

USED HIS KNIFE

Colonel William Cassius Goodloe, a Well-Known Kentuckian, Fatally

STABS COLONEL SWOPE.

He is Himself Dangerously Wounded by His Expiring Victim.

TRAGIC END OF A FEUD

Having Its Origin in Political Quarrels, Both Being Prominent Republicans,

SWOPE DIES IN A FEW MINUTES,

Falling Beneath Thirteen Blows of a Sharp Knife Wielded by a Very Powerful Man.

HARRISON AFFECTED BY THE NEWS

Colonel William Cassius Goodloe, member of the Republican National Committee for Kentucky, yesterday fatally stabbed ex-Revenue Collector A. M. Swope, in the postoffice at Lexington, Ky. The men were old enemies and Swope, on meeting Goodloe yesterday, pulled a pistol and shot him, after a few hasty words. Colonel Swope fell dead after he was stabbed 13 times, and Colonel Goodloe lies very low in a hospital. The tragedy is much deplored in Washington.

SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.
LEXINGTON, Ky., November 8.—The citizens of Lexington were shocked this afternoon by the announcement that Colonel William Cassius Goodloe had killed Colonel Armistead M. Swope. The news spread like wildfire, and in 15 minutes after the fatal blows had been struck the street on which the killing occurred was lined with thousands of people, all eager, anxious and clamoring for particulars.

It was with much difficulty an eye witness was found, and he proved to be a cousin of Colonel Goodloe's, named William K. Shelby, a young attorney of this city. Shelby's story is as follows:

THE ONLY WITNESS STORY.
"I was standing in the money order department, in the lobby of the postoffice, on Main street, when I saw Colonel Swope and Colonel Goodloe at their boxes, getting mail. I heard angry words pass between them. They then turned toward each other and Swope drew his pistol. Goodloe drawing a knife at the same instant, and rushing at each other, Swope fired, and then Goodloe stabbed him. I do not think that Swope hit Goodloe at the first shot, but the first thrust from Goodloe's knife was undoubtedly a fatal one, as Swope staggered back, with Goodloe closely following and stabbing rapidly.

A SHOT THAT TOLD.
"Swope turned slightly and fired again, this time hitting Goodloe in the abdomen. Swope then retreated, with Goodloe right after him. They circled about a space of about 15 feet, and as they came back toward the original place, Swope fell forward on his face, apparently dead, and Colonel Goodloe, with a wave of the hand, turned and walked toward the door, when I rushed up to him and asked him if he was hurt. He replied: 'Yes, I am shot.' I then walked with him to a physician's office."

Late to-night it was learned that Goodloe gave the following version of to-day's difficulty. He said, as he came down the steps from the revenue office, over to the postoffice, on his way to dinner, he started toward his box to get his mail, and as he neared it he saw Colonel Swope getting his mail, and as he did not wish a difficulty, he waited for Swope to get away and go out, but after he had procured his mail Swope still stood in front of his box. Goodloe politely said: "Will you please allow me to get my mail?"

The trouble then began, and with a few words Colonel Swope drew his revolver and attempted to shoot Goodloe in the head. He knocked the pistol and it went off, the bullet going through a package of papers Goodloe had in his hand, and into his abdomen. He attempted to ward off the revolver until he could get his knife out, and when he did he began cutting him as rapidly as possible, until he fell.

Swope fell on his face, near the door leading to Main street, and when he was turned over, two minutes afterward, he was a corpse.

BLOOD WAS ON HIS SHIRT,
coat, hands, face, hair, and on the floor, and in fact everywhere, as, being a large man, his many open wounds had profusely bled. Officers and citizens soon gathered around him and he was taken to his room, where, upon a full investigation, it was found he had four wounds in the breast, five in the back, one on the right arm, two on the left arm, and the right wrist was nearly severed by the murderous knife.

The weapon used was a sharp knife with a four-inch blade, made so as to stay open until a spring is touched. It seems the stab in the breast was made first, and at the fifth lick of the knife, Swope fired again, the ball going into the postoffice, but doing no harm. After Swope fell, Goodloe was dragged down the street to a physician's office, where it was found that the ball from Swope's pistol had entered the abdomen, four inches to the right, and in a line with the nail.

