HOW CRONIN DIED.

The Story of the Murder as Told by Burke in Winnipeg.

WHAT THE AUTOPSY REVEALED.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Burke, the Cronin suspect, is said to have confessed to his fellow-prisoners while in jail here his connection with the Cronin crime. One of these men is Heffer, who has just been released on a charge of manslaughter. Heffer's statement is said to be most circumstantial, giving names, date and minute details. He says Burke told him that Dr. Cronin was murdered in the Carlson cottage on the night of May 4th, and that he was present at the commission of the deed, together with a number of others, whose names he gave. After the murder was committed the conspirators put the remains in a box and took them to the lake shore in an express waggon. They threw the box into the lake, but it would not sink and drifted ashore, so they put it back into the waggon and took it to the city and hid it for the night. On the following night they set forth again, intending to sink the box containing the remains into the lake by means of weights, but becoming suddenly panic-stricken with the fear of capture they dropped the body into a manhole and threw the box into a vacant lot, where it was found on the following day. Burke mentioned the names of those ordering the commission of the crime and those taking part in it, and he also told who it was who paid him money to leave Chicago and go to Europe by Winnipeg. These names Heffer gave to his lawyers. The story throughout is most circumstantial. This fact it is that leads to the strong belief in its truthfulness entertained by those who are fully acquainted with it. The story also corroborates exactly the statements by Gillette and Mills, two other prisoners. Heffer says he is willing to go to Chicago and give evidence in the matter. The authorities here have notified the State authorities at Chicago of these statements by Gillette, Mills and Heffer, but have not as yet heard anything in reply.

A last (Thursday) night's Chicago despatch says: The Cronin trial formally began this morning. The court-room was crowded. State's Attorney Longenecker at once began his opening address to the jury. He said—The evidence that we shall introduce will be to show a conspiracy to murder Dr. Cronin. The evidence we shall introduce will be that in the conspiracy which was formed and carried into execution, terminating in the killing of Dr. Cronin, all the conspirators are liable for murder, and that the punishment for conspiracy ends in the punishment for murder. That is the position we take in this case. The same hidden hand that worked and moved this conspiracy, that concocted this scheme, was again working in this community to lead the people to believe that Cronin was still alive. Not content with having beaten out his life, not content with having laid him to rest in a sewer, the same conspirators that brought it about were again at work for the purpose of blasting the character and reputation of the man they had murdered.

The State's Attorney proceeded to speak of the motive of the crime, and said that in order to show what that motive was it became necessary to examine into the history in this country of the organization known as the United Brotherhood, commonly called the Clan-na-Gael. Before doing this he reminded the jury that they were not trying the Clan-na-Gael, but the prisoners at the bar. Mr. Longenecker then proceeded to sketch the history of the Clan-na-Gael in this country, saying it was made up of patriotic Irishmen, Irishmen who went into it for political effect and Irishmen who went into it for the money there was in it, and that its object was to free Ireland by force of arms as soon as a favorable opportunity offered. He declared that the Triangle was supreme; that the oaths of the members made their commands superior to the laws of the nation.

Mr. Forrest objected to this line of statement. Judge McConnell warned the State's Attorney that he was making these statements at his peril.

The State's Attorney said he would prove what he had said, and he accepted the responsibility. He proceeded to say that when Sullivan, Feely and Boland got control of the Executive Board they changed the plan of work of the organization, inaugurated the dynamite policy and implanted in the constitution the clause commanding perfect and unquestioning obedience to the commands of the Board.

The defence again took an exception to this line of statement.

The State's Attorney then spoke of the adoption of the Triangle as the symbol of the Executive Board. The membership did not know who constituted the Triangle, so secret was it, but nevertheless they obeyed its orders, and were sent on various special missions in England in the way of active work and under assumed names. Notwithstanding this secrecy those men were betrayed by the Board to the English authorities, and twenty of them are now in prison. This was, he declared, to enable the Board to steal the funds, and when at last a showing was made the Board claimed that the Order owed them $13,000, while there was $250,000 in the treasury when they took charge. Several witnesses were then examined.

