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The Dispatch

PITTSBURG, FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1891.

WANTS Inserted in THE DISPATCH reach Every body. It is the Best Advertising Medium for Employer and Employee, as it Circulates Everywhere.

THREE CENTS.

FORTY-SIXTH YEAR.
TROY HILL TOURISTS
Crowd Around the Church to Obtain the Blessing at the Hands of the FAMED PRIEST-PHYSICIAN.

Father Mollinger Exhibits Sainly Relics to the Prostrate Pilgrims Who Are CARRIED IN CHAIRS TO SEE THEM.

More Charges Made Against Certain of the Attendants That They Receive Money TO GIVE PEOPLE QUICK ADMISSION.

An Aboard Report That the Priest Was Called to Home Promptly Called Down by That Reverend Gentleman.

HE priest-physician of Troy Hill, Father Mollinger, experienced yesterday one of the most laborious days he has spent since he began to aid the afflicted, 20 years ago. A throng of people whose numbers can be better guessed at than determined filled the church and approached from 5:30 o'clock in the morning until 12 hours later, and then there were as many who had yet to see Father Mollinger as had visited him during the day. To-day and to-morrow several hundred more are expected to arrive to participate in the ceremonies of St. Anthony's feast day; a conservative estimate of the number of pilgrims likely to be present would place the figure at 5,000. An absurd report printed in an afternoon paper yesterday, to the effect that Father Mollinger was going to Rome on orders from the Pope, who desired his services, was indignantly denied by the priest last evening. He had read the report when a DISPATCH reporter called upon him.

Father Mollinger Becomes Incensed. "It is false," exclaimed Father Mollinger, "it is false, untrue, and without any pretext of truth, and the entire article is deliberately misleading. I have not been ordered to Rome. I am going away for a rest, and I do not know where I am going. I have not made up my mind, and when I do go nobody shall know."

The reverend gentleman was so much incensed he would not talk further. A reporter for THE DISPATCH boarded a Mount Troy car at 7 o'clock yesterday morning, and passed the day on the Hill among the heterogeneous assemblage which now has possession of that pretty retreat. It was a curious experience, and included a discovery which reflects very badly on some of Father Mollinger's attendants. That all of the pilgrims are not domiciled on the Hill is evidenced by the numbers which filled the earlier cars. An idle Hill man who supported the lamp at the corner of Clark street had the sense to count the passengers in the first eight cars and they numbered 313, all bound for the church of the Most Holy Name. The conductors have learned to stop at Clark street, as a matter of course. He of the car which conveyed THE DISPATCH reporter announced that point in the journey by calling out: "All off for Mollinger's church," and everyone of a big car had got off. There was nothing whatever in the name to anyone of them, but a vast deal in the ultimate results of the trip.

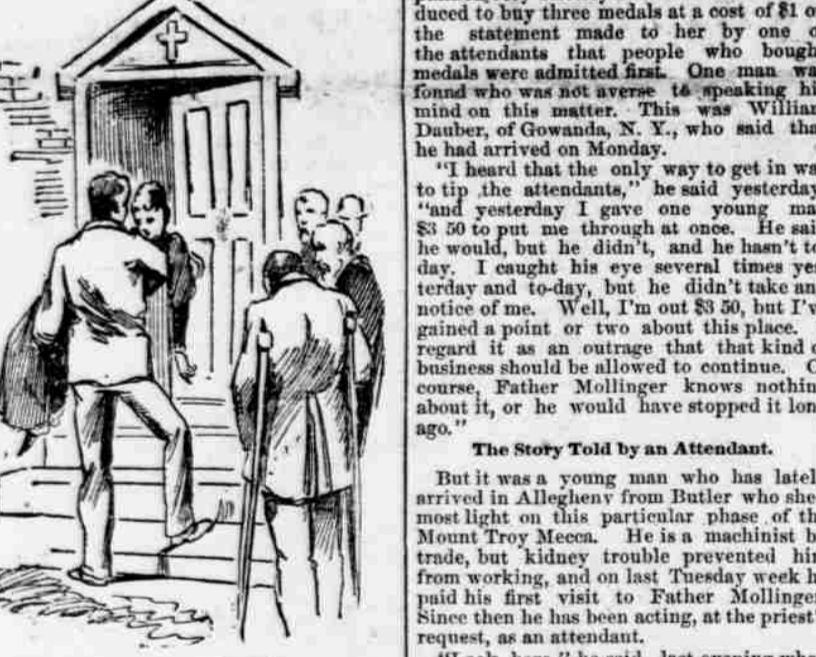
Reached Early in the Morning. Father Mollinger's church stands at the corner of Hazel and Clark, not a minute's walk from the car line. It is surrounded by a yard. The entrance faces Clark street, and is reached by a flight of stone steps. When the reporter arrived every inch of space, from the door to the sidewalk, was occupied by pilgrims. Some were kneeling, following the mass which they knew was in progress within, though they heard nothing at beyond what the tinkling bell, giving warning of the more solemn portion, gave them notice of; others pressed up to the



