MINNEAPOLIS.

A LIVE PRINCE.

Russian Blood Royal Spends Sunday in Minneapolis.

Minneapolis is honored with a real live prince from the dominions of the czar of all the Russias, and of the blood royal, in the person of Prince Cantacuzene, the present very able minister of his country to the United States states. His party consists of his daughter and her governess and Prince Lieven, and they arrived yesterday morning from the Pacific coast and are at the West. Personally, Prince Cantacuzene is a prepossessing gentleman of medium height and build, with close-cropped whiskers. He was dressed in a suit of tweed stuff and presents the appearance of a prosperous business man. The GLOBE representative was accorded a most courteous reception, and the prince expressed himself quite freely on most topics. He is a fluent English talker, although having been in this country only since the first of January.

SAUSAGE OR PORK.

Two Families Made Very Sick at Their Dinner.

A sudden and very mysterious sickness fell upon two families living at 256-8 Second avenue north yesterday afternoon, and for a time things looked serious. The two families were those of Michael Quinn, a teamster, and James Nolan, who owns a line of transfer wagons. The two families sat down to dinner about 2 o'clock, and the Nolans, who had an abundance of skimmed milk, sent a quantity of it to the Quinns. Immediately after dinner both families were taken violently ill. Mrs. Quinn and her four children, and Mrs. Nolan, with her nurse and two children suffered intense pain, while the men were scarcely better off. It was thought at first that the illness was caused from some kind of poison from the milk, but as the Nolans did not drink any of the fluid, this theory was given up. Physicians were summoned, and, when they arrived, the children were vomiting a bloody fluid. It is thought that the poison came from either some sausage or some pork which the two families ate for dinner. Late last evening all were doing well.

HANNA SURPRISED THEM.

A Girl Who Kept Her Marriage Secret.

An event out of the ordinary occurred on Saturday at the Bemis Bros.' bag factory, and it rather took Supt. Simmons' breath away. There had been employed at the factory for some time a young lady named Hanna Torkelson, who by her faithfulness she had made herself really indispensable. She had become a general favorite with the employes, as well as with Superintendent Simmons and his wife, and when she recently asked for a vacation it was readily granted. The surprise came in the shape of a letter thanking Mr. Simons and his wife for their interest in Hanna, and telling them both that it would ever be remembered by her. Then came the announcement that she had been married three months ago. The letter was signed by her husband, Jacob Berrum, and was one of those straightforward, frank, manly epistles that indicated to the employes that Hanna had found a good husband, and after they had listened to the reading of the letter they all went back to work with mental congratulations for Hanna, but all wondering how on earth she had been able to keep the secret of her marriage from them so long.

AT THE BARRACKS.

The Fire Relief Sufferers Pass a Quiet Sunday.

The people at the relief barracks on Monroe street passed a quiet Sabbath. Just one week has passed since the terrible holocaust deprived them of homes and the necessities of life, but during that time little actual suffering has occurred. Last evening the inmates had all retired, but the usual scene of crying babies, cursing men and scolding women was witnessed. Many of the women had attended divine services during the day—such as had apparel suitable. The two sick children and the sick woman was reported getting along nicely. During the day the health commissioner had inspected the barracks and stated that the health conditions were not of the best, owing to the large number of people thus housed. The general savor of the place would amply confirm the health officer's opinion. A number of young men will leave today provided with transportation to the harvest fields of Dakota. This will tend to relieve the pressure. The busiest man about the ranch is the cook, who is employed all hours of the day in preparing food for his patrons. There are many of them, and they all eat with an appetite.

DR. BRANHAM DIES

After an Illness of Eight Days of Yellow Fever.

BRUNSWICK, Ga., Aug. 20.—Dr. John W. Branham, of the United States marine hospital service, who has been ill with yellow fever here since Saturday, the 12th, died at 5 o'clock this afternoon. He had been unconscious for twenty-six hours. A pathetic message from his wife, now ill in Maryland, was never received by him. Surgeons Hutton and Carter, of the marine hospital service, have been constant watchers by Branham's bedside for a week and have done all in human power to help their comrade in his battle against the fearful malady. Within two hours after the death of Dr. Branham, the remains were wrapped in sheets, saturated with bichloride of mercury, wound in the national colors, placed in a steel casket and interred in the Brunswick cemetery. Drs. Hutton and Carter will be sent to the Black Bead quarantine station to pass the period of incubation. Dr. Guiteras, of the marine hospital service, is reported as saying that the town is now in a condition for the return of those people who left the city when reports of the disease were first given out.

