MASSACRE OF EXILES.

Russian Butchery as Brutal as the Slaughter of the Mamelukes.

Defenseless Women in Many Instances Ripped Open With Bayonets.

Husbands, Sweethearts and Fathers Shot Down in Cold Blood.

The Awful Answer Which Russian Exiles Received to a Petition.

London Times.

Some time ago a vague but sinister rumor reached Western Europe concerning a supposed massacre of political prisoners in Siberia; yet the news was so incredible, even in the Russian empire, that it would not have been safe to deal with the subject before full and authentic information could be obtained. But news travels slowly from Siberia, particularly when, as is almost always the case, the authorities are interested in preventing the escape of any sound from the settlements which the Russians themselves describe as "living tombs." Nevertheless the devotion and ingenuity of the partisans of the political prisoners have given not only ears to prison walls, but a voice to the tombs where the adversaries of the government are buried alive. Thus, at last, full, minute and documentary information has reached the political friends of the victims. The story of the massacre is told in letters which come from those who were executed or sentenced to penal servitude for their participation in the event. It may be briefly summarized as follows: At the beginning of April last, thirty political exiles were waiting at Yakoutsk to be transported to some localities in the extreme east of Siboria, where they were ordered to reside. These prisoners, it must be noted, were exiled by 'administrative order'—that is to say, they had not been tried and convicted by any tribunal; no conclusive evidence had been adduced against them. Legally speaking, they were citizens,

RETAINING ALL THEIR RIGHTS,

and against whom no conviction or penalty had been inflicted. The government—not the law, but the government—for purely administrative reasons, had ordered these persons to live in exile. The thirty prisoners, to reach Yakoutsk, had already performed a long and painful journey. Thrown pell-mell with common law criminals of the worst description, the men, women and children had been exposed, from stage to stage, to every hardship. The journey to Siberia has often been described, and it is, perhaps, not necessary to again insist on its horrors. But to reach the further stations, such as Verkholansk and Kolimsk, greater hardships are in store. Some 160 miles from Yakoutsk, at Aldarre, the last vestiges of civilization disappear. The road crosses an absolutely desert locality, where at best a few nomad tribes may be met, though these for the most part have been decimated by small-pox, and where it is absolutely impossible to obtain any food. Though the journey from Yakoutsk to Verkholansk is officially calculated to last eighteen days, and to Kolimsk forty-eight days, these generally take twenty-one days to fifty-five and sixty days respectively.

EACH EXILE BEING ACCOMPANIED

by a Cossack, provisions for two have to be carried all the way. Up to the spring of 1889, the authorities at Yakoutsh thought it was only right to show some leniency to the exiles under "administrative order." They argued, and justly, that, as these latter had not been condemned to death, it was necessary to take some measures to prevent their dying of starvation on the road; therefore, to prevent the overcrowding of the shelter houses on the way, only small batches of prisoners were dispatched at a time, and these at inversals of ten to fifteen days from each other. Further, to enable the prisoners to procure food for the journey and the indispensable articles of clothing, the allowance made for the journey was paid to them ten days in advance, but, as the prisoners have also to feed the Cossacks of their escort, the government allowance was not sufficient, and an advance was made to them from their monthly pay. This does not exceed six rubles. They were not very great concessions, and did not prevent the occasional death from cold of a child, even while nursed with the utmost care in its mother's arms. The mortality and cases of illness among adults were also excessive. But all this is within the ordinary programme of a Russian exile's life, and it is extraordinary how quietly, how submissively, they endure such suffering. Something especially ferocious and unusual must occur before protests are raised. This is precisely what happened at Yakoutsk.

GOV. OSTASHINE.

The new vice-governor of Yakoutsk, Ostashine, who fulfilled, ad interim, the functions of governor, thought fit to alter all of these rules or customs relating to the transport of exiles under "administrative order." He decided that four instead of two prisoners should start at once, which, with the escort, made eight persons, and this at short intervals of only seven days. The money allowance for the journey was to be paid only the day before the departure, and the advance of money on the exiles' pay suppressed altogether. Finally, they were forbidden to take with them more than eighty kilogrammes of luggage and provisions per head. Considering the impossibility of obtaining fresh provisions on the road and the conditions under which the journey must be performed, these new regulations were equivalent to a sentence of death to most of the exiles. Under these circumstances, and considering that the new regulations placed their lives in serious peril, the exiles resolved to address a joint petition to the vice governor, pointing out all the dangers and imploring him to revert to the former rules governing the transport of exiles under "administrative order." The justice of these protests was confirmed by the testimony of an Isprawnik (district police commissioner), and by one of the postmasters. These two experts, who certainly cannot be suspected of nihilist sympathies, declared that it was impossible to travel in the manner indicated by the governor Ostashine. At first it seemed as if the administration would favor the petitioners. The chief of the Yakoutsk police, Soukhatcheff, promised to report to the governor, and would communicate his reply that evening. The exiles were