FATHER MOLLINGER.

door awaiting the exit of the congregation to take their places at the services following, and still others—these were the crippled—sat in their chairs and waited the blessing. This is what they all set the greatest store by. It is the blessing of St. Anthony given by Father Mollinger to such as approach the shrine of the saint with faith strong in the belief of his power to restore health. The bedridden man was brought out on his cot and set down in the church yard, a crippled wife was carried many blocks in the strong arms of her husband to benefit by this blessing; the consumptive crept off his lounge and found a corner where the priest could reach him; and the paralytic, eschewing the chair in a belief that a cure was being wrought in his case, reached the yard with slow and painful steps.

A General Uncovering of Heads. It was not until the church had been emptied and filled two or three times that Father Mollinger appeared in the doorway, clad in surplice, vestment, and wearing the biretta. This was the signal for a general uncovering of heads—including the women, who removed their headgear—and those



Carrying in a Cripple.

nearest the church knelt as the priest descended the steps, pronouncing the blessing. The attendants were seen bearing a censer of blessed water and this the priest sprinkled over the kneeling crowds as he repeated a benediction in Latin. Lanes of humanity, and the priest-physician tread his way among the afflicted, pronouncing the blessing as he proceeded—at first in strong voices, but later in tones which were inaudible. Whenever he saw a blind man or woman he sprinkled the water into the sightless orbs, and waited more than once while they came within distance. This is the blessing which he enjoins on each one seeking his advice, to attend at least on three mornings, and which he repeats each day. The priest is a young man, and his hands, according to the nature of their ailments, had just blessed remained in evident expectation of something to follow. In another few moments this was explained.

Father Mollinger's Priceless Relics. Everyone knelt again as Father Mollinger stepped to the doorway holding aloft a handsome gold vessel of cross-like form, with a gold disk in the center. This was something very precious and rare indeed, containing a relic of St. Anthony, a relic of Mary Magdalen and a piece of the Cross of Christ. It is stated that these relics are unique and are priceless. Roman Catholics believe that their presence in the church has something to do with the healing powers Father Mollinger exercises. Immediately the priest disappeared there ensued a semi-tumultuous movement in the throng, and the best efforts of each one were put forward to obtain an advantageous position as possible to the office where the healing was done. This, in the earlier part of the ceremony, was a room in the church house at the altar end of the church. Entrance was obtained through three doors, which were kept religiously closed as far as the great bulk of the patients was concerned. The procedure was to fill a couple of rooms, and admit the visitors singly from them to Father Mollinger's office, so called. The priest is attended by a young man to whom the visitor recites his or her ailments, and this young man, in turn, conveys it to Father Mollinger, who is rather deaf and unable to hear the conversation with the ordinary tone. The priest inquires into the duration of the trouble, and prescribes in a secret formula, which is taken religiously closed as far as the great bulk of the patients was concerned. The procedure was to fill a couple of rooms, and admit the visitors singly from them to Father Mollinger's office, so called. The priest is attended by a young man to whom the visitor recites his or her ailments, and this young man, in turn, conveys it to Father Mollinger, who is rather deaf and unable to hear the conversation with the ordinary tone. The priest inquires into the duration of the trouble, and prescribes in a secret formula, which is taken religiously closed as far as the great bulk of the patients was concerned.

Mercy a Hint as to Payment. When done with, a table on which divers bills, greenbacks and coins are piled up conveys a hint to the patient that a little thanks offering would be quite timely. Usually the visitor leaves behind a dollar

AN HEIRESS A THIEF.
The Tremendous Sensation in Chicago's Swell Art Institute.
CLEAR CASE OF KLEPTOMANIA.
One Beautiful and Popular Student Robs Her Fair Companions.
A CONFESSION FOLLOWS DISCOVERY.

SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.—CHICAGO, June 11.—Some months ago the high-minded art students at the Chicago Art Institute were thrilled and shocked at the announcement that somebody was rifling their wraps in the cloak room. Many of the students are daughters of first families, and all have noble aspirations for fame in the artist's profession. Director French necessarily made the announcement in these words: "Ladies, there have been a number of petty thefts committed here, and until the thief is found suspicion rests upon all."

