SHOT BY COINERS.

Murderers of Todhunter Located.

ONE OF THEM IN CUSTODY.

He Exposes the Whereabouts of His Partner in Crime—The Fight on the River.

Special to THE MORNING CALL.

SACRAMENTO, April 7.—On the evening of March 28 a bloody tragedy was enacted in a boat on the Sacramento River, a short distance above the town of Washington, in which young Louis Todhunter, a brother of Constable Todhunter of that place, lost his life. Word was received by the constable during the afternoon from Knights Landing, asking him to arrest two men known to be counterfeiters, who were making their way down stream in a lead-colored boat. The constable deputized his father and brother to make the arrest and they started out in a boat. They soon met the men coming down the stream and in attempting to make the arrest one of the men grabbed the elder Todhunter's gun and shot and killed young Todhunter. They then escaped.

An afternoon newspaper to-day published an extended account of the arrest of two counterfeiters, one of whom was in the boat when the fatal shot was fired. He has made a full confession. The other prisoner furnished the capital and started the counterfeiters in business. The man who fired the fatal shot has been located and three officers are now on their way to Southern California to place him under arrest.

Sheriff Wyckoff of Yolo County arrived here this morning from Woodland and at once mad epreparations to start after the outlaws. He was soon joined by Sheriff Bogard of Glenn County and W. A. Shorn of the same county, who accompany him on his mission.

From Under Sheriff Shorn is learned a very interesting story, which reveals the identity of the murderers, and shows that they belonged to a gang, which has been engaged in the work of manufacturing counterfeit money and flooding the State with it.

The rendezvous was on an island in the Sacramento River nearly opposite the village of Jacinto, the "home place" of the great Glenn ranch in Glenn County. It is a wild little island covered with timber and thick underbrush, making an ideal retreat for men of that stripe who have been making it their home.

Shorn learned that a man named Charley Ackers, employed on the Glenn ranch, procured plaster of paris and a quantity of metal and gave them to John Moore, a man aged about 35, and a man named Martin, aged 18 or 20, and kept them supplied with food stolen from the ranch larder. They have been located there three or four months.

When the news of the killing of young Todhunter by the two counterfeiters who were voyaging down the river in a boat, passing their coin upon unsuspecting farmers, reached Willows, Sheriff Bogard and Under Sheriff Shorn at once concluded that the deed was done by the Jacinto Island men.

They ascertained that Ackers was still at work on the Glenn ranch, and it was resolved to keep a strict watch of his correspondence. All mail for Jacinto passes through the Willows Postoffice. Under Sheriff Shorn ascertained that a couple of letters came to Ackers in a few days, and prompt replies were sent back by him. One letter he addressed to John Moore, the elder of the men; the other went to Martin. This was considered a sufficient clew to strike and make the arrest.

Sheriff Bogard at once had Ackers arrested on the Glenn ranch and taken to the County Jail at Willows and locked up on a charge of counterfeiting.

The Sheriff and Under Sheriff Shorn then boarded the train and went up to Mott, Siskiyou County, where, on Wednesday evening last, they arrested young Martin.

One of the letters written to Ackers had been addressed to him at that place. In the letter was a number of newspaper clippings, giving accounts of the killing of young Todhunter and noting the movements of the officers in searching for his slayers.

It appears that counterfeiting is a new business to Martin. He is an innocent looking youth and one who might easily be led by older heads into committing crime. Last summer he worked in the logging camps in the vicinity of Mott and said he expected to get employment there this year.

Young Martin was "all broken up" when the officers placed him under arrest. He cried like a child and said he did not care so much about his arrest, but he was sorry for the awful disgrace which he had brought upon his mother, who resides in Oakland.

He begged the officers not to divulge his name to the newspapers, as he hoped she might never hear of the trouble which had overtaken him.

On the way down on the train from Mott to Willows, where he was landed yesterday, young Martin made a confession of his misdeeds to the officers.

He told how he and Moore had lived on the island and made counterfeit money, receiving aid from Ackers. They worked up into bogus money about twenty pounds of metal, and had most of it in their possession when they started down the river. He confirmed that which is already known, that they spent some of the money with farmers' wives along the river, buying butter and eggs from them.

Martin said, of course, that he and his companion were greatly surprised when they were commanded to stop. They made up their minds that they would get out of the difficulty at all odds, even if they had to use the pistol which Moore had. When Moore fired the shot which killed young Todhunter, he told Martin to throw all the money into the river, and this was done.

As soon as they reached shore they made their way to the railroad track and thus into Sacramento, where they boarded a train and rode to Roseville Junction on a brakebeam. There they separated, young Martin proceeding northward to Mott. He had since learned that Moore had gone to Southern California.

The officers expect to have Moore in custody some time to-morrow.

BURNING OF THE KING JAMES.

A Board of Inquiry to Inquire Into the Vessel's Loss.

