

the oddly assorted spectators turn their attention to the disconcerting Pinkertons. Bursting of the Threatened Steam.

As the procession was forming the people fell slowly back, and for an instant it looked as though there would be little or no trouble. But when the advance guard of 100 dust-stained Homestead men shouldered their guns and the prisoners picked up their battered luggage and mechanically fell into line, the long threatening storm burst.

Over the railroad tracks the procession moved with measured steps. It made its weary way between the towering red walls of the deserted mills surrounded on every side by a howling, cheering mob of frantic humanity.

The Pinkertons marched in single file, and on either side of each man was an armed guard. At first the mob devoted its energies to jeering and hooting the captives, but long before the outer ramparts of the works were reached the air was thick

with stones and debris hurled by the maddened populace. In their eagerness to do physical damage to the prisoners the workers lost sight of the fact that hundreds of their own men were exposed. Several of the guardsmen were struck by the flying missiles, but the general aim of the fast-growing multitude was accurate.

In the beginning the dazed Pinkertons made no attempt to defend themselves. They did their best to dodge the stones but even before they reached the outer gate their bodies were covered with bruises and wounds. When this pagan arrived at the gate directly opposite the railway station at Monhall it paused in its journey to allow a long freight train to pass. This interruption lasted only a few moments but it must have seemed an hour to the wretched prisoners. At last the final car rumbled past and the journey was resumed.

Over the Pittsburgh, Virginia and Charleston tracks they stumbled, then down the sloping side of the roadbed into the little gully at the side of the station. At this juncture one of the prisoners dropped a big yellow valise from which he drew a pistol and a fresh-laundried shirt and waved it over his head. Thousands of inflamed eyes caught a glimpse of the shirt, and then as if by arrangement a dozen grins and bundles were wrested from the prisoners.

The air filled with underarm. Soon the air was filled with all sorts and conditions of underwear and clothing. This unique episode tickled the people, and for a moment diverted their attention from the prisoners. During the brief breathing space the guards moved closer to their captives and the gaps in the long columns were closed up. Just beyond Monhall station the road takes a sudden bend.

When the leaders turned the bend they were confronted by a veritable wall of excited humanity. In the front ranks of this new and unexpected obstacle were a group of women armed with brooms and clubs. It looked then as though no human power could prevent a collision. But thanks to the quick wit of one of the leaders the danger was averted and what had fair to be a bloody tragedy was transformed into a comedy. It happened this way:

One woman, who appeared to be the queen of the battle, raised her broom, and in a shrill voice said: "Where are the dirty blackops? Let's have them, boys." At this critical juncture the leader shouted in a voice so loud that it could be heard by all, despite the din and confusion: "Why, my good woman, we want our shirts laundried and we are going to make these tramps do the job at our rates."

Made Way for the Procession. This rough joke was cheered to the echo and by good luck changed the fierce humor of the mob. "Make way for us," commanded the joker, and strange to relate the women obeyed. Slowly and reluctantly the people crowded up against the high whitewashed fence of the company and in the narrow lane the column advanced. Thus with bowed heads and lagging steps the Pinkertons marched on. They did not dare to even glance at the stern white faces and gleaming eyes of their victors and although the road was rough and their burdens heavy they made no sign.

At the intersection of Heisel street and Eighth avenue there is a hill. At the foot of the hill and fronting on the avenue is the big brick hall in the top story of which is located the headquarters of the workers. This afternoon the headquarters were closed, but from one of the open windows extended a long pole from which hung a large American flag. When the column reached the crest of the hill those in the front ranks looked down into a veritable sea of stormy humanity. More than a thousand determined looking men and pale-faced, talkative women were passed on either side of the avenue.

