

FIERCE FIGHTING

Americans Battle All Day Monday With Severe Losses.

The Filipinos Driven Slowly Backward With Very Heavy Losses.

MANILA, March 27.—The advance on Malolos was resumed this morning. MacArthur's division is leading the way. The advance guard has reached Bulacan, ten miles from Malolos. The town was found to be partly burned. The insurgents in their retreat are using the torch freely, leaving ruin and desolation in their wake. Insurgents to the south of Manila are renewing their attacks on the American lines.

Aguinaldo's rear guard made a short stand at Marilao and fought fiercely. Six Americans, including three officers were killed and forty wounded in the engagement. Prisoners captured today say the main body of Aguinaldo's army retreated to Malolos. Filipino circulars have been found at every railroad station. They order that all spies and looters be shot and that towns be fired before being abandoned. They also call upon Filipinos to defend their homes, lives and lands against "would-be dominators who would kill them, their wives and their children."

WASHINGTON, March 27.—Otis has sent additional list of killed and wounded in fights since the 25th. Among the wounded is the name of Private Rubert Morin, First Washington.

MANILLA, March 26.—On the third day (Sunday) of the fighting, Gen. Wheaton's troops captured the town of Malint. Col. Harry C. Egbert, of the Twenty-second Regular Infantry was killed, also Prince Lowenstein, formerly in the staff of Gen. Miller at Iloilo; while the mortally wounded include Capt. George H. Fortson, of Company B, First Washington volunteers and William C. Courtney, of the same regiment. Among the less severely hurt in the ranks of the Washington regiment were Quartermaster Sergeant William D. Covington, Reginald S. Paterson, Frank Pinney, Oliver D. Ward and Wm. H. Hinchliffe.

WASHINGTON, March 27.—The following dispatch was received from General Otis this morning: "McArthur holds Marilao. Severe fighting has occurred today and our casualties are about forty. The insurgents had destroyed bridges which impeded the progress of our train of artillery. American troops met the concentrated insurgent forces on the northern line today, commanded by Aguinaldo in person, and drove them back with considerable slaughter. The Filipinos left nearly a hundred dead upon the field. Many prisoners were taken and a large quantity of small arms was captured. The column will press on in the morning."

General Corbin is of the opinion that the foregoing message was sent late last night. He said: "It is of particular importance as showing that the American forces are hot on the trail of Aguinaldo."

MANILA, March 27.—The Filipinos have apparently evacuated Polo, as the town is burning. Insurgents are burning native villages as fast as they desert them. Malabon is practically in ruins. Thousands of men, women and children, bearing household goods, left town and fled into the interior when the gunboat Helena shelled the place. The rebels are falling back on Malolos, where they expect to make a final stand. The Washington volunteers, who hold Pasig, had a brush with the insurgents today. The enemy was routed, losing a number of men. Hunger is playing havoc with the insurgents. No sooner are they taken prisoners by the Americans than they beg for food, declaring themselves to be starving.

American loss in today's fighting thus far is between thirty and forty killed, and more than 200 wounded. The American advance is slow and steady. Malolos will be attacked Wednesday at latest. The American forward movement today carried them within striking distance. The Washington regiment had an exciting experience during the storm of Marilao. They found a body of insurgents concealed in a house over which the French flag was flying. A private of the regiment fired the building. The Americans approached it while still burning, believing that the rebels had fled; but suddenly a volley was fired from the balcony building. The Americans, however, pressed forward and soon cleared the building.

WASHINGTON, March 27.—The War department today gave out a statement covering the casualties in Saturday's and Sunday's fighting as follows: Killed, 2 officers, 25 enlisted men; wounded, 9 officers, 203 enlisted men.

Beginning today, the Seattle & International will run two passenger trains between Seattle and Woolley. One of the trains is to run exclusively on week days, and the other on Sundays. The week-day train will leave Woolley at 6:25 a. m., and arrive here at 10:40. Returning, it will leave Seattle at 3:30 p. m., reaching Woolley at 8:15 in the evening.

The Sunday train will leave Woolley at 7:30 a. m. and arrive here at 11:05. Returning it will leave Seattle at 6:35 p. m., and arrive at Woolley at 9:35.

