TRIPLE NUMBER.

The Pittsburg Dispatch.

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FUN FOR AMERICANS,

The Tourist Who Visits the Paris Exposition to Have A Good Time

IS BOUND TO SUCCEED.

Balfour Sure to Be Dictator of Ireland at Any Rate.

M. ROCHEFORT CAUSES A SENSATION.

He Draws a Pistol and Flourishes It Over the Head of a Mad Frenchman Who Attacks Him on a London Street—The Editor Not a Coward—Frenchmen at Home Wrapped Up in Their Big Show—Buffalo Bill's Original Manner of Advertising in the Streets of Paris—The Great Coal Strikes in Westphalia—A Steady Stream of American Consuls Reaching England—Sir Charles Russell's Narrow Escape From Arrest as a Gambler.

There is absolutely no news of interest in England or on the continent not connected with the great Paris Exposition. The show is a success—a monster success. A little interest is yet maintained over the question of the Irish vice royalty. Balfour must be dictator, under any circumstances. A steady stream of newly-appointed American Consuls pours into England. Boulanger is in bad health and is not being at all patronized by the big guns of London society. Henri Rochefort caused something of a scene in London last evening by brandishing a revolver at a mad Frenchman who assaulted him on the street.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, May 18.—[Copyright.]—The most depressing dullness characterizes things over here, and no matter how much this may surprise Americans, they must take it as a solemn fact. It is all very well for the man who simply comes to have fun; he succeeds. The Paris Exhibition is a monster success. Of course the ordinary tourist swarms as never before. The distinguished foreigner is commonplace, from over-production, and the society person is working with even unusual energy at his annual task of breaking down his constitution, but it is all monotonous and sad for the man with a newspaper mission.

Society seems to lack ambition, and certainly lacks incident. It has supplied for a really sensational marriage nor a original scandal. Of the thousands of faces and colors swarming up the Eiffel Tower, not one falls or jumps off. Proceedings, dull at best, are positively dreary.

The Only Oasis in the Desert.

Only the queer jumble into which the question of the Irish vice-royalty has become twisted helps to relieve the deady House of Commons round of idiotic question and answer and dismal speechmaking. If you are Viceroy of Ireland you hold a miniature court, sit on a throne, and have much bowing down done before you. Your wife is at the top of the social tree, has a longer train than anybody else, and rules a lot of maids of honor and ladies of the bedchamber who dare not contradict or give warning.

A viceroy has all this fun and a large salary, without doing any work, and permission to come over here for race meetings. Yet big noblemen of England have recently been busy excusing themselves from this very dignified job, which has been offered to several of them. Balfour is responsible for this strange reluctance of peers to be made comfortable at the nation's expense.

Balfour Must Boss the Business.

The viceroy must have Balfour nominally for his secretary, but really for his dictator and supervisor. The present noble incumbent is leaving, and others decline to succeed him because of their fear of being led into uncomfortably hot water as the puppets of the lank and vigorous Balfour. Opinions about the vice-royalty are changing in a funny fashion. First the Radicals and Irishmen wanted to abolish the office, whilst the Liberal-Unionists clamored for another noble lord to succeed Londonderry, and the high old Tories dreamed, as they still dream, of making the Irish peasant quite comfortable and happy by sending a man of royal blood like the rotund Prince of Wales or his silly oldest son to rule the island in a truly regal fashion.

Just now Irishmen, led by *United Ireland*, have changed their minds. They have concluded that they want a viceroy kept in Dublin to mark the fact that Ireland is a separately ruled nation and not an integral part of the kingdom, while the Unionists, changing about also, demand that the vice-royalty be abolished.

What Will Probably Be Done.

The probability is that some nobleman will be found to swallow Balfour with a big salary, and that things in Ireland will run along as usual until changed in a very pronounced fashion by those who have taken the home rule business in hand. The Grand Old Chief of these is, by the way, as fit and vigorous as ever, gets younger, apparently, and particularly enjoys talking about the Parnell Commission. Somebody has lent him a fine steam yacht, and he is going off to the west coast of England with Mrs. Gladstone, stopping everywhere and doing a fortnight's hard speech-making.

Many Tories with sense enough to know how fatal a general election would be to them console themselves with the hope that Gladstone will be out of the way before it comes, but they are destined to be disappointed Tories. The Grand Old Man has plainly come to stay.

Positively the Greatest on Earth.

