THE GREAT CANAL
Designed to connect Pittsburg with the Lakes, is now being surveyed by a DISPATCH Commissioner. Watch for his reports. They will be reliable.

The Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE BALL CRANKS
Say the next break in the Brotherhood will be the desertion of McGinty. Everybody says THE DISPATCH is Pittsburg's great newspaper.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR. PITTSBURG, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1889. THREE CENTS

A R Shoolbred Library

FIVE NECKS SAVED

By One Obstinate Juror in the Famous Cronin Trial.

BEGGS GETS OFF CLEAR,

Kunze Sentenced for Three Years and the Others Go

TO THE PENITENTIARY FOR LIFE.

The Little German the Only One Who Breaks Down.

HOW THE VERDICT WAS RECEIVED

Three of the five defendants in the Cronin case were yesterday afternoon adjudged guilty as indicted, and given life sentences in the penitentiary. They are Coughlin, O'Sullivan and Burke. Kunze was found guilty of manslaughter, and given three years in the pen. Beggs was acquitted. The verdict was received coolly by all but Kunze, who broke down completely. Comment on the result of the trial varies widely. Juror Culver, it is asserted, was the one who prevented at least three of the prisoners from being condemned to death.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

CHICAGO, December 16.—Juror John Culver has saved the necks of Coughlin, O'Sullivan and Burke. His opposition to the infliction of the death penalty was insurmountable, and the 11 men who had struggled for nearly 72 hours with the Evanston prohibitionist, to have him assess the supreme penalty, in accordance with his own verdict of guilty as charged in the indictment, was forced to recede from their position and consent to a compromise.

The verdict was read by Clerk Lee, in the crowded courtroom at 2:25 o'clock this afternoon. It liberated ex-Senior Warden Beggs, it gave little John Kunze three years in the penitentiary, and consigned Coughlin, O'Sullivan and Burke to imprisonment for life. Motions for new trials were instantly made by Lawyer Forrest in behalf of the four prisoners.

GLOOM IN THE COURTROOM.

The old Criminal Court building, which has been the scene of many memorable trials and the death of famous conspirators, never looked more gloomy than it did today in the misting rain which began to fall about noon. The sidewalks were slippery, the old gray stones in the great structure were almost glassy in their glistening soot, and the iron railings were dripping with moisture when the Anarchists were hanged. Ropes were stretched around the building, and policemen armed with rifles stood guard before the sullen and silent mob which was banked less than 20 feet away. There was the same dogged, tenacious and sullen looking crowd in Dearborn avenue and Michigan street to-day.

LOITERERS KEPT IN LINE.

There were no ropes to act as barriers today, and the policemen who tramped over the slippery sidewalks were not armed with riot rifles, but the loiterers were kept in line along the curbstones opposite the building, and not one of them dared to penetrate the line of officers. The crowd was larger than at any time since the trial began. It was composed chiefly of the poorer class, although a business man on his way to his office stopped long enough to stare at the grimy looking building and its guard of policemen.

There were rumors of reprisals by desperate Clan-na-Gaels in case the prisoners were convicted, and of hand-to-hand encounters in the jury room. Then came newsboys crying that three of the suspects had been voted to the gallows. All these stories, coming as fast as tongues could carry them, created intense excitement.

ALL WAITED PATIENTLY.

It seemed to be pretty generally understood that the jurors had come to an agreement, and that a verdict would be returned during the day; but the result of the balloting was merely a matter of conjecture, and so men and boys waited patiently in the mist for some authentic information.

The morning passed without any communication from the jury room. Two hundred newspaper men, officers and friends of Dr. Cronin lounged about the court room, as they have been doing ever since the jurors left their big high-backed chairs. Judge McConnell sat in his private room, with a gray ulster buttoned about him. He would not talk about the probable cause of delay in the jury room, and laughed heartily at the stories of fisticuffs between the 12 men.

Shortly after 10 o'clock Sheriff Matson announced an adjournment until 2 o'clock this afternoon. Then the old stories about the contumacious juror being pummeled around the room by his colleagues, and the certainty of a disagreement, were retold by men who were positive that their information was correct, although not one of them could tell where he first heard the report.

COMING EVENTS FORESHADOWED.

It was evident when the crowd began to reassemble in the court room in the afternoon that something was about to break the monotony of the past three days. Bailiffs were hurriedly arranging the prisoners' chairs, and the few curious persons who were permitted to enter the room were told to take seats. Judge McConnell admitted that the jurors were at last ready to report. He hung his gray ulster upon a nail in his private room and then sat down to wait. The lawyers who have figured in the case were summoned to report at once. Attorneys Foster and Ames, who defended ex-Senior Warden Beggs, were the first to come. Then came State's Attorney Longenecker and his colleague, William J. Hynes. Both were smoking cigars.

