeon.
Miss Lottie Green.
Mrs. Cary and Miss Hollywood.
Miss Mary McGrann and Miss Ryan.
Mrs. Byrne and Mrs. Fitzgibbon.
Mrs. Dr. McGauren.

A share in "The Furnished Parlor," in charge of Mrs. James McIlhaney and Miss Carbonell, costs $1, and one stands a chance of winning $1,645 worth of furniture, including an upright piano. For 50 cents a chance in a village cart can be had, and for 5 cents two chances to win 50 cents are sold. The young ladies are also enthusiastic in securing dimes for:

The most popular doctor.
The most popular young man (Mr. Etchingham is thus far ahead).
The most popular undertaker. (He is to get a candelabrum and F. J. McConnell now has 134 votes and Joseph Curran 46.)
The most popular association.
The most popular altar boy. (P. Travers is ahead now).

The most popular gentleman in the Twenty-second ward (with this result last night: Assemblyman Dalton, 4; Sheriff Grant, 5; Thomas Smith, liquor dealer, 5; Alderman Quinn, 1, and P. H. McManus of the McManus Association, 7).
The most popular boss butcher.
The most popular policeman. (Up to date C. C. Ryan has 80 votes, with William McKeon and M. F. Sweeney considered good dark horses.)

Father Brophy and Dr. McIlhaney said the fair had not been interfered with, and hoped it would not be, because it was to build a school for 3,000 children, and that otherwise it was a purely church affair. They thought the law proscribing the selling of chances was obsolete as applied to such cases. Everything at the fair had been given by the parishioners and their friends.

DEMANDING THE NAMES.

The Socialists Want to Know Who Charged Them in Union Square.

Capt. Reilly rendered his report of the Union square clubbing to Superintendent Murray yesterday, but it was not made public, and will not be until, incorporated in that of the Superintendent, it has been passed upon by the Police Commissioners. The Superintendent's report will not be ready for a day or two. The request made of the Board in the following communication will not be complied with before Mr. Murray is heard from:

GENTLEMEN: The Executive Committee of the Progressive Labor party respectfully request of you the names of the officers and men of the police force who were detailed to attend and did attend the public meeting of that party held at Union square on last Saturday evening, the 8th inst.

We find it necessary to know these names in order to enable us to make a full report and to present to you formal charges in regard to their conduct at that meeting, which we deem it necessary that you should investigate and which is generally regarded as a matter of public concern. In view of this object and the public good, we will favor fair investigation of the conduct of the police on that occasion, we ask you for the information. An early reply desired. Very respectfully, Executive Committee Progressive Labor party. HUGO VOGT, Secretary.

Last night the Executive Committee of the party voted to prefer charges against Capt. Reilly and Beatty and ask for their dismissal, and call on the Grand Jury to indict all the guilty policemen and begin suits for damages against the city in the name of the clubbed men.

Connecticut Federation of Labor in Session.

MERIDEN, Oct. 11.—The two days' session of the Connecticut branch of the Federation of Labor closed this evening. There are now 52 trades unions in the State Federation, with a membership of nearly 11,000. The order is drawing heavily from the Knights of Labor. It was voted that the matter of Trades Unions and Knights of Labor Assemblies acting in concert should be left to the discretion of local unions. The various barbers' unions were instructed to have the Sunday Closing law strictly enforced. The officers elected are: President, E. G. Farrell of Hartford; Vice-Presidents, John Garvey of New Britain, J. J. Flood of New Haven; Secretary, J. G. Bacon of Hartford; Treasurer, H. J. Bacon of Meriden.

The Patent Office Won't Pay Bacon's Deficit.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11.—Mr. Jacob Frolich, who some months ago was appointed financial clerk of the Patent Office to succeed Levi Bacon, deceased, has notified patent attorneys who, previous to his taking charge of the office, had made deposits of money to cover future fees, and which it is believed were appropriated by Bacon in his own use, that these sums would not, in the settlement of their accounts, be allowed as credits, holding that his office is not responsible for Bacon's deficit.

