

from the hotel at Smiths Creek. This story was shortly supplanted by another, to the effect that the murderer had been corralled in a cabin some twenty-five miles from where he was first seen last evening. In these and the half-dozen tales that followed, bloodhounds figured in each instance with picturesque effect.

The fact appears that the bloodhounds have at no time taken the trail of the murderer, as until this morning he has kept to his horse and they had nothing to work upon.

New detachments of Deputy Sheriffs and independent adventurers have been starting for the mountains at intervals all day, every man of them heavily armed and all certain that they will bring down the reward. Groups of men who gathered at every street corner, centered at the corner of First and Santa Clara streets and in front of the Courthouse, where the telephonic messages were said to be coming in, and whence the man-hunters made their start for the mountains.

The first intelligence of any progress in this hunt that seemed to be tangible came to town over the wire at 5 o'clock and reported the return of a posse with the horse upon which the murderer had ridden away. The horse was found in what is known as Indian Gulch, an almost impenetrable thicket in the mountains leading up from Smiths Creek toward the summit.

This story was quickly followed by reports of the calling in of the scattered deputies and the concentration of the men in the canyon, and, of course, the starting of the bloodhounds on the trail. Then there was the report of a pistol and the expected discovery of the body of the fugitive with a self-inflicted death wound.

None of this could be corroborated by direct communication with the men at the Smiths Creek Hotel, except that the horse had been actually found. The vagueness of all else, the indirectness of answers to questions, gave rise to the next rumor which took the form of a theory that Sheriff Lyndon had in fact captured his man and was trying to conceal the fact from the anxious people of this city in order that he might the better get his man to town without having to meet the disadvantage of an excited mob in the street; for these crowds on the street corners are something that must be taken into every calculation with regard to the capture of Dunham. Nobody has said plainly that his capture would be quickly followed by his lynching, but everybody freely says that it ought to be. The difference between those two expressions is not a very wide one.

The passing of the hours has intensified the interest and excitement. The course of trade has been greatly affected. There seems to be one thought in men's minds, but one question upon their lips:

"What is the news from the mountains?"

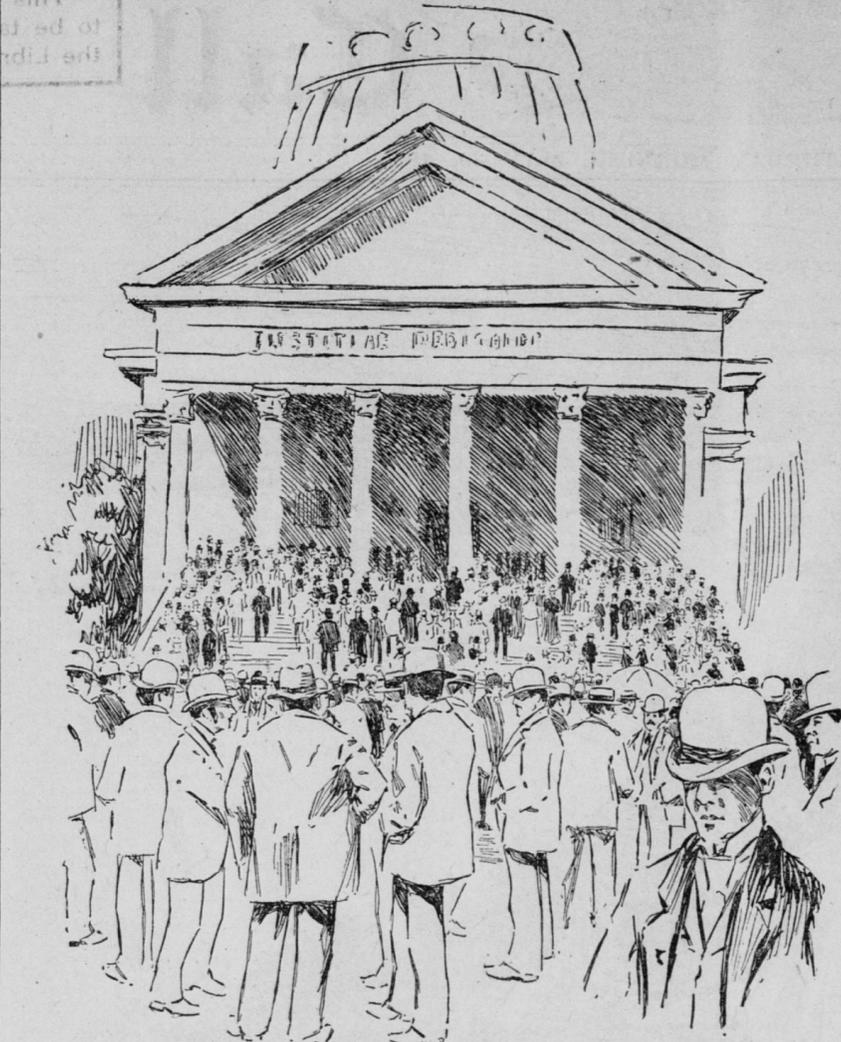
Out at Campbells the funeral of the five victims of the murderer was under way. Throngs of people left this city for the place and the procession of vehicles represented every variety of conveyance and left the livery stables almost empty. When that procession turned its head this way again, after witnessing the most touching and impressive ceremony that has ever taken place in California, it was several times its original length. The people who had gathered at Campbells from the surrounding country, when they had seen the five butchered bodies laid side by side in that one big, wide grave, waited, perhaps, until they had filed it up. Then they turned their horses' heads toward San Jose; they wanted to hear something of the capture of the murderer then.

