TWO GAY RUNAWAYS

Headed Off by Pittsburg Officers While on Their Way to the Free and Boundless West

TO WIPE OUT THE NOBLE RED MAN.

Chasing Truant Boys Who Have Failed to Learn That There is No Place Like Home.

LITTLE TRAVELERS WITH RECORDS.

A Young Girl Who Soon Overcame Her Fear of Imprisonment.

The troubles of the Pittsburg Police Department are not wholly caused by the indiscreet actions of hardened criminals. The rising generation adds its share toward keeping the officers busy.

The geographical position of the Gas City is unique. It lies on the high road from the circumscribed and effete East to the wide and boundless West, where the barbaric red man is rapidly ripening for the small boy harvester with a $2 revolver and a barlow knife.

Young America, after imbibing the principles of freedom from the Fifth Reader in the Third ward school of Hoboken, N. J., refuses to allow parental restraint to curb his bold spirits, and determines to add luster to the Stars and Stripes by hewing his way to glory. Buccanneering having become unprofitable, owing to the tariff, telegraph and revenue cutters, the aspirant for fame turns his eyes toward the setting sun, and in the reflection of the last rays of that glowing orb as it sinks beneath the waves of the Pacific Ocean, sees himself mounted on a fiery mustang, chasing buffaloes and Indians, and rescuing enough fair maidens to start a successful seminary.

THEY WERE TIRED OF SOAP.

The latest to arrive of these young seekers after fortune and fame, were Howard Woodruff and Isaac Johnston. Detectives Robinson and Fitzgerald ran against them yesterday, and after a brief, but satisfactory, cross-examination, placed them in the Central station. Howard is 14 years old, and is the son of a wealthy soap manufacturer of Trenton, N. J. Isaac is 16 years old, and was employed in driving a wagon for Woodruff.

The boys were well provided for an extended sojourn on the prairies. They possessed an old-fashioned revolver which carried a bullet about the size of a pea, and which would doubtless prove fatal in the hands of an expert marksmen, who was also a first-class anatomist. In addition to this each carried a knife and a box of matches. Simon, as the treasurer, clung to a $1 bill, while Howard assumed the position of sutler, and to prevent any danger of starvation, when buffalo were coy and game generally scarce, carried a $3 lunch ticket on a Pittsburg restaurant. The ticket was not intact, several meals of pie having been punched out of it.

SPOTTED BEAR IS SAFE.

The friends of the boys have been communicated with, and Spotted Bear and his renegade allies will continue to scalp the white dogs without let or hindrance.

Scarcely a day passes that the Pittsburg police are not notified to head off a boy who yearns for life on the plains. Last week one young fellow was pulled out of a sleeping-car at the Union Station. He had unostentatiously borrowed $100 from his father in Jersey City, and was on his way to see the world. He will have to wait awhile before he rivals the Captain Cook act.

Detective Bendel has considerable experience in capturing boys. Most of them are truants from the Morganza Reform School. These boys do not complain of their treatment; in fact, Officer Davy Hanna thinks the runaways are treated better than they care for. They want to get back to their semi-nomad life—selling papers, blacking shoes, pitching pennies, sleeping in dry-goods boxes, and generally enjoying themselves, without restraint, in their own peculiar way.

Detective Bendel has had some funny experiences in catching these runaways. The other day he went out to Bloomfield to capture a refugee. The father of the boy had engaged some private detectives to find the boy, and they were at the house deploring their lack of success when Bendel arrived.

TOO SMART FOR HIS FATHER.

The latter walked through the house and into the yard and there found the lad fast asleep in an outhouse. The private detectives and the father were crestfallen, especially when the boy confessed that he had been loafing around the premises for two weeks, sleeping in the daytime and doing business with his father's larder at night.

Another boy ran away from Morganza, and climbing into a farmer's wagon, as he thought, unperceived, rode several miles. Finally the farmer met three men, and asked them if they wanted to make $10. This is the regular reward for returning a Morganza refugee. This struck the boy as being ominous, and, without waiting to hear the reply, jumped from the wagon and sped like a startled deer across the country. He reached home by avoiding highways, but was soon returned to the Reform School by Detective Bendel.

Officer Hanna, who has been a member of the force for many years, has had considerable experience with youthful travelers. He was acquainted with one boy who traveled to Boston and back on a nickel and a copy of THE DISPATCH. He could not have heeded the warnings contained in the newspaper, as he afterwards landed in the penitentiary for robbery.

A BOY WITH A RECORD.

At one time Hanna took four members of one family back to Morganza, from which they escaped together. One of these boys, George Glenn, afterward achieved a reputation for himself by terrorizing the hill district for over a year. During that time Hanna gave up a large portion of his time to pursuing him, but Glenn was desperate and fleet of foot and for a long time escaped. He was finally captured and sent to the workhouse for two years.

Glenn got away from that institution, but his freedom was dearly bought. He was run down in Virgin alley by the assistant superintendent of the Workhouse. Glenn refused to yield and was shot in the leg by the official. The limb had to be amputated and Glenn is now in the penitentiary on one leg.