Steamship Movements.

BOSTON—Arrived: Pavonia, Liverpool.

SOUTHAMPTON—Arrived: Saale, New York.

QUEENSTOWN — Arrived: British Prince, Philadelphia.

HAVRE—Arrived: Champagne, New York.

LONDON—Sighted: Assyrian, Philadelphia: Hungaria, Baltimore.

BALTIMORE—Arrived: Chicago, Rotterdam; Bossmore, Liverpool.

PHILADELPHIA — Arrived: British Prince, Liverpool.

To Preserve Fisheries.

SHANGHAI, Aug. 20.—It is reported here that an icebreaker has been taken to Vladivostock in order that it may keep the harbor open during the winter for the Russian squadron to be stationed on the East Asiatic coast. The principal duty of the Russian vessels at this station will be the preservation of the seal fisheries in Russian waters of the Behring sea.

Chipman Buried.

DETROIT, Aug. 20.—The funeral of Congressman Chipman took place here this afternoon amid imposing ceremonies. The interment was at Elmwood.

The Wilbur Opera company sing "Two Vagabonds" at the Grand this evening. John Drew in "The Masked Ball" will be the attraction next week.

METHOD IN MADNESS.

A QUEER CUSTOMER LOCKED UP AT THE STATION.

HE'S SHOT IN THE FEET.

His Underwear Indicates That He May Have Recently Escaped From Some State Prison—He Will Be Examined for Insanity in the Probate Court Tomorrow.

A very suspicious character has found his way into the county jail. He was brought in by two men from Eden Prairie Friday night, with the report that he had been found that morning sitting on the water tank in their yard in his stocking feet, and with his feet bleeding. He refused absolutely to talk, and thinking the man insane they took him into the house and put him in bed. When brought to the jail he still refused to talk, and there was nothing upon his person except two $5 bills and a card addressed, "Mrs. P. Ritchie, Bloomington, Minn.," absolutely nothing by which he could be identified. Saturday morning Sheriff Ege made a determined effort to learn his name and address but without success. When asked what was the matter with his feet, he said they were burst from walking. When asked how far he had walked, he said he didn't know, then said he had walked one day. It was evident, however, that the wounds in his feet were the result of wounds from a shotgun, fine shot being found in his feet, and holes through drawers and breeches. Any question as to where he received the wound or how he obtained the money he refused to answer. Yesterday Sheriff Ege ordered his clothing to be entirely removed and replaced by others. This developed the fact that he was wearing underclothing which certainly was never purchased at a store and had all the appearance of being the gift of some state penitentiary. Shirts and drawers are of the same material—heavy cotton flannel—and are well made. Large black pants buttons are on the shirt and the strap on either side to put the suspender through is of linen, well sewed on with black thread. In the bottoms of the drawers are fine shot holes and spots of blood. The stockings are also bloody, especially in the toes. The drawers have a mark as of an indelible pencil, "32-30." The man is about twenty-two years of age, has brown hair, smooth face, peaked features and a scar on the left side of his neck as of a stab. He is five feet seven inches in height and weighs 140 pounds. From his appearance he is of Irish descent. When brought in he was wearing a white shirt, which was stained all over with blood, although there were no stains upon the undershirt nor any marks upon his body above the knees. Whether the shirt had been used to bind up his feet, or how the blood came upon it, is a question. The men who brought in the fellow told the following story:

"Last Thursday afternoon a man came to the house of John Goodrich, living in Eden Prairie township, and was asked by the women at the place if he wanted something to eat. About dusk the same man came back, and entering the kitchen, picked up a shotgun which he found there and started into the main rooms of the house. Mr. Goodrich hastened to take the weapon away from him, and sent him away from the place. To a colored man whom Mr. Goodrich has working upon his farm he gave orders that if the fellow should make any attempt to enter the house during the night to unload a charge of shot into his anatomy. Some time during the night some one was seen getting into the house through a window, and the negro received him as directed. The man then ran and escaped. The man brought to the jail Friday was found two miles from Goodrich's place, and is thought to be the same person. He is being held upon a charge of insanity, but this is only to hold him for developments. The sheriff is satisfied that the man is perfectly sane, and thinks he may be wanted at some neighboring prison. He holds himself aloof from the others in the pen, showing, at least, considerable method in his madness. The rogues' gallery was searched at the city hall and a picture found which corresponds very nearly with the man. When asked point blank if his name was George Wilson, he only shook his head. To say the least, he is a queer customer, and if any one wants him all he need to do is to telegraph Sheriff Ege at the earliest possible moment. His trial will occur tomorrow afternoon before the probate court, but the charge of insanity will no doubt be disproven. He will then be held by a charge of burglary.