TOLD TO MEET

in the neighboring house of M. Notkine, an exile under "administrative order," condemned to reside at Yakoutsk. Of course, the petitioners did not fail to keep the appointment, and M. Soukhatcheff came according to his word, gave them every hope that the obnoxious regulations would be revoked, but also informed them that M. Ostashine, the acting governor, was very much vexed to hear that the exiles had been in a body to the offices of the provincial administration. This was considered too much like a political demonstration, and to prevent the recurrence of any such manifestation the exiles were told to assemble again the following day in the house of M. Notkine, when they would receive a definite answer. Accordingly the next day they met once again at M. Notkine's house, and were looking forward to a favorable reply. They had not waited long when a subaltern officer of police, named Olessoff, entered and ordered them to follow him to the offices of the administration. The exiles, of course, observed that they had been especially ordered by the chief of the police not to go in a body to the government offices. "Then you refuse to follow me," shouted Olessoff, and he turned his back upon them. The exiles tried to make him understand that they were only puzzled by the contradictory character of his request and the instructions they had received from the chief of police. Therefore they only asked for some explanation. The police officer, however, left them without deigning to reply.

BUTCHERED IN COLD BLOOD.

A shocking scene now began, for a few moments later the house was surrounded by soldiers and policemen. The scene that ensued is thus described by one of the victims. On looking out of the window, I perceived a detachment of soldiers advancing. When within a hundred yards of the dwelling they charged, flung themselves against the door, which at once broke up into splinters, and gave them admittance into the yard. The house was instantly surrounded, and the yard thronged with troops and policemen. We had hardly time to open the door for them. Led by an officer they rushed into the rooms and we were crushed into a corner. There were about seventy soldiers, commanded by Officer Karamtine. The commander of the garrison, M. Vageff, was there, and also the chief of the police, M. Soukhatcheff, together with numerous policemen, Cossacks, etc. When the house was filled with all these people we were summoned to allow ourselves to be conducted under escort to the police bureau. Kohan-Bernstein, addressing the officer Karamtine, and speaking in the name of all his comrades, replied that they were perfectly willing to go, and this of their own free will; that they were more desirous than any one else of knowing the reply the governor meant to make to their petition; that all this violent display of armed force was absolutely useless, and constituted an uncalled-for insult to the exiles, for they had done nothing to provoke such measures. The officer seemed inclined to admit the force of this reasoning, but the chief of the police interrupted these explanations, and speaking to the officer Karamtine, shouted: "You have done enough talking; do what you have been ordered." The officer, evidently in a state of great excitement, mechanically repeated, "Will you follow us; reply, yes or no." "Yes, yes," cried several of the exiles; "give us only time to put on our overcoats." But the soldiers did not wait or listen; they sprang upon the unfortunate exiles and struck them

WITH THEIR BAYONETS

and the butt-end of their guns. In a moment several men fell among those who were the nearest to the soldiers, and then shots were fired, and this again and again. It is impossible for me to describe the scene which followed, or what I felt at this moment. I do not understand how it was we were not all killed; that some of us escaped seems a miracle. The soldiers, after the first attack, rushed out into the yard, but the house was bombarded from all four sides. The bullets came in by the windows, and even penetrated through the thin walls. There was no shelter anywhere. We all went into the largest room of the house, and some of us tried to escape by the back door, but had hardly opened it when they fell back dead and pierced by several bullets. Chour, mad with terror, sprang into the yard, shouting: "Enough! enough! We surrender!" but a pistol shot, fired by the officer, Karamtine, brought him down. Podbelsky, a political exile, who lived close by and was quietly sitting in his room, came running out when he heard the report of fire-arms to see what was happening. He had hardly reached the court occupied by the soldiers when he was shot and killed. The commander of the prison, Vageff, himself terrified by this slaughter, had drawn his sword, and running in front of his soldiers tried to make them cease firing. At this moment Gov. Ostashine arrived in person, and perceiving the exile, Zotoff, who had come out of the bombarded house, he fired at him twice with his revolver and wounded him. At this example the fire of the soldiers was renewed with greater energy. Their fury seemed unlimited. Joseph Estrowitch, who was wounded and was motionless on the ground, was attacked by the soldiers and bayoneted several times.