SANTA BARBARA, April 7.—Captain Drummond and crew of the King James arrived this afternoon at 2 o'clock on the steamer Los Angeles from the south. The men are able to be around, but are still quite weak. The captain has determined by referring to the chart that the man who landed on one of the Channel Islands is on Santa Rosa.

An inquiry for the purpose of determining the origin of the fire, to ascertain it the hold had been properly ventilated to prevent spontaneous combustion and to find what was the action of the officers and men after leaving the ship on the morning of March 21 will be held to-morrow before the British Vice-Consul, Mr. White Mortimore of Los Angeles, and F. E. Blake and T. R. Dawe of this city.

Up to 9 o'clock to-night the Big Loafer had not returned from the islands, where she went in search of the sailor, William Spence, who landed on one of the islands Monday from the captain's boat. It seems that the man was almost naked, and unless he reached a house within a few hours might have died from exhaustion. He was about ten or fifteen miles from a house where he landed, and the island is very rough in that vicity.

If the investigation is concluded in time the men will be sent to San Francisco Sunday night on the steamer Corona.

GHOULS AT VACAVILLE.

The Body of a Woman Disturbed in Its Grave.

VACAVILLE, April 7.—The resting-place in Vacaville Cemetery of the body of Mrs. John Wells, wife of a prominent rancher of this valley, has been violated within the last few days by unknown persons. The discovery of the desecration was accidentally made. The ghouls, in their hurry to cover up the evidences of their crime, did not return the body to the coffin as they had found it, but hastily thrust it back and then heaped dirt upon it. Unluckily for them the extremities were left exposed and attracted attention to the grave, thus making known the outrage. Whether it was the intention of the robbers to steal the body is not known. There is no clew to the miscreants, but should they be found it would go hard with them, for the community is thoroughly aroused over the outrage.

HOODWINKED THE OFFICERS.

Deputy Sheriffs Watch an Empty House for Days.

BAKER CITY, April 7.—The officers who have been guarding Bill McCarty's house at Haines, under the belief that Bill and Tom McCarty, the supposed bank robbers, who escaped from the officers a few days ago, were secreted therein, made a search of the house to-day, and to their chagrin found no trace of the McCartys.

The finding of horses near the house is now looked upon as a ruse by the fugitives to throw the detectives off the track. It is believed the men have secreted themselves in the vicinity and are now awaiting a favorable opportunity to get out of the country by rail, as great difficulty would be experienced in attempting it on horseback, owing to the swollen condition of the streams.

The reported capture of Kid McCarty at Boise City proves untrue. He is supposed to be in Arizona.

Eck McCarty, stepson of William McCarty, is now in jail here on the charge of assisting Bill and Tom to escape. Eck McCarty killed a man with a cork-screw in a variety theater here two years ago.

WEALTH WASTED BY FIRE.

Serious Loss to the Town of Pomeroy in Washington.

POMEROY, Wash., April 7.—Fire broke out at Pataha City early this morning and inside of half an hour the business part of the town was in ashes. Harford & Son lost their entire stock of hardware, valued at $12,000, insured for $8000; Peoning & Bournehauser, loss $18,000, insured for $13,000; S. Reynolds, entire stock, including household goods and groceries, loss about $5000, insured for $1000. The total loss will reach $40,000.

A strong wind was blowing at the time, so that it was impossible to save anything. S. Spfeddin, who roomed in the rear of Peoning & Bournehauser's store, was almost suffocated and got out with only a pair of trousers and shoes. O. Peoning, who was sleeping in an adjoining room, escaped with his night clothes. S. Reynolds and brother, who were sleeping in the rear of their store, came near being burned to death. It is thought the fire was the work of incendiaries.

REDWOOD TRUST.

One Said to Be in Process of Formation.

UKIAH, April 7.—It is reported that James Townsend, a wealthy timber-owner of Mendocino County, and J. W. Henderson, a banker of Eureka, have formed a combination for the purpose of controlling the redwood output of Humboldt and Mendocino counties. Their scheme is to buy out the smaller holders and consolidate them into a redwood trust. The prices have lately been so reduced by the competition of small holders that this is deemed the only manner in which the decrease in prices can be remedied.

HIS CRIME A MISTAKE.

The Successful Excuse Offered at a Senoma Trial.

SANTA ROSA, April 7.—The case of T. L. Monmonier, a prominent merchant of Healdsburg, charged with having offered an illegal instrument for record at the County Clerk's office last October, was tried in Judge Dougherty's court here to-day. The instrument in question was an affidavit of registration taken October 24, two days after the time for the registration of voters had expired. Monmonier claimed that his offense was the result of a mistake and the jury, after being out only a few moments, brought in a verdict of not guilty.

ON THE HOMESTRETCH.

Miss Edith M. Day Passes Through Sacramento Going North.

SACRAMENTO, April 7.—Miss Edith M. Day, one of the editorial force of the Portland Railway Guide, reached Sacramento at 7 o'clock this evening from Los Angeles, and after remaining three hours left for Portland to complete her tour of the United States, including a visit to the City of Mexico.

