NO BREAK IN THE STRIKE.

THE READING'S COAL TRAFFIC ALMOST COMPLETELY BLOCKED.

Miners and Railroaders Confident that They will Win—No Coal at Port Richmond—40,000 Cars Idle on the Sidings—No Danger of a Strike in the Wyoming Region.

READING, Pa., Jan. 8.—A number of Knights of Labor assemblies at various points held meetings to-day and discussed the general situation. Nothing definite was done, and it is altogether probable that the individual colliers will continue at work in the morning. The Reading Company has brought down eleven loaded coal trains since yesterday, and the indications are that the shipments to-morrow will be slightly increased. This coal does not come from the company's collieries. The company's officials say that their Brookside colliery is running. True it is running, but they only got out about twenty cars on Saturday, while the colliery's daily shipments should be 400 cars. The company is not sending down any of its own coal; but it is stacking it up in the mines for its own use in case of a long siege. A number of public meetings were held at weak points in the regions to-day and the men were urged to stand firm.

A careful inquiry into the wages of miners shows that on an average, year in and year out, the men do not earn more than $25 a month. In the rosy times of mining years ago, a thoroughly experienced miner some months made as high as $125, but that is not the case now. They could earn $75 a month now if steadily employed, but miners do not work half the time, owing to stoppages, accidents, repairs, illness, church days, funeral days, sporting days, and a number of other holidays too numerous to mention. They buy at the store on credit, and the storekeeper and the company's paymaster arrange the payments. Half the time the miner has his pay well mortgaged before it is earned. The eight per cent. advance will not much better their condition, but they say as they are entitled to it they should have it. They firmly believe they will win, and are ready to bend and suffer until such time that the company is willing to grant their request. How long that will be is just as uncertain to-night as it was a week ago.

The actual number of coal cars run down the road since midnight was 500, while to-day three weeks ago there were shipped through this city the enormous number of 6,800 cars, drawn by sixty-one engines. When these figures are compared the terrible stagnation in the coal trade can be fully appreciated. At the car shops in this city the books show that the number of coal cars in active service on the road is about 40,000. Nearly all of these are now lying on the sidings in the coal regions.

Navigation closed on the Schuylkill Canal on Dec. 10, and about two dozen boats engaged in the coal-carrying trade, each containing several hundred tons of coal, became ice-bound north and south of this city. It was not expected that this coal could be moved before spring, but now every pound has been bought up. The leading iron works purchased several loads and were happily relieved from closing down.

The information received at the company's office in this city to-night is that to-day's meetings of the strikers showed that there is no break in the miners' strike. Shamokin appears to be the point holded out by present strikers. It is there most general both on the railroad and in the mines, and it is there where the most feeling is shown against non-union men.

The new district assembly of Reading railroaders which met recently in Elizabethport will be permanently organized in this city next Sunday. It is expected that upon this occasion the railroaders will more clearly define their position in the present strike.

The miners will have delegates present, and it is expected that they will express themselves with no uncertain feeling. Chairman Lee of the railroaders' committee and all of the leaders of the miners strike promise to attend.

A delegation of Knights from this city, who had gone to Pottsville, returned to-day, and reported that they had informed Chairman Lee that the 2,000 shop hands in this city would not strike unless greater cause was shown.

A Sunday tour among some of the mining towns revealed a remarkable feature of the strike, and that is that the women are just as enthusiastic for a strike as the men. In many cases where the husbands were lukewarm their wives urged them to strike. It is estimated that the miners work only half the working days they make on an average between $500 and $600 a year. Many do not make more than $350 a year. Nearly all have large families to support, but the most of them live comfortably.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan 8.—The local leaders of the Reading strike were in high feather to-day. They said that the strike is virtually over, and that they are victorious.

"We will demand as a condition of the settlement," said Mr. Sharkey, "that the five crews be reinstated pending arbitration. When we get the whip in hand I guess we will know how to lash as well as the other side. I expect to hear all sorts of inducements offered by the company to settle this strike between now and next Wednesday. Even bribes will probably be flying about."

The other leaders are equally confident. James H. Gleason, Master Workman of 5,890, and Frank McGill, Master Workman of 8,811, expressed the opinion that the strike could not be of long duration, as the company was hampered far beyond its expectations. Ambrose Hede, Master Workman of 6,285, said he had heard nothing of any movement toward a conference between the company and its men, but he thought from the looks of things that the strike would be settled in a few days.

There were a number of meetings to-day in the interest of the strike. The largest was that of the Main Line Trainmen's Local Assembly No. 10,167, which met in Coöperative Hall, on Frankford avenue, above Cumberland. All the prominent leaders were at the meeting. Delegates were present from up the road, and two colored brothers from Detroit, representing Western railroads. The meeting was conducted amid the greatest enthusiasm, and each of the delegates had something to say of the tied up condition of affairs.

