

THE INDECISION OF ELSA.

BY E. M. BUNGEY.

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"Tell me, Elsa, what is it to be?"

"Oh, I do not know what to say; I feel differently every minute, Jack."

The speakers were Jack Selwyn and Elsa Cunningham. This made the fifth occasion during the past three months on which Jack had proposed to Elsa; but she could never make up her mind. She always knew that she was very fond of him, but exactly how fond she was never certain.

"If you were to go away, Jack?"

"Go away?" he cried in pained tones. "Yes, just for a few months, then I should know. Besides it would be a good test for you, perhaps you might meet some other girl you would like better than me."

"Elsa!" There was real pain in his tones now. And then with a little compassionate cry she put her arms round his neck and kissed him. A short interval ensued.

"If I was certain, Jack, dear, I would not hesitate a moment." The upshot of it all was that Jack Selwyn agreed to Elsa's proposal for a separation. It was to be for three months; then, if Elsa felt she really could not do without him, she was to write. It was taken for granted that he would not forget her in that time.

Elsa Cunningham and her aunt, Mrs. Crabtree, were staying at Westport for several weeks. The holiday did not seem to be doing Elsa much good, for she invariably wore a pensive, almost worried look. Mrs. Crabtree grew quite upset at times.

"My dear Elsa," she would say, "you must look better or else your father and mother will be sorry that they ever let me take you away."

"That's all right, Aunt Lou. Don't you worry; I shall turn up trumps."

Elsa's style of speech was often rather slangy, but that is the mode of the present day.

"That Mr. Ward is a nice young man. Do you not think so, Elsa?"

"Cannot say that I'm particularly struck with him," replied Elsa, to whom young men, with one exception, bore no attraction now.

"I wish you would not use those slang expressions of yours, my dear. They do not sit well on you. Now, I think Mr. Ward is a very nice, gentlemanly young man, and I think he likes you, Elsa."

"Does he?" was the indifferent reply.

"Yes, I am sure he does, dear. In fact, I have asked him to take tea with us this afternoon."

"What!" Elsa started as if she had been shot.

Frederick Ward was a young gentleman

and during the past few days had concocted a plan by which he was to revenge himself.

The general hour for dining at the High Cliff hotel was 7 o'clock, and on the Wednesday evening the large saloon was fairly full of diners.

Enter Frederick Ward.

Mr. Wilberforce, the manager of the hotel, in evening dress, passed through the saloon soon afterwards, but his progress was arrested by Ward.

"By the way, Wilberforce," he exclaimed loudly. "During the last two nights a diamond pin and a pair of diamond cuff links have disappeared from my room, and I have reason to believe that they have been stolen."

Ward pointed in a melodramatic way at the unfortunate waiter. Beyond a slight trembling of his hands, however, that individual took no notice of the accusation.

"Barton," cried the manager to the waiter, "come to my office. I should be glad, if you too, Mr. Ward, would come when you have finished dining."

When he had finished dinner Frederick departed to the manager's office.

"In an inquiry of this sort," began the manager, "it is always as well to form a kind of committee of the guests of the hotel."

"Quite so," agreed Frederick.

"With your permission, then," went on the manager, "I will leave Barton in charge of you and my clerk, whilst I ask a few gentlemen to favor us with their assistance."

"By all means," beamed Frederick. Events were falling in with his plan even better than he had bargained for. His plan, I said; but it is hardly fair to call the petty men artists, which he had conceived a plan. At any rate, this was his idea. He had made friends with a rather smart girl employed at the hotel who had been unsuccessful in her overtures to our friend the prisoner, and was, therefore, quite eager to fall in with Ward's scheme.

Just before dinner this estimable lady had piloted Ward to the servants' quarters, which were quite deserted at that time, and placed the articles of jewelry at the bottom of Barton's box.

Presently the manager returned, and with him several of the guests. Prior to their arrival at the office an animated conversation had taken place, which resulted in broad smiles on all their faces.

"Mr. Ward, you have made an accusation against this man, and we shall be pleased to hear your case."

"My case gentlemen, is very simple," began Ward. "Last night, going along

"They've been moved!" shrieked Ward, and then regretted it immediately.

"Exactly as you anticipated, Barton," said the manager, and then he produced from his pocket the links and pin.

Ward turned a hasty hue and glanced from one to the other in dismay.

"These articles were handed to me by Barton just before dinner," said Mr. Wilberforce.

