DEATH ON THE ICE FLOES.

STORY OF THE GREENLAND DISASTER TOLD IN DETAIL.

Harrowing Pictures of Torture Among Sealers Who Perished on the Ice After Their Ship Was Driven Away from Them by Stress of Weather—Deaths Preceded by Madness.

ST. JOHNS, N.F., April 9.—The recent disaster to the crew of the sealing steamer Greenland, while engaged in the seal fishery off this coast, by which forty-eight men lost their lives and sixty-five were badly frostbitten, exceeds in harrowing interest any marine disaster of recent years. In all its gruesome details of misery and suffering the affair exemplifies the terrible hardships which are incurred by our seal hunters and the perilous character of the enterprise itself. When a catastrophe involving large loss of life occurres, the victims are usually hurled into eternity without a moment's notice, but in this instance they suffered unspeakable torments from hunger and cold before they perished on the pitiless ice-floe. All the steamers in the vicinity of the Greenland when the disaster occurred are now in port, so it is possible to compile from various independent sources a narrative of the ghastly affair, showing how fierce is the war the Frost King wages against these stalwart invaders of his domain.

On March 10 the the Newfoundland sealing fleet left here on its annual hunt for seals, which are every year brought down from the Arctic Ocean, and pass along by our coast during the latter part of that month. The female seals give birth to their young on these floes, and the young seals, helpless and fat, are the chief prey of the hunters. The "whelping ice," which bears the seals, is usually struck about 100 miles off the Straits of Belle Isle, the northern extremity of our island, and when the steamer gets among the seals her crew dash over the side on to the icy plain, and the work of slaughter is continued until the ship is loaded to the water's edge. So short is the duration of the fishery and so precarious its pursuit that the steamers, which are specially built of wood and of 200 to 400 tons burden, carry from 200 to 300 men who are packed below decks with little more comfort than was supplied by a slavers hold in the days of the Middle Passage. The ordinary comforts are lacking, the food is the coarsest, cleanliness is at a discount, and it is a common occurrence for the men never to wash themselves or change their clothes from the time they leave port until they return, be their absence two weeks or six.

Such was the condiiton on board the Greenland, a steamer of 259 tons, carrying 208 men, when she started on her sealing cruise under command of Capt. George Barbour, a seal killer of renown. On March 13 she struck the whelping ice, and next day began to reap her oily harvest. Poor weather prevailed during the next week, and she secured only 13,000 seals, about half her load. On Sunday, March 20, no work was done, but at midnight all were on the alert, and with the first streaks of dawn the men were put out on the floe to resume their labors. The first party or "watch" who left the ship consisted of thirty-eight men, who were set down on a large "pan" or island of ice, about four miles around. Steaming along to another and much larger "pan," she sent away four other watches, aggregating 154 men, who were spread out in different directions so that no seals should be missed. During the forenoon the ship steamed about among the pans, picking up what seals she could and seeking likely spots for the next day's operations. Shortly after noon it was evident that a period of stormy weather was near, and so the ship hurried about to get her men safely on board. She succeeded in picking up the thirty-eight men first put out, but while she was hurrying to the assistance of the others the gale struck her, and the disturbance caused among the floes was such that she was caught between two heavy "pans" or ice masses, and firmly nipped, so that she was helpless. The ice extended a mile or more from her to a lake of water two miles broad, on the further side of which were gathered the unfortunate sealers, waiting in vain for help, and many of them looking for the last time on the wooden fabric that represented home and friends and safety to them.

The gale raged fiercely all night, it was impossible for those on the ship to lower her boats, drag them across the floe, launch them on the "lead" of water and ferry the castaways over, and so each party was powerless to help the other. Indeed, those on the steamer soon had all they could do to insure their own safety. The Greenland, following the practice of sealing steamers when requiring to make room in the hold for the seals which were being taken aboard, had most of her coal and provisions stored on deck. Consequently, when the gale struck her she was thrown over to leeward until her yardarms touched the floe, and the men every instant expected that she would founder and carry them all to the bottom. For four hours the lives of all on board were in jeopardy, and not until they had dumped all the stores and coal back again down the hatchways in one conglomerate mass did they breathe freely. But, all through the night the gale raged, and fearing for themselves and even more for their comrades exposed on the floe, those on the ship spent a terrible night. But it was heavenly compared with the situation of the poor wretches adrift on the ice, exposed to the piercing blast and bitter arctic cold.

When the first fierce fury of the storm burst upon them they realized that there was no hope of boarding the ship that night, so manfully they settled themselves to face the situation, and all its terrors. The different masters-of-watch mustered their men, and, ere the growing darkness rendered it impossible to work, set them to collect fragments of ice with which to build shelters to break the force of the gale. These 154 men were scattered on an ice floe in a blinding snowstorm. Night was coming on and they had no food nor shelter. Working as they had been all day, a generous glow of warmth had been imparted to their bodies, but now their inaction was causing the contrary effect, and they were becoming numbed with the cold. To enable them to move about more freely these sealers do not clothe themselves very heavily when going on the ice, trusting rather to their work to keep them warm. Nor do they bring much food with them, as the weight is an incumbrance. Thus, they were poorly provided in every way for fighting against the terrible conditions that beset them.

