

CARRIED AWAY BY CUTTHROATS

Rancher Miller of Moreno Explains His Disappearance.

Kidnaped by Three Strange Men and Made to Travel With Them.

Given His Freedom in Placer County and Left Penless in the Mountains.

RIVERSIDE, CAL., Aug. 31.—Frank Miller of Moreno in this county, who disappeared on July 8 last, has returned and tells a queer tale to account for his disappearance and long absence.

His case has given the officers more trouble than has any other since the organization of the county. His sudden return to this city yesterday afternoon but added to the mystery.

Various theories were entertained by Miller's friends as to his whereabouts and as to the cause of his departure, but no reliable information could be obtained until last evening when the careworn man told of his adventures. He had been kidnaped by a band of robbers and taken into captivity.

"I have been greatly misrepresented by my friends, my enemies and by the officers since my disappearance," said Miller. "I have not had a chance to tell my side of the story. When my friends hear the truth they will no longer blame me."

"About the 8th of July I was at my ranch near Moreno attending my regular duties, when I was approached by three strangers, who, after talking for a short time, asked me if I could give them work. I could not find work for them all, but told them I had work for one man. They were displeased at this, and said they would not work unless they could all find employment."

"At this point one of the men drew a \$5 bill from his pocket and asked me if I could change it. I had about \$25 in my purse, and thought that I had silver enough to change the bill.

"In taking the money out of my pocket I dropped my pocket-book and four \$20 gold pieces rolled out on the ground. The men at once sprang upon me, took my money and loaded me into a wagon and started away."

"I could not call any one to my assistance, so I had to take my medicine. I was taken through some strange mountainous country for days and days. At night we camped, but I had no chance to escape, as they kept watch on me."

"I was forced to go through many hardships, and if I did not earn my board I never did. The men would not talk with me, but talked continually among themselves."

"We traveled in this way for several weeks until we came to an old deserted mill. Here the three men left me and I wandered for days, not knowing where I was nor which way to go."

"After several days of travel through dark canyons and rough hills I came to a small settlement, was taken into a house and given all that I cared to eat and drink."

"The man who took me in informed me that I was in Placer County and that it was nearly 100 miles to Folsom, and that if I wanted to strike the main line of the railroad I had better go there. It took me about three days to walk the distance, but I finally reached my destination. It was a hard trip, and I became very thirsty."

"After reaching Folsom I could not take the train, as I had no money, so I set out to walk to Sacramento. This was another long and tiresome trip, but after a great deal of rough travel I made it. There I got a little money and took the first train for Riverside."

"Miller has changed greatly since his disappearance, and his closest friends would not have known him should they have passed him on the street. His erstwhile smooth and smiling face has changed into one seamed by lines of care. His appearance indicates that he has had a rough experience, whether his story is a true one or not."

AS CHILCOOT'S STORMY TRAIL

Greater Dangers to Be Encountered in Our Very Midst.

Stockton Street as Difficult of Passage as the Road to Klondike.

Property-Holders and Business Men Irate Over the Existing Condition of Affairs.

The gold fever has taken such a firm hold on the people of this city that not content with talking Klondike from morning till night they have even gone so far as to construct a Chilcoot Pass in miniature. The people who constructed it, however, must have had true prophetic

instincts, as the work was well on its way long before the wonderful wealth of the Alaskan diggings became generally known.

It started about a year ago with the tearing down of old buildings at the corner of Stockton and Geary streets. This formed a few little hills here and there, inconveniencing pedestrians a little perhaps, but still there was no serious difficulties to be encountered if one was fairly cautious and did not mind the sand.

As time wore on these hillocks were supplanted by larger and more substantial ones, tons of brick and stone and hundreds of barrels of cement being thrown about in artistic disarray, and to make the sport of mountain-climbing within the city limits a little more exhilarating and realistic, the pavement was torn up and the stones ranged in neat little rows along the sidewalk, just to give those who found it necessary to cross from one side of the street to the other an opportunity to practice the running high jump. The moon was now in fairly good condition. First there were the foothills, composed

of alternate layers of sand and cobblestones, then a shower of brick and the just-out-threatening shadow of a lofty peak of cement barrels, which sloped gently down to a lake of liquid plaster, bordered by a dangerous, quick-sand of mortar.

