CAR'S PLUNGE KILLS 41.

Excursionists Carried to Death Down a Tacoma Gulch.

CRUSHED BY HEAVY TRUCKS.

Many Women and Children Among the Mangled Victims.

Sixty-two Others Wounded—Trolley Car Gets Beyond Control On a Steep Grade and Jumps the Track on a Curve at the Entrance to a Bridge—Plunges Seventy-five Feet Before Striking—Lands on Its Top and the Trucks Crash Through on the Penned-In Passengers—Victims Terribly Crushed—A Few Passengers Escaped by Jumping Before the Car Left the Track.

TACOMA, Wash., July 4.—Fourth of July festivities were stopped this morning by the most serious street railway disaster ever known in the West, more shocking than the unfortunate affair at Victoria a few years ago. Forty-one persons were killed and sixty-two injured.

A car loaded down with men, women and children from South Tacoma and Spanaway Lake jumped the track at a high bridge over a gulch at Delin and D streets. Turning completely over as it went through the air, it landed on its top, and the weight of the trucks and floor of the car crushed the unfortunate victims.

Where the car went over there is a sharp turn in the track just as it goes on the bridge. This gave the car a whirl to the right, completely overturning it. It fell seventy-five feet through the air until it struck the side of the gulch, where the frame work of the car was smashed to pieces and the wreck kept on down the steep side, grinding and tearing its way through brush and stumps and carrying dead and wounded with it.

A thousand people gathered in a few minutes and the work of rescue began. There was little need for axes. The car was in splinters and the trucks had gone further down the gulch, leaving most of the victims free.

On the bridge and lying around on the ground at the edge of the gulch were the bodies of many victims, among them women and children. Same were still alive, but many were dead and mangled almost beyond recognition.

The injured were carried up the steep bank to the top, where carriages and cars were in waiting to take them to hospitals, or down to the bottom of the gulch to the water station, where they were taken by carriages and conveyed to the hospitals or to the morgue. Some of them died on the way.

While the work of rescue was going on the ground was strewn with the wounded. One could scarcely go a yard without coming to either the dead body of a victim or some one badly crushed but still alive. A mother sat on the ground, her hair matted, with blood and her clothes nearly all torn off, moaning over her two dead children, who were crushed and mangled. Other mothers were vainly hunting for their children and some children who survived the wreck were vainly calling for mothers who were dead.

The car was crowded, many of the passengers being women and children coming into the city to see the parade. Both platforms were filled to the limit, several men hanging on from the lower steps. When the car was half way down the Delin street grade it was evident to several of the passengers that the motorman did not have control of his car, though people generally did not notice the unusual speed until the conductor rang the bell several times for brakes. The motorman attempted to check the speed of the car, but with little effect. Then the men on the platforms began to jump off, taking a number of boys and several children with them. Some of the children were thrown off to alight as best they could alongside of the track. In this way a dozen people were saved, though almost all of them have broken or badly bruised legs or ankles and are more or less badly bruised about the head.

Just before the car struck the sharp curve at the bridge the motorman jumped off, breaking both legs. The conductor, who was in the car cried out, "Look out, we are going over," just as the car swayed over on its side and shot through the air toward the bottom of the gulch, more than 125 feet below. The conductor's body was found far down the gulch, mangled almost beyond recognition.

At the hospitals and three undertaking establishments were ranged the wounded and dead. It was several hours before the last victims were recognized and identified.

The dead are: S. M. Weir, Robert Hanaan, C. Palmer, Frank Starlson, M. D. Campbell, Frank Laskey, W. H. Davis, J. L. Lacey, Ethel Withers, Miss Palmer, Bessie Rice, Mrs. Lee, son and daughter of Mrs. Lee, —— Silberg, O. M. Parks, Roy Banes, G. Swanson, John Reed, Walter Reed, Berdina Linerman, Roy Lingerman, Teena Schwieson, Miss Lois Drake, Willie Hastings, Mrs. McCullough, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Saugher, J. D. Calhoun, conductor; J. P. Lingerman, Mr. Newton, Miss Barnett, L. A. Healy, Robert Steele, Gurshon McMillan, —— McMullin, Sr., J. Paulus, John Neissen, William Williamson, James Benston, J. G. Gording, a boy, Herman Moser, Carl Moser, Mrs. Elliott, George Campbell, Mrs. Fleming, three sons and one daughter of Mrs. Fleming, all under 8 years of age;

The injured—F. L. Boegn, motorman; Morris Schilling, Ole Friberg, —— Hoffman, C. M. Woodruff, Tommy Hartshorn, George C. Botts, —— Brown, Littlian Severson, Miss Effie Roberts, Oscar Lee, John Callaghan, John Jaeger, Earl Raskins, Joseph McCann, S. M. Henry, L. Martin, Mrs. Swanson and four children, Lymen, Mary and Roscoe Lee, children of Mrs. C. O. Lee; D. W. Cooper, Anton Hansen, Alf Anderson, Edward Hoffman, H. L. Weer, G. H. Brown, Otto Johnson, Francis O'Hara, Goldie Hoffman, Dernice Hoffman, Sam Mathers, O. G. Brotton, Miss Lizzie Patterson, Alfred Brotton, Willie Campbell, Arthur Newton, M. M. Hoseing, Mrs. Louis Dinger.

