PROTESTS HIS INNOCENCE.

HENRY CRAEMER WRITES TO THE UNITED BREWERY WORKERS.

Convicted of Murder, He Declares Himself Guiltless in Vigorous Language—Considers His Situation Due to Enmity of Germans.

The following letter written by Henry Craemer, now under sentence of death in the King county jail for killing Mrs. Mueller and her baby, to the national executive of the United Brewery Workers of America, under date of November 8, was printed in the November Brauer Zeitung, of St. Louis:

"Gentlemen: In the New Yorker Staats Zeitung I have read a telegram from St. Louis, through which I am informed that you have decided to petition the governor of this state in my behalf, requesting him to commute the sentence of death.

"By this information that you, to whom I am a stranger, thousands of miles away, have acted so nobly and generously in my behalf, I am induced to publicly thank you for your action and to say a few words about my condition. Since the day of my arrest this is the first time I attempt to do this. For, who will listen to the voice of a poor creature sentenced to death? And of what earthly use is it to lament? The convicted man is no longer considered a human being; he may tell the clear truth, still nobody will believe him; he will simply lie himself out of trouble—this is about all the people will say. He is dead for this world. He is sitting in his iron cage like a beast. But the beast is still better off, for it is not being tortured, while my German enemies here, and several newspaper men without character, have done their utmost to keep up the enraging agitation against me during the three years and three months of my imprisonment.

"I make this public statement because I know of no better way of thanking you than by sincerely and truly assuring you that your work has not been done in behalf of a criminal or a murderer; for I am innocent, perfectly innocent, of the crime for which I have been convicted. I have not committed any crime in all my life, neither have I ever committed any act of violence of the law; but I have ever lived as an honest and decent man wherever I have been, even here in the jail, among all classes of criminals. My neighbors, wherever I lived, and even our jail officials, can prove this.

"I can assure you that every word I spoke in my defense, before or during my trial, as can be read in the official court proceedings, and as have been published by Mr. Wegener in his pamphlet on my case, is the full truth and nothing but the truth. The accusations against me and my arrest I owe to the super-prudent and unscrupulous detective who declared later on in the court that I had looked suspicious, because I had not exhibited enough excitement when he told me about the murder; the rest was attended to by several German brewery workers with whom I used to work, who hated me and therefore availed themselves of the opportunity to tell all possible lie-stories about me, as it is customary among many Germans of the most ordinary class.

"Reporters of sensational newspapers did their part to bring about my conviction, reporters of the same papers that declared me guilty immediately after my arrest and that incensed the public to such an extent that the people almost inclined to lynch me. The consequences of such action were that I was considered and treated as a convicted murderer from the first hour of my imprisonment on, and not like an indicted prisoner. For six days I was confined in a dark cell, where Chief of Police Rogers visited me daily and asked me all kinds of questions. Then, for another six days I was imprisoned in a steel cage, where nobody, not even the German preachers, were allowed to see me and speak to me. Then the court secured for me an entirely incompetent Swedish lawyer, and but nine days' time was granted for the defense, while my main witness was far off in the mountains. The attorney said he could do nothing without money; and every cent we had the chief of police had taken away from my wife the day after my arrest. Consequently the lawyer did nothing for us, and thus I was brought into court without witnesses and without any other defense except my own statements.

"On the side of the prosecution there were two state attorneys, either one of whom was a much better lawyer than my attorney; and they were assisted by the sheriff and all county detectives, and had twenty-three days in which to work up a case against me. And all the expenses were paid out of the city and county treasuries. Besides, in case my conviction was brought about, an extra compensation of $1,000 had been promised. Therefore, the chief of police and his two principal detectives themselves appeared on the witness stand, in order to bring about my conviction by means of false testimony given by several bought witnesses, one of whom was a prisoner who had escaped from the penitentiary in Arkansas. I came into court without any other witnesses except myself and my wife, and for my helplessness I was even ridiculed and mocked by the state's attorney, who asked me ironically when I testified for myself:

"'Why did you not hunt for your witness?'

"And the state supreme court refused to grant me a new trial, because, as they said:

"'The defendant evidently did not use all the means in his power to keep track of his alibi witness and bring him into court.'

