

LIKE A GREAT BATTLEFIELD.

Mangled Corpses Laid in Rows on Hodynky Plain.

HUNDREDS CRUSHED IN THE STAMPEDE.

Women and Children Borne Down When the Moujiks Rushed to Table.

THIRTY BODIES AT THE BOTTOM OF A WELL.

An Official Estimate Places the Number of Dead at 1336—Aid for Bereaved Families.

MOSCOW, RUSSIA, May 31.—The city has not yet recovered from the shock occasioned by the frightful calamity yesterday on the Hodynky plain during the great free feast and entertainment in connection with the coronation ceremonies, given at the expense of the Czar to whoever desired to partake.

The extent of the disaster was not exaggerated in the first reports. As stated in these dispatches yesterday by a representative of the United Press, who was an eyewitness, the stampede of the great multitude was a sight never to be forgotten for its horror. After the crowd had been dispersed by the police and military the field was strewn with the bodies of hundreds who had been killed by being crushed, trampled upon or by suffocation.

A great number of children were among the victims. In the wild rush of the frenzied crowd they were swept away from their parents or others having charge of them and their puny strength availed them naught when vitting against the irresistible force of the surging mob. The instant they stumbled and fell life was crushed out of them. But this was the case also with many adults. No human strength could stand the mad onrush of the crowd, and safety could be found only in allowing one's self to be carried forward and back in the pulsating crowd, devoting every energy to keeping upon his feet.

The officials made every effort and offered every facility for the identification of the dead, but the bodies in hundreds of instances were utterly unrecognizable, the faces having been literally crushed out of all semblance to humanity. A careful search is made of each body for papers to establish its identity, and a record is made of the clothing on each corpse for the same purpose.

It was officially announced this morning that the total number of victims was 1336. Many of them were Moujiks from the provinces, a poor class of people, but among the number were many poverty-stricken residents of Moscow and villages in the neighborhood of the city. The fête was particularly for the benefit of this class of people, and the middle class generally held aloof from the entertainment or else visited it in the plain capacity of spectators.

The scene in the city to-day and last night has been a most painful one. The injured and large numbers of the dead are taken to the hospitals and other charitable institutions, and thither have gone thousands of persons seeking relatives and friends, hoping that the missing ones could be found among those who were only hurt, but dreading the worst. Many affecting scenes were witnessed when it was found that those who were thought to be dead were still alive, but often terribly injured. Sometimes when a body was recognized by a relative, more frequently a mother whose little one had been torn away from her and its young life crushed out, the scene was heartrending. The stolid demeanor of the Russian peasant would vanish, and the low plaintive wailing and floods of tears would bear witness to the bitter grief experienced.

Far into the night ambulances, fire-trucks and other vehicles were steadily engaged in hauling the dead and injured into the city. The representative of the United Press went again to the plain and saw some of the effects of the mad rush. Ditches of abandoned earthworks of the plain had been filled to the level with the bodies of those who had been driven into them by the awful pressure from behind. Here those who were not crushed to death were suffocated by the dead and dying above them. In the passages between the booths from which the free food was being distributed there were still lying the bodies of hundreds of dead men, women and children—women and children predominating. Some of the corpses were frightfully distorted and on the faces, still in death, there were looks of fear and horror.

The sight was altogether a most gruesome one. The clothing had been torn to shreds and the bodies were in a semi-nude condition. The assertion is repeated to-day that the police were not on the scene in sufficiently large numbers at an early hour to handle the crowd. It is a fact that there were only a comparatively few of them present at 6 o'clock in the morning, at which time the disaster occurred. There were then about a thousand attendants engaged in distributing the gifts of the Czar to the importunate mob, and to them the calamity is indirectly attributable.