A Friday's Chicago despatch says: Dr. Egbert stated the facts revealed by the autopsy which he made upon Dr. Cronin's body on the day following its discovery. He described the wounds, and gave it as his opinion that death resulted from them. All the wounds were upon the head. The skull was not broken, except a small piece of bone was chipped off at the corner of the left eye. The witness described the condition of the internal organs, and exhibited the stomach and its contents to the lawyers and the jury. Dr. Egbert said the stomach seemed to contain only vegetables. Among them he distinguished corn, and there were others which resembled cabbage and carrots. In his judgment the doctor was killed within three hours after having eaten.

The cross-examination of Dr. Egbert developed that none of the wounds on the corpse were such as would necessarily cause death. It was impossible also, the doctor admitted, to say whether the wounds were inflicted before or after death. He had tried to ascertain, but was unable to do so. He had not ascertained that the wounds affected any important nerves or arteries, and he could not swear that they in any manner affected the brain. If death had resulted from the skull wounds, it would in all probability have been caused by concussion of the brain. The usual *post mortem* evidence of such a result, the heart and the lungs being filled with blood, was not found in this case.

The question was put—"Is it not scientifically true that you physicians found no evidences in that body that were certain and conclusive of the form of death?"

Dr. Egbert replied—"That is true." Dr. Egbert was of the opinion that death had occurred through excessive loss of blood, but there was no certainty of it, he said.

Dr. Charles W. Perkins, who at the request of Dr. Egbert assisted at the *post mortem*, testified that in his opinion death did not ensue from blood-letting, but from concussion of the brain. The latter organ was too decomposed to afford any information.

The last witness of the day was the undertaker who removed the body after the *post mortem*, and who testified that it remained in his charge until buried.

CRAZED SAILORS.

After Seventeen Days' Starvation, Rend the Body of a Dead Comrade.

A Baltimore despatch says: Carl Graves, fireman, and Ludwig Loder, seaman, survivors of the crew of the steamship Earnmoor, tell a horrible story of the way they sustained life by cannibalism for days. Loder says: The only food we had the first 15 days in the boat was a flying fish and a few raw small birds divided among 11 men. The sixteenth day Wm. Davis, a seaman, caught me by the throat and made a dash at my head with a knife. He cut me on the right cheek, the scar from which still remains. He was told to kill me by August Plagge, a fireman. When Davis began to cut me, some of my companions caught him, while others shouted "Kill him! Kill him! We want something to eat; we are starving." Plagge, Davis and others in one end of the boat decided that I should die. As I was pretty fat, I suppose they thought I looked inviting. Plagge was placed on watch that night, but he was missing the next morning. No one saw him go overboard. On the 17th day Wm. Robinson lay down to sleep. When they called him they found he was dead. It was determined to eat his flesh, and William Wright, the cook, was ordered to carve the body. The first thing done was to smash in Robinson's skull, and from the fracture each one sucked the blood as long as it lasted, which was but a little while. Then the cook stripped the flesh from the ribs. The next day the flesh in strips was placed on the top of water-tight compartments and dried in the sun. After taking out Robinson's liver, heart and other parts which would furnish blood to be sucked, they threw his mutilated body into the sea. Two days after Robinson's death third engineer Thomas Hunt died. His body was also cut up for food. "In about three days," said Loder, "the limbs and feet of all began to swell, and several have since broken out in ugly sores. We think it is poison from the human flesh and blood." Graves and Loder say they have no recollection of the taste of human flesh, so great was their mental anguish at the time.

THE LAST OF LUIS.

Funeral of the Late King of Portugal.

A Lisbon despatch says: The funeral of King Luis took place yesterday. The cortege started at 2 30, and the funeral car was completely covered with beautiful wreaths. Another carriage was devoted to floral offerings. Following were carriages containing the representatives of Germany, England, France and Turkey, and the royal mourners. The last carriage was occupied by King Carlos, the Duke of Aosta, and the Duke of Montpensier. The cortege, which was followed by a large number of deputations from trade and other societies, arrived at the Pantheon at 4 p.m. The Papal nuncio, the diplomatic body, and the members of the royal household were in waiting in the St. Vincent Church. The remains were blessed by the patriarch, and 101 guns announced that the body had been consigned to the tomb.

Queen Pia and the Duchess of Aosta, accompanied by maids of honor, visited the Pantheon and remained a long time in silent prayer. The widow placed on the coffin a wreath inscribed: "A souvenir of the soul and heart and of the eternal love of thy inconsolable wife in death and life, Maria."