An Angry Crowd Waiting for Revenge. This human gauntlet was at least a quarter of a mile long and extended from the brow of the hill to McClure street, a distance of several city squares. For fully an hour these men and women had stood and waited for the captives, and, as a natural sequence they were in no pleasant humor. Great clouds of yellow dust heralded the advancing column. Over the hill they came, this motley company. There was a moment of perfect silence as solem as it was portentous and mighty cheers with a perfect war of hisses and cat calls followed. The line never faltered. The leaders knew that human gauntlet must be passed, come what would, and wisely decided that the best plan was to proceed with all possible speed. The armed escort met with an ovation, and the first batch of prisoners, who were at the very heads of the rear ranks, managed to escape the attention of the crowd. But for the long line of bleeding men that followed them the conditions were not so pleasant. A tall, handsome woman in a blue calico gown began the trouble by throwing a handful of dust right in the eyes of one of the prisoners. The man stepped in his tracks and uttered a groan of agony.

"My God, I'm blind," he moaned. "A Woman Knecks a Man Down." "Serres you right, you dirty cur," replied his fair assailant as she pulled from the pocket of her gown a bit of jagged stone and hurled it with crushing force at

the suffering man. The stone struck him in the mouth, and although he was six feet tall and weighed at least 200 pounds he fell like a log on the road. Two of the guards raised him to his feet and led him away. This man was badly hurt, the blood gushing from an ugly wound in his right cheek and four of his teeth were shattered. More words and missiles describe the scene that followed. Despite the pleading of the guards and the protests of a few conservative men, the mob vented its spleen on the dazed and wounded prisoners. Men were knocked down, pounded with clubs, stones, and women spat in their faces and tore their clothing, amid screams, cheers and hisses. It was a perfect pandemonium. Most of the men assaulted were big of bone and had plenty of muscle, but they were as infants in the hands of their frenzied assailants. They pleaded for mercy, but, alas! none was shown.

The Assaults Were Foreigners. It was plain to everybody that the mad, blood-thirsty mob was not composed of the Homestead men who had, at the risk of their lives, fought a battle on the river front early in the day, but consisted, for the most part, of rough, unthinking foreigners, and the most part of it all was that all this horrible brutality occurred under the folds of that great flag hanging from the window.

It is needless proper to say right here that the genuine workmen and their plucky leaders did all in their power to protect their wretched prisoners, and had it not been for their tremendous exertions a Pinkerton man would be cold in death to-night.

At last, after a long time—it seemed an age but was really 46 minutes—the last prisoner had passed through that nerve-straining ordeal and was hurried down the avenue. Then with a shout the mob dissolved.

Safe at Last in the Building. Once they had passed the flag-tipped hall the captives found it a comparatively easy journey. To be sure they were subjected to all manner of insults and suffered sundry kicks and bruises, but compared to what they had undergone these experiences were of small moment.

The column moved down Eighth avenue to a small side street which leads to the big frame building. The Pinkerton men were hurried through across the threshold and then the great door closed with a bang, the big key in the lock and that tragic parade through Homestead streets was over. For a time at least the invaders were out of harm's way, and this most disgraceful incident of what has proved an awful day was closed.

FRICK SAYS NOTHING. He Does Not Care to Talk—Secretary Lovejoy Deplores the Conflict—Why the Pinkertons Were Not Rescued—Official Statement From the Firm.

The officials of the Carnegie Steel Company were very reticent last evening and would say little or nothing concerning the Homestead trouble. Secretary Lovejoy, when asked if the company would take any action now that the situation had reached such an extreme, said: "No, we will take no action whatever. Our property is at present in the hands of the Sheriff and we are waiting until the Homestead works are again placed in our possession. We naturally deplore that the affair has attained such appalling proportions.

General Manager H. C. Frick could not be induced to express any opinion and would answer no question whatever. After the train bearing some of the Pinkerton detectives had arrived in the city three of the Pinkertons made their way to the office of the Carnegie Steel Company. What they had to say about the matter could be heard as they were immediately taken into a private room and closeted for some time with H. C. Frick, F. L. F. Lovejoy and other officials of the company.

The Secretary of the Carnegie Steel Company was asked late last night: "Why was no help sent to the barges at Homestead so the men need not surrender?" "Everything was done that could be done. The Little Bill went up to Port Perry with the wounded men. There was nobody on the boat but Captain Robinson, the Pinkerton man named Robinson, the captain of the boat and the crew as they came back. They were to tow the barges away and render what aid was needed. They were fired upon and the boat was riddled. The watchmen named John McCurry was shot, and the men had to run the boat for a hiding place. They came to Pittsburgh, where the condition of the boat shows what sort of usage she received."

