

close to and facing him, suddenly, with a quick movement of his right hand, snatched the false beard from his own face and in quick, dramatic tones demanded: "Now do you know who I am?"

"No," muttered "Butler," in a very low tone, "and I don't give a damn."

They took the prisoner aft and into the captain's cabin, as the men dispersed at the mate's order. "The bloody — must have robbed somebody," remarked one of the sailors as he moved away, wholly unconscious that he and his companions had during seventy long days been closely associated with a man supposed to be one of the most heartless and cold-blooded murder fiends of this century.

Silvey, McHattie and Conroy went forward to gather together this "Lee Weller's" effects. Upon his person they had found no weapons. To be sure he was on watch forward when the customs and quarantine officers innocently came aboard. He was dressed in an old dark sack coat, the sleeves of which were rolled up several inches in order to be short enough for him. On his head was a peculiar little black hat. His eyes, patches and faded tie overalls were short enough to reveal sockless ankles above bare feet incased in old low shoes.

On Butler's bunk was a coat and vest. In a vest pocket were found six loose cartridges, 44 caliber. In the bunk also was found one of those short, stubby, ugly looking revolvers, appropriately called "English bulldog."

A large leather valise contained most of the man's things. The others they bundled into a large blanket that had served as a comforter. Meanwhile the officers were with their man in the cabin aft. Detective Egan taking the prisoner's hat began to examine it on the inside. Turning out the leather sweatband he came across a little paper package that had been lodged inside the band. He unfolded the bit of paper. There was some sort of white powder. It might be strychnine. Later developments showed that it was.

The baggage was brought off and they were ready to move. Curiously enough the prisoner had suggested that they had better shake his ankles, too, while they were about it. The hint was enough for the detectives. They would not shake him, but they would hit the rope carefully around him and guard against any slip by which he might hope to fall overboard.

All this happened before the Swan-hilda had been towed in as far as Black Point. There the little Hartley with her extra passenger left the ship and steamed ahead for Meigs wharf.

**WAS CALM AND COMPOSED**  
Butler Showed No Emotion and Talked Guardedly to Captain Lees.

On the way in to the wharf, while the detectives and other officers were smilingly trying to pat themselves and their companions on the back, Conroy again asked "Butler" if he did not recall him as

had it not been for those rat-like, cruel, small gray eyes with their stealthy glances, and had it not been for that stolid indifference to sentiment that makes it easy to believe him capable of murder as a commercial enterprise or as a profession. Across the right side of his lower lip there is a scar perhaps an inch long from his mouth downward. His nose is not flat on the bridge as described. His left thumb nail is misformed, a ridge cleaving its lengthwise. The ring finger of his left hand is tattooed with two parallel Indian ink rings. He is not a big man, but he is compactly and strongly built. His measurements, taken later at the main police station, show him to be only 5 feet 8 1/2 inches in height. He weighs at present but 154 pounds.

While seated there smoking he was asked where he originally came from, but he declined to furnish any information. Then turning to one of his questioners he remarked, "A man's innocent till he's proved guilty." But when reminded that an innocent man should have nothing to fear from the truth concerning such matters as nationality particularly he

Roche for the Colonial Government of Australia. Sergeant Bunner acted as inspector, calling out the items one by one as the things were taken from the large valise and then from the bundle. The prisoner, still silent, smoking, furtively watchful, was seated close to Ferguson, and on the other side McHattie took up his station. Behind stood a policeman in uniform and one or two more were in the room, together with the other officers.

An examination of the prisoner's effects was speedily begun and a careful inventory was kept of each article by Officer Ferguson for this Government and by Detective Roche for the Colonial Government of Australia. Sergeant Bunner acted as inspector, calling out the items one by one as the things were taken from the large valise and then from the bundle.

The prisoner, still silent, smoking, furtively watchful, was seated close to Ferguson, and on the other side McHattie took up his station. Behind stood a policeman in uniform and one or two more were in the room, together with the other officers. As the investigation proceeded the most damaging testimony possible was found among the man's effects.