Sunday was strictly observed at Port Richmond and Richmond Junction, and everything wore a deserted appearance. There is no coal at the port, and the colliers have been compelled to sail almost empty. The Reading collier Harrisburg, Capt. Albertson, sailed from the port this morning to load coal for an Eastern port, not being able to procure a cargo here. This is the first time any of the Reading colliers were compelled to do this. There were no trains moving at Richmond Junction, although it was claimed that the regular Sunday business is being done.

"There will be no meeting of the General Executive Board to-morrow," said General Secretary Hayes to-night. "The members of the Board are scattered around the country and could not get here to-morrow if they wanted to. I haven't issued a call for a meeting and I do not know of any reason for calling a meeting. All I know about the strike in the coal regions of the Reading employees is what I have read in the newspapers, and until the Board takes official notice of the matter I must decline to say anything."

WILKESBARRE, Jan. 8.—After a diligent search this evening among miners and others interested, the fact is learned that the miners and laborers in this, the Wyoming region, will not be ordered out on strike. Even if they received such orders they would refuse to obey them, as they are not properly organized to make a strike. The collieries in the Wyoming and Lackawanna regions are all at work, and will so continue.

CHICAGO, Jan. 8.—Thomas B. Barry of the General Executive Board of the Knights of Labor left here suddenly for the East this afternoon, presumably to assume leadership in the Reading strike and attempt a settlement. Mr. Barry said he had received a telegram from Philadelphia directing him to proceed at once to Reading. He departed without waiting to reach a decision in the matter which brought him to Chicago—the dispute between the painters and the hard-wood finishers.

MR. CHILDS ON THE STRIKE.

He Says the Miners Should Have the Eight Per Cent. Advance.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 8.—The following special from New York to the *Press* will be reprinted in the *Ledger* to-morrow:

Mr. George W. Childs stood in the corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel this morning, with President Roberts of the Pennsylvania road, discussing the Reading coal strike incidentally and the labor problem in general.

Mr. Childs came over here from Philadelphia yesterday with A. J. Drexel, the banker, and together they dined with Austin Corbin that evening. All three listened to German opera afterward from Mr. Corbin's box in the Opera House. Mr. Childs said in his conversation this morning:

"I believe that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and have no hesitation in saying that the advance of 8 per cent. asked for by the miners should be granted and added to the price of coal, if there is no other way for the companies to meet it. The Reading has been paying the advance for four months past.

"I am told that it would make a difference of $750,000 in miners' wages. Still, I am of the opinion that the Reading and most of the other companies are ready to pay the higher wages if they could feel assured the other companies not subjected to this increase would not step in and undersell them in this city. They could not compete on such a basis.

"I believe in organized labor," continued Mr. Childs, "and in paying the highest price to the wage earner that is possible and leave a fair margin of profit to the employer. There should be good feeling and coöperation between the two. Nothing enters so largely into the efficient administration of a business as the spirit with which both sides take hold of it.

"I have no doubt that but for the Typographical Union in Philadelphia, for instance, prices for composition would be lower than they are. The Bricklayers' Union in Philadelphia is another illustration of what workingmen can do when they come together on a common platform and make known their wishes, tempered by discretion and a proper regard for the interests of their employers as well as their own.

"The Engineers' Brotherhood, with Chief Arthur at their head, have only to make a request of the railroads and it is complied with, because the roads feel that the Brotherhood is a conservative body.

"Organization will do a great deal for the wage earners. It will bring them higher prices for their labor, prevent strikes, and encourage a spirit of coöperation between employers and employees.

"I am speaking now of organization on a proper basis, and with nothing in view but the common welfare. As an example of what can be attained in this way, I know of no employer among my acquaintances who has not expressed himself as favoring fair play for the laborer."

IT IS THE AGE OF BARGAINS.

The Possibilities Set Forth for Those who Wish to Get Their Money's Worth.

The general idea that clothing is much cheaper in England than in this country was recently controverted by a public speaker in this city with the argument that overcoats could be bought on the Bowery for $5 and suits for not much more. The speaker might have said that pretty much everything can be bought in this city for figures as ridiculously low as those he quoted for clothing, if one only shops around enough before he purchases, and he need not go to the Bowery either.

There are bargains in everything nowadays, even in real estate and legislation, but by all odds the biggest bargains in proportion to the amount of money involved are those offered by the retail stores in this city in the house furnishing, men furnishing, women furnishing, and general decorative and outfitting lines. They don't have bargain counters in the butcher shops yet, nor, as a rule, sell sugar at less than cost to attract trade, while coal and such like necessities are kept screwed up to the sticking point by combinations and agreements, but in about every other line there is scarcely an article that is not sold for less than it is worth at one store or another.

A man nowadays can buy a house at a bargain, furnish it for less than the actual cost of making the articles he puts into it, pick out a nice girl from behind some bargain counter, take her to a minister, who is anxious for business, and marry her for half the usual fee, dress her and himself in clothing that cost him less than the materials are worth, and settle down in a home that is just as nice and probably as substantial as though he had bought everything at the regular price at stores that stuck to the old-fashioned way of business.

