

A LIFE FOR LIBERTY.

Detective Gilkinson Killed While Trying to Arrest a Desperado.

OFFICER MURPHY WOUNDED

The Two Men Attempted to Enter the House of a Man Thought to Be Guilty of the

HOMESTEAD JEWELRY ROBBERY.

The Murderer and a Female Companion Were Warned of Their Coming and Were Prepared.

A PERFECT FUSILLADE OF BULLETS

Between the Belligerents and Baiters, After Which the Man Went Scampering in Making His Escape.

AGENTS IN PURSUIT OF THE CRIMINAL

McKEESPOT, March 21.—Detective D. H. Gilkinson shot dead, Detective P. J. Murphy wounded four times, and the murderer, with his body riddled with bullets, escaped to the hills. Such is the record of a tragedy enacted near here this evening.

Where the murderer is at this hour no one knows, but many are on his trail and the strongest hopes are entertained of his speedy capture. The criminal is called Fred C. Fitzsimmons; also A. G. Budd, but his true name is said to be T. G. Andrews.

The shooting occurred early this evening at a house near Bull Run, in Moffitt township, whither the detectives went this afternoon, armed with a search warrant to arrest their man. They had gleaned considerable information concerning him and his whereabouts from a woman named Laura Hill, whom they had under arrest in Pittsburgh, and whom they induced to take them to his place of hiding.

Wanted for the Homestead Robbery. It is said that Andrews was wanted for a number of crimes, but more particularly on the charge of being the leader in the robbery, some two months ago, of J. F. Schneider's jewelry store, at Homestead, of some \$3,000 worth of stock.

When the officers approached the house, after results show that they had been expected. Gilkinson stepped forward and tried the door, but a woman, said to be Andrews' wife, appeared and attempted to close it in his face. The officer then forced the door open and stepped inside. Immediately Andrews appeared and opened fire upon them with a .38-caliber Smith & Wesson revolver.

At the first shot Gilkinson fell with a bullet in his brain, and two more were sent crashing into his prostrate form by the infuriated desperado.

A Perfect Fusillade. Detective Murphy says the whole thing was so unexpected and transpired so quickly, that before he could realize what had happened he was on the floor, and, feeling for Gilkinson's body, appropriated the latter's revolver. In the melee the woman had been wounded in the arm, and her screams added to the excitement. Murphy fired at random toward the side of the room where the last shot came from as he arose, but as there was no counter shot he realized that his foe was either dead or had fled. The latter proved to be the case. He had escaped under cover of the smoke.

A Close Call for Murphy. Murphy was wounded in the breast, in the chin, on the forehead, in one leg and on one side. Fortunately the bullets had in most instances made a glancing rather than a body wound. In consequence, though he was begrimed with smoke and powder, and bleeding freely, he was by no means disabled. He thinks that the most serious shot he received was in the chest, where he was struck as soon as the affair was over, and that his husband was riddled with bullets when he fled.

Summoning help, Murphy turned over to them the woman and her little 7-year-old girl, who was also in the house at the time of the shooting, and also left Gilkinson's body in their charge, directing that they be taken to McKeesport as quickly as possible. He then left and footed it five miles across the country and reached here about 8 o'clock this evening. He was weak from the loss of blood and fatigue. Dr. Block was called and every possible attention was given him. The doctor says his wounds are not serious.

The Woman's Wounds Not Serious. Mrs. Andrews and her little girl have both been brought here and locked up. Her wound is a flesh wound, the ball entering her arm without hitting the bone. It is not known who fired the shot which hit her, although Murphy says he thinks it was her husband. Detective Gilkinson's body has also been brought here and at this hour lying at the undertaker's.

Great excitement prevails here. The prominence of the detective, the startling and sensational tragedy, the death of Gilkinson, the escape of Andrews, and the commission of the woman in the case, has combined to raise excitement to a fever height. Many pursuers, including several officers, are already in pursuit and engaged in scouring the country, particularly in the vicinity of the shooting, hoping even in the darkness to find Andrews either dead or alive, or at least a definite clue as to

the direction he took. It is expected that he will be speedily captured.

Andrews' description is as follows: Height, 5 feet 5 inches. Weight, 130 pounds. Dark complexion, eyes and hair. Mustache short, and gray mixture. Age, 37.