One thing was found lacking, however, the mountain, foothill, and lake were all complete, but there were no clouds! Now a genuine mountain must pierce the clouds, or else how can we have "the cloud-topped summits" the poets so often tell of? But where were the clouds to come from? That was a poser, and the construction committee debated long days and nights over this momentous question without being able to find a substitute for the fleecy mist. Finally, a contractor came to the rescue and angled a lot of street-paving machinery to the scene and the question was solved. Of course, it closed another block of Stockton street, but what of that, when it furnished such beautiful black and white clouds?

Of course all things have their day, and the paving machinery has gone, while the greater part of the mountain has been used in the construction of the new Spring Valley Water Works building, now rapidly nearing completion. But if the mountain and clouds have disappeared, the blockade still exists, and Stockton street, between Geary and O'Farrell, has very much the appearance of a junkshop after a dynamite explosion.

Going south from Geary street, the first thing to be encountered is piles of sand about three feet high and spread out so neatly as to completely put a stop to all vehicular traffic. A little further on the roadway is strewn with empty cement barrels, ends of drain pipe, piles of brick and terra cotta and a quantity of unused lime and mortar and a couple of vats in which to mix plaster. Passing this point, the roadway is found to be partially re-

paved and still impassable, and the obstructions end on the further side of O'Farrell street, where a new mountain is rapidly being constructed of chunks of bitumen.

The business men in the vicinity were tired of the thing long ago, but find themselves forced to accept the old adage of "Get tired and begin again," but the second beginning with good grace did not hold out long when they found the days dragging wearily along with no efforts being made to check the clouds of loose sand which drifted hither and thither with the wind, and their customers, who did not care to struggle over the piles of debris through clouds of choking dust for what they could obtain elsewhere without being subjected to any such discomforts.

All the tradespeople and property-owners are indignant and many of them express their opinions on the subject in language more forcible than polite.

R. Hellinell, who has been in business on the block for a number of years, sums up the case as follows:

"This closing of the street and keeping it closed is one of the greatest outrages I ever knew of. All my transient trade has fallen off and even my regular customers are leaving me; in fact I formerly did as much business in one day as I now do in six. While the nuisance has been somewhat remedied it has not been removed. As long as Spring Valley owns the town nothing will be done unless they are satisfied with it. Could I have foreseen this I would have moved out long ago."

Others speak in the same strain as Mr. Hellinell and seem confident that as soon as the Spring Valley Water Works building is finished the paving of the street will be rushed and comfort and prosperity will reign once more.

"THE CALL'S" SERVICE.

Splendid Work Performed by the Western Union Telegraph Company.

The splendid service performed by the Western Union Telegraph Company in transmitting from Seattle 150,000 words within four hours adds another triumph to its long list of achievements in the field of news dissemination. The first filing of copy from the steamer Portland was not made at Seattle until 2 o'clock Sunday morning last. Deducting the double filings, the direct transmission embraced 100,000 words. Operators of exceptional skill and ample experience had been placed at the post of duty in advance of the arrival of the steamer, and when the first installment of copy was filed the wires were ready for the work of transmission. By 6 o'clock A. M.—four hours later—the whole number of words filed had been received at the respective points of destination.

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TRACKED THE DOGUS PRIEST

A Sensational Story Originating in Los Angeles.

James H. Chapman and George Trube Arrested on the Charge of Burglary.

Result of a Compact to Go to Sonora, Mexico, to the Mines Being Broken.

James H. Chapman and George Trube were arrested last night by Detectives Dillon, Ryan and O'Dea and booked at the City Prison on a charge of burglary.

There is a peculiar story in connection with the case which will require an analytical mind to sift out and arrive at the facts.

Chapman says he was a sheep-rancher in Texas and recently sold out. He went to Los Angeles about five weeks ago, intending to go to Sonora, Mexico, to try his luck at the mines. While there he became acquainted with Trube, who is a gardener, and Trube decided to join him in his trip to Mexico.

