The Call

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MARIN TOWNS MENACED BY BLAZING FORESTS

Many Cottages Destroyed and the Loss Will Reach at Least a Half Million.

SAN RAFAEL, Oct. 10.—Luigi Ferari, a ranchhand, is reported missing and believed to have been caught in the flames. Constable Gagner was seriously burned near Dr. Warner's place.

MILL VALLEY, Oct. 9.—A forest fire has been raging on Mount Tamalpais since noon to-day, and at a late hour to-night four square miles of territory had been left a black and smoking waste. Several cottages on the outskirts of this place are totally destroyed, but 400 men are now fighting the flames and the town is considered safe as a whole. The fire threatens to cross the ridge and destroy Larkspur and Corte Madera on the east and Bolinas on the west. In case the flames reach the Stenson ranch toward Bolinas, incalculable damage will be done and at least a month will be required for the fire to burn itself out. The damage has already reached half a million dollars and that estimate may be doubled by to-morrow.

The fire started at 11:40 a. m. near the railroad tank half way up the mountain, and was first discovered by a young son of Colonel Savage, now at Manila. The boy promptly informed Manager Louis L. Janes of the Tamalpais Land and Water Company and A. H. McInnes, who hurriedly drove to where the fire had its inception, and seeing that the outlook was serious sounded the fire alarm.

Word was sent M. Baker, manager of the construction department of the North Pacific Coast Railway at Sausalito, and in an hour's time 100 men were rushed to Mill Valley by a special train. They were at once joined there by 300 citizens, many of them being metropolitan business men, and the work of fighting the flames, which had by this time gained great headway, was begun. Brush hooks, shovels, axes and every other contrivance that could be used was taken along, the women helping the men gather them together.

The first residence endangered was that of George White, who is connected with the custom-house. A young lady there fought the flames with a garden hose, and the house was saved by the arrival of the fire fighters, though it is still within the danger line to-night. The men at once began back-firing and drove the flames toward the mountain. The flames then jumped 100 feet to George T. Marsh's group of cottages, and in spite of herculean work two cottages, known as the Owl's nest and the Cabin, were burned to the ground. The thirty-three acres of land covered with redwood timber and owned by Marsh, who conducts a Japanese bric-a-brac store under the Palace Hotel, were burned over, the entire loss, including the cottages, amounting to $30,000.

Mrs. H. B. Burnham, who lived in one of the Marsh cottages, rushed an express wagon to the scene and had all her household goods removed. Though her cottage has not yet been burned it lies inside the danger belt and may go up in smoke at any minute. Everything was removed from Mrs. L. A. Bishop's house, adjoining Mrs. Burnham's, but it is believed that her property will be saved. Everything at the Eastland Hotel is ready to be removed at a minute's warning, but back firing will probably save this fashionable summer resort. Mrs. E. Moffitt, widow of the deceased wholesale butcher, and Daniel E. Haves of the Fulton Iron Works, have moved all their household belongings to the county road near Alto in order to be prepared for the worst. J. W. Costigan, the wheat broker, played a garden hose on his property and succeeded, with the assistance of the firemen, in saving it from total destruction. Mr. Martinet, who is connected with Scribner's Magazine, has a cottage nearby which was in danger at a late hour.

All in all the fire has swept over a stretch of four miles of territory, all of which was considered good building sites, valued at several hundred dollars an acre. Back-firing has probably saved Mill Valley, as the flames are now dying out on this side of the mountain, but it is feared that by morning they may work their way into Baltimore Canyon and destroy Corte Madera and Larkspur. The fire is at present principally confined to Warners Canyon on the east, but is reaching out toward Bolinas on the west and is now as far as the White Gate ranch at Willow Camp, which opens into the Stenson forest of 12,000 acres. If it gets there it means that the flames cannot be controlled for a month and must be fought toward the ocean. On this ranch are probably 1000 head of cattle, many of which would doubtless be burned to death. At a late hour 150 head of cattle were driven off the Boyle ranch and scattered along the county road between Alto Station and Sausalito.