Her travels aggregate 10,000 miles, made in 18 days' time since her departure from Portland March 22. This is one day less than Miss Bess Mitchell made on a similar trip, and is a feat unparalleled, probably, in the history of railroad traveling in this country.

CRUSHED HIS SKULL.

A Citizen of Riverside Pulls a Tree Down Upon Him.

RIVERSIDE, April 7.—While cutting eucalyptus trees here to-day B. Whittaker was fatally injured by one falling upon him. He was engaged in pulling the tree over while another man did the chopping. When the tree began falling Whittaker ran in the wrong direction and the tree struck him on the head, smashing his skull and fracturing his left arm. There is no hope for his recovery.

ILL AND DESERTED.

Suicide of an Englishman at San Luis Obispo.

SAN LUIS OBISPO, April 7.—John Whelan, a native of England, about 48 years old, died here this morning from the effects of laudanum taken with suicidal intent.

He was formerly a merchant in Lincoln, N. M., but his health failing he came to this coast about two years since. Continued ill health, poverty and the desertion of his wife induced the deed.

THE BREWERY WAS BUILT.

But the Brewers Melted Away Into Thin Air.

PETALUMA, April 7.—Two Germans, Mellietzer by name, are wanted by their numerous creditors in this city. They arrived here a few weeks since for the purpose of erecting and carrying on a brewery. The building was erected and when the bills were presented the Mellietzers disappeared. Nearly every attorney in town has been secured to look after attachments.

SAN DIEGO'S COUNTY FAIR.

The Association Reorganized and the Place of the Exhibition Fixed.

SAN DIEGO, April 7.—The County Fair Association was reorganized to-day and W. H. Balbridge of Escondido took his seat. C. A. McDougald of this city was re-elected president and George M. Dannals secretary. The next fair is to be held on the City Park reservation, but the date is yet unsettled.

Fatally Injured by a Colt.

SANTA ANA, April 7.—Word was brought into Santa Ana to-day that R. D. McCormack, who resides near Newport, had been thrown from a colt and crushed by the animal, which jumped upon him, fracturing four ribs. The injuries will prove fatal.

Death of a Preacher.

SANTA ANA, April 7.—Rev. J. H. Peters of Garden Grove died this afternoon after a long illness. He was born in England in 1844, commenced preaching when 17 years old and was a charter member of the Southern California Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Presbytery of Benicia.

POINT ARENA, April 7.—The Presbytery of Benicia convened here last evening. The session was organized, electing Rev. T. F. Bernam of Vallejo moderator. There were nine ministers and six elders present.

Stockton Physician Dead.

STOCKTON, April 7.—Dr. Daniel Payton, aged 65, a member of the Board of Health, died suddenly of apoplexy at 6:30 o'clock this evening. He was once president of the Oregon State Medical School at Salem.

WHEN going out to spend the evening with your friends don't forget to take some of White's Yucatan Gum with you.

IT IS SOLID NOW.

The New Steamship Line a Certainty.

NOW A MONOPOLY IS ENDED.

The Two Hundred Thousand Paid In and the Final Contract Is Signed.

There was a sort of last-spike driving with the North American Navigation Company yesterday.

They do not really drive silver spikes when a new steamship line is fully established, but it was about the same thing that happened.

What did occur was the definite and absolute settlement of the fact that the North American Navigation Company is a full-fledged steamship line, with an ironclad and exclusive contract with the Panama Railroad Company, which will enable the new line to successfully fight the old Pacific Mail monopoly, afford relief to the commercial interests of California and revive the commerce of this port.

That was why there was great rejoicing among the members of the California Traffic Association yesterday. The exultation was over the fact that $200,000, the full working capital of the North American Navigation Company, had been subscribed and paid up.

When the contract was drawn between the Panama Railroad Company and the representatives of the North American Navigation Company for the establishment of a joint service via the Isthmus of Panama between New York and this port it was stipulated that the contract should not be signed until the working capital to be subscribed by the merchants of San Francisco had been raised.

On April 1 the time for the performance of this condition expired. As a matter of fact, the money on that date had been subscribed but not all collected. The Panama Railroad directors, however, granted an extension until the close of banking hours yesterday for collecting the coin.

Yesterday Messrs. Isaac Upham, Daniel Meyer, Charles M. Yates, Barry Baldwin and W. B. Wellman, who had been working assiduously for several days past in making collections, met at the rooms of the Traffic Association to compare notes.

While they were posting up the results a report was received concerning the collections made by the Johnson-Locke Mercantile Company. When the gentlemen rose from their seats the gratifying fact had been established that every cent of the $200,000 was actually in bank.

Thus all the conditions imposed upon San Francisco have been complied with, and the good is work brought to a successful termination.

The North American Navigation Company immediately afterward met to elect a new board of directors. Under the agreement between the North American Navigation Company and the Traffic Association the association was entitled to elect four of the seven directors.