A VERY CHEERFUL GIRL.

While girls are generally better behaved than the boys, some of them are very bad, and they soon get over their horror of a cell. Little Annie Dagnall was arrested two weeks ago for robbing a Butler county blacksmith, to whom she sold a bottle of whisky on Sunday. When she was arrested she wept bitterly and could not be comforted.

Yesterday Annie was arrested again. She met three little girls on Second avenue, and because they would not tell her where they were going, she picked up a cobblestone and cut a frightful gash on the head of one. Annie was promptly arrested and taken to the Central station, but she was not the shrinking Annie of two weeks ago. She bounded blithely up the steps and into the cell room, greeting the Sergeant in charge with a cheerful "Well, here I am again. Ain't you glad to see me?" And Annie is but 14 years old.

GOING UP SALT RIVER.

A Party of Jolly Alleghenians Charter a Steamer, Which They Christen George W. Delamater—A Sail Up and Down the Three Rivers.

There was a steamer lying in the Allegheny river, at the foot of Madison avenue, Allegheny, yesterday afternoon, from whose masthead floated a streamer on which it was proclaimed that the name of the craft was the George W. Delamater, and a ten-foot piece of bunting stretched along the hurricane deck announced that she was "Bound for Salt River."

These was a band of music on the boat, and fully 500 people gathered at the wharf to see who would board her, and to give them a good send-off. Sixteen cases of beer were aboard, besides other liquors and a lot of game and salads. At about 2 o'clock some 350 residents of Allegheny's Third ward marched up the gangplank, the band on board playing the "Rogue's March."

Handbills had been distributed among the crowd announcing that the boat would be manned as follows: Commander, John W. Stacey; mate, Cal Geisler; pilots, Conrad Kohler and George Menke; engineers, Perry Cassidy and Charles Michel; firemen, George Richardson and Henry Klaus; cook, John Klaus; cabin boy, Theo. Barker; deck sweeper, George Bergstresser; chambermaids, J. A. Ruprecht and Henry Hissrich; clerk, U. H. Stauffer; ticket agent, John Fielding; lamp trimmer, Christ Mohrhoff. Besides these, several well-known men were named as "roustabouts," "coal heavers," "mugwumps and people who are afraid to vote," "matchmen" and "flunkies." The bill of fare was said to be "soup a la coon," "fried coon," "fricasseed coon" and "coon pie."

Some of the gentlemen who had been designated to fill positions were not present, but that did not appear to make any difference or to spoil the fun. The boat sailed away up to Sharpsburg first, then down the Ohio to the penitentiary and up the Monongahela as far as Lock No. 1, after which it returned about 5 o'clock to the starting place and the passengers disembarked.

WORK OF AN INCENDIARY.

The House of Franz Croft Set on Fire—The Family Barely Escape a Horrible Death—Rescued Through the Window—The Fiend Seen Running.

The house of Franz Croft, of St. Clair township, the man who tried to commit suicide Saturday, burned to the ground yesterday morning about 2 o'clock. It was only by a bare chance that the family escaped. The fire is thought to have been the work of an incendiary. It was discovered by Fred Lightner, who at once gave the alarm and went to the rescue.

The family, consisting of Croft, his wife, and two of Mrs. Croft's daughter's children were asleep in the second story and their egress by the stairs was cut off, as the fire was burning very fiercely. A ladder was placed against the window, and in that way the family were removed, not having time to don any clothing. The family were asleep, and had it not been for the timely discovery of Mr. Lightner they would undoubtedly have perished in the flames.

The house, with its entire contents, were destroyed, entailing a loss of about $2,000, on which there is but a partial insurance in the Germania Company.

Croft is the man who, on Saturday, attempted to commit suicide by cutting some of the veins in his wrist. This fact led to a rumor that Croft had fired the house himself in order that he and his family might perish in the flames. This report proved to be incorrect. Mr. Croft was the most eager of the family to be saved from the flames. An investigation was made by some of the citizens, who state that while the fire was unquestionably of an incendiary origin, Mr. Croft was not responsible for it.

The fire started under the front porch, on the outside of the house, and some of the neighbors aver that when the cry of fire was raised a man was seen running away from the place.

THREE SUNDAY ASSAULTS.

An Italian Uses a Knife, While a Boy Inflicts a Bad Wound.

Ben Eocats, an Italian, was arrested yesterday at his home, on Forbes street, near Soho, and locked up in the Fourteenth ward station, charged with feloniously cutting John Maricio. The latter alleges that Eocats, who is his father-in-law, got into a dispute with him about paying the rent of the house they live in, and pulling a large knife from his pocket, cut him several times on the right arm and hand. The accused will be given a hearing to-day.

