POOR DOCUMENT

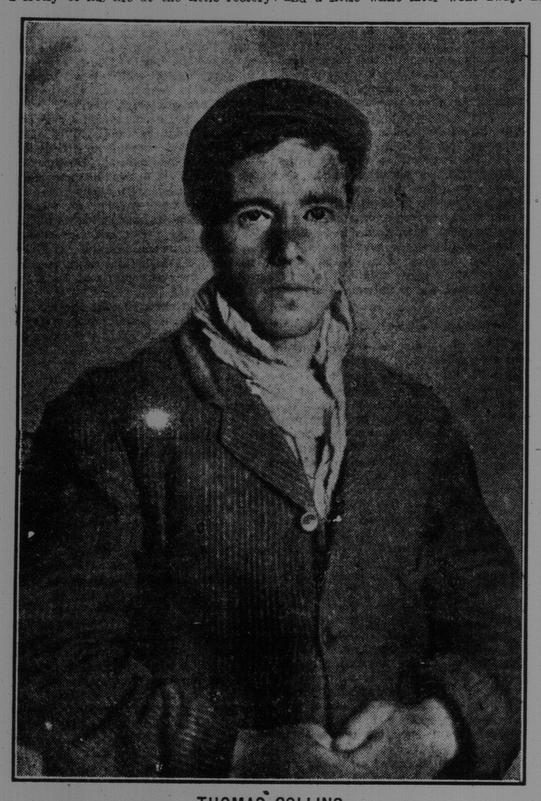
MC 2033

COLLINS JAILED HERE; DENIES ALBERT MURDER

Articles Found in Valise Looked Upon by Police as Significant

Prisoner Says Murdered Woman Treated Him Harshly and He Left, But She Was Alive and Well---Police Review the Man Hunt---Collins Talks of His Life---Attorney-General Tells of Crown's Plans.

Without handcuffs and trying to look unconcerned, Thomas Francis Collins, the New Ireland murder suspect, was lodged in central police station at 3.40 o'clock Sunday afternoon. The authorities say that he has made no confession. He talked freely of his life at the little rectory where rests the shadow of the blackest of crimes, and on the way to this city he even sang.



THOMAS COLLINS

Man Who is Held on Suspicion of Murdering Miss MacAulay in Albert County.

"He has a good voice," said Chief of Police Clark, "and his songs were comic and otherwise."

The Contents of The Prisoner's Grip.

Beneath the seat of the chief's carriage in which the chief, Detective Killen, and the prisoner drove in, was the latter's valise which had been held at Councillor Dean's. Nothing of importance as evidence, it is understood, was found on Collins, but in his valise were articles to which the police attach some significance. The goods include a new and clean razor, a number of ladies' handkerchiefs, a few suits of men's undwear at least two sizes too large for the suspect, and the cloth is all of excellent and fashionable material, with the appearance of having been newly laundered.

Carelessly folded, and thrown on the top of what has been described, so that it would first be seen, upon opening the valise, was men's underwear, coarse and patched. The garment was very damp, in fact almost wet. One would suppose that it had been dipped in water, hurriedly wrung out, then folded and thrust in the valise. On each knee was a dark tinge, but just what may have caused the stain no one is at liberty to say. The guesses have been many. Some have alleged that the stains were caused by blood.

The prisoner, after the valise he left in Councillor Dean's had been opened, was asked if he could explain how he happened to be in possession of high grade, fancy handkerchiefs such as ladies would own. His explanation was that he had purchased the 'kerchiefs in England. One of the articles bears the stamp of the Buffalo exposition.

It may be of interest to know that Collins says he served at the front during the late war in South Africa.

Says He Left the Woman Alive and Well.

To the deputy chief he related a few particulars about himself. He told of the first time he had ever visited this city, of his wanderings on sea and land, and of how he came to enter the service of Father MacAulay at New Ireland. He told of his work about the rectory, and that he was irritated by harsh treatment by Miss MacAulay. With every outward evidence of sincerity he said she would reprimand him for being slothful, and that frequently she would refuse to give him food until he had finished his chores to her satisfaction. He spoke of his visit to the lake when Albert Gross, of this city, was fishing there, and of how he assisted in grooming and feeding his horses. He mentioned that Miss MacAulay had censured him for not catching more fish, the day he was dispatched to the lake to angle for trout for use on Friday. Calmly, and with now and then a smile flitting across the sunburnt face, he said he went to bed at the rectory on the fatal Sunday night, and then in the morning he was ordered by Miss MacAulay to harness the horse in order to drive her into Elgin.

