

NEWS OF THE COAST.

Stabbing of One of a Trio of Footpads at San Jose.

FIGHT AGAINST ODDS.

The Robber Succumbs to His Injuries and is Found Dead in a Lot.

FRUSTRATION OF A JAILBREAK.

A Deputy Sheriff Discovers a Plot of County Prisoners in the Nick of Time.

SAN JOSE, CAL., March 31.—Three footpads held up William Dowdigan, a Santa Clara street peddler, last night, and one of them is now lying on a slab at the morgue, while the others are at large.

Mr. Dowdigan was attacked while on his way home, and a desperate struggle ensued, during which one of the robbers was killed by the man assaulted. Dowdigan's pocket, containing about \$15, was cut away and the three men fled.

About 11 o'clock this morning the corpse of one of the footpads was found in a vacant lot a short distance away by Mrs. Dowdigan and a girl who had followed the trail of blood.

The dead man was a Swede, about 35 years old, who had been seen under police surveillance. His pockets were turned inside out, and there was nothing about him by which he could be identified, his companions having taken everything. The body of the man is 5 feet 8 inches in height, the hair is brown and the mustache sandy.

In an interview with a reporter Mr. Dowdigan gave the following account of his desperate encounter:

As usual, I closed my store at 10 o'clock Saturday night, and immediately started east along Santa Clara street for North Eleventh street, where I live. I accompanied Miss Basham, who is employed in the store, to Ninth street, where she lives. Just after she crossed the street and went into her gate I resumed my way home. About the time a man passed me going quite fast—almost on a run. He looked at me rather sharply in passing.

I kept on my way, and when I reached Eleventh street I saw three persons coming down the street toward Santa Clara, on the west side of the street where I had to pass. It was quite dark, there being no electric lights near, and at first I thought the parties might be a man and two ladies, but when I saw there were three men, and noticed that nobody else was in sight, I began to get my knife ready for use in case I should have to defend myself. We met them at the corner of the street, about 100 feet above the street, and I made a motion to go past them, but just then one of the men put his hands on my shoulders and began to rip me and force me down.

As quick as I could I gave the man a thrust with my knife. I am quite sure I struck him only once, but it seems that several more thrusts have been found on the body. After I struck I did not realize that I had cut him. I was so much, as he did not let go of me. At almost the same instant another man grabbed me by the neck from behind, and the two of them forced me on my back on the ground.

The men did not say anything to me, but, perhaps, as I am somewhat deaf, I did not hear what they said. They might have told me to throw up my hands. After they had got me down the man that I had stabbed sat upon my stomach while the other man kept a grip upon my throat that I was afraid he would choke me to death. He also wrenched my neck so that I hurt me considerably afterward. I could not yell on account of the pressure on my throat. As I fell down I dropped my knife in the grass, thinking that if they saw it in my hand they might take it from me and cut me with it.

My pocket in which I carried the sack containing the \$15 was cut completely out, and they disappeared with my money. I suppose the wounded man ran till he came to that vacant lot, where he fainted from the loss of blood, his companions dragged him into the lot to get him out of the way.

Last Friday the dead robber went to a pawnshop and sold a lot of carpenter tools he had stolen. He signed the register with the name W. Cadmyer.

NIPS A JAILBREAK PLOT.

A Deputy Sheriff's Timely Discovery in the County Jail.

SAN JOSE, CAL., March 31.—A few more rasps of an improvised saw, a half-hour's uninterrupted work and the Santa Clara County Jail would have, last evening, been delivered of an even dozen of its inmates.

At about 7:15 o'clock Deputy Sheriff Black was temporarily in charge of the prison and was entertaining Deputy Sheriff Haggard of Sacramento. Above the cell, at their conversation Black detected a slight rasping noise. He listened closely and again he heard the monotonous cadence suggestive of a saw or file. Seizing a lantern he rushed to the cell above. As he neared the door he heard a voice cry, "Cheese it, here is Black."

As the officer opened the wicket of the cell from which the noise apparently proceeded he saw a man jump hastily down from the top of a tall tier of bunks which was swung around in front of a high window.

