The Wheeling Daily Intelligencer.

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STATE OF THE RIVER.

A Severe Flood Probable as the Result of Rains

ON THE GREAT FALL OF SNOW.

Reports From All the Up the River Points Show a Rapid Rise---West Virginia Tribu,aries Booming. The Latest Dispatches.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Jan. 1.—The fears of a flood entertained by the rapid melting of snows in up-river districts will hardly be realized to the extent imagined. All reports agree as to light rains, but the water seems to be running smoothly out, and unless heavier rains follow, nothing much higher than a good coal boat rise is expected.

At 9:30 to-night the Pittsburgh river showed 9 feet 6 inches and rising at the rate of 8 inches per hour, which rather causes old river men to shake their heads and apprehend a serious flood in view of the heavy snows still lying on the ground in up country districts. The ground, however, has not been frozen very hard and as a result the water is not shelved down the valleys nearly so fast as it is absorbed by the earth. Many of the smaller upper tributaries are reported as booming, but the actual danger, if any, cannot come for a couple of days, and then might be stopped suddenly by a light cold snap.

THE LATEST.

All the river reports say the water is rising fast and rain still continues, and the recent heavy snows are disappearing fast. Some alarm is expressed in several quarters, but it is thought no serious floods will follow.

The river here is 9 feet 6 inches and rising at the rate of 8 inches per hour. A 15 to 16 foot stage is expected here to-morrow.

Up the River Points.

Following are the reports of the stages of water at a late hour:

Warren, Pa.—River 3 feet six-tenths and rising; cloudy and moderate.

Morgantown, W. Va.—River 12 feet and rising fast; rainy.

Brownsville, Pa.—River 11 feet 4 inches and rising; cloudy.

Weston, W. Va.—River 7 feet 6 inches and rising; rainy.

Rowlesburg, W. Va.—River 4 feet 4 inches and rising; rainy.

Freeport—River 5 feet and rising; rainy.

Oil City—River 2 feet 3 inches and rising; rainy.

Clarion—River frozen; rainy.

Parker—River 2 feet 6 inches and rising; rainy.

Brookville—River below gauge and rising; rainy.

Mahoning—River 3 feet 6 inches and rising; rainy.

Johnstown—River 1 foot 11 inches and rising; rainy.

SITUATION AT GRAFTON.

The River Rising Rapidly—Ice Going Out. Bridgemen Working Hard.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer.

GRAFTON, W. VA., Jan. 1.—Considerable alarm was felt here this afternoon by lumbermen and bridgemen, owing to the steady rain since last night, which, with the melting snow, which in the mountains was two feet deep, threatened a high river. Since nine o'clock this morning the river at this point has risen nine feet, and at 11 p. m. is still rising five inches an hour, but no damage is anticipated here, as it has turned colder and ceased raining. At Philippi and Belington, the river, at 6 p. m., had risen about three feet and was still rising slowly with ice running out of the Buckhannon river, which, up to last reports, had done no damage and none was feared. The bridgemen are at work here to-night on the new bridge, rushing the placing of the girders, and they expect to have them safely in place by morning, in case the false work should be carried away.

River Booming at Fairmont.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer.

FAIRMONT, W. VA., Jan. 1. — The weather is very warm here and the snow is melting rapidly. It commenced raining about 3 p. m., and to-night all the small streams are bank full. The Monongahela river at this point is very high and still rising rapidly.

Cheat River Behaving Itself.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer.

ROWLESBURG, W. VA., Jan. 1.—Light rains have been continuous since last night. The temperature is falling slightly. The melting of snow seems gradual. No serious fears are entertained by river men at this time.

Big River Expected at Morgantown.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer.

MORGANTOWN, W. VA., Jan. 1—The river here is fourteen feet and rising fast. It is raining and will probably give us a very big river before morning.

FEARS OF A FLOOD

Engendered by the Weather and Encouraged by the Reports from Headwaters.

The warm weather and rain yesterday made the snow disappear right rapidly. The rain was not very heavy at any time during the day, but last night for a while it fell briskly as an April shower. The thaw and rain naturally caused uneasiness among dwellers on the lowest grounds, and when it kept up through the day, this uneasiness began to be more general. The news from the upper rivers was not calculated to reassure people, and as the day wore on the anxiety increased.

If the weather remains warm and the rain continues, a disastrous flood is inevitable. A severe cold spell to-day or to-night would check the rise, but without that there must be a stage of water which will invade all low lands.

A sign which is conceded to indicate big water is the way in which the creek is running out. It rose several feet yesterday, and last night was booming out in great shape.

The river here at 7 o'clock last evening was 11 feet 6 inches. At midnight it was over 12 feet. A part of the day it rose at the rate of four inches an hour.

Trains Abandoned Last Night.

The train due on the B. & O. road after midnight last night from Chicago and the West did not arrive, and it was explained that a bridge on the Central Ohio division west of Bellaire was down. It was also stated that there was a washout on the main line between here and Grafton, and this delayed trains from the East badly.

Blizzard in the West.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Jan. 1.—A blizzard set in last night and continued with great severity during to-day over Northern Missouri and Kansas City. Kansas is covered with a blanket of snow from four inches to a foot thick, which in many places drifted to such an extent as to seriously cripple railway traffic. All the incoming trains from the west were more or less delayed for four hours.

A SERIOUS RIOT.

Hungarians at Braddock Attack Americans—Four Men Seriously Hurt.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Jan. 1.—The strike of the Hungarian furnacemen at the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, at Braddock, Pa., resulted in a serious riot this afternoon, in which four men were seriously hurt and a dozen others were battered and bruised. The Hungarians quit work at midnight and the plant was partially idle, only about 100 men being at work repairing the furnaces.

About one o'clock a crowd of 200 strikers arrived with clubs, picks, shovels, revolvers, bars of iron and every other conceivable weapon, made an attack on the furnace. The howling mob of Hungarians used their weapons freely, and men were knocked down, clubbed, bruised and unmercifully beaten. The fight lasted nearly a half an hour, and when the Hungarians were put to flight it was found that Michael Quinn, Andrew Kramer, John Neqson and Patrick Briggs, all workmen, had been seriously wounded and at least a dozen others more or less injured.

CHARGED WITH FRAUD.

