

CHAINED IN A DUNGEON.

Startling Tale of Cruelties Practised in an American Reformatory.

What a Youth Suffered.

A Buffalo despatch says:—On the 20th of last October Frank L. Wallace, 21 years of age, stood before Judge Seaver in the Court of Sessions and pleaded guilty to the charge of grand larceny. He had stolen some property from one of the cheap hotels in Buffalo, and had been arrested in the Central station as he was about to leave. When taken into the Police Court on the morning after his arrest he raised the window near the prisoners' box and jumped to the ground. Although he was considerably injured by his daring leap, he succeeded in getting as far as the canal before he was caught.

As soon as he had sufficiently recovered from his injuries he was taken before Judge Seaver and sentenced to the Elmira reformatory under the usual "indeterminate" sentence until he should be discharged according to law. Since that day, according to his own statements and other evidence, he has suffered what few men have suffered in the civil prisons of America. If what he states in the following letter to Judge Seaver, and what he told the writer yesterday, is true, there is a burning need of reform in the Elmira reformatory, which shall reach not only the inmates, but the man who is at the head of the institution.

HE WANTED TO SPARE HIS MOTHER.

When sentenced by Judge Seaver, Wallace refused to give the names and addresses of his relatives, saying that he did so to spare his mother the pain of knowing his disgrace. He then hoped to get out in six months or a year at the most, and return home. He admitted that the name he gave was fictitious. He was sent to Elmira on Oct. 21, and when questioned by Keeper Brockway as to his relatives, still refused to give any information, and for the same reasons. For this refusal Wallace was punished. He told the following story:

"I will tell you the truth and nothing more," he said, in a way that showed he meant it.

"On my arrival at the reformatory I was taken before Supt. Brockway and asked a great many questions. I answered everything to the best of my ability until he came to the question about my home and my parents. I refused to give any information on these points. 'Please excuse me, sir,' I said, 'from answering these questions. I will tell you anything else in my power, but I can't tell you these things.' He asked me why, and I told him. I explained to him that my mother was in poor health, that I thought a great deal of her, and that I believed it would kill her if she knew what had come to me. He kept pressing me, but I would not tell. Then he became sarcastic, and asked me if I didn't know that he could loosen my tongue in just five minutes if he wanted to. I only replied that I was willing to obey all rules if he would only press me on these questions. Then he became angry and ordered a guard to take me to the dungeon. What I suffered there that first night I can never forget. It is a small cell without a ray of light, and so far below ground that all noise is shut off. The guard took me there, and leading me to a corner made me get down on my knees and then he snapped shackles on both my wrists. I could hardly realize what had taken place until the door had been locked and I attempted to straighten up. Then I found that I had been chained to the floor in a dark, suffocating cell, and that the chains were so short that I could not get on my feet. I was forced either to lie on my stomach or partly on one side. I could not turn over on my back on account of the shortness of the chains. It was at a time of year when the cold weather was just beginning to come on, and the steam pipes that ran through the cell were kept so hot that I nearly suffocated. I tried to work my coat and clothing off during the night, but was shackled so tight that I could only remove my clothes from the front part of my body. Toward the morning the air became so stifling that I thought I should suffocate before anyone would come to me.

"On the day before, when I had refused to answer questions, Mr. Brockway had said to me:—'I have a mind to flog you within an inch of your life, you little thief,' and as I lay there roasting through the long night I wished that he had done that instead of putting me in the dungeon.

"On the second day, toward night, I was taken out and taken again before Mr. Brockway. He told me to sit down, and asked me how I felt.

"He took a seat directly opposite and very close to me. There were several others in the room who can testify to what took place at that time. He again asked me the questions about my home and my parents, and I again refused. Then he flew into a terrible rage and kicked me on the right side of the face as I sat with my head inclined like this. Without anything further he ordered me back to the dungeon, where I was chained for six days and nights with little to eat, and no light or air and no sleep. I have pretty good nerves, but several times I prayed that I might die to end my sufferings. The whole matter was such a shock to me that I became almost insane, and began to think that Brockway himself was insane and might intend to keep me there forever. A day and a night seemed like a year, for I could not tell when it was day, and when it was night except by the arrival of the guard to bring my bread and water. My wrists, arms, and back ached so that it seemed to me that I could not endure it.

IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

"On the seventh day he had me brought before him again, and asked me if I was ready to answer his questions. I replied that I would do anything else, but that I would not go. I would die first. 'All right,' he replied, 'I'll put you where you won't last long, and then what do you want done with your bones?' This he said with that hateful smile that he has. I answered that I would as soon my body should go to the dissecting table as anywhere else, if they wanted it.

"So then I was put into solitary confinement, where I was kept for four months. This place did not bring the pain that the dungeon and chains did, but it was terrible to bear.

"It was a small screen cell with everything removed from it, and nothing to read, and no one to speak to. I was kept on half rations, and not allowed to see anyone. How I prayed for something to read. I

could have devoured anything. I am not particularly religious, but I begged for a Bible; I sent to Brockway, and he replied in quite a long note. I committed that to memory, and ever can forget it."

Then Wallace repeated the words of the note, which was to the effect that it remained wholly with himself whether he enjoyed equal freedom and privileges with the other prisoners. When he would submit to Brockway's request he could have what he desired to read; but until then he would remain where he was and as he was.

"So there I remained week after week until at last I was sent here in March, when it was found I would die before I would answer their questions. This place is a palace compared to the reformatory. It is just what I imagined a great prison to be. There is hard work and the strictest discipline, but no cruelties, so far as I have seen. Since I have been here I have found that other prisoners have had very much the same experience at Elmira that I had. There are hundreds of men in here who say that their health was broken down there on account of the terrible floggings and hardships they received. Out of one draft of 50 sent here from there I am told that 35 died within a year. A great deal of this is due to weakened back and kidneys caused by the terrible floggings that are given at the reformatory.

"The men are stripped and he'd by two strong guards while Brockway flogs them across the small of the back with a piece of rubber hose filled with water. That is what is principally used."

"Were you ever flogged there?"

"No, but I have daily heard the cries of men who were being flogged, and have seen them come up the stairs crying like little boys, and with scarcely strength enough left to stand. It is a common jest here that Brockway always flogs two or three men at noon time just to get up an appetite for dinner."

"And, now, Wallace, tell me as a friend why it was that you refused to give the information about your parents?"

"I tell you seriously, it was because I think so much of my dear old mother. She has always been so kind to me and thinks so much of me that I knew it would kill her. I hoped to get out in six months, and go back to her without her knowing that I had been in prison."

It is likely that Wallace's revelations will lead to a thorough investigation into the management of the Elmira reformatory.

AN AWFUL AFFAIR.

How a Mother and Her Babe Met Death at Ottawa.

An Ottawa special says:—A frightful accident occurred at the Union station this morning about 8 o'clock in the presence of several hundred persons. An immigrant train of 12 cars, with about 500 souls on board, arrived from Quebec, most of the passengers being destined for the Northwest. While the second-class cars were being changed for colonist sleepers, the people were about the station and yard. Nearly all the immigrants were foreigners and they did not seem to understand what the train arrangements were. While the cars were moving into position a French woman, Mrs. Jeanne Martin, hugging to her breast a young boy, attempted to jump on the platform of a car. Instead of reaching the steps with her feet her arms only clung to the car, dragging her and the child along the ground for some distance past the platform. At this point her foot must have caught between two rails at the switch, and the jolt which resulted from her foot being wedged in the switch tore her grasp from the car. She swung around immediately under the car and in that position the wheels passed over her and the child. The little lad was cut clean in two just about the waist. The body was also bruised and cut in many places. The mother was most horribly mutilated, one leg being severed from the body near the hip joint. One hand was torn off, the car wheels passing over the palm. The woman was also badly bruised about the head.

In this terrible condition of mutilation she was raised on her one foot and pulled from beneath the car. When rescued too late from the dreadful wheels she stood on the one leg leaning against the platform. Although undergoing terrible agony she was not unconscious. The poor husband, on seeing the death of his boy and the plight of his wife, threw himself prostrate on the track where the accident occurred. He grovelled in the dust and dirt among the mangled remains of his son until kind hands removed him from the spot. The poor man was almost wild with terror and frenzy over his loss. The boy's remains were taken to the morgue, while the woman was immediately conveyed to the hospital, where she died shortly after.