There were all the murdered Captain Lee Weller's mariner's certificates and some things that were inscribed to Weller's dead wife. There were several mining expert's certificates in the name of Frank Harwood and there were many pieces of clothing marked F. H. or H., the supposition having been raised in Australia that he also had the name of Harwood, which is still alive and had used the name and names to make his mining investment schemes more plausible.

Detective Conroy privately identified the mining certificates as the very ones that the prisoner had shown him in Sydney last September. There were many pieces of woman's jewelry. Some of them, Conroy remarked, had been shown to him at the time the certificate of mining was

first talking with "Harwood" he told him that he had a brother-in-law and a sister living at Aubrey at the Race Club Hotel, Wagga road. "Harwood" had said then that as his mines were near there he would call on Conroy's relatives on the occasion of his next visit. It now appears he did call and that he has the checkbook, which in addition to having Conroy's married sister's name on the inside cover has also the name of his unmarried sister.

"He told me after that," said Conroy, "that he had been down to Aubrey and had said that mine of his for 4,000, and that I made a mistake in not going with him, as I should have had half. I saw him several times, but always knew him as Harwood."

"Butler," when asked during the examination a question about his antecedents, acknowledged that he had been here four years ago, but said he would not talk before the reporters. "I've got a very hard charge to stand," he said. "I suppose I can answer it; I'll try, anyway."

When called upon to certify by his signature to the correctness of the items recorded by Roche the prisoner, his hand being liberated for the purpose, wrote without hesitancy the name Lee Weller and signed the name whenever it was necessary on some half a dozen sheets of paper.

He was breakfasted in the police station kitchen, permitted to put on a flannel shirt and better overalls preparatory to being taken down to the Appraisers' building to be examined by the United States Commissioner. Just before going, however, Chief of Detectives Lees was closeted with the prisoner. What happened is best explained in Captain Lees' own words.

"When I first saw the man," he said, "his face struck me as being familiar. I told him I knew him or had seen him before. He said that he had never been mixed up with the police, although he had been in this State before—about four years ago, when he shipped on an outgoing vessel. He had remained here only a few months.

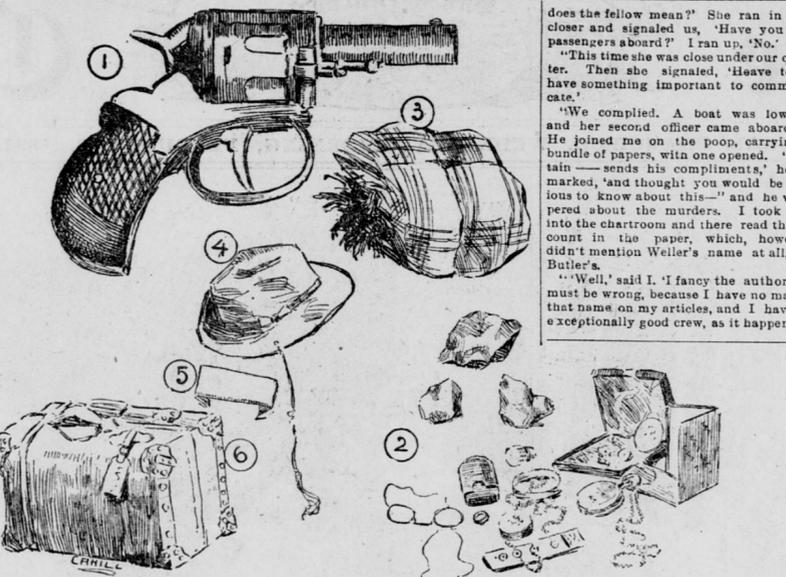
"I find that the prisoner is a particularly shrewd man," added Captain Lees, "not that he attempts to be cunning and evasive, but that he is careful, and talks rationally, plausibly and with restrictions—he imposes upon me in regard to his statements before he makes them.