Manager of a Broker's Firm Has a Serious Charge Against Him.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Jan. 1.—The Midland Mercantile Company, produce commission brokers, failed recently. Suit was brought by several of the creditors to recover alleged losses. An answer to the suit prepared by the company's attorneys was filed to-day. It charged the manager of the company, C. H. Comstock, with having entered into a conspiracy with several large commission houses here to defraud the company. Comstock, it is alleged, would buy produce on the company's credit and then sell the produce for about half its value, pocketing the proceeds and making no entries of the transaction. In this way Comstock is alleged to have defrauded the company out of $10,000. Suit will be brought against the firm involved in his transactions. When the failure of the company occurred Comstock tried to commit suicide, and failing left town. His whereabouts are unknown.

St. Mary's Oil Field.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer.

ST. MARY'S, W. VA, Jan. 1.—The Little Gulch Oil Company's No. 1, on the Biggs, at St. Mary's, drilled in yesterday and is now doing at the rate of seventy-five barrels per day. This opens up considerable territory that was heretofore considered of no account. The Schawecker well, on the tannery lot, is now through the sand and is dry. This well is located about two hundred feet from the Boss well that caused the first excitement here.

Terribly Burned.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer.

MARTINSBURG, W. VA., Jan. 1.—While Rezin Duvall, an employe of W. L. Jones, a jeweler in this city, was soldering some ware, the alcohol in the lamp which he was using became ignited and burst out all over him, burning his face terribly. In his endeavor to extinguish the flames his hands were burned almost to a crisp.

Probably a Fatal Accident.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer.

MARTINSBURG, W. VA., Jan. 1.—A young man by the name of Foulk, a brakeman on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, fell from a train this evening at North Mountain, crushing his skull, and the train ran over his arm, cutting it off. Foulk lived in Richmond, Va.

Mr. Elkins Gets an Office.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer.

ELKINS, W. VA., Jan. 1.—The town of Elkins votes for license and $12,000 street improvements. It also elected Hon. S. B. Elkins a councilman.

Buried During a Storm.

OMAHA, NEB., Jan. 1.—A special to the *Bee* from Pine Ridge Agency says: General Miles has assumed command of the forces here, relieving General Brooke, who started this morning into the field with the Second infantry going by way of Oelrichs to a point some fifteen miles north of here. Yesterday amid a blinding and bitter storm 30 of the soldiers killed at Wounded Knee were buried with military honors.

Owing to the intensely critical condition of the surroundings, with hordes of the enemy flocking about the agency threatening an attack, the usual salute of guns was omitted.

Ordered to the Front.

LINCOLN, NEB., Jan. 1.—Gov. Thayer to-day sent telegraphic instructions to the commander of the State militia at Long Pine to move at once to Chadron, the scene of the threatened Indian outbreak. Orders were also given to the commanders at Fremont, Central City and Teekamah to be prepared to start at any time.

General Brooke Relieved.

PINE RIDGE, Jan. 1.—It is rumored that General Brooke has been relieved of his command and ordered home. General Miles will take command in person and conduct all operations in the future. The funeral of the soldiers killed in Monday's battle occurred yesterday.

Caused a Sensation.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Jan. 1.—A sensation among newspaper readers was caused to-day by a reduction in price of the *Courier-Journal* from 20 and 30 cents per week to 15 and 20 cents and $10 and $12 per year to $8 and $10. The *Courier-Journal's* strength makes this action indicative of a general tendency consequent upon the improvements in facilities for printing which this paper has always been first to use.

O'Brien Denies.

PARIS, Jan. 1.—Mr. William O'Brien has issued the following statement: "In consequence of rumors concerning my alleged views and impressions apropos of the conversation held with Mr. Parnell at Boloqne, I am obliged to again warn the public against crediting such statements, as they are either pure conjectures or fabrications."

Wreck on the Iowa Central.

MASON CITY, IOWA, Jan. 1.—A wreck occurred on the Iowa Central, three miles north of Oskaloosa, last night. A passenger train, running at the rate of forty miles an hour, crashed into a standing freight train. Engineer Wolcott was fatally injured and several passengers seriously hurt.

New Minister Arrives.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Jan. 1.—Gozo Tateno, the newly appointed minister from Japan, arrived with his family on the steamship City of Pekin last night and will at once proceed to Washington.

"Neil Agrah."

M. A. Scanlan had a large house at the Grand yesterday afternoon and another good one last night. He and a good company presented the pleasing Irish drama, "Neil Agrah." The play and the company are above the average of attractions seen at the Grand, and ought to have a good audience again this evening.

A STRANGE CREATURE

Prowling About One of Chicago's Suburban Towns.

THE TRADITIONAL WILD MAN

Terrifies Those Who have Seen Him. All Efforts to Find it Out Unsuccessful—Thrilling Experience of Two Young Men.

CHICAGO, ILL., Jan. 1.—Maywood has a mystery, and through it that usually peaceful little suburb bids fair to become quite notorious.

Something over a week ago a rumor was started in Maywood that a bear or some animal very much resembling one, had been seen on the Desplaines river bank, just below the village.

Christmas Day the Desplaines river was crowded with skaters. They covered the ice from Harlem to Turner Park, and were as happy as they were numerous. In the crowd that kept close to the Northwestern railroad bridge, between River Forest and Maywood, was a party of young people from North Clark street. Charles Gardner a clerk on the Board of Trade, was one of the number, and as he was anxious not to miss the next train he went ashore below the railroad bridge, removed his skates and commenced to pick his way along a small path which led toward the Maywood Park. This was through a very thick undergrowth, and led directly to a small bridge on First avenue, spanning a ravine which runs the entire length of the park, running into the river about two hundred feet from the small bridge.

As Gardner approached the bridge he was startled by hearing what sounded to him like a moan or growl. Looking up he saw at the foot of one of the piers of the bridge something which he at first took to be a man. The figure was seated on a projecting rock and was partially concealed behind the thick weeds that surround the spot. It was peering through the tops of the weeds, and the face, as the startled man man saw it, was that of a monster. It had a low heavy brow, over which hung hair that was coarse and matted. Its eyebrows were heavy and long, and the head seemed to be set low down on the chest, so high and missive were the huge shoulders. The entire face was covered with bushy hair, and as Gardner looked in fright and wonder, a huge arm was lifted to grasp the wall as the creature rose. That was all the young man wanted to see. He tore his way up the steep bank, rushed to the depot nearly half a mile away, and boarded his train just as it was about to leave.