"But when I put the harness on," said he, "she come along and said the weather was too warm, and that she would not go. So I let the horse stay just as it was, and a little while later went away. The last I saw of Miss MacAulay she was alive and well."

Crowds Went to See Collins.

As early as 9.30 o'clock Sunday morning people were assembled in King street east in the expectation of witnessing the arrival of the suspect. Even on Saturday night the guard room had a few expectant vicitors. As the time wore along, while King street east was lined with people Sunday, interest appeared to increase.

By noon, there was a straggling line of citizens along the edge of the old burial ground. Some, after standing as long as three hours, would stretch luxuriously out on the grass, but nevertheless keenly alert. There were groups around the court house corner, about the morgue steps, and about the entrance to the station.

"Has he been heard from yet?" one would inquire of the other.

"Yes, the team was passing through Fairville twenty-five minutes ago," was one of the answers heard a little after 12 o'clock.

"Time they were here, then."

Then the watches would be consulted, and glances cast towards King square. One rarely heard the prisoner referred to as Collins or the suspect. It was always "he," and everybody, even down to innocent looking six-year-olds knew the significance of the gathering throng.

About 3.30 o'clock there was a sudden movement from the square toward the station building. Men hurried up the station steps and, turning about, looked anxiously toward the corner of the jail building.

The Arrival of Officers and Prisoner.

Small boys raced down the street, chattering and pointing. There was a common objective point, and that was an open carriage approaching from Sydney street. Sitting behind the single seat was Detective Killen and in front were Chief Clark and a rough boyish looking stranger with a brown straw hat in his lap. He was leaning comfortably back and seemed to regard the somewhat informal reception as something not worth worrying over. Pushed well back on his head was a blue cap. Around his neck was a soiled and wrinkled muffler. The crowd parted as the team stopped by the station steps, but soon closed again around the carriage.

There was but little talking, and if there was any excitement it was well suppressed. There was just a long, long united gaze, but before it Collins did not wilt. He waited until the chief had alighted, then jumped briskly out, and in the escort of the deputy chief, disappeared within the station. As he ascended a slight limp was noticeable, and as he went on into the guard room the lameness was more pronounced.

"Sit down there," said Deputy Jenkins, pointing to the locker, and Collins did as ordered. He seemed thankful to be seated, and with quick glances took in practically every part of the room.

Collins is not a murder suspect, according to popular fancy. His features are regular. He showed no embarrassment. When asked a question he would smile slightly and answer promptly but with a touch of deference. There was about him the look of the sailor. He is just the type that one would meet trudging around the streets during the winter port season.

His hair is black and slightly wavy. His eyes are dark grey and prominent. His complexion is ruddy. He looked sunburnt, or as if he had long been facing a powerful wind. He sat, with one leg crossed over the other, composed and attentive.

No third party was admitted to the deputy chief's private office, but twice during the time they were together there Collins was escorted to the court room upstairs to sit for his portrait—the first time for The Telegraph. He was a model subject for the photographer.

"Just look there," requested The Telegraph photographer, indicating the window, and Collins, lifting his head slightly, gazed steadily as directed.

He was photographed twice—once with the cap on and once with it off. As he stood up, just preparatory to descending the stairs, Chief Clark, who had heard of his athletic prowess, and particularly of his ability as a wrestler, asked, with uplifted arms:

"Is this the way they put up the arms in the old country?"

Collins for a moment looked amused. He seemed flattered that some reference had been made to his skill.

"Oh, I know both ways," said he.

Says Housekeeper Censured Him.

It has been ascertained that what took place in the deputy chief's office is as follows: After being measured, he gave a story in detail of his movements at New Ireland from Thursday until the morning he left.