NO PROBING WAS DONE,
but it is thought by some of the doctors that

the ball lodged in the left wall of the abdomen. One doctor says his chances are as one in ten, while another says he will get well, and still another says it is impossible to tell what the result will be before probing. He is dangerously wounded. He is now in the Phoenix Hotel, and at a late hour to-night was resting easy. He has never been unconscious.

The two men have been enemies for six years or more, and a year ago last May, when at the Louisville convention, which sent delegates to the National Republican Convention at Chicago, they had some hot words, which came high precipitating a personal difficulty at the time.

Both active politicians. Colonel Swope was 45 years old, and unmarried, being a native of Lancaster, this State. He lived in Paris, Ky., many years; was always strong and aggressive Republican, and was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the Seventh district of Kentucky by President Grant. After serving seven years he retired, only to enter politics stronger than ever.

He stumped the State for William O. Bradley for Governor, and made a hot canvass of the State for President Harrison. Last year he was the opponent of Colonel William C. F. Breckenridge for Congress, from this district, and the race he made was a creditable one. To sum it all up, he was one of the most prominent and ambitious Republicans in Kentucky.

Colonel Goodloe is about 48 years old, married, and has eight children, and is one of the leading lights in Republican politics in Kentucky, being the member of the Republican National Committee for the State, and a member of the Executive Committee, and Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions during the campaign of last year, in which he did

MOST EFFECTIVE SERVICE.
He was the author of the now famous expression "Spell-binders," which is said to have occurred something in this manner: One of the candidates of the campaign was urging his claims to the Chairman said, in an earnest manner, that in his speeches he simply held the crowd before him "spell-binders," and the doughty Colonel ever after called him a "spell-binder," and the name rapidly grew, until an organization was formed under that name. He was Minister to Belgium during the war, and is now Collector of Revenue for this, the Seventh district of Kentucky. He comes from one of the oldest families in the State, being a descendant of the famous Clay family, and is a nephew of Hon. Cassius M. Clay.

At 12 o'clock midnight, Goodloe's physicians say they have some hopes of his recovery, owing to the bullet being deflected by striking a small locket belonging to his watch.

Colonel Swope's remains will be taken to Stanford, Ky., for interment, which takes place Sunday.

HARRISON AFFECTED.

The President's Emotion on Hearing of the Tragedy—He Drops a Book He is Reading and Pauses Nervously

WASHINGTON, November 8.—Colonel W. W. Dudley this afternoon, in response to a telegram asking for particulars in regard to the tragedy at Lexington, Ky., received a message stating that Colonel Goodloe's wound was very serious, but not necessarily fatal. The dispatch stated that the man who shot Swope was a large man, with a building in Lexington, and that an altercation arose, in which angry words were exchanged. Colonel Swope drew a pistol and shot at Colonel Goodloe, who, thereupon, drew a knife and stabbed Swope, inflicting a fatal wound. The latter then fired again at Colonel Goodloe, and this bullet took effect in the thigh and passed into the groin. The dispatch stated that Colonel Goodloe drew his knife in self-defense, and after he had been fired at.

The intelligence of the tragedy and of its probably fatal termination to both persons in this city. Colonel Goodloe had many friends here, and was highly esteemed by prominent leaders of both political parties. As a member of the Republican National Committee, he naturally enjoyed the confidence of the chief public men of the Republican party, and his courtesy, genial nature and generally lovable character gave him a wide acquaintance, not only of those with whom he was in political accord, but of those with whom he differed on national affairs. By marriage he is related to Senator Beck, of Kentucky, his brother, Major Goodloe, of the Marine Corps, having married the Senator's daughter. When in the city he was a frequent visitor at Senator Beck's residence, and here he met many of the Democratic members of Congress.

The President knew Colonel Goodloe well, and esteemed him highly. The news of his probably fatal shooting was communicated to him, and started him to a large extent. The intelligence seemed to stun the President almost as though it had been a near relative. A book which he was holding in his hand dropped to the floor, and for a few minutes he paced nervously and abstractedly up and down. He asked that any particulars of the tragedy which might be received should be communicated to him.

The subject in the one topic of conversation to-night among public men and in public places.

A SOUTHERN BATTLE.

The Abrupt Manner in Which a Hearing Was Terminated—Three Prominent Persons Killed and Several Others Dangerously Wounded.