Black told them to move it back where it belonged, and he went down stairs and telephoned for Gardner. When the jailer arrived the men were taken from the cell one at a time and stripped. Their clothing was carefully searched but nothing was discovered. The cell was then examined, and on the floor beneath the window where the bunks had been was a short knife which had a notched edge. The knife had been tempered until it was sufficiently hard to cut through iron. In order to accomplish this the prisoners had made a lamp out of some scraps of tin and the fat, which they saved from their daily meat ration, served as fuel.

The bunks were again swung under the window in order to allow the officers to make an examination. They found that one of the bars had been almost entirely cut through. Half an hour's work would have completed the job. Strips of blanket had been used to deaden the sound of sawing. This proved effectual, as the bar remained solid, but as the completion of the work neared the noise became too loud to be entirely overcome.

Had the men succeeded in cutting through the bar it would have been an easy matter to have bent it aside sufficient

to allow the passage of a man's body. Once outside they could have dropped a few feet to a single story portion of the jail known as the tanks. From there they could easily have dropped to the ground. The men in the cell where the outbreak occurred attempted consisted, with the exception of Stephen Pollock, who is held for burglary, of petty offenders. There were, however, two ex-convicts there, Frank Wright, who served five years in San Quentin for robbing Hale's store in this city, and Joe Wilson who served two and a half years for burglary in Stockton.

OTTO FLOTO ARRESTED.

He is Wanted in Montana for False Registration in Butte.

DENVER, COLO., March 31.—Otto C. Floto, the manager of the "Old Tennessee" company, has been arrested in this city, at the request of Detective Scott of Butte, Mont. The charge against Floto is perjury, and the claim is made that he jumped his bond when he left Butte. His trouble in Butte was the result of the warm contest which took place last fall in Montana over the proposed removal of the State capital from Helena to Anaconda. Floto, it is said, registered too often. He was arrested and put under \$1500 bonds. His trial was set for March 24, the officers say, and he was not there to appear.

Floto said he had been in Helena almost a year. Seeing an opportunity to make some money, he organized the "Old Tennessee" company and started upon a tour with the company. He went from Butte to Anaconda, Salt Lake and finally to Denver. He was much surprised, apparently, at being arrested. He said it was his intention to start for Butte to-day. Floto has been somewhat prominent in sporting circles as a manager of pugilists.

VANCOUVER BIGAMY CASE.

ANTECEDENTS OF THE WIFE OF THE MAN UNDER ARREST.

INTERESTING PHASES OF THE MATTER ON WHICH THE PRISONER IS SILENT.

VANCOUVER, B. C., March 31.—The case of John Sewell Bates, arrested here for bigamy, as mentioned in last night's dispatches, may prove an interesting one. It is stated that Josephine Dauphin, the woman Bates married in Victoria some six years ago, is no less a person than the wife of the late M. A. Dauphin, president of the former Louisiana Lottery Company, and well known in the Southern States. Bates claims that when he met her she represented that she was a widow, her husband, a merchant, having died in Europe. It is rumored here, however, that Dauphin and his wife separated without being legally divorced.

When asked regarding this matter Bates refused to either deny or confirm the story.

PURIFYING THE FRASER.

A Decision That Will Affect the Salmon Canners.

VANCOUVER, B. C., March 31.—Justice Drake has given a decision in the case of the Attorney-General of Canada vs. Ewen & Munn. The action was to restrain defendants from polluting the waters of the Fraser River with offal from the canneries. The Judge gave judgment for the plaintiff, and granted an injunction restraining the defendants and their servants from creating a nuisance by polluting the water.

This decision is of great importance to salmon canners in this province, as the disposal of salmon offal has been a vexed question for many years. The case will be appealed, but unless the decision is reversed it will necessitate the erection of costly works for the destruction of salmon offal, and this the canners claim they cannot well afford owing to the depressed condition of the salmon market.

SHOT NEAR SACRAMENTO.

SAVAGE ASSAULT ON A MAN AND HIS WIFE BY A LAND-OWNER.

FIRE ON THEM WHILE THEY WERE PICKING POPIES ON HIS LAND.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., March 31.—John Mitchell and his wife, well-known residents of this place, while picking wild flowers in a field near Oak Park, on the outskirts of the city, were fired upon by the owner of the property and narrowly escaped with their lives. The man who did the shooting is a prominent and well-to-do farmer named Eugene Farmer. He has been arrested and charged with assault to commit murder.