After that there were other thefts. The thief was bold and continued in her evil ways in spite of close watching. After awhile a new pupil entered the antique class. It was a man with dark, restless eyes that seemed to penetrate everyone. The antique class is the highest class, and when he started to work upon "the Muses" the other pupils could not repress a very broad smile at his execrable drawing and painful daubing.

A Detective in the School. Then some young lady, brighter than the others, said in a low, sweet voice: "Oh, he is a detective who is after the criminal." Of course there was a great deal of commotion. Vacation came and when the institute reopened the doors the mysterious pupil was still there. The girls became nervous at his presence. The groom settled upon the once gay students. Everybody suspected the newcomer. Confidences were shared with the girl who was seen with a fellow student's "stretcher" partially concealed under her arm.

Discovery Comes at Last. Another detective was put upon the case, and finally the most beautiful, popular and wealthy girls in the institute was seen with a fellow student's "stretcher" partially concealed under her arm. "What are you going to do with that stretcher, Miss?" inquired the detective. "Why, I—I—oh," confusedly began the girl. "I was going to borrow it for this evening."

Who gave you permission? sternly asked the private officer. "No, no, but this girl has loaned me her stretcher, and I—I—thought I would—oh, mercy, I will tell you all I know. Oh, mother, and the girl broke completely down and fell upon her knees before the detective. The girl's name is Harrison, and she is a wealthy widow whose custom it was to lock the family plate in a chest in her bedroom. She was aroused about 12 o'clock this night by the attempt of someone to break in the door. She called loudly for help. There was a sound of a scuffle and a pistol shot. She was a machine in a flash, and her grandson, Harrison Williams, staggered into the room bleeding from a knife wound in the arm. He narrated a story of a fearful struggle with the burglars in the dark. This is believed to be a fairy tale.

Mrs. Harrison was prostrated by the shock of the night's excitement, and before noon she died. The directors say this was the direct result of shock. She continued in the belief that her grandson had saved her life, and a large portion of her country's fortune of \$300,000 will go to him as his reward.

OPINIONS OF THURMAN
Upon the Buckeye Campaign and National Political Prospects.
CAMPBELL SHOULD BE NOMINATED.
A Scathing Arraignment of John R. McLean's Purposes and Methods.
FOR CLEVELAND AND FREE SILVER, TOO

SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.—COLUMBUS, June 11.—Allen Granberry Thurman will have reached the age of 78 years if he lives until the 13th day of next November. Right fairly did he win and honorable has he worn the title of the "noblest Roman of them all." But the days of the field and of the forum have passed over him, and the patriarch with honor and white with years, announces that he has absolutely retired as a factor from the field of politics, and will spend the remaining days of his life in retirement.

He suffered considerably from periodical attacks of rheumatism and neuralgia, but his rugged frame withstands bravely the tortures of these, and his great intellect and wide grasp of affairs are unimpaired. Much interest has been shown as to whether Senator Thurman would give the work any history and comments of his life and times, but he has not, and does not contemplate any work in this way. Whatever may be written in the way of biography of Allen G. Thurman must be prepared from his papers after he has gone.

Thurman Speaks Through His Son. Mr. Thurman's physical sufferings preclude many visitors and he does not like to be bothered by the press, but his son and private secretary, Allen W. Thurman, wired the old statesman's sentiments upon questions of public interest for THE DISPATCH. Mr. Thurman, the younger, is a man in the prime of life, with the strong physique and features of his race.

While father has actually retired from the field of politics, he said "he yet retains the greatest interest in what transpires in the world of affairs. Just now he is much concerned over the outcome of the Democratic party for the nomination for Governor in this State. Governor Campbell has been forced into a fight for his rights by what may appropriately be called the 'darkness' of Ohio Democratic politics. He is not being antagonized by the party, but by a clique of ringsters and wreckers led and dominated by Governor Campbell. And what does this mean? Rule or ruin. I mean John K. McLean."

A Very Vigorous Arraignment. "He cares nothing for Neal; he cares less than nothing for the party, and he has no opinion in James E. Campbell a fearless, honorable man, who will not submit to his dictation, he endeavors to use Neal, as the money-maker, and as a means to his own ends for himself. I am as surprised as I am grieved that such a man as Lawrence Neal should allow himself to be misled by the money-maker, and that he should be in the furtherance of his scheme of wreckage and defeat.

