DOUBLE NUMBER.

The Pittsburg Dispatch.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR. PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, MARCH 10, 1889. FIVE CENTS

MILAN LOST HIS HAIR

Not Until Then Did He Think it Time to Wind Up His Erratic Reign.

A VERY DANGEROUS CRISIS

Being Passed Through by a Great Financial Institution.

GOOD LUCK FOLLOWING A REAL DUKE.

A Worthy Charity Founded by the London Salvation Army—The English Government's Scheme of National Defense Roundly Denounced — Characteristic Farewell of the Prince of Wales to Monte Carlo—Viscount Mandeville and His Peculiar Tastes—The Plan of Campaign Adopted by the Oldest Unionist Member of the House of Commons—First Anniversary of the Death of Emperor William of Germany.

A new and novel reason for King Milan's abdication is given. His black hair has become gray and is falling out. The Duke of Portland is in great luck. The copper corner is squeezing a big financial concern in France. Yesterday the first anniversary of the death of Emperor William was observed throughout Germany by appropriate memorial services. The Prince of Wales' farewell to Monte Carlo was very characteristic.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, March 9.—[Copyright]—King Milan, of Servia, has wound up a singularly turgid, ribald, shameless and erratic reign by an exhibition of rank and slippery cowardice. After tormenting Europe for years with his enigmatical vagaries, he has capped the climax of his crimes by rendering up his 13-year-old son to his enemies. There is no luck in 13. The ex-King's most cogent reason for abdicating his throne would seem to be that his back hair was falling out. He withstood the proddings of Austria, the affronts of Russia, the antagonism of his people, the sarcasm of his Queen, whom he had put away from him, and the jibes and jeers of all Europe; but when his hair grew thin it was too much. He wrote to a friend in Vienna. "Nobody knows what I suffer. I have turned gray and my hair is parting from me. I suffer terribly from nervousness."

The question was whether the King should stand by his son and lose his hair, or renounce his son and kingdom so as to retain the hirsute thatch. Milan deserted his country at a critical hour. Russia's victory is notable and distinct. Alexander of Bulgaria went first, and now it is the King of Servia. The next victim of the implacable and tireless diplomacy of St. Petersburg will be King Charles of Roumania.

For years the life of King Milan has been one of profligacy and violent excesses. He shared with Prince Rudolf the honor of being the most dissolute man in Europe, and the violent death of the Crown Prince of Austria, at the culmination of a career of debauchery, undoubtedly affected the King of Servia.

Milan leaves his throne to go off with the heavy-featured but majestic-looking Madame Christich. She has a lot of money from her father, who is a banker in Constantinople. The pair will settle down in some quiet spot in Greece. There is a Mr. Christich, but he is of shadowy, nebulous and mystic character, and that part of him which has a tangible existence is understood to be quite ready for a divorce.

NO NEED OF BEAUTY.

The Duke of Portland Has Money, Youth and Lots of Luck.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, March 9.—The Duke of Portland's luck continues to boom. His horse Donovan, at 2 to 1, is easily at the head of the Derby quotations. Chittabob, at 6 to 1, is next. The odds that are given on horses at the races here are a source of never-failing envy to an American betting man. Some of the quotations now are: Warlady, 100 to 9; Wiseman, 100 to 6, with both horses favorites for the Lincoln handicap. The favorities for the Grand National, Roquefort and Why Not, are both at 10 to 1.

The reputation which the Duke of Portland has gained by his success on the turf, is apparently of a more durable nature than the fleeting one occasioned by his engagement to Miss Dallas Yorke. I caught a glimpse of the future Duchess of Portland on Bond street, some days ago. The Duke's increasing weight has given him a rather bulky look, and the tall, slim and willowy girl walking beside him was fully a head taller than the most eligible Duke in Great Britain. They reminded one of a clean-limbed, thoroughbred steeplechaser and a fat little cob, ambling along together.

Portland does not need beauty, with an income of nearly a million dollars a year, and but 32 years of life to his score. Somebody was telling me the other night that when he was a boy he was 13 lives away from the title, and without hope. One by one the heirs died off, until the present Duke came into his superb heritage. Miss Dallas Yorke is over six feet high, with a very small waist, very broad shoulders, a clear skin and an amiable and indulgent smile—at least she smiled on the Duke that day, as most people do, I fancy.

MADE A DISTINCT SUCCESS.

Brilliant and Characteristic Farewell of P. of W. to Monte Carlo.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, March 9.—Your Monte Carlo correspondent says that the final appearance of the Prince of Wales at the tables was made a distinct success by the delicate but rattling raillery of Jeanne Granier, the opera boufie divinity. The actress had been winning for an hour, when the Prince arrived from a late dinner, and took up a position opposite her. He was alert with enthusiasm and good cheer, and displayed a tendency to chaff the actress in a humorous and royal fashion. The result was a brisk and breezy interchange of delicate and half-veiled personalities. A tremendous event, this. People who think it of small consequence have no conception of what the Prince's duties are to the correspondents on the continent.

