JUDGE LYNCH UPHELD.

The New Orleans Mob Did Right in Shooting the Mafia Gang.

SO SAYS THE LONDON "TIMES."

A London cable says: The *Times*, in an editorial on the New Orleans tragedy says: "It is all very well to reprobate a resort to violence, but in such circumstances as these what way is there for emancipating the community from an intolerable tyranny excepting to resort to violence? The law requires trial by jury, and trial by jury has been reduced to a farce by the knowledge possessed by every jurymen that if he convicted a member of the Mafia his life is not worth a week's purchase. It is really a misuse of language to speak of a resort to violence. The standing rule in New Orleans is the rule of violence, and all that Mr. Parkerson and his followers have to do is to accept the conditions prescribed by the Mafia. All law rests ultimately upon force, and when the courts are dominated by the criminals whom they exist to punish, nothing remains but to go back to first principles to effect their deliverance. Let lawless violence be abandoned by all means, but let the assassins begin the reform. Among the men who were lynched there may have been some who did not actually fire at Hennessy, but it is not pretended there were any who were not members of the detestable society that decreed his death. That being the case, it is impossible to feel any sent distress because, in the midst of the violence they had rendered indispensible they have been somewhat more severely punished than if they had been legally dealt with."

QUEEN OF THE LAUNDRESSES.

The Procession of Parisian Laundresses This Year.

A Paris despatch says: The procession of the laundresses in Paris, which is always one of the sights of the city, was this year a most marked success. In fact people say it has not been equalled in years. There were hundreds of thousands of people along the boulevards, all eager to see the parade and all testifying to its excellence as compared with the last ones. The heroine of the occasion, she who has been elected by her fellows as the queen of the laundresses, is Mademoiselle Louise Sicard, a beautiful brunette of twenty-six summers. She is a statuesque creature of a tall and commanding figure, which, though powerfully built, is nevertheless exceedingly graceful. Her profile is classical, out of a type which is common enough in the province of which she is a native. She has a low forehead, a head of wavy jet black hair, dark, ardent eyes and an open-hearted smile. She was not long in winning a popular place in the good graces of the assembled multitude. After her election as queen she held a reception at one of the public laundries, where she received the devoirs of her faithful subjects for the nonce. Her hair was decorated with flowers, and she wore a beautiful bouquet in her corsage. The coach which is reserved for the triumphal procession of her sospeuis majesty is a brake, draped with crimson velvet, heavily fringed with gold. It is decorated with real camellias and the seat behind the box is canopied with these flowers, which were so much affected by the heroine of Dumas' celebrated novel. The coachman (extraordinary to the queen drove four horses and took his seat supported on each side by a negro decked out in fantastic clothing.

CLAUDE'S LOVE FOR CAKE.

A Boy Shoots Himself When Chided by His Mother.

A Newtown despatch says: Claude Spencer a lad 15 years of age lives at Fresh Pond with his stepfather, Le Grand Smith. He was inclined to be quarrelsome with other children, and especially with his half-brother. Several times to day the half brother complained to Mrs. Smith that Claude was annoying him, and finally the mother called the boy into the house, giving him a severe reprimand. She concluded by threatening not to allow him to enjoy any of the cake she was at the time baking, and of which Claude was known to be particularly fond. The boy remonstrated and became very angry, finally leaving the house in a rage. Securing a loaded gun he went to the farm yard and proceeded deliberately to tie a string to one of his feet. The loose end of the string he attached to the trigger of the gun. He placed the muzzle of the weapon close under his chin and pulled the trigger with his foot. The charge of shot passed through the boy's jaw, tearing away his tongue and had gone out through his left eye, leaving a wound as large as a silver dollar. He will die.

MYSTERIOUSLY KILLED.

A Kansas City Tragedy Which Puzzles the Police Authorities.

A Kansas City despatch says: Nicholas Eaton was mysteriously shot and killed last night. Whether he committed suicide or was murdered is not known. Late in the afternoon Eaton drove to the farm of Seth Ward to look at some stock. About 7 30 o'clock his dead body was found two squares from his residence, at the corner of Vine and Linwood avenue, on the outskirts of the city. There was a bullet hole in the right side of the head, and a revolver with two chambers empty was lying by his left side. About two feet to his right was found his hat with two bullet holes in it, one through the rim and one at the back, corresponding to the wounds in the head. Mr. Eaton owned a ranche in Texas Mines, Joplin district, and considerable property in this city. His wealth is estimated at $500,000. His family relations were of the most pleasant character and his business was in the best condition. His wife says he never carried a revolver. It is thought probable that he committed suicide.

WRINKLES AT $300 APIECE.

Beautiful and Rich Mrs. Huntington Tells about a Big Bill.

A New York despatch says: Mrs. Collis P. Huntington is not at all disturbed over the published story which told of a suit a masage doctress has brought against her husband for $900 for reducing his wife's neck of surplus flesh so that a diamond necklace would fit it, and for taking three wrinkles out of her face at $300 per wrinkle.