The crowd pressed forward as far as was possible, and within 20 minutes it formed a circle from the center of the room to the dingy wall back of the Judge's bench. Superintendent of Police Hubbard sat down near the passageway through which jurors and prisoners were to come. Sitting beside him was big Police Captain Hunt.

THE DETECTIVES EVERYWHERE.

Sheriff Matson, looking as inexpressibly dreamy as he did the gray morning when he moved about the brown scaffold which had been built for Parsons, Spies, Engel and Fischer, stalked majestically along the center aisle. Detectives swarmed everywhere. They stood at the main entrance, along the chairs where the jurors were to sit, and in the benches where the nervous representatives of the Cronin faction were seated. Everything was now ready to receive the jury, but nothing could be done until Lawyer Forrest, the great objector, came. The hands on the white face of the clock moved slowly.

The excitement in the room was intense. Through the dirty windows a wall of people could be seen, with their sullen-looking faces turned upward to the room where the last act in the famous case was about to be performed.

It was 2:10 o'clock when Lawyer Forrest, with the collar of his overcoat buttoned closely about his throat, and his rakish-looking black hat drawn over his eyes, pressed his way through the crowd in the center aisle. He was followed by the phlegmatic Wing, who was chewing vigorously upon tobacco. The two defenders of Burke and Coughlin tossed their hats upon the table and sat down.

AS QUIET AS DEATH.

Judge McConnell then walked briskly to his high seat. As he did so two bailiffs tramped through the narrow passageway to the Bridge of Sighs, and thence to the jail where the prisoners were already waiting to be taken before their peers. There was a profound stillness in the courtroom while the audience awaited the coming of the prisoners.

It was 2:25 o'clock when the door leading out upon the Bridge of Sighs reopened and the pallid-looking face of the ex-Senior Warden of Camp 20 came into the room. Behind Beggs were big Dan Coughlin, O'Sullivan, Burke and Kunze, in the order named. Between each prisoner was a bailiff. O'Sullivan and Kunze were smiling. Burke's massive jaws were working as ceaseless as ever upon a wad of tobacco. Beggs' blue eyes were restless and almost glassy. He carried a light-colored derby hat in his hand. Coughlin's face never looked more rigid. It was pale and tightly drawn. The stern stuff of which the fellow is made was never more apparent. With a petulant move of his hand he flung his old black hat under his chair, and then straightening himself so that his head towered high above that of the slender iceman, stared boldly at the Court.

THE PRISONERS BRACE UP.

O'Sullivan, who has the reputation of possessing an iron nerve, blinked and scowled at something straight ahead of him. Once in awhile his right hand would wander to his mustache and straighten out the ragged ends. Beggs was apprehensive, but strongly nerved. Coughlin was defiant, O'Sullivan and Burke were resigned to the worst, and Kunze was nervous, but struggling manfully to present the same stolid front of his four colleagues, and not a word was uttered in the room, from the time the prisoners shuffled through the doorway until they took their seats. Then Lawyer Forrest whispered some words of cheer to Burke, who bowed approvingly.

The jurors were next to cross the Bridge of Sighs. They caused as much interest as the coming of the prisoners. Bald-headed Foreman Clarke was in the lead. Juror Culver was close behind, with his overcoat resting upon his arm. The 12 men took their old seats, without looking at the prisoners, who were watching them with terrible interest. Then came three startling raps on an empty desk, as Clerk Lee announced the formal opening of court.

A VERDICT AT LAST.

Each juror answered to the call of his name as it was shouted by the clerk. Then Foreman Clarke walked briskly to the benches and passed a sheet of white paper to Judge McConnell. This was the verdict.

It was now 2:30 o'clock, as the sheet of paper was passed by the Court to Clerk Lee to be read. The crowd pressed still farther toward the lines of officers back of the prisoners. Every face in the room expressed the most violent agitation. Burke sat with his mouth agape. Coughlin sprawled his legs out and scowled desperately at the clerk. O'Sullivan and Beggs betrayed no emotion. Kunze's face assumed a sickly pallor, and his right hand tugged nervously at his little mustache.

Clerk Lee read the verdict in a loud voice. Beggs was acquitted. He entwined his legs about his chair, and although his lawyers were there to congratulate him, the ex-senior warden's pale blue eyes never left the clerk until he had finished reading.

Kunze was found guilty of manslaughter, and awarded three years in the penitentiary. The little painter who, it is claimed by the State, drove Coughlin to the slaughter house on Ashland avenue did not betray any emotion for a moment or more. He looked like a man in a profound reverie.

The bass-voiced clerk, continuing his reading, announced that it was the vote of the jury that Coughlin, O'Sullivan and Burke should spend the rest of their lives in prison.

HOW THEY TOOK IT.

The Three Men Most Severely Punished Were the Coolest of All—Kunze Refuses to be Comforted—Beggs Surprised, but Quite Happy.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

CHICAGO, December 16.—When the verdict had been read a murmur of surprise swept around the room. The three men who so narrowly escaped the rope never flinched. With faces almost painful in their rigidity and pallor, Coughlin, O'Sullivan and Burke glanced at one another without uttering a word.

