

A CHAPTER OF DISASTERS

A New York Tenement House Horror
—Terrible Boiler Explosion at
Galveston, Texas.

**Three Persons Cremated at Watertown,
N. Y.—Two Brave Chicago
Firemen Killed.**

Eight People Cremated.

Another tenement-house horror is reported by telegraph from New York. Fire broke out at midnight in the rear of John Humphrey's restaurant, in First avenue, and, before the flames could be subdued or the occupants of the building rescued, eight unfortunate human beings were cremated. They were: Joseph Humphrey, aged 35; Henry Humphrey, aged 4 months; Miss Elizabeth Hurley, aged 23; Miss Christina Koerner, aged 44; Mrs. Mina Krithmar, aged 32; Richard Krithmar, aged 11; William Hurley, aged 45. Before the killed, fourteen persons were injured, some of them very seriously. The following were partly suffocated: Mrs. Ida Roehlich, aged 22; Albert Koerner, aged 15; Miss Kate Koerner, aged 28; William Flanagan, aged 16; George Hurley, aged 15; Mrs. Eliza Hurley, aged 55; Mrs. Kate Limbacher, aged 26; Katie Limbacher, aged 6; Martha and Alfred Krithmar, aged respectively 8 and 12 years; an infant child of Mrs. Roehlich's.

The following had each a leg broken by jumping from windows: Pauline Koerner, aged 18; Willie Liehmphul, aged 7; and Rosalie Humphrey, aged 24.

At the time of the fire there were eight families in the house, with a total of thirty-six souls.

One man saved his wife and three children by tossing them, one at a time, from a second-story window, into the arms of a stalwart hero named Allen, who caught them on the fly as fast as they came to him.

Terrible Destruction by an Exploding Boiler.

The city of Galveston, Tex., was shook from center to suburbs, the other evening, by an explosion in the engine-room of the Tremont Hotel. People in the vicinity, says a telegram from that city, were terrified to see the building suddenly expand into a cloud of smoke, fire, dust, and debris, from which shot the bodies of men and missiles of every fearful description, accompanied by a hissing, rumbling sound immediately followed by a terrible deafening crash. The main building shook and trembled as if in the throes of a mighty earthquake.

The boiler-house was completely demolished, not one brick remaining upon another. The tall chimney fell with a crash, while from the rear shot out with terrible force one of the large sixty-horse-power boilers. This was driven with fearful velocity a distance of 300 feet, crushing in its course the north end of a two-story frame laundry building in the rear of the hotel. Careening upward it grazed and damaged the roof of a two-story blacksmith and wheelwright shop. Then plunging downward it demolished like eggshells three small frame tenement-houses occupied by negroes, and finally spent its force on a house of ill-repute, one room of which was occupied by a man and woman. Upon this house the huge piece of iron dropped, crushing it into kindling, killing the woman and dangerously wounding the man. The scene in the immediate vicinity of the explosion presented a ghastly, terrifying spectacle. Ready and willing hands exhumed from beneath a mass of twisted iron, brick and mortar the dead bodies of four human beings, two of them being most horribly mutilated. Half a dozen others were seriously injured.

The scene at the hotel immediately after the explosion was one of the wildest confusion. The hotel building tottered and quaked, and cinders, ashes, and smoke filled the corridors, while the guests fled in their roomy terror-stricken and pallid. Several in and about the building were struck with flying missiles and slightly wounded.

Three Lives Lost in a Burning House.

At Watertown, Seneca County, N. Y., the dwelling of Mr. James A. Logan was burned, shortly after midnight. The house was occupied by Mr. Logan, his wife, and four children. Before the fire department arrived the house was nearly burned to the ground. On arriving on the scene the firemen found the body of Mrs. Logan hanging out of the second-story window, burned to a crisp. After the fire was got under control search was made for the other bodies. In the second story was found the body of Mr. Logan, with his youngest child clasped in his arms. While attempting to escape they had evidently been overcome by the heat and smoke and both were burned past recognition.

Two Chicago Firemen Killed.

A four-story store on South Water street, Chicago, was partially destroyed by fire, involving a loss of \$20,000. After the fire was out a muster of the men of hook and ladder company No. 1 showed that two men, Martin Mulvey and Charles Bird, were missing. A force of firemen were put to work to search the ruins. After two hours of hard work two bodies were found, and they were identified as those of Bird and Mulvey. The bodies were badly crushed and mutilated. Falling floors injured a number of the other firemen. While running to the fire Bulwinkle's big wagon collided with a street-car on Randolph street. The horses of the patrol and street-car horses were knocked down, and the car itself was nearly overturned. Nobody was hurt.