"And today, when nearly 100 witnesses could be brought into court to prove my innocence, one court after another, for technical reasons, refuses to grant a new trial.

The Public Forgets.

"The public here has forgotten everything; but I have not. This unlimited prejudice and the disgrace of remaining imprisoned for thirty-nine long months, convicted for murder, is constantly presenting itself to my view. And, beside, imagine the inhuman hatred, the moan, hateful attacks with which I am still being persecuted by some Germans here and elsewhere, and the manner in which they attempt to brand me as the unquestionable perpetrator of a crime with which I had in no way anything to do. All this has long ago embittered and troubled me so much that I look upon death as a savior from disgrace and torture which I have not deserved.

"But I must fight against disgraceful death on the scaffold, not for my own sake, but because my poor wife and children would be dishonored and made unhappy for their life-time. Besides, I consider it my duty to follow the advice of Mr. Wegener, who has done all in his power during all this long time of my imprisonment to save me and my family from such a horrible death and ruin. Mr. Wegener is convinced that he will be able, perhaps within a few weeks, to find the only missing link in the chain of testimony to prove my innocence and to effect my judicial liberation. Therefore, he is very anxious at present to save my life, and he induced me to accept a commutation of the sentence of death to imprisonment, neither of which punishments I have deserved. I am, therefore, willing to accept this disgrace also, and to wear the criminal's prison jacket, as an honest man free of any crime, as a man who wore his military uniform in honor for three long years.

"However, it is still questionable whether this favor of mercy will be granted to me. It is true I have only been convicted on the testimony of circumstantial evidence, which can now be proven to have been based, without exception, on errors or perjury. But my German enemies and their two allies, Pastor William Weber, of the Krieger-Zeitung, in Belleville, Ill., and their lodge brother, Editor Julius Schuetz, in Austin, Tex., have also already done their work against me in that direction. They have not only succeeded, for the purpose of torturing me in a most devilish manner, in smuggling their shameful lies and accusations against me into my prison cell, but also into the office of the governor of our state. And by their miserable lies of asserting that we had endeavored to buy the governor for commuting my sentence of death, that he gave his verdict six months ago, before investigating my case, because it has not yet been submitted to him; and at that time even the newspapers published the governor's verdict.

What Will the Governor Do?

"Will the governor reconsider his action of six months ago, and will he now listen to the voice of humanity and justice as willingly as he listened to the malicious inventions of a number of strangers, of unscrupulous newspaper writers, who live thousands of miles from here? Will he listen to the voice of humanity and justice in spite of several Germans living here, the same who were instrumental in bringing about my arrest, and who have been preparing for the last year, with the assistance of a specially engaged lawyer, to oppose any commutation of my sentence of death?

"I do not know. I have seen and experienced so much inconceivable injustice that I should not be astonished to see more of this malicious and criminal work done against me by private persons and public officers. For in this criminal case I am not the criminal; the crime is on the side of those who, in a most unjust manner, have brought me into prison and who are now doing all in their power to bring me to the gallows—they are the guilty parties. While persecuting me they protect the real murderer from being discovered and punished, and to the malicious crime already committed they add another more horrible crime, namely, the execution of an innocent man.

"An Innocent Man."

"Gentlemen, if sooner or later the truth of all that I say here shall come to light, then you will have the satisfaction that you have not thrown away your noble feelings of humanity for an unworthy man, but that you have come to the aid of an honest and sincere man, who is not guilty of any crime, or of any misdeed that might bring disgrace to his family, to his countrymen or to humanity in general.

"In conclusion I have another request to make. Perhaps this is my first and last opportunity to say something for the public. I should therefore like to avail myself of this opportunity to fulfill a duty of gratitude. I beg of you to publish this letter in full in your paper and recommend to other papers to copy the same. I wish to thank all the friends and strangers throughout the country—as well as all the newspapers that have so bravely assisted my family and me by their liberal sympathy and financial aid during all our great trouble. I thank them most heartily. As to my enemies, I leave them to their own conscience; and those who have lost the last remnant of conscience I recommend to the future, for the future will justify me—to their own shame and disgrace.

"And herewith, in the name of truth, I remain, HENRY CRAEMER,
"An Innocent Man."

