# SABBATH OF SADNESS

## The Capital of the Nation Yesterday a City of Funerals.

## All of the Victims Were Men Who Lived on Their Salaries.

## Subscription Papers for Their Relief Being Very Liberally Signed.

## Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland May Go to Buzzard's Bay in a Few Days.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—The remains of the dead victims of the horrible wreck of Ford's theater Friday have nearly all been disposed of. Washington was today a city of funerals, and all day long mourners have gone about the streets. Every one knew what the sad procession meant, and the sympathy of all was extended, albeit unexpressed in many cases, to the sorrowing stricken ones. Inquiry confirms the statement that none of the victims were men of property. Most of them lived on their salaries, which furnished means of livelihood, but left little for a day like this. Most of them were married, and some had large families, who are now left, if not entirely dependent upon friends and relatives, at least lacking in funds for immediate use. The body of George Q. Allen, of Pennsylvania, was taken yesterday to Philadelphia, where his relatives reside, for interment, after a funeral service conducted by Rev. Father Kervick. After the last sad rites had been performed over the remains of Emanuel Gates Shull, also of Pennsylvania, the casket was

**Taken to Gettysburg**

for interment. The remains of J. Boyd Jones were sent to his home in Evansville, Wis., where a widow and three children await their arrival. The body of Capt. Michael T. Mullaly is now on its way to New Orleans, La.; that of Samuel P. Banes was taken to Bristol, Pa.; that of Jeremiah Daly to Romola, Pa.; that of H. S. Miller to Cumberland, O.

Nearly all of these men were members of various military or civic organizations, and their comrades in each case attended their funerals and escorted their remains to the railroad stations. J. B. Gage was a Grand Army man, and Kit Carson post gave him a military funeral and buried him among his comrades at Arlington. George M. Arnold was one of the best-known colored men in the government employ here, and his funeral at the Metropolitan M. E. church attracted an enormous attendance, which included the colored militia companies. Funeral services were held over the remains of Frederick B. Loftus at his home on Ninth street northwest in the presence in his

**Wife and Six Children**

and many friends. The Masonic fraternity, through B. B. French lodge, conducted services over Capt. Ben Miller. Rev. Mr. Rogers, of the Universalist church, preached a short sermon, and at 2 o'clock the remains were started for Utica, N. Y., where the interment will be made. Kit Carson post, G. A. R., sent a delegation to the funeral. What remained of Otto F. W. Maeder was interred at Arlington, after services by a German Lutheran minister. The body of Dr. Burrows Nelson was interred at Mount Olivet cemetery, and that of Frank M. Williams, of Middleton, Wis., was buried in the Congressional cemetery, Rev. Samuel Green preaching the funeral service. The Independent Order of Mechanics laid at rest at Greenwood the remains of Joseph Richard Fagan, and Garfield post, G. A. R., interred at Arlington the body of their late comrade, T. E. Chapin. Much of the talk upon the disaster is now of relief measures, and circulators of subscription papers in the departments and in the Washington newspapers in their efforts to gather funds for the relief of the victims and their families are meeting with success that does credit to

**The Nation's Benevolence.**

Government employes as a class are not well to do, and living expenses here absorb most of their salaries, but few indeed were too poor to contribute a sum that appeared to be generous in view of their means for the relief of the widows and orphans. One notable fact is the growth of the feeling of resentment on the part of the public against the persons responsible for the wreck. In advance of the verdict of the coroner's jury, and of the findings of the court of inquiry ordered by the war department, there is not general agreement upon this point, and the public is rather indiscriminately condemning everybody who had anything to do with the control of the wrecked building, from congress down to the very laborers who were digging in the cellar when the crash came. All the victims in the hospital, with two exceptions, are in a fair way to recovery. The serious cases are F. M. McCormick, of Wisconsin, and F. L. Metcalf, of Massachusetts. The former received a compound fracture of the ribs, and he is

**In a Critical Condition.**

Death is likely to occur at any minute. Metcalf sustained a dislocation of the hip, and was doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances until pneumonia developed, and the physicians are not able now to predict the result in his case. C. W. Test, of Illinois, is getting well, and will be removed to his home tomorrow. A. L. Ames, of Iowa, is improving, but is still in a serious condition. P. J. Pennington, of Iowa, will recover. A. R. Smith, of Connecticut, shows an improvement over yesterday. H. B. Esterling, of Kansas; W. S. Justin, of Iowa; Leger, of Michigan; Capt. B. N. Dowd, of Indiana, and J. N. Thomas, of Missouri, will recover. F. F. Calvert, of Maryland, has been removed to his home, and is steadily improving. John Baker, one of the injured, is rapidly recovering, but A. P. Whitney is at home suffering greatly, and is in a precarious condition. Deputy Coroner Shaffer was engaged today in making preparations for the inquest, which will be resumed tomorrow. He has subpœnaed several witnesses, and it is his intention to secure all the eye witnesses to the affair that he can. Those who will be examined tomorrow are W. T. Richardson, of the record and pension division, Building Inspector Entwistle, Benjamin Reiss, record and pension division; Supt. Court, record and pension division; J. E. Simms, builder; J. T. Lynch, bricklayer, and Robert Clarkson and D. T. Cissell, contractors. Patrick Doyle, a contractor for forty years in Washington, says that five months ago he was sent for by the officials of the record and pension division, war department. "They wanted me," said Mr. Doyle, "to take the job of undermining the old structure for the purpose of putting in an electric plant. I told them that I

**Would Not Touch the Job.**

"I had several reasons for this refusal. The first was that it was a risky undertaking; secondly, they did not have any plans or specifications for the work; thirdly, there was no civil engineer or expert to supervise the operations, and the contractor was supposed to go ahead at random or in a haphazard manner; fourthly, they were too niggardly about the amount they wanted to pay for the work, and evidently desired to have it done in a "Cheap John" fashion. For these very good reasons I kept my hands off the work, and in the light of recent events I am glad that I did, or today perhaps I would feel like an assassin.