FOUR MEN KILLED.

A Desperate Fight with Cattle-Thieves.
[St. Louis dispatch.]

Four men were killed in a battle with cattle-thieves in the Indian Territory. The battle occurred yesterday afternoon, and was the result of the extensive operations of a gang of marauders known as the Red River band of cattle-thieves. They are said to be organized and well equipped for prosecuting their lawless business. They have been operating extensively, and within the last three weeks have grown doubly daring and bold in their exploits. They drove off a lot of cattle belonging to the Roff Brothers one day this week, leaving a good trail to follow them by. A posse was organized and was declared in earnest. Pursuit was commenced Wednesday morning and prosecuted with vigor until yesterday afternoon, when the villains were cornered in a big log house, or barn, at Lee's ranch. How many were in the house is not definitely known, but from "signs" it was believed there were six, and that they were well-armed and desperate fellows. The house was surrounded and preparations made to carry it by assault, but the men inside opened fire, and their aim was deadly. The shots were returned, and there was lively shooting for about ten minutes, when the would-be thief-catchers were forced to retreat, taking with them four of their number dead. They were Andrew Roff, James Roff, Tom Guy, an Indian police sergeant, and Jim Akers. The people of that section are aroused, and are preparing to inaugurate a war of extermination on the gang.

ALL SORTS.

ATTORNEY GENERAL GARLAND does his own marketing.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is said to be a good listener at church.

The Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, N. Y., recently preached in favor of cremation.

A DARING DEED.

A Single Train Robber Gets Away
with \$3,000 on the New
Albany Road.

He Enters the Car and Clubs and Shoots
the Messenger and Bag-
gageman.

Bloomington, Ind., and the surrounding country were last week thrown into a wild state of excitement over what is probably the most daring robbery ever committed in the State by any one person, the facts of which constitute a story of crime almost unequalled on the frontier of the far West, and revive memories of the daring deeds of the James boys and their fellow-bandits. Shortly after midnight, near what is known as Smithville Hill, express train No. 3 on the Monon Route, which left Louisville at 7 p. m. for Chicago, was robbed by one man, and two men were shot so badly that neither will recover. The train was running slower than usual and just entering a small rock cut, when the bell in the engine was sounded and the engineer stopped his train. Conductor Chambers, in charge, was in the ladies' coach and passed through the smoker into the baggage-car. There a fearful scene met his eyes. Two men, the baggagemaster and express messenger, lay on the floor covered with blood. The safe of the American Express Company was open and everything was in confusion. The situation needed no explanation. A robbery had been committed, and the men, faithful at their posts, had been shot down like dogs.

The train was at once run to Bloomington, where an alarm was given and the wounded men cared for. George Davis, the express messenger, was unconscious, and speaking most pitifully the unconnected thoughts that rushed through his shattered brain. Peter Webber, the baggagemaster, though badly injured, was at all times rational. Both were taken to the Orchard House, a short distance from the depot, where beds were prepared and physicians summoned. An examination proved that Davis had been shot through the head, and that two other ugly wounds had been inflicted by a blunt instrument—one on the forehead and another on the left side of the head. The ball from a revolver had entered an inch and a half above the ear and in front, going through the head. From the wound clots of brain were slowly oozing, while blood was flowing from the other injuries. Webber's wounds were less serious. A bullet entered high up on the neck, just below the ear, and ranging down, lodged on the other side. Though the injury is serious, it is thought he will recover. A wound on the head is not very serious, though it bled profusely.