LEXINGTON, Va., November 8.—Reports received here from Brownsburg, a small village of about 300 people in Rockbridge county, 14 miles north of Lexington, state that that village is in a high state of excitement to-night over a terrible and bloody fight between the leading men of the vicinity. Three persons are dead or fatally wounded, while a number of others are severely injured.

The news received from Brownsburg, which is the center of communication, says that Dr. P. J. Walker, one of the most prominent physicians and surgeons of the State, had threatened the life of Henry Miller, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Rockbridge county, for insulting the former's wife. Miller had Walker arrested and placed under bonds to keep the peace.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock this afternoon the trouble soon started, which ended in both sides drawing their weapons. Miller was killed. Dr. Walker fatally wounded, and Mrs. Walker, who was in court as a witness, was killed. Dan and William Miller, sons of the accused, were shot and dangerously wounded. Samuel Beaver and others whose names are unknown are also injured. Full details of the affair are not obtainable. The Sheriff and a posse have gone to the scene of the trouble.

MASILY AND GENEROUS.
Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson's Tribute to Colonel Goodloe.

WASHINGTON, November 8.—First Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson's Tribute to Colonel Goodloe.

A CRONIN SENSATION.

The Clothes of the Murdered Man Found in a Chicago Sewer.

IDENTIFIED BY MRS. CONKLIN.

No Doubt at All That the Right Articles Have Been Secured.

A SUICIDE CAUSES SOME EXCITEMENT.

The Evidence Produced in the Trial Not of a Startling Character.

The clothes worn by Dr. Cronin on the night he was murdered have been found. The discovery was accidental, being made by a force of men cleaning out a Chicago sewer. The articles were positively identified by Mrs. Conklin, and will be important addition to the evidence of the prosecution.

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.)
CHICAGO, November 8.—After a lapse of over six months, the lawyers who are prosecuting Detective Coughlin and his Clan-na-Gael associates are in possession of the last thread of evidence needed to establish beyond the peradventure of a doubt that Dr. Patrick Cronin was assassinated in the Carlson cottage, and that it was his body that was taken from the catch basin on the lonely Evanston road.

At 2 o'clock this afternoon the murdered man's clothing, his surgical instruments, his address and guide and prescription books, and a package of his business cards were found in the sewer just beneath the manhole at Evanston and Duena avenues. The place is only a few feet from the southeast of the catch basin, where the body was found last May, and less than a quarter of a mile from the ditch where the trunk, with its rolls of blood-soaked cotton, was picked up by the sewer men the morning after the Doctor disappeared.

AN ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY.
The discovery, as in the case of the body, was made by employes of the sewer department, who had been ordered to the manhole early this afternoon to remove obstructions from the sewer. Michael Gilbert was the foreman of the cleaning gang, Mike Reese was one of his assistants and W. W. McMillan had charge of a flushing wagon that was brought along to expedite the men's operations. The men raised the cover of the manhole and Reese was lowered into the hole. He had scarcely reached the bottom when he shouted back that he had found a box.

A moment later he saw a box about 12 inches long and nearly as broad, was hauled out of the fill. Although greatly befuddled the box showed evidences of having been varnished and painted. The vest which was in the center of the box, and which was like a satchel. Gilbert and McMillan opened the box. One glance at the contents convinced the men that they had at last found the clothing and instruments Dr. Cronin had carried to his death.

POSITIVE EVIDENCE.
There was an assortment of extension splints with which Dr. Cronin had provided himself in anticipation of having to treat a fractured leg. Then he reached the vest's pockets. There came a satchel and a bundle of clothing. The men delved deeper into the filthy mass and found another satchel, the iron frame work of which only remained. There came a satchel and the steel of which was heavily coated with rust, was drawn from the clothing.

One of the men summoned the officers of the Sheriff's bureau and a party of six officers later a patrol wagon manned by six officers dashed over the Evanston road. The bundle of clothing, the instrument box and the satchel were loaded on the stretcher and carried to the station house, and thence to Superintendent Hubbard's office. Here a more careful examination was made of the parcels. The leather satchel, after having been submitted to a vigorous search, was opened, and the first thing the Superintendent drew from it was a book that had swollen to more than twice its original size.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.
Through the dirt on the fly leaf the name of Dr. P. H. Cronin was discernible. In another portion of the book was a package of cards of Cronin's business, which were in a fair state of preservation. Satisfied that he had at last received the Doctor's clothing, Superintendent Hubbard ordered the dirty house to be removed to the Chicago station, and scrubbed preparatory to delivering it to the State's Attorney.