It seems that the children from the neighborhood have been in the habit of resorting to this field to pick wild flowers and have been a source of great annoyance to the owner. A short time ago Farmer fired twice at a band of children, who became impudent when he ordered them away. This incident created the great indignation in the neighborhood at the time of the occurrence.

Yesterday, Mr. Mitchell and his wife, not being acquainted with these circumstances, entered the field, which is unenclosed, and began gathering poppies, when suddenly he heard some one shout and, looking up, saw Farmer advancing toward him with a shotgun.

Mitchell inquired as to what was wanted. Without answering, Farmer threw his gun to his shoulder and discharged one barrel, the charge striking Mitchell in the face, neck and breast. The latter threw his arm across his face and begged Farmer not to shoot, but heedless of the appeal, the second barrel was fired, and narrowly escaped hitting Mrs. Mitchell.

This unprovoked attack has aroused great indignation throughout the neighborhood. It is stated that a Mr. Smith, who is employed as bookkeeper for the firm of Holbrook, Merrill & Stearns, of this city, was an eye-witness of the shooting and stigmatizes it as one of the most unwarranted brutal attacks he ever witnessed.

Victims of Footpads.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., April 1.—At 1 o'clock this morning a man named N. B. Norbig staggered into the police station and stated that he had been held up by three footpads on Front street, four blocks

from the station-house. After robbing him of \$75 they knocked him down and walked away. The patrol wagon, with a posse of officers, was dispatched to the vicinity and three men were arrested on suspicion, whom they found in a neighboring saloon.

AMERICAN ISRAELITES.

The Grand Lodge of the Independent Order Elect Officers.

NEW YORK, N. Y., March 31.—The United States Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of American Israelites held a session to-day in the New York Masonic Temple. The youngest among the Jewish fraternal benevolent associations had its origin in an independent movement against the administration among the benevolent societies of the Sons of Benjamin, and which finally resulted in the institution of the American Israelites. The nomination and election of officers resulted in the election of Aaron Levy, grand master; Louis Borewsky and Frederick Many, deputy grand masters; Levy Mangus, grand secretary, and Moritz Englander, grand treasurer.

Delegates from thirty lodges, which compose the order, were present.

A TACOMA POLITICIAN'S VIEW.

National Committeeman Wallace Booms Cleveland for a Third Term.

TACOMA, WASH., March 31.—Hugh C. Wallace, member from this State of the Democratic National Committee and the Democratic caucus nominee for United States Senator in the last Legislature, returned last night from a two months' trip to New York and New England. Wallace says the fight next year will be made almost exclusively on the money question. There will be more or less new alignment of parties. The consensus of opinion, he says, is that Cleveland will be the nominee of the Democratic party. While the idea of again occupying the executive chair would be utterly distasteful to him, it is believed the people will force his nomination as the great exponent of sound money.

SHOOTING AT WHEATLAND.

The Barkeeper of a Notorious Rookery Seriously Wounded by a Water.

WHEATLAND, CAL., March 31.—Barkeeper Wallace was shot and seriously wounded in a row in "The Bowery," a notorious and disreputable resort on the outskirts of town, early this evening. The Bowery is a low-class drinking and dance hall. A dance was in progress last night and revelry ran high until after midnight. At 1:30 o'clock William Barrett, a hotel waiter, attempted to slap one of the women in the place, when Wallace, the barkeeper, interfered. Barrett drew a pistol and fired, the bullet striking Wallace in the center of the breast. There is little chance of his recovery and the waiter is in custody. Public sentiment is much aroused by this incident and the Bowery is doomed.

NOT SEIZED AT GUAYMAS.

PASSENGER PIERCY'S STORY ANENT THE SAN FRANCISCO SCHOONER.

