THE INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL.

ESTABLISHED 1823. INDIANAPOLIS, MONDAY MORNING, JULY 14, 1890. PRICE FIVE CENTS

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THE SUNDAY JOURNAL

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE

BY THE BRILLIANT YOUNG WRITER.

RUDYARD KIPLING,

—ENTITLED—

"AT THE END OF THE PASSAGE"

WILL BE PRINTED IN THE

SUNDAY JOURNAL OF JULY 20.

This is one of the most striking stories of life in India that Kipling has written. It is a weird, powerful tale, of great dramatic power and originality of conception.

Rudyard Kipling is a young Englishman, under twenty-five, who was formerly connected with the civil service in India. He wrote for the Allahabad Pioneer a remarkable series of stories of military and native life, since published in volume form, under the title of "Plain Tales from the Hills." These stories attracted attention in India and England from their unusual freshness and vigor, and originality of style and handling.

Kipling returned to England last year, and is now the literary sensation of the hour. His genius for story-telling is undeniable. The delicious humor and touching pathos of his work has given him the title of "the Bret Harte of India." He has made a name, as Bret Harte did twenty-five years ago, by his short stories in an untrodden field; but there the similarity between the two writers ends. Kipling has a style and manner peculiarly his own.

At present there is no writer more talked about on both sides of the Atlantic, and none whose work is in such demand. Kipling's stories and poems are appearing in such periodicals as Macmillan's Magazine and the Nineteenth Century, and they have been widely copied in American newspapers.

"At the End of the Passage" has been written specially for publication in America. It is the strange story of an Englishman at a lonely station in northern India, who is haunted by a vision that comes to him in his dreams, until he fears to fall asleep.

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FASTEST OF HER KIND.

Remarkable Speed Displayed by the New Torpedo Boat Cushing.

NEW YORK, July 12.—The new torpedo boat Cushing sailed from the Brooklyn navy-yard on Friday afternoon, bound for Newport, and on the trip proved to be the speediest vessel of her class in the world. She made the run between Brooklyn and New London, 120 miles, in four hours and forty-four minutes, an average speed of 25.35 miles an hour for a continuous run, which is the best time ever made between this port and New London. She was designed two years ago last March, advertised, and her contract awarded to the Hershoffs, whose ship-yard is at Bristol, R. I.

The contract called for speed of twenty-two knots an hour, which was equal to that obtained by any boat at that time. She can be turned in her own length, being fitted with two propellers and two separate engines. By backing one engine and steaming ahead with the other the torpedo can be "twisted" about like a flat-bottom row-boat. The Cushing is 138 feet long, fifteen feet beam, and has a draught of four feet five inches.

Cut His Daughter's Throat.

DANVILLE, Va., July 13.—Rufus Bennett, a white man, forty-six years of age, was arrested in this city this morning for an outrageous assault upon his daughter Alice, aged eighteen, and to silence her cries for help drew a knife and cut her across the throat. The wound, while serious, is not believed to be dangerous.

APPALLING DISASTERS

Terrible Harvest of Death Reaped by the Fury of the Storm in Minnesota.

Excursion Steamer with Over Two Hundred People on Board Capsized in Lake Pepin and More than Half of Them Lost.

Only Seventy Known to Have Been Rescued, Leaving Over 100 Missing.

Vivid Description of the Awful Experience by One of the Few Survivors Who Clung to the Upturned Bottom of the Boat.

Crowded Summer Resort in the Vicinity of St. Paul Swept by a Tornado.

Estimates of the Number Killed There Vary All the Way from Six to Fifty—List of the Killed and Wounded.

STEAMER CAPSIZED BY THE STORM.

A Correspondent Estimates that Between 100 and 200 People Perished.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

LAKE CITY, Minn., July 13.—What will probably prove to be the most disastrous tornado that has ever struck this community passed over this city at 9 o'clock this evening, inflicting the loss of life of perhaps one or two hundred people, and damaging property to an extent that at this writing cannot be estimated. Your correspondent was visiting friends in Lake City, and was sitting in the yard when what appeared to be an ordinary electric storm was noticed coming up from the west. In half an hour the whole heavens were converted into a complete canopy of lightning, which was watched with interest by the citizens of the little village, and with fear by the timid women and children.

