

tendant of the Hempstead Gaslight Company. He was a shoemaker by trade. He was born in the village, and had always lived there. His money, carefully hoarded and invested, had accumulated until he was said to be easily worth \$200,000, and yet he still carried on the business of shoe dealer as he had two score of years ago.

**CARRIED THE GAS COLLECTIONS.** Saturday was collection day for the gas company. The collections usually amounted to \$900 or \$700. All the money was carried to the shoe store in the afternoon by the collectors and was handed over to Mr. Powell. The old man never carried a purse. It was his custom to put the money in his pockets as it came in and carry it home with him.

On last Saturday night Powell went from his shoe store, after he closed it, to the barber shop. After being shaved he went to a grocery store. At the store he met two friends and neighbors, who were to walk most of the way home with him. These men were B. Valentine Clowes, president of the Hempstead Trustees, and Albert Cooper, a stockbroker.

The three men walked out Fulton street, on which the Powell house is located. At Franklin street, not far from Mr. Powell's home, Mr. Clowes and Mr. Cooper turned off, leaving the venerable shoemaker to go on alone.

Mr. Powell had less than two blocks to walk without company. Fulton street, like the usual village thoroughfare of the sort, curved as it went. There was also a hill in the way. As the man went on he had to go down into a slight depression and up another hill or incline, at the top of which was a house stands. In the low part of the street there were no houses, but further in there were five or six residences with the Parnell house, all close together, and on the same side of the street.

**WHERE POWELL WAS STRUCK.** The lights were at the tops of the inclines,

man, an ex-constable, who had joined in the search for clues. The stocking was black and old, and marked in thread with a letter that may be an "O" or may be a "C." This clue is deemed especially valuable because these stockings were found in the pockets of the colored man, John Wayne. Two of these stockings were mites. The other stocking was smaller and corresponded in size with the stocking found in the street.

But the stocking in Wayne's pocket had no mark like the "C" or "O" on the one found in the street. It is argued by the officers that the stocking must have been dropped in the street recently, because it was not soiled by weather stains. The pipe was a common one of clay. Wayne said they had never owned such a pipe.

**RELEASED AND REARRESTED.** Coroner Myron C. Coombs came from Inwood and thought so little of the evidence that he let Mayhew go. District-Attorney Daniel Noble came from Long Island City and detectives and deputy sheriffs from elsewhere.

Mayhew, after he was released, started on a run from Hempstead and went as far as Roslyn, seven miles north, where he was arrested later by Constable Gildersleeve. His rearrest was at the suggestion of the District-Attorney.

The evidence against Wayne was made apparently more convincing by the discovery that he was paid off after 10 o'clock at night by Powell. He was handed the money in the barber shop. Wayne worked in the gas house for the gas company, and was usually paid in the shoe store.

**MAY COST HIM HIS LIFE.**

William Doyle Seriously Injured in a Fight with Strangers. During a fight on the corner of Grand street and Kent avenue, Brooklyn, yesterday,

**RUDINI, PRIME MINISTER.**

At a Late Hour the Marquis Announced That He Had Succeeded in Forming a Cabinet to Succeed Crispi.

Rome, March 8.—At a late hour to-night it was reported that these selections as Ministers had been made:

Marquis di Rudini, Prime Minister and probably Minister of the Interior. General Ricotti, Minister of War. Signor Brin, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Signor Pirazzi, Minister of the Treasury.

Admiral Raechin, Minister of Marine. Signor Guicciardini, Minister of Finance. Signor Granteruo, Minister of Justice. The Ministers of Commerce, Public Instruction, Public Works, and Posts and Telegraphs are still vacant.

The Marquis di Rudini was Prime Minister from February 6, 1891, to May 5, 1892. During this time occurred the trouble with the United States, growing out of the lynching of a number of Italians at New Orleans. Then, as now, the Marquis succeeded Signor Crispi as Prime Minister, the latter having been overthrown on a financial question.

**ITALY SEEKING A LOAN.**

Proposal to Get the Sinews of War in Berlin Not Well Received by German Financiers.