Mrs. Huntington is a beautiful woman—not at all too stout—and one marvels that she should have thought it necessary to consult Mme. Rowland at all.

"I found that I was becoming stout, and you know what that means to a woman; so I concluded to try massage," said Mrs. Huntington. "I do not think I called at her place more than twenty times, and she charged me $900. When she handed me my bill I did not even look at it until I reached home. Then you can imagine my astonishment when I saw the amount. She evidently thinks that we are able to pay, and that she is at liberty to charge whatever she pleases."

GORED TO DEATH.

An Ex-Legislator Killed by a Bull and Another Man Injured.

A Haverhill, Mass., despatch says: Hon. John E. Carr, of this place, ex-member of the New Hampshire Legislature, was killed this morning by a mad bull. Mr. Carr went into the pasture where the bull was confined, armed with a pitchfork. The animal rushed at him and tossed him in the air. Mr. Carr, although dazed, rose to his feet and plunged at the bull with the pitchfork, severely wounding the beast. This enraged the animal, which again rushed upon him. Mr. Carr drove the prongs of the fork into the beast's shoulder, but being weak from many bruises, it threw him to the ground. The bull rushed upon him, gored him frightfully, and stamped upon his senseless body until life was extinct. A neighbor, who ran to Mr. Carr's assistance, was tossed by the bull, but escaped through the gate. The bull was then killed, and the mangled body of Mr. Carr removed to his house.

A Bad Crowd.

A Chicago despatch says: Frank J. Hagadorn stood on the street to-day waiting for a car. Three Italians were near him. Hagadorn talked of the New Orleans lynching, and said every member of the Mafia should be hanged. The Italians at once drew knives and attacked him. He was severely cut, and would have been killed had not his cries brought several men to his assistance. The Italians escaped.

Prof. Theodore W. Dwight, who has recently retired from the head of the Columbia Law School, had been with the college since 1858, and is perhaps the most noted teacher of law in this country. He is 69 years old and a grandson of Timothy Dwight, a former president of Yale.

SLAUGHTER OF THE MAFIA.

A New Orleans Mob Visits Summary Vengeance on the Assassins.

BLOODY SCENES IN THE JAIL.

The Jury Believed To Have Been Suborned—Pent-Up Feeling Stirred by a Call for a Mass Meeting—The Rush to the Jail—The Slaughter—Probable Complications.

A New Orleans despatch says: New Orleans struck the Mafia a death-blow yesterday. It rose in its might almost at midday and wreaked a terrible vengeance upon Sicilian assassins who relentlessly slew David C. Hennessy, and though there are eleven men now dead, who were happy on Friday over their victory in the greatest criminal trial the city has ever witnessed, the work of blood was accomplished without unnecessary discorder, without rioting, without pillaging, and without the infliction of suffering upon any innocent man save one, and he was only slightly hurt. It was not an unruly midnight mob. It was simply a sullen, determined body of citizens, who took into their own hands what justice had ignominiously failed to do. The Chief of Police was slain on October 15th, and that very night the evidence began to accumulate showing that his death had been deliberately planned by a secret tribunal and carried out boldly and successfully by the tools of the conspirators. The trial lasted 25 days, and though the evidence seemed conclusive the jury, currently charged with having been tampered with, failed to convict.

THE CITY AROUSED.

On Friday night a body of cool-headed men, lawyers, doctors, merchants and political leaders, all persons of influence and social standing, quietly met and decided that some action must be taken, and the people's justice, swift and sure, visited upon those whom the jury had neglected to punish. Yesterday morning a call for a mass meeting at Clay square, on Canal street, appeared in the papers, which editorially deprecated violence. The significant closing sentence of the call was, "Come prepared for action."

Down in a large room on Bienville and Royal streets there was an arsenal which had been provided by the body of citizens. The call was answered by the populace. At ten o'clock there was a crowd of several thousand anxious people congregated around the statue. They hardly knew what was going to happen, but they seemed ready to go to any length, and while there were many of the lower element in the throng, a large proportion were the leading people of the town. There were a few addresses, short, pithy, and business-like, and the assemblage, not unwilling, was soon keyed up to a high pitch and became demonstrative in its denunciation of the assassins.

THE LAW HAD FAILED.

Each speaker said there had been a great mass meeting months before, which had met quietly and dispersed peacefully so that the law might take its course. The law had failed. The time to act had come.

Mr. W. S. Parkerson, the leader of the throng, is a prominent lawyer here, the Presidents of the Southern Athletic Club, and the man who led the vigorous city reform movement three years ago. The other speakers were Mr. Walter D. Denegre, one of the leaders of the New Orleans bar; Mr. John C. Wickliffe, also a prominent attorney; and Mr. James D. Houston, one of the foremost men in the State. After denouncing Detective O'Malley, who is supposed to have tampered with the jury, the speakers announced that they would lead the way to the parish prison.

THE CRY FOR VENGEANCE.

