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NUMBER 123

Represents the MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., of New York.
The TRAVELERS' LIFE and ACCIDENT, of Hartford.
LIVERPOOL, LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE CO.
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Ladies' and Gents' Fine Ladies' Shoes,
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AND A FULL LINE OF
CLOTHING, CARPETS.
TRUNKS. TRUNKS.
In Carload Lots and Guaranteed Cheaper than any in the Territory.
Cold avenue, next door to Postoffice Albuquerque, N. M.

HORRORS OF THE MOB.

THE COURT HOUSE BURNED.

Dozens of People Killed and Hundreds Wounded—A Reign of Terror—Every Moment.

CINCINNATI, March 29, 9 a. m.—There is still quite a crowd around the jail, but collected there by curiosity. The military is still on guard and no further attack is anticipated. The following is an additional list of the killed and wounded last night: Private Edward Neuhoff, slight; private Herman Rose, slight; Harry Polling, serious; Charles Gibbons, slight; policeman Phil Nunn, serious; Dr. Arthur Bottiller, arm shattered; Dr. Muscraft, police surgeon, slight; Chris Ceggen, policeman, slight; Henry Vaeger, slight; John Griffin, Martin Rafferty, fatal; Charles Bartling, serious; Lawton, slight; Donaldson, slight; Mike Hobe, slight; Adolph Busser, slight; Cyrus Johnson, slight; Reid, slight; J. A. Leonard, slight; Jack Berryman, slight; Mary Smith, fatal; Geo. Weller, serious. A man from Virginia was wounded and refused to give his name. As the meeting in the hall adjourned last night the attention of the people was attracted by a young man who cried out "Come follow me and help hang Berner." Although there might have been an intention to organize a mob, this was then taken up and spread the report this morning that Berner had been recaptured and hanged at Loveland; this proved groundless. Meanwhile, without abatement, the crowd around the jail soon reached 1,000 people. There were about 200 men in the lead, who took the initiative in all steps, but said very little. As soon as it was learned in the jail that the mob was outside, Sheriff Hawkins called up Fire Marshal Bonker by the telephone and the riot alarm was rung. The sheriff and posse made all preparations to repel the attack. On the way to the jail the mob secured a long heavy scuffling and used it as a battering ram. They began operations on the north outside door and knocked a hole large enough to admit a man's body, through which the mob crowded and about fifty men mounted the stairs here they were met by the police and forced back into the jail office. Not a shot had been fired up to this time by the forces within. The jail stairway was again in possession of the sheriff's forces, and a struggle began for the gate. The colored leader was seized and dragged inside; then the gate was closed. Several others being arrested about the same time, the mob were repulsed. Their efforts were then redoubled. The southern gate to the yard was broken down. In the meantime Sheriff Hawkins sent an order to Col. Hunt, commanding the First regiment, to report to him in jail. About forty men were on duty and they went to the jail, passing through the jail and the tunnel already mentioned. Here they were met by the bloodshed. The further end of the tunnel was guarded by the officers Nunn and Van Segger. As the soldiers approached by three with their guns pointed, here Van Segger threw up his hands and shouted "for God's sake don't shoot. You'll kill your friends." Without heeding his warning the command fire was given and a volley went rattling through the tunnel. Nunn fell pierced by four balls. Van Segger was shot in the side of the head. Several of the militia were shot by their own guns. This volley had the effect to clear the jail, but for two hours thereafter were made efforts to destroy the whole building. A barrel of coal oil was poured down into the lower part of the jail and set on fire, but the officers within managed to extinguish it. The carpenter's office within furnished more wood, and that also was burned, but as the jail was stone and iron this effort was of no avail. The crowd then turned to the windows of the militia in the massing firing from the windows into the crowd. The sheriff tried to control this firing by ordering that not more than one man should fire at a time and then only to frighten, not to kill, but the men were uncontrollable and fired at the crowd, doing deadly work.

The crowd broke into the armory and Kinzie's gun store, and got arms, but by the time this was done the crowd had thinned out so that no further attempt was made. At 2:30 this morning quite was restored.

Berner's crime was admitted by Joe Palmer, (colored) in the cold-blooded murder of his employer, Wm. H. Kirk; Christ mas eve, for the purpose of robbery. Both Berner and Palmer confessed the murder but the jury found him guilty of manslaughter. This, with the fact that twenty untried murderers are in jail, is what inflamed the public mind. The feeling is by no means allayed by last night's tragedy, and is growing not only against the murderers, but against the militia, upon whom the whole responsibility for the loss of life is placed. Sheriff Hawkins had repulsed the mob without bloodshed, and was holding them when the militia entered, and the fire by the soldiers was in direct opposition to his protest.

COLUMBUS, O., March 29.—Trainmen and passengers who arrived here after midnight give the following account of the mob at Loveland and the effort to get Berner to Columbus. The two deputies with Berner drove from Cincinnati over to Linwood, and here took accommodation. From Linwood Joe Moses was then to go to the Little Miami depot, quietly boarded the train, Columbus and join two deputies and Berner at Loveland. When the Little Miami train

pulled into Loveland Berner was placed on the car next to the sleeper. As the train came to a stop, a howling mob, nearly 300 men, some masked, made a dash for the cars. "There he is, catch him!" One of the deputies started for the front end of the car. The crowd thought it was Berner trying to escape, and jumping upon him, beat him almost killed him before the error was discovered. Berner had sprang from his seat, but in the attempt to jump from the platform he fell headlong to the ground. It was doubtless this accident that prevented the crowd from recognizing him. The train boy says Berner walked around the car and entered again from the rear. In the meantime the mob discovered the mistake and were even more infuriated than before. Berner walked about two-thirds of the way through the car when one of the deputies, who had seen him jump from the train, cried, "there he goes now, catch him!" Immediately Berner sprang on a run and again jumped from the train, which had started out from the station. Several started in pursuit. Train men, however, do not think Berner was captured.