AGAIN SEEN.

In the meantime the mysterious creature had been seen and heard by other people. John Haberlein, Hans Mouns and Sam Harburg, three Germans living near Turner Park, had heard from some boys that some wolves or bears were prowling up and down the river. Friday they started out with guns and dogs and carefully scoured both banks of the river from Turner Park almost to Harlem, but they saw nothing alive, although in the sand, on the river bank near Harlem, they ran across some strange looking footprints, which led from the ice to the bank of the river. These tracks resembled somewhat those of a bear, but the peculiar imprints of the toes at once proved that they were not made by any bruin in existence.

Late last Saturday night, Henry Phillips and R. A. Lewis, two young men who board in River Forrest, went over to Maywood to call on some young ladies. They were walking home after their visit, and when on the West Lake street wagon bridge, stopped to look at a passenger train that was crossing the railroad bridge just below. They saw the train pass, and then looked up and down the river. The moon was shining brightly, and the reflected glitter from the ice made the picture a pretty one.

As the two young men watched the ice they saw a movement on the icy surface at the bend. Without being aware that the other was looking at the moving object each watched the figure until they both broke out at the same instant with a remark that some fellow must like skating very well to be out alone at that time of the night.

They both laughed, and as they did the figure drew away from the bend and made its way down the river toward the two watchers. It came very slowly and appeared to be carrying something. As it approached the bridge the young men could see very distinctly that it was not a skater. It took long, regular, but very slow strides, and at each step a clacking sound could be heard as if some loose shoe sole was coming in contact with the smooth ice at every step.

The reflection from the ice threw its rays on the features of the strange looking midnight marauder, and as it came nearer and nearer to the young men they were almost horror-stricken at its appearance. The figure was that of a man, big, brawny and muscular, but whether covered with hair or clothes was hard to discern. It wore no hat, and its white hands, as one hung by its side and the other grasped the burden on its shoulder, were in great contrast to the dark face, black hair and peculiar looking body. The head seemed scarcely higher than the shoulders, and as the creature moved along, a peculiar hissing sound came from it, as if it were breathing through its teeth.

FRIGHTENED WATCHERS.

When it halted under the bridge, or a little to one side of it, and directly in full view of the watchers, it dropped its burden. It seemed to be fearful of something, and looked around in every direction. The young men crouched on the floor of the bridge and peered cautiously over the edge of the rail. The Thing hissed and mumbled as it stood there, and Lewis became so badly frightened that he almost yelled outright, and was only stopped by the strong hand clasp of his friend.

In a few moments a movement was heard on the ice. They saw it pass under the railroad bridge and watched it move on down toward Harlem until it was lost to view around the bend of the river just below.

Just as Lewis and Phillips had reached the end of the bridge on their homeward way, and were discussing the strange sight they had seen, they were again startled by hearing a loud cry. They concluded that they had seen enough for one night, and agreed that the sound they had just heard had been made by some night-bird or animal. They were quite nervous anyhow, and as Lewis was especially anxious to go to his home, it was with difficulty that his friend could persuade him to wait a few moments to see if anything would appear.

They did not wait long. From under the railroad bridge shot the same figure they had just lost sight of. It was moving rapidly, and was without the burden it had carried when last seen. It rushed to the center of the space between the two bridges and sat or crouched on a small rock that showed above the surface of the ice, where it remained for a few seconds, hissing through its teeth and waving its long arms around as if to ward off some pursuer or enemy. Only for a few seconds did the mysterious creature remain in this position. Then it arose and slowly moved toward the west bank of the river.

The young men at once started for their homes, and the next morning told their story. Young Gardner was found by the reporter, and a visit to Maywood disclosed the fact that many prominent persons had heard of the mysterious figure.

FROM THE WORLD'S END.

A Missing Chicago Manufacturer Returns. A Surprise for Wife and Children.

CHICAGO, ILL, Jan. 1.—John W. Dunn, the missing brick manufacturer who disappeared from his home September 8, is once more in the bosom of his family. He returned to his home Christmas Eve, and made by far the best Christmas present wife and babies had ever received. It was as if he had come back from the grave, as many of his friends believed him dead.

It was about 8:30 o'clock in the evening, when all the children in Christendom were hanging up their stockings for Santa Claus to fill, when the front door bell of the Dunn mansion, at No. 960 West Monroe street, rang loudly. Mr. Dunn's little daughter, Mabel, a pretty child of ten, answered the summons. Opening the door, she saw a great big familiar figure before her.

"It's papa! it's papa! papa's come back!" she screamed. She turned back in an instant and dashed into the library, where her mother sat brooding over her absent husband. The wife leaped to her feet, rushed into the hall, and fell half fainting from sheer joy into the pair of strong arms extended to *clasp her.*

There was joy in the Dunn mansion that night and the children adjusted their little stockings right close to the big open fireplace that had no fire in it in order that old Santa Claus could come down without getting warmed up, and the next morning the stockings were crammed full of pretty things, and curious things, too; for the giver had brought some of them from far-off Australia, whither he fled in the darkest hours of his troubles and where he sought and found not contentment from his sorrows.

It was true Mr. Dunn had been to Australia, and he related the sad story to his attorney, Henry Helm, yesterday in his office in the Calumet building. He left Chicago while partially insane over the business troubles that were pressing harder and harder day by day, and went he scarcely knew or cared whither. He landed in San Francisco and determined to go to Australia and there, if possible, seek fortune. and if he found it return once more to Chicago and face his creditors.

Fortune he found not, but he soon discovered that the antipodes was no place for him, and he also discovered that he made an error in not remaining in Chicago and beside of his wife and children. A few weeks in Australia sickened him, and without attempting to locate he took a steamer for San Francisco and came back.

Mr. Dunn had a large number of creditors to face, but he found them none too severe, and all were prepared to overlook his first mistakes and bridge him over as far as lay in their power. So kind have been his friends that yesterday Mr. Dunn closed a deal with a party of friends whereby he is to receive $30,000 in cash to begin anew and resume his business once more and pay off his debts.

