

INSULTING ARROGANCE

How Passengers are Treated by Vanderbilt's Lackeys.

Lordly Disregard of the Common Rights of the Public—Insulting Lackeys Airing Their Snobbish Master—"The Public Be D—d" the Motto, From President to Switchman.

New York, June 8.—The scandalous treatment of the public by the officials and understrappers of the New York Central railroad has finally aroused a storm of indignation that will surely make itself felt in spite of the tremendous money power of the Vanderbilt family. The newspapers have begun to air some of the petty tyrannies, and a vigorous war may be looked for in the near future. Regarding the outrageous management of the Central Depot the world says:

"Management!" said an old gentleman at the Grand Central Depot yesterday, looking at his interviewer with his eyes starting from his head. "Management!" Why, there never has been any. I've been traveling on this road for twenty years every day of my life, and if there'd been any, I'd discovered it. But I never have. Why, sir, after a few years of this sort of thing, if you happen to strike the New York Central, you want to take your hat off to every brakeman you meet.

"Go and stand at that door a minute," and he pointed to the exit of the Hudson river trains, where a sullen official stood guard, a crowd of panting, overheated, and very tired people were waiting to be let through.

"Go and stand there a minute and you'll find that when the doors are opened there will be a rush of people. They will go pell-moll—men, women and children—down the bridge they will run along the stone pathway hunting for their train. Here and there a gruff and surly fellow will shout at them. 'Forward car.' Only one car at a time will be unlocked. Into that they will scramble to find all the best seats filled by the favorites, who got past the doorkeeper in advance.

"How do they get past? Well, stand there and you will see. They bribe him with cigars and other little tokens, and so get a few minutes the start of the others."

Here the door was opened and the old gentleman joined the crowd and fought his way through.

Speaking to another man who appeared to be a merchant waiting to go home, the information was advanced that the whole trouble was in the internally cheap arrangement of the depot. Instead of having the trains back up to the doors they ran in longitudinally, and the passengers had to hunt for them.

THE GENTLE DOORKEEPER.

The reporter then bought a ticket to Yonkers and took his place at the door to wait for the next train. While standing there an Italian woman with a child in her arms and a heavy bag in her hand came wearily up and asked in broken English some question of the doorman. "Didn't I tell you," he said gruffly, "that your train wouldn't be ready for an hour. Go and sit down and keep quiet!" Then he pushed her away, and leaning upon the nickel-plated rail cracked a joke with the policeman, and they both laughed. The woman was evidently a stranger in a strange land, ignorant alike of the customs and the requirements. She sat down in a far-away corner and there was water in her black eye and a general look of helplessness on her careworn face. But she had her ticket in her hand and the railroad had her money.

THE CHEERFUL TRAIN-MAN.

In half an hour there were fifty people pressing about the door. Why did they exhibit such anxiety to get through the moment the door was open?

Because they all knew that the railroad left it to them to do the best they could for seats and took no precautions to accommodate them all comfortably and leisurely.

When the door was open they broke through, the official now and then pushing them rudely back while he punched their tickets.

Once outside they ran for the wooden bridge that led down to the tracks. Some of them jumping down from the coping and all hurrying to their train in a half run.

There were five cars in the train. The smoker and the forward car were open. Two or three magnificently indifferent trainmen, stationed at intervals, belted out, "take the forward car." All the rest were locked! In less than a minute the forward car was choked. Then the crowd gathered on the platform of the second car and crowded round the steps, and shook the door and rapped on the panes and jostled each other.

By and by the trainman sauntered along, whistling an air from "Odette," and twirling a key on his finger. When he reached the crowd of anxious passengers he was entirely oblivious of their presence. He stopped a moment, leaned up against the car and shouted to one of his associates: "Jack, the Metropolitans got scooped today, I heard!"

Then he went up the car steps wearing an expression of superb abstraction, which was meant to say very plainly to the crowd, "I belong to the public-be-damned corporation, and don't you make any mistake." Then he whistled another bit of melody and slowly unlocked the door.

One testy gentleman could not let the opportunity pass without a loud growl. "It's an infernal shame and outrage, like everything else connected with this road," he said. But his hearers were too deeply concerned in getting seats to applaud.

But the train-man, giving his key a whirl, promptly responded: "Well, I guess Vanderbilt'd give you an extra car if he knew'd you was aboard!" The general expression of the face that hurried in was that of hopeless and help-

less dependence upon the "mercy" of these officials. It was not a transient phase of helplessness, but that deep-seated reticence that years had established. They looked as if they had given over protesting in some other decade.