But Judge Longenecker and his associates are desirous of a further to present before the jury in the condition in which it was found. The clothing and instruments were, therefore, carted to the State's Attorney's office and spread out for inspection. The first thing the jury saw the Doctor disappear with one of the assassins, identified each article as it was placed before her, as having been carried by the murdered man when he set out for the O'Sullivan ice house.

WORK OF THE KNIFE.
The clothing showed that it had been cut from the body after death. The lightning-rod was slashed from the collar and the sleeves were torn from the waist to the shoulders. The cutaway coat of diagonal cloth was cut into the drawers, and thence to the collar. A keen-edged knife had done the work.

Mrs. Conklin's eyes filled with tears as each remnant was laid out for identification. Notwithstanding the terrible condition of the clothing, dark red stains were on the coat, vest and trousers. Two white shirts were in the mass. One was of cotton, and probably had been worn by one of the butchers while at his work. One cuff, locked by a blueenameled button, was removed from the pile. The other button and cuff were missing.

So were the scarf, the gold watch and chain and the money the Doctor carried. In the left lapel of the cutaway coat Captain Schettler found a button bearing the insignia of the Royal Arcanum, an organization of which Dr. Cronin was a active member. The clothing was temporarily laid aside, and the contents of the leather satchel and wooden box spread out upon a sheet of canvas for examination.

ANOTHER FEATURER.
Salesman Harold H. B. Revell & Co., who sold the mysterious J. B. Simonds of a bag satchel at the time that the trunk was bought, identified the wreck as the remnants of the handbag he sold to the stranger, and afterward removed by Burke to the Carlson cottage. When Burke was caught in Winthrop a little key was found in his pocket. This key is now in the possession of the State, and will be tried on the lock to-morrow.

The other satchel was identified by Mrs. Conklin by a score of marks. It contained the doctor's prescription book, his call book and a street guide which Mrs. Conklin bought for the doctor two years ago. There was still another which contained a list of drugs and explanation of their uses. The pages were so badly soiled, however, that the chirography was nearly obliterated. From the sickening mass Lawyer Ingram drew a tiny knife which Dr. Cronin received as a gift from a little girl. Mrs. Conklin's tears streamed down her face as she saw the knife. It was given to her to keep.

A TRAGIC SUICIDE.
A tragic event which occurred just in front of the Court House, while everybody was examining those articles, caused the

wildest excitement, and for a time was supposed to be the denouement of this great murder mystery. A shot was heard just as the entrance of Judge McConnell's court, and, supposing it to have connection with the sensational trial, the State's Attorney and a dozen lawyers and reporters rushed from the State's Attorney's office into the street. Stretched lengthwise on the sidewalk was a strong man with a smoking revolver in his hand and brains oozing from his skull. He was quite dead, and as no one could identify him, it was at once presumed that his tragic death had some mysterious connection with the sensational discovery of the day.

After an hour's investigation by the State's officers, however, it was ascertained that his name was Edward Rheme, and that he was a sane man, and was not at all partially insane. He died without doubt due to suicide while laboring under mental aberration.

THE GREAT TRIAL.

A Number of New Witnesses Confirm the Testimony Already Given—Woodruff Not to Be Put Upon the Stand.

CHICAGO, November 8.—In the Cronin trial today Captain Wing, of the Lake View police force, testified that he cut a number of chips out of the floor of the Carlson cottage, and that they, with the lock of hair found in the trunk, were turned over to Captain Coughlin. John Lindgren, Carlson's son-in-law, was the next witness. He said that he went to the cottage May 19, with his brother, and finding the doors locked decided to go in through one of the windows. The window they first tried was the front one, next the side. Half the blind was open, and the lower sash was cut or broken off. They raised the window and went in.

"When we got in we saw there was some paint on the floor, and we looked the house over very carefully. The satchel and the vest didn't do anything except that the floor was painted, and the furniture was standing there. We looked the floor over and the furniture, and looked at the bed, and one of the other rooms over, and there was nothing there except in the bedroom and the front room, where the furniture was. We touched nothing, and only remained in the cottage 10 or 15 minutes, leaving it locked."