He would have to do a good deal of running around, however, in search of all these bargains, for it is rarely that over two or three lines of goods are sacrificed at the same store at the same time. But he need never feel that he is dealing with any but a first-class house or that there is any danger that he is not getting just what the goods are represented to be. As a rule, the houses that give the biggest bargains are the biggest houses, and nine times out of ten the goods on the bargain counters in all the stores are first class in their line.

THE SUNDAY SUN is a great directory for the bargain hunters. A firm might just as well not have any bargains at all as to have them and not advertise them, and some trace of whatever there is in town that is selling for less than it is worth is pretty sure to be found in the Sunday advertisements in THE SUN. In a recent issue, for instance, the man in search of a bargain home might have learned that there three different real estate dealers could furnish him a lot or a house and lot in three different suburban towns for little more than the trouble of going after them. One firm was anxious to get rid of its lots at $150 each, payable in monthly installments of $10, with 10 per cent. discount for cash. For a city house, two story and basement, with all the modern improvements, he could get for $3,300.

Then he could go to one place and get Brussels carpet for 50 cents a yard, or a better quality, guaranteed equal to the regular $1.25 Brussels, for 90 cents, and his other carpets could be got in in proportionate prices by going to different stores. For the doorways he could at another place get brass-trimmed poles for 17 cents, on which raw silk portières could be hung for $2.49 a pair. Fringed shades for his windows would cost only 29 cents, and real lace curtains could be got for $1.49 a pair. For his mantels "handsomely embroidered lambrequins, finished with tassels and lined," would cost only 85 cents, while another firm was longing to sell him Smyrna rugs for 55 cents.

As to furniture, he could do nearly as well. For a few samples, all from the advertisements in one day's paper, there was "handsome parlor tables, mahogany, 34 inches long, 24 wide, 28 high, large, deep drawer, first-class make, and warranted," for $10. Easy chairs, well upholstered, come at the same price, and a mahogany rocking chair, "upholstered first-class, covered in best silk plush, handsome fringe, silk ribbon bow," is offered for $5. A handsome antique oak and mahogany writing desk comes at $13, and a bric-à-brac cabinet, finished in mahogany, with plate glass panels, 28 inches long and 20 inches wide, at $3. There are also brass easels, over five feet high, for $5, and pictures to put on them at any price from five cents up. Chamber suites are rated anywhere from $10 up in the bargain lists, and specialties in folding beds are a mantel bed at $10, a table bed at $13.50, a portière bed at $16, and a desk bed at $25. An elegantly finished cherry and old oak lady's desk for $10, and a solid walnut, cherry, or old oak bookcase for the same price. A solid walnut or cherry chiffonniere, with bevelled mirror, costs $17.

Of ornamental pieces there is no end at any price he chooses to pay. Samples are a large bust of Othello for 69 cents, or something more elaborate, called a bust of an "Arab Chief," for $4.69. One firm is perfectly crazy to sell him antique bronze pitchers nine inches high for 98 cents, and another lures him with an offer of the antique brass card receiver for 98 cents. A silk plush album, brass mounted, costs only 98 cents also, while for $1.49 he can get a silk plush, satin-lined toilet case, with celluloid brush and comb and a heavy French plate glass mirror. A wine set of an imported decanter and six glasses, with a stand, is offered for 89 cents, and a lady's work box, neatly lined and well fitted, for 39 cents.

Having his house ready, he can set out in search of a wife, first fixing himself up in a style that is a good imitation of the height of style, even if it is not the real thing. Silk underwear he can get for $1.75, according to one advertisement. Outer clothing will cost anywhere from $10 up. For jewelry he will need diamond collar buttons at $3, a diamond scarf pin at $3.75, initial sleeve buttons at 48 cents a pair, a diamond ring at $5. Other things in the line of personal adornment for himself are a French calf or ebony cane for 50 cents; a pure silk paragon-frame umbrella for $1.25, or one with sterling silver mounting in a satin-lined box for $4. Gold mountings will cost him only $1 more. Then there will be a stem-winding, dust-proof American lever watch for $5, hand-embroidered handkerchiefs at 12 cents, or Japanese silk ones at 48 cents, with a 20-inch silk muffler for 39 cents. A meerschaum smoking set will cost him 98 cents, and an "extra large" manicure set comes at the same figure. Alligator slippers, genuine, with chamois lining and patent leather trimmings, will cost him $1.99, but he can get along just as well with a pair of hand-embroidered ones at 98 cents. His silk scarfs he can get three for a dollar, or "very fine" ones at 50 cents each.

A Railroad Collision in Minnesota.

DULUTH, Jan. 8.—A collision occurred at 5 o'clock this morning at Hawthorne, twenty-seven miles south of here, on the Omaha road. The night train from St. Paul stopped to clean out the fire box, and Conductor Greenly sent a man back to flag the freight train which was following. The engineer of the freight did not notice the flag, and came on the passenger train before he had time to stop completely.

