

PORTENTOUS OF WAR.

Signs of Troubles That Are Brewing in Europe.

FRENCH AND RUSSIANS.

Indications That Representatives of Those Nations Mean Mischief.

AGGRESSIVE ON THE PACIFIC.

By Stealth the Great White Bear Is Stealing a March at Port Arthur.

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LONDON, Eng., Sept. 21.—Cynics are pointing out that on the day it was announced that the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs was coming over from Contreville to pay a state visit to the French President at the headquarters of the French maneuvers, the news was also published of a further Russian loan, to be issued in Paris November 1. There is, of course, a certain kind of connection between the two things, but when this has been discovered there still remains the imposing and substantial fact that in its direct relation to the peace of Europe this demonstration at the camp of Mirecourt is a good deal more important and disquieting than was even the historic Toulon-Paris carousal of two years ago. This is the first time that the political side of the Russian Government has been formally brought in and exhibited as a part of the rapprochement between the autocracy and the republic.

Prince Lobanoff and M. Hanotaux, closeted together for the better part of two days in the center of an encampment of 130,000 French troops of all arms, furnish a spectacle which compels serious thoughts. These two Foreign Ministers may have talked about the weather or played piquet, it is true, but that scarcely matters. Their obvious intention was to create a dramatic situation of extreme interest by the mere fact that they were together under such conditions, and in that they have undoubtedly succeeded.

It is observable, too, that the Russian and French generals at the maneuvers have spoken much more openly, even recklessly, about the brotherhood of arms existing between the two nations than they had heretofore. The scene of mimic warfare was for the first time in Lorraine, and the speakers of both races, as they drank toasts in the evening of the day of their joint glory in the battlefield, lifted their glasses intuitively toward the blue line of the Vosges, where their common enemy is entrenched.

The German papers have studiously ignored all this, but it would be a mistake to suppose that any aspect of it has gone unnoticed. People's minds are therefore prepared for any such tangible manifestation of Franco-Russian intentions. After their taking such elaborate pains to show that they have established the closest kind of partnership, it is only natural to begin to look for some of its fruits. Hence public suspicion runs eagerly ahead of the ascertained facts to believe that these two powers have deserted England in Armenia and betrayed Germany in the Far East.

Both suspicions seem more probable than not; but these things move very slowly and on curiously devious lines, and it is to be remembered always, too, that Germany will pocket many quiet affronts and put on a good face on any discomfiture after another in the pursuit of her studiously waiting game.

She will never abandon the pretense of amicable relations with Russia until she is obliged to do so, or suffer herself to be gored into rash action when prudence dictates the other thing. Emperor William talks excitedly, but his deeds are extremely cautious, and so it happens that even when France and Russia do a concerted joint action and popular expectations of trouble run high, Germany calmly associates herself with this action and sterilizes it for mischief.

Vague reports are beginning to come of anticipated or accomplished Russian aggressions on the Pacific. It is said to be understood at St. Petersburg that the Chinese assent has been given to Russian occupation of Port Arthur. It is true it will place England in a very awkward position, indeed, for this is precisely what the whole succession of British Ministers have pledged themselves Russia should never be permitted to do. Although it is now stated that the Pamir difficulty has been permanently settled, there are so many other open diplomatic questions scattered around the globe that this one would hardly be missed.

Rome's celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of General Cadorna's entrance through the breach in the papal walls has been all too palpably a partisan affair, a grand festival and picnic of red-shirted Garibaldians, Masonic lodges and target-shooting societies, rather than a national demonstration. Humbert remains King of the Carbonari, and not much else, just as his father was a quarter of a century ago. It is significant that the Parliament and its officers were scarcely mentioned during the festivities, and that no figure at all in the ceremonies. There was a good deal of royalty, and still more of Crispi, but scarcely a reminder of the constitutional nature. The truth is that Italy, as a whole, is in no mood for merrymaking, and discerns no practical reasons for cherishing 1870 as a sacred date. The promises of that delusive year have all been broken.

