

STRUCK DOWN IN THE SHADOW OF THE ALTAR

Minnie Williams Murdered in Emmanuel Church.

HACKED WITH A KNIFE.

Suspicion Falls on Theodore Durrant, a Medical Student.

HE IS SOUGHT FOR IN VAIN.

The Missing Man Seen With Her Saturday Night—He and She Knew Blanche Lamont.

One of the most atrocious murders ever committed in San Francisco was brought to light yesterday in the Baptist church on Bartlett street, between Twenty-second and Twenty-third. William Herman Nolt and two or three of the Sunday-school girls were the first to make the horrible discovery. They found nothing to arouse their suspicions until they reached a small room off the library.



MINNIE WILLIAMS, THE MURDERED GIRL. [From a photograph.]

covered with blood and with clothing disarranged, the body of a girl. She had been stabbed in several places. Her right hand was almost cut off and there was a horrible gash on the forehead. Some of the clothing had been torn from the body, and appearances all pointed to an outrage followed by murder.

It was soon ascertained that the murdered girl was Miss Minnie Williams of Alameda, a Sunday-school classmate of the missing Blanche Lamont. The closest in which she was found is in the front part of the church. The body lay in such a position that the right arm outstretched was in sight from the library entrance.

A broken case-knife, with which the murder had been committed, lay near the body. There was no evidence of a struggle, and the chances are that the assault was a complete surprise to the victim. The wounds were frightful to gaze upon. There was a gash extending from between the eyes to the right, two slashes on the breast where the dress had been torn open, and the probably fatal wound on the right wrist.

A stab in the right breast broke a piece of the blade off the knife and it remained embedded in the flesh. Another portion was found in a second wound and a third is missing, but is supposed to be embedded in the body.

Dr. Thomas A. Vogel was summoned by the Rev. J. George Gibson, pastor of the church, and he examined the dead girl in the presence of the coroner's deputies. He had done some dental work for her, and when her mouth was pried open in order that he might be certain it was Miss Williams another horrible discovery was made.

A white substance was seen pushed into the throat. It was a portion of her under-

clothing, which had been torn off and used as a gag. The supposition is that when the couple entered the church the man made an insulting proposal to the girl. She repelled him and he persisted. She ran into the little room and he forced it open, breaking the lock in the attempt. While securing an instrument with which to break open the door from the church kitchen, he also secured the knife and having murdered the girl finished his bloody work with it. She was a frail girl, weighing only about

conversation. The man was heard to say, "Oh, come along; what are you afraid of?" and presently they moved toward the church.

The man produced a key, opened the basement door and the two entered, closing the door after them. The man is described as being about 5 feet 6 inches high, shaved clean, save a dark mustache, wore a soft, slouch hat and a long, dark overcoat. According to Dr. Vogel, Mr. Durrant arrived at the social about 10:30 p. m., but Miss Williams did not put in an appearance.

She was to have been in the Bible class conducted by Superintendent P. D. Code to-day. The golden text is "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Miss Williams had evidently been studying this in connection with the Easter season as a well thumbed card with points on the lesson was found in her pocket.

A memorandum, "For Jennie Tufts, 2824 Mission street, class 10, Miss Turner," was also found in her pocket. Mrs. Tufts, the mother of the little girl, knew very little about the murdered girl. She had heard that she and Durrant were friends for a considerable time, but had fallen out over some insulting remark he made to her.

He wrote asking her to meet him last Friday, but she refused. Durrant rode a bicycle and was also a great friend of Miss Lamont. Durrant, Dr. Gibson and young King were all fond of music, and the clergyman is said to have a fine voice. The trio were inseparable, and King and Gibson are both supposed to know where Durrant is.

DURRANT HAS DISAPPEARED. Circumstances Which Connect Him With the Murdered Girl. As soon as Chief Crowley was informed

of the murder he put all the detectives available on the case, and instructed Sergeant Burke to detail as many men as possible also on the case. Minnie Williams formerly lived on the corner of Twenty-second and Howard streets. About a year ago her family was stricken down with diphtheria and three of its members died. Minnie and her sister Augusta survived. Afterward the father and mother separated and the members of the Emmanuel Baptist Church assisted the mother and children in their effort to reach their relatives in the East.

Shortly afterward they returned to California, and Minnie went to live with H. C. Morgan, president of the California Casket Company, in his home at Alameda. She did not give up her connection with the Emmanuel Baptist Church, however, and occasionally came over from Alameda to attend concerts and special services given in the church.