A little before dark a terrific wind struck the community, and your reporter sought the shelter of the house just in time to escape being caught under a huge tree that came crashing down against the house. Windows were closed instantly, and none too soon, for the tornado was upon us, and trees and houses were fast being demolished in its path, while my wife, in fear and trembling, sought the seclusion and protection of the cellar, in company with the ladies of the house. I assisted in closing the shutters and making preparations for the worst that could be expected, while trees were heard to be crashing down and missiles striking against the house. The building proved strong enough to weather the blast, and in half an hour the hurricane had passed.

As soon as the trees had been cleared away from the front of the house your correspondent started out and soon learned that a horrible calamity had befallen the place that has not been equaled since the St. Cloud tornado several years ago. People began to gather on the streets, and in a few moments the news was scattered abroad that an excursion boat, with over two hundred people on it, was capsized in the middle of Lake Pepin. The boat proved to be the steamer Sea Wing, which came down the lake from Diamond Bluff, a small place about fifteen miles north of here, on an excursion to the encampment of the First Regiment N. G. S. M., which is being held a mile below this city.

The steamer started back on the homeward trip about 8 o'clock, and although there were signs of an approaching storm it was not considered in any way serious and no danger was anticipated. The boat was crowded to its fullest capacity, about 150 men, women and children from Red Wing and Diamond Bluff being on board, and about fifty people on a barge which was attached to the side of the steamer. When about opposite Lake City the boat began to feel the effects of the storm, but the officers kept on the way. The storm increased as the boat continued up the lake, and in fifteen minutes was at its height nearing its central point about two miles above Lake City. The steamer was at the mercy of the waves, which were now washing over the boat, and all was confusion. The boat momentarily ran onto a bar and the barge was cut loose and the steamer again set adrift in the lake. A number of those on the barge jumped and swam ashore.

As the barge floated again into the deep water those on the barge saw the steamer as it was carried helplessly out into the middle of the lake, where being tossed about on the raging waters, they were horrified a moment later to observe the steamer capsize and precipitate its cargo of 150 people into the lake. Those on the barge remained there until they drifted nearer the shore and they were all rescued or swam ashore. Among them were two ladies, who were brought to the beach by strong and ready swimmers. There were about fifty in all that were on the barge. The events that transpired on the steamer after it separated from the barge are probably most clearly related by those who were rescued from it about half an hour ago.

It is now 12 o'clock, midnight. As soon as the storm had begun to affect the progress of the boat Captain Weathern gave instructions to run the boat into the Wisconsin shore, but the force of wind and waves was too terrible. In five minutes more the waves began to wash into the boat and fill its lower decks, and while the hailstones as large as hen's eggs came down on the heads of the poor and helpless creatures who were huddled together on the top, a huge wave struck the craft on the side at the same moment that a terrific blast of wind more forcible than the others came up and carried the boat over all of the people on board, 150 or more, were thrown into the water, some being caught underneath, and others thrown into the waves. The boat turned bottom upwards, and only about twenty-five people were observed to be floating on the surface. There caught hold of the boat and climbed upon the upturned bottom, and those first securing a position assisting the others.

In ten minutes more the twenty-five or so who had obtained momentary safety on the boat could observe no others of the boat's crew or passengers floating on the surface of the continuing high waves. Afterwards, however, as a flash of lightning lighted up the surface of the lake, the sight of an occasional white dress of a drowning woman or child was observable, but it was impossible for those who witnessed the horrible sight to lend any aid. Those remaining began calling for help from the shore as soon as the storm began to abate, and in half an hour lights were observed flitting about on the pier at Lake City, opposite which point the upturned steamer had now been driven.

Before help could reach them, however, the poor creatures who yet remained to tell the horrors of the night, were again submitted to another battle with the elements. With no word of warning, and as they were just beginning to hope that they would be taken off by the citizens of Lake City, the boat again turned over, this time on its side, and again all of the twenty-five remaining souls were hurled into the water. Of these several were drowned before they could be brought to the boat by those who succeeded in remaing afloat and again securing a hold on the boat's side.

As the men hung on to the railing, in danger each moment of being washed away by the waves, one man observed the forms of two women wedged in between a stationary seat and the boat's side, both pale in death, as the lightning gleams lit up their upturned faces. Another man saw two little girls floating past him as he hung with desperate efforts to the steamer's side.