The election resulted as follows: E. B. Pond, W. L. Merry, Hermann Bendell, Gustav Niebaum, J. S. Leeds, H. H. Hecht and Frank Dalton. Of these Messrs. Leeds, Pond, Niebaum and Hecht represent the Traffic Association.

The hands of the clock in the Keweenaw's cabin had scarcely touched the hour of 10 o'clock yesterday when some 200 tons of freight for Los Angeles had been landed on the wharf.

This was something new. The cause of the sudden appearance of freight for southern California was an announcement sent out early in the morning from the North American Navigation Company's office that freight would be accepted at cut rates for Los Angeles by the Keweenaw.

It was a genuine surprise to the shippers and a knockdown blow nto the Pacific Mail.

It means competition in earnest—no half-way promises of what the company will do, but a legitimate move to make competitors think for a while and come to a pretty quick conclusion.

Wool reigned supreme on Lombard-street pier yesterday. Sheep-raisers of Fresno and Humboldt will be glad to hear this, for since 1885 the price of California wool has been steadily on the decline, and why?

Well, simply this: Boston is the greatest wool market in the United States. Bostonians buy more wool than any other class of people in the world, and Boston is a long distance from San Francisco.

By rail it costs eight times as much to ship wool to Boston than it does by water—that is by the North American Navigation Company.

Nearly all this wool on the Lombard-street pier is billed for Boston, and the shipper is saving nearly 50 per cent over the Pacific Mail's former charges by sending it by the Keweenaw.

In the afternoon the Pacific Mail Steamship Company announced to the shipping men that it would cut rates.

Merchandise for Central American ports will be received by the old company for $5 per ton.

"This," said Frank Johnson, "shows what the North American Navigation Company is doing for the shippers."

The Keweenaw will stop at Redondo on her down trip to take aboard the Los Angeles freight. This news was telegraphed below, and it is expected that a large addition to her cargo will be made in Southern California.

HIS NAME IS DENNIS.

A Young Man Captured While Unlocking Doors in a Hotel.

The guests of the St. Nicholas House at Market and Hayes streets know to-day why trinkets and articles of clothing have disappeared from their rooms during the past six weeks and a young man named Joseph Dennis, now in the tanks of the City Prison, can, if he will, give them any additional information they may desire as to the location of their missing property.

Dennis by means of a skeleton key opened the door of room 305 on the third floor of the hotel, occupied by Mrs. G. Shay, about 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. He doubtless thought to carry off such articles as caught his fancy, as a card on the door announced that the occupant was absent, but would return in a few hours.

Mrs. Shay was taken suddenly ill, however, and returned sooner than she expected, but neglected to remove the card which attracted the thief's attention.

Dennis entered the room boldly and expressed some astonishment at finding it occupied.

Mrs. Shay was alarmed and astonished at the intrusion and asked him why he was there, when he bluntly informed her that he had mistaken her door for that of a friend, and after apologizing went away. Mrs. Cummings, the occupant of the adjoining room, overheard the conversation, and thinking the circumstance suspicious notified Day Clerk Whittaker and C. W. Randall, another lodger, of her suspicions.

Both men immediately made a search of the building and in a few moments later discovered Dennis and a companion, both of them well dressed, in the act of unlocking the door of another lodger on the floor above. The suspicions of Clerk Whittaker were by this time thoroughly aroused and he was convinced that the men were sneak-thieves and demanded an explanation.

Dennis coolly replied that they were looking for a "George Cummings," but as Whittaker knew that no person of that name was in the house he decided to take the men into custody. He secured Dennis; the other man eluded him and escaped from the building.

Dennis was taken to the City Prison, where he was searched and where certain things were found in his pockets, the possession of which he may find it rather difficult to explain. Among them was a skeleton key, some burglar's lock-picking tools and a lady's gold bracelet.

ALL IN ONE.

The Convenience of an Unlimited Selection.

Of the very many comments, most of them of a flattering nature, which were made all day Saturday by the visitors at Beamish's new stores, 918-922 Market street, none were more forcible than those regarding the immensity of the selection. Mr. Beamish says that his chief aim is to supply a customer with an entire wardrobe, except of course as his clothing and his shoes.

"I can afford to sell furnishing goods cheaper than my competitors," says this well-known furnisher, "for I have many departments from which to derive profit, where they have comparatively few."

Mr. Beamish argues, and wisely, too, it seems, that it is far more convenient to be able to purchase everything one needs in one store instead of going to a number of different places. It seems certain that it is far more expeditious, too.

Old Scotch Ballads.

Professor Thomas Davidson.

The ballad period proper was from 1400 to 1700, although most of the themes which form the nucleus of the tales date far back into the previous centuries. The theme itself always remained the same, but the ballad changed as it passed from mouth to mouth, so that very few versions were ever alike. In the popular ballad period the people knew little of religion, and indeed were almost pagan in feeling. The Christian religion drove out the ballads and replaced them by hymns. The old ballads were a piece of nature, products of instinct, and had a weird force which cultivated poems do not possess. There were about 200 of them in all. They were never read but rather chanted on winter nights, about the fire, in the rude cottages, while both men and women sat around and knitted in rapt attention.