For some hours they held together, exercising themselves and encouraging each other. But the affiliation was such that no discipline could long control them. As the night went on many became frostbitten, others fell on the ice from the cold and hunger, others again became deranged from the awful sights which surrounded them, and others still wandered off in a vain search for their steamer. At midnight the first man died, a seaman named Newtry. When he succumbed the men all left the "pan" on which his body lay and gathered together on the next. But in an hour two more perished, and by daylight none knew how many, while the shrieks of the frostbitten, the moans of the dying and the ravings of the insane added to the horrors of the surroundings. Those who have never had the terrible experience of a night on a floe can have any idea of the tax on the constitution of a able-bodied man which it imposes. The intense cold from the frozen plain, the blinding snowdrifts which penetrate every chink in one's clothing, and soon cause the garments to become clinging wet, the salt spray that cuts like whips, the lack of warmth or nourishing food and the utter desolation of the vast expanse make the experience awful in the intensity of its misery. If a man became weak he had no other recourse but to throw himself on the ice and he was soon chilled, and the peculiar stupor that Arctic navigators tell of stole over him, and he slept the sleep that knows no waking.

Many poor fellows lost their lives in this way. Others, wandering about over the floe, fell through the blow-holes made by the seals and were drowned. Others wandered on in their quest for the ship until they could not keep up any longer, and fell in their tracks never to rise again. The stories of some of the survivors are thrilling in the extreme. Henry Lush says he was out with a body of fifty men, and as the night wore on they kept themselves alive by running and jumping over the ice. He was near most of those who perished, and during the early hours of Tuesday he saw several drop down, and to do this meant death. Many times in coursing around the living men would stumble over the body of a hapless comrade who had died shortly before. This gait continued until Tuesday afternoon, and every hour, almost, some one or another died.

William Wicks and the watch he was with had travelled twelve miles in their hunt for seals, when, seeing the storm approaching, they built a shelter with what ice and snow they could obtain. They cheered each other through the night, but three died, and their bodies were carried some distance from the shelter. In the morning of Tuesday, about 10 o'clock, one man suddenly became insane and shouted that he saw the ship. This freshened up those about, and they rushed in the direction in which the madman pointed, but there was no ship. In the blinding snow they lost their way, several walked into the water and were drowned, while others fell from exhaustion and disappointment, and soon were stiff and cold. Wicks himself became partly demented after this. He wandered away and built a shelter for himself, where he spent all Tuesday and that night, and on Wednesday morning there were five dead men around him, and he remembers that two men died in his arms, and that he found his own nephew, a lad of 18, stark and cold on the floe. After that all was a blank until two men led him aboard the steamer when she came up.

Henry Stagg was picked up very badly frostbitten. He and eight others became detached from their watch, owing to the blinding snowdrifts. They were about three miles from their ship, but the ice was too much seamed with water to enable them to reach her. He describes the surroundings as appalling. The icy breath of the elements seemed pregnant with death to the crowd exposed to its malignant fury. He remembers two men exerting themselves to support animation when suddenly they dropped as if shot, and when their comrades examined they found these had passed the portals of eternity. He saw another fall into the water, but they helped him out, and the brave fellow battled against his fate for two hours, when he became exhausted and dropped down and perished.

Phineas Stokes and ten others were drifting about all Monday night on a pan of ice, and only by keeping on the move incessantly did any of them escape alive. As it was five perished, two falling through fissures in the ice, while the others fell victims to the cold. On Tuesday forenoon they killed a seal, which they devoured warm and raw. George Tuff was with about thirty men, and they gathered under the lee of some ice pinnacles, where they were partly sheltered from the fierce gale and could exercise and keep the blood circulating with less exposure and pain than otherwise. When a man lay down they kicked and beat him till he got on his feet again, as they knew that to lie on the floe meant death. Tuesday at daylight they had five dead. As the day wore on others succumbed. He himself became mentally unbalanced. Strange fancies ran through his mind. He saw houses, trees, gardens, and pleasant sights, but on trying to reach them would fall prostrate on the ice. Only sheer grit brought him through. He saw some die, raving that the steamer was near; others called on absent friends and passed away peacefully; others, in their efforts to save the lives of comrades, lost their own, while others again fell victims to the stupor that sealed their lids with the everlasting sleep. George Piley and about twenty others made a shelter Monday night, and Tuesday forenoon he and two others—Mortimore and Fynn—strayed away from the rest of the watch. Soon after the latter two fell into the water, and were so exhausted after getting out, that they lay down on the ice and soon died, leaving the survivor to face almost certain death. He crawled along to a large "pan," but lost his mittens in the "slob" or broken ice. While he was breaking the ice off his hat a gust of wind swept it away from him. He then took off his oilskin trousers to wrap around his head, but these he also lost. Then he got snowblind and was crawling about half demented until 4 P. M. on Tuesday, when he was found by one of the rescue party. When given food his jaws were so stiff that he could not eat it, and while going to the ship with his rescuer he fell into the water three times and was got out on each occasion by his rescuer.