DRIPPED OPEN BY THE BAYONETS.

One of the exiles, named Zotoff, happened to have a revolver, and this is how he himself describes the use he made of it.

There were heartrending cries in the room. I jumped on the sofa. I remember vaguely that I fired upon an officer who had leveled his pistol at me, but could not say whether he or I fired fisst. What I saw and felt was the shots and the bullets from the soldiers. Soon I lost consciousness. When I came back to my senses, I found myself lying on the floor. I rose with difficulty, and saw that the soldiers had left the room. In a corner I perceived Pik, whose body rested against the wall, his head fell on his chest, and there was a pool of blood by his side. On the floor, close by, there was a revolver. I thought he was wounded, and hastened to the next room to get some water, but, altering my mind, returned to lay him down first on the sofa. When, however, I raised his head I perceived he was dead. He had, above the left eye, a ghastly hole, from which blood and brains oozed and fell on his chest. Profoundly upset by this horrible spectacle, I hurried to the next room. There, on all sides, on the ground and on the beds, I saw the wounded, who were groaning and praying for water. Some of our friends had gathered round, and tried to help them. Some one having said that there was no water in the house, but some ice in the yard, I ran out to fetch some. In crossing the third room I saw lying undressed on the bed Sophia Gourewitch, who had been ripped open by the bayonets. One of our comrades was placing pieces of ice on the side of the enormous wound.

HER FACE WAS DEADLY PALE,

and she could hardly speak. "Zotoff," she murmured, "good-bye. I am suffering horribly. In mercy give me some poison." I felt as if I was going mad, and fled back to the first room, where I heard my companions loudly demanding that medical aid should be sent. Some of us thought of going to the soldiers in the yard and asking them for medical assistance, and accordingly I went in that direction, but when I approached the yard door I saw, behind the soldiers, the hat and head of Ostashine, the governor. At that moment I could only think of the body of Pik, of my comrades who were dying in agonies, or who were crippled for life. Their distressing cries still echoed in my ears, and there, just in front of me, stood the man who was the cause of all this bloodshed. Suddenly the idea of firing upon Ostashine came to my mind; and, while hurrying forward, I drew my revolver from my pocket, and as soon as I reached the threshold I pulled the trigger. Ostashine turned and fled. I fired a second shot and then instinctively threw myself back into the house. At that moment, I repeat, I did not think that I had before me a full detachment of soldiers who would not fail to fire point blank at me or my friends who were in the yard. I did not think, either, that I was exposing as all to terrible reprisals. I was incapable of any sort of reflection; the impression produced by the horrors I had just witnessed was too strong for me. I do not understand why I was not at once killed. (Zotoff was only wounded.) I came out out of the house with the rest of my comrades, for we were told that no help would be given to the wounded till every one who could walk had left the house. I felt extremely weak, and had to lie down in the snow. On turning around I saw the body of Chour. His nose was splashed with blood, and his spectacles had fallen off, and lay on the ground by his side. Near the steps of the house I saw Podbelsky. He was still breathing, and I heard a soldier express his surprise that he

SHOULD BE ALIVE,

far the soldier declared he had "planted a ball in his ear." Another observed that he ought to be finished off. Similar remarks were made about all the wounded, and I expected at each moment to receive my death blow. At some distance from me I saw the dead body of Monkanoff, and a little further off of Notkine. The wife of Bernstein was imploring to be allowed to remain near her husband, who was wounded, but when she sought to enter the house, the soldiers nearly stabbed her with their bayonets. She tried to complain to the officer, Karamtine, but he replied that there would have been no great harm if she had also been killed. I saw, when they picked up the dead bodies, the body of Pik dragged out of the house by his feet and violently thrown across a sledge. Podbelsky, who was still breathing, was thrown in with the dead. I was at that moment lying down in a sledge that was to convey me to prison. I shouted with all my strength that Podbelsky was still alive. I begged the police officer, Olessoff, to intervene, but he paid no attention to what I said. A person passing by heard my cries, and, having made some inquiries, it was on his intercession that the dying man was separated from the dead. When we approached the hospital prison we met the escort that was conveying to prison those of our friends who were not wounded. "What is the use," exclaimed some of these soldiers to the men of our escort, "of incumbering the hopital with that riff-raff? You would have done much better to have killed them off at once." "The doctors will see to that," replied our men.