So as the hours wore on the crowds on the street corners were increased by these newcomers. It was said that "all of Campbells was in town."

With the confirmed report of the capture of Dunham's horse, with the added statement that the sheriff was close upon the heels of the murderer, the evening papers issued extras that were eagerly bought up and excitement became greatly intensified. Momentarily the added news was expected that the murderer had been captured.

As the afternoon ran down toward dusk the greatest impatience was manifested because that news did not come. It was even reported that the Sheriff was making arrangements for a long siege. Then came descriptions of this Indian Gulch, of what a mass of brush and undergrowth it was, and how difficult it was to make any progress through it, and how it might be possible for a man to conceal himself in the brush for days. It was then that the theory was started that Sheriff Lyndon was taking precautions; that he had really captured his man and was probably on his way to the city with him, but that he feared the effect of making the fact known. So the crowds kept their places and waited and watched.

To-night under the electric lights the crowds were still there, still more ex-



Excited Crowds in Front of the Courthouse in San Jose Eagerly Awaiting News From the Pursuit of Murderer Dunham.

pectant, more impatient, awaiting some new developments. The vicinity of the courthouse and First and Santa Clara streets has the appearance of a cyclone, so great is the gathering of wheelmen. Interest in the details of the tragedy and the history of the participants is sunk in the one question as to the quick capture of the murderer.

The story of the horse that had carried the murderer of the McGilney family away from the people who were seeking to avenge that crime, is worth repeating. It was the apple of the eye of Jimmy Wells, one of those victims, the son of Mrs. McGilney. It was an old horse, but a hardy one, capable of great endurance. When Jimmy Wells was a baby, it became his individual property. It followed him wherever he went about the farm, and Jimmy grew to love the horse as he loved nothing else except his mother and sister. He christened him "Patchen," and Patchen, the now famous "buckskin," or "clay-bank" horse, became an institution of the Campbell district, and always identified with Jimmy Wells.

And Jimmy Wells himself was one of the most popular young fellows of this district. He was rapidly taking his place as the first man on the ranch, young as he was. He was active, cool-headed, gritty, an athlete, and very ambitious. As he had grown older his love for Patchen had increased, if anything, and he always insisted upon it having the best of care. Dunham knew this, and had never tried to cross Jimmy Wells in this, although the two disliked each other cordially.