MUTINY IN THE GALLEY.

Farallon Brings Two Klondikers Who Came Out With Jack Dalton—Slim Burch Acquitted.

Steamer Farallon arrived from Dyea and Skaguay this morning shortly after midnight. The response to the anxious query of newspaper representatives whether any Klondikers were aboard was:

"Yes; two."

They proved to be W. C. Leak and John Love, two members of the party which came out with Jack Dalton. They remained behind in Juneau for a time while the balance of the party came on to Seattle. Both men were well supplied with money. They hold good claims in the Klondike.

News was brought down of the acquittal of "Slim" Burch, the famous Alaska outlaw, on trial for the killing of United States Deputy Marshal Watt a year ago. Burch is held to be tried for the wounding of two other deputies, which occurred at the same time. The details of the case could not be learned.

Shortly after leaving Victoria yesterday afternoon Capt. George Roberts had a mutiny in the grub department. Because he ordered lunch out of the regular hour, Steward Kennedy struck and in his refusal to get a meal for the captain and a few passengers he was supported by five of his men. The only men connected with the department who did not mutiny were two waiters in the cabin and the steward of the steerage. On reaching this city Capt. Roberts summoned officers from the police department and the offenders were ordered ashore, bag and baggage. No arrests were made. Capt. Roberts claims that in refusing to get his lunch the steward was insulting.

E. B. Burwell, of the Seattle Hardware Company, was a passenger on the Farallon from Dyea to Fort Wrangel.

R. Dunsmuir, of the large Victoria shipping firm, returned to Victoria after several weeks in Alaska.

The following is a list of the Farallon's passengers for Seattle:

William Bauer, M. Martin, A. W. Wingent, W. Francis, A. W. Holt, G. W. Clark, L. D. Boone, E. N. Belcher, Miss A. Purcell, Miss Brown, W. C. Leak, John Love, W. G. Garvey, Mr. and Mrs. J. Pearson, A. Heller, F. L. Smith, F. Goodwin, E. Horan, T. S. Slater.

The Farallon will sail again for Alaska next Thursday.

HOT FIGHT AT BALLARD.

Great Mix-Up in Tickets for the Election Today—Some Candidates Withdraw.

The election at Ballard tomorrow bids fair to be not only a hot one, but a somewhat complicated one. From the Citizens' ticket the nominees for mayor, clerk, treasurer and councilmen-at-large have filed their written withdrawals, requesting that their names shall appear upon the Union Citizens' ticket, which had also nominated the same gentlemen. It was too late to substitute any other names upon the ticket from which these candidates withdrew. Some of the advocates of the Citizens' ticket, in their desperation to defeat the Union Citizens' ticket, are publicly declaring that they will support the Independent People's ticket, headed by Thomas Houlson, an avowed Prohibitionist. This threatened break, it is said, will reach into the whisky element. It is impossible to forecast the result, but a lively fight will be carried on all day.

Alex. Consignee was arrested yesterday at Ballard upon the charge of grand larceny, by Marshal Frank Pyle, and delivered to a deputy sheriff of Snohomish county, where the offense is alleged to have been committed. The larceny is said to have been that of a gold watch belonging to a man with whom, or for whom, he has recently worked.

Doom of the Hungarian Lottery.

Pall Mall Gazette.

This week saw the so-called "Little Lottery" (Klein Lotto) borne to the grave.

The Klein Lotto has been associated with notable swindles, of which the case of Melchior Farkas, who managed to break the lotto to the tune of 400,000 frans, is the most notable. It has its romance, too. One winter, when the frozen Danube prevented any crossing from Buda to Pest, a young clerk, whose poverty had been an insurmountable obstacle to his suit for a rich girl's hand, saw a man on the opposite side waving his arms in a steady, methodical manner. Having heard of a similar lottery swindle before, he guessed that the man was signaling the winning numbers to an accomplice, and counted, first thirty-eight, then eight and lastly eighteen. He staked his last five guldens, and won not only the money, but the girl.

Whisky Experts in Arkansas Courts.

Boone (Ark.) Banner.

