

RAILROAD TYRANNY.

One Hundred Thousand People Made Poor by a Railroad Monopoly.

How the New York Central Has Depopulated Westchester County, N. Y.—Property of Less Value Than It Was Fifty Years Ago.

NEW YORK, June 14.—Mr. D. O. Bradley is the President of the Tarrytown National Bank and has represented Westchester County two terms in the Legislature. He talks out plainly about the Vanderbilts monopoly, the New York Central Railroad.

"Under the Sloan management before the Vanderbilts came in, the cost of travel from Dobbs Ferry to Chambers street, New York, was \$60 a year, it is now \$120 to Forty-second street, and there the commuter is removed \$90 a year from the business part of the metropolis, making the cost three times what it was before the Vanderbilts laid their avaricious grasp on the road. Besides, the form of the commutation is very offensive. It is a book, allows of no stoppage between stations, can be used only by the person to whom it is issued, expires in ninety days, and is rigidly forfeited at the expiration of the time under all circumstances. There have been cases in which persons have been taken sick after using the books for one or two rides, and the company have absolutely refused any relief. In one case a man died leaving a wife and several children without money. They had an unexpired book containing a large number of unused tickets, and the road refused to redeem it. There are no school tickets whatever issued. Children going from intermediate stations to school are subjected to the annoyance and difficulty of buying single trip tickets at full rate fares. There is not another railroad in the United States doing a suburban business which does not give some accommodation to school children. The way Vanderbilt acts in the matter is a perfect outrage on the public school system. Furthermore, it is perhaps the only road in the country which does not furnish excursion tickets, compelling passengers to pay full fare both ways, even if they go and return the same day. Its equipment is perfectly miserable. Many of the cars on the local trains are furnished with side seats, and the few double seats which they contain are so narrow that no two adult persons can be seated in them. The windows are so adjusted that they cannot be raised above three inches. To put decent cars on the road would increase their weight about 500 pounds each, and the policy of the management is to reduce the dead weight of the local trains as a matter of economy in fuel to the lowest possible point. It has succeeded at the expense and discomfort of the people who patronize the road. The rate of baggage delivery is forty cents a trunk. Prior to the Vanderbilt management it was twenty-five cents. Only one express company is permitted to enter the cars or the depot and pays fifteen cents for each trunk for the enjoyment of this monopoly. All the depots, or most of them, have been built at the expense of the localities. The trains all cross the highways on the same grade, which makes the locomotives more dangerous to the life and limbs of a chance pedestrian than if a tiger was let loose in the public streets. There are no guards. Recently some preparation has been made to have wooden arm-drops at the crossings, and this has been forced out of Mr. Vanderbilt by petty injuries in cases of those killed or injured by the trains. The effect upon Westchester county is that it has either stood still or absolutely retrograded. The town of Greenburg, embracing the five most beautiful villages in the world; Tarrytown, North Tarrytown, Irvington, Dobbs Ferry and Hastings, instead of any gain at all has absolutely lost 20 per cent. of its population. The same is true of all the farming towns in the county. The fruit and vegetable traffic has been entirely destroyed. The price of transporting milk has been increased from 15 to 45 cents a can. It was shown in a legislative committee of which I was a member that the profit of a single milk train arriving in the Grand Central depot shortly after midnight has averaged \$2,000 a day for several years. The result is that the records show that the aggregate value of the lands of this county are not marketably worth as much as they were fifty years ago before a single railroad was put through the county. Good farms have sold within the past few years at prices ranging from \$50 to \$50 an acre, which would not begin to pay for the improvements, such as fences, wells, barns, and dwellings on them. We have hardly more than two classes of inhabitants left—the millionaires, such as Jay Gould, Cyrus Field, Henry Villard, John T. Terry, and J. J. McComb, to whom it is a perfect matter of indifference what the road does or omits to do, and the servants that wait on them. The great conservative middle classes have all been or are being driven over to New Jersey."

THE GOOD QUEEN VIC.

Is She Drifting Into Insanity?—Will She Abdicate—She Feels the Presence of Her Dead Prince at Balmoral.