He said that on Aug. 9 he was twenty-one years of age, and that he had been born of Irish parentage in Liverpool (Eng.) He said that ever since hiring with Father MacAulay the housekeeper had never let an opportunity pass when she might censure or accuse him. It had been her custom, he said, to refuse him food until he had performed his duties to her satisfaction. On Thursday she sent him to New Ireland Lake with instructions to catch a good mess of fish for use on Friday. He caught only four, and this fact he said was sufficient to arouse the anger of Miss MacAulay.

"She said I had been loafing about the lake," he is reported to have said, "and that I might have made a far larger catch."

On Friday, according to Collins, Father MacAulay went away on the mail wagon and Collins worked around the rectory until the afternoon, when he went to Mr. Williamson's (a neighbor) but returned early in the evening. On Saturday he said he arose at 5 o'clock and cleaned and fed the horses belonging to Albert Gross, who had been fishing at the lake, and who intended that day to drive into Elgin and there take the train on his return to the city. One of Mr. Gross' horses was at Mr. Duffy's and this horse he also looked after. When he returned from Mr. Duffy's he alleges that he was subjected to another scolding from Miss MacAulay.

"She called me a liar," he said, "and my reply was that I'd see Father MacAulay when he returned. Then she said that I'd been fooling her, and I said that she could think what she liked, but that I'd tell Father MacAulay all about it."

Continuing his story, Collins said that he was given his breakfast, after which he chopped wood and stored the same away in the woodshed cellar until 11.30 o'clock, when Mr. Gross and his family arrived from the lake.

He helped with the horses, and by Mr. Gross was given a dollar. He owed fifty cents to Mr. Duffy, and as soon as Miss MacAulay learned that he was in possession of money, knowing that he was in Mr. Duffy's debt, told him somewhat abruptly, he says, to pay what he owed. He said he would do so.

Saturday at noon, the Gross family left, and that same evening Mr. Thean and Mrs. Williamson, with members of their family arrived for the purpose of fishing in New Ireland Lake the following day.

"We all reached the lake about 7.30 that night," went on Collins, and Miss MacAulay told me to gather wood and start the fire going. I did as she said. After a while Mr. Thean and his son, Everett, and myself went out on the lake and fished and about 10.30 we all went to bed for the night. Miss MacAulay and Mrs. Williamson talked so that I couldn't sleep. I believe they talked all night. I don't believe I got any sleep until after 3 o'clock.

"I got up at 5.30, and, after starting the fire (we were in the lake club house), Mr. Thean and Everett and myself went fishing again. We caught two dozen. When we returned, breakfast wasn't ready, so we pulled out on the lake again, and when we returned again, breakfast was ready. After eating, Mr. Thean and Everett and myself went to the lake and stayed there till eleven. After we returned the women went out in the boat, but by 2.30 o'clock all had returned, and after this we all drove back to the rectory. The Theans stayed for a while, and by and by Mrs. Williamson left."

Collins then went on to tell about Miss MacAulay recommencing her advice about paying Mr. Duffy. He said he told her that he would certainly pay him. There was some discussion relative to the fire being out, and the tea being cold, but eventually Collins paid what he owed to Mr. Duffy, and says he was back at the rectory by 5.15 o'clock. After supper he says, he went for water and then visited for about an hour at the home of Mr. Williamson.

When he returned, he says he went to bed, and the following morning was up at 6 o'clock. He had breakfast and about 7.30 o'clock was instructed by Miss MacAulay to harness the horse for she wanted to drive to Elgin.

"I harnessed the horse," said Collins, "but soon she came along and said she would not go—that the weather was too warm. She said I'd been fooling her, and I said 'I'm not such a fool as you are, for you have made me harness the horse, and now you don't intend to go driving.'"

Then she said: "Well, I'm not such a fool as you, as to go to the lake for a whole day, and only get four fish."

"I went off then and got a drink of water, and as I went, I said I'd leave for I'd grown tired of having her shouting at me all the time. So I left and the last I saw of her, she was alive and well.

Says He Left the Horse Unharnessed.

"I didn't unharness the horse. It was about 8 o'clock in the morning when I left. I walked to Elgin, left there at 5 o'clock, and arrived in Petitcodiac at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning, from there I took the train for St. John and reached the city about 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. I had something to eat and went across the harbor (meaning Carleton.) I had 75 cents at this time. I looked for work in the mills, but couldn't find any. I walked on for about four miles until I was below the place called John the Greek's. I walked on as far as Musquash, but started back, and was again at the place I started from by 5.30. Near Fairville I met a young fellow with some lumber (Coun. Dean's son), and it was through him I managed to get some work. I stayed at Dean's that night (Wednesday) and next day. I left.

