A STEP FORWARD.
The cent-a-word rate has caused a gain of 10,568 small advertisements in five months ending January 31, 1892. It pays to advertise in THE DISPATCH.

The Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE SMALL ADVTS.
Continue to grow as fast as ever. The gain in five months ending January 31 was 10,568. Try THE DISPATCH'S cent-a-word columns, and make money.

FORTY-SIXTH YEAR. PITTSBURG, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1892. THREE CENTS.

FITZSIMMONS COLD IN DEATH.

Rather Than Face a Trial He Cuts His Throat in His Cell, Dying

EARLY THIS MORNING

After Writing an Open Farewell Letter He Shams Sleep and

SLASHES HIMSELF WITH A KNIFE

The Deed Discovered by Detective Murphy Just in Time.

Prompt Action and Surgical Treatment Prolong His Life—He Had Won Everybody Over to Him and They Trusted Him Too Far—The Weapon He Used a Small, Well-Worn Penknife—When Discovered His Bed, Mattress and Clothing Are Saturated With Blood—The Awful Sight That Greeted Nine or Ten People in New Orleans' Parish Prison Yesterday Morning—Last Rites of the Episcopal Church Administered to Him—Stories of Those Who Saw Him When His Desperate Act Was Discovered.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 5.—2 A. M.—Fred erick C. Fitzsimmons died at 1 o'clock this morning, the result of the injuries inflicted by his own hand yesterday morning. Up to within a few minutes before 1 o'clock he seemed stronger, and there were then no immediate prospects of his

Frederick C. Fitzsimmons, Burglar, Murderer, Outlaw and Suicide.

passing away. His face was sunken and his complexion greenish and tallow-like. He took stimulants all day long, but was very weak. Two men watched him all night, and every precaution was taken to prevent his doing anything that would retard his recovery. He had lost too much blood though, and expired at 1 o'clock.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 4.—Frederick Carlton Fitzsimmons showed the New Orleans parish prison authorities, to-day, how determined and desperate a man he is, and they were not a little surprised and demoralized at his bold suicide in a room filled with people. When he was first admitted to prison they had heard he was a desperate man, and they took unusual precautions with him. He was not allowed admittance in the reception room of the prison, and a deputy stood always present to watch his interview with all persons.

During the last two days, however, he seemed to completely win everybody, and was allowed unusual liberties. He talked so plausibly and persuasively, he seemed so cool and calm, and had apparently so thoroughly made up his mind to go back to Pittsburg—and indeed, expressed his desire to do so, as his presence there might assist him in his project of securing a pardon for his wife—that he completely deceived nearly everyone but the Pittsburg detectives, whose suspicions were aroused by the fact that the prisoner was very anxious to know when they would leave for Pittsburg.

Apparently Anxious to Return Home.

He time and again expressed his willingness to return to Pittsburg without the requisition papers, and seemed disappointed when informed by Murphy that the necessary papers must come before he would be taken back. Fitzsimmons was equally disappointed when told that the time for his departure could not be decided upon until Detective Beltzhoover arrived with the requisition papers and had them signed by the Governor of Louisiana.

As the prisoner made no effort to conceal his disappointment, the officers were inclined to be suspicious, and were under the impression that Fitzsimmons either contemplated breaking jail or committing suicide. They therefore requested that the prisoner be carefully watched. Fitzsimmons seemed in thoroughly good spirits, told Murphy that Mrs. Fitzsimmons had saved his life, and that he had come to the conclusion that he was not such a bad fellow after all. In nearly every incident did he seem thoroughly cool, and in only one matter did he show any excitement, and that was as to the time when he would be taken home. Yesterday the officers told him that the Pittsburg detectives would not arrive before today. He seemed much interested in this, and wanted to know the exact time of their arrival.

Surprised by Murphy's Visit.

When Murphy came in on him he was surprised for a moment, but soon recovered his remarkable equanimity. But the visit of the detectives seemed to worry him, for he slept very badly, whereas previously he had been as quiet as a child, and complained in the morning of having had very little rest, saying that he would make up for it to-day, and that he would take a nap after breakfast. Both last night and this morning he was very anxious to know when the requisition papers would be ready and when Murphy would take him from the jail. When it was learned that this was probably to-day, he apparently made up his mind to commit suicide, for he commenced writing a letter in pencil.

As he had frequently promised to write an account of his life, the deputies thought there was nothing unnatural in this. Fitzsimmons has been confined in the hospital ward, which is much more comfortable than the others, and the accommodations far better. After he had finished writing his letter he complained of feeling tired and sleepy, saying that the visit of the detectives had unsettled his rest the previous night. He asked the nurse to get him a cigarette paper and then said: "I am going to lay down and take a little rest. I need it," climed in his bed, and pulling the blanket over his head, went apparently to sleep.

Surrounded by Half a Dozen People.