"Why did you not send another boat up there?" "For the good and sufficient reason that we could not get one. We offered \$10,000 for a tugboat, but no one would make a boat to Homestead and bring the barges to the city. We could not get a tug. We sent word to a number of men. They said it would be going to almost certain death and no amount of money would tempt them. The company has had all the men wounded in its service sent to the hospitals and they will have the best of care at our expense. We have received little or no information about the men who were shot. The direct communication ceased after Mr. Childs left."

Carnegie Company's Official Statement. The management of the Carnegie Company last night issued the following statement: "On Homestead Steel Works, on July 1, taken possession of by a mob, which was immediately thereafter organized by the late representatives of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, and all our mechanics, mill men, and even foremen, were driven from the works, and were forcibly denied admission thereto. We were also notified by a self-styled advisory committee composed of men who were not at the works, that the men being permitted to further unlawful acts. This continued until the afternoon of July 6, when the Sheriff of Allegheny County for protection and assistance in regaining possession of our property."

The Sheriff went to Homestead, and on his return sent deputies to the works, and, after a short detention, ordered the men to disperse. His deputies were routed and his proclamation torn down. The Sheriff, through his chief deputy, ordered me to take 300 of our watchmen, who were sent to the works by boat last night. These men were not more than 100 miles from the works by an armed mob of Amalgamated men, who followed along the river bank and fired at and revolved at the boats. This shooting was continuous for 25 minutes before one shot was returned from the boats, which was not until the boats were tied up on our landing.

On the arrival of the boats the mob tore down a large portion of the fence above the works, and filled the bluff above the landing, and, after a short detention, ordered the men to disperse. The men were not until then, when the fire returned, resulting, as we are advised, in some loss of life. The mob was so large as to prevent the landing of the guards, who are at this time on the river bank, and, as we are unable to muster at present, as we cannot interfere with the discharge of their duty, and are now awaiting his further action.

SHOT FOR HIS DEFIANCE. A Worker Killed as He Waved a Leaf of Bread at the Pinkertons. A sad story is told of the shooting of Feres, the Hungarian. As the Little Bill came down at 10:30 o'clock yesterday morning, Feres rose from his shelter with a loaf of bread which he shook at the boat exclaiming: "You cannot take this from our mouths." He was shot from the barge, a ball entering his mouth and coming out at the back of his head.

Fattison Says All Is Quiet. HARRISBURG, July 6.—Governor Pattison said at 10:30 to-night that his latest advice from Homestead indicated that all is quiet. A private telegram from Colonel Connelly, at Pittsburgh, stated that a peaceful solution of the difficulty is now probable.

DEAD AND WOUNDED.

Long List of the Victims of Tragedy at the Homestead Steel Works.

EIGHT MEN WERE KILLED.

Large Number of Persons Wounded, Many of Them Seriously.

PREPARING FOR THE INQUEST.

Coroner McDowell Will Make a Searching Investigation.

PINKERTONS THROWN OFF THE STEAMER.

Coroner McDowell will make a thorough and impartial investigation of the causes of death before an inquest is held over the bodies of the men who were killed yesterday at Homestead.

Two bodies, those of one striker and one Pinkerton, arrived at the morgue yesterday afternoon, but Coroner McDowell was obliged to go to Homestead in the evening in order to view the other bodies. He instituted a partial investigation, but found it very difficult to obtain information owing to the state of confusion.

The jury to be impaneled will consist of citizens of Pittsburgh and Allegheny who are neither members of labor organizations nor prominent capitalists, thus insuring a true and impartial verdict to be rendered without prejudice for or against either side.

The remains of the two bodies now at the morgue have been properly embalmed and the Pinkerton guard will no doubt be shipped to Chicago in the evening. In order to effect this the Pinkerton men were hurried through across the threshold and then the great door closed with a bang, the big key in the lock and that tragic parade through Homestead streets was over.

