

Police Commissioner Gunst was one of the first men to call in the City Prison and see the arrested men suspected of committing the robbery near Ingleside track. He was accompanied by Secretary Leake, of the Pacific Coast Jockey Club, Albert Saxe, formerly of the Chicago Pinkerton Detective Agency, Captain John Curtin, the

# JOBS OF REFORM.

The story they tell corroborates, to a very great extent, what Gardiner told the captain yesterday.

It is to the effect that Middlemiss and Welch told Gardiner to inquire from the conductor at what time the last car would be going downtown. It was nearly 8 o'clock then, and the conductor answered that the last car would not leave before 10:30 o'clock that night.

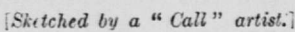
"That's fine," spoke out Gardiner in a loud-tioned voice; "we can have all the time we want to sit in the sand and wait." The other two men punched Gardiner in the ribs to make him quit his prattle, but he continued talking in a maudlin way, and no more attention was paid to him by the conductor.

These employees of the railroad have been known to see and have identified the three men in the jail as the ones on their car. Now it remains to be seen whether the conductor and driver of the car that was held up will be able to do likewise.

For some reason or other the two last-mentioned car-company men have not been able to see the prisoners. They dropped in at the New City Hall once, but Captain Lees was out at the time looking up the case, and it was probably deemed advisable to keep the prisoners from subjecting the prisoners to the test. To-day, however, the parties will be brought together.

It is out of the question to bring Cashier Clark and the prisoners to a meeting. Clark is in a very bad way. The operation performed on his foot, following the severe wound and the shattering of the bone, has caused a terrible shock and a general breaking up.

As the thing stands now the man who showed the girl and who, after being so painfully wounded, directed his associates to save the coin bag, is as helpless and as weak as a babe.



Well-known local detective, and John F. Farley, the manager of the Ingleside refreshment department.

All these gentlemen were dressed as nearly alike as men of fashion usually are, still, John Middlemiss, the dark complexioned and tall man of the trio, did not hesitate a moment in his salutation. He picked out the Police Commissioner, asking: "How do you do, Mr. Gunst?"

Mr. Gunst lost his head. "He said Detective, Saxt last evening," "If he had simply made sure that the blowblow in his eyes would have made him give up his 'finnards' by telling him: 'this is your chance to square yourself, tell me all you know and I'll be your friend,' "

But, as Mr. Gunst did not do the proper thing at the proper time, the mystery of the Ingleside robbery is a shade hazy still. Just the same, Captain Lees sat back in his armchair last evening, as comfortably as any man could, tired by a twenty-four-hour vigil, directing his men according to to his ideas of the proper channel in which to sort out the thieves and their blazes to be still at large. He feels satisfied that of the three men he has already captured two are the fellows who shot the foot of Cashier Clarke and carried away the money bag directed by the late Edward W. Ward, superintendent of the Olympic Water Company's works.

The prisoner whose guilt is doubtful is Fred Gardiner. He is a young man, not over twenty years of age, a fair, well-to-do, somewhat weak individuals who will allow himself to be directed by any one to do anything excepting, perhaps, that which might result in immediate physical injury.

He is not that class of people who will do the chores of menials around saloons, run errands of any questionable nature, and who is at the beck and call of the first crook to come along. He is a well-to-do, apparently, has been to patronize the rumshops nearest to the place where he received his tips.

Gardiner has been known for months ago to make quite a few artistic piano-player, and not unfrequently has been picked up by rouncers at the track and elsewhere to furnish them with cheap amusement wherever pianos and drinks were wanted for the attractions.

Thursday was positively intoxicated. Thursday night when he was arrested. He had been so for weeks more or less, according to the amount of money dropped into his pockets for the attractions.

When Captain Lees interrogated him he was clear-eyed and maudlin. He remembered that he had come in on some car, and that when he had been in the pool by the side of the car, he had been in the pool for him and he had been carried to Third street. Policeman 413 is Officer Rourke, as capable and as honest as any man on the force. On the night Gardiner claims to have seen the car, Officer Rourke was on the vicinity of Telegraph Hill, working on the cases of the injured young children who accuse Captain Lane of their disgrace.

In his hands, says Gardiner told Middlemiss that dovetail with the statements made by Middlemiss, but it is evident that where their stories disagree it is not Gardiner who is speaking the untruth.

Middlemiss was struck by the robbery was struck with Gardiner, and caused him to cash a winning ticket for \$20 on one of the races. That day Gardiner got well and drunk, and he states that when it was time to go to the track he had cut all his money and had not even a fare.