Berlin, March 8.—It is believed, and indeed almost desired, in official circles here that King Humbert will be unable to find

**NEW SALVATION ARMY GETTING INTO LINE.**

Its Organization Virtually Begun at the Big Cooper Union Meeting Last Night.

Tremendous Enthusiasm of the Crowd, Which Densely Packed the Great Hall.

**MUSIC, ORATORY AND PRAYER.**

Many Members of the Army Were Present in Uniform, and Many Other Visitors Proclaimed Their Own Conversion.

It is doubtful if the great hall at Cooper Union has ever echoed with such lusty shouts as filled it last night, when fully 5,000 made themselves hoarse in welcoming the new movement. The meeting, so far as the meeting was further successful was shown by the readiness with which converts flocked to the platform railing and knelt before the chairs placed there for them, and by the readiness with which coats and hats were raised into the air and hurled into the air.

At the earnest solicitation of Ensign March, of the Bowers Corps of the Salvation Army, Commander Booth had consented to allow the regular Salvationists to hold their last regular meeting at Cooper Union last night. Preparations were made for the meeting and word was passed along the line, but Saturday night, at 11 o'clock, Ballington Booth rescinded his permission.

Shortly after 7 o'clock people began to gather in Astor place about the doors of Cooper Union, and from the time the doors were opened until they were forcibly closed by the police, a steady stream of people flowed in.

The meeting began with the singing of hymns. In the audience were many men and women wearing the Salvation Army uniform, but two-thirds of the people were civilians, many of whom were wearing the badge of the Salvation Army, and the words, "God Bless Our Leaders."

Brigadier Glen led the singing, and the former Salvationists joined in with a will. On the platform was a meeting of the Washington, that had been given by a lady who had been the entire Bowers Corps had gone over to Commander Booth's side.

**ENTHUSIASM AT WHITE HEAT.** At 8 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Booth were driven to the hall, and when they entered the audience went wild with enthusiasm. It arose as one man and waved handkerchiefs and cheered. There were frequent cries of "What's the matter with Ballington Booth?" and the answer was thundered out, "He's all right!" Then there were cheers for Mrs. Booth. Nearly all the members of the Bowers Corps were present, and they seemed particularly loyal to their former commander.

Brigadier Glen was the first speaker. He said in part: "This is not a meeting in which to discuss the subject that is uppermost in our minds. We are here to have a purely spiritual session." After this there was singing, and Ballington Booth went to the lectern and prayed. It was fully five minutes before the people ceased cheering. Then he said: "I thank God for the privilege of meeting you here under these circumstances. We must not talk of those things that shall tend to engender strife and ill feeling, but of eternal abiding. God bless the Salvation Army. If my mind is turned against us, the voice of God will turn me toward us again."

Mrs. Booth and I have not come to this gathering for the purpose of alluding to the recent sad events in our experience. It is quite true that after serious and careful deliberation we have resolved to inaugurate a new movement. (Denying cheers.) Could it have been avoided, it most assuredly would have been done on our parts. But I do not believe for a moment that the people of the United States, recognizing that we have worked for nine years, will listen to the proposition that we return quietly to private life. (Cries of "No! no! never!")

"Recognizing that in a great field, larger than that of any other country of the globe, there was room for even one hundred Salvation Armies, we have resolved to do something to win over the artisans or middle class. We do not intend to engage in any battle or strife with the Salvation Army. There must be no mud throwing, no kind of feeling. We want a mission to reach the lost. There is too much conservatism in church merely in sentiment, and too little in actuality."

"I want to tell those officers and men who take a stand by me in the faith that I see on the distant horizon a faith that shall grow out of the consecration of your hearts to-night. God bless you all!" Mrs. Ballington Booth also spoke. She described the present needs of the new movement, and asked for a large contribution. Then the two-dollar bills began being held up. It was not long before several hands lifted to the brims with coins. When Commander Booth called for converts he said if he had twenty he would feel amply repaid, but soon the converts came so rapidly that many of the people on the platform had to give up their seats in order that the chairs might be placed below for the converts. Men and women flocked to the railing, and soon there were fifty of them kneeling there. Each received some whispered admonition or advice from a uniformed Salvationist.