Then came the voice of Lawyer Forrest, pleading for a new trial for his clients, Coughlin and Burke, and for O'Sullivan and Kunze, in behalf of Lawyer Donohue, who is not in town. During this plea a wail escaped from the line of prisoners, and little Kunze, convulsed with grief, began to protest his innocence. Tears streamed down his face as he shouted in broken English, "God knew he had never been out to Lake View." Then, choking with emotion, the little German accused the State's Attorney with having bought testimony to convict him.

KUNZE UNRECONCILABLE.

Judge Longenecker's back was turned to the sobbing prisoner, who was surrounded by bailiffs. Words of sympathy from the officers only served to intensify Kunze's grief, which broke out afresh from time to time.

Beggs arose from his chair, and with his hat in his hand, strolled over to the deserted jury box and sat down. He told the reporters that he had never appointed a secret committee to try Dr. Cronin, and that he had never heard of an inner circle in the Clan-na-Gael. He said he was surprised that the jurors had agreed so quickly, as he had not expected a verdict for at least three weeks.

Burke, O'Sullivan and Coughlin took no interest in the weeping German or the smiling ex-senior warden, who was twirling his hat between his legs. Coughlin and Burke maintained their great nerve to the last, but O'Sullivan was plainly weakening during the last moments of court.

A NERVE OF IRON.

Still blinking and scowling at some object directly in front of him, the unhappy man would from time to time involuntarily bring his hands together with a sigh. Once his eyes filled with tears, and it looked as though he would break down completely. But the great nerve which had bolstered him up during his terrible ordeal of the past six months came to his rescue, and in a moment the slender, sallow face had assumed its old-time stolid and indifferent expression. At one time, when Lawyer Foster sought to console Coughlin the big detective smiled grimly and shook his head.

Judge McConnell, after listening to Lawyer Forrest's motion for a new trial, set January 13 as the day when arguments might be made. Then the prisoners arose, and, walking between a file of officers, recrossed the Bridge of Sighs to the jail. Kunze was still weeping as the court room door closed behind him, but Burke, Coughlin and O'Sullivan marched along as defiant as ever.

THE VERDICT SOON KNOWN.

People waiting in Dearborn avenue and Michigan street heard the verdict almost as quickly as the prisoners themselves. As soon as Clerk Lee finished reading the important document, a dozen messenger boys bounded out of the court room, and, leaping down the stairs without regard for life or limb, began shouting the verdict at the top of their voices.

A tremendous crowd soon filled the streets, and when Juror Culver started from the courtroom to the Commercial Hotel, he was quickly surrounded by hundreds of angry men and boys, who began to hoot at him. From Michigan street to Kinzie street the mob steadily grew in number and turbulency, and for several minutes it looked as though the unpopular juror would be assaulted. Captain Schuettler, appreciating the situation, summoned a detail of officers and marching at their head, made a dash into the mob, which broke and ran. When the officers reached the Dearborn avenue bridge they formed in a platoon across the roadway and prevented the howling and enraged men from continuing their chase. Other officers gathered around Culver and escorted him to his hotel without further incident, although there were shouts of derision from open windows along the street. Later in the day the juror returned to his home, where he refused to be interviewed. The rest of the jurors left for their homes as quickly as possible. Each one declared that he could not say anything about the secrets of the jury room.

MR. CULVER'S VERDICT.

He Was for the Acquittal of the Quintet From the Start—His Colleagues Had to Give in to Him to Avoid a Mistrial.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

CHICAGO, December 16.—Comment on the verdict is greatly mixed. Some of the more violent enemies of the Triangle are disappointed because the death penalty was not inflicted. This is also true of the Anarchists, who believe the testimony against the Clan-na-Gaels was far more conclusive as to guilt than that which sent their leaders to the gallows. Conservative men, however, think the verdict the best that could have been returned, because with three men serving life sentences, it is certain that the conspirators yet unknown will live in constant dread of a confession from one of the prisoners.

Juror Allison was seen by THE DISPATCH correspondent to-night. He said:

We took 37 ballots and reached our verdict about noon to-day. There was no trouble in the jury room. We worked together harmoniously and weighed every particle of evidence. Culver worked as industriously as the rest of us. He toiled all day Sunday, notwithstanding his religious scruples, and began work again at 5 o'clock this morning. On the first ballot we were all at sea, and it was not until we had voted a dozen times that we began to draw together.

BURNED THEIR BRIDGES.

Mr. Allison would not name the juror who had been so cantankerous. He intimated, however, that five men were in favor of the death penalty from the start. Before they left their room the jurors burned every scrap of paper they could find in the chamber.

