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Mr. Powderly is said to be preparing a letter in which he takes strong ground for Protection.

The President on Monday approved the act granting pensions to the soldiers and sailors of the Mexican war.

All evidences point to the fact that the majority voice of popular opinion is hostile to any legislation which would diminish the Protective force of the tariff. What the people want is more Protection, not less.

Five companies of military ordered at Newport News to make men behave themselves who were quietly asleep in their beds. That's the way we do things in this grand old mother of States.—*Labor Herald.*

The people of Virginia may be deceived by a ring of politicians to-day, but when brought squarely to the issue they will not defy the government merely to keep the incompetent democratic officeholders in office.—*Index-Appeal* (Dem.)

Blackstone, the Portland defaulter, has written a letter, in which he says: Let no man tell me that the wages of sin is not death. Instead of being an exile and fugitive from justice, I might to-day, if I had not done wrong, been a bank cashier." He is haggard, sick and miserable. Verily, the path of rectitude is the path of happiness, and a good conscience is worth more than millions.

Several newspapers have been publishing articles about General Grant's drinking habits. The truth in the matter is easily told. At one time General Grant was more or less a victim to alcohol. He struggled against it manfully. He succeeded. The victory over appetite was as great—and greater in a moral sense—as any of his victories in the war. We honor him all the more for it. As to those who seem to revive the stories of the past there is but one honest sentiment, and there are not despicable words enough in the English language to give that sentiment adequate expression.

Brigham Young's return to earth after an absence of nearly nine years and a half is the most natural thing in the world. Of a man who felt on sufficiently intimate terms with the ruler of the universe to set up a branch office for the conduct of a part of its affairs, such a miracle was quite to be expected. The wonder is that he should take so roundabout a means of making his resurrection known. If he had ordered the assembling of the faithful at his private grave yard on the hillside at Salt Lake city, and had climbed out of his tomb in their presence, it would have been twice as effective from a dramatic point of view, and there would have been more people ready to believe in his identity. However, he has a chance left for making good his claim. He cannot remain forever on the earth now that he has returned to it, and the manner of his second and positively final departure will have much to do with the place he is to take in history as compared with Moses and Elijah, Buddha Sakyamuni and Mahomet, Romulus and the rest of the great prophets and founders. He cannot afford to die and be buried like common men, even double the allotted number of times. He must be caught up from earth, at the very least; and there are persons in the United States irreverent enough to believe that, if the fate which befel Bishop Lee ten years ago had reached its proper destination, the first exit of Mr. Young would have been by the aërial route, at the end of a hempen rope.

Every few weeks Mr. J. S. Moore, or some other Free Trade writer, repeats the threadbare story that the steel-rail manufacturers of this country have added to their profits the difference between the present price and the very low prices of two years ago. These professional slanderers purposely ignore the fact that the advance in the price of steel rails has been accompanied or preceded by an advance in the prices of all the raw materials which enter into their production—pig iron, iron ore, coal, coke, etc.; by an advance in wages, averaging fully 20 per cent. since rails touched their lowest point two years ago; and by an advance in freight rates on both the raw materials and the finished product. Another fact which they always suppress is this, that when steel rails were sold at the low prices of two years ago they were either sold at a loss or absolutely without any profit.—Everybody knows this. But the occupation of our Free Trade writers would be entirely gone if they could not indulge in such libels as with the truth as we have here briefly pointed out. They are public enemies—enemies not only of American capital and American labor, but enemies also of American institutions, which they expose to the contempt of the whole world when they falsify the facts concerning the fruits of our Protective policy. It is little comfort to know that these slanderers are mostly foreign agents who still owe allegiance to some foreign prince or potentate.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Written and compiled for the HERALD.

The women are here again pleading piteously and eloquently for their rights, and telling the old, old story of their wrongs, just as they have done in Washington every successive winter for nineteen years. Many of the faces on the platform are familiar from their frequent journeyings to this Mecca of their hopes, and every year there are some new ones.

There is something at once sublime and pathetic in their persistence. They are undismayed. Opposition is nothing. Disappointments are nothing. Yet nobody knows better than these women that they have expended a good deal of their strength upon men of straw, instead of on their husbands and sons and brothers.

During the very hour of the opening of their convention here, the Senate rejected their proposed amendment to the Constitution, giving woman the right of suffrage, by a vote of thirty-five to sixteen. The ladies of the convention are jubilant over this triumph. "Defeat," exclaimed Miss Anthony, "why no, it was a triumph for us. We have on our side one-third of the United States Senate. This is the first time," continued she, "that we ever got a vote on our amendment at all. We have accomplished a great deal in securing recognition." When asked what right she had to claim one-third of the Senate as friendly to woman suffrage, she picked up the printed record of the vote and said, "Well, there were sixteen Senators who voted for the bill. Of the absentees we count on Allison, Aldrich, Cameron, Chase, Dawes, Frye, Miller, Plumb, Sabin, and Stanford as our friends." She had some doubts about Harrison of Indiana. "There are eleven of them, who with the sixteen that voted," said she, "make in all twenty-seven Senators on our side."