BITTEN BY A MAD DOG.

A Number of Cows in Connecticut Die of Hydrophobia.

A Bridgeport, Ct., special says:—There is great excitement among the farmers living in the vicinity of Easton. Within a day or two seven cows, some of them valuable stock, have died from hydrophobia. About a month ago a mad dog appeared in the vicinity. Before it disappeared it had bitten a farmer named John Powell and a boy named Case. It is not known exactly how many cows were attacked. No serious results were noticed until a day or two ago, when one of the cows was attacked with hydrophobia in a most violent form. Seven have since died. Some of the mad animals in their frenzy dashed through the streets and created great alarm. The brutes died in great agony. When the cows died Powell feared that he would be attacked by the disease. He is confident that the poison is in his system, and that sooner or later he will fall a victim to the terrible disease. His friends fear that if he cannot soon be satisfied that there is no danger he will go insane. The Case boy is too young to realize the danger, and the facts have been kept from him. Their condition attracted much attention and a fund was started to defray the expenses of the treatment, but ex-Lieutenant-Governor Hyde, of Hartford, has made arrangements to have Powell and Case treated by the Pasteur method in New York.

The great luxury of riches is, that they enable you to escape so much good advice. The rich are always advising the poor, but the poor seldom venture to return the compliment.

A MUTINY AT SEA.

The Awful Retribution Which Overtook the Mutineers.

To the northwest of the Sandwich Islands group a chart of the north Pacific Ocean shows Bird, Necker, Gardner, and various other islands and many shoals. These islands and shoals are really a continuation of the Sandwich group, though few of the islands are inhabited. Some of them are little better than a great mass of rock heaved up out of the sea, without verdure or fresh water, while others are so difficult to approach that navigators give them a wide berth. Midway Island is almost exactly half the distance between the port of San Francisco and Yokohama, but 300 miles south of the track of vessels making that voyage.

The noon observation taken on board the bark Harvest Home had given us the latitude of Midway Island when a man aloft reported a ship's boat dead ahead. We were then headed south-southwest, but not making over four knots an hour. The boat had neither mast nor sail, nor was the man sitting in her stern sheets making signals. I had him under the glass while he was yet two miles away. The boat was a captain's gig, provided with a single pair of oars, and the man was taking things with astonishing coolness.

HE WAS A CASTAWAY.

of course, though he acted more like a man who was drifting about with a fish line over the side. In 99 cases out of 100 the man in the boat would have stood up and gestured and shouted, fearful that we might pass him by even by daylight, but as I watched this man I saw him bite off a fresh chew of tobacco and survey the bark in a critical way. A line was got ready, and as we passed him within twenty feet it was hoisted and caught and made fast, and directly he was along side. Everybody was astonished to find the boat well stocked with food and water and to see the man come aboard as calmly as if he had been lying in harbor. He was about 35 years of age, dark faced and sinister, and gave his name as John Williams. He claimed to be an American, born and reared in Ecuador.

The story told by Williams was not an improbable one, but none of us gave him credit for truth. He claimed to be Captain of an English brig, The Swallow, which had been chartered to convey 200 natives of the Bonin Islands, off the coast of Japan, to Curé Island, next to the west of Midway. The island was safely reached, he said, but the natives were not pleased with it and demanded to be returned to the Bonins. There was a row about it in which one man was killed, the two mates sided with the natives, and he was put ashore to shift for himself. They left him the boat and provisions and sailed away, and instead of stopping on the island he had pulled away to the north to get into the track of ships. The story was fishy from start to finish, and out of our entire crew no man had a favorable impression of the stranger. We had, of course, to accept his story, or to pretend to. I would give a month's wages to know the facts in the case, but have no hope of ever solving the mystery. There was no English brig on the Japanese coast called The Swallow. None of the residents of the Bonin Islands had been taken away by any craft. The Captain and I puzzled over the matter for some time, and finally decided that Williams had been Captain of some craft, and the crew had mutinied and sent him adrift. Either that or he had pulled away from a craft on fire or about to founder, leaving all others to take care of themselves. From the look of things in the boat we were satisfied that he had not been afloat over three or four days.