The Duke of Edinburgh was unwell, and was forbidden by his doctors to attend the funeral. He therefore sent an officer to represent him. Towards evening the Duke improved.

Probably a Case of Revenge.

A Montreal despatch of Sunday says: On Monday night last a freight train on the Canada Atlantic Railway bound east ran into a siding at St. Justin, and eight cars were badly smashed, entailing a loss to the company of $15,000. Investigation showed some one had misplaced the switch and fixed the light signalling the road was clear. Private Detective Grose, of Montreal, was sent for by the company for the purpose of ferreting out the perpetrator of the outrage. His inquiries have led to the arrest of A. Beauchamp, a discharged employee. The evidence shows that Beauchamp, since his discharge, has been indulging in threats against the company, and it will be shown that he was in the vicinity of the place of the accident on Monday night. He was arrested at Casselman and lodged in jail.

Investigating an Unlucky Find.

A Franklin, Pa., despatch of Friday evening says: A number of school children found a bomb loaded with dynamite near the school-house on the Galloway farm, near here, this evening. While attempting to open it with a knife it exploded, with terrible results. Two children, named Fitzgerald and Roger, are fatally hurt, while eight others are in a serious condition. Fitzgerald's arm was blown off and his face was terribly disfigured. Roger's right eye was blown out and his face horribly lacerated. The others are cut about the head and body by the fragments of the bomb, which had been made by some one for the purpose of killing fish.

DRYING DYNAMITE!

That Was the Experiment Montreal Sewer Workers Tried,

WITH STARTLING RESULTS.

A Thursday's Montreal despatch says: A terrible dynamite explosion occurred in St. Jean Baptiste ward early this morning. The city is constructing a sewer on Pantaleon street and considerable blasting is necessary. About 6 o'clock the blacksmith's assistant, Jules Chartrand, went to light his fire, and at the same hour Godefroi Filion, the man in charge of the explosives and blasting, also went to kindle a small furnace or hall stove in his shanty for the purpose of drying two cartridges which had not been used the previous day, but had the exploder and fuse attached ready for use as soon as the operations commenced at 7 o'clock. What occurred is told by Pierre Filion, foreman of the works: "The fire was kindled to soften and dry the two cartridges, which were placed at some distance from the stove. There were forty cartridges besides in the shanty, each about ten inches in length and an inch and a quarter thick. When the fire was fairly started I opened the stove to put in more coal, and my idea is that at that moment a spark must have fallen upon the fuses. Anyway, I suddenly perceived that the fuses were all ablaze, and, seeing that an explosion had got to come, I rushed out for my life, and had hardly gone a few yards from the building when the awful explosion took place. As already stated, Jules Chartrand was then in the blacksmith's shop, and the unfortunate man was hurled into the air, to what height no one seems to know, and fell a corpse to the ground about thirty feet off." Dr. Jette, who was first on the ground, found life extinct, but the body still warm. His impression was that death was instantaneous. The body was completely naked, nothing remaining but the boots, and the stockings themselves had been torn off at the junction of the boots. The shock was distinctly felt in the upper part of the city. Houses shook, windows rattled and people were awakened from their slumbers. A number of persons received serious injuries from broken glass and debris thrown by the explosion. Along Laval avenue and Pantaleon street there is not a single house but has window glass broken. The damage increases as the scene of the disaster is approached, and the blocks forming the corner of Laval avenue and St. Jean Baptiste street have hardly a single pane of glass left. The same may be said of Pantaleon street, but where the destruction is greatest is in a large block at the corner of Pantaleon and St. Jean Baptiste streets, immediately facing the scene of the accident. This house, which belongs to Mr. Plouffe, butcher, looks as if it had been undergoing a bombardment for several hours. Not a single pane of glass is left in the windows, the blinds have been torn off, some of the doors almost wrenched from their hinges, the inside walls are falling in in many places and the whole presents a most dilapidated appearance. There are about eight tenements in this block and the occupants had to seek new lodgings wherein to pass the night, as it did not seem safe to remain on the premises. The spot where the dynamite shed stood is now marked by a large hole, some ten feet in diameter and six feet deep, instantaneously dug out by the explosion. The spot where poor Chartrand fell is marked by a small pool of blood, in which lies a piece of torn clothing, probably a vest. As to the shop and shanties, with their contents, all that remains of them can be seen in the shape of almost imperceptible fragments, scattered for acres around the scene of the explosion. A piece of the bellows in the blacksmith's shop is the only thing to which a form can be ascribed. Jules Chartrand, the unfortunate victim of this accident, was a young man only 21 years of age. He had been married two years, and leaves his wife with twin babies only a few months old.

