

Hearts Courageous

HALLIE
By... ERMINIE
RIVES

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She turned her eyes an instant to him and saw his face deadly pale, his eyes terrible, staring at her.

"He is," she answered in a scarce audible tone.

"You received this paper from the hands of an officer in the British service? And recognize the signature as that of this man?"

"Yes." The questions were pitiless. Her limbs were falling her, and she caught at the jamb of the door.

If she only dared look at him! Would they never let her go? The questions in those rounded, smooth syllables! Were they framing thanks? "For her loyalty," "her courage," "at a moment when a matter of great import trembled in the balance!"

"Enough!" The sharp, strained tone of Dickinson was a relief. "The lady is fatigued."

Then the cooler air of the outer hall smote her face, and the falling curtain shut away from her that dreadful room, the torturing voice, the duff-gray men and among them all that silent, accusing face, those eyes suddenly sunken, round with pain—Armand, whom she loved and had betrayed!

As the door closed behind her Armand dropped into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

"And now, gentlemen," finished Galloway, turning again into the room, "will you let this unspeakable villain pass those doors now?"

"Sir," protested Pliarne, appealing to Dickinson—"sir, gentlemen, a monstrous error is being made. A coil of circumstance has been cunningly wove, to explain which there is no time; nor, mayhap now, would you credit it. But as an officer of the French army, as a cavalier, as a French gentleman, I lay my oath upon the integrity of this mission and of this man."

But he knew as he spoke that what he said was futile.

Joseph Galloway had crossed the room behind Armand's chair and now, with a quick movement, reaching from behind, thrust his hand into the young man's breast and drew forth the forged parchment.

"Document number two," he said, tossing it upon the table. Armand had sprung to his feet, his head thrown high, a tiger gleam in his eyes.

"Canaille!" cried Pliarne. Dickinson's eye overran the writing.

"Send for the guards!" he said in a choked voice. "A file to seize him!" And Joseph Galloway went out in haste.

At the word a fury of passion seemed to capture Armand. Those near him fell back. His dress sword flashed out and drew a burnished ring about him.

"Stand back!" he hurled between his teeth. "You shall not stop me! Back, I say! Messenger I am, and my message I will deliver!"

"Madman! Will he cut his way in?" cried Dickinson.

Armand, dragging the curtain from its hooks, had gained the hall. He sprang at the great doors and struck them frenziedly with his sword. But with the first blow the light steel rattled to the floor broken half way to the hill.

When Anne had issued from the anteroom a few moments before, she had emerged into the main corridor. She was dizzy, sick, and the last words of her questioner were in her ears. She found herself saying them over dully. "A matter of great import." "Trembling in the balance."

An old doorkeeper in a blue coat with faded lace sat near by on a wooden chair, but the day was warm, and he was dozing. His mouth was open, and he had not stirred when she came out.

She could hear the muffled voices clashing upon one another, coming from the main room where the delegates sat. The door at one end of the corridor opening on the green was ajar, and she was vaguely aware, as a background, of the murmurous, multiketed noises that hang above an orderly assemblage of many people.

And, standing leaning against the wall, a swift knowledge came to her. The waiting crowd outside; her guide's haste as he hurried her through the streets from the Red Lion tavern. A matter "of great import." The Declaration!

They were considering it, hesitating. Armand's message might have decided, and she had betrayed him—stay! She had the packet. It was there in her cloak. She must find Dr. Franklin. Ah, he must be in there at that moment! She had sworn to give it into his very hands. He must read it at once—at once. With the thought her eager fingers dragged it out.

She glanced at the old watchman. Daily familiarity had made such counsils backened to him. With eyes upon him she stole to the door in the center. She turned the knob softly and tried it. It was locked. Smitten with her impotency, she leaned against it and rattled the knob.

All at once she felt it giving. A key had been turned from the inside. She heard the roused doorkeeper shuffling toward her, heard his protestant whisper and tugged with all her strength.

A buzz of talk that the stout panels had deadened clamored but a broad aisle, above whose center hung an enormous, many prised chandelier, glancing back the sunlight.

