MY MARINER.

[illegible]

HIS OWN MURDERER.

"Do you see the bullet hole in the wood? Just southwest, Nell? Thursday night a lady which, if you will make yourself comfortable in an easy chair, I'll relate."

Having the pleasant excuse of my third B——, an old telegraph operator did so years, not in experience, for he had worked at the business since a boy, and had been in many different stations, thus having a varied experience from which to draw his stories. He had brown hold in his hand was a light gray felt, with a leather band around it, and near the top on one side and through the crown on the opposite side were two small holes, made by a bullet, it—said, in an attempt on his life.

"You remember," he began, "some years ago I made a trip down the Southwest, through Texas, Mexico and California. This was partly for my health, partly for pleasure, but principally on a business excursion for our company.

"I spent considerable time in A——, Jr., and while there the officers thought I was a man of completely desperate character, carrying a set of pistols as it was ever my lot to fall in with. These southwestern cities of rapid growth, rapid wealth and with a population of all nations and desperados collected from many parts of the globe, are just the place for these worse peoples to do their richest flourishes, but in the instance they were notorious, and being committed several capital crimes, the government took the case in hand.

"In this quiet northern town you are scarcely able to realize the difference a few degrees of latitude can make in the manners, dispositions and customs of the people living. While traveling through the southwest it often seemed as though I must be in a different country, everything was so foreign and lawless in its character.

"About this time there had been considerable trouble along the telegraph line in that section of the state, and I had been employed as a detective by the government to help ferret out the guilty makers, and as I was now stopping in A——, they wanted me to help rig the gamblers, who were beginning to cast a net and were keeping under cover.

"In an excitable community where fearses are carried by all and often used indiscriminately, the arrest of desperate characters is not only difficult but dangerous, for, as you know, 'blood is a feather,' they usually have many friends in a crowd. In this instance a small posse was selected to arrest the soldiers, and it was agreed that except in a case of emergency I was not to take the criminals, but simply enter the rooms, spot the men if there and lead the officers to enter.

"The first men we succeeded in arresting was in a faro saloon, and in the melee—for they had to be taken by main force—I had been obliged to help the officers, and this I suppose gave the crowd an inking of my true character. We did not know it, however, and the next night determined to make a raid on all arrest the remainder of the set, who I discovered had located themselves in one of the dives in the lowest part of the town, near the river.

"We had, as we thought, used the most precautions, for the men were reported and would fight, we knew, to a finish. The buildings on this street were so close together that their low, flat roofs nearly touched each other, forming narrow and more equalid till they reached the river, which cut off their march. Consequently there were no side entrances. At the back door we found two men, and at either side of the front entrance, in the darkness, the remainder of the posse concealed themselves. It was agreed that if I found the gamblers in the saloon I was to give signal at the most opportune moment, when the officers would push in from both sides and secure their men before they had a chance to escape or to offer much resistance.

"Then unarmed, in, walked up to the bar and called for a glass of liquor. I noticed that the bartender looked smilingly at me, and as I turned with the glass in my hand and faced the crowd standing and seated around the faro tables, there seemed to be an element silence, but I found carefully against the wall, pretending to sip the villainous stuff in my glass, but at the same time taking a close survey of the crowd. I think I never saw a more hardened set of criminal faces—faces of private hers than were scattered around these faro tables that night. Little piles of silver and gold were heaped in here and there, many of them guarded with six shooters and bowie knives, while men were dealing the cards and raking in the coins.

"Just as I finished my drink I noticed the face of my fellow was overturned and in an instant there was a general commotion. Before I realized what was happening, he vaulted and unexpected over the mountain, a door opened by his side and a girl grasped me by the sleeve and in a frightened voice, 'This way, quick, for your life!' Quick as a flash, the girl slammed the door and I found myself being hurried up a flight of stairs and through an open trapdoor in the roof. The girl gave me a push, as they close delivered us, and said, 'To the river. It's your only chance. They want to kill you!' You may be sure I wanted no time in grateful thanks, though why she helped the angry crowd for my sake I never knew.

"I hoped rapidly from one flat roof to another, and finally, not quite so fast, for running feet, curses and oaths followed all too quickly for my comfort, and as I leaped from the last roof into the river one bullet made the holes in the crown of that hat, just missing my head. The recollect through they had finished me, and then the rest of the waiting posse, who made a dash when they heard the commotion, gave them other bullets.