The other victim, Joseph Sappa, evidently one of the strikers will be held for further identification. The remains of the other five, now at Homestead, have been prepared for burial at their respective homes. The time and place for interment not yet being arranged.

The List of the Dead. Following are the names of the dead on both sides, so far as yet reported: J. W. KLINE, a Pinkerton, of Chicago, was shot through the head. He was 33 years old, heavy-set, weighing about 180 pounds, and had a heavy mustache. JOSEPH SAPP, a striker of Homestead, was shot in the left side in the Mercy Hospital. He was 40 years old and a native of Austria, being about 5 feet 10 inches high and dark complexioned with dark hair and mustache.

PETER FORRIS, aged 25, and single, a laborer at open hearth furnace, was shot in the mouth. SILAS WAIN, aged 25 and single, had his head shot off with a cannon ball, fired from the other side of the river, while standing with his brother in the steel yard. He lived with his parents in Homestead.

JOHN E. MORRIS, aged 28, and a worker on rolls in steel works, was standing near the pump house when a rifle ball struck him in the head. He fell into a ditch about 40 feet deep and was terribly mangled. HENRY STEIGEL, aged 19, a driver for Pier & Danville, was standing in Dr. Vogler's yard when a rifle ball struck him in the left side of the neck.

Shot Himself by Accident. THOMAS WELDON, aged 30 and married, was killed by the accidental discharge of a rifle in his own hands. After the Pinkerton men had surrendered and left the barges, the strikers rushed onto them to seize the guns. Weldon picked up a rifle and attempted to smash it when it discharged, the ball taking effect in his abdomen.

EDWARD CONNORS, 40 years old, who lived on Montgomery street, New York, and was one of the Pinkerton detectives. He was shot through the left arm above the elbow, and the wound was not necessarily dangerous, but from lack of medical attention, having been 18 hours on the boat without attention, he died from loss of blood and fever at 11:20 last night. It is said he had been 36 hours without food.

The list of the wounded in the city hospitals at 11:30 was as follows: Homeopathic Hospital. CAPTAIN FRED W. HINDE, of the Pinkerton detectives; age 41 years, residence New York; bullet wound in left leg, the

ball having penetrated the leg and was found in the wounded man's right leg, above the knee; bullet extracted; wound not dangerous. GEORGE W. BUTTER, age 46 years, residence Homestead, was a mill worker and a member of U. V. L.; bullet penetrated the right thigh at the trochanter, shattering it to pieces, and without entering the abdominal cavity, a most miraculous thing; came out just in the middle of the abdominal wall and in the middle of the pelvis. The bullet was found just under the surface of the skin. The wound is not considered especially dangerous. West Penn Hospital. CHARLES SNOTERAN, aged 38 years, residence Chicago, Pinkerton detective; injured while getting off the boat after the surrender by falling over a board pile; not dangerous. E. R. SPEER, age 40 years, resident of Chicago; Lieutenant of Pinkerton Detectives; bullet wound in calf of right leg, by accident, by one of his own men; not dangerous. JOHN E. KERNELL, age 33 years, home, New York; Pinkerton detective, shot through hand and had a scalp wound. The patient left the hospital after his injuries were dressed.

JOHN MORRIS' FUNERAL. Odd Fellows Will Conduct the Last Services This Afternoon. At noon copies of the following notice were posted at the depots and other conspicuous places at Homestead: TAKE NOTICE. Members of Merigdale Lodge, No. 991, I. O. O. F., are requested to meet in their lodge room at 2 o'clock P. M., July 7, 1892, to attend the funeral of our late brother, JOHN E. MORRIS. Members of all sister lodges are respectfully requested to meet with us at 2 P. M. E. J. STROUPE, Noble Grand. OWEN S. SWISHER, Secretary.

SYMPATHY FROM THE SOUTH. A Telegram to Workingmen From a Winston, N. C., Official. The following telegram was received last evening by Mr. Will Ross, of this city: WILSON, N. C., July 6, 1892. To the workingmen of Pittsburgh: The sympathies of the working men of Winston, N. C., are with you. Stand firm. Yours in J. R. O. A. M., J. W. BRADFORE, Chief of Police.

