LAST EDITION

EIGHT PAGES.

IN ONE FATAL CRASH.

Floors of Ford's Old Opera-House Fall at Washington To-Day.

534 LIVES IN DEADLY PERIL.

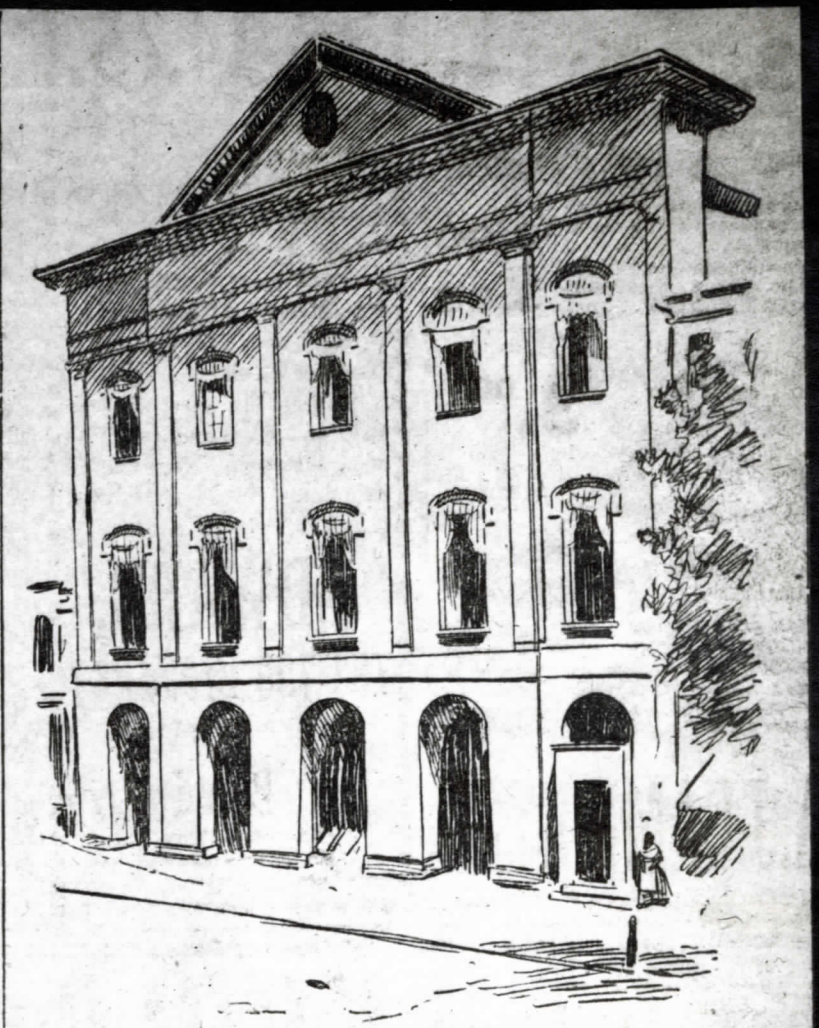
Latest Returns Say Twenty Men Are Known to Have Been Killed.

AND FORTY BADLY HURT.

The Building Is That in Which President Lincoln Was Assassinated.

One of those perfect and reason-defying coincidences of which there are so few in history was furnished this morning in the calamity at Washington which occurred there while the funeral of Edwin Booth was being held in this city.

The one memory that shadowed the life of the great actor was made persistent by the preservation of Ford's Theatre at the National capital. It was in this theatre, one April night twenty-eight years ago, that John Wilkes Booth, brother of Edwin, shot President Lincoln, giving him his death-wound. That is the building which fell to-day, and most startling and singular of all the circumstances connected with the catastrophe is that as Edwin Booth's remains were being carried from the Little Church Around the Corner and the tragedian was passing out of the midst of his friends and admirers forever, Ford's Theatre, whose awful shadow had been across the path of the actor during all his later career, should pass out of existence.



FORD'S OLD OPERA-HOUSE.

Its effacement is practically complete. Ford's Theatre is no more.