Miss Anthony proceeded with "goulish glee" to state their future plan of action. In the case of senators who are known as their opponents, when they come up for election again, great effort will be made to prevent their return to the Senate. In Kansas the women would work for the election of members to the Legislature who would promise to support for the United States Senate only some man pledged to vote for their amendment.

She mentioned that they had five hundred women making speeches throughout the country, and that Mrs. Frances Willard, who is now here, was at the head of half a million women, all pledged to woman suffrage. These women had discovered that prayers and tears were ineffectual to get rid of saloons when the man's vote brought the saloon into existence "and they are with us," said she, "because they want to vote on this one question."

Both Congress and the social world of Washington have been busy during the week. Besides dismissing the woman suffragists, and disposing of the Canadian Fishery trouble, by passing the retaliatory bill, the Senate again rejected the Mr. Matthews, the colored lawyer from Albany, as Recorder of Deeds of the District of Columbia and then settled down to the discussions of Agricultural Experiment Stations. The House of Representatives has given its time to the consideration and passage of appropriation bills, and society has whirled in on incessant round of gayety.

One of its notable events was the annual ball at the Chinese Legation. Nothing was left undone by the distinguished host to make the affair elegant and complete in all its arrangements, but the raid upon the banquet table by a portion of the guests, is the talk of the town. Nothing like it was ever seen in Washington before. Ladies stood two rows deep around the wall, and men struggled three deep around the table to secure refreshments, as if food had not been tasted before for days. The scramble was even wild and disgusting. The Chinese Minister paid the honors of the evening to Mrs. Folsom, the mother-in-law of the President, and accompanied her to supper.

The week has been a lively one in telephone circles, as the great suit is now in progress. An imposing array of legal talent is present, and the arguments in the U. S. Supreme Court has drawn the public daily. When Mr. Lowery, for the Molecular Company, arose to continue his argument last Thursday, the room was crowded with attorneys and the tables and desks were filled with telephone models. As he speaks he gives object lessons by means of the models.

At times three or four lawyers are on their feet, assisting in the demonstrations to the Justices, who ask many practical questions, and the scene is at times very amusing, as well as instructive. The gathering of spectators is made up largely of distinguished persons, many of them lawyers from a distance, who came solely to hear and see these proceedings.

Henry Ward Beecher has discovered the secret of happiness, which consists in looking away from our own troubles at those of our neighbors, and learning by comparison how much we have to be thankful for. He doesn't see anything in store for this country worse than what has already happened; but for Europe he predicts "an earthquake that will split her from top to bottom." In view of the effect of the coal-handlers' strike on the Atlantic passenger steamship service, this will bring a mild solace to the souls of disappointed tourists. America, with all her faults, will be a pleasanter abode than Europe when Mr. Beecher's earthquake comes.

A WORLD'S EXHIBITION.

THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF COLUMBUS' DISCOVERY TO BE CELEBRATED.

WASHINGTON, January 31.—The House Committee on the Library, to which was referred the Senate concurrent resolution providing that a joint committee of five members of the Senate and eight members of the House of Representatives be appointed to take into consideration the expediency of holding, in 1892, in commemoration of the discovery of America, an international exhibition of the industries and products of all nations, and if such an exhibition shall be deemed expedient, to consider the time, place, circumstances and general plan thereof, and to report by bill or otherwise, to-day reported to the House that the committee unanimously recommend the passage of the resolution.

The committee says: "There is a wide spread desire by the American people and foreign nations, particularly Spain, Italy and the fifteen American republics of the Three Americas, that the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus be duly celebrated."

After quoting remarks made by Alfonso XII., King of Spain, and Don Emilio Castelar in favor of such a celebration, the report continues: "The American Historical Society, at its last annual meeting at Washington, in May last, passed resolutions in favor of a due observance of the coming event, and through a committee presented the same to the president of the United States. These are the illustrations of the popular demand, both at home and abroad, for a celebration in 1892 in honor of Columbus and his discovery of the New World. In our opinion, pride as well as self-interest in American history and institutions, demand that the United States, the elder sister of the sixteen American republics, take the initiative in this grand patriotic work. We also urge the immediate passage of this resolution, that there may be ample time for preparation. In conclusion, we call attention to the fact that the passage of this resolution contemplates no expense whatever, but simply the creation of a committtee of the two houses of Congress to consider the subject."

A Bridge Gave Way.