Tears burned her eyes to mist, and

her throat was choking. Out of the mist as she stopped the crowded body of the hall stupefied her with people. The sound of voices rising as she had entered stilled in an instant to a silence, broken by an exclamation and the taut blow of a gavel. She was dimly conscious of men—bewigged, dressed mostly in black and snuff color, with white neckcloths—one or two on their feet. Her fingers under her cloak clasped tight the precious packet—so tight she could feel its ridges cut into her flesh—and a clammy faintness was upon her. Suddenly this left her, and the jarring walls drew into place.

She was standing in the center of a square room, plain walled, with three tall barred windows at each side hung with green Venetian blinds. In front of her was a raised, square rostrum between great empty spaces, and, leaning over its desk, an elderly man gazing down. Surprise seemed carved upon his features, and, looking, she felt a dreadful hysterical desire to laugh.

Below on the floor and facing her stood a short, stout old man, with a bald head and a fringe of white hair. His kindly eyes, behind great iron rimmed spectacles, gave her confidence. It came to her in a flash that this was the great Dr. Franklin.

Quivering, she stood before him and quivered low. Then she raised her hand and gave him the packet.

Everything clouded after that, and the ground was swaying. She saw him break the seal to unfold the paper and start as he bent his eyes upon it. Through the buzz of whispered curiosity she felt a familiar voice strike, speaking her name, and saw the sharp features and foxy hair of Mr. Jefferson. His hand was drawing her toward the entrance. She heard Dr. Franklin's voice, like a great clear organ note, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."

Then, as they reached the doors, a clamor on the other side—the sound of metal striking against the wood.

The hinges swung outward. She had a momentary glimpse of Armand standing in the corridor, white, disheveled, a broken sword in his hand—saw him starting back, and, as the doors closed heavily behind her, she felt herself sinking into blackness.

"Louis! Louis!" She thrust the faintness back with a wail. "I could not help it!"

His eyes were sharp spears through her heart, his voice like twisted agony.

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spot where Pliarne knelt chafing Anne's hands.

The Frenchman said no word, but he got upon his feet with such a look in his face that Joseph Galloway, his head bent down, went out slinkingly and with speed, like a whipped cur.

"Clang!"

The sound rang out again, and with its music mixed a vast roar of voices that penetrated from the streets.

"Clang!" Another brazen throat took it up, and "They sign! They sign!" came in a shout that shook the building.

"Clash! Clang!"

All the steeples in Philadelphia were shouting to one another now. The great undering was accomplished. That hour a nation was born—out of the clamor of bells, out of the hearts of men.

But in the statehouse under the cupola, where the big bell that first pealed liberty cracked its throat for joy, Anne lay sobbing:

"Louis! Listen, Louis! Listen to the bells! It was yours—your message that I gave them! Independence! It is come at last, and you have gone to die because I betrayed you. But it was to save you, dear! Will you ever understand? Can you hear them, Louis? The bells! Come back! Come back to me—only to hear them ring! Only to understand!"

General Lord Howe sat one evening a month later aboard the Duchess of Gordon, anchored below Staten Island, playing at draughts. His late surrender of Boston to General Washington had ruffled his equanimity. But now Clinton had joined him, haggard from the trouncing Moutrie had given him in South Carolina, and his lordship's brother, Admiral Lord Howe, had come to the harbor with a prodigious new army in a fleet of 120 sail. My lord, therefore, felt very comfortable again.

The general's opponent at the table, Lord Chetwynde, wore lace in his sleeves and smoked a foreign cigarette, from which he flicked the white ash daintily with his little finger. As he sat, one felt his eyes, a kind of cold, keen, speculative humor in them. Another officer, Sir Evelyn Clarke, sat with legs wide apart near by. The glazed sconces were brilliantly lighted, and the room rocked pleasantly as the ship rose and fell to the wash.

An aid, pausing at the cabin door, saluted.

"Well?" asked Lord Howe. "Any one else for me?"

"No, sir; for Lord Chetwynde. He brings a personal communication to his lordship."

"Very well; bring him down; with your permission, of course, my lord." And his lordship turned to the game again.

"I would the admiral might haste with his olive branch," he yawned, studying the draughtboard through lazy eyelids. "This most uncommon dull here. 'Hell, Hull and Halifax'—egad! I'd as lief be a prison governor at any one of them."

"Less room for your cursed experiments, I suppose, Charles. You were always fond of them at Halifax," commented the single spectator in an Irish brogue. "Why, my lord, I remember just before he sailed (may you never run another jail, Charles) he let a rascal out on a secret service and took his promise in writing to come back to him in a month to the noose. I hope you'll invite me to meet him when he returns. Eh? What! May I bet the devil my head, but there he is now!"