There were several persons in the room at the time—three prisoners, the nurse and a deputy sheriff. The sick patients in the room thought it strange that Fitzsimmons should cover his head with the heavy blanket, but as none of them knew him they concluded that it was none of their business and let him alone. Presently the nurse noticed several convulsive movements of Fitzsimmons' right arm under the blanket, and then heard the man groan once or twice. Then there was a slight contortion of the lower limbs, and several more groans. Thinking that Fitzsimmons was dreaming, no further attention was paid to him.

Finally, Fitzsimmons began to mutter something, and the nurse, still thinking that the man was dreaming, walked to the bed and listened, for the purpose of trying to ascertain what he was saying. But as no more sounds came from under the blanket the nurse concluded that Fitzsimmons' dream had passed, and therefore left the cot and walked away.

Detective Murphy had arranged to call at the prison at 9:30 o'clock, but was a few moments late. Had he reached there ten minutes later his visit to New Orleans would have been in vain. He went up at once to the hospital. The nurse told him that Fitzsimmons was asleep, and pointed out to him the bed where he was lying.

Discovery of the Bloody Deed.

Thinking he was shamming, Murphy went to the cot, shook Fitzsimmons, and, getting no answer, pulled the blanket from over his head. He started back, for the blanket, mattress and the entire bed were saturated with blood, and on both sides of Fitzsimmons' throat were ugly gashes, where he had attempted in vain to reach his windpipe, his jugular, or his carotid artery.

The blood was still gushing from these wounds, and clenched lightly in the hands of the dying man was a small fancy penknife, such as a woman might use, with a blade not two inches long. He had hacked away at his throat as long as he could, but the weakness resulting from loss of blood had rendered it impossible for him to inflict more or deeper wounds. His face was pale, his pulse had almost ceased to beat, and the first thought was that he was already dead, but he opened his eyes slowly, and in a ghastly way tried to say something to Murphy, but he was so weak that he merely muttered inaudibly, and then relapsed into insensibility.

Seeing that life was not yet extinct, messengers were sent for the city physician or any other doctor. Dr. Robin was the first to arrive. He examined the wounds and found there were four of them, three on the right and one on the left side of the throat. Fitzsimmons was evidently trying to reach the jugular vein, and had come very near it, but had not struck it.

First Opinion of the Physician.

None of the wounds in themselves were necessarily fatal, but the amount of blood lost left little chance of recovery, and Dr. Robin expressed the opinion that Fitzsimmons' death was a question of only a few hours. The wounds were bandaged so as to prevent any more loss of blood, and the prisoner turned over to the care of Detective Murphy, who seemed very much shocked over the suicide and anxious that his prisoner should recover. He remained at the prisoner's bedside and administered to him.

Fitzsimmons was perfectly conscious, and spoke to Mr. Murphy in a low tone of voice. Small doses of whisky cocktail were administered to him at intervals, and it seemed to give him strength. At his request Fitzsimmons' bloody garments were removed, and he was changed to another bed. He, however, gradually grew weaker, and Mr. Murphy decided to have him conveyed to the hospital.

The Outlaw's Latest Letter.

When the excitement had somewhat subsided Fitzsimmons spoke of a letter, and Murphy searched his pocket and found the following letter that the prisoner had written just before he had cut his throat:

To C. H. Fitzsimmons, William Fitzsimmons, Esq., Mr. Gaster, Chief of Police, *Times-Democrat* and *Picayune*, to the Citizens of New Orleans:

The Sunny South and the Crescent City carry none but the most pleasant recollections in my memory. Fifteen years ago I made my first visit. Have resided here [words here blurred] live. I have never found its citizens other than both charitable and humane. True, the last year of my existence was that of a lamentable chapter in my life. I have pursued crime with its fatal consequences. My liberty is again jeopardized, and as liberty or death is paramount in my mind, I prefer the latter, thus relieving myself of further mental and physical pain, disgrace and slow death and dragging further in the mire the good name of my honorable and respectable parents and my relatives.

My beloved wife is the daughter of a New Orleans once popular and respected citizen. My wife, Lucy Rebecca Fitzsimmons, was improperly convicted at the Allegheny county court house, of murder of the second degree, through the testimony of a perjuring detective, prejudiced jury and Judge, and is still in imprisonment. Knowing that I am about to hurl myself into eternity I do most solemnly swear that my wife is as innocent in any complicity to the term charged at my door as a new born babe. I effected my escape from the Allegheny county jail because I forsaw my conviction before my trial began. The bright sunny atmosphere surrounded my soul is replaced by gloom and a sad heart that only death can alleviate.

Respectfully,
F. C. FITZSIMMONS.

The Knife a Very Old One.