The train over the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad which was due here Saturday night, did not arrive until Sunday morning. To ascertain the cause, a *Whig* reporter had to use all his wits. The railroad men telegraph in cipher, and keep the strictest secrecy regarding all accidents on their line.—After indomitable efforts, however, the following facts were ascertained:

As train No. 4 was crossing a bridge a little beyond Huntington, with four or five coaches, the bridge gave way, and the engine and several coaches sank into the stream beneath. The excitement for a while was intense. Fortunately the bridge was not very high or the water very deep, and the descent was very gradual, and the passengers, as soon as they became sufficiently calm to get out of the coaches, waded through the water to the shore. Only two persons were hurt. One of these was a newsboy, who had his arm cut by a window-pane, and a gentleman who got his head cut while attempting to get his hat. Two Pullman cars on the rear of the train were not affected by the accident, and the train, after some delay, was again made up on this side of the stream, and the passengers were brought safely to their destination.—*Richmond Whig.*

Adventures of a Safe.

At three o'clock on Saturday morning, burglars broke into the office of Dr. J. G. Hillegrass, of Pennsburg, Pa., and secured a safe weighing 1,200 pounds, in which was a large sum of money, bonds and papers valued at over $50,000. They loaded it upon a truck car on the Perkiomen Railroad and started south. Nearing McLane's station, the whistle of a fast freight No 54 was heard approaching them on tae same track. Not having time to unload, they deserted the truck and ran off. The night was very dark, and the engineer did not see the obstruction until his engine struck it with great force. The truck was shattered to splinters and the safe thrown into the ditch. The truck also contained a lot of bars, picks, etc., stolen from a tool house, which were to have been used to pry open the safe. Fortunately, no serious damage was done to the train. The safe was returned to its owner.

TAR SMOKE FOR DIPHTHERIA.—A New York physician declares that tar smoke is the best thing in the world for diphtheria. It dissolves the fibrous exudations that choke the patients and gives relief almost instantly. The plan has been tried by many doctors in New York and found most efficacious. It consists in olosing up a room so that none of the smoke can escape and burning a quonity of pitch on a red hot shovel or stove.—*Chicago Times.*

Few persons outside of tobacco growing States realize the burden that the revenue laws impose upon the farmers. One of the largest tobacco merchants in Virginia in conversation with a reporter of the *National Republican* recently said: "Now, farmers generally are poor. In my State a great many of them do not produce as much as a hogshead of tobacco. If the tax were repealed the farmer who raises a few hundred pounds of tobacco could take it to his merchant and exchange it for the necessaries of life, or he could sell it in small quantities whenever he requires ready money. Under the law he can only sell it to a licensed dealer in leaf tobacco. It may be many miles to the nearest licensed dealer, and it costs the farmer money and the use of his team to get his little crop to a licensed dealer. With the law repealed tobacco would be almost a circulating medium in the country where it is raised. Many a farmer would then, in addition to his other crops, raise a small quantity of tobacco because of the facility with which he could get money or the necessaries of life for it. It is unjust to tax one agricultural product while others are free, as the hardships of the law falls entirely upon the poor farmers."

SENATOR JOE BROWN OF GEORGIA.

From the Utica Observer

After finishing a course of studies at the Yale law school Brown hung out his shingle at Canton, Ga. The first year he made $1,200. His practice rapidly grew, and he was soon making $2,000 and then $3,000 a year. It is said that in all his law practice he has never lost a client, and he is one of the best jury lawyers in Georgia. He invested his savings and made more money in speculations than in the law. One of his first investments was a piece of land which he paid $450 for. A copper mine was found upon this, and he sold a half interest for $25,000. About this time he married. His wife was a daughter of a Baptist preacher named Gresham, who is said to have brought about $25,000 into the family. It was in the Georgia State railroad that Brown made a large part of his fortune, though he has made good investments all his life. Early in his career he began to invest in lands. These lands have steadily grown in value, and they are of a character which makes their owner land rich instead of land poor. Brown owns the half of Colorado City, Texas, a town of 7,000 inhabitants, and he did own the whole of it. He has stocks and mines in different parts of Georgia, and he has made a great deal out of coal mines. He lives in Atlanta very plainly. His house is an old-fashioned brick structure, with no attempt at ornamentation. It is situated on Washington street, the most fashionable street of Atlanta, and is not worth more than $5,000, appearing in strange contrast with the residence of his son Julius, adjoining, which cost $75,000. The ground about Senator Brown's Atlanta home is worth $50,000.

Joe Brown has six children and they are strictly different from him. Julius, the eldest, who has the $75,000 house above spoken of, is a small, dudish fellow of 40. He has made a fortune, and he likes to spend it. He is now living in fine style in Cuba during the winter on account of the weakness of his lungs. Joseph M. Brown is the superintendent of his father's road, and Geo. Brown is just coming of age. One of Brown's daughters married Dr. Cannolly, a prominent physician of Atlanta, and Miss Sallie Brown spends the winters with her father and mother at Washington. Elijah, another son, is treasurer of the Dade County Coal company. The boys are all College bred, and Jos. M. inclines to literature. The Brown family is noted in Atlanta for its quiet, unostentatious charity. Mrs. Brown and her daughters are always doing little kindnesses, and as for the old gentleman, Brown is good to his friends, though he hates his enemies. A friend of his told me not long ago that Brown gives away a good deal to his friends who were formerly wealthy, but who are now reduced, and he cited the instance of an old man who during his last years received a check each month. He has given $50,000 to the Baptist seminary in Georgia and $50,000 for the payment of the board of poor boys at the State university.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

From the Baltimore American.'