"I examined the pit today into which the mangled victims were precipitated in the crash Friday. I found that no support had been placed underneath the center arch where the excavation was made from the street. The arch should have been blocked up from the basement, and then from floor to floor to the ceiling in the front part of the building. The accident was caused by

**Undermining the Pillars.**

"The job was a risky one, and there are evidences of a careless undermining. "If the coroner's jury finds a verdict involving criminality, it would be my duty to report the matter to the grand jury for investigation and action," said District Attorney Birnie. "Indictments will probably follow unless it is found that the blame is so much distributed as to make such a course impossible. This might be the case if it were the belief of the jury that congress, for instance, is the blameworthy party.

"I have taken no action in this unfortunate matter as yet," continued Mr. Birnie, "and cannot do so until after the inquest. I shall, however, send one of my assistants to attend the coroner's inquiry and make such suggestions as appear necessary as to the course of the investigation and the witnesses to be examined.

"You may be sure that we shall follow the case close. I see that the war department is to have an investigation of its own. The result of this, taken with the findings of the coroner's inquest, will be of value to me in case of criminality being established against any one. Between the two investigations it ought to be possible to fix the blame, if there is any."

### TO THE SEASIDE.

**The Clevelands May Go in a Couple of Weeks.**

WASHINGTON, June 11.—Mrs. Cleveland may decide to open the summer home at Buzzard's Bay within the next fortnight. Upon moving in the Woodley Road villa the president and Mrs. Cleveland had concluded to spend the entire summer there, with the possible exception of August, when the cool breezes of the seaside home would hold greater attractions and afford the desired change before the resumption of the winter society at the White house. The seaside plan has undergone a change, as Mrs. Cleveland is desirous of taking her little daughter to Buzzard's Bay before the advent of the intense heat in Washington. The days at the country place at Woodley Road villa are spent in enjoyable quiet by President and Mrs. Cleveland, who receive numerous visits from friends who drive out on fine afternoons.

### CHOLERA UNLIKELY.

**A Distinguished East Indian Expresses Himself on It.**

WASHINGTON, June 11.—Among Washington's many distinguished and interesting visitors this Columbian year was Dr. G. C. Majunibar, of Calcutta, India, who left here today for New York, whence he sails en route home on Saturday next. Dr. Majunibar was the delegate to the world's medical congress, which just closed at Chicago, and to the Hahnemannic conference, which followed it. Dr. Majunibar expressed the opinion that there would be no outbreak of cholera this year in India. He had found indications of it, however, all along the Mediterranean on his way to America, but the authorities were energetically engaged in combatting it, and he believed that they would be successful in repressing it.

### COOPER'S PREDICAMENT.

**An Appraiser Who May Not Be Allowed to Resign.**

WASHINGTON, June 11.—President Cleveland has received the resignation of Appraiser Cooper at New York. He has not yet acted upon it, and, it is intimated, may not until a partial report is received from the commission investigating the New York custom house on this part of the inquiry. It is rather unusual for an official to tender his resignation while undergoing investigation, and it is more unusual to have it accepted in such circumstances. Intimation is made by treasury department officials that the president may not see his way clear to accept the resignation at all, but may feel called upon to dispose of Mr. Cooper's case in some other way.

### GETS A MEDAL.

**Secretary Carlisle Rewards a Brave Seaman.**

WASHINGTON, June 11. — Secretary Carlisle has awarded a silver life-saving medal to Capt. Valentine Jones, of the steamer Hudson, plying on the Great Lakes, for saving the lives of six men and one woman from the barge Sunshine, near Pelee, Lake Erie, in October, 1892. The act was one of great gallantry, and Capt. Jones in its performance ran the risk of losing his own ship, which with its cargo was worth about one and a half million dollars.

### EGYPTIAN DONKEY BOYS.

**They Punish Their Animals by Chopping a Piece Off Their Ears.**

The donkey "boy" is one of the chief features of Egyptian cities. He is not always a lad. Some "boys" are large enough to have big boys of their own, but they are nearly all active and will run alongside their donkeys for a whole day and show few signs of distress at the end of it. Yet their food is only oil and bread made of maize and bean flour. Except when "doing" the Nile and the more distant towns and ruins on its banks, most of the sightseeing in Egypt is done on donkey back. The animals are wonderful goers. One curious habit their masters have. Every time a donkey commits a trespass its owner cuts a piece off an ear. Thus it is quite common to see a donkey without any right ear at all and with only a fragment of the left, while some have lost both.

### "CINCHING UP" FOR DEATH.

**A Curious Impulse Felt by Soldiers in Moments of Danger.**

San Francisco Examiner.

There were two men lowering a heavy cask of wine into a cellar the other day, and one of them asked his comrade to stand by a moment. The man stood by, and the first speaker took an extra hitch in the belt that held up his overalls.

"That's queer," said Perry Ingram, who was passing at the time, to an Examiner. "I saw ten men do that in the face of certain death, and of the other 250 who were with us, I guess every nine in ten did the same. I know I did, anyhow. Can't tell why, because I never thought the matter over, but I'll swear that if I ever get into another fix like that again I'll do the same thing over.

"It was during the Basutu war of 1880. I was a trooper there at the time and was one of the five hundred and odd that composed the Kimberly horse. If there ever was a set of not-care-a-continental scalawags in Queen Victoria's uniform it was that same gang of rough riders. We fought all right, of course, but that was all we were good for. Honestly, I think half the troop was made up of ex-convicts and the balance of that class of adventurers who had pioneered the road to the South African diamond fields.