Frenchmen continue to be wrapped up in their Exhibition and neglect politics, their usual business, in their delight at possessing, beyond all question, the greatest show on earth, and drawing the biggest business ever heard of. Some English-speaking exhibitors—half of them, unfortunately, are Americans—have been making exhibitions of themselves in an idiotic fashion by trying to preach morality at the French. The latter, who are a common-sense if not a sanctimonious people, naturally keep their show open on Sundays to give the working class, for whom it is particularly intended, a chance to benefit by it, but these virtuous Anglo-Saxons have determined not only to stay away from the Exhibition themselves on that day, but to cover over with cloths their glass cases full of cracker boxes, preserved tomatoes, boots, patent varnish and similar objects admirably adapted to undermine by their exposure on Sunday the morality of the French. It is to be hoped that the French will forget their usual good nature and put these uncivil exhibitors and their goods out of the Exhibition.

Apologizing for Ill Manners.

Englishmen here are showing their good sense by signing very readily an address to the President of the French Republic, in which is regretted the ill manners shown by Lord Salisbury and the Queen, in withdrawing from his presence at the opening of the exhibition. Nearly 200 members of Parliament have signed this address, among them John Morley and Stanseld Mundella. The French, who are nothing if not touchy, are much appeased by this attention.

Buffalo Bill, who has instituted himself a feature of Paris, bids fair to succeed there almost as well as here, when he took all London into his camp. Clever young men who are paid to advertise him have succeeded in making President Carnot, the American Minister and such people useful. The feelings of adventurous Frenchmen have been stirred by the sight of a bison appearing to dash madly through the streets of Paris and then lassooed, and our professional Wild Westerners will probably go home with a great many francs changed into dollars.

Germany's Chief Topic of Talk.

Germans are mostly interested at present in the great coal strikes in Westphalia. Your Berlin correspondent has again visited Dortmund, the center of the disturbed district, and sends an interesting account of his inquiries made among leaders of the striking miners. The principal of these is Friedrich Bunte, who led a deputation to the Emperor and who was seen by your correspondent this morning. Bunte is described as a remarkably intelligent man, and one possessing the full confidence of all the miners. He describes in a simple way the visit of himself and his comrades to the Emperor, driving up to the palace in a cab, timidly inquiring their way about, bullied by half a dozen servants, sternly rebuked and a very little encouraged by the Emperor, and sent away after being refreshed with plain water, with orders to keep their mouths shut and a promise to shoot them down if they didn't behave better in future and remember that the Emperor and capital were things to be looked up to.

A People Easily Pleased.

Altogether, however, the deputation was pleased, for the Emperor had condescended to see them, and even said that he would try to make the employers treat them better. Bunte wisely observed that he did not see how the Emperor could influence the employers quite as easily as he could the poor miners, for the latter, to produce any effect, had to gather and demonstrate by thousands, when they could conveniently be shot, whereas the employers could carry out their plans by remaining comfortably at home and by doing nothing illegal.

It is believed, however, that this strike will come to a conclusion ere long, unless the arrangement now on hand should absolutely fall through. This arrangement, which is being fixed up in Berlin, provides that the working day shall be of 8½ hours' duration, excepting only in cases where imminent danger to life or property may be averted by prolonged labor. Another important provision is for an increase of wages proportionally to the profits of the employers, and third, the establishment of a Court of Arbitration.

The English Reap a Harvest.

Meanwhile the strike has profited the English coal business just at a time when it was in need of encouragement. Dozens of full cargoes have been ordered for shipment to Germany, and not only New Castle, but Sunderland, Hartlepool, Seahan and South Wales have had a tremendous demand for foreign shipments of coal already. With the prospect of the strike continuing, the coal men have assembled, with a view of raising prices. As has been said, however, any considerable prolongation of the trouble is improbable, as 30,000 out of 165,000 miners have already gone back to work.

The French, in the midst of their other interests, have found time to get interested over the German coal strike, the latter having revealed the fact that France was burning tremendous quantities of German coal, contrary to all ideas of patriotism.

FIERY AND FRENCHY.

Editor Rochefort Causes a Little Excitement by Flourishing a Revolver on the Streets of London—An Attack by a Countryman.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, May 18.—Frenchmen are kind. Two have just afforded a little ripple of excitement to relieve London's dullness. The tale includes a challenge, charge of assault, much bad temper, and the presence of Henri Rochefort and General Boulanger in a police station here.

It was 7 o'clock this evening. An unusually tall Frenchman, with big shoulders and an imperial goatee and bushy head of white hair, came walking down Regent street into Piccadilly Circus. Under the hat was Henri Rochefort, and without an unkind thought except for those who differ with him politically, he was going calmly to home to eat. A Frenchman always eats regularly at the same time. From the opposite direction there came along Regent street a second very tall Frenchman, not so broad, and with long, curly black hair, inclined to be greasy. This was Monsieur Pilotel. He saw Rochefort coming along; a strange excitement seized him; he drew in big breaths, and he excited the attention of passers-by. He

Raised His Right Arm,

While he said in his native tongue: "Aha! You won't fight, eh? Ah, I'll make you fight!" and soon he was dancing around the man whom he wanted for a victim.