A PIECE OF SHUTTER.
The witness, who is a carpenter, and built the cottage, identified the piece of the shutter which was broken off from the blind and on which there were stains as if made by a bloody hand. The slat was then offered and accepted by the Court in evidence.

Andrew J. Monett, a printer who works for Mr. Stanton, the Lakeview man who printed the business cards for O'Sullivan, was the next witness. He testified to his death, and was the first witness at the afternoon session. He identified the card heretofore placed in evidence. On April 27 he saw the card, he saw the card, and they were printed, and took some of them with him. He also gave instructions to O'Sullivan's men in case he should come for them in his car. George G. Coffey, deputy sergeant of the East Chicago avenue station, where Detective Dan Coughlin was stationed previous to his arrest in connection with this case, was the next witness. He testified that in the month of April he received

A TELEPHONE MESSAGE.
from O'Sullivan, who wanted to see Coughlin at his (O'Sullivan's) house that evening. When told of it, Coughlin said: "All right." On the 1st or 2d of May he received the same message again, and again Coughlin said: "All right; it is O'Sullivan, the ice man," when told of it.

Policeman Andrew Galvage identified the O'Sullivan bed room as having been taken out by him. Joseph Hunkeler, ex-police officer of Lakeview, testified that on the night of May 12, about 10 o'clock, he saw the trunk in the Carlson cottage, and a splinted brass band, one and a short one standing on the sidewalk near the Carlson cottage and drove them away, telling them they had no business in that place, and that he would call the witness. The witness went back to the Carlson cottage. A bright light was burning within. Ten minutes later when he returned the cottage was in darkness.

WATCHING THE COTTAGE.
Policeman A. C. Robinson testified that Officer Hunkeler had called his attention to the Carlson cottage at about 11 o'clock in the morning of the night of May 12, and that between the time of going past it to the north and returning the position of one of the blinds had been changed. The lower slat was open. An adjustment was then taken till to-morrow morning.

Woodruff is to be disappointed again. The State's attorneys have concluded, however, that a great deal of testimony is not the sort of a witness calculated to help so important a case as the Cronin trial, so he will not be placed on the stand to rehearse the many "fairy" stories which he has told in the police court. The chances are he will never be put for anything more desperate than stealing Dina's horse and wagon.

MYSTERY ABOUT A TRAMP.

In His Dying Delirium He Talks about the Cronin Murder.

ALLIANCE, O., November 8.—A mysterious tramp died of paralysis, Thursday, at the farmhouse of J. M. Staley, six miles from here. He was an elderly, well-educated man, claiming to be a school teacher, but would not disclose even his name. During his dying delirium he made many incoherent references to the Cronin trial, and talked about the murder and affairs of the Clan-na-Gael. He carried with him a book packed full of newspaper clippings in regard to the case. From what could be gathered it is thought that he must have had some connection with it.

ALLISON IN DANGER.

The Legislature Is Republican, but a Combination Is Forming Against Him—Grover Cleveland Sends a Message of Congratulations.

DUBUQUE, Ia., November 8.—Senator Allison returned this evening from the headquarters of the Republican State Committee, where he has been for the last two days, and says the Legislature is safely Republican by eight or nine votes, and possibly more, as one point is still in doubt. He has no more any combination between any of the Republican members and the Democrats to defeat him. He declined to be interviewed upon the reasons that had produced the surprising result of Tuesday, or upon the probable policy of the party hereafter upon State issues.

On the other hand, many of his friends here and the general public do not take as rosy a view of the situation as he does. The Herald (Dem.) has proposed that the opposition combine on Governor-elect Boies, and believes he can be elected Senator over Mr. Allison. It thinks the re-election of Republican members of the Legislature will vote for his reelection. He has no more any combination between any of the Republican members and the Democrats to defeat him. He declined to be interviewed upon the reasons that had produced the surprising result of Tuesday, or upon the probable policy of the party hereafter upon State issues.

THE END OF THE TUBE.
Next Wednesday the Pan-Americans will finish their Long Journey.

WASHINGTON, November 8.—The tour of the delegates to the International American Congress, under the auspices of the Department of State, will end next Wednesday evening the 13th. The State Department to-day sent invitations to the wives of the delegates and other ladies who accompanied them to meet the train in Philadelphia to-morrow morning.

