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The Pittsburgh Dispatch

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TRIP OF TERROR TO HOMESTEAD.

Disastrous Cruise of the Little Bill and Its Two Model Barges.

DEADLY WORK AT DAWN.

Pinkertons Twice Defeated in an Attempt to Make a Landing.

Loading a Trainload of Men on Barges at Davis Island Dam—Silent Ride Up the River—Telegram Sent Ahead by the Workers—The First Attack—A Rush and Deadly Assault—Requesting the Invaders to Leave—A Declaration of War—The Second Attack—Cannonading the Barges—A Morning's Bloody Work.

THE SITUATION THIS MORNING.

At 3 A. M. the strikers are in complete possession of Homestead. Comparative peace reigns because there is nobody left with whom to fight. The captured Pinkertons were rescued from their perilous position after midnight by the volunteer Amalgamated deputies. Governor Pattison still refuses to send the military. Sheriff McCleary will endeavor to organize a citizens' posse at 9 o'clock. Many of the wounded and dying are now in Pittsburgh hospitals. The strikers are awaiting the next move.

The towboat Little Bill lay at the Davis Island dam shortly before 1 o'clock yesterday morning having in tow a pair of fertilized and provisioned barges. At 1 o'clock a special train on the Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne and Chicago stopped at the nearest point to the boat and 290 stalwart men, all carrying valises and packages, alighted from the train, were marshaled in a column of twos and marched to the boat.

The appearance of the men would have led one to the conclusion that they were out for an excursion or a picnic. No firearms of any kind could be seen. Many of the men were well dressed and had the appearance of being prosperous business men, brokers or clerks. Some were gray-haired old fellows, others were lusty young men, but the majority were men in the prime of life and all were muscular looking and well-developed.

They had been brought to Greenville Junction from all the large cities in the country where they were massed and conveyed to the landing at Davis Island dam. They were Pinkerton detectives.

As they marched laughing and talking down the bank to the river the fireman on the Little Bill began to pile coal into the furnaces, and there was a some of great activity all over the boat. Ten minutes after the whole party had embarked the pilot rang his bell and the engineer opened the throttle.

Then began a trip up the Ohio river which for fatal results was hardly equalled in her history even during the Rebellion. The boat swung into the middle of the river and steamed quietly up stream. To all appearances she was only a towboat with two barges such as are landed as the wharves of this city every day, generally carrying iron ore, fire brick or pig metal.

Carrying a Dangerous Cargo. Not a light was to be seen anywhere but on the decks of the steamer herself. The barges, on bearing the name "Cincinnati" and the other "Gray's Iron Line," were closed up and dark and a casual observer would never have imagined that they held such a large and dangerous human cargo. Within the boat all was activity. A great stack of Winchester rifles was piled up in each barge. These were distributed among the men, who proceeded immediately to cleaning and loading them. There was distributed to each man a liberal supply of cartridges, and for use in case of emergency, bayonets and hats were filled with the dead-deadly muzzlers and placed where they would be easily accessible. These preparations took considerable time, and when the boat reached this city and passed under the Smithfield street bridge the men, tired out after long journeys, turned into the comfortable bunks ranged in tiers along each side of the barges and sought repose.

Failed to Surprise the Watchers. It was the intention of these men to slip quietly up to Homestead, land at the big mill of the Carnegie Company take possession of the entire plant and give the locked-out workers a grand surprise when daylight would break. But during the well conceived, well arranged and well carried out as the details of the plan were they resulted in a surprise to more than the Homestead workers.

Through some means as yet unknown the locked-out workers had received an intimation several days before that such an attempt to gain control of the mills would be made. In addition to the famous picket line around the works the leaders sent trusty scouts down the river to keep them posted on the movements of any mysterious looking craft that might be moving toward Homestead.

The Scouts Worked Well. So well had the scouts followed their instructions that they knew of the fitting up of the barges before the work was completed. At ten minutes before 2 o'clock yesterday morning one scout on the Monongahela wharf saw and recognized the barges as they passed under the Birmingham bridge. He yelled to the pilot: "Are you going to Homestead?"

