

MISSISSIPPI

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A TUG AND FIVE MEN LOST
The New York Times gives the following details of the explosion of the tug-boat Doris Emory Thursday evening.

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The tug Doris Emory, of Hoboken, began at dusk yesterday to make up a tow to go to Rondout, by hauling out from Cande & Smith's dock, at the foot of east Sixty-third street, an empty brick scow. Half a dozen men were on the scow, and as soon as the tug headed down stream, against the tide, they set down in the hold to cast their anchor.

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The upper works of the tug appeared to leave her suddenly and the hull spread. There was a momentary glare, a long shock with a roar, and in the middle of the column of smoke and steam 700 or 800 feet in the air as straight as a rocket. With the column went all sorts of wreck, and some say they saw one man who moved his limbs in the air. Then the wreckage began to fall over an area which extended from First avenue to near Blackwell's island, and down the river, most of the debris was small and patterned like balloons in the streets and on roofs, but loud thuds and crashes told of larger pieces falling on houses and pavements and in yards. The smokestack and part of the steam pipes were thrown on the rocks at the foot of east Fifty-eighth street and the scow was strewn with all sorts of wreckage. Few windows remained unbroken on Riverview Terrace and in new houses south of it which are known as Riverview, and hundreds of panes of glass were broken in the neighborhood of Avenue A and Fifty-eighth street, which is known as Sutton place.

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Within a few minutes 5,000 persons were at the river front or on their way there, and in a quarter of an hour four times as many were on the shore or on the terrace in front of which the explosion took place, peering into the darkness. Police-Captain Gunner and a section of policemen went to Fifty-eighth street at the double quick. When the tug blew up Pilot McAvoy was steering the William B. Wickham across to the island. He made quickly for the scow, which was drifting helplessly, partly keeled over, toward Sixtieth street. Her bows were shattered, but those on board cried out to him that some of them were hurt, but that the men on the Doris Emory had perished.

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The tug-boat was an old one. It was brought up from Philadelphia last July and fitted and repaired. New boilers, however, were not put in her. She was not of the largest size, but was considered a staunch vessel of the kind, in spite of her age. She was owned by Angelo A. Arata, of No. 90 Adams street, Hoboken, his wife and the engineer, Caffera, who was a brother-in-law of Arata. The first named was also owner of the tug. Mr. Arata had come over to New York as soon as he heard of the accident and had not returned at midnight. The boat was used for light towing in the harbor. She was accustomed to be up at the foot of Fifth street, Hoboken, though she had been kept busy for the past month.

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Another incident of the interment is memorable. Some years ago, at the funeral of the first wife of ex-Senator McDonald, Miss Annie Gale, now Mrs. Doney, as leading soprano at St. Paul's, Indianapolis, sang the solo "Rock of Ages" in a voice so sweet and touching that Mr. Hendricks was deeply affected, and after the services complimented the lady and made request that if possible at his death she should sing the same solo at his funeral. The lady afterwards married and had her residence in Chicago. On the day of the funeral she arrived in Indianapolis to fulfill her promise, but the vestry was disinclined to change the programme previously arranged. Afterwards, however, by personal request of Mrs. Hendricks, who recalled the circumstance, the desired change was made and the hymn was exquisitely rendered. During the singing of the hymn and delivery of the sermon Mrs. Hendricks tried to bear up bravely, but she was frequently visibly affected.

MRS. HENDRICKS

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Widow of the late Hon. John W. Hendricks, Vice-President of the United States, left a widow but no children. He was married to the lady who now mourns his loss in the year 1840. Her maiden name was Eliza C. Morgan, and she was a young lady of superior ability and ambition. As Mr. Hendricks's wife she was known as Mrs. Hendricks.

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Within a few minutes 5,000 persons were at the river front or on their way there, and in a quarter of an hour four times as many were on the shore or on the terrace in front of which the explosion took place, peering into the darkness. Police-Captain Gunner and a section of policemen went to Fifty-eighth street at the double quick. When the tug blew up Pilot McAvoy was steering the William B. Wickham across to the island. He made quickly for the scow, which was drifting helplessly, partly keeled over, toward Sixtieth street. Her bows were shattered, but those on board cried out to him that some of them were hurt, but that the men on the Doris Emory had perished.

THE GRAPPE-CURE
There was not a trace of the tug to be seen on the water except here and there a piece of timber. Making fast to the scow, Captain McAvoy waited until the Cornell tug Crosby came along and took her in tow. The men on the scow, although he was making water, decided to leave her, with the exception of one who went in the William B. Wickham. In the mean time at least thirty craft had gathered around, and the water was patrolled in every direction to discover those who were on the tug when she blew up. No true life-buoy was found except some receipts and bill-heads which are believed to have been in the pockets of the master of the tug, which were washed ashore at Fifty-eighth street and were taken to the Twenty-eighth Precinct station-house. The boat (the Health Department, the Franklin Eden, came down from North Brothers' Island just after the explosion and made a systematic search in every direction, and offered the partly-wrecked scow a tow, which she did not need. The search for those who perished was so hopeless that it was abandoned at 8 o'clock. The Crosby started with the scow at 6 o'clock down the river, and to the island, when it was discovered that what remained of the hawser of the scow when the explosion broke it had become entangled in the cable of the scow, so that she was dragged several blocks before the signals from the Wickham and understand her dangerous predicament. It took some time to get rid of the hawser, but the Wickham was not damaged.