When the thousands of persons in the rear began to press forward on those in front and the latter were crushed against the barriers the shrieks and groans of the dying caused the attendants to become stricken with terror, dreading what actually occurred—the breaking down of the barriers by the enormous human pressure upon them. In fear of their lives they threw thousands of the memorial cups, filled with mead, beer, etc., at the struggling mass of humanity in attempts to drive them back. This led to a wild scramble in the crowd. The immense quantity of liquids thus thrown formed a sort of pond in front of the long line of booths and rendered the ground slippery and treacherous, making a foothold very precarious. A great number of persons who might have otherwise escaped this fell to the ground, where the life was soon crushed out of them by the howling, frenzied mob.

In some parts of the plain the ground looks as though it had been newly plowed. This is where it was torn up by the heavy wooden shoes of the peasants in their wild excitement.

So great has been the rush of visitors to the hospitals to-day in search of missing relatives and friends that the work of the doctors and physicians was seriously interrupted. This afternoon, therefore, the authorities gave orders for the transfer of the unclaimed bodies to the Vongankoffsky cemetery, where they will be interred if not identified within a few days. The feeling of the Moujiks was very bitter against the authorities, whom they held had not taken sufficient precautions, to guard against an affair such as occurred. After the disaster the large force of military and police had the greatest difficulty in restoring even a semblance of order. The Czar's promise to help the bereaved families, coupled with the published expressions of his intense grief and deep sympathy, has allayed the bitter feeling and the people are warmly grateful to him for his action.

As stated in yesterday's dispatches his Majesty has ordered that the sum of 1000 roubles be paid to each family that has lost a member through the catastrophe. In addition the state will pay the expense of burying the dead, while the physicians at the hospitals and elsewhere have been instructed to spare nothing to alleviate the sufferings of the injured.

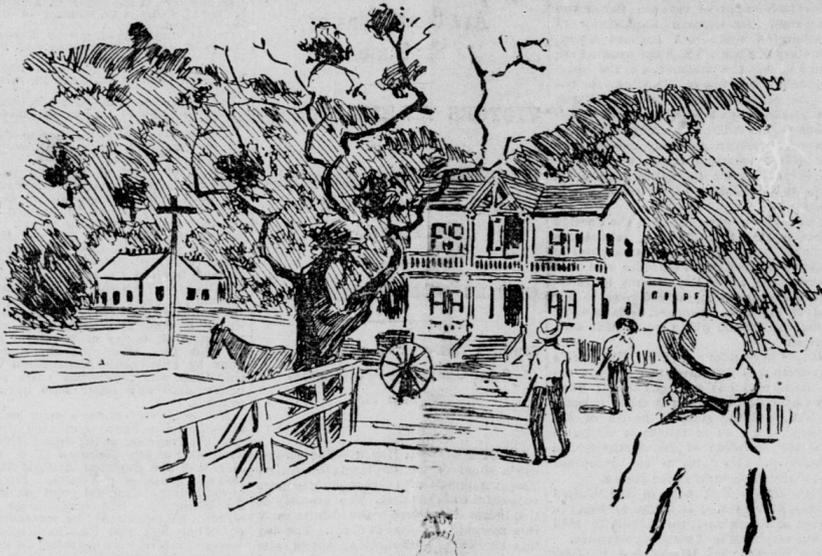
Although the official report places the number of dead at 1133, it is highly probable that the exact number of victims will never be known. The Vice-Mayor reckons that 1336 persons were killed and 286 seriously, perhaps fatally, injured. The official accounts, however, do not include any dead and injured who were removed by friends. It would not be surprising if the number of deaths was largely in excess of the official figures.

Thirty bodies were found to-day in an old disused well in the middle of the plain. The well had been covered with planks which had collapsed when the crowd passed over them. Some of the victims had in their hands the memorial cups which had been presented at the booths before the rush began. Among the bodies in the well were two living persons who have been made insane by the horror of the position. Their ravings when rescued were terrible to hear.

Great efforts were made throughout the day to clear the plain, but this afternoon it was still littered with fragments of clothing and human hair. In some places where the crush was greatest the ground was soaked with the blood of those whose lives had been trampled out. Large crowds of people, many of them attracted by morbid curiosity, were hovering about the plain all day. The foreign correspondents were afforded every facility for learning the details of the calamity.