CLAIMS THAT THE OWNER TOLD HIM THAT ONLY HIS PROPERTY WAS TAKEN.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., March 31.—E. M. Piercy, the lone passenger on the mysterious schooner Vine stated in another interview to-night that he was misunderstood as to the seizure of the schooner at Guaymas by Mexican authorities. The vessel was not seized, but the arms, ammunition and some jewelry belonging to him. At least he alleges that Captain Burns, the proprietor of the schooner, informed him just before he (Piercy) left Guaymas. Burns came to the train, Piercy says, just as he was on the point of starting, and told him that his property had been seized by customs officers and he had better stay and help secure the things. Piercy told Burns he could get out of the scrape as best he could, as he done with him until they should meet again in San Francisco.

Piercy says all the property he had on the vessel that could be seized was a shotgun, five cases of cartridges and a little jewelry. What Burns had in the mysterious boxes, trunks and bales loaded at San Francisco he did not know.

Piercy says Burns' conduct was mysterious throughout. At Guaymas he spoke about going to some island in the Gulf to get a load of guano to take to San Francisco. At another time he spoke of going to some island to get a cargo of gypsum, or to another island to load salt for Honolulu.

At Guaymas, he says, Burns had trouble with the American Consul about his crew, who deserted the schooner. The Consul insisted that Burns should pay the men and let them go. Burns refused, and said he would stay and fight the case if it took a month.

As Piercy was a passenger and had paid money to be taken on a cruise to the South Sea islands he objected to being detained in a Mexican port.

He therefore demanded a settlement, and being unable to get it took the train home to await the return of Captain Burns to San Francisco.

Piercy is resting here from the hardships of his journey and says he must be in San Jose by the middle of May to attend to some litigation.

A Professor's Flight From Fresno.

FRESNO, CAL., March 31.—"Professor" R. M. Munro has fled the town, leaving a large number of small bills. He is a Scotchman, and since his arrival here a few months ago he has conducted a dancing academy. A month or so ago he married a Fresno woman, and according to reports he tried to leave her behind, but could not elude her. He borrowed funds from several countrymen and these he took with him, together with a valuable pair of borrowed bagpipes.

Fire Near Woodland.

WOODLAND, CAL., March 31.—Fire destroyed the big hay barn of William Gibson, half a mile south of Woodland, at 3 A. M. to-day. It contained about 150 tons of baled hay and nearly as much more loose hay. The barn was valued at \$1500, partially insured. The hay is a total loss. The fire was probably of incendiary origin.

Fire Alarm System For Petaluma.

PETALUMA, CAL., March 31.—The City Trustees, at a meeting last night, ordered the purchase of an electric fire alarm system for the town, to cost \$1750.

REEDS' TRAIN ROBBERS

The Bandits Game From San Francisco on Bicycles.

LIVED ON GROVE STREET.

They Are the Men Who Killed Cornelius Staggs at the Ingleside.

ALLEGATIONS OF DETECTIVES.

Sacramento Officers Believe That the Two Fugitives Are Hiding on the Haggin Grant.

MARYSVILLE, CAL., March 31.—Sheriff Cunningham, ex-Marshall Gard, Detective Thacker and the officers who have been hunting up the train-robber John McGuire, the murderer of Sheriff Bogard, left for San Francisco this afternoon, having received reliable information that he had passed through Sacramento.

A special train arrived to-day with bicycle agents from San Francisco who had hired three bicycles to men answering the robbers' description. It is understood they identified a Westminster bicycle found near Reed station as one of them, the other two being of the Cleveland type.

Information has been received that John McGuire worked in a livery stable in San Francisco and that he had a photograph of a lady named Walters, who, he said, was the daughter of his boss. The dead robber, Samuel McGuire, whose true name is supposed to be O. S. Brown, formerly worked at Holt's harvester works in Stockton.

Both men have been living at 305 Grove street, San Francisco, where their trunks are supposed to be. When the robbers worked on ranches in this vicinity they always wore gloves at work, which accounts for their soft hands. The dead robber has a bullet-mark on the right side, which he said he received in the Indian Territory. It is thought, however, that he received the injury in a row in this State. He was identified by a man who stated he frequently met him at Conway's saloon, south of Market, also at a saloon at 30 Fourth street, San Francisco, where he played cards. He also met his brother John frequently there, he said.