The result was, the freight crashed into the rear of the sleeper of the passenger train. The engine's saddle pipe burst, and Thomas Anderson, a colored porter, who was in the smoking department of the sleeper, was scalded to death by escaping steam. He leaves a wife and family in St. Paul. The passenger was five hours late reaching Duluth on account of the accident. Damage to the rolling stock was small, as the freight was nearly stopped when the collision occurred.

Stabbing Affray in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 8.—A fight in a shanty at Thirty-seventh and Dikinson streets early this morning resulted in the stabbing of John French, a colored youth, by Edward Smith, colored. The men were friends, and were in the city together on Saturday night, but French returned home alone. When Smith reached the shanty he was angry because French had left him. They quarrelled, and French, who was the largest, began beating Smith with his fists, when the latter drew his knife and thrust it into his assailant's left side and slashed them in this city. They could not compete on such a basis.

"I believe in organized labor," continued Mr. Childs, "and in paying the highest price to the

AT CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT.

COUNT CARLOS'S STORY OF THE BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN.

Count Carlos was Left Behind when the Troops Fell Back, and he Saw the Battle from the Indians' Side—A Cry in the Night.

FARGO, Jan. 2.—It was on a bitter cold night in December, with a Dakota blizzard doing its worst, that, acting upon the suggestion of a friend, I called upon "Count Carlos" to hear his description of the Custer fight. "He," I had been assured, "gives a more correct and realistic account of the fight than any other officer who took part in it. Just get him well started, and you will be fully repaid for your trouble."

With the former history of Count Carlos I was already familiar. He was a descendant of a noted patriotic family of Italians. His father and several of his brothers had been executed in Italy for their patriotic principles, while all of the members of the family, besides himself, including even the females, had suffered lengthy imprisonments. Brought up in such an atmosphere, it was not strange that, after arriving at more mature years, he should devote his body and soul to the cause in which his relatives had perished; and before he had reached the age of 17 years he had been proclaimed a political outlaw, and a reward had been offered for his body, alive or dead.

Trusting for his safety in the intricacies of the passes of the Alps, he remained in or near Italy until several years later, when he went to Paris. There he remained for some time, a member and the representative of one of the most powerful European secret societies of the day. Finally, on the night of Jan. 14, 1853, he undertook to perform, in connection with Orsini, Gomez, and Pieri, the duties imposed upon them by the society, who believed that the Emperor's death would accomplish the independence of Italy. History has recorded the attempted assassination of Napoleon III. that night. The bombs were thrown, but failed in their object.

In the course of a few days all four of the conspirators were captured. Gomez saved his own neck by sacrificing those of his companions, who were sentenced to be executed. Orsini and Pieri were executed in the presence of Count Carlos, whose sentence was commuted on the scaffold.

Soon after his narrow escape from death "Count Carlos" made his escape and came to this country, accepting, upon his arrival, a commission in the Northern army, and at once joining his company in the field. After the war he remained in the army, and is now a gallant Captain of cavalry.

I found Count Carlos at his home, enjoying a pipe and book. He was a slight though compacted built man, with hair and beard, which was trimmed to a point, were fast turning gray. His moustaches were long and carefully waxed. Fortunately, he was very affable and apparently in the best of humors. After carefully leading up to the subject by judicious questions and remarks, I succeeded in getting him fairly started, and, as I had anticipated, he seemed to live over again the bloody scenes of those hours, and, letting his pipe go out in his excitement, he illustrated his narrative by many descriptive gestures and attitudes, and allowed his foreign accent to creep in unheeded.

"Well, you see," said he, "I probably had a better view of everything, at least, I thought than many others, because I saw it from the Indians' side, owing to my being left behind when the troops fell back.

"It was nearly noon on the day of the battle (June 26, 1876) when, far ahead of our column, we saw immense clouds of dust, and other indications that alone in large numbers were near us. Gen. Custer divided his command into two parts, one of which he commanded while Major Reno took command of the other. Custer left us and struck down toward the Little Big Horn, intending to cross and attack from the lower side, while we were to cross further up and attack from above. That was the last that we saw of him or his gallant command until we found their mutilated bodies some days later.

"We crossed at a ford some distance further up stream, and soon came in sight of an immense crowd of mounted Indians. They were riding back and forth and raising such a dust that we could tell nothing about their numbers. Before long the bullets began to fall among us, and the order was given to dismount and fight on foot. We advanced in skirmish line, and when within easy range halted and made a stand. The firing had been going on for some five or fifteen minutes when I saw a small party detach themselves and move around toward our flank. I gathered four or five men about me and rushed to a position from which the flank could be defended. We found there a dry stream with high-cut banks, which gave us ample cover, and sheltered by which we held the flanking party at bay and occasionally succeeded in knocking over one of their number. Some time after—I don't know long—I was surprised at hearing my orderly's voice behind me saying: 'Lieutenant, here's your horse.'

"'I don't want my horse,' I replied. 'Get him down here out of range as quickly as you can.'