Chapman and Trube about three weeks ago met C. A. Berger, who posed as a priest from Mexico. They told Berger of their intention, and he said he would go with them and as a priest pave the way for their entry into Sonora.

Berger was hard up and Chapman gave him money and food to the value altogether of \$50 or \$60, practically keeping him. Berger showed Chapman his vestments and regalia and gave a position of them to Chapman as security for the money advanced.

About two weeks ago Berger left Los Angeles unknown to Chapman and Trube, accompanied by W. Ascarate, a cattle rancher from Mexico, and came to this city. Ascarate returned to Los Angeles, but Berger remained here.

Chapman and Trube made inquiries about Berger, and concluded that everything was not straight, so they determined to follow him here. They arrived about a week ago and searched for Berger. They accidentally came across him on Fourth and Mission streets last Saturday and learned from him that he was living at 305 Mission street. They took to room there also, directly opposite that of Berger.

The next chapter in the story developed yesterday, when Berger complained to the police that Chapman and Trube had broken into his room Monday during his absence and had stolen his valise, containing his vestments, clothing, photographs and also some money.

Dillon, Ryan and O'Dea were detailed on the case and arrested Chapman and Trube in their room last evening. They found in the room three revolvers and two daggers belonging to them, which they took possession of.

Chapman and Trube told them that they had taken the valise to a saloon at 102 Geary street, where the detectives found it.

The police claim that Chapman and Trube got into the room by climbing through the transom, but they deny it and say the door was open and they walked in. They admit taking the valise, and Chapman says he took it in payment of the money he advanced Berger. He denied that either he or Trube took any money.

Berger was taken before Rev. Fathers Mulligan and Mahoney at St. Ignatius Church, and after putting him through a brief examination they said at once that he was not an ordained priest.

Berger persists in saying that he is a priest, and that he was connected with churches in different parts of Mexico. He admits that Chapman loaned him money and paid for his meals, but says it does not nearly amount to as much as Chapman claims. He says he did not run away from Los Angeles, but came here on a brief visit. He is detained as a witness.

COLLECTOR LYNCH IN CHARGE.

The Office of the Collector of Internal Revenue Turned Over to Him.

Acting Collector Thomas, assisted by Special Agent Tinsler, turned over the office of Collector of Internal Revenue to John C. Lynch yesterday afternoon after office hours. The occasion was remarkable for the fact that the collections for the two months just past were the largest on record for that office, aggregating \$615,000. A large part of this was from the spirit tax, which was unprecedentedly large. This was explained by Mr. Thomas to be owing to the Dingley bill.

There were \$1,728,884 worth of stamps in the office and these were counted by the special agent and his assistant. The books were found to be in first-class shape and the transfer was very much expedited by

THE THOROUGH MANNER IN WHICH EVERYTHING HAD BEEN LAID OUT BY MR. THOMAS.

FIGHTERS MATCHED.

Dixon and Smith Agree to Fight in October for a Large Purse.

Solly Smith and George Dixon met at the Baldwin Hotel last evening and signed articles to fight on October 4 before the Knickerbocker Athletic Club. The men have agreed to meet at 120 pounds and for a purse of \$5000.

This fight promises to be a terrific one, as both men are rushers and leaders in their class, and with a large purse and the championship of the world in question, the men will do everything in their power to win. Dixon will train in Alameda and Smith will do likewise at the Ocean Beach.

THREE PIONEERS GONE.

J. E. Metson, J. M. Aguirre and S. L. Beckwith Pass Away.

The roll of the California Pioneers was diminished by three names yesterday through the deaths of J. E. Metson, S. L. Beckwith and J. M. Aguirre.

John E. Metson was a native of Pennsylvania, and the father of Attorney William H. Metson of the firm of Reddy, Campbell & Metson. For many years he was engaged in mining in Inyo and Mono counties. He was over 68 years at the time of his death.