Alfred Galton had the most astonishing escape. He was only 20 years old, and was exposed on the floe for forty-eight hours, without food or shelter. On Tuesday forenoon he lay down to die, and wishing him to have as painless a death as possible, his friends covered him with snow. But this helped to retain the natural warmth of the body and after a few hours he revived sufficiently to make another struggle for life. He arose and wandered about for a couple of hours, when another weakness overcame him and he lay down on the floe again. But where he reclined was very much exposed and the wind on Tuesday night blew him some distance, buffeting about over the rough ice and sending the blood circulating through his benumbed veins. On Wednesday morning he was found, more dead than alive, and carried to the ship a mass of frostbitten flesh. He will probably be in hospital some months and lose both fingers.

Every survivor tells some such thrilling story of suffering, the particulars sufficiently appalling and terrible to wring the heart of the most indifferent. The gale did not abate until Tuesday afternoon, but when it did all on board the Greenland were organized into search parties, and soon the wretched survivors were brought on board. Their condition was most pitiable, nearly every man being more or less frostbitten, and the ship resembled a hospital. On Wednesday morning at daybreak the search was resumed, but only six more were saved, the total number who perished being forty-eight, or nearly one out of every three who were cast away on the floe. Of that number twenty-five bodies were recovered and brought on here for burial, while the other twenty-three found a grave in the ocean depths. Some of the dead passed away almost at the moment of rescue. When they saw the ship approaching and the rescue party swarming over the side, the poor half-crippled beings tried to drag their helpless limbs to the ship, only to drop and expire almost as the rescuers' hands were outstretched to grasp them. The icy plain was not unlike a battlefield with the scores or more of corpses lying in full view, while the wounded and maimed suffered as if the fight had been against human foes and arms. But their fight has been against a more powerful foe. They died in battle against the dark forces of nature, for bread for their wives and children. They died with their harness on their backs, in the pursuit of the most dangerous vocation known to our industries.

Wednesday and Thursday were devoted to the search for the dead, and on Friday, with his dead piled high on the after part of his ship and his sixty suffering, frost-bitten seamen down below, Capt. Barbour bore up for home. The condition of the sufferers was pitiable in the extreme. These ships carry no surgeons and the injured had to make the best of the rough, though kindly treatment they received. The berths where the sick lay were miserable, foul-smelling, and ill-lighted. Seal oil and coal dust lay everywhere, and the rough weather intensified the misery of the surroundings. On Saturday evening, March 26, the elements again threatened a severe storm, and the Greenland was driven to seek shelter in Bay-de-Verde, a harbor forty miles north of here, whence the first message was sent to the city with the terrible news.

The news sent a thrill of horror through the community, for there were scores in the town who had friends aboard, and their feelings can be better imagined than described as they waited in vain for the names of the dead and injured. On Sunday afternoon the Greenland reached here after narrowly escaping shipwreck the previous night in Bay-de-Verde harbor. Her anchors gave way and she drifted ashore, where she lay for five hours pounding in the surf. All her crew mustered on deck, fearing every moment that she would go to pieces. But, being a wooden ship, she escaped with slight damage, and reached her destination safely.

Such a spectacle as met our view before witnessed in St. John's as that of the Greenland, as she steamed up to her owner's pier with her bulwarks lined with the survivors of this dreadful catastrophe, nearly every man bearing upon him, in his bandaged face or hands, marks of the conflict that had been waged against the Arctic blasts. Many a heart-rending scene was witnessed as the friends of the crew boarded her, and the joy of those whose loved ones were saved was forgotten in the misery of those whose bread winners had fallen in the unequal fight. Fully 10,000 people with white and anxious faces crowded the wharves and sorrow was in every countenance. Piled tier upon tier in the waist of the ship, packed in with ice and snow, lay the bodies of the victims. When the injured had been sent to hospital these were removed to be coffined. As the ice and snow were swept away many ghastly reminders of what the heap contained met the harrowed vision. Here could be seen the blackened fingers of a seared and frozen hand, there a rigid, naked leg and foot were visible, while in the next moment a swollen and distorted face would horrify the beholder. The bodies were almost nude, the only clothing on each being a shirt and drawers, and in many cases these were so badly torn that the limbs and trunks were visible. The outer clothing of these poor fellows had been stripped off their dead bodies as they lay on the floe by their living comrades, who hoped the increased covering would help to keep them alive until rescued. Only one or two of the faces were covered, and the agonized features and distorted limbs told only too plainly the harrowing tale of hardship and suffering. On Tuesday, March 29, the victims had a public funeral, and a subscription in aid of their families has already reached $12,000. Most of the men were married, and 250 widows and orphans will have bitter cause to mourn for years this most direful page in the colonial history of misfortune, suffering, and death.