"'But,' replied the orderly, 'the command is retreating.'

"I looked behind me, and, sure enough, there was the long line slowly falling back toward the horses. I sprang toward my horse, and was about to mount when a strong guide rein, trailing in the wind where it had been left when the troops fell back, caught my eye. I ordered one of the soldiers to get it, but he was a recruit, and his attention was entirely taken up in trying to get back to the command. Disliking to appear unwilling to confront a danger into which I had ordered one of my men, I darted for the guidon. Just as my hand grasped it my head appeared above the bank. I heard a yell, and there, not a stone's throw away, was my old flanking party of Indians. Abandoning all idea of saving the guidon, I gave my horse a kick that sent him plunging through the underbrush into direction which allowed him to soon be out of sight in another. As soon as the Indians reached the top of the bank they blazed away at the point where my horse was creating so much commotion, and I made a detour, coming out on the bank at another point.

"Here the outlook was not very cheering. The main body of the Indians had advanced and halted in line between me and my comrades, and were now deeply engaged in watching the movements of the retiring troops. It was a desperate case, and I was at a loss to know just what to do. To remain where I was meant almost certain death; so I determined to rush through the Indian line, trusting to luck and the Indians' excitement to save me from their bullets. I had just crept up on the edge of the bank to put this plan into execution when a yell on my left caused me to stop. There were my old friends the flankers again, coming around to join the main body.

"At their yell many of the main party turned, and I dropped behind the bank again just in time to escape a shower of bullets sent after me. There I remained, expecting each moment to have them come over after me, and determined to give them a taste of my revolver if they did. But either on account of fear, or because they thought that they had me trapped and could attend to me at their leisure, they did not come.

"Very soon I left that position, deciding that the best plan was to hide until darkness should set in, and to then slip out if I could. I was carefully stealing along the bed of the stream, hiding as best I could, when I thought that I heard the whispered word:

"'Lieutenant!'

"I listened and it was repeated, and, looking up into a large hole under the overhanging bank, I saw a Sergeant and two men, one of whom was an Indian scout and the other a half-breed interpreter, who, like me, had been left behind. The two Indians had horses, which I advised them to turn loose, feeling sure that they would, by neighing or pawing, give notice of our presence to some passing Indian. This they refused to do, and I left them.

"After wandering about for some time, I finally found a place in the wide bottom which was piled high with logs and other driftwood, and I made a pit for myself so that I was hidden with only my head projecting from the drift. Then I took my cartridges from my belt and spread them out in front of me, where I could most conveniently reach them. I then laid my revolver beside them, took out my tobacco pouch, rolled a cigarette and lit it. I had taken hardly half a dozen puffs of the nerve-soothing smoke when I heard, hardly a hundred yards from me, the most diabolical shrieks and yells that you can imagine. Hastily extinguishing my cigarette and peering through the underbrush, I saw a party of six or eight old squaws slashing themselves with knives, and expressing grief at the death of the brave whose body they had just found.

"After this performance had gone on for some time they removed the dead man's ornaments and continued the search. With a savage yell one of them threw herself upon the dead body and commenced hurling a stone's throw from me, and hastily removing all of his clothing, they busied themselves hacking, cutting, and mutilating the remains until they left it to look for fresh subjects.

"I breathed a sigh of relief as they disappeared, but was soon made aware that a new and equally awful danger threatened me. Dense clouds of smoke were borne past me on the rising wind, and not far away I could see the hot flame licking up the dry leaves and twigs. Leaving my hiding place, I hurried down the stream again, not knowing where to turn. My progress was soon interrupted again by that whispered word:

"'Lieutenant!'

"I looked in vain for the Sergeant, whose voice I recognized, but after pushing through the underbrush in the direction from which the sound came, I saw the same party as before, now hiding in a place protected from view and from fire. On the same side the steep bank towered above them some twenty-feet, while on the other the dry, stony bed of the stream stretched for some yards. Here we waited, while the air was blown past us in suffocating gusts, until, fortunately for us, a sudden heavy shower put the fire out.

"As soon as it was dark enough we set out to find the troops, the two Indians mounted on their ponies, to whose tails the Sergeant and I clung, lest their riders should give us the slip and escape without us. We soon left the wooded bottom and travelled across the prairie. Several times we passed parties of Indians who, thinking from the size of our ponies that we were Indians, did not molest us. As we neared the ford we found immense fires burning and the ford defended by guards. Finding it impossible to cross there, we started up the stream, hoping to find some undefended ford. We had been for some time cautiously following the faint trail along the river, when suddenly, almost in our faces, was grunted out an Indian challenge:

"'How?'

"The two mounted members of our party whipped up their ponies and sped past the challengers. The sudden motion of the animals had thrown the Sergeant and myself to the ground, where we lay hardly daring to breathe. The Indians discussed the matter for a few moments and then moved away in the darkness. The Sergeant and I now left to our own devices, kept on along the bank, but daylight overtook us before we reached an unguarded ford, so we found a good hiding place in which to pass the day.