"We were in fort on Thlotse Heights. The Basutus, about 5,000 strong, were amusing themselves potting at us from the other side of the Thlotse river, and one day they took it into their heads to send about 1,200 warriors across the stream over fords above and below us and do us up.

"As it happened that morning, about 250 of us were detailed to escort a couple of six-pounders up the hill to the fort from below, and on our return trip the Basutus got between us and the encampment.

"We threw out in open file while they rode down on us — they were well mounted, were those Basutus—and we had orders to hold fire until they were about 100 yards away.

"Well, when they came within the given distance we fired, but instead of scaring them by killing of a hundred or so, the beggars still came on. Dismounting from their horses, they seized their assegais—the hill was black with them—and they rushed on us like the hounds of hell.

"'It's all up now, boys,' thought I, for when those chaps take it into their heads to go the whole hog and charge they do it.

"While I was thrusting another cartridge into my rifle I felt a bit queer about the throat, and somehow, I can't tell how, it seemed as though my stomach was empty. Now, I know what it is to be scared, but I was not frightened then. There was no time to be frightened. It was just stand and fight till you dropped dead.

"I laid down my rifle for a second to loosen my revolver in its case, and then, for some involuntary instinct that I cannot explain, I drew my belt a couple of inches around my waste. As I did so I looked around at the fellows nearest me. Every one of them was cinching up just the same as myself.

"Just for a moment everything on our side was silence, and the Basutus were not seventy yards away. Then we all began blazing away and yelling, as men do in battle.

"The fire frightened the blacks. They came within fifty yards of us, then turned tail and fled. We kept blazing away at the beggars as long as they were in range and then suddenly ceased.

"The strain was gone, the peril of death over. Only a moment before it had seemed as though our little band was to be utterly wiped off the earth. It was a suffocating day, so I laid down my gun to wipe the sweat and powder from my forehead. Then I set about loosening my belt. As I did so I turned to the ten fellows nearest me. Every one of them was doing the same.

"Queer, isn't it, that a fellow wants to cinch himself up in the face of certain death?"

### FALSE TAILS FOR HORSES.

**A Man Who Has Seen Them in England.**

San Francisco Examiner.

"The most curious thing I ever saw in my travels," said S. C. Lillias, who had just returned from Europe, "was one day in England, right after a friend and I had attended a session of parliament. We wanted to see the stables of Queen Victoria. We had been told that there were some splendid horses there, and, being interested in fine horses, we thought we would take a look at them.

"So, we climbed aboard a hansom and started. The cabman drove us up to a big gate, where there there was a gorgeous fellow with a tall bear-skin hat on. We had to give him a shilling, and he didn't go more than twelve feet before he handed us over to another fellow in need of a shilling, and so on. I think it was repeated about eight times, and I parted with about eight shilings before we got to the first stable.

"There were six yellow horses in that, and six brown horses in the stable adjoining. Six of these horses made up a team for the queen. The fellow that was showing us the horses said those were very fine indeed, and altogether ust the thing for her majesty.

"I took a look at them, and couldn't see a thing about them to recommend them. To me they looked like just so many common plugs, about sixteen hands high, especially the brown one, to which our particular attention was directed. I said I thought they would be gentle, and I didn't think the queen need be afraid of their running away.

"Suddenly they flared around, and I saw three of them were rat-tails. Then I was more astonished than ever. 'What,' I said, 'the queen satisfied to drive those ornery old rat-tail horses? This beats me.'

"Oh, we fix that all right," said the attendant, and with that he whipped down a false tail—nice, black and flowing as you please—and buckled it on. It was done so well you wouldn't know it was a false tail. Then he brought down the other tails and showed them to us. That, sir, was the strangest thing I saw in Europe, and astonished me the most. I never knew they had false tails for horses till I saw them on the rat-tailed horses belonging to the queen."

**$16.20—Fare to the Fair!—$8.60.**

Now in effect via "The Milwaukee."
Only electric-lighted trains.
Finest electric-lighted compartment cars ever put into passenger service.
F. H. THORN, City Ticket Agent,
365 Robert Street, Corner Fifth.

### PRIVATE BANKERS FAIL,

**Although They Have Plenty to Square Accounts.**

SAVANNAH, Ga., June 11.—Hobbs & Tucker, private bankers of Albany, suspended payment yesterday. Mr. Hobbs says payment will be resumed in a few days. The failure is due to too heavy loans and an inability to realize on collateral. A quiet run on the bank has been in progress for a month, and deposits aggregate only $80,000. The bank declined assistance offered it during the day. Mr. Hobbs is said to be individually good for more than the total deposits. Mr. Tucker, who is also wealthy, is in New York.

**Travesty on Justice.**

WILMINGTON, Del., June 11.—Rev. A. N. Keigwein, of West Presbyterian church, discussed the Briggs question tonight. He said: "In my estimation I have never witnessed a greater travesty on justice. A more absurd verdict was never rendered, and the man who believes it right or fair or just, though he undoubtedly may be a good man, is bound at some day in the future to acknowledge that he was struck with a panic created by agitators who were jealous of new school theology, or that he was a fool."

# CYCLING FOR RECORD

## Tom Roe Starts on His Race From New York to San Francisco.

## Attempt Will Be Made to Cover the Distance in Sixty-Five Days.

## The Grand Prize of Paris, 200,000 Francs, Is Won by Ragotsky.

## Ravensbury Second and Callistrate Third--Eleven Starters.

NEW YORK, June 11.—Tom Roe began his race to San Francisco on a bicycle against time this morning. He was started from the Barrett house, Broadway and Forty-third street, promptly at 11 o'clock. Frank Walter will accompany Roe as pacemaker as far as Chicago. "Birdie" Munger also rode a few miles with the pair. C. G. Sinsabough will accompany Roe by wheel and train. The entire party wear the colors of the Chicago Cycling club. Roe's schedule time is sixty-five days, twenty days better than the record held by Nelson A. Bradt. The men also may beat the record to Chicago. This record is held by Charles Neilson, and is fourteen days.

