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The Pittsburg Dispatch.

IT'S A SPLENDID MEDIUM. ANTS Of satisfaction I can best be the advertising is THE DISPATCH.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR. PITTSBURG, MONDAY, MARCH 25, 1889. THREE CENTS

FIVE FAYETTE FIENDS

A Band of Masked Robbers Invades Quiet Country Homes and

TORTURES OLD AND YOUNG.

Terrible Deeds of Deviltry Committed at McClellandtown.

A TERROR-STRICKEN COMMUNITY.

The Deeds of the Gang Investigated—Plans Thoroughly Laid Out—Disguised and Armed to the Teeth—Attacking the House of a Widow—Mrs. Keener's Story—Willing to Murder for Twelve Cents—The Andersons' Awful Experience—The Fiery Torture—Using Kerosene to Extort Money—Roasting the Victims—The Authorities Petitioned to Increase the Reward Offered for the Miscreants.

A staff correspondent of THE DISPATCH has visited the scenes of the recent outrages in Fayette county. The stories as told by the victims themselves are simply heart-rending. Old, infirm men and women were tortured in the most frightful manner to make them reveal secret hoards of wealth. Youth and innocence were not exempted from the ordeal, but were treated brutally to the same end. The people of that county are aroused, and demand that measures be taken to rid the neighborhood of the gang that terrorizes it.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

UNIONTOWN, March 24.—Since the days when Dick Turpin and his bloody gang terrorized the country places of England; since the great robber chief Schinderhannes and his 100 men went plundering among the peaceful inhabitants of the Rheinish provinces in Germany, and since the renowned Rinaldini made his name as a professional highwayman a household word in Italy there has perhaps never been a gang of housebreakers and robbers in modern history to equal the Cool Spring gang in Fayette county. Their modus operandi on their last excursion through German township in this county has stamped them as the most cool-headed and systematic gang of thieves which has ever been heard of, but in their methods of executing their lawless vocation they will certainly never be surpassed.

Prompted by Fiendishness.

All their acts in frightening poor people and extorting from them the hard-earned dollars in their possession prove the gang to belong to the lowest type of humanity. Anything that could be suggested by fiendishness or inspired by a feeling of brutality they did while they were among the people near McClellandtown.

To get a true version of their deeds and the real extent of their operations I went over the whole ground yesterday which had been covered by the gang a few days ago. I followed their exact route and the tales that were told me by a poor feeble old man; by an old widow, who had been attacked while she was alone in the house with her grandchild, were simply revolting to decent minds. The stories that have so far been told about the McClellandtown robbers are only true in substance. The details had been obtained by hearsay, and were not at all exact.

From my own observations and those of other people whose opinion is reliable, the men must have laid their plans several days previous to their execution. They then went to McClellandtown, and in the evening they took horses and started on the Brownsville road toward Uniontown. The country is fertile and most of the farmers are well-to-do. All have saved money. Being so far away from any town they stay in their houses during the greater part of the winter, going to market or for shopping purposes perhaps twice or three times.

The First Raid.

The gang were five in number and they departed from McClellandtown between 10 and 11 o'clock. They had good horses and over their faces had long paper muslin masks, which reached down on their chests. The first house they went to was that of Mrs. Sadie M. Keener, on the Crownsville road. Nobody was with her but her granddaughter, Birdie Keener, a 9-year-old. Mrs. Keener's two sons, who usually stay with her, had gone to a brother of theirs, who lives about a half mile away from here. In telling the story of the robbers' visit to her place, she said:

It was between 11 and 12 o'clock when I suddenly awoke in my bed. I heard a noise as if somebody had knocked at the door, and then I distinguished the voices of several men, swearing and cursing at my door, loudly demanding admission. I got up and asked who was there. "It is your boy Johnny," they replied. Of course I knew that was not so, and I told them that. But while I commenced remonstrating with them the casing of the door suddenly gave way and four men, all masked, burst into the room. I, of course, was afraid and began to hollow and shriek for help, when one of them came up to me, and, dragging me to the ground, pulled two revolvers out of his pockets. He held one to my head and another against my temple.

Threatened Her Life for 12 Cents.

"Now, old woman," he cried, "tell us where you keep your money, or, by God, we will shoot your heart out." I almost fainted with fright, but just then my little granddaughter came running down stairs in her night dress, and her pitiful cries somewhat preserved my presence of mind. Then one of the men, a tall, handsome fellow, came up, and pulling the other away from me, he said: "Leave the woman alone; you frighten her out of her wits." Then they asked me again where my money was, and I replied that I hadn't any in the house except 12 cents. I handed them my pocketbook and they took the 12 cents.

"But you have more. Isn't this the time you get your husband's pension?" one of them said. "Yes," I replied, "but I have only got the checks for the amount yet. You can have them if you want them." But they refused to take the checks. In the meantime they had lit the lamp and now they forced little Birdie to go with them all over the house and show them where I kept the money.