Missing—Mrs. S. A. Patterson, Berge Fleming, Del Flemming.

Three Men Killed in a D., L. & W. Wreck.

SCRANTON, Pa., July 4.—Two cars on a wildcat east-bound freight train on the Lackawanna railroad were derailed on the down grade near Henryville this morning, and a west-bound fast freight crashed into the wreck. Three men were killed and one injured. The victims are Harry A. Coglizer, fireman; George Davis and Edward Ryan, brakemen, killed, and Conductor Cunningham of Stroudsburg, who was on the pusher engine of the west-bound freight, injured. All traffic was delayed nine hours.

Trolley Collision Causes Three Deaths.

WEBSTER, Mass., July 4.—Car 14 of the Worcester and Webster trolley line and Car 13 of the Webster and Dudley Street Railway came together this morning in East Webster. There were about one hundred persons aboard and of these three were killed and thirty seriously injured. The dead were L. E. Moffit, aged 26, of Oxford; William Joint, aged 46, of Willsonville, Conn., and Hartwell Robbins, aged 8 of North Grosvenordale.

TROUBLES OF THE COMPANY CLERK.

A Feature of Army Service Illustrated by Two Incidents in the Philippines.

KABANCALAN, Negros, P. I., May 2.—The company clerk of Company "Y," 'Steenth United States Infantry, sat in the orderly room and perspired with his face and filled in war documents with both hands. Incidentally he said things that are not in Holy Writ. It was a muster and pay month and also the end of a quarter. Three company muster rolls, three detachment muster rolls, three company payrolls, three detachment payrolls, two monthly returns of companies, two quarterly returns of ordnance and a bale of other documents were piled up in front of him, and whenever he looked at them the company clerk sighed and perspired and said things. The desk he worked at was an old clothing box, his chair a soap box and his pen, which had seen service in the Civil War, creaked like a carabao cart in the dry season. The company clerk had just added a little water to the teaspoonful of ink that remained in a cracked bottle when the Second Lieutenant came in. The Second Lieutenant was a favorite in the company, but had been absent on detached service up at Jimamaylon. The company clerk was glad to see him and stopped swearing for the first time that week.

"Jonesy," said the Lieutenant, "I want some information. I've got a letter here from the Chief of Ordnance at Washington that says that I am accountable for one shell ejector and that I have failed to render any quarterly return for that shell ejector and that I must at once satisfy my accountability for said shell ejector. Now, how am I to do that in regular form?"

"First," said the company clerk, "have you got the shell ejector?"

"Yes," said the Lieutenant, "I've got the blamed trinket. It's a piece of steel about half the size of a match and is part of a Krag rifle. I guess it's worth about eight cents."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, "the Lieutenant should have expended it as soon as he got it. Then they couldn't bother you."

"How in thunder," said the Lieutenant, "could I expend it, when none of my men needed one."

"Oh!" said the clerk, "just send it in on a list of articles expended anyway. Then you'd have it to issue when a man needed one, and they couldn't jack you up every quarter to account for it."

"I'll remember that, Jonesy," said the Lieutenant, "but, as matters stand, how am I to square myself with the powers that be?"

The clerk reached into a bale of Government documents and hunted out a Government form. It was labelled in poster type, "Quarterly Return of Ordnance and Ordnance Stores, Received, Issued and Remaining on Hand." There were 6,000 words of instructions, telling how, and how not, to fill it up, printed on the outside of it. It was one foot wide, two feet long and less than a foot thick. There were fifty-six pages, 1,232 lines and 1,904 columns to it. It weighed less than ten pounds avoirdupois.

The clerk heaved this blank document into the waiting arms of the Lieutenant. The Lieutenant staggered and then braced himself against the bed.

"Jonesy," said he, "I'm much obliged to you. I must say that you are mighty liberal with Government property. But I've got but a small detachment at Jimamaylan and have no use for a hay-wagon load of stationery."

"That," said the clerk, "isn't stationery. It's the blank form on which you must account for that shell ejector."

The Lieutenant stood the document on end on the floor and sat in a chair and let the sweat run off the end of his nose while he stared at that Brobdignagian form.

"Jonesy," said he, "do you mean to tell me that in order to satisfy my accountability for one measly piece of steel, the size of a match and worth eight cents, I've got to smear that mountain of paper all over with ink?"

"Yes, sir," said Jonesy decisively, "and if the Lieutenant fails to do so that shell ejector will follow him to the grave and be visited upon his children even unto the third and fourth generations."

The Lieutenant stood up and walked around the document.

"Jonesy," said he, "do you know where I can get a native who, for a peseto, will tote that bale of paper down to the stable where I left my horse?"