TO BORE FOR NATURAL GAS.

The Village of Lyons, N. Y., Grants a Franchise to John T. Kilham of This City.

LYONS, N. Y., April 17.—The village of Lyons has granted a limited franchise to John T. Kilham of New York city to bore for natural gas in this vicinity, and, in case gas is found in commercial quantities, to lay pipes and mains through the streets and supply gas and power for lighting, heating, and manufacturing purposes. The franchise is conditioned upon the sinking of at least one well inside of a year and that work thereafter be carried on with due speed, the right to pipe the streets only accruing when gas is found in merchantable quantities and within two years. If the rights of the franchise are not fully exercised before two years, it is to be forfeited. Mr. Kilham is associated with John G. McCrahon of Syracuse in natural gas prospecting, being interested in gas wells now in operation in Baldwinsville and Weedsport. These gentlemen purpose incorporating the Wayne County Gas Company and boring for natural gas, which is believed to exist here in commercial quantities.

Died While Singing in Church.

Mrs. Mary Kinsland, 45 years old, the colored janitress of the flat house at 64 West Fifty-sixth street, died suddenly last night while attending service in the Zion M. E. Church at Bleecker and West Tenth streets. She was singing and shouting "Amen" and "Hallelujah," when she suddenly fell back into her pew unconscious. She was pronounced dead by an ambulance surgeon from St. Vincent's Hospital.

BULL BESTS TWO LIONS.

A BRUTAL SPECTACLE IN MEXICO CITY ON EASTER DAY.

The "Entertainment" Gotten Up by an American, and Many Americans, Women and Men, Among the Spectators—The Lions Were No Match for the Infuriated Bull.

MEXICO CITY, April 10.—All of Mexico's beauty gathered at the Indianilla plaza, near this city, this afternoon, and witnessed one of the most cruel and bloody spectacles ever seen in Mexico. For many weeks this city has been literally aflame with posters and pictures announcing the first fight in Mexico City between an African lion and a Mexican bull. The fight was given with the permission of the authorities, and the promoters hold a concession for three more to be given at intervals during the next two months.

By 3 o'clock the crowd began to gather. The streets in front of the plaza were filled with the carriages of the spectators going to the fight. The crowd included nearly the entire American colony, besides many tourists who are now visiting the republic. It must be confessed that while there were some Mexican ladies present, there were many more of their American sisters.

To-day is Easter Sunday, and the whole crowd is decked in the gayest of attires. The love of brilliant colors is a well-known characteristic of Mexican women, and their attire to-day is no exception to the rule. Looking upward at the great tiers of seats filled with excited people the sight is a beautiful one. The decorations of American and Mexican flags, the bright colors of the dresses, and the gay sombreros with their trimmings of gilt add to the general effect.

Many of the ladies brought their children with them. Just below me a lady, undoubtedly an American, had her two children sitting beside her. When the fight was at its height and the bull, covered with blood, was tossing the lion, one of the children, a little girl with laughing eyes and brown curls, turned away and commenced crying. The mother caught the child by the arm and exclaimed: "You little goose, why don't you watch the lion bite the bull?" And on all sides the indulgent mammas held up the little cherubs that they might see the bull bathe his horns in the lion's blood!

The Indianilla plaza is a great inclosure, about a mile from the heart of the city. The seats were arranged in tiers and were capable of accommodating 10,000 persons. Far down in the centre was the arena, elevated about ten feet above the floor. It was built of iron bars four inches apart and solidly constructed, with a diameter of forty feet. A canvas concealed the arena from the sight of the crowd and it was known that the bull was already there. A cordon of gendarmes surrounded the cage and kept the curious from approaching.

Far down on the side of the ring a band commences to play and the crowd shouts their approval. The noise gradually dies away, but does so only to commence again louder than ever, and for a few seconds absolute pandemonium reigns. Gov. Rebollar of the Federal district, accompanied by his staff of officers, is entering the box of honor, and as he is a great favorite the audience greets him with cheers.

It is time to begin to fight, but as yet there seems to be no preparation. The crowd begins to grow impatient, yell after yell goes forth and continual stamping shakes the great stand. The master of ceremonies, in obedience to the wishes of the Governor, enters his box. A gong is rung. It is the signal for the arrival of the bull. There is a shout of approval, as the canvas hiding the cage falls away and the bull is seen standing in the centre. A fine animal is this which is soon to be pitted against the king of beasts. Jet black, with shining eyes, he stands there pawing the ground, fearing neither man nor beast. He is of the Spanish breed, famed for its ferocity and endurance. Only the more skilful bull fighters, of the Mazzantini stamp, dare to meet him in the ring. He has had a long training in preparation for this occasion. Since his birth he has been allowed to roam the woods on a great tract of land, unfettered and kept from the sight of man. He does not know what it is to fear, and, therefore, standing there, admirably posed, he makes a picture never to be forgotten.