A meeting of the Young People's Christian Endeavor of the church was held last Friday night in the house of Dr. James A. Vogel, 2602 Howard street. It was followed by an entertainment, and both Minnie Williams and W. H. T. Durrant, the librarian of the church, were to be present. Minnie left her home in Alameda at 4 p. m. Friday and arrived at the house of Mrs. Boyes, 1707 Howard street, an hour later. She had her trunk with her, as she intended staying a week or so and intended taking part in the Easter service being held in the church to-day. She left Mrs. Boyes about 7:30 p. m. in order to be at Dr. Vogel's about 8 o'clock, and from that time up to noon yesterday nothing was heard from her.

W. H. T. Durrant, the medical student who is mentioned in connection with the disappearance of Miss Lamont, and who is wrapped three rings known to have been the property of the missing girl. Written in lead pencil on the margin of the newspaper was the name, "George R. King," and the name, "Sherstein." King is the son of Dr. King of 521 Capp street. He is a member of the choir of the same church, and knew both Durrant and Miss Lamont intimately.

Detective Anthony saw him and he said he knew nothing about the girl's disappearance or the return of the rings. Sherstein is an old man and was Miss Lamont's music teacher.

MISS WILLIAMS A DOMESTIC. She Was About to Leave This City for Tacoma.

Minnie Williams was well known in Alameda, where she had acted as a domestic in several families. Gossips are now telling tales about the butchered girl, but the fact remains that wherever she was known she was highly respected and was deemed a pure and modest young woman.

Miss Williams has generally lived as one of the family of C. H. Morgan, secretary of the California Casket Company, especially when she was out of work. She was engaged in making caskets for the California Casket Company for three months the latter part of last year.

She had also been employed as a domestic by J. N. Young of 2128 Alameda avenue, and Mrs. N. R. Lipman of 1547 Everett street, Alameda. The Morgan family lived for a long time at 1220 Versailles avenue, but recently moved to the house of A. O. Gott, the jeweler, of 2232 Pacific avenue, Alameda.

The parents of Minnie or Minnie Williams are well known in Alameda. They resided there three years ago on Santa Clara avenue, near Walnut. Her father and mother could not live happily together and they separated. Minnie Williams then became a domestic.

It may have been that the murderer of Minnie Williams was wildly infatuated with her, and knowing that she was about to leave for Tacoma, preferred to kill her rather than let her go away from him. It is also possible that he attempted to more securely bind her to him by assaulting her.

Mr. Morgan has severed his connection with the California Casket Company to accept a position in a similar firm in Tacoma. He was to have left for Tacoma today, and Miss Williams was to have accompanied his family.

Miss Williams left Alameda Friday at 5 p. m. The last seen of her in Alameda was when she left the Morgan home, ostensibly to visit a friend living on Howard street, in this city, and also to attend the entertainment of the Baptist church.

VIEWED BY A FRIEND. Thinks Durrant's Well-Known Piety Precludes Such a Thing. George R. King, in speaking of the matter, said: "I cannot believe that young Durrant is guilty of so foul a crime. I have known him a number of years, and he certainly was a most exemplary young man. It has been stated that my son saw Durrant and the murdered girl walking in front of the church Friday night about 9 o'clock."

"But that is a mistake, for my son attended the Tivoli with a friend, returning home about 11 o'clock. The whole affair is shrouded in mystery, but I think Durrant is innocent of the crime. It would be very hard for me to believe that a man of such regular habits could do so foul a deed."

MRS. DURRANT'S STATEMENT. She Is Confident That Her Son Can Prove His Innocence. Mrs. Durrant, mother of the man who is supposed to know more about the murdered girl than any one else, said last night: "My son came home Friday afternoon about 5 o'clock, bringing with him his uniform, as he intended to leave for Mt. Diablo yesterday morning. He left home about 7:30 o'clock to go to Dr. Perkins' for some articles of clothing needed in the expedition."

"Of course, after leaving the house I know nothing of his movements except what has been told me, and which I know to be correct. There was a church reception at Dr. Vogel's Friday night, and Theodore, being a prominent member of the young people's society, was present."

"From what I can learn through those at the reception the entertainment broke up about 11 o'clock, and my son, in company with Henry Wolf, escorted Miss Mariam Lloyd home. Of course, what might have been done after that I can only surmise—that is, Mr. Wolf and my son parted at Twenty-second street, near Howard, the latter coming directly home."

"Any way, my son came in at 11:30, though I did not see him. He is a member of the Signal Corps, and he left yesterday morning at 20 minutes of 7 for his station. I did not see him before he left, though he will be back to-morrow night."