No reply was received. The boat steamed on. The scout turned up the wharf and, running like a scared deer, reached the Western Union telegraph office and wrote out this message to the leaders: "Watch the river. Barges left here." A minute later a well-dressed young man who had been watching the scout rushed

into the telegraph office and demanded that the message be not sent. He was too late. The message was on the wire. The demand for its suppression came from a scout on the other side of the conflict.

Sounding the Alarm at Homestead.

When the message reached Homestead there ensued a scene which has seldom been paralleled in the country's history. To say the news spread like wildfire would not express the rapidity with which the contents of that fateful message spread through the big borough. Three minutes after it had been received the great whistle at the electric light plant in the heart of the town began to blow the general alarm which all expected sooner or later, and which everybody feared. As the hoarse, mournful sound swept through the town the people jumped from their beds and raised their windows.

Men were running through the streets shouting "On to the river!" "The black sheep are coming!" "On to the river!" In a few moments the streets were filled with a wildly rushing mob of 5,000 men, women and children. "On to the river," was taken up by all and a weird, buzzing, swelling roar went up from the whole village, which had in it that indescribable something which strikes terror to the heart of the strongest.

All headed for the river. In less than ten minutes after the alarm message reached Homestead every street and alley leading to the river was filled with a surging wild mass of human beings, rushing madly for the shore. Many of them carried guns, rifles, revolvers and other weapons. Many carried clubs which they had gathered along the streets, or the palings torn from fences as they went along.

When the advance guard of the mob reached the river shore it was dark, and a dense fog hung over the valley almost obscuring even the lights of the blast furnaces across the river. Instinctively the crowd turned up the river shore toward the works. As they ran along the rough, steep and uneven shore at a speed that would under

treated to the mill yard at the top of the bank and were screened behind piles of metal and steel piled along the front. The first man to drop was Martin Murray, shot through the side. A moment later Joseph Sodal stopped to pick up Murray when a bullet struck him on the upper lip just below the nose, dropping him dead beside Murray. In the meantime, Henry Strelitz, who had retreated to the top of the hill and was firing at the men on the boat, was struck with a bullet through his neck. He died in a few moments. On the boat the man who seemed to be leading the armed party was shot and fell on the deck. After he had been carried inside and the cannon on the boat had all retreated into the covered barges firing ceased on both sides.

A Plea for Peace. Then came a conference between the leaders on the shore and a stout, middle-aged man on the boat seemed to be a leader. Said the mill worker who had stepped down to the water's edge: "On behalf of 5,000 men I beg of you to leave here at once. I don't know who you are or from whence you came, but I do know that you have no business here, and if you stay there will be more bloodshed. We, the workers in these mills, are peacefully inclined. We have not damaged any property, and we do not intend to if you will send a committee with us we will take them through the works, carefully explain to them all the details of this trouble and promise them a safe return to your boats. But, in the name of God and humanity, don't attempt to land. Don't attempt to enter these works by force."

Defiance From Pinkerton Men. The leader on the boat, resting his rifle across his left arm, stepped to the front and, speaking so that those on the bank should be able to hear, said: "Men, we are Pinkerton detectives. We were sent here to take possession of this property and to guard it for the company. We don't wish to shed any blood, but we are determined to go up there and will do so. If you men don't withdraw we will move every man of you down and enter in spite of you. You had better disperse, for land we will." A deathly silence followed this speech. Then the leader of the mill workers spoke again. Every man within sound of his voice listened with breathless attention.

canon was firing at the boats while the sharpshooters kept up an incessant popping at the exposed portions of the barges. After awhile a hole was broken in the brick wall of the pump house, and the cannon was taken into that place of shelter within 40 feet of the boat, but the gun could not be trained on the boats, and the position was abandoned for the original one behind the armor plate. The cannon, however, proved ineffectual in piercing the iron sides of the boats, which had evidently been prepared for just such a contingency as this, and the workers so desperate that they were beyond reason, began to invent other plans of attack.

Invading the Barges. Numerous big packages of dynamite sticks, weighing a half pound each, were brought, and from their barricade shelter the men began to throw them at the boats. The explosions were terrific. When the dynamite struck the roof of the boats they demonstrated the character of the boat coverings. Not a mark was left where the explosion occurred. The violence of the explosive stuff could be heard for many miles around, and it was kept up, now and then punctuated with the report of the cannon or the sharp crack of the rifles, until 4 o'clock in the evening.

