

BERENICE ST. CYR.

A Story of Love, Intrigue, and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

CHAPTER XIV.



hours, and began to feel quite keenly the pinch of hunger. The effects of the drug that had been administered to him the preceding night, and the chloroform he had more recently inhaled, had disappeared now, leaving his brain clear and active.

Our hero believed that by shadowing Sears he would learn the present whereabouts of the young lady whose safety now interested him far more than his own. After a time he began to regret that he had not taken a seat near his enemy. In that way he could better test the value of his disguise, for if he passed the scrutiny of Sears he would consider himself tolerably secure.

At first he thought that the other might recognize the clothes and false mustache as his own, but upon reflection he decided that this was unlikely, since there was nothing peculiar in either to distinguish them from thousands of others. Besides, he had provided himself with a number of disguises, and was not likely to be very familiar with the appearance of any of them.

"I'll risk it," decided Cole. "If my identity can be detected, I'd better know it now, when I can have an opportunity to escape."

When upon he rose, walked through the car, and passed through the open portion, where smoking is permitted. With an air of weariness he threw himself into a seat opposite the man he had resolved to shadow. As he did so he threw open his coat, so as to display the star which proclaimed him a reporter.

Cole's new, of course, that Almon Sears was exceedingly anxious and worried, and added upon those accounts to engage him in conversation. In a moment he learned that his judgment had been well taken.

"Anything new to-night?" asked Sears. "I see that you are one of the licensed news-gatherers," he pointed to the badge and smiled.

"Oh!" ejaculated Cole, hastily buttoning up his coat. The murder is the great topic to-night.

"What?" "That of Mr. St. Cyr, last night."

"Oh, of course! Any new developments?" "The daughter of the murdered man was decoyed from her home to-night, and her whereabouts are unknown. The police are looking for her. It is feared that she has shared the fate of her father."

"Horrible!" said the other, with a look calculated to harmonize with the word. "Any arrests made?"

"I understand that Winters was captured to-night."

"You are desirous to make statements not strictly in unison with truth. However, not only his own life and liberty but that of Berenice was at stake, and he felt that the end justified the means."

"Is he the guilty party?" "The police think so."

"Is he a confession?" "On the contrary, he maintains that he is innocent."

"How does he account for the evidence published against him yesterday?" "I am to be the victim of a plot. Says that the ringleader is a young man befriended by Mr. St. Cyr. His name is Sears."

"Is his name believed?" "No; but it will be investigated."

been spoken of by that name, and concluded that here was where he had brought Berenice.

"I'm going to stay here to-night, Luke, at least until your master comes. He'll be along soon, I think."

"All right, sir."

"This way."

Then the servant showed them into a small room, half parlor, half library, where he lighted the gas, having first closed the blinds tightly and drawn down the curtains.

"Now for business," cried Sears, as he waved the reporter to a seat beside the table and proceeded to light a fresh cigar.

"I'm ready," replied Cole, as he made ready to note down what the other might say.

"In the first place, my name is Almon Sears."

"What?" cried the reporter, dropping his pencil and half rising to his feet. Although not in the least surprised, he said that evidence of it could be expected.

"That's what," returned the hardened villain, in a flippant tone, and then blew a number of smoke rings into the air.

"My name is Sears," he resumed, a moment later, after the rings had dissolved in the air. "An hour ago I called to see the chief of police, and to give some additional information as to this Winters. He wasn't in, and so I left and came here. Now that he has met me up with it to the extent of charging me with murder, I might as well give the whole matter to the public, and I'm very glad I happened to meet you."

"So you," returned Cole, as he picked up his pencil and resumed his seat.

"In the first place, a man in the desperate situation that this Winters finds himself in will do anything to save his life. The evidence against him is most convincing, and he can only hope to save himself by showing that a job was put up on him."

"I see," assented Cole, pausing in his writing.

"In the second place he has a grudge against me, and his former employer, Mr. Max Morris, who more than likely he will try to involve with me."

"How did that happen?" "I was detected in the act of robbing the cash drawer and told Max. As a result, he was at once discharged, and only escaped prosecution by concealing himself."

Although this false charge was trivial in comparison to the awful crime laid to his door, still it brought an angry flush to the face of the writer.

"Put that in strong," added Sears. "It shows the animus of the scoundrel!"

"Very well. It's a good point."

"But the weightiest matter remains. You see—"

A sharp rap at the door interrupted the speaker.

"Come in!" he cried.