No one seemed to know where Fitzsimmons secured the knife with which he cut his throat. It is an old knife, as is evidenced by the blade, which has been ground so often that it is almost in the shape of a crescent, and exceedingly sharp. The knife is so small that it could easily be hid about one's person and never found by the most careful searcher. Being aware of Fitzsimmons' desperate nature, the prison officials carefully guarded him and searched him every time he left the room to go downstairs and when he visited the retiring room a deputy accompanied him to prevent the possibility of suicide. It is supposed that the knife was concealed in his bed, as he was carefully searched last night before retiring.

Sheriff Villere was questioned about the fact of Fitzsimmons having a knife. He could not say how he got one, unless the authorities at the Third precinct station did not search him thoroughly when he was arrested. The process of searching in the police stations, said Sheriff Villere, was a very weak one. The other day, he said, a man came down from a Recorder's Court and a loaded revolver was found in his possession.

Fitzsimmons, although known by the prison officials to be a desperate man, was allowed to walk leisurely through a hall at the Parish prison, where knives and forks were lying about in abundance, and he could easily have snatched one and done away with himself.

Rev. Dr. Hunter, of St. Ann's Episcopal Church, arrived shortly after the cutting, and administered the last rites of the church to the dying man.

HOW THE DEED WAS DONE.

THE KNIFE IN FITZSIMMONS' POSSESSION FOR MONTHS.

Description of the Scene of the Slashing—Several Eye-Witnesses of the Discovery of the Suicide Tell Their Experiences in Detail.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 4.—[*Special.*]—John Mayers, the Deputy Sheriff on duty at the Parish prison, who was the first man, in connection with Detective Murphy and Mr. Pender, to see Fitzsimmons after he had committed suicide, gives the following account of the occurrence:

Between 10 and 11 o'clock Captain Lem. Davis called me down to the office and introduced me to Messrs. Murphy and Pender, requesting that I show them through the building. In company with these gentlemen I visited the "white" yard first, and then I showed them through the "colored" yard. This occupied, I should say, 15 or 20 minutes, and it was during this time, as I subsequently learned from prisoners who were in the hospital with him, that Fitzsimmons was writing his letter. We then came up to the second floor, and turning to Murphy, I said: "Here is where they've got your man." Murphy replied, "Well, we'll go in and see him," which we accordingly did. As we came in the door I asked the hospital steward where Fitzsimmons was, and he pointed to one of the cots and said: "He is there, sleeping."

Murphy then walked over to Fitzsimmons' cot, where the man was lying covered over with two blankets and, catching hold of his leg, through the blanket, shook it and said in a joking manner, "Well, it looks to me as if he is dead." Murphy thereupon walked to the head of the bed, and raising the blankets, stepped back aghast, and holding up his hands cried, "My God! He has done it!" I ran forward and said, "What do you mean?" "Fitzsimmons," he replied, "has cut his throat."

A Horrible Sight Exposed.

I raised the blanket from the man's head, myself, and a horrible spectacle met my gaze. Fitzsimmons was lying amid the bedclothing, bathed in blood. It seemed to me his head was completely severed from his shoulders. At this moment Fitzsimmons turned his head, and I saw the blood run out of a horrible gash in his neck. I immediately ran down stairs and notified the Captain, and then went to the police station and telegraphed the occurrence to the Coroner. I knew Fitzsimmons was a desperate man, and a man who would stickle at nothing requiring nerve, so I cannot say that this suicide was a matter of great surprise to me.

George Forscher, hospital steward on duty in the room where Fitzsimmons was confined, tells the following story:

I am in the hospital all the time, day and night. Fitzsimmons went to breakfast at 8 o'clock, and after breakfast came back into the hospital and sat down. He asked me for a pen and ink, being already provided with paper, and, upon my giving them to him, he began writing. This was about 8:30. He sat there until after 9 o'clock, and seemed to be deeply engaged with his letter. I would see him stop and rest his head on his hand a great many times as if thinking very seriously.

Anxious for a Cigarette Smoke.

When he had completed the letter he put it in a stamped envelope, and I asked him if he wanted it mailed, but he replied, "No, there will be time enough this evening." About 9:30 o'clock he got up and went to the closet in the hallway, where he remained about five minutes. He then returned to the hospital and laid down upon his bed. After having laid down for awhile, he asked me for a cigarette paper, and I told him I had none. I sent out for a book of cigarette papers for him, but when I returned with them I saw he was evidently asleep, his head and whole body being completely enveloped in blankets. I sat down then with one of the prisoners and we shortly heard Fitzsimmons groaning and grunting. We walked over to his bed together, to see what was the matter, and Fitzsimmons continuing groaning and having his head covered up, I said: "Don't disturb him. He is sleeping. He did not sleep well last night, and I suppose he is having bad dreams." It subsequently turned out that Fitzsimmons had already cut his neck, and that this was the cause of his groaning, though we knew nothing of it, his head being covered up.

He Had the Knife for Months.

