

AVOIDED THE MOB.

The Sheriff Outwitted Them and Landed His Man in Jail.

The Sheriff's Posse in Order to Avoid the Angry Mob Had to Resort to All Kinds of Subterfuges.

Shreveport, La., Oct. 15.—Sheriff John Spradley, of Nacogdoches county, Texas, Tuesday placed in jail here James Buchanan, self-confessed murderer of the Hicks family, for whom a mob of several thousand persons has been looking for him for two days.

In order to elude the mob the sheriff's posse were compelled to resort to all kinds of subterfuges, and during their journey to this city, two deputies compelled a party of 25 men to lay down their arms. Buchanan was captured in a swamp near Nacogdoches. Mobs had gathered at Tenaha, Appleby, Nacogdoches and other places, and to throw the mob at Nacogdoches off the scent, the sheriff sent the Negro ahead with Deputy Matthews, while he himself took the train with his other companions. Matthews was instructed to watch for the train. The plan miscarried, however, as a mob saw Matthews and he was compelled to hide in the woods with his prisoner. Meanwhile, the crowd believing the Negro to be with Sheriff Spradley, was after that official. At Appleby the trains passed and Spradley and his men got aboard the west-bound train as a ruse. The crowd immediately swarmed aboard, and then Spradley and his men slipped on the east-bound train and were greatly relieved when they met Matthews and his prisoner at Logansport, La. The man was brought to Shreveport in safety. All sorts of rumors were rife Tuesday night, and it is believed the Negro is safe in the jail here.

Early Tuesday night a crowd began gathering around the parish prison in which Buchanan was held. There was no demonstration, but Sheriff Spradley spirited the Negro away from the jail and put him aboard the west-bound Texas & Pacific train. The Negro is now on his way to Rusk, to be placed in the penitentiary.

LIVELY FOOTBALL GAME.

Two Players Were Badly Injured and Others Hurt.

Omaha, Oct. 15.—In a football game between the University of South Dakota and the Omaha Medical college, Capt. Newcomb had a shoulder blade fractured, Player Thompson a rib broken and Novotny, Jung and Eiby were forced out of the game by more or less severe injuries. All the injured men belonged to the visiting team. Umpire Whittemore, of Brown college, also received a blow in the jaw which came near putting him out of the game.

Local players claimed that Whittemore was unfair in his decisions and penalties. The lie was passed, and Player Mustine, of the medics, struck him a hard blow on the jaw.

ISLAND OF GUAM.

The Naval Station There Will Be Rehabilitated.

Washington, Oct. 15.—The navy department Tuesday contributed \$10,000 to Manila, P. I., to be sent from there to the island of Guam for the rehabilitation of the naval station property which was damaged by the recent earthquake. The department received a cablegram Tuesday announcing the departure of the colliery Justin from Cavite to Guam, and it is the understanding here that she carries the funds for the repair work. The money was taken from an emergency fund allotted to the bureau of yards and docks for the station of Guam.

Permanent Injunction Issued.

Spokane, Wash., Oct. 15.—In the United States court Tuesday Judge Hanford issued a permanent injunction forbidding certain members of the Cooks' and Waiters' union or their assistants to interfere with the restaurant business conducted by Taakahashi, a Japanese.

The Texas' Commander.

Washington, Oct. 15.—Capt. W. L. Swinburne has been relieved of his duties at the war naval college at this port and assigned to duty in connection with the fitting out of the battleship Texas and to the command of that vessel when she goes into commission.

To Relieve Commander Schroeder.

Washington, Oct. 15.—Orders have been issued by the navy department directing Commander W. E. Sewell to proceed to Guam and assume the duties of commandant of the naval station at that place, relieving Commander Seaton Schroeder, ordered home to await orders.

Post Office Wrecked by Tornado.

Washington, Oct. 15.—The post office department has received a dispatch announcing the post office at Koota, Mo., has been wrecked by a tornado, but the date is not stated. The records and funds of the office were saved but some of the mail was lost.

A Million-Dollar Steel Plant.

Birmingham, Ala., Oct. 15.—Information reached here from New York that the Alabama Steel and Wire Co. had let contracts for the erection of a steel plant in this district to cost upward of \$1,000,000.

TROLLEY CAR DYNAMITED.

Motormen's Strike on the Hudson Valley Road Serious.