One of the sensational stories afloat tonight is to the effect that all members of the jury had voted to hang Coughlin, Burke and O'Sullivan and to give Beggs 21 years and Kunze 14 years in the penitentiary, and that they had agreed to stand by this assessment of punishment until the cows came home. Juror Culver, however, became so excited and hysterical in his opposition to that verdict that his colleagues began to think he was losing his mind, and, in order to prevent a mistrial by any such misfortune, they consented to a compromise, which was practically Culver's own terms. This story comes from good authority, and is believed by persons who know Culver's idiosyncrasies, and can imagine the effect of so much excitement and confinement on a man of his nervous temperament. Juror Allison and Foreman Clarke would not deny the story.

SHIELDING CULVER.

From other sources it is learned that the agreement of the jurors, not to say anything about the scenes in the jury room, was made for the purpose of shielding Culver, who is known to be in a pitiable condition physically. It is declared by the same authority that the eccentric became so violent at one time during the deliberations, that force had to be used to prevent him breaking away from the room. When he reached his home in Evanston, to-night, Mr. Culver was hurried to bed by his wife and her friends. He does not yet know the cause of the street demonstration against him this afternoon, and nobody has been permitted to tell him about the comment of the newspapers on his conduct.

Culver voted for the acquittal of all the prisoners until 1 o'clock this afternoon, when a compromise was effected on the basis of the verdict handed to the Court.

HARD FOR THE WOMEN.

Mrs. Coughlin Overcome and O'Sullivan's Sister-in-Law Enraged.

CHICAGO, December 16.—Dan Coughlin's wife insisted upon remaining in the main corridor, with her pretty little girl, until a messenger ran out with the news of the verdict. When she heard it she gasped, stood erect, shrieked, and fell back into a chair. She buried her face in her hands and moaned wildly as she wept in her anguish. Her swaying form was supported by the kind old doorkeeper, and the pretty little babe stood leaning against her mother's knees. For a moment she looked into her sorrowing mother's face, and then laying her pretty face in her mother's lap, she, too, began to cry.

Mrs. Whalen, O'Sullivan's sister-in-law, had come over to hear the result. Her clear-cut and handsome face hardened when she heard the news. Her eyes filled for a moment, but only for a moment. She glared for an instant at the jail walls. Then she turned savagely upon the men who stood near by, attracted by Mrs. Coughlin's sobs. "Oh, you cutthroats! You tried your best to hang them, and now you hang around to gloat at us in our misery," she shouted. She looked even more savagely at the men than before, and then followed Mrs. Coughlin to the private room.

WHAT THE PRISONERS SAY.

Coughlin and Burke Not Talkative Though the Former Seems Happy.

CHICAGO, December 16.—The four convicted defendants were found by a reporter, this evening, in the jail corridor. Kunze held himself apart from the others and refused to be comforted, roundly denouncing the State's Attorney and jury. Coughlin seemed pleasant and not exceedingly displeased, but would not talk, except to refer the interviewer to his attorney. Burke was also good natured, but not any more willing to talk.

Judge McConnell, in an interview, said:

Judicially, of course, I can pass no opinion upon the verdict. As an individual, however, and without being cognizant of all the proceedings in the jury room, I might say that I think

Continued on Sixth Page.

IMPORTANT BUSINESS

Transacted by the Senate in Executive Session, That is Called

THE WORK OF AN OPEN MEETING.

A Proposal Considered to Remove the Supreme Court Chambers

FROM ITS QUARTERS IN THE CAPITOL.

Ben Butler's Mansion Selected as Headquarters for the Justices.

The Senate's first protracted executive session was held yesterday. Some important matters were discussed that should have been brought up in open session. The Supreme Court chambers will probably be removed from the Capitol building to the Ben Butler mansion.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, December 16.—The Senate had its first protracted session this afternoon, and transacted some important business, which is apt to create surprise when it becomes known. The nomination of Judge Brewer, of Kansas, to be an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, was acted upon favorably by the Senate Committee on Judiciary this morning. Several minor nominations were confirmed.

As far as the record shows, this was all the work that was done, but an executive session record generally tells only half the truth. That was the case to-day. In addition to these confirmations, the Senators transacted a little business that should properly have been performed with open doors. They took informal action that will probably result in the removal of the Supreme Court chambers from the Capitol building to the big stone mansion of Benjamin F. Butler, just outside the grounds of the Capitol.

NOT FORMALLY DECIDED.

No formal motion was made for this transfer, but it was so palpably the sense of a majority of the Senators present that such a move would be a wise one, that the committee which has been for ten days considering how more committee rooms might be obtained for the Senators will undoubtedly soon bring in a resolution providing for the removal of the court. The discussion on this subject in the executive session came up rather unexpectedly to most of the Senators, and in all fairness the doors should have been at once opened, but the Senate has a habit of gliding into legislative business when the doors are closed for an executive session, and a great many matters of party policy have often been arranged in secret which were afterward formally promulgated in open Senate.