"The Lieutenant," said Jonesy, "will find a dozen of 'em loafing around the 'Casa Populi' across the way."

As the Lieutenant went out a Captain, on his way up the country, dropped in.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, standing in the orderly room door, "is that you, Jonesy? Why, you're the man I've been looking for these ten months gone. Can you spare the time to come over to the Casa where I'm stopping? I've got a war document I want to show you."

Jonesy got up, put on his hat and blouse and trotted after the transient Captain. There were two trunks in the Captain's quarters. One of them was a pickaninny affair, not much bigger than a carpet sack, and it contained the Captain's clothing, toilet articles and personal effects. The other was a two-story Saratogal brass-bound and padlocked. It was jammed to the cover with the Captain's retained papers.

"Jonesy," said the Captain sitting down before the mammoth trunk, "retained papers, whole cargoes of 'em, are the only thing that will protect an army officer from drink and eventual insanity. If you don't keep a retained copy of every document you sign, the Department heads at Washington or elsewhere will some day catch you napping. And then'll they'll chase you to the gates of the cemetery."

The Captain dove into the big trunk and came up with a war document. It had originally been a simple letter of inquiry. But 160 folds had been pasted on to the original letter and on each fold from one to three indorsements had been written. The document now looked like a petition from the W. C. T. U. to the Secretary of War, asking him to close the army canteens and issue a family Bible and a hymn book to each soldier the night before each battle, skirmish or expedition. The document was thirteen feet eight inches and a butt long.

"Jonesy," said the Captain, exhibiting the document in all its glory, "do you recollect the time when you were my recruiting clerk back at Bad Axe, Wisconsin? You do. Do you remember that once upon a time, during that clerkship, you made out a 'quarterly return of Quartermaster's stores' for me. Well, Jonesy, in that return you made one little mistake that, had I failed to meet you again, might have eventually cost me my sanity and possibly my life. In that return you failed to satisfy my accountability for one-half dozen lead pencils. You failed to expend them, transfer them to my successor, condemn them by a board of survey, unavoidably lose them in action, capture them by an enemy or keep them on hand on that quarterly return. You just left those six lead pencils hanging up in the air. And I've been hanging up along with them ever since. This document is the result. If it were not for this fortunate meeting that document would soon be long enough for an abominal bandage for the globe. Now, Jonesy, will you assist me to certify that those six pencils were expended, in the service, in the line of duty, at the recruiting office at Bad Axe, Wisconsin, U. S. A., in the year nineteen hundred and 'steenty-'steen, so help you God."

"Yes, sir," said Jonesy, "I'll cuss to a dozen."

"No," said the Captains, "that would be six too many and it would take the balance of my life to show how they came into my possession. Six will do."

HAMILTON SMITH DIES IN WATER.

Was Trying to Push a Boat Off a Bar Near His Summer Home at Durham, N. H.

DURHAM, N. H., July 4.—Hamilton Smith of New York was stricken with heart disease while boating on a small stream here this noon, and he died before medical assistance could be summoned. Mr. Smith has occupied a handsome house on Main street every summer. He arrived here a short time ago. This forenoon, in company with his sister, Mrs. Janin, he went out on the stream near his house. He rowed up the river slowly, and while engaged in conversation with his sister ran the craft upon a sand bank. Being unable to push the boat off with an oar, he took off his shoes and stockings and stepped into the water. He put his shoulder to the bow of the boat, and while exerting himself to get the keel free from the sand, had an attack of heart disease and fell over. Mrs. Janin jumped into the water and held her brother up while awaiting assistance in response to her calls. A young man responded, but Mr. Smith was dead by the time he reached shore.

Union Men for One Day Only.

Complaint was made yesterday by the waiters' and bartenders' unions of New York that waiters' and bartenders' organizations in Brooklyn and Jersey City go to employment agencies when employers ask their unions for temporary help and charge non-union men a small fee for the privilege of working. Most of these extra men are employed for one day only and receive a union card so that they can say that they are union men. When the job is ended they are out of the union.

Barbers Want Shorter Hours.

Representatives of the Master Barbers' Association and the Journeymen Barbers' Union will meet on Monday evening at Emrich's Hall in East Forty-first street to arrange a uniform system of wages and hours of labor. It is said that the barbers work on an average eighty-four hours a week for $12.

OIL TANK SHATTERS 6 MEN.

STRANGE DISASTER IN A RAILROAD YARD AT PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

The Oil Was Set Afire in a Collision and There Was an Explosion When an Attempt Was Made to Upset It Into a Creek—Women and Children on the List of Injured.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., July 4.—An explosion occurred this morning in the yard of the Ohio River Railroad in which six men were blown to atoms and others so seriously injured that in three cases recovery seems impossible. A car tank containing 6,000 gallons of oil was on the yard tracks for shipment. Engine 26, with Will Carr as engineer, was pulling Train 35 south bound. Carr saw that the main track was open and came slowly up the yards. The switch was open and the train ran into the side track, colliding with the tank car. The collision knocked a hole in the top of the tank and the oil ignited. This happened at a few minutes after 3 o'clock this morning. It made a great fire.