"For instance, he absolutely refused to speak on the vessel on which he was surrounded by newspaper men. He quietly told me that he did not believe he could do himself good by talking to the public, but that he was willing to give me all the information he possessed.

"Later on I had him alone. He began by telling me he would not talk of his case. "I deny that I am guilty of the charges against me as read in the warrant for my arrest. I will be fully able to prove my innocence when the time comes, but it would unnecessarily injure the names of many people at this time to make good my assertion, hence I prefer to remain silent.

"I was here as a sailor during several months about four years ago, and I shipped from this port." Captain Lees' promise was then obtained that he would not divulge the name of the vessel on which Butler went away. The same promise was also given that Butler's real name would not be revealed.

"Butler then told me," continued Captain Lees, "that none of the names by which he was called were his. "My name has not yet been published, and I don't propose it shall be. I was born in London and my family reside there. I do not care to have them mixed in this affair.



**BUTLER'S TELL-TALE PROPERTY.**

- The effects captured with Butler aboard the Swanhilda, revealing property such as private papers, books, photographs and jewelry belonging to Captain Weller; also the hat and a package of strychnine hidden beneath the band: No. 1—The bulldog pistol with the initials "J. R." and "J. K." found in Butler's possession. No. 2—Some of the jewels and trinkets. No. 3—Butler's blankets covering the remainder of his apparel. No. 4—The soft Fedora hat taken off Butler's head when he was arrested by Detective Egan, and in the band of which ten grains of strychnine was found. No. 5—The package of strychnine. No. 6—Butler's valise, enclosing the Weller jewels, photographs and papers.

tributed to me I could have made an attempt to escape, but I did not. I knew three weeks and a half ago that I was wanted here and would be arrested upon my arrival on a charge of killing two people. I knew I could clear myself, however, so I submitted to arrest. "The news was conveyed to our ship by a passing vessel and it reached me through one of the officers."

"I promised Butler not to tell the officer's name," said Captain Lees. "He told me that he knew Conroy, the Australian official here to arrest him, but he did not say his name. I was told to mind to him. All the dealings he had with him were when he called at Conroy's house to court one of the latter's girl relatives."

**THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.**  
How He Learned the Outlaw Was Among His Men.

To a CALL reporter yesterday afternoon Captain Fraser told the story of "Butler's" connection with the Swanhilda, from the day on which he first signed articles in the Sydney shipping office until the arrival of the vessel in San Francisco Bay yesterday and his arrest by the officers of the law.

Captain Fraser discussed the subject with proverbial British sang froid, and if outward appearances may be said to furnish any criterion the sensational denouement of the remarkable chapter in criminal history left him absolutely unmoved. The latter fact is all the more noteworthy when it is remembered that Captain Fraser was aware of the identity of the supposed Lee Weller ten days out from Sydney, after speaking the steamship Taupo and reading the particulars of the Blue Mountain murders published in the Australian papers brought on board the Swanhilda by one of the Taupo's officers.

"Why, then," was asked, "didn't you clap Butler in irons?" "I had absolutely no legal authority to do so," replied the captain, "and, moreover, I had no wish to deprive myself of the services of a good man as he proved himself to be throughout the passage. He was always well conducted and orderly. I gave Butler no intimation that I knew who he was and confided my knowledge to no one on board except the first officer."

"Captain Fraser then related the circumstances under which he first saw Butler in the shipping office and shipped him as an able seaman. "Men were very scarce at the time," said the captain, "and our crew was not made up. My first orders were to call at Honolulu and then come on to San Francisco. Later, however, a change was made and I was told to come here direct. It was at this time that Butler, or Lee Weller, asked me if I was going to San Francisco direct. I told him yes. Then, said he, 'I'll go with you.' I looked at him and found him a well-dressed man. His face was somewhat flushed as though he had been drinking.