"Along toward noon we heard the tramp of approaching hoofs, and cautiously we peered out through the brush. All at once I heard an iron shoe strike against a stone on the bank of the river.

"'Did you hear that, Sergeant?' I whispered. 'It must be the cavalry.' Sure enough, when they came in sight, there were the blue uniforms and yellow facings of the cavalry. We both leaped to our feet and yelled for joy. Our cry was answered by a volley of bullets and an unmistakable Indian yell in reply. Then we saw, too late, that the Indians charged in the uniforms of the soldiers under Custer, about whose fate we until that time knew nothing. We ran back into the woods as rapidly as possible, followed by a horde of yelling savages. Finding a huge log, we threw ourselves behind it and opened fire upon them. They stopped at once, and, afraid to charge upon us, went back to join the main party. Bullets flew all around us, but our log protected us until a bullet, apparently from the clouds, dropped down and pierced my hat lying on the ground by my side. Peering cautiously over the top of the log to ascertain, if possible, whence came our new danger, I saw that a party had crossed the river—which at that point was quite narrow—and taken position upon the top of the bluff on the other side.

"Fortunately for us, there was a fork in our log, one end of which was in the air, and at the proper angle to protect us from the enemy's new vantage point; so, creeping carefully up into the crotch, we awaited further developments. Pretty soon it became evident that they were going to burn us out, and the fire came so near that we had to vacate in a hurry. We ran before the fire for a quarter of a mile, when we crossed an open space where only a few leaves would give food to the flames. Here we stopped, and when the fire reached us wrapped our coats around our heads and dashed through it. The smoke was so dense that we knew that our enemies could not see us; so we again found a hiding place near the river, and waited for night.

"When it grew dark we swam the river, and arriving at the other side found the bank so steep that we could not land. We floated down with the current for a long distance until we reached the mouth of a ravine and crept out. We had had nothing to eat and had not slept for forty-eight hours, and were faint from hunger and fatigue. I remembered that about five miles back from where we had crossed the river on the morning of the battle we had passed the carcass of a buffalo that the Indians had killed but a short time before; so we determined to hunt for the trail, and go for it.

"The country was very broken and the climbing difficult, and we had gone only a mile or two when the Sergeant gave out, declaring that he could go no further. Leaving him to recuperate, we could not be more than a mile from the dead buffalo, I decided to go for it and come back to the Sergeant afterward, and had climbed the next hill to carry out the plan, when far off in the distance I saw a light—apparently a camp fire. I called to the Sergeant, and receiving no reply, went back to him and found him fast asleep, but finally succeeded in awakening him and getting him up the hill.

"Of course, we could not tell whether the fire was that of our friends or our foes, but decided to take the risk and go toward it. It was a long and painful tramp, but we finally reached the foot of the hill upon which the fire was. Cautiously we commenced the ascent, and had decided to wait for day in a clump of brush some distance ahead when clear and distinct on the night air came the well-known cry:

"'Half past two o'clock and all's well.'

"With a feeble cry and renewed energy we pushed forward. The sentinel had heard us, and a body of the guard came out to meet us and help us in. Here we found what was left of Reno's command, who learned from us of the defeat of Custer's detachment. Scouting parties sent out the next day reported the Indians all gone, and the day following the infantry came up.

"I was with the party that went out to hunt for the remains of Custer's party, and a sad scene it was when we found them. Groups, or rather piles, of dead men and horses showed where final stands had been made to no avail. The bodies were so mutilated, and by this time so decomposed, that it was impossible to recognize them. We buried them in a common grave, and many a manly tear was shed over the sad fate of so many brave comrades."

When the Count had finished his story we thanked him for his kindness, and left him with the memories that its recital had recalled.

ATTACKED BY MASTIFFS.

A Camden Lawyer, his Wife, and Two Little Girls All Badly Injured.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 8.—Thomas H. French of the law firm of Garrison & French of Camden, his wife, and Jennie Young, the eight-year-old daughter of a neighbor, were frightfully torn by two dogs belonging to Mr. French this afternoon. The dogs are mastiffs of unusual size and power. Mr. French has owned them for the past two years, and prized them highly. The children in the neighborhood played with them freely, and they never before manifested a desire to harm any one. Little Jennie Young was playing with the mastiffs in the kitchen of Mr. French's residence, 47 York street, this afternoon. Mrs. French was in the sitting room and her husband was up stairs. Mrs. French heard the little girl and the big dogs romping about the kitchen, and they seemed to be having a jolly time together. Suddenly there were several savage growls in quick succession, and then a piercing scream from the child. Running into the kitchen, Mrs. French found the beasts savagely attacking the child, who had been thrown to the floor, and was vainly endeavoring to shield her face from the fangs of the animals. Mrs. French ran to the little one's assistance, and tried to pull the dogs off, but they turned on her and bore her to the floor. She shrieked as the mastiffs sank their teeth in her face and neck.