Master Mechanic LaLime and Supt. Hamilton were called upon to devise some means of ridding the track of the burning tank and extinguishing the blaze. They decided to upset the tank into a small creek nearby and thus save the track. They started to do this. As the car was turned over the gas that had accumulated from the burning oil exploded. A column of smoke hundreds of feet high arose in the air and it seemed as if it were night. The cries of the injured filled the air, yet no help could reach them.

When it became possible to see what had happened, pieces of human bodies were scattered everywhere. The dead were:

CHALK, JOHN, brakeman.
HAMILTON, JOHN H., General Superintendent Ohio River Railroad.
LALIME, F., master mechanic.
MOHLER, CHARLES, yardmaster.
REEVES, BRADLEY, brakeman.
SHANNON, RICHARD, train despatcher.

The badly injured number twenty-one, of whom three are women and three are children. They are George Huff, Doc Moore, Mrs. John Ansbury, A. Eisenhour, "Bony" Cheuvront, Mrs. Jack McFarland, Frank and Lee McFarland, her little sons; Earl Samuels, John Rawson, Wilfred Moore, Mrs. E. P. Nelson, her baby; George Coleman, William Gatrill, Wesley Aumiller, Jim Shields, Jim Barringer, George Barringer, John and Lewis Safred. Charles Cooper is missing.

When the explosion occurred the huge tank was split in two, one piece being thrown a hundred yards in one direction and the other fifty yards another way. It was the latter piece that did the damage and killed all the people. It struck a house and tore it down, hurting the occupants. Master Mechanic LaLime and Supt. Hamilton were both New York men. They came here about a year ago. LaLime was the father of a large family and Hamilton was unmarried.

The Coroner's Jury, which was impanelled at 10 o'clock this morning, made this report:

"We find that the accident was caused by the night yard crew being asleep while on duty."

HE STOOPED TO CONQUER.

How a Fat Mascot Won Out a Desperately Close Game of Baseball.

"I admit that I don't look much like an athlete," remarked a man whose 320 pounds were mostly grouped beneath his waistcoat, "but I was the means of winning one of the hottest baseball games ever played. It was along in the 80s, when the Lightfoot Lilies and the Ringtail Roarers were rivals for the championship of Jones county. I was a tall man then—lying down. I was even stouter then I am now. So you can well imagine that I was ineligible as a regular Lightfoot. I was a hot rooter for the team, however, and a great friend of Capt. Slugger Burrows, so the boys allowed me to warm the bench during their trips as a sort of a combination mascot and non-playing substitute, and I think you'll agree with me when I say it was lucky for them they did.

"It was the final game of the series that I did my star work in. The Roarers had won the first game through the phenomenal work of their pitcher, Cy Priest. We captured the second contest because Cy was up against it and couldn't play. Then came the great contest of which I am going to tell you. The news spread before the game that Cy had missed the train and the Roarers would have to use their sub pitcher. Our crowd were simply wild with joy. The Lily band played music that would put a circus out of business, and my enthusiastic substituting from the bench was only overshadowed by the great work I did later on. But we didn't have such a cinch in spite of Cy Priest's absence. The game was played with varying fortunes and at the end of the ninth the score was 32—32. The Roarers had gone to bat first and in their half of the tenth we held them down to three runs, thanks to Slugger Burrows's freezing on to a hot one with one hand at short.

"Then came our half and things started off with a rush. Their twirler couldn't keep the pill over the pie and the first two up drew free passes. Sam Strong singled, filling the bases. Then came Burrows with one of his old-time two-baggers that cleared the bases, and the crowd went wild. Men smashed their hats, women wept with joy, the band kicked the bass drum, and, oh Lord, how I did mascot! The score was tied, and none out. When the next two men drew bases on balls, filling the bases, our joy knew no limits. Like Monte Cristo, we thought we had the world by the neck.

"But right here something happened. Suddenly one of the Roarers's rooters stood up in his seat and pointed excitedly toward the mound. Then the whole of their side of the grandstand jumped to their feet and yelled like people possessed. And they had reason to, for there was Cy Priest in a buggy driving like mad for the grounds. The excitement stopped the game right there until Cy pulled his horse up short in front of the grandstand. He got out and without a word walked straight toward the pitcher's box and peeled off his coat.

"'Give me that ball,' he demanded without a word of explanation. 'You can't pitch; go sit on the bench.'

"Well, sir, you'd be surprised to see the difference Cy Priest made in that game when things got going again. 'Bull' Thompson popped an easy one to third, and the three men on bases never budged an inch. 'Home Run' Hankins was called out on strikes before he knew he was at the bat. Things were getting serious, for Capt. Burrows saw that if we couldn't win this inning with three men on bases there would never be another chance while Cy was in the box. He called the players around him and after a moment's discussion dumfounded the crowd by calling 'Willie Little to the bat,' Willie Little being your humble servant.