The theory of it is that when Dunham turned upon the McGilney family in the night and destroyed it he took Patchen to carry him away to safety. He rode him without a saddle through the mountains until the sturdy old horse could go no further—until great sores were formed upon his back through the hard riding and rough usage—and then he turned him loose in the brush.

What if Jimmy Wells had known to what uses he was bringing Patchen up? Howard Buffington, a young man living at Campbells, knew Patchen well and

had often ridden the animal. Last night he went up into the mountain to join in pursuit of the murderer. He was ready to pledge his honor that he would be able to recognize the footprints of Patchen. He demonstrated the truth of what he said. He rode with a companion, Robert Hamilton, over the summit of the mountain and circled back over the ridges, as he had been instructed to do. At a point a mile from and above the Smith Creek Hotel they came upon a place where a man had evidently camped and allowed his horse to stop and graze.

The situation was such that the hotel lay under their eye, and the camper could have watched what went on there at his ease. Buffington got down and examined the footprints of the horse and rising up declared:

"Those are Patchen's tracks." They returned to the hotel and found Sheriff Lyndon was there and had made a find. The Sheriff asked Buffington to go on into the barn and tell him if he could identify the animal he found there. He rode into the barn and there was Patchen. He addressed the brute by name and it turned its head and whinnied a glad recognition.

Midnight-to-night two horsemen rode down First street from the scene of the search, and were almost mobbed by the crowd at the Santa Clara corner. The riders were asked as to where the murderer was. When they replied they did not know the crowd threatened to pull them off their horses, and attempted to do so.

The riders were Howard Buffington and Robert Hamilton of Campbells, who had been engaged all day in the unsuccessful search. They told their story to the crowd and were then allowed to go. They had had a hard experience, they said, and had been in places where they feared that they would be unable to get out, such was the tangle of woods and underbrush. Their horses had thrown their shoes and they were compelled to come to town. They will return to the mountains.

They report that the mountain is being scoured thoroughly, and they declare it strange if the fugitive is able to get away, provided the patrol is kept up until the much-wanted man is started out. Until then they believe it entirely possible that he may keep in successful hiding in the thicket.

ARE LAID TO REST.

Five Victims of the Fugitive Murderer Buried.

SAN JOSE, CAL., May 29.—The funeral of five of the victims of James Dunham's awful crime took place this afternoon at 2 o'clock from the Congregational church at Campbells, under the auspices of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. Notwithstanding the sensational features of the deed that caused the death of those over whom the last rites were to be performed, there were but few in the enormous assemblage of people who came to satisfy morbid curiosity, or who were present for any purpose other than to do honor to the dead. Tears moistened the eyes of hundreds of friends. While this vast throng was listening to the sad rites the rumor was being spread that the slayer of those dead was to be interred was in the hands of officers.

It was but a short time after noon when vehicles going toward Campbells were numerous on all the roads, and at the hour set for the funeral the roads leading into Campbells were lined on both sides with carriages and buggies. At the McGilney home there were no services. At 1:30 o'clock the bodies were removed to the church, followed by a long cortege.

On arriving at the church the five caskets were placed in front of the pulpit, and with them were laid the magnificent floral offerings of civic organizations and friends. The services were entirely under the direction of the Odd Fellows, many of whom were present from the San Jose and Santa Clara lodges and Morning Light Lodge of Campbells, of which Colonel McGilney had been an enthusiastic and frequently honored member.

After the caskets had been placed in the church the Odd Fellows filed in and were seated in the front rows. Then came members of the San Jose Grange, in which Colonel McGilney and family had been ardent workers for years. Friends crowded into every foot of space within the interior of the little edifice. All the pall-bearers were Odd Fellows and were as follows:

With the body of Colonel E. P. McGilney—H. Corrick, P. Walker, G. W. Welch, G. B. Johnson, H. B. Hall, J. C. Lindner. With the body of Mrs. McGilney—F. T. Benson, T. W. Carroll, A. Phillips, Charles Parker, Kenneth Morrison, W. A. Pepper. With the body of James Wells—H. R.