A change has also been made in the time schedule of the regular train No. 2, which brings the Canadian Pacific overland. Instead of arriving here at 4:45 p. m., the train will in future get here at 4:20. It will leave Seattle at 9:15 in the morning. The service on the Snoqualmie branch will be the same as heretofore.

In part he said: "This may be called criminal carelessness. Had the boiler and heating apparatus been in charge of an experienced person, the explosion might not have happened, and those three men would be alive today. When a ship captain is indifferent to the management of his vessel or an engineer his train, and a disaster occurs in which some of his passengers lose their lives, that man is criminally careless in the eyes of God and the world. It is held accountable for the accident on the Day of Judgment."

WRECKED THE THISTLE

VICTORIA, March 27.—Special to the Star.—The wreck reported here Saturday was that of the sloop Thistle, which left the bay for Hornby Island, on East Vancouver island, just a month ago. There were nine people on board, and they have all perished. The sloop was commanded by its owner, William Ford, his aged mother and two sisters, Mrs. Harry Thames, and her daughter Hilda, along with three other children. Another woman, whose name cannot be learned, may also have sailed with the party. When the party left they intended to take only a short cruise, returning about March 1. Severe storms are known to have swept the coast at about that time, and as the route from Alert bay to Hornby Island is indeed a rough trip, it must have proven a hazardous venture for the staunch craft, and she went down with all hands on board.

The disaster cost the lives of William Ford, his aged mother and two sisters, Mrs. Harry Thames, and her daughter Hilda, along with three other children. Another woman, whose name cannot be learned, may also have sailed with the party. When the party left they intended to take only a short cruise, returning about March 1. Severe storms are known to have swept the coast at about that time, and as the route from Alert bay to Hornby Island is indeed a rough trip, it must have proven a hazardous venture for the staunch craft, and she went down with all hands on board.

KILLED IN A HOTEL

CHICAGO, March 27.—John T. Shayne was shot yesterday by Harry H. Hammond. The cause was bad blood between Mr. Hammond and Mr. Shayne over the divorced wife of Mr. Hammond, who was with Mr. Shayne at the time. Mr. Shayne and Mrs. Hammond are engaged to be married next month. The shooting took place at 1 p. m. in the restaurant of the Auditorium Annex. The room was full of guests and a panic followed. Mr. Hammond fired three shots. Two took effect, one lodging in the back and the other passing through the thigh. Mr. Shayne's chances of recovery are said by the physicians to be about even. Mr. Shayne's mother will after the shooting. Mr. Hammond gave himself up and is at the Harrison street station.

John T. Shayne is a hatter and furrier at No. 187 State street. His residence is No. 2826 Lake avenue. He is a wealthy man, having property worth about \$200,000. He is prominent among the business men of Chicago. He is a leading member of the Chicago Merchants' association. He is about 50 years of age and is a widower.

Harry H. Hammond is a merchant tailor at No. 129 Wabash avenue, being manager of the M. K. Hammond company. He lives at No. 572 Jackson boulevard. He is about 50 years of age. He and his victim have been friends for several years.

CHICAGO, March 27.—This robber had sublime patience. He will need it now, for he has many grievous hurts and they will take time to heal. Then must endure the tedium of a police magistrate's examination. Not to mention contingencies beyond.

When the lone robber held up George S. Yates' drug store at Forty-fourth and Halsted streets, he found only 12. But he was not discouraged. He had heard that Mr. Yates had a "roll." "I'll get you yet," said the robber.

Sunday night he tried it. It was 9 o'clock. A number of persons were in the street, but Mr. Yates was alone in the drug store, behind the counter. The robber, with his coat buttoned close around his neck, and his hat pulled down over his eyes, approached Mr. Yates very deliberately, and, resting his elbows on the showcase, showed two revolvers into Mr. Yates' face.

"Shell out, boss," he said. "I know your clothes are lined with the long green, and I've got you dead to rights."

"You have, eh?" returned Mr. Yates, grasping the outstretched arms of the robber. "Well, it don't look exactly that way to me."

This was more than the robber expected. He looked blankly into his intended victim's face, and for a moment he hesitated. Both his wrists were locked securely under Mr. Yates' armpits, and the revolver he held pointed fiercely at a big bottle of arnica which stood on the shelf behind the drugist.