The pair at the table looked at the face of the man who had entered and

"Why not?" demanded Lord Howe in astonishment.

"I did not intend to deliver the message given me to the congress. Had I been admitted I should have delivered a very different one."

"May I bet the devil my head!" ejaculated Sir Evelyn.

Lord Chetwynde flung away his cigarette, his keen eyes on Armand's, and tore up the paper slowly. "That alters the case," he said. "My lord, I suppose I shall have to trouble you to hang this honest renegade for me."

"Too pleased!" said Howe. "The first thing in the morning, Charles. Take him on deck and come and finish the game."

"My obligation is at an end?" asked Armand.

"Of course, of course," acquiesced his lordship. "Excuse me, my lord; I'll be back presently. Precede me, if you please."

He opened the door, and his prisoner passed before him to the star lighted deck. The next instant Armand had leaped to the bulwarks and thrown himself into the sea.

There was strident confusion, a running forward of marines and a turning of lanterns on to the water. "Better lower a boat," advised Lord Chetwynde.

"No time for that," Sir Evelyn's voice was at his elbow. "A hundred yards and you'll never find him. Guard, send your surest marksman here to pick him off."

"There he is!" bawled a voice as the sharpshooter came forward. "I see his head."

"I think," said Lord Chetwynde, "laying a hand on the weapon, 'that I'll have a shot myself.'" Taking it from the man's hand, he laid the long barrel on the rail and drew a slow and careful sight.

"Better be quick, sir," counseled the guard anxiously. "He's a strong swimmer. He'll be out of range presently."

"Sir Evelyn," spoke his lordship testily, "a little farther from my elbow, please. There, I've lost sight of him! Eh? Where? Oh, yes." He sighted again with deliberation and fired.

"Missed by Harry!" he cried in a tone of chagrin.

The stars rocked dimly in the tide. "Too bad, sir," said the captain of the marines. "No use to lower a boat now. 'Tis too dark to find a whale. He'll be ashore in twenty minutes."

"Another of your blasted experiments, Charles," said Sir Evelyn.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was a gloomy Virginia to which Anne returned that anxious fall—a Virginia whose heart beat with the north,

where Howe was weaving his famous cord to encircle the throat of the monster rebellion. Pastoral life had ended abruptly; the golden age had become one of iron. "And all the women that were wise hearted did spin with their hands."

Gladden Hall suffered with the rest. Colonel Tillotson was much away on affairs of the committee of safety or at Williamsburg conferring with his excellency Governor Henry, and the looms which wove at all turned out cloth for Continental uniforms. Across the plant rows, where the negroes hoed, Groan, the overseer, with cowhide under his arm and his old Pontenoy bell-tower musket strapped on his back, still walked his horse, with ferret eyes under his broad brimmed hat. But there was little leaf raised, and the wharfs at the foot of the lawn were overgrown with weeds.

Inside the great house there were the same candle lighted dining room, the high backed chairs, the tall, cumbrous clock, the portraits, the polished sideboard reflecting the slender stemmed glasses. But the meals were silent.

Anne's trouble hung over the household in a shadow that was not lightened by the presence of vaster ones near at hand. She had sorrowed with that festering sorrow that is self accusatory. And to know that never so few, aware of her part in that Philadelphia scene, believed her to have done a heroic thing was like an added death to her. For a time she had fled for refuge to her old passion for the cause. But the effort failed.

One day early in the new year, when the world was dusted with delicate frost like seed pearl, Colonel Tillotson brought to Gladden Hall the news of how "the old fox of Mount Vernon," by a wily double across the icy Delaware, had taken the Hessians at Trenton. Anne heard it apathetically. To her despair, victory and defeat spelled the same.

When the door closed upon her, the colonel looked at his wife silently. "And she still believes in him!"

"As she believes in us," replied the lady softly. "Colonel," she said keenly, "you have heard news."

"Aye," he answered after a pause, "I have. A reply came to Mr. Henry's confidential inquiries today. There is no doubt that Armand is the same prisoner who escaped from the Duchess of Gordon off Amboy last August."

"Thank God!" breathed Mrs. Tillotson fervently. "I am glad. I can't help it."

