CHRIS EVANS CAUGHT, TOO.

BOTH THE LONG HUNTED BANDITS IN JAIL AT LAST.

Evans Found in a House Where He Had Taken Refuge—He is Badly Wounded But Will Live—The Remarkable Crime and Ten Months' Pursuit of the Outlaws.

VISALIA, Cal., June 13.—The big man hunt in the Sierra foothills came to an end this morning when Chris Evans was lodged in jail along with John Sontag, his partner in the train robbery and the murders that have followed it in the Tulare Mountains, where the men have been hunted like wild beasts for ten months. Evans who had repeatedly declared he would never surrender, gave up without a struggle, having received several bad wounds which he thought were fatal, but which prove not to be dangerous.

CHRIS EVANS.

After the fight on Sunday night with Ma rsha Gard's little posse of four by the deserted cabin, Evans crawled away, and, after a running fight with Deputy Marshal Rappele, escaped in the darkness. He believed Sontag was sure to die, although he refused his partner's request to kill him, and thus end his terrible sufferings. Evans made for the Widow Perkins's ranch, six miles from the scene of the fighting. He washed his wounds at the well and crawled unobserved into an up-stairs bedroom.

He was discovered by the bloodstains at the well, but Widow Perkins did not report his presence to the authorities until late last night, when she sent her son to town. Under Sheriff Hall started for the ranch as soon as it became light, but in the mean time Marshal Gard and Deputy Sheriff Rappele also received a tip of the outlaw's hiding place. The three parties started at about the same time. One conveyance broke down, the other was crowded and had to drive slowly, while Hall, piloted by young Perkins, took a short cut, and reached the house a full half hour before the others.

Hall entered and sent word to Evans that he must surrender or fight. The wounded bandit agreed to surrender, and Hall went into the room where he was lying, and made him give up the pistol, to which he had clung since the fight. Then he was placed in a wagon and driven to the jail.

While on the road they met the two squads of pursuers whose delay had cost them the $5,000 reward.

Arriving at the jail, Evans's wounds were examined. It was found that his right wrist was broken, his left wrist shot through, and his right eye badly hurt by a bullet that narrowly escaped entering the brain. Both the outlaws are now in a room in the upper part of the jail, and are nursed by Mrs. Evans. They both declare they were innocent of the train robberies for which they were wanted by the police, although the Southern Pacific has positive evidence that they planned and carried out the four train robberies in the San Joaquin Valley, by which Wells, Fargo & Co. lost over $10,000. There is pretty good ground for the belief that Evans surrendered with the understanding that his wife would receive the larger part of the $5,000 reward for his capture, and that this money will be used by her in her husband's defence.

With the bitter popular feeling in this valley against the railroad and express companies it will be nearly impossible to secure conviction of either of the robbers of any capital offence, and the heaviest penalty that they will receive will be a little imprisonment.

One of the amusing features of the capture of the outlaws is the proof that it furnishes of a glaring fake perpetrated by Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras. Miller was commissioned by the San Francisco *Examiner* to get an interview with Chris Evans. He went into the foothills and came back with a story of his adventures and a report of a talk with the bandits, in which he glorified them as heroes, who were fighting for their liberty against unjust charges trumped up against them. Now Evans and Sontag deny that they ever saw Joaquin, and declare that his purported interview was a fake.

The wounding near to death and final capture of the California train robbers, Evans and Sontag, concludes one of the longest and most desperate and bloody chapters in the Pacific coast records. For more than ten months these two men have been in hiding in the cañons of the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains west of Fresno, the raisin growing centre of the State, and during all that time they have been vigilantly hunted by a posse of experienced, fearless men, detectives employed by the railroad company whose train was held up, by the express company whose safes were robbed, and by the State and county. These professional hunters were aided by three famous Apache Indian trailers, imported from Arizona for the purpose, and the hunters' ranks were increased by numerous volunteers, incited to enlist into the dangerous service by the numerous rewards, aggregating $12,000, for the bodies of the robbers, "dead or alive."

Two curious features about the case are the character of the people upon whose friendship the robbers have depended for supplies and information and the fact that their hiding place has at all times been within thirty or forty miles of Fresno, a large modern town. Yet that hiding place is a less known land than the centre of Death Valley.

Most of their pursuers has yet penetrated into those wild, deep, gloomy cañons where the robbers have lived, for the first attempt to do so, on Sept. 14, about five weeks after the train robbery, resulted in the killing of one and the serious wounding of two more of the posse. There have been other encounters when the robbers ventured out from the higher foothills in attempts to escape from the country, when, as was the case on Sunday last, they failed to pass the line of pickets, and a pitched battle followed.

The people who have protected the robbers are a quiet, industrious, peaceful, temperate, Christian folk, as unlike the lazy and intemperate element in the smaller towns of the San Joaquin Valley as it is possible to imagine. The explanation of this friendship is the natural one that the foothill people believe Evans and Sontag innocent.