A CALL TO CITIZENS

To Aid the Sheriff in Quelling the Disturbances at Homestead.

MUST COME WITH ARMS.

An Individual Summons Is Served Upon Many Prominent Men.

THE GOVERNOR ASKED FOR TROOPS

He Insists That Civil Authorities Make Further Efforts.

PRESIDENT WEIHE AS A PEACEMAKER

Sheriff McCleary last evening issued the following proclamation: All good citizens are hereby summoned to appear at the Sheriff's office to-morrow (Thursday) morning at 9 o'clock with arms and subsistence to aid the Sheriff in suppressing the riot now in progress at Homestead. WILLIAM H. MCCLEARY, Sheriff. JULY 6, 1892.

This proclamation was exhibited in public places throughout the city, while an other call similar to this was printed upon

ONE OF THE CREW TALKS. A Watchman Said He Had No Idea the Barges Were Going to Homestead—He Kept From Being Shot at by Disembarking at Port Perry.

One of those hired to watch the barges in Manchester told an interesting story last night. His name is Claire and he lives on Sixth avenue. He was engaged as night watchman and commenced work last Thursday evening. He said he was hired to watch the barges Iron Mountain and Monongahela and understood his trip was to the New Beaver dam.

"I was hired by Captain Rodgers, who was thought to own the boat, and felt confident that the service I was engaged for was at the New Beaver dam. Mr. Claire, being asked how far down the river he went, replied, to Davis Island dam. He stated his boat laid there for a couple of hours. A Ft. Wayne train stopped and its passengers, who were loaded on the barges he said, were the men to take the place of the Homestead employees. When Claire understood the situation he demanded to leave the boat, but his commander stated they were hired to do Government work at Baden, and that the channel at that point was to be cleared of rock. Mr. Claire stated he was to receive \$2 per day and all the crew were hired at the same rate. There was seven on this boat and the watch was divided into two crews.

Mr. Claire stated that when he saw the loading of the barges completed, he considered his disembarkation a necessity, and when the boat arrived at Port Perry he left it, and taking the first train arrived in Pittsburgh to read of its final landing in the morning papers.

small blanks and addressed to citizens. The second call read exactly like the first, except that it began with "You are hereby summoned," instead of "All good citizens are hereby summoned." These were sent to various responsible male residents of the county. The list of the lucky or unlucky men could not be obtained, but it is estimated that from 1,000 to 2,000 individual calls were sent out.

Run to the Sheriff's Office. When Sheriff McCleary reached his office in the Court House yesterday morning and learned of the engagement between the Pinkerton detectives and the workmen at Homestead, he was for a moment completely overwhelmed. He had been in the office scarcely ten minutes when visitors began flocking in, either to offer advice or learn what move the Sheriff would make. Among the first to call on Sheriff McCleary were Judge W. D. Porter, Senators William Flinn and John Neeh, C. L. Magee, W. A. Magee, District Attorney Burleigh, Samuel Wakeknight and Lawyers P. C. Knox and E. B. Petty, and Hon. James H. Reed.

Most of Sheriff McCleary's callers made a long stay and in less than an hour it became necessary to call a roll of names to tell the room who seemed intent upon discussing the various phases of the Homestead situation. About 10 o'clock President William Weihe, of the Amalgamated Association, entered. Mr. Weihe's appearance changed the aspect of affairs somewhat, for when he approached the Sheriff the latter immediately conducted him to a private room to which Hon. James H. Reed, P. C. Knox, R. B. Petty, the Sheriff's attorney, C. L. Magee and several others were admitted. This was the first conference in the Sheriff's office, but all through the day subsequent conferences after conference was held.

It was decided at the first meeting in the Sheriff's office to send to the officials of the Carnegie Steel Company and see if some sort of a settlement could not be effected from that source. Mr. Petty, who was delegated to go to the office of the Carnegie Steel Company, returned from a consultation with General Manager Frick and Lawyers Knox and Reed, however, and when asked about the result of the discussion intimated that it had been fruitless.