A panic prevailed here before it was seen that back-firing would save all but the outskirts of the town and there is not a residence where everything is not packed and ready for moving. Many have taken all their household goods out of the valley and the county roads are littered with furniture, pianos, bedding and all portable articles for three miles. With the hardest labor and the best luck the flames cannot be totally extinguished for a week.

To-night the heavens are still crimson, and at intervals a tongue of flame will leap into the air, accompanied by the crashing sound of giants of the forest toppling to the earth, and light the surrounding region for miles. The heaviest loser by the fire is Sydney B. Cushing, who will suffer to the tune of $250,000. The Tamalpais Land and Water Company will lose $150,000, and the remainder will be borne by the owners of the cottages and small patches of forest.

While the flames were burning fiercest B. Grethel, the baker, and Joseph Mills, the painter, became surrounded by burning timber and had to rush through four feet of flames to safety. In doing so they both fell over a forty-foot precipice and were seriously injured.

While tearing brush away from a burning patch J. Tobin ran into a swarm of wild honey bees angered by the flames. He was so badly stung that he had to be led home, and Dr. Spottiswood was summoned to render medical assistance. Tobin's features are swollen until they are unrecognizable.

The origin of the fire is unknown. Some incline to the belief that it was caused by a spark from an engine of the mountain railway, but Messrs. Janes and McInnes are convinced that some careless person cast a lighted cigar or cigarette into the grass bordering the railway track.

MANY HOMES AND VINEYARDS DESTROYED

SAN JOSE, Oct. 9.—The fire which has prevailed in the Santa Cruz mountains for some days is still burning to-day and no one can tell where it will end. Under the scorching sun and hot wind yesterday it spread rapidly and got far beyond control. Many were out fighting to save their property and help went from here, but still there was a large loss. All through the night the blaze could be seen from San Jose. It was plainly visible at 6 this morning, but later in the day was obscured by the heavy smoke which hangs over the valley.

Statements differ as to the loss so far caused, this being placed all the way from $50,000 to $150,000; the latter figure is probably too high. The scope of country burned over is scattered so that it may be a day or so before the estimate will be accurate even if no more damage is done. J. McCracken lost two residences yesterday and several acres of vineyard. Others who have suffered loss are E. C. Tocco, John Cave, C. H. Allen and E. F. Adams. Vineyards especially suffer since if the fire gets a sweep across them they are utterly ruined.

A telephone message from Wrights shortly before noon to-day stated that the fire is raging fiercely again toward Los Gatos Canyon. J. W. Lincoln and a Mr. Moon have lost their residences. The nearest fire to Wrights is in Austin gulch, about a mile and a half away. Great quantities of timber are being destroyed. Unless the fire is checked soon it may cause serious delay to the narrow-gauge railroad. A big rain is prayed for by the people in the mountains.

SANTA CRUZ, Oct. 9.—A forest fire is reported to be raging at the head of Laguna Creek and another on Berry Creek, near Valencia. The Hihn Company sent a large force of men to fight the flames encroaching on their land near Sulphur Springs. The men, by back firing, are endeavoring to keep the fire in Los Gatos Canyon.

J. A. Hoffman's residence, eight miles from Boulder Creek, was destroyed. The fire is now raging heavily in Spanish gulch and heading toward Soquel Springs. The house owned by A. Stamor on the Cattermole place was totally destroyed. There is a demand for more men, as those who have been fighting the flames are well nigh exhausted after their struggle of thirty-six hours.

At the Meyers winery 40,000 gallons of wine were used in extinguishing the fire.

Vineyardists in the burning territory have sustained much damage, as the grapes have been destroyed.

The fire now covers territory twelve miles. Where it is now at its height there is a fine lot of timber. Great efforts were made to prevent the fire crossing the road at Soquel Canyon by felling trees and back-firing, but the flames leaped over the barricade this afternoon.