SMUGGLER REED AGAIN.

He Swindled 200 Chinese Out of $10 Apiece.

Joseph Semplar, a late employe of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company, says that smuggler Sim Reed, who is reported to have fled to Mexico, made a trip to China on one of the steamers of the company named about six months ago.

Reed went by the name of Osborne, and while in China arranged to bring 200 Chinese into the United States. He collected $10 apiece in advance from the heathens and skipped out, leaving the Mongols at Hong-Kong, waiting for the "agent" that never returned.

Semplar says that Reed and a man named Farwell had been smuggling Chinese and opium over the border for nearly three years before the trouble in the Barrymore ring caused it to break up and its members to scatter.

Reed claims to be in Mexico to escape his enemies, but the truth in the matter is he is probably arranging to go into his old business in the south since the Northwest has become so warm for him.

WAR RENEWED.

Low Kow Fatally Wounded by Highbinders.

They Wanted a Girl Kept in a Den and Shot Him in the Abdomen.

A policeman standing in front of the old City Hall at 1:30 o'clock this morning was startled from his reverie by three pistol shots fired in rapid succession.

These were followed by the shrill blasts of police whistles, and a few moments later two Chinese, followed by several of their countrymen, ran rapidly across Portsmouth Square.

Several officers hurried to Washington alley, whence the report of the pistols was heard, while others started after the fugitives.

The former found Low Kow, the keeper of a den at 13 Washington alley, lying in his doorway.

Blood was pouring from a bullet wound in his abdomen. He said that he had been shot by a member of the Bo Sin Sear highbinder society which had persecuted him for a long time in order that they might obtain possession of a pretty girl slave named Sun Ying, who was one of his most valuable chattels.

About 1:30 o'clock in the morning a rock was thrown against his door and he went downstairs. He had just reached the pavement when the shots were fired.

He recognized as his assailants two members of the Bo Sin Sear, who ran away when he fell to the earth.

The police were unable to capture the fugitive assassins. They followed them to a lodging-house on Clay street, between Dupont and Waverley place, where the two men ran upstairs and took refuge behind a thick door. The door was smashed into splinters, but when the officers entered the room it was empty.

The highbinders had escaped through a rear exit.

Low Kow refused to be taken to the Receiving Hospital, and was treated by Dr. Bunker. His wound is considered fatal.

Chun How and Low Ying, tailors, were caught hiding in a garret at Pacific and Dupont streets, an hour after the murder and were identified by the dying man as his assassins.

DENTISTS MEET.

They Will Organize an Alumni Association—Its Purpose.

In response to an invitation from Dr. Hodgens, superintendent of the local State Dental College, a large number of practitioners met in the college library on Market street on Thursday evening.

Dr. Hodgens explained the object of the gathering was to formulate plans to inaugurate an alumni association in connection with legitimate professors of dentistry. He called upon those present to nominate a chairman. Dr. Sharp's name having been proposed he was unanimously elected and after calling for remarks from those present several interesting speeches were listened to.

The general tenor of the addresses was to the effect that it was of the highest importance to practitioners and to the best interest and welfare of the public that such an institution as was being proposed should be formed; that what was everybody's business was attended to by no one, and that thereby all affected suffered in consequence.

The laws relating to professional matters were in such a wretched condition that the public was at the mercy of quacks, and the legitimate practitioner not only suffered in consequence on that issue, but in many other respects.

Several committees were formed and on a motion to adjourn being carried the meeting was dismissed.

AN OLD OFFENSE.

The Grand Jury Indicts D. M. Blank and Gardner Landon.

D. M. Blank and Gardner Landon were indicted by the Grand Jury yesterday. There were four counts for obtaining money under false pretenses. The charge against them is based on the fact that in April last they obtained $1600 on four promissory notes from the Tallant Banking Company. The notes purported to represent money owed by one A. M. Panzer to the Mutual Oil Company, which no longer exists, but were found to be worthless.

Blank has been before the court on other occasions. He appeared against the Woodbury Oil Company, also defunct, and accused them of opening his private letters. This case was dismissed and some time later he had one of Assessor Nealon's deputies arrested for receiving bribes, but failed to prove his accusations.

COLONIAL PROGRESS.

Line of Steamers Between Vancouver and Sydney.

VANCOUVER, April 7.—The announcement that arrangements have been completed for a line of steamers between Australia and Vancouver is received here with satisfaction. It is stated that the steamers to be put on are the Warrimoo and the Miowera, owned by the New Zealand and Australia Steamship Company. The first steamer is to leave Sydney May 10.

Fatal Termination.

Mrs. Mollie Lynch, who in returning to her home after having attended a funeral yesterday, swallowed a quantity of chloroform liniment, died this morning at 2 o'clock in the Receiving Hospital.