Such is the description given of this uncalled for butchery. Altogether six of the exiles were killed, namely Pik, Podbelisky, Moukhanoff, Chour, Notkine and Mlle. Gourewitch. Nine were wounded, namely, Kohan-Bernstein, Zotoff, Minor, Orloff, Gatz, Foundaminsky, Estrowitch, Kanther and Mlle. Zoroastroff. On the side of the authorities the policeman, Khlebnikoff, was killed; the governor, Ostashine, the officer Karamtine and the soldier Gorlowsky, three in all, were wounded.

TRIED BY COURT MARTIAL.

From the yard and house of Notkine the exiles were, it has been seen, all conveyed to prison. By order of the governor of Eastern Siberia, Gen. Ignatieff, brother to the celebrated diplomatist, a court martial was instituted. This was done under the pretext that the simultaneous preparation and presentation of thirty similar petitions against an official decree constituted an act of insurrection. The governor Ostashine made a claim in this sense under article 365 of the penal code. The butchery had taken place on the 4th of April; the witnesses were not confronted till the month of May. The officer, Karamtine, bore witness against Zotoff for having fired against the governor. This was shown only by Zotoff's own testimony, as, in the confusion, no one had noticed him. It was proved that some of the witnesses for the prosecution had asked the authorities to tell them against whom they were expected to testify. One of these false witnesses pointed haphazard at the prisoners, and chanced to single out Hausmann. This was the only testimony against Hausmann. A search was made in his house in the town, and his revolver was found there, thus proving that at the time he was not armed. When they were taken to the hospital some policemen indicated to them Bernstein as having fired, and urged them to bear witness against him. Yet Bernstein could not have fired, as at the first discharge from the soldiers he fell wounded in four places. A certain Nadaieff, who had come up after the disturbance was over, was also seized and thrown into prison.

BORNE ON HIS BIER TO THE GALLOWS.

The court martial was constituted in a very feeble manner. The president, Yermakoff, was only a sub-lieutenant, who had risen from the ranks, and for secretary there was a government clerk named Fedoroff. The official trial began on the 18th of June. The preliminary inquiry had established that the soldiers had their guns already loaded; that cartridges were distributed to them the previous evening, and they were then informed that they would have to fire upon the exiles. Also the police agent, Khlebnikoff, bore testimony before dying that he had been wounded accidentally by the soldiers and was not shot by the exiles. By the time, however, that the case came up for trial, the soldiers declared that it was the exiles who had killed Khlebuikoff. The trial was not public. Only soldiers and police were admitted. No one was allowed to defend the prisoners, and they were not even shown the indictment made against them. They were only asked to confirm the results of the previous inquiries, without being told what these results were. After what, from this account, seems a mere mock trial, Hausmann, Kohan-Bernstein and Zotoff were condemned to death. Four others were sentenced to penal servitude for life, and six for twenty years. Four women, among whom was the wife of Bernstein, were condemned to hard labor for fifteen years; one only to penal servitude for ten years, two for eight years, and the young girl Eugenie Gourewitch, who was betrothed to Zotoff, and whose sister had been killed, to six years. Mlle. Zoroastroff, who was also engaged to one of the exiles, and who was wounded, together with two men, were sentenced to lose all civil rights and to transportation to the furthest limits of the Yakoutsk district. One prisoner only escaped with three years' imprisonment, and Nadaieff, who came up when all was over, was the only person acquitted.

The three men condemned to death were taken away from their friends and put in separate cells. On the 19th of August they were removed to a military post, whence they could see all the preparations made for their execution; but they were allowed during the night to receive visits from their wives and betrothed. Zotoff met his death with great composure.

MARRIED A MISSIONARY.

From Fashionable Society to the Salvation Army.

New York Press.

