

A SENATOR'S DEATH.

Gen. John F. Miller, of California, Dies in Washington.

Mrs. Horatio Seymour Passes Away at Her Home in Utica, New York.

[Washington special.] Senator John F. Miller, of California, died suddenly this afternoon, after a prolonged illness. His death was the result of a complication of disorders, arising primarily from a severe wound in the eye received during the war, twenty-three years ago. The bullet remained in his head about twelve years before it could be extracted, and the wound sapped his strength and rendered him an easy victim to disease. Loss of sleep debilitated his system and asthmatic symptoms kept him in constant pain. Bright's disease subsequently began its insidious work, and then dropsical disorders were developed. But through all his illness the Senator showed such nerve and will power that his physicians were encouraged to hope that he might possibly recover. Several operations were performed and seemed to give much relief.

The news of Senator Miller's death was announced in the Senate by Senator Stanford, and in the house by Mr. Morrow. Both houses immediately adjourned out of respect for the Senator's memory.

Senator Miller will be succeeded by a Democrat, as the Legislature is not in session, and Gov. Stoneman, of California, is of that political faith. Among the prominent candidates for the seat are ex-Chief Justice Wallace, George Hearst, the Democratic caucus nominee at the last election, Gen. Rosecrans, and Mr. Delmas, the attorney for the State in the railroad tax cases now before the United States Supreme Court. A San Francisco dispatch says that the chances favor Delmas, who is a young lawyer, high in the councils of the ultra anti-railroad faction of the Democratic party of the State. It was rumored some weeks ago that Gov. Stoneman would appoint millionaire Flood in the event of Mr. Miller's death.

Senator Miller leaves a fortune estimated at from \$4,000,000 to \$6,000,000. In 1866, when he received his commission as collector of the port of San Francisco, he possessed but little property. At the close of his term Mr. Hutchinson, to whom the President had granted certain hunting privileges in Alaska, and Senator Miller formed what is now known as the Alaska Commercial Company, and it enriched them both. Senator Miller has been most liberal with his wealth, though not wasteful. His house last winter was one of the most noted in Washington for its entertainments.

Mrs. Horatio Seymour.

[Utica (N. Y.) dispatch.]

Mrs. Horatio Seymour died to-day at the residence of Mrs. Roscoe Conkling. In January the Governor brought Mrs. Seymour over from the farm to Mrs. Conkling's, hoping to improve her health by the change. Her affection was simply failing health. Gov. Seymour was very anxious regarding her condition, and this prostrated him and resulted fatally. She was very low at the time of his death, but bade him farewell a few minutes before his decease. Since then she has been failing rapidly, and was unconscious the greater part of the time. Mrs. Seymour's maiden name was Mary Bleeker, she being a daughter of the late John R. Bleeker, of Albany. Her life was very closely connected in all respects with the Governor's career, and a singularly beautiful and simple affection existed between them. They had no children.

DEATH IN THE MINE.

Fearful Fire-Damp Explosion in a Coal Mine Near Dunbar, Pa.

[Connellsville (Pa.) telegram.] Shortly after noon to-day a series of explosions took place in the Uniondale mine at Dunbar, four miles from here, by which two men were killed and twelve others received injuries which will prove fatal in at least four cases. The cause of the explosion was fire-damp. There were twenty-three men in the pit. The first explosion occurred about 12:20 this afternoon and was a terrific shock, followed by two others in quick succession. The first explosion caused the death of two men and injured three. The rest ran toward the mouth of the pit, but before they reached it the other explosion occurred. The lights were blown out, the dust blinded the men, and the passageways were blocked up, cutting off all escape. The pit was on fire and a horrible death awaited the imprisoned miners. Nine of them, who had been working in another entry, managed to make their way out before the mouth of the pit was choked up.

The violence of the shock can be imagined, as it forced the men in Morrell, Calvin & Wheeler's mines, adjoining, to drop their tools and rush panic-stricken to the top. The ground rolled and quaked so that many fell down, and three in the Morrell mine were violently thrown against the walls and seriously injured. Everybody rushed toward the Uniondale mine. Columbus Shay, of the Mahoning Works, and James Henderson, of the Calvin Mines, headed a rescuing party and went to work with picks and shovels to force an entrance. In a few moments an opening was made and several rushed forward to enter the mine, but were repelled by a volume of flame.

It took several minutes for the smoke and fire to clear away. The cries of pain and moans of the injured were pitiful. They were lying in every direction, buried under masses of debris. Several of them were horribly burned. Twelve of them were found in a dying condition; two others were dead, mangled almost into an unrecognizable mass.