Sheriff McCleary, after consultation with Judge Ewing and his counsel, R. B. Petty, decided to wire Governor Pattison. The following telegram was sent: Governor Robert E. Pattison: Situation at Homestead is very grave. My deputies were driven from the ground and the mill owners this morning attempted to force their way onto the barges. Shots were exchanged and some men killed and wounded. Unless prompt measures are taken to prevent it, further bloodshed and great destruction of property may be expected. The striking workmen and their friends on the ground number at least 5,000, and the civil authorities are utterly unable to cope with them. Wish you would send instructions at once. W. H. MCCLEARY.

After sending this message the Sheriff turned to his friends and said: "I believe it would be suicide for me to take my men to Homestead. We cannot begin to cope with those 5,000 workmen, and I will do nothing till I hear from the Governor. I expect a reply soon and will then know what to do." The Sheriff was entirely in the dark, however, he was much worse off when the Governor's reply was received. It stated that Governor Pattison would not interfere until the Sheriff had exhausted all means in his power.

President Weihe Visits Homestead. About this time President William Weihe, of the Amalgamated Association, learning that the conference with the Carnegie Steel company, had resulted in nothing, declared his intention of going to Homestead on the 10 o'clock train to see if he could do something to pacify the locked out men. In this determination he was seconded by Sheriff McCleary. The next telegram sent to the Governor from Sheriff McCleary read as follows: Governor Robert E. Pattison, Harrisburg: The works at Homestead are in possession of an armed mob. They number thousands. The mill owners this morning attempted to force their way onto the barges, and a number of workmen, when an attack was made on the boats, and six men

LIKE RATS IN A TRAP.

Pinkerton Men Tell of the Awful Agony They Endured on the Barges.

THEY WANT TO GO HOME.

Were Told That They Were Wanted to Act Only as Watchmen.

EXPECTED TO DIE IN THE BARGES.

A Few Contemplated Suicide During the Afternoon.

TREATED LIKE SAVAGES ON SHORE

One of the most graphic narratives of the experience of the men on the barges was related last evening by A. L. Wells, a student at the Bennett Medical College, of Chicago. He came down with six wounded Pinkerton men who were brought to the Union station at 7:10 last evening. He is a short, muscular man probably 32 years of age, wears a slouch hat and full sandy beard.

He was elated over his escape from the mob, and was a willing talker. "I was sent on here by the Pinkertons," he began. "They told the 124 of us who left Chicago that we were wanted as private watchmen. They expected us to get inside the works, and then we were benighted and any wrongs that I was to take care of them. The men who came on are not regular employees of the Pinkertons, but were picked up at random.

Didn't Know Where They Were Going. I When we arrived in Pittsburgh we were joined by 207 from New York and Brooklyn. They had also been informed that they were wanted simply to act as watchmen, and I don't believe there were half a dozen men in the whole party who had any idea of the extent of the trouble. "I don't know exactly where we were put on the barges, but it was some distance below the city. All of the men were armed with clubs and blivies, but only 20 of them had guns.

"Long before we arrived at Homestead the firing commenced, and the bullets were dropping all around us, but until we got within easy gunshot no bullets struck the barges. It then began to dawn upon the men there was serious trouble, and we began to prepare for a systematic defense.

"When the steamboat left us the bullets flew around like a perfect hail storm, and scattered against us from every side. For a short time the men with the guns made an attempt to return the fire, but after 10 or 12 of our party had been wounded we gave it up as a bad job.

A Sea of Awful Terror. "The groans and curses of the wounded mingled with the prayers and pleadings of the dying, as they lay in the bottom of the barges; the whistle and ring of the bullets; the reports of the guns, and the shouts of caution, formed a scene of indescribable horror. It was a terrible experience, and one that blanch the cheek of the most fearless.