Detective Murphy's Story. Detective Murphy, although laboring under great disadvantages, told the following story: "Gilkinson and I came up at 1:30 o'clock to-day. We had information regarding this man Budd, which I gained through a woman named Laura Hill, alias Snowden, who has been nearly two weeks in jail at Pittsburgh. The man's name was discovered through initials on a ring found on the wife to-night, but he was previously known through large correspondence. He was known in Pittsburgh as A. G. Budd, but in Horne's drygoods store, where he was employed as a clerk, he was known as T. G. Andrews. Through a letter discovered after a long trip through Eastern cities, the first clues being a money order for \$25 from Philadelphia signed T. Andrews, and a letter found in the woman's possession signed Sam Andrews, I was led to look after a package addressed in the same hand to his Pickard, Harrisburg. I found she had left there, and I got the box which contained the jewelry taken at the Homestead robbery. I now have it in my possession.

"I came back to Pittsburgh and saw Laura Hill, who, I thought, told crooked stories, and locked her up in jail a week ago last Thursday. She is one of the smartest and sharpest women in this country. I took her out of the jail day before yesterday, and she steered me to the proper residence, where she went there and Gilkinson stood on the hill.

The Scenes in the House. "I asked: 'Is Budd home?' The woman replied: 'Who are you?' I said my name was Jones. She said that Jones was too common a name. Just then Gilkinson came up behind me and said it did not matter. I pushed forward into the room and said: 'I have a search warrant and want Budd and am going to have him whether he is Budd, Andrews or Fitzsimmons.'

"I went into the back room while the woman hid in the kitchen and Budd jumped from his bed in his night shirt and began shooting. The first ball grazed my forehead, the second hit me in the breast, and another grazed, as the doctor says, from the fourth rib on the right side. I think the second shot killed Gilkinson. As I saw him reel and fall on his back, I grabbed the woman, and she threw him on the floor, his pistol at the time being empty. The woman handed him a fresh-loaded revolver, and he fired at me while I was jumping from under me when I was struck in the breast. I thought that I had my last man. I must have hit the man, for he fired at me while he lay on the floor. In the excitement he got away, but he is not far.

The Woman Meant Business. "As I pushed in the door the woman shouted: 'Kill them both! I've got one of them!' She held the pistol to her husband with the result you see.

"This man Fitzsimmons, who has worked everything from United States mail to a country jewelry store, and is liable to a charge of murder before he fired the fatal shot at Gilkinson, was wanted in McKeesport for a silk robbery from the drygoods store of S. J. Schneider.

"At this point Detective Murphy was compelled to retire by his physician's advice, to avoid any further excitement or nervous prostration.

STOOD AT THE HEAD. FACTS ABOUT DAVID GILKINSON, THE MURDERED DETECTIVE.

He Was Head of the American Bureau—Work as a Secret Service Officer—Brought the Gordon Gang and the Panhandle Robbers to Justice.

David H. Gilkinson, the murdered man, was one of the best known detectives in the country. He was about 40 years old, of medium height, and had the reputation of being a handsome man.

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sons of Sewickley claimed that he was not known in that village.

MURPHY'S GREAT RECORD.

LIFE OF THE NERVOUS YOUNG COAL MINER DETECTIVE.

He Was Boycotted at His Trade and Became a Jewelry Peddler—As a County Constable He Wins Fame and Is Brought to Pittsburgh.

Patrick J. Murphy is conceded by all who know him to be one of the most gritty men ever in the police business, but for some reason there was last night—more uncertainty surrounding his birth and antecedents as befogged the birth of the late lamented Mr. Homer. Alderman Gripp, who first made his acquaintance in the detective line, knew very little about him further than their connection necessarily required.

He says Murphy was born near Mansfield, and has never been out of the county but once in his life. His youth was spent at and about Elizabeth. He worked in the mines at Conterville after that as a coal digger. He took an active part in one of the great strikes, and among others was prosecuted by Gilbert Rafferty. He was acquitted, but was boycotted by all the coal operators. About 1884 he was elected constable at Conterville, where his clever work attracted the attention of Coroner McDowell, who was then conducting a detective agency in Pittsburgh, and he was placed as a member of McDowell's force. One of his famous pieces of work was the shooting of a man at Moccletown, where he was arrested some rickety. They took refuge in a church, but Murphy followed them and arrested his man. As he and another constable were being taken to the station, Murphy ordered his partner to shoot the man. He hesitated, and Murphy, snatching the revolver from the constable's hand, shot the man. Without waiting, Murphy brought his prisoner to Pittsburgh, and when he turned him over, asked to be locked up himself. He was, however, recovered and Murphy was released.