"'Are you an able seaman?' I asked. "'Oh, yes,' he replied. "'Have you any discharges?' was my next question. 'If so let me see one of them.' "He pulled a large envelope half-way out of his pocket in such a manner as to catch the gaze of the others in the office to reach San Francisco in order to see his old mother, who lives in Toronto, before she dies, and frequently remarked that 'the old man would have the better time had he taken the northern course, (the same course taken by the Snow and Burgess, which arrived ahead of the fleet). As it was the vessel was delayed by light winds and calms, and Captain Fraser, after he received the letter from the Taupo, had to possess his soul in patience and trust in providence and his chief officer. The latter was at once taken into Captain Fraser's confidence, and after due deliberation they decided to let matters move along as they were going. They reasoned thus: 'Nineteen days out and a probable run of fifty days before us. If we put Weller in irons we can't keep the rest of the crew away from him, and the chances are that he will plead persecution; that he is not the man wanted; that the officers were acting without warrant; and that there would have been trouble, maybe mutiny.

"Accordingly not a word was said and the only men on board who knew that

does the fellow mean?" She ran in still closer and signaled us, 'Have you any passengers aboard?' I ran up, 'No.' "This time she was close under our quarter. Then she signaled, 'Heave to; I have something important to communicate.' "We complied. A boat was lowered and her second officer came aboard us. He joined me on the poop, carrying a bundle of papers, with one opened. 'Captain — sends his compliments,' he remarked, 'and thought you would be anxious to know about this —' and he whistled about the murders. I took him into the chartroom and there read the account in the paper, which, however, didn't mention Weller's name at all, but Butler's.

"Well," said I, 'I fancy the authorities must be wrong, because I have no man of that name on my articles, and I have an exceptionally good crew, as it happens.'

"There was a man accused of cold-blooded murders aboard were the captain and chief officer. According to Captain Fraser Weller was "one of the best sailors aboard the ship," but according to the crew he was too much of a passim-singer to suit them. He used to exhort the men to refrain from swearing and every Sunday there was a prayer meeting in the fo'c's'le. Said one of the men yesterday: "Weller was one of the best hands at a prayer-meeting I ever came across. When it came to furling a sail and the crew lines were striking us like the old-fashioned ones we got on our hands making an account for all the curs and swearers' troopers. When everything had been made snug and the watch was crouching under the break of the poop Weller would call the men to account. He would recite to each one of us the oaths we had uttered under the spur of the moment and exhort us to mend our way. 'Boys,' he would say, 'there is a hereafter and you all believe in it. Now what excuse will you have to make on the judgment day when you come to making an account for all the blasphemy you have uttered to-night? Some of the answers are not fit to put in print and Weller got many a job."

"On Sunday he knelt to hold a prayer-meeting, and he could talk, too, I can tell you. Why, he could talk about righteousness and kingdom-come like a preacher, and once in a while he made some of us fellows feel pretty bad. Only a few days before we reached port he said he was going to leave the ship, and he told one of his knees and proved that we might all be saved — brands plucked from the burning," he called it.

"Or once or two occasions the old man and another of the officers dropped in at the prayer-meetings, but they did not seem to take much stock in the proceedings and Weller noticed it. He said nothing, however, but only prayed the harder that the captain and all on board might be brought to know righteousness. When the police came aboard and Weller was arrested, we were the most surprised crew that ever came to San Francisco."

Captain Fraser says that neither he nor any of his officers were present at any of the prayer-meetings, but he does say that he and his chief officer kept a close watch on Weller after he received the news from the Taupo. After a lengthy consultation it was decided to allow the supposed murderer his liberty and treat him just as usual. Captain Fraser says he was one of the most willing men in the fore-castle.

When the Swanhilda arrived off the Farallones Captain Harry Marshall of the Active went to the lee of the island and at once went out to her. Captain Fraser asked for a pilot and the tug signaled for the America. Captain Miller was soon aboard and from 12 x. to 2:30 A. M. the master of the Swanhilda was keeping his vessel standing on and off, trying to make up his mind as to taking a tow. Finally he accepted Captain Marshall's offer, and directly the lines were aboard the Active blew six whistles, and John Hyslop, the Merchants' Exchange efficient lookout, at once flashed back the answering signal, and five minutes later the news was at Meigs wharf.