The Prince invited himself to dine with the Princess De Sagan nearly every night while on his brief holiday.

MEN OF LETTERS.

Some of Them Want to Add Capital Letters to Their Names Soon—An Easy Matter to Accomplish—A New Institute Established.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, March 9.—British journalism is to-day being made respectable. For many years past a lot of newspaper men, remarkable only for their pertinacity and power of making a noise, have been lamenting, chiefly in the back columns of the provincial press, their lack of a legal status, and more particularly their inability to place after their names some big capital letters indicative of their profession, such as are used by the Royal Academicians, the Royal Geographical Society, the Institute of British Architects, and the like. In 1884 the National Association of Journalists was formed, and four years later it had attained a membership of over 1,000.

Last September the great capital letter question was solemnly discussed in a special conference at Bristol. From the first it was felt that an association with over 1,000 members, must necessarily be a great and glorious body, deserving, at least, of corporate dignity. A few daring members ventured to question the wisdom of creating a journalistic trades union, but they were howled down, and in the end it was resolved to establish an Institute of Journalists, the members of which will have the proud privilege of writing "M. I. J." after their names. Deep down in the breasts of the promoters lies the hope that the time will come when Queen Victoria—or, if Her Majesty be gathered to her fathers, before the glad day, that great patron of literature, the Price of Wales—will bestow the additional honor of "Royal" upon the Institute, and then the members will blossom into "M. R. I. J."

The institute was formally inaugurated to-day, and the seal of respectability has been set upon it this evening by the Lord Mayor, who has entertained the M. I. J.'s and their wives, sisters and sweethearts, with cakes, wine and music at the Mansion House. As far as can be ascertained the primary duty of the institute will be to cultivate the journalistic instinct, and implant it in the bosom wherein it has not taken root naturally. The capital letter privilege may be purchased by an annual subscription of a few dollars.

A DANGEROUS CRISIS.

The Copper Syndicate Dragging Down a Big Institution to Bankruptcy.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, March 9.—The Comptoir D' Escompte, after the Bank of France, the greatest financial institution in that country, is passing through the most dangerous crisis in its history. Denfert Rochereau, the director of the comptoir, who committed suicide on Wednesday, was one of the most thoroughly respected and able financiers in Paris, and a man of extremely sensitive character. The copper syndicate, in which he had so largely involved his society, has now spent 2,210,000,000 francs, and has 250,000,000 to pay. There is still plenty of copper to be bought, and the sales are decreasing. Of 10,009 tons of the metal bought last month, only 1,390 were sold, the residue being added to the tremendous stock already on hand.

The syndicate is now acknowledged to be on its last legs. It has brought the London Stock Exchange this week into a state very nearty approaching a panic. Prices have wildly fluctuated two points twice within an hour, and to-day the feeling was feverish in the extreme. The arrangement arrived at with American producers failed to improve the position of the syndicate in the face of the suicide in Paris. The Comptoir d' Escompte, despite the fact that the Bank of France has made a large advance to enable it to meet the run of its customers, is in a very unenviable position, having at present a liability of 150,000 tons of copper at £70 per ton.

Somehow they don't bring off these little combinations in the Old World with the same success as distinguishes them in the new. The run on the comptoir, which was started by Rochereau's suicide, continued to-day, amid great excitement, in Paris.

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.

The Viscount Mandeville Able to Secure Proper Associates.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, March 9.—The other morning I ran across a figure that was familiar for a time in the cafes of the Hoffman and the Brunswick, New York. He has not improved in appearance. Besides the mottled face and sluggish eyes, there is a generally hangdog and roundshouldered carriage, which tell an eloquent story of the man's life. It was Viscount Mandeville. He was the hero of an hour's scandal this week, when he went through the court of bankruptcy. It was the final step in the disgraceful career of a man who hasn't even the excuse of youth.

The beautiful Lady Mandeville, formerly Miss Ysenaga, who was so long a conspicuous social light in New York, has long since been estranged from the Viscount. One of the more recent causes of this was with the debilitated and unpleasant looking Mandeville when I saw him that morning. Her name is Bessie Belle Wood, and she is known in second-class music halls as an apt and truthful personator of outcasts on the stage. She is a brazen, hard-featured, dowdy, slatternly and offensive-looking person. She and the Viscount walked serenely along, arm in arm. Each seemed proud of the other. There's no accounting for tastes.

TAME AT THE WINDUP.

