Daily Globe.

VOL. IX. ST. PAUL, FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 21, 1887. NO. 21

KINGS IN BATTLE.

The Icy Home of Borealis Besieged By the Fire King's Hosts.

An Armistice for One Week Declared After a Fierce Contest.

The Saintly City Crowded With Strangers Who Have Caught the Carnival Enthusiasm.

A Magnificent Display of Winter Turnouts Exhibited on the Gaily Decorated Streets.

The Sky Ablaze With Many Colored Lights About the Crystal Palace.

Immense Crowds at the Storming--Odd Turnouts To-day--Skating Races.

IT was the greatest carnival day yesterday that St. Paul ever saw. The city was crowded with strangers, who flocked here from all the neighboring cities of the state and from other states. Minneapolis sent down train loads all the afternoon to witness the storming of the palace last night. The streets were lined all the afternoon with visitors who witnessed the great display of equipages. The hotels are filled, and thousands of visitors are being entertained at the homes of all classes of citizens. The turnouts yesterday afternoon were many and fine and a source of interest to the spectators. The storming of the palace was the crowning event of the carnival. The siege of the Ice King's castle by the Fire King was witnessed by probably sixty thousand people. It was the grandest display of fireworks the city ever saw, and the event was carried out with an enthusiasm that has been heating all the week, until last night it burst into a sheet of flame and burned white hot. The carnival is great.

THE DISPLAY OF EQUIPAGES.

Hundreds of Elegant and Costly Winter Turnouts Participated in the Carnival.

Without doubt one of the grandest spectacles ever witnessed in the streets of any city was seen in the streets of St. Paul yesterday afternoon from 2 to 4 o'clock in the carnival display of equipages. There were hundreds of fine turnouts, sleighs of all styles drawn by one, two, three, four or more horses, harnessed two or three abreast, tandem and otherwise. All were decorated with gaily colored plumes on the heads and saddles of the animals and on the dash boards of the sleighs, while garlands of evergreen were entwined about the horses and knots of ribbon were tied here and there about the harness. Drivers perched aloft in bear-skin dress a la Russia, the ladies in their sealskins or in the vari-colored uniforms of the different carnival clubs, or encased in snow-white fur, the gentlemen in fur coats or uniforms, and the multitude of rich fur robes and back robes of fancy colors, all moving among the elaborate street decorations formed a picture truly carnival-like and one that can be duplicated in few cities in this country. A view down Third street presented an endless

SEA OF DANCING PLUMES,

of prancing horses and elegant attire. All along the line of parade on Third, Sibley, Sixth, Robert or Minnesota streets, and in the drive around the palace it was just the same. The display was far more elaborate than last year and has once more demonstrated that St. Paul is a city of elegant winter equipages. The committee in charge of the display, W. G. Strickland, W. S. Morton, D. H. Moon and D. B. Finch, in their club uniforms, drove over the route again and again in an open carriage drawn by two black and two white horses, bearing red plums, and kept the pageant moving, assisting the police to keep loaded wagons out of these streets and otherwise making themselves useful. There were hundreds of the turnouts worthy of especial notice, besides a multitude of ordinary rigs ornamented or bearing uniformed ladies and gentlemen. Nearly every sleigh contained several ladies and many were driven by ladies themselves. All along the route, sidewalks were thronged with people, the palace grounds were covered with them, and even those who had rigs of some sort, stood at the crossings to see the beautiful turnouts as they passed. Strangers in the city were delighted as well as astonished to see that St. Paul's boast of having the largest number of winter turnouts of any city in the country was so easily demonstrated. Some of the turnouts are mentioned briefly as follows:

THE FINE EQUIPAGES.

H. S. Fairchild, large swell cutter, contain the owner and three ladies. On the driver's seat was Charles Fairchild in St. George's uniform and beside him a lady in Nushka uniform, drawn by a pair of black horses elegantly decorated with green and black plumes as was also the cutter.

Robert Mannheimer, two-seated square cutter, span black horses, buffalo and bearskin robes.

A. B. Wilgus, span of bays, two-seated cutter with high driver's seat, red and green plumes and bearskin robes.

Judge Bristin, double-seated cutter, ladies and two children in uniform, buffalo robes and span of light bay horses.

Four children of C. D. O'Brien, team of Shetland ponies, double-seated small cutter. A very pretty rig, the children wearing uniforms.

C. E. Thurston, single rig, black horse, handsome yellow and brown knit robe, rig ornamented with yellow plumes.

Ed McKinney, single rig, two seated cutter containing ladies, yellow plume ornaments.

Maurice Auerbach, span of black horses and double seated cutter, ornamented with yellow and green plumes, bearskin robes.

George R. Finch, double cutter, drawn by a span of bays, bearskin robes.

W. S. Morton, double and fancy sea shell sleigh drawn by a pair of bays, with ornaments of old gold plumes, lady occupants.