Says He Was Told Police Were After Him.

"I tramped all day, and along toward evening met a man whose name is Douglas Spinney. He told me there were three men in a team hunting for me, and that the men were police. I kept on that night and was trying to get to St. Stephen, when the men caught me. The first I knew of that Miss MacAulay was dead was when the detective told me."

The history and description of the prisoner as taken by the deputy chief is as follows:

Religion, Roman Catholic; single; native of Liverpool, of Irish parentage; twenty-one years old; height, 5 feet 3 3-4 inches; weight, 136 pounds, stout build; complexion, dark red; hair, black; eyes, grey; eyebrows, dark; smooth face, full mouth, nose straight and broad bridged, short chin, face short and narrow, front teeth good, arm extension, five feet two inches; coat, dark blue with light stripes; pants, dark with light stripe; cloth cap; No. 6 shoe; chest measurement over shirt, 34 inches normal.

There are several tattoo marks on the prisoner and a scar about one-eighth of an inch between the third and fourth fingers of the left hand. His collar measurement is 14½ inches; his ears small and forehead high.

Collins Was Here On the Numidian.

To Deputy Jenkins, Collins said that three months ago he shipped as an ordinary seaman at Liverpool on the steamer Dominion. Three years ago he was at this port as a sailor on the Numidian but the snow was so heavy that he did not travel far from the ship.

The last trip to Canada (when he came out on the Dominion) he landed at Montreal and had tramped from that city to Amherst (N. S.) While there he says he met a man who hired him to go on a scow to St. Mary's Point and from that place went up country, finally reaching the neighborhood of New Ireland and hiring as man of all work with Rev. Father MacAulay.

DETECTIVE KILLEN TELLS OF THE CHASE

Makes Acknowledgment of the Work of Charlotte County Men --Slept Linked by Handcuffs to the Prisoner.

Detective Killen was busy shaking hands Sunday afternoon and Sunday evening. Since Thursday his days and nights have been strenuous. The little sleep he had was snatched by the side of the suspect, with his hand linked to the hand of the other.

"Look here," said he, as he commenced to narrate a few of the details of the capture, "before I say a word I want to let everybody know how much I value the help given me by Mr. Sullivan, of the Bonny River Hotel, and others living in the vicinity. They couldn't do enough to help Marshal McAdam and me. There were Mr. Hill and Mr. Kehoe and others, but I want to say that I couldn't have fallen in with men more capable and more gentlemanly."

Passing on to a review of the pursuit and arrest, the detective said that Marshall McAdam and himself had been searching all Friday morning and that they did not return to St. George until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. They were driving Chief Clark's horse, which animal, by the way, if he has not much to say about the campaign in Charlotte county, was of considerable assistance in accomplishing the wished for consummation.

Upon arrival at St. George a telephone message was received from the Bonny River Hotel to the effect that the fugitive was being pursued and that the presence of the officers was desired with as little loss of time as possible

"We covered the distance of about eleven miles," said the detective, "in fifty minutes and as we neared the place where we thought Mr. Sullivan and his friends were we heard a shot." By the time the officers had come in view around a bend in the road Collins was in the team of his captors. He was utterly exhausted. The detective drove up and the prisoner was turned over from civilian to official authority.

"Do you know who I am?" asked Detective Killen.

Collins intimated that he was at a loss to know the other's identity.

"Well, I'm a detective from St. John, and I arrest you on suspicion of murdering Miss Mary Ann MacAulay at her home in New Ireland."

Collins, it is said, staggered and would have fallen had not the officer supported him. He tried to talk but was so overcome that his words were quite inaudible. He was helped into the carriage and driven to the nearest farm, where he was given a couple of glasses of milk. He swallowed the refreshment with obvious relish.

Subsequently his bruised and swollen feet were bathed by the detective and after a short rest he was in condition to proceed to St. George.

PRAISES KILLEN

Chief Clark Reviews Incidents of the Man Hunt.