Mr. Wickliffe concluded with these words: "Shall the execrable Mafia be allowed to flourish in this city? Shall the Mafia be allowed to cut down our citizens on public streets by foul means or assassination? Shall the Mafia be allowed to bribe jurors to let murderers go scot free?"

By this time the crowd had swelled to three thousand or more, and before any one could realize what had happened the great throng, gaining recruits at every step, was trampling down the streets to the neighborhood of the prison, stopping only once, and that was at the arsenal, where double-barrelled shotguns, Winchester rifles, and pistols were handed out to responsible and respectable citizens in the party.

THE GATHERING OF THE MOB.

The starting of the crowd had an electric effect of the city. Soon the streets were alive with people running from all directions and joining the main body, which moved sullenly down Rampart street to the jail, near Congo square. Doors and windows were thrown open, and men, women and children crowded on the galleries to encourage those who were taking part, and to witness the scenes. When the vanguard of citizens reached the prison, which is many squares from Canal street, that grim old building was surrounded on all sides by a dense throng Sheriff Villere, when he heard that a movement was on foot to take the prisoners, armed his deputies, and then started to hunt for Mayor Shakespeare. The Italian Consul and Attorney General Rogers joined in the pursuit, but His Honor doesn't reach his office until noon, and he was not to be found at any of his regular haunts. The Governor had not heard of the uprising, and had no time to act, and the police force was too small to offer resistance to the army of avengers. Superintendent Gaster had ordered an extra detail of officers to be sent to the jail, and the small crowd kept the sidewalks around the old building clear until the great multitude, swelling all the time like a mighty, roaring stream, surged around the door, and crowded the little band of bluecoats away. Captain Lem Davis was on guard at the main entrance with a scant force of deputies. They were swept away like chaff before the wind, and in an instant the little ante-room leading into the prison was jammed with eager, excited men.

TERROR IN THE JAIL

Meanwhile the prisoners were stricken with terror, for they could hear distinctly the shouts of people without madly demanding their blood. Innocent and guilty alike were frightened out of their senses, and the prisoners who were charged with crimes other than complicity in the murder of the chief also shared in the general demoralization. Some of the brave among the representatives of the Mafia wanted to die fighting for their lives, and they pleaded for weapons with which to defend themselves, and when they could not find these they sought hiding places. The deputies, thinking to deceive the crowd by a *ruse*, transferred the nineteen men to the female department, and there the miserable Sicilians trembled in terror until the moment when the doors should yield to the angry throng on the outside.

DOWN GO THE DOORS.

Capt. Davis refused the request to open the prison and the crowd began battering in the doors. Around on Orleans street there was a heavy wooden door which had been closely barred. This the crowd selected as their best chance of getting in. Neighboring houses supplied axes and battering ramp, and willing hands went to work to force an opening. This did not prove a difficult task to the determined throng. Soon there was a crash, the door gave way, and in an instant armed citizens were pouring through the small opening, while a mighty shout went up from 10,000 throats. There was more resistance for the intruders, however, but it too was soon overcome with the huge billet of wood which a stout man carried. Then the turnkey was overpowered and the keys were taken from him. By that time the excitement was intense, none the less so when a patrol waggon dashed up with a detachment of policemen, who were driven away under a fire of mud and stones. When the leaders inside the prison got possession of the keys the inside gate was promptly unlocked, and the deputies in the lobby rapidly got out of harm's way.

IN THE YARD.

The avengers pressed into the yard of the white prisoners. The door of the first cell was open, and a group of trembling prisoners stood inside. They were not the men who were wanted, and the crowd very quickly, though with remarkable coolness, burst into the yard. Peering through the bars of the condemned cell was a terror-stricken face, which someone mistook for Scoffedo. A volley was fired at the man, and he dropped, but none of the shots struck him, and it was subsequently found that he was not one of the assassins. The inmates of the jail were ready to direct the way to where the Italians were. "Go to the female department," some one yelled, and thither the men with their Winchesters ran. But the door was locked.

THE WORK OF BLOOD.

In a moment the key was produced. Then the leader called for some one who knew the right men. A volunteer responded, and the door was thrown open. The gallery was deserted, but an old woman said the men were upstairs. Seven or eight men quickly ascended the stairs, and as they reached the landing the assassins fled down the other end. Half a dozen followed them. Scarcely a word was spoken. When the pursued and their pursuers reached the stone court yard the former darted towards the Orleans side of the gallery and crouched down by the side of the cells, their faces blanched, and being unarmed they were absolutely defenceless. In fear and trembling they screamed for mercy, but the avengers were merciless. Bang, bang, bang rang out the reports of the weapons, and a deadly rain of bullets poured into the crouching figures. Gerachi, the closest man, was struck in the back of his head, and his body pitched forward and lay immovable on the stone pavement. Romero fell on his knees with his face in his hands, and in that position was shot to death. Monastero and James Caruso fell together under the fire of half a dozen guns, the leaden pellets entering their bodies and heads and the blood gushing from the wounds. Beneath the continuing fire Comeras and Trabina, who had not been tried but who were charged jointly with the other accused, fell together. Their bodies were literally riddled with buckshot, and they were stone dead almost before the fusilade was over. When the group of assassins were discovered on the gallery Macheca, Scoffedi and old man Marchesi separated from the other six and ran upstairs. Thither half a dozen men followed them, and as the terror stricken assassins ran into cells they were slain. Joe Macheca, who was charged with being the arch-conspirator, was a short, fat man, and he was summarily dealt with. He had his back turned when a shot struck him immediately behind the ear, and his death was instantaneous. There was no blood from the wound, and when the body was found the ear was swollen, so as to hide the wound, which the coroner had great difficulty in locating. Scoffedi, one of the most villainous of the assassins, dropped like a log when a bullet hit him in the eye.

