The Sun.

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VICTIMS OF THE COLLISION.

SEARCHING THE WRECK AND THE WATER FOR BODIES OF THE DEAD.

Seventeen Persons Known to have been Lost, and Rumors of the Finding of Other Bodies Not Identified—Divers Overhauling the Wreck—Names of the Dead and Missing.

STONINGTON, Conn., June 13.—Intense excitement has reigned in this place all day, and every move of the railroad and steamboat authorities has been eagerly watched. At 2 o'clock this afternoon Assistant Superintendent Ward, by direction of President Babcock of New York, ordered the steamer Doris of Providence to the wreck, but just as she was leaving her wharf he countermanded the order, and to-night she took the place of the Narragansett as freight boat. All the agents of the Stonington road and steamboat company were instructed by Mr. Ward to issue no passenger tickets to New York to-night. This afternoon the tug A. E. Burnside, Capt. Waterman, came from the wreck, and her Captain handed to Mr. Ward this report from the New London diver, Capt. Scott: "The main deck of the steamer is not much burned. The steamer Relief, of the New York Coast Wrecking Company, arrived about 9 A. M. and went to work at saving freight, which included a number of trunks. More lighters have been sent for. Think I can save all the freight to-day. Found a large hole forward of the wheelhouse."

Capt. Waterman, who brings this report, says that it would be very advantageous to have the diver work there. It appears from Capt. Scott's report that he has searched the main deck, and found no bodies. The gentlemen's cabin cannot be explored till the freight is removed.

At 8 o'clock this evening the following report was handed to the officers of the steamboat company: "I am requested by Capt. Scott to report that he has examined aft. He finds the saloon deck burned through all about in spots, but not elsewhere, except about the fire and engine rooms. Can see into staterooms on main deck. No body was found there or elsewhere to-day. The freight was taken out rapidly. Several pieces of baggage were recovered. He has not been in lower cabin yet. The hull was only cut through to the fire room. Don't think there are any bodies in her. Tide runs very strong. Palmer's sloop has been loaded with freight and baggage." The report was brought by J. Irish of the United States steamer Dexter.

Several lifeboats of the Narragansett are lying in the basin, near the railroad depot. They are partly filled with water. Life preservers are scattered about the boats. Some of the tholepins are smashed, and they show other traces of hard usage.

The officers of the steamboat company here are nearly prostrated by overwork and want of sleep. Several of the officers have hardly slept since the accident. Hundreds of despatches are passing between the office here and President Babcock in New York.

There are now in the undertaker's charge in Stonington four bodies, all of which have been identified. The body of the Rev. Mr. Peake, the Philadelphia clergyman who was on his way to preach in a Westerly (R. I.) church to-day, is still here.

Scores of persons went to see the bodies to-day. At about noon Alexander Carmichael of Westerly, R. I., positively recognized the body of William Noyes of New York, who was on his way to visit Mr. Carmichael. Mr. Carmichael will take charge of the body.

Later in the day a despatch was received from Jersey City as follows: "Send information, if there is any, regarding Chas. C. Clare, who is 37 years old, 5½ feet high, with sandy side whiskers and bridged nose. He had on a light suit. He had a silver watch and white-handled penknife. Address S. R. Fisher." A complete description was forwarded, and the reply soon came: "Description correct. His name is C. C. Clare. Forward body to New York at once, state how sent, and when it will arrive in New York."

The dead woman here is still believed to be Mrs. A. R. Checkley of New York. Mr. Checkley telegraphed to-day asking for information regarding his little daughter, aged 8 years. She was on board the sunken steamer, and is supposed to have been separated from her mother. Nothing has been heard of the child.

The officers here believe that the little 3-year-old flaxen-haired girl on the Providence train on Saturday evening, that was at first supposed to be the daughter of Mrs. Checkley, belongs to Mrs. Muir of Brooklyn.

The body of the little boy, 5 years old, mentioned in yesterday's despatches, was identified this afternoon as that of a child of William Stevens of Boston, who telegraphs that he will call for it to-morrow. The body of the boy was noticed by all who called at the undertaker's rooms, and all commented on its beauty, although the face was disfigured by an ugly red and seared wound in the centre of one cheek, and a similar wound in the centre of the forehead. These wounds were circular, and, at the circumference, of a bright scarlet color. The centre was seared a dark brown, as though it had been touched with a red-hot brand. This peculiarity was said to be due to the action of salt water. There is no doubt that the boy was killed by a blow, and not drowned. The fact that the body floated confirms this theory.

Henry Bleidorn of Hoboken, N. J., a commission merchant at 132 Nassau street, New York, arrived here last night, believing that his nephew Willie Reinhold, 13 years old, who was on the Narragansett, was lost. Willie, son of S. Reinhold of Hoboken, started alone to visit relatives in Needham, Mass. This morning Mr. Bleidorn received a despatch from Mr. Reinhold saying "Willie is safe."

A man was seen on the Narragansett's deck soon after the collision flourishing two pistols and firing them. He injured no one, and was subsequently rescued. It is thought that he was temporarily crazed by excitement and terror.

It was reported early this morning that the body of a man or boy had been washed ashore on North Hummock, an island a few miles south of here, some time last night. The report arose from the fact that a lifeboat of the Narragansett had been tossed bottom upward on the shore of the island. The oars and life preservers were in the boat, lashed to the sides.

Mr. Carpenter of Attleboro, Mass., brother-in-law of Mrs. Stilson, the Atlanta (Ga.) lady who lost her two children, says that he put a life preserver on Mrs. Stilson by force, and then tried to lower her down to the water, but she persisted in clinging to the boat and endeavoring to get back on board. She was finally pushed into the water, and was subsequently picked up.

NEW HAVEN, June 13.—The wreckers have been actively working all day at the wreck. Persons on the coast from Madison to New London have been on the lookout all day for bodies that the tide may wash ashore. The accident occurred on the ebb tide, which would cause the bodies to drift eastward toward the Lyme coast.

It was rumored to-day that two bodies had been washed ashore at Westbrook, but it could not be learned that this was correct. There are no trains running to-day, and it is impossible to make personal verification of the countless rumors that come from all parts of the coast. It is reported here that two bodies were taken from the water near the wreck to-day, and taken to New London. Capt. Austin of the smack Hayes, who picked up six bodies and carried them to South Lyme, knew nothing of the accident when he found the bodies. He said that while she was cruising in the Sound, he saw something that looked like drift stuff, and pointed it out to some of the hands on the smack. They approached it, and found that it was the body of a man. They had hardly got it aboard before they saw two more bodies, and subsequently found three others. All had life-preservers on, and all but one had apparently died from exhaustion or chill. One man was evidently strangled to death, for when found the life-preserver was tightly tangled about his neck.

NEW LONDON, Conn., June 13.—Of the twelve bodies which have been recovered from the wreck of the steamer Narragansett, the following have been identified: E. J. Horton, Attleboro, Mass.; William Noyes, New York; Alfred A. Reed, East Greenwich, R. I.; Mrs. William Stevens, Boston Highlands; and Mrs. J. K. Little, whose residence is unknown.