The first I knew of Fitzsimmons having cut his throat was when the Murphy party came in and uncovered his head. Just after Murphy had discovered the suicide, and while I was standing over Fitzsimmons, I asked him where he got the knife. He opened his eyes, and, looking at me very calmly, said in a cool voice: "Oh, I've had that for months."

Murphy had meanwhile taken the knife, together with a photograph of Fitzsimmons' child, which was lying in bed beside him covered with blood. He subsequently took these down and turned the knife over to the prison authorities. While Murphy was standing over him I heard Fitzsimmons tell Murphy something which I could not exactly catch, but which I could just tell was in relation to the child. I think he was telling Murphy something about the disposition of his property, and saying he wanted it to all go to the child.

All the prison authorities, when interviewed in regard to Fitzsimmons' personal characteristics, said with one accord that he had always been quiet and gentlemanly, and not disposed to meddle in the affairs of others. Those who were in the hospital with him say that he was very much affected by the newspaper accounts of himself and his doings, and freely expressed the wish that the public should know the actual facts of his case.

Story of a Fellow Prisoner.

John Gaffney, a prisoner who was in the hospital with Fitzsimmons, and who occupied the next cot to him, only about two feet distant, tells the following story, which is illustrative of Fitzsimmons' wonderful coolness and craft:

After the steward had gone out to get cigarette papers for Fitzsimmons I rolled over on my bed and said: "I can give you a piece of brown paper, if you like." Fitzsimmons replied: "No. I believe I'll go to sleep. I didn't sleep last night, and I want some rest." So I said: "Well, its pretty hard to get asleep in the daytime. The dogs will keep barking, and the walking up and down will keep you awake." He answered: "That's so," and turned his face away. After lying that way for awhile he pulled the blankets over his face and tucked them under his head, meanwhile lying upon his left side. About ten minutes after [the time at which it is now known he cut his neck] I heard him groaning, and I saw his legs trembling. I called George, the steward, and said: "Come here, this man has got the cramps." Before the steward got there Fitzsimmons stopped trembling, but continued groaning. As the steward stopped at his couch Fitzsimmons ceased groaning with evident effort.

DETECTIVE MURPHY'S STORY.

HIS SHOCK AT THE DISCOVERY OF FITZSIMMONS' DEED.

He Says He Was Afraid Fitz Protested Too Much—The Precautions He Took Against Such an Attempt—Everything Possible Done for the Desperate Man.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 4.—[*Special.*]—Detective Murphy, of Pittsburg, who discovered that Fitzsimmons had cut his throat, said:

I went to the prison at Fitzsimmons' invitation. I was to meet him there about 10 o'clock. He said he had something particular to tell me. I did not take much stock in what he said, for I felt convinced he was talking for effect, with the idea of making an impression. He was very complimentary to me for the first day, and said he had always thought I was a rough, bull-dog sort of a man, but he had found out he was mistaken, and that I was a

Continued on Sixth Page.

HYPNOTIZED FOR LIFE

A Well-Known Inventor Under the Influence of His Insane Wife.

DOCTORS ALL DISMAYED.

They Find It Impossible to Do Anything to Help the Poor Man.

A YOUNG WOMAN WITH A VOICE

Exercises a Fatal Spell Over Her Husband and Goes Crazy.

ROMANCE OF A PECULIAR MARRIAGE

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—James Barnes Tripp, who has a reputation as an inventor of various sewing machine attachments and numerous other useful devices, during the last two weeks has been in a hypnotic condition at the boarding house of Mrs. Lodewick, No. 64 East Eleventh street, and physicians who have been called to attend him say that they are unable to do anything for him.

His wife, who it is said is insane, is the one who has hypnotized him, and she has such an influence over him that she is able to make him obey her slightest wish. The authorities will be appealed to to-day to take charge of the woman, and Mr. Tripp will be removed to a hospital for treatment.

Mr. Tripp is about 55 years old, and some years ago he married a young woman with a voice. Tripp, believing that his wife would cause a sensation in the operatic world, sent her to Italy to receive a musical education. Mrs. Tripp's education, all in all, is said to have cost her husband $30,000.

Mrs. Tripp as a Music Teacher.

Mrs. Lodewick met Mrs. Tripp the first time about a year ago, when she returned from Italy and stayed at Mrs. Lodewick's house before going to Chicago to take charge, as she declared, of the Conservatory of Music in that city.

Mrs. Tripp came to New York about a month ago, and since that time she and her husband have occupied apartments at Mrs. Lodewick's boarding house. Soon after her arrival at the boarding house Mrs. Tripp informed everybody that she was a spiritualist, and often the woman has kept everyone in the house awake by holding seances in her room from 11 P. M. until 4 A. M. She also declared she has more power than the ordinary medium and could hypnotize people.

