

RIFLES READY.

Militia Sent to the Race War.

PEACE IS PROMISED.

Seven Men Killed During the Feud.

DETAILS OF THE UPRISING.

Negroes Banded to Exterminate the Whites.

WHO ORGANIZE FOR PROTECTION

Fugitives Cornered in the Swamps and Murderer Pike's Mistress Held as Hostage.

QUITMAN, Ga., Dec. 25.—Marital law was likely to be the order of the day Christmas in Brooks County. In response to telegrams from prominent citizens expressing the necessity of having soldiers on the spot to prevent bloodshed, the Valdosta Videttes were ordered at once to this place. They arrived tonight. The Waycross Rifles are under arms and other companies will probably be ordered to the scene at once should their presence be deemed necessary.

Details of the terrible state of affairs growing out of the murders of T. N. Malden and Joseph Isom, which were unobtainable yesterday, are being brought to light. In their desperation the good, substantial people of the Marion district took the law in their own hands and failing to find the negro, Waverly Pike, who murdered Mr. Isom, they have taken the lives of several of those who aided the murderer in making his escape. Last night 300 men were around Red Bay swamps, where it is supposed Pike is hiding. It is the hope of the conservative people of the county that there will be no further bloodshed, but the coming of the military may have an opposite effect, as the whites who are under arms claim that it means protection to the negroes, while the white people here have been unable to secure themselves from negro desperados.

The call for the troops came from the Sheriff, who found he could not accomplish anything without the aid of the militia.

The killing of Malden, to which the wholesale murders are attributed, was a most brutal one. Malden was a constable and went into one of the turpentine camps, which abound in this section. Two brothers named Jeffreth, desperados, set upon Malden and shot him to death. Malden was an old Confederate soldier and belonged to a prominent family. His murder created widespread excitement, and a posse set out after the murderers. There was talk of lynching, but wiser counsel prevailed and the Jeffreths were captured and jailed.

Prominent among the posse that caught the Jeffreth boys were Joseph Isom and his brother-in-law, Henry Tillman, who is kin to the late Governor and now Senator from South Carolina. These gentlemen were warm and persistent in the chase and thus incurred the enmity of the negroes of the section. The Jeffreth boys were gamblers and idlers, and yet they were respected by the negroes of the vicinity. Their arrest caused the negroes who knew them to form a band, and that band made Waverly Pike its leader. Pike was, like the Jeffreth negroes, an idler and worthless character, and led that section of the negro settlement of the county, like Brewer did at Jessup five years ago to-day.

The band, under Pike's leadership, pledged themselves to take revenge upon every one who had a hand in the arrest of the Jeffreth brothers. Of this there is no doubt. McCall, the negro who was Pike's lieutenant, and who is in jail for killing Isom, so declared in an open and free confession. The band of negroes, after selecting officers, subscribed to a promise that every one that was instrumental in capturing the Jeffreth brothers should die. Each member declared that he would deal out death to any one of the party on the first opportunity. To the organization was given the names of men who were wanted to be dealt with particularly. That is the way McCall's confession goes, and that is the way the names of Isom and Tillman. The negroes kept their counsel well and nothing was done to indicate that the mark of death hung over the dozen, or so of people of the county after the death of Isom when McCall told the story.

The killing of Isom last Thursday was, according to the McCall story, the first chapter of what was to be a regular slaughter. The details of that have been told in these dispatches. As soon as Isom's body had been taken home Judge F. W. Tillman and Henry Tillman, his brother-in-law, organized for the search for the murderers. There were four negroes in the party, two named Herring, McCall, who has confessed, and Pike, who is still at large. McCall and the Herrings caught the first night and jailed. Then the search for Pike, the murderer, began in earnest. It was kept up, but he could not be found that evening. Friday McCall acknowledged that he was present and told of the pledge that the negroes of that section had made to deal out death to every one who had a hand in the arrest of the Jeffreth brothers.

The statement created a great deal of feeling in the county and when it reached the house of Isom and the Tillmans, it aroused a feeling that had not manifested itself before. It was then that the whites would have taken revenge if they could have found some one upon whom to get it. The efforts to capture Pike were redoubled and people came from Colquitt, Worth and other counties around, armed for the search. No threats were made, however, by the searchers until Saturday, when it was learned that about thirty negroes, armed, had congregated about thirty miles from where Isom's body was to be buried that evening and that they were there to protect Pike if he were found.

