DEMOCRATS ASSEMBLE

CONVENTION OPENS TODAY AT SACRAMENTO.

Hopes of Many Turn on Control of Convention—Chairmanship Lies Between Coonan and Patton—Labor Leader Active.

Sacramento, Sept. 2.—The democratic State convention convened here today. At present delegates are here and on their way to the capital from all parts of the state. Some are going as the sworn friends of Lane, while others are traveling with the intention of ultimately casting their ballots for ex-Governor Budd or Thomas Geary as the gubernatorial candidate. There is no doubt that the political machinery of the state is so far as it is controlled by Gavin McNab is out to push Lane to the front. The question is as to whether or not it will be able to muster a majority of delegates.

Tom Geary occupies a peculiar position in the campaign. About a year ago, at the time the anti-Chinese convention mustered in this city and held sessions at Metropolitan temple his name was first mentioned as a candidate for chief executive of the state. Geary was made presiding officer of the convention, and was chosen as the popular choice of the Bourbons at the coming election. On the completion of the local labors of the body he assisted in the work of getting the measure through the legislative halls at Washington.

The work done by Geary is heartily appreciated by the Bourbons, who are endeavoring to reward him by conferring upon him the gubernatorial nomination.

Up to this time Budd's name has not been mentioned by democratic leaders. He is being kept in the background for some purpose. Probably he will be sprung on the convention if in any event it seems probable that Geary cannot be nominated. He will be thrown into the fight at the opportune time and will be spontaneously nominated, or will fall as a flat failure.

It is claimed that the ex-governor is an available candidate. Democrats argue that he will suit the labor union party and that he will be able to get their indorsement.

In addition to Geary and Lane, Thomas O. Toland of Ventura and Senator Sims are out hunting votes. Neither appears to be taken seriously, however, and will have little strength in the convention unless the unexpected occurs. Smythe, the San Diego orator, is also in the running. He is a sort of a human skyrocket, however, who goes up with a flash and falls back exhausted.

E. C. Farnsworth of Tulare seems to be the only prominent candidate for chief justice of the supreme court. He knows he will accept an impossible task when he goes into the business as the opponent of W. H. Beatty, the grand old man of the republicans. He will make the fight, however, if nominated, and will feel honored even in defeat.

The fight for chairman of the convention has settled down to a duel with John Coonan of Humboldt and George S. Patton of San Gabriel as principals.

That the labor union men are viewing the democratic convention with interest is shown by the meetings held Sunday and Saturday night at Loyola hall.

There was a large attendance, and it was so fiercely antagonistic to McNab and Lane that no effort was made to push through a resolution calling for the Lane indorsement.

TERRIBLE WRECK.

Trainmaster and a Score of Colored Passengers Killed.

Washington, Sept. 2.—The officials of the Southern railway in this city have received a telegram advising them of a wreck at 9:20 o'clock yesterday morning on the Southern road at Berry, Ala., about sixty-five miles west of Birmingham.

The trainmaster, H. N. Dudley, and about twenty-five colored passengers were killed. The engineer and fireman were badly scalded and about twenty-five passengers injured.

The engine was derailed and six coaches overturned. The cause of the derailment is not known here.

ELECTRIC CAR ACCIDENT.

Eight People Are Injured on San Leandro Road.

Oakland, Sept. 2.—In a collision between an electric car crowded with passengers bound for the street parade in Oakland and a wagon on the San Leandro road eight people were more or less injured, though none fatally. The casualties were as follows: Robert Johnson, leg injured; N. Jensen, leg bruised; J. W. Gordon, body bruised; A. Toffelmeier, bruises; Henry Hausler, driver of team, legs injured and head bruised; J. Stadtler, head bruised; J. Stadtler Jr., 12 years old, jaw bruised; E. C. Ballard, motorman, face cut. The accident occurred about 9 o'clock near Elmhurst. The car was traveling west and the wagon in an opposite direction. Just as they were about to pass the horses attached to the wagon became frightened and jumped directly in front of the car. Motorman Ballard tried to stop but it was too late.