Considering the circumstances Rochefort was calm. First he threw both arms up to heaven and his shoulders shrugged violently to indicate to passers, as Frenchmen do, that he did not know the violent man. Then, gazing closely, he said: "Ah! you have fattened, but I know you. It is Pilotel."

Now the crowd was getting big, and Monsieur Pilotel was threatening with both hands instead of one. It looked as though he really might strike, and a few kind-hearted British cabmen climbed down with the humane idea of making a ring, and so having things done squarely.

Rochefort was not afraid, but annoyed. He said: "I will frighten this individual," and he did. He pulled out his revolver, and with its leather case still on, pointed it at Monsieur Pilotel. This gentleman

Fled With Hair Streaming.

A policeman took charge of him and also took Rochefort to the Vine street police station, which is very convenient to the spot. Monsieur Pilotel made a charge of murderous and deadly assault, and a conversation began which lasted two hours. In the meanwhile Madame Dieudonne came and gave bail for £50. She is an energetic, pleasing and plump person who keeps the hotel Rochefort lives in. Then brave General Boulanger came and shook Rochefort's hands until they both almost wept, and looked at the revolver and took Rochefort back to his hotel, a neat little one near Madame Dieudonne's in Ryder street. There I have just left Monsieur Rochefort, having gathered from him these details. He was in a little room hard at work preparing manuscript with a dark young woman. Rochefort's opinion of Monsieur Pilotel is not high. The few unpleasant things he did not mention about Monsieur Pilotel were promptly brought out by the dark young woman.

A Terribly Bad Send Off.

Pilotel, Rochefort says, is radically bad. When he was a Police Commissioner in Paris, and went to inspect people's houses, he used to steal things. Later he was accused and convicted of a serious crime, and is now not able to go back to Paris. Then he became an artist, and of late he has been in the pay of the French Government, drawing very unpleasant pictures of Boulanger and all his friends, including Rochefort, and even, according to the latter, disgracefully attacked women, Madame Laguerre and the Duchess d'Uses, Boulanger's great friends, among others.

Rochefort, who has a cutting style and uses language freely, expressed numerous opinions, all uncomplimentary, of Pilotel in the *Intransigeant*, Rochefort's paper. Then Pilotel challenged Rochefort and sent witnesses. Rochefort was sarcastic and regretted that he could not fight thieves. Pilotel vowed revenge, and how he tried to get it has been told.

Rochefort a Real French Fighter.

I fear there is not much fight in Monsieur Pilotel, but if I can find him he shall have his say. Rochefort, on the contrary, is a real fighting Frenchman, with a thick neck, thoroughly understands the art of sticking foils into folks, and has always been cheerful about accepting invitations to fight.

M. Rochefort must appear in court on Monday, but a little fine will probably be the extent of his punishment. He does not fear any further trouble from Monsieur Pilotel, for he says that that General was too much afraid; that when he saw the revolver he started away—to translate Rochefort literally, with his four irons in the air—namely, with both feet off the ground; that is to say, very hurriedly.

Rochefort did not know it was wrong to have a revolver here. "I carry one in Paris," said he, "because I go home very late, out through the Bois de Boulogne, and am particular about not being assassinated under the trees. I have more revolvers, as Monsieur Pilotel knows, and he will not come near me."

Sorry He Can't Stick His Enemy.

Rochefort was indignant, his mustache twisted and his neck swelled out. The young woman in black was very wroth, and her black eyes blazed; she was sorry that honor prevented Rochefort from going out and sticking a sword in Monsieur Pilotel. Rochefort was sorry, too. There may still be some amusement left in this thing.

In the way of general news, Rochefort said he believed the French Government would withdraw the accusation against himself and Laguerre, and that they would be able to go back to Paris in a month. He thought the prosecution against Boulanger would also be withdrawn. Rochefort has that comical horror of telegraph expense which characterizes the French conception of journalism. He is worried because he must pay for telegrams from Paris, though not often, as his matter goes to his paper by mail and is one day behind. Last night he was in Brussels, and from there telephoned his leading editorial to the *Intransigeant*, and was much impressed with his feat.

GOT AWAY JUST IN TIME.

Sir Charles Russell Among the Lucky Ones at the Great Gamblers' Haul.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, May 18.—The arrest of numerous lords and gentlemen at the Field Gambling Club is still talked about. It seems now quite certain that the police were instigated in the raid by Lady Dudley, who wished to give her son a severe lesson on the folly of gambling. He has already been rooked for about £40,000 by the gamblers in the few months since he became of age, and his mother wisely preferred to have him properly humiliated to having him divide his fortune with sharps and blacklegs.