Wade, T. E. Lovelady, J. P. Jones, C. L. Willett, Frank Duncan, T. B. Gardner. With the body of Mrs. Hattie Dunham—W. J. Huff, Charles E. Cottrell, A. R. Morrison, D. I. Maddox, J. J. Miller, John W. Roy.

With the body of Robert Briscoe—J. S. Fay, W. McKee, W. E. Hayes, W. Fe Bracher, J. G. Parks, B. F. Rucker. The floral offerings were magnificent and numerous. Presented by the San Jose Grange was a piece in the form of an open book. On the left page was inscribed in blue the word "Sister" and on the right "Brother," and across both pages were the words "San Jose Grange." The body of the piece was of choice white roses.

From the Odd Fellows was another beautiful floral offering, being a pillow of roses about two feet wide and three feet long. At the top appeared in blue "I. O. O. F." and beneath this was the sentence, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

The Campbell Literary Society, of which James Wells had been a very prominent and hard-working member, contributed a floral chair, on the back of which was inscribed "Jim," the name by which he was most familiarly known. Mr. and Mrs. Brewer contributed a beautiful floral piece on which were the words "Our Loved Ones." Besides these floral offerings many others were presented.

While the only near relatives of the deceased persons present at the funeral were Mrs. M. T. Brewer of San Francisco, sister of Mrs. E. P. McGilney and the infant child of Mrs. Dunham, there was much sadness and tears. The impressive ceremonies were conducted by Past Grand Master P. F. Gosbey, acting as noble grand, and M. H. Hyland, acting as chaplain.

The services were opened with an extremely affecting prayer by Rev. William Windsor. It was an expression of the crushing sense of recognition of the inscrutable features of the tragedy, and especially of the bequest of the Almighty on behalf of the infant child who was left worse than motherless and fatherless.

The funeral rites of the Odd Fellows were conducted by Past Grand Master Gobey and M. H. Hyland. A quartet consisting of Mrs. Hillman Smith, Mrs. Rainey, Professor Rainey and Mr. A. Bonner, rendered the two sacred songs that had been the favorite of "Jimmy" Wells—"Gathering at the River," and "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Past Grand Master Gosbey addressed the assembly of friends in such an eloquent and feeling manner that many were moved to tears. He said:

Let the flag fly at half-mast; let the bell in yonder church-tower toll the funeral knell; let the shrines and residences of the dead let the farmer, the orchardist and the granger join with us in this sad and solemn occasion. Let the official associates lay aside the pen and with the Odd Fellows lament and mourn over this distressing occurrence. Let the immaculate white and the evergreen impress its ceremony with nature's offerings to this sad occasion.

It seems within the last few days that death has asserted itself in tornado and cyclone, devastation and catastrophe throughout our country as never before in its history. While bright and cheerful in his ways, and full of power we turn to our fair wife and read written in life's blood, a tragedy more thrilling and appalling than has ever been recorded in our State. We point with pleasure and pride to our fruit-laden orchards, our waving fields of grain and our flower gardens beyond the mountains, and we are reminded of the page so stained and scarred should chronic such a cruel and murderous assault.

It is within a few years ago when occupying a position in the San Jose High School, among the pupils enrolled was Hattie Wells, bright, charming and attractive. Her kind and gentle disposition won the esteem and admiration of her instructors. The thought of everything that was good, true and noble was associated with her name.

In the same school was another. Let the five dead bodies before us respond who he was, and let each one of us respond who he was. He, therefore, organized and formed Morning Light Lodge in this village. He was the first noble grand of the lodge. A man of strong determination, positive in his ways, enthusiastic, he soon started the lodge on a firm foundation, and it was my pleasure and honor, as one of the first installing officers on that occasion, to see one so well qualified presiding over this new lodge.