The Closing Days of the Parnell Inquiry Not at All Exciting.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, March 9.—The special Parnell commission has sat only three days this week, and has afforded little excitement or amusement. Pigott is quite forgotten, but there will be a temporary revival of interest in his career, to end when the police officers who went to Madrid produce in court the documents found on the fugitive's body. Sir Charles Russell's opening statement for the Irish members will occupy three or four days, after which the rebutting evidence will be called for the defense.

It is gratifying to record that all the witnesses, save those in the very poorest circumstances, will attend at their own expense, but the cost to the Irish party will still be enormous.

SHELTER FOR THE DESTITUTE.

A Worthy Charity Founded by London's Salvation Army.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, March 9—The Salvation Army yesterday inaugurated a shelter for destitute women and children, in Hanbury street, the locality of the Whitechapel mutilations. Every night 200 women and 50 children will be provided, without discrimination, with beds and food. The bed consists of a thick cushion, covered with imitation leather, and placed in a rough box not unlike a broad coffin, with straight sides. The sleeper lies on the cushion, and a sheepskin, minus the wool, and very roughly prepared, is placed over her. Most of the women will be of the same class as the Ripper's victims. Fully 200 of these are nightly in a state of utter destitution. During the day 250 starving children will be fed by the Salvationists.

Almost every inhabitant of this neighborhood bears the marks of vice, disease and hunger. Several of them were already in the shelter yesterday, drinking basins of soup of savory but uncertain smell.

AS MEAN AS DIRT.

The Late Kensington Tory Member Even Blacker Than He Was Painted—Only His Position Saved Him From Prison.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, March 9.—Gent Davis, the Tory member, whose resignation caused a vacancy in Kensington, which is just now being contested with phenomenal fierceness, proves to be a greater scoundrel and meaner swindler than had been supposed. The original cause of his trouble was the discovery that as a trustee he embezzled a large sum of money, the property of a young relative. Had he been an ordinary citizen he would have been at once arrested, and sent to a long term of imprisonment for it, but it wasn't convenient to have a vacancy in an unsafe constituency, and the Tory managers decided to collect the money to settle the deficiency, and keep Davis in until it would be safe to shunt him.

Meanwhile, however, the Court of Chancery got hold of Davis, and sent him to prison for contempt of Court, in not repaying the embezzled money he was ordered to.

COULDN'T MAKE HIM QUIT.

Even this public exposure of his rascality failed to induce the Tory whips to make Davis resign. The money was secretly collected, and after a few weeks of imprisonment the accommodating Court obliged the Government by letting the scoundrel go free.

Davis forthwith proceeded to prepare for flight, as he had engaged in other nefarious transactions which might come to light at any moment. His first object was to obtain money. He obtained from Blundell Maple, another Tory member, $4,000, giving as security a bill of sale upon his household furniture. The guileless Maple, agreeing with Davis that a registration, as provided by law, of the bill of sale, would injure the party, simply took an inventory of the furniture. Davis immediately tucked this inventory on to a second bill of sale, and obtained upon it from a money lender a loan of $1,200. It is a comforting to learn that the money lender promptly registered his bill, so that Maple will lose his money.

THE CLIMAX OF COWARDICE.

Having thus, by fraud and false pretenses, filled his pockets, Davis looked about him for agreeable companionship in his flight. One would have thought that he would return to his wife, a young and beautiful woman, who with wifely devotion, visited him daily while he was in prison, and took him nice things to eat and drink; but with characteristic depravity, Davis took wing to the continent with a woman of the town, leaving his wife absolutely penniless. The unfortunate lady has been taken to her father's house, but it is not the fault of her blackguard husband that she isn't starving.

The Tories, unable to avert a contest, are now making desperate efforts to keep from the electors of Kensington, a full knowledge of their late member's villainies, but they will not succeed. Kensington Toryism is of a peculiarly unwholesome flavor, for Davis' chief agent and most enthusiastic supporter in past elections has just been sentenced to a term of imprisonment for swindling an orphanage, a crime worthy of his chief. Gent Davis was usually referred to as "Indigent" Davis.

EMPEROR WILLIAM DEAD A YEAR.

Memorial Services Held All Over Germany on the Anniversary.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, March 9.—To-day is the anniversary of the death of Emperor William, and the occasion is being observed by memorial services and in other ways all over Germany. Yesterday, for the first time since the Emperor's death, the curtains were drawn up at the windows in the Unter Den Linden palace, at which he used to stand daily and greet the people, and which he continued to do even after a mortal illness had seized him.

To-day Court Chaplain Koeppel officiated and preached at the memorial service in the flag and reception rooms of the palace, at which the aged Empress Augusta, Emperor William II., and members of the family, including the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, and the imperial household, were present. After the service the Emperor proceeded to Charlottenburg, where he prayed over the sarcophagus of his grandfather, and then placed a laurel wreath on it.