"It's me!" said Luke, thrusting his head into the room.

"What's the matter? Has he come?" "No. I want to speak with you, though."

"I'll be back soon," said Sears, and stepped into the hall, closing the door after him.

In an instant, Cole had his ear opposite the keyhole.

He caught but a few words in the voice of the servant, but they sent a thrill to his heart:

"You have to come, sir! She's makin' an outcry, an' I'm afraid she'll be heard!"

CHAPTER XV.

RAPIDLY RECEIVED.

As he entered the room the banker sprang to his feet and seized him by the hand.

"I congratulate you on the night's work," cried he.

Cole Winters was completely dumfounded.

"I don't—that is, he stammered.

"You don't? The girl is secure, the detective dying, and the young fellow a fugitive from justice, who can only save his life by keeping himself to himself."

"But the bonds?" asked our hero, who felt that he must say something, though he could not imagine the cause of the banker's strange conduct.

"That's the very point."

"Have you found them?"

"No; but I have a theory. By the way, how came you to turn blonde to come here?"

Like a flash the secret of Morris' strange mistake dawned upon Cole Winters. He had, no doubt, seen Almon Sears when he was in the act of robbing the cash drawer, and had mistaken him for his partner in crime.

The knowledge almost deprived the young man of wits, and he narrowly escaped betraying himself.

He wondered now that Sears had not discovered his identity, but remembered that he was not so familiar with our own appearance as with that of others.

"I've been doing some work on my own account," said Cole, as soon as he could trust himself to speak.

"That detective fooled me completely. He made no charge against me, and I made a cash deposit and was released."

"Were you recognized?"

"No; as luck would have it, I was not. All well with us."

"Did you see Bloom?"

"Did I see Bloom? What are you talking about? Didn't you send him around to tell me that you were coming to my house and for me to meet you here?"

"Wh's wrong with you?"

"Haven't I gone through enough to-night to rattle any one? Bloom told up everything, I suppose?"

"Yes, all he could in five minutes or so."

"What is your scheme about the bonds?"

"From what Bloom tells me, there's no doubt but what the young fellow had them in his boot when he threw him into the Clark street car."

"I think that's right."

"It was near there that he broke away from the detective who had placed him under arrest."

"In the very next block, I think."

"What more likely than that Hyland, in searching the houses in the neighborhood, should have found him man while we were at my office?"

"I see! And removed the bonds?"

"But where was he when we returned?"

"Perhaps still in the cellar. Anyway, he must have followed us from there, to have located us in your South Side den."

THE NEWS.

Sixteen houses were burned at Bay St. Louis, Miss.—Mrs. Cornelia Paddock, a widow, aged fifty years, was burned to death in Cheshire, Ct.—Four men charged with counterfeiting coin were arrested in Alton, Pa., by secret service officers.—It is believed that Captain John Hector Smith and the entire crew of the schooner Edward L. Morrison, wrecked on Pace Point, near Gloucester, have perished.—Captain Wm. A. Graves, a prominent shipbuilder of Norfolk, Va., died at the age of seventy-four years.—The Populists of Kansas have organized a theatrical company to assist in the state campaign, by producing plays depicting the ills of the working classes.—The Anti-Poison bill that passed the Kentucky House of Representatives was defeated in the State Senate.—A large wine cellar, owned by G. E. Crane, and rented by John M. McKee, at St. Helena, Cal., was burned. Two hundred thousand gallons of wine were destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$30,000.—The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company has agreed with the Chicago and North-western Company to have the grain transported by the latter company to go to Newport News for shipment to Europe.

Rev. John Dingley, superintendent of the Wernle Orphans' Home, at Richmond, Ind., has been fined for cruelty to the inmates and has been removed.—Bradstreet reports the number of failures this week as 288, against 336 the week before.—Dr. Eugene F. West, at San Francisco, was found guilty of the murder of Addie Gilmore, a milliner. Her body was mangled and thrown into the bay, and only portions of it were ever found.—Knoxville College at Knoxville, Tenn., one of the most noted educational institutions for colored people in the United States, suffered damages of \$45,000 by fire. Rev. John P. Pingry, Ph. D., was founder and dean of the Pingry School, died at Elizabeth, N. J., aged seventy-six years.—Murderer James F. Stone was hanged in the Indiana penitentiary, at J-fersonville. His crime was the murder of the Written family, consisting of six persons.—The wholesale drug house of Fannin, William & Co., in Detroit, was destroyed by fire. Loss \$100,000.—Fire at Rushville, Ind., destroyed the City Hotel, a valuable fire-insurance building, and a number of dwellings. William Evans, proprietor of the hotel, fell dead from excitement.