It was given out among the whites, too, and that by a negro, that Pike was in hid-

ing in the neighborhood, and that the negroes were armed for the express purpose of protecting him from arrest. His place of hiding was revealed to the party by the negroes, and that evening, after Isom's remains had been laid away, a visit was made to the place, but the negro was not there. On that trip the whites, now in large numbers, encountered a party of negroes and several shots were fired. It was a fight after the bushwhacking order and a negro named Henry Sherard, known to be a warm friend of Pike, was killed.

This killing intensified the feeling between the races and crowds began to increase on both sides until there were more than 150 armed whites and as many negroes. Had the negroes decided to deliver up Pike, whom they are undoubtedly guarding, the trouble would have been short-lived. The negroes, however, defied the whites, who then renewed the search. They first went to the cabin of Tom Taylor, Pike's stepfather. Taylor showed fight and a volley of bullets put an end to his career on this earth. Eli Frazier and Sam Pike first fired on some whites they met in the road and both were killed. This was the record up to Saturday night.

The negroes, so it is claimed, then swore to take the life of every man, woman and child in the district. This brought the white men together in large numbers. There were reckless men in the crowd, though the majority of sentiment was in favor of conservative measures. At the home of Eli Frazier they took the negro's wife out and beat her horribly, expecting, they claimed, to make her tell the whereabouts of Pike. When Mitchell Brice, upon whose plantation the negro lived, heard of this he started after the perpetrators and he and Captain Tillman becoming involved in a shooting affray three or four other negroes were killed, but the names do not seem to be known.

Last night there was a conference between the whites and blacks, looking to Pike's surrender. The whites here guaranteed protection and a fair trial and they threatened to make an example of if Pike is not surrendered. The deal is expected to be consummated. If it succeeds the bloodshed will be at an end.

SEVEN HAVE MET DEATH.

That is the Present Record in the Race War.

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 25.—Governor Atkinson has received a telegram from Sheriff Thrasher of Brooks County dated at Quitman 12:30 A. M., announcing he was on the point of leaving for the scene of the race disturbance ten miles from Quitman with the Valdosta Videttes, thirty strong. The Sheriff added that while he apprehended no serious trouble, he thought it advisable for the Waycross rifles to be kept in reserve ready to move at once in case he should need them. The Governor has given orders in compliance with those suggestions and the rifles are in readiness at Waycross.

PEACE IS RESTORED.

The Militia Put a Quietus on the Man-Hunt.

QUITMAN, Ga., Dec. 25.—The trouble in Brooks County is over. The Valdosta Videttes were ordered here last night by the Governor. Captain Caffrey, Lieutenant Stoen and Peoples, A. Bess and Sheriff Thrasher at once visited the scene of the trouble. They found peace restored, and the citizens assured them there would be no more trouble, so they came back to Quitman about 2 o'clock and the Videttes left on the afternoon train for Valdosta. Good citizens of the county will do their utmost to bring to justice the men who are responsible for the trouble.

CONFLICT OF THE RACES.

The English Press Freely Expresses Pointed Opinions.

LONDON, Dec. 25.—In a leader on the lynching of negroes in the Southern States, the Post this morning says: It is hardly open to question that in many parts of the former slave-holding States of the American Union, the negro question is rapidly approaching a critical stage. In the North the gravity of the situation is hardly recognized, although the whites refuse in practice to accord the negro that political and social equality to which he is in theory entitled. In the South no hallucinations exist. In parts of the South where white families are often completely isolated, each white man knows he and his family are in a position of perpetual peril. That a critical point has been reached, however, is shown by the fact that the negroes display a tendency to stand by men of their race and aid them if need be.

It will be necessary to face a race war some day. The result, of course, could not be doubtful. The power of organization of the white man is far superior to that of the negro, and in the case of a racial war the whites would have exclusive command of the situation. Such a struggle, however, would be far from ending the negro question. The root of the trouble lies principally in the fact that negroes multiply more rapidly than whites, who insist on ruling, no matter at what cost. Against such universal conviction there is no appeal, nor is it possible to say that this position is devoid of justification. Hayti does not furnish favorable evidence of the capacity of the negro to govern, and the negro press of the Southern States does not afford any indication that the black population of that territory possesses either distinction or enlightenment.

AFFAIRS IN BRAZIL.

Dr. Tonner Says Moraes' Administration Will Be Successful.

ing in the neighborhood, and that the negroes were armed for the express purpose of protecting him from arrest. His place of hiding was revealed to the party by the negroes, and that evening, after Isom's remains had been laid away, a visit was made to the place, but the negro was not there. On that trip the whites, now in large numbers, encountered a party of negroes and several shots were fired. It was a fight after the bushwhacking order and a negro named Henry Sherard, known to be a warm friend of Pike, was killed.