It is the opinion here that if a fire boss had been employed the explosion might not have occurred. The experts say that gas will generate in the mines when least expected. The last disaster of this kind in this region occurred at the Youngstown mine in October, 1884, when fourteen people were killed. In February of the same year nineteen men were killed by a fire-damp explosion in Leisening mine, near here.

WAR TO THE KNIFE.

The Missouri Pacific Retaliates by Ordering the Strikers from Its Premises.

A Long and Weary Struggle Anticipated, with a Prospect of Some Bloodshed.

[St. Louis (Mo.) telegram.]

General Superintendent Kerrigan, of the Missouri Pacific Railway, this morning issued an order expelling from the Missouri Pacific yards all Knights of Labor. This order includes the delegation of men appointed by the Knights to guard the company's property. The order is as follows: "You are hereby notified that your action in withdrawing from the services of the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company was a voluntary abandonment of the services of the company, and that you are no longer in its employment, and that your names have been stricken from its rolls. All such who are now about the company's premises are hereby notified that they must immediately leave the same, to the end that this company may resume the traffic of the country." WILLIAM KERRIGAN.

Simultaneously with the appearance of the above order in the Missouri Pacific yards in this city twenty Pinkerton detectives and about the same number in the employ of the railroad company marched into the yards under the command of Thomas Furlong, and ordered the Knights who have been guarding the property to leave at once. The order was obeyed and the freight turned over to the detectives. At Carondelet, where the bulk of the Iron Mountain freight is abandoned, the yards are still in possession of the Knights of Labor. The company is engaging all the men it can to act as watchmen, but the applications are few, and the number now in its employ is not large enough to watch all the freight. The most important rumor of the day was that the Missouri Pacific would attempt to resume business to-morrow. The officials of the road were questioned about it, but refuse to say where they are going to get men. Tonight it is stated that an order will be issued calling on the men to return to work, but they cannot return as Knights of Labor.

A meeting of the merchants was held on Change-to-day, and the situation discussed. While many of the merchants sympathize with the railroad employees, they question the wisdom of striking at this time and for the causes which have been given.

"There are two sides to the question," said a prominent commission merchant. "The one-man power in the railroad must be met by organization on the part of employees, but it is unfortunate that just at the opening of the spring trade this terrible blow should come on the city and country."

There is but one opinion on the subject of interference with business, and that is, that in one way or another the embargo on trade should be lifted. The question of whether the railroad could not be held responsible and be made to carry freight, even if this did involve paying a little higher wages than usual, received considerable attention. In addition to the actual stoppage of the movement of commodities, one of the chief elements operating to check and depress trade is fear. The dealers are afraid to move one way or another and prefer to await developments. Trade is, therefore, practically at standstill, and scarcely anything was done to-day. The speculators, of course, have free swing, but even they are very cautious in their operations. The commission men can do little or nothing but wait until shipments can be made. This state of affairs is working up the feelings of the merchants to a high pitch.

The situation in East St. Louis is alarming in the extreme. Not a pound of freight from any of the Eastern trunk lines can be brought across the river by rail, and the result is that the tracks on the East Side are all blockaded with delayed freight. The bridge is crowded with teams hauling freight to the city. The number of laden coal cars now in the yards of the various roads across the river is enormous, and as there is no way of getting the coal across the river except by hauling it in wagons or shipping it on the ferries, the blockade is likely to cause a cessation of work at the various mines throughout the district, and so throw 2,000 miners out of employment.

This afternoon an attempt was made to start the Kirkwood passenger train on the Missouri Pacific, which was abandoned Sunday. When the signal was given to start the fireman on the engine stepped off and refused to fire. No other man could be secured, and Superintendent Kerrigan jumped on the engine himself and fired her while the run was made to Kirkwood, twelve miles out.

The departure of the passenger trains on the Missouri Pacific to-night was delayed about two hours in consequence of somebody having withdrawn the fire in the locomotives. A force of some four hundred men has been employed by the company to operate their yards, and more will be engaged as rapidly as the proper men can be obtained. The opinion is that if the railroad company attempts to run freight trains to-morrow the effort will be resisted even to the point of violence. There is a feeling of great uncertainty as to what either side will do, and much apprehension is felt regarding the result. A report that the railroad company had applied or would apply to the United States Court here for the appointment of a receiver, so that the road may be placed in charge of a court and be under the protection of the Government, was denied. None of the roads centering here have been at all interfered with, except the Missouri Pacific. There are no indications of trouble on any other road.