"He's an all round chap and has seen a good deal of the world," was Chief Clark's opening comment, when discussing the prisoner Sunday. "He's something of an athlete, too. He is a wrestler and has a brother who is good as a wrestler also. This fellow is a boxer and a runner and he has a good voice. Coming up from Musquash he sang and though at times he appeared down-hearted he would soon brace up again. He has seen a lot of the world and has, I believe, a pretty fair education."

If Detective Killen was emphatic in his opinion of the assistance rendered by the residents of St. George and other points, Chief Clark's references were even more eulogistic.

"And I wish to say," he said, "that Detective Killen performed very valuable services. He was faithful and tireless, and carried out my instructions to the letter."

The chief, when he left here Friday night for Charlotte county, drove down in a hired team. He went as far as Musquash and there sent the team back and in the morning took the train for St. George, where the prisoner and his captors were awaiting his arrival. After a brief rest, officers and prisoner left for Musquash and Saturday night was spent at Dean's Hotel.

"There has been some mention made," remarked the chief, "of how Collins overheard a telephone conversation, in consequence of which he left in a hurry. Mr. Dean, in the first place did not call me up. I telephoned him first, and just asked if there was a man working at his place. I cautioned him to speak easily, and to say nothing more than merely answer the question. However, Collins must have overheard something that alarmed him sufficiently to cause him to make off. I understood that he was chopping wood close to a window, near where the telephone was. When I arrived at the councillor's that day (Thursday) I was naturally annoyed to discover that the man I wanted had disappeared.

"Collins is an athelte, all right. I think I said that he is a runner. Do you know that covered the distance from Musquash to Lepreaux, about twelve miles, in a little more than an hour—and he was footsore and pretty well done up when he started. A lineman saw him and he was moving along at a smart pace.

"As soon as I found out that he had left, I started away at once for St. George, to head him off, and had men stationed at all the roads along which he was likely to come."

The chief said that Collins had told him his father was dead—that he had met death through falling down stairs.

"Collins, I understand," said the chief, "was never a sailor on the bark Edna M. Smith. He is a fellow who has been around and about the world a good deal. He may look like a boy, but he's a healthy specimen of manhood, nevertheless. He has not hesitated to talk about his life at New Ireland, but of the crime, he professes to know nothing."

"Will he be taken to Albert county tomorrow?

"I cannot say for certain."

"You didn't find it necessary to handcuff him as you drove along?"

"Do you think it would have been necessary, with one of these on each side of him?" he remarked, tapping a loaded revolver lying on the desk.

"The brown straw hat you saw in the prisoner's lap," continued the chief, "is the one I wore when in the country. I wore a civilian coat, too."

REFUSES TO TALK

Collins Declines to Answer Reporter's Questions About the Crime.

Late in the afternoon, as Collins was being escorted to the court room that he might sit for more portraits, a Telegraph representative asked him questions. Queries bearing on the crime he declined to answer. He limped softly up stairs, and gave a few pulls at the muffler tucked inside his coat collar.

"My 'ed feels a bit stiff," he replied, speaking in a quick and somewhat throaty voice, "and my feet ache."

He was taken down to the cells about 5.40 o'clock, and soon after going below, a man claiming to come from the bark Edna M. Smith called, but failed to identify him.

The prisoner, to judge from the few remarks credited him, is discerning and not without a streak of humor. After he had slept and bathed and breakfasted at St. George, he lived over again the experience of his actual capture.

"Oh, that revolver," he observed. "Why I think the men what 'ad hit were more scared of hit than me."

As he caught sight of the crowds awaiting his arrival yesterday, he turned to the chief and said: "Well, wouldn't this put you in mind of Barnum's caravan?"

The prisoner is blessed with a reliable appetite. The officers say that the meals he disposed of since the capture were generous in quantity and of good quality. "Eat," almost shouted Chief Clark, when the matter was brought to his attention, "I wish you could have seen him."

Sunday Collins ate ordinary jail fare. He consumed all that was brought to him, and complained that there was no sugar in the tea.

Later in the evening he asked for papers and books, which were supplied, and which he hastened to read. He asked particularly for a Boston paper. Of late, however, his days and nights have been strenuous and by 11 o'clock he was sleeping on the cell bench, with the books and papers scattered at his feet.