John Biecaros, about forty years of age, of Philadelphia, who has been an inmate of the hospital for the insane in Norristown since 1880, escaped from that institution, and was found frozen to death in an outhouse.—Conductor Henry Lehman, of Fall Brook, N. Y., fell between two railroad cars at Kendall's Station, and was cut to pieces.—John Naughton, of Dickson City, was killed on the elevator in the Richmond shaft, in Scotland, Pa., by his sudden catching upon an accumulation of ice, and was hurled to the bottom, a distance of 250 feet. He was instantly killed.—Augustus W. T. Herne, a shirt manufacturer, committed suicide at his home in Philadelphia, by firing a rifle ball into his heart.—The American National Bank of Springfield, Mo., was closed by order of the Comptroller of the Currency. Its capital stock is \$2,000, but it is not an important bank, its deposits being less than \$3,000.—The entire west side of a square in Saratoga, the oldest town in Jasper county, Mo., was destroyed by fire. Loss \$400,000; insurance small.—Hon. J. S. Carroll, lieutenant governor of the province of Prince Edward Island, died suddenly at Charlottetown, aged eighty-one year. He had retired in his usual health.

The failure of Phil Stummel & Co., seed dealers in Omaha, has brought nearly every farmer in Western Douglas county to the verge of bankruptcy. They mortgaged their farms and their live stock and implements to raise seed for Stummel and now they are penniless.—Carlo Tietman, who was horribly mangled by lions in Col. Boone's arena at the Mid-winter Fair at San Francisco, died from the effect of his wounds.—The Yale Literary Medal for 1894, has been awarded to Lindsay Deannell, '95, of Washington, D. C. The subject of his essay was: "Ophelia and the Sins of Germania."—The Norfolk Cereal Company's mill was destroyed by fire. Loss about twenty thousand dollars; insurance slight. J. A. Bryant, captain of Company No. 1, and Fireman Richard Eastwood were injured, the former seriously.—Major J. Harrison Kelly, one of the California forty-niners, and for many years editor of Virginia Herald, died in Fredericksburg, aged seventy-three years.—A warrant was sworn out for the arrest of Mrs. Michael Maer, on the charge of putting poison in the soup given to her former husband, in Racine, Wis.

CABLE SPARKS.

WARSAW police claim to have discovered a plot to secure the freedom of Poland.

The Brunswick succession has been settled by the Duke of Cumberland agreeing with Emperor William that the former's son shall succeed to the title.

The Reichstag has adopted a proposal to introduce in Germany the Australian method of polling. A very large majority of the members voted in favor of the proposal.

The American ship Willie Reed, Captain Forbes, which sailed from Hawak for New York, has been wrecked off St. Valery. The crew, consisting of twenty-one men, was saved.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of Montreal, Can., has decided to prosecute the persons from New York who brought thousands of live chameleons for sale there.

The National Liberal Federation at its meeting at Portsmouth adopted strong resolutions of condemnation of the House of Lords in obstructing legislation demanded by the people.

Trouble is expected between Spain and San Domingo because the government of the latter country refused to permit a Spanish colony to land on the island, suspecting him of being in sympathy with revolutionists.

The Paris police have learned the antecedents of the man who threw the bomb in the cafe of the Hotel Terminus. His name is Emilie Henry, and with other anarchists he had planned a series of outrages to be perpetrated in Paris. A bomb was found in the doorway of the Banque de la Societe Generale.

The Turks killed 125 Armenians and wounded 341 during the recent riots at Yuzkat.

MINERS ENTOMBED.

Thirteen Perish by a Cave-In at Plymouth, Pa.

SCENES OF ANGUISH.

Widows and Orphans at the Mouth of the Pit—Fruitless Efforts to Relieve the Victims—They were Warned of the Danger.

The mining town of Plymouth, Pa., is in mourning over a terrible accident that occurred in the Gaylor colliery.

Thirteen men, all of them citizens of that town, lost their lives while in the discharge of their duties.

All of the victims with the exception of two leave families. One of these lost his wife only a month ago, and four little children survive them. Consequently the disaster throws 11 widows and 16 children on the world's charity.