"But there was method in his madness as was seen the minute I stepped in the batter's box. You see my corporation overlapped the plate by a foot or so, and in order not to force in a run on a dead ball or four wide ones, Cy had to pitch the ball over the plate in the small space opposite my knees or else raise above my knees. As I might possibly hit the ball if it came across my neck, and as such a thing was a physical impossibility if he placed it below my corporation, he decided upon the latter course. The first two he pitched were balls and the crowd laughed, although with me it was a most serious moment. Then came a strike, a ball and another strike in rapid succession, making it three balls and two strikes. The strain was intense, and even the band kept silent. Cy rubbed some dirt upon the ball and hitched his trousers. Slowly he swung his arm back and the next minute I saw the ball coming straight as a die across my knees. I had but a second to think, but I thought quickly. Bending my knees I caught the ball square in the stomach. 'Dead ball, take yer base!' yelled the umpire and the winning run was forced in. The Roarers protested that I had tried to get hit, but the umpire looked at me and shook his head. 'He didn't have to,' he said.

"My modesty forbids me describing the way the crowd bore me off the field upon their shoulders, and you can't realize what that means if you've never tried it. I will say, however, that that article the *Jones County Courier* headed, 'He Stoops to Conquer,' was as complimentary a thing as I've ever read outside of an obituary notice.

BURGLAR CAUGHT AT WORK.

Cop Chased Him Over Fences and Through a Saloon Before He Nabbed Him.

Charles Lasky of 815 First avenue told Policeman Thornton at 11 o'clock last night that a burglar was forcing an entrance to Spooler's jewelry store at 840 First avenue. The policeman went to the rear of the store and found a man prying the window bars off. After chasing the man over two fences and through a saloon the policeman caught him and took him to the East Fifty-first street police station, where he was recognized as an ex-convict. He said he was William Watson of 221 East 121st street.

Hearst's "Chicago American" Appears.

CHICAGO, July 4.—Hearst's *Chicago American*, the new Democratic afternoon daily newspaper, was launched in Chicago to-day. It is similar to the *New York Journal* in looks and typographical features. Its statement to the public says that it will champion Bryan, free silver at 16 to 1, popular vote for Senators, the construction of the Nicaraguan Canal, and expansion without imperialism. It will fight trusts. It contains a statement from Bryan wishing for it success and a "large circulation."

LORD LOCH'S CAPTIVITY IN CHINA.

Death of a Former Victim of the Chinese Sentiment Against Foreigners.

News of the death of Henry Brougham, first Baron Loch, who died at his home in London on June 20 at the age of 73, recalls his trying adventures in China in 1859, when the attitude of the Chinese toward foreigners was very similar to that now existing. Lord Loch, at that time Mr. Loch, was sent on a diplomatic mission under Lord Elgin in 1857 to arrange for the placing of a British Resident in Pekin, but the mission was delayed on account of the uprising in India. Attacks on the persons and property of British residents in China resulted in severe punishment of the Chinese by a British force with the result of causing an extremely bitter feeling against all foreigners in China. Nevertheless, the repeated defeats of the Chinese forces by much smaller bodies of British soldiery soon cooled the ardor of those Oriental statesmen, who were demanding that all foreigners should be driven into the sea, and in 1859 Lord Elgin went to Tien-Tsin to arrange for a cessation of hostilities, taking Mr. Loch as secretary of the mission. The meeting with the Chinese Commissioners was arranged to take place at Tung-Chow, and Mr. Loch with Mr. Parkes, afterward Sir Harry Parkes, and Mr. Bowlby, a newspaper correspondent, went forward to arrange a site for the camp of the British force of Gen. Sir Hope Grant.

The Chinese General, smarting under his previous defeats, saw a chance to revenge himself upon the British, and with his 80,000 men arranged an ambush for the 5,000 British soldiers. This ambush the Englishmen discovered, and after a consultation it was arranged that Mr. Loch should return to warn the British advance guard, while the other two went to Tung-Chow for the purpose of protesting to the Chinese Commissioners against such treachery. With an escort of two Sikh troopers Mr. Loch galloped through the Chinese lines, which meanwhile had spread out over the country that he had recently traversed, gave warning to the advance guard, thereby undoubtedly saving the British force from disaster, and then rode back again to the comrades he had left behind him. All then started back, the entire party consisting of a small force of Sikh troopers and Dragoon Guards. At Chan Chin Wan they found that the Chinese had attacked the British forces and the battle was on. Before they could get away Messrs. Loch, Parkes and Bowlby, together with the Sikh troopers and several of their officers, were captured. Col. Walker, in command of the Dragoons, had a better chance and succeeded in charging through the Chinese lines and rejoining the British.