"This will all be news for him, for he can easily prove his whereabouts every minute of the time from leaving this house at 7:30 and returning at 11:30 o'clock. Why he scarcely knows the girl, and as for being all intimate with her, that is not the case and can be proved."

"I am very much distressed and grieved

that his name should be mixed up in the unfortunate affair, and I am sure it would not have been but for the mysterious disappearance of Blanche Lamont. He was a good friend of the girl, but that is all.

"He did not even know that she had disappeared until the Sunday following the Wednesday she dropped from view. He came home and told me then that he had heard it at church. Theodore will be able to exonerate himself when he returns, but I think it an outrage that he should be accused without the slightest evidence. It has been said that the murdered girl was at the reception, but that is a mistake."

RESULT OF THE AUTOPSY.

Wild Grief Displayed by the Father Over the Awful Tragedy. The remains reached the Morgue about 2 p. m., and the news of the horrible murder having spread like wildfire, there was a larger crowd of morbid curiosity-seekers than usual awaiting the arrival of the wagon.

The body was at once removed to the autopsy-room and a post mortem examination held. The physicians were unable to state precisely what caused death, so their verdict was "hemorrhage due to lacerated wounds and asphyxiation due to strangulation."

About an hour after the autopsy had been held the father of the girl arrived at the coroner's office. He was completely overcome when the details of the murder were told him, and bewailed the loss of his child in heart-broken tones.

He said a purer and brighter daughter never breathed than his girl, and his curses on the villain who had killed her were hot and heavy. No date has been set for the inquest, but it will probably be held next Wednesday. In the meantime the police are hot on the trail of the murderer.

A BULLET IN HIS BRAIN.

C. Calmon Kills Rene Lefevre in a Jackson-Street Lodging-House.

The Dead Man Had Been Intimate With the Wife of the Murderer. C. Calmon, proprietor of the White House, 520 Jackson street, shot and instantly killed Rene Lefevre, a shoemaker, and an ex-convict, living at the Contra Costa House, 14 Jackson street, on the stairway of the lodging-house, 520 Jackson street, shortly before 10 o'clock last night. Calmon was arrested, and admitted the crime, but he pleads self-defense.

According to Calmon's statement Lefevre has been too intimate with Mrs. Calmon. The dead man had been living at the house conducted by Calmon until two weeks ago. He had been found in a compromising position, and was told to leave the house. He did so, but has been back several times, although repeatedly warned by Calmon to keep away.

Last evening Lefevre called at the White House, but was told by Calmon not to come up the stairs. According to Calmon's story Lefevre said he would go, but that he added: "I will do you up in less than a week."

Lefevre then left the house, but a few moments later returned. As he came up the stairs Calmon called out to him to stop or he would kill him. When four or five steps from the top of the stairs Calmon fired. The ball struck Lefevre over the left eye and he fell back dead on the landing midway on the stairs.

Calmon made no effort to escape. Word was taken to the old City Hall police station by two eyewitnesses of the affair, and Calmon was placed under arrest by Officers Little and Love.

He showed no regret over the affair, claiming that he believed Lefevre intended to kill him, and that he shot first. He believed the future of his first wife's kind was found. A few cards of Attorney P. B. Nagle and a letter crediting him with authority to solicit for S. Ronda, merchant tailor, 11 Ellis street, comprised his effects. Lefevre is known to the police. He was sent to San Quentin about two years ago for burglary. He was a young man and rather prepossessing. Since his release he has given the police no trouble and has evidently been working right along.

FIGURES ON THE RETINA.

Strange Discovery in a Belgian Hospital. The legendary belief that the eye of a murdered man might retain a permanent image of his destroyer has just received something like scientific confirmation.

According to the Revue des Questions Scientifiques, Drs. Deneffe and Claves of Ghent University recently had their attention directed by a medical student to the curious appearance presented by the eyes of a woman under treatment in the hospital.

The student declared that he had found certain figures distinctly inscribed on the surface of both eyes. Dr. Deneffe was incredulous, and suggested that if any such marks existed they must merely be the chance result of some injury, and that the resemblance to figures was probably imaginary.

Dr. Deneffe, however, he examined the patient himself, and was astonished to find that the left iris bore the number "10" and the right "45." These figures being traced with calligraphic perfection. The eyes were photographed, and on the negative the numbers "10" and "45" stood out with unmistakable clearness.