### RAGOTSKY RAN FIRST.

**The Race for the Grand Prize of Paris Is Run.**

PARIS, June 11.—The Grand Prix de Paris was run today. Baron A. de Schickler's bay colt Ragotsky came in first, Mr. Rose's bay colt Ravensbury second, A. Abeille's brown colt Callistrate third. Ragotsky is by Perplexe, out of Czardas, and two weeks ago won the French Derby at Chantilly. Ravensbury, the favorite among the English horses that ran, is by Isonomy, out of Penitent. Callistrate is by Cambyse, out of Citronelle. There were eleven starters. The conditions of the race are: The Grand Prize of Paris, 200,000 francs, 150,000 francs given by the city of Paris and 50,000 by the five great railway companies, for colts and fillies foaled in 1890, of every description and country, added to a sweepstakes of 10,000 francs each; the second to receive 10,000 francs; the third 5,000 francs out of the stakes; course one mile and seven furlongs.

The horses got a capital start. Ravensbury was off first, but was overhauled quickly by the Duke of Fetre's Chantenay. At the end of the first furlong Chantenay was slightly in the lead. Ravensbury was next, and then came in a bunch H. Ridgeway's Regal, Ragotsky, Baron de Schickler's Fousi Yama, Callistrate and L. Merino's Sylphine. Michel Ephrussis Germenoy and P. Anmont's Pratine brought up the rear. After the second furlong Ragotsky drew up alongside Ravensbury and Callistrate spurted three lengths ahead of both. The relative positions of the horses remained unchanged up to half a mile from home, when Sylphine came to the front, with Ragotsky, Fousi Yama and Callistrate in hot pursuit. Ravensbury was shut in on the rail and was thought to be out of the race, as Ragotsky drew clear and seemed to be winning easily. In next to the last furlong, however, Ravensbury made a desperate spurt, closed in on Ragotsky and finished but a short head behind, and two lengths ahead of Callistrate. Fousi Yama was fourth. Time, 3:38.

The betting just before the start was 5 to 1 against Ragotsky, 3 to 1 against Ravensbury, 6 to 4 against Callistrate, 10 to 1 against Fousi Yama, 12 to 1 against Pratine, 20 to 1 against Regal, 25 to 1 against Sylphine, 33 to 1 against Germanoy, 66 to 1 against Ramleh and 100 to 1 against Chantenay and Sylvia.

The day was fine and all the social and political lions of Paris were at the track. Hundreds of members of the English and American colonies were present. The usual display of magnificent costumes and elegant equipages was made. President Carnot and his sons arrived at the track early and were cheered with enthusiasm wherever they went.

### THE NAVAHOE OFF.

**She Will Test Her Speed in the English Channel.**

NEWPORT, R. I., June 11.—The sloop Navahoe sailed out of the harbor today, bound for England, there to try her speed in the English channel, and, if possible, become famous. She has already become famous on this side of the water for being the craft upon which innumerable changes had to be made before she could be said to be in sailing trim. The secrecy with which she was built and launched, and the dumbness of her owner, Royal Phelps Carroll, have all assisted in bringing prominently out both yacht and owner, the very thing the owner is said to dislike. Mr. Carroll has on board as his guests Woodbury Kane and H. B. Duryea, besides a crew of twenty-nine men. The yacht in her cruising sails appears quite different from when she carried her great spread of racing canvas. The latter, her spars and her launch have been sent over by steamer. The Navahoe will return here in time to participate in the fall cruise of the New York Yacht club. Her departure was quiet, as her owner desired. When her anchor let go a fresh west breeze was blowing, and the entire fleet of yachts in the harbor put out to sea to bid the Navahoe bon voyage. This fleet accompanied the big sloop for about ten miles and returned

**To Chicago.**

$8.60 one way, $16.20 round trip, via Chicago Great Western Railway. City ticket office, 364 Robert street, corner Fifth.

**Challenged by Sullivan.**

LONDON, June 11. — Sullivan, the champion oarsman of New Zealand, has challenged Bubear to a match on the Thames course for £200 a side and the English championship. Bubear says he will accept the challenge. The details of the match have not been arranged.

**Defeated the Earls.**

Special to the Globe.

STILLWATER, Minn., June 11.—The Stillwaters defeated the Earls, of St. Paul, at Athletic park today in an exciting game, by the score of 18 to 13.

**Defeated by Ives.**

PARIS, June 11.—Frank Ives, the American billiard player, beat the French champion, Fournil, today in a game of 200 points up. The game was played on a French table.

**Lovejoy Day at Alton.**

ALTON, Ill., June 11.—This was Lovejoy day, and the usual observances were held. Elijah P. Lovejoy was the first martyr to the anti-slavery cause, and was murdered here Nov. 7, 1837. The custom of decorating his grave has grown in the last few years. Numerous visitors were here from St. Louis and other cities. Addresses were made by Hon. D. B. Sparks and Maj. Amstrong. The unpretentious tomb was literally covered with flowers.

**The Muskegon in Distress.**

CHICAGO, June 11.—At 11 o'clock the steamer Muskegon while four miles off Evanston sent up signals of distress. The Evanston life-saving crew and one from Chicago quickly responded. The nature of the accident to the Muskegon is not known. People on shore say the boat appeared to be on fire, but if that is the case the flames were quickly extinguished.

