

A BIG BLOW IN KANSAS.

THE FORMATION OF A FUNNEL-SHAPED CLOUD SEEN FOR MILES.

ONE PERSON KILLED AND A NUMBER INJURED, EIGHT FATALLY.

CHICAGO, May 8.—A despatch from Hutchinson, Kansas, says the news reached this city yesterday that the wind storm that had been raging for the last three days had culminated in a cyclone in the northern part of Pratt county, extending over the eastern portion of Stafford and up into Rice county. The funnel-shaped cloud formed between 7 and 8 o'clock and could be seen for miles. The district over which it passed was sparsely settled, and but for this fact the loss of life and property would have been terrible.

The cyclone first struck at a point about five miles southeast of Stafford, and for miles in a northeasterly direction left nothing but a barren waste, strewn with the wrecks of houses and barns, trees and fences, with here and there the bodies of stock, either killed or crippled by the wind. The only person killed outright was William Crawford, whose neck was broken by the flying timbers of his house, which was totally demolished. The casualties as far as known are:

William Crawford, neck broken.
William Bolt, fatally injured.
Oliver Beard, paralyzed; cannot recover.
Jason Beard, internally injured; will die.

A. F. Gunnup, internally injured.
Mrs. J. Love, seriously injured.
Peter Scarlet, leg broken.

Mrs. John Bartlett, shoulder blade broken and other injuries; will die.
William McVeigh, internally injured; cannot recover.

Joseph Ferris, injured about the head; will die.

Mrs. Gunnup and babe, the mother internally injured and the babe's thigh broken.

Mrs. Lindley, seriously hurt.
Daughter of George Davis, fatally injured.

S. S. Crawford, fatally injured.
About 20 or 30 were more or less injured.

A. F. Gunnup's house was totally destroyed, and himself and family badly injured. His wife and a young babe were carried a distance of 100 feet, and the child's thigh broken. Joseph Giles's house was totally destroyed, and the contents scattered in every direction. The house belonging to Mrs. Lindley, and occupied by herself and two stepchildren, Mand and William Blue, was blown to atoms.

Mrs. Lindley was seriously injured, and is not expected to recover. Joseph Sellar's fine two story house was torn to pieces and so scattered that not a splinter remained on the former site. Another large house, not yet occupied, was demolished. A large number of horses and cattle were killed and crippled.

Physicians were summoned and the people of the whole country turned out to render every assistance possible. Many other buildings were more or less damaged, and, where the cyclone crossed the Santa Fe Railroad, between Sterling and Alden, the telegraph poles were leveled to the earth and other damage done. There was no fatalities in that district.

As soon as the news of the cyclone reached Stafford a mass meeting was held and committees organized to carry on the work of relieving the distress in a systematic manner. More than a hundred people are left homeless and without food or clothing.

Reports from other towns throughout the southwestern part of the State indicate heavy winds for three days past, but nothing in the nature of such a tornado has visited Stafford county.

A CAR BLOWN FROM THE TRACK.
CHICAGO, May 8.—A despatch from Sioux Falls, Dakota, says: One of the heaviest, steadiest winds ever known in this section prevailed on Monday and Tuesday night, culminating in rain. About midnight the wind blew a box car from the side track on to the main track of the St. Paul Road at Dell Rapids. A freight train, running at full speed, struck the car and the entire train and locomotive were wrecked.

Fred Smith, a brakeman, was instantly killed. Several others, including passengers, escaped with bruises.

A GALE IN MINNESOTA.
CHICAGO, May 8.—A despatch from St. Paul, Minn., says that after blowing hard all day Monday night in the Northwest, the wind yesterday increased to a gale, and did considerable damage to buildings and crops. At Buffalo, this county, wheat was in many places blown out of the ground by the roots. In other places it is buried so deep that it will never come up. At Yankton the wind blew a hurricane. The City Hill rocked so that the Council hastily adjourned and went into the street. A soaking rain followed.

At Hinckley, Minn., the wind did damage to timber and shade trees. An engine running between Sandstone and Sandstone Junction was wrecked yesterday afternoon by a tree falling across the engine while in motion. Engineer Dore escaped uninjured, while Fireman Elmer Miller was badly bruised.