SHOT AND HANGED.

Old man Marchesi was the only man who was not killed outright. He was struck on the top of the head while he stood beside Machoca, and though he was mortally wounded he lingered all the evening. Polizz, the crazy man, was locked up in a cell upstairs. The doors were flung open, and one of the avengers, taking aim, shot him through the body. He was not killed outright, and in order to satisfy the people on the outside, who were crazy to know what was going on within, he was dragged down the stairs and through the doorway by which the crowd had entered. Half carried, half dragged, he was taken to the corner. A rope was provided and tied around his neck, and the people pulled him up to the cross bars. Not satisfied that he was dead, a score of men took aim and poured a volley of shot into his body, and for some hours the body was left dangling in the air. Bagnetto was caught in the first rush upstairs, and the first volley of bullets pierced his brain. He was pulled out by a number of stalwart men through the main entrance to the prison, and from the limb of a tree his body was suspended, although life was already gone.

EIGHT ESCAPES.

Matrang, Sunzeri, Natalie, the boy Marchesi, Paterno, Jno. Caruso, Pietzo and Incardono are the eight men who escaped punishment. Caruso hid in the yard. Natalie concealed himself in the warden's house and was discovered, but for some reason his life was spared. Sunzeri and Pietzo hid in a dog-house, and Incardono in a vault. The jail officials spirited Matrango and Paterno out of harm's way.

O'Mally, the detective, who would have shared the fate of the assassins if he had been caught, has disappeared and is not expected to return, and members of the jury are in hiding.

THE DEATH ROLL

James Caruso, leaves wife.
Frank Romero, leaves wife and family.
Loretto Comitez, leaves wife and family.
Sarcio Comitez.
Antonio Scoffedi.
Antonio Bagnetto.
Antonio Marchesi died from his injuries during the evening.
Rocco Geracci.
Pietro Bonaserio.
Louis Trabina.
Charles Irenni.

NOTES.

Just as soon as the bloody work was done Mr. Parkerson addressed the crowd and asked them to disperse. This request was heeded without a singing shout, but first they made a mad rush for Parkerson, and lifting him bodily, supported him on their shoulders while they marched up the street. The avengers came back in a body to the Clay statue and then departed. Immense crowds rushed from all directions to the neighborhood of the tragedy, while the streets in front of the newspaper offices were blocked with people anxious to see the latest bulletins. There was intense suppressed excitement, but from one end of the city to the other the action of the citizens was applauded.

Coroner Lemounier and his clerk, Mr. Henri Lebarre, reached the parish prison at about 12.30 o'clock. The coroner viewed first the bodies of those lying in the yard, and empanelled a jury.

The foreman of the Mafia jury, Seligman, was arrested at a small railroad station just outside the city this morning while attempting to leave town.

A Galveston, Tex., despatch says: The despatches from New Orleans created a profound sensation here. Machoca, one of the slain, was well known here as a rich man. Those who are familiar with the situation consider the New Orleans people justified in their action.

A Louisville despatch says: John C. Wickliffe, one of the leaders of the New Orleans mob, is a native of Kentucky, son of ex U. S. Attorney Cripps Wickliffe, of Bardstown, Ky. He has been living in New Orleans for the past five years, and is associate editor of the *New Delta*.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL SPEAKS.

Attorney General Rogers said yesterday in speaking of Saturday's tragedy, that the question presented to the authorities was "were the laws of the state violated and what crimes had resulted from such violation." "The grand jury is in session," he said, "and we have in full operation all the means and modes of enforcing the laws. I have no doubt those charged with official duty will act firmly, justly and fearlessly."

A Rome cable says: In the Chamber of Deputies to-day Premier Di Rudini, replying to a question regarding the New Orleans tragedy, said President Harrison had recognized the right of Italians in the United States to protection from the authorities; had expressed profound regret at the occurrence and had charged the Governor of Louisiana to guard the Italian residents of New Orleans and to bring the assassins to justice. The Premier added that United States Minister Porter had called upon him to-day to convey President Harrison's regrets to the Italian Government. Mr. Porter said he trusted the explanations he had furnished would draw even closer the friendly relations existing between Italy and the United States. Signor Breganze, who had announced his intention of interpolating the Government on the New Orleans matter, said that note had been taken of the minister's statement. Signor Ferrar urged that indemnities should be demanded for the families of the victims.