**The Damage $100,000.**

NEW YORK, June 11.—One of the most exciting contests in which the city's fire fighters have been engaged for a long time took place this afternoon at Water and Clinton streets. On that corner stands the five-story storage warehouse of J. H. Hobby & Sons. When the firemen arrived the fire was well advanced. The flames began to burst from some of the windows and were licking the roof. The firemen fought the flames for two hours, which spread with great rapidity. Two of them were over come, but regained consciousness after being removed to a hospital. The damage to the building and contents is estimated at $100,000.

**Max Judd's [illegible] Down**

NEW YORK, June 11.—Walbrodt, the German chess expert, and Max Judd, the consul general of the United States stationed at Vienna, played two games of chess on midocean on board the steamer Augusta Victoria, from New York for Hamburg. On May 20 Walbrodt played French defense and won after fifty moves. The second game was played on May 22, when Walbrodt opened the fight with a Ruy Lopez. After forty moves the consul had to resign.

### CHINESE COURTESY.

**The Gentle Manners of the Lower Class Surprising to Americans.**

Arena.

The Chinese are, as a race, the most courteous peple I have ever come in contact with. When it is taken into consideration that the majority of the Chinese who come to this country belong to the lower or lowest class, their gentle manners are truly surprising. I have seen parties of well-dressed Americans go into one of their stores, poke about among the goods, or wander into the club room, watch the games, handle the instruments of the orchestra and ask all sorts of questions concerning them.

The intruders were treated as welcome guests, their questions answered, and tea, confections and cigarettes offered them on departure. Fancy the reception which would be accorded a party of unidentified Chinese who attempted to take a look through one of our fashionable clubs? In the restaurants their conduct is the same. I imagine that if three or four Chinese were to take it into their heads to dine at one of our up-town restaurants they would be subjected to many unpleasant remarks, probably some insolence from the waiters, and, if they should prove as awkward in handling the knife and fork as the average American is with the chopsticks, would cause considerable merriment among the other guests.

But in Mott street the practice of good breeding is different. Time and again I have seen some good-natured Chinese let his own dinner grow cold, that he might show some clumsy American stranger who was struggling with the chop-sticks how to use those illusive but useful implements. It is a very simple trick after it is learned, and one which I have often found useful at other places than at a table in a Chinese restaurant.

Once mastered, with a couple of pencils one can improvise a very serviceable pair of tongs to pick up a bee or struggling worm, a bit of hot metal, or any such small object, which one does not care to touch with one's fingers. The first stick should be held rigidly about three inches from the lower end, between the ball of the second finger, the first joint of the thumb and the hand just below the knuckle joint of the first finger, very much, in fact, as a clumsy school boy holds his pen.

The second stick should be held almost exactly as a good penman holds his pen, lightly, between the ball of the thumb and of the first finger, slightly resting a long and steadied by the knuckle joints. Chinese meats are all served cut into small pieces, so as to be readily eaten with chop-sticks, thus materially reducing the labor of dining.

### SWARMING WITH MURDER.

**Frightful Condition of India Previous to the Sepoy Mutiny.**

St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Up to the breaking out of the Sepoy rebellion in India there were no less than 226 different religious creeds in that country, each having a numerous following. There were no less than thirty-two grades of caste, and the lines were so rigidly drawn that it was almost impossible for one to travel or do business. Even in the ranks of the troops maintained by the East India company everything went by caste. If a soldier of second caste walked near enough to the camp-fire of a soldier of the first caste to cast his shadow across it, the fire had to be put out and rebuilt on another spot.

Out of a regiment numbering 800 men not more than 100 could use the same vessels for carrying water or cooking food. Up to the same date it was estimated by English statisticians that there were 200,000 professional thugs, 175,000 professional stranglers who used the hands alone, 100,000 professional poisoners and at least 250,000 men who made theft, robbery and murder by violence their daily and only avocation. All but the latter class traveled about as religious devotees and sheltered themselves behind the mantle of "faith." India was intensely religious, and yet each and every creed was declared by all others to be a fraud and a sham.

Every ruler, even down to the head man of the village, had arbitrary powers, but so long as murder and robbery were perpetrated in the name of religion the authorities dared not interfere. The British were in India for money. Previous to the mutiny they were careful not to interfere with caste or creed. If a British official in a town on the Nerbudda, Gadavery or Ganges rivers counted forty corpses per day floating down-stream, or if he figured up 200 murders in a month in his territory, not even an official inquiry was set on foot. At Nagpoor, 500 miles east of Bombay, the number of deaths at the hands of thugs, stranglers, poisoners and professional robbers during the twelve months preceding the outbreak was 1,384, and yet not a single criminal was brought to justice.

### DIET REFORM.

**Fruit and Nuts Being Used to Replace Bread and Vegetables.**

New York Sun.

Modern science wields an iconoclastic club against all our pet theories and traditions. Bread, that has been from time immemorial regarded as the staff of life, is, according to the new gospel of beauty expounded by Dr. Helen Dinsmore, responsible for much of the nervous irritation and prostration of the age, and leads to intemperance. The little child cries for a banana, and is persuaded to eat large quantities of bread, under promise of the fruit as a reward. According to Dr. Helen and her theory, the child's desire for fruit is a natural and reasonable one which should be indulged in to the fullest extent.

Bread and all cereals, according to the new philosophy of dietetics, are not digested by the stomach, but rather in the intestines, where the digestive power is less vigorous, and is overtaxed in assimilating them. The strain upon the nervous system involved calls for a pick-me-up first in the form of tea and coffee or tobacco, and finally wine or alcohol. Vegetable foods, from their excessive potash, demand large quantities of salt, which in turn paves the way by depressing the nervous system for the use of narcotics and stimulants.

Fruit and nuts, on the contrary, are adapted to the tastes and appetites of man without the addition of salt or irritating spices; are more easily digested and assimilated than cereals and vegetables, and furnish the same supply to the waste of the body that bread laboriously digested less naturally furnishes.