Rev. Frederick H. Northrop and wife started from Brooklyn last week for India to engage in missionary work, after having spent a couple of years quietly at their home in Wisconsin. Mrs. Northrop was once the acknowledged belle of Beloit, Wis., and was wealthy in her own right. When the Salvation army craze reached the West she disposed of her jewely and dresses, and, turning her property into funds, devoted it, together with herself, to the cause.

She came to Brooklyn, donned the uniform of the Salvationists, and labored in the slums of the two cities. She became identified with the Woman's Refuge department, and night after night, protected from the insults of loafers and drunken men by her uniform only, she went into the vilest spots of vice to beseech unfortunates of her sex to forsake a life of sin.

Her work was said to be eminently successful, but the continual midnight tours told upon her health, and she was oblized to give up and return to her old home. Here she was wooed and won by a young minister, and last fall they were married.

The Salvationists look upon Mrs. Northrop as one woman among a thousand, and hold that if there were more of her caliber there would be less necessity for evangelists. One of the captains remarked at a recent meeting that there are now fifteen girls that she knew of personally who had been picked from the slums by Mrs. Northrop, and who were now leading lives of respectability. "We can scarcely think of her as Mrs. Northrop. We knew her as Nina Alcan," she said, "and we shall always remember her as one of the best and purest, and one of the most patient girls on earth."

Don't run the risk of your cold getting well of itself—you may thereby drift into a condition favorable to the development of some latent tendency, which may give you years of trouble. Better cure your cold at once with the help of Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a good medicine for all coughs, sore lungs and throats.

MINNEAPOLIS.

Continued From Third Page.

a halo of respect and awe. But it is far from my purpose to compare the power of the name of any mortal man with that of our Savior. Jesus came into this world to fulfil a prophecy, and that promise was held out to us by his name; and according as it was prophesied that He would come into this world to save all men, He came, and His only purpose in this world was to be a savior of men. Let any one who takes His name in vain think of these things and by prayer cast aside his great sin. Let us not speak that name in anger nor flippantly, but let us speak it when our hearts are full of love and joy, or when bowed down by grief, for that name is most sacred, and let us always endeavor to hold it such.

HOW WE ARE SAVED.

The Teachings of Christ as a Factor of Salvation.

Rev. Marion D. Shutter spoke last evening at the Church of the Redeemer from the text, "We shall be saved by His life."

"We no longer look upon man as having fallen in some remote ancestor. He began at the very bottom. He began in the animal, and has steadily been rising to the heights of light and beauty, and knowledge and peace. In his upward struggle he needs all the helps and advantages he can secure. The germs of all good are within him and call for influences that shall cause them to blossom and bear fruit. In the process of human unfolding and ripening many agencies are concerned. No one exclusively does the work. Every element in civilization has its part. The school, the home, companionship, books—all these things help. But first and foremost of all those influences that address us upon the moral and spiritual side of our nature, are the life and words of Jesus Christ.

What we need in our upward struggle is some one to stimulate our thought and quicken our moral nature, to show us how to overcome the power of evil, how to stand in the hour of temptation, how to bear burdens and endure trials, how to be just and kind in our dealings with others, how to find the Father. And this is what the life of Christ does for us, and in doing this, it saves us.

There are two peculiarities in the teaching of Christ that make it a factor in our moral education. The forms in which His thought are embodied—parable, metaphor, paradox—provoke inquiry and compel thought. Then, too, His method of teaching was to give general principles, leaving their application to the intelligence and conscience of each individual. All that He ever taught, for example, concerning the Sabbath was, "The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath," and "It is lawful to do well upon the Sabbath day." Since my sermon of last Sunday evening in favor of the library opening, I have been the recipient of various tracts upon Sabbath observance from people who deem my soul in danger. For all this interest, thanks! In this severe weather, I am grateful to any tract society that helps keep my fire burning. Fuel is high and tracts are cheap. What do I care for all the councils that have ever thundered upon this subject? What do I care how many ministerial associations have pronounced upon it? What do I care—except to oppose them—for all the attempts that are being made to rivet upon human conduct the very fetters that Jesus broke and flung dishonored upon the dung-hill? So long as I live so long shall I take these principles concerning the Sabbath and apply them according to my own best judgment. My advice to all who hear me is to do the same! A grain of common sense is worth a planet-full of Sabbath conventions!