SIX CARRIAGES BLOWN OVER.
FAIRBANKS, Minn., May 8.—Yesterday's storm raged here with terrific force all day. Parties who started for East Prairie to attend a funeral met with much difficulty. Six carriages were blown over. Fire started in the timber near Walcott Mills, and spread rapidly over the wooded country between there and Fairbault, destroying immense quantities of wood, hay, fences and outbuildings on the farms. The farmers abandoned their houses and removed their families and household goods to open fields for greater safety. The amount of damage done is estimated at over \$60,000. Trees were uprooted and thrown across the roadside in every direction. A house belonging to a man named Hoyt, here and Medford was blown to pieces. There were several persons in it at the time, but they escaped with only injuries.

TEN MEN KILLED.

A DREADFUL COLLIERY DISASTER AT MIDDLEPORT.

A CAR THROWN DOWN THE SHAFT SHATTERS THE ASCENDING CAGE AND KILLS THE OCCUPANTS.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., May 9.—At Kaska Colliery, near Middleport, this evening, the cage containing ten miners was ascending the shaft, and had reached a height of about 16 feet from the bottom, when an empty car was pushed over the top of the shaft by two Hungarian laborers. The car struck the ascending cage with awful momentum, shattering it to splinters, and instantly killing every one of its occupants. The names of the victims are as follows:

Michael Boyle, assistant and inside foreman; Hugh Carlin, Patrick McDonald, George Bendel, John Pottovisch, Frank Stratkovich, John Moore, Albert Dwyer, Edward Kutz, Stephen Matson.

The cage with the ten victims was hurled into the "sump," a hole at the bottom of the shaft where the water from the workings accumulates, and the mangled bodies were not recovered for some time. The mine is operated by the Alliance Coal Company. It is an old working and the shaft is 500 feet deep.

Boyle leaves a wife and seven children. It was not his turn to ascend, but he exchanged with a young man named Hoolihan. Putlavich leaves a wife but no children. He was a brother-in-law of Mrs. Putlavich, who, with Agnes Katch, was murdered about a year ago by Peter Baranowski, now awaiting execution here, and was the intended husband of Miss Katch. All the other victims of the accident were single men.

The colliery employs about 500 hands. It is the colliery at which the murderer Baranowski was employed, and is also known as "Big Vein."

There is intense indignation over the employment of a stupid Hungarian in a position of such responsibility as at the mouth of the shaft.

The appalling accident is unprecedented in the history of mining in this coal region, no case of similar character ever having occurred before.

There is 35 feet of water in the "sump," and the work of recovering the bodies is very difficult.

At 7 o'clock this evening only one body has been recovered, but it was thought that all would be brought out during the evening.

No report has reached here from the scene of the disaster since that hour.

SIX WOMEN KILLED.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT AT A RAILROAD CROSSING.

A STREET CAR WRECKED BY AN ENGINE.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., May 8.—A shocking accident occurred about 6:30 o'clock this evening at the West Main street crossing of the Michigan Central Railroad. A street car, containing seven ladies and two gentlemen, was crossing the track, when a switch engine dashed down upon it from the east at a high rate of speed, and the driver, being unable to get the car out of the way, the helpless passengers were hurled to a terrible death. It was but the work of a moment and the fearful catastrophe was over.

The street car was carried almost to Academy streets, the pieces flying in all directions, and the human freight being mangled in a frightful manner. Those in the car were Mrs. Alexander Haddock, Mrs. M. E. Watters, Miss Gertrude Tillotson, Mrs. George Smiley, Mrs. Middleton, Mrs. Van Antwerp, Mrs. S. A. Gibson, Mrs. Jonathan Barnes, Mr. L. C. Lull, Dr. Sutton. The first six were killed, two being found dead in the cattle-guard, one in the creek near by, two on the track, and Mrs. Middleton died an hour later. She was thrown in the roadway. Mrs. Gibson was injured in the head and side and Mrs. Barnes was bruised badly. The male passengers both escaped. The driver of the car escaped by jumping.

The switch engine was running at a high rate of speed. The gates at the crossing where the accident occurred are not used between 5:30 and 6:58 P. M., the gatekeeper going home at that time. This custom probably deceived the driver of the street car, who was a new man, and probably supposed that the gates would of course be down if an engine were coming.