The San Diego Election.

SAN DIEGO, April 7.—Full corrected returns of the municipal elections give Carlson (Ind.), 1213; Gasson (R.), 612; Cochran (D.), 465; Kastle (Pop.), 209; Friend (Ind.), 98.

Death of Dr. Burrell.

Dr. Charles Burrell, well known to old residents in this city as one of the old-time physicians, died yesterday at the age of 72 years.

The question of whiskers is agitating the British army journals. The regulation governing the point is clear and decisive. Officers and men of her Majesty's army are not permitted to shave the upper lip at all, though some enlightened commanding officers permit young men to shave on the strict understanding that it is done for the purpose of stimulating the growth of a backward mustache. Some officers of high rank are said to disregard the regulation, and so set a bad example to the service by going clean shaven.

How is Your Blood?

I had a malignant breaking out on my leg below the knee, and was cured sound and well with two and a half bottles of S.S.S. Other blood medicines had failed to do me any good. WILL C. BEATY, Yorkville, S. C.

S.S.S.

I was troubled from childhood with an aggravated case of Tetter, and three bottles of S.S.S. cured me permanently. WALLACE MANN, Manville, R. I.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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JAKE WAS HONEST.

The Corpse in Jail and the Murderer Free.

WENT BACK TO BE HANGED.

The Story of a Jimtown Miner Who Came in on the Overland Train Yesterday.

"Yes; locked the corpse in jail and let the murderer go on his own recognizance. That's what I said. You don't believe it? Well, I can't help that; but it's dead true."

"They tried the corpse for murder in the morning, eh?"

"No, sir; they did not. They tried the murderer in the morning and hanged him to the tree in the evening."

"And the murderer was free all night?"

"Free as the air."

"Why didn't he run away?"

"Because he had promised not to."

"That's a case of suicide on the part of the murderer," said one.

"No, it wasn't. It was a dead case of honesty. He shot his man in a quarrel and made up his mind to face the music like a man. When you've said what it's going to be I'll give you the particulars."

Four different kinds of "poison" were named. The man from Jimtown took his straight. Then they went out into the hotel office and filled four big chairs that faced Montgomery avenue, while the man from Jimtown told the particulars.

He was a tall man, and the boot-tops over his trousers and his garb generally seemed to belie the good English he used.

On the hotel register, along with the other arrivals on the overland, was the name Hank McGlory. And after this name was "Jimtown, Colo."

"It was about the middle of March, as near as I can remember it," began the owner of this name, "Jake Harris and Seedy Smith had been quarreling all week over a claim near the Lucky Third.

"The fight got to be general in the afternoon, some of the friends of both men taking sides in it.

"The first thing I knew shooting-irons were blazing away, and the next thing I saw was Jake Harris standing over Seedy Smith with his revolver leveled at his head.

"'I'm going to fire,' says Jake, and before any one could stop him there was a bang! Then Smith toppled over on his side and laid there.

"For a moment or more no one moved a muscle. It was the coolest thing of its kind I had ever seen. Jimtown was fairly paralyzed by it, and for the time being Jake Harris could have painted that town the reddest kind of a red without let or hindrance from a soul.

"No one thought Jake was the man to take advantage of a foe like that. If he had shot him in a fair fight or in the heat of action no one would have had a word to say, for Jake was a popular man and Smith the meanest and most hated cuss in Jimtown.

"After awhile when the others began to stir around a little and relax themselves I began to see what was my duty in the matter. I was acting Sheriff then, and the only officer on the spot.

"Jake himself was more dazed than any one after the shooting. He just stood there looking at his victim, and never moving a bit.

"I walked over to him, laid my hand on his shoulder and said, 'You're my prisoner.'

"'That's right,' said Jake, 'I guess I am,' and turning his face to me handed over his shooting-iron and then motioned for me to lead the way.

"I walked over to the lockup with him and the crowd followed us.

"By the time I had turned the key on Jake they were bringing the corpse down. What should they do with it? No one seemed to know.

"Now, in Jimtown the only public lockup was a little one-room shanty in the center of the town, one of the old shacks, about the only one left in town. There was no morgue or place to leave the corpse over night till the Coroner could get down from Creed. Before this the lockup had served the double purpose of jail and morgue, it having so happened that a live and a dead subject had never before sought shelter in it at the same time.

"We were in a pickle for some time, until the Justice of the Peace came. He said he'd solve the difficulty by putting the corpse inside and letting Jake out if somebody would go on his bail bond for $5000.

"No one offered to stand security for Harris. Finally Harris himself spoke up and said that if the Judge would parole him that night he'd turn up for trial in the morning.

"Now, you think that's a pretty cheeky statement for a murderer to make, don't you? But circumstances alter cases.

"It didn't sound so cheeky, coming from Jake Harris, and the Judge took him at his word. That night the prisoner slept outside on his own parole, while his victim was housed in the lockup.