William Noyes was a brother of Benj. F. Noyes of New Haven, who was recently imprisoned in New Jersey for violating the insurance laws of this State.

The Narragansett was boarded by the Assistant Inspector of Lightboats during Sunday morning. He renders the following report of her geographical location: Southwest one-half west of buoy on west end of Sand's Shoals. Horton's Point bears southwest one-half west from here. Duck Island bears north, one-quarter west. The Cornfield light vessel bears east one-half north, three and one-quarter miles. She lies in seven fathoms of water.

It is the opinion of mariners that the Narragansett is broken in twain. She is grounded on the western extremity of the shoals. But for her grounding there she would have sunk out of sight. Last night the steamer Relief of the Coast Wrecking Company arrived at the scene of the disaster. The wrecking schooner Report still lies alongside. The master of the latter inspected the wreck in diving armor this morning.

A part of the wheelhouse of the Narragansett was picked up early this morning in the race.

In the opinion of seafaring men, the officers of the Stonington cannot be blamed for the accident. The courses of the colliding steamers lay together, but had the Stonington sounded two successive whistles instead of one in reply to the signals of the Narragansett, the accident would not in, all probability, have occurred.

No bodies have been recovered to-day.

POUGHKEEPSIE, June 13.—Dr. Kittredge of Fishkill Landing, one of the survivors of the Narragansett disaster, says that he remained on the bow of that vessel while the fire was progressing until it got so hot that he had to jump overboard. During the whole time he did not see a single officer of the boat, nor hear an order given. The lifeboats were not lowered until the flames had made great progress. Dr. Kittredge and his son were picked up by a boat from the steamer City of New York.

BOSTON, June 13.—Robert Fulton of Attleboro Falls, Mass., a passenger on the Narragansett, is missing.

THE STONINGTON'S OFFICERS.

What is Said by them Regarding the Disaster and their Conduct.

The steamer Stonington was found to be in sailing condition after being relieved of her load, and she arrived in New York yesterday. She was taken to the sectional dock at the foot of Clinton street. At about 2 P. M. she was hoisted high and dry, and it was learned that she had suffered no serious injury below the water line. Her prow, however, was badly battered, and her stem, wood ends, and part of her upper deck will need to be replaced. It is estimated that all the requisite repairs will be made in a couple of days. She will then resume her trips.

A throng of persons on the dock gazed at the huge boat, towering in the air, and pointed out to one another the canvas-covered bow that caused the damage to the Narragansett. Some of them thought they could discern the starting of the seams in the planking far back of the prow, but experts said that the damage was slight, and that this was evidence that at the time of the collision the Stonington, at least, could not have been under much headway.

Capt. George F. Nye of the Stonington was very busy all the morning, getting his boat on the dry dock. In the afternoon he was not disposed to say much, and would not express an opinion as to who is to blame for the disaster. He said that he had done his whole duty; that he was in the pilot house from first to last, and obeyed implicitly the rules posted there.

"I was in the pilot house," he said, "in company with my first pilot, Mr. Sheffield. We have both had twenty years' experience on the Sound, and neither of us has ever had an accident of that kind before. We passed Cornfield light without seeing it. Soon we heard the steam whistle of the Narragansett blowing at short intervals. When we first saw her lights we were within 150 yards. In ordinary weather we could see her seven or eight miles off; but a collision was inevitable. Our whistle was blown in answer. As soon as we saw the Narragansett we put our helm hard aport, according to regulations, rang the bell to stop the engines and then to back her. The engines were backing when we struck the Narragansett. I have not talked with the officers of that boat, and don't know what they have to say. The moment we struck, the shock awoke our passengers, and they flocked to the deck. The very first order given was 'Clear away the boats!' Then the passengers were all provided with life preservers, as we did not know but that we were in a sinking condition. I immediately sent to ascertain the extent of the injuries to the Stonington, and soon found that we were not in danger of sinking. I ordered the covering of the hole in our bow with canvas, to stop the leak, and then determined to lay by the wreck of the Narragansett and save lives. I do not think there was any explosion of the gas tank. That was too far aft to have occasioned the fire. I think the fire was scattered by the first rushing in of the water through the break. We soon allayed the fear of death among the passengers, and went to work to save life. I do not think it was over ten minutes after we struck that the first lifeboat was launched. Most of the passengers behaved well, especially some seamen who were among them. But the women behaved the best, and were, I believe, cooler and more self-possessed than the men. We got out four of our boats, properly manned, but did not think there was any need of our other boats, or of the life rafts. Some of the passengers helped to man the boats, and they were of more use than many of our own crew, who were merely deck hands, with no knowledge of boats. That is often the case with the crews of these Sound boats; many of them are fit only for trundling trucks and have not the seaman's education that is needed in such an emergency. All our men, however, did the best they could, and we lay by the wreck of the Narragansett as long as we could see any chance of saving any one. I have made no official report and I do not know as I shall be called upon to make any. I have not the slightest doubt that it was our duty under the rules to port our helm, as we did."

Capt. Nye is a slim-built man, and, but for his bushy beard and weather-beaten face, he might be mistaken for a theological student.

First Officer George Brainard of the Stonington said: "I was in my berth when she struck, but I was not long in getting on deck. It was my duty to examine the leak in our bow, and then to do what was necessary to repair it. I was hung out over the bow, to put the canvas over the hole. As soon as the cry of 'Fire!' came, we put all hands to the work of saving life. Second Officer Vanderveer had charge of the first boat that we launched; Clerk Waldron had another; Dan Golden another, and Jo Phillips another. They made several trips each. I think the number of the dead has been exaggerated, and that possibly some of the passengers floated off into the Sound on the débris and were picked up by passing vessels. One boat got swamped and scattered her load. I should say there was fifteen boats busy picking up those who were in the water."

Second Officer Vanderveer of the same steamer said: "I had charge of the first of our boats that was launched, and we made four trips, filling the boat each time with those we picked out of the water. The coolness of those who were keeping themselves afloat by hanging to floating freight or life preservers was wonderful. Some of the coolest were women. I remember an old lady, weighing as much as 200 pounds, who was particularly cool. She was holding to a cotton bale, and when our boat came up she said: 'Don't mind me yet; I can hold on well enough for some time. Take the others who are weaker.' Several men were saved before this woman. Of course there was danger of swamping the boats in taking in passengers from the water, and we were obliged to be very careful; but we found the sufferers willing to obey orders and stay until we were ready to take them. We went up to one party—I think there were ten women, a child, and a man—and cautioned them to be patient. The cheery voice of a man among them said: 'We are just the nicest party you ever saw.' It is not true that the tackle of our boats was out of order. It was all in good order, and is yet, as you can see."