"Let me down, mister," he said. "I'll hurt you, mister," stammered the robber; "but you'd better lose up or I'll plub you one in the back."

"That's your privilege. Why don't you do it?" rejoined Mr. Yates.

The robber looked foolishly at the door. Then, putting one foot against the counter, he made a desperate effort to free himself. The showcase slid from the counter with a crash, and the two men went rolling out into the middle of the floor. Mr. Yates landed on top. The robber held one of the revolvers. Mr. Yates saw it and wrenched it from his hand. The robber made an effort to recover it and both men gained their feet.

Seeing that the robber was about to escape the drugist dealt him a blow over the head with the butt of the revolver and again both men went to the floor. Just then John Walsh, the clerk, came in.

"Telephone for the police!" shouted Mr. Yates.

"I quits," gasped the robber. "Two agin one is an Indian fight."

When Lieut. Clancy arrived from the stockyards station five minutes later with a wagon load of policemen, he found Mr. Yates sitting on the floor. Beside the drugist lay the prescription clerk, busy patching up the man's head with strips of sticking plaster.

At the police station the robber gave the name of James Egan. He is a 40-year-old man, who works in a flouring company at Chicago and Mackinaw streets, will probably die. Hammer, who is 42 years old and lives with his family at No. 32 North Pine street, was working yesterday afternoon just outside of a doorway near a large planing machine, when a piece of wood was torn loose and flew through the doorway. It hit Hammer on the right side of the neck, inflicting a cut about one and a half inches long and deep enough to sever one of the arteries. The hammer was knocked senseless by the force of the blow, and as he lay on the ground blood in torrents flowed from the wound. The Fitch hospital was notified and an ambulance was sent to the spot. At the hospital it was found that the wound in itself was comparatively trifling, but it was almost impossible to revive Hammer.

Dr. St. John ascribed the man's condition to the great loss of blood. He had suffered, and the opinion was expressed that he would not be able to survive the night.

LUNATIC'S ESCAPADES

PORTLAND, March 27.—Sheriff Huntington, of Baker county, is anxious to locate Annie Gordon, an insane woman 20 years old, who escaped from him Saturday night. The sheriff brought her here accompanied by a female guard, and took up quarters at the Hotel Brewster, intending to go to Salem by the morning train.

The woman was locked up in her room at the hotel and it was supposed she had retired for the night, but instead she opened the window and slid down to the ground by means of an iron pipe which is a part of the fire escape. This is evident by the fact that the window was discovered open and the woman could not have gotten down any other way except with the assistance of the pipe. She wore a blue jacket, blue dress and a black fascinator. She has blonde hair and has a small mole on her cheek. Her build is slender. When taken into custody in Baker county she was driving two old horses, and was covered with mud. It was noticed that she would invariably plod through mud instead of keeping on the clean part of the road. She is but mildly insane and might recover if she were kept at that point. The sheriff thinks she may have tramped out of the city or obtained shelter with some one by telling a tale of want and suffering.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Observer Salisbury says the weather for the next twenty-four hours will be fair, with south winds.

BOSTON, March 27.—The horseless carriage claimed its first victim in this city yesterday, when 8-year-old Harry Ruckey, of No. 422 North Fifth street, was run over by one of them and seriously injured. He is in the Hahnemann hospital, and the physicians say his condition is critical.

The operator, Harry Dollard, of 46 North Eleventh street, was on duty at the time, and the wheels of the vehicle passed over the child's stomach.

A conservative statement has been made that fully 5000 women and children have arrived in this state since the homestead excursions were inaugurated. These people have money and ability, and come out here from the east to settle on unlocated lands, or to purchase ranches. It is believed the number of settlers will be increased as spring advances. Every train coming into the city now is loaded.

Moran Bros. company have commenced suit in the Federal court against the North American Trading & Transportation company to recover for labor and material furnished. This is one of the largest suits ever brought in this court, the amount involved being \$37,642.99, divided into eight separate complaints.

HE SAT ON THE ROBBER

Burglar Tackled a Druggist.