Barton stated that having found himself to be without a handkerchief, he had hurriedly rushed to his room to obtain one. There he found a distinct smell of smoke, and observed that the lid of his box was down, when he distinctly remembered having left it ajar. He immediately opened the box and saw that the contents had been disturbed; continuing his search he found the jewelry, which he gave to me.

"Now, sir," he said, turning to Ward, "have you anything to say to disprove this?"

Ward made no reply, but his abject look condemned him.

"Gentlemen," went on the manager, "I think you will agree with me that Barton is innocent, and that, having no direct proof, the person who has done this thing is unknown apparently. But I must ask Mr. Ward to be good enough to vacate his rooms by tomorrow."

Thus Mr. Frederick Ward passes out of this history to be seen no more.

It transpired that the servant girl on observing the commotion, had become frightened and confessed her share in the matter to the manager, but he had preferred to hear Ward convicted out of his own mouth.

"That's your nice young man," remarked Elsa. "What do you think of him now, Aunt Lou?"

"My dear, I am going to bed," replied the lady, which was hardly an answer to the question.

As soon as Mrs. Crabtree had gone out of the room Elsa sat down and hastily commenced to write. She had decided to summon Jack Selwyn, and with that intent was inditing a letter to him.

Suddenly the door opened, and the waiter appeared with a letter on a tray. Elsa pounced on it, and saw to her joy that the handwriting was that of Jack Selwyn.

He had been excited when he laughed aloud, and cried "dear old Jack!" and then impudently kissed the letter. The waiter coughed. With flaming cheeks Elsa turned on him.

"Why, Barton," she said, "are you still here?"

The waiter thought for a moment, and then admitted that he was.

"Why, I thought," she began, then she stared at Barton, who actually smiled at her.

Suddenly she came forward, and placed both hands on the waiter's shoulders.

"Jack!" she almost screamed. "Jack, you?"

"Yes, Elsa, me," remarked that individual as he reached a heavy dark wig from his light brown hair, and a large black mustache from his upper lip. He gravely proceeded to dust the charcoal from his eyebrows, and to rub out a few painted wrinkles, whilst all the time Elsa watched in happy wonder.

"Oh, you dear, silly old boy!" she cried. "And do you mean to say that you have been here all the time?"

"Yes, dear, I could not bear to be parted from you altogether."

"Oh, Jack, she cried, "I am so happy, and I never want to let you go away from me again."



man favored with plenty of money and nothing to do but to spend it. In many ways he had made himself useful to Elsa's aunt, and had thus succeeded in the first stages of his campaign.

There was too much self-opinionated conceit about him to please Elsa. He smirked as he spoke, and smelt like a perfume shop.

He duly presented himself at the private sitting room which his hostess occupied, and professed himself "charmed" to see Mrs. Crabtree and her niece.

The same waiter who had already offended Elsa's artistic susceptibilities brought in the tea.

As he passed Frederick Ward his foot appeared to catch in a rug, with the result that a certain amount of hot tea departed itself on the immaculate clothing of Frederick. That gentleman swore, not loudly, I admit, but Elsa caught the words, and her lip curled scornfully.

Frederick Ward resolved that the man should suffer for being the means of his discomfort.

Frederick Ward seemed in no wise knocked under by the severe snubbing he had received at Elsa's hands, but became more and more attentive to Mrs. Crabtree and her niece.

But Elsa put up with it quite happily, the thoughts of Jack keeping her spirits high.

"Fredrick," Ward still nursed a bitter feeling of resentment against the

corridor, saw man leave my room hastily; that man was that waiter. Found my tie, pin and my links were missing."

"I did not go into your room at all last night, neither have I been in it at all," said the waiter.

"I demand to have his box searched," cried Ward. "He is sure to have hidden the things."

"Is that justifiable," do you think, gentlemen?" asked the manager.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then let us go to his room," cried Ward triumphantly.

Ward led them straight to the room and they opened the door.

"Nice cigars you smoke, Barton," said the manager. "I thought I had forbidden smoking in the servants' bedrooms."

"I have not smoked any cigars in my bedroom," replied the waiter.

"H'm! curious," remarked Mr. Wilberforce, and then he suddenly stopped and picked up the colored paper band from a cigar.

"Los Huevos, better cigar than I can smoke. By the way, that's your favorite brand, isn't it, Mr. Ward?"

"Yes, I do smoke them," muttered Frederick, more ill at ease than ever.

"But let us carry out our program."

"Ah, yes, the box," cried the manager.

The box was opened and presently every article was out on the floor, but not a vestige of the jewelry.

A Warmer Sun.