George W. King, Purser of the Stonington, said: "I went to bed about 11:25, and was awakened by the bells to slow and back. Then came the collision. The blow was not a heavy shock. The ship did not strike hard. It was a harsh grating or pushing sound, not like a thump. I went up stairs and found the officers in the act of launching the boats. I do not think more than ten minutes elapsed before the first boat was launched. I was placed at the gangway to aid in getting the passengers on board the Stonington as the boats brought them up. We had a ladder rigged, and a life line to throw around those who had not been accustomed to mount ladders. The steward, Mr. Close, took charge of the rescued and gave them every attention. I should say that there were at least 200 or 250 taken on board the Stonington, some of whom were taken off the Stonington by the City of New York. I wish particularly to deny a report that the officers of the Narragansett were all in one boat, or that they went away leaving the passengers. That is not true. I saw Freight Clerk W. H. King in charge of a boat, making several trips. Another boat was in charge of Capt. Youngs; another in charge of S. C. Waldron, and others in charge of S. A. Maury, Charles Field, and Capt. Rogers. The officers of the different steamboats did their utmost, and worked with coolness and promptitude, or the loss of life would have been greater. As soon as we got the passengers on board we took away their life preservers and threw them back in the boats. Some were thrown overboard, and there were plenty for all who needed them. As far as I know only one person died on board the Stonington, and that was the Rev. Mr. Lockwood. We had trouble with some of the passengers at Stonington, who were not satisfied with the temporary clothing and transportation furnished, but insisted upon being reimbursed at once for what they said they had lost. The only one of the men belonging to the steamboats that I know of as missing is a fireman named Cheesebro."

The Providence and Stonington Steamship Company have placed the Electra, one of their boats, in place of the Narragansett for the present. The Electra brought to New York some of the cargo and officers of the Stonington, who arrived yesterday morning.

Detective Fuller, who was on board the Narragansett, said yesterday that he saw a man in the water who had made a raft by tying a plank to two chairs. When the shower came he was seen sitting on the plank with an umbrella raised over his head.

Abraham Banks, steward of the Stonington, who was at first reported dead, was alive and well at the office of the company yesterday. Edward Tead and Deck-hand Sullivan, who were also reported lost, were saved.

D. S. Babcock, President of the Providence and Stonington Steamboat Company, said yesterday that he had not received the reports of the officers of the Narragansett and Stonington, and could not give an opinion as to who was to blame. He believed that the disaster was mainly due to the fog.

All day yesterday several of the Long Island menhaden fishing steamers were cruising about the Sound on the look-out for the bodies of victims of the Narragansett disaster, and picking up the freight. The captains of the steamers were requested by Assistant Superintendent Ward of the Shore Line Railroad, Stonington, to take good care of all bodies recovered, and to have them promptly taken ashore and kept until claimed.

A metallic lifeboat, marked "Narragansett," was picked up about five miles south of the scene of the disaster. It is conjectured that this boat, being overcrowded, upset, and that all its occupants were drowned.

Throughout the day boatmen did a thriving business in conveying curious persons from the north shore of Long Island to the scene of the accident. Considerable of the Narragansett's freight and pieces of the wreck were washed upon the Long Island shore at different points.

THE DEAD AND MISSING.

The following list comprises those known to be lost. Other passengers of whom no tidings have been received are classed as missing:

CHECKLEY, Mrs. R. S., 45 years old, Boston, Mass.
CLARE, CHARLES E., 37 years old, Jersey City.
DIX, CARRUTH, 8 years old, Brooklyn.
DIX, EMILY, 3 years old, Brooklyn.
DIX, MARION, 12 years old, Brooklyn.
—— MARY, nurse in company with the above children of Alfred P. Dix of Brooklyn.
HORTON, E. J., 45 years old, Attleboro, Mass.
LITTLE, Mrs. J. K., residence unknown.
LOCKWOOD, the Rev. E. B., 24 years old, New York.
MULHOLLAND, child of Edward Mulholland, 2 years old.
NOYES, WILLIAM, 50 years old, New York.
PEAKE, the Rev. C. E., 48 years old, Philadelphia.
REED, ALFRED A., East Greenwich, R. I.
STEVENS, Mrs. WILLIAM, Boston Highlands.
STEVENS, son of William Stevens, Boston Highlands, 5 years old.
STILLSON, 7 months old child of Mrs. Frederick Stillson of Atlanta, Ga.
STILLSON, 17 months old child of Mrs. Frederick Stillson.

[NOTE.—There are reports of bodies having been picked up in the Sound and taken to various points on the shore; but it is not known how many of them are among those identified as above.]

MISSING.

BEDLOW, W. J. G., Elizabeth, N. J.
ROWE, S., Attleboro, Vt.
CHESEBRO, GILBERT, fireman on the Narragansett.
DAVIS, JOHN A., New York.
FULTON, ROBERT, Attleboro Falls, Mass.
GALE, Mrs. SOLOMON, Mystic, Conn.
HILTZ, JAMES T., residence unknown.
RANDALL, mother and child of Mrs. Randall, Brooklyn.
ROUND, L. E., and son, residence unknown.
WOOD, WILLIAM H., wife and daughter, Taunton, Mass.

THE REV. MR. LOCKWOOD'S FUNERAL.

What he Wrote on a Fly Leaf of the "Age of Reason" Before the Collision.

The funeral of the Rev. Ensign B. Lockwood, pastor of the Methodist Church at Broadway and Sixty-eighth street, and one of the victims of the disaster on the Sound, took place from the Central Methodist Church, in Seventh avenue, yesterday afternoon. He was only 24 years old. The principal mourners were the Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman, the pastor of the Central Church, and Mrs. Newman. Mr. Lockwood was left an orphan at an early age, and was brought up and educated under their care. Mrs. Newman was his mother's sister. The coffin was laden with flowers as it rested in front of the platform, on which several handsome floral pieces were deposited. In the front seat were gathered the members of the young pastor's Bible class. Near the mourners, also, were several of his classmates of Drew Seminary, from which he graduated in 1879. Among the congregation were the Rev. J. M. Bergur of the Perry Street Church, the Rev. W. F. Hatfield, the Rev. Mason North of the 111th Street Church, and the Rev. L. H. C. Adams of the 125th Street Church, and the Rev. Mr. E. S. Ferry of Orange, who was with Mr. Lockwood on the Narragansett. Mr. Ferry says that Mr. Lockwood was quite dead when he was found floating with his life preserver about him, and taken out of the water.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. J. M. King of St. James's Church, Harlem. The Rev. Mr. Andrew Schriber of the Jane Street Church read the lesson. The Rev. Dr. Terry, Presiding Elder of the New York Conference, said that two days ago their friend had left the parsonage of the Central Church. Two steamboats had met in the darkness. Then there was confusion and heart-rending scenes. Some perished by water and some by fire. When their young brother was lifted from the water his life could not be recalled. His was the first name on the list of eleven who were admitted on trial at the last session of the New York Conference. He was subsequently appointed, at the earnest request of the members of the congregation, to the Sixty-eighth Street Church. Since the adjournment of the Conference, he was filled with enthusiasm to build a new church. He had the hearts and the confidence of all with whom he came in contact.

"I hold here," said Dr. Terry, "some tickets for an ice cream and strawberry festival which his cold hands clasped in death. His foster parents loved him as a son. Our sister Newman must feel that the plant, though early nipped, yet leaves behind it a fragrance grateful to her who nurtured it so tenderly. He was blameless. No one could say aught against him. He was not demonstrative, but calm, true, tender, persuasive, earnest, thoughtful, devout. On the evening before he met his death he was reading Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason." On a fly-leaf of the book he wrote:

"If I go down with this book to-night, I should be ashamed to have it found with me, were it not that I read it to refute its doctrines."