Courtesy demanded that the stranger, being an officer, should become a guest of the ship, we having our full complement of officers, but after a day or two he insisted on doing duty as an able seaman.

THIS WAS A SURPRISE.

but no objections were made. He was placed in my watch, and a boy who was of little use was turned over to the cook as assistant. The man brought us ill luck from the start. He had not been aboard two hours when it fell calm, and during the next thirty hours we did not gain a mile of westing. When the breeze came again it was foul for us, and the observation taken at noon on the sixth day of his coming aboard put us only 130 miles to the west of where we picked him up. Williams had shown himself a thorough sailor, and though our distrust and dislike of him about the mast were not lessened he soon struck up a friendship with the men forward. Mutiny is such a rare thing at sea that officers never worry over it. On a dozen different occasions I caught Williams yarning it with the men of his watch, and I couldn't help but observe that he had become the leader of the fo'castle, but there was nothing to call for reproof. We had a full crew and a willing one, and there were no cursing and knocking down aboard of the Harvest Home. While discipline was strict, the sailors had the best of grub and fair treatment. This being so, it may surprise you when I relate what finally happened aboard of us, but you should remember what a sailor is. He is, as a rule, uneducated, childish, superstitious, easily led, and always inimical to his officers, no matter whether they treat him good or bad. Give Jack Tar a feather bed, hotel fare, \$5 a day wages, and only two hours work in twenty-four, and he would blast the weather, condemn the ship, and curse owners and officers. He would do no more if overworked, underfed, poorly paid, and knocked down twice a day. Jack is Jack, and that ends it.

Williams had no sooner got among the men than he began telling of a great treasure buried on one of the Kurile Islands. Talk treasure to a sailor and you can bring him to mutiny. The amount of money was given at several million dollars, and Williams claimed to be able to locate the exact spot. It probably never occurred to one of the men to ask why he didn't go to the Captain with his story, and try to arrange for the removal of the treasure, but if it did he had some answer at hand. He proposed taking possession of the bark, sailing her to

THE TREASURE ISLAND

and securing the great wealth, and then using her to get to England. As to the officers and such men as would not join, they were to be cast adrift in mid-ocean to take their chances. We had a cargo valued at \$125,000, and I think the man's game was to peddle it out among the Marine, Caroline, and Marshall islands, get what he could, and then look out for himself. So quietly did he do his work among the crew that

not the slightest hint of what was going on was wafted aft. He enlisted eight of the men in his cause, and on the seventh day of his coming aboard, and while the Captain and I were eating dinner, the climax came. He second mate was seized, bound, and gagged, and an alarm was raised that he had fallen overboard. Both of us rushed from the cabin, to be pounced on and made prisoners. It was a surprise all around, and no violence was offered any of us. When Capt. Holt demanded an explanation Williams enlightened him. He said:

"We are now in possession of the bark. We are going after a great treasure which is to be equally divided between man and man. It was no use to talk to you, for you would have scoffed at my story. It was agreed that none of you should be hurt, and we have kept to the agreement."

"What do you intend to do with us?"

"Send you adrift within an hour."

"Where is your treasure island?"

"I will not tell you."

"If you really know of a buried treasure, why not let us sail the ship there and share with you?"

"Because that would mean less money for the rest of us."

The Captain appealed to the men, declaring that Williams had no real knowledge of a treasure and would lead them a wild goose chase, and offered to overlook what had happened if they would return to duty. The feeling of the crew was expressed by the old boatswain, who took off his cap and stood in humble attitude as he said:

"Capt. Holt, we hev nothin' ag'in ye nor the mates, but here's a chance fur every man of us to git rich and we feels we must take it."