The conclusion is arrived at that the three men left San Francisco on the train with bicycles, of whom the dead robber was one; that one of them rode the day previous to the robbery to Wheatland; that they met on the afternoon of the robbery near Reed station, concealed their bicycles and walked three miles to the scene of the robbery; that after the robbery Jack McGuire went through Nicolaus to Sacramento, the other men taking a different route.

A tramp riding on a brakebeam on the train stated that there were four robbers, and that two remained on the outside while two entered the car. When the shooting commenced he thinks one of the men outside entered the back of the car and shot Bogard. The officers, however, believe there were only three men.

The officers are positive the McGuire brothers are the men who attempted to rob the train at Ben Ali station last October, at which time the small man said, "Come on, Sam."

Coroner Bovard and Officer Meek have recovered the hat and pants belonging to the missing robber. They were found at W. H. Herrig's place on Dry Creek, where he worked last summer.

The officers are confident the robbers will be found at San Francisco or Stockton, where they are well acquainted. It is rumored that two linen coats had been found near Nicolaus, the same as the Staggs murderers wore, but Sheriff Inlow says the report is not true.

TRAILING THE FUGITIVES.

BELIEF THAT THE ROBBERS ARE IN HIDING ON THE HAGGIN GRANT. SACRAMENTO, CAL., March 31.—It would be almost impossible to gather together a more disgusted assortment of detectives, sheriffs and officers than can be found in Sacramento to-night. The story of the flight of the survivors of the attempted train robbery yesterday morning, in which Sheriff Bogard lost his life and one of the robbers was killed, as published in the CALL, has been found to be absolutely correct.

The murderer entered this city at an early hour yesterday morning. Since that time no trace of his whereabouts can be ascertained. While the detectives and sheriffs were engaged in tracing down numberless stories of wild bicycle riders the man wanted was quietly resting in his hiding-place in this city, and recruiting his energies for another long night's ride that would carry him in such close proximity to San Francisco that he could easily escape.

In addition to the theory already related, that the robber headed toward San Francisco, it is believed by a number of the officers conversant with the topography of the Haggin grant, whose borders begin at the end of this same Twelfth-street bridge where, on various occasions, the trail of these same robbers have been lost, that the hiding-place of the robbers is somewhere on this tract, which is conceded to be ten miles square and is covered in part with impenetrable thickets of chaparral, which extends for miles along the bank of the American River.

On this immense body of land a man could secret himself for months without enduring any privation of the grant issued for grazing purposes and numerous flocks of sheep and herds of cattle are constantly on the range, where a steer could be shot and never missed. The gardens of the farmhouses would be a source of supply from which to obtain vegetables and fruit, and one could easily procure other necessities and provisions and necessities from the Chinese stores situated at Mississippi Bar, an old mining center, populated entirely by Chinese and well known as a hiding place for desperadoes of all classes when desirous of escaping pursuit.

Another fact which led the detectives

to believe that the murderer has taken to the brush at this point is an incident that has been made public to-day for the first time.

It seems that the day after the attempt was made to rob the overland passenger train at Ben Ali on the grant Fred Gotobed, who resides in that section, unexpectedly discovered two men in an old outbuilding. One of the men was stretched upon the floor, and was sleeping soundly, while the other was leaning against the wall, and apparently keeping watch over his sleeping companion. Having heard of the attempted robbery Gotobed's suspicions were aroused, and he inquired of the taller individual, who was awake, what business they had in that out-house. The man retorted in an evidently disguised tone of voice that they were resting. Gotobed drove off and obtained assistance and returned to find the men had disappeared. He notified the detectives and the Sheriff's forces immediately, giving a description of the men that tallied exactly with that of the train-robbers. Yesterday, by request of the railroad officials, Mr. Gotobed went to Marysville and positively identified the body of the dead robber as the man whom he had addressed in the out-house. The officers have also known that these men were on the day previous to the attempted Ben Ali robbery preparing a hiding-place in that to secrete the treasure they expected to obtain from the looting of the train. The story as related by the officers is as follows:

A young rancher, who resides beyond the grant proper, had occasion to drive into Sacramento, and as his horse turned a sharp bend of the road which at that place ran through a thicket of brush and liveoaks he saw two men, one of whom seemed to be engaged in digging a hole in the earth at the base of a large tree. On seeing his approach one of the men threw his coat over the excavation. As soon as the young man heard of the attempted robbery he immediately drove into town and notified the detectives of what he had witnessed. They accompanied him to the spot and turning over the ground at the place he designated, they found a cleverly constructed hiding-place evidently to be used for the concealment of treasure. It was covered with boards and contained an empty coal-oil can.