As each convert walked up there was more cheering and singing. Almost every one in the hall seemed worked up to a high pitch of religious fervor and the number of converts seemed to depend entirely upon how long the meeting should last. When the fifth knelt at the rail Ballington Booth pronounced the benediction and the meeting was at an end.

"I cannot tell you how delighted I am," said Mr. Booth afterward. "This has been a great success and promises enormously for the future." The name of the new organization has not yet been decided on. The name of the New Auxiliary League will be changed to the "Defenders' League. The motto of the new movement will be "Jehovah Nisi." (The Lord, My Banner.)

A large meeting will be held in Carnegie Hall in a few days and Mr. and Mrs. Booth will speak. On Sunday, March 11, there will be a hallolejan wedding in Cooper Union, at which Staff Captain Watkins will preside. The contracting persons are two members of the Bowers Corps.

Rev. J. G. Hallmond, formerly private secretary of ex-Commander Ballington Booth, and at present stationed at Mount Airy, spoke last night in the Mission Mission, of which he is superintendent, on the subject, "The Trouble in the Salvation Army."

Mr. Hallmond reviewed the situation from beginning to end, and spoke of the future plans of the ex-Commander. "Had you had the opportunity of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Booth at their home during the past week as I have," he said, "you would have been convinced of two things, the first of which is, what an utterly impossible thing it will be for them to remain idle. Letters have come to hand by the hundred and thousand, the great majority of them strenuously, enthusiastically and vehemently urging the Commander to go to work on evangelistic gospel lines, free from all the trammels and drawbacks and limitations which undoubtedly Army discipline and Army rule impose."

"Secondly, you would have become convinced of the sincerity of Mr. and Mrs. Booth in their declaration that they do not encourage a 'split' or wish to influence officers or soldiers to withdraw from the Army. The fact is, there is a need for gospel work in this country, which is 'white unto the harvest,' that has barely been touched by Army operations, and which, notwithstanding all the mission work done by the churches, is practically unaffected by it, viz, the great, hard-working, respectable, wage-earning, wealth-producing class."

"The Army has hitherto been occupied chiefly, almost solely, in the blended work of going deep down into the mire of the gutter and getting hold of those who were so foul and filthy that the old-gilded Christians of the churches did not dare touch them. To the other, the larger and more important field, Mr. and Mrs. Booth will turn."

"Ballington Booth is going to make a try to swing back to the old original God-honored lines, where, with John Allen, William Booth and others went to the masses and preached the love of Christ untrammelled by rule or regulation, or rank or red tape, by discipline or court martial."

"In the new order there is to be a fair, square honest attempt to rule by love rather than by law; an attempt to follow in the steps of a greater legislator than General Booth, who said to the sinner: 'Neither do I condemn; go and sin no more.'"

"In this movement Ballington Booth will make an attempt to keep clear of the terrible evil which has neutralized and paralyzed so much of the spirit of any officer."

"In the new undertaking rank and title, while they may be slightly used as a convenience, will be carefully guarded from exerting the terribly dangerous and damaging influence upon the spiritual life of the workers, that they have wielded upon officers in the Salvation Army."

"The pernicious, unscriptural and utterly anti-American principle of one-man supremacy will be carefully guarded against."

**ENSIGN MARCH'S RALLY.** There was a big crowd at the Salvation Army meeting last night at the headquarters of the Bowers Corps, No. 16 Fourth avenue, Ensign Marshall, who was in charge, said that it was the largest and most enthusiastic meeting held in that hall in ten months. Long before 8 o'clock every seat was occupied and so large a crowd that a messenger from the Mercer Street Police Station to ask for men to keep it quiet, Sergeant Hamilton and six men responded, but their aid was not required.