In the morning also a few barrels of oil were poured on the water, with the intention of setting fire to it as it floated down on the surface past the boats, and thereby ignite the boats themselves, but the oil was a lubricating quality and would not ignite. This desperate move, however, frightened the Pinkerton men and thereafter not a shot was fired from the barges.

LIKE RATS IN A TRAP.

A Pinkerton Detective Relates the Story of the Surrender—Were Exposed to the Bullets of Men Who Were Entrenched Behind Steel Barriads.

The train bearing the wounded Pinkerton men arrived at the Union station at 7:30 last evening. A large crowd had assembled and it was rumored that all the detectives were to arrive. The injured men were:

THOMAS CONNORS, New York, struck by dynamite bomb in the back and right arm crushed; will die.



THROWING BOMBS ON TO THE BARGES.

ordinary circumstances kill a man, the word was passed along the crowd that 500 black-ships were coming up the river on boats to be landed in the works and take the pieces of the locked-out men.

The Mill Fence Torn Down. On, on to the works the crowd ran with accelerated speed. The information they had received had madened them, and when they reached the famous 16 foot fence they were ready for anything. Some one suggested tearing down the fence and taking possession of the works. The suggestion caught the crowd. The word was passed along. A rush was made. A section of nearly 200 feet of the high barrier went down as if it had been pasteboard. With a yell the mighty mob rushed over the wreck into the company's yard just above the old city poor farm.

Some of the first streaks of dawn appeared in the sky. No boat had yet here in sight, though thousands of eyes were straining to catch the first glimpse of her. Suddenly a cheer from the lower end of the town announced that the headlights of the approaching steamer had been sighted. Those at the mill could not see her, but the word was passed along to them so quickly that they were aware of her approach.

Receiving the Little Bill. A few moments later the red lights of the boat were discovered through the fog by the men at the mill. Another cheer went up followed by a grand rush for the water's edge. The boat came up rapidly, the Little Bill between the two great clumsy looking barges and passing up to a point directly opposite the center of the mill yard ran the barges close up to the shore.

A moment later and 40 or 50 men stepped out from a door in the end of the nearest barge to the small deck on the bow. Each man carried a Winchester repeater and on every face there was a look of determination. In the doorway behind those on the deck there could be seen many more faces and the glistening barrels of many more rifles.

A gang plank was thrown out and the men on the boat started toward it, then glancing at the multitude of determined men on the shore, they hesitated.

A Warning From the Shore. "Don't step off that boat!" was the cry from 50 men on the shore, but a commanding voice from the boat said "forward." Just as the first man was about to step on the gangplank, the first shot was fired. No one seemed to know from whence it came, but someone yelled that it had come from a port hole in the side of the boat and a volley from a score of millworkers' guns followed.

Then followed a momentary silence, as the invaders quietly ranged in line, broken by a volley from 40 rifles. Most of them must have fired into the air, as with the solid mass of humanity, only a few feet away from them they could not have missed a mark had they fired point blank. But many of them fired into the crowd and several men fell.

A wild scramble of 3,300 to 4,000 men and women followed. Up the steep bank, 40 feet high, and down the river bank toward the village they scrambled in a wild frenzy of terror. Men fell and were trampled under foot by those who came after.

Keeping Up a Brick Fire. All this time the invaders were keeping up a rattling fire, which was briskly returned by a couple of hundred of the mill workers, some of whom had stood their ground while others

"I have no more to say," said he, "what you do here is at the risk of many lives. Before you enter those mills you will trample over the dead bodies of 5,000 honest workmen."

Since Before Another Storm. The next two hours were passed in ominous silence. The leader of the Pinkertons at 6 o'clock again stepped out and commanded the men to disperse, as at 7 o'clock he would take his men to the mills against all obstacles. But before 7 o'clock came the mill workers had put up a substantial breastwork of structural steel behind which they crouched with loaded guns.

At 7:45 the Pinkertons stepped out on the forward deck preparatory to landing. The leader swung an arm as the first to emerge, but before he or the men behind him could make a jump a rattling volley from the mill yard caused them to retreat hastily and four men dropped in their tracks.

The Pinkertons returned the fire from the portholes and from the ends of the boat, wounding a number of the workers who were in exposed positions. The firing from the boat was thereafter kept up at intervals until 10 o'clock.