Boston Transcript: Just as in November an icy wind now and then surprises, in sudden reminder of a coming winter's rigor, so now, as we have become accustomed to the winter, there come days when the sun kisses with an unexpected warmth—to remind the city that spring is on the way. If the winds strike one like an angry flash from gentle eyes, a cruel sternness where love had been, these days correspond to love's awakening, or are as mirth playing suddenly on a solemn countenance. One hardly knows how to accept the unlooked-for salutation. But joy fills the heart. It wells up in response to the sunshine, trickling through us like the tiny rivulets that permeate the ice when the same sun strikes its cold, dull heart. All the "springs of our being" shout response to a vague sensation of happiness. In indefinite imaginings, in hope and in fears, which amount in fact to certainty, that the touch is brief, that even the minutes are numbered. Yet that signify a coming. They are as footfalls still far away. If the wind changes or the door closes, and we cease to hear them for a time, we shall know now that the footfalls still draw nearer, that soon we really shall hear again—the spring, "tripping over the leaves" with baskets of crocuses, mayflower and violets. The time is not yet, but these first days, when, perhaps for only an hour at noon, there comes the unexpected expectancy of the spring, are as a matter of fact, the loveliest and wonderful of all the season's miracles.

Uncle Sam Sells Butter.

An interesting story has come to light by the announcement that the government has sold on sealed bids, with certified check, for full amount at time of sale, about 26,000 pounds of butter that were put up for the navy last spring and summer.

He'll Succeed.

Newark News: Myrtilla, said the old gentleman sharply, "that young man you had in the parlor last night was dull of comprehension. All I had to do was cough when the other chaps remained too late and they would take the hint and depart. Did this one say anything when I coughed last night?"

"Yes," replied the beautiful daughter, "he said the next time he called he was going to bring you a bottle of cough syrup."

The Passing of the Horse.

Every little while they tell us that the horse has got to go; First the trolley was invented 'cause the horses went too slow. And they had to get a better not keep rai'nin' colts no more. When the street cars got to moving that I thought it was all over for old Fan and Doll and Kit— S'posed the horse was up and done for— But—he—ain't—went—yit!

When the bike came first got started people told us right away. As you probably remember, that the horse had saw his day. People put away their buggies and went 'kitin' round on wheels. There were lots and lots of horses didn't even earn their meals. I used to stand and watch 'em with their homers as they'd stir, And I thought the horse was goin'— But—he—ain't—went—yit!

Then they got the horseless carriage, and they said the horse was done. And the story's been repeated twenty times by Edison. Every time he gets another of his batteries to go. He comes whoopin' out to tell us that the horse don't stand a show. And you know the horse chauffeurs, as they go 'chauffin', It was goodby to Mr. Dobbin, But—he—ain't—went—yit!

—London Road.

HORROR IN SPAIN.

Several Hundred Lives Are Lost by the Bursting of a Reservoir Under Construction.

Madrid, April 11.—Four hundred persons were killed or injured by the collapse of a new water reservoir in course of construction. Fifty bodies have already been recovered.

Prince Asturias, the war minister, the governor of Madrid and a representative of the king have gone to the spot to superintend the work of rescue. Troops sent to the scene are engaged in helping the sufferers and recovering the bodies of the dead.

As the day passed the indignation and excitement increased and serious disorders are feared, especially on the occasion of the funeral of the victims. Business is entirely at a standstill. The work of recovering the dead and injured is hampered by enormous crowds of angry men and wailing women.

Estimates of the number of persons injured are increasing.

The structure which collapsed was a huge quadrilateral built on arches. The disaster was due to the weakness of the supporting pillars. As the greater part of the debris is under water the work of extricating the victims is most difficult. Up to this time 100 bodies have been recovered. The bodies were taken immediately to the cemetery in order to prevent disturbances. Seventy injured persons have been rescued, but it is feared the remainder of those working in the vicinity at the time of the accident perished in the crushed masonry or by asphyxiation. Military guards are posted all about the scene of the disaster. The government has authorized the opening of a relief fund and at a meeting of the cabinet it was decided to appoint a mixed civilian and military commission to establish responsibility for the disaster. Workmen claim that poor material was used in its construction.

HURT IN RIOT.

Three Men and a Woman Injured When Poles and Hungarians Resist Officers.

Pittsburg, Pa., April 11.—Three men were hurt, one probably fatally, and one woman was injured at a riot at Schoenville, near McKee's Rocks. The rioting was the result of a strike of the miners, and about 1,200 foreign residents of Schoenville.