A second gong rings, and the lion, closed in a dark cage in wheels, is the side of the arena. Attendants are busily engaged in adjusting the doors of the two cages, and soon everything is in preparation. A hush falls over the entire crowd, waiting for the attack that they know will come soon.

At the third ringing of the gong the doors separating the two cages were thrown apart. Straight as an arrow, and with wonderful quickness, the lion threw himself on the neck of the bull, who, with lowered horns, was awaiting the charge. As the lion reached him he caught him with one of his horns under the forelegs, and hurled him high in the air, dashed him against the bars of the cage, which, though strong, were bent outward, so tremendous was the impact.

Here the fight may be said to have been begun and finished. For, injured by the terrible thrust, and thoroughly cowed and frightened, the king of animals had had enough of the encounter. Placing itself in an abject posture with its forepaws resting against the crossbars, the sight was a pitiful one. There he sat panting and every now and and then looking abjectly toward the bull, which stood pawing the ground, waiting for another attack. The Mexicans present arose and shouted their approval, for naturally there was great enthusiasm among the public at the victory of their noble representative over the vaunted monarch of the African deserts.

However pleased the Mexicans were at the victory of the bull, they were far from being satisfied. There had been no great quantity of blood shed, and until they saw either one of the animals taken dying from the ring or the sand of the arena stained with blood, they would not be satisfied. The murmurs began to grow loud, and, fearing a riot, the management tried to devise some means of making the animals fight. The lion's tail was twisted. The animal gave intermittent growls, which sounded more like plaintive wails than the roaring which is said to strike terror into the hearts of the traveller on the Sahara. An attendant also tried to push the lion away from the side of the ring, but in this he was not successful. A red cloth tied to a pole was used to enrage the bull, but the latter did not seem to see the necessity of attacking an entirely passive foe.

It was clear that neither of the animals would fight, and the crowd broke out in yells and cheers once more. There were renewed cries for another lion, and the Mexican manager knew too well that if their demands were not heeded a riot would be precipitated that would result in the ruin of his building. Such a scene occurred at the Plaza de Toros some months ago, when the enraged populace threw the chairs and benches into the ring and tore away boards from the side of the building. Urged by the cries for another lion and seeing that there was no prospect of the first one fighting, the master of ceremonies gave the signal for another animal. Prince, the conquered king, was lassoed and dragged from the ring, not so badly injured as he was the first time. The bull was without a mark of the contest.

The second lion was a larger one than the first, and had a great shaggy mane. Immediately the door was thrown open he sprang into the ring, but was repulsed with consummate ease by the bull, which, with scarcely an effort, tossed him into the air. The lion was not badly hurt, and did not seem to have lost much of his courage.

Waiting his opportunity, he sprang at the bull again, but was met with the terrible horns. This time he was severely gored. With hardly any fight left in him he crawled to the side of the cage and lay down, but he was not allowed to rest in peace.

The people had paid their money and must see a fight. A spear was fixed to the end of a stick and with this the bull was pricked until, becoming thoroughly enraged, he rushed at the lion, striking him full in the face. One of his horns pierced the beast, making the blood flow plentifully. The lion by this time was a pitiful sight, bleeding from a dozen wounds, but still there was some fight left in him. As the bull rushed at him a third time the lion struck him with his paw in the eye, knocking it from the socket.

The fight was now furious, and blood was flowing in sufficient quantities to satisfy the most fastidious matador. At this juncture the audience rose in a body and shouted its approval of the disgusting spectacle. Many of the American women present left the ringside, but there were others who remained, seemingly fascinated by the sight of the blood. With the exception of the blow in the eye, the bull was uninjured, while the lion was covered with wounds from head to tail, and his tawny hide was crimson with blood.

The Governor now decided that the fight had gone far enough as the lion was plainly *hors de combat*. As the curtain fell upon the scene, he was lassoed and, unable to walk, was dragged, to the cage.

It is a sad commentary on Mexican civilization that such brutal spectacles are allowed, but it is even more to be regretted that an American should be the impresario and that the contest should have been witnessed by so many representatives of the United States.

Firemen at J. P. Morgan's House.

A fire in the chimney of J. Pierpont Morgan's house at 219 Madison avenue last evening was put out by two firemen with salt which they procured in the kitchen. The fire was reported out with no damage in less than ten minutes after the alarm had been rung, and the police say that Mr. Morgan and his guests at dinner did not know what had happened until afterward.

CELEBRATION AT FLORENCE.

Festivities in Honor of Paolo Tuscanelli and Vespucci.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

FLORENCE, April 17.—The city was *en fête* today in honor of the fifth centenary of Paola Tuscanelli and Amerigo Vespucci, both of whom were Florentines.

The festivities will last to the end of the month, during which a geographical congress will be held here.

Many Americans are present in the city. They have presented to the Council an American flag, beautifully embroidered, to commemorate the occasion.