BEDOUIN TORTURE

Remarkable Cruelty in the Midway Plaisance.

CHICAGO, Aug. 20.—As a result of a wild fight in the Wild East show in Midway Plaisance early this morning four Bedouins were more or less severely hurt, and three of the sons of the desert languish in Woodlawn police station. The name of but one of them is known, the management of the show refusing to give any information. This is Hastab Abhad, and he it was who swore out the warrants against the prisoners Rashad Ago, Mastapha Aba Halal and Mastapha El Elabras. One of the concessionaires on Midway, whose words can be relied upon and who claims to have been an eyewitness to the battle, tells a story of remarkable interest. Here it is:

"Just before sunrise this morning the three men who now lie behind the bars stole from their beds, and, taking out one of the horses, fixed upon it a sort of harness with a long rope dangling behind. Then they went to the tent in which Hastab Abhad slumbered. They pounced upon him, and before he was fairly awake had bound and gagged him. One of the thongs was passed under his shoulders, forming a loop at the end. Through this the rope was passed and securely fastened. Then the animal was lashed into a mad race about the enclosure. Around and around flew the horse, dragging the unfortunate Abhad over the soft earth.

"It was fearful torture. With the first leap of the animal one of the hoofs struck the victim's head, laying the skull bare for three inches. Every time the horse came near the avenging trio he was unmercifully lashed until he flew about the ring with the speed of the wind. The uproar aroused the sleeping camp; soon the place was filled with the cries of the dusky men and women. Two turbaned men rushed to the assistance of the flying Abhad, but the three Bedouins responsible for the outrage beat them back with sword and lance, while the spectators filled the morning air with a riot of yells. There was a momentary lull in the hostilities between the sons of the desert, the frightened animal with its bleeding burden still tearing about the enclosure. Then from the tents rushed a dozen brave fellows. Half of them were armed with swords and bayoneted carbines, and they descended upon the avengers with a yell that awakened three sleeping guards at the west end of the street. A pretty fight followed, in which sabers were freely used with bloody effect. The trio made a bold stand, but were beaten into subjection before many minutes.

"Trouble has been brewing in the Bedouin camp ever since it was given a position on Midway. The men say that the management has paid them no salary for weeks. Three or four days ago five of the Bedouins appeared before Director General Davis and complained that because they demanded their wages from the managers they were kicked out of the show. The three men who perpetrated the outrage on Hastab Abhad were sympathizers with their exiled brothers, and had been threatened with similar punishment if they did not cease complaining. For this threat they held the victim of today's torture responsible. They grew desperate at last and determined to get even somewhere."

WINGED ROAD AGENTS.

Train Load of Passengers Held Up by Hornets in Mexico.

I have had just one experience of being held up by train robbers. It was at the hands of some Texas gentlemen, and in company with a good-sized train load of fiery Southrons and mild Eastern folk, and I well remember how the sand sifted out of the boot heels of the whole crowd, and we sat or stood or crouched and cowed like helpless, scared infants under cover of two medium-sized Winchesters, says the Kansas City Journal. But I was aboard a train in Mexico that was held up and gone through under circumstances of horror and terror that were beyond anything I have heard of or imagined.

We were running along smoothly through the state of Coahuila one wretchedly warm day last fall when, just as we entered a patch of woods, the brakes were clapped tight on and the train stopped with a jerk that shook us up considerably.

The idea of train robbers seemed instantly to strike every one, and there was a hurried secreting of valuables. But it wasn't to be that kind of an invasion. The decayed trunk of a big tree had fallen squarely across the track. It was too big to take chances on thrusting it aside by charging it with the pilot, so the train hands and some of the passengers started with a rope to drag it out of the way.

The rope was fastened round the stump, there was a long pull all together and then a frightened howl and a wild break by everybody for the cars, every man threshing his arms in the air like a windmill.

"Hornets!" howled the burly brakeman, who headed the rush, as he hurled himself into the first car, incontinently slammed the door in the face of the others and dived under a seat. I happened to be on the platform of this car and got in just ahead of him. Probably half a dozen passengers were in the cars, the rest having stepped off to investigate the trouble.

All the windows were open, and in a few seconds the train was in possession of several hundred big Mexican hornets, the wickedest things on wings, with business ends like a dose of future punishment administered with a live wire. There were at least three hornets' nests in the decayed tree, and the hauling of the train hands brought out the inhabitants.

