

TO TRAIL MURDERERS WITH BLOODHOUNDS.

Slayers of Johann Henke Supposed to Be Hiding in "Bear Swamp," N. J.

There Are Three of Them, All Negroes, and They Are Well Armed and Desperate.

"Tom" Cromwell, the Leader, Was Once in Constable Miller's Hands, but Escaped.

DEATH CAN BE THEIR ONLY FATE.

Surrounded by a Posse and Their Capture Will Be Followed by Lynching. Reward Offered for Them Dead or Alive.

Somewhere in the fastness of "Bear Swamp," an impenetrable tract twenty miles square, near Indian Mills, N. J., three armed negroes are hiding, while an hunted posse of over fifty officers and citizens is searching for them, and the woods are being scoured in every direction.

Death since then in the face, for it will be the reward of surrender or capture, while if they succeed in eluding their pursuers starvation or suicide are their only alternatives. Trained bloodhounds will be put on their trail this morning. They are only partly clothed, being without coats, hats or vests, and they have had no food save unripe cranberries since Sunday.

Ever since the brutal murder of Johann Henke, of Burlington, last Saturday week the officers and citizens have been most active in their efforts to capture the negroes. The murdered man lived alone in his little shop and the murderers visited him near midnight, stunned him with a blow of the head from a coupling pin and then strangled him to death with a piece of railroad bolt.

Thomas Cromwell is the only one of the negroes whose identity is positively known. He was seen to enter the shop, remain an hour, and depart with a cheery "Good night, Johann" to the dead man in the chair. Then he disappeared and was not heard from until last Sunday, when word reached Mount Holly that he had been seen and recognized at Indian Mills, sixteen miles south. Three negroes were met on the road near the swamp and when one of them was asked if his name was Cromwell all turned, jumped the fence and took to the woods.

A POSSE ORGANIZED. Constable Miller at once organized a searching party, and secured for it the services of several men who are thoroughly familiar with the paths in the thick wood land. Fast horses were procured, and the ride to the spot where the men had been seen was made in quick time.

The first party came upon three negroes lying on the grass by the road side. They jumped to their feet as the team approached and appeared frightened. Constable Miller got out and began questioning them, and their answers being evasive, he reached out his hand to take Cromwell's arm, saying:

"You must come to the hotel with me." Whereupon the trio made a quick leap backward through the thicket, and before the astonished official realized the situation, they were out of his grasp.

Then he drew his revolver and sent three balls at Cromwell. It is believed that the last one took effect, for the man fell, and, on arising a second later, grabbed his leg as if in pain, but he managed to make off in the direction his companions had taken.

Constable Miller returned to Small's Hotel, at Indian Mills, and told of the escape. More men, heavily armed, were procured and the spot revisited. The negroes in their haste had left two coats, the pockets of which contained six dressed chickens, sweet potatoes, rice, green corn and a bag of salt; three slouch hats and a pair of trousers.

Reward of \$200 Offered. Monday morning a reward of \$200 was offered in the name of the county for Cromwell, dead or alive, and searching parties were sent out in every direction. Dawn was just breaking yesterday when the watchers were treated to a surprise party.

A little schoolhouse some distance from Small's Hotel, and just on the edge of the dense woods. Two of the searching party, taking an early start, were passing the house when in the dim light they saw two or more indistinct figures silently glide from the doorsteps into the heavy underbrush. A few moments later they heard a cracking of twigs beyond the hedge, and the rest of the party was at once notified. But the trail was cold when they returned, and the men could not be followed.

Aside from locating the negroes by their buying, the special demand for the bloodhounds comes from the knowledge that the men are armed, being provided with two revolvers, stolen from the murdered German, and they will fight for their lives if cornered. It is hoped that the boys will draw their ammunition, and by this means capture be made without bloodshed.