In the grand Lodge two weeks ago, when in San Francisco, knowing Brother McGilney so well, I appointed him to different offices and on some committees, and his service and efficiency won for him the commendation of the members of the Grand Lodge.

Loving Odd Fellowship as he did it afforded him pleasure and delight to see initiated into this valley a few years ago from Illinois, and who had been a member long until he impressed his brothers with his fortitude, uprightness and integrity—a true Odd Fellow in every sense of the word.

SCENES OF SADNESS AT THE MOUND CITY.

who loved and admired her for her acts of kindness, her sweet disposition and her gentle ways. Before us is also the faithful servant, who, with the other unfortunate ones, receives from us a parting tear and this last tribute of respect which the living can pay to the dead. As Odd Fellows we raise to the memory of Brother Past Grand Master McGilney not a monument of marble, or granite or of metal, but that monument which impresses itself upon the memory of men and has for its component parts fidelity, honor, integrity and brotherly love.

Then the benediction was pronounced. Hundreds of people were outside the church, and after those inside had viewed the bodies the crowd of friends without was granted that privilege. It required a half hour for the people to pass through the little church.

About 200 vehicles were in the cortege and followed the bodies to the grave. In this solemn procession were five hearses, each of which contained its burden.

At the grave in Oak Hill Cemetery the exercises consisted of the usual ritual work and three selections by a quartet. The lot is centrally located in the cemetery. In the center of it Mr. Wells, the former husband of Mrs. McGilney, is interred. The new grave were on both sides of the Wells grave. To one side the bodies of Colonel and Mrs. McGilney were laid. Robert Briscoe was buried in a grave near that of Colonel McGilney. Mrs. Dunham and her brother, James Wells, were interred in a grave together on the other side of the Wells grave.

HIS BABE ADOPTED. Mrs. Brewer Will Care for Dunham's Little One.

SAN JOSE, CAL., May 29.—Mrs. M. T. Brewer of San Francisco, a sister of Mrs. Colonel McGilney, has taken the little baby of the murderer to rear. Around this trust must center a profound interest always. Just now the baby is itself the center of such interest.

This little bit of humanity, nestling in its nurse's arms, unconscious of the treacherous thing that has happened to it, offers the one touch of pathos in the awful story of the Campbell tragedy. When the neighbors on that Tuesday night, having summoned courage to make their way into the desolated house, with uplifted lanterns passed from one to the other of the chambers of horrors, they saw no living thing.

Wading in blood to the bedside of Mrs. Dunham, the young wife, they lifted the heap of covers that were piled on the bed, and there by the dead and ghastly form of its mother lay a little babe, asleep. They lifted it up and carried it out, away from the house of the slaughter of all who were near to it. It was given into the care of Mrs. Whipple, a neighbor, and she kept it until the arrival of Mrs. Brewer, the dead mother's aunt, and she will take charge of and rear it.

Mrs. Brewer was at the funeral to-day, and will return at once to San Francisco. Mrs. Dunham's house has been besieged by men and women, attracted to the scene of the tragedy and who turned from the road to look upon the mite who survived the slaughter.

IS HE THE DEMON? Officers Pursue a Bicyclist Who Resembles Dunham.

BAKERSFIELD, CAL., May 29.—After the receipt here this morning of a minute description of James Dunham, the San Jose murderer, several officers called to mind that last night a stranger was seen in town on a bicycle. He had evidently ridden a long distance, and comparison showed that in many details he answered the murderer's description.

At once a posse started out to search for him, but up to late this morning had been bound and the suspected stranger, if it were Dunham, he is probably far on his way south by this time. The country south of here is very unsettled and wild, and the fugitive would have little difficulty in evading pursuit until he reached the more thickly settled region about Los Angeles.