After the work of confirming nominations was over, the subject of finding more committee rooms was brought up. Several propositions looking to the securing of more room were made, but all were successfully opposed except the one providing for a new home for the Supreme Court Justices.

THE BARBER SHOP STAYS.

One Senator proposed to abolish the free Senatorial barber shop and bathroom in the basement of the Senate wing. He was laughed to scorn by his colleagues. The barber shop is kept open 12 months in the year, and every Senator is shaved and bathed and shorn at the public expense while he is in Washington. Less than six Senators were willing to consider for a moment the advisability of removing the barber shop, and the proposition was promptly silenced.

Then a motion was made that the restaurant, which occupies four fine rooms in the most accessible part of the Senate basement, be removed, together with the barber shop, to some of the new rooms formed by the construction of terraces on the outside of the building. Senators will go to great lengths to avoid any curtailment of their personal comforts, however, and the suggestion to move the restaurant met the same fate as the one with regard to the barber shop.

A LEVEL-HEADED PLAN.

Then one of the level-headed Senators came forward with an elaborate plan for renting the Butler house, moving the Supreme Court into it, and thus securing a dozen or more fine committee rooms. This plan seemed to strike everybody with great favor, and the committee that is searching for more room was informally authorized to go ahead on the plan and secure the necessary consent for the transfer of the court. There seems little doubt that when they have secured the rental of the Butler house and the consent of the Justices to move, that the matter will be at once easily and definitely arranged.

The Justices have been complaining for a long time that they have not room enough to carry on the work of the court satisfactorily, and they will no doubt readily agree to the plan outlined in the executive session. The Butler house, which had been used previously as committee rooms for the Senators, is really three houses in one, and with a little expense, could be fitted up into a very comfortable home for the Supreme Court.

THE NEW DEPARTMENT.

The discussion in the Executive session to-day brought out the further fact that the Justices of the court hope to have erected, within a few years, a fine building, to be devoted to the uses of the Court, and which will be known as the Department of Justice. In this new building it is proposed to have accommodations for the office of the Attorney General, the Court of Claims, and the other Government tribunals that now occupy rented buildings. Senator Morrill has already introduced a bill providing for the construction of the new Supreme Court building, and it will be urged to early passage at this session.

COMPLAINTS OF CONSPIRACY

Made by the Wabash Railway Company Against Competing Lines.

CHICAGO, December 16.—Suit has been begun by the Wabash Railroad Company against the Western Indiana, or Belt Line Company. The latter has given notice that the Wabash must not use their tracks between Hammond and Auburn Junction. This, the plaintiffs claim, will shut off the Wabash route to Detroit and greatly injure their business.

The complainants allege that a conspiracy has been formed between the Western Indiana and the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, Grand Trunk and other companies to use the Belt Line.

THREW HIS CHILDREN OUT.

One of the Many Rash Acts of an Insane Bohemian Carpenter.

NEW YORK, December 16.—Joseph Kracko, a Bohemian carpenter, became insane at his residence to-night and threw his three young children out of the window. He said he saw Jesus in the yard, and he threw the children to Him as a Christmas present. They fell on a fire escape and were not seriously injured. Kracko then ran amuck in the yard and assaulted several men and women.

He was finally subdued, after a fierce struggle with four policemen, and put in a strait jacket. He is in Bellevue Hospital, a raving maniac.

A CURIOUS DISEASE.

Philadelphia Physicians Interviewed on the European Epidemic of Influenza—What the Grip is Like—No Fears for America.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

PHILADELPHIA, December 16.—The recent cable dispatches from Paris and elsewhere, describing and discussing the recent outbreak of "la grippe" in Europe, have attracted great attention, and have been read by no one with more interest than by the most eminent physicians. Dr. William Pepper, provost of the University of Pennsylvania and professor of the theory and practice of medicine, who for 20 years has made a special study of influenza and kindred diseases, said to-day:

There is no more curious infectious disease than influenza, both from the way it arises and spreads, and in the variety of forms which it assumes in different epidemics and in different places. During the same epidemic it has frequently been observed to invade extensive areas, at times advancing steadily in one direction, or again breaking out simultaneously at several widely different points, and extending widely at each. The common and typical form which it assumes is of a catarrhal fever, unquestionably due to a specific poison, and attended with irritation of the respiratory mucous membrane, with marked pains through the body, and with an unaccountable degree of general debility. But in other cases the same process attacks the mucous lining of the alimentary canal, and the symptoms closely resemble those of cholera morbus. It would seem as though, in the epidemic at present spreading through Europe, there was an unusually large proportion of the latter type of cases, and this has undoubtedly given rise to the suspicion of some connection between influenza and cholera. The records of the disease from the earliest times show that this is one of the forms which it not rarely assumes. The same thing has been seen repeatedly here during the past three months. There is, therefore, no ground whatever for alarm about a possible outbreak of cholera. The two diseases have nothing whatever in common, and the intestinal type of influenza does not present any greater danger than the respiratory type.