AND LEARNED A FEW THINGS

Big Revolvers Didn't Scare This Pill Pounder of the Windy City.

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HE STOLE MAIL BAGS

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 27.—Fred Arnold, 24 years old, a "trolley boy," employed on one of the city mail trolley cars, was arrested late this afternoon just as the car reached the central postoffice station, and was locked up on the charge of tampering with the mails.

For the last two or three months letters containing various sums of money have been missed.

A decoy letter containing marked money was sent about noon, and when Arnold's car returned to the main office he was immediately arrested and searched and the marked money found in his possession.

His plan was to wait until the postal clerk was busily engaged in the forward part of the car when he would quietly reach in through the door and take all letters within his reach.

PLAYING WITH FIRE

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 27.—One more child's life was added yesterday to the list of little ones who cannot resist the temptation to play with fire and are made to suffer the almost inevitable consequences. Lena, the 4-year-old daughter of Joseph Kuczek, of No. 58 James street, was the victim of yesterday's accident.

Kuczek employed as a clerk at the Erie transfer house. He works during the night and puts in nearly all of the day in sleeping. He was sleeping at home as usual yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Kuczek also lay down to take a nap, leaving Lena and a younger child to amuse themselves about the house. In the course of their play the little ones wandered into the kitchen, where a fire was burning in the stove.

Attracted by the bright blaze, the children watched it for some time, and then Lena, probably to imitate the action of someone whom she had observed, took a piece of paper and held it near the blaze, which forced its way up from the grate in the front of the stove. The paper blazed up brightly and in her childish glee the little girl waved it about her. It came in contact with her dress, which sputtered a moment and then leaped into a flame.

Thoroughly frightened and beginning to feel the fire, Lena screamed for her father and mother, who hastily awakened, ran into the kitchen at the summons, and were horrified to find the child in a mass of flames. They seized her in their arms, wrapped her up in blankets, and did everything possible to put out the fire, but when they succeeded, it was too late to save the little girl.

The flesh on her body was literally cooked, her face was scorched and her eyes were swollen shut. If anything more was needed to complete the work of burning, the fact that she had inhaled the flames was sufficient.

Dr. Frank Shepard, of No. 904 Clinton street, was summoned, but as soon as he looked at the patient he pronounced the case hopeless. Making her the Fitch hospital to send an ambulance, and then turned his attention to Mr. and Mrs. Kuczek, who in their effort to put out the flames, had been terribly burned on the hands and arms.

After Lena was removed to the hospital everything possible was done to ease her suffering, but her agony was extreme until she died at 9:45 p. m.

The Superior court adjourned on Monday today out of respect for Captain George H. Fortson, who was killed at Manila. This forenoon a meeting, attended by the judges and several of the attorneys of the city, was held in Judge Jacob's chambers and many eulogized the dead captain. Judge Jacobs appointed John H. Allen, J. L. B. Stedman, and James F. McElroy as a committee to draft resolutions of regret.

The Municipal court also adjourned at noon today.

County Assessor Bailey, who has been sick for a time, was out today attending to his duties.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 27.—Owing to the fact that no one who was on the spot before surgical aid was summoned was able temporarily to stop the flow of blood from a severed artery, Frank Hammer, who was in the employ of the Buffalo Maple Flooring company at Chicago and Mackinaw streets, will probably die.

Hammer, who is 42 years old and lives with his family at No. 32 North Pine street, was working yesterday afternoon just outside of a doorway near a large planing machine, when a piece of wood was torn loose and flew through the doorway. It hit Hammer on the right side of the neck, inflicting a cut about one and a half inches long and deep enough to sever one of the arteries. The hammer was knocked senseless by the force of the blow, and as he lay on the ground blood in torrents flowed from the wound. The Fitch hospital was notified and an ambulance was sent to the spot. At the hospital it was found that the wound in itself was comparatively trifling, but it was almost impossible to revive Hammer.

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out. The boys got no pie and they are still working.

This is a very busy season at the mill, and the employees have been asked to work overtime, until about 11 o'clock at night. To those who were willing to do this, Manager Hutchins has furnished a supper at 6 o'clock. He sent them all to a restaurant on Seneca street, and paid for their meals, in addition to paying them for the extra time they worked. This has been going on for several days.