Cannonading from a Steel Barriade. At 9 o'clock the battles became strong and heavy. The mill workers had secured a small cannon and planted it on the hillside, concealed by shrubbery on the opposite side of the river, from which position they were firing at the boats. The men behind the steel barriade and a number of sharpshooters who had been distributed along the river front were at the same time doing lively work. The Little Bill, with her deck crew of 500 men, had withdrawn early in the second skirmish to Port Perry, leaving the barges moored, but just when the exchange of shots was the heaviest she returned and steamed in for the barges.

A derisive yell from the 150 men behind the barriade and the 2,000 unarmed who were back in the mill on the trestles and other points out of range, greeted the little steamer. A hot volley from the sharpshooters and the millworkers raked the steamer fore and aft as she turned her broadside to the shore.

Running a Flare Blockade. A dozen bullets struck the pilot house, and the occupant dropped so quick that it was thought he had been killed, and the crowd broke into cheers. Men on the boat returned the fire, but instead of landing the Little Bill floated on down past the works, running the fastest blockade that has been witnessed on this continent since 1855. There was a perfect shower of lead from the boat, but it was returned with an energy which her perforated sides will attest for many days to come and it was kept up as long as she was in range.

During this titanic the cannon across the river was busily engaged. Scrap iron, nails and slugs were being fired. Suddenly Silas Wain sitting on a pile of sticks on the mill yard out of range of the guns on the boats was seen to keel over. A dozen men ran to him. A piece of scrap from the cannon had struck him in the neck, severing the jugular vein and almost tearing his head off. He was instantly killed.

Transferring the Cannon. This stopped the cannonading from north side of the river, and by a code of signals known to themselves the workers signaled and the cannon was moved to the south side where it was planted behind a big armor plate, stood on end, 25 yards from the boat. Men came running with gun powder and soon the little brass

JOHN McGOVERN, of Philadelphia; bullet in calf of right leg.

THOMAS O'REILLY, New York; bullet in back that was to set as watchman;

CHARLES NORTHERO, Chicago; badly bruised about the body by the crowd.

JOHN SPEER, Chicago; bullet in leg.

HENRY CRITTELLEN, New York; bullet in left hand, one in leg, and another in head; none serious. He was able to walk to the hospital.

JOHN GARLIS, rib broken by falling timber.

The wounded were all moved to the West Penn Hospital. While waiting for the ambulances it was thought that Connors was dying. He asked for a priest, and one was sent for to St. Philomena Church. One of the priests in attendance reported at once and administered the last rites of the Church. Connors was very weak when placed in the ambulance.

John McGovern, one of the injured men, said that the majority of the men were injured in range and observed them on each crack of the rifles made them more bloodthirsty and each boom of the cannon more eager for the blood of the officers. One of the strikers remarked: "There is but two weeks between civilization and barbarism, and I believe it will only take two days of this work to make the change." Indeed, it looked as if the veneering of gentility had been badly cracked already.

The Pinkertons Felt Doomed. Then another shot and another cheer told that someone had been hit. The Pinkertons were too badly scared to make any effort to shoot, and were crowded like sheep into the Tennessee barge, which lay far

above his head. By his side sat a basket full of the deadly explosive. The mob that a moment before had been wild and silent and listened. His voice was loud and distinct. He said: "Men of Homestead and Fellow Strikers: Our friends have been murdered; our brothers have been shot down by hired thugs before our eyes. The blood of honest workmen has been spilled. Younder in those boats are hundreds of men who have murdered our friends and who would ravish our homes. Men of Homestead, we must kill them. Not one must escape alive."

"Aye, Aye," chorused half a thousand voices. Then the heroic workman continued: "The cannon has failed to sink the boats, the oil has failed to burn them. Who will follow me? These bombs will do the work. As he spoke he flourished the dynamite score ward the clubs, and regardless that they were within range of the Pinkertons' rifles, followed their haste to take human life. They were not savages, but men of families, perhaps a few hours before had held infants on their knees, or kissed wives farewell. They were good, strong men wrought up by the sight of blood, ready to take the lives of those who threatened them and theirs.