Webber's story of the robbery, from which he barely escaped alive, is substantially as follows:

"The No. 3 night express, bound for Chicago, started from Louisville on time, and when about eighty miles out, or just before we came to Harrodsburg, there being nothing to do only at Bloomington until we got to Greencastle, Davis and I fixed up a little couch with coats and wraps upon which to lie down and rest. In doing so we placed our heads toward the south. In a short time somebody entered the south door from the smoking-car, and I, thinking it was the conductor, as he often passed through the car, raised my head to see, when a man rushed up and struck me a terrible blow over the head with a heavy stick he carried in his hand. I fell to the floor unconscious from the shock, and from after indications suppose that Davis and the robber engaged in a scuffle, as Davis has three cuts on the head, but the villain succeeded in shooting him in the vein and he fell to the floor. By this time I had recovered myself sufficiently to get up, and was doing so when the man pointed a revolver at me, and commanded me not to say a word or I should share Davis' fate. Then he said he would shoot me unless I gave him the key. I told him I did not have it, when he said to get it or he would kill me instantly. Davis had the key in his pocket, and I turned him over and took it from his pants. Then the thief commanded me to unlock the safe, threatening to shoot me all the time. When I had done so he took the key, put it in his pocket, and commanded me to stand still, and with the revolver pointing at me, with his left hand took the money packages from the safe. As he took the last one out he said he was going to shoot me for fear I would tell. I begged him in the name of God to spare me, when with an oath the murderer pulled the trigger and I fell to the floor. I soon got on my feet again, when I pulled the bell-rope. The robber faced me, looking as pale as death. He did not say a word. As the train stopped he went out of the door, shut it behind him, and stepped off to the west. He was tall and slender, with a light mustache—that I think artificial. He seemed about 30 years old. I would recognize him at once."

This is substantially the story of the only man who witnessed the robbery, Davis having been shot and being unconscious at the time. What may have occurred between Davis and the robber while Webber lay on the floor from the shock of the first blow, of course no one knows.

Conductor Chambers, of the robbed train, says that the first intimation of the affair he had was when Webber, all bloody and bleeding, came stumbling into the smoking-car. When the train stopped he rushed forward to learn the cause, and there met Webber. He could give no connected account of the tragedy, and the conductor went forward into the baggage-car, where Davis lay groaning and gasping. In the corner was the open safe, and by its side the club of the robber. Davis' pistol he had taken with him in his flight. Webber told various stories of the affair, in one of which he claimed that he had shot the robber, but this did not appear to be the true version of the story. The place where the robbery occurred was in the midst of the woods, and it then being midnight all thought of seeking for the bandit was abandoned, and the train drew on to Bloomington, where Davis was left in a dying condition.

The officials of the road feel very badly over the murder of Davis, as he was one of the most popular and efficient messengers in their employ. He has been wounded several times during his services. In the accident near Salem, Ind., about two years ago, when a train went through the bridge, Davis saved all the valuables by throwing his safe into the river while the train was going through. He paid for his devotion to duty to the neglect of self by having a shoulder and two ribs broken.

THE OKLAHOMA BOOMERS.

Capt. Couch and His Followers In-
dicted for Engaging in Rebell-
ion and Insurrection.

[Kansas City special to Chicago Times.]
The United States Grand Jury, which has been in session at Topeka for over a week, considering the Oklahoma question, has found separate indictments against sixty-eight of the colonists, who for several weeks were in camp at Arkansas City, and one sweeping indictment has been found against the remainder as a whole, charging them with inciting, assisting, and engaging in rebellion and insurrection against the authority of the United States. Before these indictments were returned Gen. Hatch and several prominent citizens of Arkansas City were before the Grand Jury and gave their testimony. Prior to this time District Attorney Hallowell was in receipt of a letter from Attorney General Garland, at Washington, calling upon him to at once proceed against the colonists and prosecute them so far as possible under the law. The point by which it is hoped now to hold and convict the men is this, by remaining in camp at Arkansas City, they were "inciting and assisting in rebellion" in opposition to President Cleveland's proclamation. It is a fact that the men did remain in camp as charged, and it is also a fact that some of them used harsh language in their denunciations of the interpretations of the law which kept them from entering the Oklahoma lands when cattle barons and stockmen were not only allowed to enter, but were protected after they got there. Dist. Atty. Hallowell, in conversation to-day, said that he had but one course to pursue, and that was to carry out the instructions of the Attorney General. He had written Atty. Gen. Garland that information had been received that the colonists had left Arkansas City, and inasmuch as it would entail upon the department heavy expense if the men were arrested and brought to Topeka he should wait for further instructions before having the indictments pushed. He believed, however, that the final result would be that Capt. Couch and ten or a dozen of the leaders of the movement would be arrested, brought to Topeka, given a hearing, and placed under bonds, and that the remaining indictments would be held over. This to him seemed the best thing to do in the present situation of affairs.

CATTLE INTERESTS.