The services were of the usual Sunday night kind. There was a "testimony" meeting, a service of song and a Bible reading and exhortation.

No reference was made to the split in the Army. It was announced that Commander Eva Booth would hold a private council, to which all soldiers were invited, at Mercer Street Police Station to-morrow evening.

After the meeting a reporter asked Ensign Marshall if she anticipated any great defection from her corps in favor of Ballington Booth's new organization. She said that so far she had received only two resignations. Her corps has a membership roll of 165 names.

**OUTLAWS HELD THE CAVE.** For Days They Held the Officers at Bay. One Was Finally Killed and Another Wounded.

Perry, O. T., March 8.—James Harbott and General Miller, two noted Indian Territory outlaws, were shot at the mouth of a cave near Arapahoe, Washita, Okla., yesterday by officers of law.

Three weeks ago Miller and Harbott rode up to the residence of Sheriff W. W. Glover, of Day County, and requested dinner. At first Mrs. Glover, who was alone, refused, but when the men threatened she became frightened, and started to comply with their request. Shortly afterward Sheriff Glover returned home. When he saw the men he accused them of being outlaws. They acknowledged that they were, saying they had come to his home knowing that he had a warrant for their arrest. Then they dared him to attempt to put them under arrest. The men sat through dinner with Winchester in their laps, and when they were through took the Sheriff to a grandstand and rode away. A little later they returned and shot Sheriff Glover out to the gate and shot him dead on the spot.

Officers soon organized a posse, and pursuit began. They traced the outlaws two miles, and ran them into a cave in the western part of Day County, where the fight commenced. Officers have been watching the cave for the last six days, and many hundred shots have been fired into it. On several occasions officers were shot, and all sorts of devices were resorted to to dislodge the outlaws without success.

Thursday the cave was surrounded by guards, who were relieved by others at night. The long confinement began to wear on the outlaws, and their supply of ammunition and food gave out. About 10 o'clock they made a break to force through the guard line. Miller fell dead twenty feet from the mouth of the cave, and Harbott was shot to the ground with a bullet in his arm and another in his back. Miller died in a few moments, but Harbott will live.

There is a reward of \$5,000 on the head of Miller, besides one for killing Sheriff Glover. Harbott is wanted at Canadian, Tex., where he murdered Sheriff McGee three years ago, and he is known to have been a pal of Foster Crawford, who was lynched at Wichita Falls, Tex., two weeks ago for robbing a bank and killing the cashier and president. This gang has been hiding in the Wichita Mountains for four or five years, and committing numerous depredations in Oklahoma and the northern counties of Texas.

**James H. Reid Missing.** A general alarm has been sent out for James H. Reid, sixty-five years old, who was missing from the village of Millersburg, N. S. 1840, since last night. He is believed to be slightly demented.

**DEATH OF RICHARD IRVIN.**

The Banker Passed Away Yesterday Morning at His City Home—Had Been Ill for Two Weeks.

Richard Irvin, the banker, who had been lying ill at his home, No. 12 West Third street, for the last two weeks, suffering from a complication of kidney and heart troubles, died shortly after 9 o'clock yesterday morning.

Mr. Irvin was about fifty years of age, and head of the banking firm of Richard Irvin & Co., of No. 39 William street. He was a member of the Down Town, Union, Tuxedo and City clubs. He leaves no children.

His wife, who was a Miss Morris, of Baltimore, was an aunt of Mrs. Frederick Gehard, and a sister of Mrs. James A. Burden and Mrs. Griswold Gray. Mr. Irvin and his wife were active in aiding charitable institutions.

**MRS. CALLIAS IS RETURNING HOME.**

Continued from First Page.

It would not be as happy as had been the home life with the famous showman, Mr. Barnum.

Mrs. Callias sailed for Europe with her husband on the Normandie August 14, bidding adieu to her friends in the city, and announcing that she would never return to America. To a few she presented numerous choice works of art, and to the local societies she presented a large sum of money. She then gave orders to strip the beautiful house that her first husband had given her of its works of art and dispose of them in New York, and offer the real estate for sale. It was as though she were saying farewell to these shores as she possibly designed. She announced her intention of living at the home of her husband, in the Grecian Archipelago.