WOOD COUNTY POLITICS. Lively Contest in the Primaries for the Election of Delegates.

American Protective Association Candidates Are Defeated at Wood and.

WOODLAND, CAL., May 29.—The Democratic primaries for the selection of delegates to the county convention, to be held in this city on Tuesday next, when eight delegates to represent the Democracy at the State Convention will be chosen, was held throughout Wood County to-day. It was a lively contest, the fight being especially warm in Woodland, being between the regular Democrats and the American Protective Association. The former were victorious. The following were elected:

Woodland, precinct No. 1—Elias Snavely, J. H. Martin, F. E. McGuff, A. C. Huston, L. Charnak. Woodland, precinct No. 2—C. B. Church, P. W. Palmer, William Kuhn, H. H. Edmunds, W. O. Keen. Woodland, precinct No. 3—R. G. Lewson, A. Hawkins, J. W. Landry, F. E. Baker, T. G. Hughes, C. E. Dingley.

Woodland, precinct No. 4—R. Alge, R. P. Wallace, P. Krellenberg, T. M. Pratt, E. I. Daas, West Woodland—L. W. Wilcox, L. B. Burton, Henry McNeill, R. W. Browning. East Woodland—Matt Howard, Ephraim Clark, W. L. Lee, L. T. C. Clifford. Dunnington—Thomas M. Leer, P. T. Laugenour, H. W. Trelity.

Madison—T. T. Tatt, Thomas Adams, Jesse Campbell, F. M. Bratton, James Stanton. East Davisville—Judge King, Samuel Reed. West Davisville—M. Jordan, Samuel Montgomery, Fred Wilger, M. V. Sparks. Capay—J. W. Dunce, C. A. A. Hillerstein, Frank Duncan. Guanassa—M. A. Nurse, C. A. Stevens, W. E. Cole.

Yolo—Charles Laugenour, I. P. Diggs, Joe Cooper. East Winters—T. J. Crane, John Ely, James Goodin, T. H. Bratton, E. C. Rust. West Winters—Len D. Nilbiss, R. S. Briggs, Thomas Gaultier. Knights Landing—Webb Edison, Frank Young, Charles Adams, William Amick, Bob Leathers. Esparto—John Kennedy, H. W. Butler. Blacks—J. W. Black, J. W. Clark, D. F. Houx, I. N. Hershey.

WARSHIPS IN THE LEVANT.

On Hand to Prevent Trouble Between Turks and Christians.

ATHENS, GREECE, May 29.—The British warship Hood and the French warships Neptune and Cosmao have arrived at Canea, where there is serious trouble between the Turks and Christians. Private advices have been received to the effect that steamers conveying Turkish troops to Crete have passed Syria.

It is stated that twenty-five Christians and four Turks were killed in the fighting that took place Sunday and Monday. A large number on both sides were wounded.

Mrs. Hammond Dying.

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA, May 29.—It was announced to-night that the condition of Mrs. John Hays Hammond, wife of the American mining engineer, who for several days had been ill, had taken a turn for the worse, and her physicians gave no hope for her recovery.

Treasury Gold Reserve.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 29.—The treasury gold reserve at the close of business to-day stood at \$107,493,334. The withdrawals for the day were \$1,919,000 in gold and there was deposited in gold by banks in exchange for currency \$1,000,000.

SCENES OF SADNESS AT THE MOUND CITY.

(Continued from First Page.)

bury those beneath. The weather is fine. The Business Men's League to-day issued a statement to the country to the effect that the disaster will in no way interfere with the arrangements already made for the Republican Convention or the housing and entertainment of the delegates.

Despite the exaggerated stories that were given circulation during the hour immediately following the calamity, when the impression was sought to be conveyed that all St. Louis had been laid low and that the exposition and convention auditorium had been wiped out, it should be now definitely known through the country that only a narrow strip across the Mill Creek Valley was devastated, and that the principal business portion of the city is unscathed. The damage to the structure in which the convention is to be held is much less than at first anticipated, and will not exceed \$1500, and repairs can be completed by the end of next week.