There was more argument, but the men were stubborn. Those who had refused to join the plot now came forward and gave in their allegiance to Williams, and preparations were begun for casting us adrift. One of the quarter boats was hoisted out and it in were stowed water and provisions sufficient to last the three of us a fortnight. We got a mast and sail, but neither chart, quadrant, nor compass. Could Williams have had his way about it we would have been knocked in the head or sent adrift without food, but the men were a unit for fair treatment, and he was too crafty to oppose them. As soon as we were in the boat the bark altered her course to the southwest, and as we were left behind several of the men waved us good-by. The moon observation had given us the latitude of Patrocio Island, distant about 250 miles, due south, but as the weather was fine it was determined, to remain in the track in hopes of

BEING PICKED UP,

but meanwhile making what progress we could to the east. For three days we did not sight a sail. We had run over a hundred miles to the east when, at daybreak on the fourth morning with a fresh breeze from the south, we found ourselves right in the course of a big ship bound to the east. We hoisted a signal of distress and lay to for her to come up. As she neared us we saw men aloft and knew that we were observed. She passed us not more than fifty yards away, with at least six men looking at us over the port rail, and we, of course, expected to see her come to shortly after. She kept straight on, however, and was three miles away, before we realized that her inhuman Captain had no intention of picking us up. The ship was the Red Prince, owned by a firm in Yokohama and sailed by Capt. Charles Brown, and was then on a voyage to San Francisco. Had not the matter been commented on in the public press I should not advert to it here, as such conduct is rare and almost past belief. It was not only fully reported in American journals, but when Capt. Holt met Capt. Brown in Yokohama three years later he sent him to the hospital with broken bones.

We had made 350 miles to the east and were having fair weather of it when we made

A GREWSOME DISCOVERY.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon we sighted a strange object only a point or two off our course, and, running down to it, we found our old bark floating keel upward, with two of her masts and a great mass of wreckage surrounding her. She had been struck by a sudden squall with all sail set, and, though the masts had been broken off, it was too late to prevent her turning turtle. There was but little sea on, and we pulled in among the wreckage, and I scrambled upon the bark's bottom. We had a faint hope that if sound below she might be righted, especially if we sighted a craft which would give us assistance. She had probably been in that position for three or four days at the least, but there was still sufficient air to buoy her up. I had not yet walked her length when I heard a knocking, followed by faint shouts. The Captain came aboard to see what he could make of it, and it was not long before we were satisfied that at least two men were imprisoned in the cabin. By lying down and placing our ears to the copper sheathing we could make out that they knew some one had boarded the bark, and they appealed to us to cut a hole through which they could escape. We had neither axe nor hatchet, but if we had been fully equipped the chances would have been against us. It was a spot where no one could stand upright to use an axe, and every fifth or sixth wave ran right over her.

We believed one of the imprisoned men to be Williams and the other the boatswain. We could catch their words pretty plainly, but they seemed unable to make out our replies. We could do nothing for them, but decided to remain by the wreck for a day or two in hopes of aid from some craft. At sunset the wind died away, and the night was without a zephyr. At sunrise next morning the first object our eyes lighted on was an English tramp steamer bound from New York to Japan, with coal oil, and close aboard of us. We looked for our wreck, but it had disappeared. The mainmast lay floating about, but the hull and its tangle and its prisoners had gone to the bottom.

He Won't be Expelled.

Mouldy Mike—"By all th' saints, has yer lost yer mind? Wot you carryin' that saw fer?"

Ragged Robert—"It's all right. I stop at houses an' offer to saw some wood fer me dinner."

"You'll be expelled from the Travelin' Gentlemen's Union."

"No, I won't. After dinner I tell 'em I can't work till I file me saw. They lend me a file an' tell me to go away off where they won't hear me filin'. Most any saloon will give a drink for a good file."

A MOST AWFUL TORNADO.

Fifty-Three Dead and Many Injured.

The Town of Pomeroy, Ia., Absolutely Swept From the Face of the Earth.