Cromwell is strong, wiry and has a bad record, having served terms in prison for gambling and robbery. Two Philadelphia detectives reached the scene yesterday and the force was further increased by the ad-

dition of a crowd of huckleberry pickers, who know the innumerable paths of the swamp and will dare anything for \$200. Late yesterday afternoon Constable Brown and Frank Banks started on a drive leading in the direction of Cross Keys, where a farmer reported that at noon he saw a man resembling Cromwell.

POWDERLY IS REPUDIATED

General Worthy Foreman Bishop Issues a Circular Letter on His Recent Utterances.

Washington, Sept. 1.—The following circular letter to the Knights of Labor will appear in the forthcoming number of their Official Journal:

Washington, Aug. 31. The Order, wherever found—Greeting: Terence Vincent Powderly, who for fourteen years prior to November, 1893, was the chief officer in the Knights of Labor, has been recently quoted in the press as stating authoritatively that the five change of silver is a portion of the present policy of the Knights of Labor. I have claimed now for three years that Mr. Powderly was a monomaniac upon the one subject of T. V. Powderly, however sane he might be considered upon matters not affecting his personality, and cannot at this time refrain from entering into a short retrospect of the career of the man whose unexamined opinion was one of the chief causes that brought strife and dissension to a time into our nation's history. The free and unlimited coinage of silver has been one of the main demands of the Knights of Labor since the Atlanta session of the General Assembly in 1889. It has been reiterated specifically since that time at Denver in 1890, at Toledo in 1891 and at St. Louis in 1892, and our legislative committees have been instructed to make that, with the land and transportation plank, their chief care.

Mr. Powderly, as chairman of a delegation representing the order, attended conferences and conventions of the Farmers' Alliance and the People's Party, Omaha, Omaha, and at St. Louis, where the Knights of Labor were again pledged to the support of this measure, with my personal approval and consent; he is on record in more than one of his official reports as being personally a warm adherent of those doctrines, and his present attitude is simply a disavowal of the same.

All he has and knows he owes to the Knights of Labor; all he is he is himself responsible for. Let us permit T. V. Powderly to pass quietly into deserved oblivion. M. J. DUNN, General Worthy Foreman.

UNITY FOR IRELAND.

The Pope Writes the Dublin Convention, Hoping That Differences Will End.

Dublin, Sept. 1.—The convention of representatives of the Irish race, summoned with a view of affording unity among the Irish Nationalists, was opened in Leinster Hall at noon to-day, and will be in session three days. Two thousand delegates were present.

Right Rev. Patrick O'Donnell, Roman Catholic Bishop of Raphoe, was elected permanent chairman. Justin McCarthy called the convention to order. The Healyites and the Parnellites took no part in the convention. Resolutions were passed favoring the reconstitution of a united Irish party.

A telegram was read from the Pope in which His Holiness prayed for a cessation of the differences existing among the Irish parties.

Among the delegates from America are Dr. John Addis Emmet, John D. Crotinas, John Byrne, Michael Murphy, William J. Brown, Patrick Gallagher, Martin T. McMahon, P. C. O'Sullivan and Joseph P. Ryan, New York; Edmund O'Connor, Birmingham, N. Y.; M. J. Keay and Patrick Dunlavy, Philadelphia; T. Boland, Scranton, Pa.; John B. Devlin, John Ginnery and Edward Mackin, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; John Fahy and Patrick Cox, Rochester, N. Y.; James F. Murray and Rev. Father Tighe, Jersey City, and P. W. Wronn, Bridgeport, Conn.

Justin McCarthy said he believed the assembling of this convention was the result of a general acceptance of the principle of the rule of the majority.



LI TELLS A JOURNAL WOMAN WHY HE DOESN'T LIKE BICYCLES.