THE MAFIA'S METHODS

A New Orleans despatch gives the following: In Father Manorita's statement yesterday he said he was sure that the letter he received was from the Provenzano faction of the Mafia. This statement Joseph Provenzano to-day emphatically denied. He said his first impulse was to have Father Manorita arrested, and he consulted Chief Gaster in regard to the matter and was advised to make a public statement, as he thought it would do more good. Provenzano says he has not been connected with the Mafia in any matter. On the contrary, he has been an object of their enmity. "About five years ago," says Provenzano, "the Mafia sent me several letters, threatening to kill myself and brothers unless we gave the society $1,000 We did not respond, and Jim Caruso shortly afterward came to me and said he belonged to the society and we had better pay the money. He said I could do so by going to the old lake and bandaging my head in a red handkerchief and leaving the money on a stump in the swamp near by. I was then to go about my business and they to get the money. I then went to some of my friends, whom I met under the St. Charles Hotel, Judge Davey, Pat. Mealy and Ralph Morgan among the number, and they said not to pay it, that they would go with me in a waggon and see who was there to receive it. Jim Caruso, who was along, said this would not do. If I went with a crowd no one would appear. I then dropped the matter and told Caruso to have nothing more to do with the society, to give up his fruit stand in the French Market and come on the levee and we would make him a free man. He said he would do so, as he was tired of the Mafia, having recently been selected on a committee to kill some one."

A MURDER SOCIETY.

He continues: "I told Jim Caruso that he must go and swear that he would have nothing further to do with the Mafia before I gave him work. He did so, for I went with him to the Italian Church, Conti and Rampart streets, and he knelt before the altar and took the obligation. He says that Charlie Matranga was the chief of the gang, and that he presided at the meetings, robed in black domino suits. He said Reobo Gracci was also a leader. Caruso said he only attended one meeting; that he went in and Matranga held up a skull in his left hand and a dirk in his right. He was then sworn with uplifted hands to abide the decision of the Order. He said he was informed later taking the obligation that the object was to kill those who were against the Mafia gang. The way it was done was to select a victim and invite him to a dinner and afterwards do him up. Caruso did not like this and went to work for me. I told him I wanted none of the Mafia people in our employ."

Provenzano was asked why his name should have been connected with the Mafia by Father Manorita, and he replied: "I think Di Carlo has given the priest this idea. Di Carlo was to marry Tony Matranga's daughter, and there is much intimacy between Manorita and those people. I think he knows all about the members of the Mafia from his intimacy with them. I do not know that Di Carlo belongs to the Mafia, but I have a strong belief that he does. Caruso told me Sincori was a member. He pointed out eight or nine men who he said belonged to it and I discharged them. Caruso worked for us about two years, but there was nothing further said about the Mafia. He finally left us and went with Matrango. I do not know whether John Caruso belonged to it or not. His brother never told me he did."

WANTED NO MAFIAS.

Provenzano says Politze was working for him when Caruso was given employment. He was one of the men pointed out by Caruso as belonging to the Mafia. He was discharged at the time, and was not heard of again until the murder of Hennessy. Sincori was also in his employ at the time, and was discharged for belonging to the Mafia. Provenzano says Caruso advised him to discharge the men one at a time in order to avoid trouble. This he did, and when asked for his reason for dismissal he refused to give any, as he wanted to protect Caruso. Notwithstanding his oath and profession Caruso finally went back with Matrangs, and did what he could against Provenzano. Provenzano thinks this was accomplished through intimidation, as Caruso was afraid of being killed by his former associates. The better element of the Italians are glad that there is an end of the Mafia, as they have been in dread for years. It is those who have recently come here or the bad element that denounce the action taken Saturday. Provenzano says he will see the Italian bishop relative to Father Manorita's accusation and pursue the course he advises.

URGING CALMNESS.

Baron Fava, Italian Minister to the United States, yesterday sent to the Italian Consul-General at New York the following telegram: "Learn from the papers that excitement is prevailing in the Italian colony on account of the New Orleans events. I have recourse to your influence and authority to urge upon the Italians of New York that they should by dignified, calm and strictly legal behavior show themselves in those circumstances worthy of their civilized country. Relying upon your incontestable authority, as well as on the patriotic feelings of the colony, I am imagine that this advice will be followed." It is understood that similar instructions have been sent by Baron Fava to all the other Italian consuls in the United States.

AFTER THE TRAGEDY.

New Orleans is as quiet now as it ever was, and the sober second thought of the people has returned. The telegram of Secretary Blaine to the Governor caused some commotion, but it was not unexpected. Attorney General Rogers has investigated Saturday's occurrences at the jail. The prison officials say they recognized some of the persons who were inside the prison, and these names, it is understood, have been forwarded to the Attorney-General. Some indictments may follow as a formality, but so great a number of people were concerned in the killing that it will be impossible to arraign them all, or to secure a conviction in case they should be arrested. The Italian consul says a full report of the proceedings has been transmitted to Rome and to the legation at Washington, and all further action will be taken through the legation. O'Malley, the detective, who was largely the cause of the trouble, is not in town. His suit against the State for $10,000 damages was to come up to-day. The answer of the defendant indicated so indubitably that O'Malley had been in prison for thefts in Cleveland, that he had perjured himself, and that he had suborned witnesses, that a sentiment against him was created, and it is thought now he has left town, never to return.