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MRS. TERRY'S DOCUMENTS.

Ashe Says Williams Is Used as a Tool by Persons Who Desire Them.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 25.—R. Porter Ashe, concerning whom T. H. Williams of San Francisco has said some bitter things, has his racing stable here and is at present living here. He and Thomas H. Williams Jr., who succeeds him as guardian of Mrs. Sarah Althea Terry, are enemies of long standing. Porter Ashe is quoted as saying that instead of employing the widow's money for purposes of his own he has continually been compelled to use his money to keep her provided for in the asylum in New York. He said that he had lost all that he had in fighting the Sharon case. Mrs. Terry has a brother who, Mr. Ashe says, does not lend her any assistance.

TWO SHOTS ENOUGH.

Duel Between M. Jaures and Dr. Barthou.

PARIS, Dec. 25.—The duel between M. Jaures, the socialist leader, and Dr. Barthou, growing out of the discussion in the Chamber yesterday, took place to-day at St. Ouen-sur-Seine. Barthou, as the challenged person, selected pistols as the weapons to be used. Two shots were exchanged, with the result usually attending French duels—that is, nobody was hurt.

IN A CRITICAL CONDITION.

Lord Churchill Suffers From General Paralysis.

LONDON, Dec. 25.—At noon to-day Dr. Buzzard and Dr. Keith signed the following: "Lord Randolph Churchill is suffering from general paralysis. He lies in a semi-conscious and critical condition. The physicians add that the patient has not entirely lost the use of his lower limbs, but his weakness is extreme and his appetite is slight. Last night, however, he was able to partake of a light supper, and this morning he ate a light breakfast. The serious symptoms appeared ten days ago."

CIRCULATED BOGUS NOTES.

Arrest of a Couple Who Operated Badly in Oklahoma.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Dec. 25.—John E. Bittell and his wife are under arrest here charged with flooding Oklahoma with counterfeit \$1, \$2 and \$5 notes. Government officials who made the arrests claim the prisoners are leaders in the dangerous gang of counterfeiters recently broken up near Perkins, O. T. The officials say they have positive proof of the prisoners' guilt, and that other arrests will follow. Mr. and Mrs. Bittell will be taken to Guthrie for trial.

The Czar's Police Reduced.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 25.—The Czar has reduced the number of police charged with the duty of protecting his person, but has not abolished the secret police, as reported.

ASHEN HEAPS.

The Cliff House Is a Reminiscence.

BURNED TO ITS BASE.

Flames Do Their Work in Two Short Hours.

FULL STORY OF THE FIRE

Told by Mayor-Elect Sutro and Lessee Wilkins.

RARE SOUVENIRS DESTROYED.

History of a Place Known the World Over and Visited by Every Comer to San Francisco.

Two tottering chimneys, the carved lion which stood guard at the stairway lead-



THE CLIFF HOUSE AS IT WAS BEFORE THE FIRE. [From a sketch made by a CALL artist last week.]

ascending to the lower floor, charred timbers and ashes are all that remains of the Cliff House. The rest is reminiscence, for the Cliff House is a thing of the past.

A million dollar structure of steel and stone will be erected on its site. Fire destroyed everything last night, except a few souvenirs, the mirrors and easily movable furniture, the silverware, choice wines and liquors and a part of the bar fixtures. The fire was a hidden one between ceilings and walls. It started from a defective flue, and when the flames found a vent there was a rush and a roar of fire that could not be controlled. It was nearly 8 o'clock when the fire



THE CLIFF HOUSE IN FLAMES. [Sketch by a CALL artist.]

was discovered. The news reached town first from the signal observer at Point Lobos. The rumor spread that the baths were smoking and were probably doomed. This was an error. In less than two hours the walls of the Cliff House had been consumed and the flames were feeding on the wooden supports and beams of the foundation. A sharp, steady breeze from the north-east drove the flames and smoke directly across the Seal Rocks. As the wind stiffened the flames spread seaward in a horizontal line and the sparks fell in a continuous shower on the breakers and

the rocks. The seals hilly betook themselves from the rocks and sought refuge in the sea.

Mayor-elect Suero, Lessee Wilkins, the employes at the Cliff House and Sutro Heights and a small crowd which had quickly gathered from the little settlement on the beach and the signal and life-saving stations watched the walls fall in after a vain attempt to save the building.