Middlemiss furnished him with 10 cents, and it was on his refusal to give that up for his fare that he was arrested.

According to him, he was taken to Captain Lees yesterday:

"As sure as I am alive, I had nothing to do with this robbery."

There is no belief in the captain's mind or in the minds of the people who have ever met Gardiner that he is one of the culprits. But, there is this one thing that arrests against him: He was captured by the detectives who went to the Olympic Water Company's pier.

Gardiner was too drunk to explain how he came to be with Middlemiss at that time. He knew that his friend had been on the beach, but that is all.

Some valuable evidence has been secured by Captain Lees from the conductor and gripman of the car on which Gardiner was taken to the beach on Thursday night when they were arrested.

The same thing may be said of Officer Joseph, who did his best to arrest the thieves. But he, as well as Fitzgerald, is hardly in a position to identify the prisoners as the men who got much more than a rear, an imperfect view in the darkness, of the retreating bandits.

The police are strong in their belief that Patsy Welsh, the madame of the red mustache, is the master of the robbers.

The fellow is not favored with pacifist looks and he has the tough way of a hardened case. He claims to be able to prove an alibi, and in his own way of showing it before a number of detectives yesterday, he tossed out a half-dollar piece, saying:

"There you are; go pay for the telegram and I'll prove to you ducks I've got it all right."

He went no further, however, who questioned at that time, receding into his shell as a small might, realizing there was danger ahead.

Under the drag-net system the police gathered in a fourth man named Johnson, but yesterday he was fully able to establish his whereabouts at the time of the robbery. He, as well as a number of others, was taken to the station.

At low tide yesterday Detectives Gibson and Cody patrolled and searched the beach for the Winchester rifles which the robbers carried, and which it is believed they cast into the water after using them to intimidate and wound their victims.

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## WITH THE PRISONERS.

The Three Men in Jail Have a Story of Execution to Tell.

"I have no doubt about proving an alibi," said Middlemiss in reply to a question concerning his movements on the evening of the robbery. "Billy Wesley of San Francisco saloon, at 863 Market street, can prove that I was at 7 o'clock. I was there the greater part of the afternoon and evening, and there met Patsy Welsh. I can bring forth all the proof required to satisfy the officers that I was not concerned in the hold-up of the car and Clarke, the barkeeper."

Gardiner claims that he was not within three miles of the racetrack Wednesday afternoon.

"I went to the Columbia Theater," he said, "and did not leave until the performance was over at 10 o'clock. Then I went to the San Francisco Saloon, and there met Middlemiss and Welsh. I was there off and on until 10 o'clock that night, and can bring witnesses to prove that I was in the place at that time. Then I went home."

"Yes, I was at the track and came downtown on the 510 car," said Patsy Welsh. Middlemiss was on, and had some trouble with the conductor about his fare and was put off. I was a barber in Contra Costa, and come down occasionally to play the races. I got here Tuesday about noon and when I went out to the track Wednesday I won between \$50 and \$60. I left the track at about 12 o'clock, and went to the San Francisco Saloon at 6 o'clock. I can bring two or three witnesses to prove the truth of that statement and also that I was in the house at the hour when the race was on."

"I was in the house at the hour when the race was on," said Billy Wesley. "I knew Middlemiss and Gardiner in Burma, though I have not been there for two years."

Middlemiss admits that he and his friend went to the beach Thursday night, but says they were out for a walk.

They all expect to prove an alibi without trouble, and Middlemiss has already been in consultation with a lawyer.

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## FOR TAKING BILLS.

Counterfeiter Heusick Sentenced to Ten Years at San Quentin and Fined \$1000 Besides.

Ten years at San Quentin will be the sentence United States District Judge Morrow gave Ernest A. Heusick, who pleaded guilty to counterfeiting.

About a year ago Heusick was arrested under the name of E. A. Meyers, but he was let go then for want of evidence. The second time he was taken in charge by the Federal officers was in July at Livermore. He was found with a large number of counterfeit \$20 bills, and \$1000 in cash in his possession and four genuine \$1 bills.

His particular "graft" was to cut the figures and words denoting the amount of money the Confederate note called for and then to paste on the figures and words, and words on the genuine \$1 bills. Lots of these cuttings were discovered in one of

his bootlegs at the time. He had succeeded in passing three of his "raised" bills in this City and Livermore.

Heusick's attorney, M. M. Foote, made a plea for mercy to the court yesterday, but Judge Morrow disregarded it, giving him the ten years sentence and a \$1000 fine besides.