THE EXHILARATING SMOKESTACK.

The ride from the Grand Central Depot to Spuyten Duyvil was with closed windows. The car was dangerously close, but to open the windows was to become covered with a fine, penetrating, corrosive coal-dust from the combustion of the cheapest kind of fuel, so that passengers sweated. Most of the ventilators in the car were out of order, and one broken window let in such a drift of soot that a lady who was sitting near it got up and stood in the aisle until a gentleman gave her his seat.

THE PLAINTIVE CONDUCTOR.

Speaking with the conductor it was ascertained that he had been on the road several years. He was indisposed to talk about himself, but he complained of being overworked, and told of another conductor who had recently been removed without a cause to make way for somebody the Vanderbilt interest wished to find a place for. He acknowledged that, with the exception of the engineers, no one had any guarantee that faithful service would insure his retention. And it was not their fidelity so much as the fact that they were a powerful and compact fraternity and would not stand any nonsense.

THE BENIGNANT BOSS.

In talking with an old commuter the reporter was told that Vanderbilt was no more fit to administer a railroad than Anthony Comstock was to administer the Government of the United States. One was governed entirely by his pocket and the other by his prejudices.

Here another gentleman who lived at Tarrytown spoke up. "Vanderbilt," said he, "has done more to kill the whole country between the Harlem river and Croton Dam than could have been done by fifteen years of Asiatic cholera. Why, sir, every concession to these river towns has been wrung from him by persistent force. I was one of a deputation that went to see him and ask him to reduce the rates of communication. We couldn't get in to him, but one of his representatives met us and told us: 'Our road is not a line for poor people and it will not pay poor people to travel on it.' I never forget that, said the gentleman, 'for it seemed to me to embody more arrogance and ignorance in a sentence than I had ever dreamed could be packed into one.'

NASTY "PERSONALS."

The Society of Moral Cultivists After the New York Herald.

New York, June 8.—After regular spiritualistic exercises in Republican Hall, Henry J. Newton rose to his feet and said: "I have been asked by a body of ladies connected with the Society of Ethical Culture to give up our hall this evening for the use of a meeting called to devise some measure for putting a stop to the New York Herald's 'Personal' column. The hour has arrived, and I should like some of those ladies to step forward and open the meeting." No one stirred, and after another appeal Mr. Newton himself called the meeting to order and read an unsigned petition addressed to the Postmaster General asking that the New York Herald be prohibited postal privileges until it ceases the publication of "Personal" advertisements. "The most casual observer must know," said Mr. Newton, "that more moral degradation has been wrought and more havoc and discord caused in happy families by means of this column than by anything except the rumshop." After ending his speech Mr. Newton sat down and declared the meeting dissolved. A few persons then signed the petition.

After adjournment a woman who had come late into the hall said to a reporter: "It was a great shame to close the meeting so early, as we were only a few moments late and meant to have spoken I am one of the ladies who have started this great movement, for I look on the Herald's 'Personal Column' as the most pestiferous concern that society has ever witnessed under. I don't want you to think that the Society for Ethical Culture called this meeting. It was the Society of Moral Cultivists, of whom I am a humble member. We are going to try and stop the Herald by means of the authorities, and if they don't move we shall fire them up with dynamite—moral dynamite, you know. Postmaster Pearson acts like an oyster, so we'll try the Postmaster General."

A Workmen's League to Get the Hours of Labor Shortened.

New York, June 8.—A convention of workmen interested in the Saturday half holiday movement was held at 263 Bowery last evening. Delegates from a number of trade organizations were present. The call for the meeting was issued by the Brass Workers' Union, the Central Labor Union, and the Knights of Labor. Joseph J. Finnerty, the Secretary of the Brass Workers' Union, was chosen to preside, and Jacob Gumpers of the Cigarmakers' Union was made Secretary.

Chairman Finnerty said that he had succeeded in getting the fire extinguishing company where he is employed to consent to a Saturday half holiday for the workmen. The company issued a notice as follows:

"Your request for a Saturday half holiday in the Summer months is granted with full pay."

Mr. Finnerty said that this meant a half holiday for fifteen men in the city and 200 men in Chicago. He urged other trades to unite in the movement.

Delegates from the East Side Plumbers, Cigarmakers' Union 144, the Defiance and Unity Clubs, and Typographical Union No. 6, reported that their organizations favored the movement, and promised their support. It was resolved, on motion of Mr. McCabe, to organize a League to agitate the question of shortening the hours of labor.

KILLED BY CONTRACT.

A Young Man Agrees to Kill Himself for \$5,000.