Another address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. M. D. C. Crawford of St. Luke's Methodist Church, and then the Rev. Dr. W. H. Ferris offered prayer. The benediction was pronounced by Bishop William L. Harris.

The remains will be interred with those of his kindred at Mechanicsville, near Troy.

The late Mr. Lockwood's chapel, at Sixty-eighth street and the Boulevard, was draped in black yesterday. The Rev. Mr. Dykeman spoke to the congregation, lamenting the loss of the young minister. He said that the shocking disaster on the Sound had ended a career that was bright with the promise of good deeds. The congregation sang "We know by faith, we know." At the services in the evening Mr. Combes spoke.

TALMAGE ON THE DISASTER.

Suggestions Conveyed to the Preacher by Fogs and Fine Interiors.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage yesterday recited his impressions of the disaster on Long Island Sound. The words, "A night and a day have I been in the deep," in St. Paul's description of his shipwreck on the Mediterranean, was the preacher's text. Paul, he said, was in the midst of the sea. Whether Paul's ship had been blown to pieces by a storm, or had come in collision with another vessel, Mr. Talmage did not know, but the Apostle floated on the water on a plank for twenty-four hours. The perils of navigation were great then, because the sea was so solitary that a ship might float day after day and month after month and not see a sail. To-day, however, in spite of mariners' compasses, lighthouses, storm buoys, fog horns, and bells, the danger to sailors lay in the multiplicity of craft. Any one noticing the innumerable vessels in our harbors and rivers was astonished that casualties were so few. The nation to-day was stunned and staggered with calamity. When two floating palaces neared each other in the fog on last Friday night, only the eye of God saw that they were to come in collision.

Men who hold lives, property, and souls in their care were responsible. Some said that the steamboat company, others the Captains, were to blame, and people were divided in opinion as to the blame of either steamboat. "But," cried the preacher, clenching his fists, "I invoke the law of the land to find out who is to blame. The whole country has already been impanelled on a Coroner's jury, and has returned the verdict, 'Somebody to blame.' [Applause.] Architects, captains, pilots, and ministers of the Gospel, too, are men put to look out for harm to men. They are there to cry 'Danger!' and they must be held accountable for their conduct.

"Another thing. The brilliant surroundings on those steamers were no defence against their coming in collision. The appointments on the Narragansett were beautiful, yet death came into it. Belshazzar in the banquet hall, Napoleon III. at the Chiselhurst mansion, Charles Dickens at Gadshill, Prince Albert in Windsor Palace, were summoned away. Men on the Narragansett would have given $200,000 for another day of life; but death never takes a bribe."

Elections in France.

PARIS, June 13.—The election to-day for Municipal Councillor for the Charonne quarter resulted favorably to M. Trinquet, a Communist; but a second ballot will be necessary, as he failed to secure the requisite majority.

The election for Senator from the Department of Savoie resulted in the return of M. Parent, Republican, defeating the Conservative candidate by 190 votes.

Cuban Mortgage Bonds.

MADRID, June 13.—An official decree authorizes the issue of fifteen million pounds' worth of Cuban mortgage bonds, bearing six per cent. interest, redeemable in twenty years by quarterly drawings. The issue price has not yet been fixed.

The Terrible Effects of Malaria

Overcome by Chinkalyptus. 25 cents. All druggists.—*Adv.*

A TORNADO'S SUDDEN FURY.

THE SUNSHINE OF A SUNDAY AFTERNOON BRIEFLY INTERRUPTED.

Wind and Rain Surprising the City with a Tremendous Onslaught—Lively Experiences in the Streets—Excursionists Terrified.

Two prancing bay horses drew a close carriage into Printing House square at a few minutes past 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Their heads and tails were up, and their manes fluffy with recent braiding. A driver sat stiffly on the box, with his hat glossed and his clothes unwrinkled. By his side was a not less smooth and dry man. The equipage was altogether in spick and span order until just as it rounded the Franklin statue. Then a sudden and furious wind almost hid it in a tremendous swirl of dust, and away went the smooth, dry man from beside the driver—actually blown off his seat. Heavy rain came so close after the first burst of wind that the man had hardly got upon his feet before his clothing was drenched. He clung to a post, all limp and dripping. The rain was thrown hard and heavy against the horses, instantly wilting their manes and tails, and making very much the change in their appearance that is wrought in a woman bather by the first dip in the surf. They tried to run away from the rude weather, but were held by the driver, from whom all the stiffness and glossiness had departed. Three ladies scrambled out of the careening carriage, and joined the throng that was skurrying in all directions for shelter. Old Ben Franklin humped his broad, bronze back to the blast, but everybody else was ruthlessly tossed about. Trees were bent until their branches broke loose, lamps were shaken from their posts, telegraph poles swayed, windows collapsed noisily here and there, and solid houses moved perceptibly. It was all over in fifteen minutes, but it was exciting while it lasted.

Yesterday's tornado made such scenes common throughout the city, though in many cases there was far more destruction. The wind attained a velocity of over thirty-six miles an hour, circling upon this region from the southwest. Trees were blown down in great numbers, and the damage, however small in separate instances, was considerable in the aggregate. Even the realistic and exciting picture hanging in the Bowery of the fat woman was not respected by the storm, which struck the poor woman amidships and rent the canvas in twain. The spoiled picture flapped in the cruel wind, while the left cheek of the fat woman looked pathetic as though grieving for its other mammoth half, and the right cheek, disfigured by an untimely rent, seemed to be grinning meaninglessly. But there were other wrecks in the Bowery. The portrait of the monkey with two heads hanging by his tail was seriously damaged, the principal figure being so much injured that it is difficult to recognize his nationality and impossible to tell what holds him in his suspended position. Of the other works of art hanging in the Bowery all were more or less damaged, with the single exception of the large impressionist picture which appears to represent a "gent" in store clothes taking improper liberties with an angel. It is believed that much richness of tone—not to say breadth of feeling—was added to this picture by the lucky varnish-like effect of the moist dust which blew against the canvas and stuck.

Residents near the lower end of Second avenue had a pretty illustration of the manner in which whirlwinds deal with objects in their track. Just as the storm was breaking from the west a whirlwind came down the avenue, and it was almost an exact counterpart in miniature of the larger cyclones that act with such resistless force. It was in the shape of a revolving column of dust, as large in diameter as the width of the street, and taller than any of the buildings. It was so dense that it obscured everything that it enwrapped. A small tree, thirty or forty feet tall, with a bushy top, was in its path. The column of wind and dust enveloped the tree, and at the next instant the tree's top became a part of the revolving mass, and was borne down the avenue. It seemed as though the tree leaped from its trunk to join the passing whirlwind. Shortly the big drops of rain were followed by a pelting shower, and the little cyclone lost its form and force before reaching the foot of the avenue.