When Mr. Dunn left Chicago he had an indebtedness of over $80,000 standing against him, over $23,000 of which he owed his aged father, who was exceedingly bitter against his son and declared he would never look upon his face again or own him as his son. Mr. Dunn has succeeded in a measure in appeasing his father's wrath and easing the former bitterness.

His old-time friend, Pat Sheedy, the "high-rolling sport" with whom Mr. Dunn lost a large sum in horse-racing ventures, has forever been barred from Mr. Dunn's further acquaintance.

NAVAJO SNAKE DANCE.

It Is a Religious Ceremony Among the Southern Indians.

CHICAGO, ILL., Jan. 1.—"Benjamin Brink, Moqui, Ari.," was written on the register at the Palmer House yesterday by a robust looking man of sixty somewhat stoop-shouldered. Mr. Brink is an Indian trader, and as Moqui is ninety miles away from the Pacific railroad, he says he did not hear about the trouble among the Indians in the Northwest until four days ago.

"From what I have heard of the 'ghost dance,'" said Mr. Brink, I cannot see why it should stir up such a row. The 'snake dance,' I believe, is ten times more exciting, and the Zuni, Navajo and Moqui Indians on the reservation near my home work themselves into a perfect frenzy during its progress, but never think of molesting the whites.

"It is part of their religion, though, and if any attempt were made to stop it I believe there would be bloodshed. The dance takes place once in two years. The last one was celebrated in July. Preparations were made several weeks before it came off, and I was as anxious to be a spectator as they were. A stranger or wilder ceremony I never saw. I hope I shall never see it again. The dance took place just before sundown, and I got up on a high ledge where I could get a good view. The space allowed for the dancers was not large and was enclosed. Fifteen fine-looking Indians began to walk rather slowly at first around a huge stone in the center of the inclosure. They were almost naked, and every part of their bodies, even to their feet, was smeared with a red and green paint. Each man had a fox's scalp dangling from his waist and in each hand carried a rattle made of a gourd. Hoofs of deer were tied around their ankles and wrists, and at each step and movement of the arm noise enough was make to wake the dead.

"The snakes to be used in the dance had been caught several days before the fete, and just before the dance had been placed in a cluster of trees beneath where I stood. After the men had yelled till they were hoarse and had made themselves tired with stamping on the ground, fifty more painted redskins came rushing down a hill, filed into the enclosure, and then began such a tumult as I never want to hear again. At a given signal the sixty-five now thoroughly frantic men made a rush for the grove where the snakes were hidden. Each man came rushing back with a wriggling and squirming snake, its neck between his teeth so it could not bite him, re-entering the ring and began a slow walk around the center stone. The reptiles hissed and dashed their tails and bodies around the necks of the apparently mad red men. Several of them were bitten by the snaks, which were the most venomous in the country. It is a wonder all of the performers were not bitten. Two of them died a day or two after the dance, the herbs applied not being sufficient to draw out the poison.

"After the ceremony each man snatched his snake from his mouth, ran down into the valley below, and there the reptiles were set free. The Indians were thoroughly exhausted after their violent exercise and could scarcely crawl back up the hill. From what I could learn such ceremonies as the 'snake dance' have been held for centuries.

Steamship News.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 1.—Pacific Mail steamship City of Peking arrived this afternoon from Hong Kong and Yokohama.

"RIVERS OF BLOOD"

Will Flow in Russia Before Freedom is Gained.

AN IMPENDING REVOLUTION

In the Land of the Czar—Interesting Interview with Stepniak, the Famous Nihilist, Just Landed in this Country.

NEW YORK, Jan. 1.—Sergius Stepniak, the famous Russian revolutionist, exile and writer, arrived in New York on the Umbria and is occupying apartments at the Everett house. Mrs. Stepniak accompanies him. He has come to this country to deliver fifty or more lectures, and, in view of the great interest which Americans feel in Russian affairs, and the particular interest which they must necessarily take in a man who has been a co-worker with the most noted leaders of the popular movement against the Czar, it seems probable that he will address large audiences.

It was a mild-mannered Nihilist who sat in a room at the Everett house at 4 o'clock and answered questions from newspaper men. Anybody, taking a good look at him, would say: "There's a man overflowing with good-nature; a warm-hearted, sympathetic fellow. He cannot be a Nihilist."

WHAT THE NIHILISTS WANT.

"The Nihilists as a party," said he, "believe that certain things should be given to the people of Russia. They want a National Parliament, universal suffrage, local autonomy, and nationalization of land. They do not believe in a State Church, but in absolute freedom in religious matters. For the present they are fighting for but one thing, and that is for the substitution of a free government in the place of autocracy. They ask no more than this, willing to leave the rest to be settled afterward, and willing to take their chances with other parties in the determination of what institutions are best suited to a free people. They do not ask for a republic, although they are individually republicans. They would be willing that the reigning Czar should be the President for life. But they do insist that autocratic power shall be done away with."

This and much more Stepniak said, speaking with great rapidity and earnestness, exhibiting a wonderful command of English and the ability to use English words discriminatingly. His pronunciation, however, was far from good, and at times it was difficult to catch the words which fell so rapidly from his lips.

"What are you here for, to make some money?" was the next question.

"Oh, no," answered Stepniak to this rather abrupt inquiry. "I come as the representative of the paper which is published in England—*Free Russia*—a paper which has for its object the awakening in the civilized nations of the world of a sentiment of disapproval of the course of the Russian Government toward the people of Russia. We have no popular sentiment to which we may appeal in our own land in the hope that it may lead to a modification of the rigorous treatment of his subjects administered by the Czar. But we realize that foreign opinion of our country has a tremendous influence. In the sentiments of other people than our own we have found a lever which we may use to great advantage in our work.

KENNAN'S GREAT WORK.

"For example, we realize that what has come from the work of George Kennan has made an epoch in Russian history. I do not mean that the sentiment which he has aroused has had its greatest effect direct upon the Czar. It has operated perhaps more strongly upon others, upon the great body of officials surrounding the Czar, and it has certainly produced a great impression upon the entire body of Russian liberals. The paper of which I speak was founded by some of the leading men of England, and our committee of management is composed of noted men of both parties. I wish to create in this country an interest in our cause similar to that which is felt in England. That is what I am here for, and if I do it I shall consider that I have made a very successful journey."