The train robbery for which these two men have so long been wanted, and for which a brother of Sontag was found guilty as an accomplice in October last, was committed at midnight on Aug. 3, 1892. The incident of the robbery which particularly aroused the express and railroad companies was the use of dynamite to break open the express car door and afterward to disable the locomotive. The companies saw that the expert use of dynamite meant the abandonment of all their fancied security in the use of bullet-proof cars, from whose rifle slits cool messengers could pick off assailing robbers at ease and in safety.

When the express train, south bound, was just about to pull out of the little station of Collis, north of Fresno on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, the engineer, Al Phipps, saw a man's form on the front platform of the express car, just back of the engine. Phipps ordered the fireman to put the "hobo"—the name given in that country to train-jumping tramps—off the train. The fireman started to obey the order, when two forms instead of one emerged from the shadow of the car, and, crawling over the tender into the moonlight, were seen to be masked and armed men.

That is a picture that does not need a long explanatory text to be understood by a Western locomotive engineer. Engineer Phipps understood even before he found himself looking down the double barrels of a sawed-off shotgun, and received the order, "Pull out, then throw up your hands!"

Phipps started the train, and then made a move to jump from it.

"Stay where you are," called the robber, and he gently pressed the muzzle of the gun against Phipps's face. "Don't you know what this means?" added the robber, more in surprise than in anger.

"Oh, yes," responded Phipps, "I suppose some of us have got to die to-night."

"Not if you do what you're told," replied the robber, who then searched the engineer for arms. Finding none, he gave Phipps a cigar, and told him to stop the train at Rolindo, a side track for loading grain, eight miles from Fresno.

The other robber had covered with his shortened shotgun the fireman and a young man named Rabb, a friend of the fireman, who was taking a free ride. They being found without arms, the fireman also received a cigar for good conduct.

"Don't I get a cigar, too?" asked Rabb, who was smoking a pipe.

"Why, of course," responded one of their captors.

The presence of Rabb on the engine was a fortunate thing for the express company. He proved to be a remarkably cool young man, for while the train moved slowly along toward Rolindo Rabb made such a careful and detailed study of the men's hats, masks, coats—even the kind of braid on the coats—their figures and voices, as to be able subsequently to identify George Sontag, who was captured and convicted.

When the side track was approached one of the robbers fired three pistol shots into the air, a signal, it is now believed, for John Sontag, who was near by with a horse and buggy. The express messenger, Roberts, heard these shots, and, suspecting the trouble, put out the lights in the express car, but as the train moved on he lit them again. At the siding the train stopped so suddenly as to throw the messenger down.

The robbers then ordered the three men out of the engine. Phipps and Robb were told to go ahead of the engine and to "keep out of the line of shots." The fireman was taken back to the express car, where he was held in front of the robbers, who then bombarded the car with dynamite. The first bomb broke in the car door. The third threw the messenger up against the roof. When five more had been thrown the messenger appeared at the broken door and held up his hand. That ended the bombardment.

The messenger was told to come out and the fireman to enter the car and report if there was any one else in there. There was no one else, and then the robbers entered with the messenger, who opened the two way safes, but was unable to open the through safe, which contained the principal treasure. The robbers obtained 1,020 Peruvian silver dollars and 1,000 United States half dollars, which belonged to Uncle Sam, being in transit from the Sub-Treasury in San Francisco to Prescott, Ari. These were loaded in their coin sacks and put on the backs of the firemen and messenger, who were told to walk along the track ahead of the engine.

There, sitting on the pilot of the engine, was the imperturbable young Robb, calmly viewing the far-stretching plain, whose dead monotony is broken only by telegraph poles, a sun-baked level where only jack rabbits and ground owls can live. Recalling his gaze from this unpromising view Mr. Robb saw the coin sacks, and inquired cheerfully if he came in on the "divvy."

"Not this time," answered one of the robbers, with a laugh. "But I've got a job for you. Light this cigar and puff it up good."

Robb did as he was ordered, and followed the robber to the side of the engine, where the robber put a dynamite cartridge with fuse attached on the eccentric rod, and, lighting the fuse with Robb's cigar, told Robb to take one of the coin sacks from the wounded messenger, and "keep up with the procession." Two hundred yards ahead of the engine the robbers took the coin and struck off across the plain.

The eccentric rod had not been badly damaged by the dynamite, and in ninety minutes the train reached Fresno. It is now known that the robbers took the waiting buggy and drove to Fresno in thirty minutes. There George Sontag left the buggy, and, when the robber train came into the station, he mingled with the people and pretended to have been a passenger on the train. John Sontag and Evans drove on to Visalia, where Evans lived. There they buried the Peruvian silver in Evans's yard.