The storm, which had threatened all day, by its delay encouraged those who drove out in the afternoon to go on as though the skies were as blue and cloudless as the air was hot. But when the roads were more crowded than they had been even earlier in the day, the storm broke, and the great clouds of dust lifted by the wind from the ground were converted by the rapidly falling rain into a muddy paste, which plastered horses, drivers, and vehicles most mercilessly. However near shelter was, it was too far to protect any one on the road from the driving muddy paste, and a person out in it fifteen seconds was in as bad a condition as though he had rolled in slush. But every one hurried for shelter, so that all the sheds along Jerome avenue, St. Nicholas and Seventh avenues, were soon entirely full of sorry looking animals, including the drivers, who, as a rule, were far from good humored. Between Gabe Case's and Judge Smith's several trees along the road were blown down, and though in the scurry for shelter several wagons were capsized no one was seriously hurt. At James Lambeth's Club House, in St. Nicholas avenue, and also at John Berry's Hotel at McComb's Dam, the horses under the sheds got frightened, and several broke loose, many wagons being smashed in the stampede.

In the Equitable Building Observatory, the instrument registered about 6½ pounds pressure to the square foot. In the fifteen minutes from 5:15 P. M. to 5:30 P. M. the velocity of the wind decreased from 36 miles per hour to 12 miles per hour.

The suddenness of the storm prevented most of the multitude in Central Park from seeking shelter in time. Women and children were greatly frightened as well as wet.

But it was on the water that the tornado was most terrifying. The various excursion boats were crowded. The great iron pier at Coney Island was covered with water nearly two feet in the centre, and fears were entertained for its safety. About a hundred affrighted persons were hustled at the end of the pier, afraid to venture to the shore. Another crowd gathered in the houses at the shore end. The pier, however, was not at all injured. The steamer Plymouth Rock met the cyclone off Sandy Hook on her way to Long Branch, and there was some consternation as she careened under the fierce blast. The passengers took refuge in the cabin, and no injury was sustained. The Plymouth Rock landed her passengers in safety on her trip home. The steamer Adelaide, from Long Branch, met the gale off Navesink light. She was heavily laden, and the engines were stopped for a short time. There was a little trepidation among the passengers, but no harm to the boat. The Twilight, with a heavy load from the Rockaway Iron Pier, got into the tornado about two miles out on her way home, but withstood it safely. The Idlewild lay at Coney Island during the blow, and brought a big crowd up to the city immediately after it. The Sylvan Dell, with 1,400 passengers, was overtaken at Haverstraw. Capt. Lynch brought his boat through safely, and quieted the fears of his passengers. The Virginia Seymour picked up a small boat that had been blown out to Sandy Hook.

The steamer Grand Republic started from Rockaway at 4 o'clock with 3,500 passengers. As she rounded the inlet she caught the full force of the tornado. It was like stepping from the bright sunshine into inky darkness. The change scared the women and children, and not a few men were pale with fright. "We are going." "The boat is sinking," and similar cries were raised. There was something very near a panic, and the crowd rushed so quickly to the starboard side of the boat that she tipped alarmingly. The officers, however, coolly went among the people and told them there was no danger. Still, women screamed with terror while the children were dumb as they clung to their mothers. Several women fainted. There were men who demonstrated their cowardice. They wildly tore down the life preservers and buckled them on. Others knelt down and cried with fright. One is said to have put on five life preservers, and was so frantic that he had to be held. While the storm was at its height men and women knelt down and prayed. In this attitude husbands clung to their wives and mothers to their children. The storm was over quickly as it came. In ten minutes after it struck the vessel bright sunshine again fell upon her. Everybody laughed at their recent alarm. The Grand Republic was not in the least injured.

Old boatmen say the squall on the North River was the fiercest for years. The steam yacht Rival had to slip her moorings to avoid being capsized. Joseph May, at the foot of Twenty-third street, rescued several pleasure parties whose boats were in danger of swamping. Several sailboats and rowboats were capsized on the Hudson, but no lives were lost. Many canalboats had to seek safety at the nearest wharves. The force of the gale gave even the big man-of-war Tennessee a heavy list. A catboat, containing one man, capsized off the Manhattan Beach wharf at Bay Ridge. The man climbed upon the keel, and was rescued with great difficulty by a yawl's crew from pilot-boat No. 5.

The destruction of trees in the city was extensive, and the streets were obstructed at numerous points. A large plate glass window was broken by a falling post at 773 Broadway. A grand old locust tree in West Washington place was lifted clean from its roots. It waltzed round, discharging sparrows, branches, the skeletons of kites, and old hats, and then fell with a crash, breaking the windows of several houses. The skylight of 714 Broadway was blown off. The fence at 380 South street was levelled. A sign on the roof at 7 Mercer street was loosened, and left hanging in a dangerous condition. A number of telegraph poles were prostrated in Eighth avenue, between Eighty-third and Ninetieth streets, and the avenue was full of tangled wires. A street lamp post, at the corner of Greene street and Washington place, was snapped off short. A watchman for the new building at Wall street and Broadway entered his little box, securely locked himself in, and was seen contentedly smoking his pipe and watching the storm's approach. When the great blow came it caught the little house, with the contented watchman inside, and whirled it down Broadway. The inmate's legs exchanged place with his head, and when at last it was dashed to pieces against a building, he crawled out and bemoaned the loss of his pipe. Loaded wagons were overturned in several instances, and empty ones were rolled away helter skelter. The large advertising fence facing the Grand Central depot was flattened. A board from the scaffolding on the roof of the Union League Club's new building was hurled into the air like a piece of straw. It fell on the roof of an empty coach, demolishing it. A sailboat capsized in the North River, near Ninety-sixth street, and three men were rescued by a steam launch. The roof of 349 Washington street, occupied by John Castree, was lifted off. Minor mishaps were countless.

Hartwig, Schrader & Co., produce merchants, occupy the five-story building at 349 to 353 Washington street and 200 Franklin street. The corner house is 349 Washington, and runs to Franklin. The roof of this building was lifted off and dropped in part on the house at 196 Franklin street, four doors away. The latter is a tenement, and the inmates were terribly frightened by the shock, which was like an earthquake. Then came the rolling of bricks and mortar down the chimneys, and every room was filled with dust. Every chimney was broken, and much damage done to the house.

The big shed on Pier 1, erected by the several excursion boat companies, was totally destroyed. Several men were knocked down, but no one seriously injured.

The tornado did considerable damage in Brooklyn. Trees were blown down all through the city, windows were smashed, and many unfinished houses were badly damaged. So far as known no accident to persons occurred.

The multitudes at Coney Island and Rockaway were very large, for this was practically the opening day of the season. The breaking of the storm caused a stampede for shelter, but did no considerable damage.

Grove street in Jersey City was barricaded by the great trunks of two old ailanthus trees that had been snapped off close to the sidewalk, and thrown across the roadway.

It is the common impression that the worst damage by the storm was to the fruit trees in its track.