The peninsula is as divided against itself as it was under the Grand Dukes, and the people are not better educated or housed, fed and clothed. Taxation has risen to the point of ruin. The national debt of this small impoverished country equals that of the United States at the end of the Civil War. Politics has grown incredibly base and rotten, and worst of all, there is a permanent religious feud ceaselessly disturbing the social life of every village, disrupting families, estranging friends with deadly certainty and making another Ireland of the unhappy land.

Crispi's long speech yesterday recog-

nized and illustrated all this. It was as narrow and strictly partisan harangue as any Orange lodge ever listened to. Underneath its specious arraignment of the Papacy, however, there seemed to lurk a sort of hint that a personal arrangement with the Pope isn't wholly impossible. There are rumors, indeed, that negotiations between Crispi and Cardinal Galimberti, who represents the liberal wing of the sacred college, have already taken a definite shape, but what they involve remains purely speculative guesswork.

Two extremely significant Irish incidents claim notice today. William O'Brien has a long letter in the Times praising the work of Arthur Balfour's congested districts board, and Gerald Balfour was received in the chief town of John Dillon's constituency with a bonfire and popular acclamations by the way.

Among the passengers on the Teutonic is William Murphy, the defeated independent candidate of South Kerry, who is visiting America on electric locomotion matters. He is the largest railway contractor of Ireland, and one of Dublin's chief business men as well. It would not be a bad idea for the Irish-Americans who take such keen interest in Irish party harmony to see him and learn what sort of man the bosses of the party are interested in keeping out in order to maintain the majority of salaried nobodies and their grip on the party funds.

Ever since Hamburg had her terrible cholera visitation and it was discovered that even these islands escaped the contagion, the British public has flatly declined to be interested in bulletins about the plague on the Continent. The lapse of curiosity this year may be said to be complete. Dispatches have come from Russia, chronicling thousands of deaths in the Western provinces, and the London papers did not even print them. It is briefly announced now that the cholera is established in Constantinople, but all its intermediate strides, in its advance southward, through the Austrian empire, though chronicled abroad, are never mentioned here. Reports indicate the proportion of deaths to cases to be much larger in Volhynia this year than it has been known anywhere before or since the opening year of 1894, but Volhynia is a long way off and nobody cares.

Apparently, too, we are going to have an early winter, for there was a slight frost reported from numerous places in England last night, and there are signs of autumn prematurely advanced all over the Continent, so, probably, the disease will soon disappear. Unfortunately, however, it reverts now every spring, and seems to have become a permanent fixture in Europe.

There are curious stories current among people in touch with high politics about the King of the Belgians. He is said to have lost all his personal fortune in the Congo venture, and now since the opposition in Belgium to that country's taking the burden of his shoulders, has practically won the day, he is at his wit's end to know what to do. He was over here incognito last month, and saw a number of the principal Ministers with the view of interesting them in the project of securing the Congo State for the British empire, but I am informed with lack of success.

He is now in Paris and is reported to have an appointment with the President for to-day. His purpose is believed to be to remind France that she always claimed to be a republic, and to ask her to pay for it. Objections rise to dealing with him as a sovereign. It is said that he is even willing to abdicate the Belgian crown and enter into negotiations merely as the private proprietor of the Congo territory. On the other hand England and Germany are understood to be agreed in resisting any such bargain, and they are both certainly magnifying the importance of the Stokes incident in a way which suggests a desire for a pretext to intervene in Congo affairs whenever such action seems needful. President Faure had considerable trading interests in the Congo, and in that way became an intimate friend of Leopold long before any one dreamed of seeing him installed in the Elysée.

The death of the Princess of Battenberg recalls temporary attention to one of the most romantic family histories of modern times. It is said now that she was of Polish noble descent, but her father, Count Hauke, was the first who ever bore the title. His father was a schoolteacher in Warsaw, of Jewish birth, who, being a man of great cleverness and personal attractions, got for pupils the pick of the daughters of the Polish nobility and every Princess from the German courts. He married the beautiful Alsatian governess of one of the Hessian families, and this clever couple, through the interest of their influential girl pupils, secured for three sons fat places at the Russian court or army and important marriages. Now two of their descendants are husbands respectively of a daughter and a granddaughter of the Queen of England and a third occupied a European throne and came within an ace of marrying a sister of the German Emperor before he died. HAROLD FREDERIC.