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN ADOPTED

By the Oldest Member of the House of Commons, and a Minister.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, March 9.—The Right Hon. Charles Villiers, the oldest member of the House of Commons, and a Unionist, has in spite of his 87 years and his politics, adopted the plan of campaign. He lives in a house at Chelsea, owned by the Earl Codogan, and as the old mansion stands in the way of certain street improvements, his his lordship wants to pull it down.

Villiers has been served with a notice of eviction, and declines to recognize it in any way. The old chap has taken to his bed, and says he will remain there until his noble landlord shall consent to take a more reasonable view of his feudal rights.

SHROVE TUESDAY IN SURREY.

Football Played on that Day, as It Was 600 Years Ago.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, March 9.—Americans in search of the picturesque frequently visit the old town of Dorking, in Surrey. If any of them were present last Tuesday, they must have been considerably astonished. All business was suspended, the shops barricaded, and every one was engaged in madly kicking footballs about the streets. It helps one to realize the antiquity of football and the giddy youthfulness of baseball, to learn that the custom before mentioned has been religiously observed in Dorking on Shrove Tuesdays for the past 600 years.

This note will enable quiet-loving Americans henceforth to time their visits to smiling Surrey.

THEY KEPT THEIR PROMISE.

The Duc d'Aumale No Longer An Exile From His Native Land.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, March 9.—News of an important kind from the continent tells of the reversal of the degree of exile passed on the Duc d'Aumale. This confirms the statement which was made at the time of the Seine election, to the effect that the Government had promised a revocation of the decree of exile in return for Royalist support.

The Republicans have carried out their promise, although they didn't receive the support.

THE NEW ELDORADO.

Lower California's Rich Gold Strike Causes Great Excitement.

A BIG RUSH FOR THE DIGGINGS.

Entire Towns are Depopulated by the Craze to Acquire Wealth.

VISIBLE PROOFS OF THE DISCOVERY

As Much as $2,000 Taken Out By One Man in Less Than Two Days.

Almost fabulous reports are received of the richness of the gold find in Lower California. The days of '49 seem to have returned. Indeed, many old-timers declare the placer is even richer than that, and the consequent rush to the new mines is something fearful. Great nuggets of gold are reported having been found, and—well, all the Westerners have the fever the worst way, whole towns leaving to work in the mines.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

SAN FRANCISCO, March 9.—There is intense excitement all through the southern part of the Pacific coast over the gold fields just discovered in Lower California. They are located about 100 miles from the border and 40 miles from the coast, in the Santa Clare Valley. The development made thus far is said to cover 100 square miles, all thought to be equally rich in placer and quartz. It is about 50 miles from Real Del Castillo, the scene of last year's mining excitement.

All manner of wild reports are current concerning the richness of the find, but, even after allowance is made for the usual exaggeration, the new fields appear to be phenomenally rich. The placer has long been known to Mexicans, and the placers were profitably worked 100 years ago. The greatest difficulty is in the water supply. At present there is plenty of water, but that supplied by winter rains will soon be gone, and then a large proportion of those now flocking to the mines will find themselves unable either to accomplish anything there or to get away.

MUCH MONEY NEEDED FOR WATER.

Those acquainted with the country say that the water will run until July, when it will dry up. There is said to be a good supply of water not far from the mines, but it will require a large outlay of money to make it available.

From Los Angeles, San Diego, and other towns in the South, people are rushing across the border in swarms. Two thousand are camped at Tia Junana, impatiently awaiting the slow progress of the custom house, and anxious to reach the diggings. Ensenada, which is 40 or 50 miles northwest of the fields, is almost deserted, business men, laborers and idlers having all gone to the mines. In San Diego labor is getting so scarce that the Coronado and other hotels are almost without waiters, stores are short of clerks, and now the newspapers are short of printers. The City Council has gone, and the city guard has deserted its post.

THE MINES FAST FILLING UP.

Reports say that 500 men are already in the mining camp. The road to the mines is lined with the burro trains, and steamers to Ensenada are crowded and compelled to refuse many applications for passage. Laborers on the railroads being built on the Peninsula have deserted their work and rushed for the mines. All the floating population of Southern California, and many business and professional men, have either gone or are on the road to the gold fields.

Firms in San Diego and Los Angles are ordering all the pans, picks, shovels and other mining implements they can get. The sudden demand has exhausted the supply, and many are waiting for their make-up before starting. Carloads of burros are being brought into San Diego, where they are eagerly snatched up by people anxious for conveyances of any kind.

Conservative men place the find next in richness, and many declare it quite equal, to that of 1849. Nobody comes out of the diggings except for provisions. All these unite in declaring the discovery wonderful, and hurry back as quick as possible.

BEYOND DESCRIPTION.

Prof Anthony, of San Diego, said to be one of the best authorities in Southern California, and now in the peninsula, says the richness of the new discoveries is almost beyond the power of description, and that he is willing to stake his reputation that the excitement will soon equal that of '49 in California. He has telegraphed that everybody there believes it is the richest discovery ever made on the coast.