Toward midnight hacks from the city began to arrive with those curious to view the destruction of one of the most noted resorts in the world.

Standing upon the winding path outside the big fence that Sutro built to shut out the non-paying public, as the hated octopus had shut prosperity out of California, one could see a faint glow slowly enveloping the roof. Quickly it turned from a rosy red to a bright orange. Jets of flame followed it until the bold brow of the cliff shone out as if the sun had not hidden in the waste of waters of the Pacific Ocean beyond hours before. It lit up the white forms of the plaster gods and goddesses of the parapet, and revealed the low house of the master and the ghastly figures under the trees.

The wind blew the flames seaward and if any ship passed in the night its passengers beheld a shower of brilliant sparks descending upon the crested breakers and falling into the black waste beyond to sheen for a moment with the waning reflection of the stars.

Far down the beach to the spot where the wreck of the Beebe lay groaning and quivering beneath the onslaught of the waves, the golden radiance flickered. It burnished the tops of the pine trees

gives protection until the urgent need of it is amply demonstrated.

The demonstration came in due time in the shape of a conflagration that wiped out several thousand dollars' worth of property. Sutro had asked again and again for an engine, but his prayer has been addressed to the Supervisors in vain. He was left to protect himself, and he did it by building a reservoir on the heights and connecting it with pipes to the building below.

The chemical engine was dragged up the heights long after the roof fell in, and having gone up the hill like the famous King of France it went down again. Captain Comstock of the Underwriters' Fire Patrol received early intelligence of the fire and drove out to the scene. But there was nothing for him to do. All the furniture, paintings and souvenirs that could be saved were heaped under a shed, and as no water was being used his tarpaulins were not needed. The captain followed the example of the chemical men and drove back to his post.

THE STORY OF THE FIRE.

Mayor-Elect Sutro and Lessee Wilkins Tell It.

Mayor-elect Adolph Sutro, the owner of the Cliff House, and James M. Wilkins, its lessee, stood within the fence which marks the height made and won for a 5-cent fare as the flames were smoldering low at midnight, and told the story of how the fire started, what had been saved and what lost, with a little reminiscence added of the well-known resort, and some words as to how the fire department might be improved. "Everything seemed as usual about the

Cliff House this afternoon," said Lessee Wilkins. "The day was chilly and we had fires burning in the grates. I had made up the cash and gone up to Sutro Heights, where I have made my home. "The bell rang the annunciator shortly after half-past 7 o'clock. Smoke was discovered in a little room off the bar and I was hastily summoned. I went to the parlor and found the fire just beginning to break through where the flue passed above the ceiling. Smoke was coming out of the crevices in many places. We were helpless from the start to fight the flames. I grabbed one of the fire extinguishers and attempted to subdue the fire in the parlor. Then I went to the shell room and used one of the extinguishers there. None of us realized at the outset that the fire was to prove so serious. It was supposed that the timbers about the flue had merely begun to char. In the shell room the fire had begun to break through the ceiling when I reached the room. The first extinguisher had no effect. I tried another. It proved useless.

"We went to the hall next which had begun to smoke. We rushed over and unrolled the hose which leads from Sutro Heights and has a water pressure of 150 pounds to the inch. This hose connects with the reservoir on the hill. It was too late. Five minutes after I reached the Cliff House, having been summoned from Sutro Heights, the fire was breaking through the roof. This gives an idea of the rapidity with which the flames worked. With all the splendid apparatus with which the Sutro Heights is equipped to fight fire we were helpless to put out the flames.

"When we saw that we couldn't save the building, we turned our attention to such articles as might be hastily removed. Many of the pictures we saved. We secured the mirrors and the silverware, and we saved quite a portion of the stock of wines and liquors. "Mr. Sutro," continued Lessee Wilkins, "owned the building. He estimated its value at \$10,000. It cost more than that to construct the Cliff House, and I think that he underestimated its value as it stood before the fire. The building was uninsured. "I had an insurance policy of \$12,000 on the furniture, fixtures and stock, but I had recently canceled \$4000 of this insurance, as I felt that the hard times made it necessary for me to economize. This left my insurance at \$8,000. It is difficult at this time to form any estimate of the loss which I sustained. I hardly know what to place it at. In a rough way I might guess the loss to be \$15,000 or \$16,000, or about twice the insurance.