At Skyland men who were moving the schoolhouse had to leave off work and respond to a call from neighbors whose homes were in peril. F. R. Dann, whose ranch near Vine Hill is well known as the summer resort called Mountain View Ranch, had to wet down his houses, owing to cinders. He remained up nearly all night watching his property. Dann says the view from his place was superb, as the flames would climb the redwood giants and burst forth almost at their tops.

The weather is growing cool, which

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MYSTERIOUS WOMAN KNELT BESIDE THE DEAD BURGLAR

Strange Incident at the Alameda Morgue Following the Midnight Battle—Captured Man Makes Admissions—Good Service of Citizens.

ALAMEDA, Oct. 9.—This city is still in a wild state of excitement over last night's battle with the trio of desperate burglars who attempted to enter the store of A. O. Gott on Park street. Although the police now deny that there was a third man in the affair, he was seen by so many both before and after the conflict that the citizens refuse to believe that there is not another criminal hiding in their midst who will fight for his life if cornered. The town is being carefully patrolled to-night by the police, augmented by a large force of armed citizens, determined that the third man of the trio shall not escape them.

Chief of Police Conrad and Officer Hadley, who were wounded in last night's affray, are not seriously hurt. The bullet that struck Conrad took the skin off his neck just over the jugular vein, while Hadley will only lose the ends of two fingers of his right hand as a result of his part in the battle.

A strange incident, which may lead to the identification of at least one of the desperadoes, occurred to-night. A mysterious young woman entered the Morgue, and hurrying to the slab which bore the remains of the dead burglar, knelt down beside the corpse. Passionately pressing her lips on the dead lips, the young woman gave herself up to uncontrollable grief. Finally regaining self-control, she turned her eyes heavenward, and for several minutes seemed absorbed in silent prayer. The official report of the incident was as follows:

After all the officials but the night deputy had left the Morgue a woman about 23 years old, who answers the description of the one who accompanied the dead burglar to this city Sunday night, visited the place and viewed the corpse. She was very much affected, and knelt beside the coffin and prayed fervently and tearfully. The night deputy did not notice her, and she went away without disclosing her identity. Constable Gray had his attention called to her, and followed her down Park street as far as Armory Hall, where he lost track of her. The officer searched for her until after midnight, but she successfully evaded him. She was dressed in black and is a demi-blonde. She reached Alameda by an electric car, and it was thought she returned to Oakland. There is no doubt but that she knows the dead burglar.

The captured man refuses to give his name and denies acquaintance with the dead burglar. All efforts to identify either have failed. Detectives from both sides of the bay have visited the prison and the Morgue to-day, but have been unable to recognize the criminals. All that is known concerning them is that the dead man came from San Francisco and that the trio had been in Alameda several days preparing for the job which resulted so disastrously to them.

During the chase all the eastern part of the city was aroused from its slumbers. The popping of pistols, the crack of rifles and the bang of shotguns broke the stillness of the night. For over an hour there was a running fire between the fleeing burglars and their pursuers. The police, appreciating that they had a desperate job on hand, called to their aid all the citizens they could hastily awaken, and others, attracted by the fusillade, joined in the chase. They were armed with every conceivable weapon from a coal shovel to a cannon.

About 11:30 o'clock a roomer in the Methodist church block on Park street was attracted by a suspicious noise coming from the jewelry store of Gott on the ground floor below. Peering out of the back window, he noticed three men trying to effect an entrance through a rear window opening on to an alleyway running along the side of the Methodist church. The police were notified, and Officer Hadley, who was alone at the Central Station, hastened to the place. He notified Officer Jesse Rogers, who was on the Park-street beat, to guard the front of the store while he went around to the alleyway in the rear.