Maj. A. E. Bates, double sleigh drawn by black horses ornamented with black plumes, negro driver, bearskin cap, bear robes, a very handsome rig.

Oscar Matheis, span of bays and double seated cutter, yellow plumes and bearskin robes.

E. F. Frost, double cutter, span of black horses with dark blankets, bearskin robes, decorations of yellow plumes.

C. W. Hornick, double-seated cutter and span of mottled cream colored horses, white and red plumes.

C. Gotzian, double rig, span of bays, bearskin robes.

W. H. Bushnell, span of bays, bear skin robes, single cutter, decorations of old gold and blue plumes.

Gen. J. B. Sanborn, double-seated cutter, span of black horses, bearskin robes, red plume decorations.

Charles H. Smith, long, square sleigh with high driver's seat, drawn by a pair of black horses with elegant silver mounted harness, bearskin robes.

D. H. Moon, double sleigh, span of bay horses, wolf robes.

Ed Langevin, single-seated, swell box cutter, with driver's seat ahead, span of handsome sorrels with gold mounted harness, with bells above the saddle and elegantly decorated with bells and variegated plumes, one of the prettiest turn-outs.

Mr. Wheeler, double-seated cutter, span of black horses, lady and gentleman in the Owl club uniform, rig decorated with yellow plumes.

Capt. Hall, close carriage, with driver, bronze plumes.

T. B. Marrett, single rig, bay horse and fancy plumes.

Luther Newport, handsome tandem of grays and single cutter containing Mr. Newport in uniform and lady in white fur wraps, horses handsomely decorated and driven by white lines, a very showy rig.

D. R. Noyes, double-seated cutter and span of black horses decorated with plumes.

A. S. Tallmadge, single cutter, bearskin robes.

W. J. Rogers, black and gray tandem with red plumes, driver in bear skin and occupants of cutter in uniform.

Member of Flambeau club and three pretty ladies, rig decorated with yellow plumes and the flambeau trident with black ribbons.

George R. Farwell, single rig, bay horse and red plumes.

A. M. Drake, double-seated cutter, with driver in bearskin, drawn by three horses abreast, in Russian style. Over the center animal was a high arch of bells, trimmed with black and yellow. The horses were decorated with garlands of evergreen in black and yellow plumes. This was a very showy rig, and one of the handsomest out. It was accompanied by a large brown setter, decorated to match the horses.

H. M. Hart, two-seated sleigh and span of bay horses, the rig decorated with red and green plumes, wolf robes.

George V. Bacon, span of black horses, with dark green blankets, handsome sleigh with bearskin robes, the whole handsomely decorated with white plumes.

Reuben Warner, double-seated cutter, drawn by four white horses in silver-mounted harness, the whole beautifully ornamented with red and yellow plumes.

Ray Lanpher, very attractive team of Shetland ponies.

W. P. Murray, single cutter drawn by a span of black horses, bearskin robes.

Adam Fetch, span of grays, with yellow plumes.

F. P. Wright, span of fine gray horses, with handsome ornaments.

C. J. Monfort and John Somers, with their ladies' in the Windsor club uniform, made a very handsome picture; span of bays, and wolf robes.

E. W. Winter, doubls-seated squre cutter and span of black horses.

S. B. McConnell drove a pair of black horses and single cutter, with plumes.

A. K. Barnum, double sleigh and span of dark bay horses, with elegant silver mountings, old gold and green plumes, and four occupants of the sleigh in uniform.

Col. C. W. Griggs, span of bays, double-seated cutter, red and old gold plumes.

N. W. Kittson, double-seated cutter with span of bays, decorated with purple and green plumes.

Miss Florence Tarbox, Shetland pony and diminutive cutter, old gold plumes, wolf robes; a very handsome little turnout.

W. G. Robertson, dark bay horses, double cutter, with plume ornaments.

Dr. A. Wharton, double sleigh with bearskin robes, drawn by a span of dark bays, handsome decorations of black and red plumes.

Mike Cummings, his well-known trotter with gig cutter.

E. Rice, Jr., double-seated cutter with bearskin robes, drawn by a span of sorrel horses with plumes.

William Rhodes, matched pair of pacers and single cutter.

Dr. A. J. Stone, single cutter and span of grays with dark green blankets and yellow plumes, occupants in the Owl club uniform.

Sam Dawson, single rig with his trotter.

E. H. Handy, pair of bays and double-seated sleigh.

Col. Allen, double-seated cutter and pair of black horses.

Mr. Galbraith, of Janesville, Wis., three Shetland ponies, two abreast and one tandem, drawing a small toboggan.

Dr. J. H. Murphy's daughters, in double-seated sleigh with driver, span of bay horses.

R. C. Jefferson, span of large black horses, double sleigh and yellow plumes.

Jack Merriam, little son of W. R. Merriam, drove a Shetland pony and a red box cutter.

Stephen Cook, double-seated cutter and span of bays, bear robes; occupants in blankets.