Two hours after the robbery railroad and express detectives were slowly tracking the robbers' trail, aided by the moonlight and their lanterns, until the sun came up to make their task less difficult. Before the night of Aug. 4 enough had been learned about the movements of the Sontag brothers and Chris Evans to fasten suspicion on them. On the 6th a posse started for Visalia, and John Sontag and Evans were surprised at the latter's house. Then occurred the first of the bloody encounters. Including the last battle the hunt for Evans and Sontag has resulted in three killed and eight wounded, with the probability that the list of killed will be added to by the death of Sontag. Here is the list:

KILLED.

Oscar Brewer, in front of Evans's barn at Visalia, Aug. 6, 1892.
Andrew McGinniss, at Young's cabin, near Sampson's Flat, Sept. 14, 1892.
Victor G. Wilson, in the encounter near Sampson's Flat, Sept. 14, 1892.

WOUNDED.

George Witty and Will Smith, at Visalia, Aug. 4, 1892.
Fred Witty and Richard Olsen at Young's cabin, Sept. 14, 1892.
S. J. Black, at Camp Badger, May 26, 1893.
Fred Ayers, in Miles cabin, June 11, 1893.
John Sontag and Chris Evans, in the last named encounter.

After the escape of the robbers from Visalia and when it became known that they were in hiding near Sampson's Flat, the people in that neighborhood were harassed by a mob of swearing, drinking, boisterous man hunters; volunteers in the service supplied by avarice and with courage sustained by drink, who injured and killed stock, insulted women, and demanded meals from the ranchers, who received curses instead of coin for their enforced entertainment. Then came the official man hunters with their three hideous Apaches, and after that the frightened and insulted ranchers made little effort to conceal their sympathy for the hiding robbers, whom they believed innocent.

An unprejudiced observer, who happened to travel through the Sampson Flat Country at that time, wrote to a San Francisco paper:

"These people are believed to be Christians in every sense of the word. They abhor robbers and have no sympathy for Sontag and Evans in the roles of bandits. They have been classed as miscreants by men who ate their bread and did not pay for it. These people live quiet, industrial, pastoral lives.

"They have small herds of cattle, horses, and sheep, which they feed in the little valleys of the foot hills. Their stores supply the miners further up the mountains and the hunters in their neighborhoods. Twice a year they have what they call 'protracted meetings' when they gather and listen to a preacher of the Methodist Church, South. They are strictly temperate; in fact, total abstainers, and are as moral and orderly as any people I have ever met."

This evidence created a good deal of surprise and much indignation, for the man hunters had pictured the foot hill inhabitants as a lawless lot who sympathized with robbers and probably shared their booty. It was to investigate this phase of the question that the San Francisco *Examiner* sent a reporter to Visalia. He remained there a week, became acquainted with Mrs. Evans and one Clarke Moore, a former employer of Evans, and reported things as he found them. Getting the idea that after becoming friendly with the people he might do a good thing for his paper by interviewing Evans and Sontag in their hiding place, he circulated copies of the paper containing his letters about the country. Then he told Mrs. Evans to send word to her husband that he was coming up to interview him, and he told Clarke Moore of his wish.

Mrs. Evans did not say she could or would send word to her husband, Clarke Moore said he might some day take the reporter up to his "upper ranch." After about a month's patient work the reporter, Henry Bigelow, succeeded in visiting and remaining overnight with the men for whose lives $12,000 was offered, and to find whom armed hunters swarmed the foothills.

The only trouble with Bigelow's "scoop" was that he signed his name to it, for he was believed to have a tropical imagination, and great facility in using it. Other papers declared that his reports were pure romance, but Bigelow's hour of triumph came. His story was investigated, he was called upon to give information, declined, was threatened with imprisonment, and Clarke Moore was indicted as an accessory after the fact, for having guided Bigelow to the robbers' hiding place, which the detectives learned he really had done.

Evans and Sontag each had in their cabin, where the newspaper man found them, a 44-calibre colt revolver, a 40.82 Winchester, and a 12-bore breech-loading shot gun, in which they used brass shells charged with twelve buck shots each.

Believed to Have Committed Suicide at Niagara.

NIAGARA FALLS, May 13.—Harry E. Holmes, Treasurer of the Pittsburgh Fuel Company, is missing. He left home last Thursday to go to Cleveland. On Sunday his wife received a letter from Niagara Falls, under date of June 9, which showed that Holmes was very despondent and said he was tired of life. On Monday W. S. Holmes of Newark, N. J., and George M. Merritt of Pittsburgh, one a brother and the other a member of the fuel company, appeared here and began a search for Holmes. The last seen of him was at the Hotel Porter, in the billiard room. It is feared that he has ended his life in the river. Passengers on a New York Central observation train say they saw a body in the lower river, near Lewiston, yesterday, but it disappeared. It is thought to be that of Holmes.

Another Economite Mortgage.

PITTSBURGH, June 13.—The Economite Society has placed another mortgage of $100,000 on its property. It is held by Harry Darlington of this city, and the conditions and descriptions are the same as the $400,000 mortgage placed some time ago. The approach of the time for the payment of interest on the $400,000 mortgage, also held by Mr. Darlington, and the need of money required for the settlements with the members who have recently withdrawn from the society, forced this expedient upon Trustee Duss. He feels satisfied now that everything is on a rational basis, and the old members are provided for in a way that seems to be entirely satisfactory.

