

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING?
ONE CENT A WORD
IS ALL IT COSTS YOU TO INQUIRE
THROUGH THE DISPATCH.

FORTY-SIXTH YEAR.

NO GLEAM OF HOPE

For the Anxious Ones Who Surround the Scene of the New York Horror.

NOTHING BUT DEAD BODIES

Yet Removed from the Ruin, and the Long List of the Missing Is Hourly Increasing.

MORE THAN A HUNDRED KILLED.

Hard to Make an Accurate Estimate, but Probable That the Total Will Exceed That Number by 50.

THE SLOW PROGRESS OF THE ITALIANS.

All of the Circumstances Tend to Depress the Expectation Theory, and Favor That of a Simple Collapse.

NO LAW IN THE STATE THAT MEETS THE CASE

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.)

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—The exact loss of life in the Park Plaza disaster of Saturday afternoon has not yet been ascertained. According to the best information obtainable it is estimated that the total number of killed would be considerably more than a hundred. Up to midnight to-night 15 bodies had been recovered from the ruins. The list of known missing alone now numbers more than a hundred.

The gangs of Italians employed on Saturday night have been kept constantly at work removing the debris, but the ruins was so complete and the mass of bricks, beams and iron was so tangled and jammed together, and so piled down by the weight of ponderous printing presses that progress was slow and uncertain. The Italians worked under the supervision of the firemen. Two truck companies were kept at work all the time.

A NEW DETAIL OF RESCUERS.

At 9 o'clock this morning the tired men who had worked all night were relieved by a new detail. The men of 10 truck, who have shown a conspicuous part in the hard fight of Saturday, were again called upon this morning to resume the work of digging away the wreck.

The ever-changing crowd which gathered outside the fire lines within five minutes after the building fell has stood its ground since it has taken up its position, and until the work is entirely cleared away and the last body recovered the crowd of watchers will be as densely, curiously and anxiously packed as the fire lines, surging in now, and then driven back by the police, only to wait a few minutes and try it again.

It is a fascinating crowd. As the night of Saturday wore on those who had been waiting, prompted only by that mysterious, morbid curiosity which attracts people to the scene of disaster, grew tired and went away. They left only those tireless watchers who sat with cold feet gripping at their hearts, waiting for what the tearing away of the ruins might disclose.

ANXIOUS RELATIVES WAITING.

There were many of these waiting ones. The news of the awful disaster had been spread with all the speed ill news commands. From far and near the watchers had come. Some of them had relatives in the building when it fell. Others had friends who worked there. Still others had friends or relatives whose places of business were near the death trap, and who got their midnight meal in the little restaurant.

Those who were permitted to go inside the fire lines stood or sat on the piles of brick and watched the slow Italians as they went through the motions of working. They formed in line from the edge of the ruins to the pile of debris, and waited a time. If some sympathetic onlooker volunteered to help without pay he was hustled back outside the fire lines.

One man who saw what little progress was making offered to bring in a hundred volunteers, who would work all night under the direction of the firemen and who would not ask for pay or reward.

NO VOLUNTEERS WANTED.

"That that man outside the lines," was the answer to his offer. Two or three gasoline lamps furnished light for the Italians to work by. And whenever a body was recovered, it was placed in its rude pine coffin and set down for a few minutes under one of the lamps, when those inside the lines gathered around the coffin and speculated as to the identity of the body before it was taken away in the dead wagon. When morning dawned the crowd began to grow again, swelled by those who looked on simply from curiosity. All day long people flocked into Park Place trying to get a glimpse of the place.

The buildings near the ruin served as observation points for their jantors and their friends. The roofs were crowded all day long, and when rain began to fall late in the afternoon the watchers on the roofs were reluctant to give up their vantage points.

NO ONE ALIVE THERE.

Early in the morning Inspector Williams said he would not keep the man at work for another night. It was impossible, he thought, to do anything for anyone under the ruins, and it seemed a needless strain on the tollies to keep so constantly at work. When this word went around a crowd of displeasure ran through the crowd.

There were men there who were waiting in partial suspense for the recovery of the bodies of loved ones.

There were women almost crazed with the agony of waiting, and to think that the suspense was to be prolonged by a night of fruitless waiting. Later in the day the inspector changed his mind and concluded to keep the men at work.

All day long inquiries kept coming to the men in charge about missing persons. It was meager information that the answers contained. Every time a body was recovered the questions were renewed, and if the answers seemed to any of the questioners to indicate that the body was that of

SWUNG AT MIDNIGHT.

Judge Lynch's Vengeance Follows Swift Upon a Hoosier Murder.

AN OFFICER IS ASSASSINATED.

He Arrests His Slayer After Receiving His Mortal Wounds.

THE JAIL IS ATTACKED SOON AFTER.