Another Flood in Texas.

BROWNSVILLE, Tex., Oct. 11.—Reports of another hurricane in the Gulf moving westward creates great uneasiness here. Seven inches of rain fell last night, and the Rio Grande is higher than ever before. The whole country along the river is inundated, and a number of houses in this city are inaccessible, the streets being overflowed. In Matamoras the flood has spread over the entire town, and the inhabitants are all of the same mind in contemplation with the town on account of the rough weather.

THE STRIKING PRINTERS.

FOUR BOOK AND JOB OFFICES ADDED TO THE NON-UNION LIST.

Over 300 Printers Have Left Their Work—The Brass and Chandelier Manufacturers Refuse to Grant the Demands.

Four book printing offices were added yesterday to the eight whose men had already gone out, and the total number of men now on strike, as recorded by the committee of seven in charge of the strike at Pythagoras Hall, is 317. The four offices where the men stopped work yesterday are those of Theo. L. De Vinne & Co., J. J. Little, Hunter & Beach, and J. F. Tyrrell & Co. The employees of Harper & Brothers did not quit work. Those in the *Catholic News* printing office have not gone out. This communication was received yesterday by the State Board of Arbitration:

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.

F. F. Donovan.

DEAR SIR: The President of the Typographical Union No. 6 positively declines arbitration, not only with your Commission, but with any arbitrators

The Typothetæ decided to stand by their members' refusal to become card offices, and accept the consequences of a strike. We are exceedingly obliged to you for your prompt response, and deeply regret that the perverseness of a few unthinking men who dominate the union should make your mediation impossible. The employers are united, and have no doubt of their ultimate success. Yours truly, THEO. L. DE VINNE.

The Typothetæ, the organization of the employers, was in session until 5:30 last evening. When they adjourned Secretary Pasco refused to say what had been done in their meeting. It was said by a boss printer that they were considering the proposition to employ any printer who applies for work. Some of the thirteen firms whose men have gone out have already advertised for men.

At a regular meeting of the Pressman's Union at 98 Forsyth street, last night, this resolution was unanimously adopted:

That this union hereby tender our thanks to Messrs Harper & Brother for the generous and friendly spirit with which they met and conceded the demands of their employees.

Nothing was decided at the meeting, but it was understood that the pressmen were to go out on strike in every office where the new scale was rejected.

William Clarke, a member of Typographical Union No. 6, living at 202 West Nineteenth street, was arrested yesterday on complaint of Hunter & Beach, printers, 31 West Thirteenth street, who charge that Clarke induced dissatisfied men whom they had hired to come on from Philadelphia to work here. Justice Duffy at Jefferson Market Court fined Clarke $5, but later remitted the fine, and cautioned him to keep away from Hunter & Beach's office.

The brass and chandelier manufacturers discussed Editor Wilshire's proposition, to meet and confer with a committee of their employees, till dinner time on Monday, and after dinner renewed the discussion. It was finally agreed to meet their employees' committee, and they repaired to the Metropolitan Hotel yesterday morning and reported that they would do so in the afternoon. This note was read to the Board by Chairman Purcell:

In accordance with the recommendation and out of deference to the wishes of the State Board of Arbitration and Mediation, we, the Chandelier Manufacturers' Association, desire to state our willingness to meet and confer for a final conference the committee from the Executive Board of the Brassworkers' Union, at the Metropolitan Hotel, at such a time as may be agreed upon.

THOMAS FORD, T. ENOS,
Secretary Chandelier Manufacturing Association.

After a conference between the two committees lasting from 11 A. M. till nearly 2 P. M. no agreement was reached. Thomas Ford, in behalf of the brass workers, offered to compromise their demand for a Saturday half holiday to nine hours as a day's work and eight hours on Saturday. This proposition was refused by the employers in the following letter:

NEW YORK, Oct. 11, 1887.