THE NAVY VICTORIOUS.

Admiral Higginson Captures Atlantic Ports.

Woodsholle, Mass., Sept. 2.—The United States cruiser Olympia dashed into this port yesterday forenoon, landed a force and seized all telegraph, telephone and cable stations, thereby cutting off all communication with Martha's Vineyard and Elizabeth island.

Of course the seizure and the destruction of telegraphic and cable facilities were figurative and it required the decision of an umpire to make plain whether or not the point attempted by Admiral Higginson had been won. As the landing was made, the telegraph and telephone offices were entered by sufficient force to have destroyed the property, or at least the instruments, and at the same time a boat's crew had located the cables with grappling irons and held them a sufficient period to have allowed for the cutting of them, there seemed to have been no question that the move had been entirely successful.

The Olympia appeared off this port suddenly and immediately two boats put off toward shore. One was a launch and the other a whaleboat, and in them was a detachment under Lieutenant L. M. Everhardt. The launch landed here, while the whaleboat lay off shore and at once began grappling for the cable. The men under Lieutenant Everhardt rushed to the office of the Martha's Vineyard Telegraph company and then to the telephone station and carried out their orders to make the seizure. Having accomplished this work, they returned to their launch, joined the whaleboat and returned to their ship. This move cut off the only communication with the island of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, which are very important observation stations.

Pacqui Island, Mass., Sept. 2.—Cuttihunk reports a battleship having passed that point headed for Menemsha Bight at about 5:30 a. m. yesterday. There was a fog on the sound.

Vineyard Haven, Mass., Sept. 2.—The United States cruiser Olympia has landed a detachment of men at Gayhead and the cable from that point to Pasqui island has been cut in connection with the war maneuver.

Point Judith, R. I., Sept. 2, 11:15 a. m.—After a period of heavy firing off Block island communication between the army signal station here and the Beacon hill station at Block island was cut off for a time. At 10:45 communication was restored, but the enemy was in possession of the wire. Word has been received that the enemy captured the signal station and all but four men escaped. The corps that has not escaped included one officer and eight men.

LAW BREAKERS IN BERKELEY.

Police Force Said to Be Inadequate to Afford Necessary Protection.

Berkeley, Sept. 2.—With a record of one attempt at arson, two attempts at burglary, two hold-ups within a week, with respectable women being followed to their homes at night by unknown men, the people of Berkeley are beginning to feel that a reign of terror and lawlessness is on.

Added to this are the facts that the police seem entirely unable to deal with the situation and that within the same week but two arrests have been made, one on a charge of disturbing the peace and the other on a charge of carrying concealed weapons, and the people are becoming seriously alarmed. So seriously alarmed, in fact, is the community that it is expected the town board of trustees will take the matter up this evening and consider some method of more amply protecting the town.

SHOT HIS FRIEND.

Leslie M. Flood Kills His Companion By Accident.

Cayucos, Cal., Sept. 2.—While on a deer hunting expedition with his brother Leslie M. Flood accidentally shot and killed A. H. Jones. Flood mistook him for a deer and shot him through the heart. He died instantly. The tragedy occurred at Green ranch, seven miles north of San Simeon.

PROTEST AGAINST DECISION.

Opposition of Laboring Men to Taffvale Railway Decision.

London, Sept. 1.—A trades union demonstration held in Hyde park to protest against the Taffvale railway decision was marred to some extent by rainy weather. Almost the invariable theme of the speakers at the several platforms was the necessity for direct representation of labor in parliament. It was confidently predicted that, with an adequate number of labor members in the house of commons, an act would not only be passed freeing trades unions from the trammels of the Taffvale railway decision, but other legislation of real effect in elevating and improving the condition of the English working classes would be enacted. Every point touching on the necessity for direct labor representation was quickly caught and enthusiastically applauded. After an absence of twenty-one years, the trades union congress will meet in London today. Blackmore and Dolan will attend the sittings of the congress as delegates from the American Federation of Labor.