The inclinations of most all young men are towards the city. They think that there the future will be full of fortune and honor. They look upon their country surroundings as too commonplace, too circumscribed. They want the excitement, the flurry, the rapidity of city life. So, when they get their education, or get through their school duties, they try for positions in large mercantile or corporation offices. The result is a constant overcrowding. There is not a large establishment in this city that has not a dozen times as many applications as it has places to fill. In large railroad offices these applications run up into the thousands. Many applicants are waiting for news of their success. They will continue to wait.

The truth is that the chances for a young man's success in the city are greatly exaggerated. There are chances, of course, and many of them, but, in comparison with the thousands who are pushing, striving and fighting to take advantage of them, they are really few. Many misguided parents in the country want to push their children into city life, without regard to their ability or their fitness. Perhaps they succeed in getting them positions that barley pay their living expenses. Then they wonder why they do not advance to high salaries. They keep on wondering until the young men are broken down by routine drudgery and small pay. Then they awake to the fact that it would perhaps have been better for them to have remained in the country, where people can live without constantly fighting against want.

Maryland to-day is full of opportunities for young men. So are other states. There are hundreds of interests that need intelligent and level-headed atttention. To these the young men can apply themselves. If by their enterprise and good judgment they show themselves worthy, they can come to the city with a record to back them; but young men who cannot succeed in the country must not expect success just because they move to the city. In the country the field is large, and the rivalries are not bitter. In the city the field is also large, but it is full of active, sleepless competitions.

Young men remember the hundred cases of conspicuous success on the part of those who have come to the city and worked their way up, but they forget the thousand instances of failure. They disregard the unnumbered experiences of life-long toil in obscure places. It is well to aim high, of course, but those who always aim too high seldom bring down their game.

Strange Knowledge of a Father's Death.

A curious instance of premonition is related in the case of Isaac Mushrush, one of the victims of the boiler explosion at Thompson's mill. He lived at Geneva, with his wife and one child. On Sunday he was much depressed and told his wife that he feared some great calamity. She tried to cheer him up. At 2 o'clock on Monday the explosion occurred and he was killed. At the same hour, before it was possible for the news of the explosion to reach Geneva, his little child, playing in the yard, ran into the house, crying as if her heart would break, and exclaiming: "Oh, my papa is killed, my papa is killed."

Sam Jones admits that satan's grip on the world is constantly growing.

Col. David G. Potts, of Petersburg, died Monday in that city.

A HEADLESS BODY IN A TRUNK.

UNGER'S SHOCKING STORY.

FULL CONFESSION OF THE MURDER. HORRIFIED AT SIGHT OF BOHLE'S TRUNK—HOW HE KILLED HIS VICTIM, AND THREW THE HEAD IN THE RIVER. PLEADING SELF-DEFENCE FOR THE KILLING.

The headless and mutilated body of a man was found in a trunk Wednesday at the Adams Express office in Baltimore. One arm and both feet were cut off and packed in the trunk with the body. On the clothing and the trunk were several cards of Henry Siegel, butcher, 205 Throop avenue, Brooklyn, E. D. On the shirt was the name of C. Kanfhold. The body was shipped from New York on Saturday and arrived in Baltimore Sunday. Siegel convinced the Brooklyn authorities that he knew nothing about the matter.

THE ALLEGED MURDERER IN CUSTODY.

The New York *World* to-day says: Edward Unger, of 22 Ridge street, is locked up in police headquarters on the charge of having killed the man whose headless and dismembered body was found in a trunk in the Adams Express office at Baltimore Wednesday. The name of the murdered man was August Bohle, Unger's partner in the sausage business, and he lived with Unger at No. 22 Ridge street, where the murder is alleged to have taken place. Unger has been positively identified by Henry Bense, saloon-keeper at No. 395 Kent avenue, Williamsburg, as the man who brought the trunk to his saloon last Saturday. The scene of the murder was the right hand front room in the tenement No. 22 Ridge street. A butcher's saw, a hammer, a knife and a slung shot found on the premises were the weapons, it is supposed, with which the murder was committed.

THE INQUEST.

The coroner's jury in Baltimore, which viewed the remains yesterday, rendered a verdict that the deceased had come to his death from causes to them unknown.—The physician who made the post mortem examination said he was rather disposed to believe that the cause of death was to be found in the missing head.—*Washington Star, 28th.*

[Baltimore American, 31st.]