"It was a short time before I was on the opposite bank of the river reviewing the case. Detectives are more hated and hated by lawbreakers than the regular officers, and I knew if my name was known, to it, nothing is safe, I was as safe as anywhere, I should return for the present. Besides, the work I had undertaken was finished, so I concluded to go down north till I had cleared the railroad, stop the first train I saw go to the next station, then telegraph back for my grip and continue my journey west.

"It was now toward morning, and I concluded I had better make myself scarce before daylight revealed my whereabouts. I struck out rapidly for the north, but when the day was come out, and with most of the time nothing to show me my locality, I lost my reckoning and must have taken a northwesterly course. Then it was long in the afternoon when I sighted telegraph poles and knew I must be near the railroad.

"Taking out my cylinders, which, with telegraph instruments in case of some emergency, I always carried with me instead of my grip, I loaded the pole, cut the wires and telegraphed to the station east to stop the next train whose white flag was flying from a telegraph pole. I then tacked my handkerchief to the pole and sat down. I was now overcome with hunger and fatigue but I knew this precaution was necessary, for I might drop to sleep and fail to hear the train.

"In about two hours a train came along, chipped and took me on. The engineer said he I had been traveled nearly forty miles since leaving A——. As soon as the train was under way the conductor, wanted to know by what right I had stopped the train. I took out my pass and showed him my official badge. In a few minutes he left me and said a few words to two men, the only other passengers on the train, and then went out.

"I had noticed the suspicious glance of the men when I first entered, and I noticed they winked knowingly to each other, but I partly closed my eyes and pretended to be dozing, yet all the time watching my fellow passengers closely and wondering what was up. I counted four plug hats and I needed to be on my guard.

"Finally the men came and sauntered toward me, and one was just about to put his hand on my shoulder and I caught a glimpse of a pair of handcuffs in the other fellow's hand, when you came up and I knew I was safe. I had to hook me as they raised their lives. I had taken them by surprise, as it was too late for them to pull out their weapons. They fell back, but I did not pick up my weapon. I was safe in the next station. Seeing a large placard on the wall as I entered the little waiting room, I turned to read it with my back behind me. In a moment I felt a pair of steel bracelets snap on my wrists, and I wheeled around to find the same pair of locks of my fellow passengers, the train hands and telegraph operator. I just fancied them, I was so angry. I wanted to know what they meant and ordered them to release me. For answer one of the men clapped his hands on my shoulder and said:

"'I arrest you for the murder of C. R. Raymond.'

"'C. R. Raymond, you fools!' I managed to shout out. 'Why, I am C. R. Raymond, my self, and not much of a dead man either, as you will find out if you don't release me at once.'

"They still kept calm and advised me to read the notice behind me, for I could come no game on them.

"I turned and read: 'Murdered! Arrest any one presenting the pass of C. R. Raymond, state official, who was murdered on the 6th inst. Body thought to have been robbed and then thrown into the river.'

"This glance revealed the situation, but no expostulations or explanations of mine could convince the men that I was C. R. Raymond and not his assassin. I immediately telegraphed to the powers the circumstances of my escape and arrest, and the result was an order to release me at once.

"By this time the excitement and fatigue had so worked on my nerves that I was nervous, I was never angrier in my life, and when the governor's commands were executed I turned and gave those two officials such a blessing as I presume they never before received. All followed me then and were ready to do me service. After rest and refreshment of course I could view the case more calmly."—Detroit Free Press.

Goes by Contraries.

"What time is it?" yelled a man in the Bethel block as a caller passed out one rather day.

The hand of the visitor was already closing the door, but as he heard the inquiries to shut it he dropped it as if it had been a hot potato, and it swung open and settled back against the wall.

"It always works," said the hot man as he moved closer to the draft and fanned himself contentedly.—Exchange.

Glitter in a Cottage.

The biggest diamonds in Saratoga do not belong to any of the women who are stopping at the big hotels. They are the property of the stout woman who has a cottage on one of the streets back of the Congress Hall. And she wears her gems day and night. She has them on when the sun is shining brightly and later when the sun has gone down and the stars have come out. Wherever she goes there goth also the flash and the sparkle of the big gems.—Saratoga Letter.

Saved by a Dog's Bath.

The same made by a dog saved several persons from being burned to death in a fire which broke out in Brooklyn on a recent morning. A woman was awakened by the yelping of a dog and found the whole place in flames. She roused her husband and children, and inside of five minutes after they were out of the house the building was a mass of flames.

Signaling by Balloon.