Searching for Hidden Treasure.

The poor thing had nothing on but her night dress and she shivered with the cold, but they did not mind that. When all was searched they turned to me again and said: "Now, look here, we won't do you anything if you can tell us who of your neighbors has any money in the house. What about Anderson, what about John B. Stuckles or Minnie Renshaw? Now speak, or we will blow out your brains as sure as you are born." I told them that I did not know anything about it at all. Then they turned to Birdie again, and, holding a revolver close to her temple, they asked her what she knew. But, of course, the child only cried.

When all their threats had failed they suddenly changed their tactics, "All right, old lady, we won't hurt you. Go upstairs and keep quiet while we go and pay Anderson a visit, and you, little girl here, buy yourself some candy for these 12 cents, and give us all a kiss before we say good-by." They then all kissed her on both cheeks, went away and I never saw them again.

Attacking Anderson's House.

From Mrs. Keener's the gang went to Joseph R. Anderson, who lives about 200 yards away. This old man and his wife are both over 60 years of age. Anderson was formerly a schoolmaster in Westmoreland county, and he moved to this part of the country 20 years ago. He is paralyzed on the left side of his body and is a tall, thin, sick-looking man. He said:

It is a sad thing when five great big burly fellows swoop down upon you in the dead of night, wake you from your sleep and threaten to blow your brains out for the sake of a few paltry dollars. I was willing to give them all, but they seemed to have a fiendish delight in seeing me cringe and squirm under their threats and tortures. They got here a little after 12 o'clock and knocked at the door. I immediately jumped up and felt for my revolver, but before I had both my feet on the ground the door was broken open and four men were standing before me.

The Robbers Make a Haul.

"Tell us where you have your money," one of them shouted. Then, however, while I told him he suddenly seemed to consider about something and he called out, "or better, let us have your keys." I told where they were and this man went over into my pants pocket and pulled them out. There are ten on the bunch. But he, in spite of the darkness, went to this little bureau here, which stands beside the bed, and only after a few mistakes he found the right key and pulled out the drawer. Now, I want to show you, this bureau has a secret drawer which no one could find out if he did not know where it was. But this fellow immediately pulled the first drawer out; then he put his hand into the hole and he hauled out the secret drawer. He put his hand in it and he took all. I had $83 in gold and $45 in greenbacks. He put the money in his pocket and quickly and carelessly closed the bureau again.

They got my money, but they were not satisfied. They wanted more. They lit a lamp and hauled my wife, who lay trembling and shivering in bed, to the fire here. They threw her on the ground and asked her to tell them where there was more money. She implored them, for God's sake, to let her go because we had no more.

Roasting Their Aged Victims.

Then they pulled her to the fire and held her feet over the hot coal. "Now, tell us where you have your other money, or we will burn you by inches." The poor woman screamed and I asked them to let her go and have pity upon us poor old people. "I have not another penny in the world," I said. But they did not believe me yet. "Come upstairs," they hallooed to my wife, "and let us see." I was afraid if they took her upstairs they might in their brutality kill her and I volunteered to go with them. They consented, and I was led between two fellows, each holding a revolver at my temple, upstairs. When I came down again my wife had fled from the house without any clothes and stockings on. This apparently made them worse. They took a kerosene lamp and poured all the oil over me from head to foot. Then one of the fellows said: "Now, if you have any more money say so, or we will set you afire and put you on the roof for a torch." But I again affirmed that I had no more, and then they at last left here.

A Terrorized Household.

Their next place of operations was at the farmhouse of Harvey Grove, an old Fayette county granger, who has a large, beautiful brick house. He is reputed to be well-to-do, and he lives on the road from McClellandtown to Uniontown with his two nieces and a grandson. The latter's name is Wm. Grove, a young man about 23 years of age.

When I got to the house they had all the doors barricaded, and when I knocked at the front door young Grove appeared, but he had a look of caution and circumspection about him. He opened the door about two inches and spoke to me through this aperture. After a while, when he seemed convinced that he was not dealing with a robber this time, he grew more communicative. He said:

The gang arrived here about 1 o'clock. I was sleeping up stairs and did not know of it until grandfather called me and told me someone was trying to get in at the door. I got up and got my revolver. I had only three shots in it. I went to the window and said, "What do you want?"

"Something to eat," they replied.

"Ain't this a late hour to come for something to eat? Come to-morrow," I then said.

"No; we want it now, and the sooner you open the door the better it will be for you."

Of course I knew then that they were thieves.

A Lively Exchange of Shots.