The Gaylor mine, in which the accident occurred, is owned by Daniel Edwards, one of the wealthiest operators in the anthracite region. It is operated by the Kingston Coal Company, of which Mr. Edwards is the president. The best coal in the mine was taken out years ago. Then it was abandoned because it could not be operated with profit.

About three weeks ago the company decided to resume operations, and a party of expert miners was sent into the mine to make an examination. They found matters in bad shape. The last men at work in the colliery had "robbed" the pillars supporting the roof until they were very thin. A great many falls had taken place, the passages were blocked by the debris and the air current was poor. Mining experts gave it as their opinion, however, that the Baltimore vein of the mine could be put in good condition again with a small outlay of capital.

WARNED BY A "SQUEEZE."

The company decided to go on with the work at once. A large number of expert miners carrying safety lamps entered the mine and began the work of clearing up the old gangways and propping the roof. They had not been at work long until a "squeeze" came which compelled the men to retreat their steps. Foreman Picton with 12 picked miners volunteered to go down the shaft and see what could be done. The descent was made at 10 o'clock at night. Picton's object was to go as near as possible to the most dangerous part or where the "squeeze" was the greatest, in order to stay a progress by booming the roof with his heavy timber.

In cases of this kind the men get as near as possible to the cave-in and by the insertion of props endeavor to break off the mass of rock overhead at a certain point, thus relieving the pressure on other portions of the mine. It seems that in this instance, the efforts of Picton and his men did not prove a success, as the cave extended far beyond the danger limit and a much greater distance than where the men expected to be safe even though they retired at the first indication of a heavy fall.

This is shown by the vast area of the cave-in. As no one is left to tell the tale, the supposition is that the men were busily "timbering" when the rocky roof came tumbling down on their heads, crushing them out of semblance to humanity and putting a wall of debris between them and the mouth of the shaft 400 feet in thickness.

At first there was some hope that if the men could be reached in a reasonable time they could be saved. This was a false hope, however. The rescuing party had been in the mine only a short time when they were obliged to retreat on account of further caving.

ALL HOPE ABANDONED.

A second rescuing party, under Superintendent James W. Davis, went down the shaft, but soon came back thoroughly disheartened, and all hope of rescuing the men alive was given up.

The news of abandoned hope soon spread, and the wives and children of the men in the mine who had assembled at the mouth of the shaft expecting every moment to see their loved ones brought up alive set up a most pitiful cry of distress. Mothers rung their hands and tore their hair, and little children wept bitterly. Two of the women fainted and had to be carried away by friends. Even stout-hearted men who had gathered at the entrance to the mine, wept almost as bitterly as the fatherless children.

GYCLONE IN MISSISSIPPI.

Great Damage Done—One Small Town Entirely Wiped Out.

A storm approaching in violence to a cyclone in many respects swept over the country of Louisiana and Mississippi and left in its wake many casualties and a vast amount of destruction. The most alarming report is from Newtown, which is said to have been wiped off the face of the earth.

At Bayou de la Poudre, the wind leveled a number of houses. Mr. Quaries and a child were badly wounded and Mrs. Fynde seriously. John Kelly was slightly injured.

At Alexandria, La., many thousands of dollars of damage was done. The African church was blown from its foundation and is beyond repair.

A Wesson, Miss., despatch says that the cyclone struck that place between 12 and 1 o'clock and blew in a dozen houses and injured many people more or less seriously.

The conductor on the Illinois Central train which arrived at 6 o'clock, confirms the report that Newton had been swept out of existence, but he had no details of the extent of the damage or the number of casualties, which he thinks is large.

Memphis, Tenn.—A special from Jackson, Miss., says: "A terrible cyclone passed between Martinville and Bayougarde, forty miles south of here, within a few miles of the path of the terrible cyclone in April, 1884. The cyclone was about a mile wide, and everything was leveled in its path. A great many houses were swept from their foundations, trees twisted off, fences destroyed, several persons killed and a great many seriously injured. The neighbors for miles around have gathered and are caring as best they can for the wants of the distressed."

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Senate.

50TH DAY.—The resolution reported from the Committee of Foreign Relations declaring it unwise and inexpedient to consider further the project of annexing Hawaiian territory, was again under consideration in the Senate. Senator Gray spoke for about three hours. The resolution went over without action, and will be taken up again Wednesday, when Senators Daniel and White are to speak upon it.

51ST DAY.—A controversy between some small towns in Oklahoma Territory occupied the time of the Senate during the whole of the session. The bill went over without action.