"Do you indorse the practices of the Russian terrorists?" was the next interrogatory which was submitted.

To this question Stepniak responded with the counter question; "If any one of you should have your sister flogged what would be your feelings—what step would you stop at to overturn the Government that authorized such a punishment?" Then he went on to describe the relations prevailing in Russia between the people and sovereign. The conditions were so severe, he said, that they could not be tolerated.

"We tried the propaganda first," he continued, "but we got nothing from it except the most cruel and barbarous treatment of all who took part in it. There is no other way than by the use of force to get what we want and must have, and I believe that it will in the end be better for humanity if force shall be used than it would be if we should continue to endure.

HIS OWN EXPERIENCE.

"I had my first trouble with the Government," said Stepniak, "in 1873, when I was making propaganda among the peasants. I was ordered into exile. But I didn't leave the country. I changed my name and residence somewhat and still kept on with my work. I was probably the first of what are known as the 'illegal people.' That phrase covers persons who, having been ordered to leave the country, stay in it under assumed names, liable, if apprehended, to undergo severe punishment. I went to Switzerland in 1875, and there wrote for a leaflet publication which was circulated in Russia. Later I returned to Russia, still an 'illegal' person, and published a paper called *Land and Liberty*."

"How did you manage to escape arrest?"

"Ah, that was my good luck," said Stepniak.

"And what is you status now; would you dare to go back to Russia?"

"I shall go if I consider it my duty to go."

"What would they do with you if they should find you in the country; send you to Siberia?"

"Worse than that," answered Stepniak, with a smile. "It might be that horrible prison at Schusselbourg, which is far worse than Siberia. There's many a Russian, I can tell you, who would be very happy to be sent to Siberia rather than to Schusselbourg. Really I should consider that I had done very little for my country if I should only be sent to Siberia."

IMPENDING REVOLUTION.

"Stepniak is not your name; what is your name? They call you by five or six names in this country; what is the right one?"

The Russian laughed at this question and then he answered: "My name is Stepniak. That is the name that I will be known by. I was born 'Stepniak' when I wrote my book, 'Underground Russia,' down in Italy. I choose to conceal my real name. Let the Russian Government know me as 'Stepniak.' I have never done aught that I am ashamed of or regret, but I do not wish to give my name and it is my right to withhold it."

"Have you ever killed anybody?" mildly inquired one of the journalists.

Stepniak opened his eyes at this question, as well he might, but he answered it promptly in the negative.

"I didn't suppose that you had," said the inquirer.

Somebody asked what Stepniak thought of the murder of Seliverskoff by Padlewski.

"I don't justify that," said Stepnaik. "It was not necessary. In a country like France there may be an appeal to public opinion, and force is not necessary. I am sorry that Padlewski committed that murder. All the same, though, I am glad that he was not arrested."

The last question put to Stepniak was whether or not he considered that the reigning Czar's life was in danger.

"Yes, I do," was the answer that came with great emphasis. "A great revolution is impending in Russia, and unless some concessions are speedily made to the people it will soon come upon the country, and, depend upon it, rivers of blood will flow."

A CLERICAL ACTOR.

A Popular Minister Creates a Sensation by Appearing in Comic Opera.

AMESBURY, MASS, Jan. 1.—The Rev. A. C. White, the bright and popular pastor of the Universalist church, has caused a profound sensation by donning the buskin and impersonating *Miles Standish*, in the comic opera "*Priscilla*," composed by Messrs. Henry D. Coolidge and Thomas Surette. The opera was presented here last Friday, with a cast drawn from local talent.

When it became known that the Rev. Mr. White was figuring as the hero in the play there was a little shyness on the part of the other actors, but after a few rehearsals the feeling wore off. The minister entered into the sport with as much gusto as the younger people, and they quickly saw that he possessed rare histrionic ability, and when the night for the performance arrived there was a well filled house.

The audience was divided between horror and admiration. The minister's acting was superb and his voice was captivating. He made a capital "Miles Standish," and carried the house by storm by his really meritorious work. He was called before the curtain and applauded to the echo. Since that night the gossips of all denominations have pounced upon the parson and have hauled him over the coals with spiteful persistency. The Universalists stand by their pastor through thick and thin.

Mr. White preached his last sermon as pastor of the church Sunday. He intends spending the winter in Tampa, Fla., where he has an orange grove, and it is hinted that his next venture will be on the stage, rather than in the pulpit. He graduated from the Divinity School of Tuft's College in 1880, and has been here ever since, with the exception of two years spent in Augusta, Maine.

Mr. White enjoys the distinction of being the youngest survivor of the late war. In 1888 he was talked of for National Chaplain of the G. A. R., but failed of election. His war record began in his ninth year, when he went out with the Sixty-fourth Ohio Volunteers, as a drummer, December 14, 1861. His father was a lieutenant in the company, and later on a captain. He became sick after nine months of service, and went home for good, but while in the army performed a drummer's duties faithfully. He was born in Ohio, but is a descendant of Deacon John White, one of the first "seven selectmen" of Cambridge, Mass. He is also descended, on his grandmother's side, from Major Henry Clark, who raised and equipped, at his own expense, a regiment of patriotic volunteers for service in the Revolutionary war.

THE FIGHT IS ON

Between the Archbishops and the Parnellites—The End is not Yet.

CORK, Jan. 1.—The feud existing between the Archbishops and the Parnellites, which has been slumbering since the election in North Kilkenny, burst forth fiercely to-day, and the most bitter feeling prevails on both sides. Mayor Horgan, an earnest supporter of Parnell, was installed at the town hall as Mayor of Cork to-day, and amid a scene of intense enthusiasm on the part of the Parnellites.

This trouble manifested itself when the arrangements were being made during the morning for the customary installation ceremony at the Catholic Cathedral, which has always formed part of the day's proceedings. The Parnellites were then informed, first by rumor, and afterwards as a positive fact, that the installation ceremonies at the Cathedral must be abandoned, as the Bishop, the Right Rev. T. A. O'Callahan, D. D., refused to receive the Parnellite Mayor. This information was greeted with many signs of extreme indignation by the Parnellites, who are now convinced that the battle with the priesthood is only in its early stages and that a long and desperate struggle for supremacy between themselves and the priests may be looked forward to throughout Ireland if Mr. Parnell remains at the head of his faction of the Irish party.