Steps have been taken to have St. Louis merchants ship goods by the river to New Orleans, and thence to Texas by the Texas and Pacific Road, which it is thought can be kept open.

DAN RICE, the one-time famous Shakespearean circus clown, is lecturing in Texas, and is said to receive \$500 a week for his oratorical ground and lofty tumbling.

GENERAL ROSECRANS is said to be dissatisfied with his place as Register of the Treasury, and wants to be Superintendent of the Coast Survey.

DR. A. L. FROTHINGHAM, JR., of Johns Hopkins University, has accepted the professorship of archaeology in Princeton College.

SMITTEN AT HIS POST.

Murder of an Express Messenger by Masked Train-Robbers.

The Assassins Capture Thirty Thousand Dollars in Money and Jewelry.

[Chicago telegram.]

A train-robbery which equals in its daring and exceeds in brutality most of the robberies common a few years ago on Southwestern roads was committed early yesterday morning between Joliet and Morris, on the Rock Island Road. None of the so-called Jesse James gangs ever went to work more coolly and deliberately to plunder, and, if necessary, to kill, than did the robbers who murdered Kellogg Nichols, messenger of the United States Express Company, and robbed his safe of \$21,000 in money and several packages of jewelry, supposed to be worth at least \$5,000.

Kellogg Nichols, an old employee of the United States Express Company, was in charge of the express car of the night train from Chicago for Davenport and the West, and N. H. Watts, a man about 25 years old, was baggage master for the trip.

When the train arrived at Morris the conductor of the train, F. L. Wagner, jumped onto the depot platform, and at the same moment, Watts, the baggeman, jumped off, his face deathly pale, and with tremor in every motion. When asked what was the matter he could not for a moment explain, so great was his terror and excitement. The agent at Morris, on going to the express car, was surprised to find the door of the car locked. Heretofore he had always found Nichols standing at the door ready to receive or deliver packages. After waiting a few minutes he knocked at the door, and, getting no response, opened it with his key and jumped in the car. After calling out for Nichols and looking around the car he was struck with horror to see the express messenger lying covered with blood and battered to death in a corner of the car. A glance into the car next in the rear showed him that the safe in the adjoining compartment had been opened and most of its contents, in the shape of papers, packages, and envelopes, scattered near and around it. By this time Watts, the baggeman, had recovered enough composure to tell his story.

He said: "I was sitting in the car; the chains were up on the door which went back to the train, but the door in the front part of the car was not locked, as the car ahead was the one in which was the messenger. He was checking up his runs. I sat on a trunk, and just after they had whistled for Minooka I heard a sort of scraping sound on the floor, but not much—just as though some one had rubbed his foot on the floor. Before I could turn around a big gun was poked over my shoulder, and a man said:

"You open your mouth or move a muscle, and I'll blow your brains out." I could only see the lower part of his face; it was covered with some cloth or paper. I sat looking toward the back part of the car toward the rear of the train, when I heard some one at the safe, which was behind me, and could hear the rustling and tearing of papers. This went on for a while, and the man who stood over me said to me, "If you move or stir hand or foot before the train stops at Morris that man up there will blow the top of your head off." I rolled my eyes up, and there was a man's hand stuck through the ventilator with a gun in it. In about five minutes, as it seemed to me, the train slowed up for Morris, and I looked up. The hand was gone, and I jumped out of the car. I heard no noise, nor any shooting. The first I heard was, as I said, the man speaking to me, and at the same time putting the gun over my shoulder. They must have gotten into Nichols' car first, and got the key to the safe before they came in to me."

"Why didn't you jump and get out of range?" was asked Watts. "The motion of the train would make him aim unsteady, anyway, even if he had fired."

"O, the outlook was too dangerous, and, besides, I did not suspect anything horrible would have been committed if I kept quiet."

As soon as Watts had told his story Conductor Wagner went forward to the engineer, C. Woods, telling him that Nichols had been murdered. The engineer grabbed a wrench and together they went into the car where Nichols lay. In a statement made at Davenport, Engineer Woods said:

"The distance from my place in the cab to the spot where the dead messenger lay was about twenty feet. There was a door in the end of the car next the engine, but that end was piled full of goods, which would serve to deaden the sound of the shooting, if any occurred. There was a strong wind blowing from the west, and besides we were running pretty fast. From the looks of the car a desperate and bloody battle had been fought. Nichols, the messenger, was dead, but his hands were not cold. He had evidently tried to reach the automatic valve on the south side of the car at the right hand of the door facing outward, and by this means stop the train. There was a chair at the farther end of the car. Nichols lay on his back, the head toward the engine, his feet tangled in the chair, and his face and body cut all to pieces. There was a bent piece of iron a foot long and seven-eighths of an inch thick. From appearances he had been beaten with this and cut with some sharp instrument like a hatchet. He was horribly mutilated. He might have been shot, but of this I am not sure."