52ND DAY.—The House bill as to railroad stations at town sites in the territories was today taken up very soon after the Senate met, and was opposed by Mr. Platt as a piece of "bad legislation," and, therefore, miscellaneous. It was eventually passed, with an amendment requiring an election in the two counties in Oklahoma that are affected by the bill, to determine the location of the county seats. All the remainder of the day's business in the Senate was transacted in secret session, and at 6 P. M. the Senate adjourned.

53RD DAY.—The public proceedings in the Senate occupied half an hour's time and were mainly confined to the presentation of remonstrances against the Wilson Tariff bill. The only point outside of such routine matters was the adoption of a resolution offered by Mr. Hoar requesting the President to transmit to the Senate all reports and dispatches from Mr. Willis, and especially the dispatch communicating a letter from President Dole, specifying certain charges against the conduct of Mr. Willis.

53RD DAY.—The United States Senate was not in session today.

HOUSE.

54TH DAY.—The House spent the day in debate on the Band and seal storage bill, the principal speeches being those by Mr. Culbertson, in favor of the measure, and Mr. Cramm in opposition. Several times Mr. Bond attempted to reach an agreement for closing general debate Wednesday, with a view to securing a vote, but objection was made.

55TH DAY.—The Seigniorage bill was the sole topic of discussion in the House, and the only feature of special interest was a tilt between Messrs. Reed and Brand. During the delivery of a speech by Mr. Walker, he was subjected to almost continual interruption but was assured by his questioners that his time would be extended, which was done after considerable discussion. Speeches were made in favor of the Seigniorage bill by Messrs. Stone, Bower, Sweet and Rawlins, and Messrs. Walker and Brossius, spoke against the bill.

56TH DAY.—After mentioning various times for the closing of general debate on the Seigniorage bill, Mr. Brand gave notice that Friday morning he would send the House, by a vote, to determine some limitation to debate. The entire day was occupied in considering the bill.

57TH DAY.—The session of the House was practically barren of result. Mr. Brand's efforts to secure a quorum that would support his motion to close a general debate upon his bill to coin seigniorage of the silver bullion now in the Treasury were unsuccessful, and after four votes by roll call and nays upon his bill, the roll call was recorded upon his bill at 4:15, took a recess until eight o'clock for the consideration of private pension bills.

58TH DAY.—In the House, on account of the lack of a quorum, no progress was made in the B and bill. The only action made on the late Wm. Willey, of Pennsylvania.

FATALITY ON A WARSHIP.

The Boiler of a German Cruiser Explodes.

A terrible boiler explosion occurred on the cruiser Brandenburg at Kiel, Germany. With the usual secrecy that prevails on navies, the officer of the ship refused to give any details regarding the accident, but it is known that thirty-nine of the crew were killed and nine injured, and that considerable damage was done to the vessel.

The Brandenburg had had new boilers placed in her, and had been ordered to make a trial trip to test them. The vessel was on its trip when the explosion occurred. Among the dead are three chief engineers, who were on the vessel to report on the work of the boilers, and several other officers. Most of the bodies were badly mangled. In some instances the face being so swollen out of shape as to be unrecognizable.

As soon as the effects of the explosion were known to the officers of the deck, the caused signals to be set showing that the vessel was helpless. Five steamers went at once to the assistance of the disabled warship, and getting lines to her, towed her back to Kiel.

When she reached port, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Emperor's brother, immediately boarded her, and found that the explosion had caused much damage to the vessel.

Prince Henry worked energetically aboard the Brandenburg. He helped direct the work of relieving the wounded, and questioned the ship's officers concerning the names and homes of the dead and wounded. The steam tug Peloson, which was the first vessel sent to the Brandenburg's assistance, returned to the quay with thirty dead bodies. The news of the accident had spread through the city, and thousands had gathered at the landing-place.

The Brandenburg is a steel belted cruiser of 8,840 tons. Her dimensions are: Length, 354 feet 3 inches; beam, 64 feet. She draws 24 feet 3 inches of water. Her engines are 2,500 indicated horse-power, and she has a speed of sixteen knots per hour. She was built at Wilhelmshaven in 1891.

AMERICAN KILLED.

A Mexican Whom He Had Supplanted Kills Him and His Young Bride.

A terrible tragedy was enacted on the ranch of Rafael Severio, near Monclova, Mex. The foreman of the ranch was Henry Wallace, an American, who has lived for several years in Mexico and was married to Severio's daughter a short time ago.