Dr. James J. Levick, who wrote a treatise on "Epidemic Influenza," which appeared in the *American Journal of Medical Sciences* in 1864, said:

I do not think it has any relation to cholera. Its prevalence as an epidemic is much more alarming, as indicating an atmosphere which is conducive to the development of that very dangerous epidemic, cerebro-spinal meningitis, or spotted fever, especially when it occurs during the very cold winter months.

Dr. William H. Pancoast, President of the Medico-Chirurgical College, said:

The microbes which hold the disease germs travel in the atmosphere, so that it is impossible for it to spread to this country, unless it is carried across the Atlantic in some vessel, and that is extremely improbable.

IMPORTED FROM EUROPE.

The Health Officers Report Eight Cases of Influenza in New York.

NEW YORK, December 16.—Dr. Edson, of the Health Board, reported that there had been discovered in this city to-day six cases of foreign influenza. Thus far eight cases have been reported to the Health Board, and three more in one family. The first victim, a young lady, was taken down on Thursday last. It is supposed that she contracted the disease from a family who returned from Europe about ten days ago. Her first symptom was vertigo, speedily followed by headache and chills. Then she became deathly sick with pains in her limbs and muscles. This was succeeded by bronchial catarrh, soreness of the throat and coughing, followed by a high fever and an exceedingly rapid pulse, which at times reached 120 to the minute. Since then seven other members of the family have been attacked by the disease.

In all the cases the symptoms are said to be identical with those described by European physicians. The health officers say they are not surprised at the appearance of the disease here. It is not dangerous, but if it tends to become epidemic all cases will be quarantined. The treatment is the spraying of the affected membrane freely and frequently with a solution of quinine and the internal administration of quinine, belladonna and camphor.

NOT READY TO BE CONQUERED.

Serpa Pinto Finds the Mozambique Natives in a Fighting Mood.

LISBON, December 16.—The papers here give a long and detailed report of events immediately preceding the recent action of Serpa Pinto in Mozambique. Castelloes, the engineer surveying the Shire river district for the construction of a railroad, arrived at the Makololo country at the end of July. As soon as his party was within range the Makololo opened fire, and he was compelled to retaliate. Six of the Makololo were killed. Finding himself constantly menaced by the natives and considering his own party too small to fight a battle, he joined the auxiliary expedition under Engineer Themudo, and the two parties fortified a position at Mupassa and there awaited the arrival of Serpa Pinto.

Castelloes concludes by advising the Government of the necessity of purging the district of the insurgents; and expresses his hopes to complete the important survice of pacifying the country and of securing its full submission to Portugal when there is an open road to Nyassa and steamship navigation to the lake.

LAWRENCE BARRETT'S THROAT CUT.

A Successful Surgical Operation Performed on the Tragedian.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

BOSTON, MASS., December 16.—Mr. Lawrence Barrett's throat was successfully operated on to-day, by Dr. Maurice H. Richardson, at the St. Margaret's Hospital. Dr. Richardson was seen at his office this afternoon, and in reply to a question as to Mr. Barrett's condition said:

I operated on Mr. Barrett at 11 o'clock this morning. The operation is not considered a dangerous one. Mr. Barrett, of course, had to be etherized, but he rallied from the operation very well indeed. His general physical condition is very good. I saw him again at 1:30 P. M. and he was doing very nicely. I know nothing, of course, about his personal plans, but think it probable that he may rest awhile before again appearing on the stage.

Efforts were made to induce Dr. Richardson to express an opinion upon the exact nature of the disease, but he declined to go into particulars. He did, however, say that the growth appeared to be more of a fatty glandular deposit than anything else. He did not, apparently, consider it goitre.

IMPORTANT TO BREWERS.

A Decision by Judge Gresham That Will Affect Many Firms.

CHICAGO, December 16.—Judge Gresham to-day decided in favor of the plaintiffs in the suit of S. & F. Uhlman, of New York, against the Bartholomew & Leicht Brewing Company, of Chicago, for infringement of Heinrich Stockhein's patent for an improved process of beer filtration. The decision is regarded as a most important one, affecting as it does many of the largest breweries in the country, which may be at any time rendered temporarily inoperative by such an injunction, the defendants having been using filters made by Otto Zweitusch, of Milwaukee.

The matter will be taken to the Supreme Court.

$5,000 For the Fire Sufferers.

MINNEAPOLIS, December 16.—The reception at the West Hotel, to-night, for the benefit of the *Tribune* building fire sufferers, was one of the special events of the season, and highly successful from a financial standpoint, nearly $5,000 being realized from the sale of tickets.

SLUGGED A DENTIST.

A Very Mysterious Assault on the Proprietor of a Dental Parlor.

HIT ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD

By a Strange German Whose Teeth He Was in the Act of Filling.

THE WEAPON A MURDEROUS ONE.