"Anne had better not know. 'Twill do her no possible good."

"Colonel," said the lady decisively, "in this I must have my way. I am going to tell her just as fast as I can." She rose, laid aside her knitting, took up a candle and left him standing dubiously before the fire.

The light came back to Anne like the spring sun. The great horror was gone, and in spite of the war's gloom Gladden Hall grew more cheerful again. She devoured the columns of the Gazette and read eagerly letters which came to Henry from abroad.

(Continued next week.)

—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Over 725 Dead is the Record of New York's Horror.

Heart-breaking Scenes in the City as News of the Accident Spread. Details of the Burning of the Ill-fated Steamer.

In the last issue the WATCHMAN published the first account of the terrible loss of life in New York harbor through the burning of the excursion boat Gen. Slocum. Like the Iroquois theatre fire disaster in Chicago during the holidays, awful as were the first reports they did not begin to depict the horror in all of its dreadful and heart-breaking phases.

With unceasing effort search is still going on for the bodies of those who perished on the General Slocum. What the list of victims will total scarce one dare venture to guess, but whatever the number may be, there is hardly a parallel in the history of disasters where death came to so many in so brief a period of time.

All day long, from sunrise until darkness shut off even the melancholy satisfaction of watching for the dead, anxious searchers kept up their eternal vigilance, and at dusk there has been recovered 725 bodies, for the greater part women and children—mothers who weeks ago had planned that fatal outing for their children; little ones who had longed for the coming of the happy day.

Streets leading to the morgue were blocked, and only with difficulty could the police keep clear the passages leading to the long rows of coffins for those who came to search for the missing.

Up the sound, where the General Slocum lies submerged, showing only a paddle box, scores of small craft aided the tugs in grappling for the victims. Divers went down time and time again and when their work ended for the day they declared there were no more bodies in the wreck. A score of times a diver reappeared after his plunge, with the body of a woman or child. Two of them came to the surface together on one occasion, had in their arms two little girls, sisters, clasped in each other's embrace, and their mother, it was thought; those dead hands tightly clenched the skirt of one of them.

As far as it was within their power, the divers searched the wreck from stem to stern, but there were masses of broken timber, through which it was almost impossible to explore, and it may be that some may find a grave, under those sunken timbers until the bulk is raised or the waters of the sound wash away the last trace of the wreckage.

At this point the water is deep and the currents are swift, and beyond a doubt many have been born along with the tides, to be given up on a later day at some distant point.

There are a number of places where the thing may have landed, and it is believed that many that are now reported missing are safe, and eventually will be heard from by the officials who have the rescue work in hand. Indeed, a surprising number of persons reported to these officials that they had been saved, thus cutting the list of missing down considerably, as well as the probable mortality list.

Many persons were injured in the panic on the breaking out of the flames on the General Slocum. At least 200 persons were taken to the hospitals. Not a death has occurred so far among these, and many of them have already been discharged.

Perhaps the most remarkable case in the many appalling experiences of those who were on the Slocum was that of Miss Clara Hartman, who was picked up for dead, towed behind a boat for several miles, wrapped in a tarpaulin and tagged as dead, and then recovered consciousness at the Alexander avenue police station. It is now believed she will recover.

Although many of the bodies taken to the morgue were badly mutilated and the clothing in many places almost entirely burned off, valuables have been taken from them and are in the keeping of city officials to the extent of \$200,000 or more. Several of the men and women had the savings of a lifetime on them when they perished. Much jewelry, it is reported to the police, has been lost, but an explanation may be found in the fact that it was destroyed by fire rather than stolen.

Mayor McClellan, after receiving messages of condolence from many sources, visited North Brother Island and later visited the morgue. He issued a proclamation to the citizens of New York, and appointed a relief committee of prominent men and relief will be sadly needed in that little East Side territory, which the vast majority of those who perished were accustomed to call home.

The coroner's inquest to fix the responsibility of the disaster will begin on Monday next. The federal authorities, as well as the district attorney, also, will hold an investigation and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has signified its intention to push the inquiry to its utmost.

Fathers, frantic with grief, representing over two score of Brooklyn homes, spent Friday searching the morgue and hospitals in Manhattan for wives and children, who had attended the excursion and have not since been heard from.