For a time previous to this Murphy had been a jewelry peddler. When Alderman Gripp came into office Murphy became his constable and has remained as such until a few months ago, when he opened a detective agency for himself. He has a record of being arrested by the police, and has been in the hospital several times. He has a wife and six children living.

GENERAL JOHNSTON AT REST.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS CONFEDERATE COMMANDER DIED LAST NIGHT.

A Cold Acquired at the Sherman Funeral Agency and Not a Sore Throat—A Brief Sketch of His Active Military Career in Three Wars.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—Gen. Joseph E. Johnston died shortly after 11 o'clock to-night, at his residence on Connecticut avenue. The general has been suffering for the past three weeks with an affection of the throat, aggravated by a cold he caught soon after the Sherman funeral in New York. His physicians have been trying to keep his strength up for some days, but his advanced age has given little hope for his recovery from the beginning of his illness.

General Johnston was born at Cherry Grove, Va., in 1807, and was graduated from West Point in 1829 in the same class with General Robert E. Lee. He was appointed Second Lieutenant of the Fourth Artillery, and served in the Mexican war in 1832 in the Black Hawk war. He was promoted in 1836 and was an aide de camp on General Winfield Scott's staff in the Seminole war. He participated in all the important battles connected with General Scott's campaign in Mexico. He was thrice brevetted for gallantry during this war, and in 1848 was mustered out of the service as a Lieutenant Colonel of volunteers, only to be reinstated by Congress with his original rank of Captain.

He was commissioned Quartermaster General of the United States Army in June, 1860, but resigned the following April in order to enter the Confederate service, in which, as a Major General of volunteers, he assisted General Lee in the work of organizing the men who were pouring into Richmond. Subsequently he was commissioned a Brigadier General in the regular Confederate service, and was placed in command of Harper's Ferry, Maryland, in the latter part of the year. He was promoted to Major General and remained in command of the consolidated troops until 1862. At the battle of Seven Pines he was wounded and incapacitated for duty for about six months. His next service was as Commander of the Army of the Tennessee. He was relieved of this command in July, 1864. Early in 1865 General Lee assigned him to the command of the Department of the South, and he was ordered him to drive back Sherman's army from Savannah to Columbia, South Carolina, obtaining the consent of President Johnson, who was at the time in the city since he had his office under the present administration.

General Johnston, after the war, became successively President of a railroad company in Arkansas, of an express company in Virginia, and an insurance agent in Richmond, Virginia. He was elected to Congress from the Richmond district in 1877, and next was public life as Commissioner of Railroads, which office he held under President Cleveland's administration. He had lived in this city since he lost his office under the present administration.

He was a young man of about 25 years of age, and had on no clothing except trousers, undershirt and shoes. He appeared to be a raving maniac, and fought the officers like a demon. His screams brought the President and some of the members of his household to the upper windows, where they were informed that an insane man had attempted to break into the house. The prisoner was taken to the station house. He had been identified as Harry Martin, the stepson of Senator Vance. He has the reputation of being one of the best all-around athletes in the city, but his besetting weakness is drink.

HEADS ARE BROKEN

By the Score in the Bitter Fights of the Irish Political Factions.

SLIGO THE BATTLE GROUND

Where Both Sections of the Party Are Now Meeting Daily.

HARRINGTON IS BADLY USED UP

In a Scrimmage with the McCarthys, Led by Many Priests.

THE OPPOSITION TO PARNELL GROWING

DUBLIN, March 21.—The scenes of violent rowdiness that occurred in Grange yesterday, when the Parnellite candidate, Alderman Dillon, and Tim Harrington were hooted and assaulted, were transferred today to Sligo town.

John Redmond reached Sligo this morning with David Sheehy, M. P. for Galway, and Alderman Colley, the McCarthyite candidate. They went to the market place to hold their meeting and soon had an audience around them. While they were speaking Alderman Dillon, Harrington, Nolan, M. P., and some others approached with the intention of mingling with the crowd.