And, oh! but the masses of the Democratic party in this State are sick and tired of this state of things. These fights are always sprung, you will find if you care to look the matter up, in the years preceding a Presidential contest. And what does this result in? Ohio goes into the National Democratic Convention with her delegation torn and split by internal dissensions, originating in the fight for the nomination of her prestige. That is the history of our politics for many years past, and, as I say, oh! but our people are tired of it. The people of this State are sick and tired of this state of things. These fights are always sprung, you will find if you care to look the matter up, in the years preceding a Presidential contest. And what does this result in? Ohio goes into the National Democratic Convention with her delegation torn and split by internal dissensions, originating in the fight for the nomination of her prestige. That is the history of our politics for many years past, and, as I say, oh! but our people are tired of it.

Minister Turns Burglar. He robbed a Hotel While Drunk and Will Now Serve Two Years in Prison. SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.—COLUMBUS, June 11.—Rev. John E. Day was received at the penitentiary to-day from Wayne county on a two years' sentence for burglary. He lost his nerve when he entered the guard room and could not realize the surroundings. He was a minister in the Disciple Church and worked with success, but joined the Methodists and then went back to his old church, being with one charge six years. He was a free coinage silver man, and was a member of the Free Coinage League of Ohio. He contracted the habit of drink and burglarized a hotel at Orville, for which he was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. He has a family of six children. He says he will again enter the ministry when he serves his sentence.

TALK OF TREACHERY
Which Aims to Defeat John Dalzell as the Leader of the League.
SUPPORT FOR SECRETARY, According to Quaker City Politicians, Will Turn the Tide and MAKE JACK ROBINSON PRESIDENT.

SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.—PHILADELPHIA, June 11.—Although the annual convention of the Republican State League of Clubs does not take place until September, the clubs in this city and throughout the State which are members of the League are actively interested in the question as to the succession to Mayor Edwin S. Stuart as president of the organization. In the case of Senator-Congressman John Dalzell, of Media, has the call, and the clubs in this city and Lancaster, and Montgomery counties are practicing for him.

Some Doubts as to Their Sincerity. Within the past few days, however, events have transpired in this city which throw doubt upon the sincerity of some of the Pittsburghers, at least, in their alleged support of Dalzell, and there are evidences of a deal between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh delegates to the league convention which is calculated to freeze out the Western candidate and insure the benefit of the double-headed officeholder of Delaware county.

FARMERS FOR SHERMAN. THAT IS WHERE A TOLEDO POLITICIAN SAYS THEY STAND. P. M. Brown Asserts That the Reported Disaffection Against the Senator Is Purely Mythical—Sanguine of a Big Republican Victory This Fall.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—P. M. Brown, of Toledo, who is now in the city, is sanguine of a brilliant success for the Republican party in that State, as it is conceded that McKinley will be the candidate for Governor. Mr. Brown was asked about the office next in importance and he said in answer: "Well, we in Northwestern Ohio are working hard for Hon. Charles P. Griffin. He is one of the brainiest men in that section of the State; he has large experience in the Legislature; he is a man of great force of character and is a farmer. We believe that McKinley will be the candidate for Governor. Mr. Brown was asked about the office next in importance and he said in answer: "Well, we in Northwestern Ohio are working hard for Hon. Charles P. Griffin. He is one of the brainiest men in that section of the State; he has large experience in the Legislature; he is a man of great force of character and is a farmer. We believe that McKinley will be the candidate for Governor."

THE WHOLE PROVINCE DEVASTATED. Northwestern Parts of New Brunswick Completely Ruined. ST. JOHN, N. B., June 11.—Instead of an abatement in the forest fires, which are devastating the Northern section of the province, the efforts of settlers to stay the march of the flames seem to be fruitless. It looks now, unless rain should come at once, as if the fires would only cease after having consumed all combustible material within reach.

LARGEST MADE IN AMERICA. A New Breech-Loading Gun to Guard the Points of Sandy Hook. ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS, N. J., June 11.—The new 32-ton steel breech-loading gun, the largest ever made in this country, was landed here yesterday. It was made at the Watervliet Arsenal, West Troy. It is 36½ feet long, bore 34 inches and will stand a charge of 400 pounds of powder. It is calculated to give a muzzle penetration in wrought iron of 32 inches.

A TRAIN PLUNGES DOWN HILL. Demolishing a Station House and Killing Both Men and Horses. MARQUETTE, MICH., June 11.—The brakes failed to work on a South Shore train, going down D'Anse Hill, this morning. The train plunged down the long, steep grade, jumped the track in front of the station and smashed the station into kindling wood. Engineer Con Harrington was probably killed. The other engineer escaped with bruises. Twelve cars were demolished. One was loaded with horses, and the shrieks of the injured animals added to the horror of the scene.