Hadley took a position on the church steps where he could command a view of the back of the jewelry store. After waiting for some moments without results he scaled a ten-foot fence dividing the store yard from the alley and tried the door. He found it unlocked and started to enter. The burglars, who were on the inside, made a dash for him as soon as he opened the door, and the first of the series of desperate battles that followed took place. Hadley jumped back to the side of the doorway as the trio advanced and opened fire with his pistol. Simultaneously two of the crooks began shooting at the officer, a bullet from one of their weapons tearing away a portion of the third and fourth fingers of Hadley's right hand. Despite the pain from his wound the officer stood his ground bravely and tried to capture the men, but at the critical moment his revolver refused to work, and he hastily retreated. In scaling the high fence he fell and dislocated his left shoulder blade. The burglar who was later landed in jail followed him.

Several men who had been attracted by the shooting stood in the alleyway when the crook shoved his head above the fence. Hadley passed his revolver to a bystander, who attempted to use it on the burglar, but it only had the effect of prompting him to drop back into the yard, where he and his two companions began a race for their lives over the fences and out to Alameda avenue.

From Alameda avenue the men ran to Oak street and thence to the southern bay shore. On the way the missing burglar separated from the other two and disappeared. Officer Brown overtook the fleeing pair as they were walking along the beach at the foot of Walnut street. He commanded them to surrender, and the reply was a shot from the man who was subsequently killed, which just grazed the officer's ear. The burglars took to their heels, going in different directions. Brown gave chase to the man who had shot at him, leaving the other to an army of citizens who by that time had reached the scene.

Brown's man scaled fences and went through back yards with the agility of a cat. The officer kept close in the rear. For blocks it was a hurdle race between the two, Brown taking a shot at the fleeing man every time he showed his head and the burglar returning the fire with alarming regularity. Armed citizens took a pop at the burglar as he passed through yards from the corner of Walnut street, Conrad was surprised by the flash of a pistol shot coming from the other side of the fence and so close to his head that the powder almost burned his flesh. The officer's revolver was strapped to his side in a swivel holster, and without removing it he turned it on the crouching figure and began to pump lead as fast as he could work the trigger. Magagnos did likewise. The last shot in Conrad's gun struck the burglar in the thigh, and with a grunt—not a groan—he stumbled through the fence on to the sidewalk. Conrad jumped behind a telegraph pole to reload his pistol. The wounded man, with coolness and deliberation that was remarkable, carefully ejected the empty shells from his revolver, inserted another cartridge, and as the officer stepped from his shelter he rested his weapon on his arm, and, taking careful aim at the chief, fired his last shot. The bullet took the skin off Conrad's neck just over the jugular vein. Conrad cried out that he was shot, but never faltering rushed toward the prostrate burglar, firing as he went. One of his bullets took effect in the back of the burglar's head, tearing away the skull and making a gaping wound from which the brain matter oozed.

The man was carried to the police station, where he died about an hour later.

In the meantime his companion had been surrounded in the garden of J. P. Thorn, 2109 Clinton avenue, near the beach. He was hiding under a clump of rose bushes and surrendered to Officers Brampton and Rogers and Citizen McRea without a struggle. His captors landed him at the jail just as his partner expired. He was taken before the blood-covered corpse and asked by the chief of he recognized the dead man. He fell back and gasped and then, as if by a superhuman effort, he regained his composure and denied emphatically that he had ever seen the man. He gave the name of Jim Jones, but refused to tell anything about himself or his movements.

Burglar tools were found on both men, but the captured burglar in his flight had thrown away his revolver. The dead man carried an imitation Smith & Wesson of 38 caliber with a six-inch barrel. Among his effects was a villainous weapon made from the single blade of a pair of scissors ground down to a point as sharp as a needle. A similar instrument was picked up to-day along the line of the chase.

Since the escape of the third man the police claim that there were but two men in the battle, but this is denied emphatically by a host of witnesses who saw the trio both before and after their attempt to burglarize Gott's store.