Last evening shortly before 6 o'clock a young man, who acted as a sort of a leader among the gang, called at Mr. Hutchins' office in the mills and stated that the boys had a grievance. They had not been getting pie with their meals at the restaurant, and they wanted it, if they could not get it they would quit work.

This statement rather staggered Mr. Hutchins, but he hastened down stairs, and in a few words that were not to be misunderstood, he told the young fellows that if they could not get along without pie for supper they could put in their time at the office and receive what was coming to them. He was confident that he could find some one to take their places.

There was a hasty consultation and the result was that the gang went to supper as usual, and when a reporter called at the mill last evening they were working with a will. They looked as if they had not suffered from the loss of pie to any great degree, and looked to be perfectly satisfied with their surroundings.

EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT

Pike Street is a Bargain Street

We are on Third and Pike. STAR PAINT CO.

PLENTY OF TROUBLE

CHICAGO, March 27.—"You traitor to the Salvation Army! Is this the way you keep the promise made to your dying mother?"

Gen. Ballington Booth was greeted thus as he rode down West Madison street last night in the Volunteers of America parade. The man who accused him was a member of the Salvation Army and an officer. A moment later some one shouted: "Hurrah for Moore's army!" Then there were hisses from all sides, and a picture of Mrs. Booth, mother of Ballington Booth, flashed across a magic lantern screen against a house directly opposite the Salvation Army headquarters, 513 West Madison street. On the screen also was Mrs. Booth's dying message, commanding that her children and friends sustain the work of the army.

Gen. Ballington Booth was overcome by the insults and sudden appearance of his mother's picture. The reference to "Moore's army" was considered particularly insulting as Moore was the man who some years ago started a branch army, and it is charged stole the money.

The Volunteers proceeded without replying to Gen. Booth's accusers, and went at once to Waverly hall, 415 West Madison street. Brigadier Filding there made this statement in the presence of a large gathering of volunteers, who had come to hear Gen. Booth speak on the work of that organization:

"This insult to Gen. Booth, this harassing of his spirits by the vivid recalling of his mother's death, is just another effort on the part of the Salvation Army to injure our work. We have stood a great deal and we will not make any trouble out of this. But it is very trying." He then repeated to the audience the story of the march and the insults which had been heaped upon the Volunteers. He said that never before had he made public mention of the feeling existing between the two organizations, but that ever since Ballington Booth withdrew from the Salvation Army and started the Volunteers of America jealousy on the part of the army had been growing.

Col. G. French, of the Salvation Army, was seen at the army headquarters and had this to say on the subject:

"That picture of Mrs. Booth was not shown because Gen. Booth was passing. It was just one of many pictures shown in a stereopticon exhibition given in celebration of our 'self denial week.' It was mere chance that it was on the screen when the general passed. It is not believe Gen. Booth himself misinterpreted our purpose in throwing it derisively on the screen. With regard to the remarks our men are said to have made, I have only this to say: I do not believe they said them."

Gen. Booth sufficiently recovered his composure to deliver an address on the work of the Volunteers and the need of Christianity as against popular philanthropy.

A LIQUOR SEIZURE

A report of a recent seizure of American liquor by the Canadian police at the White Pass summit has been received from Skagway. According to the report, a consignment of eight or ten packages of liquor in charge of a United States customs inspector was seized by the police March 20, and confiscated. The news of the seizure is said to have aroused intense excitement at Skagway.

It seems that the liquor was consigned to a man named F. J. Donohue, and C. L. Andrews, deputy collector of customs, detailed an inspector to act as a convoy for the liquor, and see that it was delivered safely. The inspector's instructions, it is said, were that he was to use force if necessary in the performance of his duty. He arrived at the summit on March 18, and two days later he was stopped by the police, and a sergeant informed him that he could not pass on.

The sergeant showed the inspector a letter as to show his authority, but the customs inspector decided not to attempt to use force, or even return to Skagway with the liquors, as he had been instructed to do, but allowed the Canadian police to seize the liquor.