Nor is this all. Although the origin of these particular impressions cannot be ascertained, it has been proved that their acquisition may be arbitrary. The woman's daughter has the same peculiarity in her eyes, but with a much less degree of regularity and distinctness.

The girl's right eye is found to bear a faint reproduction of the number "10" while in the left iris the figures "20" take the place of the mother's "45."

Here, then, is a pleasing puzzle for the physiologists. It would be strange, at this time of day, to discover that the eye, under certain conditions, could really perform the functions of the camera.—Westminster Gazette.

Degrees in Honesty. A couple of pickpockets had "pinched" a fine gold watch from a victim, who offered a reward of \$100 for its recovery, and no questions asked. The notice fell under the eyes of one of the gentry before the watch had been disposed of, and he took it to his pal, says the New York Recorder.

"I say, Bill," he said, "here's a chance for us to get \$100 for the tickler."

"Yes, but you see we get this \$100 and no questions asked."

"And we lose all the balance?" suggested the thrifty William.

"Not much," responded the pal; "I'm willing to be honest when I get the chance, but you ain't."

It is considered not improbable that some specimens of Chinese poetry were written as long as 3000 years ago.

AN AFRICAN METAL KING.

How a Circus Clown Became Worth Six Hundred Million Francs.

A MOST WONDERFUL CAREER.

Notwithstanding His Vast Wealth He Is a Quiet and Unassuming Man.

Paris has a king within its walls to-day, one whose subjects do him homage throughout the world of business, for the monarch is more other than Barnato, the king of mines, who at the lowest computation is worth 600,000,000 of francs.

The name of Barnato says little to those people who do not follow events in South Africa, and yet the king is popular not only at the Cape but in London, where he is a great power and where he makes the sun to shine or the rain to descend on the mining market. If he were only a fortunate speculator he would not be particularly interesting, however, but his life is as curious as a romance.

Twenty years ago a circus, which had traveled, goodness knows how, from England to South Africa, arrived at Kimberley. It was not a big circus, in fact it was only composed of the manager, the manager's wife, a clown and two trained mules. At that epoch Kimberley was not the diamond town that it has become since. The circus did poor business, and one morning the director and the directress fled, leaving the clown with two mules and thirty shillings in his pocket, which is not much in Europe, but which is still less at the Cape of Good Hope. What could be done with mules at Kimberley? Go riding? That was what Mr. Barnato, the hero of this story, did.

Statistics show that the German is the most and the French the least prolific peoples of Europe. The French are a nation of stay-at-homes, and do not adapt themselves in foreign lands so easily as the Germans, yet their population is increasing, and is slowly diminishing. When Dr. Roux's discovery of antitoxin was an antidote for diphtheria was made public he was hailed as the greatest benefactor of his age, as 3.6 per cent of the population of France fall each year victims to that disease, and the saving of so many lives means that the population will begin to increase, or at least hold its own.

BEN, THE FIRE DOG.

Death of a Pet of the New York Engineer.

A spotted coachdog, known as Ben, which belonged to engine 13 in Powers street, Williamsburg, was shot by a policeman, after a doctor tried in vain to alleviate his sufferings. Ben was run over by the engine while going to a fire at Stagg and Humboldt streets, says the New York Sun.

Four years ago the firemen got the dog from engine 34. Ben was a small pup and great interest was taken in him on account of his sagacity. The firemen trained him to lead the engine-horses to a water-trough and to buy the newspaper. The dog knew every signal on the siren, and whenever the engine was called to a fire Ben would take his place in front of the team and never stop until the fire was reached.

Everybody in the neighborhood of the engine-house knew Ben and provided him with food when he appeared among them. The dog never went away more than a few yards from the engine-house, and on several occasions he was known to jump through the basement windows of houses in the neighborhood of the engine-house when he heard the fire-bell ringing.

Thomas Shanley, a blacksmith on Powers street, near Graham avenue, got a big bulldog about two weeks ago to guard his place. The dog was used to show any signs of viciousness, and Shanley let him have the freedom of the shop. When the dog in the engine-house rang for a fire at Humboldt and Stagg streets on Saturday morning the dog refused to show any signs of viciousness, and Shanley let him have the freedom of the shop. When the dog in the engine-house rang for a fire at Humboldt and Stagg streets on Saturday morning the dog refused to show any signs of viciousness, and Shanley let him have the freedom of the shop.

The engine went up Powers street to Graham avenue. Shanley's dog heard Ben bark and ran over to the blacksmith shop. When the bulldog saw Ben he attacked him, burying his teeth in Ben's throat. Both dogs fell, and while they were down the stones the engine came dashing along and ran over them. Shanley's dog was instantly killed and Ben's back and one of his legs were broken.