Now curiosity is again aroused, and no end of stories are being industriously circulated that there is something wrong in the home life of Mrs. Callias. Letters, it is alleged, have been received here within a few weeks announcing that the widow of P. T. Barnum is again to return to America. Mrs. William Perry, an intimate friend, is said to have received a letter from Mrs. Callias announcing that she would soon be in Bridgeport, and Mrs. Jerome Orcutt, of East Bridgeport, has also been informed of the fact.

Benjamin Fish, her cousin, declares all the stories so widely circulated regarding an estrangement between Barnum's lovely widow and the Bey are utter nonsense, and that there is not a word of truth in any of it, but he admits that his cousin is to return to America, but what the intentions of her husband regarding his extensive olive plantations might be he was unable to say. "My only explanation is," said Mr. Fish, "is that Mrs. Callias is tired of travelling and has concluded to make America her future home."

It should be borne in mind, however, that Mrs. Callias did not take her agent, Mr. Fish, very much into her confidence when she so unexpectedly married, and might not in the present case inform him in regard to the radical change in her plans.

It is also rumored here that a difference has arisen between Mr. and Mrs. Callias concerning the erection of a costly mansion with her money at the home of her husband, and that the immense wealth that was supposed to possess as by no means materialized—that, in fact, he is a gentleman of moderate fortune.

**ONLY A DRUNKEN WOMAN.**

She Yelled "Murder!" and "Police!" and Starled All One Hundred and Fourth Street.

A woman living in an apartment house in East One Hundred and Third street, aroused the neighborhood out of sleep shortly after midnight Saturday and sent chills up and down people's backs by yelling "murder!" at the top of her voice.

Detectives Beesely and Perkins, of the East One Hundred and Fourth Street Station, were standing in the section room of the station house and Sergeant McCarthy was sending a message over the telephone about ten minutes before 12, when a man ran into the house, glanced at the Sergeant and then ran over to where Beesely and Perkins were.

"There's a woman being murdered at No. 216 East One Hundred and Third street," he yelled. "She's been yelling murder and police for a quarter of an hour."

The two detectives hurried out with the man. They had not been more than a minute when another citizen, who lives on the south side of One Hundred and Fourth street, ran into the station house with the information that the same woman had been yelling murder for half an hour and her cries were growing weaker and weaker.

Beesely and Perkins found the woman and learned from her husband that she had come home at a late hour intoxicated, and when he scolded her she immediately began to yell. She climbed out on the fire escape and yelled and screamed. When the detectives got there she had cooled off, and they left her with her husband.

**RUSSIA'S GREAT CORNUCOPIA.**

Siberia Will Be Able to Supply Germany with Millions of Bushels of Corn.

By Henry W. Fischer. Berlin, March 8.—A note of warning to corn producing countries has been sounded in an authoritative statement that Russia will be able to throw from fifty to a hundred and fifty million bushels of corn into the German market annually after she has finished building her Siberian railroad.

**No Trace to Lühr's Thieves.**

Much secrecy is maintained in the case of the Lühr robbery last Tuesday morning, when Mr. and Mrs. Lühr were chloroformed by thieves, who stole \$200 worth of silverware and \$15 in money. Detectives have persistently visited the station robbery, No. 311 Columbus avenue, in the hope of obtaining some clue.

**WOODED BY A DEFAULTER.**

Marie Wainwright Said to Have Had a Romantic and Devoted Admirer in Paul Schultze.

Tacoma, Wash., March 8.—The defalcation of Paul Schultze, once at the head of the land department of the Northern Pacific Railroad, have been found. Upon an investigation just completed, it has been reached \$1,620,000. Schultze committed suicide a year ago, when on the eve of an exposure. There is a romance back of the story that has just come to light, in which Marie Wainwright, the actress, figures. It is claimed that Miss Wainwright was to have married Schultze, and that his tragic death came shortly before the wedding was to have occurred.