"We were caged like rats in a trap. The situation was desperate. The chances were 100 to 1 that not a man of us would get out alive. After we had run up a flag of truce for the third time, and each time it had been shot down, we gave up all hope. The dynamite bombs thrown at us hit, out one side of a barge as though it were paper, and I saw men in the party who were contemplating suicide in preference to enduring the terrible strain, which would undoubtedly end only in death if no mercy had been shown us. If we had known the awful treatment which we were subsequently led to undergo, it is a question whether the men would have capitulated when they did.

Took the Word of the Leaders. "We relied implicitly upon the word of the leaders to give us protection, but instead all but a few of the wounded were tortured worse than if they had fallen into the hands of savages. Even some of the men who were injured were kicked and beaten into insensibility. It was a sickening sight, brutal and barbarous to a degree almost past belief. I never imagined that such scenes could be enacted in a community of civilized men.

"The terrible suspense and mental agony suffered by the men while on the barges was nothing to the awful attacks after they reached the shore. We were crowded into the party but would have left the country and never came back if they had been allowed to depart."

Another happy man was John E. Critchley, of New York, who has a handsome young fellow, probably 27 years of age, dressed in a new summer suit of light material, and apparently intelligent. He spoke with a slight English accent, as we were told by his companion. He had been shot in three places. There was a bullet buried in his scalp over his left temple, another had gone through the palm of his left hand and was buried under the skin on the back of his hand, while a third was imbedded in his left heel.

He Anticipated No Trouble. "Like the others I was led to believe that we were wanted simply as private watchmen, and I anticipated no trouble. There were 207 of us, I think, came from New York. If I had known the condition of affairs at Homestead I should never have gone out. After we got out there, however, there was no way of getting back, and we had to make the best of it. There were over 30 Pinkerton uniforms on board which we were put on as soon as we should reach the works, but from what I saw the strikers now have possession of all of them.

"When we were finally allowed to leave the barges I ran up among the first and was one of the few who were not beaten. I accounted for this by the fact that my face and hands were covered with blood, and on the whole I presume I looked more like a dead than a live man.

"All I want is to get out of Pittsburgh and Pennsylvania as soon as possible and I think that is the wish of every man in the party."

There were a number of the Pinkertons registered at the St. James Hotel last evening, but soon after registering they started out, and had not returned at a late hour.

REFUSED A GLASS OF WATER. No Mercy for a Dying Pinkerton Man at Monhall Station. Probably one of the saddest sights yesterday was at Monhall station, where the wounded were being carried. One man lay there dying. He feebly called for water, while the mob of males and females scoffed. One man more humane than the rest brought it to him. A woman knocked it from his hand with the cry that he should die. And the crowd yelled, "Kill him." In spite of the protests, another drink was brought and given to the sufferer.

All Gave Fictitious Names. When the Pinkertons were in prison yesterday afternoon, an effort was made to secure their names, but all gave fictitious names and homes. The Amalgamated Association claimed to have an official list of the names, but they refused to give it out.

on the boats were badly wounded. A number of men were shot and killed, and wounded. How many cannot say. The boat later came down and was fired on from shore, and the pilot coming to a halt on the river bank. I have no means at my command to meet emergency. A large armed force will be required. Any delay may result to further bloodshed and great destruction of property. You are therefore urged to act at once. W. H. MCCLEARY, Sheriff.

Hardly had the ink dried upon the message when Sheriff McCleary as if inspired by a sudden thought, caught up his pen and again began to write. When he had finished he exhibited the following: SHERIFF'S OFFICE, ALLEGHENY CO., PITTSBURGH, PA., July 7, 1892. You are hereby requested to close your saloon or liquor house until the present disorder in Homestead and Millia township ceases. WILLIAM H. MCCLEARY, Sheriff. A Third Appeal for Aid.