The system is too intricate for presentation in full, but the diet recommended by both Dr. Helen and her husband, Dr. Dinsmore, consists primarily of fruits and nuts, but sweet fruits supplemented by milk and eggs or mild cheese are recommended during the transition of diets, especially for vegetarians. One invalid was brought out of a dangerous illness by eating two figs with a teacup of milk three times a day, increasing the amount gradually until now she eats four ounces of Tunis dates, half a pint of milk three times a day, two eggs, a little fresh butter and a few ground pine kernels every day.

Another woman is thriving and working on eight ounces of Halloni dates, one-half pint of milk and one ounce of pine kernels for breakfast, and figs, dates, milk and nuts for the other meals, which are taken at intervals of six hours three times a day. An elderly woman who is taking the diet has corrected the tendency to obesity from which she suffered, her hair has not lost its color, her eyes require no spectacles, and everywhere she is taken for her own son's wife or sister. According to Dr. Dinsmore, when this diet becomes universal beauty will come to be recognized as no more the property of youth than of age. The athletic form of age, with its open and unwrinkled brow, will have no gray deformity, no deadly germs of languor and diseases, no wrinkles, but perfect hearing, clear eyesight, physical vigor and spiritual contentment.

### CALAMITY IN HACKENSACK.

**A Frog Attacked the Bender From the Bad Place, and the Bender Is Dead.**

New York Sun.

The Hellbender is dead. It died at Hackensack two days since, and was interred under a plum tree Thursday. As a result of this deplorable occurrence there is mourning among the children, nursery maids and policemen of the drowsy old town, where the water reptile was a more drawing attraction than the chief of police, the chief of the fire department in full regalia or the tomb of Gen. Poor.

The Hellbender was about twelve inches long, two inches broad, half an inch thick, flexible as a piece of soft rubber, of dark, slaty color, and irregular in outline.

Policeman Van Blarcom, who forms one-half the Hackensack department of public safety, detailed himself every fair afternoon to stand in front of Druggist Eugene B. McFadden's window and watch the fish, frogs, turtles and the hellbender as they sported in the aquarium which Mr. McFadden has maintained for fifteen years. Children too small to view the show from the walk were raised in the fatherly arms of Policeman Van Blarcom, whose invariable expression was:

"Now, look there, down to the bottom; don't you see that ugly thing? That's what they call the Bender from the bad place, where little boys and girls go when they ain't good."

Policeman Van Blarcom's delicacy of expression was not shared by everybody in the community. The Hellbender was the name by which everybody else knew the curious thing, and dainty maids lisped it as freely as the most rakish gamin of the town.

Mr. McFadden could not give the natural history of his curiosity, but said it came from the Mammoth cave of Kentucky, and was in his possession many years. It moved around the large tank with a lazy, gliding motion, and was so slimy and repulsive in appearance as to be free from molestation by those who handled the turtles and large bullfrogs that formed a part of the show.

A few days since there was a universal commotion in the aquarium, and Policeman Van Blarcom rushed into the drug store shouting:

"Jiminy, the frog's eatin' the Bender."

Mr. McFadden went to the rescue, and saved the greatest curiosity in Hackensack county, but only temporarily. The frog had seized the hellbender by its broad, flat head, and was trying to swallow it. The hellbender is supposed to have been fatally injured in the struggle, and it died Wednesday. That is why there is mourning in Hackensack. The frog lives, an object of execration.

### SPOILED A ROMANCE.

**How a Mischievous Goat Prevented a Pretty Elopement.**

New York Herald.

A certain young lady who lives in the annexed district has had her romance spoiled by the uncalled-for and gratuitous interference of a gluttonously inclined goat. This young lady had a beau who had proposed to her. Her parents objected to the match, and forbade the young man to call on his heart's idol. The young lady was desperate, as eligible beaux are not easy to find in the suburbs. They resolved to elope.

The young man was to be under his lady love's window at daybreak and signal by means of a cord. It is almost needless to state that the other end of that cord was attached to one of the large members of the maiden's pedal extremities. The goat did not rest easy that night and was wandering around the yard at an unreasonably early hour in the morning. After masticating all the sardine boxes and empty tomato cans, he discovered the pendulous cord and resolved to take it in as a dessert.

When the cord was drawn taut the goat reared up on his hind legs in an effort to follow it up the side of the house. He found that his efforts were unavailing, and he gave a desperate jerk. Then the trouble began. The maid awoke. The goat gave another violent pull that was almost as effective as that exercised by a ward alderman.

The maid arose very suddenly from her couch and heroically smothered a cry of pain. She stooped to detach the cord, and at the same instant the goat gave another jerk. The maid lost her equilibrium and thought that she had also lost her toe, but the latter proved to be an erroneous supposition. She crawled on all fours to the window and cried hoarsely to her supposed lover: "Don't pull so, Augustus, I'll come down."

Then followed another attempt to unfasten the cord. The goat was persistent, however, and did not notice the appeal, save by several vicious nods of his head that were each accompanied by a feminine cry of pain from the upper regions.

Crazed by the pain, she again called down into the darkness:

"If you don't stop pulling like that, Augustus, I won't come down at all."

Another savage jerk and a wail of bitter anguish burst uncontrolled from her ruby lips. The cry was heard by her mother, who hastened into the room accompanied by an oil lamp and a look of fright. The maid fainted, the elopement was killed in the bud, the maiden's toe was sore for a month, but the goat escaped, and there will be no cards sent out, as the youth and the maid never speak now as they pass by.

**Nothing to Brag Of.**

Arkansas Cat.