Lumber Fire in Tonawanda.

TONAWANDA, N. Y., June 13.—Fire was discovered at midnight in the immense sheds of lath and shingles of the Eastern Lumber Company, and before it could be reached by the firemen the flames had enveloped the whole structure. Fortunately there was no wind, or the large mills and yards could not have been saved. The fire spread to several piles of lumber, which were also destroyed. At 5 o'clock this morning the fire was under control. The loss will reach many thousands of dollars, but is well insured. The cause of the blaze is a mystery, but is supposed to have been of incendiary origin.

KILLED IN A FIRE PANIC.

A MONTGOMERY STREET FACTORY BURNED AND FIVE LIVES LOST.

More Than a Hundred Russian Tailors, Men and Women, Were at Work in the Six-story Building, and Many Jumped from Front Windows—Rear Windows Blocked.

There was another serious fire on the east side of town yesterday morning, in which five lives were lost and $10,000 worth of property was destroyed. Following so closely upon the destruction last Sunday night of Hobby's warehouse in Clinton street, the police and fire authorities are beginning to feel that a thorough investigation of the origin of both fires will be necessary. Fire Marshal Mitchell thinks that yesterday's fire at 10 and 12 Montgomery street was started by a lighted cigarette thrown into a rubbish heap under the wooden stairway, but the frightened people who escaped from the burning building assert that if anything was thrown into the rubbish it was done so intentionally.

More than one hundred Russian Jews were at work in the tailors' shops which occupied the buildings. The casualty list as made out by the police and the Gouverneur Hospital authorities is as follows:

DEAD.

BOOK, KIVA, 28, of 62 Eldridge street; jumped from the fifth floor, and was impaled on the iron railing in front of the building.

DAVIS, CELIA, 23, of 23 Suffolk street; jumped from the top floor.

KATZEN, ANNIE, 16, of 444 East Eighty-seventh street; badly burned over the body; died at noon in Gouverneur Hospital.

MENDELSSOHN, JOSEPH, 26, of 13 Pitt street; jumped from the fire escape on the third floor.

NATHANSON, ALICE, 13, of 8 Pitt street; broken arm and severe burns; died at Gouverneur Hospital at 10:20 o'clock last night.

INJURED.

ANSBRO, ISRAEL, 26, of 86 Ludlow street, burns and contusions; went home.

GORKOOF, SIMON, 55, of 82 Clinton street, contusions about the head; Bellevue.

GREENBAUM, JOSEPH, 36, of 62 Essex street, jumped from top floor to roof of neighboring building and sprained his ankle; taken home in an ambulance.

HYMENDS, MYERS, 42, of 55 Eldridge street; scalp wound.

NATHANSON, MORRIS, 25, of 8 Pitt street; badly burned and will die; at Gouverneur Hospital.

OGOLANSKY, OCSIP, 18, of 45 Suffolk street, domestic; fracture of femur, contusions and burns about the head; at Gouverneur Hospital; may recover.

SIEGEL, MORRIS, 45, of 159 Division street, peddler; contusion of the leg; attended at Gouverneur Hospital and went home.

The buildings were owned by Solomon Alter of 8 Montgomery street. They were of brick, six stories high, with a frontage of forty-three feet on Montgomery street and were only twenty-five feet deep. The basement was used for a stable of six horses belonging to Zippert, an expressman, whose wagon rooms and offices were on the first floor. A narrow doorway led to a dark wooden stairway not more than two feet wide. This was the only staircase in the building, and it mounted a brick shaft to the top floor. On every floor was a tailor's shop. Isidor Schliveck occupied the second story and employed about fifteen men. Above him was Simon Becker, who had eighteen employees. Hyman Silverstein had thirty-five men on the fourth floor, and Kutzman & Blum had about ten people on the fifth floor. The top story was occupied by Morris Nathanson and about twenty tailors and finishers. About a dozen of the employees were women.

On the ground floor, under the narrow stairway, was a small, dark closet, in which was an engine used to pump water to the floors above. Engineer Jacob Greenfield says there was no fire when he left the engine, early yesterday morning. But there was a big heap of paper and rubbish in the closet, and the fire undoubtedly started there. As soon as the flames secured headway they roared up the stair shaft, burning the stairs and making a stifling black smoke, which prevented escape by that way.

The employees rushed for the front windows to the only fire escape on the building. This escape consists of a small iron balcony at each floor, with ladders running down to the one at the second floor. Here there was a loose ladder, intended to be dropped to the street, but the excited tailors paid no attention to this, and most of them jumped to the sidewalk fifteen feet below. In this way most of the injuries were received.