A report has just been made to Receiver J. Bright of the Northern Pacific, showing that Schultze's defalcation in the Northern Pacific Land Department amounted to about \$200,000. This report came this week to the United States court for approval in order that poor settlers and mill companies may be credited with the amounts paid in for lands and their titles perfected. The money thus paid in Schultze is said to have pocketed. Before the Yakama Investment Company, owner of the Great Sunnyside Irrigation Canal, could be reorganized, a thorough investigation had to be made to unearth Schultze's crookedness there.

Miss Wainwright's acquaintance with Schultze covered a period of three years. It is related that on May 8, 1892, Miss Wainwright noticed a handsome man staring at her and her as she and her company were about to take a train for Tacoma at Portland. It was Schultze. He wrote her, it is remembered, by several of those present, that he knew her brother, General Wainwright, United States Army, then stationed at Fort Walla Walla. She and her company were invited into his car for dinner. The note was handed by Miss Wainwright to her manager, to Barton Hill and Mr. Hartwig, and upon their advice it was accepted. Schultze entertained them hospitably. In his car they met Robert Sale Hill, now in Japan; ex-Governor Miles C. Moore, of this State, and Attorney D. K. Stevens. The whole company passed a very pleasant afternoon.

That evening Schultze and his friends occupied a box at the theatre, and after the play Miss Wainwright was entertained in his new home. Their acquaintance, it is claimed, ripened into friendship and love.

Miss Wainwright's summer here was one continual round of gayety. She and Schultze were almost inseparable companions. They dined, drove and went boating together almost daily. The finest carriage team in town was at her disposal, as was his naphtha yacht. They made up boating parties, it is said, and went out several times a week, afternoons, and moonlight evenings. He entertained in her honor and Mrs. Wainwright returned the compliment.

Parties at her home were frequent, and Schultze was the guest of honor. Her daughters, who were with her, took delight in this gay company, several of his young friends being very attentive to them. After Miss Wainwright went East, Schultze called on her in New York in August, 1894, and it was then reported that the date for the wedding had been arranged. He never saw the actress again, his suicide following several months later.

The evening before he killed himself Schultze wrote to Miss Wainwright, bidding her good-bye. The letter has never been made public. It is stated to his private affairs and was received by Miss Wainwright nearly a week after his death.

**SHE INHALED THE FLAME.**

Mrs. Bartlett Dies of Burns Received While Nursing a Relative.

Mrs. May Bartlett, sixty-five years old, died yesterday, at the home of her son-in-law, Henry C. Henze, No. 1006 Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn, from burns received Saturday.

A week ago Henze, who is a jeweler, at No. 194 Broadway, this city, was taken ill with pneumonia, and was nursed by Mrs. Bartlett. It was while preparing some nourishment for him that Mrs. Bartlett's wrapper caught fire from a gas stove. Her screams drew the attention of her neighbors, who were passing the house. They ran in and extinguished the blaze. It was then found that she had been badly burned. She had inhaled the flames, and they caused her death.

It is feared that the shock sustained by Mrs. Henze may result fatally. Mrs. Henze is also prostrated, and under the care of the family physician, Frank J. Bartlett, a surgeon, who lives at the dead end of an alley on the Bushwick avenue address. Another son, Homer L. Bartlett, a surveyor, lives at No. 183 Monroe street, and a third son, Edward E. Bartlett, lives at No. 785 Quincy street, Brooklyn, and is engaged in the same business establishment. Coroner Nason was notified.

**CAST IN A JAIL BY SPANIARDS.**

Continued from First Page.

He returned to his home last Fall, and in the same abrupt way announced that he was going to Cuba, giving as his reason that there is always more money to be made in a country where war is in progress.