A Falsehood in the Quest.

To the Editor of the Intelligencer.

SIR:—The reckless sensation-monger, the *Police Gazette* of Wheeling, called *The Quest*, prints in its issue of to-day a list of saloon keepers who sell on Sunday, and my name is in the list. I have been in the saloon business in Wheeling eleven years, and no truthful man can say he ever got a drink or a cigar in my place on Sunday. The statement that my back door was open on Sunday is unqualifiedly false. One door opens on Fourteenth street and the other into the Opera House entrance. One is as public as the other. It is well known to the public that my place is never open on Sunday, and that paper is guilty of malicious slander when it includes me in such a list. The editor should in his morbid desire to be sensational at least avoid accusing a law-abiding citizen of violating the law. LEO RIESTER.

Wheeling, January 1.

Cleveland's Minstrels Coming.

W. S. Cleveland's Consolidated Minstrels, after a season of phenomenal success in New York and other larger cities of the East, will be seen at the Opera House next Wednesday, Januar 7. The merits of this attraction are well known to the amusement-going public, and were they not, either Mr. Cleveland's name or the company's roster would be a guaranty of superiority. Among the stellar celebrities who are with the company are Billy Emerson, Barney Fagan, Hughey Dougherty, Luke Schoolcraft, Griffin and Marks, Fields and Hanson, Signor Benedetto, and the famous Craggs, eight in number, refined British acrobats. Such an array of talent is rarely collected in one group, and the financial success of the engagement is assured.

Fulton Nominations.

The citizens of Fulton have nominated the following for the village offices to be filled at the election January 6: Mayor, Ed Hamm and Adolph Yacke; Recorder, A. C. Wagner and Charles Hoffman; Five members of Council, Louis Loeckel, William Bayless, Christ Hoffman, Charles Schenck, George Kitson, M. Freismuth, George Zoeckler, jr., Herman Gehringer, M. Stein, George Busch, Lawrence Heller and August Miller.

STATE DEVELOPMENT.

Mr. A. W. Campbell's Trip Through the Two Virginias.

ACTIVITY IN ALL SECTIONS.

A Great Move in the Old State--Boom Prices in New Towns--The Rival West Virginia Systems--What Mr. Elkins is Doing.

"Can't you give the INTELLIGENCER some account of your recent trips into the interior of the 'two Virginias,'" said an INTELLIGENCER man to Mr. A. W. Campbell yesterday.

"Why, certainly. Anything to make the boys happy, if they are short of matter for to-morrow," said the ex-newspaper man. "What is it you would like to know?"

"Well, you have recently been over the Chesapeake & Ohio, and, later, over the West Virginia Central. We would like to know what is going on as you gathered it while away."

"A great deal is going on, both *in esse* and *in posse* (if you will excuse my French). There are marvelous developments, present and prospective, in the 'two Virginias.'"

"To what do you particularly refer?"

"I refer to the mania that seems to exist for town building in Virginia, and for exploiting the hidden resources of the two States in the way of iron ore, coal and lumber," said Mr. Campbell.

"To what special localities do you refer?"

"Well, I refer generally to the whole length of several important railroad lines—for instance, the Chesapeake & Ohio and the Norfolk & Western, in Virginia, and the rival Davis-Elkins and Camden systems in this State."

"Of course you read the recent semi-official article written at Parkersburg and published in the Wheeling papers in regard to the Camden programme, didn't you?" inquired the reporter.

"Yes, and I suppose, as you say, that the article is at least semi-official, if not wholly so. I heard intimations of the same thing while away. The same sort of an article, in whole or part, might also be written in regard to the programme of the Davis-Elkins railroad system. They both aim at the same objective points, viz. the Chesapeake & Ohio ore fields at the south of their present termini and Pittsburgh at the north, incidentally taking in Wheeling by way of the Baltimore & Ohio."

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO ORE FIELDS.

"Can you tell us something about the ore fields along the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad, at which you say they are aiming?"

"Yes, something, but I do not pretend to be fully posted as to details. I stopped off at Covington, the county seat of Allegheny, in Virginia, adjoining the West Virginia line, in order to look into the ore question. Covington may be called the principal center of the ore fields tributary to the Chesapeake & Ohio system in Virginia. It is almost due south of Beverly, Randolph county, W. Va., say 120 miles distant. The famous Rich Patch mines have their headquarters at this place, probably the richest development of iron ore along the line of the Chesapeake & Ohio.

"The Lowmoor furnaces are near Covington and I visited the openings worked by the company, as also their washing machinery, whereby they free their brown hematite ores from earthy matter. These ores average forty to forty-two per cent of iron and their commercial value on board the cars is $2 50 per ton. It takes two and a half tons to produce a ton of iron, and it requires about 2,800 pounds of coke, costing $3 50 per ton, to smelt them, as also a ton of limestone, valued at seventy cents. The cost of labor is estimated at $1 50 per ton, and the whole cost of producing a ton of iron is figured at $12 to $12 50. This includes the two grades of foundry and mill irons. The freight to Philadelphia and New York on these irons (where nearly all the Chesapeake & Ohio product is merchanted) is $3 50 to $4 per ton, and the price there is about $17 for foundry. The principal output of the Lowmoor is foundry. The company has its own coke ovens; hauls its coal from New river, W. Va., about seventy-five miles, and cokes it at its furnace. They pay ninety cents per ton for the coal at the works and about one dollar freight.

"East of the Lowmoor furnaces, in the vicinity of the junction of the Richmond & Allegheny branch of the Chesapeake & Ohio with the main line at Clifton Forge, are the Longdale and other furnaces that are supplied with ore by the local mines and all with coke or coal from the New river region in West Virginia."

"You spoke of town building as a present mania in Virginia; what do you mean by that?" said the reporter.

TOWN BUILDING IN VIRGINIA.