The prisoners were treated with the utmost indignity. They were dragged from their horses and their faces ground in the dirt. Then they were bound with hemp ropes as tightly as their captors could draw the ropes, which were then wet. Under the shrinkage the flesh of the captives was terribly lacerated. Thus bound they were thrown into a rough cart and taken to Pekin, where they were imprisoned with a gang of murderers and other criminals.

What kindnesses they received were from these criminals, who shared their food with the foreigners. Their jailors treated them inhumanly, chaining them to overhead beams. For nine days they were there. At night their chains were tightened so that they could not lie down or even sit. One night Mr. Loch was kept suspended by the neck and ankles and would have strangled but for the aid of the other prisoners, who took turns in supporting his weight.

One by one the prisoners sickened and died under this treatment. Lieut. Brabazon and Mr. Bowlby died of their injuries and of weakness. Lieut. Anderson went mad and died raving. Nearly all the Sikh troopers perished, some of them from starvation, as they got almost no food. Messrs. Loch and Parkes bore the strain better than the rest. They were put into bamboo cages for a time and exhibited to the populace, who reviled them and threw missiles at them. When the news came of the overwhelming defeat of the Chinese forces, the treatment of the surviving prisoners changed for the better. First they were taken to a prison where they were by themselves. Then Loch and Parkes were taken to a joss house where they were fed on the best that the city could afford, and soon afterward were permitted to go about within the walls of the city. Medical treatment, such as it was, was allowed them and they began to have hopes of getting back to their fellow countrymen alive.

Had they known it at that time, they were in greater peril of their lives than at any time before, for their death warrant, signed by the Emperor, was already on the way in the hands of couriers. But Prince Kung, a powerful leader, had been bestirring himself on behalf of the prisoners and had finally issued his orders for their release and sent them by the swiftest messengers he could find. The orders reached their destination fifteen minutes before the Imperial couriers were in the city. The prisoners were put into a covered cart and smuggled out of the city. They reached the British army in safety. Lord Loch was of vigorous physique and always declared that he had suffered no permanent weakening or injury from the tortures to which he was subjected in what was then the worst prison in all China.

TORE UP THE RAILROAD.

Discharged Engineer Gets Even by Stopping All Traffic.

Thomas Golden, the engineer of the miniature railroad which runs along the beach at Coney Island, was discharged yesterday and two hours later he came around and pulled up the railroad tracks. A train of eight small cars, each carrying two children, was about to start out when the manager of the line was informed that the discharged engineer had taken away a section of the road. Edward Williams, the owner of the line, reported the matter to the police and they arrested Golden. They refused to take bail for him because they considered the crime just as grave as if he had torn up the tracks of a real railroad.

GEN. ALGER'S SON INJURED.

Loses His Right Hand by an Explosion of Fireworks at Grand Mere, Que.

MONTREAL, Que., July 4.—Russell A. Alger, Jr., son of Gen. Alger, former Secretary of War of the United States, met with a serious accident to-night at Grand Mere, Que. Mr. Alger was taking part in a Fourth of July celebration and was engaged in setting off some fireworks when the bomb exploded, blowing off his right hand and seriously injuring his arm. Medical assistance was sent from Montreal.

SHOT AT HIS ANNOYERS.

Bullet From the Pistol of a Watchman Worried by Firecrackers Wounds a Girl.

Joseph Jones, 65 years old, who is employed as a private watchman in the dry goods district, was followed through Broome street last night by a crowd of boys and girls who annoyed him by hooting and throwing lighted firecrackers at him. At the corner of Wooster street he faced the crowd, drew his pistol and fired. The bullet hit seven-year-old Jennie Tinpane in the leg. She was taken to the hospital. Jones was arrested.

Said "Here Goes" and Drank Poison.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dowd, 35 years old, of 339 East Ninety-third street, walked into her kitchen last night while her husband was eating his supper and said: "Here goes." Her husband, thinking she had a glass of beer in her hand and was drinking his health, laughed and said: "Let her go." In a minute the woman began to groan and then he discovered that she had taken carbolic acid. He forced some milk down her throat, but the woman was dead before medical aid arrived. Dowd said that his wife had been sick and despondent for a week.

St. Louis Strike Settlement Ratified.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 4.—At a meeting of the local street railway union at West End Coliseum this morning a motion was put ratifying the settlement effected by the strike committees, and it was unanimously passed.

GREAT WESTERN.

A NATURAL CHAMPAGNE.

FINEST QUALITY

PRODUCED IN

AMERICA.

Try it. It will not disappoint you.

Bottled only by the Pleasant Valley Wine Company (Organized 1860).

For Sale by

H. B. KIRK & CO., NEW YORK.

S. S. PIERCE CO., BOSTON.

And all first-class dealers.

CANTON HEARS M'KINLEY.

SPEECH BY THE PRESIDENT AT A CANNON PRESENTATION.

A Tribute to Those Who Have Carried the Flag to Victory in All Our Wars—Judge Day Makes an Address and Alludes to the Grand Results of the Latest Conflict.