The Contract Found in His Pocket—He Earns the Money Before It is Due.

The correspondent of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch telegraphs his paper as follows:

DELR. IOWA, June 8.—A farmer who lives near Grove Creek, in this county, has arrived here, bringing the details of a terrible suicide, which occurred there on the night of June 5th, and which, if all the details be true, is one of the most sensational ever told. Grove Creek is a little settlement of probably one hundred families, situated ten miles southwest of here. About 8 o'clock at night the people who live in the neighborhood of Squires' boarding-house were startled by the loud report of a pistol in a room occupied by a young man, a stranger, who came to Grove Creek on Sunday last, and who has been a subject of curiosity to the inhabitants since. The door was found to be locked on the outside. When the lock was forced

A TERRIBLE SIGHT

presented itself. The young stranger was lying on the floor, while blood and brains were scattered all over the walls and the ceiling. His head had been literally blown to pieces. Lying near him was a large, old-fashioned, one-barrel pistol, with which the work had been done. The stranger was a young fellow, tall and well-built, with dark hair and dark eyes. He arrived in Grove Creek on Sunday, saying that he had come from Hopkinton, five miles distant. He gave his name as Rufus H. Eaton, and said he was from Baltimore. In manner and appearance Eaton looked like a well-educated young fellow, and his clothes and jewelry showed that he had possessed a considerable amount of money. When your correspondent drove down to Grove Creek, he found the place in an uproar and nothing else was talked about. An examination of the body

REVEALED SOME STRANGE FACTS, which showed that the suicide was either a great rascal, or that his death was brought about in a way which would be almost incredible outside of anything but the most sensational mood. He had made the most deliberate preparations, had taken off his coat and vest and laid them on the bed, and removed his boots and put on a pair of slippers. When he reached the washstand he must have discovered that a standing collar and a necktie which he wore were slightly in his way, for they were found lying beside him in a pool of blood on the floor. In an inside pocket of his coat were found several sheets without name or date, and a letter written from Philadelphia, dated June 1, the envelope of which could nowhere be found. The letter read as follows:

DEAR HARRY—Yours received. Of course I would like to get back the money, but don't imagine for a minute that I ever intended that you should follow the crazy plan you proposed; but I guess that it is not likely you will. You say you are tired of living. Well, you have had a good time lately, have you not? Yours, Jim.

If the name given, Rufus H. Eaton, was the proper one, Henry must have been the name's second name. The initials on the cover of his gold watch are R. H. E., cut in a monogram. The manuscript found in his pocket threw so much light on the suicide that it left no room for doubt. Eaton began without date or introduction, the gist of the manuscript being that he had fallen desperately in love with a young lady whose parents did not look kindly upon his suit, and that, finally becoming desperate, he took to drink. Quoting from the letter: "I went to drinking harder than ever. I became a nuisance, if I had not been before. One day I was talking over matters with a friend of mine named Jim Anderson, who always had more money and sense than I had. I told Jim I was going to kill myself. He laughed and sneered. 'I'll tell you what I'll do, I said. I'll insure my life, for \$15,000, in different companies, and make the policies over to you. You pay me \$2,500 a year for two years, let me have a little hurrah for that time, and when it's over I'll agree to kill myself and you will get the money. In that way you make \$10,000, and I have some fun.' Jim laughed, but I insisted, and finally we drew up an agreement to that effect. I got out policies in the different life insurance companies. He holds them and the agreement. He paid me \$200 a month during the last fifteen months, although I don't believe that he ever thought of holding me to the agreement. But he was of a speculative turn of mind anyhow, and although he hardly believed I would kill myself, he knew that if I had the money I would soon drink myself to death, and he was willing to take the chances. The time is not up yet, but I guess I'll let him make the extra money. He'll be surprised and not at all sorry. Nobody else cares, for the girl I mentioned

HAS SINCE MARRIED THE BANK ACCOUNT, the carriage, and the middle-aged gentleman. This is no case of temporary insanity. I have as much sense anybody. I made a contract, and I'm carrying it out. Bury me wherever you like. There are \$35 in my vest pocket, and that will pay expenses and my bill so far."

The statement was evidently written just before the suicide. The man had been drinking hard since he arrived, and had gone every day to the post-office, and asked for a letter. Finally he got one, which is supposed to be that signed "Jim," and found in his pocket. He made a confidant of no one here, and had never tried to make any acquaintances. Except the papers, and the initials on his watch, there is nothing by which he can be identified. In his pockets were nothing but a pen-knife and some silver money. The clothing in his valise was not marked. An inquest was held and a verdict of suicide rendered.