I had noticed one man standing below the window, right in the front of the door, so I stooped down on the ground, and holding my revolver straight down, I fired. The report was followed by a noise as if they had all scattered. I looked and saw a fellow standing behind a tree. Just after I looked, however, a whole volley of pistol shots was fired at my window, but without any effect except smashing one pane. Then all was quiet, and I saw the fellow at the tree come forward toward the door. I shot again, and I hit him. He threw his arms on his breast and cried: "What do you shoot at me for?" Then some more shots were fired at me. Altogether I think between 20 and 30 shots were directed at me, but fortunately without effect. Then they left. I saw the next morning that I had hit the man at the door pretty badly, because there was a pool of blood there, while under the tree was more.

This reception at Groves must have cooled the ardor of the gang, because they did not make another attack until they got to H. J. Lilley's, on the Salem road, a distance of three miles from Grove's. Lilley is 58 years of age, who lives in a one-story log house with his two daughters, Hattie Frances, 18 years old, and Alice, 11 years old. These people were treated worse than all the rest put together. Lilley, in telling his story, said:

Lilley's Terrible Story.

I was not feeling well that night and I went to bed early. My girls who sleep upstairs went to bed and forgot to close the doors. It was after 2 o'clock when I was aroused by somebody opening the door. I shouted out and was going to get up, but before I got so far four men pounced in upon me. I noticed that all except one had a mask on. If I could see the unmasked one again I would surely recognize him. He was a handsome man with a long mustache, and his nose a little to one side.

They asked me whether I had any money. I told them no. Then one of them put a revolver to my head and shouted: "Did you ever have a revolver so close to your brain before? Be careful or it will go off. We are desperate and we want your money. You draw a pension and you have it here, so you had better give it up than lose your life." I did not think they were in earnest, and I said I had none.

Enveloped in Burning Kerosene.

They then got a lamp from the mantelpiece and poured all the oil over me while I was lying in bed. One of them held a match to it, and in a second I was enveloped in flames. I kicked and stamped as best I could to free myself from their grasp and put out the fire. I succeeded for some time, but they would always light it again, and threatened to burn me alive if I did not tell them where my money was. But I was not to be daunted. "If you want to kill me, do it right away," I said, "and do not torture me to death." But they never heeded me. "Try the other dodge," one of them remarked. I did not know what that meant, but I soon found out. They now took a miner's lamp, lit it, and while two of them held me to the bed another would hold the burning lamp under the sole of my naked feet. Well, the pain was most excruciating. I never had such a sensation in my life. I could not cry because they held my mouth shut. They then changed their tactics once more by holding the lamp to my ears. Do you see? You can see yet where they scorched them. Still I said nothing.

Torturing the Little Girls.

Suddenly the handsome man, who looked like the leader, came up to me and said: "Lilly, where are your girls?" I told him upstairs, and immediately afterward several of them went up, and in a few minutes I heard the children cry for help. They used them most brutally. One of them scratched her face; the other tore her mouth open, all the time threatening her to make her tell where my money was. The child never said anything, until at last they threatened to do something more than fiendish and diabolical to her. Then she gave up. She came downstairs with them and showed them where my pocketbook was. There were only $35 in it; that was all, and for such a little money I was being killed.

But they were not satisfied yet. They wanted more. They got little Alice to come down here in her night clothes and they held a revolver at her head and threatened to kill her if she wouldn't tell where there was more. But the child did not know. They were here till nearly 4 o'clock, almost two hours, all the time threatening, torturing and tormenting me and my children. They behaved more like fiends than human beings. When they at last saw that all their efforts were fruitless they left cursing us.

"How many were here?" I asked.

"Five; four inside and one at the gate."

"Do you know any of them?"

Afraid to Identify the Robbers.

"I don't want to say anything about that. There is one man among them whom I do not want to mention, because I know he would come and kill me."

"Do you know Lewis, Tasker, Ramsey and Sullivan?"

"No. It is another, but his name I will not give away."

That was all I could get out of this man.

The fifth man has not been identified yet, but most of the men whom I saw, Anderson and Keener, for instance, said that they recognized John Weltner among the party. This man has been twice arrested in Uniontown, but he was twice discharged because the police had no charge against him.

I interviewed County Commissioner Hatfield, who lives at New Salem, about six miles from here, and he said that he was sorry he could not offer a higher reward, but that his colleagues, Messrs. Kirk and Morris, refused to do it. A petition signed by over 100 people has been handed to the authorities, begging them to increase the reward to make it an inducement to the police to catch the fellows.

Late on Saturday night the two detectives of the Penn agency returned from Markleysburg. I saw Chisholm, one of them, to-day, and he said that he believed the gang had escaped into West Virginia, where they had lots of friends living. For the present he thinks Fayette county will be quiet, but how long the men will keep away he does not pretend to say. HEINRICHS.

A CABINET OF ALASKANS

Would Have Suited Harrison, if He Could Have Found the Material.