Saratoga, N. Y., Oct. 15.—The motormen's strike on the Hudson Valley railroad is assuming a more threatening form. Dynamite was used in Saratoga Springs Tuesday night and a riot is feared at Mechanicsville. A trolley car passing near the trolley station of South Broadway was partly wrecked by dynamite that had been placed on the track. The car windows were broken, the track torn up and the windows of a nearby saloon shattered, but no one was injured.

Maj. Andrews, of the 3d battalion, 2d regiment, on strike duty at Mechanicsville, in the southern part of Saratoga county, was Tuesday officially notified by Village President Finnegan, of Mechanicsville, that he had sworn in a large force of deputies and proposed to arrest and lock up Tuesday night every national guardsman going patrol duty in Mechanicsville. As the 2d regiment is doing strike duty by orders from Gov. Odell, and attempt on the part of Mr. Finnegan to carry out his threat may lead to serious consequences.

NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

Sir Michael Herbert Presented to the President By Secretary Hay.

Washington, Oct. 14.—According to appointment made Saturday, Sir Michael Herbert, the new British ambassador, was presented to the president Monday by Secretary Hay. The presentation took place at what is called the "Temporary White House," on Jackson place, and this was probably the first occasion since the white house has been occupied as the presidential mansion that the credentials of an ambassador or minister have been received outside of its doors. Instead of calling at the state department first, which is the usual course, the ambassador proceeded directly to the temporary white house with the full staff of the embassy in their diplomatic uniforms. Secretary Hay, meeting him at this point, presented him to President Roosevelt in the parlor on the second floor of the house. The presentation was made in the usual form with the important exception that the president, though progressing rapidly toward recovery headed his physicians' warning and remained seated, not undertaking to stand on his wounded leg.

DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

Ed Stricker Killed Wife and Son, Wounded a Man and Suicided.

Tracy, Minn., Oct. 14.—Ed Stricker shot and killed his wife and young son, seriously wounded Frank McAllister and then committed suicide Monday. Stricker and his wife had been living apart for two years. Monday afternoon he followed his wife into the furniture store of Frank McAllister and, drawing a revolver, shot the woman dead. He then fired a bullet through the head of their little boy, also producing death, and turned the weapon upon his father-in-law, L. Harvey. The shot went wild, however, and wounded McAllister in the face. Stricker then shot himself, dying instantly. McAllister is in a critical condition.

WINTRY WEATHER.

The First Snowfall of the Season at Minneapolis, Minn.

Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 14.—The first snow of the season came Monday morning, the coldest weather as well. The flakes began floating earthward shortly before 7 o'clock and the solidified shower ceased an hour later. About 10:45 more flakes revived conversation upon the street cars. It was the earliest snowfall in the last seven years. In 1895 snow was recorded October 8.

The temperature at 7 a. m. descended to 34, or two degrees above the freezing point, the minimum since last spring.

Uses An American Automobile.

Berlin, Oct. 14.—The automobile which Prince Henry of Prussia is using is an American machine which he picked out at the motor exhibition at Hamburg in competition with French and German models. The German makers are therefore much annoyed and their trade journal intimates that the prince ought to think more of his own country.

Requisition Issued.

Harrisburg, Pa., Oct. 15.—A requisition was issued by Gov. Stone Tuesday for the extradition of John M. Evans, who is wanted at Pittsburgh on a charge of defrauding a mining company out of \$41,000. Evans is under arrest at Youngstown, O.

Dismissed From Service.

Peking, Oct. 15.—It is reported that Kwei Chun, the former viceroy of Sze Chuen province, has been dismissed from the imperial service for his failure to extinguish the rebellion in that part of the country.

Two Aeronauts Killed.

Paris, Oct. 14.—Debrasky, the aeronaut, and Morin, his companion, were killed by falling from a dirigible balloon. The balloon started from the aerostatic station at Vaugirard, a suburb of this city, at 7:55 a. m. on a trial trip.

A Transvaal Loan.

London, Oct. 14.—It is said unofficially that the government will ask parliament to authorize a Transvaal loan of \$150,000,000 or more to be guaranteed by the imperial government.

THE QUIET MAN IN THE CORNER

I lingered over a checker game a night or two ago; The one who played against me seemed to have no ghost of show; I had a bunch of lousy kings that strutted all about And bullied my opponent's men, who dared not venture out.