LONDON, June 13.—The fits of mental depression reported about Queen Victoria raises the question in some minds whether she may not share the fate in a measure, of her royal grandfather, George III, who it will be remembered, became a confirmed lunatic long before his death. The Queen is not without some of the qualities that distinguished that sovereign, obstinacy being one of them, though her aims have

been in a somewhat different direction. She has not sought to be an absolute ruler, but she has been firm for the royal prerogatives that came to her, and has, no doubt, felt intensely over some of the "governments" she has been forced to accept, the present one in particular. She has done about all that was possible to aggrandize her numerous family, but it is plain that the loss of her husband came about as near wrecking her as was possible and yet escape, with the full result still undetermined. Her cranky attachment to her funky servant, John Brown, is a marked instance of want of true balance. While being both an active sovereign and a devoted mother, she has allowed cares to press upon her which a less aggressive nature would have readily thrown aside. But in most respects her reign has been so exceptionally creditable that the clouding of her intellect now, in the decline of life would awake far more sympathy than in the case of her grandfather, who had only a moderate share of negative virtues to emphasize his memory as a monarch. She came to the throne as a joyous maiden of seventeen, admired and petted; and now to sink into the hopeless night of insanity would be a tragedy which both her people and the world would look upon with a shudder.

A representative of one of the prominent European powers says that a very serious event is impending in England, which is the abdication of the Queen. The reasons given for this unexpected course are Her Majesty's fast-failing health and increasing unwillingness and sometimes an inability on her part to perform the duties incident to government. For some years the Queen has been a mild believer in Spiritualism. She thought the spirit of her dead husband used to assist her in working out the questions which perplexed and sometimes annoyed her. Since the death of her favorite servant, John Brown, she has been very much depressed, and finally it was necessary to remove her to Balmoral, where some of her happiest days were spent with the lover and husband of her youth. It is said that some very pathetic scenes took place at her last visit there. She seemed to feel the actual presence of her dead Prince, and talked as though he were by her side. This and other occurrences frightened and alarmed her daughter, Beatrice very greatly, and she insisted that some of the other members of the family should come down at once. The life of Princess Beatrice must be something dreary beyond words. The information was telegraphed from London by the ambassador of a great power to his sovereign on Wednesday last, that the abdication of the Queen of England was impending and would probably occur very soon. The Queen has clung to the visible endowments of the throne with such tenacity that she must have greatly changed before the thought was bearable. But the breakdown of her health has been followed by melancholia of the most pronounced type. It seems not to be generally known that the trouble with the Queen's knee comes from a large ulcer of a scrofulous and cancerous nature that has formed under the knee-joint, and in spite of all that can be done, is eating its way through muscle and nerve to the bone, and her condition is very serious indeed.

A GOOD INDIAN POLICY.

Secretary Teller is Determined to Supply the Aborigines with Cattle.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—Secretary Teller in conversation, said, Monday:

"It is my intention to expend money in purchasing stock cattle for the Indians whenever I can."

"I don't expect to get any large amounts, but my purpose is to save every dollar I can from the various appropriations for the Indians and expend it for cattle. In some instances we have been able to persuade the Indians that it will be to their benefit to have cattle to herd, and in order to make savings with which to make the purchases, their supply of luxuries, such as sugar and tobacco, will be decreased. Of course this is but a beginning. We cannot cut off any of their supply of meat, and should we run short the equivalent of what is expended for cattle would be available at any time, as we could turn the cattle themselves into supplies."

As an illustration of the wisdom of this policy Secretary Teller referred to the following statistics, compiled from the records of the department.—In 1869 the Navajo Indians, of New Mexico had about one thousand sheep and goats. In November of that year the government furnished them with 14,000 sheep and 1,000 goats, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars. The report of their agent shows that this number has increased to 900,000 sheep and 200,000 goats. In 1881 the agent reported the wool clip at 1,000,000 pounds and that 200,000 pounds had been manufactured into blankets. These Indians, numbering 16,000 by means of this small outfit, in thirteen years have become self-supporting.

Two Weeks in a Trance.

READING, June 14.—The case of Miss Annie C. Chain, who has been lying in what is supposed to be a trance for the past two weeks is exciting considerable interest in the borough of Womelsdorf, a few miles from this city. The young lady is about 22 years of age, is quite pretty and is a member of a highly respected family. Up to Sunday afternoon, June 3, she was in apparently excellent health and spirits. She suddenly complained of dizziness, and went to her room, where she dropped into a swoon. From that day to this she has not spoken or taken any nourishment. All efforts to revive her have been in vain. An electric battery was applied without any success. She lies perfectly still, and is apparently unconscious of everything that is about her. During the eleven days of her strange affliction she has considerably fallen away in flesh. Her pulse is very weak, and occasionally the extremities are

THE BLOODY SEQUEL.

Young Nutt Avenges His Father's Death and Sister's Ruin.

Dukes Is Dead at Uniontown in the Same Hotel in Which He Killed Nutt's Father.