Judge Young, span of gray horses, double-seated cutter, red plumes, ladies in uniform.

Albert Scheffer, span of blacks and double cutter.

J. P. Gribben, double sleigh with sorrel and white horses, blue and white plumes. A very pretty turnout.

Harry Warner, Shetland pony and small elegant two-seated cutter, wolf robes.

T. B. Campbell, span of sorrel horses, handsome cutter, yellow plumes.

Crawford Livingston, pair of bay horses, double sleigh, bear skin robes, decorations of old gold plumes.

J. B. Tarbox, black horses and orange plumes.

A. G. Foster, black horses, white plumes and ribbons.

Cary I. Warren, basket double-seated cutter, with footman; tandum of two black horses; bearskin robes and decorations of old gold plumes. A very showy and attractive equipage.

E. A. Hersey, Stillwater, large span of white horses, silver mountings; double cutter and bearskin robes.

M. M. Clark, Stillwater, span of mouse-colored horses, double-seated cutter.

P. A. Abbott, span of black horses, Russian sleigh.

J. T. Odell's single rig driven by two ladies. Coal black horse with yellow plumes.

D. C. Shepard, matched team of gray and black, double cutter, plumes.

John H. Allen, span of blooded bays, with gold mountings, swell-box Russian sleigh; decorations of red.

THE NIGHT ILLUMINED.

A Magnificent Display of Fire-Works at the Storming of the Ice Palace.

At ten minutes past eight o'clock last night it was dark in the park where the Ice Palace stands, save the great ice structure was illumined with colored lights, and some thousands of uniformed men stationed near the palace held torches that flickered and smoked, and cast a sickly looking light for a small space around them. For an hour and a half every street and walk leading toward the park from the center of the city had been beaten with the feet of an eager crowd that hurried toward the ice castle to witness the warfare between the king of the frozen region and the monarch of the realm of fire. The visitors in the city from far away points, the large delegations from Minneapolis and other neighboring cities and the residents of the Saintly city, of all ages and classes, on foot and in every kind of vehicle, had come to Central park and the points about it from which the palace could be seen. The ticket takers at the gateways to the park had worked with frost numbed fingers for over an hour. From every window that commanded a view of the glowing structure looked from three to a dozen pairs of eyes. The palace grounds had been almost blackened by little knots of visitors who picked their way through the snow, among the little evergreen trees that have been planted there, and allowed their noses to congeal. Good judges said that 60,000 people were looking at the palace and the flickering torches around it before the storming began.

IT WAS COLD.

The sharp winter air of the afternoon had grown sharper in the evening. A bit of a wind blew steadily, driving the cold through everything but fur, and fluttering the flags on the turrets of the castle. There was no moon, and the sky seemed more black than blue, as poets usually paint it on clear winter nights, when the stars shine out clearly and the air is frosty. When the clubs marched through the gates there were movements of the crowd toward their line of march. The park was anything but quiet. The commanders were shouting to the men under them, a half dozen bands and drum corps were screeching and rattling, and there were constant cheers as the favorite clubs appeared. The Indians in their tepees were making a considerable section of the park echo with the monotonous thumping of their alleged musical instruments and accompanying yells. If one looked away from the palace it was dark and cold and noisy. The forces of the two contending kings had all come within the grounds and been stationed—those of the Ice King close up to the palace, outside instead of inside as last year, and those of the Fire King, who were to begin the assault, some rods away. It was ten minutes past the time set for the storming to begin, and everybody was waiting for the first sign of the general blaze and shivering in the dark.

Suddenly, just ahead of the order for a general firing, some one shot off a Roman candle near the rear of the Palace. Before the red ball of light from this one had gone out 10,000 others, from all around the palace, shot into the air. The attack was simultaneous all along the line, and the air was red and green and blue, with streaks of fire that shot from all directions toward the summit of the castle. It made the castle grounds as light as day, and those who had high watching places got their first grand view of the thousands who were there. The bands at once begun to play, and the crowd

SENT UP A SHOUT

that echoed far out over the city. Immediately on the onslaught of the Fire King's men the defending party returned the fire, and there was a criss-cross of rainbows. The great mines, frozen in the ice blocks of the palace, began to blaze and belch out great bombs that went up hundreds of feet, and bursting, flecked the air with myriads of many colored stars that fell part way toward earth in showers and then melted out of sight. The reports from these mortars were like those of artillery, and when they came, it seemed as if the whole palace trembled. To a spectator at a distance the appearance was that of an immense thunder storm, where the thunder came before the lightning, which followed in a hundred zigzags at once. Before the storm the palace had been the only luminous thing, but now the brilliant lights from the fireworks illumined the whole vault of heaven, while the palace was concealed in a yellowish smoke through which clouds of sparks were floating. A great cloud of smoke from the mortars poured from the summit of the central tower and was carried to the south by the wind, which at that height was heavy. A more gorgeously brilliant, and yet almost tragic, picture could hardly be imagined. The palace, wrapped in smoke and the thousand meteors shooting all around it, the din of the drums and horns and the wild cries of the crowd all through the park, must have resembled, to the spectator in the distance, a storming where the opposing kings were after blood, and where there were more solid relics left on the battle field than burned out candle sticks.