One miner panned $2,000 in two days. A Mexican took $1,500 in two days from a space eight feet square. Rich quartz is daily being discovered, and expert miners expect to find very rich leads when the snow disappears. John Bragg returned to San Diego with $1,300 as the result of seven days' labor. A show window in Los Angeles displays a pile of metal valued at $1,800 taken from the diggings in five days. In one day gold to the value of $13,000 was taken into Enslnada from the mines.

BIG WAGES BEING PAID.

Miners make from $15 a day up to fabulous sums. Mexicans who have been at work the longest average that amount per day, and Americans going over the ground after them make from 25 to 50 cents a pan, though lacking implements.

A private letter from F. Bennett, of San Diego, now in the mines, says that it will take 1,000 men three months to fairly prospect the district in which gold has already been found. He thinks that when the water gives out gold can be dry washed, as the grains are very coarse. He also quotes two prospectors who are of the opinion that it will take a year to tell the full value of the quartz ledges, the equal of which, they think, has never been found anywhere.

As the country is covered with a thick brush, much time will be required to thoroughly prospect it. Bennett says the placer field is big enough for thousands of miners to operate in at once. The authorities are very strict, and disarm everybody who goes into camp.

A PRACTICAL MINER'S VIEW.

Other advices, just received from a practical miner now examining the Santa Clare mines, describe the diggings so far confined to one gulch two miles long, pay dirt averaging 25 feet in width. The gold is in a thin deposit of sand and gravel. Nobody has attempted to save the finer particles, and therefore the washings show nothing but large nuggets, most of which are worth anywhere from $5 to $20 each.

Fourteen quartz ledges have been located, many of which are rose quarz, considerably honeycombed, showing the presence of iron. The ledges are from 2 to 6 feet in width, lying between slate and porphyry contact. Free gold is frequently found. A syenite butte, 400 feet high, is in the center of the camp. Another life-long miner who has examined the fields prophesies another '49.

A telegram just received from Los Angeles says that the rush to the gold mines continues, 500 more men having left there this morning. Another dispatch from the City of Mexico says that the Cabinet yesterday discussed the Lower California trouble, and decided if necessary to declare martial law. Troops are being hurried forward to protect the frontier.

SUDDENLY CALLED.

Singular Coincidental Deaths in a New York Family—A Man Expires in a Street Car—His Sister Dies as Suddenly the Following Day.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH]

NEW YORK, March 9.—On Thursday forenoon Mr. Joseph Ritter, a retired merchant who lives at 144 East Thirty-eighth street, was returning from a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Jefferson Insurance Company. He boarded an uptown Broadway car, and, taking a seat in the corner, apparently fell asleep. A lady sitting opposite him noticed that his face was ghastly, and spoke of it to the other passengers. Among them was a gentleman who thought he recognized Mr. Ritter, and, going over, shook him with the intention of wakening him. Mr. Ritter was dead.

The car was stopped, and the corpse was carried to the West Forty-seventh street police station, and from there to Mr. Ritter's home. The family, which consisted of his wife and daughter, his aged sister, and Mrs. Ritter's mother, were assembled in the sitting room when the news arrived. His wife and daughter were completely prostrated, and had to be carried to their rooms. The funeral arrangements were made by his sister, who was 71 years old, and by friends of the family.

The next day the undertaker called and asked Miss Lydia Ritter to sign an order for the opening of the family plot in Greenwood. She did so, saying at the time: "I will not go to the grave." Those were the last words she spoke. She was called to the front door, presently, by another ring of the bell, and was passing through the room in which her brother lay, when she threw up her arms, and, without a cry, sank to the floor, dead.

Two coffins, draped in black crape, resting side by side in the parlor of the house in Thirty-eighth street, contain the remains of the brother and sister. The funeral tomorrow will be conducted by the Rev. Dr. Robert S. MacArthur, assisted by the Rev. Drs. Elder and Cottrell. The bodies will lie side by side, in one grave. Mr. Ritter was 72 years old. He was formerly a well known provision merchant, but has been out of business for 15 years. He was frequently troubled with asthma and catarrh, but was not known to have heart disease. It is supposed that both he and his sister died of heart failure. His mother-in-law is 93 years old.

CALVES THE FIRST VICTIMS

Of the Experiments With Electricity Killing in the New York State Prisons.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, March 9.—Legislation for the carrying out of the scheme to kill murderers by electricity has been completed, for the present, at any rate, by the Governor's approval of the bill appropriating $10,000 to procure and set up in the State prisons the necessary plants for the manufacture and application of electricity in such cases. Next week, at some time and place yet to be fixed, practical work, so to speak, will be begun upon calves, and the prison officials under whose direction the experiments are to be made, are confident that they will have apparatus perfected up to the point requisite to neatly and quickly do to death a human being, in ample time for any grist of murderers that the courts may send to their mill.