MOVEMENTS OF TROOPS.

Some of the Regulars to Get Under Way To-Day on Their Southern Trip.

JUNCTION CITY, Kan., April 17.—Orders have been received at Fort Riley calling for the entire command, consisting of forty-two officers and 550 men, to move within forty-eight hours to Chickamauga.

DETROIT, Mich., April 17.—Col. Snyder of the Ninteenth United States Infantry has received orders to proceed with his regiment to Mobile. One battalion of the Ninteenth is stationed at Fort Wayne, the other at Fort Brady, and Sault Ste. Marie. The battalion from Fort Wayne will start for Mobile on Monday or Tuesday.

LAREDO, Tex., April 17.—Company A, Twenty-third United States Infantry, and Company A, Twenty-third Infantry, will leave Laredo tomorrow for New Orleans. Other companies along the border will be required to make a forced march of seventy-five miles to connect with the railway here. Troop B, Fifth United States Cavalry, will remain here.

KANSAS CITY, April 17.—The detachment of four companies of infantry from Fort Apache, Ariz., on its way to Jefferson barracks, near St. Louis, arrived here last evening and were immediately started for the East over the Missouri Pacific in two trains.

DENVER, Col., April 17.—Orders have been received at headquarters of the Department of the Colorado to prepare to move immediately all troops except the Seventh Cavalry and the Fifteenth Infantry, both of which are stationed in Arizona and New Mexico. The Eighth Infantry, now at Fort D. A. Russell, and the troops at Fort Logan will move on Monday.

FREMONT, Neb., April 17.—The regulars from Forts Robinson and Niobrara will pass through Fremont some time on Monday. Arrangements have been made for their transportation and cars were sent west for the accommodation of the soldiers this afternoon.

FORT MEADE, S. D., April 17.—Col. Bacon, commander of the Eighth Cavalry here, left last night for St. Paul, Minn., to take charge of the Northwestern division of the army. The entire Ninth cavalry, at Fort Robinson, colored troops, is ordered south, and to-morrow two troops from Fort Meade will proceed to Fort Robinson to take their places. Other troops at this post are expected to move soon.

Requisition for Tents for Key West.

PHILADELPHIA, April 17.—The greatest activity prevails in this city in the Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A. Requisitions have been made for the shipment of 1,000 or more tents and other equipments to Key West, which will be done early the coming week.

RECIPROCITY IN CLUBS.

A Suggestion That Some Clubmen Deem Worthy of Consideration.

A man who is a member of several large clubs in this city made a suggestion in one of them last week that seemed to those who heard it worthy of consideration.

"New York is full of clubs now," he said, "and the field seems to be thoroughly covered. Any man who is a member of half a dozen clubs finds that his annual dues are no slight item in his yearly expenses. Now, I have recently joined a club simply because it has a country clubhouse near where I expect to spend my summer. I have no use whatever for its town clubhouse. It has occurred to me that a system of reciprocity might be established between various New York clubs that would benefit the clubs immensely. For instance, supposing this club which I have just joined should grant the privileges of its country house during the summer to members of this club I am in for twenty dues and no initiation fee, and in return we give to its members certain privileges during the winter in our clubhouse on the same terms. I believe that such an arrangement could be made on a basis of reciprocal membership which would be very advantageous. It would probably be necessary to regularly elect the men who were to enjoy these special privileges, because the general membership of the two clubs is very dissimilar. Under such an arrangement, however, a member of one club might enjoy during certain seasons the special privileges of another, and the club extending them would profit by his dues and café and restaurant patronage. Such reciprocal relations exist between certain New York and London clubs, and to my mind there is a promise of success in trying them at home."

GLASS STATUE ON KENESAW CREST.

Scheme of Western Veterans to Erect a Monument That Can Be Electrically Lighted.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

The Colossus of Rhodes, Washington Monument, Statue of Liberty, and the great pyramid of Cheops or Corfu are to be surpassed in magnitude by a military monument one-third of a mile high to be erected in plain view of Atlanta.

The scheme also contemplates the greatest military national park in the world on and around Kennesaw Mountain. It is proposed to introduce in the park some novel features, chief among them a statue of white glass, eighty feet high, on top of Kennesaw, the statue to be illuminated at night by a dazzling light from within. To give strength to the statue which will typify American valor in the form of an American soldier, the glass will have an interior framework of steel, and when lighted up it will be visible so far that the inhabitants of other planets will think the earth has a new moon located about twenty miles west of Atlanta.

The originator of this scheme has not been discovered by the public down this way, but the leading movant is A. B. Leeper, Major-General commanding the department of Illinois—"Comrades of the Battlefield," Adjutant-General "Grand Army of American Veterans," Vice-Grand Counsellor "Order of Patriotic American Patriots." The military park and battle monument project is not backed by either of these organizations, but is being promoted by a new order, known as the Society of the Atlanta Campaign. This society proposes to hold a meeting at Kennesaw about June 27 to prepare plans for the campaign.