SMALLPOX AT PELEE.

The Inhabitants of Surrounding Townships Getting Alarmed.

Kingsville, Gosfield, Leamington and Mersea have issued proclamations calling upon ratepayers to get vaccinated. Medical men have been hired to go to each schoolhouse. McKee, the school teacher, who nursed Snyder, is down with the disease, and according to his own statements he was in Windsor on Wednesday last. The evening previous he escaped from the island in a small boat and landed in Harrow. Wednesday morning he took the early train for Walkerville, and then crossed to Detroit. That evening he went to Windsor, took the Michigan Central train for Amherstburg, and then hired a rig from Albert Fox, of Amherstburg, and drove to Harrow, returning with the boat to the island. Another case developed yesterday, and the inhabitants of the island are panic stricken. Captain McCormick, who, died, has been sickly all summer, and he attended Dr. Snyder. His father, A. M. McCormick, and brother, Norman McCormick, are also down with the disease, and it is feared that it will break out in some of the villages on the lake front.

France's Underground River.

A London cable says: The subterranean river recently discovered in France, in the Miers District of the Department of Lot, has now been traced a distance of seven miles to a point beyond which the three daring explorers who undertook the task did not dare to venture, as the river there takes an abrupt plunge into the bowels of the earth to a depth impossible to fathom. It took three days and nights to accomplish this journey of seven miles and return, the greater portion being done in a folding boat made of sailcloth. Miers is in the heart of a wild and mountainous country, in the deepest recesses of which caves and grottoes are found, some of which appear to have been the abode of our troglodyte ancestors. The subterranean river was first discovered a month ago at the bottom of an abyss known as the pit of Padarac and was then traced a distance of two miles. The whole seven miles so far explored are in utter darkness except at the point where the river was discovered. It abounds in cascades and passes through a succession of grottoes sparkling with stalactites. Preparations are being made for further explorations.

FIRE AFLOAT.

The Steamer Quinte Destroyed and Four Lives Lost.

A Deseronto despatch of Wednesday says: The steamer Quinte was burned about three miles from Deseronto on her way to Picton about 6 o'clock this evening. Four persons are supposed to have been lost, Capt. Christie's mother, his young brother Charles, the ladies' maid and her young son, named Davern, of Trenton. As far as can be ascertained the passengers were all saved. Three or four have severe burns, but the doctors report none seriously injured. Many were chilled by being in the water. All the survivors have been brought to Deseronto and are being properly cared for. The fire, it is supposed, started in the furnace room and spread quickly to the whole boat. The captain ran her ashore only a short distance away, where she lies almost entirely destroyed. All the freight, baggage, etc., were burned. The steamer belonged to the Rathbun Company.

The Quinte was the largest boat of the Deseronto Navigation Company. She had been, three years ago, made nearly new. She was valued at $18,000, partly covered by insurance. The steamer is burnt to the water's edge, leaving the hull and machinery in fairly good shape. She lies in shallow water. Capt. T. Donnelly said he never inspected a boat that had such a fine fire apparatus as the steamer Quinte. He inspected her last May.

Capt. Christie's mother and his 12 year-old brother were unable to leave the ladies' cabin, so dense was the smoke and rapid the flames. Mrs. Stacey, the helper to the cook, and her little son were in the dining-room and were unable to get out. Fireman Thomas Hart had his right leg badly sprained and bones broken. He was also severely burned. Engineer Short lost $200 in money in his trunk. One of the passengers, Mr. Hart, of Belleville, lost his overcoat and a purse with $40. The crew lost everything.

Mrs. Christie was 50 years of age and a resident of Picton. Her son, the captain, is about 24 years of age, and has been on steamboats for some time.