"Why simply this, that every few miles along the Chesapeake & Ohio road a town company has been formed, the adjacent lands bought up or held on options, and a town site, or rather a city site, laid out. Now, for instance, take Clifton Forge, just mentioned by me as the point of junction between the Richmond and Allegheny branch and the main line of the Chesapeake & Ohio. Agriculturally the land is worthless. It was all bought up or optioned less than a year ago by a town company at $13 per acre, and the sellers were glad to take over fifty per cent of this price in stock in the land company. Last September the company made a public sale and bidders and buyers came from far and near, and a great many lots were sold at prices ranging from $50 to $100 per front foot. The basis for this boom is the location of the Chesapeake & Ohio shops at this junction—very extensive shops by the way—and great expectations in the way of furnaces, foundries, rolling mills, etc. Clifton Forge is an old point. They had a furnace (long gone to decay) there before the war. It is located on the two sides of Jackson river, the principal tributary of the James. It is the possible point of junction on the part of the Camden or the Davis-Elkins systems one or both, with the Chesapeake & Ohio. A real estate man drove me all over the place and the outlying and laid off grounds, over all sorts of grades and amid all sizes of mountain side boulders. He showed me lots, 25x100, which were held at $100 per foot. I asked, in all seriousness, if it was really possible that these lots had been sold at such prices, and he assured me that they had been. Why, said I, I can buy lots in Wheeling, along paved streets, where there is gas, water, street cars and all city conveniences, including established industries, and a population of 35,000, for this price. That may be, said he, but all the same we expect higher prices for these lots next spring. They were bought on speculation at these prices, and they are firmly held for a rise.

"I could only express to him my sense of the utter absurdity of such prices. Look at it, I said. At Covington, thirteen miles west, they have also a town company, and they expect to be a great centre. They have been a village for seventy-five years. Like you, they have hundreds of lots laid off, and like you they expect to be the point of junction with our two competing West Virginia systems.

"Then, again, there is Lowmoor, a half way point. They also have hundreds of lots laid off, and they too expect to be a manufacturing centre and a great city. Then there is Iron Gate, two miles east of you. They have an immense area staked off in town lots. They have built a fine hotel and have bought and planted the little old Moundsville rolling mill in their midst, and near by have erected a one horse curry comb factory, and they also expect to become a great centre—a Pittsburgh or Wheeling.

LOOKING FOR A SPRING RISE.

"I had a good listener and a good natured fellow in this real estate man, and he seemed interested, if not surprised, when I told him the story of Birmingham, Ala., Wichita, Kan., Los Angeles, Cal., and one or two other boom localities that I was more or less familiar with. His business, however, was to boom things in and around Clifton Forge, and whatever his convictions he persisted in saying that there would be a rise this coming spring, and now was the accepted time to invest. He had a fifty-ton furnace on his hands for sale, the "Princess" furnace, located seventeen miles from the Forge, operated by a Pennsylvania man, to which there was a lot of ore land attached, the ground floor price of which (to a stock company to be formed) would be $425,000, which was considered cheap and $175,000 below a possible maximum that might be obtained if the plant was judiciously handled in the market.

"Over at Iron Gate, two miles east of Clifton Forge, I met with "Jake" Yost, as he is familiarly called, an ex-member of Congress from Staunton. He is running the boom at this place. His company have built an excellent hotel—price, $3 per day—and have, as I said, transplanted the little Moundsville rolling mill, about which there was so much legal fuss and so many sales of one kind or another, in days gone by. It was finally sold at an old iron price to J. D. Weeks, of Pittsburgh, and by him resold to the boomers of Iron Gate. They are at present making muck bar for a Richmond concern, and say they are doing so at a profit."

"How about labor, expense of living, &c., in that manufacturing country?" inquired the reporter at this stage in the interview.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM.

"Labor at the ore mines is nearly all negro labor. It is paid $1 25 per day, which is a recent rise of 25 cents per day. There is a great demand for labor. All last summer thousands of negroes were employed in grading town sites for these future populous cities, and so great was this demand that the ore companies had to put up the price to $1 25 per day. They all agree that it is an excellent class of labor, and especially valuable, as they put it, because it has so little disposition to strike. Nearly all the labor at Lowmoor, Longdale and other furnaces is also negro labor. The money earned is spent, for the most part, at the company's stores, where goods are not sold as cheap by any means as at Wheeling.

"Pretty much all that is consumed by the people is brought into the country from Eastern and Western markets, and hence living is expensive."

"You went over the entire line of the Chesapeake & Ohio did you not, and saw pretty much the same state of things at all points, did you not?"

"Yes, I went over the entire length of the main line, from Huntington to Old Point and Norfolk, although I did not stop off at every point. I stopped off enough, however, to see and hear that it was everywhere the same thing—boom—boom—boom all along the line—at Goshen, Basic City, Buchanan, Staunton and everywhere else."

"Well, what are your impressions as a whole as to the outcome and usefulness of what is going on in Virginia?"

GREAT DEVELOPMENT.

"As a whole, it will result in a great development of the old State. Railroads will be built, coal and ore mines opened, agriculture stimulated, hidden resources of all kinds quickened into development, ideas broadened and much good done. A good deal of money has been and will be made by the shrewd "promoters," and a good deal will be lost by the "fleeced lambs." Virginia will be a long way ahead as an industrial commonwealth of her past record. What I saw is only a modicum of what is going on. A visit along the line of the Norfolk & Western railroad would reveal as much more in the matter of coal and lumber development. I want to take that line in shortly. It has developed the most wonderful coal and coke field in the United States outside of Connellsville. I refer to the Pocahontas field, nine-tenths of which is in West Virginia. The Norfolk & Western carried a million tons of coal to tide-water last year. At Norfolk their coal tipple stretches one-fourth way across the bay, and the steamers of all nations and of our own coastwise trade coal at that tipple. I was much impressed with the future outlook of Norfolk—more so than any other point. It is an old place, like Wheeling, and has about the same number of people, and both places have probably about the same future of growth in store. I was there during the two days' sale of lots at Lambert's Point, just adjoining, and the prices obtained did not seem to me unduly high."

IN WEST VIRGINIA.

"Leaving the old State of Virginia and its recent awakening to one side for the present, I would like to ask you about your recent trip over the West Virginia Central, and as to what you saw in that part of our own State."