Mrs. Lodewick was not at all pleased with the actions of Mrs. Tripp, and she determined to rid herself of her objectionable boarders. Mrs. Tripp learned of Mrs. Lodewick's intentions through her spiritualistic powers, it is said, and has declined to leave her rooms since that time. She declares that she is ill.

Screams That Awakened Boarders.

Last Wednesday night Mrs. Tripp became violent. She awakened the boarders in the house about midnight with unearthly screams and ordered them all to leave the house. When Mrs. Lodewick tried to get her peculiar boarder to return to her room she threatened to shoot the landlady.

Yesterday morning Mrs. Lodewick appeared in Jefferson Market court and asked Justice Divver for a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Tripp on a charge of insanity, but the magistrate refused to issue it, as Mr. Tripp declined to appear in court and make affidavit that his wife was insane. Mr. Lodewick then went up stairs to the civil court and secured a dispossess warrant from Judge Moore.

The inventor, and his spiritualistic wife occupy the back rooms on the third floor. When the Marshal knocked on the door he heard a voice from within say: "Silence, James! I will order refreshments. Send me in a coffin full of coffee"

As the occupants of the room failed to open the door it was forced. Mrs. Tripp, in her night robe, was sitting on the bed, with her back to the wall scribbling the following message:

Commanded to Obey Only His Wife.

"James Tripp, you know once for all that the only one you are to speak to or command is Mrs. Tripp, and none other. If any one comes to the door simply say 'all right,' and make him stop his noise. Take that bottle of poison in the bureau, and throw it out of the window, or you will suffer the consequences, as it is not poison. It will be analyzed. This is a blind also. James, tell her once for all that you are lying when you say you don't know, for, as she knows the whole story, tell her all you know. If they open the door by force don't you scream or say a word, as your coffin is coming in the door."

Mrs. Tripp wrote rapidly, only pausing long enough to tap on the table. Her husband obeyed her every wish. When the officers were there he was told to repeat sentences, which his wife dictated, and he did so. All the woman's talk was about the spirit world, and her husband seemed to be as enthusiastic as she about spiritualistic things. The officers finally left the house without serving the warrants. When they were leaving the house the following letter was handed to them by Mrs. Tripp:

Insanity in Every Line.

"Well, any of you gentlemen who love me enough to break into my room to see a raving maniac and will dare to testify that I am not, and can prove it, I will tell you how to get my messages from the spirit world. Hurry up and bring in that coffin full of coffee. I am starving.

"MRS. MATTIA J. BARNES TRIPP."

To-night, when a DISPATCH reporter called at the house, Mr. Tripp was still in a hypnotic condition, and Mrs. Lodewick said that he would remain so until removed from his wife's influence. To-morrow, she says, she intends to have Mr. Tripp taken to a place where he will receive proper treatment, and she will at the same time have his wife locked up as an insane person.

Tripp, it is said, was at one time wealthy, and at the present time he is receiving royalties from his many patents. Mrs. Lodewick called in physicians to-day to look at Mr. Tripp, to see if he could not get him out of the semi-unconscious condition in which he is. The physicians, however, said they could not do anything for the man, as he had been hypnotized, and therefore they refused to prescribe for him.

THE BARLEY COUNTIES OBJECT

To a Reciprocity Treaty and Send Conservative Members to Ottawa.

TORONTO, Feb. 4.—[*Special.*]—Supporters of the Abbot Conservative administration are jubilant to-night over their success in two bye-elections held in Ontario to-day. The fight was on the surface a fair and square one between protection and unrestricted reciprocity with the United States. The elections were in Prince Edward and Lennox counties. At the general election last March the former returned a Conservative and the latter a Liberal. Both were unseated for corrupt practices.

To-day the Conservatives elected their men in both counties with a majority of 80 in Lennox and 300 in Prince Edward. These counties raise much barley and many horses for export to the United States, and they would benefit more from the Liberal policy of reciprocity than others in Ontario, so that to-day's election is all the more significant when this is taken into consideration.

THE KIDNAPERS CONFESS.

LITTLE WARD WATERBURY'S ABDUCTORS ALL IN JAIL.

The Chief of the Gang Gives In When He Learns the Jig Is Up—How the Conspirators Were Caught—A Celebration by the People.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—[*Special.*]—Charles E. Waterbury, the chief of the conspirators who kidnaped 8-year-old Ward Waterbury from his home in Long Ridge, West Chester county, on Monday, and held him for ransom until they became frightened, was captured to-day. He confessed, and with his fellow-conspirator, John McCann, was committed to the Fairfield county jail at Bridgeport, each in default of $5,000 bail.

Sam Sutherland, who is said by both McCann and Waterbury to have been concerned in the plot, but to have been prevented from taking part in the actual kidnaping by the illness of his mother, was committed to the Greenwich lockup in default of $5,000 bail for examination Saturday morning in the district court.