The representative of the United Press, who with the single exception of a correspondent of a New York newspaper, is the only representative of the American press here, went away to-day to the Vongankoffsky Cemetery, where a great number of the dead had been transferred from the hospitals and the plain. Many of the injured were also taken to this cemetery, the hospitals being so crowded that it was impossible to find accommodations for them. The scene was a sad one.

The cemetery occupies a space of about eight acres, and all the paths were guarded by armed soldiers. The ground was thickly covered by the living and the dead. Physicians who were present were busily engaged in setting broken bones, sewing up and dressing gaping wounds and otherwise attending to the wants of the injured. So great was the demand for medical and surgical assistance that physicians and surgeons were requisitioned from other cities and towns.



Smiths Creek Hotel, the Rendezvous of the Sheriff's Posse in Search of Murderer Dunham.

The dead were placed in long lines upon the ground. There were very few coffins to be seen. In fact, the supply of coffins and caskets was exhausted early yesterday, and to-day it is impossible to procure one in the city at any price. The bodies were covered with sheets, and the long line of white-robed bodies presented a ghastly spectacle. Here alone the number of dead exceeded the official figures, for in the rows there were 1362 victims.

An immense crowd slowly and continuously passed along the paths, on both sides of which the bodies were laid, seeking for some loved one. As the sheets were removed the living would eagerly scrutinize the faces of the dead to see if the features were the ones of those for whom they were looking. The sight presented by the withdrawals of the coverings was a fearful one. The faces and limbs of the dead were horribly mutilated and the clothing was in shreds. In most cases the disfigurement was so great that it was impossible to identify the bodies.

At various points in the cemetery priests were offering prayers for the dead. It was necessary that many of the bodies should be buried as speedily as possible, and after the interments had been completed Father John Cronstadt, the miracle worker, passed among the mourners, blessing and consoling them.

At the request of the Czar there will be a solemn requiem mass in the chapel of the palace in the Kremlin to-morrow morning. All the members of the imperial family will attend.

The Bishop of Peterborough, who is in Moscow as the representative of the Established Church of England, preached a sermon in the English church here to-day. A collection was taken up for the benefit of the sufferers and a goodly sum was raised. The statement that the disaster would bring the coronation ceremonies to a close has not the slightest basis in truth. The functions have not been stopped. A ball was given at the French embassy last evening. It was attended by the members of the imperial family, the foreign princes, diplomats and the highest Russian and visiting aristocracy. The ball was one of the most brilliant that has taken place in connection with the coronation ceremonies.

So far as known not a single foreigner was killed. A trench a hundred yards long has been dug in the cemetery, and in this a majority of the unrecognized dead will be interred. Some accounts of the affair represent the rush in an ugly spirit. These reports state that hundreds of persons broke into the booths, pilaging them of the contents, regardless of the shrieks of the injured and dying. Many of the peasants who were given memorial cups are now offering to sell them for a rouble and a half as souvenirs, not only of the coronation, but of one of the most terrible catastrophes in the annals of Russia. They find ready purchasers.

The stolid and callous demeanor of the moujiks and others in the face of the disaster is much commented upon by those who are not familiar with the character of the Russian lower classes. One newspaper correspondent questioned a moujik who was carrying a child from the Hodynky plain after the tragedy as to whether he had been in the crush. The man replied that he had not, but, instead of being thankful that he and his child had perhaps escaped an awful death, he complained against what he termed his bad luck in not receiving a cup, although he had tramped thirty versts in the expectation of getting one, in addition to an unlimited quantity of free food and drink.

As an offset to this callousness, however, there have been several instances reported of heroic rescues of women and children from the fate that befel so many hundreds of their countrymen. The Chief of Police is reported to be in utter despair over the terrible catastrophe and has attempted to commit suicide.

SEARCHING FOR A DEAD DUNHAM.