It is expected that a number of ladies will accept the invitation and leave here for Philadelphia to-morrow morning.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS

Of Patient Waiting Navigation Is Now Open to Morgantown.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC ASSEMBLAGE

To Greet the Arrival of the First Regular Steam Vessel.

A GREAT BOON FOR ALL THAT REGION.

The Captain of the Bertie Stals a March on the James G. Blaine.

The arrival of two steam vessels at Morgantown yesterday marked the opening of navigation to that city. The appearance of the boats awakened a great deal of enthusiasm, and great confidence is expressed as to the benefits which will accrue. Rain interfered somewhat with a formal demonstration.

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.)
MORGANTOWN, W. Va., November 8.—Fifty-two years ago a committee was appointed to go to Pittsburgh from Morgantown to confer with capitalists of the Iron City in reference to the feasibility of locating the Monongahela river from that city to Morgantown. An old paper printed in Morgantown by Enos D. Morgan in 1837 gives an account of the meeting. This town was named for Morgan's grandfather, and Enos D. was the father of the present editor of the Post, of this town.

For over half a century we have waited patiently for a consummation of our hopes.



The Bertie's Farthest Trip Southward.

The earlier pioneers have died and many of them have been forgotten, but the hearts of the present generation were made glad to-day when the sonorous sound of the steamer Blaine's bass voice whistles echoed from hilltop to hilltop, waked the denizens of the valley and startled the animals of the forest. The gladness of the day was expressed with marked demonstrations of approval by our citizens, and the whistling greeting was answered by the peal of bells, the whistling of steam factories and the clamor and shouts of the people.

A TERRIBLE SCENE.
The magnificent packet rounded the bend of the river where you first catch a glimpse of the town in all her beauty and majesty. It was crowded with living freight from deck to hatchway, and a splendid brass band from California accompanied the excursionists. The day was rainy and dreary, but it could not dampen the enthusiasm of our people, and the fruition of a long-deferred pleasure.

The sight was a grand one. The boat was handsomely decorated with flags and other suitable devices, and the sea of handkerchiefs that were waved and the shouts of popular applause and approval, made a picture that was very inspiring to look upon. The big boat approached the wharf cautiously, as if afraid of the terrible avalanche of impatient humanity that was anxiously awaiting the opportune moment to board her.

There were hundreds in the vast umbrella-covered crowd that had never seen a steam boat, and some scenes were enacted that were ludicrous in the extreme. The genial Captain Abrams, however, was equal to the occasion, and took in the arms of the mossbacks with genuine enthusiasm.

EVERYBODY ENTHUSIASTIC.
Colonel Merrill, the United States engineer in charge, also wore a smile as he viewed the enthusiastic demonstrations of the modern Athenians. It was a grand rush, and for several minutes the stairways were so crowded that it was quite difficult to go up or down them. The rain poured down in torrents, and the military of the university failed to fire the cannon on account of being unable to move the guns.

The bells and whistles, however, kept up the din, and had the day been a fine one thousands of people would have been in the country to join in the great demonstration. Only an hour's stop, however, of the steamer prevented a more formal demonstration and proper celebration of an event fraught with so much interest to our people. A few hours' notice only wakened our citizens to prepare, and a miserable, cold drive ran between a fitting and greater outpouring.

To-day opens a new era of long-looked-for prosperity to our people, thus affording them easy and pleasant traveling, fair facilities and reduced freight rates. The Bertie, with the natural trade between the upper and lower Monongahela that has been for half a century withheld for. The elegant packet Adams, which was built by the same firm and crew, are looked for to-morrow, and already several excursion parties are booked for a down trip when the weather becomes more favorable.

AHEAD OF THE BLAINE.
The steam launch Bertie, from East Riverside, Pa., on the Monongahela, was the first steam vessel to arrive at this place after the opening of navigation. The Bertie beat the steamer J. G. Blaine just two hours, much to the discomfiture of the Captain of that boat, who had made arrangements to have his boat come through the first.

The Bertie left East Riverside at 9 P. M. Thursday evening, and made the run in 11 hours. The Captain of the Bertie is the Mr. F. W. C. Lincoln, of East Riverside. Adams, which was built by the same firm and crew, are looked for to-morrow, and already several excursion parties are booked for a down trip when the weather becomes more favorable.