Private Postoffices.

New York, June 8.—A decision has been reached in the United States Court as to the legal standing of the private postoffices lately raided by the postal authorities. In the case of Mary Blackham, owner of Boyd's private mailing agency at No. 1 Park Place, against Postmaster Pearson, Postmaster General Gresham and others, to restrain the defendants from interfering with the plaintiff's business during the pendency of the legal proceedings in the matter, Judge Wallace, of the United States Circuit Court, handed down a decision denying the motion for a temporary injunction made by the plaintiff. The plaintiffs was entered a short time since and a large number of letters stamped with Boyd's dispatch stamps and ready for delivery were seized by postoffice inspectors and deputy United States marshals, under sections 4,025 and 3,900 of the Revised Statutes, which authorizes any special agent, collector of customs or deputy United States marshal to seize any letter which are being carried, contrary to law, on board of any vessel, or on any post-route, and convey the same to the nearest postoffice, or, under the direction of the Postmaster General, to detain them until two months after the final determination of all suits and proceedings which may at any time within six months after such seizure be brought against person for sending or carrying such letters. The Court holds that the sections under which the seizure was made apply to the case of the plaintiff and as stated, denies the motion for an injunction.

Postoffice Inspector Newcome was not in his office when a reporter called to ascertain what further action would be taken by the postoffice authorities in the case. Mr. Gardner said that a copy of the decision would be sent immediately to Postmaster General Gresham, and nothing would be done until instructions were received from him.

New York, June 8.—In the suit brought by the Government against Mary E. Blackham, owner of Boyd's City Dispatch, the Government showed that the defendant had been carrying on a private postoffice business in violation of the statutes regulating postal matters. No defense was put in. Judge Wallace's decision denying the injunction sought by the defendant from interfering with her business having already virtually decided the case. William Blackham, husband of the defendant, admitted that about 25,000 letters a day were carried by Boyd's City Dispatch. Judge Brown ordered the jury to bring in a verdict for the Government of \$150. Attorney-General Brewster and Postmaster-General Gresham have decided that sealed circulars delivered by private companies come under the ban of the law, and as Judge Wallace's decision enables authorities to make the necessary seizures where the law has been violated, United States District Attorney Root is about to begin suits against the Manhattan District Telegraph Company, the United States Circular Delivery Company, and the circular department of the American District Telegraph Company. Mr. Root wishes it to be distinctly understood that these suits will not interfere in any way with the messenger service of the district telegraph companies. Mr. Blackham has promised the District Attorney that he will abandon the letter delivery business.

HAVERLY'S TROUBLES.

H. C. McConnell Says He is the Only Proprietor of Haverly's Name.

CHICAGO, June 8.—H. C. McConnell says in an interview, relative to the attachments against Haverly's Fourteenth Street theatre and other property in New York, to satisfy claims against the madon manager, that they are entirely valueless; that he (McConnell), not Haverly, is the proprietor, not only of that theatre, but of all the Haverly theatrical enterprises throughout the country; that commercially he is the proprietor of the Haverly name, and has been ever since Haverly went to Europe in 1881; that no attachments will hold against any of these enterprises for money loaned Haverly to put into his private mining and other speculation.

New York, June 8.—Another attachment was issued to-day in the Supreme Court against the property of John H. Haverly and H. McConnell. The application was made by ex-Judge Dittenhoefer, on behalf of Sheridan Shook and James W. Collier. The amount of the claim against the defendants is \$3,000.

Ingenuous Smugglers.

New York, June 8.—A very novel system of smuggling has just been discovered by an agent of Brackett's Staff of Detectives. For some time it has been known that the employes attached to the engineer's department of Ward's Havana Line of steamers were systematically smuggling a good quality of cigars, but they could not be arrested.

Tuesday the detective found 3,500 cigars concealed in the condenser of the steamship Saratoga and captured them. The condenser is an apparatus used for purifying salt water, and is accessible only by the engineers. Even the Captain is not allowed to go into the engine-room where the condenser is placed.

Several arrests will doubtless be made soon.

A Colorado Town Badly Excited.

SILVERTON, COLO., June 8.—Two attempts have been made to burn the city, with the evident object to create a stampede of the citizens to the limits of the town and then rob the First National Bank. Seventy-three indictments have thus far been found by the grand jury against gamblers and others connected with these dastardly plots. The city is patrolled by bodies of armed men. A vigilance committee has been formed, and the city placarded with notices to the effect that the first man found connected with incendiarism, or a shooting affair shall be hung. All is excitement.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

BOULOGNE, June 8.—The attempt of the two ironclads to cross the English Channel yesterday was a failure. When last seen from here they were at a height of less than half a mile, and the wind, instead of carrying them toward England, was bearing the balloon on in a northeasterly direction, which would take them over the Belgian line, and, if continued, in the general direction of Cologne and Berlin. In the afternoon the balloon came down at the village of Lottinghen, near Desvres, and only about fifteen miles from this city.