In a number of instances Brooklyn families were almost entirely wiped out. These included the family of William O. Oelrich, which consisted of father, mother, two sons, Henry, 11 years old, Frederick, 8 years, and three daughters, Minnie, 7; Lizzie, 5, and Helen, 2 years of age. Mr. Oelrich had intended going on the excursion but was obliged to serve as a juror. His son Henry was found in a hospital, suffering from burns about the head and the sorrowing father could obtain no trace of the others.

Other residents of Brooklyn known to have perished are Mrs. Anna Buchmiller and Mrs. Charles E. Pfifer, wife of a policeman.

Mrs. Charles Beck, with her two children, Grace and May, were also reported missing. Mrs. Beck was found in the Lincoln hospital. She said that in the panic she was separated from her children and unable to find them again. She herself was thrown into the water, from where she was rescued.

As the iron steamboat company's three-deck excursion boat Sirius went up the sound this morning with all of its bustling flying and the general hubbub of a large excursion party, as many of the two thousand women and children on board as could be crowded to the rail and viewed the wreck of the General Slocum, but with bared and bowed heads.

The steamboat Cignus passed a few minutes later, the same scene being enacted and the band on board playing a hymn. There were 1,500 women and children on board.

Still another excursion boat sailed by the wreck during the morning. It was on the barge Levy, and numbered about 600 women and children.

Henry Heints, 12 years of age, who lost his mother, his aunt, Hannah Luderman, and his sister, Louise, is dumb because of

the ordeal he went through. He and his brother, George, were saved. They stood on the middle deck until it became too hot when they jumped into the water. Henry held on to the paddle wheel and was rescued by men in a tug. When he recovered from the first great shock he could not speak. George declares his mother's and aunt's bodies were robbed of diamonds and jewelry. He said his mother had a valuable diamond brooch and his aunt two diamond rings, all of which were missing after their bodies were found.

Rev. Dr. Haas, who was at first completely prostrated by shock, rallied completely and was reported to be convalescing rapidly. The tidings of his wife's death and the uncertainty as to his daughter's fate, of which he had been kept in ignorance, were tenderly broken to Dr. Haas by his brother, Dr. J. A. W. Haas.

The stricken pastor bore the blow with stoical resignation, and in spite of his extreme weakness did not break down, as his physician had feared.

The crowd around the morgue and the department of charities pier, in east Twenty-sixth street, Thursday evening was much greater than the next night. By 8 o'clock the line of people waiting to be allowed to enter and look upon the rows of bodies ranged within extended for many blocks. About 200 were allowed to enter at a time and they thinned out, some with their fears turned to terrible certainty as they had come face to face with the cold forms of their loved ones, and others roused to faint hopes by their failure to find what they dreaded, they were generally shown out into the street and another party admitted to undergo the heart-rending ordeal.

At one time at least 1,500 people were in the long line awaiting admittance, besides the hundreds of morbidly curious persons who lined the adjacent streets.

Despite the many curious ones, the crowd was a reverent one. Often as the groups standing in Twenty-sixth street stood talking in low tones of the catastrophe, from the interior of the pier there would come a despairing cry which told that some one else in the silent rows of bodies had been identified.

"Another one," the crowd would murmur, and there would be speculations among the subdued groups as to whether it was father or mother, daughter or son.

Information was received at the district attorney's office Thursday afternoon that engineer Conklin who was said to have perished in the disaster is alive and in hiding. County detectives under the direction of assistant district attorney Garvan are now looking for him. It was thought that he had gone to his home in Catskill.

FOURTH DAY AFTER FIRE BRINGS IN 94 DEAD TO LIGHT.

NEW YORK, June 19.—Sunday's harvest of dead from the steamer General Slocum numbered 41, bringing the total number of bodies recovered up to 624. Of these, 559 had been identified, while 31 of the victims now lying at the morgue have not been claimed by friends or relatives.

While the list of missing has been cut down somewhat by the identifications made to-day, 11 new names were added to that roll, thus leaving the total of missing as it was on Saturday, something over 300.

The funerals of nearly a hundred victims of the disaster were held today. In many instances two caskets were carried in the same hearse, and in some cases two and even three hearses bore away the dead of a single family.

Department officials, for the purpose of obtaining evidence, to-day went over the exact course taken by the General Slocum on Wednesday last, the day of the disaster, on the police boat Patrol. Among the officials on board were Coroners