The story is going the rounds that forty years ago a New York man marked a quarter and put it into circulation, and now it has just returned to him. That's nothing. We put a plugged half-dollar into circulation yesterday, and in less than four seconds it came back to us. Yet we don't go up and down the earth bragging about it.

SKINS ON FIRE

With agonizing eczemas and other itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, blotchy, and pimply skin and scalp diseases, are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the celebrated CUTICURA REMEDIES, the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. Sold throughout the world.

# A NEW OUTLAW BAND

## Henry Starr and Gang as Notorious as Were the Daltons.

## About the Brief Career of the Desperate Young Leader.

## About the Caney Bank and the Pryor Creek Train Robberies.

## Murder of Capt. Wilson--How Outlaws Are Made in That Country.

Henry Starr, the young Cherokee outlaw, who has sprung from obscurity into great notoriety within the past six months, has been the subject of many sensational dispatches since he killed Capt. Floyd Wilson last December, and the "Starr gang" is becoming as noted as were the Daltons, says a Fort Smith (Ark.) correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The history of Henry Starr can be told in a few words. He is nearly a half-breed Cherokee, about twenty-one years of age. His mother resides at Nowata, Cherokee Nation, and his father, who was a brother of Judge Watt Starr, of Coo-wee-Scoo-wee district, Cherokee nation, has been dead some time. Henry's first offense was introducing and selling whisky in the Indian country, and for this he was arrested at the Delaware payment, in the spring of 1892. He gave bond, with his uncle, Watt Starr, as security, and returned to his home. Some time after this the express office at Nowata was robbed one night, and Henry was charged with being one of the robbers. This caused him to "go on the scout," and his bond on the whisky charge was forfeited.

**The Murder of Wilson.**

The express company sent out a detective named Dickey to capture him, and Dickey came to this city and secured the services of Capt. Floyd Wilson, a brave and fearless ex-deputy marshal, to go with him in quest of Starr. While Dickey and Wilson were taking dinner at a farm house in the vicinity of Starr's haunts, the young man himself came riding by. Wilson rushed out and mounted a horse that was standing hitched near by and gave chase. The pony Starr was riding was inferior to the horse upon which Wilson was mounted, and he gained rapidly upon the fleeing outlaw, who stopped in the prairie and made a stand behind his pony.

Wilson also dismounted, and quite a parley ensued, Starr declaring that he would not surrender and Wilson commanding him to do so. During this parley on the open prairie both men had their Winchesters down on each other. At last Wilson fired at Starr, and the fight was on. A shell hung in Wilson's gun, and he was at the mercy of his adversary, who was making every shot tell, while Wilson was endeavoring to defend himself with his six-shooter. The result was that the brave officer fell dead, pierced with five Winchester bullets, while Dickey failed by some means to get within gunshot distance of Starr, who took the horse Wilson was riding and escaped.

Starr is also charged with having robbed Carter's store at Sequayah, forty miles west of Nowata, shortly after the express robbery mentioned above. His name next goes over the wires as leading the Starr gang, said to be composed of Ed Newcombe, a young Delaware Indian; Jesse Jackson and Charles Bruner, both white men, and they were charged with robbing a train at Wharton, a station on the Strip. This is all a mistake, so far as Starr is concerned, as Jackson was badly wounded and captured by officers of the United States court at this place, and, while in jail here recovering from the effects of the amputation of his right arm, acknowledged that himself, Ed Newcombe and Bruner held up the train at Wharton on the night of the presidential election, and that Starr was not "in it." Newcombe and Bruner surrendered to officers of this court, and together with Jackson were taken to Guthrie on a writ of removal and have since entered pleas of guilty, getting off with two years each in the penitentiary.

**The Caney Bank Robbery.**

Then came the bank robbery at Caney, Kan., which was at once laid to Starr and Newcombe. Newcome surrendered here a few days after the Caney robbery, and it at once developed that he was not in that, and the supposition at present is that Starr and a man known as Pickle Simons were the guilty parties, as they were seen together in the vicinity of Caney just before the robbery.

Next the wires were loaded for a day or so with the news of the Pryor Creek train robbery on the night of the 1st inst., and it is at once laid at the door of the "Starr gang," where it very likely belongs, though there is no positive evidence of this being the case.

On the night following this robbery Marshal Yoes was notified that Starr and five other men were at Nowata, and as six men committed the Pryor Creek outrage it was supposed to be the gang, as they had ample time to ride from Pryor's Creek to Nowata, a distance of perhaps fifty miles. Saturday, May 6, Starr and two comrades took dinner at his mother's house in Nowata, and he got his horse shod.

While there is no question as to Starr's development from a young, frolicsome lad of twenty summers into a dangerous and daring outlaw, whose identity can be easily established and at least some of his crimes easily proven, the question as to who the members of his gang are, if he has an organized gang, is one that at this time cannot be answered, as no one seems to know who they are.

Ever since the killing of Wilson, Starr has been frequently heard of, flitting here and there through the country, sometimes at one place and sometimes at another. He has often been seen in different towns, and is most generally alone. Coming from a prominent family of Cherokees, he has friends all through the section of country he frequents, and they keep him posted as to the movements of officers who may be in the country, which makes it an easy matter for him to elude them, even if they were on his trail, though it is not known that any of them have got in his way since the tragic death of Floyd Wilson.

There is scarcely a doubt but what Henry was one of the Pryor Creek robbers, but who his comrades were is not known, though they were no doubt young fellows of a reckless disposition, who joined him for this special occasion. The names of his cousin, Jack Starr, Bill Dalton and a young man named Wasson have been named as probable participants.

The Pryor Creek robbery occurred on Monday night. On Saturday previous, at Bragg's, twenty-five miles this side of Wagoner, Jack Starr had a shooting scrape with a negro deputy marshal named Ross, in which the latter seems to have been the aggressor, and if Jack was with Henry at the robbery he must have joined him only a short time before it occurred. Yet there are men who say they saw the two together the day following the hold-up.