Half an hour after the passage of the storm your reporter went with others to the dock where the steamer Ethel Howard was anchored safe from the storm. It was presumed that the steamer would at once proceed to the rescue of the drowning, but when I asked the captain, Mr. Howard, if he was going out to the rescue, he replied that he was not going to run his boat away from the shore until the indications of another approaching storm had disappeared. He said, also, that he did not propose to run the risk of losing his boat, in order to look for dead people out on the lake. Citizens of Lake City who heard Captain Howard's remarks were most severe in their denunciation of the position he assumed in the face of the statements made to him that every minute might mean the saving of a half-dozen lives. Many talked of taking the boat away from him by force, but there were not enough to put the plan into execution, and other means of rescue were resorted to.

In a few minutes a dozen or more row-boats were manned and put out from the shore. The upturned boat was at last discovered; the twenty or more remaining people clinging to the boat were rescued and brought to the shore, most of them being men who could swim.

Among those who are known to have been on board of the steamer, and who are undoubtedly drowned, are:

Two children of C. H. REHDER.
PETER GERKEN, his wife, five children and hired girl.
FRED SCHERF, wife and daughter.
MRS. CAPTAIN WETHERN and her two children.
F. CHRIST.
WM. BLAKER and family of three.
MRS. HEMPTLING and daughter.
GUS BECKMARC,
MISS FLINN.
BOZE ADAMS, JR.
IRA FULTON.

A full list of the 150 passengers which are pretty certain to have been drowned is not obtainable at this writing. A large majority of them were women and children, those saved being nearly all strong men, who were able to swim and cling to the boat after it had capsized. On their return from the capsized boat with three or four people who had been rescued, one of the row-boats encountered two floating bodies, each with a life-preserver attached to it.

In Lake City the damage to property by the tornado is great, although no fatalities have been reported. Collins Bros.' saw and planing-mill is totally demolished. The roof of the opera-house owned by Mr. Hanisch was carried away, and the stores underneath more or less damaged by the rain and hail.

Up to this time (1:30 A. M. Monday morning) fifty-nine bodies have been found and laid out.

Associated Press Account.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., July 13.—The steamer Sea Wing left Red Wing, Minn., this afternoon with 250 passengers on board, bound for Lake City, where the State encampment of the State militia is in progress. At several small towns along the shore of Lake Pepin enough more people were taken on board to make about 350 when the boat reached its destination. A barge was in tow, which carried 100 of this number. Late this afternoon the party re-embarked for home, and was in the middle of the lake, off Lake City, when the cyclone struck the little city.

The boat became unmanageable at once. The barge was cut loose and after an hour drifted to shore with about twenty people on board. The other two hundred or more were drowned. It is impossible at this time to give names, but among the dead are some of the best known and most prominent people of Red Wing and vicinity. A number of bodies are already washed ashore and the citizens have formed a voluntary police service to patrol the shores and watch for the others. The search will continue through the night. The storm did great damage to property in and about Lake City, but no lives were lost on shore so far as reported.

IN THE VICINITY OF ST. PAUL.

Crowded Summer Resorts Storm-Swept and Many People Killed.

ST. PAUL, July 13.—A few minutes before 5 o'clock this afternoon the clouds which had been threatening a storm began to collect over the region of Lake McCarron, two or three miles north of this city, soon taking on the rotary motion and the terrible appearance of the tornado. Hunredds of citizens watched the clouds as they swept together, and followed their course to the northwest, in which direction many friends had gone to spend the day at some of the many little lakes that are scattered over this county. Anxiety for the absent drew many down town during the evening to learn the first possible particulars of what was thought to be undoubtedly a disastrous storm. And so the reports indicated.

A young man drove in from Lake Coleman soon afterwards with the information that at least two persons had been killed and over one hundred injured at that point. He had been out there with a young lady friend, and having gone after his buggy to drive home, on his return to where she had been standing he found his companion seriously injured by the storm which had so suddenly come upon them. Other reports followed thick and fast, each being a little worse than what had preceded it.

To the north and east of the city there are a great number of little lakes which are sought by the multitude every Sunday, and on the shores of these lakes many campers pass the hot months of the summer. Lake Coleman is one of these and the damage there was very heavy.

When the storm struck the little lake the boat-house was lifted up bodily and overturned in the water, and a boat-load of persons were given similar treatment. Other buildings were demolished or badly wrecked. Passing from the starting point, the tornado struck Lake Joanna, Lake Gervais, Lake Vadnais and Little Canada, and passed on about four miles to the east of White Bear lake.