During the Sticks of Dynamite. With their penknives they scooped up holes for the cartridges and the fuse. The latter was very short; it would burn quickly. The crowds could see them light the matches and hold the plungers of death until they burned close. Then with strong right arms drawn full every muscle showed like whiplights, they let them fly and the explosions were cheered by the eager mob. The distance was long and the bombs had to be thrown from behind some shelter, and many of the missiles fell short of the mark, but when one landed on the roof of the pump house it went up. One man had crawled down among the structural iron and then by making a throw of nearly 100 feet struck the boat. The front end heaved and a few barrels of dynamite exploded and another stick of dynamite exploded in a semi-circle in the air, leaving a trail of smoke behind. It was going to land square on top of the Monongahela, but instead of striking the roof it splashed into a bucket of water and exploded for a moment, and then went out without exploding. It had hardly died though when another from the pump house fell on the roof. It lay there unexploded a moment while the workers prayed it might wreck the boat. There was an explosion, and a hole was torn in the roof. It was not known whether it killed anybody inside, but when the boards flew up and down it went flying into the air. Another bomb was thrown into the bow of the boat. The clearing smoke showed a door was gone. Human forms were seen within and were a sign for another round from the sharpshooters.

Killed While Lifting Their Dead. At 1:35 several men went out to pick up their dead comrades on the bow of the Monongahela. There were half a dozen more shots and the two men fell. Then came more curses for the firm and more cheers of victory. One sharp shooter called out: "These two will never build any fine libraries for the bloody Scotchman." "Death to Frick, too," came the reply, and the bloodshed went on.

Another stick of dynamite fell on the roof at 1:40, and at 1:43 another tore off a part of the planks. Then the men drew closer and their work became more deadly. Then it was decided to throw oil again and burn the boards down. At 2:10 the box car belonging to the city and a half dozen barrels of lubricating oil were brought to the water tanks, together with a fire engine, but there was great difficulty in getting it to work. In the meantime a new supply of dynamite had arrived. The boxes were knocked open and the mob drew out the explosives as unconcerned as they would their food. Then they made another rush on the barges and there was more sharp firing. Shortly after 2 o'clock a coal steamer's whistle was heard and the sharpshooters stamped to the rear for a moment, thinking another force of deputies had arrived. The alarm was false, and the men went to their work. Then they got the oil to flowing, but, as in the morning, it circled around the boats and all attempts to ignite it were futile.

Efforts of the Amalgamated Officials. The fight still continued and more attempts were made to burn the boats and the 300 Pinkertons within. It was four o'clock when the giant form of President William Weibe, of the Amalgamated Association, appeared. Hundreds followed him into one of the mills. He tried to address the mob but they refused to listen to him. President-elect Garland was also there, but the cries of "Burn the boats," "Kill the Pinkertons," and "No quarter for the murderers," drowned his voice. At last Vice President McAvoy climbed up onto one of the big converters and told the men that if they would permit these officers to go unhurt he promised that not another Pinkerton would ever set his foot in Homestead. He told them they had ravaged the death of their brother laborers and they answered, "Yes," but just then the crash of a heavy explosion

AN AFTERNOON OF BLOODSHED.

Workers Become Frantic in Their Efforts to Destroy the Barges.

THE RESORT TO DYNAMITE.

A Giant's Address as He Prepared to Hurl a Bomb of Death.

Pumping Oil Into the River With a Fire Engine—The Execution of the Cannon—Deadly Work of the Sharpshooters—The Women Brought the Fight—The Arrival of Weibe and Other Amalgamated Officials—Their Efforts for Peace—The Southside Reinforcements and the Final Surrender of the Pinkertons.

At noon the terrified Pinkertons in the doomed boats again raised the white flag. Again came the shouts of the maddened mob, "No quarter!" The white flag was withdrawn, but scarcely had the door closed when the cannon spoke again and the splinters flew from the bow of the "Monongahela." One of the Pinkertons showed himself and a dozen shots rang out from the sharpshooters among the workers, and the body of a man fell on the bow of the boat. Then it settled down to a steady fight.

By this time hundreds of the strikers had received arms; every pile of iron held a sharp-shooter watching for a human target. Every stock of coal that faced the river was a fort. The strongholds of the workers were in the laboratory, the water tank, the pump houses and the gas house. Several did very effective work from an old shearing machine under the Pemkey bridge. A number of others from Braddock were sheltered by the piers of the bridge on the other side. From there they kept up a continuous fire as long as a target was offered. All along the Pemkey road there were thousands of men and women.