The experiments will be made by Harold P. Brown, an electrical engineer of this city, and the party witnessing them will include State Prison Superintendent Lathrop, C. K. Baker, Assistant Superintendent; Warden Brush, of Sing Sing, and the heads of the other State prisons. Governor Hill is said to have suggested that the experiments should be made in private, and an attempt will be made to carry out that idea. Beside the prison officials, however, there will be several doctors present, and the bodies of the calves experimented with will be dissected, to determine the exact effect produced by the shock upon the tissues of the brain and the muscles.

SHE COULDN'T STAY REFORMED.

A Bowery Girl Elopes From a Minister Who Had Married Her.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, March 9.—Justice Cullen, of the Supreme Court, granted the Rev. Leander Scott a divorce, to-day, from Charlotte Soltye, a girl whom he first met late at night, alone in the Bowery. He was interested in the Florence Night Mission in Bleecker street, and he talked about religion and reformation. She said respectable people would give such as her their prayers and their advice, but wouldn't give them employment or associate with them.

"You wouldn't marry me, no matter how much I reformed," she said to the middle-aged minister, who was a widower and a grandfather.

Mr. Scott told her she was wrong, and to show her there was one man at least who believed in Christian repentance, said that if she were sincere he would marry her. They were married within a day or two, but a week after the wedding she left him and was found living with a gambler. She didn't take advantage of the marriage to get any money from her husband, and it doesn't appear that she was in any degree mercenary. She didn't defend the divorce suit, and it is said has given him no trouble whatever. Whether she was in love with the gambler doesn't appear.

NOT AFRAID OF BULLETS.

A Military Prisoner Who Twice Escaped While They Were Flying.

CHICAGO, March 9.—Andrew Beck, who daringly escaped from the Fort Leavenworth military prison, was under arrest here to-day, but again made his escape. Beck was dishonorably discharged from the army and sent to the Fort Leavenworth prison for burglary. He broke out of the institution by boldly braving the bullets of the guards, and dashing through the gates. Information was sent to United States Marshal Marsh's office here this afternoon that Beck was in the city. Deputy Burchard located him in a barber shop.

Burchard commenced reading the warrant to Beck, but did not finish, because the latter turned and jumping through the back door of the shop ran across the yard and down the alley in the rear out upon the avenue. Burchard followed, and when the street was clear, drew a revolver and fired several shots after the fugitive. Beck's speed and endurance were too much for his pursuer, who finally gave up the chase.

AFTER THE INDIAN LAND.

Thousands of Settlers on the Edge of the Sioux Reservation.

ST. PAUL, March 9.—The passage of the bill opening the Sioux Reservation, by the recent Congress, will, if the Indians agree, throw open to settlers 11,000,000 acres of the finest agricultural lands in South Dakota. There is little doubt in the minds of those acquainted with the circumstances but that the Indians will promptly agree and the lands will be quickly taken. Every train over the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road carries from five to a dozen loaded emigrant cars, and Chamberlain, Pierre and other Dakota cities on the edge of the reservation are crowded with strangers who have come to stay. The real estate boom extends all over the two Dakotas, but is especially pronounced along the borders of the Sioux Reservation.

EXCITING WAR NEWS.

Sensational Bulletins Posted by the San Francisco Newspapers

CAUSE GENERAL APPREHENSION.

No Confirmatory Intelligence of the Nipsic's Being Blown Up, and

THE BEST POSTED DON'T BELIEVE IT,

But Things in Samoa Look Black, and the Truth is Anxiously Awaited.

Like a flash, last evening, spread the report that confirmation of the sinking of the United States steamship Nipsic by the German Olga had been received in San Francisco. The foundation for the rumors was bulletins posted by San Francisco papers, upon what proved later to be mere rumors. The underpinning was then knocked from the structure for another day. Definite information from Samoa, however, is anxiously awaited.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 9.—This city had a touch to-day of the excitement which would follow the confirmation of the rumor that the United States man-of-war Nipsic had been sunk in Samoan waters by the German man-of-war, as reported in the Breslau dispatch, two days ago. All manner of disturbing rumors were abroad during the day, to the effect that the naval authorities at Mare Island had received news confirming the sinking of the Nipsic, which was intensified by the statement that the Germans had seized the American mail steamer Alameda, of the Oceanic Company.

The statement was also made that the Secretary of the Navy had telegraphed an inquiry to the Union Iron Works, of this city, as to how soon the steel cruiser Charleston could be placed in readiness for her guns.

Based upon these rumors, and the further statement that the Southern Pacific Company had received notice to be prepared to handle the Charleston's guns and naval stores, the newspapers put out bulletin boards declaring that the sinking of the American man-of-war had been confirmed by private advices.