The dead man was seen coming to Alameda on Sunday night on the broad-gauge train. He was accompanied by a flashily dressed woman, who disappeared shortly after they reached the Park-street station. The crook who lost his life was about 30 years of age, height 5 feet 6 inches, dark hair, with reddish tinge at roots, brown eyes, sallow complexion, weight about 130 pounds. He is presumed to have been an opium fiend. He was stylishly dressed in a dark blue coat and vest, striped gray pants and wore a soft black hat. A return ticket to San Francisco was found on him. His shirt bore the laundry mark "K. O. G." He has a scar over the right eye and his upper teeth are false.

His companion is a rough-looking fellow. He is a rawboned six-footer, weighing between 165 and 170 pounds. His hair is black, bushy and inclined to curl. He has blue, deep-set eyes and a dark complexion. He is roughly dressed and has the appearance of having recently made a long journey on a brakebeam. Ex-Turnkey K. Jamieson of San Quentin took a look at him to-day and expressed the opinion that he had seen him at the prison.

WHERE THE DESPERATE BURGLAR MET HIS DEATH.

INDIANS MURDERED AT REBEL BARRACKS

MERIDIA, Mex., Oct. 9.—Timeoto Herrera, secretary of the Indian rebel chief Yaqua, has fled to Belize. Two of his comrades and friends were assassinated at the barracks of the rebels before they could escape. They had all been suspected of infidelity to the rebel cause. Herrera says the Indians are generally tired of maintaining a hostile front to Mexico, but that the old rebel leaders are trying by a reign of terror to keep them in submission.

RIOT AMONG SOLDIERS.

Men of Company L of the Eighth Under Arrest.

ST. PAUL, Oct. 9.—A riot prevailed in the barracks of Company L of the Eighth Infantry at Fort Snelling last evening. To-day, with only a dozen exceptions, the company is locked in the guardhouse. Two men are in the hospital with severe injuries and another, who is under arrest, in need of constant attention. The trouble arose over a charge of robbery preferred by Corporal Fonner against Privates Stout, Kelly and Brazille. They had been in St. Paul on a spree.

SHAMROCK STOCK IS ON THE RISE.

However, the Columbia People Overlook No Points in Preparing for To-Day's Race.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—At midnight the operator at Sandy Hook reported: "Calm; thick fog off shore."

At 2 a. m. he reported: "Dense fog; no wind."

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—There was a buoyant feeling of expectancy among the yachtsmen to-night, not that they feel sure of a race to-morrow but that they know every day will be a race day from now out to the finish, with the exception of Wednesday. The agreement of the regatta committee and the Shamrock and Columbia people has proved popular. It is a fair proposition and every one likes the manner in which it is met.

This has been a foggy day down around the Horseshoe and everything has been quiet with the fleet there, except on the decks of the Columbia, where the crews have been cutting and refitting sails. This is taken in yachting circles to indicate nervousness. There is nothing to be gained in trying to put aside facts. They are worrying on the Columbia; they are calm and confident on the Shamrock. The reason for all this is that the English boat has done the better work on the three days of the flukes. Look at it from whatever standpoint you will these plain facts stare you in the face. On two of the days, at the moment the signal "race off" was set the Shamrock was in the lead. On the third day she was no worse than on even terms. Indeed, the weight of opinion is that she was ahead, considering her position and the fact that she started some seconds behind the Columbia. Add to this her time allowance of six seconds and the chances are still more in her favor. There is good reason for nervousness among the Americans, and nothing has occurred to-day to diminish it. It is an unpleasant truth, but it is just as well to admit it.

The weather is the important thing now. Three days of drifting have changed the character of the speculation. It is now quite as much a question will there be a race as which will win. The weather man in Washington promises a southerly increasing breeze. If it comes it will be a welcome wind to thousands of yachtsmen who have come many miles to witness the contest. If this prediction is fulfilled the racers will be sent over the line to windward down the Jersey coast, the course the same as Saturday, but the order of sailing is reversed, the first leg being to windward with a run home. This will be more satisfactory, as it gives a better chance for skill in maneuvering for the weather berth at the start.