The building rose above the neighboring structures at the second floor and had windows on the side at each floor above. These windows were furnished with heavy iron shutters, every one of which was tightly fastened yesterday morning. The firemen put ladders up to the front windows of the lower floors, and also from the neighboring roofs to the side windows. It took them some time to break in the iron shutters, and the flames meanwhile poured out in such quantities that they were forced to retreat. Most of the tailors came down the fire escape in front, and were carried down to the street on the firemen's ladders or jumped to the sidewalk.

Emanuel Siegel, janitor of the Hebrew school at 237 East Broadway, climbed on the fire escape of the next house when the fire first broke out and rescued Simon Gorkoof from a side window of the third floor. He tried to do the same for Joseph Mendelssohn, but the latter was so overcome by fright that he refused to leave the scuttle to the street, where he met instant death.

Alice Nathanson, who died at Gouverneur Hospital, was taking breakfast to her father on the top floor when the stampede occurred. Both father and daughter were badly burned in their frenzied attempts at escape.

The rear of the house looked out upon the back yard of 257 East Broadway, which is owned by Mrs. Minnie Brucher. The tailors were accustomed to throw rubbish into the yard, and Mrs. Brucher devised a screen. Large sheets of iron were placed in front of the windows making huge shutters, which were hung on telegraph poles deeply planted against the back yard fence. The poles were braced with four-inch iron pipe and the structure could not be easily battered down. The matter came up in the courts, but Mrs. Brucher carried the day. Deputy Coroner Connolly and Fire Marshal Mitchell think the fire might not have been so disastrous had the windows at the rear been free from obstruction.

Assistant Factory Inspector Feaney said that the houses were regular factory buildings, and were inspected about a week ago.

Four of Zippert's horses were taken out of the basement, but two had to be left until the fire was put out. They were found by the firemen knee deep in water, eating oats as quietly as if nothing had happened, and were taken out uninjured.

On the body of Kiva Book were found a gold watch, two charms, $62.42, and a pass book on the Dry Dock Savings Bank, showing a balance of $20.

During the excitement of the fire thieves broke into the house of Solomon Alter and stole $400 worth of silverware.

Mr. Alter says that the houses that were burned cost $15,000 to erect three years ago. He carried $8,000 insurance. The tailors each had from $200 to $500 insurance on their stock.

A woman in widow's dress, who gave her name as Mrs. Corey and said she lived in Madison street, visited the fire several times looking for her seven-year-old son. The lad left home for school at 8 o'clock yesterday morning. He was known to have visited the factory occasionally on his way to school.

THE FIRE ESCAPE WAS NO REFUGE.

For Miss Davis Carried the Fire With Her—Probably Fatally Burned.

When Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Davis, who live on the fourth floor at 166 West 116th street, went to the country yesterday they left their daughter Edith, aged 17, at home alone. While filling a kerosene stove on which to heat flat irons the girl spilled some of the oil on her dress. The oil caught fire from the stove, and in a moment her gown, which was of light material, was ablaze from bottom to top.

Miss Davis rushed to the window and out on the fire escape screaming for help. Mrs. Calvert, who lives on the same floor, dragged her back into the room and, throwing her upon the floor, tried to smother the flames with a shawl. When this had been done with the aid of a piece of carpet, Miss Davis was so badly burned that she is likely to die.

Sixty Jersey Dogs Shot.

ELIZABETH, June 13.—Sixty unmuzzled and unregistered dogs were killed here to-day by the police. Chief Tenny sent out two details of policemen armed with shotguns and with instructions to spare no dogs found running at large without muzzles. Some valuable ones were slain, but their owners had had weeks of warning. The crusade will be repeated at intervals. The gunners were accompanied by two big wagons, and when the day's work was ended the dead dogs were taken to a fertilizer factory in Linden township. In consequence of the raid the dog warden is rushed with business to-night, negligent owners of dogs crowding in on him to have them registered and tagged.

News of the Constellation Received by Pigeon.

ANNAPOLIS, June 13.—Capt. R. L. Phythian, Superintendent of the Naval Academy, received a message to-day through homing pigeons, locating the naval cadet practice ship Constellation in latitude 36° 50' yesterday. The vessel was reported to be out of sight of land and all well.

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

At the WORLD'S FAIR.

The Exhibit of Apollinaris is to be seen in the GERMAN DIVISION of the AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

A

WAS SHE DRUGGED?

Mrs. Winter's Cab Drive Lands Her in Bellevue Hospital.

About 4 o'clock yesterday morning a cab stopped near the corner of Thirty-third street and Sixth avenue, and the driver beckoned to a policeman who was slowly coming up the avenue. When the policeman got near enough he saw huddled up in one corner of the cab a well-dressed young woman, apparently very drunk. As they couldn't arouse her, the policeman got in the cab, and, with its inebriated occupant, was driven around to the Thirtieth street station, where the woman was placed in a cell. She was charged with intoxication before Justice Meade in the Yorkville Police Court later in the das.