UNIONTOWN, PA., June 14.—Lyman Nicholas Dukes, the man who boasted of seducing Captain Nutt's daughter, who then killed the father who sought revenge or honorable marriage, is himself slain, and now lies lifeless in the same room in the hotel in which the tragedy of December 24 was enacted. The slayer this time is James Nutt, Captain Nutt's eldest son, who is now in jail. The news of the second awful tragedy came upon the community like a thunder clap.

It was the work of but an instant. Just as dusk was drawing on last evening and many people were passing along the streets, the sound of five pistol shots rang out upon the air in the direction of the postoffice. In a moment every one was running to the scene, and the word quickly flashed from mouth to mouth and ear to ear that Dukes was dead. The excited crowd gathered around the postoffice, and there on the floor lay the inanimate body of the man whose deeds had cast a shadow over the whole of Fayette county. The work was done so quickly and so dazling was its effect upon those who witnessed it that it was difficult for a time to obtain the story.

Officers Frank Pegg, George B. Hutchinson, Alf Collins, and others who saw the occurrence describe it as follows: James Nutt was standing against a post inside of a room that joins the postoffice, and fronts on Main street. The room was, until lately, occupied by a drug store, and the front was all taken out, it being now fitted up as an office for the First National Bank. While in this position Dukes came down the street from the direction of the Jennings Hotel, walking briskly, with a cane under his arm. Just as he turned the corner toward the postoffice door young Nutt stepped down to the outside, and, as the hands of the clock pointed five minutes past 8, he pulled a revolver and fired two shots in rapid succession. Dukes looked around and started to run into the postoffice door, whereupon Nutt fired again, and followed in close pursuit. Just as Dukes got inside of the postoffice his assailant raised his arm again and two more shots sounded on the ears of the bystanders. As they entered the body of Dukes he fell heavily to the floor upon his face. In an instant E. A. Lingo rushed into the office and stooped down to pick him up. Dukes tried to say something, but could only gasp, and in a moment he was dead. By this time Officer Pegg reached young Nutt and laid his hand upon his arm. The latter struggled fiercely to free himself, but when he discovered it was an officer he quietly yielded and was taken to the jail. Dukes' body was removed to his room at the hotel, where Corner Sturgeon impaled a jury, consisting of A. J. Gilmore, foreman, and Wm. H. Miller, Dr. L. S. Gault, W. L. Robinson, Geo. C. Marshall and John N. Dawson. No testimony was taken, owing to the difficulty of getting witnesses, and the inquest was adjourned until to-day at 9 o'clock.

Dukes had been frequently warned to leave Uniontown, but he persistently refused. His friends had often advised him to seek another home, and his answer was always that he would either live in Uniontown or be a corpse in the cemetery. As far back as last December young Nutt had threatened to have Duke's life, and the latter had always avoided him. Dukes did not see Nutt until they were side by side, when Nutt quickly drew a revolver and fired, the first shot taking effect in the side. Dukes started to run for the purpose of seeking shelter, when Nutt fired a second shot, and Dukes fell in the doorway of the postoffice. Young Nutt followed him up, and put two more bullets in the prostrate body, one passing through the neck, and the other lodging in the back. The shooting created intense excitement, but at 11 o'clock last night everything was quiet.

Young Nutt is not quite twenty years of age, and has always been considered quiet and inoffensive. It is said, however, that he has been practicing with a revolver for some time past. The murder which led to the last tragedy to-night is still fresh in the minds of all. Dukes, who was engaged to Miss Lizzie Nutt, had written infamous letters to her father, Captain J. C. Nutt, questioning her chastity, and Captain Nutt, upon invitation of Dukes, had gone to the latter's room in the hotel on December 24 to settle the affair quietly, when Dukes shot and killed him. The murder created intense excitement, and Dukes was arrested, tried, and acquitted. His release created great indignation, and threats on his life were heard on all sides, but no attempt was made to carry them out, and it was generally believed he would be allowed to remain unmolested.

THE ASHLAND AFFAIR.

How the Prisoners Take the News of Burnett's Detective Work.

LEXINGTON, June 14.—Going to the jail this morning to see Neal and Craft, a correspondent found the former sitting in a doorway of the jailyard reading an account of Alf Burnett's capture of a negro accused of a crime for which Neal was once sentenced to death. He said Craft had read the paper, and he was discovered sitting on a box just outside the cell he and Neal occupy. His first reply to congratulations was an expression of thanks to God for what he declared he had always been expecting to clear innocent men. Be-

ing joined by Neal and a number of other visitors, conversation became general.