Secretary Long was asked to save the Maine's hull, if it is to be raised, and send it to Tampa or Key West, so that it could be brought to Atlanta and used for the framework of the glass statue. What the Secretary said to this is not stated. In the course of the letter to Secretary Long Adjutant Leeper said:

"Take your dividers, and with Kennesaw as the centre and the northwest corner of Missouri as a point on the circumference, draw a circle and you will include the territory that has been saturated by the best blood of the American nation; and you cannot shift from that point, with the same radius, without leaving out a portion of it. That is the reason why Kennesaw has been selected as the proper place to honor the armies of the West and the whole nation.

"It is the intention to make this the largest and best society of its kind, and the park the greatest in the nation. Many valuable features will be introduced that are not found in any other organization or society.

"Washington was made what he was by American valor. He did not make the American valor. He has a tower 555 feet high to commemorate his virtues and achievements, and, as valor made him what he was, American valor should have a higher, grander tower.

"To commemorate American valor it is the intention to erect on the top of Kennesaw Mountain, which is more than 1,900 feet high, a monument so high that it may be seen as far as the eye can reach; this to be surmounted by the statue of an American soldier. The statue will be no less than eighty feet high, of white translucent glass, strengthened on the inside with a steel frame to be lighted from within by electricity, so that the form can be distinguished as far as the eye can distinguish form.

"In this monument every American veteran would have an interest, and as the achievements of the United States Navy, are as worthy of commemoration as are those of the United States Army, and as the proposed monument or tower will probably be constructed practically of steel, I have thought within the last hour that instead of towing the wreck out into the ocean and sinking it, why not tow it to Key West or Tampa, from either of which points the material could be shipped to Atlanta for use in the erection of the colossal monument to the valor of the American Army and Navy."

Says His Boy Friend Shot Him Purposely.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., April 17.—Joseph Miller, a boy of 12 years, who is dying from a wound inflicted by a youth named Clifford Gage with a Flobert rifle several weeks ago, has admitted that it was not an accident, and a warrant has been issued for the arrest of Gage. The latter lives in Danville, Ill., and was visiting in this county at the time of the shooting. Miller now says Gage became enraged at him and shot at short range. The bullet passed through one of his lungs.

OFF BRIDGE FOR A GIRL.

HISKOFF JUMPS HEADLONG FROM THE MIDDLE SPAN.

"Told That Damn Girl I'd Jump Off" Is About All He Would Say When a Tug Fished Him Out, Bruised but Not Broken, from the East River—In His Pockets Were $411.33 Cash.

Of the number of persons who for one of two reasons jump from the Brooklyn Bridge, those intending to land ultimately in a dime museum commonly fail to survive the experience, while those whose purpose is exit from this world not infrequently land in a dime museum via hospital and police court, and accumulate shekels as only original, warranted and undoubted champion bridge jumpers. This path lies open to Dimilal Hiskoff, who made the descent from the middle span into the river early yesterday morning. It is very improbable that his injuries will prove fatal. Hiskoff says that he is 32 years old, a Russian, and a cook in a large hotel in Nineteenth street, Washington, D. C. From a remark which he let fall it is surmised that a woman is the cause of his adventurous leap.

At a few minutes before 6 the tug Bella McWilliams of the McWilliams Towing Company was on her way to her pier at the foot of Fulton street. Michael Shannon, the first mate, was on deck. Just before the tug reached the bridge Shannon looked up and saw a man crawling over one of the girders that form a connection between the promenade and the roadway. Occasionally the man stopped as if confused or uncertain, but presently he went slowly on again. Once his knee slipped and he almost fell. At first the mate of the tug wondered what the man was doing there. Then he concluded that anyway he had no business there. Making a funnel of his hands, Shannon bawled to the man above:

"Hi! Hey there! Go back!"

The man paid no attention. Again the mate hailed, and this time the crawling figure straightened up, looked, went on, dropped to the promenade, and presently reappeared climbing the outer railing.

"Get back," yelled Shannon. "Hi! Police! He's going to jump!"

Standing upright on the railing just about at the middle of the middle span the man waved his hand. One more appeal came up from below:

"Don't jump! Hold on! Don't jump!"

But he jumped. For a few seconds the dark body came down straight, feet foremost. It turned, turned again, smote the water with a resounding whack and sent a small fountain spurting into the air within a few yards of the tug. Presently a dark object came up to the surface of the troubled water and floated. A few turns of the tug's screw brought the body within reach of a boathook with which Shannon hauled it in. The man, when laid out on the deck, moaned and wriggled. He was taken to the foot of Fulton street, where Policeman Lydecker of the Oak street station was called and sent an ambulance summons to the Hudson Street Hospital. Pending the arrival of the ambulance the rescued man opened his eyes.

"How did I come here?" he asked.

"You jump from the bridge," the policeman asked him, but he only muttered indistinctly. Just before the ambulance arrived, however, he said clearly enough:

"I told that d——n girl I'd jump off."