COUNTING MORE TROUBLE.

The District Attorney has entered a *nolle prosequi* as to all the indictments pending in section B of the Criminal District Court against the Italians implicated in the Hennessy assassination. This releases Chas. Matranga, Incardonia and the boy Marchesi. The indictments in section A, Judge Marr's division, still hold Sunzerri, Patenno, John Caruso, Natale and Pietzze.

He Breaks Into Rythm.

Kansas *Democrat*: He sat at his door at noonday, lonely and gloomy and sad, brooding over the price of his corn crop and figuring how much he had. He had worked from early springtime, early and late and hard, and he was counting his assets and figuring out his reward. He figured that it took two acres to buy his two boys new boots, and ten acres more on top of this to fit them out with new suits. To buy his wife a protected dress took 100 bushels more, while five acres went in a solid lump for the carpet on the floor. His tax and his grocery bill absorbed his crop of oats, while the interest on his farm mortgage took all his fattened shoats. The shingles on his cowshed and the lumber for his barn had eaten up his beef steers and the balance of his corn. So he sat in his door at noonday, lonely and gloomy and sore, as he figured up his wealth a little less than it was a year before. "By gum, they say I'm protected, but I know there's something wrong; I've been deceived and guiled and hoodwinked by this high protection song. They told of rebellious traitors, and held up the bloody rag, and I followed along like a bumpkin, and now I am holding the bag. But from this time on I'll investigate, and get to the bottom of facts, and I'll bet $4 to begin with that the tariff is a tax."

A Wife Wanted in Japan.

Argonaut: The following advertisement appeared recently in a Japanese newspaper, and suggests that the land of the Mikado may be a good place for a matrimonial agency; also, that the ideal she of one man, at least, has her distinct limitations: "Wanted, a wife; if she is pretty, she need not be clever. If she is rich, she need not be pretty. If she is clever, she need not be perfect in form (provided, always, that she be not conceited). Her station in life is no object; neither is the remoteness of her place of abode, whether in country or town. She ought to be in the neighborhood of 20 years of age, more or less. The would-be bridegroom is an artist of Osaka, occupying a medium position in society. Ladies desiring a union are requested to attend at the office of the Osaka *Mainichi Shimbun* by the 25th instant, where full particulars will be given."

Sabbath-like.

Indianapolis *Journal*: Mr. Figg—I don's know why, but it has seemed like Sunday to me all day.

Tommy—It has to me, too, paw. Ma made me wash my neck this morning.

It is estimated that to complete young George Vanderbilt's castle in North Carolina it will require ten years of labor and the expenditure of from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000.

During some alterations at Lord Northwick's ancient castle, near Arbroath, a vault was discovered containing several thousand dozens of wines and whiskies. The existence of this ancient wine cellar had been forgotten for generations.

Virginia Knox, the Philadelphia girl who married an Italian Count Montecrole and was beaten and starved by him, has secured a divorce. When she wants to marry again she will probably find an American good enough.

CRIMES OF THE MAFIA.

Forty Murders Committed by Italians in New Orleans.

SIX ITALIANS SHOT DOWN LAST JUNE.

Chief of Police Hennessy Found Riddled With Slugs and Buckshot.

David C. Hennessy, chief of the New Orleans police, was shot dead near his house by Italians on the night of last October 15th, says the Rochester *Herald*. The assassination was instigated by members of Italian secret societies against which Hennessy had collected evidence of the blackest crimes. The motive was the suppression of the information in his possession. The history of the immediate series of events which culminated in the murder dates back to last June, when a party of Italians shot down in the street six members of an Italian organization unfriendly to them. Forty murders of a similar nature had been committed by Italians in the city during the preceding few years, and the authorities, with the undivided support of all English speaking citizens, determined to make all possible efforts to stop this incessant slaughter by the Mafia. Hennessy took active charge of the resulting investigation. He did this with full knowledge that his life would be in constant danger from the moment the Mafia societies learned his intention. He had hardly begun his work when he was notified by dozens of anonymous letters that every step in the investigation was a nail in his coffin. At the instance of his friends he protected himself with a small body guard of detectives, who accompanied him all day and took him to his house at night. Despite this precaution, he, as well as his friends, realized that he was constantly in imminent danger of assassination. The June murderers were brought into court. Six men were tried and convicted. Before the case was finished, however, the principal witness against the prisoners was killed by the Mafia. Then a new trial was obtained. With renewed energy Hennessy set about collecting more evidence against the Stopaliagierie and other Italian associations of assassins in the city. By taking advantage of a feud among the members, he secured an immense amount of sensational information which, he promised, would have weight enough to crush all the Mafia societies in New Orleans.