Rather a novel proceeding came up before Squire Hastings' court one day last week. A writ of replevin had been brought to recover a horse that had been traded while the plaintiff was under the influence of liquor. The defendant was his own lawyer. He pleaded that a person was never so drunk but what he knew what he was doing, and called in John Baker as a whisky expert to prove that fact, but it is said that the expert got tangled up somewhat and failed to convince the court that the position taken by the defendant was correct. From this on we presume whisky experts will become popular, as we could mention several that are in training.

$2000.00

The best baking powder is *Schilling's Best*. Two or three others are good enough—*Schilling's Best* goes furthest.

Your money back—at your grocer's—if you don't like it.

A Schilling & Company
San Francisco 215D

SUBJECT OF THE QUEEN?

JUDGE HANFORD SAYS THAT MRS. JENNS MUST PROVE SHE IS.

Col. Landes' Daughter's Suit Against Him for $10,000—Her Father Did Not Like the Man She Married—Refused to Turn Over Property.

If Mrs. Lutie Jenns, of Vancouver, B. C., wishes to sue her father, Col. Henry Landes, of Port Townsend, she must first prove that she is a citizen of British Columbia. In the suit which she began against him in the Federal court some time ago she stated that she was a citizen of that country, but Judge Hanford held in a decision rendered yesterday that when she made that statement she drew a legal conclusion.

Mrs. Jenns' suit against her father was of a decidedly sensational nature. She asked the court to give her judgment in the sum of $10,000. Her complaint was that Col. Landes had made her certain presents of stocks, etc., and later, because she married a man of whom the colonel did not approve, he refused to turn over to her the property which he had given her, but which he managed for her.

In her comolaint the daughter set up that she was a citizen of Vancouver, B. C., and a subject of the queen. She did not offer any law to show that such a statement was legally correct. Counsel for Col. Landes fought the complaint on that ground. Judge Hanford was then called upon to settle the point, for if Mrs. Jenns is not a foreign resident she is not entitled under the Federal law to sue in the Federal court. Judge Hanford's decision is an interesting one. The court says:

"Both in the caption and in the body of complaint the defendants who are required to answer are named and plainly designated. This being so, the bill is not demurrable because there is no plea for process.

"The complainant was born in the state of Washington and lived in the state of Washington until her marriage to a British subject, when she removed to and became permanently domiciled in British Columbia, and she is now an inhabitant of British Columbia, and in her bill of complaint alleges that by her change of domicile and marriage she has become and is a subject of the queen of Great Britain. The showing that complainant was by birth a citizen of the United States, raises a question as to her allegiance at the time of commencing this suit, and as the jurisdiction of this court depends upon diversity of citizenship, it must be alleged positively and facts must be proven sufficient to satisfy the mind of the court beyond any question of legal doubt that she is an alien, otherwise the case must be dismissed for want of jurisdiction.

"A change of allegiance from one government to another can only be effected by the voluntary action of the subject, complying fully with the conditions of the naturalization laws, so that there is concurrent action and assent on the part of both the subject and the government to which the new allegiance attaches. Authorities entitled to great respect have been cited in the argument, holding that it is also necessary to have assent on the part of the government renounced. In my opinion that rule no longer obtains in the United States, since congress, by the act of July 27, 1868, now re-enacted in section 1,999 of the Revised Statutes, has expressly declared it to be the policy of our government that the right of expatriation is a natural and inherent right of all people, indispensable to the enjoyment of the rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

"The averment in the bill that the complainant has become a British subject is the statement of a mere logical conclusion, and in view of the other facts alleged it is very questionable whether it can be regarded as a sufficient allegation of a jurisdictional fact. It is also questionable whether, if the allegation should be traversed, the complainant would be permitted to sustain the issue on her part by introducing in evidence a British law, if there be one, similar to our section 1,994, adopting her as a British subject as a consequence of her marriage. Courts are not required to take judicial knowledge of foreign laws; therefore, if it should be necessary to prove the existence of such a law in this case, it should be pleaded.

"In his opinion in the case of Pequignot vs. the City of Detroit, Mr. Justice Brown stated that by the 16th section of 788 Vic., chapter 66 (1844), it is enacted that 'any woman, married, or who shall be married to a natural born subject or a person naturalized, shall be deemed and taken to be herself naturalized and have all the rights and privilges of a natural born subject.'