In Newark the storm was severely felt. The trees in the parks and elsewhere were despoiled of limbs, which were blown, in some instances, across the streets. A fine old tree, which stood in the grounds of the Hon. Cortlandt Parker, on Broad street, was split near the centre, and a portion of it swung dangerously near Mr. Parker's side windows. Several trees in the suburbs were uprooted, and a house was unroofed. Here, also, the wires of the fire alarm telegraph and of the Domestic Telegraph Company were broken—the latter by an immense wire sign that was blown from the roof of the store of George Watson & Co., on Broad street. The tin roof on the dwelling 131 Plane street was stripped from its fastenings and thrown into the street. The largest of the many great elm trees of the city, which stood near the dwelling of Water Commissioner O'Rourke, on Burnett street, was also blown down.

The Turners' fest in Bedavoght's Park, on Springfield avenue, was in full progress when the storm burst over the heads of the merrymakers. They took any shelter that offered. A young lad, Rudolph Flechter, who lived on Springfield avenue, was one of a number who sought shelter under the music stand. They had not been long under cover when the strong wind blew the frail structure about their ears, and Flechter was taken out dead. His neck was broken. Another lad was slightly injured.

The tornado, in passing over Paterson, did much damage. It swept over the Preakness Mountains from the West, accompanied with black clouds, thunder, lightning, and rain. It split in two parts, one going down the river toward Riverside, the other sweeping over the centre of the city. The air was filled with broken twigs and bits of wood and dust, and the scene for fifteen or twenty minutes was one of terror. There was scarcely an awning left in some of the streets, and the ground was littered with broken branches of trees.

The most damage done was to Ashley & Bailey's silk mill at Riverside. This is a new brick building, nearly 200 feet long, about fifty feet wide and three stories high. The top story was completely demolished. The roof first blew off and then knocked down the wall of the upper story. The second story was somewhat damaged also. The upper floor was filled with valuable silk machinery, and the loss is variously estimated at from $10,000 to $15,000.

Had the accident occurred on a week day, seventy-five or 100 operators would probably have been killed. The mill is in a very exposed place and got the full force of the wind. The scene was terrific in that neighborhood. Many women fainted from fright.

The stables of the Paterson and Passaic horse railroad, three miles distant, were partially demolished. A horse car loaded with forty passengers was blown up a steep grade against the horses' heels, keeping them on a run. A small unoccupied brick building in the Third Ward was partially demolished. There is not a street in the city that is not obstructed by fallen trees. Trees three feet in diameter were torn up by the roots or twisted off. In Ellison street, from Paterson to Carroll, there are about a dozen trees, from two to three feet in diameter, down in every direction, so that the street is effectually barricaded. As the wind tore them up there were brought with the roots portions of the sidewalk ten or fifteen feet square. A number of trees lay against the houses, and the front entrances of some of these were absolutely unapproachable. One or two trees were twisted off above the ground where they were three feet in diameter. The crash was terrible, and people were panic stricken. But no one was hurt, although several cornices were torn off and chimneys were knocked over. In all, fifteen or twenty chimneys were demolished. Store fronts were blown in and signs were blown away. The tornado did not last over fifteen minutes. Experts say the wind travelled 100 miles an hour.

A woman was blown out of a wagon. Two or three buggies were blown over. A sailboat on Dundee Lake, containing four men, capsized, but all succeeded in reaching shore. The glass sides were blown out of a hearse on the way to a funeral. A half dozen flagstaffs were destroyed. A small tower on the Smith Street Presbyterian Church was blown over. Telegraph wires were prostrated in every direction. One of the faces of the Auburn street town clock, made of heavy glass, was sent skimming 200 feet through the air, when, falling upon the sidewalk, it broke into a thousand pieces. A boy standing near coolly picked up the minute hand and walked away.

The tornado burst upon New Brunswick, N. J., in conjunction with a sudden and violent thunder storm, at fifteen minutes to 5 o'clock. It lasted less than ten minutes. The train hands on a passenger train that was crossing the bridge over the Raritan River felt the long line of cars tilted upon the wheels of one side, to fall violently back into their places again, two or three times. The rain was so thick that nothing but the timbers of the bridge could be seen from the train. In the town, great branches of the trees in the streets and yards were snapped off and blown long distances. Perhaps the most remarkable damage was the loosening of the great sign on the front of the New Brunswick Hotel. It was fastened flat against the wall, yet was ripped off by the first gust of wind and blown high in the air. The view from the car windows of a train that left New Brunswick during the gale and followed in its track to Jersey City, showed that the wind had blown with equal violence all along the route. In every town and village limbs of trees littered the roads and streets, and broken signs and shutters hung by slight fastenings to the stores and dwellings.

HARTFORD, June 13.—A heavy thunder storm, accompanied with hail, passed over this city about 6 o'clock this afternoon. Much damage is reported in Simsbury, where glass was broken and crops were injured.

WILMINGTON, Del., June 13.—A hurricane passed over Middletown, Del., yesterday, unroofing several houses, interrupting telegraphic communication, and delaying trains. It is thought the peach trees were seriously damaged.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., June 13.—A wind storm, accompanied by rain, thunder, and lightning, swept through the Shenandoah Valley this afternoon, demolishing two houses in course of erection and one that was occupied, the occupants barely escaping with their lives. Trees and telegraph poles were blown down along the line of the Reading Railroad, obstructing travel. The storm took its course toward Pottsville, but its force was spent before reaching here, and the only damage done was the destruction of a stable and a breaking of glass in a number of buildings.

Horse Drowned and Jewelry Scattered.

ONEIDA, N. Y., June 13.—While Henry Ruben, a travelling jeweller, was driving along the Erie Canal near Chittenango, N. Y., his horse, which was blind, plunged into the big ditch and was drowned. A valise containing jewelry valued at $2,800 went to the bottom, sprang open, and scattered the jewelry all about. Only $800 worth was recovered.

A Burial Delayed.

OSWEGO, June 13.—When Mrs. Mary McNeil's funeral procession arrived at the cemetery in this city where she was to be buried, it was found that the grave was only partly dug, and the gravediggers were lying in another part of the ground drunk. The bearers were obliged to finish the digging.

CLANDESTINELY MARRIED.

Why Mrs. Godfrey of Jersey City Repented her Romantic Love Match.

The police of Jersey City have been engaged during the past week in investigations which have revealed a singular story of a romantic marriage and its results. On last Tuesday afternoon Mr. Henry Menken, a wealthy liquor dealer, residing at 130 Pacific avenue, reported at Headquarters that his house had been robbed on that day, in the absence of his wife, and that about $200 worth of property had been stolen. He was at his place of business at 40 Montgomery street at the time the robbery was committed, and could furnish no information about its circumstances. His wife, when questioned, said that a little before noon she had come to this city to visit her mother. She was accompanied by a young married woman named Henrietta Godfrey, who had lived with her for several months in the capacity of servant and companion. They went to the house of Mrs. Menken's mother, and after remaining there a short time, Mrs. Godfrey expressed a wish to call on her own mother, who lived in the neighborhood, and departed ostensibly for that purpose. Three hours later she returned, and went back to Jersey City with her mistress. When Mrs. Menken arrived at her home she discovered that the drawers of the bureau in her bedroom had been broken open, and that a quantity of jewelry, a gold watch and chain, a silk dress, and a suit of clothing were missing.