The reply of the Governor to the Sheriff's second message was similar to the first, advising him to exhaust all means in his power first. At 2:30 o'clock the Sheriff sent a third message, which read: After a personal visit to the Homestead works yesterday morning and careful inquiry as to the surroundings I endeavored to gather a force to guard the works, but was unable to obtain any. My deputy sent 12 deputies, almost my entire force, to Homestead, but they were driven from the grounds. The mill owners early this morning sent an armed guard of 300 men by river. Boats containing this guard were fired on while on their way up the river, and when they attempted to land at the company's grounds were met by an armed mob which had taken possession of the company's fences and taken possession of the landing. An encounter, in which a number were wounded, took place. Several are reported dead. The Coroner has just informed me that one of the guards has just died. The guards have not been able to land, and the works are in possession of the mob, who are armed with rifles and pistols and are reported to have one cannon. The guards remain on the barges near the landing, having been

After all good citizens are hereby summoned to appear at the Sheriff's office to-morrow (Thursday) morning at 9 o'clock with arms and subsistence to aid the Sheriff in suppressing the riot now in progress at Homestead. WILLIAM H. MCCLEARY, Sheriff. JULY 6, 1892.

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GENERAL VIEW OF THE FIGHT.

abandoned by the steamer which towed them there. The civil authorities here are powerless to meet the situation, and a disciplined force is needed at once to prevent further loss of life. I therefore urge immediate action on your part for a number of deputies.

The Governor replied as follows: Your telegram indicates that you have not made any attempt to execute the law to enforce order, and I must insist on your calling upon the citizens for an adequate number of deputies.

Besides the telegrams from the Sheriff numerous private telegrams were also received by the Governor, some advising him to call out troops and others counseling a more conservative course. Two or three prominent citizens of Pittsburgh intimated in confidential messages to the Governor that the local authorities had not exhausted their resources to preserve the peace and that before extreme measures are taken it would be well for him to visit Homestead. Governor Pattison said last evening that he did not contemplate any further action at present. In his opinion Sheriff McCleary has not done all that it was possible to do to maintain good order and he was not disposed to interfere with the military until every civil means had been exhausted.

At 4:30 o'clock, when Governor Pattison's last message was received, Sheriff McCleary determined to follow the Governor's advice and exhaust every means in his power. It was then he concluded to make the individual call, and he detailed several men to address envelopes to private citizens containing the following summons: Mr.—You are hereby summoned to appear at Sheriff's office to-morrow (Thursday) morning at 9 o'clock with arms and subsistence to aid the Sheriff in suppressing the riot now in progress at Homestead. W. H. MCCLEARY, Sheriff. PITTSBURGH, July 6, 1892.

Calling Upon Prominent Men. Chief Clerk Marshall, of the Sheriff's office, used no particular system in securing the names of citizens to which the above call was addressed. He simply utilized a list of names of the citizens of Pittsburgh with A, B and C were the ones that suffered most. The summonses were filled in with the names of persons known to the Sheriff, including some of the most prominent citizens, business men, attorneys and others. They were given to four deputies to serve. The Sheriff has the power to commit to jail any one refusing to serve.

Among those called upon to serve were O. P. Seale and Senator William Flinn. Shortly before 6 o'clock President Weihe returned from Homestead and reported to the Sheriff that his visit had been practically useless, as it was impossible to quell the spirit of the workmen. President Weihe, together with other members of the Amalgamated Association, were then invited into a conference with the Sheriff with a view of finding some method for releasing the Pinkerton men from their confinement at Homestead. The Sheriff's office was as much of a reception room in the evening as in the morning. Amos Hooper, who called after 6 o'clock were ex-Sheriff Cluley, ex-Sheriff Hunter, ex-Sheriff Grey, Vincent Stevens, E. J. Randolph and W. J. Brennan. Esq., attorney for the Amalgamated Association.

At 8 o'clock the Sheriff left on a special train for Homestead to bring back the Pinkerton men.

LAST OF THE BARGES. After They Had Been Filled They Were Burned by the Workers. When the last of the Pinkerton barges had left the barges the mob rushed on and pillaged them of everything that was valuable. The whole inside had been racked by the dynamite. The Monongahela had been fitted as sleeping quarters and others as a dining room. There was very little furniture. The sides were pierced by hundreds of bullet holes.

As it was they had been pillaged the mob in a rage finally set them on fire and they burned to the water's edge. The warning delivered everywhere to the surrendered Pinkertons was "remember Homestead."

One Pinkerton Who Won't Fight. MCKESPOT, July 6.—[Special