McCann, in his confession, said that Waterbury would be found hiding in a cave near his home in Stanwich, where the kidnapers intended to take the boy. Deputy Sheriff Dayton detailed Constables Fitroy and Merritt to go to the cave and catch Waterbury. McCann said he could show the way to the cave, and he was handcuffed to Merritt.

In the drive to Stanwich he kept telling stories of what a desperate man Waterbury was. It is possible that McCann was having fun with the officers. Waterbury was captured an hour before the party reached Stanwich by George Silleck, who had been deputized by Prosecutor Walsh to arrest him. He made no resistance. When he found that McCann had confessed he decided to do the same, and made a clean breast of it.

When the news reached Long Ridge this afternoon that the kidnapers had been held there was talk of having a jubilee and thanksgiving in the only hall in the village or in one of the churches. Such a celebration may be held.

THE LARGEST COFFEE-ROASTER

To Be Erected at Toledo, at a Cost of at Least $600,000.

TOLEDO, O., Feb. 4.—[*Special.*]—The Woolson Spice Company, of Toledo and Kansas City, to-day purchased 15 acres next to the Michigan Central depot, in the western part of the city, for the erection of the largest coffee-roasting plant in the world. The whole area will be covered with buildings. The main one, containing the weighing and packing departments, will extend for 500 feet along Monroe street, with the offices of the company in the center. In front there will be a lawn 100 feet long, with fountains, walks and flowers. In the rear will be eight four-story brick buildings, each containing a battery of 12 roasters.

For 1,200 feet along the railroad track there will be a warehouse, one-half for green coffee and one-half for roasted. Box factories, spice mills, six batteries of boilers, four engine rooms, a printing and lithographing establishment and paper sack factory are included in the plans. The entire cost will be $600,000. The present capacity will be trebled, and the number of employes increased to 1,000. The Kansas City mills will not be enlarged for some time.

A COLORADO OIL REFINERY.

An Independent Plant Gets a Great Send-Off in the Far West.

PUEBLO, COL., Feb. 4.—[*Special.*]—The Rocky Mountain Oil Co. celebrated the completion and successful operation of the pipe line from the oil wells at Florence to the big refinery at Overton in a manner befitting the importance of the event.

A special left Pueblo for Overton this afternoon at 2 o'clock, on board of which were all the prominent citizens of Pueblo and many capitalists whose money is invested in the plant of this latest rival of the great Standard Oil Company. At Overton the refinery buildings, which will be completed next week, were inspected, after which the excursionists returned to Pueblo.

The refinery is perfect, and will have cost, when completed, over $40,000, which does not include the pipe and great tanks and wells at Florence.

HEADING OFF GOVERNOR BOYD.

It Is Said Thayer Will Turn Over the Office to His Lieutenant Governor.

OMAHA, Feb. 4.—There was a report current here to-day that Governor Thayer, who leaves for Texas next Monday, will turn over the office to Lieutenant Governor Majors in order to prevent Governor Boyd from taking his seat.

There is said to be a plan back of it all for the Lieutenant Governor to call a special session of the Legislature to transact some minor matters, and to checkmate an alleged scheme of Governor Boyd to call a special session to enact a maximum freight rate bill and "michiganize" the State. Republican politicians characterize the rumor as false.

TWO PHILADELPHIA FAILURES.

One of a Leather Manufacturer, the Other a Cloth Merchant.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 4.—The Sheriff today took possession of the property of Albert A. Guigues, a leather manufacturer, upon an execution on judgment notes aggregating $54,000. Counsel for Guigues said to-day: "The failure was precipitated by the foreclosure some days ago of a $46,000 mortgage. Liabilities not yet known, but large."

Oliver P. Terry & Co., cloth merchants, made an assignment to-day. Debts about $41,000; assets about $65,000.

THE POPE STILL A SOVEREIGN.

That Is the Remarkable Decision of a French Court of Justice.

PARIS, Feb. 4.—In the case of the disputed right of the late Marchioness Plessis to make the Pope her universal legatee, the court to-day decided that, in spite of the events of 1870 and the abolition of temporal power, the Pope is a sovereign and is entitled to inherit property in France like other sovereigns.

An Anonymous Gift From the Kaiser.

BERLIN, Feb. 4.—The family of Herr Keuntzel, a victim of the Vitu massacre, recently received an anonymous gift of 100,000 marks. It now transpires that Emperor William was the donor.

A Black Eye for the Pinkertons.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 4.—An anti-Pinkerton bill has been passed by the Assembly.

BIG LOSS FOR HILL.

Cleveland Has the Young Democratic Battalion of Philadelphia

DEAD IN LINE FOR HIM.

Major Worman Ascertains the Pulse of the People of the State.

DON M. DICKINSON AS A HOODOO.

Judge Holman Denies Some Foolish Stories That Are Afloat.