Mr. French, who came running down stairs at this moment, beat the dogs with his fists and kicked them as hard as he could. He succeeded in drawing their attention from his wife, and then they attacked him, throwing him to the floor.

The dogs were mad with rage and the taste of blood, and Mr. French soon found that he was no match for them. They sprang for his throat and throat, and would undoubtedly have killed him had not Mrs. French come to his assistance with a large iron poker. Grasping the weapon, Mr. French pounded the beasts over the head with it, and finally succeeded in getting them out of the kitchen.

Mr. and Mrs. French were in a pitiful condition. Blood was streaming from their wounds, and their clothing was nearly torn off. The kitchen bore evidence of the terrible struggle. The carpet was torn up, the floor spattered with blood. Exhausted and bleeding, Mr. French sought the aid of his next door neighbor, and messengers were sent for Drs. Godfrey, Pain, and Walsh.

The physicians found all three suffering from severe lacerated wounds on the face, neck, and hands. Half of one of Mrs. French's ears was torn away and her neck was frightfully torn. She was completely prostrated. A part of Mr. French's nose was torn away.

Little Jennie Young, although not so severely injured, had several spasms last night, and seemed in great terror for fear the dogs would get at her. The physicians say that although all three are seriously hurt the chances for their recovery are good. The sudden outbreak of the dogs cannot be accounted for. They were secured soon after the attack, and by Mr. French's orders were immediately shot.

Base Ball in San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 8.—The New Yorks and St. Louis Browns played a splendid game to-day in the presence of 7,000 people. The weather was cold and sharp for this climate, and braced the men up to their work. Van Haltren pitched for New York, Wood of the Philadelphia played left field, and Tim Keefe took care of first base. Danny Richardson distinguished himself on second base. He had nine chances, accepted them, and made two fine double plays. Robinson of the St. Louis also did good work in the field. The only run of the game was made by Foutz in the second inning. He got his first base on balls, stole second, got to third on a hit, and came home on a sacrifice. King pitched for St. Louis, and only one scratch hit was made by New York. St. Louis got six base hits by Van Haltren, who was so well supported that only one man made the grand tour.

Spinners to Demand an Advance.

FALL RIVER, Jan. 8.—The Executive Committee of the Spinners' Union held a long session to-night, at which it discussed the report which it will present to the general meeting of spinners on Tuesday night in relation to the wage question. The committee will recommend the renewal of the demand for an advance of 15½ per cent., provided no notice of an advance has been given the manufacturers by that time, and the general feeling is in favor of a strike if the advance is not granted.

WEATHER CRANKS' LETTERS.

ONE OF THEM TELLS ABOUT CUMULUS, NIMBUS, AND FLOOD TIDE.

Some Men Going Mad Over Queer Theories—Prof. Draper's Californian who Planned a Balloon to Bring Down Rain at Will.

If the statements of three men whose reputation for veracity stands very high can be believed, there are no cranks who are so obstreperous and so wild in their delusions as weather cranks. The three men referred to are the weather sharp who sits in the observatory of the Signal Service Bureau on top of the Equitable building, Lieut. Cottman of the United States Navy, who has charge of the Hydrographic Department in the Maritime Exchange, and Prof. Draper, the genial old meteorologist of the arsenal in Central Park. According to them there are very few persons, even among those who are usually considered sane, who have not delusions on the subject of the weather. Not a day passes but that some of these cranks show up and try to impress their ideas upon them. A SUN reporter first became aware of this state of things when he noticed the wearied and resigned air with which they glanced over the following letter:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Why is it that, with the advances and improvements in the means of investigation of the science of meteorology, no note whatever is taken (or has been as far as I have been able to ascertain, either in scientific works or by the Weather Bureau) of the influence of tides upon electric storms? Any "old salt" along the coast knows (and from twenty five years of recorded observations and study, so do I) that the flood tide so affects the cumulli as to precipitate disastrous results, increasing and intensifying its power under certain conditions in every particle of vapor until the "turn of the tide" (i. e., to ebb). Then we find the nimbus becoming cumulus, the cumulus stratus, and the stratus cirro-stratus, &c.; and all the dangerous elements so diffused that though there may be rain and even gusts of wind, yet the electric, or really dangerous, force gradually disappears and cannot pass the line of the tide change; and this tide line seems to advance gradually inland, changing the structure and disintegrating the electric combinations of every mass of vapor. I ask again why no notice is ever taken of this unswerving and inexorable law of nature, which one summer's investigation will prove in local prognostications; for it makes a difference of not only six hours (tide change), but the effect of the change of tide will kill a thunder storm completely; and for local purposes, wherever there is tide water (New York city for instance), it is quite as necessary to be advised on these points, especially for amateur yachtsmen, as on the wider range of probabilities in the interior. I do not ask this in any spirit of conceit, but for information as to why no note is taken scientifically or otherwise of a law which obtains constantly.