Officer Rhodes yesterday arrested Annie Dagnall, 17 years old, who lives in the Yellow Row, for assaulting a little girl. Three little girls were walking out Second avenue when they were accosted by Annie, but as they declined to speak to her she picked up a stone and threw it at the group. The stone struck one of the girls, cutting a gash in the side of her head. Annie Dagnall is one of the girls recently arrested on the charge of peddling whisky on Sunday.

Yesterday afternoon Alfred Woefel and Daniel Keats, aged respectively 12 and 13 years, became involved in a quarrel near the foot of Fifty-first street. During the fight which ensued Woefel was severely cut in the neck by a stone which, he says, was thrown by Keats. Woefel lives on Stanton avenue.

THE VALUE OF MONEY.

A Little Philosophy on Financial Matters From a Broker.

"Few men realize the value of a dollar," said a broker last evening who has in recent years made money. "I worked for a long time as chief clerk on an ordinary salary, and it was a hard task to save $1,000. The people to-day who speak of $10,000 in a sneering manner as a small sum are the men that don't have it. Every good business man, though, knows just what that amount of money means.

"I will wager that in this city of rich men there are few who can produce $50,000 in cash, if suddenly called on. The man who allows money to lie idle will come to grief. Better to close up the ledger every day with you owing the bank, but don't get too far behind. This rule will apply to men who have something to go on, but it would prove disastrous to a poor man. I have made my money on tips, and I have worked them as a reporter would a good item."

JOHN FLATLY'S BODY FOUND.

Remains of a Victim of the Locomotive Explosion Discovered in the River.

The body of John Flatly, the engineer of the locomotive on the Monongahela Connecting Railroad which exploded at the Eliza Furnaces on October 17, was found yesterday morning by a couple of men who were out skiff riding at McKee's Rocks. The body was not identified until after it had been taken to the morgue.

In the explosion, it will be remembered, the fireman, Thomas McGuff, was killed, and Engineer Flatly was blown over the Eliza Furnace casting house, which is over 50 feet high, and then out into the river, a distance of 200 feet. Every effort was made to recover the body, but failed until Thomas Connors and Thomas Sproul happened to find it yesterday.

John Flatly was about 35 years of age and leaves a wife and several children, who reside on Second avenue, Frankstown. The body has been taken to the family residence.

Two Sunday Raids Made.

The police raided John Miller's place on Mifflin street yesterday. Miller and Jacob Laffie were arrested. The same officers swooped down on Charles Beck's house on Thirth-seventh street. This is the fourth time within a year and a half that Beck was raided. A hearing will be held to-day.

FOOLED THE FARMER.

New York Sharps Turn a New Trick in the Green Goods Game on

MRS. CHARLOTTE BLUME'S NEPHEW

Johan Hersch Pays $550 to Obtain an Inheritance of $5,000.

A WEST END FEAST ENDS IN WEEPING

A banquet in a West End residence in honor of an heir coming into a fortune was brought to a sad and abrupt termination by the wiles of New York sharpers, who had introduced a new feature into the "green goods" game. The story has been related to the police, and is a remarkable one.

Johann Hersch, a German, had for 16 years tilled the soil of a farm at Germanville, Jefferson county, Ia., and was somewhat startled and perhaps pleased when he received news from a New York lawyer that his aunt, Mrs. Charlotte Blume, had left him a legacy which could be secured with a little trouble and expense. Hersch knew that his aunt was dead, but did not know that she had amassed a snug fortune by running a grocery in the upper part of New York City.

Considerable correspondence ensued between Hersch and the New Yorker, until finally the latter was told to come on to the metropolis and get his share of the estate, which amounted to $5,000. As Hersch and the New Yorkers were not acquainted with each other, the former was told what train to take and how to dress, in order that he might be recognized.

AN IMPORTANT POSTSCRIPT.

Attached to the letter was a postscript, informing Hersch that he had better bring along $550, the amount of the lawyer's commission for securing the legacy. Hersch had some money and borrowed some more, and with his 18-year-old son started for the East.

Hersch has a sister in Pittsburg, who is married to Michael Heinlein, who lives about a quarter of a mile above the Stone Tavern, in the West End. Hersch and his son reached Pittsburg on Monday, communicated his good fortune to his relatives, and on Tuesday started for New York.

Hersch arrived at Jersey City about noon on Wednesday, and was met at the depot by two affable, well-dressed men, who quickly disclosed to Hersch that they were the men he had traveled so far to meet.

"You must be tired and hungry after your ride," said one of the men. "Let us have dinner before we attend to business."

This suggestion, being both benevolent and practical, was acted upon at once, and the party went to a hotel where they had a good dinner, enlivened by the congratulations of the New York gentlemen.

READY FOR BUSINESS.

It was getting late in the afternoon when the man who claimed to be the lawyer in the case suggested that it was time to move. The party boarded a ferry boat, crossed to New York, took a train on the bewildering elevated railroad, and after riding for about half hour took a carriage, drove a few blocks and alighted in front of a handsome office building.

Hersch and his son were conducted to a handsomely furnished office on the second floor, the most striking feature being a large safe. The party took seats, the big safe was opened with a clang, and one of three very similar packages was taken out and placed on the table.