**UNION CHRISTMAS SERVICES.**

**The Baptists of the City Hold Joint Sunday-School Exercises.**

The Union Christmas services of the Baptist Sunday-schools of San Francisco was held at Metropolitan Temple last evening. The First, Hamilton - square, Swedish, Emmanuel and Third churches and Bethesda, Chinese, Galilee and Richmond missions participated.

A mimic fireplace and a large tree profusely decorated attracted the admiring attention of the hundreds of children who filled the auditorium.

The programme was as follows:

Organ voluntary, Hallet K. Mitchell; doxology, congregation; invocation, Rev. A. M. Russell; Scripture reading, Galilee mission, Isaiah III:1-8; Richmond mission, Luke II:8-16; Bethesda mission, Matthew II:1-11; hymn, "Coronation," congregation; prayer, Rev. J. George Gibson; response, "Children's Prayer Song," Junior Endeavor, Emmanuel Church; song, Chinese mission; male chorus, "Let Joyful be some Reason," German church; recitation, "First Christmas Morn," Ethel Jackson, Hamilton - square; anthem (selected), Shining Star Mission band, First Church; recitation, "The Whole Wide World for Jesus," Mildred Nelson and Charles Anderson, Swedish church; kinder symphony, primary class, First Church; recitation, "Christmas Bells," Clara Woods, Emmanuel Church; song with Desarte movements, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," children of Third Church; exercises, Bethesda Mission; song, "God Is Love," children of German church; hymn, "Joy to the World," congregation; benediction, Rev. M. P. Boynton; distribution of gifts.

**An Early Morning Blaze.**

An alarm was turned in through box 195 this morning at 12:15 o'clock for a small blaze in the three-story brick building at the



**WELSH.**

**PRISON.**

corner of California and Montgomery streets owned by the Parrott estate. The fire was caused by live coals settling fire to an ash barrel. The damage will amount to about \$200 fully covered by insurance.

**WERE MARRIED IN HASTE.**

**James Nolan Makes Pretty Miss Pauline Foster His Bride.**

**A Priest Would Not Perform the Ceremony so a Justice of the Peace Was Called On.**

James Nolan, the 23-year-old son of P. T. Nolan, the shoe-dealer, was married by Justice of the Peace Kerrigan yesterday to Miss Pauline Foster, the handsome 18-year-old ward of Captain Madison.

The young couple were known to be very fond of each other, but a slight difference in religious belief and their youth made those most interested in their welfare from somewhat upon the idea of a marriage for some years to come, and for some time the young people apparently heeded the advice given them.

Recently, however, young Nolan became impatient at the delay, and, as his lady love was of legal age and willing, decided to take the matter in his own hands and marry before obstacles could be thrown in the way. He therefore procured a marriage license in the regular way and called at the home of the priest of a Western Addition parish and asked that the ceremony be performed without delay.

The difference in belief stood in the way, however, and the priest told him that he must first obtain a special dispensation from Archbishop Riordan. This would take time, however, and not desiring to risk being separated from his prospective bride, a Justice's marriage was decided on. Justice Kerrigan soon tied the knot and the newly married ones breathed a simultaneous sigh of relief as the words "I pronounce you man and wife," were uttered.

After sending messages to the guardians of the young lady and to the parents of the groom, telling of the course they had taken, a marriage feast was partaken of at a fashionable restaurant and a theater party for the evening arranged. Mrs. Nolan has been known on the streets of the city for some time as one of the most fashionably dressed ladies who appear on pleasant afternoons, and has been admired by all for her handsome face and graceful carriage.

The groom has been employed in his father's establishment for several years past. Parental forgiveness is expected.

**A Rheumatic's Museum.**

A Fifteenth Ward man, who has been a lifelong sufferer from rheumatism, has a queer collection of alleged "cures" arranged in a neat cabinet. One shelf is devoted to a series of small, wrinkled objects, which look and feel like large pebbles. They are not pebbles, however, but potatoes which have become almost petrified through being carried a long time in the pocket of the rheumatic gentleman. Each potato is marked with a small label bearing some such inscription as this: "Carried from November 12, 1878, to May 18, 1880. Very efficacious." The collector claims that the potato carried in the trousers pocket has proved to be the best of many remedies he has ever tried. He carries one potato until the return of his rheumatic twinges seem to testify to the decline of the tuber's curative properties. Then he takes up a new potato and locks the old one up in his cabinet. On the other shelves of the cabinet are several shriveled horse-chestnuts, a string of amber beads, a dried-up rabbit's foot, the right foot of an "East-Sho' Crow," a number of iron finger rings, and a string of beads, each with its own odds and ends. "All these things seem to have given more or less relief," says the collector.—Philadelphia Record.