TO UPHOLD HIS POLICY.

Editor Jones of the Post-Dispatch Secures an Injunction. ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 21.—Colonel Charles H. Jones, editor and general manager of the Post-Dispatch, to-day applied for an injunction restraining the board of directors of that paper from interfering with his control of the Post-Dispatch. Judge Woods granted a temporary restraining order, and the matter will come up on September 30. The trouble originates over the change in the editorial policy of the paper, which formerly advocated sound money, but under Colonel Jones' management has championed bimetalism. By an agreement with Joseph Pulitzer in February last Colonel Jones bought a one-sixth interest in the paper and was given absolute control for five years. He claims that Pulitzer has violated the terms of the contract.

ONE NEGRO LYNCHED.

Two Other Suspected Colored Men Also in the Mob's Hands. NEW ORLEANS, La., Sept. 21.—News reached here late to-night that two negroes who left to-day in charge of a Sheriff were taken from the train at Hammond, La., and one of them was lynched. The negro lynched, Edward Smith, murderously assaulted a telegraph operator at Hammond Friday night, crushing his skull with a coupling pin. The other negro, Sam Scott, says he joined Smith after the assault and the mob suspended action in his case to let him prove his story. On the way up a negro was captured who had just placed a cross-tie across the track. It is believed he, also will be lynched.

FRESNO IS IN LINE.

Funds for the People's Road Pledged by Citizens.

ROUSING MASS-MEETING.

Two Thousand People Cheer the Approach of Commercial Prosperity.

STIRRING ADDRESSES MADE.

Liberal Subscriptions to Swell the Amount Being Raised by the Committee of Ten.

FRESNO, CAL., Sept. 21.—Fully 2000 people attended the mass-meeting held

critical period her citizens will only avail themselves of the grand opportunity of securing this competing road.

The speaker stated that he had heard it argued that the new road could not afford to go by Fresno. Said he:

"Profit by the experience of Visalia in early days. When the Southern Pacific built through this valley Visalia's wise statesmen refused to raise a bonus, in the belief that the railroad could not afford to pass by the town. What was the result? The road did pass by, and to this day Visalia has remained a small country town."

Judge Harris closed his speech amid vigorous applause. W. W. Phillips, Democratic candidate for Railroad Commissioner at the last election, was the next speaker. Mr. Phillips made a telling speech, pointing out that the new road was conceived in the idea of rescuing the people from the clutches of the Southern Pacific. The speaker said that the funds which are being raised are not for a bonus to the railroad people, but to be expended at home in securing rights of way and depot sites.

E. D. Edwards followed in a clear presentation of the matter at issue and the duties of the citizens of Fresno.

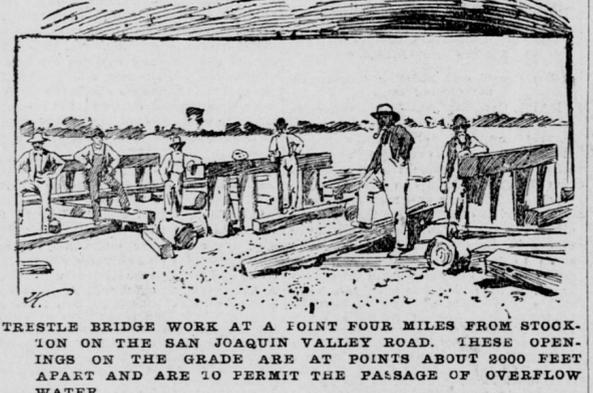
After the meeting a number of citizens came forward and made liberal subscriptions. The amount remaining to be raised is about \$15,000. The meeting was a grand



CAMP NO. 1, GRANT BROS.' OUTFIT, LOCATED SIX MILES OUT ON THE GRADE OF THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY ROAD. A PART OF THE CAMP IS HERE SHOWN AT NOONTIME. TWO OTHER CAMPS ARE LOCATED FURTHER ON UP THE LINE. [Reproduced from a photograph.]