Psychical students will make much of this coincidence. Superstitious people will read of it with shuddering dread and refer it to supernatural cause. Sensible people will simply wonder at it.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—At 9.50 o'clock this morning, with dreadful crash, the floors of the old and long-condemned Ford's Opera-House building, the scene of Lincoln's assassination twenty-eight years ago, went down.

They carried a great weight of Government records, of the Army and Pension Departments, the building having been in use as the Records Division of the War Department. But, far worse, they carried also a human burden, about 400 Government clerks having been employed at desks in the structure.

The building stood in Tenth street, northwest, between E and F.

First fears were that over a hundred lives had been lost. At 11.25, with the returns still incomplete, the actuality had developed into twenty dead and forty badly injured. All the imperilled clerks were men.

Following are some of the dead and injured:

SOME OF THE DEAD.

GEORGE M. ARNOLD, clerk, colored.
— JARVIS.
H S. WOOD.
HOWARD S. MILLER, Ohio.

THE INJURED.

Some of the injured are the following:
FRED CALVERT.
CHARLES METCALF.
S. D. DEWEY.
WILLIAM LECLTURE.
F. N. TEST.
— KUGHLER.
PENNINGTON AMES.
CHARLES R. MILLER.
C. F. HATHAWAY.
R. M. PATRICK.
J. A. STEWART.
F. F. SIMS.
LOUIS DUSAPY.
G. N. McLAUGHLIN.
J. H. THOMAS.
F. B. SMITH.
A. N. GERAULT.
— ESTERLING, of Fort Scott, Kan.
— SHADBOLT, of Missouri, a colored man, dangerously.

Policeman PODY, badly injured after the accident.

Building Had Been Condemned.

The building had been condemned as unsafe and unsuitable for the purpose for which it was occupied for some time, but sentiment prevented its being pulled down.

For a long time past, whenever a heavy loade wagon had gone by, the building seemed to sway backward and forward, as the clerks describe the sensation.

When the first rumbling warning of the approaching collapse of this morning came, the clerks on the third floor, to the number of eighty or a hundred, rushed to the windows and jumped for the roof of a small building adjoining on the northwest side. Many of them escaped in this way.

The reports of the disaster state that the first floor fell first, and that the other floors followed, the walls being so shaken and weakened as to be incapable of sustaining them.

JUMPED TO HIS DEATH.

George M. Arnold, a colored clerk appointed from Virginia, was seen at a third-story window. He was warned not to jump, but despite the protestations of numbers of people, he climbed out, and lowering himself from the sill, let go.

He fell upon a covering at a lower door and slid off into the cobble-stoned alley, striking on his head, instantly killing him. His head was mashed to a jelly, and the cobbles for a distance of several yards were bespattered with blood.

A HERO IN BLACK.

One of the bravest and most daring incidents connected with the calamity was performed by a colored boy nineteen or twenty years of age named Basil Lockwood.

As soon as the floors collapsed and the dust cleared away, realizing the danger of those at the rear windows, who were wildly climbing out and calling for aid, he climbed up a large telegraph pole as high as the third story, and lashed a ladder to the pole, putting the other end in the window. By this means ten or fifteen people were assisted down the ladder in safety.

Assistant Secretary Grant On Hand.

Assistant Secretary Grant was one of the first officials to visit the scene of the disaster, and immediately gave orders by telephone and mounted messengers to the officers of the Department to render all possible aid.

Gen. Grant said to a reporter, speaking under pressure of great emotion: "I am appalled at the magnitude of the disaster. It is impossible for me to say anything as to the cause of the accident, for I know nothing of the condition of the building."

Cause of the Accident.

In other quarters it is charged that the final collapsing impulse was given to the weak old structure through the work of excavation which was being carried on preliminary to the establishment of an electric light plant.

One of the workmen on the plant, a colored man, who was employed in excavating the cellar, and who escaped with only slight cuts, says: "I told them yesterday that the archway would fall, for every time any one walked over the floor it would bend.

"I tell you, I was scared, and got out just as quick as I could. There were twenty men at work with me. 'Deed I don't know what became of them."