The police immediately began an investigation. In the course of their inquiries they learned that Mrs. Godfrey's maiden name was Hendrickx, and that her father was a rich manufacturer of embroideries, in business at 381 Broome street, in this city. Two years ago he employed Alfred Godfrey, a handsome and intelligent young man, in his store. Miss Hendrickx accidentally met Godfrey one day in her father's office, and they became acquainted. He was very polite and attentive and seems to have fascinated her. Her visits to the store became so frequent that at last her father suspected an intimacy between her and Godfrey. Mr. Hendrickx remonstrated, but the young couple failed to heed his objections, and were married clandestinely eighteen months ago.

Since then Godfrey and his wife, a beautiful girl 19 years of age, have had a very humble and precarious existence. Mr. Hendrickx refused to recognize or assist them, and formally repudiated his daughter. In the early part of April, Mrs. Menken discovered that Mrs. Godfrey, whom she had known from her childhood, was living in great destitution in a scantily furnished apartment at 114 Varick street. She prevailed on the young woman to go with her to Jersey City, and provided a comfortable home for her. Godfrey, who was out of employment, was often invited by Mrs. Menken to her house, and recently he was in the habit of sleeping there every night, coming over to this city early in the morning. On the day of the robbery he had left at an unusually early hour. His wife and Mrs. Menken both asked him to wait for them, as they too were coming over here, but he excused himself on the plea that he had an engagement with a person from whom he expected to obtain a position.

When the police had learned these facts they decided to take Mrs. Godfrey into custody. She was accordingly arrested on Friday night, but she denied all knowledge of the crime so emphatically and ingenuously that the police doubted her guilt, and transferred their suspicions to her husband. They made an exhaustive search for him, but without success. On Saturday night, however, he went over to Jersey City, and, slipping into a saloon on Pacific avenue wrote a brief note to his wife, which he sent by a messenger to Mr. Menken's residence. Mr. Menken recognized Godfrey's handwriting on the address, and returning with the messenger, found Godfrey awaiting an answer. He told the young man that his wife had been apprehended, and induced Godfrey to go with him to Police Headquarters to see her. When they entered the Central Office, Inspector Long arrested Godfrey and took him before Chief Murphy. The prisoner at first stoutly denied his guilt, but finally confessed that he had stolen the property, and gave information upon which the greater part of it was subsequently recovered.

The Chief, convinced of Mrs. Godfrey's innocence, summoned her father by telegraph to Jersey City. The old gentleman had not exchanged a word with his daughter since her marriage, and when he heard of what had occurred his emotion, the Chief says, was painful to witness. A terrible struggle was evidently going on in his breast between pride and affection. At last he yielded to affection and consented to see the girl, and an affecting interview took place between them. She assured her father that she believed her husband was a bad and deceitful man, and that he had neglected her and failed to support her since a few weeks after their marriage. Mr. Hendrickx exacted from her a promise that she would never have anything more to do with Godfrey, and after she had pledged her word to that effect he embraced her, and returned with her to his home in this city. Godfrey, who is only 21 years of age, will be arraigned this morning.

DEATH OF EX-SENATOR BAYARD.

Passing Away at the Ripe Age of 81, Surrounded by his Children.

WILMINGTON, Del., June 13.—Ex-Senator James Ashton Bayard died at 1 o'clock this morning, after being unconscious for several hours. He had been sinking gradually for several days, his death being hastened by a fall received as he was descending the stairs last Thursday a week. There were present at the time of his death his son, the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, and his two daughters, Mrs. J. K. Kane and Mrs. Benjamin Lockwood. The funeral will take place on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Bayard was 81 years of age at the time of his death, which has been expected any time for two months past. He was of the fourth generation of the American Bayards who claim descent from the family of Chevalier Pierre du Terrail de Bayard, the knight without fear and without reproach. Mr. Bayard was the third United Senator of his family, his seniors being James Ashton Bayard, who served from 1806 to 1813, and Richard H. Bayard, who served from 1836 to 1848. Mr. Bayard, who has just died, was Senator from 1851 to 1864, and again from 1867 to 1869, when he was succeeded by his son, the present Senator Thomas Francis Bayard. Mr. Bayard was Chairman of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary and on the Library, and was universally respected for his purity of character and courtesy of manner. He was approached by the Credit Mobilier conspirators, but declined to become interested in schemes needing legislative aid.

DEATH OF EX-SENATOR BROWN.

An Old-Time Mississippi Statesman Thrown from his Horse and Drowned.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., June 13.—Ex-Gov. Albert G. Brown of Mississippi was thrown from his horse into a pond near his home last evening and drowned. The deceased resided near Jackson, Miss., and was 67 years old.

Mr. Brown was born in South Carolina in 1813, and after being admitted to the bar served in the South Carolina Legislature from 1835 to 1839. In 1840 he was elected to Congress from Mississippi, succeeding the celebrated Sergeant S. Prentiss, and upon the expiration of a second term was elected Governor of Mississippi. In 1848 he again went to Congress, where he sat in the lower House until 1854. He then went to the Senate for a term of four years, at the expiration of which he was elected for a full term, beginning March 4, 1859, representing his State until she seceded from the Union. He was also for a brief period while not in Congress a Judge of the Superior Court of Mississippi.

A SENSITIVE CONVICT.

Stabbing the Fellow Prisoner who said His Mother Stole a Pair of Trousers.

Before Daniel O'Keefe of 514 East Tenth street was sent to Blackwell's Island for felonious assault, and his acquaintance, James Kelly, alias John McCarthy, was sentenced to keep him company for theft, O'Keefe had accused Kelly's mother of stealing a pair of his trousers. The charge was repeated by O'Keefe in the penitentiary, on Saturday, and Kelly, resenting the imputation upon his family, challenged his fellow convict to go to a secluded corner and fight. Nobody saw the encounter. O'Keefe says that Kelly stabbed him with a broken table knife, which had been sharpened to a point to peel potatoes with. The wound in the abdomen is severe, and may prove fatal. O'Keefe made a statement embodying these facts to Coroner Brady yesterday. Kelly has been put under additional guard to prevent escape.

Col. Gordon's Mission to China.

LONDON, June 14.—The *Standard's* Bombay correspondent telegraphs: "Col. Gordon says that he goes to China to persuade the Chinese against a war with Russia, and that he goes on the invitation of a Chinese dignitary."

Dames and damsels say that Glenn's Sulphur Soap does the complexion a world of good, of druggists.—*Adv.*

ONE STROKE WITH THE BLADE

MARY DEAN'S DREADFUL DEATH AT THE HANDS OF A JEALOUS MAN.

A Sunday Night Murder in West Twenty-sixth Street—Augustus Layton's Hasty Crime and Flight—The Chase by the Police.

At twenty minutes to 11 o'clock last night Augustus Layton, a mulatto, cut the throat of Mrs. Mary Dean, also a mulatto, on the sidewalk in front of 138 West Twenty-sixth street. That house is rented by Mrs. Elizabeth Miller of 108 East Twenty-seventh street. She sublets the house in furnished rooms. Mrs. Dean, who was only 20 years of age and good looking, occupied the parlor floor. She did not live with her husband.