The injured are: Harry Lukaszewski, aged 24, shot through the side and stomach; Myrtle, toward Rider, assistant chief of police of McKee's Rocks, hit on the head with a brick and seriously injured. Name of the third man not known.

Mrs. Agnes Sadana, a Polish woman over the arrest of whom the riot started, bruised in the scuffle, but escaped arrest.

The riot was the climax of a series of smaller riots and fights which took place in Schoenville during the last two weeks. During the arrest of some coal pickers last Friday by the Lake Erie railroad detectives Mrs. Sadana interfered and caused a small riot. The detectives, four in number, fired their revolvers into the air, a mob of Hungarians and Poles. Today the officials, knowing they would have a battle, went in force to arrest Mrs. Sadana. She was found in the street and with her 4-year-old child in her arms attempted to fight the posse and called for her countrymen, as did the other women.

The officers, after taking her into custody, were quickly surrounded by a large crowd of men, who used as weapons bricks, beer bottles, clubs and stones, and the woman prisoner was rescued. The officers fired their revolvers into the air. This served to madden the foreigners, and in a rush of more than 1,000 men, women and children, armed with every available weapon, the police were driven into a vacant lot, where a stand was made. A second rush was made by the mob, which was stopped by the wounding of Lukaszewski, and the posse was allowed to get out of town without further molestation.

PANIC IN THEATER.

Young Man Fatally Injured and a Score Badly Hurt in Exciting Rush from Place.

Kokomo, Ind., April 11.—George Armstrong, 17 years of age, was fatally injured, and a score of persons severely burned during a fire which was caused by the igniting of a roll of celluloid that was used in operating a moving picture machine. In the panic that followed Armstrong jumped through a window on the third floor and was fatally injured.

A moving picture show was in progress, and during the intermission a bag of celluloid that stood upon the balcony railing, was ignited by an electric light. The machine operator threw the audience into a panic and started a rush for the fire and exits by a cry of "Lookout, everybody!" The theater is afire. In an instant about 500 persons became a rushing mass of humanity. That more were not hurt is due largely to the excellent system of fire escapes and exits in the theater, and the department of the house employees.

Young Armstrong occupied a seat in the gallery, and at the warning cry of the machine operator broke a plate glass window and jumped to the sidewalk, a distance of forty feet. He is still unconscious, both legs are broken and he is internally injured.

Mrs. Bert Jacobs was so affected by the shock as to require the attention of physicians for more than two hours. Her condition is serious.

Vance Hunt was badly burned by the flaming films. Several others were severely burned.

The theater was damaged only by smoke.

DEAD NUMBER 4,500.

One Town, Out of Many Wrecked in India, Lost That Many.

Calcutta, April 11.—Telegraph communication with Dharmsala has been restored. The latest accounts show the earthquake was even more disastrous than at first believed. Of a total population of nearly 5,000 in the town of Kangra, it is believed only 500 were left alive. Many people are still imprisoned in the ruins. Dharmsala, Kangra, Palampur, Dhawan and all the neighboring villages were completely wrecked.

OIL AND WATER MIX.

Baptists Don't Raise Any Questions, But Take \$100,000 from Mr. Rockefeller.

Boston, April 11.—The American Baptist Missionary union has accepted and acknowledged from John D. Rockefeller a contribution of \$100,000.

VLADIVOSTOK FLEET PREPARES TO LEAVE

Admiral Togo May Eventually Find Himself Between Two Fires.

BELIEVE IN ROJESTVENSKY

Russia Has Hopes That the Admiral Once Having Passed the Straits Can Safely Proceed to the Scene of Dispute.

London, April 11.—The sudden shifting of interest in the war from land to sea and the apparently imminent prospects of a fateful battle between the Russian and Japanese squadrons in the China sea have revived all the interest shown here in the earlier developments of the struggle in the far east.

It is taken for granted that Admiral Togo's ships, reported to be in Singapore at the middle of March, are still in that vicinity; and the report from Penang, on the west coast of the Malay peninsula, that twelve Japanese ships were steaming ahead of the Russian warships, is interpreted to mean that the former are scouts, sent out by Togo to get in touch with the Russians, and when their object is accomplished to retire to the main body of the Japanese squadron.

The reports about the numbers of Russian ships vary, but at any rate over thirty-five battleships, cruisers, colliers and torpedo boats have passed the straits.

Under writers here presume, from the northeasterly course they were steering, that after passing Singapore the Russian ships are attempting to reach the French port of Saigon, Cochinchina.