—The dwelling house of Watson Bownes, in Westchester, New York, was burned on the morning of the 7th. His mother, his two children, aged 3 and 5 years, and Kate Dunn, a servant, and her sister perished in the flames. Mr. Bownes and his wife, with one child, escaped, although the parents were badly burned. The business portion of Waldron, Michigan, was destroyed by fire on the 6th. Loss, \$60,000; partially insured. The woods all around the city of Wausau, Wisconsin, are on fire. Hay meadows, crops and bridges have been destroyed. Forest fires are also reported from Ishpeming and East Tawas, Michigan. In Northern Michigan no rain has fallen for several months, and as a result forest fires are raging in every direction, threatening destruction to property and heavy losses to lumbermen and farmers.

—Clara Graham, aged 18 years, was convicted of horse stealing in the Criminal Court in Kansas City, Missouri, on the 6th, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. When placed on the stand she confessed that February 15th, while out she met Frank McCoy, on horseback, and he joined her and proposed an elopement, she to go to St. Joseph. She went there, and when he did not come, she drove to Horton, Kansas, and being out of money, she sold the horse and buggy.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—A terrible wind storm began at St. Cloud, Minnesota, on the evening of the 6th, and continued on the 7th. The air was filled with blinding clouds of dust. In the surrounding country a number of houses and barns were unroofed or moved from their foundations. Forest fires are raging near Kimball Prairie. A cyclone swept across Fargo, Dakota, on the 6th, and unroofed numerous dwellings. The storm moved from South to North, and was preceded by a blinding sand storm and roaring sounds. A wind storm passed over Buffalo, Dakota, on the 6th, damaging crops and buildings. Rain fell in Dakota, on the 7th. It was the first rain of the season, and farmers on the Missouri slope now think the crops are saved. The rain extended pretty much all over Dakota and Northern Minnesota. The Signal Service office at Chicago reports that storm southeast signals have been ordered hoisted on Lake Michigan, and that a severe storm is coming from the West.

—Three men entered McGovern's Hotel, in Cadillac, Michigan, on the evening of the 6th, and overpowering the proprietor, took \$1300 from the safe and escaped.

—While out driving at Lawley, Florida, on the 7th, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Churchill, of Iowa, and Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Burdette, were thrown from the carriage against a barbed wire fence by the horses running away. Mr. Burdette was killed, Mrs. Churchill was badly mangled, and her left side and both legs were paralyzed. Mrs. Burdette's left shoulder was wrenched out of place and an eye was almost torn out. Mr. Churchill escaped with slight injuries. A portable boiler at Trestle's saw-mill, near Freedom, Pa., exploded on the 6th, killing Frederick Davidson and severely injuring his father.

—John Oleson was killed and Nelson Johnson fatally injured by a blast at the Minnesota Mine, Tower, Minnesota, on the 6th. Both men were at the bottom of the pit.

—While workmen were drilling holes in rock in a tunnel near Ashland, Pa., on the 7th, for the purpose of blasting one of the drills struck some dynamite which had failed to explode in a previous blast. An explosion followed, killing James Kutzler, of New York, and injuring seven others.

—George Lynn and his wife were arrested at Youngstown, Ohio, on the 7th, charged with inhumanly treating their 11-year-old daughter, Lizzie. "The child's sides had been flayed until the cuticle had disappeared, and her hands had been held by the brutal parents in boiling water until she is crippled for life. The mother had filled an egg shell with cayenne pepper and mustard and forced it down the child's throat."

—Three masked men robbed the postmaster at Florissant, Colorado, on the evening of the 6th, of \$400. An alarm was given and a party was started in pursuit. The robbers were overtaken and a fight followed, during which William Brady, one of the pursuing party, was fatally shot. The robbers succeeded in reaching the mountains, where they were overtaken by a Sheriff's posse. Another fight ensued, when one of the robbers was killed and another wounded. At last accounts the third robber was still holding out behind a barricade, and it was not expected that he would surrender until his ammunition was exhausted.