The Governors of Iowa and Montana Fire
Proclamations at Pleuro-Pneumonia.

[Des Moines special.]

Gov. Sherman, of Iowa, issued the following proclamation:

"WHEREAS, Reliable information from the State Veterinary Surgeon and otherwise has reached me that the dread epidemic pleuro-pneumonia exists in virulent and contagious form in many of the States of the Union among the cattle thereof; and

"WHEREAS, in view of the prominent position held by Iowa as a cattle-producing and cattle-feeding State, being first in value and rank therein among all the States and Territories, and the immense investments in such stocks held by our people; and

"WHEREAS, it is of the greatest importance that this vast interest involving many millions of valuable property should be protected to the people of the State, and to the end that the good name of the State as a stock-and-food-producing district shall be maintained:

Now, therefore, I, Buren H. Sherman, Governor of the State of Iowa, by virtue of the authority in me vested by the Constitution and laws of the State, do hereby declare and establish quarantine at the boundaries thereof against all animals infected with the said disease, pleuro-pneumonia, or that have been exposed thereto, and I do hereby absolutely prohibit the importation into the State of all cattle shipped or driven from the States hereinafter named, unless accompanied by a certificate of health given by the State Veterinary Surgeons of said States, who shall have first made careful examination of such cattle—viz.: The States of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Delaware, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and the District of Columbia. All railroads and transportation companies are hereby forbidden to bring into this State any cattle from the localities above named unless the proper health certificate as above specified shall accompany the shipment. I appeal to all good citizens to assist in the enforcement hereof, and specially direct all sheriffs, constables, and other peace officers and the Boards of Health throughout the State, and the State Veterinary surgeon and his several deputies shall see that this proclamation be obeyed.

Gov. Carpenter, of Montana, has issued a proclamation prohibiting the importation of cattle into that Territory.

A dispatch from Lexington, Ky., says that pleuro-pneumonia has again appeared among some Jerseys at Cynthiana. A fine bull displays active symptoms of the disease, and half a dozen animals in herds have it in the chronic stage.

A St. Louis telegram states that the recent proclamation of Gov. Oglesby, of Illinois, prohibiting the introduction into Illinois of cattle from Missouri, has caused quite a commotion in various parts of the State, and strong condemnation of and opposition to this action is cropping out in all directions. Gov. Marmaduke has telegraphed Gov. Oglesby asking him to reconsider his action in declaring quarantine against Missouri.

The executive office of the National Cattle and Horse Growers' Association furnishes the following live-stock bulletin for the week ending April 30:

Vice Presidents Milne and Stonerood, of New Mexico, report fine weather and no disease. Cattle and horses are doing splendidly. The early spring rains and the present condition of the grass and stock indicate the most prosperous season ever experienced by New Mexican cattlemen. The universal sentiment of local associations is adverse to crowding the ranges, and condemns the United States land laws relating to final proofs on land entries, which Congress will be requested to change. In Arkansas heavy rains have prevailed, but the weather is warmer now, the grass is growing finely, and the cattle improving rapidly. There is no disease, and the prospect is bright for the season. In Pennsylvania the weather is cold and the season backward, but cattle and horses are in fair condition and no disease is reported.

A Saloon Monopoly.

[Milwaukee telegram.]
A movement to monopolize the saloon interest of this city is being quietly worked by the brewers here. The plan is to get possession of all the desirable sites for saloons in the city, and then run the business themselves. During the year past the three largest brewing firms in the city have quietly bought 230 corner sites for which over \$350,000 has been paid. Other brewers have been engaged in the same work.

HENRY W. WILLIAMS, President of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, is called the most accomplished road-riding wheelman in the country. He has ridden 13,500 miles, 7,500 of which were done without a fall.

INDUSTRIOUS OFFICIALS.

Toll and Self-Sacrifice of the Laborers Who
Form the New Administration.