NEW YORK, March 24.—The *Herald* this morning publishes a letter purporting to have been written by General Harrison to Mr. Blaine, while the former was still at Indianapolis. The document is pronounced "an important contribution to political history." The *Herald* says the letter was carelessly left at a hotel while Mr. Blaine was on his way to Washington. It is as follows:

INDIANAPOLIS, February 1, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. BLAINE—Your letter of the 21st was received some days ago, and was both in its tone and in its conclusion very gratifying to me. I am sure you have read in the newspapers accounts of my life since—a sufficient excuse for the delay in acknowledging it. * * * Yours of the 29th has now been received, and I hasten to thank you for your expressed willingness to relieve Mrs. H. and myself in any way you can. * * *

As to myself, I do not think of any matter in which I can now avail myself of your kindly proffered help. The mail I now use sparingly for several reasons, and as I will be in Washington long enough before the inauguration to enable me to talk fully with you, I will not subject you to the risk of a letter now here unless it should be absolutely necessary. If anything should require it, however, I will not hesitate to avail myself of your very friendly offer. I thought I had nearly everything settled in my own mind that required attention before I reached Washington. If the newspaper reports to day as to Mr. Allison's position are correct it may unsettle some of my plans. I said to a friend to-day that if all seven of the Cabinet officers could have been found in Alaska it would have promoted harmony in the party in the States. Maine, I believe, is the only State that has had no protest to offer. My health is good. I get out twice a day for a walk—a hurried run, to be sure—but it gives me air and exercise. You must not forget, yourself, that you will need all your strength. With kind regards to Mrs. Blaine, very sincerely yours,

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

JAILBIRDS' SHREWD DEVICE.

With an Improvised Lamp They Seek to Burn Their Way to Liberty.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., March 24.—Details of a very ingenious attempt at jailbreaking at Mayville, which developed Friday, have just reached here. Burt Tanbey, Charles Walters and Charles Burks, who are in jail awaiting trial on the charge of burglary at Brockton last month, received a glass of jelly with a tin cover from friends. After emptying it they punched a hole through the cover and inserted the tube of a penholder. This was filled with yarn used for mending stockings, and then, taking grease from fat meats sent in with their food, they were ready for operations.

The walls of the cells are double-planked, but with the aid of a piece of copper wire which they heated in the flame of this crude lamp they managed to burn off of one of the inner planks and had worked almost through the second when discovered by Sheriff Case, who immediately confiscated their implements and changed their quarters. Had they reached the corridor nothing but a thin brick wall remained, and with the aid of the implements outside the cell, to get through this would have been but the work of a few minutes. The other prisoners knew nothing of the plot until it was discovered.

SAD SEQUEL TO AN ELOPEMENT.

The Incensed Father-in-Law Fatally Stabs His Daughter's Husband.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 24.—A sensational affair occurred in Clifton, Spartanburg county, last night. Yesterday morning Clara Hagins, the daughter of a farmer in good circumstances, eloped with Edward Mathis, a young man whose suit was bitterly opposed by Hagins. The couple were married during the forenoon, and last night Mathis took his bride to his home. J. S. Hagins, the father of the girl, was infuriated when informed of the elopement, and swore he would be revenged. Last night he armed himself with a shoemaker's knife, and went to the house of his son-in-law.

Immediately upon entering the house he made a desperate attack upon Mathis, stabbing him in the neck just below the right ear, inflicting a probably fatal wound. The bride interfered, and is reported to have been wounded in the arm. Hagins has been arrested and jailed, and the community is very much incensed against him.

HARRISON A WALKER.

The New President Tramps Two Hours Every Day for His Health.

HE CAUSES NO LITTLE CHAGRIN

By the Manner in Which He Sizes Up the Applicants for Sinecures.

THAT BIG SURPLUS IN GREAT DANGER.

Corporal Tanner Would Knock It Clear Out of the Ring in One Round.

President Harrison is becoming a famous tramp. He continues to take constitutional walks and says he'd as soon go without sleep or his dinner. The President talks plainly to office seekers who come to him for sinecures to pay for past services. He says the places to be filled are for those capable of filling them. Corporal Tanner shows how easy it is to get rid of a surplus.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, March 24.—The President and Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harrison attended services at the Church of the Covenant this morning. This afternoon the President and Mr. Halford took a long walk down the bank of the Potomac, around the Washington monument and over through the agricultural grounds, toward the oyster market and fish wharves. These are the places where the colored people do mostly congregate on Sundays, but few of them recognized the chief magistrate of the nation, and he attracted no more attention than any other well-dressed man would have done.

Harrison is becoming a famous tramp. Not one pleasant day has passed since his arrival in Washington in which he has not given at least two hours to exercise, and he will permit nothing to interfere with this method of taking rest and recreation. He is generally accompanied by his Private Secretary or one of the members of his Cabinet, and he talks business as he walks, but he gets the air and exercise all the same. To some one who was speaking to him on this subject the other day, the President said:

HE MUST HAVE FRESH AIR.