**How Outlaws Are Made.**

The careers of such characters as the Daltons lead young men with ambitions in that direction to seek notoriety of this kind—they want to be heroes; to have their names paraded in the public prints as daring desperadoes, whose very names strike terror to those with whom they come in contact in their wild career. In the Indian country there is plenty of material out of which to make train robbers. Most of them start out in the same way young Starr did. They visit the bordering towns in the states, purchase whisky and take into their own country for speculative purposes, becoming whisky peddlers contrary to law, and there's money in it.

They deal in a cheap grade of whisky, for which they find a ready market at $2 a quart, or they buy alcohol, say a gallon, out of which they can make four or five gallons of red liquor by coloring and reducing it, for which they get $1 a pint. They keep this up until they get pulled, and probably get off with a jail sentence. Then they get into it again, and, knowing that the next time they are caught they will likely "go over the road," as they term it, they fight shy of the marshals, or perhaps jump a bond and "go on a scout." From this they drift into outlawry and join hands with those who have committed some graver offense, and then going into the robber business, getting so far along in crime that arrest means either death on the gallows for murder or long terms in the penitentiary for lesser grades of crime.

There is scarcely a doubt but that every man engaged in the Pryor Creek robbery has at some time been before the United States court at this place for introducing whisky in the Indian country. The names of Jack Starr, Henry Starr, Jesse Jackson, Ed Newcombe and others who have gone the same road to ruin can be found on the United States jail register here, with the charge of "introducing and selling liquor in the Indian territory" opposite their names.

**Why They Are Not Caught.**

Thus train robbers, murderers and outlaws are made in the Indian country, and dangerous desperadoes emanate from respectable young men.

The public no doubt wonder why these desperadoes are never captured. This is easily explained. Deputy United States marshals of the various courts having jurisdiction over the territory are paid fees. When they go in quest of these outlaws they take their lives in their own hands. If they pursue an outlaw for days they do it at their own private expense. Should they be so fortunate as to capture one alive they would get their fees and mileage; but should they kill one—and the chances are ten to one that they will have to—the law does not allow them one cent, and does not even allow them burial expenses. Under the rules governing the courts, a deputy marshal has to "stick" every prisoner he brings in before a commissioner or he gets nothing for his services, except when the arrest is made on a court writ.

When express companies and railroads are robbed they usually offer a liberal reward for the "arrest and delivery" or the "arrest and conviction." This manner of offering rewards does not influence men to place their lives in jeopardy by hunting down these outlaws. They know that they can't be taken alive, and dead train robbers are not paid for by any one.

Some railroad officials were here consulting Marshal Yoes shortly after the Pryor Creek robbery, and he explained this matter to them. He told them, however, that he had some good, trusty, brave men on his force, and that if the railroad and express companies would allow them $2 per day each and expenses they would go out after these desperadoes. If they succeeded in capturing them and the rewards were paid their expenses and time could be deducted from such rewards as were offered. They took the matter under advisement.

### FOR COFFEE DRINKERS.

**How Stale Bread Is Utilized in the Fabrication of Berries.**

New York Sun.

The superintendent of a big milling company over in South Brooklyn sat in his office a few days ago and seemed amused at the work of a man who was unloading a wagon in front of a coffee firm directly opposite. It was a day when men discarded coats and vests for their shirt sleeves in the effort to obtain relief from the heat. Perspiration rolled down from the face of the man unloading the wagon, and it was evident that he did not see any joke in his employment.

When asked what he was laughing at, the man who was amused answered: "Why, don't you see what he is unloading in those barrels?"

A close look showed that the coffee-mill was receiving a wagonload of stale bread and a light suddenly dawned upon those in hearing. They were anxious for information, and the superintendent had this to say which will interest coffee drinkers:

"This fellow has been in the employ of that firm for a long time. It was several months after I first noticed him before I discovered the nature of his trade. He owns his own horse and wagon, and every night visits a number of bakeries and hotels in the city, and for very small sums buys all their stale stock of bread. He has an arrangement with this company, which purchases all he can deliver."

"What does the company do with it?" was asked in three voices.

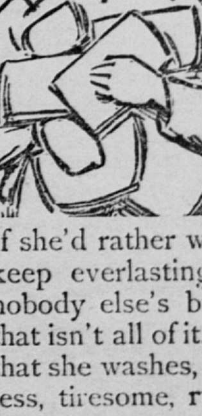
"Oh? that is where the wooden nutmeg idea comes in, and I'll bet that we have Southwest millers who can discount the shrewdest Sam Slicks who ever lived. Why, they have a process over there for grinding the bread which is hard to a powder. It is colored, moistened, and then, when soft and pliable, pressed into the finest imitation coffee beans you ever saw."

"Give us a new one," said one of the listeners incredulously.

"It's a fact. Why, I have had some. You can take a sample in your mouth and in a few minutes it will become soft like dough, but if you were not on the outlook for the fraud you would not discover it."

"But a house of that standing would not adulterate its goods or deal in imitations?"

"Wouldn't it? You don't know them. We have got another place over here which manufactures sago out of potatoes, butter from a combination of ingredients known only to the workmen, claret and other wines which never saw Ohio, California or France, and other fakes, and the wonder is all these crooks seem to prosper."



Has Her Hands Full—the woman who won't use Pearline—her hands full of work, and her head full of worry. Suits herself. If she'd rather work hard, and keep everlastingly at it, it is nobody else's business. But that isn't all of it. The clothes that she washes, with her careless, tiresome, rub, rub, rub, are soon worn out. That's your business, if she washes your clothes. It will pay you to look after it. Pearline saves them.

**Send it Back** Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 324 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

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