Other youthful idiots closely allied to Cabinet Ministers were caught in the same way, and the wonderfully decisive action of the police was due to their having orders from the Government. Sir Charles Russell, the eminent cross-examiner, had a narrow escape. He is fond of cards and horses, but goes in for them sensibly. With his usual bad luck he had lost a collection of chips in which he had invested at the field, and went away just 20 minutes before the police arrived.

Montague Williams, the police magistrate, was not so fortunate; he was caught at the table with a fine collection of mother-of-pearl chips that he had won, and was walked like the rest by a humble "bobby" who dared not let him go. He gave a false name, however, and his identity was not revealed, thanks to the kindness of his fellows on the bench, and the country at large is not aware of the tricks of a magistrate who has the reputation of being one of the most severe in England.

A STEADY STREAM OF CONSULS.

The Principal American Arrivals in London Carry Their Credentials.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, May 18.—American Consuls and all kinds of functionaries have been steadily arriving in the English spring stream. One of them, Mr. Washburne, of Worcester, Mass., who is going to Switzerland, had a good time on his arrival in London. A dinner had been prepared for him by James R. Osgood, of Boston, which turned out a very cheerful function. John C. New, just appointed Consul General here, was there, also Governor Waller, his predecessor; William Black, Henry White, Charge d'Affaires; E. A. Abbey and a great many others.

Washburne was carefully fed and made much of and invited everybody, particularly James R. Osgood, to come to Switzerland and climb.

AMERICAN SYMPATHY MISPLACED.

A British Burlesque Queen Sadly Takes in a Party of Tourists.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, May 18.—Some Americans coaching out to the Star and Garter at Richmond last Sunday came in for an amusing illustration of English ways. One of the best known women on the English burlesque stage was there to meet a noble lord just resigned from the Government. He had not come. She was hysterical, shrieking for him and breaking the crockery.

The sympathetic Americans saw her forced by the attentive waiters into her neat little single brougham and started, all dripping with tears, to her home, where by the way, she has several children.

An Advertisement in Bishop's Death.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, May 18.—Irving Bishop's death and the row about it have excited interest over here, and another mind-reading individual, Stuart Cumberland, has displayed marked presence of mind in extracting from the gloomy event all possible advertisement for himself.

PISTOLS IN POLITICS.

Three Prominent Citizens of an Arkansas Town Shot Down in a

FIERCE FIGHT IN THE OPEN STREET

Negroes Create a Row by Trying to Control A School Election.

NOT ONE COLORED MAN WAS KILLED,

But the Coroner Has Been Invited to Leave Town for a Short Time.

Three of the most prominent citizens of Grove City, Ark., including the Sheriff, were killed in a political quarrel yesterday. The disturbance is said to have been the work of colored agitators, but none of them were injured in the fight. Their leader is now in a house surrounded by armed men, and will probably be killed on sight. The entire community is in a state of intense excitement.

FOREST CITY, ARK., May 18.—Our quiet city was horrified at 2:10 o'clock this afternoon by the most terrible tragedy in the history of the county, resulting in the death of three good citizens. For several days past excitement has been high over the school election, and A. M. Neely and C. W. Ingram (both colored) have been making incendiary speeches, advocating the ousting of the whites from the control of school affairs.

Neely has been a disturbing element in the politics of this county for some time, having almost absolute control of the negroes. To-day a large crowd assembled at the junction of Washington and Front streets in the vicinty of the polls. The exact origin of the trouble cannot, in consequence of the terrible excitement, be ascertained at present.

PISTOLS IN PLENTY.

As near as can be learned it seems Neely had a fight with a white man and was knocked down by a bystander. He then ran to Captain John Parham for protection. Marshal F. M. Folbre interfered and commanded the peace. Thomas H. Parham, son of John Parham, heard the disturbance and came running down stairs from the County Clerk's office, where he is employed as a deputy, with a pistol in his hand.

He saw the Marshal and his father in close proximity to each other, talking excitedly, raised the pistol and fired, the ball striking Folbre in the back of the head. In falling Folbre raised his pistol and fired two shots. Tom Parnham fell, mortally wounded, and died in a short time, falling to the sidewalk.

Sheriff D. M. Wilson came running to the scene, when a stray ball struck him, piercing his heart, killing him instantly. His only words were: "I am a dead man." It is supposed a ball from Neely's pistol killed Sheriff Wilson. Captain John Parham is thought to be wounded, but refused to allow the wound to be examined.

THREE WERE KILLED.

Wilson and Parham are what are known as Fusionists. Thus three of the best men in the county were seen lying murdered upon the street at the same time. The cries of the afflicted families were heartrending. Ladies from every portion of the town rushed through the streets searching for husbands or brothers. G. W. Ingram, Coroner of the county, was waited on by the citizens this afternoon and invited to leave town, which he did on the 6 o'clock train. Neely and a few companions are in a building on Washington street surrounded by armed men.