When arraigned before the Justice the prisoner, who bore a respectable appearance, was still in a semi-stupid condition, and at first refused to give any account of herself. Finally, however, she said her name was Mary Winter, and that she was 30 years old. She added that late on Monday night she accepted an offer from a man to take a drive in a cab. Before they started out they had a drink or two together. Evidently the liquor was drugged, for she remembered nothing more after entering the cab. As the prisoner seemed ill, the Justice committed her to Bellevue Hospital until she recovered from the effects of the alleged drug.

Although she had refused to give any address, it was discovered later that the woman lived with Mrs. Lottie Wilson on the top floor of 449 Eighth avenue. Mrs. Wilson said last night that she could not tell much about her lodger. When, about April 1, the woman went to lodge with her, she said her husband had been dead for two years and that her family lived in Harlem, but did not say where. According to Mrs. Wilson, her boarder was a very quiet, modest-acting person, who minded her own business and troubled no one. She was in the habit, however, of staying out very late nights, but always returned home in an apparently sober condition. On Saturday Mrs. Winter left the house; the next Mrs. Wilson heard of her was when a policeman called at the house to question her about her boarder. Mrs. Wilson was very much surprised to hear that Mrs. Winter had got into trouble, and said she would visit her in the hospital to-day.

A KNIFE IN KELLINGTON'S SLEEVE.

He Says it is For His Wife, and that He Will Cut Her Heart Out.

Mrs. John C. Kellington, who ran away from her home in Huntly, N. J., while her husband was thumping and kicking Dr. George H. Perrine, their boarder, has not yet returned. Her husband and a constable went to nearly every village and town between Summit and Jersey City yesterday to find her, but they returned late last night, unsuccessful.

While Mr. Kellington was talking with the Chief of Police of Orange, a big jack-knife fell from his sleeve.

"Hello!" exclaimed the Chief, "what's that for?"

"That's for my wife," said Kellington, calmly. "When I find her I'll cut her heart out."

"I guess you had better let me keep it," the Chief said, pocketting the knife.

Dr. Perrine, who was taken to Elizabeth jail, spent a very unhappy day yesterday. His bail had been placed at $2,500, and he had telegraphed to one of his friends, Mr. W. R. Swope of 295 Broadway, this city, to come to the jail. Mr. Swope went there yesterday morning, but when he learned the nature of the charge against his friend he refused to help him.

Dr. Perrine, it is said, had no license to practise dentistry in New Jersey.

Dr. G. Carlton Brown, Secretary of the New Jersey State Dental Board, said yesterday that Dr. Perrine had, during the last few years, given the Board much trouble. Once, when summoned before the Board for examination he had been found lying on a sofa, in Dr. Brown's opinion, shamming sickness.

Dr. Brown watched him, he says, for some time from another room, and noticed that Dr. Perrine's sufferings ceased when he was left alone. Papers accusing him of violating the dental laws of New Jersey have been prepared, and it is said he was to have been arrested yesterday on that charge.

Dr. Perrine went to Florida some time ago and organized a State Dental Association there, of which he was elected President.

AFTER THE THIEF LEFT HER ROOM

Miss Wolcott Shrieked, and Her Plucky Mother Ran Him Down.

After permitting a thief to rob her jewel case before her eyes, about 7 A. M. yesterday, Miss Annie Wolcott of 307 West Thirtieth street followed him out of her room, shrieking for help. The thief being unable to open the basement door, was grappled with by Mrs. Wolcott. Emptying his pockets of what he had stolen, he finally broke loose and gained the street. Mrs. Wolcott still pursuing him, he took refuge in a saloon at the corner of Seventh avenue, where, when finally collared by Policeman Kelly of the 31st Thirtieth street squad, he pretended he was some other fellow. A lace handkerchief which remained in one of his pockets was recognized by Mrs. Wolcott, who was still on his track, as her daughter's, and he was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Court later in the day. He described himself as Frank Gillihan, aged 22, of 455 West Thirtieth street, and was held in $500 bail for trial.

ROSE SUPERIOR TO COFFINS.

The Late Mr. Israel Buried in an Unpainted, Common Pine Box.

WICHITA, Kan., June 13.—The body of E. W. Israel, one of the richest men of this section, who died last night, was buried this evening without coffin, undertaker, or minister, strictly in accordance with the desire of the deceased man, expressed shortly before death. Calling his family about him yesterday evening he denounced the Undertakers' and Coffin Trusts, and made his bearers promise to bury him in a common pine box without painting or lining, the box to be carried to the cemetery in an ordinary express wagon and to be placed in the ground without ceremony of any kind. His wishes were carried out to the letter. The express wagon was followed to the cemetery by a half dozen carriages containing the grown-up sons and daughters of the dead man, all rich and prominent people in this community.

Wedded on the Canadian Side of the Falls.