When the first section of the train, the one that had been attacked at Loveland, pulled into Morrow, another mob was waiting to capture the prisoners. This mob was composed of 150 to 200 men. Before the train started they climbed down the steps, and some attempted to force the engineer to stop the train before it got into town, so they could swing Berner from the bridge near by. They hunted through the passenger, baggage and sleeping cars, ending their search just as the train pulled away from town. The second section of the train witnessed almost the same scene that had been watched before at Loveland. The loud mob was still yelling and searching for Berner. Many men rushed upon the train thinking an attempt would be made to smuggle him through as the train pulled out. Cries were heard saying the search will be continued until daylight.

LATER—CINCINNATI, March 29.—Berner was caught at Fosters crossing about 2:30 afternoon, and is in charge of officers, who will take him to Columbus.

All day large crowds have filled the streets as near to the jail as they were permitted. In the attack last night the crowd would surge up to the doors of the jail's residence and the house now has scarcely an unbroken article about it. The large stove was wrecked. Turnkey McHugh's wife and children passed the night in terror. McHugh was compelled to serve with Sheriff Hawkins until the mob were expelled, while the mother and children in the rooms above heard the shooting and the shouting and the mob yelled to take out the woman and children as they were going to set on fire the jail and the house.

The coal oil was fired, but the mob had no powder. McHugh finally took the children and his wife down the inner stairway and out through the tunnel to a place of safety. Sheriff Hawkins has acted all night as though he expected a renewal of the attack at night with increased violence. He has called for troops, and should be accompanied by the entire command of the Veteran regiment composed of soldiers of the late war. Hunt has mustered as many of his first regiment could be brought out and the jail has all the appearance of a fortress, except the heavy guns. That most fearful engine of destruction, the galling gun, belonging to the police force, is on the jail. The police and soldiers were busy under Sheriff Hawkins' directions, barricading the streets in every direction. At a distance of 100 yards from the jail heavy transfer wagons were upturned and building a wall of iron from the neighboring buildings were appropriated to construct a strong defense for the purpose of preventing a rush of people to the vicinity of the jail. The mob to-night would have to first storm these barricades before getting within reach of the jail. These preparations added to the fact that more troops are coming way to hold the mob. No organized mob is known. That of last night was not premeditated, it was spontaneous, but out of the fact that a great body of men were together on the streets with a common feeling of indignation, and of the criminal face played by the Berner jury, and at the general laxness of the administration of justice. The mob spirit given to the officers, who are of a settled plan. To-day circulars were distributed calling for the organization of a vigilance committee of 300 in each ward. It is anonymous and seems to have no respectable backing.

At 3 p. m.—An alarm was sounded from Court and Vine streets two squares from court house caused by a fire in the treasurer's office, also, an immense bonfire in front of the Second National bank on the corner of Court and Main streets directly opposite the treasurer's office. All the large glass windows in the front of Court House were broken to pieces by the mob firing their revolvers and throwing boulders. The militia fired into the mob from the court house but as no harm was done so far as is known it is supposed they used blank cartridges. The mob is much greater than last night and more of a mob than in it. Wild rumors are afloat that the mob has dynamite. Sheriff Hawkins has sent deputies to the depot to hurry up the troops. When the powder substance was thrown into the treasurer's office, the troops fired with ball and drove the mob back. Many are wounded and possibly many killed. The treasurer's office is already doomed and the Court House seems likely to burn down. The Armory hall on Court street near the

Court House is on fire. Capt. Desmond of the First regiment was killed and Sergeant Malone wounded, also, private McBlair. The crowd are threatening to destroy Hunt's Hotel, on Vine street, near Fourth, owned by Col. Hunt, commanding the First regiment. The guests are removing now from the place. Troops from Columbus are expected, when the trouble must be still worse. Travel on the streets is dangerous.

It is rumored that the mob has captured the Gatling gun from the police. Powell's gun store has been broken in and the mob are getting all the arms and ammunition. It is reported that eight persons have been killed. The fire is still raging at the court house and it seems impossible to save the structure.

Augustus Seibel.
NEW YORK, March 29.—The funeral of Augustus Schell took place this afternoon. There was a large attendance.

W. C. T. U.
The annual meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held in the Congregational church Friday March 28th a number of ladies being present. The President, Mrs. Pratt in the chair. Meeting opened with devotional exercises led by the president. The secretary being absent there was no annual report. Mrs. Snyder appointed secretary pro tem. Treasurers report read and accepted. Mrs. Knapp then read a very interesting article entitled, Berner—the fatal Beverage, by Jacob S. John. Also a letter from Miss Willard telling of the establishing of the National W. C. T. U. jewelry and souvenir fund. Mrs. Snyder then read Josiah Allen's Wife's views of Temperance, treating especially the question of license. The faces of the listeners were all smiles and tears during the reading.

Mrs. Collins then gave the following resume of the year's work.
Dear sisters of the W. C. T. U. It is sissible that to-day we pass the first mile stone since we agreed to unite our strength in the conflict with the mighty enemy of mankind. Naturally as we look backward, the question arises, what have we accomplished? At first glance, one might be tempted to say nothing. Ours is indeed the day of small things, but it is something to begin, and our union has not only begun, it has become an accepted fact. If my memory serves me, we failed but once in keeping our appointment for this year. Our numbers have never been large, yet what have we accomplished? At first glance, one might be tempted to say nothing. Ours is indeed the day of small things, but it is something to begin, and our union has not only begun, it has become an accepted fact. If my memory serves me, we failed but once in keeping our appointment for this year. Our numbers have never been large, yet what have we accomplished? At first glance, one might be tempted to say nothing. 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