Everybody able to bear arms has been on duty since the trouble, and the town is being patrolled to-night by armed men under the supervision of Colonel V. B. Izard, who was this evening, by wire, appointed Sheriff by Governor Eagle. While an attack upon the town may not occur, yet it is thought best to be prepared. The awful calamity has cast a pall of the deepest gloom over the city.

DON'T KNOW WHAT KILLED HIM.

The Latest Autopsy on Mind-Reader Bishop the Most Unsatisfactory.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, May 18.—Another post mortem examination was made to-day of the body of W. Irving Bishop, in the undertaker's room at 8 Sixth avenue. Deputy Coroner Jenkins was the operator. Dr. Jenkins was assisted by Dr. Biggs, of the Carnegie Laboratory; Dr. Frank Ferguson, the pathologist, and Deputy Coroner Weston. A careful examination was made of Bishop's brain, heart, liver and kidneys. After consultation with the doctors present, Deputy Coroner Jenkins made the following official statement:

We find the organs in a fair state of preservation, but from our examination we are unable to state the cause of death. Portions of the different organs have been taken for microscopic examination. This examination will be made by Drs. Biggs and Ferguson, and the result will be put in evidence at the Coroner's inquest next week.

The story that Bishop always carried on his person a letter addressed to the physicians giving directions about his autopsy and the address of his mother, is denied by his friends. No such letter was found on him. A well-known member of the Lamb's Club, who was present the night Bishop was seized by a cataleptic fit, said there was no foundation either for the story that Bishop was dazed at the club by standing him on his head and sticking pins into him. He came at the suggestion of Mr. Dixey.

Bishop's third wife called at the undertaker's shop to-day to see about the cast taken of Bishop's face. Mrs. Eleanor F. Bishop has made the arrangements for her son's funeral, which will take place Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock in Grace Church.

SHOT BY A COUNTRYMAN.

A Probable Murder Results From the Betrayal of a Counterfeiter.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

BROOKLYN, May 18.—Two dark-skinned Italians stood quarreling in Hamilton avenue, near Summit street, this morning. Finally the younger of the men drew a revolver and shot the other. Then he ran toward Hamilton Ferry. A crowd of workmen who saw the shooting followed him and he was arrested just as he was boarding a ferryboat for New York. The other Italian, who fell when he was shot, was taken to St. Peter's Hospital. The bullet had passed through his left lung and lodged in the back, causing what is believed to be a mortal wound. After much difficulty it was learned from him that he was Micael Altaela, aged 45, of 86 Union street.

The prisoner is Marzio Giudici, of 149 Van Brunt street. He admitted the quarrel and the shooting, but would not say what the cause was. Altaela's brother, who seemed very much disturbed when he found Micael in the hospital, had only a theory as to the cause of the quarrel. Giudici had given the authorities information about a counterfeiting scheme, in which one of Altaela's friends was interested, and this friend was arrested on the strength of Giudici's information. If Altaela's condition shows no improvement to-morrow his ante-mortem statement will be taken.

MISS TOBIN'S DEATH.

The Latest Theory About the Staten Island Mystery—Now Supposed That the Deceased Suicided After the Quarrel With Her Lover.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, May 18.—There were few new developments in the Staten Island mystery to-day. Coroner Hughes paid a visit to Dr. Loomis during the day and had a long talk with him, but was not disposed to reveal what had passed between them. Miss Fanny Warburton, the young professional nurse, who was reported to be engaged to Dr. Bryan, was asked about her relations to Dr. Bryan. She denied that Dr. Bryan had broken his engagement with Miss Tobin to engage himself to her. Mr. Robinson still clings to his original conviction that Miss Tobin was foully dealt with, and he was closeted for a long time with Chief of Police Blake today.

Mrs. William Glassford, the lady in whose house Dr. Bryan resides and has his office, says that at about 8:30 o'clock on Monday night, April 15, she was sitting at her dining room window, watching for her husband to come home, when Dr. Bryan and Miss Tobin left the house to go to the railroad station, which is only a hundred yards or so away. At that time, she says, there was but little foliage on the trees, so that she could easily see the couple's movements until they reached the station door. She claims that she saw them walk up and down the boardwalk leading to the station door, and as she watched them the train from New York, which is due at West Brighton at 8:54, arrived. It was at this moment, Mrs. Glassford says, that she saw Dr. Bryan walk back to the station door alone and go to the stable for his carriage Miss Tobin, she very naturally concluded, had paused upon the station platform to wait for her train. Miss Tobin had 19 minutes to wait alone on the platform.