"This is your inheritance, Mr. Hersch," said the lawyer. "Allow me to congratulate you upon your accession to fortune."

Mr. Hersch replied modestly, and the package was untied, a small wooden box disclosed, which, when opened, revealed an alluring array of greenbacks. The money was in five bundles, each one secured by a rubber band. The money was taken out and counted by the lawyer and Hersch. There was no deception—there was $5,000 in crisp greenbacks.

HERSCH PAYS THE PRICE.

The money was replaced in the box, which was wrapped up in a nice piece of paper, and secured by a stout cord. Then Mr. Hersch's attention was called to the fact that he had not yet paid the fee. Mr. Hersch remedied this omission immediately, and turned over $550 with all the pleasure in the world.

The party sat and chatted for a short while, until one of the New Yorkers suggested that if Mr. Hersch desired to return to Pittsburg that evening, he would just have time to make his train. The box was handed to Mr. Hersch, and the lawyer insisted on accompanying him to his train. When Mr. Hersch reached the depot, the lawyer said: "Now, let me impress upon you not to open the box until you get home. There are always sharpers on board trains, and if they suspect you of having such a large sum of money about you, they will surely rob you."

Mr. Hersch thanked the gentleman for his kindly consideration for an unsuspicious farmer, and started for Pittsburg. He and his son reached the Union Depot without a cent except that contained in the little box, and rather than open it in public they walked the entire distance to the home of his sister in the West End.

JOY CHANGES TO DISMAY.

When Hersch and his son reached the Heinlein residence they found an elaborate banquet prepared and a number of friends gathered to welcome the possessor of a fortune. After a joyful couple of hours had been spent, it was suggested that Hersch display his wealth. There was no hesitation, as he was now among friends, and with unctuous deliberateness he opened the box and showed five tempting bundles of greenbacks. Slowly he drew out a bundle, slowly skinned off the top bill, a $1 greenback, and then—

Well, the balance of the bundle consisted of slips of a very good quality of green paper, but nothing more.

With fear and trembling the other packages were tested, and with a like result. The fortune had resolved itself into five $1 bills and several cents' worth of paper.

Consternation overcame the erstwhile happy party. Hersch broke down completely and shed bitter tears. The sight of his sorrow overcame his friends, and they joined him in his lamentations.

Hersch first determined to return to New York and trace the swindlers, but when he realized what a hopeless task it would be he gave up the idea. On Friday he and his son returned to his Iowa farm.

Mr. Heinlein called the attention of Inspector McAleese to the case, and the latter will communicate with the New York authorities in regard to the matter.

GOT IN TO STAY.

A Man Arrested for Insisting Upon Visiting a Friend in the Lockup.

John Cunningham wanted to visit a friend who was locked up in the Central station Saturday night, but was refused an entrance. He insisted, and finally took advantage of an opportunity to rush in when a couple of officers were going in with a prisoner.

Inspector McAleese then ordered Cunningham to be locked up also, and he was kept there until the hearing yesterday morning, when he was released.

A New Temperance Society.

There was a largely attended meeting of the male members of the congregation of St. James' Catholic Church, West End, yesterday afternoon for the purpose of forming a temperance society. Seventy-five members signed the roll and then organized by electing Alderman James F. Madden, President; John Keenan, Vice President; William Dauchey, Secretary, and Rev. Father Cosgrove, Treasurer.

WON'T AFFECT 1892.

OPINION OF AN AMBASSADOR ON THE CYCLONE OF TUESDAY.

Minister Lincoln Talks About the Republican Landslide—People Didn't Understand the Tariff—The Body of His Boy Buried at Springfield.

Robert T. Lincoln, United States Minister to England, passed through the city last evening in a special car in company with Vice President Wells, of the Wabash road, bound for Washington to pay the President and Secretary of State an official visit. He came from Springfield, where he had deposited the body of his only son in the family graveyard. The second burial recalled all the scenes and sorrows when the young man died last March, and Mr. Lincoln was feeling melancholy and depressed. He expects to return to London in two months. He said he liked to live there, but after all he preferred a residence in his native land.

In answer to questions about politics he said: "I have heard of the Republican landslide. I understand the defeat in Pennsylvania was due to factional causes. I don't think the recent election will have any effect on the situation in 1892. I suppose in the Northwest, where the people didn't understand the nature of the McKinley bill, that they got frightened, and voted the other way. In another year or so these fears will vanish when the voters see that the bill was not designed to work against their interests. The English were very much exercised over what effect the measure would have on them. When I was in Ireland the linen manufacturers were talking of removing their plants to America, as were some of the iron men in the large business centers."

As for Presidental possibilities, he said that was too far ahead, and there was plenty of time remaining to name candidates. When asked about his letter to Chairman Andrews, he repeated what he had said before that he confined himself to Mr. Andrews' statement of the situation here. As the election was over he didn't think it was necessary to talk any more about it.