At times the smoke partially cleared for a moment from around the palace, and then the red and green lights in the palace walls shone out with a mellow light as rich as the painting on the rarest autumn leaves. For nearly half an hour the grand display was kept up without cessation, then gradually the firing ceased. The mortars became silent and the candles, one at a time, went out. The crowd began to move back toward the city, rubbing their noses and ears and hurrying to get warm. The line of parade was formed, the bands struck marching music, the armistice had been declared and the storming was ended.

THE ASSAULT AND DEFENSE.

The Fire King's Chariot Destroyed by His Own Element--How Fiercely the Battle Raged About the Castle.

The forces commanded by the Fire King formed on Tenth street with right resting on Minnesota. His chariot was a novel device and was the invention of General Manager Van Slyke. It was built in the form of a float surmounted by a crown four feet in diameter made of copper, with an immense torch overhead supported by four rods. The float was lighted by sixty-four burners, with thirteen lights to each burner, the light being furnished by gasoline in a thirty-gallon tank placed under the rear seat. The ornamental work on the float was designed by Emil Ulrici, while the lighting apparatus was the work of Robert Seeger. In the center of the crown sat D. A. Monfort, the Fire King, dressed in a suit of red ornamented with gold tinsel. The float was drawn by four horses, covered with red blankets, The Flambeau club, ninety-five strong, acted as an escort and marched directly behind the float, while a detail of six from the same club acted as body guard. The members of the body guard were armed with flambeau torches. A few minutes before 8 o'clock the procession moved up Minnesota street, and as his fiery majesty sat within his shining crown, confident of speedy victory, his sighs for more worlds to conquer were plainly audible. But, alas! defeat came sooner than any one had expected; for no sooner had the procession become fairly started than his majesty's chariot became enveloped in flame and his majesty and attendants, throwing aside all show of dignity, descended from their perches and rolled their royal forms in the snow. This was not all—the flames momentarily crept nearer the tank of gasoline and all thoughts of victory by his majesty and followers gave away to fears of an explosion, but the flames were extinguished and the procession moved on the grounds, entering the Robert street gate. The above mishap will explain the absence of the Fire King's chariot from the line of the attacking force.

AN ARMISTICE DECLARED.

To those standing under the castle wall the affair was not one of unalloyed pleasure. Amid the deafening roar of the bombs, the cracking of fireworks, and the showers of fire, it seemed as though those massive blocks of ice were trembling and wavering as though about to fall. An occasional splinter of ice, dislodged by the explosion of the bombs, would come tumbling down from its resting place and fall at the feet of the castle's noble defenders. The fire sparks fell in torrents, and eyes and faces were constantly endangered. But the legions of the glorious King of the Carnival never wavered. Before the main entrance of the castle stood the Knights of St. George, and throughout that fearful battle the cross of red, upon its field of white, floated gloriously in the face of the hordes of the Fire King. At the northern postern the noble Columbias, led by that loyal knight, Sir George Allen, held the enemies of the king at bay. On the east and west were such brave clans as that of the Pioneer Press brigade, the Windsors, the North Stars, the Nushkas, the Wakoutas, the Norwegian Ski and Kjelkas, the Stillwater clubs, the Makwas, the Ryans, the Little Crows, the Owls and the St. Paul curlers. Furiously raged the battle, but the brave hosts of Borealis, king of the regions of ice and snow, lost not one foot of ground, but stood fast against the forces of the monarch of the caloric regions. And the king, brave Borealis, where was he? In a turret of his castle, with folded arms and knitted brow, stood Borealis. His Royal Nibs swept the field of battle with his eagle eye. He spoke no word save to give an occasional order to be carried by his fleet-footed couriers to his generals in battle. And still the battle waged. The roar of the ponderous mortars shook the castle to its very foundations. Neither side gained or lost ground, but both longed for a brief respite from the carnival of fire. And it was then that Borealis, great and noble king, gathered his wise men about him to take counsel on what was best to be done. Men, brave in war and wise in council, deliberate upon the situation. Finally the king decreed that a flag, asking for an armistice, should be hoisted from the main tower of the castle, and it was done. The Fire King responded with a flag of truce and the king of the land of ice and snow and the king of the regions of fire declared an armistice of one week, until the 27th day of the first month of the year 1887.

THE VISITING CLUBS.

Uniformed Organizations From St. Cloud, Hastings, Stillwater, Minneapolis and Elsewhere Add to the Carnival Gayety.