TROUBLE AMONG MARYLAND DEMOCRATS

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 4.—There was quite a sensation in political circles in this city to-day when it was learned that the Young Democratic Battalion, which has been regarded as a Hill organization, was now out and out for Cleveland. Later in the day Major John D. Worman, who has been president of the club and who now wields a strong influence as the General Secretary of the Democratic Society of Pennsylvania, came out in a flatfooted declaration for Cleveland.

"I am for Cleveland," he said, and you cannot put that too forcibly. I have been able to feel the public pulse a little of late, and I can assure you that the almost unanimous sentiment of the people of Pennsylvania is in favor of the ex-President. He gave us an administration that we can all point to with pride."

"Is the Battalion for Cleveland?"

"Unquestionably. The members are for him beyond a doubt."

The Major talked at some length in a similar vein. He remarked that he was for the regular Democratic organization in Pennsylvania.

Representative John H. Fow to-day formally announced himself as a candidate for State Senator in the district now represented by Francis A. Osbourne. Fow says he will get the nomination and that he will win at the polls.

A BOMBSHELL IN THE CAMP.

Trouble for Cleveland and Anti-Cleveland Democrats in Maryland.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., Feb. 4.—[*Special.*]—A resolution was introduced in the House today which occasioned considerable debate. It was this:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this House that the House of Representatives of the United States, now under the control of the Democratic party, should deal with the subject of tariff reform, whether by general bill or otherwise, upon the broad lines marked out by President Cleveland's message of December, 1887, and the Mills bill, in order that the party may enter upon the great contest of 1892 with a definite policy which will convince the country that it does not mean to take any backward step, and that its faith in the common sense and conscience of the people is unshaken.

The resolution had been framed by Mr. Laird, a kicker, with the view of precipitating debate and causing trouble. Mr. Gorman's views regarding free trade were well known to all the members, especially to the author of the resolution, who selected a time when there was much soreness among Democrats on the eastern shore because of the proposed repeal of the law giving them one of the two United States Senators. When, therefore, Mr. Joyce, of this city's delegation, moved a reference of the resolution to the Committee on Federal Relations, where it properly belonged, Mr. Laird tried to place him in position of opposing a Democratic doctrine. This was disclaimed by Mr. Joyce, Mr. Carter and other leading Democrats, who made the point that at this time, when the national leaders were mapping out a programme covering this very question, it was impolitic to make suggestions to our Representatives in Congress. They counseled consideration of the matter. The opposition, however, insisted on immediate action.

It was then that the eastern shore men, to show their strength when united, and also to delay action until their matter had been disposed of, joined hands with the few Cleveland Democrats and Republicans and defeated the motion for reference by 28 to 47, but fearing they might go too far they postponed action until next Thursday, when the resolution comes up as the rider of the day. By that time it is hoped wiser counsel will prevail.

HOLMAN DENIES FOOLISH STORIES.

He Admits, Though, Reductions in Appropriations Will Be Made.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 4.—[*Special.*]—Judge Holman, Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, denies the truth of the foolish statement attributed to him that he would insist upon a reduction of 20 per cent at least on all the bills reported from his committee, as well as the other appropriation bills of the House. Judge Holman says it is manifestly absurd to talk about making a horizontal reduction, as it would be absolutely impossible. He knows, as well as do the other members of the House, that in many cases the full amount of the estimates submitted must be granted, as otherwise the public service could not be properly conducted. The Government must be run and the money must be provided, but in many cases a decided reduction of the present appropriations can be made, and the leaders in the House propose to see to it that this is done.

Judge Holman says that while it is true that 20 per cent reductions cannot be made in all cases, there are many in which a reduction of 30 and even 40 per cent will be of no detriment to the public service. These cases are the ones in which the big reductions are to be made, and the Democrats generally, in Congress and out of it, have determined to stand together and make as big a saving as possible all along the line. It is not only the Appropriations Committee that is to be economical, but all the Democrats in charge of bills have determined to keep the amounts down as low as possible, and make a record for economy that will contrast favorably with the record of the billion-dollar Congress.

DON DICKINSON AS A HOODOO.

His Attempt to Swing Michigan for Cleveland a Failure.

DETROIT, Feb. 4.—[*Special.*]—The attempt of Don M. Dickinson to help Grover Cleveland's chances for support in Michigan by bringing him to Ann Arbor to address the University law students on February 22 is likely to prove a failure, for the two factions of the local Democracy have already become involved in a red-hot quarrel over the arrangements for a big public reception to be tendered the ex-President here on the following day. The arrangements for this affair were placed exclusively in the hands of Dickinson's supporters, who immediately proceeded to appoint all the committees without naming a single member of the anti-Dickinson wing. The latter, in consequence, are very wroth, and many of the most prominent of them, including ex-Mayor Thompson, E. F. Conely and Ralph Phelps, Jr., openly declare that neither they nor their numerous supporters will take any part in the coming demonstration.