Now, the detectives reason that the hiding place of the robbers cannot be far from the place in which they intended to secrete their treasure. Under these circumstances a part of the detective force claim that the murderers of Sheriff Bogard is secreted on the grant and it is claimed that he could have ridden on to the bridge, which is only six feet above the ground, being intended for use in the winter season when the surrounding country is covered with water from the overflow, lowered his wheel at any point of the bridge and rode off by way of some of the trails that thread their way through the dense undergrowth.

If this theory be correct it would explain the absolute disappearance of the men, who have easily been traced to this point and lost. It is an absolute impossibility to capture any person in this vast tract of brush-covered country, filled as it is with old abandoned mining shafts and drifts, without enlisting the services of an army of men and carefully scrutinizing every foot of the ground. In fact, it would be a more difficult search than to discover the alleged needle in the haystack. The detectives claim that as long as he stays in this brushy tract he is safe always, providing he has taken refuge there. But they also claim that should he ever venture into the open country they will effect his capture, as his personal appearance is accurately known to all law officers.

STAGGS' MURDERER.

CAPTAIN LEES BELIEVES IT WAS MCGUIRE, THE TRAIN-ROBBER.

The two men who held up the Oregon Express were the same two men who committed the robbery and murder at the Ingleside House on Saturday night, March 16, and what had at first the appearance of being one of the few mysterious crimes of a similar nature that have baffled the police in the past is now an open book.

It was generally believed that the same two men also held up and shot Robert D. Hagerty in his saloon at the Cliff House on the night of September 25, and made another visit to the saloon on February 21, and what had at first the appearance of being one of the few mysterious crimes of a similar nature that have baffled the police in the past is now an open book.

The Sheriff remained here four days and took a hand in searching for the Staggs murderers, believing that if they were found he would find the two train robbers. He was very much chagrined when the object of his visit was published, and bluntly said that there was no use of looking longer for them here, as they would have left the city.

Captain Lees yesterday received information from Marysville that the two men belonged to this city and had hired their bicycles from the firm of Baker & Perkins, on Van Ness avenue and Market street. The bicycle found at Marysville bore the name of the firm, and the fact was established when a member of the firm went to Sacramento yesterday morning and identified the dead robber.

The captain received further intimation that the train-robber who made his escape lived at 305 Grove street. A visit to that place elicited the information that a young man had lived there since November last. His name was Jack Brady.

"He had no settled occupation," said the landlady, "and used to go away for a day or two at a time for a visit to the country. He left altogether about a week ago, saying he was going either to Stockton or Sacramento, where he had often been before."

He left his trunk here and said he would send for it as soon as he got settled. Two men used to visit him often, one of them being a tall man. Brady was a bicyclist and took his bicycle with him when he left, about a week ago.

"I know of nobody of the name of Miss Walters and I never saw Brady in the company of any ladies. He may have been keeping company with a lady of that name, but if so I was not aware of it."

"I never saw any masks or linen dusters

in his possession, but he may have had them. I would be greatly surprised to hear that he was a robber, because he always acted like a perfect gentleman."

Captain Lees corroborated the landlady's story as to Brady having lived there, and said that Brady was unquestionably the train robber who made his escape.

"Sick as I am," said the captain, "I have devoted the whole afternoon and night to thoroughly investigating this case, and I say unhesitatingly that the man who was killed at Marysville was the man who murdered Cornelius Staggs, and Brady was his companion in both cases."

"They were both expert bicyclists, and I may as well say now that I have kept secret since the Staggs murder, that traces of two bicycles were found, showing beyond doubt that they rode to the Ingleside House on their bicycles and rode away on them after committing the robbery and murder. That will explain what puzzled people as to how they disappeared so rapidly and yet no vehicle was seen."

"There are other things, which I do not yet care to disclose in the interests of justice, but you may say that I know for certain from my investigations that the dead train-robber murdered Staggs and Brady was his accomplice."