John M. Aguirre, who died at the family residence, 1316 Powell street, was a native of Navarra, Spain. He was a contractor. At the time of his death his age was 84 years. The funeral will take place

tomorrow from the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

S. L. Beckwith was 76 years old when death claimed him. As a shipbuilder he led a very busy life, and he left many warm friends. He died at 928 Florida street, and the funeral will take place on Friday from the rooms of the Pioneers.

Of all the gallant pioneers but 665 remain, the average age of the survivors being 73 years.

LADIES' NIGHT AT THE CLUB.

The Olympians and Their Many Friends Amuse the Other Sex.

It was ladies' night at the Olympic Club last night and a big audience saw this programme carried out:

Overture, orchestra; horizontal bars, Messrs. Beiss and Moll Rand (clown); single flying trapeze, D. Saunders; electric club-swinging, William Holdridge; tenor solo, Frank Coffin; parallel bars, Messrs. Moll, Rouse, Foeborg, Neurig; wrestling, C. Williams vs. W. F. North; C. Hildebrandt vs. J. H. Spiro; boxing, C. Cathcart vs. D. Wankel, E. Sullivan vs. L. Carter; Spanish rings, Messrs. Sullivan and Sanders; barytone solo, B. Tarbox; club-swinging, Mrs. George Mieling; Press Club Quartet, F. Coffin, D. Ward, F. Tilton, S. Tucker; Japanese pole, J. Sullivan; blacked-glove contest, Messrs. J. Reay and W. B. Bush; comic song and specialties, W. J. Hynes; acrobatic comedians, Messrs. Rand and Duck.

Dropped Dead in a Saloon.

Paul Gall, 46 years of age, a gardener by occupation, who resided at 653 Broadway, died suddenly in a saloon at the corner of Merchant and Sansome streets last evening. The deceased was taken ill on the street and entered the saloon to rest awhile. He had been seated but a few moments when he fell from his chair to the floor. A physician was summoned, but when he arrived he found life extinct. The body was removed to the morgue. It is believed that death resulted from heart disease.

NEW TO-DAY.

PRESCRIPTIONS WE USE ONLY PURE DRUGS.

AT REASONABLE PRICES.

PATENT MEDICINES.

Pierce's Favorite Prescription.....65c

Scott's Emulsion.....65c

Syrup of Figs.....35c

Hood's Sarsaparilla.....65c

Carson's Sarsaparilla.....55c

Pinkham's Compound.....65c

REMEMBER!

We have removed our Drugs and Medicines from the Emporium, and will refill Emporium prescriptions at the same cut rates.

M'KENZIE'S CATARRH CURE. TRIAL FREE.

BALDWIN PHARMACY, GRANT & CO., COR. POWELL AND MARKET STS.

NEW TO-DAY DRY GOODS.

LINEN SALE TO-DAY.

A new sacrifice will be carried to the block in the morning—LINENS—the soft point in every house-keeper's composition; the kinds of Linens that are dependable and made to wear. Despite the advices coming to us from the New York importers that the new tariff raises the duty upon them from 35 to 110 per cent, we have the temerity to throw them away at Closing-out Prices. No merchant who intends to stay in business could or would do it. We are retiring from business and want to convert all our merchandise into coin. That's the whole story.

Turkey Red Table Covers.

Real oil-boiled goods. Splendid things to use at breakfast and luncheon, thereby saving the wear and tear on your white damask cloths.

15-18, or 1 1/2 yards long, worth 75c each— To be closed out at..... 45c

8-4, or 2 yards long, worth 90c each— To be closed out at..... 55c

10-4, or 2 1/2 yards long, worth \$1.10 each— To be closed out at..... 75c

12-4, or 2 3/4 yards long, worth \$1.50 each— To be closed out at..... 90c

Linen Crashes.

Heavy Unbleached All-Linen Crash Toweling, cheap at 10c a yard—to be closed at..... 7 1/2c

Fine Quality Silver Bleached All-Linen Crash Toweling, cheap at 15c a yard—to be closed at..... 10c

Close Weave Twilled Bleached Linen Crash Toweling, cheap at 15c a yard—to be closed at..... 10c

Table Damasks.

