

Chicago Times

THE
TIMES

LEADS THEM ALL
IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

MORNING, AUGUST 9, 1888.

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ary organizations. This course has been
started at the request of M. A. Sheridan.

SHERIDAN'S FAMOUS RIDE.

Historical Doubts Removed by Dispatches
from the General.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 8, 1864. Herbert E. Hill, of Somerville, went all through the Shenandoah valley campaign with Gen. Sheridan, and was close to "Gallant Phil" in the battle of Cedar creek, made famous by Sheridan's memorable ride from Winchester to the relief of his routed army. Hill has written several articles on the Shenandoah valley campaign, and as some of his statements were disputed he appealed to Sheridan himself for a confirmation of his stories. He received in reply two dispatches which are of great historical interest, as they settle for some mooted points. Some have even gone so far as to question whether there ever was a thing as his ride from Winchester.

Historians have disputed regarding the time he arrived, the horse he rode, the guns captured, etc. These points are all settled by the man who knew most about the matter, and they corroborate the colonel's accounts in every particular. Here are copies of the dispatches in question:

CHICAGO, Oct. 17, 1881.—Col. Herbert E. Hill, of Somerville, Mass., between 6 and 7 o'clock on Monday, Oct. 19, the officer on picket at Winchester reported to me, while I was in bed at the house of Gen. Edwards, commanding officer, the sound of firing at artillery shots. These I supposed to be given by Grover's division of the 9th corps, which was to have made a reconnaissance that morning.

A black horse Winchester was saddled, as was the horses of my staff officers, and we started about 7 o'clock, passing through the main street of Winchester.

On reaching the southern suburbs of the town a sound of artillery indicated a battle to be un-avoidably. We walked leisurely until we reached Cedar creek, a half-mile or so from the town, and then to determine by the sound whether the firing was coming toward us or from us, and after crossing Mill creek and arising on the little bluff on the south side, we saw the heads of the troops retreating, coming rapidly to the rear. I at once ordered a halt, directing the train be stopped and parked at Mill creek, and sent orders that the brigade in garrison at Winchester be stretched across the country, and all stragglers stopped.

On taking twenty men from my escort, I rode off on a nearly parallel to the valley pike as a crowd of stragglers would be seen, and I took Getty's division of the 9th corps, three-quarters of a mile north of Middletown, reaching a little before 10 o'clock a. m. I rode my black horse Winchester until just before the final check at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when I changed to my gray horse, which I rode until the evening was over.

F. B. SHERIDAN.

Lieutenant-General United States Army.
CHICAGO, Oct. 18, 1881.—Col. Herbert E. Hill, of Somerville, Mass.: The enemy captured from our camp early in the morning twenty-four pieces of artillery. These were recaptured and twenty-four from the enemy in the afternoon, making a net gain of eight pieces. Ten battle-flags were also captured from the enemy. My black horse Winchester died Oct. 2, 1878, and is set up on exhibition at military institute at Governor's island. My horse was burned up in the Chicago fire, Oct. 4, 1887.

F. B. SHERIDAN.

Lieutenant-General United States Army.

WESTERN TRIBUTES.

Rusk and Staff to Attend the Funeral—
Ohio Veterans.

MADISON, Wis., Aug. 8.—Gov. Rusk and staff will participate in the funeral ceremonies. Besides the governor the following members of his staff will be present: Adj. Gen. C. P. Chapman, Col. Charles King, E. M. Rogers, Col. F. B. Copeland, Col. J. S. Stanley. The party will leave tomorrow morning.

LEWISBURG, O., Aug. 8.—Commander O'Neill of the Ohio G. A. R., sent the following to Sheridan from this city today: "The thousand Grand Army comrades weep you at the bier of Gen. Sheridan. His distinguished services endear him to us."
JOSEPH W. O'NEALL, Commander.

Slave-Girl Stories

Will Be Continued.

INJURED IN A WRECK.

A Broken Rail Near Morgantown, Ind.,
Throws Part of a Train Down
an Embankment.

Thirty-three Persons in One Car Are
Maimed and Bruised, Ten of Whom
Will Probably Die.

The Victims Are Given All Possible Attention.
Physicians Soon Arriving at
the Scene.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Aug. 8.—The worst railroad disaster that ever occurred in this section happened at 7:30 o'clock this morning on the Fairland and Franklin railroad, near the little village of Morgantown, seventeen miles northwest of this city.