Edward Unger, the murderer of August Bohle, whose body was found last week in a trunk shipped to this city from New York, has made a full confession of the killing. A despatch from New York received last night says: "Unger was arrested on Thursday last and after being a short time locked in his cell he was brought before Inspector Byrnes. In the room was a table on which had been placed the hammer with which Bohle was killed, the knife and saw used to cut up the body and the rubber cloth in which the body was wrapped after the killing. The chair upon which Unger seated himself was so arranged that he could see little else in the room save the bloody weapons. He was asked if he wished to say anything. He shook his head, but suddenly said: 'Bohle has gone to Chicago and will turn up in a few days.'

The Inspector was sitting at the table. He had the bloody hammer in his hand, and carelessly asked Unger what he meant by that.—But Unger would say nothing further then. The sight of the instruments on the table seemed not to affect him, and the chief of detectives deemed the man stubborn.—Inspector Byrnes concluded to say no more to him at the time, but to confront him soon, and at intervals, with people he knew, and also to confront him frequently with evidences of the killing. Mrs. Siegel, wife of the Brooklyn sausage-maker, was brought to identify Unger. He was much surprised to see her, but was not allowed to talk. On Friday he was identified by Mrs. Bense, the Brooklyn saloon-keeper's wife whose husband stored the trunk for Unger while the latter sought an expressman. Every time Unger left his cell he was confronted by some evidence of the crime of which he was believed to be the author. A detective watched constantly at the door of the cell in which Unger was confined, but under strict orders not to respond if the prisoner attempted conversation, which he did at times. Being brought many times before Inspector Byrnes and his own acquaintance, without being allowed to talk, at length rendered Unger irritable and nervous. Friday afternoon Byrnes took the hammer, saw, knife and rubber cloth to Unger's cell and asked if he had not seen them before—in a manner as though Unger had not been half a dozen times confronted with them. Unger was startled, but said he had never before seen the bloody tokens. Then he was taken to court and remanded, and on the way back remarked to Inspector Byrnes: "You are trying to hang me."

THE MURDERER HORRIFIED.

The trunk with the body arrived from Baltimore Saturday. The body was sent to the morgue. That night Byrnes went to Unger's cell and asked him how he felt.

"Pretty well," said he, huskily.

Then the inspector unlocked the cell door, and Detective Hickey called Unger into the corridor, where the lights were turned low. The prisoner stepped forth, but did not see the inspector until the latter called him by name. As he turned, he saw Byrnes standing and pointing at the trunk which had held Bohle's dead body. Unger staggered at the sight, and tottered toward his cell. Byrnes then took from the trunk a piece of the murdered man's coat, which had been used to wrap the body, and, holding it before the prisoner's eyes, asked him where the rest of Bohle's coat was. Unger shuddered at sight of the blood-stiffened garment, and, clasping his hands over his eyes, was about to fall, when Detective Hickey caught him and seated him upon a couch in the corridor. He sat down upon it, and removing his hands, glanced about him.

Suddenly, and with a startled groan, he sprang to his feet, asking if he could change his seat, and taking a proffered chair. The sofa on which he had been seated was the one found in Unger's room after his arrest. Unger's face became ghastly pale, and when assisted to his cell he was almost in a fainting condition.

Inspector Byrnes then told Unger he would be near at hand when he was ready to talk, and when the Inspector returned from supper Unger had asked to see him. Again Unger was brought to Byrnes' room, where all the bloody tokens confronted him.

A FEARFUL STORY.

"I want to tell the whole truth about the business," he said to the chief.

He then told this story, which was taken in writing: "I live at No. 22 Ridge street. I have known August Bohle since November, 1886. I first met him at my saloon, No. 21 Eldridge street, where he called in answer to an advertisement which I had put in the *Staats Zeitung* for a partner. We could not agree upon terms, and I subsequently gave up the business at that number. I went to live at 22 Ridge street. A short time afterwards August came to live with me, the arrangement being that he was to pay me half the rent, which was $7.50 per month, and one-third the household expenses. On the night of January 20th, 1887, after supper, my son Edward left the house, leaving Bohle and myself in the rooms. We remained talking and reading until about 9:30.—Bohle was a very powerful man and was swearing about the hard luck. He called me a ——. I told him I was no ——, and put my hand up to shove him away. He then struck me on the neck with his fist and knocked me down. I sprang to my feet and attempted to strike him with a poker which I had in my hand. Bohle grabbed the poker from my hand, and at the same time he seized a knife from the table and ran after me. I ran to the bed-room. He followed me. I picked up a hammer from a chest under the bed. He made another lunge at me with the knife and I warded it off, receiving a slight cut in the hand. I then struck him with the hammer. He staggered, and I followed him up and struck him again with the hammer, the hammer sinking into the skull as far as the handle. He staggered and fell back on the sofa dead.—This occurred about 10 o'clock P. M. Expecting my son home every moment, and to avoid him seeing what had happened, I took the body from the sofa, and put it on the floor, close by the wall. I then took Bohle's sleeping-cot, and placed it on its side before him and against the wall, covering the ends with some clothes. My son soon came home, and we went to bed together in the bed-room.