"Smith's few friends were active during the night. They went up to Creed and got a crowd of miners to come down to the trial in the morning.

"Sure enough Harris showed up at the time agreed upon. He said he would waive everything of a legal nature and plead guilty. This would have saved him for the time and he would have been sent to Denver for trial before a regular court if it hadn't been for the Creed miners.

"They worked up the crowd, and the end of it all was that before night Jake Harris was hanging by his neck to a tree. That was the first hanging we had in Jimtown. The second one hasn't come along yet, and the folks who saw that one hope it never will."

SNAKE-CHARMING FAKIRS.

Ingenious Tricks Played by the Professional Fakir of the Orient.

"I can tell you something interesting about snakes in India," said Captain W. Tyttenham of the British India army to a Boston Traveler man. "I have made a special study of snakes in that country. As a result I got at the bottom of the great snake-charmer frauds, and also, I think, made an important discovery in connection with the cure of venomenous snake-bites. At least I never failed in my experiments.

"When I was stationed at Kurmaul, in the northwest province of India, I occupied the usuall officers' bungalow, with a large garden around the building. One day my servants complained of the snakes in the garden and asked if they might send for a snake-charmer. Of course, I agreed. The usual professional appeared, and I consented to the usual terms—50 cents a head for each snake caught. Then he set to work and I followed and watched him closely.

"He went to the stable first and commenced blowing a horn. Presently a snake came crawling out of a hole and made toward him. He suddenly grabbed it by the neck and put it into a basket. This was repeated three times. Once he got a bite on the knuckle. They were all cobras from three to four feet long, and I watched for results. He pulled a pebble from his pocket, mumbled some incantations over it and then bound it over his wound, which he showed me. I only chuckled.

"Two things had struck me forcibly. One was that cobras do not climb of their own accord. They are ground snakes. Again it struck me that he seemed to know where to go for his snake each time. I ordered him to catch some more, but he declared that was all. I insisted on his trying, and he marched around blowing his horn, but no more snakes came.

"Then I thought it time to turn the tables. I paid him over the 3 rupees and seized the basket with the three snakes. He looked alarmed. I sent for my sword and a block of wood. He asked me what I was going to do. I told him the snakes were mine by right of purchase and I was going to cut off their heads. He fell on his knees and writhed at my feet as only a Hindoo can, imploring me to have mercy on him. I consented to give him back his snakes if he would make a clean and open confession to me. He did so. He said it was their custom in the trade to go out at the proper season and hunt a mother cobra with her brood.

"They kill the mother and capture the fifteen or twenty little five-inch snakes which constitute the brood. They are too young to be harmful. Then they pull out the two eyeteeth, which are the fangs that kill. They set to work to train the snakes. They feed them on a basin of milk, and blow the horn when feeding time arrives. After three or four months the snakes get to understanding the signal, and come from all parts of the room to feed at the basin. By this time they are grown up to a decent size and all ready for business.

"The charmer goes round the night before and plants his snakes in different places. Next day he approaches the premises cautiously and offers to rid the place of snakes at 50 cents a head. Invariably his offer is accepted, as you can understand. Then he goes and blows his horn. The snakes, which are all starving with hunger, promptly come to the well-known call for food, and then he catches and pouches them. No one wants snakes particularly, and his humble supplication to take away the snakes for taming purposes is invariably assented to by the good-natured Anglo-Indian. In the course of a week he makes a good deal of money."

FIERY STEEDS.

A Pioneer Tells of His Experience With a Band of Wild Horses.

"The most magnificent display of horseflesh that I ever saw was on the prairie near the forks of the Platte River," said Charles McDonald, an old Western pioneer, now living at North Platte, Nebr., to a New York Tribune reporter.

"The horses were all wild," continued Mr. McDonald, "and it was one of the grandest sights I ever witnessed. Troops of wild horses will never more be visible to any appreciable extent on the Western prairies, and there are only a few of us living now who can remember the days when these wild horses roved over the prairies. The spectacle I witnessed at the forks of the North Platte River made my nerves tingle. There were about 200 animals in the drove. The sun had just come up over the plains when I suddenly came out in front of them from a little grove where I had camped during the night. I was on the back of my own mustang. He lifted his head high into the air, pawed the earth with his fore feet, and he then began to snort in a most aristocratic manner. It was then that I saw the sight that sent that thrilling feeling through my body which I cannot describe. Every animal lifted his head on hearing the cry of welcome or joy from my mount, and looking my way the troop formed in a circle and stood still. One magnificent black stallion, who appeared to be the leader, after looking at me for a moment came toward me with an easy, graceful stride from the opposite side and took up a position in front of his followers. He was the finest specimen of a horse I ever saw. His tail swept the ground and his mane hung to his shoulders. His body was brilliant in its glossiness. He looked as if he had received the most flattering attention from an experienced groom. Some of the animals appeared neglected, but the majority of them were sleek-looking.