His success was his death warrant. Members of societies against which he had damning evidence decided he must die. They waited only for a time when they might take him off his guard. Hennessy gave them the desired opportunity by dismissing early in October, the little company of detectives who had protected him during his work. Mafia Italians at once bestirred themselves. Chosen spies followed Hennessy's steps. Others watched him from alleyways and Italian houses near his home. His habits and hours were carefully marked, and in accordance with the observations the Stiletto Society on October 14th formed the plan of assassination. Hennessy returned to his home shortly after midnight.

On the evening of October 15th a gang of hired Italian murderers concealed themselves in a vacant house at the corner of an alleyway near his home. Hennessy, unwarned and unsuspicious, left his office at the usual time, accompanied by Police Captain O'Connor. About two blocks from his home Hennessy bade his companion good night and proceeded homeward. Although in the most populous part of the city, Hennessy was alone in the street, for the night was black and wet. He turned the corner near his house, and came into the glare of an electric light. A volley flashed from the house in the alleyway. Hennessy sank wounded, but raised himself, drew his revolver and began firing back. He was answered with scattering shots from the Italians. As Hennessy went down with a score of wounds, O'Connor, who had heard the firing, came running up the street. The assassins ran from the house and scattered. Three of them in their terror threw away their firearms. As they fled they were joined by four other armed men, who had waited apparently to kill Hennessy in case he escaped the first gang.

Hennessy was found riddled with slugs and buckshot. He lay gasping in his blood at the foot of a doorstep, his revolver clutched in his right hand. At his home a medical examination showed that his lungs and stomach had been perforated, and that two shots had been lodged in his legs. A bullet was found close to his heart. Nine other bullets had passed through his clothing. He was rational to the last, but was too weak to say more than that he had been killed by "Dagos." Addicted to the use of the guns had a knee rest. All had been loaded almost to the muzzle with heavy shot and chunks of lead. The explosion at the time of firing was so loud that sleepers were aroused for blocks around. The shots were discharged with terrible force. One of them penetrated the door before which Hennessy stood, and went half through the footboard of a bed in a room at the end of the corridor. Thirty-five buckshot were found imbedded in the front of a house half a block distant.

One of the chief causes of public indignation in connection with the Mafia trial has been the belief that the society depended on bribery to procure the release of the accused. It has been asserted that $75,000 or $100,000 was contributed by Italians all over the country to be used as a corruption fund. Thousands of dollars, it was said, came from Chicago, New York and other cities where the Italians are congregated in large numbers. It is certain that the poor Italian laborers in this vicinity were taxed $2 apiece as a contribution to the defence fund and that there was no lack of money in the treasury of the society.

BUTCHERED HIS MATE.

Grueso me Confession of a Dying Swede in Tacoma.

A Tacoma despatch says: A prominent Tacoma physician has made a startling revelation, in which he alleges that he was called two months ago to the deathbed of a poor man named Larry Pedersen. He told the physician he wished his dying confession written, and it was to the following effect: Pedersen worked in Armour's pork house in Chicago until 1887, then went to Sioux City to Silverthorn's packing house, where he worked until the spring of 1889, when he killed a man named Larson Harastrum, who worked with him cleaning the floors in the killing-rooms. He stabbed him many times, and his blood flowed down the gutter to the fertilizer, mixing with the blood of the swine killed that day. He then ran the body among ten thousand carcasses killed that day. Next morning he took the body to the chopping-blocks, cut it in pieces, covered it with salt, and ran it to the fertilizing rooms, among piles of pork left there for the month. He then burned the clothes in the furnace. Pedersen lived in Sioux City for two months after the murder and then came here.

Down on Screeching Whistles.

A White Plains, N. J., despatch says: An interesting suit for damages was tried before Judge Dykman here yesterday In July, 1888, Dr. James H. Albee, a prominent physician of Woonsocket, R. I., was boarding at Chappaqua. One day he went out riding and stopped in front of the Harlem Railroad depot, opposite the Chappaqua shoe factory. While he was there the factory whistle was blown. This whistle can be heard seven miles. The loud noise of the whistle startled the doctor's horse and it ran away, throwing Dr. Albee between the wheels and breaking his leg. Dr. Albee sued the shoe company, of which Wm. H. Bishop is President. The jury rendered a verdict of $6,000 for the plaintiff. This was the second time the case had been tried.

Bloody Election Fight.

A Yarmouth, N. S, despatch says a bloody affray occurred at Eelbrook, in that county, on election night between William Porter, John White, John B. White, Joseph Borque, Henry White and Sylvine Muise. The two latter were terribly beaten. Blood marks on the ice show that Muisse reached home, but Henry White has not been heard of since, and is believed he was murdered. Hundreds of men have since been engaged searching for his body without success. Porter and the two John Whites are under arrest.

An Indiana man killed a cow and found 50 cents and enough nails to build a chicken coop in her stomach.

TENEMENT HOUSE HORROR.

Five-story New York Building Gutted by Fire This Morning.