Colley caught sight of the newcomers and beckoned to them to mount the platform. Harrington did so, and Alderman Dillon was in the act of going so when he was seized roughly and pulled off to the ground. Harrington, believing Colley's invitation to be genuine, maintained his position for some minutes and said to Colley: "Go ahead; we will speak when you have done." At this there were loud cries from the crowd of "put him off."

Harrington Thrown Among the Crowd. Sheehy, who had come to the support of Harrington when he saw him assailed, stood by him, and when he saw Harrington being pulled off, he began to speak, but his voice was inaudible in the turmoil. A rush from behind, led by McHugh, a priest, dislodged Harrington from his position and he landed in the arms of the hooters. Harrington was hustled back to the side of the market and the crowd showed a great deal of fierceness and violence.

Colley, who had been on the tail of a cart to address the people and upon a signal given from the platform by William McCarthy, a large section of the meeting, headed by Dillon, the Earl of Roslyn, and other priests, forced them from their position. Harrington and other Parnellites then attempted to storm the platform used by the Parnellites, but they were repulsed and scattered. Harrington, who was thrown upon the ground and was severely handled in the free fight which ensued. Finally the police, who were on the spot, were obliged to escort the Parnellites from the market place and prevented further violence.

Dillon Denounces the Priest. Colley, making himself conspicuous, dislodged the Earl of Roslyn, and other priests, forced them from their position. Harrington and other Parnellites then attempted to storm the platform used by the Parnellites, but they were repulsed and scattered. Harrington, who was thrown upon the ground and was severely handled in the free fight which ensued. Finally the police, who were on the spot, were obliged to escort the Parnellites from the market place and prevented further violence.

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badly beaten in the Aston election. The large increase in the Tory poll and the majority is the most successful achieved by the anti-Home Rulers since 1886, but it proves chiefly that Joseph Chamberlain's influence is still paramount in Birmingham, in which Aston is a suburb, and it has no general application.

FRANCE AND RUSSIA.

THE EASTERN DESPOTISM AND THE REPUBLICAN LOCK ARMS.

An Alliance Delayed for Years, Is at Last Consummated—The Highest Honor in the Gift of the Czar Is Conferred Upon President Carnot.

BERLIN, March 21.—Dispatches received by the Foreign Office from St. Petersburg convey very unfavorable information pointing to the conclusion of a formal treaty of alliance between France and Russia. Until recently the Czar had resisted all attempts of going beyond an entente with France. The draft of a treaty prepared in Paris in 1887, and approved by M. de Giers, the Grand Duke Nicholas and Vladimir, and the other chiefs of the Imperial household on the part of Russia, and which was then rejected by the Czar, but was again presented to him after the last elections in France, had confirmed the permanency of the Republican form of Government in that country, and was again rejected, has finally received his sanction.

As an event of such immense importance as this cannot be kept secret, it is expected that M. de Giers, Minister of Foreign Affairs, will cause some informal notification to reach the Governments of the Dreibund. As a corollary of the alliance, the Czar, it is stated, has signed a decree bestowing upon President Carnot the grand decoration of the order of St. Anne, the highest in Russia, and one limited to members of the Imperial family. This decoration has hitherto been conferred as an exceptional honor on sovereigns nearly connected with the Russian throne.

If the Foreign Office here has any precise knowledge regarding the terms of the reported Russo-French convention, highly placed officials of the Foreign Office are to share it. The honor conferred upon President Carnot is the open talk of the diplomatic circle. The announcement that it had been conferred was telegraphed here under the sanction of the St. Petersburg authorities. No open dispatch can be obtained regarding the conclusion of the treaty.

MORTE CARLO WINNERS.

The Big Ones Return Home Broke, But W. S. Vanderbilt Is Ahead.

LONDON, March 21.—The big players who banked the biggest score it has had in 20 years. The bank has been broken half a dozen times, but it still remains the richest of the big banks. The Earl of Roslyn, who won 105,000 francs, came back to London this week several thousand pounds to the good. Sam Lewis, the "King of Money" here, has won over 200,000 francs at one sitting, lost that and won it again. He says, to build a new Casino. Henry Rosenfeld, a Chicago banker, has won over 200,000 francs at one sitting, lost that and won it again. He says, to build a new Casino. Henry Rosenfeld, a Chicago banker, has won over 200,000 francs at one sitting, lost that and won it again. He says, to build a new Casino.

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