The passengers of the St. Paul & Duluth train, which left White Bear lake at 4:55, were approaching Gladstone when they observed the storm forming, and watched its whirling motion with interest, either through fear or excitement. Not so with the engineer, however. He saw the threatening aspect of the sky, and, with a startled look ahead to see if all was clear, he took a firmer grip on the throttle and the engine leaped forward under his touch. His judgment and quick action undoubtedly saved the lives of the whole crowded trainful, for the twisting, terrifying disaster crossed the track scarcely more than a minute after the train had passed. The help that had been called for from the stricken district was at once sent to them, doctors and other assistance going as fast as they could be taken.

The place where the cyclone struck the ground and caused loss of life was on the shore of Lake Gervais, where J. H. Schurmeyer, of this city, had a summer cottage in a little basin, where Simon Good was also located. The funnel-shaped cloud swooped down on them, demolishing the dwellings and a number of other buildings in the same neighborhood. The camp of Colonel Helleher, of this city, with a large party, was blown down, but the party all escaped injury. In the wreck of the Schurmeyer house, however, five were killed and ten injured there and at the Good cottage. Following are the killed:

MRS. J. H. SCHURMEYER.
CHARLES SCHURMEYER, of St. Paul.
REV. MR. PÆFLER, of Brennan, Tex., who was visiting them.
GEORGE MILLER, teller of the First National Bank, St. Paul.
"PETE" ——, Schurmeyer's driver, whose last name was not known.

The bodies of Mrs. Schurmeyer, her son and Mr. Pæfler have not yet been found.

Beside the five persons already named, and one other whose name is not known, nothing more definite as to the dead from the storm is now known. That the loss had been very heavy was generally reported, but there is a possibility that no more dead will be reported. Still, this cannot yet be positively stated, for there are some as yet unverified rumors of much greater loss of life, of which nothing can be learned to-night. A man who just came in from Lake Coleman says there were sixteen boats out when the storm broke, of which nothing has been heard. It will be impossible to find out more as to that until morning.

Another Account.

ST. PAUL, July 13.—Another account is as follows: The shores of Lake Gervais, once dotted with the summer cottages of wealthy residents of St. Paul, are now the scene of utter ruin and desolation. At 5 o'clock to-night a death-dealing and devastating tornado swept over a strip of territory two miles wide and eight miles in length, in the center of which is miniature and picturesque Lake Gervais, killing at least five persons, injuring more or less seriously probably thirty others, and destroying thousands of dollars' worth of property. So far as known the dead are:

GEORGE MILLER, paying teller First National Bank, St. Paul.
J. H. SCHURMEYER, millionaire of St. Paul, and his wife.
PETER GRESEN.
JOHN GOETSCHKE.
Mrs. JOHN MULLANEY and family of four children.
CHAS. SCHURMEYER.

Injured—Mrs. George Miller, Carrie Misse, Charles Good, Clara Haven, Joseph Bernard, John Guenter, Mrs. Charles Hastings, Nellie King, Susie King, George McPherson, H. B. Schurmeyer, Mrs. Hub C. Schurmeyer and a lady guest, name unknown; Simon Good, Ray Good, all of St. Paul; Mrs. Charles Pfaffle, of Bennan, Tex.

The tornado, from the moment of its gathering until it had completed its awful work, was plainly visible from this city, but its full effect was not known until 8 o'clock to-night, when messengers came into the city in quest of medical aid for the injured and shrouds and coffins for the dead. The tornado developed from a terrific storm of

[Continued on Second Page.]

GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT DEAD

Sudden Summons to the Republican Party's First Candidate for President.

The Famous "Pathfinder" Succumbs to Excessive Heat, Followed by Peritonitis, at His Daughter's Home in New York.

Career of the Distinguished Far West Explorer, Politician and Soldier.

His Remarkable Expeditions to the Pacific Coast, Explorations of the Rocky Mountain District, and His After Life.

A FAMOUS MAN GONE.

Death of Gen. John Charles Fremont, Explorer, Politician and Warrior.