T. Ford, Esq., Chairman Executive Committee of the Brass Workers' Union.

DEAR SIR: Under the report of our Executive Committee, who are delegated to meet you, the final decision of this association is that we must decline your proposition to work nine hours per day and eight hours Saturday. We adhere to the circular issued by our factories Aug. 30 last and that we will grant no further conferences excepting to a committee of our former employees representing each department in our factories. Such committees can treat with each firm individually at any time said committees may see fit. ALLAN ON T. ENOS,
Secretary Chandelier Manufacturers' Association.

Mr. Iden for the manufacturers said that as they could not afford to grant the concession demanded, it was hardly a matter for reference to the Board of Arbitration.

Mr. Ford for the union said that under such circumstances it was unnecessary for him to say yes or no to the Board's proposition. He added that the employees had made every concession that could be expected of them, and that the fight now ahead of them would be a long and bitter one.

Chairman Purcell said that the Board would take under advisement the question of instituting an investigation. The conference adjourned.

There was no change in the ale and porter brewers' troubles. The workingmen met in Hibernia Hall, Brooklyn, and discussed the matter. They are being supported by their union.

The State Board of Mediation and Arbitration moved last night to the Murray Hill Hotel.

RHINE WINE AND SAUSAGES.

Ending a Grand German Festival in Honor of St. Michael of Rhineland.

To the average American the words "Duerkheimer Wurstmarkt" mean nothing at all, and to a German they only convey the idea of a sausage market in Durkheimer on the Rhine, but as the words have been used by a host of east siders in the last two days, they stood for more fun to the square inch than most folks ever see in their lives.

Michael was the name of a German gentleman of five centuries ago, who tired of the world of that period, with its flaxen-haired flirts and its demand for five cents for every glass of beer, and built himself a hut on a hillside in the Pfalzer country overlooking the Rhine. There he lived as a holy monk and looked at the world with new eyes, for the flaxen-haired maidens, instead of making all sorts of giddy pretensions, now confessed their sins to him, and the saloon keepers brought him wine instead of beer, and charged him not a penny. All of a sudden a fearful epidemic broke out, and the people began to die like rats until Michael sent them word that if they would come to his hut he would cure them. He had a wonderful remedy, he said. They came by the hundred, and he sat them at long tables and cured them with platters full of liver sausage and potato salad and great flagons of Rhine wine. This sounds astonishing, but nobody doubts it. Michael was canonized for it, and is now called St. Michael, and for 500 years the people of the Pfalzer country have been stuffing themselves with Rhine wine, liver sausage, and potato salad in his honor.

For 483 years this custom was confined to Germany, but during the last seventeen years it has been duplicated at 213 Forsyth street in this city. George Meinhardt, who is said to look very like the saint, and who is one of the owners of Shelter Island, keeps the hall, and hangs the festival in charge of his wife. Vine and hop blossoms, grape leaves, and flowers, not forgetting to display long chains of black sausages also, all in honor of the time of year when the grape and the pig are both ripe together and St. Michael cured the people with the best prescription a doctor ever called to his aid.

Under the vines and hops and flowers hundreds of honest folk from the Pfalzer country have gathered during the last few days to eat and drink and dance and sing. A happy, jolly lot they were. The older ones were rather stout, and given to drinking Rhine wine out of the mammoth bottles that every table was fully loaded as the men and women around it, but the young ones were simply handsome youths and pretty girls who were forever dancing. It was a sight to see—those mild-eyed, round-faced east-side German girls, with rosy cheeks and dimpled chins, forever whirling like tops in the strong arms of their sweethearts. They have danced from their infantile days, when the hand organs tuned their steps on the sidewalk, and dancing has become their second nature.

Among those who dropped in and ate liver sausage and smiled at the girls and piled up the Rhine wine bottles were Aldermen Goetz, Louis Herbrand, the editor of the *Brauer Zeitung*; Henry Hess, President of the Seventy-six Society; Capt. Mattisen