"If this statute, or any similar British law is now in force, the complainant did become a British subject by her marriage and is entitled to sue in this court, but in my opinion it is necessary to amend her bill by pleading the statute. Demurrer sustained."

ST. LOUIS.

An Interesting Chicago View of the Missouri City.

Chicago Times-Herald.

The most prominent characteristic of St. Louis is the domesticity of its people. Everybody goes home as soon as dark begins to fall. At 8 o'clock in the evening its principal thoroughfares are practically deserted. It is a bad theater town. Managers of troupes dread it. The St. Louisan will pay to see something that pleases him, but he is hard to please. Moreover, he has the St. Louis dread of leaving a warm fireside and comfortable slippers for tight shoes and the windy streets in order to hear some fellow who thinks he is an actor murder English. Any one who makes St. Louis his city of residence will become impregnated in a little while with the home-owning fever. In Chicago only the rich build houses. The poor man sensibly concludes that it is cheaper to pay rent than interest to a building and loan association, taxes, insurance, repairs and all the thousand things that are constantly eating into the pocket of the householder. The poor man in St. Louis thinks the proprietorship of some sort of house is necessary to his patent of respectability. So he builds. This has resulted in the outskirts of the town becoming one vast maze of cheap frame cottages, painted green. They burn well.

The society of St. Louis—with the possible exception of that which dwells in the elder portion of New Orleans—is the best to be found in America. By best I mean that it is a society wherein a man is judged for his birth and breeding, disposition, intellect and accomplishments. His money cuts no figure. This is because the oldest families of St. Louis are very, very old. They have been there since a little while after the discovery of the Mississippi, and will be there, I suppose, when Gabriel executes his cornet fantasia. The newly-rich millionaires of the large cities cannot enter the exclusive section of St. Louis society. More than one has tried it. In order to get in a man must have had not only one grandfather, but many of them. The male members of this society are mossbacks. They are the mossiest mossbacks in the world. But they are supremely well satisfied with themselves, and consequently are happy. Their houses are not modern. Their service is not modern. They do not live and think in the modern fashion. They are thoroughly bred, however, and delightful folks to meet.

The business of St. Louis is remarkable for its lack of enterprise. It is solid. This will be told you with an accent of pride twenty times a day. It is solid, but it is sleepy. It is content to grow slowly. The result of this is that in many directions it has not grown at all. It has retrograded. Towns like Chicago and Kansas City that live by hustle have taken much of its territory. St. Louis, however, meanders along indifferent. It has plenty of territory left, it tells itself. It is content. In St. Louis more merchants own the houses in which they trade than in any city of this continent. Their credit is based on real estate, and their real estate is based on red clay. St. Louis commercial paper is of such solidity that it has come to be classed by itself. St. Louis paper in St. Louis is pretty much the same thing as cash, and in many places outside of St. Louis. It has money and land behind it.

St. Louis, squatted like a duck on the banks of the Father of Waters, baking through the long summer and shivering through the long winter, is at once the hottest and the coldest large town in America. Its climatic range is terrific. It goes from 105 in the shade to 15 below zero. Next to Pittsburg it is the smokiest town in America, far surpassing Chicago in this respect. They have an anti-smoke ordinance in St. Louis, but it does no good. Moreover, the prevailing winds come from Illinois and they blow over the factory town of East St. Louis, which has no anti-smoke ordinance whatever, and St. Louis gets the benefit of it. To the man who wishes to retain a semblance of cleanliness in St. Louis two shirts a day and four collars and pairs of cuffs is about the average to wear. The town is subject to long drouths, and to terrific rainfalls. Meteorologically it is a place of extremes.

It is an ugly town. Its architecture, or lack of it, strikes the visitor painfully. It is of a dozen different styles and of no style at all. In its principal streets modern buildings of the highest type are sandwiched between tumble-down shanties that would be a disgrace to a frontier village. The shanties outnumber the structures of modernity a hundred to one. They are sand-colored and dirty. A duplication of the Chicago fire would be one of the best things that could happen to St. Louis, just as it was a good thing for Chicago. These shanties stand, and will stand until they fall down or are burned down, because of the conservatism of their owners, who do not believe in turning loose a dollar once it is gripped. The shanties were good enough for their fathers and grandfathers, they argue, and are good enough for them. It surprises the visitor to learn that in more than one of these disreputable parodies upon man's habitation a business of more than $500,000 a year is transacted.