The most recent theory is that after the slight quarrel with her lover, which he admits, Miss Tobin, waiting until he was out of sight, left the station and hurried to the old ferry slip close to the west of the station, where she threw herself into the water. Young Mr. Neefus, mentioned by Dr. Robinson as a gentleman with whom Miss Tobin had gone out on occasions, says he never went out alone with Miss Tobin.

HER REMAINS LAID TO REST.

The Body of Miss Tobin Taken From New York to Franklin.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

FRANKLIN, May 18.—The remains of Miss Mary Tobin, the young lady who was drowned in Long Island Sound, and whose body was found on the rocks at Stapleton on Monday last, arrived here at 10 o'clock this morning, accompanied by her brothers, David and Daniel. The body was taken in charge by the Royal Templars, and was at once removed to the cemetery, where the interment took place. The coffin was not opened.

Several hundred of the former companions of Miss Tobin accompanied the remains to the cemetery, where Rev. Merchant committed them to the grave in a few touching remarks. The floral tributes were many and very beautiful; one, a pillow of rose buds, from her former pupils in the public schools being very fine.

SHOT THE WRONG MAN.

A Joliet Policeman Brings Down an Innocent Man for a Desperado.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

JOLIET, ILL., May 18.—Barney Koehler, while crazy with drink, ran amuck through the streets of this city last night. He flourished a big revolver, and at the corner of Gradner street and Fifth avenue he shot at Miss Della Hart, who was walking on the sidewalk. Her arm was shattered by the bullet. In the meantime a large crowd had gathered and the police were searching among the Chicago and Alton freight cars for the assailant. Just then a moving freight train passed south. As one car, with the side door open, came into view, a man with a white slouch hat was standing inside. In an instant a hundred voices yelled out: "There he is! There he is!" Officer Bibb excitedly drew his revolver and fired at the car door, and the man with the white hat dropped to the ground with a bullet in his head. It was at once discovered that he was not the person who had fired the shot at Miss Hart.

The wounded man was taken to the hospital, where it was learned that his name was William Hansen, of Chicago. Hansen and a friend named Lewis Larsen left Chicago yesterday for Oklahoma, intending to make their way on freight trains. Hansen cannot possibly recover. Officer Bibb is under arrest. The man who shot Miss Hart was captured early this morning. He was in a frenzied condition and armed with an ivory-handled revolver.

A PARADE CAUSES A DIVORCE.

Singular Reminder of an Incident of the Cleveland-Blaine Campaign.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

BUFFALO, May 18.—Judge Corlett has just granted a divorce in a suit growing out of the Cleveland-Blaine campaign of 1884. The suit was brought by Anna B. Ross, of Shelby, N. J., against her husband, Henry Ross. The derelict husband came to Buffalo with a political club and participated in the big Cleveland parade, when Cleveland rode bare-headed through the rain up Main street.

After the parade Ross and some other Shelby men flirted with some young women, and Ross went away with one of them, a pretty damsel, who occupied his attention for several days, until he had spent all his money. Other paraders testified against him, and two swore they saw his unfaithfulness to his wife.

SUICIDES AND DRUNKARDS.

The Knights of Honor Will Have Nothing to Do With Either.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 18.—The Supreme Lodge Knights of Honor to-day decided that hereafter benefits shall not be paid to members who commit suicide, and subordinate lodges were instructed to rid themselves of habitual drinkers and all other characters addicted to vicious habits that hasten death. Legislation was enacted creating a quarter rate benefit of $3500, and a proposition to raise the full rate benefit from $2,000 to $5,000 was defeated.

A proposition to change the date of the annual meeting from May to September was defeated. Detroit was selected as the next place of meeting.

BEAVER MAY VETO IT.

The New Soldiers' Orphan Plan Said to Be in Great Danger.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

PHILADELPHIA, May 18.—Governor Beaver has strongly intimated to a prominent Senator in this city that he would veto the Soldiers' Orphan Commission bill, because it provides for the selection of a portion of it outside the Executive and Legislature, namely, the Grand Army of the Republic. The Governor also hinted that he would veto that portion of the Soldiers' Orphan Appropriation bill which prohibits contract with the syndicate. Such action would continue the present system for two years longer at least.

A PIOUS PILGRIMAGE.

Colonel Shepard Takes His Presbyterian Guests Out for a Sail.

THEY GET LOST IN A BIG FOG

And Sing Some Very Venerable Songs to Muster Up Their Courage.

A DELICIOUS LUNCH WITH SOFT DRINKS

The Southern Assembly of Presbyterians Join in Another Wrangle.