No Reason Given by the Assailant, Who is Also a Tooth Repairer.

Dr. De Lamater, a prominent New York dentist, was the victim of a mysterious and vicious attack yesterday. He was operating on a young German, who called himself Franz Miller, and when his back was turned his patient hit him on the head with a paper parcel containing an iron cylinder weighing five pounds. The assailant was arrested.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, December 16.—A well-dressed man with German features and a black mustache, and apparently about 30 years old, called at the office of Dentist Charles H. De Lamater, at 9 A. M. to-day, to see about getting Dr. De Lamater to do something for his teeth. The dentist did not know him, and asked who had sent him. The man said he was Franz Miller, and that he had once met Dr. De Lamater's wife.

The dentist had Miller sit in the operating chair and examined his teeth. Miller said he wanted a front tooth filled with gold. Dr. De Lamater stuck some rubber between two teeth, and told the man to come around to-morrow at 9 A. M. Miller then went out. Evidently he waited nearby until he saw another patient who had been in the office leave the building, and then he returned and arranged to change the appointment. He left again, but did not reappear until 4 P. M.

IN THE OPERATING CHAIR.

Dr. DeLamater had been detained, and was ready for Miller when he came. It was dark, and he lighted the gas to do his work. Miller was quiet and rational. He took off his coat and hat, and sat in the chair. Before doing so he had laid on the steam radiator a parcel that looked like a roll of parchment done up in newspaper. Dr. De Lamater took it from the radiator, and the man seeing this started up and exclaimed:

"Look out! don't touch that."

"Why?" answered the dentist, and then noticing that it was heavy, he asked: "Is it dynamite, or something dangerous?"

"Oh, no," replied Miller; "only let it alone, please."

Dr. De Lamater laid the heavy package on a table, and began upon his patient. He noticed that Miller had removed the rubber from between his front teeth, but did not get a chance to ask why, for Miller said he wanted a filling taken from a back tooth and a new plug put in. Dr. De Lamater took out the amalgam and filled the cavity with cotton, and appointed a time for the permanent filling to put in to-morrow.

A VICIOUS ASSAULT.

It was 4:30 P. M., and quite dark. The two men were alone in the office. Other people were in the building, for it is an old residence, used now for offices, but none were near at hand. Miller put on his coat and hat, handed Dr. De Lamater a $2 bill, and saying that his father was paying the costs, asked for a receipt. The dentist stepped to his desk, and was writing the receipt, when, without a word, Miller picked up the heavy paper parcel, and stepping up behind Dr. De Lamater, banged him on the back of the head with it.

The parcel was more than a sandbag. It was a solid cylinder of iron, 18 inches long, one inch in diameter, and weighing five pounds. The newspaper was still wrapped around it, but it was only two or three sheets thick, and it did not lessen the severity of the blow. Only the fact that Miller appeared not to know how to use it, and struck too low down, saved him from becoming a murderer on the spot. An ordinary thug would have broken any man's skull with such a heavy, long and murderous weapon. As it was, the blow nearly stunned Dr. DeLamater, and gashed his skull for 2½ inches. Blood spurted from the wound and covered the back of the dentist's neck and his clothes.

THE ASSAILANT STUNNED.

After striking his man, Miller stood stock still for a moment. Then he began to quake. DeLamater turned instantly upon him and yelled. Miller ran for the office, and through the hall to the front door. De Lamater caught him there, and rushed him back to the office. There they grappled, and Miller, free again, darted out into the hallway.

A policeman, who had heard the yelling, caught the assailant almost on the step and took him to the Grand Central station. The dentist, with blood streaming down his back, went along. Miller wept as he stood at the station house desk. He said his name was really Arthur Zolski, that he lived at 319 West Forty-sixth street, and that he was a dentist himself, and was married.

DISGUISED AS BRAKEMEN.

Five Men Overpower a Clerk and Rob an Express Office.

SAN ANTONIO, December 16.—Five men, wearing brakemen's cotton jackets, entered the express office at Brownwood just after the west-bound passenger train had pulled out for San Angelo last night and asked if an express package for John Johnson came in. The night clerk informed them it did not. They told him to look over his way bills, whereupon he proceeded to put his money in the safe, when they entered the office at his back and knocked him in the head, it is supposed with a sandbag, where he lay insensible on the floor until morning.

The robbers secured $7,000 in currency and left no clue by which they could be traced.

AN INVESTIGATION DEMANDED.

The Creditors of a Bankrupt Firm Seek Relief in Court.

CHICAGO, December 16.—The creditors of C. J. Meyer & Sons, who made an assignment Saturday, with liabilities of $302,000, are pushing an active investigation. A number of them made application to Judge Prendegrast this morning for an immediate inquiry, and on motion a citation was issued by the Court on the insolvents to appear and answer such questions as the creditors desire to ask regarding the circumstances of the failure.