The other element in the influence of Jesus is the power of his personality, the force of His example. He saves us, not in any magical or mechanical way, but by awakening within us nobler thoughts, higher ambitions, purer motives; by showing us, not how a God can live, but how a man can live. The same arrows that pierce us were aimed at Him. Upon His head were broke the same stones. Around His vessel the same waves dashed and roared. He was tempted as we are, but He resisted and stood. Faith in Him is faith in Him as the leader in our moral and spiritual life. Whatever one may think of His person and offices, His titles and miracles, the great question is: "Do you believe in the kind of life He led, and are you willing to try to live it?" He who has this, has a faith that cannot be shaken.

The inspiration that comes from His life is marvelously emphasized when we look upon it as a revelation of human possibilities. Up the steep and rugged rocks of temptation and trial the life has struggled till He stands upon the sunlit heights of eternal purity and peace. Inspired by His example, we clamber up. We shall reach the top, and, in the rapture of that transcendent moment, our though will be: "We have been saved by His life!"

"LABOR A BLESSING."

The Regular Sunday Talk of Rev. H. M. Simmons.

Rev. H. M. Simmons, of the First Unitarian church, in his sermon yesterday said that toil had often been considered as a curse inflicted on the race of man, and only a year ago, when the French academy offered a prize for a poem on labor, every one of the over 200 contributions received treated it as an evil. Excessive labor of course is, and that of too many men has to be excessive. But all history shows that work and some degree of hardship are blessings, and idleness is the curse. The lands where living is easiest produce poor men. The Semitic race reached its highest not in fertile plains, but in rough Palestine, with its rocky surface and thin soil. The Aryan race, from which most of human civilization has come, has everywhere had to work its way against difficulties. It reached its highest point in ancient times in Attica, which "is one of the most sterile countries in the world;" and so high an authority as H. S. Maine says that except the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin. In modern times no land of its size has produced more great men than Holland, which has had to win much of its soil from the very sea. The same result is seen on this continent. The fertile valley of the Amazon is rather barren of human greatness. Even in our country the bleaker North is better than the luxuriant South. Florida is better for oranges, but New Hampshire for men. Mississippi can raise cotton for clothes, but Massachusetts better people to put in them. So with individuals; the greatest men have been made so by the difficulties they have had to face. Labor, when not in excess, is no curse, but the best blessing given to man. And its excesses are being removed. At the beginning of this century, men, and even children, had often to work fifteen hours a day. The working day has since been shortened successively to thirteen, twelve and ten hours. Already ten hours prove too long by leaving so many unemployed, and the hours will be shortened again. Labor will grow easier, and the day will come when prize poems will praise it as a blessing.

Quietly Married.

George H. McDowell and Ida Mae Gillman, daughter of James E. Gillman, the insurance agent, were quietly married at the residence of the bride's parents, 1040 Thirteenth avenue southeast, on Wednesday evening last, by Rev. George E. Paddock, of the Como Avenue Congregational church. The wedding was strictly private, and but few of the friends of the young couple knew that the ceremony was to be performed. Mr. McDowell is a son of J. E. McDowell, of Portland, Me., and has resided in Minneapolis since September last. At present he is engaged upon the Minneapolis staff of the GLOBE.

AT REST TOGETHER.

Thomas J. Smith, Wife and Child Buried at Chicago.

W. H. Donahue yesterday returned from Chicago, whither he went to attend the obsequies of Thomas J. Smith, the well known Minneapolis commission man, whose death so closely followed that of his wife and child, that a triple funeral took place, and all three were interred side by side. The wiping out of an entire family so well respected and beloved in this community, is a visitation of Providence as severe as it is sorrowful.

Mr. Smith was perhaps one of the best known commission men in Minneapolis. He was born in Chicago in 1859. At the age of five years he was left an orphan, and at fourteen he secured a position in the wholesale hat and cap store of Sweet, Dempster & Co. In 1882 he came to Minneapolis and formed a partnership with J. A. Shea in the commission business. In the spring of 1885 the co-partnership of Drischell & Smith was formed, and the firm continued in business until Mr. Drischell's ill health compelled him to retire. Since then he had continued the business alone. About Dec. 1, upon the recommendation of his physician, he left Minneapolis for Colorado Springs. While away from home his wife and child both died in Chicago. He was taken with la grippe which turned to pneumonia and he died on Jan. 16. As a business man he was very successful and he was very popular with both the grocers and the commission men. He left valuable bequests to the Mercy Hospital Orphan asylum and Fr. Tighue of Chicago, for charitable purposes. He was, in every sense of the word, a self-made man, and although he only attended school for three months in his life he was an expert accountant.