here to-night in behalf of the Valley road. Harry Sherwood of the committee of ten, which has in charge the raising of funds for rights of way and depot sites, presided. In a short address Mr. Sherwood stated the object of the meeting. The purpose, said the chairman, was not to make a public solicitation of subscriptions but to present facts to the people that they may thoroughly realize the decisive point in Fresno's history, that they may be

success, and the enthusiasm displayed was very encouraging to the cause. PROGRESS AT STOCKTON. Graders Are Rapidly Nearing the Stanislaus River. STOCKTON, CAL., Sept. 21.—This was Valley-road day at the San Joaquin fair. At the races to-day several hundred men in blue overalls watched the speeding, and people watched them. A Valley Railroad



TRESTLE BRIDGE WORK AT A POINT FOUR MILES FROM STOCKTON ON THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY ROAD. THESE OPENINGS ON THE GRADE ARE AT POINTS ABOUT 2000 FEET APART AND ARE TO PERMIT THE PASSAGE OF OVERFLOW WATER. [Reproduced from a photograph.]

aroused into giving more thorough consideration to the necessity of subscribing to the fund. Judge M. K. Harris was then introduced, and made an able address. "This is the supreme moment in Fresno's history," said the speaker. "If Fresno gets the Valley Railroad she is bound to become the metropolis of the great San Joaquin Valley. If the road passes by Fresno will deteriorate into a small country town of no importance and her natural destiny will

laborer is not looked upon here as a common pick-and-shovel man, but as a factor in the industrial liberation of the valley, hence there is a kindly interest manifested by citizens in his doings that is not extended to workmen in less important enterprises. The forces worked up to the noon hour, for the construction work on the line has struck a speed that will hardly admit of a pause, but this afternoon and evening the men enjoyed the first holiday since the work began.



SCENE ON THE GRADE OF THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY ROAD SIX MILES FROM STOCKTON. SEVENTY-FIVE TEAMS ARE AT WORK HERE AND THIRTY A MILE FURTHER TOWARD THE RIVER. [Reproduced from a photograph.]

be plucked by some adjoining now country village. Fresno has great natural advantages; in fact she is incomparably fortunate. Situated in the center of a great valley and surrounded by vast resources, developed and undeveloped, she is bound to become a great city if at this

When the men come to town money is sure to circulate—"Valley-road money," the merchants call it. A large part of the forces are men of families and, as a result, the money naturally goes into channels

SCARLET AND WHITE.

In Every Event the Lads Carried the Colors to Victory.

BRITONS WERE SHUT OUT.

Never Has Such a Severe Beating Been Given the English Athletes.

WORLD'S RECORDS CUT DOWN.

Twelve Thousand Persons Saw the Game Americans Win Eleven Straight Contests.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Sept. 21.—Never in the annals of athletics was such a decisive

record, which up to to-day stood at 21 4-5 seconds.

The medals were presented by Mayor Strong to-night, and both teams received a banquet. 880-yard run, won by Charles Kilpatrick, N. Y. A. C.; Frederick S. Horan, London A. C., second; H. S. Lyons, N. Y. A. C., third. Time, 1:53 2-5. The time beats the previous world's record, made by F. J. K. Cross of Oxford University in 1888, by one second.

100-yard run, won by B. J. Wefers, N. Y. A. C.; Charles A. Bradley, London A. C., second; John V. Crum, N. Y. A. C., third. Time, 9 4-5 seconds. Wefers' time ties the world's record. Running high jump, won by M. F. Sweeney, N. Y. A. C.; B. feet 6 1/2 inches, which is now the world's record; S. A. W. Baitz, N. Y. A. C., second, 5 feet 10 inches.

One-mile run, won by P. Conneff, N. Y. A. C.; George W. Orton, N. Y. A. C., second. Time, 4:18 1-5.

Four-mile run, won by B. J. Wefers, N. Y. A. C.; J. V. Crum, N. Y. A. C., second; G. Jordan, London A. C., third. Time, 21:35.

Putting the 16-pound shot, won by George R. Gray, N. Y. A. C.; 45 feet 5 inches; W. O. Hickok, N. Y. A. C., 42 feet 2 inches; E. J. Watson, London A. C., 34 feet 7 inches, third.