THREE PERSONS BURNED TO DEATH.

The Scuttle Said to be Closed and the Tenants in a Fire Trap—But They Swarm Down the Fire Escapes, Which at Last Get Red Hot—A Father Tosses His Children From the Top Story to the Ground and Then Jumps for His Life—Finding the Dead Bodies of the Jaster Family.

A to-day's New York despatch says: The five-story brick tenement, No. 37½ Allen street, was gutted by fire at an early hour this morning. The first floor is a liquor saloon, owned by Justus Alexander. Solomon and Max Goldstein lived on the second floor. The third floor is occupied by Harris Greenberg, the fourth by Marion Ridiello, the fifth by Bernard Jaster. The damage to the furniture is about $5,000 and to the building $10,000; covered by insurance. The building is owned by James R. Griswold, of 105 east 82nd street. Three members of the Jaster family were burned to death. They were Bernard Jaster, 56 years old; Betsy Jaster, 18 years old, and Sarah Jaster, 16 years old. The following people were more or less injured: Minnie Jaster, 56 years old, burned about the face; Abraham Goldstein, three weeks old, thrown from third story window to the sidewalk and received internal injuries; Henry Jaster, 19 years old, slightly burned on the hand. All the injured were removed to Bellevue Hospital. The fire broke out at 3.15 o'clock when the families were fast asleep. In five minutes, before the firemen could get to work, the flames that crept stealthily from the cellar up the only stairway, enveloped the house from the street to the roof. The tenants, Hebrew tailors with their families, to a man, roused suddenly to confront death in its most terrible form,

SWARMED DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPES,

shrieking and wailing as they called their dear ones. The ladders were thrown up hastily to drop them down, but some, in the confusion and smoke, missed both wood and iron ladders. The iron rungs of the fire escape were turning white with heat when Max Goldstein reached for them from the third floor and recoiled in despair. He stood holding his little children. From the street the police yelled to him to drop them down. He threw first one (Moses), aged 5 years, and Policeman Beyer caught the boy; Rose, the baby, was caught next, Abraham followed so quickly that though the policemen broke his fall they were unable to catch him. He fell with force on the pavement and was picked up senseless, injured internally. The father himself jumped after and escaped unhurt.

HE TOSSED THE CHILDREN

by the heels. The building was gutted and the tenants lost their all. In the fifth story, next to the roof, the firemen found Jaster and his two daughters dead. They found him kneeling at the window overlooking Allen street, with both hands on the sill, as though he had fallen overcome by the flames on the very threshold of his escape. Under him, where she had crept up close in the hall of death, was the body of Bessie. Kneeling by the bed at the other side of the room they found the body of Sarah wrapped in a blanket. All had been burned and smothered to death. One of the rescued children told the police that it was very hot and acrid, but found it locked. Then they had to run back. But for that none would have perished. It is against the law to lock a scuttle over night. The housekeeper says it was not locked. The police believe that the house was burned by incendiaries.

THAT MINE HORROR.

The Jury Attribute it to Accident, but Make Some Recommendations.

A Springhill, N. S, despatch says: The coroner's jury has rendered the following verdict in the recent disaster: The jury do say upon their oath that the late John Connonton and others came to their death by an explosion which originated in No. 3 bord of No. 7 balance in the west side of the east slope, on the 21st Feb. 1891. They further believe said explosion was caused by flame from a shot fired in said bord igniting coal dust and a certain portion of gas which might have been present at the time. They also believe that there was no unusual flame from same shot, owing to a slip in the stone. They believe the explosion was accidental, that no blame attached to the management, and that they have taken every precaution for the safety of their workmen. The jurors make the following recommendations: (1) In future, where safety lamps are used and in very dusty places, powder should not be allowed. (2) They recommend that in gaseous portions of the mine, before the men resume work after dinner, the place should be examined by competent officials. (3) They recommend that the Local Government procure for the use of the deputy inspector of mines a Shaw machine for testing gas. The Springhill relief fund now amounts to $31,000. Halifax contributed $10,000. It is estimated that $75,000 is required to relieve the distress. A sad case is that of a young Cape Bretoner, who started for Springhill to take home the body of his brother and became insane from grief while on his sad mission.

RAILWAY TRAIN MURDERS.

Spanish Robbers Terrorizing Passengers on the Railways.

A Madrid cable says: The woman found murdered in a railway train at Seville yesterday was a French dressmaker. The post-mortem examination showed that she had been repeatedly stabbed with a knife, and that her throat had been cut. The assassins were surprised at their work by the stoppage of the train, and jumped out, dropping some bank notes and gold, which were afterwards found covered with blood. Three men have been arrested on suspicion of being the murderers.

Last evening a robber entered a first-class carriage on the train at Saramossa, and with a knife stabbed one of the passengers, the Inspector General of Telegraphs. The latter overpowered the assassin and threw him off the train. The man was afterwards captured in a dying condition.

Orange Grand Officers.

A terboro' despatch says: The Grand Lodge of Ontario East