

MASTERS A MANIAC.

TWO DOCTORS STRUGGLE WITH A LUNATIC IN AN AMBULANCE.

He Tore a Doctor's Suit Off and Kicked a Hole in the Side of the Wheel Before He Was Mastered and Strapped Down—The Affair Created Great Excitement.

New York, June 12.—Two lunatics in an ambulance, on their way from the West Fifty-third street prison to Bellevue Hospital, one struggling to escape and engaged in a furious battle with two ambulance surgeons, caused great excitement yesterday morning. While the ambulance was going at breakneck speed, five bicycle riders, of whom one was a bicycle policeman, kept alongside and tried to aid the doctors in subduing the prisoner.

Magistrate Wentworth, in the West Side police court, yesterday, committed Theodore Martel, 55 years old, an upholsterer, and George Degandard, 29 years old, a laborer, with no home, to Bellevue Hospital for examination as to their sanity.

As Dr. Christian and Christian arrived at the prison at noon the two lunatics men entered the ambulance quietly and tried to escape. The man who tore the restraining belts were not put on them. Scarcely had the ambulance turned into Eighty-seventh street, before Degandard sat up and aimed a terrific blow at the head of Dr. Taylor, who was seated in the rear part of the vehicle.

"Let me out," cried the lunatic, "or I'll kill you!" The doctor dodged the blow and grappled with the man. Degandard, who is a powerful fellow, became frenzied in a moment. With his eyes rolling wildly he kicked and shouted as he struggled for freedom.

As Dr. Christian, who was on the front seat with the driver, turned to a d his companion he saw the second lunatic, Martel, slip quietly past the constraints and jump from the ambulance. The doctor leaped off at the risk of breaking his neck and started in pursuit. He caught Martel half a block away and dragged him back to the ambulance. Moses Morris, the driver, had in the meantime stopped the vehicle and ran to the assistance of Dr. Taylor.

Eighty avenue was crowded at the time and nearly four hundred persons gathered about the ambulance, volent assistance. The driver wanted to take the two men back to prison, but Dr. Taylor ordered him to drive to the hospital.

As Morris whipped up his horse the two doctors tried to adjust the restraining belt on Degandard. The man was at once seized with another maniacal attack of fury. He struck the doctors with his powerful fists and when thrown on his back by Doctor Taylor struck out with his fist.

With his big bony hands Degandard tore Dr. Christian's white duck suit into shreds in a few moments. Then he attacked the ambulance and nearly kicked out the side.

"Help! they're killing me!" cried the madman. In a fresh burst of rage he struggled to his feet, seized Dr. Taylor by the throat and bent him backward over the tailboard of the ambulance.

Bicycle riders scattered as the ambulance sped down the avenue, but several courageous riders kept alongside and tried to catch hold of Degandard's arm. "Stop the ambulance and we'll help you!" they cried.

Dr. Christian rescued Dr. Taylor, and together they tied Degandard's hands and feet to the guard rail with bandages. Then they were able to strap the leather belt about his waist and snap the iron handcuffs around his wrists. Martel, the other prisoner, took no part in the fight, but crouched in a corner of the vehicle terrified at the struggle.

It was not until they had reached Thirty-fourth street that the doctors subdued the madman. Several policemen then ran up, but their assistance was not needed. When the two men were led into the insane pavilion they had calmed down completely. Drs. Taylor and Christian were thoroughly exhausted. "The man would surely have escaped," said Dr. Christian, "if I hadn't accompanied Dr. Taylor. One man couldn't have managed these two lunatics and kept eight of our lives. My arms and body are covered with black and blue bruises. I had put my suit on only the moment I got back."

Annual Convocation of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of Nova Scotia at Annapolis.

ANAPOLIS, June 13.—The 13th annual convocation of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of Nova Scotia, with jurisdiction over the province of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, opened its sessions here today. Companion Thomas Treanman, M. D., of Halifax, M. E. grand high priest, presiding. There was a considerable number of delegates and visiting companions in attendance. The report of the grand high priest showed that although during the past year certain Masonry has not advanced so largely in numbers, still the order has held its own and has not retrograded.

Harmony has prevailed throughout the jurisdiction and their relations with foreign grand bodies have been of the most cordial and harmonious character. A telling reference was made to those companions who have been called during the past year to their labors to the grand chapter above and tendering their sympathy to the families and friends who have been called to mourn their loss and recommending that memorials be set apart in their printed proceedings to their memory. The reports of the grand secretary and treasurer showed finances to have been handled economically with a balance to their credit. At the afternoon session, after considerable discussion, the per-

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The tent of the three miners was smothered open one morning early last March as they sat at breakfast, and in rushed a swarthy Indian girl, who threw herself down before them and cried bitterly. They had time to consider the cause of the interruption a howling mob of Swashes, headed by their medicine man, rushed in and seized the prostrate girl.

The miners, unable to save the girl, followed as she was carried away. She was taken to a totem in the centre of the Indian hamlet, and after the Indians had danced around her for a few minutes the chief plunged a knife into her body and she sank down without a cry.

It was not until next day that the miners were able to get an explanation of the tragedy. The medicine man was approached by the famished Swashes and asked to make "medicine" for the Indians. The medicine man called upon the chief to make a sacrifice, and the young girl was chosen as a victim. She was placed in a vat under a giant, but managed to escape to the miners' camp.

The miners promised secrecy, but fearing the Indians would kill them to insure their silence they lost no time in getting out of the district. They have notified the mountain police and the mounted police of the incident, and the murder of the girl, and soldiers will be sent to arrest the chief.

A children's choir has just been organized in connection with the Roman Catholic church at St. Mary's, of which Rev. J. J. Ryan is pastor, and which is situated in the town of St. Mary's, where there have been prospecting for the last eighteen months.

During the winter starvation has ravaged the Indian lodges, and made great inroads in the ranks of the once powerful Ojibwa tribe, the one time the most numerous of the Indians of the north. Scores have died for want of food. With the advent of miners and prospectors in the north, the Indians have been driven far back in the wilderness.

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HUMAN CATTLE.

An Englishman Describes His Experiences on a Chinese Coolie Boat in the Indian Ocean.

My destination was Singapore from Hong Kong, and as I had no other vessel by those favorite ships, the E. & O. I thought that well, by way of a change, take one of the local steamers. Fortunately one of the well-known S. S. ships, one of the new ones, was leaving that day for Swatow, and very nice and handsome she looked, beautifully clean as the proverbial new pin—the local steamers on the China coast are noted for their cleanliness. So I booked a passage in her.

With my bag and baggage I went on board. I saw the skipper. He was not very talkative, but he told me I would be the only European passenger, and he thought me a fool for not taking the mail or one of the larger ships leaving direct for Singapore, where I would be more comfortable and better fed.

As it was my wish to see what coolies are like, I told him I was content to go in his ship in preference to one of the larger ones. There were two more officers on board, decent young fellows, and the chief engineer, a canny Scotchman, who was nearly as communicative as the Captain, informed me that he was going to Swatow for a full complement of passengers—pigs and newly-caught monkeys, he called them, because they were so troublesome and dirty.

We arrived at Swatow early in the morning, and as our coolie passengers were not yet gathered into Swatow from the surrounding districts, we had to wait until the next morning, when they began to come on board about 6.30 a.m., and I was wakened out of my sleep by the most unparalytic yell in my palmas I reached out of my cabin into the saloon. The captain was quietly having his smoke after his morning coffee; he said, do a good grin when he saw me. "Did they awaken you?" I thought they would.

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