"As to the night and speed of running," the engineer continued, "it was snowing a little and the night was very dark. It is mostly a prairie country from Joliet to Morris, but west of Morris there is a heavy belt of timber. From Minooka to Morris is down, so I could run fast, and I did so. I came into Morris at a high rate of speed, and when the train stopped it simply dropped. I do not believe any person could have left the train a block from the point of stopping with safety."

According to Engineer Woods' computation the robbers did not have more than thirty-two minutes to do their work.

HELENA, M. T., has a lady superintendent of schools who has Indian blood in her veins. She is highly educated, and has a decided dramatic talent.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

A Professor's Discomfiture and a Bad Man from Harvard.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

When the meeting opened in due form Brother Gardner announced that Hon. Profile Livermore of Arkansas was in the ante-room and waiting to address the meeting. The subject of his address was: "Has the White Man Passed His Zenith?" If there were no objections he would be brought in.

Prof. Wintergreen Davis didn't propose to object, but he would like to be informed of the meaning of the word zenith. He had attended twenty-one different ward caucuses and had clerked in a wood-yard for three weeks, but he had never met with the word before.

There was a deep silence as he settled down, and Brother Gardner scratched his bald pate until as if the friction would start a fire.

"Zenith," he finally said, "why, I ar' mo' dan surprised at your ignorance. Ebery cull'd pu'son in dis kentry orter know all about zenith."

"Yes, sah, but the word breaks me up."

"Zenith am a drefful easy word," continued the President, as he looked up and down the hall in a nervous manner. "You didn't git zenith and zither all mixed up, did you?"

"No, sah."

"When anybody says dat Samuel Shin, fur instance, has passed his zenith, dey can't be taken up for slander. It means—it means—"

He waited so long that the Rev. Penstock arose and said:

"Misser President, it means dat he has passed his best pint. Zenith am de highest pitch."

"Bruder Penstock, sot right down dis minit!" exclaimed the President, as he used his gavel in a vigorous manner. "Who axed you to riz up an' 'splain 'bout zenith? When dis chair can't stan' on one leg an' 'splain any word in common use he will confess his ignorance an' call for help! I shall fine you \$2,000 fur disturbin' dis meetin', and Professor Davis will now be bringin' in."

It was evident to all as soon as he entered the room that the Professor was "off." He grinned, and bowed, and scraped, and finally took a chair near the stove. When Giveadam Jones went over to him and asked if he was ill, he replied:

"Shay! I'll fight you two rounds for twenty-five shents!"

He was drunk! As soon as Brother Gardner realized this fact he ordered him removed from the lodge. The stranger was assisted down stairs into the alley, and hasn't been seen in Detroit since. From the splashes of mud on the right board fence and the distance between his tracks it is believed that he left in a hurry.

"Dis am but another proof," said Brother Gardner, as he took his seat, "dat when you pit brains agin whisky, common sense agin gin, or intellect agin lager beer, de liquids am bound to go under de wire a length ahead."

Sir Isaac Walpole then moved to take from the table the case of the keeper of the museum, who was last week suspended from office and fined \$8,000. Sir Isaac had carefully inquired into all the facts in the case and believed them to be as follows: The keeper desired to run down to the Postoffice to mail a letter to his father-in-law. There was present in the museum a colored man who claimed to be a professor of botany at Harvard, and he was asked to remain until the keeper's return. The time occupied was only twelve minutes, but when the keeper returned he found the stranger had departed, taking with him an eight-day clock once owned by Napoleon I. The keeper was to blame, and yet he was not. If everybody coming along here and claiming to be a professor at Harvard was to be suspected and watched, the whole police force would be kept busy. The clock was probably gone beyond recovery, but the loss was not irreparable. Sir Isaac had in his possession a clock which Napoleon wanted to buy, but didn't have money enough. He would turn this in to the museum in case the keeper was reinstated and his fine remitted.

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The Dog.

The dog is, of all animals, the companion of man par excellence. Let him be treated comfortably, given a good place to sleep, just enough food, a collar with his registered number, and a receipt for his tax each year, and he will continue to be what he always was—the truest animal friend of man.—*Hartford Post.*

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—Mr. Minus Turner, the first settler of Muncie, died recently of dropsy.

—Jess Billings, a prominent and prosperous