SHELBYVILLE, IND., Aug. 23.—Don Bruce, City Marshal, was shot and fatally wounded last night by Charley Hawkins, a desperado, who was lynched by a mob a few hours later. Hawkins was engaged in a quarrel, when Bruce came upon the scene and requested him to cease his disturbance. Hawkins then reached for his revolver, and with an oath fired three shots in succession at Bruce, each bullet taking effect. Hawkins fired twice more, but missed, and fled to the jail, where he was following.

When about 150 feet from the place of the shooting Bruce caught Hawkins, placed him under arrest and immediately fell. He was taken to his residence. At 11 o'clock Bruce was vomiting blood and his case was considered hopeless.

LABORING ON BLAINE.

COLONEL SNOWDEN SPENDING HIS TIME AT BAR HARBOR.

He and General Kason Believed to Be Trying the Planned Knight to Accept the Presidency. Snowden, the Secretary's Family Thought the Other Way.

BAR HARBOR, Aug. 23.—Mr. Blaine is seldom alone since the arrival of Colonel A. Loudon Snowden. The latter lunched with him to-day, drove with him over the island this afternoon, and dined with him again this evening. In short, although Mr. Snowden stays at the Malvern, he practically lives at the Blaines. Mr. Snowden came but to stay a few days, and has not yet fixed the date of his departure.

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CAN HEAR CORN GROW.

Past Hot Weather and Present Rain the Very Thing for It.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 23.—A general rain has been falling all day here, just enough to keep up the life in the big grass over the river in Kentucky, and not enough to hurt the growing corn on either side of the river. Corn in all this valley has had ideal August weather. Farmers say one could hear it grow at midnight.

A dispatch from Indianapolis says: It has been raining in nearly all parts of Indiana almost steadily for the past 60 hours—an almost unprecedented unaccompanied by wind. In this immediate vicinity corn has been in good condition, but in other sections, noticeably in the Western and the Eastern sections, there has been considerable damage from drought. However, the soaking the ground has received will insure a good crop even in the districts affected.

PERHAPS CAUGHT IN THE FURRY.

The Body of a Prominent Grain Man, Weighted With Stones, Is Found.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 23.—On Friday night the body of a well-dressed man was found floating in the river near the city and was taken to the morgue. The body remained unidentified for two days. This afternoon it was recognized as the remains of George J. Osborne, Superintendent of the Milwaukee Company's elevators, Milwaukee.

TWO MILLIONAIRES FIGHT.

They Were About to Fire Upon Each Other When Friends Interfered.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 23.—The rounds of the Coates House was the scene to-day of a personal encounter between J. E. McRoy and T. H. Swope, two millionaire capitalists of this place. Mr. McRoy and Mr. Swope had a misunderstanding concerning an investment.

WRECKED ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

A Yachting Party Thrown on a Desolate Spot Without Food or Shelter.

MARQUETTE, MICH., Aug. 23.—The Brainerd yacht from New York had their steam yacht Caprice driven ashore Thursday night at Pictured Rocks, fortunately striking Chapel Beach.

OLD-FASHIONED WAY.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—The First Methodist Episcopal Church of Upper New Rochelle, was 100 years old to-day. The centennial was fittingly celebrated. In the morning there was preaching by the Rev. C. S. East, Presiding Elder of the New York East District. An old-fashioned love feast,

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The Pittsburgh Dispatch.

PITTSBURG, MONDAY, AUGUST 24, 1891—TWELVE PAGES.

ONLY ONE CENT A WORD
FOR WANTS
IN THE CLASSIFIED COLUMNS OF
THE DISPATCH.

THREE CENTS.

1891--STRANGE SECRETS OF TEN LONG YEARS REVEALED AT LAST--1891

A Story More Remarkable Than Any Ever Penned by Hugo or Dumas--The Result of a Searching Investigation Covering Four States Given To-Day.

HE WHO IS BEST KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS SHOEBOX MILLER PRESENTS EVIDENCE OF HIS INNOCENCE.

The Affidavit of Dunn, the Man Accidentally Shot on the Night of the Bond Robbery, Corroborated by the Sworn Statements of His Wife and Other Witnesses of the Affair--Two Parties of Robbers Visited the Connors House--A Notary Called to the Sick Bed of Colonel W. D. Moore to Swear Him to a Most Sensational Narrative--The Inside History of the Remarkable Escape From the Western Penitentiary Given From Miller's Own Lips for the First Time--A Devoted Woman Urges Him to Free His Name From All Stains.

I was sent out ten days ago by THE DISPATCH to examine, with others, into the guilt or innocence of James W. Miller, who for the past decade has been famous throughout the entire country on account of the strangeness of his case and the brilliancy of the escape that he made from the Western Penitentiary in 1881.

In company with Mr. Miller I made a personal investigation and assisted him in following up the thread of a most wonderful story.