—As a passenger train on the Valley Road was entering Cleveland on the 7th, the smoker left the track and collided with a car loaded with coal on a side track. E. D. Obert, of Akron, Ohio, and George J. Kempf, of Cleveland, were killed, and Lawrence O'Connell, of Akron; Mrs. Caroline Chelstey, Cleveland; W. M. Clark, of Brooklyn, New York, and James C. Taylor, of Cambridge, Ohio, were injured.

—Matthew Rast and Augustus Young were killed between two sections of a train at Champion, Michigan, on the 7th. A passenger and freight train on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad collided near Glen Mary, Tennessee, on the 6th, through a mistake of orders by the train dispatcher. Fireman Burchett was fatally, and Baggage Master Farrell, Mail Agents King and Corwin, Express Messenger Dunn and Fireman Warner, badly injured. An Italian, supposed to be Luigi Onona, was killed on the 7th by being struck by a train while walking upon the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore tracks near Back River.

—Fierce forest fires are burning in Northern Wisconsin, east of Gogebic Lake. Several railway stations have been burned and reports from the Vermilion Range state that all the towns in that vicinity are surrounded by flames. Great damage has been done to timber. All the telegraph wires from there into Duluth have been down for two days. Forest fires have destroyed the villages of Bruce Crossing and O'Brien, in Ontonagon county, and half of the villages of Spaulding and Stambaugh, in Menominee county, Michigan. A forest fire is in progress in the lumber woods, five miles west of Kane, Pa., and is working its way toward Fort Station. Half of the village of Elba, near Winona, Minnesota, has been destroyed by fire. It started from the prairie fires. Several buildings in Shrub Oak, Westchester county, New York, were burned on the evening of the 8th.

—Walter T. Logan, a member of the stock firm of A. L. Morrison Sons & Logan, was found dead at the rancho of the firm in Apache county, Arizona, on the 5th. He had been suffering from a fever, and on the evening of the 4th, took morphine to alleviate the pain. It is supposed that he inadvertently took an overdose. He was a son of Thomas A. Logan, of the Cincinnati bar.

The Legislature, on the 9th, adjourned finally, the General Appropriation bill having been agreed upon as reported from the Committee on conference. Before adjournment Boies Penrose was elected President pro tempore of the Senate, the Democrats voting for William McAleer.

Natural Music.

Slide up thy silver sands, O booming sea. The pines that skirt thee catch thy minstrelsy.

And over all the forest swells a tone That echoes but the music of thine own. Half silent, rivers glide, save murmuring waves Break stinging where the sweeping current laves, Whispering among the pebbles, low and sweet; So low, so sweet, wild birds the strain repeat.

Down through great velvet cliffs, rich with green moss, Long, glittering chains, the slipping torrents toss, Slivering and darting 'neath the arching trees, The wandering winds in mystic minor keys Sing their love songs above the waves and rocks In harmony that every heart unlocks.

OLD SIEGEL AND HIS SON.

Many years ago while making a tour through that beautiful tract of mountain scenery in the south of Bavaria known as the Saltzammergut, I stayed for a fortnight at Berchtesgaden. I spent much of my time there in fishing for grayling and in talking to the chamois hunters, with many of whom I had made acquaintance during a previous visit. I used often to sit for hours listening to their hunting stories, and on one occasion I hunted with them.

The mountains immediately around Berchtesgaden are kept as a royal chamois preserve, and as the king was expected to arrive shortly, none but his majesty's own jaegers were allowed, during the time I was there, to disturb the chamois.

I was, however, very anxious to have at least one day's sport, and arranged with old Siegel and his son Franz, chamois hunters whom I had known for some time, and on whom I could depend, to have a "jagd" on the morrow. Siegel persuaded Gotting, a friend of his, to come with us.

We started early in the morning, and after toiling for several hours up through the dark pine woods, which became more scant and scrubby the higher we went, emerged at last on the open snow fields.

We now separated; Franz and Gotting made a long detour to the left, while Siegel and I hastened on to reach some commanding position above in case any chamois were driven up. After an hour's more climbing we halted on the top of a precipice, which, shaped in the form of a crescent, made a complete cul de sac for any chamois driven up by our friends below.

We had hardly been watching ten minutes when two chamois appeared in sight, bounding up the mountain side and coming directly toward us. When the foremost had come within range I fired and missed, as most men would have done, firing as I did at so small an object from a height almost perpendicularly above it.