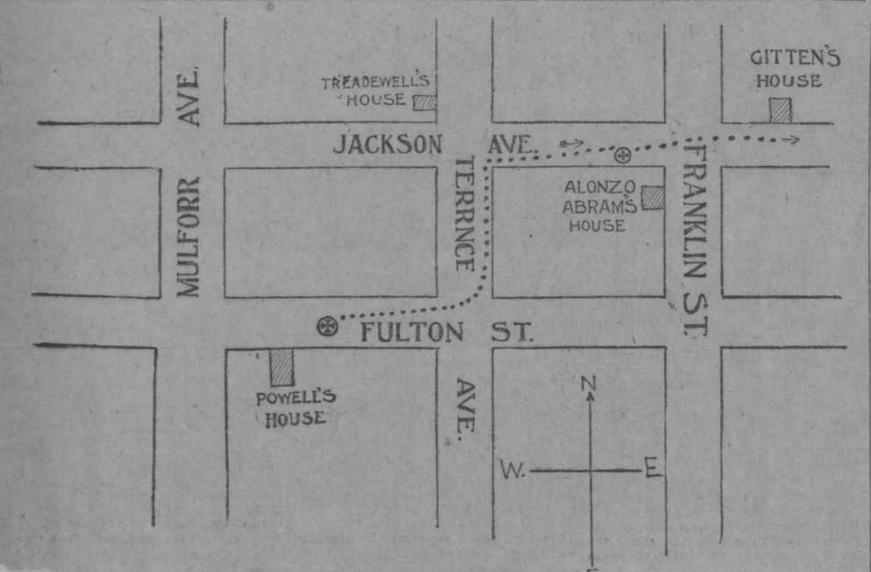
He went to Chicago, and from there left with a companion for Cuba in the latter part of January. Since that time nothing has been heard of him until the news of his arrest was received.

He was very peculiar and eccentric, silent, taciturn and apparently caring for nothing or nobody. At school, on the farm and elsewhere he was a thorough, vigorous worker. He was an earnest temperance advocate and belonged to the I. O. G. T. He is well built, about five feet ten inches in height, blond, smooth-faced and youthful in appearance, seeming to be not over twenty years of age. While at school he had the reputation of being a voracious eater and hearty sleeper, according to his friends, fought shy of him.

The Dyrnats came from Germany and settled in New York before the Revolution. Walter's grand parents coming to McHenry County, Ill., about 1840. His father is a Chapter Mason and the family stands high financially and socially. The first white child born in this county was a Dyrnat. Walter's father married Miss Amy Ellsworth of this place. He has lived in Illinois all his life with the exception of a few months spent in the South.

Walter is very economical and during his few years of mining life cooked all his own food. His intentions in going to Cuba, so far as his friends were able to learn, were to make his fortune and incidentally to see the country. His father, who has some influential friends at Washington, is making every effort to secure his speedy release. The young man is unmarried.

The disturbance was finally quelled by some of the older members of the class, and the warlike young man, contented themselves with marching up and down the streets, singing various patriotic songs and giving three cheers for the flag.



Scene of the Hempstead Murder.

The larger cross indicates the spot where Powell was assassinated; the arrows the direction of flight of the two men seen, and the smaller cross the spot where the stocking and pipe were found.

one at Fulton street, near Franklin, and the other ahead at Mulford avenue and Fulton, in front of the Powell house and the home of M. Bedell, next to it, the lights only threw a sort of shimmer. It was really dark there. Powell was struck down directly in front of the Bedell residence.

William Lowe, a Hempstead baker, who lives two doors above the Powell house, was on his way home on Fulton street, scarcely fifteen minutes later. He stumbled over old Mr. Powell's legs, and discovered him lying wounded and unconscious between a telegraph pole and a tree. Lowe gave the alarm, and with the help of neighbors who responded, George Howell, a tobacconist, and Samuel Minshall, a retired seaman, the man, almost dead by this time, was carried into his own house. At the death scene, which followed in less than ten minutes, these neighbors and members of the Powell family were present. Powell's daughters, Sostie and Grace, both single, were there, and so was his youngest son, Benjamin Franklin Powell.