THE EXCITEMENT INTENSE.

Tremendous crowds surrounded the newspaper offices, and in spite of a lack of definite confirmation of the news regarding the Nipsic, the news spread rapidly throughout the city that the rumor of the sinking of the American ship was true.

Newspaper extras, issued up to 6 o'clock, failed to definitely dispose of the question as to the fate of the American war ship, or whether Washington authorities were finally in receipt of confirmatory news. How thoroughly the excitement had taken hold of the masses was shown in the crowds of men and women about the bulletin boards, and the common sentiment expressed in case disaster had overtaken the American vessel.

The story respecting the steamship Alameda is shown to be untrue by the receipt of a cable from Sydney, noting her arrival there. The steamship Zealandia, which is due here next Saturday, will bring mail advices from Samoa up to March 1, and unless definite telegraphic advices are received from Auckland in the meantime, will give the first authentic news from the island received since the first of February.

AN OFFER OF COAL.

A cable dispatch was sent to New Castle, Australia, yesterday by a firm of this city to their agents, ordering the captain of their vessel that is now loading coal there for San Francisco, to call at Apia, en route, in order to supply the United States fleet with fuel should the war vessels require it. This vessel will be able, with ordinary weather, to reach Apia within 25 days after leaving New Castle, several days before the supply of fuel now on the way from Baltimore can possibly arrive.

As an evidence of the uneasy feeling now existing among mercantile firms engaged in business with Samoa, it is learned that orders for a cargo of lumber destined for Samoa have been countermanded until matters are quieter on the Islands.

THRILLING TIMES.

Captain Mullane, of the Nipsic, Six Weeks Ago Feared the Result of the Trouble in Samoa—His Last Letter to His Brother.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—The following is a part of the last letter from Captain Mullane, of the United States steamship Nipsic, received by his brother in this city. The letter is dated Apia, January 28, 1889:

Here in Samoa we have war times and excitement. Germany has declared war against Mataafa, and proclaimed martial law in Samoa. I have protested against this martial law business, and think it has had a beneficial effect. They, in their proclamation, said in case citizens of Apia did not give in a list of their arms, ammunition, etc., they would be deported or imprisoned. I told in writing, Captain Fritze, of the Adler, that in the whole jurisprudence of my country there was no such punishment. They had a proclamation printed on January 23, and ready to publish on the cocoanut trees, etc., but my protest had the effect of stopping this. This proclamation spoke of offenses and penalties—death, deportation, shooting, hard labor, imprisonment, etc. They do not hold Apia, nor have they invaded Samoa; hence, under English and American law, cannot proclaim martial law. But they say German law is different. Things are all exciting here. They are at war with Mataafa, but all their proclamations are directed against foreigners. They carry on a high game here, and our Government has but one vessel, while they have three good ships.

I hear by way of Auckland that we will have more ships here. God only knows how this affair will end. The Samoans do not want Germany to annex their island, but have long ago asked both England and the United States to take them. Their old King, Malietoa, was deported a year ago, first to Germany, then to the coast of Africa, and then to Marshall's Island, to the north of Samoa, where he is now. I am kept busy from morning to night, and have been since the 7th of December, when the Adams left for California. My mail by this steamer will be the heaviest I have yet had, and my several reports to the Secretary are quite lengthy, full, and giving every item that has occurred. The little paper published here, the *Samoan Times*, has been suppressed by the Germans. On January 9, the German consulate, German Consul's house, etc., were burned by the greatest fire ever in Apia. I sent men to render aid. I was thanked in a public proclamation, a copy of which I send you. I think, and certainly hope, all my actions in this Samoan business will be approved by the Government.

I hear Germany intends sending out troops. About January 1, I sent Lieutenant Hawley to Auckland, to telegraph to the Secretary, and he will be back on February 2. The German consul at Auckland chartered a small English steamer the other day, and sent her here with important German dispatches, but what these dispatches were no one but the Germans know.

Secretary Blaine was seen to-night and said he had received no information whatever in regard to the reported sinking of the Nipsic.

SECRETARY TRACY INTERVIEWED.

He Agrees With Commodore Walker That the Rumors Are Lies.

NEW YORK, March 9.—General Benjamin F. Tracy, the Secretary of the Navy, was intercepted by a reporter on his way from Washington to New York, at 10:30 to-night. He was shown the latest San Francisco bulletin respecting the alleged destruction at Samoa of the United States steamship Nipsic by the German corvette Olga, together with the remarks thereon of Commodore Walker.

The Secretary said that on the journey from Washington to New York he was not in telegraphic communication with anybody or any place, and could not be expected to know more than Commodore Walker, who was in Washington. He fully subscribed to the statement of the Commodore, who stamped the story as an absurd fabrication. He had not sent any private information to any one.