This explanation of the cause of the accident is the only one advanced, but it seems somewhat strange, in view of the fact that the top floor gave way first, and the weight of falling timber and furniture carried the second and first floors with it. Fortunately only the forward half of the floors gave way, the outer ends of the floors and the rear part of the structure remaining. The walls did not fall.

Soldiers to the Scene.

The news of the terrible disaster flew fast and crowds of people began hurrying to the scene.

Realizing the need of clear working space for the firemen, who were quickly summoned, and for the various corps of rescuers, Gen. Schofield ordered two troops of cavalry from Fort Myer, just across the river, and two companies of infantry from the arsenal, to the scene of the disaster, to keep the crowds back.

The Secretary of the Navy ordered out all the naval medical officers stationed here, and also opened the Naval Hospital to receive the injured. The Commandant at the Navy-Yard was ordered to render all assistance in his power.

All the ambulances were ordered to the place and were kept busy removing the dead to the Morgue and the injured to the hospitals. The injuries, from the very nature of the accident, are of the severest character, crushed and broken limbs and internal injuries prevailing.

STORIES OF THOSE WHO ESCAPED.

Among those who escaped from the theatre by jumping was Clerk James M. Stewart, who leaped from a second-story window. He was in the Surgeon-General's office.

Mr. Stewart said there was a snapping noise, followed by a tremendous crashing, as the third floor came down.

He turned to se if he could render assistance to any one, and saw the floor going from under him. He had barely time to jump.

Cliffe Lowe, who was on the first floor, heard the crash and started to run, but was hi tand badly cut in the head. He pried himself out of the wreck with an iron box.

T. S. Lowry and C. A. Huper were both at work on the second floor, and tell of the suddenness with which, after the crash, they found themselves buried in debris. Both struggled out, badly cut and bruised.

In less than an hour after, about twenty-five people had been taken out, and every few minutes thereafter some still form would be borne on a stretcher from the building. Police and army ambulances, cabs, carriages and vehicles of every description were pressed into service for carrying away the dead and injured. Scores of physicians volunteered their services.

The Commissioners of the District took possession of the building and vicinity in person, and helped direct the police and rescuers.

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

The Terrible Event Which Made Ford's Theatre Famous.

The sad event which plunged a nation into mourning, while it made the name of "Ford's Theatre" known to every household in Americe, occurred on the night of April 14, 1865.

Cheerful, and hopeful of the success of his broad plans for the kind treatment of thepeople of the South, so recently his bitter enemies, he accepted the invitation of the manager of the thatre to attend a performance of "Our American Cousin," with Laura Keene as leading lady.

With Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris, daughter of Senator Harris, of New York, and her affianced lover, Major Rathbone, the President went to the theatre, entering the "State Box," reserved for them, at 9.20. The party was enthusiastically greeted by the audience, and for an hour watched the performance interestedly, little dreaming of the terrible tragedy to come.

At 10 o'clock, John Wilkes Booth, a hot-headed young actor and grother of the great tragedian buried to-day, entered the theatre.

Producing a card telling a messenger at the door that the President had sent for him, the assassin was allowed to pass to the President's box on the second tier, at the left of the stage.

Quickly, yet quietly, boring a gimlet hole in one of the box doors, he obtained a view of his intended victim, who sat in an easy chair, nearest the audience, pulled a pistol and fired.

As the President sank back unconscious, the assassin dashed into the box, and drawing a long knife stabbed Major Rathbone, who grappled with him.

Then he leaped to the stage, nine feet, below, but his spurred boot caught in the folds of an American flag that draped the box, throwing him heavily to the stage and spraining his ankle.

In spite of his injury, however, Booth leaped to his feet, and stiking theatrically across the stage, brandished his bloody knife and shouted:

"Sic semper tyrannis! The South is avenged!"

Before the audience realized what had happened, the murderer had escaped, only to be shot down, however, eleven days later, in a barn near Port Royal, by Sergt. Boston Corbett.

President Lincoln was carried across the street to the house of Mr. Peterson, where he died at 7.22 the next morning.