None of the large hotels have been injured in any way, and the section of the city that felt the brunt of the storm includes but a handful of houses that have been placed in the list of contingent extra accommodations for visitors. More than nine-tenths of the houses so listed and covering a radius from half a mile to two miles west of the Auditorium are in a district entirely outside the path of the storm.

Coroner Wait held inquests all day. In each case a stereotyped verdict setting forward the fact that the deceased had come to his death, or her death, by injuries received as the result of a tornado was returned. Inquests were held also in St. Louis, the verdicts being in similar terms.

The bodies of Miss Izola Horne and Emma Cheney, stenographers employed by the Sawyer Manufacturing Company at Eighteenth and Chouteau streets, who died clasped in each other's arms, rest side by side on a mattress in a boarding-house awaiting advices from relatives. Miss Cheney had a brother in Chicago, while her mother resides in Montreal.

Miss Minnie Conrad, 22 years of age, daughter of Lieutenant Conrad of Jefferson Barracks, is believed to be among the killed. She left home Wednesday afternoon and has not been seen or heard from since.

While workmen were digging in the ruins of one of the tenements at Seventh and Rutger streets, where so much havoc was caused, an infant voice cried out, "Please don't be so rough." An opening was quickly made in the debris above the spot whence the voice issued and through its depths a ten-year-old boy leading three girls about the same age appeared. All were uninjured, though they were weak from hunger and confinement for nearly forty hours. A shout of joy went up from the crowd and then before the police could ascertain any names the little ones had been away. Somebody asked the little boy as he was disappearing how he came to be so lucky, and he piped in childish accents: "We just fell on a soft place."

Among the missing reported are George Howard of Minneapolis and Edward Ray, a stockholder of the Masonic Bridge Company of Robinson, Ill. Their bodies are not among the unrecognized dead at the morgues. There was a conference this afternoon between Chief of Police Harrigan of this city and Chief Badenoch and Inspector Fitzpatrick of Chicago, the two latter of whom had been instructed by Mayor Swift of that city to investigate the condition of affairs here and in East St. Louis, with a view to rendering any needed assistance toward protecting the devastated districts against the criminal element. As an outcome of the interchange of opinions, Chief Badenoch telegraphed to Chicago ordering the immediate departure for this city of nine crack members of the Chicago detective corps, and who, on their arrival, will be detailed to watch the operations of a number of well-known crooks from Eastern and Western cities.

According to confidential advices received from various chiefs of police and detective agencies, many crooks are heading for this city expecting to reap a harvest similar to that gathered in by the light fingered and burglarizing fraternity during the days immediately following the Johnston flood.

It is also arranged that the Chicago detectives shall remain in this city until the wind-up of the Republican National Convention. While there has been no systematic effort toward pilaging the devastated district, Chief Harrigan, as a matter of precaution, to-day swore in 150 specials to assist the militia in protecting the property exposed in the ruins. The Chicago detectives will be under the command of Chief of Detectives Desmond, and the local authorities will co-operate with those of East St. Louis in keeping the criminal element in check.

In the town across the river the business men have organized a vigilance committee, and on the telegraph and electric light poles written notices are posted to the effect that ghouls and purloiners of property from wrecked houses, business

properties and railroad cars will be given short shrift and an opportunity of diving from the Eads bridge into the Mississippi River. Instructions have also been given to the police of the Illinois city to shoot on sight every individual caught in the act of robbing the ruins.

Until to-night measures for the relief and succor of the poorer classes affected by the disaster had been lost sight of by the authorities in the press of duty necessitated by the protection of the district in the path of the storm.