Cherched Whenever a Man Fell.

The long trestle and the new station in the mill were black with people who cheered on the sharpshooters below, while the deserted Carnegie offices in the armor plate mill were crowded with eager people. The hills on both sides of the river were lined with watchers, who cheered loudly whenever a Pinkerton man was seen to fall. The sight of blood maddened them. "Don't let one escape alive," they shouted.

Hugh O'Donnell, who had done all that was possible to avert bloodshed, at this point invited a party of newspaper men to the cupola of the new converting mill, recently erected by Julian Kennedy. From there they had a full view of the boats and the crowd and witnessed scenes such as few people ever have witnessed. Many a battle has gone down in history where less shooting was done and fewer people killed. There were hundreds of men well armed thirsting for the lives of others in the boat, while thousands of men and women stood just out of range and observed them on each crack of the rifles made them more bloodthirsty and each boom of the cannon more eager for the blood of the officers. One of the strikers remarked: "There is but two weeks between civilization and barbarism, and I believe it will only take two days of this work to make the change." Indeed, it looked as if the veneering of gentility had been badly cracked already.

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ATTEMPT TO BURN THE BARGES.

chest from the shore. Fresh ammunition and arms had arrived for the workers from Pittsburgh, and the men bent harder to their tasks. They worked nearer the river, that their fire might be more deadly. The workers could be seen dragging their bodies like snakes along the ground to where they could get a better shot. The cannon would again roar, but the shot would land in the water above the boat. Once a piece of one of the doors fell with a shot. Several of the imported officers were revealed, and a score of shots were fired in quick succession. Some must have fallen, for cheer on cheer of triumph went up from thousands of throats. At every shot of the cannon thereafter a volley of shots was heard from the sharpshooters, who had seen someone on the boat. They only shot when they saw something, and every crack of a rifle meant an attempt on a human life.

A Giant Armed With Dynamite.

At 1 o'clock there was a wild commotion at the new station. A tall brawny workman waved two sticks of dynamite high

THE MOB WANTED BLOOD

And Clubbed the Defenseless Men as They Left the Barges.

Women Threw Sand in Their Eyes

While Their Husbands Spat in Their Faces—A Second Assault on the Vanquished Under the Starry Flag at Labor Hall—An Amazon Blinds a Detective With Dust and Then Knocks Him Down With a Stone—The Exciting March With the Prisoners From the Barges to the Big Frame Building—A Raid on Underclothing—How a Joke Averted a Collision That Would Probably Have Resulted in Many Murders.

The scene at Homestead last evening as the Pinkerton men, after their formal surrender, came unarmd from the barges almost surpasses belief. The Pinkerton men first asked the privilege of bearing out their dead and wounded. It was granted. One dead man and 11 wounded were carried out.

Women clad in everything from calico to silk had joined the crowd, and hooted and howled like the men. It was 5 o'clock when the surrender was made. The crowd heard the cheers of victory and 5,000 people had collected about the mill and along the road at Monhall. A few of the first of the Pinkertons saw the angry faces of the mob and refused to give up their arms. They made a lively fight, but finally had to give in. By this time the mob had swept on to the boats and burst in the doors on the side. This revealed rows of bundles which were quickly torn away.

The Mob Looted the Boat.

The mob pushed in and pillaged the boat. Men were seen coming out with life preservers fastened about their waists and laden down with guns, clothing and cooking utensils. The boat was provisioned for three weeks and hundreds came out loaded with eatables. Others bore stoweh. They took all they could carry off.

The wounded were carried up through the howling mob, who swore at them as they lay, some of them dying. At first the mob pitied them. Then it grew mad at the sight of the bleeding Pinkertons. When the others came the women threw sand at them and the men spat on them. Every one had to come with uncovered head. The women hit them with their umbrellas and threw whole handfuls of mud at them. Not satisfied with this, a number of brooms were taken from the boat and they struck the Pinkertons with these as they passed. Soon after a few strong men stationed themselves at intervals along the route of exit and kicked each one as he passed.

Knocked Down With Clubs.