Vice-President Wells, of the Wabash, remarked that the railroad business was good, but it might be better. The roads are not making the money they did this time last year. The rates are higher, and the general tendency is upward, but the traffic is not so heavy. The grain crop to be moved is light. Mr. Wells, however, is looking for better times.

CALLED OUT BY A PICTURE.

An Allegheny German Explains How the Party Was Defeated.

In the window of one of the art stores on Wood street is a picture of an average American youngster bearing in one hand the flag of the Union and in the other holding two big shooting crackers. A German from Allegheny was admiring the collection yesterday, when his eye lighted on the picture of the Yankee youth.

"It is very appropriate," he said to a reporter. "That picture and the 4th of November reflect the independence of Americans. If it wasn't for these landslides in off years we wouldn't be long a free people. The citizens have declared that one man cannot dictate the politics of the country."

"Why, you must be a Democrat."

"No, I am one of the blackest Republicans that ever lived, but in this campaign John Neeb was the only man on the ticket I voted for. I knew his father 40 years ago, and I think John is honest. Better tack McKinley to the tail of that boys coat, to show how his extreme tariff bill was jerked up by the country. That measure went too far, and will tend to make the monopolist richer. Why increase the duty on tin plate, when we havan't the material in the United States to make it? The little tin bucket which my wife used to buy for 5 cents she will soon have to pay 8 for. I am one of those peculiar Republicans, but I am just as dead set against free trade."

NOT EXPECTING MUCH.

A Friend of Chauncey F. Black Disappointed Over His Defeat.

T. Kirke White, of York, an intimate friend of Chauncey F. Black, registered at the Duquesne yesterday. He was feeling sore over the defeat of the ex-Lieutenant Governor, and says that Mr. Black can't look for much from this administration. Pattison and he do not pull well together. He does not believe Mr. Black would accept the office of Secretary of the Commonwealth, even if it were offered to him.

THE SUNDAY HEARINGS.

Saturday Night Offenders Disposed of by the Police Magistrates.

Magistrate Gripp had 45 cases at the Central station yesterday. Thomas Ford got 30 days for insulting some priests. James Foley, Tom Cavanaugh and George McClure were sent to jail for 10 days for blowing horns in pedestrians' faces on Wylie avenue. McClure is said to have knocked down an old man, and may be prosecuted further. William Faust couldn't account satisfactorily for some new brass stop-cocks he was trying to sell, and was remanded for another hearing.

There were 35 cases at the Twelfth ward police station. George Burton, charged with keeping a disorderly house on Penn avenue, will have another hearing. W. A. Smith made a similar charge against Richard Nelson. He will have a hearing to-day.

Thomas Cooper was arrested on suspicion of breaking into D. T. Stumphorst's barber shop in Wilkinsburg. At the Central station he gave his name as C. T. Jackson.

Magistrate Hyndman had nine cases in the Second police district. Michael Farrell was fined $25 and costs for striking an officer with a cobble stone.

HORSEMEN BADLY HURT.

Two Equestrians Who Yesterday Met With Serious Accidents.

James V. Corbett, a young man living on Morningside road, was thrown from a horse yesterday afternoon while riding on Butler street, near McCandless avenue. His skull was fractured and he may die.

In the same locality about an hour later, a young man named Laughlin, who lives on Sherman avenue, was also thrown from his horse. He suffered a fracture of the left shoulder blade.

Two Alarms for $25 Loss.

A defective flue in the house of L. Smith, Lafayette alley, called out the department yesterday afternoon. The flames were extinguished and the engines left only to be recalled in a few moments. Some smouldering clothes had burst into flames. Loss $25.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE DOING.

Some Who Travel, Some Who Do Not, and Others Who Talk.

—Colonel J. L. Spangler and wife, of Bellefonte, are stopping at the Anderson. Mr. Spangler is a great friend of General Hastings, and a great Democrat. He earned his title as Chief of the Commissary Department at Johnstown during the days of the flood. His good work is remembered by the people.

—Mr. P. F. Egan, a prominent pipe line man, and Miss Sarah Averill, both of Shannopin, have joined their fortunes in the matrimonial way.

—Frank Bower, President of the Belmont Driving Park Association in Philadelphia, was a passenger on the limited for Chicago last evening.

—Harry C. Disston, of Philadelphia, one of the firm of saw makers, is registered at the Monongahela House.

—Ralph J. Wick, of Youngstown, is stopping at the Seventh Avenue Hotel.

—S. L. Williams, of Sharon, is at the Duquesne.

MOUNTAIN BRIGANDS.

Johnstown Horse Dealers Robbed on a Lonely Country Road.

A PURSUIT DOWN A DEEP DEFILE.

One Man Mysteriously Lost, Together With a Wagon and Team.

PITTSBURG POLICE INVESTIGATING

The existence of brigandage in the Allegheny Mountains has been called to the attention of the Pittsburg police. One of the victims, who is now lying in the Homeopathic Hospital as a result of his experience, is J. W. Magehan, a well-to-do live stock dealer of Johnstown, and who is well and favorably known to horsemen all through Western Pennsylvania. The story he tells is a peculiar one.