There was a moment of gaping surprise, then a chorus of howls, and every man and woman left in the cars tried to crawl beneath the seats, pulling coats, dresses, anything over their heads with shocking disregard of the proprieties. Not forty train robbers nor a whole tribe of hostile Apaches could have inspired such demoralized terror.

The conductor, with rare presence of mind, who headed the crowd who had hauled on the tree, shouted, "Break for the baggage cars," and, as only the one door of that car was open, the score or so of passengers, once bundled in, were comparatively safe, although hopelessly prisoners. The hornets buzzed angrily, or maybe gleefully, outside, and about the smothered passengers in the coaches, and all was a burning blank.

But we couldn't stay there, yet we daren't turn out and fight them. Finally, so I heard later, the fireman volunteered to face the horror for us. Tying his blouse around his head, he ran forward, tied the rope, still fast to the tree, to the pilot, jumped on the engine and started her back with a lively jolt.

The tree was dragged almost clear and the rope broke.

But the fireman was having too warm a time to try further experiments, so he kept her running back at a mighty gait. The hornets either flew out or blew out of the windows, and, after running back a couple of miles, he stopped the train and coaxed us out, a sore and sorry crowd.

But we couldn't go back, and we couldn't stay there, and we were loth to take further chances with the hornets, which we imagined to be lying in wait for us up the track. Finally all the windows and doors were closed tight, the engineer shut himself in his cab, and we went plunging ahead.

He said the pilot struck the old tree and sent it flying skyward, enveloped in a cloud of hornets thus dislodged from smashed nests. But we were out of range and sight in a few seconds, and slid past the next way station at a pace that brought the sleepy Mexicans to the platform in amazement.

An occasional howl during yet another hour or two told the discovery of a lingering hornet in the cars, and when we reached the next village we bought up the entire stock of ointment, oils and soothing salves in the single drug store, and the train was a surgery for the remainder of the day.

Dempsey Is Daft.

CHICAGO, Aug. 20.—Jack Dempsey, the erstwhile Nonpareil, is in the city. Gus Tuthill, his manager, has gone to New York. Dempsey looks more robust physically than he has in years, but there can be no question that his mental faculties are gradually weakening. He seems unable to center his thoughts on anything. He declares that the match with Burge is still on, and that he will be in shape to meet the Englishman. He will remain here for a week and then go to New York.

A Call for English.

Boston Telegram.

Indiana has 58,000 dialect poets. It would be a good idea for some one to teach the English language to the Hoosiers.

Drowned in the St. Lawrence.

CLAYTON, N. Y., Aug. 20.—Willis Miller, of the firm of Frank T. Miller & Son, Cincinnati, O., was drowned in the St. Lawrence at Thousand Island park, where he was spending his vacation.

IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Ef yo's gwine to old Car'lhny an you likes a mawnin nip,
Yo'd bettuh mix de cocktails up an' fotch 'em in yo' grip,
An' hab yo' eye toof sha'pen, an' mind what you's about,
'Kase Massa Tillman kotch yo'
Ef
Yo'
Don'
Watch
Out!

Dem editors and jedges don't go fishin' eny mo'
'Kase de "bait" am mighty ska'ce jes' now in ole Car'lhny, sho,'
An' dey's mighty shy ob watah, 'kase dey feard dey kotch de gout,
An' Massa Tillman kotch 'em
Ef
Dey
Don'
Watch
Out!

Don' yo' mind the kunnels knockin' at de ole familiah do',
Wha' dey us' to get mint julips in de good ole days ob yo'?
Don' yo' hyar de majahs cussin'? but don't you nebber doubt
Ole Massa Tillman kotch 'em
Ef
Dey
Don'
Watch
Out!

It makes dis darky griev'us-like an' troublesome to see
De 'ristocrats who's brung up in de lap of liberty
Drinkin' likker fit fo' niggahs, else dey done mus' go widout,
'Kase Massa Tillman kotch 'em
Ef
Dey
Don'
Watch
Out!

—Commercial Gazette.

SHOULDERS TO WHEEL.

Move to Aid the Unemployed in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Aug. 20.—Steps were taken to-day to organize a workingmen's relief and aid committee. Committees from several subordinate unions appeared at the meeting of the trades assembly and made a strong appeal for action. A committee of twenty-one was appointed to act in conjunction with committees from other organizations. Today and tomorrow a central organization will be perfected, from which an invitation will be sent to Lyman J. Gage, Franklin MacVeagh, Samuel W. Allerton, Mayor Harris, President Edmanson, of the county board, President Wenter, of the sanitary board, the presidents of the park board and prominent citizens, inviting co-operation in the task of providing work for the dependent unemployed. The proposition from the trades assembly will be met, in all probability, more than half way by the prominent men whom it was decided to invite to the conference. A conference was held Saturday among several large employers of labor and moneyed men, and it was practically decided then to arrange a meeting between leading capitalists and laboring men to devise methods of providing for the great number of unemployed men in Chicago. The plan will probably take tangible shape the latter part of this week.