The local politicians are very much torn up over the affair, which is liable to result in the sending of a Hill delegation to the National Democratic Convention from this State, which has heretofore been regarded as solid for Cleveland.

BOIES TO BE BOOMED.

The Iowa Central Committee Decides He Must Stand for the Presidency.

DES MOINES, IA., Feb. 4.—At a meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee this afternoon to fix the time for holding the State Convention, the question of the candidacy of Governor Boies was discussed, and it was formally decided to push him for the first place on the ticket.

Headquarters for the Chicago convention have been engaged at the Palmer House, and a large delegation will be on hand to boom the candidacy of the Iowa man.

[illegible] and Delegates From Lockport.

[illegible] N. Y., Feb. 4.—The Niagara [illegible] Committee elected a solid [illegible] to the State Convention.

MANY MILLIONS OUT.

Big Loss to the Louisiana State Lottery Company Through the Action of Congress—What It Stood to Make Before Its Charter Expired—The Extent of the Business and Its Downfall.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 4.—[*Special.*]—At the height of its prosperity the Louisiana State Lottery had a total revenue of $3,798,125. From the time the law was passed the business has shrunk. The decline during the first month of the operation of the law was to nine-twentieths of the tickets, or 45 per cent—over one-half. The company resorted to various schemes for overcoming the obstruction, and did considerable business through the express and other companies, but the proportion of tickets sold steadily decreased, and of late only four-twentieths, or 20 per cent, were sold.

This left the company a net profit of only $1,200,000 from the monthly and not over $240,000 from the daily drawing, a total of $1,360,000. It was impossible, under these circumstances, to pay the State of Louisiana an annual license of $1,250,000 and carry on the business with any chance of profit. The company has paid as high as 180 per cent dividends, but the last dividend was only 40 per cent.

At the time of the renewal of the charter, in 1890, it had still four full years to run, to 1895. The company was then enjoying an income of between $3,500,000 and $4,000,000 a year, which was increasing at the rate of 10 per cent annually. But for the interference of Congress and the passage of the anti-lottery postal law the company stood to make between $16,000,000 and $20,000,000 during the remainder of its charter. The passage by Congress of the anti-lottery postal law has cost the company very nearly all that large sum.

CARNEGIE'S ADVICE TO CANADA.

Why a Union With the United States Would Benefit Both Countries.

TORONTO, Feb. 4.—The following is a copy of a letter sent by Andrew Carnegie to John Patterson, manufacturer, of Hamilton, on January 13.

I am glad to see the subject of the union of the race upon this continent is attracting attention. We have only to consider the benefits flowing from the union of Scotland and England to realize what a similar union of Canada and the United States would bring to both. It seems to me little less than criminal to remain apart. The American Constitution would not require the Province of Canada to give up anything in the way of local government which they now possess. Canada would remain just as much for the Canadians as Scotland remains for the Scotch.

The *Spectator* (Canada) is quite right in stating that "At the present there is no indication of a desire for commercial reciprocity with Canada." How can there be so long as Canda remains subject to a foreign European Power, with all the dangers that such an unnatural situation involves? There is only one way by which Canada can ever achieve a destiny worthy of her, and that is political union with her own race upon this continent. To accomplish this all our efforts should be directed, for it is the noblest work of our day, as ensuring peace and good will upon the North American continent.

LOOSE PRISON MANAGEMENT.

A Factional Official Fight at the Bottom of the Deer Island Mutiny.

BOSTON, Feb. 4.—[*Special.*]—The revolting prisoners at Deer Island remained in their cells to-day, making no trouble whatever. After the prisoners and their rooms had been searched yesterday afternoon, about a score of the ringleaders, who still showed a troublesome disposition, were taken out, handcuffed and strung up by the wrists until they promised better things. It did not take long to extort these promises either.

From a few of the officials and from one or two of the prisoners it was learned that the trouble of yesterday, although indirectly dating to August last, began in earnest Sunday. A crowd of men in the yard made a ring and a first-class prize fight, which the officials were either unwilling or unable to prevent, was indulged in. This incident shows how the discipline at the institution had relaxed under the factional warfare in the board controlling the officials. A rigid investigation is being made by the Mayor.

A BOOM FOR THE MEXICAN LOTTERY.

One Effect of the Published Decision of the Louisiana Company.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 4.—The Supreme Court decision sustaining the act of Congress excluding lottery matter from mails, and Mr. Morris' letter withdrawing his proposal for a renewal of the Louisiana lottery charter, have had the effect of advancing the price of shares of the Mexican lottery from $6 to $10 a share.

Murphy J. Foster, anti-lottery candidate for Governor, and Hiram R. Lott, Chairman of the Anti-Lottery State Convention, say the anti-lottery campaign will go right along.

A GOOD TIME TO STOP GAMBLING.