On Monday last, Mr. Magehan and a friend, John A. Gore, started from Johnstown through the mountains to Broadford. They drove a team in a buckwagon and led another horse. All the animals were valuable, the three horses being worth anywhere from $800 to $1,000.

The men drove along without any trouble until they were within ten miles of Broadford. Then they suddenly noticed that the horse they had been leading was no longer with them. Looking back along the road Magehan and Gore saw the horse, with a man holding the bridle.

INTO A MOUNTAIN DEFILE.

The buck wagon was turned around and Magehan and Gore started back to secure the animal. At that moment the stranger sprang on the horse's back and dashed into a narrow, winding path, into the heart of the mountains. When the buck wagon reached the place where the horse and rider disappeared, Magehan alighted and started in pursuit. He had gone but a few yards when he slipped and sprained his ankle, and was forced to abandon the chase.

Magehan and Gore held a council of war. The former was getting lamer every moment, and it was only a question of time when he would have to lay up. Finally it was determined that Magehan should limp back to a railroad station about a mile away, while Gore should continue on to Pittsburg with the buck-board and team. Then the men parted, abandoning the stolen horse, and expecting to meet again in Pittsburg on Wednesday. Gore whipped up the team and disappeared in gathering gloom, while Magehan dragged himself to the railroad station and took a train for Pittsburg.

ANXIOUS ABOUT HIS FRIEND.

Magehan's foot and ankle began to swell frightfully for lack of medical attention while he was on the train, and when he reached Braddock he got off and sought a physician. After his injuries had been dressed he came on to Pittsburg and went to the Homeopatic Hospital, having left word for Gore at the St. Charles Hotel.

Wednesday came and went and there was no sign of Gore or the buckboard and team. On Thursday Magehan became anxious and telegraphed for tidings of Gore along the route over which he must drive to reach Pittsburg, but no word came of him. On Friday Magehan did more telegraping, inquiring for Gore at every point where the latter might have gone, but still could find no trace of him. After waiting until yesterday Magehan determined to put the case in the hands of the police.

Gore was a warm personal friend of Magehan, and there is no suspicion of dupilcity on the part of the former. The only explanation of his sudden and mysterious disappearance is that he was overpowered and perhaps killed by a member of the same crowd to which the horse thief belonged, and that the horse and wagon are now hidden in some remote recess in the Allegheny Mountains.

AN EYE ON WRINGERS.

The Latest Object Toward Which the English Capitalist is Steering—What Local Representatives of Wringer Manufacturers Think of the Matter.

A gentleman tells THE DISPATCH that the only really alive English syndicate that he knew of was attempting to absorb all the clothes-wringer manufacturing companies in this country.

A visit was made to the office of the Eureka Company, on Liberty street, and the man in charge said he knew nothing of any English syndicate, but had heard that the manufacturers were working to effect a combination, or, as some people would term it, a trust; the man didn't call it a trust.

As the man who gave the first information said he knew of options having been gotten, one being the Empire, on three establishments inquiry was pushed of the Erie Company, on Water street, where one of the gentlemen in charge stated that they had under consideration a proposition, and that they would elect whether to take or reject, early this week.

It is said that some members of the syndicate were in attendance at the late convention of iron and steel interests in this city, and that the knowledge of the fact came from the remembrance of names of men in attendance, the same names being owned by the people endeavoring to make the purchases. As a clothes-wringer is a part of the outfit of nearly every well-regulated and equipped family in the United States, and as there are about 12,000,000 of those families, it will be seen that the matter may be of considerable importance to the nation at large.

MONEY FOR THE POOR

To be Raised by a Genuine Scotch Evening at Carnegie Hall.

The Waverly Society has made arrangements for a "Scotch Evening" at Carnegie Hall next Monday evening. The Royal Edinburgh Concert Company, which is making a tour of this country, has been engaged and will give a concert, the programme of which will be made up entirely of Scotch music. There will be 20 numbers, including "Bonnie Doon," "Caller Kerrin," "MacGregor's Gathering," and other favorites.

The object of the concert is to assist the Allegheny General Hospital. Three-fourths of the work at this hospital is charitable, and money is needed to care for the poor. The Waverly Society has taken up the work, and with the assistance of the Ladies' Hospital Association expect to reach success.

THEY WANTED A DRINK.

Instead of Getting It, Three Men Languish in Allegheny Cells.

Five colored men were found by Officer Miller yesterday afternoon trying to get into a house on Madison avenue, Allegheny. When asked what they were after they replied that the place was a speak-easy and they wanted to get in.

The officer told them that if they did go in, and the house proved to be a speak-easy, he would arrest them all. The men became boisterous, and Miller called the patrol wagon. While putting three of them in the vehicle, the two others made their escape. The three men gave their names as John Williams, Charles Danson and James Barber.