"Well, you have probably got enough in the way of an interview for one day. Some other time, if you so desire, I will give you an interrogatory sitting as to the developments along the line of the West Virginia Central. Suffice it to say that a great work has been done for the State by that line. Davis and Elkins and their associates, like Camden and his associates, have been real benefactors to West Virginia. It is not necessary to discuss them in the light of philanthropists in order to admit that they are benefactors. They are on the make, of course, and taking chances of success as they go, but they are all the same increasing the wealth and the population of the State. Elkins is a broad guage man who has come into the State to be part and parcel of it. He has built a home that is an object lesson in the way of beauty, comfort and convenience to the people of the Upper Tygarts valley, and more than that he has built a railroad that has opened up the coal and lumber of Mineral, Tucker and Randolph counties—a road that he proposes to push both north and south through the State. This interview would be unduly long if I were to go into the details of his programme, but at another time, if you have any special thirst for information on this subject, I will be glad to go over the maps with you and point out what at present seem to be the lines of coming development at the hands of his so-called railroad system. Of course Mr. Elkins does not give his railroad schemes away, but he talks very freely about the resources along proposed routes and their various competing advantages. I think that any one who studies the recently issued geological maps of the Powell survey can form a tolerably clear idea of the necessary routes of both the Camden and the Davis-Elkins lines. It is a good thing that these two lines are in competition towards the same objective points, as the State will all the sooner get the benefits of both."

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

How New Year's Day was Observed in Washington City.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION

A Magnificent Affair---A Gorgeous Spectacle---Flowers and Music Abound---A Wet Day---Mr. Blaine's Mansion Burned.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 1.—The year 1891 opened wet, disagreeable and gloomy, and the streets were so filled with slush from the melting snow that pedestrianism was difficult and decidedly unpleasant.

The President's reception was, of course, the social feature of the day. The historic White House, which has been the scene of so many brilliant spectacles, never looked prettier than it did to-day.

The government conservatories and hot houses were taxed to their utmost capacity for flowers and plants and the supply being inadequate to meet the President's desire, recourse was had to private dealers. In fact, it was found necessary to go to New York and Philadelphia for some of the flowers used in the devices.

The reception began at 11 o'clock, the receiving party, taking their places in the Blue Parlor at that hour to the familiar strains of "Hail to the Chief," played by the full Marine band, which was stationed in the vestibule just inside the main entrance.

Vice President Morton and Mrs. Morton and all the members of the Cabinet, with the ladies of their families, with the exception of Mrs. Blaine, had previously joined the President and Mrs. Harrison and followed them down stairs to the reception room. Here all the gentlemen with the exception of the President retired to the rear of the Blue Parlor, where a large number of invited guests had already gathered.

The members of the Diplomatic Corps were first received. All were in full court costume, which, in many cases, notably the Russian, German, Austrian, French and Chinese Ministers, was of the most gorgeous description. They were presented by Secretary Blaine and Assistant Secretary Wharton, and made a brilliant spectacle with their glittering jewels, gold braids and clanking swords. Baron Favia, of Italy, is dean of the corps of virtue of seniority of service, led the procession, and was followed by Senor Romero, of Mexico. Nearly all the diplomats were accompanied by ladies. Accompanying the corps were the members of the International Monetary Conference and the members of the American International Railway Conference. They were followed soon after by the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the United States Supreme Court, the Judges of the United States Court of Claims and the Judiciary of the District of Columbia.

The other official receptions were largely attended, most of the people who visited the White House calling on the Vice President and the members of the Cabinet, all the latter, except Secretary Tracy, keeping open house.

Secretary Blaine gave the Diplomatic Corps a breakfast immediately after the reception of the corps at the White House and afterwards received the public. Miss Blaine assisted him.

SECRETARY BLAINE'S MANSION

On Fire, But Soon Under Control—Costly Furniture Piled in the Street.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 1.—Fire started in the house owned by Secretary Blaine, but at present occupied by Mr. Leiter, of Chicago, shortly before noon to-day. The fire department soon got the flames under control.

On the north side of the house the portico and lawn was crowded with piles of handsome furniture, rugs, pictures and curtains. The Leiter house was one of the most handsomely furnished in the city.

The damage was almost entirely to the house, for as soon as the flames were discovered and the alarm turned in the maids and servants started to work to remove the handsome paintings and furniture and store them in the neighboring houses that were opened up hospitably at once. In the garret were stored seven imense trunks packed with gowns just from Paris. They were uninjured apparently, as the trunks themselves were closed and waterproof.

MONEY FOR THE FARMERS.

Is a Crop Which Now Receives Little Attention—Thousands of Dollars Can be Saved to This Section.

The other day an INTELLIGENCER reporter had an interesting talk with Mr. E. Flaccus, of Flaccus Bros., the catsup manufacturers. Speaking of the shortage of fruits in general, and tomatoes in particular, Mr. Flaccus said his firm usually put up a good many canned tomatoes, but this year had difficulty in getting enough tomatoes for catsup, so that they cut down the output of canned tomatoes as much as their contracts would allow. Having on hand a large excess of cans, they bought all the pumpkins they could find and filled these cans with them. These sold well, all being disposed of already.

Mr. Flaccus says the best apples are grown right here. In the South they are insipid, and in the North too tart. This climate and soil are just right. The same is true of tomatoes. There is no section in which as fine tomatoes grow as abundantly with as little care.

The firm is having some trouble to secure tomatoes for next year. They always contract for them in the winter. The crop having been a comparative failure last year, growers are afraid to go into the business on a large scale this year.

The annual product of this one establishment represents about $300,000. Of this not over $50,000 is sold in the market usually tributary to Wheeling, so that a quarter of a million dollars is brought here from all over the country yearly for their goods. Were the raw material all produced here, this would mean that much cash paid out for labor and to the farmers for fruits, etc. This year the firm sent $10,000 to one man in Southwestern Ohio for tomatoes alone. Large sums were also paid out by an agent in New Jersey.

One farmer here in a recent year got 400 bushels of tomatoes off a single acre. These, at 20 cents a bushel—$6 80 a ton, the ruling price here, as against $6 50 in all other markets—brought him $80, which was more than the land was worth. The crop requires little care, the vines yield constantly till frost, and the business is in every way desirable. It seems a pity that farmers here do not keep at home all the money paid out by this and the other two large concerns—George K. McMechen & Son and J. W. Hunter—in the same general line of manufacture. The tomato crop is certainly well worthy of their attention.

CATARRH is not a local but a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla to effect a cure. 13