Many Accept the Theory That the Demon Shot Himself.

FOOD FOR THE BUZZARDS

Birds of Prey Continue to Hover Over a Single Spot in Indian Gulch.

IT WILL BE EXPLORED TO-DAY.

If the Murderer's Body Is Not Found the Pursuers Will Admit He Has Escaped.

SAN JOSE, CAL., May 31.—Constable Ed Haley came down from the mountain to-night with Al Hanks. They have followed to a finish the Little ranch outcroppings in the hunt for Murderer James Dunham, and report that they do not pan out any better than the several leads that have been followed heretofore.

Haley was one of the party who discovered the horse in the brush, where Dunham had left it, and his complete story, as told here, adds several important features to that incident.

Among other things not before mentioned is the fact that the party found a torn piece of the San Jose Mercury bearing date of the day after the murder, which was undoubtedly left by Dunham. The paper was one containing the story of the murder and the statement that the officers intended to employ bloodhounds in the chase. This would account for the effort of the fugitive to destroy the scent by wrapping gunnysacks around his feet. The sacks employed for this purpose were evidently stolen from the Parker cabin.

Haley is firm in the belief that Dunham's body will be found in Indian Gulch. He says the search has been most thorough and that it is scarcely within the bounds of possibility that the murderer could get away, as every rancher in the mountains is on the alert for him and the reward that would go with his capture. The buzzards are gathering in greater numbers over Indian Gulch and keep up their circling over one particular place in the gulch, and though the officers have searched the vicinity and found nothing the belief remains that the demon's body is there.

A shot was distinctly heard shortly after the finding of the horse, and every man in the mountains thereabouts has been interviewed and no one can be found who fired that shot.

Sheriff Lyndon returned to Smiths Creek to-night, discouraged over another unsuccessful day's hunt. He will organize his force to-morrow morning for a thorough and a final search for the body in the gulch. If the body is not found, the search for the living man will also be given over, as it will then be accepted as conclusive that Dunham has made his escape through the San Isabel

Pass and is making his way on through Red Creek Pass toward Visalia.

The expedition of the posse, composed of Constable Haley in charge, with Al Hanks and Harry McClintock, over to the Little ranch was finished only this afternoon. They had heard that a man had been prowling about the cabin of Charles Marcene and had gone as far as to open the window, when the intruder was driven away by the challenge of Marcene.

The posse left Smiths Creek early Friday morning, going out over the divide between San Felipe and Los Animas. They crossed the ridge into Slippery Canyon and down onto the Narrow place and thence to Cales, and attempted to get out through the pass, but their horses stalled and they were compelled to turn back and take another route with a horse and cart.

They arrived at Marcene's, some twelve miles from Smiths Creek, shortly before midnight and found Marcene in a very nervous frame of mind. It was some time before he would allow them to enter, and only then in the face of a pointed revolver.

Marcene declared that he had heard the same noise of a prowler about the house only a short time before their arrival. Somebody had been feeling along the outside of the house and tried the door. It was at about the same hour that a hand had lifted his window on the previous night. At the time the officers arrived Marcene's dogs were growling and nosing over the ground, which he said was unusual for them.

Haley followed the dogs, which led him through a wheatfield until he got tired of following them, and he and his party returned to the cabin.

They made a thorough search about the place this morning without making any discoveries. They made a circuit of the neighboring ranches and found everybody



Frank Reynolds, the Famous Hunter of Los Gatos.

looking for Dunham, with nobody having seen him.

At Jim McArans place, which occupies a position commanding the exit of the gulch in that direction (and it was considered that no man could make his way through there without being held up by McArans dogs, distinguished for their vicious vigilance), there was no news. So Haley came back more than ever convinced that the shot on Friday morning in Indian Gulch meant the suicide of the murderer.

Now, this is the interesting story told by Haley to-night concerning the finding of the buckskin horse. The horse, by the way, was to-day engaged by THE CALL correspondent in the mountains for the purpose of following the trail in company with the Sheriff's posse.