It is said that there are but seven nine-lettered metaphoric words in the English language — scratched, stretched, scrunched, screeched, squelched and stanchd.

sion the court said it heartily agreed, be-

cause the matter of naturalization was exclusively within Federal control. Judge Morrow's language was: "Persons of the Mongolian race under American law could at no time become naturalized. This was the view held by Judge Sawyer in the case of Ah Yup. Congress intended to exclude Mongolians."

Judge Sawyer contended that the exclusion act meant to deprive them of the privilege of citizenship; in fact, Congress has gone far enough to expressly state in the act of 1882 that no State court or court of the United States shall admit Chinese to citizenship. "It is therefore," said Judge Morrow, "on this ground that the New Jersey court had no right to naturalize Gee Hop and that his certificate of citizenship is void on the face of it."

As to the passport, the court remarked that it was not evidence that the plaintiff was a citizen of this country. Judge Thompson of the Supreme Court has already decided upon this point. It is understood, as a matter of practice, that some evidence of citizenship is required by the Secretary of State before issuing the passport, says the learned Judge. This, however, is discretionary with him. There is no law of the United States governing passports anyway.

This decision will not only cover Chinese, but Japanese as well. "All Mongolians" is the language of the opinion.

The Gee Hop case is one of three which have been engaging Judge Morrow's attention for some time. It was not the most important, but was important enough. The partition case upon which the Department of Justice at Washington, several local attorneys and a large number of politicians have concentrated their attention is that of Wong Kim Ark. In this case the question to be decided is whether a Chinese born in this country is a citizen or not.

Attorney George D. Collins caused this question to be raised, and a test case was made at the instance of United States Attorney-General Harmon. Judge Morrow decided on Thursday in the case of Ching Too that the McCrery act could not be made to apply to a felon who had been born in this country. As is well known, the McCrery act provides for the deportation of Chinese felons. The court held that Ching Too, having been born in this country, could not be deported. This may be taken as some indication of what Judge Morrow's decision in the Wong Kim Ark case may be. It can be looked for now almost any day.

**Why Bogs Squeal.**

The true wild pigs and the feral hogs, which have escaped from captivity in various parts of the world, go about in herds for mutual protection, and when one is attacked the others stand by him and defend him. This affords an explanation of the original use of the shrill voice of the pig and of his readiness to exercise it whenever he is in trouble. In fact, whenever you hear a pig squealing you hear testimony to the inept deeds of his race in the past as eloquent and emphatic as a Fourth of July oration. In the wild state it was his appeal for help, to which he knew his brethren, one and all, would respond with splendid loyalty and courage. Many a hunter has had to climb a tree to save his life after wounding one of a herd of peccaries. Now the hog would not expend his breath in ear-splitting squeals unless he felt pretty sure of getting some benefit from so doing. His squealing, therefore, amounts to a lively expression of faith in the noble moral qualities of his brethren. It conveys precisely the same sentiment as do the words of a stump orator when he says: "Gentlemen, I well know your constancy and your courage! You have proved many times in the past that you are no mugwumps who go to roost on a fence when the party is in danger. I confidently look to you, therefore, to stand by me in the present tremendous crisis."—North American Review.

Mourning rings were greatly used in Europe during the seventeenth century. After the execution of Charles I his sympathizers in England were mourning rings in token of their grief.

NEW

# TEAR OUT

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ers of NEW YEAR'S  
ving and numberless o  
entire balance of our c  
A CLEAN SWEET

## FANCY FRAMES !

At 10 Cents.

PLUSH FRAMES, also Imitation Leather Wood and Celluloid, value 20c, will be offered at 10c each.

At 20 Cents.

CHROMOS, with gilt frames, excellent value for 40c, will be offered at 20c each.

At 25 Cents.

FANCY FRAMES, with ribbon trimming, hand painted, will be offered at 25c each.

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS!

At Large Size.

CHILDREN'S LARGE SIZE PICTURE BOOKS, value 10c, will be closed out at 5c each.

At 10 Cents.

CHILDREN'S STORY BOOKS, with illustrated pictures, value 25c, will be closed out at 10c each.

## GAMES ! GAMES !

OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF GAMES left over from Christmas will be closed out AT HALF PRICE.