Way over in a corner shrank a timid little man. Who stayed right in his station ever since the game began; He watched my crowned heads marching by with banner and with song, And seemed to be discouraged over standing still so long. But pretty soon an opening occurred two blocks away, And not another moment did that little fellow stay.

He bounded over the board and took three kings in one fell swoop, Then landed in my king-row with a wild, ecstatic whoop. You've known these quiet fellows that just sit around and thought, And never made a noise while the other raged and fought; The whole community had come to think of them as dead, Or else so very near it that their hope of fame had fled. The chaps with recognition for their portion pose and strut, And seem to overlook the man who keeps his talker shut. But some day, when 'most every one is looking 't'her way, This quiet fellow sees a chance to break into the play; He reaches out and grabs things that the others had ignored; He puts into the life-game all the energy he'd stored. Through all the years of silence, so you'd better not forget, The still man in the corner, for he'll reach the king row yet! —S. W. Gillilan, in Los Angeles Herald.

THE WOODEN LADY'S LOVERS A Story of the Philippines. By W. O. McGEHEAN.

THE Fifteenth Cazadores turned in their arms and quartered themselves in the Church of San Fernando in the walled city. They accepted the capture of Manila philosophically. Of course, the stone floor of the church was less comfortable than the cane beds in their cool barracks, then occupied by a noisy regiment of American volunteers, but it was certainly more comfortable than the muddy trench near Malate. Moreover, they were being fed at the expense of the United States government on savory stews made of corned beef and hard tack, a better ration than they had received for some time.

The Philippines are plentifully supplied with churches; and, in time of war, these houses of worship are appropriated for various unseemly purposes. The host is removed, and the little red light that indicates its presence is extinguished. Then the church becomes a barracks, a prison, or a fortress, as the occasion requires.

Sargento Pedro Flores, of the First Spanish battalion, selected a little side altar for his private apartment. Because of his rank and a reputation for remarkable deftness with the knife, his title to the place was not disputed. Above the altar stood a life-sized carving of a female saint, done hundreds of years previously by some Filipino master of the craft. The figure was tinted in colors, at one period no doubt glaring, but subdued by time into a consummately natural, pale ivory. The hair on its head was human hair, and fell about the shoulders in soft dark masses. The face was rather pretty than beautiful, thus serving to further the illusion of naturalness. Pedro had never heard of Galatea, but, looking at that figure in the dim light that struggled through the dirty, colored windows, he at times almost expected to see the half-shut eyes open, to see the girl brush the dust of two centuries from the faded pink cloth dress with her little hands, and request him to assist her from the pedestal. But the wooden lady remained motionless, smiling pensively the same smile her long-forgotten creator had given her. Close to the altar rail was a little wooden box into which pious Filipinos were wont to drop offerings of copper coins and small silver. When Pedro first settled in the little altar he discovered that there was a tidy little sum in this box. Of course he realized that it was a crime unspeakable to rob the church, but Pedro had not a centimo, and he was not altogether contented with the American stew and hard tack doled out each day. So in a moment of temptation he thrust in his hand and extracted a large portion of its contents. He looked up with a guilty countenance at the wooden lady, half afraid that there would be a look of angry disapproval on her face. But the wooden lady continued to smile pensively.

"Gracias, dona," he whispered, and started for a wine shop. Every day numbers of worshippers, mestizos and Filipinos, visited the shrine of the wooden lady, leaving offerings, and Pedro continued to levy tribute so systematically that the padre who collected the money in the evening noticed no decrease in the revenue. Her Spanish admirer no longer said "Gracias, dona," but "Gracias, querida," which means "Thanks, darling," and is decidedly familiar, not to say sacrilegious, in view of the fact that the wooden lady was a saint. But that was partly the fault of the wooden carver who had made the figure so human. Now and then a stalwart American soldier visiting the church, would approach and pass a friendly greeting in his broken Spanish. Pedro would reply courteously and proffer cigarettes, although he secretly resented their intrusion, especially when one of these visitors removed his hat to the wooden lady with mock politeness, and another addressed her jocularly in his own tongue. It was not seemly, he thought, that these heretics and out-

landers should bask in the light of the wooden lady's smile. Moreover, these rude Americans had been discourteous enough to drive the Fifteenth Cazadores from a line of earthworks that had been constructed with much hard labor, and which had been held impregnable. No doubt one of these soldiers, discovering the secret of the box, would appropriate its contents after the universal custom of soldiers.