A mail and baggage car and one passenger coach, which contained thirty-five passengers, tumbled down a fifty-four-foot embankment, injuring all the occupants but two.

The disaster occurred at Barnes creek, the bridge proper over it being no more than eight feet long, but on the west end is a trestle one hundred feet long. The engine passed over safely, but the baggage-car struck a broken rail and was thrown from the track, and with it the passenger coach.

The two rolled down the high embankment, turning over several times in the descent. The screams of the wounded were terrible. Physicians soon arrived on the scene and ministered to their comfort. The following are injured and at least ten of them will die:

Mrs. M. T. Hancock, of Morgantown, concussion of brain.

Mrs. Voyles of Morgantown, injured internally. Mrs. Lyons of Kentucky, shoulder broken, daughter injured and son's arm broken.

Conductor Tom Summerville of Martinsville, three ribs broken and injured.

Tom Kennedy, mail agent of Martinsville, back injured.

Rev. Mr. Stark of Georgetown, Ind., cut on head and shoulders.

N. S. Hicks of Nicholsonville, cut on head and side.

Jacob Eckert of Indianapolis, fatally hurt internally.

Mrs. William Morgan of Indianapolis, badly injured. Her three children badly hurt.

William Griffith of Needmore, Ind., seriously cut on head.

Miss Crewitt of Martinsville, shoulder broken. Mathilda Rind of Brown county, arm broken.

An unknown lady and daughter of Indianapolis, seriously hurt.

All the injured were taken as quickly as possible to the hotel and private residences at Morgantown and every attention shown that could be. The railway company also sent physicians and surgeons to the scene, and spared no means to provide for the comfort of the injured.

Later Revelations.

See THE TIMES Daily.

IT BLEW GREAT GUNS.

Buildings Unroofed, Signs Blown Down,
and Wires Prostrated.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8.—About 4:30 o'clock this afternoon the heaviest wind and rain storm of the season passed over this city from the southwest. A number of buildings were unroofed, signs blown down, and large limbs blown from the trees. The telegraph wires leading out of the city in every direction were rendered useless, and for a time not a single wire in the Western union or Associated Press system was in communication with the outside world. The season, the thermometer registering 85 in the shade. Several persons were prostrated by the heat.

PETERSBURG, Va., Aug. 8.—Petersburg was visited this afternoon between the hours of 1 and 4 o'clock by four distinct electric storms, the last of which continued for four hours and was one of the severest ever experienced here. Lightning struck in several places about the city. In the adjoining counties the storm was accompanied by a strong wind, which uprooted trees and did other damage. The telegraph wires are down in every direction and communication with the outside world is impaired.

ALONE IN MID-OCEAN.

Capt. Andrews in His Little Dory Is 1,000
Miles Out and Happy.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—Capt. Andrews, who sailed from Boston July 4 in his little dory, the Dark Secret, on his perilous and adventurous voyage to Queenstown, was seen Aug. 1 by the people on board the steamship India, which arrived yesterday from Mediterranean ports after a long voyage, and disappointed Congressman Ford's investigating committee, who went down the bay to meet the steamer, expecting to find a number of imported Italians on board. Capt. Jameson, of the India, reports that he spoke to the Dark Secret on the morning of Aug. 1 in latitude 44° 50' and longitude 51° 31', which is about 864 miles out from Boston. Her position when last seen was a little to the southwest of the Great banks, and, as favorable weather has prevailed since the India passed the dory, Capt. Jameson considers it most probable that he has succeeded in passing this region of dangerous mist in perfect safety.

The India is the third transatlantic steamer that has spoken to the Dark Secret since she started.

Capt. Jameson, when he arrived yesterday, said:

"About 7:30 o'clock on the morning of Aug. 1, the second officer, who was in charge of the bridge, directed my attention to what he thought a small ship's boat some distance off on our starboard side. I slowed down and awaited the boat's approach. As the little lateen-rigged boat, its mutton-leg-shaped sail closely reefed, came skimming along, mounting the billows, I soon perceived that the lonely occupant was not a shipwrecked mariner and that he did not wish any assistance. Wrapped in his oil-cloth suit, holding the tiller of his little dory, the sole occupant of the boat, his eyes bright and cheerful, a ruddy, healthful-looking glow suffusing his whole countenance, he looked monarch of all he surveyed."