The fog siren at Sandy Hook emitted its doleful warning all to-day through the layers of mist. Dreary as the day was, it broke at least the rule of a good wind on off days and calms on racing days, and on all sides there was hope that the wind for once would be good and true on the day of days. The weather observers for once kept their hands for a time off the business of signaling. Both Mr. Iselin and Sir Thomas Lipton appreciate all that they have done for them, but that hurricane bulletin which the weather men rushed in on Sunday caused worry on both sides. The hurricane turned out to be a stretch of fog which settled down over the sea.

As soon as Hathaway's sailmakers got through with the alterations on the Columbia's mainsail this morning the sail was hauled up from below, bent to the mast, boom and gaff hoisted.

After inspection by Managing Owner Iselin and Captain Barr, it was decided that the sail was not yet fit to do battle to-morrow; so it was lowered and after some minor alterations it was hoisted again at 3 p. m., when it set almost as flat as a board, except for a few wrinkles up near the beam under the gaff.

The new club topsail was also bent, but not hoisted. It was made up on the yard and covered to keep it dry, for the air was full of what old sailors call "Scotch mist." The mainsail was lowered soon after 4 o'clock, stowed on the boom and covered for the night.

C. Oliver Iselin arrived from the city on a tug just before noon. When seen on board the St. Michaels soon after, he said: "We are all hoping for a breeze to-morrow, so that we may finish at least one race. I should like to get through before Christmas."

Asked if the arrangement to race every day after Thursday was satisfactory to him, he said: "Yes, indeed, we are only too glad to be able to race every day and finish up the series."

Mr. Iselin did not care to make any comment on the last race, further than to say that some of the newspaper criticism of the Columbia's tactics were unfair and uncalled for. The Columbia's crew, he said, were all well and eager for the next race.

"If we have a good steady breeze," said he, "I have every confidence in the yacht."

The docking of the yachts between races, which was the original intention if they showed signs of becoming foul, will have to be abandoned on account of the new arrangements. It may be as fair for one as the other, as it now stands, say the owners, who feel that what little growth may have accumulated can make very little difference in the sailing of the two yachts.

Sir Thomas Lipton remained on board the Erin all day. He did not deny himself to visitors, but gave all his usual courteous greeting when they came up the gangway. He was expecting to attend a private dinner given in his honor to-night at one of the big hotels in the city, but sent a telegram to the gentleman who was to be his host begging to be excused until after the races had been sailed, as he was centering all his efforts on the task before him, and did not want to leave Sandy Hook until after to-morrow's race anyway.

Sir Thomas has been the recipient of many hundreds of cablegrams from friends on the other side of the water congratulating him on the fine showing the Shamrock has made in light weather, and every time a big batch of dispatches is brought from shore those on the Erin have a good time reading them, for among them are many humorous ones. This morning the usual number came, and by far the most amusing was one from England saying, "Never mind the hairpins; bring back the cup."

Sir Thomas inquired about the betting, and expressed satisfaction that the Shamrock stock was going up. He did not offer any tips, but reiterated his former statements that his boat would be sailed to win and that there would be no holding up at the wire. Sailmaker Ratsey watched the tinkering on the Columbia's mainsail with a critical eye, but did not express any opinion for publication.

Herbert C. Leeds visited Sir Thomas this afternoon and spent some time with him. The best of feeling exists between the Columbia and the Shamrock, and it seems to be the desire of both that the better boat shall win.

Sir Thomas will entertain another large party on board the Erin during to-morrow's race.

LIKELY TO PROVOKE A CONFLICT BETWEEN RUSSIA AND ENGLAND

Ameer of Afghanistan Sanctions Brutal Executions and the Torturing of Officials Daily.

LONDON, Oct. 10.—The Daily Telegraph's St. Petersburg correspondent says Russian accounts represent Abdur Rahman Khan, Ameer of Afghanistan, as insane and likely to provoke a conflict between Russia and England. These accounts say the Ameer is sanctioning brutal executions and the torturing of officials daily, and that his actions are resulting in a general exodus.