"Well," he said, "this fellow may have shipped under another name." "That's quite possible," I replied, "but I know nothing about it, and so far as I do know, I have no man of the kind among my crew."

"Finally the officer gave me a bundle of papers sent from the newspaper offices immediately before sailing and which had never been opened. After he had gone I started in to read them for the news, and the first thing I ran across was this mystery, and the first or second paper I read mentioned Weller's name. Then I looked up all the articles and went carefully through them to see what they were about.

"I saw at once that Weller was the man right enough. However, I didn't say a word to anybody just then, but the following day I called the mate and showed him the newspaper articles which I had cut out.

"Read these over carefully," said I. "He did so and then said, 'This is the man sure enough.' "Now," said I, 'I don't want this to go any further. Don't say anything to a living creature on board. Watch the man closely, and if he misbehaves we will soon take care of him. But so long as he behaves himself we will let him alone.

"Nothing more happened until we reached this port and Butler was arrested. "Throughout the voyage the man, though no seaman, showed himself a good workman and knock-about man. He was also a good helmsman, and took his turn at the rest."

This was all Captain Fraser had to say, and it is a commonplace story enough, viewed in the light of recent speculations as to the possible fate of the Swanhilda, in which mutiny, murder and even the scuttling of the unfortunate vessel were suggested as by no means improbable contingencies.

**HE WAS A PSALM-SINGER.**  
The Suspect Distinguished Himself on Board the Swanhilda by an Exhortation.

The captain of the Swanhilda was not making long reports yesterday. All that the Merchants' Exchange reporter could get out of him was "November 30 off north end of New Zealand was in company with the British ship Olivebank and American ship Sterling from Newcastle, N. S. W., for San Francisco."

From New Zealand all three vessels steered a direct course for the Fiji Islands and all three arrived off the coast of California about the same time. There are two square-riggers outside according to last reports, and one of them, the tow-boat captians say, is either the Olivebank or Sterling. The latter has the choice in the betting.

It will be noticed that after leaving the north end of New Zealand the log of the Swanhilda is a sealed book. Captain Fraser met the Union Steamship Company's vessel, the Union, at the Fiji Islands and the steamer signaled the ship to heave to for papers. Among the papers was a letter from the captain of the steamer telling Captain Fraser that he had the murderer on board. From that date the log of the Swanhilda, as far as the public is concerned, is buried in oblivion.

The members of the crew are not as reticent, however. They say that Weller was one of the best sailors on the ship. He was anxious to reach San Francisco in order to see his old mother, who lives in Toronto, before she dies, and frequently remarked that "the old man would have the better time had he taken the northern course, (the same course taken by the Snow and Burgess, which arrived ahead of the fleet). As it was the vessel was delayed by light winds and calms, and Captain Fraser, after he received the letter from the Taupo, had to possess his soul in patience and trust in providence and his chief officer. The latter was at once taken into Captain Fraser's confidence, and after due deliberation they decided to let matters move along as they were going. They reasoned thus: 'Nineteen days out and a probable run of fifty days before us. If we put Weller in irons we can't keep the rest of the crew away from him, and the chances are that he will plead persecution; that he is not the man wanted; that the officers were acting without warrant; and that there would have been trouble, maybe mutiny.

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When the extradition proceedings were called before Commissioner Heacock in the afternoon the Circuit Court room was crowded to its full capacity, and thousands stood in line on Sansome street to view the prisoner as he was rushed into the van to be carried to the new City Hall prison.