As the pair stood in the whitewashed corridor, with feet shackled, but hands free, talking to others, your correspondent had an excellent chance to observe them. The stoicisms they have contrived to maintain in even more trying scenes was relaxed. Though a forced calmness was still apparent, their trembling lips, the animated motion of their heads, and movements of their hands, while both stood up and moved upon their feet, all showed they did not feel the indifference they pretended. Craft's replies to questions fired at him by curious visitors were as follows: "I always said so. I always had a clean heart. I don't know any of these men. I always thought that some day or other the right ones would be caught. I always lived in good hope. I always knew I was innocent of that crime, and they might as well take a little child and hang it as me. I am not surprised, for I have been looking for it, living in hopes, and trusting in the Lord for the truth to come out. I know they had me for something I know nothing about. They have called me everything they could in the papers, but I have always had a clean heart. I don't know this detective—Burnett—but have heard a lot of names connected with the case. All the information I had is what I saw in the newspapers."

Neal declared: "No man that knows me can say anything against me. Me and that man—pointing to Craft—worked two days at a time to keep men from losing money. For men to use us that way is the most ridiculous thing in the world."

There is a great diversity of opinion here in the public mind as to the value of the work done by Detective Burnett. Some regard it as a mere dodge of the defense to gain time; others holding that it is a good case of detective work, from small beginnings, and that Burnett would not be likely to hazard his reputation without good grounds to proceed upon. All arguments on this question commonly end in the admitted declaration that "time will tell." Some of the colored people declare they know all along the Ashland murder would be "laid on a nigger." With this sentiment on his lips a colored prisoner in jail was going to assault Craft this morning.

A KENTUCKY FEUD ENDED.

Six of the Menifee Bandits Sent to the Penitentiary for Life.

MR. STEELING, June 14.—The most remarkable case in the annals of Kentucky crime is the Barnett case which has just been tried here. It is obscure in its beginning, intricate in its progress, wonderful in its events, and awful in its denouement. The details of the various crimes which make the history of this trial of John L. Barnett so startling and so awful have been frequently published.

At 11 o'clock yesterday morning John Barnett, by his attorneys, came into court and withdrew his plea of not guilty of the murder of Vaughan Helton. In order to show the enormity of the crime the prosecution introduced Mrs. Susan Helton as a witness. Mrs. Helton came in. She is a large, handsome woman, with coal black eyes, black hair, rosy cheeks, and full habit. She gave a detailed account of the killing of her husband, Vaughan Helton, on May 12, in such a manner as to carry conviction with it, and cause the cheeks of every man to blanch with the horrible recital of the crime of her brother, who led a band of conspirators to kill her husband.

The jury found him guilty and sentenced him to life imprisonment. Then the cases of the confederates, John Becraft, Sol Becraft, Elliott Watkins, John Gibbs, and Newton Yerber, were called and disposed of by the same jury without further evidence or eloquence. The jury was out ten minutes to sentence these men to the penitentiary for life.

A Significant Marriage.

PARIS, June 14.—The marriage of Beatrice Rothschild to M. Maurice Eprussi produced a tremendous sensation in Paris, and the accounts of the various splendors of the occasion, of the illustrious guests, of the incredible wealth and beauty, of the presents, and the plutocratic marvels of the allied families, quite equal the stories of the Czar's Coronation.

The Eprussis are in Eastern what the Rothschilds are in Western Europe, and the union is more significant and important than the weddings of half a dozen royalties. The Jewish temple on the Rue de la Victoire was besieged by over 2,000 guests in wedding attire, provided with cards of invitation to witness the religious ceremony of the marriage of Maurice Eprussi, the banker, whose racing colors are well-known on the French turf, to Mile. Beatrice Rothschild, daughter of Baron Alphonse. The synagogue was splendidly decorated with crimson and gold drapery in oriental profusion, rare exotics, plants and flowers. The bride is eighteen years of age, in figure petite and of a transparent complexion.

Baron Rothschild gave his daughter \$300,000 to buy furniture with and \$5,000 a month to keep house. During the ten days preceding the wedding the bride received over 1,100 letters from destitute young ladies, asking alms, and there was no one but received an answer.

Japan Receives \$785,000 From Us With Thanks.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—The Department of State has been apprised by Judge Bingham, United States Minister at Tokyo, of the delivery to the Government of Japan of the treasury draft for \$785,000, the amount of the indemnity fund returned to that Government by the United States. In accepting this sum the Minister for Foreign Affairs of Japan expresses in the most cordial terms the appreciation by his Government of the equity and justice constantly manifested by the United States toward Japan, and alludes with much satisfaction to the present happy relations existing between the people of both countries.