Ben was carried to the engine-house and a veterinary surgeon was called. Everything was done for the dog, but the firemen decided yesterday morning to have him shot. Ben will be stuffed and mounted, and will be placed in the engine-house.

BRAVERY OF AFGHANS.

They Recognize It in Their Foes as Well. The courage and undaunted boldness of the Afghans will bear comparison with that of any nation, and many are the instances of their bravery known to British officers. There lives in the Yankafai country an old chieftain, the hero of many fights, who now enjoys a well-earned pension, with the village manor as a reward for honorable service, and who on more than one occasion risked his life to save that of his commanding officer.

The present editor of the London Evening Globe records with gratitude the fact that thirty years ago his life was saved by Afzal Khan, the recent envoy to the Cabul court. Major Wigram Batty, whom I buried at Jellalabad, fell on the battlefield of Fatahbad in the conquest of Afghan territory, but they were Afghan soldiers of his own regiment who stood over his dead body to protect it from insult. The missionary Tuting was attacking the faith of the Moslem in the streets of an Afghan city when his life was attempted by an assassin, but it was his Afghan servant who saved the preacher's life even in the midst of popular tumult.

Colin Mackenzie, one of the Cabul prisoners of 1842, often told the story of that Afghan chivalry which protected the lives and honor of English ladies in the excitement of a national rebellion. Nor are they slow to appreciate the quality of bravery in others. In the frontier war of 1863, a young English officer was deserted by his Indian sepoy, and for some time held his own in the midst of a crowd of Afghan warriors. When the brave young soldier fell, covered with wounds, the very man who had cut him down before he was a prisoner, a pitiable pluck of the young Englishman, who rather than run with his men, faced the foe and died like a man. They raised one united shout in the Afghan language as he fell, "Bravo! Bravo! There's a brave young fellow!"

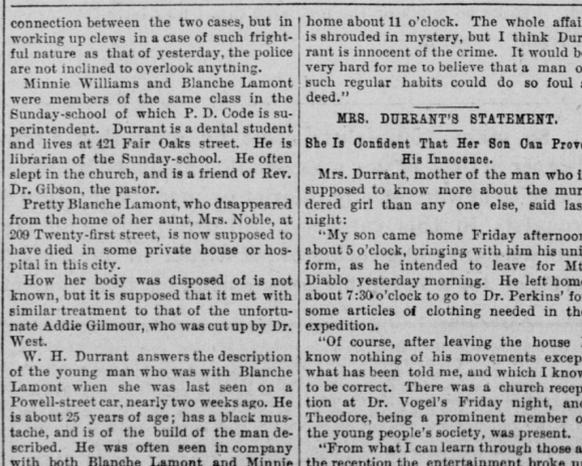
But they are revengeful and jealous.—Home and Country.

The Century's Close.

The question whether the twentieth century will begin with the beginning or the end of the year 1900 bids fair to reach a stage of acute controversialism. Some people declare that the present century will close with the first of January, 1899, while others are equally certain that the century will not be complete until the year 1900 has passed.

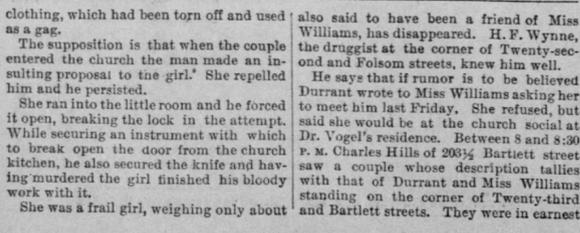
This latter view is mathematically correct, and may one day prove what he knows that the first year of the Christian era ended at the close of the year 1, and the first century at the close of the year 100. If the Christian era had begun with a year when the centuries would have begun with the year and ended with the years 99, and so on to 1899.

EMMANUEL BAPTIST CHURCH, BARTLETT STREET, BETWEEN TWENTY-SECOND AND TWENTY-THIRD, IN WHICH MINNIE WILLIAMS WAS MURDERED.



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MR. WILLIAMS, THE GRIEF-STRIKEN FATHER, HEARING THE TERRIBLE STORY AT THE CORONER'S OFFICE.



MR. WILLIAMS, THE GRIEF-STRIKEN FATHER, HEARING THE TERRIBLE STORY AT THE CORONER'S OFFICE. [Sketch by a "Call" staff artist.]