However, it is pointed out that a Japanese squadron of twenty-two ships is still off Horstburg light, where it was reported March 14.

The two naval forces were this afternoon only about thirty miles apart, and may be in touch at any moment.

St. Petersburg, April 11.—There is reason to believe that Vice Admiral Rojostvensky's entrance to the China sea has been followed by orders for the cruisers Gromobol, Grassia and Bogatyr, which have been ready for some time at Vladivostok, to put to sea. Whether it is the intention to send them south immediately or to hold them in the vicinity of Vladivostok is not certain. Their appearance outside the roadstead of Vladivostok will constitute a potential threat against Admiral Togo's rear which would compel the retention in or dispatch of a number of heavy fighting ships to Japanese waters. Thus Admiral Togo seems to be virtually placed between two fires. The peace influence in the government urges that this favorable strategic position presents the psychological time for officially offering the olive branch to Japan, reasoning that no matter how confident the Japanese government may be of Togo's victory, it cannot overlook the possibility of defeat, nor to appreciate the complete disaster which would transfer the balance of the sea to Russia, with so much depending upon the issue, they argue both countries have mutual interest in avoiding an actual test, and it is not impossible therefore that a new move in the direction of peace may come just as the world expects to hear the call to quarters for the greatest naval battle of modern times. Certainly the spirits of the war party have been greatly raised by Rojostvensky's success in penetrating to the China sea and the prospects of a naval battle, even with the odds against a Russian victory, which would change the entire complexion of the situation, has aroused something like a flash of enthusiasm in many Russian breasts.

Some naval officials express the opinion that Rojostvensky, having now safely navigated the straits, instead of sailing north to meet the Japanese can afford to calmly wait Vice Admiral Negobatoff with his squadron, which could arrive there in about three weeks.

The Russian admiralty on Sunday received a long dispatch from Singapore, but no intimation as to its contents has been given to the newspapers.

The papers Sunday morning printed Singapore dispatches without comment, the Soviet being the only exception. This paper views the news from Rojostvensky as an auspicious prelude to a decisive battle, "which may show that over Rojostvensky still shines the happy star which helped him when a lieutenant to save the fragile Vesta in an unequal conflict with a Turkish battleship."

The Soviet expresses the hope that Rojostvensky is destined to turn the tables and that even in case of defeat some of his vessels will be able to break through and reach the Japanese sea.

FLEET OF ROJESTVENSKY.

Fifty-One Ships Were Counted When It Passed Singapore.

Singapore, April 11.—Fifty-one ships of Vice Admiral Rojostvensky's second Pacific squadron passed here. The most important fighting vessels of the squadron, including the battleships Kniaz Suvoroff, Alexander II., Borodino and Orel, with their complement of cruisers and torpedo-boat destroyers, did not arrive, and their whereabouts is totally unknown. The vessels which passed Singapore were the following:

Battleships, Sissoi, Veliky and Oleg; cruisers, Admiral Nakhimoff, Dmitri, Doskol, Aurora, Izumrud Jemchuk, Almaz, Russ, Anadyr Furst Bismarck, Kaiserin Maria, Theresa, Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, Kaiser Frederick, Rion and seven torpedo-boat destroyers, all sailing under the naval flag. Under the commercial flag were the volunteer steamers Veronese, Kief, Yaroslav, Tamboff, Vladimir and Orel, the Russian navigation company's steamers Meteor, Jupiter and Mercury, the fast Asiatic company's steamers Korea and Kai Tak, the north Baltic company steamer Kniaz Korkshoff, one hospital ship and sixteen colliers.

A French steamer arrived here today with a sailor belonging to the Admiral Nakhimoff, who fell overboard and was picked up in the straits of Malacca after having been twelve hours in the water.

MADISON GIRLS DROWNS HERSELF.

Madison, Wis., April 8.—The dead body of Miss Anna Stewart, daughter of one of the wealthiest citizens of Madison, was found in a cistern today a mile from the Stewart mansion. Miss Stewart suddenly disappeared during the night from her home. It is believed she was deranged from the result of a long illness.

SERIOUS WRECK.

Two Passenger Trains at Different Points Meet Accidents, and Many Are Hurt.

Quenemo, Kan., April 12.—Santa Fe train No. 7 was derailed here. Five cars including two Pullmans were derailed and badly smashed up. Three passengers, names unknown, were injured, but not seriously. They were taken from here to Emporia.