"I must have exercise and I must have air. I would just as soon think of going without my dinner or of sitting up all night without sleep as I would of losing my daily exercise."

The President is causing a good deal of annoyance and chagrin among the politicians here by his candor in describing the kind of men he wants and the kind of men he doesn't want appointed to office. He is listening attentively to what the office-seekers say, but is all the time looking over their heads among the people. To a delegation who presented the name of a candidate for office and urged his appointment on account of his poverty, the President said quite sternly:

"You must not come here to ask me to make an appointment for any such reason. I cannot give an office to this man simply because he is poor. While I sympathize with him deeply, and

KNOW WHAT IT IS TO BE POOR

myself, and while I have seen the time when I would have liked any office that had a good salary attached to it, I do not think it is proper to use such arguments to secure appointments in the public service."

Another delegation went to him to urge the appointment of a broken-down politician, who had been an excellent man in his time and of great service to the party. After listening to the recital of the biography of the candidate, the President replied:

"I have known this man very well; I have known of him since long before the war, ever since I have been been reading newspapers, and I recognize the value of his services in the past, but I cannot appoint him to this office. The man I appoint to this office will not be selected for what he has done, but for what he can do. It is a place which needs an active, energetic, able young man, and we must find some other asylum for our old friend."

THE SURPLUS IN DANGER.

Corporal Tanner Will See the Old Soldiers Get a Share of It.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, March 24.—The administration seems disposed to try to redeem the promises its party made during the campaign, to divide the surplus among the old soldiers. Corporal Tanner has been interviewed as to his policy in the pension office, and he quotes the remark the President made during the campaign, that in measuring the country's obligation to the old soldiers, apothecary scales ought not to be used. He added for himself that he did not believe in the little pensions of $1, $2 and $3, and that every man who served in the Federal army, or his widow or child, should be taken care of in need, and when an applicant cannot make out a good case, Mr. Tanner believes the office ought to help him secure the evidence, without any more general pension legislation.

Mr. Tanner can, in the way he has indicated, increase the annual pension payments to more than $100,000,000 a year, and every Congress, does pass some general pension laws increasing rates or enlarging classes and adding a few millions to the total. The Republican Congress is pledged to pass, and the President to sign a service pension bill that would at the lowest possible estimate cost $30,000,000, and the Republican party is virtually committed to the removal of the restrictions on arrearages of pensions, and the more moderate guessers for estimntes put the cost of this removal at $300,000,000.

A BIG CUT DEMANDED.

Western Coal Operators Will Attempt to Reduce Miners' Wages 12 Per Cent.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

BRAZIL, IND., March 24.—The Indiana coal operators, who bolted the Miners' Progressive Union Convention for fixing a yearly scale, to begin May 1, have effected a State organization, and will demand a 12 per cent reduction May 1. This is 20 cents per ton less than is now paid. It is not likely the miners will submit, although natural gas, fuel oils and the underbidding of Ohio, Pennsylvania and Illinois operators leaves no hope for anything else.

They are discussing the situation quietly, but have so far held no public meeting. The present rate in Ohio is 70 cents; Pennsylvania, 79; Indiana bituminous, 75; block, 90. The cut demanded is the biggest ever made in the coal trade of the West.

JOHN C. NEW IN TROUBLE.

He Packs His Grip and Hastens to See Why He Hasn't Been Confirmed.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

INDIANAPOLIS, March 24.—Rumors are rife here to-night that John C. New, having received information that he would not be confirmed, hastily took the train for Washington to look after the matter.

A WHIM OF NATURE.

The Arid Region of the West Fast Disappearing—The Staked Plains Already Gone—Important Meteorological Discoveries.

WASHINGTON, March 24.—In pursuance to a resolution introduced by Senator Mitchell, there has been printed a letter from General Greely, of the Signal Service, upon the rainfall of the Pacific slope and Western States and Territories. Accompanying General Greely's letter is a paper by Lieutenant Glassford, of the Signal Service, discussing the causes of the wet and dry seasons, the abundance and deficiency in different portions, the summer rainy season in Arizona, etc., fortified with charts and tables exhaustive of the subject. General Greely says:

"One great result which must redound to the benefit of the trans-Mississippi and trans-Missouri country by the publication of these official data, which will be the dispelling of erroneous and injurious impressions which have long prevailed regarding this extensive region. In the early century this territory was viewed as hardly suited for civilized man, its enormous plains and vast mountains being represented as arid and desert regions, unsuited for cultivation, and in many places even unfit for pasturage. Adventure, exploration and circumstances have pushed the frontier westward until the myths of the Great American Desert to the north and of the rainless 'Staked Plains' to the south have practically disappeared. It is none the less true, however that the latest and most reliable American text book of meteorology of this country speaks of the areas 'between the Sierra Nevadas and the Rocky Mountains, including portions of Utah, New Mexico and California,' as 'a region which is almost entirely destitute of rain,' and that further on the east side of the Rocky Mountains 'the country is a barren desert, almost without rain.'"