"'Where's August?' he asked.

"'He's gone out,' said I.

"On Friday, January 21, as soon as my boy left the house for his work I went out to buy a rubber bag to put the body in. I was unable to get a bag and bought two yards of rubber cloth at eighty cents per yard. I bought a butcher's saw for ninety cents. I drank much whiskey, and got back to the house at 9 A. M. I spread the rubber cloth on the floor and laid the body on it. I then started to cut him up. I first cut the head from the body and then laid it aside, and wrapped it in a paper and a part of his clothing. I then cut both legs off, and, I think, the left arm close to the shoulder. I then took Bohle's trunk. The trunk was too short, and I cut off the feet and put them in the trunk. I then put the body on top of the legs, and, I think, the arm on top of the body. I took part of the clothes of the deceased and some paper, wiped the floor with them and then put them on top of the body in the trunk.

WHAT HE DID WITH THE HEAD.

"I locked the trunk and lashed it with a rope. I then left my house, after cleaning up the blood the best I could, locking the door, taking the head under my arm, which was then wrapped up in clothing belonging to Bohle, and also some newspapers. I went to the Grand street ferry, went in the forward part of the ferryboat, leaned over the front railing looking into the water, and when the boat got midway into the river, I dropped the head and clothing into the water. I assumed that the paddle-wheel stuck it. I then went to the house of Henry Siegel, 205 Throop avenue, and learning that Siegel was sick, I told his wife that August Bohle had gone to Chicago the night before. I then returned to my house, arriving there about three o'clock in the afternoon, and between five and six o'clock the same day, and with the assistance of an Italian whom I met in the street and gave a quarter, I took the trunk to a saloon in Grand street, and asked permission to leave it over night, which was granted. I called for it on Saturday morning about nine o'clock, brought it out on the sidewalk, where I gave a car man thirty cents to take it to the saloon of Henry Bense, No. 395 Kent avenue, Brooklyn. I got permission from Bense to leave the trunk there a few minutes until I went to Westcott's express office. I told the expressman where he was to call and returned to Bense's store. I got some mucilage and put this label on the trunk: 'John A. Wilson, Baltimore, Md. To be called for.' After placing this label on the trunk I left the store, and I requested Bense to give the trunk to the expressman and take his receipt, and that I would call for it in the evening. I did call that same evening and received the receipt from Bense. I then left and went home. Before I cut the leg off Bohle, I think that I unbuttoned the pants at the waist and pulled them down. The coat I cut up the back and pulled it off before cutting the arm.

The trunk here shown to me by Inspector Byrnes was the property of August Bohle, and is the same that I placed his body in and shipped to Baltimore. The clothing now shown me is also some of his clothing, which I cut from the body and put on top of the body in the trunk with some old papers. I also used these papers and that clothing in wipping up the blood. The slip of paper now shown me inscribed, "John A. Wilson, Balto., Md. To be called for," is the same slip of paper which I pasted on the trunk in the saloon of Henry Bense the morning of Saturday, January 22. I did not mean to kill the deceased. He was a quarrelsome man, and I believed that my life was in danger when I struck him. The manner in which I disposed of the body was to save myself and family from disgrace.

"EDWARD UNGER."

THE STOMACH IN A JAR.

Balto. American, Feb. 1st: At the request of Inspector Byrnes, Marshal Frey yesterday sent to New York the stomach and a portion of the windpipe of August Bohle, together with the report of the inquest and autopsy, certified by Justice McCaffray. Coroner Hill took the jar containing the stomach over to the Marshal's office in the afternoon, where it was securely sealed and boxed, and shipped by Adams Express. Neither Marshal Frey nor Dr. Hill attach any consequence to Unger's story that he killed Bohle in self-defence. Dr. Hill was positive that besides crushing the skull with the hammer, Unger cut his victim's throat. In no other way, he said, could the blood stains on the ceiling be accounted for.—This could only come from the cutting of an artery, and not from a vein, which never spurted. He believes that the throat was cut, and, therefore, that it was not a case of self-defence, but of deliberate murder. Dr. Kierle thinks that Unger first strangled Bohle and then struck him with the hammer, completing the murder by cutting his throat.

BRIGHAM YOUNG TO RISE.

PREPARING FOR THE COMING OF THE MORMON PROPHET—A STRANGE STORY.

LINCOLN, NEB., January 30.—Two miles south of this city stands a palatial residence, owned by an English gentleman, long identified with the Mormon church. The residence has been untenanted for the last two years, save by an old servant named White, who, at one time, was connected with the Jezreels, of London, a sect similar to the Mormons. White claims he was defrauded by them out of his property, and latterly became converted to the Mormon faith. He was considered a trustworthy man and was, therefore, partially through necessity, taken into the confidence of the leaders of the Mormon Church of Zion, which, according to his statements, is about to perpetrate a fraud to which he is unwilling to become a party. He says:

"Two months ago there arrived at the mansion an old gentleman, bearing letters from my master in London, the purport of which was to obey his every wish, and to keep his presence a secret to all except those to whom he saw fit to reveal himself. Within a week persons began to arrive at the house in twos and threes.