A MEMORIAL FROM THE POETS.

Tennyson and Others Want Browning's Remains Placed in Westminster Abbey.

LONDON, December 17.—The Dean of Westminster has received a memorial, expressing the signers' appreciation of his offer to have the remains of the poet Browning placed in Westminster Abbey.

The memorial is signed by Tennyson, Swinburne, Palgrave, Leighton, Coleridge and others.

Bowman's Slayer Gets Bail.

DE SOTO, MO., December 16.—B. M. Chambers, who shot and killed Lawyer Frank J. Bowman, was to-day released on bail in the sum of $50,000.

VICTIMS OF JEALOUSY.

A Young Plumber Found Bleeding in Snow—The Girl for Whom He Was Stabbed Confesses and Criminates Her Lover.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, December 16.—While plodding along the icy pavement in front of 46 Watts street at 3 o'clock this morning, Patrolman James McCabe, of the Eighth precinct, saw a man lying with his face downward in the snow. The policeman turned the man over. The snow was crimsoned, and splashes of congealed blood bespattered the man's garments and face. The man was unable to speak coherently, but mumbled the names of "Jennie" and "Billy." The ambulance surgeon found that he was suffering from a knife stab beneath the heart, and that he was very weak from loss of blood. He proved to be William Gilbertson, a plumber, 18 years old.

Detective O'Brien followed a trail of blood along the snow-covered pavement which led him to the stoop of a tenement at 54 Watts street, and up three flights of stairs to a room on the top floor. In front of the firmly locked door was a tell-tale pool of blood. The room was in confusion, and gave every evidence of a struggle. Jennie Lewis and Patrick White, of Providence, R. I., who sells glasses to saloons, were in bed, and pinned to the wall over the washstand was an open knife, the blade and handle covered with blood.

Jennie and her companion were arrested, and later the girl made a full confession. In a fit of jealousy because Jennie was fond of Gilbertson, the Providence man, and he quarreled, and Gilbertson was stabbed and thrown from the room. White next attacked the girl and stabbed her in the breast.

OPPOSED TO BRICE.

A Move to Protest, in a Public Meeting, Against the Chairman's Selection as Senator—His Friends Say It's Too Late for That.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

COLUMBUS, O., December 16.—The Columbus Democrats are likely to join hands before the week ends with those of Cleveland, who are protesting against Brice's election. It is reported that a conference, attended by several of the leading and most influential Democrats of the city, was held here to-night, to arrange the preliminaries for a public meeting. The names of those who took park in the proceedings cannot be ascertained at this time, nor is it possible to learn what line of policy is to be pursued. It is certain, however, that steps will be taken to unite the opposition to Brice, and unless some of the pronounced candidates develop considerable strength, an effort is to be made to have Mr. Thomas, who does not show the following expected of him, to withdraw and make it possible for Lawrence T. Neal to enter the contest.

While the opposition to Brice is assuming more definite shape, it is not believed that it is possible to accomplish his defeat. Hon. John H. Thomas came over from Springfield this evening, and will start on a missionary tour to Democratic counties to-morrow.

"How goes the battle?" he was asked.

"We can tell more about that after the smoke of the battle clears away," he said:

"Are most of the members-elect pledged to the different candidates for Senator?"

"I don't think they are. It is my opinion that a large majority of the members will come to Columbus unpledged. I am led to this conclusion by conversation with many of them, and have no reason to doubt their word."

A VERY SIGNIFICANT LIST.

Names of All the Players Who Signed New League Contracts.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, December 16.—The official roster of those who signed Players' League contracts is as follows:

Boston—Radbourne, Kilroy, Daly, Sweat, Kelly, Brouthers, Quinn, Nash, Richardson, Stovey.

New York—Ewing, Brown, Keefe, Crane, O'Day, Connor, Richardson, Whitney, O'Rourke, Gore, Slattery.

Philadelphia—Milligan, Cross, Hallman, Buffinton, Sanders, Foreman, Cunningham, Husted, Farrar, Myers, Shindle, Mulvey, Wood, Thompson, Clements, Delehanty.

Buffalo—Rowe, Mack, Clark, Ferson, Crock, Keefe, Carney, Wise, John Irwin, White, Hoy, Beecher.

Pittsburg—Hanlon, Fields, Miller, Galvin, Staley, Maul, Morris, Beckley, Dunlap, Kuehne.

Brooklyn—Ward, Andrews, O'Connor, Cook, Weyhing, Connie Murphy, Tucker, Bierbauer, Bassett, Seery, McGeechy.

Cleveland—Faatz, Stricker, Zimmer, Sutcliffe, Snyder, O'Brien, Bakely, Gruber, Twitchell, McAleer, Radford, Larkin, McKean.

Chicago—Darling, Farrell, Boyle, Tener, Baldwin, Dwyer, Bastian, Pfeffer, Latham, Van Haltren, Ryan, Duffy, Williamson