Another great value of the charts is the bringing to general attention and consideration very extensive areas of country in what has been known as the arid region, where late and careful observations have shown the rainfall to be far greater than has been usually attributed, and thus transfer these areas to the sub-humid districts.

The Chief Signal officer puts it forward as his opinion that when Idaho, Nevada, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona shall have been covered with rain gauges as completely as New York or New England, the final outcome of observation will indicate that actual average of rainfall for this arid region is now understated by the census charts from 20 to 40 and by these from 10 to 15 per cent. General Greely notes that observations at 16 stations indicate an increase in the rainfall while eight show a decrease. These stations are located in Texas, Nevada, New Mexico, Indian Territory, California, Arizona and Kansas.

FROZEN DYNAMITE THAWED OUT.

The Usual Result Ensues, With a Woman and Girl the Victims.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

PERU, IND., March 24.—Aaron York, a prominent farmer living five miles east of this city, has been the accidental cause of the death of his wife and daughter and the severe injury of two other members of his family. York had been engaged for some time in blasting stumps, and used dynamite with which to raise them. Several sticks of the explosive had been frozen during the cold weather. Preparatory for Monday's work, York this evening brought into the house from the barn several sticks of dynamite and placed them under the kitchen stove to thaw out. Then the farmer went to the stable to attend to his horses.

The family had gathered in the kitchen, and included Mrs. York, two daughters and a son. They were not aware of the fact that York had placed the dangerous stuff under the stove. Suddenly a loud explosion occurred, and when York turned to learn whence the report came he saw his house shattered to atoms, pieces of wood and stone being hurled great distances away. The horrified man ran at once to the scene. Getting such help as he could he rescued one daughter and the son, who were severely but not fatally injured.

It was some time before the mangled bodies of the wife and eldest daughter were found. The former was an unrecognizable mass of flesh, and was frightfully lacerated. The girl had evidently been killed by the weight of the debris under which her corpse was found.

A DRUNKARD'S DEADLY AIM.

A Dissipated Carpenter Shoots Himself in the Presence of His Wife.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, March 24.—To-night Frederick Oaten, a dissipated carpenter, shot and killed himself in the presence of his wife and family at 305 Floyd street, Williamsburg. Oaten, on account of his drunkenness, was unable to live happily with his family, and the family secretly removed from the house in which he and they lived in Humbold street a month ago. Last week Oaten discovered their whereabouts and made several calls on them, demanding money. To-day one of the children saw him in the neighborhood and notified her mother.

While the mother and children were seated at the supper table Oaten staggered into the room, and, going toward his wife, drew a revolver. Mrs. Oaten arose from the chair. As she turned toward him he pointed the pistol at his head and discharged it. He fell to the floor, but he again shot himself. When the ambulance arrived Oaten was dead.

BOYS BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

They Attempt to Escape From the Cincinnati House of Refuge.

CINCINNATI, March 24.—This morning about 11 o'clock 35 out of 160 boys at the House of Refuge made a break for liberty. They were from 10 to 15 years old, and were under four leaders, the chief of whom was a negro boy. These boys when it came time to go from their rooms preparatory for dinner instead of doing so marched in a body armed with baseball bats to the front entrance, where they found four guards stationed. They demanded free passage, but were driven back.

Then they used bats and rocks breaking in windows and doing considerable damage. They were so noisy that their whooping and shouting excited and alarmed people on the streets outside the walls, and caused wildly exaggerated rumors to spread which, reaching the ears of the police, caused them to voluntarily send two patrol wagons with 15 officers to the scene. In less than three-fourths of an hour from the outbreak the four ringleaders were locked up in their rooms and everything was quiet.

CANADIANS EXCITED.

They Are Very Much Worried by the Behrings Sea Proclamation.

OTTAWA, ONT., March 24.—A sensation has been created here by the issue of President Harrison's proclamation declaring Behrings sea closed. The action of the American Government proved a complete surprise to the members of the Government, who decline to be interviewed.

It is stated here that the Cleveland administration and the British Government had been negotiating for two years past in regard to their claim for compensation for the three sealing vessels in Behrings Sea.

A REIGN OF TERROR.

The Dark and Bloody Ground Comes Once More to the Front With

A TERRIBLY REAL LIFE TRAGEDY.

Culmination of a Feud Between Two Families Which Has Cost

THE LIVES OF ABOUT FORTY PEOPLE.

One of the Principals Under Arrest and Awful Revenge Feared.