CANTON, Ohio, July 4.—A cannon was presented to this city by the Navy Department to-day. The President attended the ceremonies and in response to repeated demands from the crowd spoke as follows:

"My fellow citizens: I will not consent to prolong these exercises beyond making acknowledgment for your generous call and expressing as well the pleasure which I have had in participating with my neighbors and fellow citizens in the observation of this anniversary, one of the most significant, if not the most significant, in American annals. The sacred principles proclaimed in 1776 in the city of Philadelphia, advanced triumphantly at Yorktown, made effective in the formation of the Federal Union in 1787, sustained by a united people in every war on a foreign power, upheld by the supreme sacrifices of the volunteers of 1861, sealed in solemn covenant at Appomattox Court House, sanctioned within the last two years with the best blood of the men of the North and the men of the South at Manila and Santiago and Porto Rico, still animate the American heart, and still have their force and their virtue. [Loud and long continued applause], and, adhering to them as we have always adhered to them at any cost or at any sacrifice, we find ourselves after 124 years formed into a more perfect union, stronger and freer than ever before, strengthened in every one of its great fundamental safeguards and mightier in its power to execute its holy mission of liberty, equity and justice. [Great applause.] Summoning the precepts of the fathers, we still maintain inviolate the blessings of free government at home and carry its benefits and benedictions to our distant possessions, which he under the shelter of our glorious flag." [Great and long continued applause.]

Judge Day, former Secretary of State, said:

"We give this day to our country. To-day all party differences are forgotten and we remember only that we are Americans. One hundred and twenty-four years ago the Fathers of the Republic declared the independence of the United States of America. Less than three million of people and thirteen feeble and scattered colonies, the largest having a free population of less than half a million, threw off all foreign allegiance and dedicated this country to the cause of self-government by the people. We succeeded against strong odds and through untold suffering and sacrifice in maintaining the independence which we had declared."

After a reference to the Civil War Judge Day continued:

"From that conflict the soldiers of Grant and Lee, of Sherman and Johnston returned to the occupations of civil life. Those who were the boy soldiers became the best citizens, and the world saw great armies melt into the walks of civil life and industry without disturbance and with respect for the laws of peace. Our country has grown in wealth and material development until to-day we are in the front rank in the commerce and manufactures of the world, carrying our products into all parts of the earth and entering through every avenue of trade, sometimes through open doors, sometimes finding our way through those half closed to Uncle Sam and his wares." He alluded to the war with Spain, and said:

"That struggle, brief and decisive as it was, has added a new and glorious page to our history. It has again demonstrated the valor and efficiency of the American soldier and sailor. Best of all, it has put out forever the last dying ember of the fires of sectional hate, and America is united today as never before in her history. That the struggle demonstrated that American patriotism still lives and that the commercial spirit and the eager chase for dollars have not extinguished the patriotic fire of the fathers. It is not my province on this occasion to discuss the consequences of the war. It has brought us new problems. They must and will be met with courage and patriotism. The world must be better and the cordors of liberty enlarged wherever the American shall go.

"That war has given the American people a standing with the nations of the earth such as we never had before. The American abroad is treated with respect and consideration to which he was a stranger a few years ago.

"To-day let us renew our vows of devotion to our country. Let us rejoice that we are citizens of this great republic. Let us remember that our country will be what its citizens make it. We have no cause for fear. The past at least is assured. We may look to the future with a courage born of difficulties met and overcome. To-day let us look up at the flag and rejoice that it represents our heritage."

At the McKinley home considerable attention is being paid to the news of the Kansas City Convention, but those about the house are careful not to comment thereon. The news comes to the house in bulletins from the two telegraph companies and from the press associations and is referred to the President as promptly as the demands of crowds constantly about the house will permit. The President has been keeping early hours during this vacation, going to bed about 10:15. To-night he is in the library much later, and frequent calls are made by bearers of convention news.

All the officers of the Eighth Ohio Regiment called this evening and were received on the porch. Later a party of commercial travellers from all over the country organized at the hotel, and headed by E. C. Smith of Columbus marched up to the President's house to pay their respects and to extend to him their good wishes. The President chatted with them pleasantly and they left much pleased with their visit. A small party of railway engineers called.

FOUR PRINTERS ON A LARK.

In Two Fights, One Among Themselves, and in a Runaway.

GENEVA, N. Y., July 4.—Albert H. McGuffy, Frank L. Warden, Peter G. Matthews and Henry Herberts, printers, who said that they lived in Rochester, arrived in this city yesterday morning "on a lark," as they said, and to celebrate the Fourth of July. They afterward went to Seneca Falls by trolley. Between Geneva and Waterloo, the first station east of Geneva and Seneca Falls, McGuffy's hat blew off and fell into the canal. When the party arrived in Seneca Falls McGuffy purchased for 10 cents what is locally known as a "Cowfeed" hat, with a four-inch brim. Shortly before noon the four printers hired a horse and a carriage of a liveryman, drove to Freebridge, hired a row boat and went fishing. While they were in the boat a light rain fell. The fish were biting well and the men remained on the water. When the sun came out it warped McGuffy's hat out of shape.