The commissioners in attendance on the Presbyterian General Assembly in New York, yesterday put aside business and went on a pious pilgrimage, alias junketing trip, while their Southern brethren in Chattanooga were wrangling over the report of the Committee on Union.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, May 18.—Colonel Elliott F. Shepard's invitation to the Commissioners of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, now in session in town, to take a pious pilgrimage to Perth Amboy to-day, was accepted by 987 souls, including Commissioners and their wives and children. It was fortunate for the designs of the Colonel that the excursion was called a pious pilgrimage, for if it had been called a junketing tour the commissioners would have had none of it, as they refused a similar invitation last year, in Philadelphia, to go to Atlantic City. The brethren then preferred to remain in session and legislate for the church. This year they allowed themselves to be persuaded to go and see the Home for Aged and Disabled Ministers.

There was a sharp line of division between the Eastern and the Western ministers. From east of the Mississippi the ministers wore stovepipe hats; west of the river, soft hats. Bald ministers had with them the black skull caps they wore in their pulpits inland. City ministers carried opera glasses.

COULDN'T FOLLOW THE PROGRAMME.

It was the plan of Colonel Shepard that the Sirius should proceed up the North River, then up the East River, and thence to Perth Amboy. There was a heavy fog on the Hudson when the pilgrims were taken up stream with the tide, and opposite Fort Lee the steamboat put about and made for the Kill Von Kull.

Opposite the statue of Liberty so many pilgrims crowded to the rail to see it that the Sirius took a frightful list to starboard. Through the windings of the Kills the pilgrims looked right and left on many a curious landscape or quiet hamlet half hidden in the trees, whose beauties New Yorkers live and die without seeing. At every turn in the crooked course the pilgrims expressed their delight.

Colonel Shepard was delighted to see everybody on board happy, and to make them happier he told the caterer, Morel, to set his army of waiters to work. In a trice a beautiful luncheon was served in the cabin, with coffee, lemonade and orangeade to drink. "Now we will have a taste of sea air," said Colonel Shepard to the pilgrims, after lunch. "We will go out beyond Sandy Hook."

INTO A BANK OF FOG.

The Sirius did not go far beyond Sandy Hook. As she crossed Prince's Bay a bank of cloud was seen beyond Sandy Hook which the steamboat was rapidly approaching. The fog cloud advanced and swallowed up the sea as it appeared. It had been very warm on shore, but the temperature fell rapidly. With astonishment the pilgrims saw the prow of the Sirius pointed straight into the snow bank, and in a second she was engulfed. The Sirius' engines were slowed to half and then to quarter speed and her whistle was kept blowing. No one could see half the boat's length. It began to be talked about among the ministers that the Sirius was in the track of ocean steamships and that it was Saturday, when steamships go to sea. The commissioners' wives became very nervous and kept to the cabins, which were soon jammed.

Meanwhile the woodwork on the steamboat dripped with condensed moisture, as though she had passed through a heavy shower. Men's beards and clothing were white as with hoar frost. An ocean steamship with whistle sounding passed within what seemed a stone's throw, but no one could see her, though

HUNDREDS OF ANXIOUS EYES

peered into the fog. Then the City of Savannah and other steamers passed close by.

The Sirius was not actually lost in the fog, but the ministers were, and they thought the Captain was. At least a good many of them said so. To allay the fears of the ladies singing was begun in the cabin, and the strains of "Shall we Gather at the River," "Bringing in the Sheaves," and other venerable songs floated out into the river.

The sound of a bell buoy was heard in an interval of the singing. "That's a familiar sound," said Colonel Shepard, "and I guess we are all right."

"I don't know," said a pale lady, "there's no telling what we may run into in a fog."

Then the pilgrims sang, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," fitting the words to Colonel Shepard's name. There was no real cause for fear, however, though it was not until the Sirius had come up through the narrows and was well on her way up the bay that she got out of the fog.

FIGHTING OVER UNION.

A Lively Day at the Meeting of the Southern Presbyterian Assembly—The Brethren Differ as to the Really Wise Course to Pursue.

CHATTANOOGA, May 18.—The Southern Presbyterians held a breezy session in this city to-day. Elder J. W. A. Wright, of Alabama, moved upon the opening of the assembly this morning the consideration of the report of the committee appointed to confer with a committee from the Northern Assembly in regard to a union of the two churches, be made the special order for Monday morning.

Rev. L. B. Johnson, of Virginia, moved to substitute a resolution providing that the report should be referred to a special committee to consist of one minister and one ruling elder from each Synod; this committee to report to the assembly Wednesday afternoon. Judge Fentress, of the Memphis Synod, moved to table the substitute.

The motion failed to pass by a vote of 59 ayes to 73 noes. The consideration of the substitute was resumed. Rev. R. K. Moseley protested against hasty action toward any organization. Judge Fentress said co-operative and not organic union was contemplated.

A PLEA FOR UNION.