The uniforms of visiting clubs were more frequently seen upon the streets yesterday than any previous day during the carnival. A neat uniform of white, with red and blue borders attracted much attention, from its similarity to that worn by the members of St. George. These were the uniforms of the St. Cloud Cyclones, and the Cyclone Relics, of the same place. The two clubs number forty members and are quartered at the Ryan. The Cyclones are under command of Capt. Charles Mitchell, while the Relics receive their orders from Capt. Henry Allbrecht. The St. Cloud delegation will return to-night.

A crushed strawberry-colored uniform, with blue trimmings, attracted the attention of the sight-seers from its dissimilarity to any other. It was worn by the Hastings Toboggan club, which arrived in the city by special train during the afternoon. They descended upon the carnival city thirty-five strong under the command of Capt. Fred S. Gardner, and during their sojourn made their headquarters at the Merchants.

"We are the Wa-Was, of Hastings," said Miss Schaller, who headed a column of forty ladies in dark blue, yellow trimmed uniforms, with turbans to match. "Wa-wa means wild geese," she continued, "and I guess you think we chose our name with due regard for the eternal fitness of things. I am sorry to say that we return home to-night. So far we have had a splendid time and were warmly received and welcomed." Here Miss Capt. Schaller took command of her company, and the way she gave her commands and handled the company would have done credit to a West Pointer. The ladies under Miss Schaller's command were:

Mesdames Twichell, Wadleigh, Estergreen, Dennis Follett, L. S. Follett, Irving Todd, D. W. Stearns, Schaller, Hendricks, McNeal, Espensheid, Scott and Langley, and Misses Maud, Ella and Linnie Dudley, Estergreen, Follett, Todd, Seal, Twichell, Freeman, Langley, Riches, Freas, Ada and Matie Richards, Gillett, Potter, Bell, Hayes, Fitch, Kate and Lizzie Howes, Norrish, Plate, Thompson, Howard and Thorn.

The Hastings delegation was met at the union depot by the Noyes Bros. & Cuttler Toboggan club and band, under command of Capt. Lamb. The visitors were escorted first to the ice palace and then to the Ryan and the Merchants.

The North Star Toboggan club of Grand Forks, forty strong, with a band of fifteen pieces, is at the Windsor. The North Stars have a blue uniform with white trimmings, the officers wearing white with blue decorations. The club is under command of Capt. W. A. Wilder.

The Makwa Toboggan club, of Minneapolis, arrived just in time to take part in the storming of the castle. They added seventy-two gallant men to the defenders of the castle, and was led by Capt. W. E. Burwell. The Makwas wear a very pretty suit of light brown and made an excellent appearance.

The Norwegian Ski club, the Metropolitan Toboggan cub, and the Athletic Ski club, of Stillwater, also arrived at a time when they were most urgently needed for the defense of the palace of King Borealis. They were fifty in number. The local clubs carefully cared for the comforts of the city's visitors, and did not only themselves, but the city great credit.

The North Star Toboggan club, of Minneapolis, arrived at 8 o'clock, sixty men and twenty ladies, under command of Corporal Schultz. They wear a very handsome uniform of white and blue, the same colors as the Windsor, but differently combined. The club has a drum corps of its own, and marched to the palace grounds just in time to take part in the defense. They make a very handsome appearance, and a re well drilled.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

Red Men Who Mingle Matters of Business With Their Visit to the Carnival.

Over in the east end of the carnival park rise the tepees of the Indian village. The Indians are evidently not here for fun, but to make money. Two rude amphitheaters have been constructed in different parts of the camp, and on approaching, the curious visitor is confronted with the following bill of performance caricatured on a canvas, being between two forked sticks:

OMAHA. w-o-r-l.
and. BuFFalo. DaNce.
ANd. Grass. dance.
ONly. 10 cents.

If any more information is wanted, a little farther along, standing near the door of the entrance, and whipping his hands (a la white man), to keep up the circulation, stands a swarthy red man, singing in a deep bass tones: "Right this way now—Indian Exposition—only ten cents—all the nation dances of the tribe—performance has just begun—walk in—walk in—only ten cents!" Thus the untamed aborigine stalks back and forward, letting out big floods of tobacco juice over the crystal snow, as he mutters some jumble to his companion selling tickets, winding up always with the customary "Ugh!" Some people were credulous enough to doubt the nationality of this worthy who called his show an "Indian Exposition." A boot black swaggered in near the entrance, and depositing his box on the ground, looked carefully at the crier, and remarked to a companion: "Be gosh, Jim; but that 'ere buck do look a lot like the fakir what used to be selling suspenders down on Seventh street last fall." But there could be no doubt about the genuineness of the Indian's inside. A beer keg with the head knocked in and a skin stretched over the top and an old tin boiler constitute the musical instruments of the Indian band. With a continuous and monotonous hum, two of the older men of the tribe, stretched upon the ground, pound a sort of tune on these, and the rest of them in war dress and paint go through the various mazes of the different Indian dances. It is a novel entertainment for most of the visitors.

TO-DAY'S OFFICIAL PROGRAMME

Skating and Kjelka Contests--A Novel Parade and Cowboys Sports.