A Well-Known Pittsburgh Detective Along.

On the fourth day after the search commenced we were joined by Detective John P. McTigue, of the city force of Pittsburgh. Together we worked in gathering the evidence. Every part of it was given freely, and we can attest that it is a pure recital of fact so strong that no one can read the story of Miller's most eventful life and believe he was ever guilty of the crime for which he was sentenced. The proofs certainly seem conclusive.

Miller is the American "Jean Valjean," though, unlike Victor Hugo's famous hero, he was not guilty. Yet there is a wonderful similarity in their lives.

Though proving himself innocent of the crime which ostracized him from society he bore without a murmur the burden thrust upon him by fate that he might save from shame one of the most illustrious names of America.

A Commentary on Circumstantial Evidence.

His case is a commentary on circumstantial evidence that will live as long as courts of justice are a feature of civilization. At the hour, almost the very moment, when the robbers with masked faces were taking from Farmer John Connors in Clarion that which it had taken him fourscore years to accumulate, Miller, the man who suffered for the crime, was fleeing from the officers hundreds of miles distant, while the man whom he had accidentally shot lay in a little room on Sheriff street, Cleveland, just as he had fallen with a bullet wound in his breast.

Three months later he was arrested in Pittsburgh for the Catfish robbery and within 27 days thereafter he was convicted and in the penitentiary serving a sentence of seven years.

Frightened Children With His Name.

The evidence was purely circumstantial, yet the odium was as great as if it had been convincing. What he suffered unjustly none may ever know. Old women shudder when his name was mentioned, and in Clarion county when the children were peevish or refused to sleep the mothers would send them into submission with the dread statement, "Miller will catch you," or "We'll give you to Miller."

That was a decade ago. Now public feeling has fallen and when a few days ago he visited there scarce one could be found who would not admit that he had been unjustly convicted. All were ready to take him by the hand and in looks if not in words ask forgiveness for the great wrong that had been wrought.

The real perpetrators of the Connors robbery were Hamilton, alias Archie Montague, George Foster, Yank Sullivan, alias Adams, and a fourth person now living on the Southside whose name is unknown, but which is believed to be Kresinger. The second band which repeated the robbery that same night was made up of Harrop, Jackson and Ott.

The Way of the Transgressor.

The curious part of this drama of crime astonished even the nineteenth century novel-reading public in this that while Miller suffered in that modern purgatory called a penitentiary, the real perpetrators of the crime each met a fate which seemed to bear out the truth of that old Mosiac law which said: "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

Hamilton was killed while escaping from a penitentiary in a Western State. Foster was killed in the very house in Cleveland in which Miller accidentally shot Dunn. Rowland was filled with buckshot as he lay with an extended hand pleading "Boys, I had a good mother." Adams was garroted in the City of Detroit by a fellow criminal, who mistook him for an opponent citizen. Kresinger to-day toils in a mill, endeavoring to win bread for a wife whose tears and entreaties won him from a path of crime. The remarkable feature of this crime of the last decade is that the second band of robbers which visited John Connors that night, and were mistaken for the cause of popular clamor and have met the same fate. Harrop dies in Texas--his whose confession shall grace these pages, dragged to death by the larriat of a runaway horse. Another toils to-day in a coal mine shunned by his fellows and ostracized by the community in which he dwells. The third reiterates his innocence to unbellying ears and the shadow of the crime which the father committed makes his children walk alone among their playfellows.

All Miller's Energy Brought Out.

As jockeys sometimes carry weight in a race which enables a second-rate horse to obtain a record which embelms him forever in the memory of the sporting public, so this boy, imprisoned, seemed to gather all the marked energy and determination which was the birthright of his race. What men were mistaken for the cause of popular clamor and have met the same fate. Harrop dies in Texas--his whose confession shall grace these pages, dragged to death by the larriat of a runaway horse. Another toils to-day in a coal mine shunned by his fellows and ostracized by the community in which he dwells. The third reiterates his innocence to unbellying ears and the shadow of the crime which the father committed makes his children walk alone among their playfellows.

Frank Dunn, the man accidentally shot by Miller.

Later on, when this man had related to the family of the woman whom he loved

remodeling of laws did he give up the quest for the secure his innocence, a hope of escape from that punishment which had been unjustly inflicted upon him.

When he was extradited and placed in the cell from which he had escaped, he sought to mitigate the rigor of a long imprisonment by obedience to the commands of his jailors. He found, to his astonishment, that obedience to the rules which govern the institution was not sufficient to satisfy the feelings of his captors, but, do what he would, he must undergo the severest punishment which they could inflict. No letters, no papers, not even the sound of a human voice broke the solitude of this prototype of Dumas' "Monte Cristo."

Beginning a New Life.