Another name may have to be added to the list of the lost, as a man named George Robinson, of Picton, was to take the boat for that place last evening, and nothing can be learned of him. The fire leaped rapidly from deck to deck and, although the firemen were quickly out of the fire-hole they were compelled by the advance of the flames to hurry to the promenade deck, then to the hurricane deck, from which they were forced to jump into the water. The steamer Deseronto was soon at the scene of the disaster and conveyed the remains of the dead to Deseronto. She afterwards made the Quinte's trip to Picton.

Mr. Ralston said: We were about three miles from Deseronto a half a mile or so from shore; we were at tea, and heard someone calling out "The boat is on fire"; I rushed to the cabin and put my coat on; the smoke was intense; heard a woman cry out "Will somebody save me and the baby"; I then caught hold of a chair and with it smashed three of the windows in the cabin, and got out, I don't know how; the first thing I realized was that I was outside of the cabin, climbing between the windows, with the chair in my hand; some one said to me, "Give me the chair and I will throw it in the water"; I told them that I required it, as I could not swim; I crawled along near the water wheel, caught hold of a rope and let myself down, hand over hand, until I reached the water; the flames had made such rapid headway that the rope that was sustaining me was burned through, and I was precipitated into the bay; my chair then stood me in good stead, as with it I managed to paddle along to a brace underneath the boat; I caught hold of that and held my chair underneath me; I called out loudly for help; fortunately my cries were heard by the captain who, with another man, came in a row boat; they came within 30 or 40 feet of where I was, but the heat from the burning vessel was so intense that they could not come nearer; the flag pole of the Quinte had burned off and was swimming close to me; it was being propelled towards me by the captain and the other man, and I assisted in guiding it towards me by means of the chair; I caught hold of the end of the pole; they called out, "Have you a secure hold?" I replied in the affirmative; they pulled me shoreward as fast as they could row; I was very much exhausted, and taken at once to Deseronto, where I was attended by the physicians; my opinion is that the fuel being used on the boat was not what it should be; it consisted of light pine cuttings from saw mills in that section; a pile of this stuff in the fire hold became ignited and before it could be extinguished the steamer was in flames. I believe that not more than five minutes elapsed between the time of the breaking out of the fire, until the vessel was doomed; nobody said a word about life preservers; not a cabin passenger knew of the existence of such an accommodation; had they been reminded of them by the crew, I think the result would have been different.

The Baker Heirs' Foolish Hunt.

It has cost twelve hundred or so persons of Western Pennsylvania and Ohio an average of ten dollars apiece for the privilege of finding what a hollow mockery was their heirship in $500,000,000 worth of land, mostly lying in the city of Philadelphia. Somehow the report started that Colonel Henry Baker, a Philadelphia revolutionary soldier, left 600 acres of land all now inside the city, and these twelve hundred people satisfactorily proved to themselves and to each other that they were heirs to the property, to get which they hired certain lawyers at a cost of $12,000. Search revealed the fact that Philadelphia had never furnished the revolutionary army with a Colonel Henry Baker, and that there wasn't any Baker estate. This is about the way all the claims for fortunes in England turn out, though the claimants of alleged English estates do not get off so cheaply as did the Baker heirs.—*Rochester Herald.*

Time Would Tell.

Patient—Great heavens, young man, that's pretty strong medicine!

Young Doctor—Yes; it's very powerful. Sometimes it cures and sometimes it kills.

Patient—Well—I say—here, young man, is there any danger in my case?

Young Doctor—I can't tell for an hour yet, Mr. Moneybags. Now calm yourself.

GAMBLING AND DRINK.

A Former Chathamite's Devotion to Them Leads to a Sad End.

