

SHOT AT HELLMAN

A FUTILE ATTEMPT ON THE BANK PRESIDENT'S LIFE.

William Hellman, Who Did the Firing, Afterward Put a Bullet Through His Own Brain.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 9.—An attempt upon the life of W. H. Hellman, president of the Nevada bank, and one of the leading financiers of the city, was made at 9:15 o'clock this morning. William Hellman fired two shots at the banker near the latter's residence on the corner of California street and toward Polk, and then shot himself, inflicting a mortal wound. The shots fired at Hellman went wide of the mark.

Hellman was on his way to the Nevada bank at the time. He had turned down California street toward Polk, and was between Van Ness avenue and Polk when the shooting occurred. Hellman sprang out of a doorway and fired the two shots, which hit the banker in the chest and turned into Polk street.

The man looked after Hellman for a moment and then shot himself, the bullet passing through his forehead. He was taken to the receiving hospital. The police say the Nevada bank refused to cash one of Hellman's checks. Hellman returned home after the shooting.

Mr. Hellman was the Helmsly president of the shooting by a representative of the United Press, and made the following statement: "A man came up to me and said, 'You have ruined my life, and I intend to have yours.' I was taken to the receiving hospital without a struggle, so I raised my cane to strike him. He seized the cane and attempted to wrestle with me. Being a much more powerful man than I, I concluded to run away, and did so. He fired two shots, both of which missed me. After a moment I heard the third shot, which was the one with which he took his life."

Upon Hellman's arrival at the receiving hospital, his wound was examined, and it was found that the bullet had entered in the middle of the forehead, passing into the brain cavity and lodging at the base of the skull near the right ear. Hellman died from the effects of his wound at 1:30 P. M., without regaining consciousness.

In his pockets a newspaper was found, containing drafts of letters written to several friends. There were also some memoranda relating to his arrest on the morning of the shooting. In one of these the greater portion being unintelligible. The man was mentally unsound, Hellman was a courteous stock broker, who was not the forger of the check charged with presenting a forged check at the Nevada bank. When taken to the bank for identification, the teller was at first doubtful, but finally said: "I had not the check, but I had a check which I had identified him, but I had considered the arrest, although made without publicity, a reflection upon his integrity, and he had been shot through the chest, finally determined to shoot Hellman, and then end his own life. One of the letters found on Hellman was addressed to President Hellman. It was as follows:—

"I intend to call at your bank in response to the charge of forgery. I fully believe that you were consulted before Mr. Brooks identified me to be the man who forged the check. Now, Mr. Hellman, you told me in plain English that when you stated that the bank had made no charge against me, Mr. Hurn is my witness to that, and I fall to see why you should not tell me the truth. I have a charge so foul, so monstrous, that I can find no words for censure. There is no satisfaction for a poor man against a rich corporation when the law has too many loopholes to avail of. To take the law in my own hands seems to me my only way. Now, to do this, I would fall into the meshes of the law, and, further, I will not say what might happen, my life is at stake, and I am innocent of crime. I am as innocent of you as you are. Now, I pray you, Mr. Hellman, to apologize to me, a few words to that effect will suffice, and I promise you on my oath that no further trouble will befall me, if not even my good wife. I further state I will leave San Francisco for Chicago, and no more you will hear of me. I do not promise you that apology will never be received."

Holland came here from Kimberley, South Africa, three years ago. He was thought at that time to be worth about \$100,000. He had been spending in San Francisco and soon lost his money, as well as about \$12,000 belonging to his wife. After disposing of all the money he could get his hands on, Holland attempted to poison himself, but did not succeed. He afterward undertook to raise money by various methods. He bought 1000 shares of stock from a broker on margin and made \$100 by a sudden turn without paying a cent. He then bought 1000 shares of stock from a broker on margin and made \$100 by a sudden turn without paying a cent. He then bought 1000 shares of stock from a broker on margin and made \$100 by a sudden turn without paying a cent.

Holland met his wife at the receiving hospital and said he wanted to borrow \$50. When told that he could not have it, he said he would call for the money at 10 this morning, and if he did not get it, he would take his own life. He had lost his money and would make some one suffer for it. Among those who knew him best, he was thought to be insane. Holland, who was a German, was in his days of prosperity a very successful and a high liver. He represented that he had been a large diamond operator in Africa and that he had made a fortune out of the stones. His wife stated recently to some of her friends that her husband had changed and she feared that something was wrong with his mind.

ABOUT ALLIGATORS.