[Washington special in Philadelphia Times.]
Idleness is certainly not one of the besetting sins of the present administration. I saw the Secretary of the Treasury hurrying through his belated dinner at 8 o'clock last evening, to resume official duties. I saw the President hard at work at half-past 10 last night, with the Secretary of War waiting to confer with him on official business, and I saw Postmaster General Vilas at his office before 9 this morning, after having made a tour of inspection through several of his subordinate departments. It may be the old adage of the new broom, but it looks as if an era of official industry had been inaugurated as one of the substantial reforms of the new political rule. And what the heads of departments are doing in the way of industry is systematically enforced through all the ramifications of public service. Idlers, favorites and drones generally are all quaking in their boots at the new standard of public duties, and searching inquiries are now in progress to ascertain the needless employes, preparatory to their dismissal. Army favorites, who have, by their social and political influence, retained desirable positions in Washington, are unable to find any weak spot in the impartial armor of the new Cabinet officers, and they will be required to take their share of hard service. With most of the leading men of the new administration, this habit of industry is simply the continuance of the methods of their lives. The President has been noted for his industry, and he is doing as President what he has always done as lawyer, Sheriff, Mayor and Governor. Manning is also a natural hard worker; one who does everything himself that he can do, and he is rigorous in the effort to master every branch of the Treasury. Vilas is another natural worker. Like the President and Manning, he is just in the ripest vigor of life, and he means to manage his department himself. Whitney is another systematic worker. Like Vilas he is a great lawyer, with the keenest business qualities added, and both declined special professional fees very largely in excess of their pay as Cabinet officers, to accept their present position. Vilas was offered, by a large Western railroad interest, \$15,000 a year simply as consulting counsel if he would decline the Cabinet office, and when Whitney commanded such clients as the Vanderbilts, it is needless to add that he sacrificed much, in a pecuniary sense, to become Secretary of the Navy. But Manning, Whitney, and Vilas are the politicians of the Cabinet, and they are all broad-gauge men in politics as well as in law or business, and they are all quite too independent in fortune to accept public place for either immediate or remote profit. They have staked everything upon two great aims—to make exceptionally creditable and successful administrations of their departments, and to make Democracy a successful and enduring power in the land by eminently deserving the trust of the people. Bayard, Lamar, Garland, and Endicott are heartily in accord with the President, Manning, Whitney, and Vilas, in the aim to merit the favor of the country, but they are not politicians in the broad and liberal sense of the others.

Republicans and Civil Service.

The Republican party would have something less of disrespect in its retirement from power, did its organs and leaders prate less of civil service reform. It is only when the Democracy has the dispensing of the offices that they clamor for the enforcement of the civil service enactments. When their own party had the appointing prerogative they declaimed against any share of the offices going to other than Republicans. In practice they indorsed, religiously, the doctrine that "to the victor belongs the spoils." Upon the doors of the departments and every Government building in the country was, impliedly, painted the sign: "No Democrat need apply." But now that the Democracy has the keys to these doors, the ousted party indignantly protests against the signs being changed to read in the same way against Republicans. As long as the Republican party was knocker-out it claimed the entire gate receipts. But now that it has been fairly beaten, it is whining for a division of the receipts. This is very contemptible. It indicates despicable littleness and dishonor. Even the devotees of the sporting ring would scorn and repudiate such a spirit. It is as mean as is the act of the man who having staked in an effort to beat another out of money and lost, seeks technicalities of law to recover it from the winner.

Under the civil service law, itself emanating from a Democrat, some Republicans will for some time be retained in office. But had the Democratic administration adopted Republican party ethics, the offices would, every one, before this time have been filled by Democrats. From a party standpoint, and in view of the practice of Republican administrations, no Republican is entitled to an hour of service or a dollar of compensation under this administration. If Mr. Cleveland sustains the civil service laws, he is doing what none of his predecessors have done. If he permits Republicans to tarry a while, it is in pursuance of a policy which in its nationality is entirely foreign to Republican narrow partisanship. Let the Democracy deserve never so much praise for its magnanimity, the Republicans deserve only contempt for their baby act appeals to stay.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

ALTHOUGH President Arthur's conduct of his administration was praised even by his opponents, his army appointments approached the scandalous. For personal friendship's sake he promoted officials over the heads of the deserving; reinstated those who had by misconduct forfeited their rank; and demoralized the army by several instances of gross favoritism. President Cleveland's treatment of young Jonett, the Lieutenant in the navy who misused the public funds, is in a different key. Notwithstanding he is the son of an Admiral, who is "an old Kentucky Democrat," the President declined to set aside the verdict of the court-martial and restore him to his office. "Public office is a public trust" is his motto, and he evidently means to act up to it in its strictest interpretation.—Detroit Free Press.