FARMERS MUST SEED.

Flamboyant People's Party Address to Western Agriculturists.

SYLVAN BEACH, N. Y., Aug. 20.—The delegates and speakers to the Farmers' Alliance and People's party state convention have issued the following appeal:

Farmers of the West: A cry of hunger and starvation comes up from the heart of the great metropolis—New York. It comes from the throat of tens of thousands of American citizens who are without work and without bread. It ascends to heaven amidst the noise of the call board on the stock exchange and the jingling of the gold on the money counters of Wall street. It is intensified by the tears and moans of starving mothers and famishing children. Men are becoming desperate from want, and the gaunt specter of famine stalks abroad unheeded by those who have grown fat by the pillage of labor and the ravaging of industry. The lobby approaching the council chambers of the republic is filled with the paid agents of the moneyed oligarchy ready to debauch the people's representatives and weld the chains of financial slavery still more securely on the neck of labor. The money sharks are unrelenting, the government indifferent and the people desperate. By the pangs of hunger law-abiding, honest men are being transformed into reckless wolves, and this is the condition desired by the enemies of the people. They starve them first in order to furnish an excuse to kill them afterwards. This must not be. The starving poor of New York must not become the prey of designing enemies. Farmers, you must feed them. We know you are poor. We know the labor of your hands is unrequited, and your toil and perseverance unrewarded. But these men and women are your brothers and sisters. Their cause is your cause. Their starvation and your poverty are the joint production of our common enemy. Send speedily of your corn and wheat, your potatoes and breadstuffs, that disorder and bloodshed may be averted. Let the president of each alliance call his alliance and act without delay. Ask your railroads to furnish transportation as freely as you give your substance. Organize relief committees at once and communicate with David Rousseau, 310 Mott avenue, New York city, who has been selected by us as the consignee of relief supplies, and who will arrange for their prompt and effective distribution.

J. B. WEAVER, Iowa.
T. E. DEAN, New York.
MARY E. LEASE, Kansas.
WILLIAM J. KERR, Colorado.
MRS. MARION TODD, Michigan.
L. C. PADDOCK, Colorado.

Delegates and Speakers to the Farmers' Alliance and People's Party State Convention.

INTO THE ARMY.

The Blue Coat as a Preventive of Starvation.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 20.—An army officer connected with the recruiting service says that the prevailing hard times have driven a large number of men into the army as a means of livelihood. At present, he says, the army is nearer its maximum limit of 25,000 men than at any time since the war. There are rarely more than 22,000 men in the ranks, but now there are only about 254 vacancies in the whole army, and orders have been issued to recruiting officers at the various stations to restrict the number of recruits. The physical examinations are very severe, but, in spite of this, the number of applicants for the service has greatly increased.

WAGES ARE CUT,

And There Are Indications of a Coming Strike.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 20.—The employes of several of the departments in Armour's packing house here received notice yesterday that hereafter and until further notice their wages would be 10 per cent less than heretofore. The announcement caused much dissatisfaction among those affected. Fifty plumbers, steamfitters and blacksmiths laid down their tools and announced they would not take the reduction. Interviews with the men today show that 150 more men will join strike tomorrow. The strikers will be composed of the remaining steamfitters, blacksmiths, plumbers and machinists. There is no indication of a strike in the other departments.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 20.—President Thomas addressed a meeting of trainmen and operatives of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis railroad today, numbering about 300, and announced to them that on Sept 1 the road would be forced to make a cut in wages to the extent of 10 per cent on all receiving less than $300 per month and 20 per cent for those receiving over that sum. This affects the entire line and branches. It is not known whether the cut in wages will be accepted or not, as the men affected have not acted upon the matter yet.

Seek a Substitute.

BOSTON, Aug. 20.—The Central Labor union today adopted the following resolution, which was ordered forwarded to congress:

Resolved, That the Central Labor union is opposed to any legislation by congress looking to the repeal of the Sherman act until some substitute is provided which will not further congest the currency of the country.