Mr. Mosely said his Presbytery had filed a protest against even co-operative union. Judge Fentress replied that nothing would ever be accomplished if every little Presbytery were allowed to impede the legislation. Rev. L. B. Johnston, of Virginia, said he believed organic union would finally come, but he did not want to see it brought about in such a way that it would brand the church.

He admonished the Assembly not to be in haste to adopt the report of a committee whose proceedings had never come to light, and an adoption of whose recommendations might bring about a state of affairs which would inevitably lead to an organic union in which the Southern Assembly might be the under dog in the fight—the little man who did all the work and got no pay.

Dr. J. J. Bullock, of Washington, ex-Moderator, said that in appointing the Conference Committee he had endeavored to appoint men who were faithful to the church and who represented all the views among its members. He thought the report was a good one.

WOODROW ON DECK.

Dr. James Woodrow said he wanted to defend the committee from aspersions which had been cast upon it. If the Assembly should appoint a special committee this hould be done without reflection upon the Conference Committee. Rev. S. H. Chester, of North Carolina, said the report was the joint report of the Northern and Southern committees and had to be adopted or rejected as a whole, and it would not be wise to appoint a special committee to present a modification of it to the Assembly.

The Rev. R. S. McAllister, of Mississippi, said the Northern Presbyterians had yesterday declared that the proposed report was an entering wedge to organize a union. After much discussion the report was referred to a special committee by a vote of 70 ayes and 64 noes. The committee will report Tuesday next.

By a vote of 77 to 64, the Moderator was authorized to appoint a special committee. During the afternoon the members of the Assembly visited Lookout Mountain.

NOT TO THEIR LIKING.

Objections Raised to a City Council Committee Memorializing Itself.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

BOSTON, May 18.—The Bunker Hill Monument Association to-day refused to permit the erection on its grounds of the bronze tablets which a City Council committee has prepared for the purpose of commemorating the valor of the heroes who fell on that immortal ground on the 17th of June, 1775. The movement to erect these tardy memorials was started in the Common Council last summer, and the memorial, as now prepared, consists of bronze tablets bearing the names of the dead and also the names of the committee of city fathers who prepared them.

It is to this latter portion of the business that the Monument Association now demurs, although the objection is raised that the lists as prepared are inaccurate. The committee, however, declares that the inaccuracies were trifling and have been corrected. It is also understood that the committee agrees, as a last resort, to allow the names of its members to sink in oblivion. However the fight may result it is a very pretty one and excites a good deal of local interest.

PARDONED TO SAVE HIS MIND.

An Aged Man Freed From the Penitentiary to Go Home and Die.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 18.—Governor Richardson has pardoned Richard H. Jacobs, of Greenville, who was convicted of manslaughter 18 months ago and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. The trial of Jacobs created great interest throughout the State at the time. Jacobs was one of the richest farmers in Greenville county, his property being valued at $60,000. On Christmas day, 1887, he got into a difficulty with John Hughes, one of his white tenants, who was using Jacobs' fences for firewood. Hot words passed and Jacobs returned to his house and got a gun. He claimed that when he returned Hughes attacked him with a knife and he shot him dead.

Jacobs had the best lawyers to defend him, but was convicted and failed to get a new trial. His confinement in the penitentiary has broken his health, and the penitentiary physician certified that if he was imprisoned any longer he would be a lunatic. The pardoned man is 65 years old.

OPEN SALOONS ON SUNDAY.

A Cincinnati Police Court Dismisses 700 Arrests on That Charge.

CINCINNATI, May 18.—Judge Ermsten, of the Police Court, to-day dismissed the 700 cases of arrests made last year for violation of the Owen Sunday closing law, but said he would not have done so if he had not reliable information that prominent citizens would cause arrests to-morrow in case there were violations. The Mayor, upon being notified of the action of the Judge, expressed surprise and spoke of it as a reflection on his officers. He declared that he would not now order the police to make arrests, and added that if citizens asked to have arrests made, they would have to accompany the police into saloons and also go to court and make the charges.

The Mayor has received written notice from the attorney of the Law and Order League that that body will expect him to enforce the law. There is likely to be a conflict in case arrests are made on the question of the right of prisoners to release on bail on Sunday.

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A Guide for Rapid Readers—Its Varied and Interesting Contents.

THE DISPATCH this morning presents itself as a triple sheet of 20 pages, filled with the cream of literature and the news of the entire world. The cable reports contain the gossip of London, Paris and Berlin, while the domestic and local news, including the result of yesterday's primaries, is of unusual interest. The miscellaneous matter is distributed as follows:

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The Erratic Guida.....OLIVE WESTON
Nye As a Reporter.....BILL NYE
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Home-Grown Fishes.....H. A. W.
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