TONQUIN.

PARIS, June 8.—The details connected with the execution of Father Bechet, the Catholic missionary, say that he was deliberately beheaded by the Annamites in the Province of Tharanton.

IRELAND.

DUBLIN, June 8.—In the case of jury poisoning the Government will suspend further action until the stomach of the deceased has been analyzed. Several Invincibles have informed the Government that the jury was poisoned by their leaders.

DUBLIN, June 8.—The trial of the murder conspirators, Kingston and Gibney, has been postponed. They were admitted to bail. Prisoner Hoole to-day was acquitted of conspiracy to murder, and was immediately rearrested on a charge of murdering Kenney in Seville place.

MUSICAL DEPARTURE.

A Georgia Murderer Hanged While a Brass Band Plays "Dem Golden Slippers."

LAWRENCEVILLE, GA., June 8.—Elbert M. Stephenson was hanged here to-day for a murder committed nearly two years ago.

Stephenson took a last farewell with his relatives last evening, and the scene was a very affecting one. His wife, however, did not visit him, and declined to take charge of his body after the execution. He was very restless last night, and only slept three hours. He refused to talk this morning. The ministers visited his cell at 11 o'clock, and remained with him until noon, when he was conducted to the scaffold, which was open to the public. People had been gathering from early dawn, and fully 5,000 witnessed the execution. The drop fell about 1 o'clock, and the condemned made no confession. The Lawrenceville band was present at Stephenson's request, and played "Dem Golden Slippers" and other familiar airs.

Information From Crook.

TOMBSTONE, ARIZ., June 8.—Some of Crook's guides have returned to Mexican headquarters at Babisno, and report him in good shape, parties scouting in all directions from his camp, but no enemy yet found. He will not suffer for provisions, as there are plenty of cattle within two days' march of his camp. He will be compelled to return by June 20, as the rainy season will soon set in, swelling the mountain streams to torrents.

IOWA DESPERADOES.

Surrounded by a Squad of Countrymen, They Wound All, One Fatally, But Are Captured at Last.

WAVERLY, IOWA, June 8.—The capture of the noted Barber boys occurred at a farm house four miles southwest of Tripoli, and sixteen miles southeast of this place. During the day they had been concealed in the barn of a German farmer named August Tegtmere, and about 8 o'clock in the evening they went to the house and asked for some supper. Henry Tegtmere, son of the farmer, recognized them and succeeded in conveying this fact to his father, whom he instructed to give the alarm to the neighbors. Several men, all of whom were Germans, accompanied the elder Tegtmere to his home. They had no weapons save one shotgun, which, it is claimed, was not loaded. Their intention was to surround the house, and when the boys came out to spring upon them and secure them before their suspicions could be aroused. This plan was baffled through the excitement of one man, who rushed into the house to secure the bandits, upon which the latter both drew their revolvers and began firing promiscuously. The melee became general. By this time several of the attacking party were wounded. Henry Karsting received a ball through the body and exclaimed: "Boys, I am going to die! He still continued to fight, and aided in tying both the boys by the arms with a rope which Mrs. Tegtmere had gone to the barn and procured. Sixteen shots were fired by the outlaws, Ike emptying the two weapons he had on his person. Of the five brave men who attacked them, all were wounded, the injured being as follows: Henry Karsting was shot through the body, and died at 1:15 in the morning; John Karsting, shot in the left breast, hip and arm; Henry Tegtmere, shot in the neck; Henry Pape, shot in the breast, the bullet striking a bone and coming out at the back; August Tegtmere, a finger bitten and crushed. It is thought all the wounded will recover.

About 9 o'clock in the evening a dispatch was received intimating that a mob was on its way to lynch the pair, and the Sheriff caused their removal to Independence, where they are now located.

After the prisoners had been started on their way to Independence, the West Union mob, fifteen or twenty in number, including a brother and brother-in-law of Shepherd, the Deputy Sheriff, who was murdered in Fayette county, arrived. They proceeded to the jail and were met by Sheriff Adair, who told them the Barber brothers were not in jail, but they were not satisfied until they had searched the jail and the whole house. Finally they left. They came with the intention of hanging the Barbers.