Corrigan and Satolli.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—Tomorrow Apostolic Delegate Satolli and Archbishop Corrigan separate. Mgr. Satolli takes the Baltimore & Ohio train at 8 a. m. for Washington, and Archbishop Corrigan leaves at 8:30 a. m. for St. John's seminary at Troy, where he goes to begin a retreat of two weeks.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Cure SICK HEADACHE.
25 Cents a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

STORM-SWEPT GOTHAM.

The Big Town Gets a Flood of Large Proportions.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—All outdoors within a radius of at least 100 miles from New York city got a thorough soaking from the storm that prevailed last night and the greater part of today. For hours Cortlandt street, Maiden Lane and other thoroughfares in that part of town were buried from curb brim to curb brim with racing floods. Catherine street was deep under water, and Chatham square was like the falls in the Ohio river. Streams that overflowed streets gushed into excavations for new buildings and filled them up. The rain fell so fast that sewer mouths became choked, which caused the surplus water to spread over the streets. A torrent rolled down lower Park place, carrying with it barrels, baskets and cases of fruit. Near Washington street this flotsam piled up and made a dam half-way across the street. The weight of the constantly gathering water soon swept away this barrier, and with it took 200 watermelons. Almost impassable lakes filled West and South streets. The rain beat into the west side of the postoffice building till four inches of water was in the lower corridor. In Brooklyn the storm did great damage to property, filling cellars, etc.

SOMERVILLE, N. J., Aug. 20.—A terrific wind storm swept this portion of Somerset county last evening. Trees, shrubbery and crops were ruined, buildings unroofed and a vast amount of damage done. Hailstones of unusual size fell during the gale, killing a number of horses and cows. Many persons were injured, but none killed.

ON JAGGED ROCKS.

The Awful Fall of a Western Aeronaut.

SEATTLE, Wash., Aug. 20.—At Snoqualmie Falls today Prof. F. C. Anderson was advertised to make a parachute jump from the top of Snoqualmie falls into the boiling water beneath. About 1,500 were present to witness it. A wire rope had been stretched 75 feet above the falls, and the falls shot down a distance of 260 feet. The parachute shot down rapidly, and was evidently struck by an unlooked-for current of air caused by the motion of the falls, and the aeronaut struck with fearful force on a ledge of rock. Then he dropped about fifty feet, striking another ledge and falling to the bottom. His head was fractured, and he sustained internal injuries which the doctors pronounce fatal.

OVER THE FALLS.

A Young New Yorker Meets a Violent Death.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., Aug. 20.—Edward Brennan, whose home is in New York, went out on the river in a small boat at noon today. While off Grass island he attempted to fasten his craft to a passing steam yacht. In so doing his boat was overturned and he was thrown into the water. The crew on the yacht then tried to save him, and followed him down as far as they dared towards the "death line," but they had to give up, as Brennan disappeared just before reaching the white line of breakers. His body has gone over the American falls, and it is thought will hardly be recovered until some days pass. Brennan was about twenty-six years old, and had been boarding at the Hotel Atlantique.

FIVE PEOPLE CRUSHED.

Awful Accident to a York State Church Party.

LE ROY, N. Y., Aug. 20.—An accident occurred here today on the Lehigh Valley railroad crossing of Lake street, in which five people were instantly killed. Their names are: L. J. Bovee, Mrs. L. J. Bovee and daughter, Miss Ola Bovee, of Le Roy, and Miss Nancy Wycks, of the same place. Miss Emma Bowden, daughter of Rev. Samuel Bowden, of New York, was also killed. The five unfortunates started with a spirited team to drive to church. When on the tracks the east-bound Lehigh Valley flyer struck the forward part of the carriage, and a second later the crushed bodies of the occupants were flying through the air. All were mangled beyond recognition but for the clothing they wore. Miss Bovee was decapitated. The train stopped, but before it backed up to the scene immediately moved onward. It seems to be a case of mutual negligence on the part of the company and the killed.

DROWNED IN HIS ROOM.

A Brooklyn Man Meets a Peculiar Death.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 20.—Michael Dehello, an Italian forty years of age, was found drowned early this morning in his apartments in a basement on Fourth avenue. Shortly after midnight on Saturday night Louis Fraser, the roommate of Dehello, woke up and found the room covered with nearly three feet of water. He tried to wake his friend, but the man refused to get up. Fraser then left him. Later, when two officers arrived there, they found the room filled with water nearly four and a half feet deep. One of the officers and another man divested themselves of their clothing, and, after rummaging around in the dark for nearly twenty minutes, found the body of Dehello lying in one corner of the room. The body was removed to the morgue. The flood in the room was caused by the heavy rains of Saturday night.