A Butte, Mont., despatch of Sunday says: This city was shocked to-day by the sensational suicide of N. W. Wilson, ticket agent in the Northern Pacific Railway office here. Wilson was a popular young man in both business and social circles. He was a Canadian. In November, 1886, Wilson came to Montana at the instance of Major J. E. Dawson, of the Montana Central. Before coming here Wilson was Grand Trunk ticket agent at Windsor, Ont. He has also occupied a position as ticket agent and station master at Woodstock and Ingersoll, Ont. For some years he was relieving agent along the line of the Great Western before its amalgamation with the Grand Trunk. He was a man of unusual ability, and until recently of very correct habits, but he fell a prey to prevailing vices in this city. Wilson had been drinking for the past three days heavily, and while doing so had gambled at different places in the city. He had the entire confidence of General Agent McCaig, and it was his habit to take the ticket receipts from the office each day and buy drafts at the bank to remit to the Northern Pacific at St. Paul. Wilson made his appearance at the office every morning in his usual condition and McCaig suspected nothing. He discovered this morning, however, that for the last three days Wilson had not remitted as usual. Last night Wilson played faro and lost about $600. He had played in the house before and his cheques were accepted. This morning Wilson went to the Northern Pacific office as usual and was at his desk when Mr. McCaig came in. Shortly after the arrival of McCaig at the office a representative of the First National Bank came in and told Mr. McCaig that a number of cheques had come in signed by Wilson in favor of gambler Dowd, and they had been thrown out. Wilson heard the remark and turned pale. Mr. McCaig called Wilson's attention to the fact and Wilson said he would go out and buy the drafts at once. This occurred at 10 o'clock. Mr. McCaig knew Wilson had no money to buy the drafts, so he went and informed Wilson's friends of the deficit, and they readily agreed to endorse his notes and square him with the company. P. L. Foster, who roomed with Wilson, heard of the trouble and went to his room about 7 o'clock. The door was locked and Wilson inside. Wilson evidently thought the officers were coming to arrest him. He swallowed four ounces of chloroform and shot himself through the head, and died in twenty minutes. The jury returned a verdict of suicide. The remains will be sent to Chatham for burial.

WHISKEY AND THE PIPE

Lead an Old Pensioner to a Terrible Death at Windsor.

A Windsor despatch of Wednesday says: Wm. Brown, an aged British pensioner, was burned to death in the Essex House stable fire last night. About 9 o'clock one of the boarders of the hotel saw a small flame in the loft of the barn. An alarm was turned in, and in an incredibly short space of time the fire department was on the spot, but the fire had gained such headway that the whole upper part of the barn was in flames. During the progress of the fire the question what caused it was often asked, but no one could give the slightest clue until about 7.30. When a fireman was going through the burning building he stumbled over something, and looking down he saw it was the body of a man. Grabbing the body he dragged it to the open air, where, upon investigation, it was found to be Wm. Brown. Nearly all of his clothes were burned off, and the face and one side of his body was burnt to a crisp. The dead man has for years earned a precarious living in Windsor, and has often figured in the Police Court as a common drunk. Last evening, shortly before the fire, he was seen near the barns considerably under the influence of liquor, and it is supposed that he lit his pipe and lay down on the hay, causing the conflagration, and being too drunk he could not save himself.

WITH WINCHESTER RIFLES.

Kentucky Factions Attempt the Settlement of an Old Feud.

A Louisville, Ky., despatch of Wednesday says: An engagement has occurred between the Howard and Turner factions near Harlan Court House. James Deane, of Howard's party, was killed and five others were wounded. Three of the Turner crowd were wounded. A correspondent at Pineville telegraphs as follows: Wilson Howard and one of his principal henchmen named Jennings are among the wounded, and it is said Howard's injuries are probably fatal. The Turners have been in possession of the town for more than a week. Their leader is John Turner, aged 17. Howard's forces have been in camp one mile from town. There are about forty men in each crowd, all equipped with Winchesters and revolvers. Yesterday morning Turner led his followers in an attack on the Howard camp. The attacking party got in the first work, but were finally driven back to town. A report reached Pineville to-day that the Howard forces in Harlan, enraged by the battle of yesterday and the probable fatal wounding of their leader, left camp last night and started for Harlan Court House, intending to kill everybody that belongs to the opposition and burn the town.

Big Strike of Miners.

A Columbus, O., despatch says: About 700 miners employed by the Columbus and Hocking Coal and Iron Company in the Hocking Valley have struck. They are progressive union men. About 400 Knights of Labor remain at work. The union men refuse to work unless their organization is recognized in the committee and the cheque for mine expenses granted as before May 1st.

MR. STEVENS, who circled the globe on his bicycle and then set out on a hunt for Stanley in the heart of Africa, has returned to Zanzibar a sadder and a wiser man. He distributed loads of cotton goods and other stuff he took along with him to bribe his way through the country, and brought back with him malarial fever, but no news of the man he was in search of. He did not even hear Stanley's name once mentioned.