At the hospital the doctors said that Hiskoff was suffering from shock and general contusions. So far as they could tell there was no serious injury and the man would recover. He was not in condition to be arraigned in court, however, and was sent to Bellevue Hospital under police guard. He will be charged with attempted suicide. That poverty is not the cause of his bridge-jumping was sufficiently attested when his clothing was examined. The first search brought to light only 33 cents, but when his clothes were taken off there was found wrapped up in a bit of newspaper $411, thus making in all $411.33. When South street learned of this there was a general determination to play 4—11—33 as a policy gig to-day. Its nearness to the favorite "nigger tip," 4—11—44, enhances its popularity. Policy players have not yet forgotten that two years ago when a dead negro was found in a room with the numbers 4—11—44 on a slip of paper in his shoe the entire darky population of the Tenderloin won fabulous sums on that "gig," which came out in the drawing the very next day.

The money found on the man was mostly in $20 bills. When it became known that the man had this money, George W. Arnold of 118 West 138d street informed the police that there was a possibility that the money came from him. Arnold was in Washington last Tuesday. He had $480, all in $20 bills. On Tuesday evening this money was missing. When the police heard Arnold's story and learned that Hiskoff was a waiter in Washington hotel, they telegraphed on to Washington for more information about him. Arnold gave them a list of all the hotels he had been in.

CURIOUS PRESENTS FOR SIGSBEE.

Washington Society Sends Him Loads of Pincushions, Sachet Bags and Doilies.

From the Washington Post.

"The next command that Capt. Sigsbee gets," said a close friend of the gallant ex-commander of the wrecked battleship Maine "he'll surely have enough tidies and doilies and pincushions and whisk broom cases and worked picture frames and fancy towel racks and sachet bags and other gear like that with which to fix up his cabin in pretty fancy style. He's been the recipient of loads of that kind of stuff from the nice girls and matrons of this land ever since the day he returned to Washington, and he brought a couple of ditty bags filled with similar stuff along with him from Key West. Since he arrived here the express wagons have been rattling up to his house by the dozen, delivering pretty specimens of the handiwork of American women who want to show their appreciation of a masculine and level-headed hero. If the Captain lives to the age of a hundred, he'll never be able to wear out the slippers that have been brought to him, and he's already got together enough hat bands and beautifully crocheted cravats and dainty laundry bags and change purses and mucilage bottles that to start a well-stocked fancy goods shack. He's a man of very quiet tastes, and a sailor who eschews extreme luxuriousness from choice, is Capt. Sigsbee, and he smiled when he said to me the other day, in pointing out the array of pretty things that have been sent to him, "They fancy, I suppose, that I'm some sort of a sea-ranging Sardanapalus.' If he fitted up his cabin apartments on the next ship he gets with all of the dainty bits of finery that have been so graciously sent to him, the cabin would make a queer-looking picture of a vari-hued flotsam and jetsam in case a 10-inch shell from an enemy's gun happened to puncture it."

Why Pat Forgot Where He Buried the Bottle.

From the Topeka State Journal.

"Pat, where did you get the whiskey?" asked one section hand of another.

"What!" said Pat. "D' ye suppose I'd swipe it from the private car dat was here."

"Pat, the brass collars are going to miss it by and by. You better hide it," said the first speaker.

"Let's take this handcar and run down the track a ways and bury it," said Pat.

The two got a handcar and told the foreman they were going down the track to get some potatoes for dinner. Away they went down the track about a mile.

"This is a good place," said Pat. The two got off the car and buried the bottle near the track.

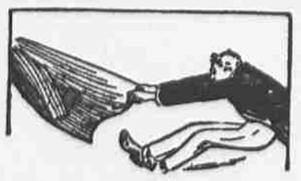
"How will we know where we buried it?" said Pat.

"Cut a notch in the side of the car," said his companion. So a notch was cut in the side of the car above where the bottle was buried and the two tarriers returned to their work. That evening they decided to go and dig up the bottle. Away they went.

"Where is the place?" asked Pat.

"I cut a notch in the car to show," said the other.

"And begorra I forgot all about it and moved the car," said Pat.



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CAPT. RAY RETURNS FROM ALASKA.

He Deprecates the Rush of Gold Seekers and Speaks of Their Sufferings.

SEATTLE, Wash., April 17.—Among the arrivals by the steamship Queen from Alaska are Capt. Ray of the regular army and thirty miners from the Yukon and Klondike. Capt. Ray was sent in July last as special commissioner by Secretary Alger to establish military stations and to acquire information regarding the country. He says:

"In January some Indians came in from the head of the Koyukuk River and reported that on Mahimute Creek they had found gold. To prove their assertions they brought in $800 worth of coarse gold and sold it to the traders. They said that they obtained it from the bed of the creek, before it rose last fall, with their shovels. When I left they were piloting hundreds of prospectors from the Munook country across to the Koyukuk by way of the Russian port