GOT HIMSELF INTO TROUBLE.

Family Troubles Result in a Charge of Mayhem.

James Kaylor is charged by James Rice with mayhem. The latter says Kaylor accused him of being intimate with his wife. They met yesterday, and Rice claims Kaylor knocked him down and almost bit his ear off.

Mrs. Kaylor was held for a witness, and her husband and she were locked up for a hearing.

A SOUTHSIDE BLAZE.

The Roof of the Clinton Mill Hoist Burned—Two Districts Called Out and Required by the Usual Scarcity of Water Over There.

The roof of the hoist at the Clinton mill caught fire last evening at 7:30 o'clock, and in a few minutes was blazing away at a great rate. Two districts were called out, and the scurrying of the fire extinguishers to the Southside created as much commotion as if there really was a big conflagration in progress. As the hoist is constructed of iron, with very little woodwork, the flames had little to feed upon and were extinguished before 9 o'clock.

It was as well the second alarm was rung in, for it brought an engine on the scene that could do some work, and made up for the usual deficiency in the water supply. When the engines got to the scene and coupled with the mains they could not get water enough to carry 30 feet, but No. 2 after a time got a grip on a better flow, and sent a stream spinning into the top story which quickly quenched the ardor of the flames. Another engine succeeded in getting a mild, 25-foot stream against the face of the hoist, and kept it there. No. 12 engine also got on a little more steam, and when the fire was pretty nearly out, threw a good volume of water about two-thirds way. Southsiders rejoice in the fact that they have a river alongside, for should a real lively blaze break out some night they are convinced the river must yield the supply that the mains do not.

Not much damage was done to the mill. A torch is supposed to have fallen over and ignited the woodwork. The furnace was about half charged, and the night boss, to secure the furnace against cooling, had the metal run. It will require about two weeks to make repairs to the hoist.

The loss will not amount to over $1,000, and is fully covered by insurance. The furnace is owned by Friend, Hofstott & Co.

ONE WAY TO SAVE TIME.

How the County Courts Could Accomplish More and Better Work.

There are lawyers who believe the county courts might accomplish more work and with more satisfaction to themselves if they would follow the example of the Supreme Court—not in the matter of wearing gowns, but in dispensing with the plebian lunch hour, which breaks into business considerably under the best arrangements at present, and more so when a juror happens to forget himself.

Were the courts to meet an hour later in the morning, it would give county jurors more time to get in from their rural homes, so that they would be saved the temptations incident to spending their nights in the city, and they would be similarly saved by filling in time with legal work between the present time of adjournment and that of the late afternoon trains.

A MUCH-WANTED MAN.

Parkersburg and Pittsburg Both Claim a Suspect in Cincinnati.

Inspector McAleese received a letter yesterday from Superintendent of Police Deitch, of Cincinnati, stating that Frank Bush had been arrested as a suspicious character, there being found on his person a chisel, a jimmy and some envelopes with the name of Charles Munson Belting Company, No. 204 Smithfield street, Pittsburg, marked on them. The name L. C. Laughlin was written in the hat of Bush. Inspector McAleese telegraphed that he wanted Bush, but received a reply that the authorities from Parkersburg had just claimed Bush, whom they wanted on a charge of burglary.

The police of this city suspect that Bush was implicated in an attempt to rob the store of the Charles Munson Belting Company on Halloween night.

ROBBED BY A BOARDER.

An Italian Makes a Good Haul in a Washington Street House.

On Saturday night Michael Luongo, an Italian boarding house keeper at 75 Washington street, reported to the police that he had been robbed of $450 and one of his boarders named Nicholas Murfa of $40 and a gold watch by Pasquale de Torio, who had been a boarder in the house but had left with the intention of going to New York and thence to Italy with three or four of his countrymen.

Detective Robinson arrested two men suspected of complicity in the robbery yesterday but they were afterward released.

Inspector McAleese telegraphed to the New York authorities a discription of the men and is expecting to hear of their arrest in that city.

B. & B.

Yard wide white wool flannel 25c to-day. Read display ad in this paper on another important matter. BOGGS & BUHL.

Seats for "Ben Hur" Now on Sale.

Seats are going rapidly for the Pittsburg Star Course. To obtain good seats you must get them now. On sale at Mellor & Hoene's, 77 Fifth avenue.

B. & B.

Baby colors, pink, light blue, cream, &c., in flannelettes, 12½c a yard. Read our display ad, this paper. BOGGS & BUHL

HEAR the world-renowned Fisk Jubilee Singers in the Pittsburg Star Course!!

Date of Winter Opening.

Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 11-12.
LADIES' SUIT PARLOR,
D 29 Fifth ave.

Chrysanthemums.

The finest in the city at N. Patterson's, 41 Sixth avenue, opposite Trinity Church.

HEAR "Ovide Musin!" in the Pittsburg Star Course!!

HUGUS & HACKE.

DRESS GOODS.

A very excellent collection of the most stylish and desirable seasonable Dress Fabrics now on display in this department.