THE CROWN'S PLANS

Attorney-General Pugsley May Have Father MacAulay Here Today--No Proceedings in St. John.

Attorney-General Pugsley was asked what action the crown would take. "The first thing to do," said Dr. Pugsley, "will be to have the prisoner identified. I have given instructions to have Rev. Father MacAulay notified, and it is probable that he will be in the city by Monday.

"On Monday I will consult with Chief of Police Clark, and by then the prisoner may be removed to Albert county. There will be no proceedings taken in this city or county."

About midnight a resident of North street, under the impression that he had seen Collins when he was here on Tuesday, visited the suspect's cell. To reporters later he said he did not recall him, and would not wish to say or do anything which might further incriminate the man under arrest.

His Lordship Bishop Casey, in the Cathedral, and Rev. Fr. Gaynor, in the Church of St. John the Baptist, made reference Sunday to the Albert county murder.

YOUNG STUDENT ANOTHER VICTIM

Moncton, N. B., Aug. 26—Dominique V. Breau, a student at St. Joseph's College, was drowned in the creek, near the college, yesterday afternon, where he had gone for a swim with another lad, Alfred LeBlanc. The fatality occurred about 3 o'clock. The tide was in, and the water in the middle of the creek about ten feet deep.

Breau's companion warned him not to go in, but the young man didn't heed him. He appeared to slip on the muddy bank into the centre of the stream and immediately sank. His companion secured a pole and tried to reach him, but it was too short, and before assistance could be summoned the drowning boy had disappeared. It is said that he could swim a little, and it is thought he either took a cramp or was stricken with heart failure, as he was said to have had a weak heart.

Breau was seventeen years old, and last year began a classical course. He was a bright student, and highly esteemed by his fellow students. He was an orphan lad and lived altogether at the college. His father, Vetal Breau, died about four years ago. His sisters live in Moncton, one clerking in J. D. Creaghan & Co.'s store, and two in Mr. Donald's millinery. Deceased was a brother of Ken. Breau, barber, of Chatham.

Prince Albert Lodge, I. O. O. F., yesterday decorated the graves of departed brethren. About 100 Oddfellows took part in the ceremony.

Sunny Brae Methodist church was reopened today after undergoing repairs. Rev. H. E. Thomas preached the opening sermon.

Rev. I. M. Baird, who recently resigned the pastorate of the Lewisville Baptist church to attend college, preached his farewell sermon tonight to a large congregation.

The minister of railways and I. C. R. officials returned Saturday from an inspection trip over the P. E. I. railway.

Friday at Cape Bauld a government tug seized a number of freshly baited lobster traps, which contained about 1,500 pounds of lobsters. The lobsters were put back into the sea, the traps destroyed, and the rigging confiscated. The fishery authorities are kept busy trying to stop illegal lobster fishing along the North Shore.

Eight Shediac parties have been summoned to appear before Fishery Inspector Chapman on a charge of oyster fishing on the government propagation oyster reserve.

Twenty-two parties have been convicted of Scott act violations and fined before Justice McQueen. The violators belong to various parts of the county.

BOMB WRECKS STOL...N'S HOUSE; THIRTY KILLED

Terrorist Hurled Missle Amongst Notables Present at Reception

Russian Premier's Daughter Had Both Legs Broken But Father Escaped—Victims Blown to Atoms as Well as the Assassins—Force of Explosion Terrific--General Min Assassinated by Girl at Railway Station—Revolutionists Serve Notice That More Will Meet the Same Fate if Government Doesn't Change Its Policy.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 25 — Thirty persons are dead and twenty-four wounded as a result of a dastardly attempt this afternoon to assassinate Premier Stolypin with a bomb while he was holding a public reception at his country house on Aptekarsky Island. The premier was slightly wounded in the face and neck by flying splinters.

Among the badly injured are the premier's fifteen-year-old daughter, who had both legs broken by the explosion and little hopes are entertained for her life; Gen. Zameatin, the premier's personal secretary; M. Khavostoff, former governor of the province of Penza; Colonel Federoff, chief of the premier's personal guard; Court Chamberlains Davidoff and Voronin and Aide Doubassoff, and four women and two children.

The wounded included M. Stolypin's three-year-old son, who is seriously though not fatally injured, and a number of persons prominent in the official and social world.