BURNED ON THE LAKE.

The Steamer Oneida Is Destroyed by Fire.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 20.—The steamer Oneida, owned by Davidson, of Bay City, was burned in Lake Erie this morning. The vessel was commanded by Capt. T. E. Black, with a crew of nineteen men, and was bound up from Buffalo light. When Capt. Black, after several hours of hard fighting, saw his craft was doomed, he turned her for the American shore, where she lies on the beach, about twenty miles from Erie, a total loss. The captain and his crew were driven from the boat several miles out in the lake, but got ashore about 5 o'clock this afternoon. The steamer was valued at $5,000.

He Was No Swimmer.

CHICAGO, Aug. 20.—Tom de Gulic, a ten-year-old Esquimaux living in the Esquimaux village at Jackson park, was drowned today while bathing near the village. He could not swim, and got into deep water.

Forged Bills of Lading.

DENVER, Aug. 20.—Leon M. Carrier, of Quebec, Canada, is under arrest here charged with forgery. He was arrested after an exciting chase of four months. Early last May young Carrier was a prosperous merchant, but through expensive living was led into crime. By means of forged bills of lading he converted seventy-five loads of flour to his own use and fled the country. Altogether he is supposed to have obtained $200,000.

ROBBED OF REASON.

AWFUL SABBATH DEED OF A CHICAGO SWITCHMAN.

HE KILLS HIS LITTLE CHILD.

Sends a Bullet Crashing Into the Brain of His Wife, and, Placing the Weapon in His Mouth, Puts Out His Own Life in an Instant—The Murderer Maddened by Drink.

CHICAGO, Aug. 20.—Crazed by liquor, Douglas Curtis, a switch thrower in the employ of the Western Indiana Railway company, made a desperate and successful attempt at murder and suicide at his home in Auburn Park today. He shot and instantly killed his seven-year-old daughter Leslie, as she slept in bed with her mother, and then, placing the muzzle of the weapon close to his wife's head, he sent a bullet crashing into her brain. Satisfied that he had killed both, and deciding that with them gone life was not worth living, he stretched himself on the floor beside the bed, and, placing the muzzle of the weapon in his mouth, sent a bullet through his brain. Death for him was instantaneous. His little daughter never moved from the position she occupied when shot. But Mrs. Curtis, bleeding from a ragged wound in her head, staggered from her bed and apartments to another room in the house, from which place she was removed to the Mercy hospital by the police. The hospital physicians tonight could not say whether she would recover or not.

The Terrible Affair

had been deliberately planned. Curtis started out on a spree about three weeks ago. The little money he had laid by for a rainy day was soon dissipated. When it disappeared it did not lessen in any particular his desire for drink. He left his family in deep distress, without any money to purchase food, and dependent wholly upon the kindness of neighbors. Mrs. Curtis spoke of the condition of affairs to her husband some days ago, during a temporary period of comparative sobriety. It seemed to affect him greatly, and he promised to do something to bring his family from the pitiable condition into which they had fallen on account of his conduct. But the unfortunate Curtis, if he intended to make an effort to reform, seems to have forgotten it when away from his wife's side. The next man to whom he spoke about his actions was Samuel Leper, who lived across the hall from him. It was a conversation diametrically opposite to that he had held with his wife. From his pocket he drew a revolver and said: "I am going to kill myself, my wife and Leslie." Curtis arose about 7 o'clock this morning, and went into a saloon close by for his morning drink. He took several, and his mood changed. He waited about a moment and then left the saloon with a nervous, unsteady step. Everything shows that from this point he had at last intended to murder his family and himself. He walked up stairs and let himself into his own room. Pulling off his shoes, his coat and vest, he drew a chair to the washstand and wrote the following note:

His Last Letter.

Please notify John F. Craig, No. 19 North Fifth street, Keokuk, Io.; also Myran Curtis, La Norpe, Hancock county, Ill. Cause, adversity. DOUGLAS CURTIS.