THE KING'S BARBER. His trials and triumphs are told the little readers of to-morrow's DISPATCH by Ernest H. Reinrichs.

TREASURER HART DEAD.

The State's Chief Financial Officer Passes Away This Morning—Victim of Brain Paralysis—Several Strokes

During the Past Year.

SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.

HARRISBURG, November 9.—State Treasurer Hart died at 12:15 o'clock this morning of paralysis of the brain. Captain Hart had apparently been improving for weeks. On Tuesday he deposited his vote for Speaker Boyer as his successor, and Thursday he was driven about the city and saluted his friends, who had not seen him on the street for four months. His family yesterday spoke of his improved condition, and hoped for his early recovery.

After he had retired last night, at about 9:30 o'clock, while sitting in his bed, he gave a sudden gasp, which alarmed his wife, who failed to obtain an answer from him as to his cause. He grew gradually worse, until death relieved him of his suffering, in the presence of a number of his intimate friends in addition to his family.

Captain Hart had been sick for over a year, and is said to have had three paralytic strokes. Lately it was discovered that he had a swelling in his head, and was being extracted from it, he began to show rapid signs of improvement.

State Treasurer Hart leaves a wife, a son and daughter. The son, Lane, is at Yale.

MORTON HAS A BAR.

Miss Willard Reopens the Charge Against the Vice President—Third Party Advocates Are in Control of the W. C. T. U.

CHICAGO, November 8.—Battery D Armory was gaily decked with banners, flags, shields and mottoes this morning when the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union met in its sixteenth annual session. Between 400 and 500 delegates were present from all parts of the United States. The forenoon session was devoted to short papers, reading from the Scriptures and other religious exercises.

The majority of the convention is strongly in favor of an alliance with the third party, yet cannot conceal their anxiety as to the attitude of the minority, who believe in non-partisan action. If the latter withdraw the breach will be irreparable. Last year the national officers claimed 10,000 local unions, with a membership of 200,000.

To-day the official report showed 7,000 local unions, with a membership of 149,168. Among the number which had been organized were such unions as Minneapolis, Cleveland and Chester county, Pa., the latter comprising 60 unions. Such startling figures disturb the equanimity of the organization, and this evident dissatisfaction has made a strong impression.

Brief addresses were made at the afternoon session by General Neal Dow, Mother Stewart, of Ohio, Mrs. Judge Foster, President W. C. T. U., Mrs. Minnie Phelps, of Toronto, Mrs. Caroline B. Buell, Corresponding Secretary of the Society, read an extensive review of its work during the past year.

"This has been a year made memorable by defeat," added Mrs. Buell. "First New Hampshire refused to make permanent its prohibitory law. Massachusetts followed, and by a majority of 45,000 stepped down from the lofty pinnacle of reform and gave herself over to passive obedience to the liquor oligarchy."

"But our hopes, if we had any, centered on Pennsylvania, only to be met by defeat. In Ohio and Rhode Island, where the Woman's Christian Temperance Union had left no stone unturned, and found no slack hand, stabbed in the heart of her enemies, And Connecticut, with all its ancient traditions, her religious history, given over to powers of darkness by a tremendous majority of 55,000."

"But if the lessons these defeats should teach are learned, then will they no longer be defeats, but glorious victories."

At the evening meeting Miss Frances E. Willard, the National President, delivered the principal address. Miss Willard began her address by saying that patriotism had always been a part of her religion and the recommendation of the Convention was to pass an amendment to the inter-State commerce law prohibiting the bringing of alcoholic liquors into prohibition States, work for the Blair educational prohibitory amendment to the existing Constitution, ask for a law forbidding the manufacture of cigarettes, and one against smoking in waiting rooms and postoffices.

Miss Willard said that the thanks of the convention were due President Harrison for directing that no liquor shall be sold on the Government reservation at Ft. Wadsworth, to Mr. Wessmacker for his pronounced declaration in favor of prohibition, and Sabbath observance, and then continued: "Our protest should be sent to Vice President Morton for permitting a saloon under his new hotel."

MARRIED BY A LUNATIC.
Queer Claim of a Pawnbroker Who Is Charged With Slavery.