Kingsley, Kan., April 12.—Twenty or more passengers were injured, but none was killed, by a collision of the Chicago express and California limited trains on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railway. Both trains were eastbound. No. 8, the Chicago express, was standing at the station. The rear of the train was about 200 feet west of the building, when No. 4, the limited, crashed into it at high speed.

The engine of the second train plowed into the last Pullman of the other train, demolishing it. The cars in front also were badly damaged and the limited's locomotive and part of the train was wrecked. The names of the injured cannot be learned.

The railroad officials put them all in a car and took them to the west end of the yards. The rear car on No. 8 was a deadhead chair car. This was cut through from end to end by the heavy engine and the Pullman ahead of this was thrown off the track. Both immediately took fire and with the chair and mail cars were entirely consumed. The engineer is uninjured, but the fireman is seriously hurt, as is also a porter on No. 6 and a cook on the limited.

The collision was caused by the rear brakeman of No. 8 not going back to flag No. 4.

TOOK OATH OF OFFICE.

Edward Dunne Inaugurated Mayor of Chicago.

Chicago, April 12.—Edward Dunne was inaugurated mayor of Chicago in the simplest manner. When he and Carter H. Harrison, the retiring mayor, entered the council chamber they were greeted with applause from the galleries. There is not much space for visitors in the council chamber, and the police had stringent orders to admit none who lacked a ticket calling for a seat. There were no flowers in evidence, for a rule passed some time ago by the council prohibiting the presence of floral tributes in the chamber was strictly enforced.

Mayor Harrison in a few words presented Judge Dunne to the members of the council. The mayor-elect then took the oath of office, thanking the aldermen for the cordial manner in which they had received him, and expressed the hope that he would be able to fill the executive chair as capably as had Mayor Harrison. He made no inaugural address, and the regular business of the council was then taken up.

SHOULD BE SENSIBLE.

Religious Beneficiaries Not to Inquire About "Tainted Money."

New York, April 12.—At the New York Methodist conference yesterday, Congressman-elect John E. Andrus, of Yonkers, treasurer of the conference endowment fund, made reference to "tainted money" in the presentation of his report as treasurer. He said: "It is bad policy to apply a microscope to benefactor gifts as this is not telling where such a policy would lead to. I might just as well sulphurize the honey gathered by my bees through fear that they had gathered honey in fields purchased by tainted money as to attempt to question where money for benevolences has been. Let this conference be not anything but sensible in these matters."

BURIED IN WRECK.

One Man Killed and Two Probably Will Die as Result of an Accident.

Chicago, April 12.—A Burlington freight train was wrecked early today at LaMoille, Ill., in which Brakeman C. A. Johnson, of Clinton, Ill., was burned to death. Engineer Wm. Gambert, of Fulton Ill., and Fireman Hugh Wynnings, of Carbon Cliff, Ill., were probably fatally burned. The train struck some obstacles on the track believed to have been dropped by another train. The engine and seven cars were thrown into the ditch. An oil car immediately took fire and seven cars were destroyed. The men burned before they could be freed from the debris.

IS MUCH RIOTING.

Teamsters' Struggle in Chicago Develops Into a Bitter Warfare of Labor and Police.

Chicago, April 12.—The force of police guarding the freight caravans of Montgomery Ward & Co. was doubled today in anticipation of rioting by the sympathizers of the firm's striking teamsters and the gun makers. Scenes of violence marked the first attempt to move freight from the Ward building. The police were compelled to use their clubs freely.

Three wagons, headed by two patrol wagons and accompanied by seventy-five policemen, started for the Rock Island freight sheds. The caravan was followed by nearly 1,000 persons. Numerous missiles were thrown by the strike sympathizers along the line.

While the wagons were passing the approach to the Polk street viaduct the crowd began to shower stones, boards and everything else available that could be thrown. The police charged the mob and finally cleared a way to the freight house.

The police had a serious time at the Lake Shore freight house, where the wagons loaded with merchandise consigned to Montgomery Ward & Co. were blocked by 100 teams driven by unionists. The police endeavored to clear a way, but after clubbing teamsters for nearly an hour the attempt was abandoned, and it was decided to take the freight-filled trucks by a different route.

MARKED WITH THUMBS.

Sioux Indians Sign in the Puddinhead Wilson Style.

Minneapolis, Minn., April 12.—Major McLaughlin, inspector of Indian agencies, is on his way to Washington with the signatures of 33,514 Sioux Indians done in thumb marks.

The signatures stand as a memorial to the government from the Standing Rock agency, asking for the Rock Island 500,000 acres of land. The land was granted to them in 1889, but has never been divided.