A series of interesting experiments was conducted the other night at Stamford Bridge Grounds, London, with balloon and apparatus invented and improved by Mr. Eric Bruce for use in military signaling of a novel and interesting character. Wilkie, the balloon, was hung on a small swinging locker six incandescent lamps, connected by insulated cable with a battery on the ground, worked that night at twenty-four miles an hour, and was easily seen in the station. By rapid manipulation of the buttons at the instrument the operator flashes on the translucent sides of the balloon the signals of the Morse or any code, and Bruce can be easily read at a distance of six miles.

The balloon used was a small one of eighteen feet diameter, containing 1,000 feet of gas, and was held to settle at a height of about 300 feet. The strong wind prevented the operator from the position of the balloon manually and mechanically, but the signals were nevertheless read by military experts, and were answered from a station in Intd. The experiments were witnessed by Prince Leopold of Saxe-Weimar, by military attachés of the Chinese and other embassies and a number of scientific men. The experiments were varied by hanging the lamps outside below the neck of the balloon and flashing direct. The illuminated balloon by night in the above ground gives a beautiful light, and can be utilized when required for signaling work at night.—London News.

Contest the Wrong Englishman.

The Hotel Del Monte at Monterey, Cal., is stirred up over a ludicrous mistake by which a wealthy English gentleman was hooked as Robert Buchanan, poet and dramatist.

The Briton arrived at the hotel three days ago with two friends. He registered as a free, lingering hand, and as he bore a strong resemblance to the author several ladies present declared he must be the author of "The Shadow of the Sword." Several ladies desired him to write his autograph in their albums with some poetical sentiment. He received all their flattery complacently, but grinding out poetry for them kept him up all night and the result was something to shake confidence in their idol.

The next day he was the center of an admiring group. He companions became suspicious and asked the hotel clerk why so much attention was paid their friend. They were amazed when they learned the true reason, because the author was at that time in Boston Board of Dickens. They broke the news gently to him, but his consoling received a great shock. All three packed and left before disclosures came.—Chicago Herald.

The White Boys' First Appearance.

It is not generally known that the brothers Oscar and Willie White first came to public notice on the occasion of the centenary of Thomas Moore at Dublin about fifteen years ago. It was proposed to perform an ode specially written for the occasion by Mr. G. N. Errington and composed by the well known Irish composer, John William Glover. The White brothers, assisted by Mr. Barton, obtained leave for West Ireland, and then on the staff of The Nation, led a furious and successful opposition against the official adoption of the National Anthem.

It may be well to add a coincidence that the music to "The Poet and Peppets" at the Comedy theater is written by a grandson of the rejected composer.—Irish Times.

In Clothes in India.

The practice of trading off clothes persons still exists in India, as is evidenced by the following from the Allahabad Pioneer: "The inhabitants of Mozufferpore, in Bengal, recently at Meerut. A fakir, wearing nearly five pounds (two pounds) of iron chains and bangles on him, recently left the government station. The railway authorities declined to allow him to travel as a passenger, but sent him as goods by weight, in spite of his argument that native women were never charged for their anklets and bangles. The iron absorbed the heat so much that the man had to be incessantly sprinkled with water. He is an old man and nearly died at the station.

Luck in Photographing Lightning.

One of the most remarkable and successful photographs of lightning ever taken was made by Mr. Reab, at Haines Falls, in the Catskills, showing the electrical display the other night. The lateral zigzag streaks of fire are of the massive shape of Mount Lincoln, so instantaneously caught in the exposure and are plainly and sharply shown in the print, which also shows forking bolts of lightning in the upper atmosphere, where the vivid illumination casts wonderful shadows upon the surrounding mountains. This picture is an interesting study of atmospheric electricity.—Albany Journal.

A Word About His Mother.

A most report is recorded of the Marquis of Lorne, son of the Duke of Lorne's eldest son, who, at the recent elections in England, was returned for Brixton by a large majority. The night before the election, while he was addressing a mass meeting, he was interrupted by a navvy, who "wanted to know whether you're sent?"—a reference to his very resultant appearance. "Oh, yes, she knows I'm out," said the young candidate, "and she hopes tomorrow she'll know I'm in."—London Letter.

The Failure of the Peach Crop.

The newspapers come filled with reports of the failure of the eastern fruit crops. The Maryland and Delaware peach crop, which is the heaviest in together we have for our California product, is reckoned at less than one-tenth of an average yield. The heavy rains have caused a dropping of fruit in the peach country. The loss is over $2,000,000 to the eastern peach growers.

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