When at last the prison gates swung back and allowed this man to emerge from the solitude of the dungeon there began a struggle

for his life, and at their request he secured the proofs necessary to clear his name, they, inspired by his character could be still blackened, and thus separate him from the woman of his choice. Then it was that this devoted woman voluntarily visited the office of a newspaper and gave her version of the story of the crime, of which the man she loved was accused.

Gods Almost Unto Death.

Miller was then in Clarion county securing proofs which would rehabilitate him among his fellows, and when the press of the land chronicled the old charges which he thought he had lived down he bowed his head, and but for the encouragement of friends he would, like one of the stoics of old, have covered his head and passed over

man descended from a family of outlaws whose boast was that for four generations they had always died with their boots on, and he did not break the family record.

Yank Adams, alias Sullivan, was a tall stalwart specimen of manhood, who found mill-working in the Smoky City too hard an occupation and the remuneration too small to furnish means to satisfy his appetite.

It is supposed that the fourth man was Kresinger, who was small and wiry.

Real Story of the Robbery.

These four men discussed the possibility of securing John Connors' money, and having come to the conclusion that they could induce him to part with it, they betook themselves to the Union depot and arrived at Brady's Bend at dusk in the evening. Proceeding from the station to Jim Connors' house they committed the robbery which has become famous in the annals of crime.

Connors and his wife were both very old and feeble. They had been hard-working people and had amassed over \$100,000 in old safe in one corner of the room was bonds and securities to the amount of some \$20,000. Down in the cellar it has since been learned, were concealed about \$50,000 in money and securities.

The robbers simply bound and gagged the old couple and went through the safe. After obtaining all that was in the safe the robbers left. The second gang passed on toward Catfish, while the first band of robbers succeeding in getting on a train which landed them in Pittsburgh that night with the stolen bonds.

The Second Party of Robbers.

In the meantime the second party of robbers, who were all miners and residents of that locality, had gained the Connors' farmhouse for the purpose of robbery. When they entered the house they found the old couple still bound and gagged.

Then came the strangest coincidence ever known in the history of crime. As Montague and his men passed down the track toward Brady's Bend to take a train for Pittsburgh they were compelled to hide in the bushes because of the approach of another gang of men. The second gang passed on toward Catfish, while the first band of robbers succeeding in getting on a train which landed them in Pittsburgh that night with the stolen bonds.

How They Were Captured.

The way the second gang came to be caught was by the fact that when they crossed the bridge at Brady's Bend they did not have the money. The second gang returned the Dutchman Ott threw down a large bill and, with a curse, told the toll collector to take his money out of that.

It was the most immediate arrest of the robbers at Catfish of Harrop and Ott were arrested and confined in the county jail. It was a crime that puzzled the best detectives in the country. While they believed the man guilty they could not trace any of the stolen property. Thus the matter remained in statu quo until the arrest of Miller in Pittsburgh, charged with having sold the stolen bonds.

THE SWORN STATEMENT OF THE MAN MILLER SHOT ON THE NIGHT OF THE ROBBERY.

His Story Is Corroborated by His Wife and Other Witnesses of the Affair, All of Whom Make Affidavits--An Alibi Which Seems Complete.

On the night that Connors was robbed in Clarion county Miller was in Cleveland, O. While carefully watching a revolver and under the influence of liquor a shot was fired which wounded Dunn and cost Miller the seven best years of his life. Both Miller and Dunn had been gambling. The bullet struck a beer glass, was deflected from its course, and while it seemingly entered about the center of the chest and passed through a man's body, it actually had passed around the ribs under the skin, inflicting what appeared at first glance a mortal wound, but in reality a slight one, from which he recovered within a few weeks. The place in an instant was an uproar, and during the confusion Miller made his escape. He sought a friend's home and remained concealed for several weeks, during which time the police in the city vainly hunted for the perpetrator.

Showing of the Affidavits.

As for the story of the affair, here it is in the affidavits that I saw made and secured in Cleveland and Cincinnati last week, by the persons who were present at the time the shooting occurred:

State of Ohio, Cuyahoga county, s.s. Hamilton County, ss. Personally appeared before me, the undersigned, in the forenoon of August 20, 1891, Frank C. Marsh, Notary Public, of Hamilton County, O. Attested by Detective John P. McTigue, of the city of Pittsburgh; Edward J. Moses, of the city of Cleveland; and Edward O. Christie, Staff Correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

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JAMES W. MILLER, BETTER KNOWN AS "SHOEBOX."



FRANK DUNN, THE MAN ACCIDENTALLY SHOT BY MILLER.

gard this man with feelings stronger than friendship. To her he related the dark passages in his life, and, Othello-like, that was the only wretched that he used.

She, believing, placed her hand in his, and said: "Your God shall be my God; you, country, your people; your people my people, and whosoever thou goest, I go, too."

Later on, when this man had related to the family of the woman whom he loved