Southern Kentucky and Northern Tennessee furnish a prolific field for descriptive stories of bloody feuds, "posses" sent out on the trails of desperadoes who have killed a couple hundred men in their day, and fierce fights between officers of the law and the red-handed murderers. The latest stories concern the long-standing feud of the Turner and Sowders families. They are as thrilling as those affairs usually are.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

PINEVILLE, KY., March 24.—A thousand men, armed with Winchesters and Colt's revolvers, are in the mountains of Knox and Harley counties, Kentucky, and Clairborne county, Tennessee, and a reign of terror and bloodshed prevails. This city, just now being boomed as the Iron Mountain metropolis, has for years been pretty well into the district that has made the reading world shiver once or twice a year by the desperate deeds of some of its numerous clans of desperadoes, is just now in the midst of another season of excitement.

Everybody in the sections of the States named is related to everybody else, and when any two have trouble the relatives side with whichever of the disputants they like the better, and a feud that sometimes results in a dozen killings is started. It is all the same to the majority of the people whether the original dispute was over a yoke of oxen or a scrawny pig; the violence is as dreadful.

A LULL FOR ABOUT TWO YEARS.

For two years, however, comparative quiet has reigned, due no doubt to the influx of Northern people, who, being connected in no way with any of the factions, made impartial jurors, and who have convicted a number of outlaws brought to trial. The last killing that has any direct connection with factional disputes occurred a little over a year ago, when General Sowders deliberately shot Lee Turner, in the parlor of the hotel in this city. Since then Sowders, who has killed not fewer than eight men, has been a fugitive from justice, hiding in the woods, first in this State, then in Tennessee, a reward of $600 having been offered for him.

The feud between the Sowders and the Turners began several years ago, when Marsh Turner, who was a member of a posse sent to the mountains to arrest a near relative of Sowders for some trifling offense, was literally shot to pieces. General Sowders was accused of the deed. Sowders himself married a Miss Turner, but nevertheless he has killed Marsh Turner, her cousin; Lee Turner, her uncle, and Tom Turner, his wife's brother.

FORTY LIVES SACRIFICED.

As a result of this Sowders-Turner feud it is said that 40 people have been killed. A little over two years ago seven men were killed in a single fight at the Court House here, over the capture of a man named Hurley, a member of the Sowders gang. About the same time, at a Baptist meeting house on Yellow Creek, 12 miles from here, five people, including a woman and a small boy, were killed in the church.

These are but few of the more fatal fights. Among the more quiet killings were those of Tom Marcy, Jack Carroll and Tom Turner, said to have somehow got in front of General Sowders' never-failing Winchester or foot-long Colt's revolver. Sowders always carried his Winchester and three or four revolvers, and Andy Johnson, who is said to have put out the lives of five men, goes about loaded down with revolvers, while a boy attendant follows him around carrying his Winchester.

As a result of this feud there are said to be 6,000 Winchester rifles in Bell county, and the "Billieans" declare they could whip the United States army.

SOWDERS QUIETLY CAPTURED.

James Birch is one of the Sowders faction, and Thursday night a posse under Albert Turner, a blonde boy not over 20, about 5 feet tall and weighing less than 130 pounds, started for his home on Yellow Creek, where they heard Sowders was. It was night, and quietly approaching the dwelling the door was burst open and the determined posse entered and covered both Birch and Sowders with their guns. Sowders was told that if he would surrender peaceably he should not be harmed, and without a word he handed over his pistol, which he had ready for action, and suffered himself to be taken. Birch was also wanted, but the posse concluded they had better not risk two prisoners, and so Birch was let go, after being disarmed.

Sheriff J. C. Hargus and a posse guarded the Pineville jail that night, not because they feared Sowders' friends would endeavor to release him, as they once did from the Tazewell, Tenn., jail, but because it was rumored that certain of the Turner faction contemplated lynching. Friday, the prisoner, under a strong guard, was taken to Stanford, Ky., for safety.

WHY SOWDERS' DIDN'T SHOW FIGHT.

Sowders, who was seen by THE DISPATCH correspondent, said that he could have fought his way out of Birch's, but that Mrs. Birch was ill, and there were two children in the house, and he surrendered rather than to risk their lives.

The arrest of Sowders has stirred the factions to activity again. Sowders' friends, hearing of his arrest, ambushed Jack Turner, brother of Albert, and before night on Friday had landed him in the Tazewell jail, where a reward of $400 was offered for him. Another posse has arrested, after a desperate fight, two more of the Turner gang, Henry Turner and a man named Henderson, and another posse started out to-day for further revenge. It is feared that much bloodshed will result from this fresh opening.