The time was when St. Louis was a rival of Chicago, but that time can never come again. The spirit, the morale, the methods of the two differ utterly. Chicago works and explores and conquers, while St. Louis dreams. One grows because of the pushing, restless, absorbing, dominating tone of its people; the other gets bigger slowly by natural increase. St. Louis is a good town to live in. Its folks are openhearted, hospitable folks, but they are not business folks, as the term is understood in the latter end of the nineteenth century. A town that has beer for the principal beverage is as incapable of sudden expansion as is Munich or Bayreuth. St. Louis makes and drinks much beer, and it worships its beer princes.

Not long ago I sat with companions in one of its beautiful gardens. The proprietor, a burly German of middle age, stood near. Gathering from the conversation that I was a stranger, he approached and said:

"Kommen sie mit me."

He took me by the arm and led me to the far end of the garden, where he placed me with great exactness against a post.

"Know you vere you vas?" he asked.

"Sure," I answered. "I'm in St. Louis."

"Yah, but vere yos vas righdt now?"

I said I didn't know. He pointed a fat forefinger at my breast and his face shone with pride as he said:

"Adolph Busch stoodt dere last veek."

ORIGIN OF "EL DORADO."

Spaniards Believed It Was the Name of a Wealthy Savage King.

El Dorado is the term now heard on every side in connection with the placer mines of Alaska and the Northwest territory of Canada. Its derivation is of interest. In the fifteenth century it was rumored that there existed in the northern part of South America a city of great wealth called Manoa, whose king, El Dorado by name, was periodically smeared with oil of balsam and was then powdered with gold dust until his whole body had a gilded appearance. It was said that on these occasions he threw gold, emeralds and other precious metals and gems into a sacred lake, in which he afterwards bathed. Beginning in 1532, the Spaniards sent many large expeditions to search for this phantom city, and most of them ended disastrously, hundreds of lives being lost. One explorer, Orellano, averred that he found El Dorado in his voyage down the Amazon in 1540. This was disproved, but the search was continued down to the eighteenth century. Some of the results were the conquest and settlement of New Granada, the making known to the world of the mountain region of Venezuela, the discovery of those noble rivers, the Orinoco and the Amazon, and the exploration of the vast forests west of the Andes.

About the end of the sixteenth century an English expedition, either sent out by or under the personal leadership of Raleigh, penetrated into Guiana, thereby obtaining a claim on that country which has resulted in the acquirement of the modern British colony of that name. It has been supposed that the origin of this fable arose from the yearly celebration of a tribe of Indians near Bogota, whose chief was on these occasions gilded with gold dust, but this ceremony was never witnessed by the Spantards, and the story may simply be another version of the El Dorado myth. The name El Dorado was commonly used to describe the city or country which was the object of the search, but a later usage of the term has been its figurative application with regard to any region of more than common richness.

Japan and Russia.

New York Tribune.

Japan appears to recognize the probability of a collision with Russia, which is crowding her at various points and killing her coast fishermen while in the lawful pursuit of their calling, five of the latter having recently been shot by the Russian patrol. It is natural, therefore, that she should desire to keep on good terms with the United States, and this is what Mr. S. Matsumura, a Japanese merchant visiting Honolulu, declares that she is determined to do. She will not make any trouble about the Hawaiian emigration question, as at one time seemed probable, but will co-operate in the effort to find a peaceful and amicable solution of it. This will be a sensible line of policy for her to adopt. It would never do for her to try to whip Russia and the United States at the same time. As long as she deserves it she may securely count on our friendship, and no reasonable manifestation of it need ever be found wanting.

Ayer's Pills, being composed of the essential virtues of the best vegetable aperiments, without any of the woody or fibrous material whatever, is the reason why they are so much more effective and valuable than any other cathartics. The best family physic.

"LORGNETTES and eyeglasses for holiday gifts."
"Miss F. Wilzinski, Optical Specialist."
"112 Cherry street. Eyes tested free."