Urgent demands for relief, however, can no longer be evaded, and accordingly Mayor Walbridge will early to-morrow morning summon the Board of Public Improvements to his office to devise immediate measures for the relief of those who are suffering or are within a few days likely to suffer as a result of the calamity. Meanwhile the theatrical profession is placing itself very much in evidence.

William J. Baker, exalted ruler of the famous No. 9 Lodge of the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, has issued a call for a meeting at headquarters to-morrow afternoon of all local members of the organization and members of the theatrical profession temporarily resident in this city. At this meeting steps will be taken toward making a handsome contribution for the purposes of a general relief fund.

As soon as the intention of the Mayor to convene members of his cabinet became known to-night, the managers of Hagan Theater, Olympic and Grand Opera-house united in advising the executive that their playhouses were at the disposal of the relief committees.

Similar action was taken to-night by the managers of the summer theaters. In East St. Louis there are hundreds of persons with no homes, no money and even without a stitch of clothing of their own to be provided for, and assistance from other cities will be required.

Mayor Bader said to a reporter of the United Press: "There are at least 2500 persons in this city that are utterly without shelter, food or clothing. And what adds to the distress of the situation the majority of them are very poor people and can barely manage to live tolerably when they have ordinary good fortune.

"As near as we have been able to count up there are nearly 600 houses destroyed, with not less than from three to six people in each of them. Their clothing was destroyed—blown away—so was their furniture and bedding, and few of them have money to buy any more.

"We have been obliged to appeal through the United Press to the outside world for aid, and I hope it will be responded to readily, for the emergency is pressing."

At a meeting of a few representative citizens last night the sum of \$3000 was subscribed toward alleviating the suffering of the cyclone victims. Scores of tornado sufferers will owe their lives to the tender care and medical aid that was so freely given them at St. Mary's Hospital. Upward of 100 men, women and children, victims of the wrath of the winds of Wednesday, have been treated in the hospital. Three persons have died there, but their condition was hopeless when they were borne in on stretchers.

The good sisters have been untiring in their attention to the wounded, and for thirty-eight hours not one of the twelve Good Samaritans has thought of sleep. President Henry D. Sexton of the Workingmen's National Bank of East St. Louis, who has large property interests all over that city, has made a thorough tour of the city. He aggregates the losses at \$3,500,000, as follows: Property loss in city, \$1,800,000; losses to railroads, \$1,000,000; Wiggins Ferry Company losses, \$1,000,000; total, \$3,800,000.

The large losses of the Wiggins Ferry Company are upon ferry-boats, wharves, barges, every ferry approach and cars and locomotives. Mr. Sexton believes that while the demolition is an irreparable loss to the owners, it will ultimately prove of benefit, as modern buildings will replace the wrecked structures that were two decades behind the age.

The following St. Louis schools were damaged: Clinton School and Clinton branch, roofs and parts of walls gone; Peabody, roof and rafters blown off and part of wall destroyed; Charles, tower gone; Chouteau, windows blown in; Hodgen, northwest corner gone; Pestalozzi, walls and roof damaged; Grant, roof and parts of four walls gone; Garfield, smoke-stack and parts of the roof destroyed; New Shepard, roof and walls damaged; L'Overture, roof and rafters and northeast brick wall blown away; Marquette, walls around smokestack carried away; Froebel, roof off, northwest side gone; Westley, part of new addition wrecked; Lonfellow, northeast and northwest walls blown out; Compton, slate roof off; Madison, both roofs gone.

LIST OF PROPERTY LOSSES. At Least \$20,000,000 Damage Done by the Storm.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 29.—Forgetting every personal interest that clashes with the work of mercy, the people of this city who escaped the fury of the storm have incessantly ministered to the suffering of the luckless thousands. Since the dreadful twenty minutes of disaster Wednesday evening no thought has been given to property losses. The worst is now known, however, and the work of computing material losses has begun. As the world knows, the greater number of suf-

fered from the storm were those who were in the city at the time of the disaster. The loss of property is estimated at \$20,000,000.

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