At 10 o'clock yesterday afternoon the prisoner appeared before Commissioner Heacock in the United States Circuit Court room for the purpose of legal identification. Constable Conroy was the only witness called by Cormac & Donohoe, the legal advisers of her Britannic Majesty's Consul, J. W. Warburton, who will represent the imperial Government during the extradition proceedings, a continuance until next Monday morning at 10:30 o'clock being afterward granted by the court at the request of Leonard, Stone & Bidwell, who appeared as counsel for the defendant.

Prior to the commencement of the identification proceedings, the prisoner remained under guard in the Court room, Sergeant Bunner, Detective Egan and Officer Ferguson, in the prisoners' room adjoining the Marshal's office in the Appraisers' building. Butler occupied the interval posing for newspaper artists, smoking cigars and stolidly enduring the scrutiny of the curious. Among the many visitors who paid their respects to the prisoner at this time of the day were several members of the crew of the Swanhilda, who, truth to tell, regarded their late comrade with a wonder that was almost admiring.

The outer corridors were soon crowded with the customary miscellaneous assortment of humanity, who are habitual witnesses of all legal processes promising sensation. So great was the crush that the officers experienced considerable difficulty in conveying the prisoner from the Marshal's room to the Circuit Court opposite, and the latter was filled the moment the doors were opened.

At 5 minutes past 2 Commissioner Heacock announced that he was ready for the prisoner to stand and answer certain questions. The enthusiasm of the spectators was intense, every eye being turned toward the door. Suddenly the prisoner stepped in, walking briskly between the deputies in charge. His lip did not quiver and his eye did not flinch. He paid no attention to the intense gaze of the crowd and when he was asked his true name, he answered in a clear tone, "Lee Weller."

Butler sat closely guarded by the officers, but in proximity to his youthful counsel, Messrs Stone & Bidwell. The English Government was represented by T. E. K. Cormac and Denis Donohoe, and the British Consul-General, J. W. Warburton, was present to apply for the extradition of the notorious criminal.

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Attorney Stone addressed the Commissioner at the close of these formalities. He pointed out that the prisoner had only just arrived in port after a long sea voyage, and in view of the surprise occasioned by the capture of the vessel, it was his duty to request a continuance of the proceedings until the vessel had been examined and the crew had been interviewed.

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The Commissioner granted the request, and the proceedings were adjourned until the next day.



**CAPTAIN DONALD FRASER.**

Captain Donald Fraser is master of the Swanhilda, the vessel for which three countries have been watching and waiting. Captain Fraser is a native of Nova Scotia and the trip he is now making is his third to this port. He is a genial, warm-hearted man, and has made numerous friends in this city. He is a young man who enjoys himself on shore, but when on board ship he is alert and attentive to every detail of his vessel, and he is well liked by his crew.

the man to whom he had, last September, given a map of the Aubrey gold region at the time Butler, then passing as Harwood, mining expert, tried to induce Conroy to join him in a mining exploration. Yes, he said he did remember giving some one that map, and he guessed Conroy was the man.

By chance the Hartley reached the wharf just as a dozen or more marines from the cutter Perry arrived from their farewell all-night shore leave, spent downtown. Besides these men in sailor costume there were perhaps a dozen other persons on the wharf at that early hour. It was then about 7 o'clock.

"Butler" was at once hustled upstairs in the Harbor Police station, there to await the police wagon that would carry the whole official party to the main police station at the City Hall.

While Marshal Baldwin was telephoning the good news uptown, Detective John Roche, as chief Australian representative, was preparing a terse message to be sent by cable to Inspector-General Febery, Sydney, New South Wales. Sergeant Bunner, for the first time in three weeks, exchanged his red flannel top shirt for a white shirt, in which to go uptown with the party.

"Butler" sat on the lounge, with Ferguson holding one of his hands. He looked furtively and from overhanging, shaggy brows, taking in his surroundings and the men about him. He was smoking a cigarette, which was almost exhausted. His hands were unnaturally pale and looked thin. That may have been caused by his watch on deck in the cold air of the early morning. He gave the impression of having lost weight. Conroy declared that he was fully "a stone lighter" than when he last saw him in Sydney, four months ago.