Among the friends of the New South the following subscribers called in or sent by mail and left their names on the roll of honor in the financial department of the paper.—Ringgold New South.

SLAS LAPHAM OUTDONE.

STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF N. H. MILLS FROM MANSFIELD, O.

His New Home Ready for Occupancy When Flames Swept It Away—A Blow That Broke His Heart—He Thought of Going to Klondike.

All roads lead to Seattle. Nine out of ten people who disappear are supposed to have the Klondike fever, and their relatives and friends try to stop them here.

At present the police are working on a case that involves one of the most prominent families of Mansfield, O. N. H. Mills has disappeared and his relatives think he is in Seattle. L. G. Day, a friend of the family, reported the case to Capt. Sullivan yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock. He had received a dispatch from Mills' father-in-law asking him to see what could be done to return the missing man to his family.

N. H. Mills is 23 years old. He is married and has a devoted wife and one or two children. He is well known in Mansfield, and is considered a power in church affairs. The world appeared unusually bright to him when he secured a lot and commenced the construction of a nice home for himself and family. Day by day he watched the carpenters at work fitting planks, joists and boards into their proper places. At last everything was nearly ready for the house warming. Then came a story that rivals that told in "Slas Lapham." A spark, then a little flame, and before the firemen could check the fire the home and bright hopes of N. H. Mills went up in flames.

The blow was a hard one. He was not like his old self. The fascination of the Klondike, with its stories of gold in vast amounts, took hold of him. He talked about the new Eldorado and the hopes it held forth. Suddenly, on November 29, he disappeared. No trace could be found of him. His wife was beart-broken and his relatives distressed and worried. A vigorous inquiry was instituted with the result that Mills was traced to the depot, where he presumably took a train for Seattle. Yesterday a telegram was sent to Mr. Day and he decided that it was best to call in the assistance of the police.

Mr. Mills is 5 feet 7 inches tall and will weigh 145 pounds. He has a dark complexion, black hair and black eyes. His mustache is of a dark color. He wore pointed shoes when last seen. His teeth are remarkably even. He smokes.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

THE DILLER.

George W. Loggie, New Whatcom.
S. B. Agnew, New Whatcom.
Mrs. Agnew, New Whatcom.
W. T. Nelson, Fall City.
M. S. Campbell, Mount Vernon.
E. Sawyer, Mount Vernon.
C. M. Mackintosh, Mount Vernon.
Robert S. Sullivan, Chicago.
Charles J. Murray, Oregon City.
G. P. Murray, Fairhaven.
Mrs. Murray, Fairhaven.
Charles Beach, Ashland, Wis.
Mrs. Beach, Ashland, Wis.
Miss Clara Beach, Ashland, Wis.
W. H. Annis, Stanwood.
Saul Olsen, Stanwood.
C. Jackel, Great Falls.
Mrs. Jackel, Great Falls.
John J. Ellis, Great Falls.
William Shirley, Helena.
H. L. Hendrichs, Mount Vernon.
James Fraser, Sunrise.
C. H. Mann, Fir.
A. P. Read, Helena.
Mrs. Read, Helena.
Miss K. H. Ryan, Snohomish.
L. C. Mattall, Snoqualmie.
Oliver C. Thornton, Snohomish.
A. S. Moore, Olympia.
Arthur Dodwell, Olympia.
A. E. Holland, Sedro-Woolley.
E. Scheuzsen, Lorzbranch.
M. Miller, Palmer.
Mrs. M. Eckert, Everett.
Miss Lulu Eckert, Everett.
William Dale, Edison.
Mrs. R. Stearns, Edison.
Mrs. N. McColough, Edison.
Miss McColough, Edison.
G. W. Rowley, Mount Vernon.
F. Butt, Mount Vernon.
W. D. McCarney, M. D., Puyallup.
U. Stimson, Snohomish.
Fred W. Cranney, Snohomish.

THE BUTLER.

Chas. W. Seymour, Tacoma.
Mr. and Mrs. M. White, McMurray.
F. D. Howell, Juneau.
Thos. W. Ryley, New York.
C. A. Celene, Dawson.
C. M. Winston, Spokane.
Peter W. Newberg, Chippewa Falls.
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