"The dead man's name was neither McGuire nor Johnston. I knew what his name was, but at present will not divulge it."

"I have made careful inquiries as to the supposed Miss Walters. There is no such person. The two men used to go out riding their bicycles with two young girls, but Brady was not engaged to either of them."

"It is correct that they got the bicycles on which they rode to Marysville from Baker & Perkins on Market street and Van Ness avenue."

"I will examine Brady's trunk to-morrow to see what I can discover in it."

"It was reported from Marysville that Brady and his companion used to frequent a saloon on Twenty-ninth street and Potrero avenue at night, and play cards till late hours, but there is nothing in it. It is possible that Brady may come this way, but I don't think it. We will, of course, keep a sharp lookout for him and if he should make his appearance in this city and county he will soon be under arrest."

By the killing of the tall train-robber by Sheriff Bogard the perpetrators of three daring robberies, and perhaps more, in which a tall man and a smaller man wearing marks figured, have been discovered, and the reign of terror that has existed in the Mission and other outside districts may now subside.

ROMANCE OF SANTA CRUZ.

TWO YOUNG LOVERS FROM BEN LOMOND WED ON THE HIGH SEAS.

THE OBJECTIONS OF PARENTS OVERCOME BY A BIT OF STRATEGY.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL., March 31.—Out on the swells of the Pacific Ocean, whose waters had the sheen of gold under the glare of a sunny sun, in the domain that is of no country, and where neither law nor its minions could lift a restraining hand, two lovers to-day took the vows that made them man and wife, and yet that no law should interfere on their return, a representative of justice tied the silken bonds.

Harry Eason of San Francisco is a youth who has seen twenty summers come and go. Some time ago he met a fair lass of Ben Lomond and she emmeshed his heart. My Hineckly was the name of this girl of the mountains, and she was just past "sweet sixteen." It was the old, old story, and the two lovers were happy for a time, but when the youth proposed to marry his sweetheart he encountered an obstacle in the parents of the girl. They would not listen to the pleadings of the suitor, and sternly forbade him continuing his suit.

The lovers were downcast, but the youth was not of a friable nature, and the opposition of the parents only made him more determined to succeed. Many plans were considered. An elopement to the metropolis at the Golden Gate was not to be thought of, for there was lack of funds with which to travel, and the youth was not possessed of much of this world's goods. But they finally decided upon a plan which was sure of success, and which involved but little outlay of coin.

Ben Lomond is fifteen miles from this city, but the roads are good, and to people accustomed to the mountains it is but an afternoon's jaunt to this city on foot. Bright and early this morning the two young people left their respective homes, and meeting at a trysting place they started on their journey to Monterey Bay. Arriving here they proceeded at once to the beach after calling at the office of Justice of the Peace Gardner enlisting his good offices in their cause. They were not long in finding a boatman, and the little craft was soon far out on the heaving billows. When the boat with its occupants was far from the shore line and beyond the three-league limit, the lovers joined hands and there on the boundless ocean the Justice in due and legal form made them man and wife.

When the boat again made fast to the wharf two happy people clambered up the landing stairs and to-morrow there will be surprise in one household, and a chance for parental forgiveness and blessing, for the bold lover and his plucky little wife have surely deserved nothing less.

San Diego's Missing Tax Collectors.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., March 31.—Nothing whatever was learned to-day regarding the fate of L. N. Bailey and J. B. Brackett, who are missing somewhere on the desert, either killed or robbed, or left on foot in the middle of the perilous waste. Searching parties have also left Yuma.

FISHING SCHOONER LOST.

The Laura Nelson Wrecked off the Shores of North Carolina. WASHINGTON, D. C., March 31.—General J. M. Bail of the Life Saving Service, received a dispatch to-day from Bodie's Island, N. C., stating that the schooner Laura Nelson of Norfolk, on a fishing cruise, with a crew of thirteen men, had stranded between that point and Nags Head yesterday afternoon. The crew was saved in surfboats and by the life-saving men. The vessel is a total loss. The Laura Nelson was built at Essex, Mass., in 1874. She is of nine tons burden and was owned at Norfolk, Va.

IN MADERA'S JAIL.