NIAGARA FALLS, June 13.—One of the swell weddings of the June season occurred this afternoon on the Canadian side in Christ's Church. The groom was Herbert Russell Howard of New York, son of James Howard, and the bride was Miss Lulu Hill, daughter of Judge Andrew Gregory Hill of New York. The maid of honor was Miss Maud Hill, and the bridesmaids were Miss Ada Howard of New York, Miss Grace Tremaine of Buffalo, Miss Minnie Cotter of Barre, Ont., Miss Gardo Thompson of Niagara Falls, Ont., and Miss Libbie Thompson of Toronto. The best man was Frederick W. Hill. The ushers were Percy Howard of New York, A. C. Thompson, and Stuart Houston of Toronto, George Douglas Palmer, Isle of Wight, England, and Harry Rogers of Niagara Falls, Ont. A wedding reception and reception followed the ceremony, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard left for New York on the evening train. Canon Houstin performed the ceremony.

Court Martial of Capt. Cobin.

The court martial of Capt. J. J. Cobin of the Seventy-first Regiment for enlisting Charles J. Drews last October, when Drews was under age, was concluded last night at the Twenty-second Regiment armory. The testimony of Drews, Capt. Cobin, and three witnesses was taken by the court, which consisted of Major G. E. P. Hart of the Twenty-second Regiment, Capt. David Wilson of the Second Battery, Capt. Frank Keck of the Seventy-first Regiment, Capt. B. T. Clayton of the Thirteenth Regiment, and Capt. C. B. Ives of the Signal Corps.

Major H. S. Van Duzer acted as Judge Advocate. Ex-Lieut.-Col. Dennison of the Seventy-first as counsel for Capt. Cobin summed up the case after a four hours' examination, and the Judge Advocate dismissed the court. The evidence will be submitted to Adjt.-Gen. Porter, who will render a decision.

PUTNAM APPEARS AS ACCUSER.

But Dr. Potter's Church Committee Confronts Him with Some New Rules.

The new committee appointed by the congregation of the Baptist Tabernacle on Monday night to investigate the charges brought against the Rev. Dr. Potter, pastor of the church, met last night. Mr. Putnam appeared, contrary to the expectation of the committee, and signed the general charges against Dr. Potter. The committee then withdrew for a few minutes. When they returned they presented, through Mr. Vanderpool, their Chairman, these new rules for Mr. Putnam's benefit:

The committee has decided that specifications are to be made to each charge, and that the specifications and original charges must be signed by the person making the charge.

With the specification, opposite the fact there shall be the name and address of the witnesses who are to be present to establish this specification.

That the party charged shall be personally present and hear every witness and all evidence against him. He shall not be permitted to ask questions of the witnesses except through the committee.

That no party will be privileged to give any evidence unless he shall have complied with these rules, and unless he shall be willing to take oath that he will not reveal any testimony that he gives or hears before this committee.

When the party making the charge shall be examined, he will be permitted to come before the committee himself, and after examination requested to retire from the room and not come in contact with his witnesses.

Each witness will have to be sworn and give his oath that he will not give the facts testified before him to the committee to any one else.

In reply to a question from Mr. Vanderpool, the Rev. Dr. Potter said he would abide by the rules.

"How about you, Mr. Putnam?" asked Mr. Vanderpool.

"I want time to consider," said Mr. Putnam.

"How long?"

"Until to-morrow evening."

The committee then adjourned, to meet again this evening. Mr. Putnam said after the meeting that he had signed the general charges, but had refused to sign any specific charges or to agree to the rules until he could consult with his attorneys. He said that it looked very much like gag law, as the committee could make any finding and feel absolutely safe, for the people would have no means of getting at the facts.

WILL NOT GO TO SETON HALL.

Mgr. Satolli's Refusal Considered a Rebuke to Bishop Wigger.

Mgr. Satolli will not attend the commencement exercises to-day at Seton Hall College, South Orange. Bishop Wigger invited him to be present, but the delegate declined the invitation.

Just what excuse he offered is known only to Bishop Wigger and those who are in his confidence, but the priests who are not in the Bishop's confidence openly declare that Mgr. Satolli is adopting this method of showing his displeasure with the course pursued by Bishop Wigger on the occasion of the delegate's recent visit to Hoboken and Jersey City.

At the time Mgr. Satolli expressed a desire to visit Father Corrigan and his church in Hoboken, it was arranged that on his arrival in Jersey City he would be taken at once to Seton Hall, the residence of the Bishop, and remain there until Sunday morning. Then he and the Bishop were to drive to Hoboken and attend the public reception arranged by Mayor Grogan and the congregation of the Church of Our Lady of Grace. The delegate was to remain in Father Corrigan's house that night and be his guest at dinner the next day.

These plans were disarranged by Bishop Wigger. He wrote to Mgr. Satolli, suggesting that some other time be arranged for his visit to Seton Hall, as it would not be convenient to receive him then. He also informed the delegate that it would be impossible to meet him at Father Corrigan's dinner. At the same time the Bishop declined Father Corrigan's invitation to the dinner, saying that his church visitations were occupying all his time.