Something of Their Interesting and Curious Habits.

Alligators are interesting animals, or birds, or reptiles, whichever you choose to call them, and are the backbone of the Florida citizen. A great many tourists who come to Florida buy live alligators for pets, but the best kind for a pet, if you want a good one, is a stuffed alligator. When alive they have a habit of growing very rapidly and of taking to a good convenient swamp some fine day. Occasionally other pets, dogs, rabbits and the like, have been known to disappear mysteriously.

There are several men in Jacksonville who make a specialty of alligators; there are a lot of alligators in Florida who make a specialty of men. This story is about the men who make a specialty of alligators. One of them is Mr. Jack Hewitt. He has no more alligators than any other man in Florida. The other year his record was 742.

"The best way to get young alligators," he said the other day, "is to get them before they are hatched. The female alligator when she wants to lay her eggs clears out a place by sweeping her tail around until she has a hole about three or four feet in depth and some six feet or so in circumference. Then she lays her eggs and goes around and collects a lot of moss and leaves and all the decayed vegetable matter she can find. This she piles up on top of the hole, and her nest then looks like a great mound, some 20 or 25 feet high. The mound is built up near the edge of the river or the pond in which she lives. After the eggs have been well covered up, she leaves them, and stays around within easy reach to protect them. You see, the female alligator is a very cunning animal, and when in that condition it is not averse to a great mound of eggs."

IN SOUTHERN OREGON

HOW THAT PART OF THE STATE LOOKED IN 1851.

Reminiscences of Adventure Recalled and Talked Over by Pioneers.

There is particular charm in whatever revives the memories of long ago. To meet some one who formed part of one's early experiences—especially who participated in the early life of this region, those who were equally full of hardships and adventures, and who have seen the progress of life, young, hopeful and ripe for adventure—though both may now be old and serene—is like putting new wine into old bottles.

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YESTERDAY'S MARKETS.

Condition of Local, Eastern and Foreign Business.

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One day, at Roseburg, I met J. H. Hartin, who lives on Looking Glass, and was one of the early settlers of that beautiful region. Comparing notes, we discovered that we had both been in the same part of the same company of 25 men who went southward prospecting the Rogue river, and finally disbanding at Shasta Butte City—a city of tents and shanties that formed the first settlement of Yreka.

Comparing notes, we remembered that no settler occupied the South Umpqua in May or early June, when we were there. There was a ferry at Winchester, and the Applegates and Estes, with perhaps one or two more, lived in the romantic regions of Yoncalla and North Umpqua. South of the mouth of the Rogue for over one hundred miles, there was no settler. Through the Rogue river country Indians were hostile, and we stood guard day and night, and were not allowed to sleep for four months, before we returned northward, the wave of settlement had passed through there, and scarce a single good land claim was left. All through there we settled, but the beginning was the work of progress was commenced.

To say no settlement existed does injustice to the enterprise of Joe Knott, for he found him at the foot of the Umpqua mountains, near the junction of the Umpqua and Rogue rivers. It was comforting to find a square meal obtainable in the commodious log structures that made the Knott home so pleasant a place. The first of the members that the Knott boys asked them as they came up if they saw the carcass of a horse a mile or so back, and told them that at daylight a monster grizzly came down the mountain, and that the Knott boys were there. That was enough for these frontiersmen; they resolved to be up and stirring at daylight. So the others were, but Hartin was not. He was a heavy sleeper, and he was waked at daylight by the sound of shots, and to find his companions had killed the bear—a grizzly sure enough. Hartin came from some point in the Willamette valley, and his companions were men well known and some quite prominent in early times. The Bailey boys lived in Lane county, and Joe and Zeke went for the bear. They got there just in time, for Mr. Bruin had breakfasted—and dinner, too, probably—and was starting away for the day, when Zeke drew a bead on him. Joe had no rifle, but as the bear turned toward Zeke he fired with a small "pepper-box" revolver, that was in use in those days. It was risky, but Joe was reckless by nature, and he finished the bear in good shape. There were few rules about that time, but as a rule they were few, none being found north of the Umpqua.

My own small company had gone over the Umpqua mountains, and were camped beyond on Cow creek, when this larger company crossed over. We waited there to make up a respectable force, for the Rogue River was a bad place to start a Pleasant Armstrong, of Yamhill county, captain, and Joe Bailey, lieutenant. Armstrong was a man of substance and character, a natural leader, and a man of us, and a veteran among Indians. He was one of those who built the schooner in the Willam