At 2:30 o'clock this afternoon the skating races will occur in the carnival grounds. There will be three in number, one mile handicap, one mile hurdle, and a two-mile consolation race—winners barred, all for silver medals.

This evening the fancy skating contests will come off at 8 o'clock, and will be the finest ever seen in this country. The contests for gentlemen will be programme skating, according to the following list of movements:

1—Cross roll (backward and forward).
2—On to Richmond (forward, backward reverse)
3—Locomotives (forward, backward, sidewise, single and double).
4—Waltz steps.
5—Grapevine.
6—Heel and toe movements, including pivot movements.
7—Single flat foot spin and double foot whirl.
8—Serpentine.
9—Figure Eights (on one foot forward and backward).
10—Change of Edges.
11—One foot loops and ringlets.
12—Specialties.

Entries can be made to S. S. Eaton, Jr.; on the grounds. There are already seven entries for the fancy skating contest for gentlemen. Ladies will not be required to skate according to programme.

This afternoon at 2 o'clock will be a procession illustrating the different epochs of travel in the Northwest, including Indian conveyances, Red river dog carts and thorough brace coaches. Later in the afternoon a band of twenty cowboys will give an exhibition of their peculiar sports in the carnival grounds and a contest of Norwegian kjelkas will take place.

A Bouncing Bee.

The St. George Snoe Shoe club held a high bouncing carnival in the rotunda of the Merchants last night. They bounced ever one upon whom they could lay their hands. Among the victims was Capt. George J. Schoeffel, of the Milwaukee Light Horse squadron. Capt. Schoeffel seemingly enjoyed the bouncing, and in response to cries for a speech sang "Blow

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KILLED THEMSELVES.

Two Assassins, on Being Close Pressed by the Police, Promptly Commit Suicide.

A Fiend in Michigan Who Attempted to Assault a Nun Gets a Twenty-Years' Sentence.

The Coal Strike in Jersey City Culminates in the Killing of a Boy.

A Cleveland Woman Slays Three Children, Mortally Wounds Two and Hangs Herself.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Jan. 20.—William F. Mead, aged 27 years, was murdered in cold blood about 10 o'clock to-night, being shot through the head while standing on the stoop of his father's store in this village. Two men were seen running away from the store, and immediately the police started after the fugitives, who turned and ran back toward the village and hid themselves under a large stone bridge which spans the river, but being found they fired several shots at the officers, and when about to be taken shot themselves and both are now dead. The murdered man leaves a wife and child. No motive for the murder can be assigned.

HE GOT THE LIMIT.

A Brute Who Assaulted a Nun Given Twenty Years in State Prison.

GREENFIELD, Mich., Jan. 20.—A large crowd entered the court house to-day when George Hazard, colored, was arraigned for attempting to outrage Sister Mary, stationed in the Catholic convent. The assault was a dastardly one, and the miscreant got very nearly his just deserts, twenty years in the penitentiary. He will be taken to Jackson during next week. Sister Mary has been in the convent for a number of years and is well known throughout the state as a philanthropic and worthy woman. Had Hazard been caught an hour after the occurrence Judge Lynch would have attended to his case. It was a week ago when Hazard entered the town. He went straight to the convent but was barred from the grounds by the watchman. When night came on, however, he jumped a fence and by a balcony managed to reach the corridor. Sister Mary's room door was open and when she saw the fiend she fainted. He failed to accomplish his purpose. Sister Margaret leaped from the window to the ground and broke both her wrists. Both appeared in court to-day and testified. Hazard had lawyers, and an effort was made to prove an alibi. It did not work. The court upbraided the ruffian, and when sentence was pronounced intimated that it was too light, but that the statutes would not permit him to go further. However, he got the limit.

SHOT DEAD.

Pinkerton Men Fire On a Party of Boys and Kill a Spectator.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Jan. 20.—At 5 o'clock this afternoon while a party of boys were playing in an open lot adjoining the yards of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railway company, a fracas occurred between the boys and Pinkerton's men. Thomas Hogan, 16 years old, a looker-on, was shot and killed by one of Pinkerton's men. The boys were jeering the Pinkerton men who were stationed in the company's yards to protect property. Occasionally they rained a shower of snowballs and other missiles upon the men near by. A crowd of strikers and their sympathizers were assembled, and they lent encouragement to the boys. At length the leader of the Pinkerton men stepped forward and ordered the boys to stop throwing missiles at them. The boys did not obey and almost immediately three sharp cracks of a revolver rang out and Hogan fell dead. The

EXCITEMENT WAS INTENSE

and the lookers on fled in every direction. The leader of the strikers, as soon as he could get his men together ordered them back to their headquarters. In anticipation of attack, the Pinkerton men were at once drawn up in battle array. The Jersey City police reserve stationed at the yards hurried to the scene. An ambulance was summoned and the body of the dead boy was removed to the morgue. Hogan was not one of the party of boys throwing missiles at the men, but stood on the opposite side of the street, and Inspector Lange immediately collected a number of witnesses of the shooting and marched the Pinkerton men out in line. He then ordered the witnesses to identify the men who shot. They at once selected Patrick Sheehy, Daniel Cahill and Samuel A. Neff from the line and identified them as the