After the men reached shore they heard that a dance was to be given in the evening at Terwillinger's tavern on the State road, near which they would pass as they returned to Seneca Falls. The four printers were in the bar room of the tavern when Robert Briscoe, two other young men and three young women passed through the hall on the way to the ballroom. The bar room door was open and Briscoe looked in. He saw McGuffy and his hat. Thinking that McGuffy was to attend the dance, Briscoe turned to one of his men companions and remarked: "That's a hell of a hat to come to a dance in."

McGuffy, who heard the remark, took a fish from his basket, walked into the hall and struck Briscoe across the face with it. As the tail of the fish whisked across Briscoe's mouth he struck at McGuffy and knocked him down. The three printers ran to the assistance of McGuffy, while the companions of Briscoe turned in to help him. The young women ran upstairs and told what was going on below. Dancing stopped immediately. The men hurried downstairs, while the women gathered about the head of the stairs and watched the fight. McGuffy, who had regained his feet was again knocked down, kicked and jumped upon. He was rendered unconscious. The dance broke up and after the battle the guests went away. Dr. Redpath, who lives near the tavern, was summoned. He said that McGuffy was injured internally and may die.

Matthews, Warden and Herberts started for Seneca Falls at about midnight. They began to sing, and then one of them fired a pistol and the horse ran away. The three men were thrown out and Warden had his left arm broken. The vehicle was demolished. Warden was taken to a nearby house and Dr. Redpath sent for. Matthews and Herberts started to walk to Seneca Falls. They missed the road and arrived in Waterloo. They quarrelled about what they had done and had a fist fight near the fair grounds. Herberts came to this city and returned to Rochester this morning. When asked where Matthews was, Herberts replied that the last he saw of him he was looking for a doctor in Waterloo.

OBITUARY.

John G. Priest, formerly Vice-President of the Missouri Pacific, died in St. Louis yesterday at the age of 78. He was Democratic National Committeeman for eight years. He was divorced from his second wife a year ago.

FLY-FISHING IN THE FAR NORTH.

Now Is the Time When the Fighting Ouananiche Is Rising Merrily.

QUEBEC, July 4.—Except in a few solitary instances, the spring trout fishing in Canada has not been up to the usual mark. The season has been all against the fishermen, and the weather conditions not those that favor the taking of great trout. The early salmon fishing has been affected in much the same way. Anglers were unable to do anything upon the rivers in the early part of the season on account of its exceeding tardiness, the large quantities of snow that lay late in the woods causing heavy freshets. Late in June, just as a succession of dry weather was getting the salmon streams into good condition for fishing, there came such heavy downpours of rain that the rivers were swollen to unusual proportions, and according to recent advices several days of fine weather must elapse before anglers can look for much success.

J. J. Hill of St. Paul, President of the Great Northern Railway, has left for his river, the St. John, on the coast of Labrador, joining his steam yacht at Quebec with a party, including two of his sons and Dr. C. E. Smith. This is Mr. Hill's first visit to his stream, and it will extend over several weeks. He bought the fishing rights from the Government two years ago for $3,500 a year, but only enters into possession of them this season.

The exception to the quality of fisherman's luck in Canada this year has fallen to the lot of those "who have fished the chosen waters where the ouananiche is waiting." Here some marvellous good sport has been had. The season was late and in fact it was almost the end of June, instead of the early part of the month, that the fresh water salmon rose to the anglers' flies in the turbulent rapids, but this month the conditions are such that the sport should be at its best. The Saguenay's forty miles of rapid water that commences with the river's issue from Lake St. John is the home par excellence of the ouananiche. It exists also in some of the rivers of northern Newfoundland and Labrador, but nowhere else is it so easily got at or does it afford such great sport to the angler as in the rapids of the Grand Discharge. It is a thrilling sensation to shoot these rapids in the frail canoes of the Canadian and Indian *voyageurs* with nothing but a sheet of birch bark and the skill of a dusky guide between one and eternity.

Some of the very best ouananiche fishing is to be had in the large expanse of water below the first falls of the discharge. Here the wily ouananiche may always in season be fought and killed, either from the shore or from the canoes of the guide, who will safely paddle you through whirling rapids, around dangerous rocks and eddies, and by the edge of the foam-covered pools where the fresh-water salmon best love to linger in large-sized shoals, waiting to spring upon their prey as soon as their favorite fly floats by. The insect life that becomes entangled in the foam churned up by the rapids affords such appetizing diet to the ouananiche, that the angler almost invariably meets with success by drawing his flies slowly through the patches of accumulated scum. Often before he has discerned any movement in the water he will feel the tug that tells him that a ouananiche is fast to his line. If he had seen the rise of the fish, he might have struck and lost him, for the ouananiche does not always take the fly like the trout. Sometimes he rises short as fontinalis does, but often he fumbles with the artificial l