The action of the Canadians in seizing the liquor is similar to that which occurred February 2, when they refused to allow Americans in charge of liquors to pass into their territory. On that occasion, Deputy Collector Andrews ordered that no more whiskey should go to the summit of the White Pass until he had received instructions from Washington. The embargo on the whiskey was too severe, however, for the Canadian, and they revoked their order, and they agreed to allow liquor to be sent over the summit.

Fishing Tackle

We wish to remind you, as the season approaches, that we were never able to supply your wishes so well.

PRICES

Split bamboo rod.....\$1.00
Snell hooks, per dozen.....10C
Silk line, 25 yards.....25C

SPELGER & HURLBUT
1215-1217 Second Avenue

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A CHICAGO MURDER

TACOMA, March 27.—Charles B. Corey, a local druggist, shot and killed his wife yesterday morning, presumably while asleep and under the influence of a dream. The death of Mrs. Corey is one of the saddest and strangest which has happened in this city for a long time, and the circumstances surrounding the affair makes it all the more interesting.

Briefly, the husband shot his wife while dreaming, and while he imagined that she was being chased by a tall man wearing a knife in his hand, and that he shot the man in the head to defend her. The story is not doubted, and the killing is one of those horrible affairs where no blame can be placed to the slayer.

Mr. Corey returned from his store late Saturday night, and, feeling feverish and ill, his wife insisted upon him occupying her bed, a large one, instead of retiring as usual on a cot. Mr. Corey consented, and Mrs. Corey took the cot while he went to sleep in this bed. Later she moved to the bed with her husband, and both fell asleep. The next then known by Mr. Corey was when he was awakened by a shot from his own revolver, and he found he had killed his wife.

Mr. Corey is grief-stricken, and yesterday a guard was kept over him fearing that he would make away with himself in his deep remorse.

Mr. Corey has given out the following story, which is believed by every one, as the relations between him and his wife have always been of the happiest kind. "I dreamed," he said, "that a very tall man was chasing my wife along G street with a dagger in his hand. I tried to overtake him, but could not move. Soon the scene was changed to Washington, D. C., and I was still trying to catch the tall man. Finally I found a revolver, and, picking it up, overtook the man and shot him in the head."

"I immediately awoke, and then fully realized the horrible deed I committed. I have always had a revolver under my pillow, and when I picked up one, evidently reached under my pillow and got that one. I do not know what caused the terrible thing, either it was my fever and restless condition, the additional clothing my wife put on the bed, or because it was the first time we had slept upstairs. The case has been left at the home pending the investigation of the coroner's inquest. There are two wounds in the head made by the revolver, one on the left cheek, just at the cheek bone, and the other is above the ear. The entire side of the face, as well as the hair above, is powder burned. Two empty shells are found in the revolver, which is of 35 caliber.

Mrs. Corey, the dead woman, was formerly Miss Vera M. Kane, and was known before her marriage as one of the most competent teachers in the city. Mr. Corey is thirty-six years of age, and has lived here for the past fifteen years. He was married about eight years ago, and has been proprietor of a drug store here for five years. The couple have no children.

SEATTLE INKLINGS.

Rev. cult S. Bowerman, pastor of the First aptist church, delivered an impressive discourse last evening, his subject being: "Criminal carelessness." He began by giving a brief outline of the explosion of last Tuesday evening, in which he pointed out the conclusion of certain persons in leaving inexperienced men in charge of the boiler, which act resulted in the death of three men.

Judge Hanford has given a written opinion in the case of F. Springer and four others of the crew of the steam schooner Lakme, who sued Richard Chilcott, the owner, for \$24 each, due them for alleged overtime, while on the voyage last summer from Seattle to St. Michael. Judge Hanford sustained them in their contention, but awarded the libellants only \$10 each.

The schooner Moonlight, owned by Calhoun & Co., local insurance agents, has been sold to a firm in Mexico, and will leave shortly for that country. She will be used as a freight carrier, operating between Mexican ports. Since her return from Alaska several months ago, the Moonlight has been tied up at West Seattle. She is a staunch sea boat, and has successfully wrestled with some of the severest gales in Alaskan waters.

Isabel C. Jones has filed papers in the Superior court commencing suit against the city for \$3500 damages done to her property caused by the regrading of First avenue.

Steamers Parallon and Utopia are due from the north.