Private Clifford, U. S. V., strode into the San Fernando church one day with the serenely independent air that betrays the western man wherever he goes. He looked with covetous eyes at the ancient banners of Spain hanging from the rafters of the church—for he had a taste for antiquities—and noted with a pang that there was no way of appropriating them unobserved. When his eyes rested on the wooden lady his admiration found vent in an audible murmur, which aroused Pedro from his siesta. The murmur was succeeded by a heavy sigh of regret. The war with Spain was over, and even had there been a bit of loot for a private to handle. Noticing Pedro, who was watching him with suppressed rage, Clifford said: "Pretty figure, isn't it? Who is she, anyway?"

"I don't know," Pedro replied quietly. "Well, she is the prettiest woman in Manila," said the American with a smile, "and I will come to see her often, if it is permitted." Pedro shrugged his shoulders. "There are many pretty women in Manila not of wood. Why does not the Senor Soldado seek the acquaintance of some of them?" "Oh, a wooden lady is safer," replied Clifford, with a laugh. "She will not lead one into trouble." "Queen sabe?" said Pedro, raising his eyebrows.

After that Clifford often visited the church and spent hours watching the figure and talking to Pedro, whose hatred for him grew daily more intense. He was surprised that Clifford did not seem to care for money—for many worshippers deposited their offerings in his presence—and asked himself: "What did he want?" Then, when the American was gone, he would whisper, fiercely: "You are mine—mine only. Querido mi, do not smile at that cursed Americano."

But the wooden lady continued to smile pensively and remained unmoved.

One afternoon Clifford invited Pedro to accompany him to the American barracks. Pedro demurred, but the American insisted, playfully threatening to carry him by force. The Spaniard only smiled bitterly when he discovered that Clifford's brethren were occupying the barracks of the Fifteenth Cazadores. His coming caused no surprise among the occupants. Many of the soldiers had made friends among the Spaniards and Filipinos. Some tried their small stock of Spanish on him, and the cook of Clifford's company dished him out a generous ration.

After dinner Clifford took the suspicious Pedro to the Alhambra, the largest cafe in Manila, then patronized almost exclusively, by exceedingly thirsty American soldiers. Pedro sampled his first American beer and liked it.

"I wish that I could take your wooden lady friend to America," said Clifford, when they were on the second bottle.

Pedro laid his glass down quickly, but made no reply. "But I could not carry the whole figure with me, that is evident," Clifford continued. "Can't you let me have part of her. I will pay you."

"I will do nothing for pay," replied Pedro, proudly. "But for a friend—nothing is too much."

"Don't think me disrespectful," ventured Clifford, hesitatingly, "but I should like at least the head of that statue."

It was some time before Pedro could trust his voice. His fingers were itching to clutch the sharp knife concealed beneath his coat, but he realized that this was not the place to use it. He would wait for an opportunity, and then this American ladron would be effectively blocked in his attempt to decapitate the virgin and cut him off from his daily revenue.

"I would try to get it myself," added Clifford, "but I can't enter the church after dark. You could do it, Pedro, and not be noticed."

"I will try," replied the Spaniard, when he had sufficiently recovered control of his voice.

"A thousand thanks," said the elated American, and slapping him playfully on the back, he asked: "Won't you have another bottle?"

But Pedro intimated that it was time to return to the church. When they started across the Bridge of Spain it was quite late, and Pedro noted carefully that, with the exception of the American sentries at either end, the place was deserted. The Pasig river gurgled noisily underneath, for the tide was running out.

Clifford bent to look over into the myriads of little whirlpools scintillating in the moonlight. Pedro saw his chance, bent suddenly and, seizing him by an ankle, hurled him into the treacherous water with a quick, upward jerk. There was a splash, too faint to be heard by the sentries, and Pedro, leaning over, saw one wild hand thrust out, only quickly to disappear. Then the Spaniard lit a cigarette and, crossing to the other end of the bridge, passed the sentry with an extremely polite "Buenas noches."

Back to the little side altar he went, quite easy in mind. "You are mine—querido mi—and the money is mine," he whispered exultantly, as he thrust his hand into the clinking coins.

But the wooden lady only smiled pensively in the moonlight.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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