120-yard hurdle race, won by Stephen C. Case, N. Y. A. C.; Godfrey Shaw, London A. C., second; W. J. Oakley, London A. C., third. Chase's time (2:25 seconds) was one-fifth of a second better than his own previous world's record, but was not allowed on account of his having knocked down the first hurdle.

Throwing 16-pound hammer, won by J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C.; 137 feet 5 1/2 inches; H. P. Cross, N. Y. A. C., 124 feet 10 inches, second; George S. Robertson, London A. C., 84 feet 8 inches.

440-yard run, won by Thomas E. Burke, N. Y. A. C.; Gilbert Jordan, London A. C., second; W. Fitzherbert, London A. C., third. Time, 49.

Running broad jump, won by E. P. Bloss, N. Y. A. C.; 22 feet 6 inches; F. Sheldon, N. Y. A. C., second, 21 feet 11 inches; W. J. Oakley, London A. C., third, 21 feet 0 1/2 inches.

110-yard dash, won by P. Conneff, N. Y. A. C.; E. J. Wilkins, London A. C., second. Time 15:36 1-5.

WAS AN OLD STAGE-DRIVER.

Death of Horace D. Wolcott, Who Had a Remarkable Career.

From an Early Age He Held the Ribbons From New York to California and Mexico.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 21.—Horace D. Wolcott died last night at 385 Orchard street at the age of 79. He had lived in Chicago for fifty years. Mr. Wolcott from the age of 15 drove stages in all parts of the country, from New York to California, and even down in Mexico. He began his career as stage-driver in the employ of John Frink, the first man to own a stage line in Chicago.

Previous to this he rode on the first trip of the "John Bull" train, a distance of sixteen miles, in New York State in 1831. From 1837 to 1840 he worked for Frink, and cast his first vote in 1840 for William Henry Harrison. The next year he went to Baltimore, reaching the city in time to drive the stage in which the new President rode that city to Washington for his inauguration. Mr. Wolcott was founder of the Wells-Fargo Express Company, was one of his frequent passengers, and how he always carried with him a leather bag, which contained all the "express" then transported by the Fargo company.

In 1846 Wolcott went down into Mexico, where he drove a stage among the mountains until the Mexican war broke out two years later, when he was forced to take up his residence in the City of Mexico until it was captured by General Scott in 1848.

THREE MEN WERE BURNED.

Fearful Record of a Fire in Freid's Paint Works at Pittsburg.

Barrels of Oil Exploded Like Cartridges and There Was No Escape.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 21.—Three men burned to death is the fearful record of a fire this evening in the paint works of W. K. Freid, 95 Main street, Allegheny. The names of the dead are: Henry Turner (English), teamster, aged 65 years, married, 251 River avenue, Allegheny; Joseph Lastavie (Austrian), aged 21 years, single; a man believed to be George Huff, laborer, aged 30 years, single.

The fatalities are the result of explosions of barrels of oil in the paint works, which caught the men unawares. Huff was dead when taken from the ruins of the building. The other men lived but a few moments after their rescue. The fire was caused by the boiling over of a caldron of oil. This ignited with a flash and quickly set fire to the barrels of oil, which exploded like cartridges, scattering the flames in all directions. Every man in the workroom was sacrificed.

The plant is known as the Atlas Paint Works and was three stories high, occupied sixty feet front on Main street and sixty feet back on Carpenter alley. The western part of the building was occupied by Lutz Bros., manufacturers of jellies and preserves. The loss on the building is \$35,000, insurance \$20,000. The loss on the paint stock is \$15,000. Lutz Bros. valued their stock at \$25,000, which was damaged probably one-half and is fully insured.

BURIED UNDER DEBRIS.

Two Little Girls Caught by the Fall of a Building.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 21.—A frame building at 294 North Franklin street, which was being torn down, collapsed at 12:30 to-day while the workmen were at dinner, and Mamie Kelly, 11 years of age, and another little girl, name unknown, who were playing about the place, were buried under the ruins. The Kelly girl, besides having both legs broken, suffered internal injuries, and will die. The other child was severely bruised about the limbs and body, but was not seriously injured.

PRAIRIE FIRES RAGING.