"My own animal became so excited at the sight that I made haste to tie him to a tree. Soon after I jumped from my horse's back the black stallion gave his head a toss and started on a rapid trot across the prairie, the entire band following him. After going about half way the band returned, the magnificent black still in the lead. They came within 100 yards of me and the leader whinnied as if to invite my horse to come and join them.

"My poor Jack! I felt so sorry for him. He stood looking at the wild rovers, his lariat drawn taut, and at the invitation or call from the leader he made frantic efforts to join the wild band and thus forever put an end to his drudgery. Sweat came from every pore, he was so excited, and his body was covered with foam as if he had just finished a thirty-mile run. I was afraid he would succeed in breaking away, so I fired my rifle into the air to frighten the drove, and the leader took the hint and scampered off across the plain, followed by the others. I watched them until they were out of view, and actually I wished I were one of them, they looked so contented. I have since looked upon a magnificent collection of horses, but that sight was the grandest of the kind I ever witnessed."

STARTING A GERMAN TRAIN.

Complicated Red Tape Attends the Operation.

Railway Review.

An official of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railway, recently returned from Europe, referring to railway practice in Germany, says:

"The roadbeds are about perfect, while the stations are simply magnificent, even in the most insignificant places being very fine. The roadbeds are quite rigid, but this is mainly due to the iron and steel crossties that are used.

"Their locomotives are fine pieces of mechanism, but their capacity is scarcely equal to those on this side of the Atlantic. Their entire passenger equipment is away behind that in use here. Their trains, however, run like clockwork, and the connections are perfect.

"The method of starting trains is altogether unique and peculiar, and will cause American agents and trainmen to smile. The agent is an imposing, dignified and solemn-looking official, attired in elaborate uniform, literally gilt-edged, and he acts as master of ceremonies on imposing occasions.

"When the train arrives at the station he is standing bolt upright in an almost military position and he is on military parade. One minute before the train starts he touches up and rubs a gong three times. Then a strange scene takes place, and it would seem that he had pressed a button, for at the last tap the conductor, who has been at the rear car, comes galloping along the entire length of the platform, shouting in German the name of every station the train will stop at.

"When the engine is reached he wheels about, and on his return quickly closes and locks the car doors, darts back to the van to his perch on the rearcar, whistles thrice on a tin or metal whistle, which is instantly repeated by the brakeman at the front end, and the train starts."

HE KNEW THE STORY.

A Curious Clerk Who Knew What a Woman Wanted.

Upholsterer.

"Supposing," said an upholstery-dealer to a candidate for a vacant position, "that a lady came in and asked you if you had any chenille curtains what would you say?"

The new man smiled a ghastly smile. Imagining the scene and drawing a long breath he started in:

"Yes, ma'am," says he, "we keep chenille curtains. This way, please. Here's something rather handsome. You don't like the pattern, eh? Something in smaller? Ah, yes. This way, please. Brighter, eh? Yes, ma'am. This way, please. There you are. A doorway? I see. And with a little red in it?

"As I understand you, then, ma'am, you wish a small figure-chenille-with-a-little-red-in-it? How's that? Eight dollars and a half. Too high? Something cheaper, eh? With a dado as wide as possible? Something for about $4 50?

"As I understand you, then, you wish a small figure-chenille-bright-with-a-bit-of-red-in-it; $4 50 chenille curtains, wide and with a dado? That's as near as I can come to it. Not enough individuality, eh? How's this one? Not sufficiently forceful in its pensiveness, eh? Something to harmonize with a sage-green rug that your dog lies on and combine with the flare from an open grate—something moody and thoughtful, eh? Something suggestive of repose?

"As I understand you, then, you wish a small-figure-bright-with-a-bit-of-red-$4 50-chenille-curtain for a doorway, wide and with a dado, with a beery, sleepy, don't wake-me-up-till-morning sort of a style about it, to harmonize with a pug-nosed pup and a conflagration? Let us start all over again, ma'am."

And the candidate got the job.

Frictional Electricity.

It is related that a telegraph operator has noticed a curious sparkling of his instrument that kept time with the blasts of steam from a locomotive directly beneath the wire, while a lineman sent to investigate a similar disturbance in another locality received a series of shocks corresponding to the puffs of a locomotive under the wire a short distance away. The Electrical Review suggests that the locomotive thus supplies a beautiful example of the hydro-electric machine of Lord Armstrong. The steam escaping from pressure generates frictional electricity, which is collected by the wire.

Noses in Holland.

Chambers' Journal.

A study of Jan Steen's pictures of Dutch home life some 200 years ago proves to convictio that in his day the noses of his countryfolk were quite as fantastic as they are now. Without their pendulous, heavy, mirth-inspiring organs of smell, the artist's tipsy fiddlers and peasants, quack doctors and housewives would not make one smile half as much as they do. It is well that the average Dutchman is a good-natured fellow. No matter whether his amiability be due to his phlegmatic temperament or to the reasoned discipline in his soul, the result is the same to the outer world. If he were naturally dis