GEN. GRANT, it is stated, made up his old quarrel with Mr. Blaine about a year ago. How many quarrels has Mr. Blaine had with prominent men, anyhow? Is there any one of them that he has not quarreled with? And yet there is talk in some quarters about running him again for the Presidency. Let him run.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—A street railway is to be built between South Bend and Mishawaka.

—Lafayette has a church social run by ladies who tip the scales at 170 pounds and over, each.

—Mrs. Catharine Leslie, of New Albany, whose late husband was in the gun-boat service, has secured pension and back pay to the amount of \$4,000.

—Ex-Gov. Conrad Baker died last week at his residence in Indianapolis. The cause of his death was paralysis of the pneumogastric nerve. Gov. Baker was born in Franklin County, Pa., Feb. 12, 1819. He was educated at Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg. His preceptor in the study of law was the late Thaddeus Stevens. He was admitted to practice in 1839, and he moved to Evansville in 1841. He resided there until the office of Governor devolved upon him by the election of Gov. Morton to the United States Senate in January, 1867, since which time he had lived in Indianapolis. In 1845 he was elected Representative from Vanderburgh County, serving one term. In 1852 he was elected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, serving eighteen months and then resigning. In 1856 he was nominated for Lieutenant Governor by the Republican party on the ticket with Gov. Morton, and in 1864 he was again placed on the ticket with Gov. Morton, and this time elected. In 1868 he was nominated against T. A. Hendricks for Governor, and defeated him by 961 votes. Retiring from the office in 1872, he was succeeded by Mr. Hendricks, whose place he took in the law firm of Baker, Hord & Hendricks, where he had since remained. Gov. Baker served during the war as Colonel of the 1st cavalry and Provost Marshal General of the State of Indiana, being mustered out of service in August, 1864. Gov. Baker leaves a family, a wife and three children, fully grown.

—The last of the callers were about leaving the White House Wednesday afternoon, a Washington correspondent writes, when a man who gave his name as Capt. James M. Herrington, of Jeffersonville, Ind., stepped up to the door with a request that he would like to see the President, adding that Vice President Hendricks had sent him. On being questioned as to his business, he said he desired to read to the President an allegorical essay, prose and poetry, on "The Irrepressible Conflict of Public Sentiment." He thereupon produced from his overcoat pocket a package of about forty pages of foolscap paper. The doorkeeper offered to take it, saying that Col. Lamont read all the poetry that came before it was sent to the President, but the Captain declined the offer, for the reason, he said, that the chirography was poor and so much interlined that any one except himself would have difficulty in reading it. The doorkeeper, under the circumstances, refused admission, and he went away grumbling. As he was leaving, the Captain said he had been for years a river pilot at St. Louis, and he thought he had a better idea of the cause of war than any other man living; that he had penned his thoughts in leisure moments, and that he thought the President would be better off if he had heard his essay. He said he had had a talk with Vice President Hendricks during the early part of the day, but that Mr. Hendricks had no kind of appreciation of poetry or prose unless there was some red-hot politics in it. He said Mr. Hendricks tired of it after hearing but seven pages, and suggested that he let the President hear the remainder.

Reason Called Back.

[From the Boston Herald.]

A notable personage among those to be met along the avenue and in the hotel lobbies of Washington during the past few days has been an ex-soldier, the circumstances of whose career since the war have vested him with a peculiar interest. Early in 1862 he, then a young man, enlisted at his home in Southern Indiana, and was assigned to a regiment that was actively engaged during the whole war. The young soldier made himself useful, was always in the thickest of the fray, and was promoted to be an officer. In one of the last battles fought before the final surrender, while leading a charge, the young Captain was struck in the head, and fell. His soldiers, with whom he was a great favorite, carried him to the rear, where he had every attention. Then he was conveyed to Washington and placed in one of the hospitals, and, after a long period of suffering, his wound healed, but his reason had fled. He was officially declared insane, and placed in an asylum near Washington, where he remained twenty years in this condition. A few months ago his reason returned, and he is to-day as sane a man as lives. He says the past is a blank. He can scarcely comprehend that he is not the same young man that he was twenty years ago. He has found some of his comrades here, and these have treated him with great kindness. He can describe scenes and incidents of the war with as much clearness as if they had taken place but a few months ago. Among the friends he has recently made is ex-Secretary Lincoln, who became interested in his case, and has had his application for a pension made special by the Commissioner of Pensions, who also took an interest in the matter, and within a few days he will receive \$10,000 of back pension money, with which he intends going into business.