## GLOVE BOXES, ETC. !

OUR ENTIRE ASSORTMENT OF FANCY GOODS, consisting of Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Jewel Boxes, Plaques, Work Boxes, Pin Cushions, Nickel Frames, Card Receivers, Ink Stands, etc., will be closed out AT HALF PRICE.

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## Store Closes Every

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*Opportunity*

Murphy Building,  
Market and Jones Streets.

The deputies know well that the fact of the lower river being full of steelheads makes it impossible for them to catch any fish nothing on earth so well as catching them. They know that the steelheads come down only from the fall to the spring, and that the fish out of season when the sun has gotten down, and consequently the illicit nets are out, are the best time for catching them. The funny wards of the State.

The three men took their places in the boat and began to feel their way down the river. They were not sure of the bottom, and threw the shadows—if anything could make a shadow in that blackest of nights—down on the water and every object present was lost in obscurity. The palps of the fish were the only things that came out.

Cross sat in the bow as a lookout. Perhaps it is a mockery to call him a "look-out," for nothing but visual inspiration of the fish could be of any use to him. He was closed in about them. So Cross simply sat in the bow and amused himself pushing the boat off the sandbanks, logs and rocks, and he was not aware of the time, even on an average of twice per minute the whole night long. He had a rude hook-

drawn from a redwood sapling, which he dragged in the water fishing in the dark for nets, and when he was not working the craft back into the channel with his fishpole and did very well and caught a fair share of fish.

Wilson with the oars pulled so much stronger with his right arm, and the reporter being useless as a boat-steerer, the craft every few minutes would plunge into the water and be hauled up by the long-handling brush, scratching their faces and tearing their clothing. And to add to their perplexities they were obliged to keep perfectly quiet and be keenly on the lookout for the slightest bump alongside of some fishing-boat and have to lighten every instant.

"Pull with your left!" would come from the lookout in a loud whisper as he felt the branches of the trees raising him.

"That's all right," said the reporter. "Great Jupiter, gee!" snorted Cross in his excitement, forgetting he was not driving a team of oxen. Then the boat would slide in under a thicket of willows growing in the water, and the men would soak the foliage would pour down a rain-shower on them. The craft was small and overloaded, and frequently she would run up on a log, be whirled around by the current and would tip half-over, taking in the water and sending the gallions of muddy Russian River water.

The water had to be thrown overboard, noisefully, which made the task of bailing more laborious. They were hearing the surf, and the roar of the rapids, the roar of the surf, when a slight sound caused them out of the darkness. It was the light fall of a net-float against the side of a boat—the sound they had been straining their ears to hear. To prevent making any noise, the men would creep to the gunwale and the current floated them toward the place where the fishermen were stealthily working. Suddenly their boat touched the side of another craft, and in an instant two pairs of steel toes, and the water.

Cross tried to hold the other boat back with his neckhock, but she broke away and was quickly gone.

They grappled around in the water, and soon found a large, fine net literally buried in the mud, and they fairly pulled their boat they liberated all the living catch by cutting the meshes that held them, and threw the dead steelheads away. Presently they grappled the second net, and in a few minutes they had a fine lot of fish. Shots were fired at them from the shore. The reports followed each other in rapid succession, and the surrounding darkness was for a few instants lighted up by the powder flashes. The three men in a boat were standing in the water, and the slightest noise furnished poor targets for the angry fishermen.

Close to the bar they found several nets full of fish all of which they emptied and collected. It grew lighter as they emerged from among the mountains and consequently they were unable to get near the fishermen. But the latter would abandon their nets and hurry away leaving the officers to gather in the contraband fish.

The fishermen showed that the lawless fishermen were in a frame of mind to make a fight if rushed into close quarters.

Russian River is one of the best fishing spots in California. The Commissioners of the Commissioners to protect the game in its waters, by such raids made among the nets that will always be found in that locality.

### Found a Remarkable Fossil.

One of the most curious carboniferous fossils ever found in that part of the anthracite coal fields was discovered in the Dodge mine, of Scranton, the other day.

The fossil was found in a small, narrow vein street. It was the head and neck of a woman's figure, the features being regular and clearly defined. The fossil weighs sixty-five pounds and is composed of five pieces of coal. The head is about four inches long from the tip of the nose to the back of the head, and the neck is nine inches in diameter. The convolutions on the top of the head resemble curls of hair, and they end in a knot such as is worn at the present day by the women of the East. The fossil was found in a solid piece of free coal, and it dropped out entire when the chunk was broken.—Philadelphia Press.

**J. J. O'Brien & Co.**  
 Murphy Building,  
 Market and Jones Streets.