"When I hailed him he replied: 'This is the Dark Secret, Capt. Andrews, from Boston to Queenstown. I am well. Please report me when you arrive in New York.' I was astonished at his courage and daring, and before I had time to say anything more the Dark Secret with its bold commander was continuing on its long voyage. Capt. Andrews was in the best of spirits, and, judging from his looks and actions, has not suffered any hardships, although he is making but slow progress. He has plenty of provisions—at least, he did not wish any from me."

Capt. Jameson thinks that Capt. Andrews will succeed in crossing the Atlantic in his little dory.

DECOY LETTERS.

An Interesting Decision by Justice Harlan
of the Supreme Court.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8.—The case recently decided by Mr. Justice Harlan at Baltimore, arising under the postal laws, is exciting much interest, and today the decision, which was an oral one, was written out by the justice. Its main points are as follows: Certain inspectors caused a postal officer to put a decoy letter containing money, and which they addressed to an actual resident of Baltimore, with the letters usually put on the dumping table in the postoffice in that city. They had previously arranged with the postmaster that the letter, if it passed the backing and canceling tables and reached the carriers' room or division, should not be delivered to the carriers for delivery to the person addressed, but to the inspectors. This letter never reached the carriers' division, and it was claimed to have been taken by the accused while working at the table.

The justice, in his opinion, held that the decoy letter, which it was alleged, was intended to be conveyed by mail. He was also inflected under the second clause of the same section for stealing the money out of the letter. On the last indictment he was acquitted and convicted on the first. Mr. Justice Harlan, while saying that decoy letters could be legally and properly used to detect postal thieves, held that a letter which the inspectors and postmaster deliberately contrived should not be delivered to a carrier or to the person addressed, or to the latter's agent, was not, within the meaning of the statute, a letter.

CITY SLAVE GIRLS.

"Nell Nelson" Spends a Day Among
the Serfs and Bondwomen in the
Shops of "Little Hell."

For Four Hours, of Unceasing Toil in a
Dirty, Crowded Tailor's Room She
Is Paid Six Cents.

Think of It! Children Get \$1 a Week
from Men Who Grow Rich at the
Expense of Human Life.

Factories from Which the Miserable, Help-
less Drudges Could Never Escape
in Case of Fire.

Taskmasters Who Can Not Speak English
Holding American Laborers in
Grinding Bondage.

It was 7 a. m. by all the whistles in "Little Hell" when I reached that section of the city in search of an opening in a shop. The streets were crowded with shop hands hurrying to their day's work—men and boys with pipes in their mouths carrying dinner-pails or lunch-baskets; little girls in groups of two and three in beggarly rags; young women and old women, some of them white-haired and stooped with age, wearing shawls about their heads and shoulders and the meapest apologies for shoes. Many girls were bare-headed, and some went through the streets in old skirts and dilapidated waists that had neither collar nor sleeves.

At the corner of Elm and Wesson streets is an immense tailor shop into which the girls fairly swarmed, some going into the main and some into the rear building. Both buildings have three stories, each containing a shop under a different "boss." I followed the crowd through both buildings beginning in the basement and going up and up and up the narrow, dirty, covered stairs, stopping on each floor to see the "boss" and apply for work. No success. The vest shops were full and so were the trousers shops. In the jacket shop there was room for experienced hands only at the munificent salary of \$3 a week. The garments were cut and the sewer had the entire making.

As I passed through the crowded rooms I could not help noticing the machine-like way in which everything was done. Not a moment was wasted in greetings or exchange of friendly remarks. Almost at the very instant the girls took their seats the machines were whizzing and whirling and the bright little needles flying through seams, collars, bands and facings. Cutters clicked their shears and little scissors and pressers sponged leg-seams and collars and moved their heavy "goggles" under little clouds of steaming vapor. Everywhere it was work, work, for barely enough to keep life in the body and virtue in the soul of these hapless children of misery.

The work-rooms, containing all the machinery, were the wealth of sunlight and fresh air. On three sides of the buildings were windows through which the heavens smiled. The staircases, which, by the way, were boxed, ran along the right side of the building, and which, in case of fire, would have gone up in an instant, leaving the unfortunate inmates with absolutely no means of escape but the windows. I asked one of the