The beasts turned, and springing with wonderful speed over the sharp rocks, were soon out of sight. I fired a second shot just as they were disappearing, and think I struck one of them, but it contrived to get away and we never saw it again.

Siegel and I, somewhat crestfallen, trudged on up the mountain keeping a sharp lookout on all sides and halting now and then to give the others time to overtake us.

Suddenly we heard, far down below us, a shot, and then all was again silent. We were much surprised, as it is one of the first rules in this kind of hunting never, except when absolutely necessary, even to raise the voice, much less, of course, to fire a rifle, which scares the chamois completely.

We knew that Gotting and Franz, directly below us as they were, could not possibly have seen a chamois, as our shots must have driven them quite out of reach. After a minute's anxiety listening, we fancied we heard shots, and fearing we knew not what, called loudly Franz's name.

We then heard—and this time quite distinctly—the voice of Gotting saying, "Come down! come down! It is all over! Franz has shot himself!"

Siegel and I were standing together ankle deep in the snow. I glanced into his face, and think I shall never forget the look of misery I saw there. Before I knew what he was about, he had seized his rifle, had presented the muzzle to his head, and was feeling with his foot in a frenzied manner for the trigger.

I snatched the piece away just in time; he did not try to recover it, but throwing himself on the snow, burst into a most passionate, most eloquent torrent of praise of his son's many virtues. He told me what a good son he had always been to him, anxious to fulfill his slightest wish.

I at length succeeded in partially soothing him, and in rousing him to action. We scrambled down as fast as we could, guided by Gotting's shouts.

It was a long time before we reached them; to me it seemed an age. I accused myself of being the author of all this misery, and my anxiety was heightened by the reflection that we were in reality poaching, and we should very likely, in consequence of this misfortune, get into trouble on our return.

We found poor Franz lying shot through the back and in great pain among stunted "knieholz"—a plant something like our whinbush. It appeared that he had, contrary to all jaeger rules, carried his rifle capped, and that in walking through the knieholz he had stumbled and fallen, and his rifle had somehow or other exploded, causing a severe wound.

We stanchd the blood as well as we could with our handkerchiefs, and then held a consultation. Gotting said he knew of a chalet some way off to which he thought we might manage to carry Franz.

I lifted him up as carefully as possible, and walked for some way over the abominable knieholz, which threatened to trip one up every moment. I managed, I think, to go about two hundred yards with my burden, and then, exhausted had to lay him down. His father tried to carry him next, but unnerved and half blinded by his tears, had also soon to give it up.

Gotting was the only one of the party who could carry Franz on any great length of time over the rough ground we were now compelled to traverse; he was a small man, but seemed to be all wire and muscle.

It was, however, evident that at the slow pace we were obliged to go we should never, even if we knew the exact direction—which, by the way, none of us did—get to the chalet before nightfall. Some other arrangement must be made.

Gotting proposed that he should stay with the wounded man, while Siegel and I should go forward and attempt to reach the chalet. Gotting was the only one of the party who had ever been there, and that was years before. He gave us directions how to find it.

We were to pass to the right or left on certain peaks he pointed out to us, and then he said we would see a large field of snow. We were to cross this, and the chateau was in a hollow about half a mile above and to the left.

Well, we started—Siegel and I—leaving all the provisions except a few sandwiches with Franz and Gotting. A weary walk brought us to the peak where, according to Gotting, we were to see the snow field. But there was nothing of the sort there; peak rose upon peak, but there was no great, level snow field stretching away at our feet, such as he had described.

We looked at each other in dismay. To add to our distress the weather, which had hitherto been beautiful, began to get overcast. Light wreaths of mist were settling on the higher summit of the mountain, sure signs of a coming storm.

Whether we were likely to succeed in so doing, cold, hungry and exhausted as we were, the reader may judge.

As for Franz, he completely recovered from his wound and I have hunted many a time with him since that memorable day.

I once asked Siegel what he would have done if he had not found that opening. "We should," he said, "have struck our alpenstocks into the ground, and have walked round them all the night to keep off sleep, which if it conquered us would of course, have been fatal. If we lived till day broke we should have tried to find our way back to the others."

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