By this time the toughs, who had never been near where the firing was going on, assembled and began to abuse the defeated men. They had not been in the fight, and the brave men who had handled the guns at the front were trying to protect the lives of their prisoners. One man who refused to give up his satchel was finally knocked down. The blood came and the crowd was again a rabble. They gathered sticks and stones. As soon as a Pinkerton appeared above the bank it was a signal for attack. Hundreds of clubs were stolen from the boat and used on the Pinkertons. Many were knocked down and beaten almost into insensibility. It was a sickening sight.

The men at dawn had said they would land in 15 minutes. The defeat was ignominious. They had surrendered under the promise of protection, a promise the leaders were unable to fulfill. There was a solid line of men armed with maces and clubs. Never was witnessed such brutality. The men were beaten from one side to another. As a Pinkerton passed each one struck at his head. Every now and then one would be knocked down, but while the blood was still streaming from him they would kick and trample on him. They were not the men who had carried the guns. They came in afterwards, and only displayed their cowardice by beating men who had surrendered their arms. They threw bricks and stones, and struck their victims with pieces of iron. One man had his skull fractured with a brick, and scarce man escaped unharmed. Men's faces were cut open, and still men pounded them on the fresh wounds.

The March Through the Town.

In something less than an hour after the defeated and disgusted Pinkerton forces had lowered their colors the victors marshalled their men in the yard just back of the big water tanks. The captured invaders were in a very bad way both physically and mentally, and as they huddled together on the network of tracks they formed a gruesome spectacle.

Their faces were blackened with dirt and powder and stained with blood. Some carried their arms in improvised slings and many were without shoes. A majority of the men carried cheap leather traveling bags and bundles of clothing.

A double guard of Homestead men armed with the Winchesters captured from the barges encircled the prisoners. Directly behind the guards was a throng of men, women and children. Up to this time no attempt at violence had been made. The crowd celebrated the triumph of their champions by repeated cheering, but not until the head of the procession of victors and vanquished started for the village did

RAN A GAUNTLET OF FURIOUS MEN.

Brutal Attack on the Pinkertons After They Had Laid Down Their Arms.

THE MOB WANTED BLOOD

And Clubbed the Defenseless Men as They Left the Barges.

Women Threw Sand in Their Eyes While Their Husbands Spat in Their Faces—A Second Assault on the Vanquished Under the Starry Flag at Labor Hall—An Amazon Blinds a Detective With Dust and Then Knocks Him Down With a Stone—The Exciting March With the Prisoners From the Barges to the Big Frame Building—A Raid on Underclothing—How a Joke Averted a Collision That Would Probably Have Resulted in Many Murders.

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Women clad in everything from calico to silk had joined the crowd, and hooted and howled like the men. It was 5 o'clock when the surrender was made. The crowd heard the cheers of victory and 5,000 people had collected about the mill and along the road at Monhall. A few of the first of the Pinkertons saw the angry faces of the mob and refused to give up their arms. They made a lively fight, but finally had to give in. By this time the mob had swept on to the boats and burst in the doors on the side. This revealed rows of bundles which were quickly torn away.

The Mob Looted the Boat.

The mob pushed in and pillaged the boat. Men were seen coming out with life preservers fastened about their waists and laden down with guns, clothing and cooking utensils. The boat was provisioned for three weeks and hundreds came out loaded with eatables. Others bore stoweh. They took all they could carry off.

The wounded were carried up through the howling mob, who swore at them as they lay, some of them dying. At first the mob pitied them. Then it grew mad at the sight of the bleeding Pinkertons. When the others came the women threw sand at them and the men spat on them. Every one had to come with uncovered head. The women hit them with their umbrellas and threw whole handfuls of mud at them. Not satisfied with this, a number of brooms were taken from the boat and they struck the Pinkertons with these as they passed. Soon after a few strong men stationed themselves at intervals along the route of exit and kicked each one as he passed.

Knocked Down With Clubs.

By this time the toughs, who had never been near where the firing was going on, assembled and began to abuse the defeated men. They had not been in the fight, and the brave men who had handled the guns at the front were trying to protect the lives of their prisoners. One man who refused to give up his satchel was finally knocked down. The blood came and the crowd was again a rabble. They gathered sticks and stones. As soon as a Pinkerton appeared above the bank it was a signal for attack. Hundreds of clubs were stolen from the boat and used on the Pinkertons. Many were knocked down and beaten almost into insensibility. It was a sickening sight.