THE BOTTOM KNOCKED OUT.

Commodore Walker Stamps the Entire Yarn as a Base Fabrication.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—Secretary Tracy left Washington for New York this afternoon. Commodore Walker, who acts as Secretary during the absence of the head of the department, was to-night shown the latest San Francisco bulletin, respecting the alleged blowing up of the United States steamship Nipsic. He had no hesitation in stamping it as an absurd fabrication, and he denies that any orders have been sent to San Francisco looking to the immediate equipment of the new cruiser Charleston.

To show the utter improbability of the story, Commodore Walker says that telegraphic news reaching San Francisco from Samoa must cross from Auckland to Australia; thence across the Dutch East Indian Islands to Asia, up through Europe to England, and across the Atlantic Ocean to the Eastern coast of the United States, where it is taken up by the land lines and transmitted to California.

Commodore Walker, it is evident that such news could not possibly reach San Francisco before it is known in the East, as the Navy Department has an officer stationed at Auckland for the very purpose of forwarding information respecting Samoan events, and it is not to be supposed that he would overlook a matter like the sinking of the Nipsic.

It is learned that the reported destruction of the Nipsic was not even mentioned at the Cabinet meeting this afternoon, which fact is an additional proof that none of the executive departments are in possession of information which would confirm the rumor.

WILL STAND BY OUR FLAG.

A German Editor Who Would Back Uncle Sam Against Bismarck.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 9.—In an editorial article headed "The First Shot," commenting on the reported engagement between the U. S. S. Nipsic, and the German corvetta Olga, the California *Democrat*, the leading German paper of this city, will say to-morrow:

As an American citizen of German extraction, we cannot but deeply deplore this unfortunate quarrel between the country of our choice and that of our birth. But whatever may come, there remain but two roads to follow; either we must rally around the starry flag and defend it with our lives and our fortunes, or we have to shake off American citizenship by emigrating from this country, and since we have come here to stay we will stand and fall by our flag, be our country right or wrong.

THE CLAYTON FIENDS.

Judge Cunningham Tells the Grand Jury That the Murderers Must be Caught—An Impassioned Appeal for Equal and Exact Justice.

LITTLE ROCK, March 9.—The Circuit Court of Conway county is now in session at Morrilton, and if the assassins of John M. Clayton and the Plummerville ballot box thieves are not indicted and convicted, it will be no fault of Judge George Cunningham. In his charge to the grand jury, Judge Cunningham said he came to plead for law and order, and asked what he was that protected their wives, their children and their homes in their absence on business or pleasure; what was it that protected their lives from murderers, their property from theft and their homes from arson, and reminded them that it was the law; he said:

Law is a rule of conduct, not for the poor, the weak, or the humble alone, but it is also a rule of conduct for the rich, the strong and the powerful. An accessory is one who stands by and aids or abets the commission of an offense, or, not being present, aiding or abetting the commission of an offense, has indorsed or encouraged it, and is just as guilty in morals as he is in law, as the principal offender, and as a general rule is punished the same.

Bear in mind this law and you will have plenty of work to do in this county. You will have to investigate the Clayton assassination, and whoever aided or abetted by word or deed in that cowardly butchery should be dragged by the throat to justice. They should not be exempt from punishment because of any standing or influence they may have in the community. I do not know who they are. I wish to heaven that I did. I would tell you, but mind you, political assassinations do not originate in the minds of men in the humblest walk of life. Men who earn their living by the sweat of their brows, whose lives are poems of honor and industry, do not find it in their minds and hearts to conceive assassination.

Some men seemingly want to apologize for, or extenuate, the horror of this murder on the ground of politics. I tell you there is no Democracy or Republicanism in murder. I had as soon punish a Democratic murderer as a Republican murderer; and I want to appeal to you as Democrats to punish crime, whether the criminal is a Democrat or a Republican; and if the Democracy does this, it will rule the country, and rule it forever.

HIS GIRL LIVES IN PITTSBURG.

A Respectable Young Man Arrested Charged With Rifling Letters.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, March 9.—Moses Myers, a young man employed in the registered letter department of the postoffice, was to have been examined before Commissioner Shields this forenoon on the charge of opening registered letters and taking therefrom $135, but his counsel, Lawyer Kellogg, asked for time in which to inquire into the case, and the examination was put off until Wednesday, March 20, at 11 A. M. Myers is engaged to be married to a rich lady of Pittsburg and is well conpected in this city, his brother being a reputable attorney in the office of Lawyer John T. Shaw. The young man's relatives are at a loss to account for his conduct, and say that he must be mentally affected in some way.

Inspector Ryan, of the Postoffice Department, arrested Myers in the act of extracting money from registered letters, and five foreign letters were found in his pockets, the contents of which had been removed and the envelopes resealed. Thirty-seven