It was five minutes after the death that Dr. Louis N. Lanehart arrived and examined the wounds. There was one incised wound at the base of the skull. The bone had been fractured. There was another wound on the top of the head and another fracture. The wrist of the left arm was broken as if the old man had raised it to ward off a blow from some heavy instrument. The wounds were certainly not such as might be made with a sandbag. It was concluded that they must have been made with some heavy instrument. It might have been a spade, such as killed Egan, or it might have been a coupling pin, such as was used to beat down Mary Sullivan.

**MUCH MONEY LEFT BEHIND.** There was one pocket, the right hand "trouser" pocket, turned inside out, as one of Egan's pockets was pulled. In the inside pocket of Mr. Powell's was \$25 in bills that had been unused. Other pockets were apparently disturbed.

Town Constable Fred Gildersleeve and Watchmen Robert Vandewater, A. B. Parsons and John Cornelius went to work on the case at once. Five hours after the murder, at 5 a. m., Cornelius and Parsons arrested Arthur Mayhew and John Wayne, negroes. The two men were drunk and loitering on the sidewalk at the corner of Main and Front streets. It was some time after this, at 8 o'clock in the morning, that the first real evidence was secured.

It was learned that John Tredwell went up Fulton street on his way home and turned into Terrace avenue ten minutes after the supposed time of the murder. When Tredwell reached the stoop of his house at Terrace avenue and Jackson street he saw two men pass on a run. They ran from Fulton north to Jackson and east on Jackson, crossing Franklin, and disappearing in the distance.

Tredwell could not see them plainly, and could not tell whether they were white or colored.

William Gitten, an ex-Village Trustee, living on Jackson, beyond Franklin, also heard two men running about the same time.

**STOCKING AND PIPE FOUND.** In Jackson street, where these men were seen to run, near the corner of Franklin street and just back of Alonzo Abrams' house, which faces Franklin, a stocking and clay pipe were found by George Tred-

day, William Doyle, twenty-two years old, No. 171 North Second street, was stabbed in the back. The wound is two inches long and as many inches deep.

Doyle had just left a grand street ferry-boat when he saw half a dozen men fighting. He jumped in and fared worst. He refused to go to the Eastern District Hospital, and after his wound was dressed by Surgeon Mahar he was taken to his home. His condition is critical.

**STRICKEN WITH APOPLEXY.**

John C. Sarsfield in a Serious Condition in the Hudson Street Hospital.

John C. Sarsfield, a newspaper reporter, forty-five years old, was stricken with apoplexy, last night, in Everett's Hotel, No. 112 Vesey street. He was taken to the Hudson Street Hospital.

At midnight Dr. Johnson said that there was a clot of blood which produced a cerebral hemorrhage on the left side of the patient's head, and that his right side had become paralyzed.

He was still unconscious at a late hour, and his condition was considered serious.

There was a very peculiar and eccentric, silent, taciturn and apparently caring for nothing or nobody. At school, on the farm and elsewhere he was a thorough, vigorous worker. He was an earnest temperance advocate and belonged to the I. O. G. T. He is well built, about five feet ten inches in height, blond, smooth-faced and youthful in appearance, seeming to be not over twenty years of age. While at school he had the reputation of being a voracious eater and hearty sleeper, according to his friends, fought shy of him.

The Dyrnats came from Germany and settled in New York before the Revolution. Walter's grand parents coming to McHenry County, Ill., about 1840. His father is a Chapter Mason and the family stands high financially and socially. The first white child born in this county was a Dyrnat. Walter's father married Miss Amy Ellsworth of this place. He has lived in Illinois all his life with the exception of a few months spent in the South.

Walter is very economical and during his few years of mining life cooked all his own food. His intentions in going to Cuba, so far as his friends were able to learn, were to make his fortune and incidentally to see the country. His father, who has some influential friends at Washington, is making every effort to secure his speedy release. The young man is unmarried.

The disturbance was finally quelled by some of the older members of the class, and the warlike young man, contented themselves with marching up and down the streets, singing various patriotic songs and giving three cheers for the flag.