They were from Salt Lake City and held long whispered consultations with my mysterious guest.—At first I did not care who or what he was until later I gathered from stray remarks that he was a person of note, and soon after the truth burst upon me that he is none other than Brigham Young, the great prophet of our church, who is to, apparently, be resurrected from the dead and preach to the people of Zion as one having returned from the grave to tell what lies beyond. That his death and burial were a deception will soon be seen by the whole world, while thousands of his ignorant believers bow at his feet and he dictates to their ways of life. My guest's visitors are men of high standing, as their appearance indicates, and it was in conversation with one of them who supposed, from the way I talked, that I knew that all my suspicions were verified, only my informant said Brigham Young had risen from his grave, in Salt Lake City, and was instructing his disciples here, in order to prepare the people for the great event of his coming.

"My only reason for telling these facts is, that I am an old man, with but little to gain in this world, and do not want to see people deluded as I have been. The Jezreels absorbed my competence, and now the Mormons have broken my faith."

The old man told the story with a sincerity that warranted farther investigation, and a merchant who formerly did business in Salt Lake City drove out to the mansion yesterday and rapped at the door. Receiving no response, he started around the house to apply at the rear, when through a baywindow he saw the form and features of an old man who was sitting inside.—As he was unaware of his presence, the merchant approached to within a few feet of the window, scanning the old man's face closely, and stepping back immediately, pronounced the man to be Brigham Young, whose marked features he had often studied in Salt Lake City, and which once seen, he says, can never be forgotten. For a few moments the man sat silently, then raised his hand to his brow, revealing a scar about the wrist that still further establishes his identity. It is a well-known fact that the elders of the Mormon church throughout Utah and Arizona have of late been preaching the return of the prophet. This, together with the fact that it was claimed by a St. Louis man some months ago that Young was seen and recognized in London; that a number of prominent Mormons from Salt Lake City have lately been seen upon the streets of London; that important legislation is about to be enacted to the detriment of the Mormon church, and the veil of mystery with which the prophet's death has always been shrouded, makes it almost certain that the Mormon banners throughout Utah will soon be unfurled, announcing that "he is risen."

BUREAU OF THE BALTO. AMERICAN, 1420 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON, January 31.

The Mormons in the city watching the Edmunds Anti-Polygamy bill, which has passed both branches of Congress and is now in conference committee, are quite excited over the despatches from Nebraska in to-day's papers in regard to Brigham Young's reported scheme of resurrection. Delegate Caine, from Utah, of course, denies the story of the old man who had charge of the house near Lincoln, Neb., and who claims to be the author of the story about Brigham Young being concealed there. Mr. Caine says he saw the Mormon leader buried and placed in the tomb with a ten-ton stone over the entrance, and does not doubt but that Brigham Young is dead. But another story comes from a resident of Utah, which gives plausibility to the Nebraska report. This gentleman says that, as everyone knows, the death of Brigham Young was most mysterious, the arrangements for the funeral were conducted with the greatest privacy, and it was not until the body was laid out was any one allowed to see it.—"Now," said the gentleman from Utah, "the body in the coffin shown to the few was an ingeniously prepared wax figure. A Frenchman was brought from France some time before the reported death of Young and set to work to make a lifelike head and body of the Mormon prophet. As the figure was to represent him after death, the Frenchman found it rather an easy job, and so remarkably well done was the work that the figure deceived many who saw it. When it became time for Young 'to die' this figure was prepared for burial. The subsequent mysterious funeral arrangements, together with the strange death, all can be easily recalled.—The Frenchman who made the wax figure was shipped back to his native country, and the Mormons watched him well. Although this guard was kept up, the man told his secret," said the Utah *Citizen*, "and it was published, but the Mormons managed to keep it from wide circulation. The real reason for Young's disappearance from the earth was a resurrection. The Mormons thought that the United States government would give them trouble ere this. They made every arrangement for an exodus to Mexico. The leaders collected money and bought a vast tract of land and paid cash for it in gold. They intended old Brigham Young to rise from the grave and to order his faithful to depart to Mexico. But when they examined the land they found the Mexicans had cheated them and sold them a lot of mountains. So great was the chagrin of the elders that the exodus was postponed and Brigham Young did not rise."

