

QUIET DAY AT HOMESTEAD.

FUNERAL OF TWO OF THE VICTIMS— THE LOCKED-OUT MEN DETERMINED.

HOMESTEAD, Penn., July 7.—Angered over the loss of several of their men at the hands of the Pinkertons, yet grimly proud of their victory, and above all defiant of the power of Andrew Carnegie and H. C. Frick, the locked-out mill hands were to-day in the mood and had the means to renew yesterday's bloody disturbance on the slightest provocation.

There were threats openly made against the Sheriff of Alleghany County, who, it was made known late Wednesday night, had issued a public call for a posse to capture the Carnegie Works and restore them to Mr. Frick. But the day was unproductive of trouble, because the Sheriff's attempt to secure a Pittsburg posse early degenerated into a farce, and there was no effort made against the men from any quarter.

Having looted the two Pinkerton barges last night, and appropriated all the arms, ammunition, clothing, and supplies on board, the mill hands poured oil over the decks of the barges early this morning and set them loose, after first firing them in several places. The barges drifted slowly down stream, and other craft made haste to get out of their way. They furnished a brilliant sight for some time, and sank when the fire reached the water's edge.

The mill hands maintained a strong guard over every approach to the Carnegie mills, either by land or water. They posted armed squads at every vulnerable point of attack from the town side and threw out pickets in every direction. A squad of men were constantly patrolling the Homestead bank of the Monongahela, rifle in hand, on the sharp lookout for suspicious craft, while on the opposite shore could be seen almost as many of these voluntary guards, many of them sharpshooters, walking up and down the shore or sitting on the sloping, grassy bank, with a rifle across each man's knee and a well loaded pistol in every guard's hip pocket. Not a few of the sharpshooters were concealed in clumps of underbrush on either shore, and they were at all times in communication with the outlying pickets, who, in turn, received hourly information from the strikers' headquarters through the medium of a voluntary messenger service.

There is no danger of a renewal of disturbances unless another armed force is sent here. Mr. Frick's determined character, however, has so impressed itself on the Homestead lock-outs that their Advisory Executive Committee met this afternoon at their headquarters near the works and resolved to maintain an active armed guard of 200 men around the mills during the night. It was also resolved to provide sleeping accommodations in one of the large outhouses of the mill for an additional 200 armed men.

These measures of vigilance and precaution were taken because of a mysterious rumor from Pittsburg to the effect that Mr. Frick had succeeded in gathering together a force of 150 men, deputized to capture the mills at all hazards. According to this rumor, which found credence nowhere except at the lock-out headquarters, Mr. Frick's gang was to be put on a barge at a Pittsburg wharf at 7 o'clock to-night and quietly towed up to the mill at midnight.

The mill hands are abundantly armed and provided. Their credit here is unlimited, and they now possess the arms and ammunition of the Pinkerton men who surrounded. These are in addition to an already liberal supply of weapons.

Two of those killed in yesterday's battle were buried this afternoon on Franklin Hill. From the darkened parlor of his modest cottage on the hillside, purchased and furnished by his own industry, the remains of John L. Morris, who was shot through the forehead while standing in the pump house of the mills, were borne. Morris was a worker on the rolls. After being shot he fell a distance of forty feet, and his body was mangled into an almost unrecognizable mass. He was twenty-eight years old, and leaves a wife.

The body of Potter Farris was taken from his lot, and put in a grave in the vine-clad Roman Catholic Cemetery of St. Mary, on Franklin Hill. Both funerals were held at the same time. Among the mourners were a large proportion of those of the locked-out men who were not engaged in guarding the mill or in carrying out the varied work of organization and defense of the Advisory Committee.

Sad were the scenes attendant upon this simple double funeral. At Morris's cottage no one was able to comfort his grief-stricken wife. His aged mother, a feeble old woman, whose seventy years had brought her well down the hill of life, arrived from Pittsburg only a little while before the funeral, and tottered with painful cries to the side of the coffin. Kneeling she kissed her dead boy in an agony of grief and raised her arms to heaven. Before the house were gathered the members of the lodges of the Knights of Pythias and Odd Fellows, to which Morris had belonged. They were attired in full uniform, and with them were a fife and drum corps and a band.

To the slow notes of a funeral march six of Morris's fellow-employees in the Carnegie mill lifted the black cloth coffin through the parlor window and carried it to the hearse through a crowd of several hundred mill hands, who stood with tearful eyes and drooping and uncovered heads.

Through the shady streets the funeral procession made its way to the little brick and frame Methodist Episcopal Church down by the river. The church was filled, and many could not gain admittance.

If evidence were wanting of the determined and practical support which is extended to the locked-out men by the entire town of Homestead, none more striking and convincing could have been afforded than the eulogy delivered over Morris's open coffin by the Rev. Mr. McGilley, the venerable and white-haired pastor of the church.