THREE MEN WHO FIRED

at the boys. The inspector examined their revolvers and found every chamber loaded. The men were taken to police headquarters and held. About 9 o'clock to-night the police arrested Murphy Morarity, one of Pinkerton's men, as another of the shooters. One of his eyes was horribly discolored and swollen where he had been struck with a snowball. Another of Pinkerton's men had a tooth knocked out by a snowball. The ball that struck Hogan pierced his brain directly above the right eye.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Jan. 20.—Anticipating trouble at Perth Amboy to-morrow the sheriff swore in 100 deputy sheriffs to-day, who will leave in the morning for that place. This was done at the request of the Lehigh Valley Railroad company. Company D, Third regiment, has been under orders since Tuesday night, and are ready to leave at a moment's notice.

The strikers gathered in force around the city prison, and to provide against any contingency the four prisoners were taken out, one at a time, and, unobserved, conveyed to another station house.

A HORRIBLE AFFAIR.

A Woman Kills Three of Her Children, Mortally Wounds Two Others and Commits Suicide.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 20.—A horrible murder was committed here this morning between 7 and 8 o'clock. James Calbalek is a well-to-do carpenter living on Independence street, near the city limits. He has had employment all winter, and his oldest son has worked with him. This morning he and his son went to work shortly before 7 o'clock. The mother, Antoinette, had been out of temper at the breakfast table, and had refused to talk with her husband. Directly after breakfast she sent Henry, her 15-year-old son, to a grocery near by and still another son to a milk depot. When they returned they could not get into the house. Going into the back yard they saw James, 13 years old, in the water closet bleeding from sixteen wounds in his left side. They hastened away and called their oldest brother who had gone off with the father, and returning the three boys forced an entrance to the house. They discovered Tony, an 8-year-old girl, bleeding from a dozen cuts in her left side. On the floor near by were Mamie, 5 years old, Antoinette, 3 years old, and Willie, three months old, all dead from dreadful stabs near the heart. A bloody pair of shears told the story. A hunt was made for the mother. She was found in the cellar, hanging from a rafter, dead. She had killed her three children, mortally injured two others and had then suicided. The two children who were still alive were removed to a neighbor's house, but they will die. No cause for the terrible deed is given. The husband does not think that his wife was insane.

The two injured children, James and Antoinette, were removed to the city hospital where the doctors say that they will surely die. Each was stabbed thirteen times. The shears were nine inches long. The bodies of the three dead children and that of the mother were removed to the morgue. No inquest will be held. The coroner and doctors believe the woman was crazy. Cabalet was a drunken fellow, although he worked, and with his son earned $75 a month.

Atrocious Murders.

SANTA FE, N. M., Jan. 20.—The report that Jack McLane and Fred Aberdeen had been murdered at a farmer's ranch near Hudson, in Grant county, was confirmed to-day. A neighbor going to the ranch found McLane lying dead on the ground near the house with three bullet holes in his body. Just inside the house Aberdeen's corpse was found on the floor. He had a bullet hole in his head from which blood and brains had oozed. The bodies of both men had been stripped of all valuables, including clothing, boots and weapons. The murderers had also ransacked the house, carrying off everything of value. After completing their work the thieves stole a horse owned by McLane, and then went to Indian Springs, where they gathered in six more horses belonging to Mr. Dane. The excitement caused by the affair is intense all through Grant county. The perpetrators of the outrage are believed to be a part of the same gang of Mexican thieves and robbers who were concerned in the killing of Deputy Sheriff Hall some time ago, and if they are caught they will certainly be lynched.

A Procurer Convicted.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—The trial of Astrologer De Leon, charged with kidnaping girls and sending them to Panama to be forced into lives of shame, was continued to-day. Further inculpating evidence was heard. Then the defense sought to impeach the testimony of Reporter Bonsall, who yesterday testified to having secured De Leon's confidence and secrets. The witness was Anna Johnson, the author of "The Astrology of the Bible," and a friend of De Leon. She declared that Bonsall tried to get her to swear that she was one of De Leon's victims, threatening that if she did not do so he would have her sent to jail. The jury returned a verdict of guilty. The maximum penalty is fifteen years' imprisonment.

ROLLING MILL ACCIDENT.

The Bursting of a Fly-Wheel Kills One Man and Injures Others.

Special to the Globe.