Up to that time a Mexican named Juan Martinez had held the position of foreman of the ranch. He was discharged to make room for Wallace. This aroused Martinez's Aztec blood, and he planned to put his successor out of the way. During the night he went to the house occupied by Wallace and his bride.

He attacked Wallace in bed and a desperate hand to hand conflict ensued which resulted in Wallace being fatally stabbed. His young wife came to his assistance and was also attacked by the desperate man, who, after murdering the couple, set fire to the house and burned the bodies of his two victims. Martinez was immediately arrested and confessed to having committed the deed.

BOLD BANDITS.

Murderous Work of Train Wreckers in California.

FIREMAN SHOT AND KILLED.

Not Content With Ditching the Engine, Three Masked Robbers Fire Upon Wounded and Helpless Men.

A gang of train robbers wrecked passenger train No. 29 on the Southern Pacific Railroad at Roscoe Station, twelve miles north of Los Angeles, Cal., at 1 o'clock the other morning. The highwaymen blew open the express car with dynamite and fired several shots at the trainmen who attempted to escape. Those shot by the robbers or injured in the wreck are:

Fireman Arthur Masters shot and killed while exiting himself from the wrecked locomotive.

John Granger, who was stealing a ride on the train, shot and killed by the robbers.

Engineer David Thomas probably fatally injured by falling off his locomotive.

Brakeman Foster, cut on head and badly bruised.

The robbers escaped with several strong boxes belonging to the Wells-Fargo Express Company, but the total amount of cash there contained is believed to amount to not more than \$1,000.

None of the passengers, so far as known, with the exception of the tramp Granger was injured. The robbery was the most daring and cool piece of work done in the West for years, and it is believed that Chris Evans and Morell, the outlaws for whom California officers have been searching for months, planned and executed the crime.

The train was late in leaving Los Angeles. Beside the baggage, express and three passenger cars, there were two cars loaded with fruit from San Francisco. At Burbank, six miles north of Los Angeles, Conductor O'Neil telegraphed back indicating that at that time everything was all right. Several rough-looking men boarded the train at Burbank, and, it is believed, they were the accomplices of the robbers, who were waiting farther north to throw the switch and ditch the train.

At Roscoe, six miles north of Burbank, in a short spur of track leading from the main line to a side track used for switching. As the locomotive neared the junction Engineer Thomas saw by the glare of the headlight that the switch was open. He reversed the engine and tried to stop the train, but the heavy load behind was too much to be stayed in the short distance and the locomotive and two freight cars left the rails and fell a wreck into the ditch.

Before the passengers and Conductor O'Neil could realize what had happened three masked men jumped into view from the woods adjoining the track with rifles in their hands. A volley of shots was fired at the engineer and fireman, who were struggling to escape from the tangled wreck, and then the gang kept up a fusillade of bullets to terrify the passengers and prevent them from leaving the cars. Fireman Masters was instantly killed at the first fire. The tramp, who was struck by a bullet, died on the spot. The engineer was badly hurt but managed to crawl into the brush out of sight of the robbers.

When the shock of the accident was felt the accomplices who boarded the train at Burbank, left the rear coach and hurried to the express car, which stood on the rails unhurt. They placed bombs under the car and the explosion tore off the doors. Express Messenger Harry Edgar was uninjured. The robbers then rifled the car of all its contents and mounting horses, which were tied in the woods near the railroad, galloped north.

Foster, the brakeman, was in one of the passenger coaches at the time of the accident and realized that robbers were at work as soon as he heard the rifle shots. He quickly slipped from the train and made his way toward the light he saw across the country, which proved to be a farmhouse. Foster got a team at the ranch after using the neighborhood, drove to Burbank and notified the deputy sheriff of that place. The Southern Pacific and Wells Fargo officials were notified of the robbery, and a train was sent at once to the scene. Dr. Almsworth, the railroad company's surgeon, was sent to Roscoe but found no one to care for but Engineer Thomas. The bodies of fireman Masters and Granger were brought back to the city.

The belief that Evans and Morell who escaped from the Fresno jail several months ago, participated in the robbery, is shared by many railroad and express officials.

The job is such a cold-blooded and desperate piece of work that officers familiar with the two desperadoes agree that it bears their trade-mark. It is not over six weeks ago that a previous attempt was made to hold up a Southern Pacific train at Roscoe Station. By a mere accident the plan was frustrated.

SAMOAN AFFAIRS.