"The house was opened in October, 1863," continued Mr. Wilkins, giving a little reminiscence. "The first meal served was given in honor of P. B. Cornwall. That was on October 15, 1863. Captain J. B. Foster opened the house and held the lease for about twenty years. Moss & Sheldon succeeded him as proprietors for a term of three years. Then I took the place and have been the lessee for the last eight or nine years. "Not a noted person in the world who visited San Francisco failed to see the Cliff House. General Grant and General Harrison were its guests. Princes and noblemen of every land and clime have shared its hospitality. I don't suppose there is a place in the world with so many pleasant reminiscences."

Huddled against the high board fence the little crowd looked on after a futile effort at salvage. Strwn along beside the fence for a couple of rods were the less perishable articles rescued from the

flames—a portion of a counter, little knick knacks and curios, some of the furniture, and heaped in an angle in the fencing a goodly stock of wines and liquors. The silverware and paintings had been taken to Sutro Heights for safekeeping.

In itemizing some of the souvenirs and articles of value saved Mr. Wilkins remarked: "We saved one souvenir belonging to Mr. Sutro for which I am very thankful. That was a photograph of the pioneers of California. There are but two or three of the kind in existence. It is a very rare photograph, as it was taken in the '50's and contains the pictures of 452 pioneers. It was originally the property of Captain Foster, from whom Mr. Sutro secured it. "All old Californians will remember "Uncle Billy's Dream," continued Mr. Wilkins. "Unfortunately that picture was burned. Every old-timer remembers Billy and George, who kept the saloon where the Sacramento River steamers used to land. Uncle Billy was immortalized in that picture. "One of Colter's fine paintings, belonging to Mr. Sutro, was saved. My collection of shells and unique jewelry, which I valued very highly, was destroyed by the fire."

Mr. Wilkins declared that there was no doubt of the fire being accidental, and Mr. Sutro agreed with him, declaring that none would be vandals enough to destroy a property so rich in reminiscence and so closely connected with the city's early days, as well as with its later history. "Standing under the bery portal of the blazing Cliff House, Adolph Sutro stood and watched the progress of the destroyer. If he grieved over the loss of his treasure his sorrow was confined to his heart, for neither by voice nor look did he betray regret, save for one brief moment, when he declared that if his employes had used the hose leading to the reservoir in the hill instead of the extinguishers, the house would have been saved.

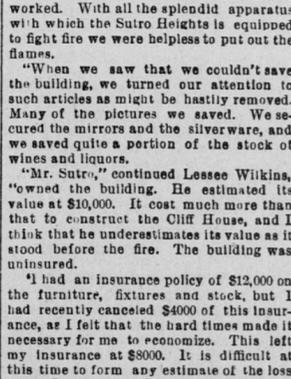
His memory traveled back through the vanished years to the bright places in the history of the burning structure and he remembered the famous men and women that had stood upon its balcony and looked with rapture upon the shining waves of the majestic Pacific and the frolicking amphibia on the rocks. "I bought it about fifteen years ago," he said. "The place was then known as the Cliff House ranch, and I believe there was a dilapidated little farm house down there on the beach. The Cliff House was a resort in those days that had a rather shady reputation, but after the property was improved and distinguished visitors came here it became famous throughout the world.

"No one has been here? Why, I might say every famous man and woman who came here since it was built. Grant came here when he was making his tour of the world. President Harrison was here a few years ago. The immortal Patti, King Kalakaua, Ezeta, poets, artists, sculptors and scientists. Men distinguished in the world of letters have been guests at the Cliff. "When I bought the place it belonged to C. C. Butler, the Buckley estate and a Mr. Austin. "Will I rebuild the Cliff House? No, not the Cliff House as it was, but one of the greatest hotels in the land. I think I will build upon the site of the old house, but not immediately."

"Was not the Cliff House on fire several years ago?" the next Mayor was asked. "An emphatic negative was the reply. "It was not burned, nor do I think it was ever on fire, until now," he declared. "And I think, as I said before, that it would have been saved if the water in the reservoir had been used at the appointed time. "There was no fire here, but there was one of the greatest explosions of dynamite 500 feet from this spot, and I was in my room up there on the hill at the time. "It was on January 16, 1887, that 80,000 pounds of dynamite were accidentally exploded on board the schooner Parallel. It shattered the western wall of the Cliff House, the Point Lobos signal station and an old building that stood near."

The Parallel was outward bound and was caught by a current that drove her upon the rocks. Captain and sailors knowing the deadly peril of their position if they remained abandoned the schooner to its fate. The Parallel pounded upon the rocks until 9 o'clock in the evening, when some of the dynamite caps were exploded and the boat and her cargo went up with a terrific crash. Many expressions of profound sympathy were received by Mr. Sutro, and many

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