LI HUNG CHANG looked at me over his gold-rimmed spectacles, and said, "Huh! I found out later this meant that I met his approval. He gave me his hand and held mine for a few minutes, and—well, I am frank to confess that all the beautiful questions I had been framing in my mind ever since he stepped off the St. Louis, suddenly vanished into air, and when dear little Dr. Mark (I call him dear, because it was he who presented me to the Viceroy) inquired what I wanted to ask the Earl, not one of them would come to my assistance. "Oh, anything," I stammered; then, collecting my wits, said: "I should like to know what his Excellency thinks of America, of American newspapers and American women?" "Dr. Mark chattered and Li chattered back. Then the physician made the answer. "Li Likes America. "He thinks America a great country and its people noble, generous and hospitable. He likes its newspapers—if they are all as good as the Journal." "And its women?" I suggested. "Ah, he is afraid you will make fun of him. No? You will write just what he says?" I promised faithfully I would quote him word for word.

"Well, he thinks they are very lovely." When Dr. Mark consented to allow me to see the great man gave him my word I would remain only two minutes in the august presence. My two minutes had gone—I was trembling in my shoes for I expected every moment the Doctor would remind me that my time was up. Li, however, had evidently taken a fancy to me. He motioned for me to be seated in a little chair opposite him. He looked at me from head to foot over his glasses and said something to Dr. Mark, who was good enough to act as interpreter.

Dr. Mark blushed and stammered. He had heard how strange Li's very personal questions strike the people of this country, and he didn't quite know how to frame the one the Earl had just asked. Fumbling my card, he said, questioningly: "I haven't told him whether you are Miss or Mrs."

"Assure His Excellency that I shall be delighted to answer any question he may honor me by asking," I replied, at the same time settling myself comfortably in the chair, ready to be catechized.

Li Begins Questions. "He wants to know whether you are married." "No." "He asks, Why not?" "Because no man wants to marry me." The Earl laughed incredulously, shook his head and chattered to Dr. Mark.

"That cannot be so. He says there are surely not so many people who want to marry in this city that you can't find a husband." "But it's true. Ask him to send me one from China."

"He says he would if it were necessary, but he doesn't believe it. He thinks perhaps you are hard to please." Li talked and Dr. Mark translated. "He wishes me to say that people here think he asks questions simply because of curiosity. That is not so. In our country, in China—his countenance took on a sort of glorified expression when he mentioned the Flowery Kingdom—"questions like he asks are considered polite and show a kindly interest."

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LI INTERVIEWED, AND BY A WOMAN.

"Bicycles? Oh! No," Says He, "for Women They Are Immodest."

Goes Further Than Even Charlotte Smith, Disapproving of Them for Men, Too.

American Women, He Says, Are Very Lovely, and Marriage Has His Entire Approval.

ASTONISHED AT THEIR FREEDOM HERE.

LI Explains That His Many Questions Are Asked Not for Curiosity, but Out of Compliment to Those Addressed—Laughs at an American Law.

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wants to know how much money you make." I told him. "You must be very intelligent, American women are especially bright, are they not? Is it really so that they can write as well as men? It seems impossible to believe they can, for they surely do not travel much."

Li was astonished to hear that women in this country may go anywhere alone—even going round the world without an escort. "But this is not right," the Viceroy said. "Women should have the protection of their husbands."

Just a Puff of Smoke. The attendant placed the statesman's pipe between the official's lips again, and Li puffed. "A woman can afford to be capricious as long as she is young; but even American women, beautiful as they are, must eventually grow old. Time creeps on, even in the cases of the fairest, and when a woman reaches forty years she will find she cannot make the conquests she did at thirty. Every woman should get married. Marriage is her mission, and she will be happier with a good husband than alone, wandering about the world."

Having delivered himself of this little sermon, Li continued: "I hope you will be soon married and get a good, brave, handsome husband." Then he asked the following questions: "Are your parents alive?" "Do you board or live with friends?" "Have you brothers or sisters?" "Have you cousins?" "Do you have to work hard?" "How many years have you been working for the newspapers?"

In a brief interval, while Li was trying to think of some other questions, I asked him whether he had seen any bicycles. "Yes," he snapped out, with laconic disapproval. "What do you think about women riding them