THE GRAPPE-CURE
When the damage done on shore was investigated it was found, although no one was hurt, hundreds had had narrow escapes in the streets and in houses. A timber which two men could hardly lift fell at Fifty-eighth street and First avenue, making a dent in the pavement. The window of a grocery store was broken at Forty-sixth street and avenue A, and wreck fell at Sixty-third street and avenue A. Pieces of iron were found at many places along First avenue. At No. 23 Sutton Place, the residence of W. M. Greve, a scow was like all the houses on the block which is bounded by Avenue A, Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth streets, and the river wall under Riverview Terrace, a piece of iron weighing about twenty pounds fell on the roof, cut through it, and landed in a nursery, where, just before, two children were playing. A lawyer-deed was picked up in Fifty-eighth street near Avenue A, where it was nearly buried itself. At No. 1 A. Riverview Terrace, the residence of A. J. Kerwin, two logs buried themselves in the roof. They had fallen perpendicularly and endwise, so that they stood up in the holes they made. One was 20 feet long and 4 inches square. At No. 10 Riverview Terrace, the residence of John Hyslop, of the Bethesda Club, a piece of timber 4 inches square and 4 feet long buried itself in the roof, and another piece, 7 feet long and 9 inches square, stood straight in the clay of the yard. At No. 9 Sutton place, the residence of S. H. Stuart, a piece of iron weighing twelve pounds crashed through the roof room of a crib. The piece which had just before been removed. It cut out through a beam in the roof as though it had been chiseled. A row of new and unoccupied residences just put up by Theodore Schumacher on the bluff south of Riverview Terrace, was badly damaged. At least thirty windows were blown in, and the roofs were damaged by falling wreck. At Fifty-eighth street near Avenue A, a new solid plate-glass window, six and six feet, was demolished, and six large windows at Schmitt & Schwannenduelg's Central-Bar Brewery office, were bent to splinters. It was estimated that in all 400 windows, large and small, were broken between Sixty-sixth and Fifty-seventh streets and First avenue and the river. The Felsenkeller pavilion of Schmitt & Schwannenduelg, on the river-front between Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh streets, a summer resort, was wrecked, and the trellis work was destroyed and the what below it was badly damaged. On the wharf a piece of timber twelve feet long and a foot square was thrown. One side of it was lacquered and gilded and appeared to have come from the cabin of the Doris Emory. Nothing was destroyed on Blackwell's island, but the inmates of the penitentiary and the Charity Hospital were frightened by the jarring of the buildings, and the noise of the explosion. They were soon quieted.

THE GRAPPE-CURE
The number of men on the tug at the time of the explosion was said last night by friends in Hoboken to be five. These were Garrett Morris, the captain; Angelo Louis Caffera, the engineer; Morris, deck hand; Thomas Davis, cook, and the fireman, whose name was not known. Captain Morris lived at No. 249 Twenty-third street, Brooklyn. He had only made one or two trips with the Doris Emory, as her former Captain was recently discharged. He was about forty-five years old, and an old pilot and tugboat captain in the bay. His son, eighteen years old, was one of the deck-hands. The cook, Thomas Davis, lived in Hoboken, as did the fireman, Angelo L. Caffera, the engineer. Angelo L. Caffera, the fireman, was a part owner of the tug. He lived with his wife, a young German woman, at No. 103 Jefferson street. They had one little child. Mrs. Caffera had learned the art of the father last evening at a late hour.

THE GRAPPE-CURE
The upper works of the tug appeared to leave her suddenly and the hull spread. There was a momentary glare, a long shock with a roar, and in the middle of the column of smoke and steam 700 or 800 feet in the air as straight as a rocket. With the column went all sorts of wreck, and some say they saw one man who moved his limbs in the air. Then the wreckage began to fall over an area which extended from First avenue to near Blackwell's island, and down the river, most of the debris was small and patterned like balloons in the streets and on roofs, but loud thuds and crashes told of larger pieces falling on houses and pavements and in yards. The smokestack and part of the steam pipes were thrown on the rocks at the foot of east Fifty-eighth street and the scow was strewn with all sorts of wreckage. Few windows remained unbroken on Riverview Terrace and in new houses south of it which are known as Riverview, and hundreds of panes of glass were broken in the neighborhood of Avenue A and Fifty-eighth street, which is known as Sutton place.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY
LEAVE RICHMOND. 7:40 A.M. Through and Local Mail, Express, and Freight. 8:15 A.M. Newport's News, Old Point Comfort, and Norfolk Daily Express. 8:30 P.M. For Chesapeake and Old Point Comfort, except Sunday. 8:40 P.M. For Norfolk, except Sunday. 8:55 P.M. For Norfolk and Chesapeake, except Sunday. 9:00 P.M. For Norfolk and Chesapeake, except Sunday. 9:15 P.M. For Norfolk and Chesapeake, except Sunday. 9:30 P.M. For Norfolk and Chesapeake, except Sunday. 9:45 P.M. For Norfolk and Chesapeake, except Sunday. 10:00 P.M. For Norfolk and Chesapeake, except Sunday. 10:15 P.M. For Norfolk and Chesapeake, except Sunday. 10:30 P.M. For Norfolk and Chesapeake, except Sunday. 10:45 P.M. For Norfolk and Chesapeake, except Sunday. 11:00 P.M. For Norfolk and Chesapeake, except Sunday. 11:15 P.M. For Norfolk and Chesapeake, except Sunday. 11:30 P.M. For Norfolk and Chesapeake, except Sunday. 11:45 P.M. For Norfolk and Chesapeake, except Sunday. 12:00 P.M. 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