Flames Cause Great Destruction in Southern Oklahoma.

WICHITA, Kans., Sept. 21.—Terrible prairie fires are raging in the southern part of Oklahoma. Thousands of acres have been devastated and the loss will be very great. The damage to the hay crop is heavy, and the crops have suffered. The cowboys have organized into fire companies and are fighting its advance like demons. Many people have fled from their homes, and it is believed that several have met their death in the flames.

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PEARY MET FAILURE.

Return of the Explorer on the Steamer Kite.

PRIVATIONS ENDURED.

Great Suffering on One Journey Owing to a Scarcity of Provisions.

ALL THE DOGS HAD TO DIE.

Lee Became Sick and His Two Comrades Drew Him Over the Ice on a Sleigh.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., Sept. 21.—The Peary relief steamer Kite arrived here this afternoon bringing Peary, Lee and Hanson safe home. The Peary expedition party endured much hardship last winter, but undaunted started northward again in April in an attempt to make a new record.

They succeeded in reaching Independence Bay, where they camped. They were unable to make any pronounced advance northward owing to the weakness of the party, both Lee and Hanson being exhausted. The work of the expedition is believed to have been unimportant. The Kite had evidently been snowed over and started to return on September 1. They spent the intervening time exploring in the interest of the Greenland Scientific Expedition.

Members of the party are very reticent, but generally conceded that in the main the expedition was practically a failure. Last winter was passed uneventfully at Anniversary Lodge in preparing for the great expedition over the ice cap, which left Anniversary Lodge April 1. All three, Peary, Lee and Hanson, took part, having five sledges and forty-nine dogs, besides a supporting party of natives during the first stages of the journey.

When they arrived at a point 135 miles from headquarters, where he had cached provisions on the failure of the expedition in 1895, Peary could not find the cache, which had evidently been snowed over and buried. Consequently he decided to continue on toward Independence Bay, hoping to augment his limited stock of provisions by shooting game. He expected to reach the bay and do some coast exploration, which two hopes were realized, although at the cost of dreadful hardships. Lee gave out and had to be hauled for several days till the bay was reached, where they contrived to shoot several musk oxen.

Owing to the smallness of the party and the fatal defect of a scarcity of food, Peary could not make his way northward. He did some coast exploration himself, while Lee recuperated, after which they began their return journey to camp. The dogs became emaciated from want of food and then developed contagious diseases. Ultimately the stock of dogs became so reduced that only one remained when headquarters were reached on the return journey.

During the return Lee again collapsed and had to take to the sledge, which Peary and Hanson, with the remaining dog, drew over frozen snow until he recovered. For over two weeks all three lived on one meal a day. They ate their last ounce of food twenty miles from camp, and passed many hours without food before they succeeded in reaching home. They got back July 25, just a week before they heard news of the relief expedition. The Kite reached the mouth of Inglefield Gulf July 21, but could not penetrate Northumberland Sound owing to ice. Being forced south by the icepack, she tried Murchison Sound, but failed, and eventually entered McCormack Bay on August 2.

The relief expedition started and walked thirty-five miles to Bedouin Bay, where they found the gallant trio. The parties returned to the ship August 4. She then started on a walrus cruise. She proceeded thirty miles north of Littleton Island, on the east side, and then crossed to Cape Sabine, on the west coast, whence she cruised south, entering Jones Sound and proceeding fifty miles up it, until stopped by ice.

Next she followed the coast and crossed Melville Bay to Cape York, where she explored for meteorites and contrived to get two safely shipped, one weighing eight tons and the other three tons, but a stone commonly known as Sir John Ross', an immense block of almost pure iron, weighing about forty tons, it was found impossible to move and they were compelled to abandon it. They drilled several holes in it, hoping to force off a piece, but failed.

On September 7 the Kite was caught in a pack of Disko and remained there four days. She barely escaped being crushed and sinking. The Kite has on board the most valuable collection ever brought out of the Arctic regions. All the members of the combined expedition agree that this is the death blow to any Arctic expedition under American auspices for many years to come. Peary feels his failure keenly and much sympathy is expressed for him here.

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For additional Pacific Coast news see Pages 3, 4 and 6