Layton formerly lodged in the house. He was intimate with Mrs. Dean, and accompanied her to parties and other entertainments. He lost his situation lately, and was short of money. He quarrelled with Mrs. Dean, and she refused to have anything more to do with him. Mrs. Miller ordered him not to come to the house again. He called on Saturday evening, and was refused admittance.

Layton returned soon after 10¼ o'clock last night. Mrs. Dean spoke to him through her window, and ordered him away. He cursed her and she ran out, saying she would get a policeman. Layton caught her on the sidewalk and killed her. He then ran toward Second avenue and escaped. Several persons saw him running, and one detected him throwing a razor away.

Sarah Miggins lives at 215 West Twenty-seventh street. She said: "Layton was standing on the stoop and talking to Mrs. Dean. I was sitting by Mrs. Dean's window. The shutters were closed, so that I could not see, but I could hear very plainly. Mrs. Dean came out of the front door, and went down to the sidewalk with Layton. Both were greatly excited. I heard Layton ask her what she held in her hand, and what she was going to do with it. She said she would hit him unless he went away, and that she was going after an officer.

"'Do you mean to strike me?' he asked.

"'Yes,' she said.

"Then I heard her say, 'Stop pushing me.'

"Right after that she ran into the room where I was. She held both hands to her throat, and did not say a word. She stamped her feet, and then sat on the bed. She threw out her arms, clapped her hands together, and fell backward. Blood poured down over the front of her dress. I tried to stop it with water, but could not. Then Policeman Hyland came in, and she died a moment later."

Layton is 25 years of age, of a light mulatto color, five feet six inches in height, and wears a slight moustache. He has lived lately in Thirty-first street, near the middle of the block.

The hospital doctors examined Mrs. Dean, and said her throat had been cut with one blow, as cleverly as though by a surgeon.

OBSTINATE AND BADLY BEATEN.

A 'Longshoreman in Resisting Arrest Receives a Probably Fatal Clubbing.

George Feeney, a 'longshoreman of this city, lies in a critical condition at the Hudson County (New Jersey) jail, from wounds inflicted by Policeman Hanrahan of Hoboken. Feeney on Saturday morning, committed an unprovoked assault on a 'longshoreman named Fay, at the Eagle Dock, Hoboken. Fay procured a warrant for his arrest. In the afternoon Feeney return to the dock and again beat Fay. While the fight was in progress Policeman Hanrahan appeared and arrested Feeney. The prisoner is a tall, powerful man. He resisted arrest, and the policeman had to enlist the aid of several citizens to lodge Feeney in a cell. The Recorder committed the prisoner to await the action of the Grand Jury on the complaints preferred by Fay and Hanrahan.

About 10 o'clock on Saturday night Feeney was securely manacled, and Hanrahan started with him for the jail. They boarded a car. When the car was ascending the hill to Jersey City Heights, Feeney suddenly sprang from his seat and jumped out. He was pursued by the policeman, who soon overtook him, but the prisoner clasped his hands and beat Hanrahan on the head with the heavy handcuffs. The policeman was compelled to use his club, and he plied it vigorously. Feeney fought stubbornly, and did not yield until he had received many blows, and several men had come to the assistance of the policeman. Feeney, in a semi-stupor, was placed in a cell in the county prison. A physician was called, and dressed his wounds, but he has since grown so seriously ill, that it is thought he will not recover. Last night the prisoner's wife informed the Hoboken authorities that her husband was dying.

A POLICEMAN'S SUICIDE.

He Shoots Himself Through Melancholy at the Loss of his Wife.

George McLaughlin, a Jersey City policeman, committed suicide yesterday at his rooms, at 244 York street, in that city. About three months ago his wife became hopelessly insane, and was removed to an asylum, leaving him to care for his three children, the youngest of whom is only nineteen months old. The baby was taken ill shortly after the mother's misfortune, and spite of all attention failed to grow better. McLaughlin, after his wife's death, grew melancholy, and spent all his leisure time at home. At noon yesterday, however, he met Policeman Goetz, and seemed in excellent spirits. Drawing his revolver in his brother policeman's presence, he said, "I'm going to do somebody harm with this to-day." He subsequently visited the house of Policeman Moulds, and with a smile exhibited his pistol and said, "Jim, I'm going to kill myself with this." Moulds took the pistol from him, and refused to give it back.

McLaughlin left the house and went to the Gregory street police station, where he took from his closet an old-fashioned Colt's revolver of 32 calibre. He went home, and seating himself in a chair, placed the muzzle of the weapon against his right temple and fired. The bullet penetrated his brain, killing him instantly.

Coroner Reumpler took charge of the body. In the pocket of the suicide's coat was found a note, which read as follows:

Take care of my children. Put them in some good home or give them in charge of some kind family. Louisa, tell her good by for me. I can't help it.

McLaughlin was about 40 years old, and prior to his wife's loss of reason was one of the most jovial men on the force. After his wife's insanity he grew daily more despondent.

CAPTURED BY A WOMAN.

Burglar Walsh Finds his Legs Caught by Mrs. Karabasch.

At about 3½ o'clock yesterday morning Mrs. Karabasch was awakened by hearing a noise in the rear of her husband's saloon, 558 Hicks street, Brooklyn. She listened a few moments, and discovered that a burglar was operating on the back basement window. Without making any noise or raising any alarm she approached the window and seized the marauder by the legs when he had got half way through the window. The burglar then drew himself back, but the woman held bravely on, and although he struck her several blows, she did not relax her grasp until Roundsman Brady and Officer Brady of the Third Precinct, who heard the outcry, came to her assistance and arrested the burglar. While Mrs. Karabasch was struggling with him in the yard, her husband jumped out of the parlor window and sprained his ankle. A jimmy and an oyster knife were found in the yard. On being taken to the Butler street station, the prisoner gave the name of Michael Walsh, and said he boarded with a Mrs. Maloney in Sixty-ninth street in this city.

Double Murder in Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 12.—To-day the body of James Williams, colored, was found in the woods near Lawrence, in this county, with the head crushed into a shapeless mass. His wife was found unconscious on the floor of his cabin, with her skull crushed, but still alive. She was brought to the City Hospital. Her recovery is doubtful. There is no clue to the murderers.

The Signal Office Prediction.

For the Middle Atlantic States rising barometer, north to west winds, clear or partly cloudy weather, lower temperature.

SPARKS FROM THE TELEGRAPH.

The friends of Senator Woodin intend to tender him a public reception when he returns from Chicago this week.

Anna E. Cortiss, aged 17 years, a deaf mute, of Watertown, N. Y., while playing in a dumb waiter at the Deaf Mute Institute in Rome, N. Y., yesterday, was killed.

A Constantinople despatch says that it is expected that the Russian Ambassadors will this week demand of the Porte the execution of the assassin of Col. Commeraroff.

The Kinsley Hotel, the Post Office, Watson & Cobden's drug store, Morris & Co.'s grocery store, two warehouses and other property, were burned in Kinsley, Kansas, yesterday. Loss $15,000.