NEW YORK, July 14.—Gen. John Charles Fremont, the first candidate of the Republican party for President, died at the home of his adopted daughter, the wife of Col. H. M. Porter, at No. 49 West Twenty-fifth street, at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon. Death was due to inflammation of the bowels. There were present at the bedside, his son, Lieut. J. C. Fremont, of the navy, and his physician, Dr. Wm. J. Morton. His sickness was of comparatively brief duration, and dated its first stages from the excessive heat of last Tuesday, when the thermometer went up to 100 in the city. On that day the old General went down to Seabright, N. J., where his adopted daughter, Mrs. Colonel Porter, was stopping, and the heat affected him very seriously. He returned home feeling ill. On the following day (Wednesday) he experienced some pain, and on Thursday was worse, but he did not complain. Matters assumed so much worse a turn on Friday that he sent for his physician. The doctor advised the sick man to take a sail and get a little fresh air. While he was on the water he got a bad chill. Friday night he sent for Dr. Morton again. On the following morning (Saturday) the disease had developed enough to show its true character—peaitonitis—but even then the case was not considered dangerous, and a dispatch to that effect was sent to Seabright, N. J. Final dissolution was sudden. The General was seventy-seven years and six months old, to a day, at the time of his death.

A dispatch was sent to Mrs. Fremont and Elizabeth Fremont (a daughter), who are at Los Angeles, Cal., of the death of the husband and father; also to his son, Frank Fremont, at Fort Snelling, near Minneapolis. No arrangements have yet been made for the funeral.

GENERAL FREMONT'S CAREER.

His Explorations in the Great West—Unsuccessful Race for the Presidency.

John Charles Fremont was born in Savannah, Ga., Jan. 21, 1813. His father, who was a Frenchman, had settled in Norfolk, Va., married Anne Beverley Whiting, a Virginian lady, and supported himself by teaching his native language. After his death, which took place in 1818, his widow removed, with her then infant children, to Charleston, S. C. John Charles entered the junior class of Charleston College in 1828, and for some time stood high, especially in mathematics, but his inattention and frequent absences at length caused his expulsion. He then employed himself as a private teacher of mathematics, and at the same time taught an evening school. He became teacher of mathematics on the sloop of war Natchez in 1833, and after a cruise of two years returned and was given his degree by the college that had expelled him. He then passed a rigorous examination at Baltimore for a professorship in the United States navy, and was appointed to the frigate Independence, but declined, and became an assistant engineer under Capt. William G. Williams, of the United States topographical corps on surveys for a projected railroad between Charleston and Cincinnati, aiding particularly in the exploration of the mountain passes between North Carolina and Tennessee. This work was suspended in 1837, and Fremont accompanied Williams in a reconnoisance of the mountainous Cherokee country in Georgia, North Carolina and Tennessee, made rapidly in the depth of winter in anticipation of hostilities with the Indians.

On July 7, 1838, while engaged with Jean Nicolas Nicollet in exploring, under government authority, the country between the Missouri and the northern frontier, he was commissioned by President Van Buren as second lieutenant of topographical engineers. He went to Washington in 1840 to prepare his report, and while there met Jessie, daughter of Thomas H. Benton, then Senator from Missouri. An engagement was formed, but as the lady was only fifteen years of age, her parents objected to the match; and suddenly, probably through the influence of Colonel Benton, the young officer received from the War Department an order to make an examination of the river Des Moines on the Western frontier. The survey was made rapidly, and shortly after his return from this duty the lovers were secretly married Oct. 19, 1841.

In 1842 Fremont was instructed by the War Department to take charge of an expedition for the exploration of the Rocky mountains, particularly the South Pass. He left Washington on May 2, and in four months had carefully examined the South Pass and explored the Wind River mountains, ascending their highest point, since known as Fremont's Peak (13,570 feet). His report of the expedition was laid before Congress in the winter of 1842-3, and attracted much attention, both at home and abroad. Immediately afterward Fremont determined to explore the unknown region between the Rocky mountains and the Pacific, and set out in May, 1843, with thirty-nine men. On Sept. 6, after traveling 1,700 miles, he came in sight of Great Salt lake. His investigations corrected many vague and erroneous ideas about this region, of which no accurate account had ever been given, and had great influence in promoting the settlement of the Utah and the Pacific States. It was his report of this expedition that gave to the Mormons their first idea of Utah as a place of residence. After leaving Great Salt lake he explored the upper tributaries of the Columbia, descended the valley of that river to Fort Vancouver, near its mouth, and on Nov. 10 set out on his return. His route lay through an almost unknown region, leading from the lower Columbia to the upper Colorado, and was crossed by high and rugged mountain chains. Deep snow soon forced him to descend into the great basin and he presently found himself, in the depth of winter, in a desert, with the prospect of death to his whole party from cold and hunger. By astronomical observation he found that he was in the latitude of San Francisco bay, but between him and the valley of California was a snow-clad range of mountains which the Indians declared no man could cross, and