He drew a revolver from his pocket and crept into the room where his wife and daughter were sleeping. The crazed man reached across the bed and, thrusting the muzzle of the revolver close to his daughter's mouth, he pulled the trigger. The bullet went crashing into the child's brains from the revolver, which was held close enough to burn the flesh. The terrible thing had done its work well, killing the girl instantly. The shock had in a measure unnerved the murderer. With the report his hand trembled and he fell forward across his wife. Though slightly deaf, the stunning report and the heavy weight of her husband across her in the bed awoke her, and she struggled to get free. As she turned from him in her efforts to get up, he placed the muzzle of the pistol to the back of her head. There was a flash, a report, and a smothered groan, and she fell back on the bed unconscious, though not dead. Then, cocking the revolver with his left hand, he placed the muzzle close to his own head and pulled the trigger. Death was instantaneous. It was some moments after the last shot had been fired that Mrs. Curtis blindly staggered from her blood-soaked bed, reached the door, and, descending to the floor beneath, walked into Mrs. Whitehouse's apartments. "Give me a drink, I am shot," gasped the wounded woman. Mrs. Whitehouse led Mrs. Curtis to her own bedroom and sent for a police officer and a physician. When the latter arrived they found Curtis and his daughter dead and Mrs. Curtis unconscious. She was at once removed to St. Luke's hospital, and the bodies of the dead were removed to the morgue and prepared for the coroner's inquest, which will be held tomorrow. Mrs. Curtis' relatives live at Keokuk, Io. Her father is W. B. Ray, of that city. He is said to be quite wealthy.

"DOWN WITH POLICE!"

Narrow Escape of Man Charged With That Remark.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—Louis Vischoffsky, an unemployed tailor, was arraigned in police court today. He was charged with being present at a meeting in Military hall on Saturday afternoon and shouting to the audience to commit unlawful acts and to throw bombs at the police. Barondess, the leader of the unemployed tailors, was in court, and he retained a lawyer to defend Vischoffsky. An officer testified that he attended a meeting of the Socialistic Labor party at Military hall on Saturday last. He was in civilian's attire. While one of the speakers was talking, there was a commotion in one part of the hall, and he heard some one shout out in German, "Down with the police." "Throw bombs at the police." He went to the spot, and Vischoffsky was pointed out to him as the man who had made the remarks. He made him a prisoner with the assistance of another officer. Both officers testified that they were over ten feet behind Vischoffsky, and therefore were unable to swear that he had made the remarks. They said that the other people in the hall had pointed him out as having made them. Vischoffsky denied having made the remarks. "You are discharged," said the justice to Vischoffsky, "because the evidence is insufficient to hold you, and for the failure of the police to swear that you had made those remarks. I warn you and all other people that I will hold for trial all those who make seditious remarks or disturb the public peace. You will be protected if you are orderly, and will be punished if you are not."

DARRAGH UNDER ARREST.

President of a Bank Charged With Larceny.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 20.—When President Darragh, of the failed Kansas City Safe Deposit and Savings bank, stepped from the train which brought him home from Michigan, where he has been visiting, he was placed under arrest on the warrant sworn out yesterday by the prosecuting attorney, charging him with grand larceny in having accepted deposits after he knew the bank was insolvent. He was taken before Justice Latshaw and gave bond in the sum of $5,000 for his appearance tomorrow, when he will be formally arraigned. Cashier Sattley, who was arrested yesterday on a similar warrant in Sedalia, arrived here this morning in charge of officers. He was also required to give bond in $5,000 for his appearance tomorrow, when he, too, will be arraigned.

"MANEATER" PACKER.

An Attempt to Be Made to Secure Him a Pardon.

DENVER, Col., Aug. 20.—The second attempt to secure the release of "Maneater" Packer from the prison has failed. He is under sentence for five terms of eight years each for the murder of five comrades in Hinsdale county in 1874, the bodies of whom he ate. An attempt was made in the state supreme court some time ago to secure his release on the ground that the cumulative sentences were unconstitutional. The court decided otherwise, and an application was made for a commission to test his mental soundness. This commission reported last night that, while Packer's powers of concentration were not strong, his memory was unimpaired. Epilepsy has weakened his mental acuteness, but not to an extent to constitute insanity. An effort will probably now be made to secure a pardon.

Woman in the Case.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Aug. 20.—Claude Williams, a carpenter about forty-seven years old, this afternoon shot and killed H. T. McDaniels, a furniture mover, twenty-nine years old, on Second street in the business quarter of the city. McDaniels lived at Williams' house, and Williams was jealous of his attentions to Mrs. Williams. The murderer was arrested. He claims that McDaniels attacked him with a chair because he told him to keep away from the house, and that he fired in self-defense.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—For two weeks a young Mongol named Chang Fay has been suffering with small-pox in his basement laundry in Orchard street, and incidentally has been washing clothes of the thronging tenement district. Today he died, and tomorrow his body will be started to the land of poppies. With it will go the remains of Ah Bow, who committed suicide today because he could not have Nellie Lee, a white girl, for his wife.

DR. NELSON,
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