THE AGONY IS OVER.

Not Guilty is the Verdict in the Star Route Trials.

A Wild Scene of Congratulation in the Court Room—Defendants in Tears—Women Weeping and Spectators Cheering.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—The Star Route jury this morning brought in a verdict of not guilty as to all the defendants.

The roll was called, and each jurymen answered to his name in a tone that could be distinctly heard throughout the room. Before the sound of the last juror's voice had died away, Foreman Crane arose, if possible more ministerial looking than ever. His Honor said he had sent for them to see if they had agreed upon a verdict. Mr. Crane—We have agreed. The Judge—Receive this verdict. Mr. Crane—We find the defendants not guilty.

A scene almost indescribable ensued. In a moment the room was transferred from a Court of Justice into a scene of hilarity and excitement. Mrs. Rickie tossed her bonnet high into the air, and was crying "Three cheers for the Judge, jury and defendants," when she was stopped in her mad excitement by the bailiff, who gently removed her from the room.

Ingersoll and Davidge appeared to be overcome, while Minor and Vaile fell upon each other, their cheeks bathed in tears. Mrs. Dorsey, with much effort, suppressed her emotion, but the heaving of her bosom could be seen across the Court-room. Mrs. Peck was less successful and broke completely down.

The verdict was quietly communicated to Mr. Dorsey and General Brady across the way. They received the verdict with the same serenity that has not forsaken them. A gleam of satisfaction appeared, a smile for a moment stole over the face of General Brady, and all was over. Mr. Dorsey was unimpassioned. When the confusion had subsided, Judge Wylie directed that the verdict be recorded.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said the Clerk, "the foreman says that the defendants are not guilty; also so say you all?"

Each juror nodded his head in the affirmative. The clerk performed the duty amid the confusion that prevailed in the room as the defendants were busy grasping the many hands that were extended in congratulations.

The foreman stated that five ballots were taken by the jury. The first ballot was upon the question of the existence of a conspiracy, and the ballot resulted in a vote of three for and nine against a conspiracy. On the second ballot the nine was increased to ten, although the vote was then upon the innocence or guilt of the defendants. This vote remained unchanged until about 8 o'clock this morning, when an acquittal was agreed upon.

In the ante-room and halls the jury was beset by a throng of interested persons, prominent among them being the defendants and Mrs. S. W. Dorsey and Mrs. Peck, who thanked them for the verdict with tears in their eyes. As the foreman reached the sidewalk a large crowd assembled there burst into tumultuous cheers, which were renewed as each juror made his way out of the court house.

STILL ANOTHER CYCLONE.

It Tears Through Illinois and Iowa.

MARION, ILL., June 13.—News is just received of the terrible effects of the storm in Williamson county. Several houses were thrown down, and all farm fences in its path were destroyed. The loss of life is not known, but will reach twenty or twenty-five, it is supposed. Its direction was from southeast to the northwest. Two boys were killed in New Burnside and one whole family were struck by lightning. The mother was killed and the rest of the family are dying. Every report that comes in makes matters worse. Its track was about a quarter of a mile in width. Large trees were rooted up and borne along by the wind. Whole flocks of sheep were blown away. This is one of the best regions in Southern Illinois for peaches, but not a single tree is left standing in its track.

MCGREGOR, IOWA, June 13.—The cyclone which passed through Brush Creek, Fayette County, Monday afternoon, did great damage. One family who fled into their cellar had a child fatally injured. The Carpenter House, a brick hotel, was unroofed and the front torn down. The United Brethren Church was carried off bodily and wrecked. Five dwelling-houses and some large barns were completely destroyed.

Struck by Lightning at Sea.

St. Johns, N. F., June 14.—The United States fishing schooner A. A. Wilson has reached here from the Great Banks with about eight hundred quintals of green codfish. Captain Foster reports that he encountered a heavy rain and thunder storm. A fork of lightning struck his vessel, shivering her mainmast into splinters and passing down into the hold of the vessel. The crew fortunately sustained no injury. The schooner is being repaired at the railway pier.

Crop Reports.

CHICAGO, ILL., June 14.—The Farmer's Review, in its issue yesterday makes the following as a condensed crop summary, based on reports from its correspondents in California, Tennessee, Kentucky, and the Northwestern States and Territories. There is no change in the winter wheat, and it is for the worse, if any. Spring wheat is maturing well and growing finely. Oats are improving and promise a fine crop. The last planting of corn is poor and the second is coming better, but no stand is made.