The authorities at the seminary wrote to Mgr. Satolli protesting against his visit to Father Corrigan, and declaring that it would be an insult to the Bishop.

The delegates' refusal now to be the Bishop's guest at Seton Hall and attend the commencement exercises is looked upon by the Bishop's opponents as a rebuke.

COLUMBIAN QUARTERS.

The Forty Thousand Souvenirs Coined at the Philadelphia Mint.

PHILADELPHIA, June 13.—The coinage of the Columbian souvenir quarter dollars was begun at the United States mint this afternoon by Coiner Steel in the presence of Acting Superintendent M. H. Cobb and the engraver. Foreman Downing of the coining room had everything in readiness shortly before 1 o'clock, and on the stroke of the hour the first piece was struck. It came from the press an excellent specimen and fully up to the superior class of the work done at the mint. All the lines in the portraits and figures were closely defined. Mr. Steel delivered to Mr. Cobb the first 400th, 1492d, and 1892d pieces, and that official will forward them to the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair with certificates stating that they are such. The remainder of the 40,000 pieces coined, all of which will be "proof," will be kept at the mint until an order shall be received from Washington transferring them to the woman's department of the Columbian Exposition.

The design of the coin is very pretty and excels in beauty that of the Columbian half dollar. It shows a diverse representation of the head of Queen Isabella of Spain, wearing the crown of Castile, while on the reverse side is a woman kneeling by the side of a distaff. Hundreds of orders for the new coins have been received at the mint, offering one dollar apiece for them, but all would-be purchasers are referred to the World's Fair Committee at Chicago.

A Negro Lynched in Virginia.

STAUNTON, Va., June 13.—William Shorter, colored, who has been confined in jail here since May 7 for security, charged with attempted assault upon Mrs. Clevenger at Winchester, Va., was this morning delivered by Sheriff Watts to Sheriff Adam Forney and his guard, to be taken to Winchester for trial. When Shorter left the jail his fellow prisoners said to him: "Look out for Winchester; you will never get there alive." This prediction was verified in a few hours. When the train reached Kernstown, four miles this side of Winchester, a body of armed unmasked men boarded the train, took Shorter from the Sheriff, and taking him to the woods hung him up and riddled his body with bullets. Shorter was 19 years old.

SPARKS FROM THE TELEGRAPH.

Mrs. Carrie Dean is on trial in Canandaigua, N. Y., charged with attempting to poison the family of F. W. Clark of Naples. The prosecution will attempt to show that jealousy was the motive for the crime.

No trace has yet been discovered of the owners of the trunks seized in Buffalo on Monday, and found to contain over $200 worth of smuggled opium. The police think that William Muldoon, the notorious Canadian smuggler, had a hand in the affair.

The Post Office at Sharon Springs, N. Y., was robbed early yesterday morning. The burglars effected an entrance by breaking through large plate glass windows. They carried away stamps, letters, and a small amount of money. Kinkhart's hardware store and Smith & Empie's grocery store were also entered by the burglars.

Isaac Salisbury, aged 38 years, of Oneonta, a freight conductor on the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, was killed in the freight yard at Mechanicville, N. Y., on Monday night, supposedly by falling from a car. His body, terribly mangled, was found lying on the track about an hour after the train had departed. Salisbury leaves a widow.

Two judgments were filed in the County Clerk's office in Albany yesterday against the Mutual Brewing Company of New York in favor of Dennis Coleman of the Coleman Brewing Company Albany. In both cases judgments were secured on notes payable on demand, one for $12,000, dated May 1, 1892, and the other for $8,000, dated April 13, 1893.

The trustees of the Elmira Female College yesterday elected the Rev. Rufus P. Green, D. D., President of that institution. Dr. Green is a graduate of Hamilton College, class of '67. He was for eight years the pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church in Buffalo, and goes to the Elmira college from the Central Presbyterian Church of Orange, N. J.

Broderick Shea, 19 years old, who was wounded with an omoreka in Washington city on Sunday night by a man named Wood, in an altercation over a woman, died yesterday morning. The terrace of the umbrella was thrust through his left eye, piercing the brain, and the young man was almost insane with pain until his death. Wood is held on a charge of murder.

The body of J. W. Mitchell, the missing Secretary of the Prohibitory Enforcement League of Maine was found in the river at Augusta yesterday morning. The reward of $1,000 offered by the relatives goes to a lineiowell sloop cutter, who sighted the body while loading granite on a vessel at the wharf. The Coroner decided that death resulted from accidental drowning. The position of the limbs indicated cramps and a severe struggle.

HAZING IN THE STATE CAMP.

VERY PRACTICAL JOKES PLAYED ON TWO SOLDIERS.

Made Victims Because They Are Christian Workers—A Whiskey Champoo Given to One—The Clothing of the Other Stolen.

STATE CAMP, PEEKSKILL, June 13.—The rainy weather that has pr