The trouble at Barbourville is indirectly connected with the hostilities between the Sowders and Turner factions. The Messer and Slusher families sided with the Sowders and the Smiths with the Turners. A dispute arose over a pig, and the old sore between them was opened. A fight ensued, and the friends of the two families flocked to their assistance. For several days early in the week the mountains in the vicinity of Stinking creek, 12 miles from Barbourville, were

ALIVE WITH DETERMINED MEN,

armed to the teeth. The inevitable came and a pitched battle was fought, in which, it is said, more than 500 shots were fired and a number of people were wounded.

A Sheriff's posse was sent to arrest the rioters, but it was fired upon and driven back to Barbourville. It was then that Judge Cull himself headed a posse and made for the mountains. Another pitched battle resulted, but the Judge's party, strong and well armed, got the better of it, and succeeded in arresting five of the desperadoes, among them two of the Messers and Galloway Carnes, a brother of the Deputy Sheriff of the county.

The Sheriff's posse is still in the mountains after others of the outlaws, and before the month ends it is likely a dozen lives will be sacrificed in the effort now making to enforce the laws. Not only are the people of this city and county alarmed, but those of Knox county as well, and nobody ventures out unarmed, and few unaccompanied by a friend.

To-night word was received by courier, that in a fight near Salt Trace last night, four men were killed and half a dozen wounded. Additional reinforcements have gone out.

A fort is being erected on Stinking creek by the Turners, and rumors of killings are plenty. The Sheriffs of the three counties are arranging to make a combined campaign against the outlaws, who swear they will never be taken. Governor Taylor, of Tennessee, will be asked for a regiment of militia.

THE ROAD IS RIGHT.

An Important Decision by the Inter-State Commerce Commission—When Coal-Carrying at Different Rates is Not Discrimination.

WASHINGTON, March 24.—The Inter-State Commerce Commission, in an opinion by Commissioner Schoonmaker, has decided the case of the Imperial Coal Company and others against the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad Company and others. The points are as follows:

The rate on transportation of coal to points on Lake Erie have been grouped since April 1, 1887, for a considerable district in Western Pennsylvania, of which Pittsburg is the center. The district has a radius of 40 miles around Pittsburg. The group rate on coal is 90 cents a ton from all the mines, and by all the lines of railroad that carry to the lake. The coal from the Pittsburg district is in competition at the lake with coal from the Hocking Valley district in Ohio, where the coal rate is also grouped at 85 cents a ton.

The complainants' mines are near the center of the Pittsburg district, and some mines within the radius are nearer the lake and others are more distant, varying from a few miles to 43 miles. On complaint for unjust discrimination against the complainants, and undue preference to the more distant mines, it is held that a group rate to put producers of coal of the same general character and of practically like cost of production in a given territory on a footing of equality in reaching a common market among themselves and with competitors from another territory, is not unlawful unless it results in actual undue prejudice to producers nearest the market.

The question of undue prejudice is one of fact to be determined upon all the evidence, including the character of the mines, the quality of the coal, the expense of production, the extent and nature of the competition, the public interests arising from the use of the commodity, and not solely by the fact of distance. That on the facts of this case, which involves only the question of discrimination between the complainants' mines and the more distant mines in respect to lake shipments, it does not appear that the complainants are subjected to undue prejudice, or that the more distant mines are given an unreasonable preference by the uniform rate.

A BEAUTIFUL CEREMONY.

The Baptism of Two Faith Cure Converts of Tender Years.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, March 24.—"Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven," said Elder William G. Raymond to his little flock of faith cure believers, and the groups of spectators who surrounded them this afternoon as they stood at the foot of Fish's Lane, on the Pamrapo shore of New York bay. As the elder spoke he extended his arms toward two fair-haired little tots, who stood near him attired in long white garments. With the sunshine kissing and the soft breeze gently toying their curls the little lassies clasped hands and followed the elder along the beach to the water edge. The elder, taking 7-year old Georgie Fish, the eldest of the little girls, by the hand, advanced out into the tide. The child waded resolutely along, but she turned toward the shore a grave little countenance when the water reached her waist. She made no struggle when the elder slowly dipped her beneath the surface, and when she waded ashore she joined the flock in singing "Wash Me and Make Me Clean."

Encouraged by her sister's fortitude, little 4-year old Pearl Fish unflinchingly entered the water with the elder and went through the dipping process without any indication of fright. The parents of the children converts said they belonged in Newark, Wayne county, N. Y., and said that the children had been cured by faith and prayer of serious throat troubles.

SAM SMALL IN POLITICS.

The Peripatetic Preacher Launched on a Worldly Stream.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

ATLANTA, GA., March 24.—A novel political sensation has been sprung upon the voters of the Fifth Congressional district of this State. Rev. Sam Small will contest it next year with Hon. John D. Stewart, the present incumbent. Stewart is the heaviest and most unwicked piece of timber in the Georgia delegation, and he owes his presence in Congress to the jealousy of outlying counties against the city