A despatch from Fort Dodge, Ia., says:—Pomeroy, a town of 900 inhabitants in Call-houn county, was practically destroyed last evening by a cyclone. Between 50 and 100 persons were killed and nearly 200 injured. Many of the injured will die. The utmost confusion followed the advent of the storm, and it was several hours before the condition of affairs was known. A relief train was sent out as soon as possible over the Illinois Central railroad with physicians' tents and supplies. The town was in total darkness and the streets were filled with the wreck of homes and business houses. The scene was appalling, as men with lanterns went about in the debris. In some instances entire families were wiped out; the mangled remains being found in the ruins of their homes. The cries of the injured were heartrending and the general confusion was increased by the wailing of the survivors who were separated from friends or who had relatives in the wreck. The work of rescue was slow and the train-load of help made little headway. The south half of the town was razed. There was no place to care for the injured, and a church which was just outside the track of the storm, was turned into a hospital. The surgeons worked there by the aid of lanterns and lamps. Those with broken bones were stretched upon the pews, while others who needed surgical attention for less severe injuries were compelled to stand or lie upon the floor and await their turn. The dead were laid upon the ground in a vacant lot at the edge of the devastated district. Through the narrow aisles left between the dead bodies the survivors passed, looking for lost ones. In the confusion it was impossible to secure a list of the fatalities.

LATER AWFUL DETAILS.

Fifty-three dead, seventy-five fatally injured and 150 with broken limbs, cuts and bruises more or less severe. This is what the tornado of last night accomplished in the matter of casualty. The town of Pomeroy is one complete wreck. About 15 acres of debris constitute now what was yesterday a thriving village, and splinters are all that remain. Pomeroy is part and parcel of the prairie, the death-dealing wind having left it barren and desolate. Scarcely a tree remains. Piles of broken timbers and occasional pieces of furniture are all that can be found of what were once the largest buildings in the place. Two hundred and fifty houses were in all destroyed, and the money loss on these and their contents is placed at \$200,000. Every where about Pomeroy to-day were dead and dying people. A dozen men were digging graves in the burying ground on the hill just north of the village and

THE HEARSE WAS KEPT BUSY

carrying the victims of the storm to their last resting place. Doctors from a dozen or more places hurried through the streets, and in their wake followed squads of soldiers carrying coffins. Special trains from all surrounding towns brought thousands who were ready to take part in the work of caring for the dead and wounded. Clothing, food and medicines were shipped in by the ton. Soon order was brought out of chaos, relief corps were organized, and things were going along in a business-like way.

Last night in Pomeroy is one that will never be forgotten by those who were here. Darkness followed quickly in the wake of the tornado, and those who escaped death and injury were compelled to grope their way among the ruined homes, gusted along by the cry of some poor unfortunate who was pinned under the falling timbers. Almost every light of any description whatsoever was destroyed and the people from Fort Dodge and the surrounding places who were the first to reach the scene failed to bring lanterns with them. The search for the victims, therefore, was necessarily slow until morning came. It was not till the first streak of light appeared in the east that the enormity of the disaster dawned upon the people. They looked where once a city stood and saw nothing but a timber-strewn prairie. Every residence to the south of the railroad tracks had disappeared and the spires of seven churches in the place that only a few hours before shot upward in the skies were nowhere to be seen. Dead horses, cows, cats, dogs, and chickens were scattered over the ground; pools of human blood mingled with the mud at every turn showing where some victim of the tornado had been tossed.

MURDEROUS ROBBERS.

A Windsor Citizen Attacked—Officer Mahoney to the Rescue—A Close Shave.

A Windsor special says:—About 10 o'clock to-night as David Grant, better known as "Judge" Grant, was going home, and when at the corner of Douglass avenue and London street, he was held up by three men, who attempted to rob him. Grant called lustily for help, and Officer Charles Mahoney, who was near by, ran to his assistance and collared the largest of the three. The other two immediately released Grant and turned their attention to Mahoney, who struck one of them on the head with his billy. The other two immediately pulled a revolver and fired at the officer, who struck the gun up, the bullet passing within half an inch of his head. The shot was fired at such close quarters that the powder burned Mahoney's eyes slightly. He, however, hung onto his man, and landed him safely in the lock-up. The other two men made off immediately after the shot was fired, but will probably be caught before morning. The prisoner is not known here, and refuses to talk.

Love's Mathematics.

Mrs. Burns' has two boys and loves them both tenderly. John, the younger, said: "Mamma, I love you more than you do me."

"I think not, my dear. But why do you think so?"

"Because you have two children and I have only one mother."

No small portion of that which struts about under the aspects of right and liberty and benevolence, is, in truth, derived from some of the most sneaking propensities of human nature.