Of the four conspirators who engineered the outrage, two were killed with their victims, while a third, who acted as coachman for the party, and the fourth, who remained inside the carriage, were badly wounded and are now in the St. Peter and St. Paul fortress.

Whether the assassins who entered the crowded reception hall threw the bomb, or accidentally dropped it, probably never will be known, as all the immediate eye-witnesses were killed. The tremendous force of the explosion absolutely blew out the front of the premier's residence and carried away the ceilings above and the floors beneath, and the walls of the adjoining rooms.

People Blown to Pieces.

People were literally blown to pieces. Those who were not killed instantly were horribly maimed or lacerated and all the others present were prostrated by the shock.

The premier's escape was miraculous for, only a moment before the explosion took place, he had stepped inside his study at the rear of the salon to speak to Prince Shakovsky. Although he was slightly injured he is completely prostrated by the calamity.

The havoc wrought by the explosion is indescribable. Bodies were so torn or mangled as to make identification impossible, some of them headless, armless or legless lying in the blood dripping wreckage. Pieces of flesh and clothing clung to the shattered rafters overhead and some lodged in the branches of the elm trees which border the roadway separating the premier's residence from the river.

When the Associated Press correspondent this evening succeeded in securing permission to pass the cavalry guarding the approaches to the house, the dead and wounded already had been removed to a neighboring hospital, but by the light of flaring torches the police were still picking out from the wreckage bits of flesh and placing them in towels for transportation by ambulance to morgues. At the hospital the correspondent saw frantic attendants trying to arrange the shattered bodies into some semblance of human form for identification by weeping and wailing relatives outside.

Stolypin's Death Sentence.

The terrorists who carried the explosive into the house was literally converted into pulp by the force of the explosion. Inside the gendarme officer's coat which he had on was found the death sentence of Premier Stolypin, which he had tried to execute.

The police refuse to make public the contents of this document.

The tragedy created a tremendous sensation here, and extra editions of the newspapers were sold in the streets until midnight. In the clubs where officials and officers gather, the most intense indignation prevailed and the prediction was freely made that the revolutionaries would pay dearly for such senseless crimes, and no doubt was entertained that their only effect would be to drive the government to more severe methods of repression.

From information obtained from revolutionary sources it is certain that the crime was committed by the fighting organization of the social revolutionists in retaliation for the war which the government has been waging against them. Since Stolypin's accession to the premiership more than 1,000 of their members have been arrested, 400 in St. Petersburg alone, and many of these have been deported. To fight this crusade the fighting organization which is composed of a wing known as matimists and who believe in setting up a purely socialistic state upon the ruins of the autocracy, have deliberately entered upon a duel with the government such as that which characterized the famous fight of the Nihilists in the late seventies, and which ended in the assassination of Emperor Alexander II.

Within a single year at that time a little coterie of Nihilists, under the direction of Jeriaboff, made thirty-eight attempts against the emperor and high officials, fourteen of which were successful. At the head of the present organization is a prominent revolutionary who is considered to be an organizer equal, if not superior, to Jariaboff. All the members of the organization had due notice that today's attempt on the premier would be made, and went into hiding.

It has become known that an attempt upon M. Stolypin was frustrated ten days ago by the discovery of a subterranean passage from the wall of the Grenadier church, adjoining his residence. The mining of palaces and residences formerly was a favorite method of the Nihilists, but has not been used of recent years.

Emperor Nicholas, when appraised of today's disaster, sent his personal congratulations to Premier Stolypin on his escape, and the cabinet ministers and members of the diplomatic corps tendered expressions of sympathy.

Fear for the Czar Now.

News received from Peterhoff is that great fear is held of revolutionists being in the court. As a result of inquiry, it was learned tonight that the men who threw the bomb came here from Moscow via Warsaw. They took lodgings in Morskaia street, and today hired a carriage in which they visited one of the open air summer theatres prior to going to Premier Stolypin's. The chief of the assassins, whose body is now guarded by troops, is apparently about twenty-five years old. He wore a brand new uniform, beneath which he had on a civilian vest of very dirty lining.

A retired officer by the name of Bodorykin attempted to warn M. Stolypin of the threatened assassination, but he was refused admission to the premier. On the order of Deputy-Minister Makaroff, Bodorykin has been examined before a magistrate.