This letter was received in THE SUN office on Jan. 3, and a SUN reporter at once set out to find an answer. He first visited the unemotional young man of the Signal Service Bureau. He was at a desk writing down the telegraphic reports of the weather in different parts of the country with one eye on his book and the other eye on two pretty girls who were viewing New York and its surroundings through the loophole windows. Every once in a while they would break in upon his labors by asking him such questions as these:

"Isn't this view just lovely? But I should think you would freeze to death up here, don't you?" or "Isn't it awful lonesome up here at night?" and "I should not think you could see anything when it rains or is foggy."

When the young man had read the letter he smiled faintly and said:

"The trouble with the writer of this is that he bases all his conclusions upon facts which don't exist. His remark about what 'any old salt along the coast knows' is particularly amusing, for the old salts I sail along the coast knows practically nothing about the weather. He thinks he knows a great deal, but with my experience of old salts I find that their knowledge is really humbug. If we should stop to consider the suggestions of old salts and other cranks, we could attend to nothing else. We receive just such letters by hundreds of this kind, all apparently very reasonable and full of wonderful theories and discoveries, but not one of them containing anything of practical value.

"The trouble with all these persons is that they go off half cocked, and while they think they have made some valuable discovery, they really have not stopped to make sure of their foundation facts. I have many times wondered what the poor men in charge of the Signal Service Bureau in Washington do with those letters that are sent them. All the letters that come into the branch offices of the Signal Service are sent to Washington, but they are at once forwarded to Washington, where, if it is possible, they are answered. Generally some one is compelled to take up a letter like this and make a civil answer to it. I should think the insane asylums of the country would be crowded with men who had failed in the attempt to reform their theories, much more, because I barely read them. But it is when they come here and pester me with questions that I feel as though a ride to the ground floor by way of the window would be a merited punishment. At the same time I am compelled to be civil to them, because they'd make all sorts of complaints to the general office if I didn't."

"Have you any of the letters received by you in this way?"

"No," he replied, "I send them right on to Washington, and the sooner I can get them out of here the better I feel. The answer is returned to me, and I mail it to the inquirer. As to this particular letter, I can tell you that tides are never considered in making up the weather reports. They have no effect at all upon the weather. Were there any foundation for the statements made in this letter, the Signal Service Office would long ago have taken notice of it. As it is, I don't believe that the question has ever been seriously considered for the reason that it is well known by all scientists that the tides and the weather are due to entirely different sources."

Lieut. Cottman is a jolly, middle-aged man, who looks anything but a sailor, and could easily be mistaken for one of those produce brokers who are continually running in and out of his little den. He smiled as he read.

"That is one of about 213 that we have received within the past month," he said. "It is amusing what a lot of weather cranks there are. If you want an answer to it, I will send it to the Hydrographer of the navy. Commander Bartlett, who has charge of all such letters. He will probably turn it over to some one who has nothing else to do but to find answers to questions of this nature, and in about two weeks you will probably receive an answer. I can always tell when the man who answers these questions is beginning to feel sick by the resemblance of the answers to the questions. I feel then that it is time for him to take a rest. If this office had not shut down on weather cranks from the beginning life would not have been worth living. We don't stop to read the letters now any more, but send them right on to Commander Bartlett.

"There was one fellow who used to come around here every day in the week. He was one of the old salts mentioned in this letter. He always had some new idea which he wanted the Government to adopt at once. He said he was an old sea Captain, but he was such an infernal liar that it is a question in my mind whether he was ever on the sea. He came in here every day regularly, and if I would allow him would keep me busy for hours. One of his ideas was that he was the first man to think of double head lights, and wanted the Government to pay him for it. I took down a book several years old and showed him where the thing had been used long ago. Then he brought in a chart that he wanted the Government to publish. He said he had made it. Well, I pulled down another old book that was published some ten years ago and showed him just where he had gotten his chart from. Finally I had to tell him outright that I could not have him around here any more.

"I think if he had continued to come that I should myself have become insane. There's a fellow lives out in Northampton, Mass., who got an idea which could be put into about ten words, but which he wrote out to the extent of five pages of foolscap. He wanted the Government to cable its pilot chart to England. He thought it would be a good idea as soon as the Government got out the chart to send it by special cable to the principal ports in Great Britain. We have shut down upon personal visits from weather theorists now and only receive their letters."

"You don't think that there is anything in this?" asked THE SUN reporter.

"Well," he replied, "I think I know as much about the tide as anybody does, and that's too deep for me. The man who wrote it must have had a bee in his bonnet."

THE SUN reporter next climbed up the stairs in the arsenal leading to Prof. Draper's den, and found him snuggled up to the fire and reading some late work on meteorology. After he had glanced over the letter he looked sad.

"It is queer," he said, "how many people have delusions on the subject of the weather, and it is rather sad, too. As far as the observations in this letter are concerned, I would say that there is no magnetic observatory in this country except the one at Toronto, and that is too far inland to take any observations on the tide; but if there were any truth at all in the facts stated here, it