"We had been detailed by Sheriff Lyndon to search Indian Gulch for a trail of the murderer last Friday morning," said Haley. "Edwards and Parker went with me, and Sheriff Lyndon and Ballou were together with the dogs. We had gone to a point in the gulch where the horse was afterward discovered, and were discussing the possibility of Dunham abandoning his animal. I am certain that at that time the man was within the sound of our voices and overheard us. Our instructions were given at that time, the Sheriff directing us to circle the gulch and examine the fences to see if they had been broken through. We went in one direction, while Lyndon and Ballou, with the dogs, went in another.

"Ballou first caught sight of the horse coming out of the brush and they rejoined us. Parker was dispatched to bring the horse out. He had to make a circuit of about three miles to get down. The horse was brought out and the party afterward went down and made a search through the canyon. We found where Dunham had camped. Within 50 or 60 feet from where the horse was first seen we found where it had been tied to a buckeye tree, around which it had tramped for some time. A short distance away was found, neatly placed in a coil, the rope by which it had been tethered.

"What convinces me that the horse had been released only a few minutes before is the fact that it was working rapidly up the hillside, as any horse will when feeding.

CORRAL HOLLOW BANDIT SLAIN

As I say, when first seen it was only some fifty feet from the buckeye tree. When Parker got to it the animal was a quarter of a mile away from that place.

"Dunham had heard us talking as he lay in the brush, and knowing that he could not take the horse with him, as he would be seen, he untied the animal and allowed it to make its escape while he traveled on foot. It is out of the question that the horse broke away, for the rope, remember, was coiled near the tree, as though the murderer had released the horse as a sort of good-by to it.

"In our subsequent search in the gulch we found the scrap of the Mercury newspaper. The head of the paper had been torn away, carrying the date, but it contained something of the story of the murder, showing that it was later than Wednesday. The murderer no doubt had stolen the paper from one of the rancher's boxes along the road, and making the discovery that it was proposed to put bloodhounds on his track, he stole the coverings for his feet at Parker's. Parker had his washing out hanging on a rail to dry.

"There were a number of socks, all in a row, and at the end of the row were several flour-sacks. There was a break in the row of socks, showing where Dunham had taken out a pair, and some of the flour-sacks were missing. In our further search in the gulch we found pieces of those sacks. Now, I am convinced that this precaution he took by binding his feet had the effect he desired—that of confusing the scent for the dogs. I am certain, also, that he took that precaution at Parker's, for his footprints were traced in the road up to that place. At Parker's he climbed through a window, and where he jumped to the ground there were two distinct prints of his feet, and these fitted exactly to the other prints found in the road leading to that place.

"The dogs could have taken his trail from those prints, but they have been unable to do so afterward for some reason, and there seems to be no other explanation. It is said that water will destroy a scent. He probably wet those clothes, and that threw the dogs off. I am convinced that the dogs are all right. I had a demonstration of their ability to follow a scent. Al Hanks had separated himself from our party and taken a position on a high point in Indian Gulch where he could watch the flight of the buzzards. We were upon another point fully five miles away.

"Sheriff Ballou had run the dogs back and forth to allow them to catch a trail. Suddenly they set up a yelp and started away at a speed that no horse could have matched on the level. They went directly past me, yelping at every bound. They went down to a gulch, crossed over, and I saw them go up the other side, following every turn that Hanks had made in his difficult climb. We had seen Hanks go up, and we now saw the dogs go over his trail perfectly. They did not stop until they came to Hanks, and one of them attacked him. They knew him, however, as he had been with them, and he had no difficulty in controlling them.

"They seemed to know they had made a mistake and to feel foolish about it, but every little bit they would go away and looking toward me utter one of those mournful howls of theirs. No, the dogs are all right and would get their man if they had anything straight to work on.