CHICAGO, Jan. 20.—An accident accompanied with loss of life occurred at the South Chicago rolling mills this morning. The dead man is Charles Weislogle and the badly burned are Peter Lungt, John Wright, Jacob Scheppard, Thomas Hall, and Thomas Davitt. The rail mill is about twenty yards from the main works, and it was in the former that the catastrophe occurred. Rails were being turned out at the time, and the engine was running at a high rate of speed. Weislogle, the engineer, was standing in front of the fly wheel, and the others were close beside him, when, without warning, the belt flew off the fly wheel. The wheel turned on the axle at a terrific rate. The men endeavored to escape, but before they could do so the mammoth wheel broke into fragments. Then an explosion followed. The missles flew in all directions and frightfully mutilated the occupants of the room. A chunk of iron weighing at least 800 pounds was found in the engine room. The engine ran away, so to speak, and within two minutes the place was wrecked. The other employes on hearing the detonation rushed to the rail factory, and on entering the room found the place to be virtually a slaughter house. The engine was still running, but the lever was turned back and it soon stopped. Weislogle was breathing his last when found. He leaves a wife and five children in poor circumstances. Wright had both legs broken and may not live. Hall was badly burned by molten metal about the face and body. Davitt and Sheppard are not dangerously hurt. Physicians were at once sent for, and did everything possible to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunates. The body of the engineer was taken to the morgue, and the burned to the hospital. The damage is placed at $20,000.

Burned to Death.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 20.—Two women were burned to death in their homes in the backwoods region of St. Louis county last week, without exciting more than a casual reference from the indifferent people of the locality where the unfortunate victims dwelt, and the facts of the casualties have only just been learned. One victim was the wife of an old trapper named Castener, who lived in the Creve Coeur bottoms. The family Saturday left her alone in the house, and while they were gone the house caught fire. Mrs. Castener was a helpless paralytic, and when the family returned they found the house in ashes and the poor woman's body burned to a crisp. The other victim was a colored girl, the daughter of Johnson Clarborne, who, with his wife and six children, occupied a hut near Eureka. All of the family slept in a single room on the ground floor except the unfortunate girl, who occupied a room in the loft, the only entrance to which was through a trap door in the floor. On Saturday night the house caught fire, and before she could make her escape the entire structure was in flames. Nothing was found of her remains but a few charred pieces of flesh and bones.

Killed by a Shock.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—A fire broke out this afternoon in the engine room of the store at No. 49 Vesey street, occupied by the Centennial American Tea company. The building was completely gutted. Loss $37,000. While the fire was in progress Lineman Frederick Simmons, of the Electric Light company, cut the wires leading into the store. In the act he received a shock which paralyzed him and he fell to the ground, striking on his head. He died in ten minutes.

The St. Louis Rate.

CHICAGO, Jan. 20.—The only business that came up to-day before the general meeting of the Northwestern Freight association was the demand made by the Illinois Central company that rates from St. Louis to St. Paul be advanced. At present, notwithstanding that it is a much greater distance from St. Louis, the rates are the same as from Chicago, and as the Southern roads make a less rate to St. Louis the business from that section naturally all goes through St. Louis to the Northwest. The St. Louis roads opposed the increase, and no agreement having been reached after three hours' discussion, the meeting adjourned subject to the call of the chairman.

They Must Be Sober.

NEWARK, O., Jan. 20.—The Baltimore & Ohio paymaster, who visited this place, compelled each employe of the road to sign a pledge to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors before he could draw his pay. This move is said to have been started because of the ugly rumors about drunken trainmen in connection with the Republic disaster on the 4th inst.

Struck Coal.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 20.—Yesterday while well diggers were engaged in sinking a well at Clayton, seven miles west of this city, they struck a rich vein of coal at the depth of fifty feet. The coal is of excellent quality, but the extent of the vein is not yet known. Shafts will be sunk on adjacent property so that may be determined.

SHE WILL NOT WED HIM

At a Late Hour Last Night Miss Nina Van Zandt Gave Up Her Anarchist Lover,

And Declared Her Intention of Breaking the Engagement That Existed Between Them.

Her Decision Reached With the Aid of a Lawyer and a Clergyman.

The Young Woman Offered a Handsome Salary By a Chicago Dime Museum.

Special to the Globe.

CHICAGO, Jan. 20.—The Van Zandt Spies sensation is still the uppermost topic in local circles. The determined and highly commendable position taken by the sheriff has made a hero of the man in the eyes of the general public. All day long congratulatory letters and telegrams have poured in upon him from this and other cities. He feels proud of his action in stopping the foolish escapade of Miss Van Zandt. Several of the superior court judges and prominent attorneys called upon the sheriff today and informed him that not only was he morally, but legally right in saving a family from eternal shame and a city from disgrace. The romantic and silly girl is in the sulks, remaining indoors and refusing audience to friends and acquaintances alike. The press she positively refuses to see. Instead she heaps her fiercest imprecations upon it and hopes to live long enough to be

REVENGED UPON IT

for its "malignant and cruel persecution." Miss Nina's father, too, seems to be out of sorts, and he is now devoting himself to comforting his daughter and perfuming soap with a vengeance. The story is going the rounds that Miss Nina once intended going upon the