Morris's wife was a member of the church, but Morris himself was not on the congregation's roll, although he was a regular attendant and bore an excellent reputation. Pointing down to the body, the pastor, in vehement language, upheld all the actions of the locked-out men and denounced in terms almost unmeasured the character and methods of those who had hired the Pinkertons to come to the Homestead mills. The pastor did not mention the name of H. C. Frick, but his reference to him was direct and unequivocal.

The congregation did not applaud his utterances, but received them with profound attention and interest, marked by many half-audible expressions of approval, which came from the women as well as from the men.

The pastor recited briefly the history of the troubles and negotiations leading up to the lock-out, putting the blame of the failure to agree upon the mill owner and managers, declaring that the workmen had at all times been peaceful, and that they knew nothing of the Pinkerton men until they had almost reached the mill. "Early on the morning of that beautiful July 5," said the pastor, "the Pinkerton barge anchored at the mill full of armed men. What would any of you here have done under the circumstances? The mill hands knew that this Pinkerton gang was not acting under the laws of the United States or of the State of Pennsylvania or of Alleghany County. They knew that this Pinkerton gang was not recognized as a substitute for the police or the militia, and they had no right to interfere with the civil law. Somebody employed those Pinkerton men. Who was it? They were fitted out for death-dealing, and this brought on the difficulty.

"This is what put this honorable, religious, peaceful, sober, industrious citizen in his coffin here. The introduction of the Pinkerton men in Homestead was an awful. Is not Alleghany County competent to care for its property and citizens? The Pinkerton men provoked the conflict by opening fire, and the mill hands fired of necessity. I trust the trouble will be settled. These Amalgamated men are battling for what is fair, but will not submit to be made slaves.

"This town has been bathed in blood and tears, and it was all brought on by that one man, Carnegie's manager. He was the only man with little enough blood to do it. His very name is a cause for scorn."

As the pastor finished speaking there came in through the opened windows the sound of the Dead March "Saul." It was the funeral procession of Peter Farris approaching, attended by a crowd of several hundred persons. The hearse and cortege halted a little way from the church and followed the Morris funeral procession to Franklin Hill, where the two bodies were interred in adjoining cemeteries. A throng of several thousand persons followed the hearses up the long and dusty hill to the cemeteries. Others of the victims among the locked-out mill hands will be buried to-morrow.

The feeling of hostility toward the Republican Party is manifest in every corner in Homestead, and the mill hands have turned their troubles into a political and economic grievance, and loud protestations are heard from hitherto stanch Republicans, to the effect that they will never again vote the ticket. These declarations are made by leaders among the lockouts, and are re-echoed among the rank and file.

This morning the workmen allowed Carnegie's watchmen, fifteen in number, to resume their posts in and about the mills. The duties of these sorvitors are of a purely perfunctory character. They quake in their shoes whenever the armed guards of the locked-out men approach them and peep cautiously through the pallings of the

high fence that incloses the mill yards at the workmen gathered on the adjacent street corners.

Among the men the talk of the shooting is carried on in a matter-of-fact way, and the references to possible future trouble and contingent loss of life are equally casual and matter-of-fact. The men appear to regard the guarding of the mill as a sort of legitimate business, to which no law-abiding person can take exception.

All the saloons are closed, and the small birch lock-up is vacant. The saloons have been closed since Tuesday. Hugh O'Donnell announced to a TIMES representative to-day that the men proposed to use every means in their power to prevent Messrs. Frick and Carnegie from opening their mills for the purpose of employing new hands.

"We will preserve order," said O'Donnell, "and will do nothing unless an attempt is made to work non-union men into the mills in our places, or unless another unlawful and violent effort, like that of the Pinkertons, is made to take the mills from our care. No Pinkerton gang will be allowed to get possession of the mills. We are willing to confer with Frick at any time, and are willing to acquiesce in any lawful and proper effort to open the mills on the part of Carnegie or Phipps. I will say even more—if Gov. Pattison will request Carnegie to put a guard around his mills we will not object or molest, but will withdraw our opposition."

The loaders of the mill hands to-day put in circulation a story designed to contradict the published dispatches of Thursday to the effect that they shot down repeatedly the flag of truce run up by the Pinkerton men Wednesday. It is now alleged that after the first flag of truce had been raised some person on one of the Pinkerton barges deliberately shot and wounded a mill hand who was standing near the pump house. The name of the wounded man was not furnished for publication.

The mill hands also claim that a good deal of the cruelty practiced on the Pinkerton captives was at the hands of outsiders who had flocked to the town on the first news of trouble.

There is no appearance of suffering in Homestead. The mill hands earn good wages as a rule, and two-thirds of them own their own houses. They dress well and exhibit a spirit of comfortable independence in marked contrast with the show of bravado which usually characterizes strikes.

There was some excitement in Homestead to-day, by reason of a rumor to the effect that the mill hands were drilling two companies of old soldiers inside the mills. No one was permitted to enter the mills to investigate this story, and it was received with laughter by the mill hands whenever it was mentioned.