TO HIS OLD HOME.

John Mullaney's Remains Taken to Addison, N. Y.

The body of John Mullaney, who died last Tuesday at Helena, Mont., passed through Minneapolis yesterday on the way to Addison, N. Y., the home of his parents, where the remains will be interred. Mr. Mullaney was born in Corning, N. Y., April 3, 1864. He was a druggist by profession, and came to Minneapolis in 1884, going to work for W. H. Hughes, on the East side. He was employed later by Noyes Bros. & Cutler, of St. Paul, F. H. Scofield, at 2130 Fourth avenue south, and P. M. Mark, 1231 Washington avenue south. He left Minneapolis in May, 1888, going to Butte, Mont. He had since worked at Helena, and just before he died was managing a drug store at Deer Lodge, Mont. He was on his way East on a visit when he was stricken by typhoid-pneumonia. Mr. Mullaney had many friends in Minneapolis. He was one of the most exemplary young men, and possessed of a most lovable disposition. His friends were limited only by the number of his acquaintances.

LOWRY SATISFIED,

But Doesn't Want to Move the Tracks From Nicollet.

Thomas Lowry, president of the Minneapolis Street Railway company, thinks the idea of moving the motor tracks from Nicollet to First avenue south, beyond Grant, impracticable, as First avenue is not opened all the way to the Washburn home, and the company has purchased land at the corner of Grant street and Nicollet avenue, over which it has laid tracks, enabling it to reach Nicollet avenue without making too short a curve. "Electricity," says Mr. Lowry, "is not so noisy or disagreeable as steam, and since the motor is to be superseded by electricity, the property owners on Nicollet avenue would not consent to its removal." Mr. Lowry is entirely satisfied with the action of the council in agreeing to have electricity instead of the cable. The power houses will be used as generating plants, and the other material belonging to the cable line will be stored. Mayor Babb has not yet signed the resolutions, but will doubtless do so before Friday, which is the day of the expiration of the time in which he is to do it.

Electricians at the West.

J. W. Stover and L. B. Farman, of Chicago, arrived in this city yesterday and are at the West. They represent the Gamewell police patrol system, which they wish to introduce in Minneapolis. The Gamewell system, which was invented by Mr. Farman, is used in all the principal cities of the United States. The apparatus will be arranged in a vacant store at the West hotel, and members of the city council and police commission will be invited to inspect it. Already a number of applications to patent new and additional inventions have been made, while the latest improvement is a gong which can be sounded from headquarters by pulling a knob, so the whole force can be summoned in this manner. Chief of Police W. M. Brackett and Alfred T. Williams, general manager of the American District Telegraph company, were in consultation with the electricians.

Looking for a Location.

The site for the new South Minneapolis High school building has not yet been decided upon. The committee of the board of education having the matter in charge was expected to make a report at the last meeting of the board, but did not. The place the committee had in view was the old hay market square at Cedar avenue and Twenty-Fourth street, but when he learned for what purpose it was to be used the owner wanted all the bonds ever issued by the city before he would consent to part with his property. As the committee did not feel justified in paying several prices for the land, it is now on the lookout for another location.

Booming the Exposition.

Manager N. M. Regan, of the Minneapolis Exposition, is now visiting Eastern cities for attractions for the coming big show. He has already made arrangements with Whiteman & Co. and Milburn & Co., of Philadelphia, to exhibit their goods. He also obtained a novelty in the form of a tutti frutti drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot machine. In New York, Mr. Regan visited the art galleries in company with H. Jay Smith, and he reports the prospects for the art gallery as excellent. He was unable to obtain either Gilmore's or the Hawaiian bands, and a Mexican band may be secured. F. L. Sargeant, of the New Orleans exposition, will represent the exposition in New England. In Boston, Mr. Regan visited the maritime exhibits, parts of which will be brought to Minneapolis for the coming exposition. He was assisted in Boston by Edward L. Burgess, the yacht builder, and H. J. Burton, of this city.

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