"You remember," said the Utah gentleman, "what Caine, the Utah delegate, said in an interview, not long since, about the passage of this bill? He said something would happen soon, which would change the whole complexion of things.—We all thought at the time he meant Brigham Young's resurrection, for the Mormons in Utah have been preaching that since his death. Now, for the ten ton stone Mr. Caine speaks of. The supposed remains of Brigham Young were buried in a sepulcher modeled after the one used for Our Saviour. This great stone was placed before the tomb to prevent any one getting into it. Besides, the sepulcher is in the Temple grounds. I believe it was the intention for Brigham Young to get back to that tomb, and at the appointed time have the stone rolled away and appear. As the tomb is in the Temple grounds no one could see the preparations. Why is this time selected for 'the resurrection?' Because the Mormons are in great trouble. The bill just passed Congress kills them as a sect. Their unfortunate investment in Mexico will have to be made known, and it is their plan now to move to the Sandwich Islands. They fear annexation if they go to Mexico. There has been no need for Brigham Young to appear before now; but he is wanted, and they are preparing for the 'resurrection,' but the silly farce is getting rather old to be believed by many. The Mormons, however, are so desperate that they will do anything."

Would Rather Be In Hades.

A scene much out of the ordinary occurred Tuesday in the court room at Vincennes, Ind., when Hollingsworth, Knox county's defaulting treasurer, walked boldly up to Judge Malott's desk and gave himself up as a prisoner. The court appeared the least bit dazzed, and the countenances of the attorneys and spectators wore a look of bewilderment. Judge Malott asked the prisoner if he could give bonds. He said no, and was handed over to the sheriff. He said he left there last May and soon secured a position as traveling salesman, his territory being northern Indiana and Ohio. Several times he went to Canada to mail and receive letters, but did not remain long in that heaven of defaulters. "I came in and gave myself up of my own free will," he said. "I wanted to see my little children. I got tired of leading the life of a fugitive, and would rather be in h—l than go through all I have had to endure. I have come back to fight my cases and make the best of them." Hollingsworth is charged with the defalcation nearly $80,000 of the county's fund. The rumor is current that he will make a clean breast of it at the trial and will implicate some very prominent citizens.

More Blood Spilled at Pocahontas.

[Special to the Roanoke Times.]

POCAHONTAS, VA., January 31.—Last Saturday night about 10 o'clock the people of west Church and Central streets were startled by the report of a revolver and the fall and groan of a man. Upon investigation it was learned that another had been added to the long list of murders in Pocahontas. Hastening in the direction of the disturbance, a man was found lying upon the street in deadly pain, the result of a shot through the bowels. He was recognized as E. R. Anderson, a wagoner for Mr. Kniffin, and was conveyed to his boarding house where medical assistance was rendered by Dr. Izard, who at once pronounced the wound as fatal.—Later on it was ascertained that a man named Samuel Francis was the one who did the shooting, and that the tragedy was the result of an affaire d'amour.

Terrible Disaster at Sea.

A BRITISH SHIP SUNK AND THREE HUNDRED PERSONS DROWNED.

[By Cable to the American.]

LONDON, January 31.—The British ship Kapunda, which left London on Dec. 11th. for Fremantle, Western Australia, with emigrants, came into collision near the coast of Brazil with an unknown vessel and was sunk. Three hundred of those on board were drowned. The remainder were saved and arrived at Bahia. The Kapunda was an ocean ship of 1,084 tons. She was commanded by Captain Mason.

LONDON, February 1.—It is learned that the vessel with which the Kapunda collided was the British bark Ada Melmore, which also went to the bottom. All told, 304 persons were drowned.

No Prohibition in West Virginia

CHARLESTON, W. VA., February 1.—In the Senate to-day, a test vote on ordering to their engrossment the joint resolutions submitting to a vote of the people the question of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor within the state developed the fact that there were only fifteen votes in its favor, while eighteen are necessary to make the requisite two-thirds. The joint resolutions passed the House by forty majority. The liquor element is rejoicing at the outcome in the Senate. This is the fifth failure, at as many sessions, to pass the measure.

RICHMOND, VA., February 1.—The property of the Southern Telegraph Company was sold here under a decree of the United States District Court. The property was knocked out to Messrs. J. B. Pace, John S. Wise and others at four hundred and sixty thousand dollars. It is understood that these gentlemen represent a syndicate, composed probably of themselves and other well known capitalists here and at the North. It is the intention of the purchasers to get a new charter and put new life into the concern it is said.

On last Friday night at Newport News, about 75 colored men forced open the doors of Pier No. 2, and, with sticks and stones drove some 40 or 50 freight-handlers aboard the steamer Seneca, of the Old Dominion Line, which was being loaded. The Seneca completed her cargo and sailed at 3 P. M for New York. One of the laborers was caught by the mob and roughly handled; but no one was seriously injured.

The next day some of the mob were arrested and will be tried.

TIRED OUT!

At this season nearly every one needs to use some sort of tonic. IRON enters into almost every physician's prescription for those who need building up.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Trade Mark. QUALITY PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

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For Weakness, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, etc., it HAS NO EQUAL, and is the only iron medicine that is not inferious. It Enriches the Blood, Invigorates the System, Restores Appetite, Aids Digestion

It does not blacken or injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—other iron medicines do

DR. G. H. BOXLEY, a leading physician of Springfield, Ohio, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters is a thoroughly good medicine. I use it in my practice, and find its action excels all other forms