At 25c a yard we show a very attractive line, and offer a choice of over 50 different styles.

Great values and numberless styles, comprising Cheviots, Serges, Clan and Novelty Plaids, Stripes and English Check effects, at 50c a yard.

At prices from 75c to $1 50 a yard we show assortments of superior varieties and value. A very choice line just opened of Camels' Hair Novelty, rough effects, Dress Patterns, and one of each coloring only.

Rich Stripes, interwoven with Astrakhan, very handsome; these also new this week.

Novel styles of Paris Robes, with elaborate trimmings of braiding, embroidery and silk-woven borders. Special good values, in moderate prices, ranging from $12 50 to $25 each.

We invite an examination of our great assortments of these very popular fabrics.

Cor. Fifth Ave. & Market St.

no8-MWFSu

MISHAPS OF A DAY.

A Boy Jumps From a Window and Has His Leg Broken.

Frederick Shell, 14 years of age, had his left leg broken yesterday afternoon by jumping from a window at the power house of the Duquesne Traction Company, at Ben Venue station.

The grip of Citizens' Traction car 214 was broken yesterday afternoon about 4:30 o'clock, at the power house on Penn avenue. The passengers were shaken up but uninjured.

A horse owned by Edward O'Brien, a Robinson street, Allegheny, grocer, was found strangled to death in its stall yesterday morning.

Mrs. Myers, of Third street, Allegheny, accidentally fell down a flight of stairs yesterday and fractured her leg.

John Quinn, a young man from New Castle, in attempting to board a moving train at that place yesterday was thrown under the wheels and had a leg taken off. He was brought to the Mercy Hospital in this city, last night by his father.

DOWN

GO THE PRICES.

The Tariff Bill Shall Not Affect Us.

Some people are trying to scare everybody into buying their wares by holding up this new tariff bill as a reason for all goods going away up out of sight and reach. But as far as we are concerned our prices are lower than ever. Who will compare their prices to ours?

40 Pieces of Black French Henrietta Cloth,

Perfect shade of Black, 46 inches wide, and our guarantee goes with every yard. Price, 90 cents per yard. Bring sample of $1 quality from any store and compare. Only one dress to each customer.

32 Pieces of Habit Cloth.

These are bound to interest you, as they are All-Wool, good colors, yard-and-a-half wide, at 45 cents per yard.

We are doing a rushing business in

Astrakhan and Fur Shoulder Capes.

Examine our stock before going elsewhere.

THIS WEEK ONLY—One lot of Imported Seal Muffs at $2. Regular price, $3.

One lot of Ladies' Coats is worthy of special mention—away below value. Diagonal, Wide Wale and handsomely made.

190 Dozen Men's Sox, all wool, double heel and toe, at 19 cents per pair. These Sox are selling at 25c elsewhere. A box not sold to one customer.

ANOTHER BIG WEEK

-AT-

WEISSER'S

435—MARKET ST.—437

oc31-MWF

The Leading Drygoods House. Pittsburg, Pa., Monday, Nov. 10, 1890.

JOS. HORNE & CO.'S

PENN AVE. STORES.

Our usual

Monday General Mention.

What the departments start the week with.

Dress Goods.

The American Dress Goods Department has absolutely everything that the market affords in the way of stylish, medium priced fabrics.

Fancy Stripes and Plaids, in new designs and new colorings, very stylish and serviceable goods from the most reliable makers, in all widths from 36 to 50 inches, and at prices from 25c to 75c a yard, all much more than ordinary values as to looks and quality.

All-wool Plain Serges, a superior grade, beautifully lustrous finish, at only 46c a yard, 38 inches wide. And 38-inch Plain Serges, a very high grade of goods, best French make, superior to the average $1 goods, at only 75c a yard.

An entirely new line of homespun Cheviots, in fancy mixtures, good colorings, very desirable and excellent for wear, 50 inches wide (note the width), at $1 and $1 20 a yard.

An importer's entire purchase of French Amazon Cloths, 50 inches wide, at $1 25 a yard. This is an extraordinary value at $1 25. Shades, olives, myrtles and blues.

A special line of fine French Broadcloths, 50 inches wide, at $1 40 a yard, in a full line of best shades.

Opposite the "American" Dress Goods counter are the Plain Dress Goods.

The only complete line in this section of country of Lupin's fine Paris Cashmeres at $1 a yard. These goods are all 46 inches wide, have a beautiful silky finish, and are superior in every way to any goods made to sell at $1 a yard. They come in all the delicate, soft tints, as well as the stronger colors for street wear, showing 50 to 75 shades in all. Too much cannot be said in praise of these excellent goods.

Also a complete line of high grade Silk Warp fabrics at $1 50 a yard. The best goods made, exquisite finish, showing all the best colorings of the season.

A new fabric, a medium weight Camelette, 44 inches wide, at 75c a yard. This is a special bargain, as these goods are well worth $1 a yard. We took all the importer had at a price. Therefore we sell them at 75