At the moment of the explosion, M. Stolypin was closeted with some of the nobility, who declare that there were two or three explosions.

M. Stolypin himself freed his children from the piled up debris with which they were covered.

Later in the evening he visited them twice in the hospital. At a late hour tonight there were twenty-eight dead and twenty-four injured in the hospital.

Forced Premier's Door.

Later details show that the authors of the outrage drove up to the premier's residence after the list of visitors had been closed. The servants refused them admission, at which they attempted to force an entrance. A struggle ensued at the entrance of the ante-room adjoining the reception room, during the course of which the terrorist disguised as a gendarme dropped a bomb, which exploded, destroying the ante-room, the adjoining guard room, part of the reception room, and also the balcony of the first floor. The premier was receiving visitors in a private room and was not injured. The principal loss of life occurred in the ante-room. Altogether there were sixty victims.

Immediately after the outrage the long avenue of Limo Trees, in which the villa was situated, was blocked at both ends by cavalry.

When Stolypin accepted the premiership he was conscious of his personal danger. One of his remarks at a recent interview was:—

"I have no doubt that attempts will be made upon my life, but I hope that order will be restored and stability established in Russia before they are successful."

An Eye-Witness' Story.

M. Moukhanoff, a member of the late parliament, who at the time of the explosion was waiting to see Premier Stolypin concerning permission to hold a congress of the Constitutional Democratic party, says:—

"I was sitting with some twenty other visitors, including several ladies, at a long table in the waiting room, M. Stolypin then being engaged with M. Polivanoff, marshal of the nobility of the province of Simbirsk, and the president of the Simbirsk Zemstvo deputation. After waiting for some time, I changed my seat and joined M. Prosolkoff, a chamberlain of the court, in a bay window overlooking the avenue leading up to the house.

"A few seconds after the arrival of the carriage bearing the assassins, which attracted my attention, because visitors usually come in smaller carriages, I was suddenly hurled backward against the wall, which my head struck. I was so stunned that I did not even hear the explosion. When I recovered consciousness I saw that the ceiling and one of the walls were gone, and that the room was heaped with debris from the floor above.

"The first words I heard came from the lips of a mother superior who was standing among the ruins in a corner, praying: 'Save us, save us,' at the same time crossing herself. She was one of six who escaped uninjured. The man in the chair I had formerly occupied was killed on the spot.

"I then went into the garden, where I came face to face with M. Stolypin. He had complete mastery over himself and was perfectly calm. I begged him not to go back into the house, saying that there might be another bomb there, but he insisted on returning, saying 'there may be wounded persons in there.' The premier's face was bespattered with ink, thrown there by the force of the explosion."

M. Stolypin is greatly grieved at the death of the old hall porter, who had served the ministry of the interior for forty years under sixteen ministers.

During the course of the evening, Madame Stolypin went to St. Petersburg aboard a small government boat. It appears that the assassin were well supplied with funds. They paid $125 in advance for the rooms they engaged. Before leaving their apartments they disguised themselves and made the house porter drunk. The extraordinary power of the explosion may be judged by the fact that the houses on the opposite side of the Neva were shaken and windows broken.

One of the most painful features of the tragedy was the delay in securing medical aid for the injured, as more than an hour elapsed before an ambulance arrived.

M. Stolypin's one thought was for his daughter, and he kept exclaiming "For God's sake, fetch a doctor. Oh, my poor girl."

It was fully half an hour before a beginning was made to systematically clear the wreckage, during which the injured suffered agonies. At dusk torches were lighted and by the fitful light from these the work was continued and the walls were shored up with strong beams.

Many trees in the avenue were blown down by the force of the explosion, and the aspect of the grounds was complete desolation.

Inquiry at the Calmeyer hospital today elicited the statement that Premier Stolypin's daughter was still alive, but that her condition was critical, and it was feared that gangrene would set in. She is under the care of the famous surgeon, Dr. Pabloff.

Girl Kills General Min.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 26—General Min, commander of the [illegible] Guard Regiment, who suppressed the mutiny at Moscow last December, was assassinated at Peterhof tonight.

The deed was committed by a young girl, who fired five shots from a revolver into his back, killing him instantly.

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