Half Bleached, 54 inches wide, worth 40c yard—will be closed at..... 25c

Cream Damask, 57 inches wide, worth 50c yard—will be closed at..... 39c

Half Bleached, 64 inches wide, worth 75c yard—will be closed at..... 50c

Full Bleached, 66 inches wide, worth 75c yard—will be closed at..... 50c

Show-White Damask, 68 inches wide, worth \$1.25 yard—will be closed at..... 75c

Silver Bleached, 72 inches wide, worth \$1.50 yard—will be closed at..... 95c

Towels.

Fancy Bordered Damask Towels, 37x18 inches, worth 15c each—to be closed out at..... 12 1/2c

Larger sizes, worth 25c, to go at 19c each.

Fancy Colored Bordered Damask Towels, 48x22 inches, open Spanish-work ends, worth 40c each—to be closed at..... 25c

Hemmed-edge Bordered Huck Towels, 35x17 inches worth 20c each, to be closed at 15c, and a great big one, 44x25 inches, worth 35c apiece, to go at 22c

Checked Doyleys.

A special drive for restaurants and coffee-houses; red checks, fringed all around, worth 50c dozen—to be closed out at..... Dozen 35c

Our Silk Sale

Still keeps up. The 15c and 25c goods are about closed out, but splendid values are yet to be had at 39c, 50c, 75c and upward

Our Wrapper Sale

Was a big "go" yesterday, for 69c never bought such Wrappers before. Plenty of them still to be had.

Our Dress Goods Sale

At 25c a yard is growing less every day. Why not? Who ever saw such material at such a price? That's the whole story. This week will surely see the last of them.

Our Embroidery Sale

Packed the department yesterday from opening till closing time. The amount of 5-cent pieces taken in represented a good many thousands of yards sold. Edgings and Insertions all at 5c a yard. Hurry before they are all gone.

WE ARE POSITIVELY CLOSING OUT. TAIN'T NO LIE.

The Hamburger Co. PROPRIETORS OF THE MAZE.

MARKET ST., COR. TAYLOR AND GOLDEN GATE AVE.

AUCTION

AN EXCELLENT MEAL

THE GRILL ROOM OF THE PALACE

Decidedly the Most Popular Dining Apartment in town.

RUPTURE

POSITIVELY CURED.

A scientific treatment for all forms of Rupture. No knife, no danger, no interference with business. Cures effected speedily.

Terms reasonable and within the reach of any sufferer treated and cured. Consultation free. Give you an application.

CONSULTATION FREE.

MARION RUPTURE CURE CO.

Rooms 37 and 38 Columbus Bldg., 316 MARKET STREET.

Correspondence solicited. Hours 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Sundays 10 to 12.

DR. WONG WOO.

CHINESE PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, graduate of the most famous medical college in China, has practiced his profession in San Francisco for over twenty years with marked success. Thousands of patients testify to his skill and knowledge. Nature's own medicines used. No mercury. He cures, no attempts to cure, Rheumatism, Catarrh of the Bladder, Gonorrhea, Consumption, Asthma, Bright's and all Kidney Diseases, Dropsy, Hemiplegia, Paralysis of the Throat, Cancer, Tumors and Blood Skn Diseases. Male and female maladies successfully treated and cured. Consultation free. Office, 776 Clay st., where he may be consulted at any time during the day or evening. Hours 9:30 to 11 A. M., 1:30 to 8 P. M.

Big 62 is a non-poisonous remedy for Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Syphilis, etc. It is a natural and safe medicine, free from all irritating, irritating or ulcerating elements. It is a natural and safe medicine, free from all irritating, irritating or ulcerating elements. It is a natural and safe medicine, free from all irritating, irritating or ulcerating elements.

Under present depressing conditions of business, after deducting taxes, repairs and expenses of every kind and nature, the property yields

A Strictly Net Income NOW!!

Of \$12,000 per Year

The Undersigned are Prepared to OPEN THEIR BOOKS

To intending purchasers, showing the income and outgo for the last 10 years. All other particulars on application to

O. F. VON RHEIN & CO., Auctioneers.