"Now about those buzzards," continued Haley. "A good many people are disposed to smile and say that buzzards are always to be seen in these gulches. But I am sure they have something there more than ordinary. I have watched the buzzards and know something of their habits. I counted no less than twenty-three buzzards this morning circling about the head of the gulch. They do not attack a body until it is three or four days old. They will circle about it, going closer and closer each day. I am certain that they made descents, and as they reached the ground they lifted their wings. That indicates they are feeding or about to feed. Yes, it is true that we made a search about the place and found nothing, but still I believe the body of Dunham is there and will be found to-morrow. I think the buzzards will indicate the place distinctly to-morrow.

"The route that Dunham was trying to take to escape was practically impassable. His only alternative would be to return over his old course, and he saw the folly and danger of that and he fired a ball into his brain. A man situated as he was—worn out by his efforts to evade his pursuers, unable to get food, surrounded on every side—it is just about the thing he would do."

Others of the Sheriff's men take the

Continued on Third Page.

Bloody Battle to the Death on the Floor of a Saloon.

FIGHT WITH FURY IN THE DARKNESS.

D. Sanguinetti Kills a Masked Outlaw Who Attempted to Rob Him.

FAINTS AFTER THE COMBAT IS WON.

A Well Aimed Bullet Saves His Life When at the Mercy of His Assailant.

STOCKTON, CAL., May 31.—A bloody battle to the death was fought last night in the saloon of D. Sanguinetti at Corral Hollow. The proprietor after a sanguinary struggle with a masked bandit who attempted to rob him killed his assailant with a bullet when he was himself too weak from the loss of blood to rise to a sitting posture and was seemingly at the mercy of his assailant, who had taken deliberate aim and was about to send a bullet into his prostrate body. For a quarter of an hour these two men were engaged in deadly combat and the floor of the saloon was streaked with the blood that poured from their wounds.

Sanguinetti was awakened at 10 o'clock by some one knocking at the door of his place. He was in bed at the time, but as workmen on the grade of the Corral Hollow Railway were in the habit of awakening him at night to furnish them with liquor he thought nothing of being disturbed. He dressed and went from the bedroom to the front door of the barroom to let his customer in.

The door was locked by a long wooden bar. Before lifting this Sanguinetti asked who was at the door. The man replied that he was from the camp down the road and that he wanted a \$1 bottle of whisky. As this was not an unusual request from the graders on the coal road he at once opened the door. As he slipped the bar back he saw that the man had a cloth over his face, and at first thought that he had been injured.

"What is the matter with your face?" asked Sanguinetti.

"Oh, I got some sand in my eyes," responded his visitor, placing his left hand over his face to hide it from view. As he did this he attempted to enter the saloon.

"I want your money. Give it to me quick," he suddenly exclaimed, thrusting the muzzle of a big revolver into Sanguinetti's face.

The saloon-keeper grasped the hand that held the revolver and forced it to one side. The intruder grappled with Sanguinetti and both fell upon the floor of the saloon in a struggle to the death. Over and over the men tumbled, each fighting for self-preservation and to end the life of the other. First Sanguinetti was on top and then the masked robber had the advantage for the moment. He succeeded in disengaging the hand holding the revolver, and grasping the weapon by the barrel began to beat the Italian over the head.

Sanguinetti weighs over 200 pounds and is very portly, but he is a powerfully built man. He fought every inch of the ground over the floor of the saloon. The pair fought and struggled for fully a quarter of an hour. The blood upon the floor is evidence it was a terrible battle. Bruised and bleeding Sanguinetti made a stubborn fight. His head was beaten almost to jelly by the blows from the robber's revolver, but he did not yield. Finally he succeeded in grasping his assailant's arm and wrenched the revolver from his grasp.

The door was open, as it had been left when the masked man first thrust his revolver into Sanguinetti's face. The



Tom Lovelady at the Head of the Campbell Party in the Mountains.

[Sketched from life by a "Call" artist.]



PETROVSKY PALACE, WHERE THE CZAR AND CZARINA PREPARED FOR THE CORONATION.