Expires in His Buggy.

San Jose, Sept. 2.—Joseph Bordes, a wine maker of this city, died suddenly of heart failure while seated in a buggy Sunday evening. He was on his way to Madrone and expired within a half-mile of that place.

Wounded in Political Quarrel.

San Juan, Porto Rico, Sept. 2.—At Caye Sunday evening there was a conflict between persons attending meetings of Federals and Republicans, in which six men, including a police captain, were wounded. The fighting was caused by a political dispute.

Acting Governor Hartzell has instructed Andreas Crosas, a lawyer and member of the executive council, to make a thorough investigation of the recent rioting at Humacao, where three were injured.

Chinaman Murdered.

San Francisco, Sept. 2.—Jealousy, it is believed, was accountable for a cold-blooded murder in a Japanese house on Church alley last evening at 5:30 o'clock. Dong Gong, a Chinese gambler, was shot three times by a Chinaman whom the police have been unable to locate.

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UNDER THE KOPJE

By P. Y. BLACK

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THE guard over the convicts who worked on the village roads looked up from the work wearily. He removed his broad felt hat and brushed the sweat from his reddened brow and his cheeks and neck, sunburned almost to blackness. His Kaffir charges halted in their task, and their gaze followed his. In the clearly bright African air the threatening gray stone walls of the strong jail, built commandingly on a high, big bowldered kopje, looked close at hand, although a good mile away. Vryburg, the tiny capital of the British territory, lay to the left, hill bound, silent, street deserted in the furnace heat, two rows of glaring houses with roofs and walls of galvanized iron.

Suddenly a quick eyed Kaffir cried "Ba-as!" and pointed to the flagstaff in front of the jail. With a grunt of relief the white man swung his rifle to his shoulder, and the Kaffirs threw their tools into the wheelbarrows. There fluttered up the head of the flagstaff a red flag, the sign to all outside working parties to return. But today work ceased at 4 o'clock, and the convicts were not marched directly to the jail, but to a small lake beneath the kopje, where twice a week they laved themselves. An instant change took place in the manner of the prisoners. They joked as they left their barrows in a shed and trotted forward so quickly as to inconvenience their warden. A big, glossy black man, his fine figure concealed by the prison clothes, led the way, humming as he went, in low, singsong, pleasant melody, a chant of wartimes. The others took it up. One threw his hands above his head and skipped a step of the wardance.

"Easy, Sixpence!" growled the guard. "Easy, you big rascal!"

The big Kaffir in the lead slowed up and turned with a grin to the white man, pointing a finger down a great red throat.

"Ba-as! 'Tabac!" he murmured.

The guard threw him a piece of tobacco, which the Kaffir cleverly caught and slapped into his mouth. At once the four or five other Kaffirs of the gang turned and, reading good nature in their sentry's face, held out their hands mutely.

"Like babies for candies," mused the Englishman as he distributed the small luxuries. "They're a run lot. Not one of them in for less than three years, and that fellow Sixpence a lifer, and, by Jove, to see them laughing now, without a handcuff in the crowd of them, you'd think them schoolboys going in swimming."

They reached the little lake, shallow at the banks, deep in the center, where a rushy, marshy island lay, more water than mud. The other working parties had foregathered, and Sixpence and his comrades, each armed with a piece of soap, soon joined the crowd in the water, swimming, spluttering, playing in the cool pond like boys. The white guards, leaning on their rifles, stood at intervals round the bank. In the shallows a group of blacks danced a mock wardance, naked as monkeys, advancing and retiring with fantastic arms, crooning the hum of the impis. Then it was difficult, almost impossible, for the guards to distinguish each his own men. In their convict clothes each prisoner had some distinguishing mark; stripped, bobbing their black and woolly heads in the water, there was a tantalizing likeness among all the swimmers. After a time they began to come out, one by one, and dress. Then a guard made his gang fall in and marched them up the kopje to the prison gates. Another followed and another until the village guard was left last to bring in his men. He was young and recently employed by the town. He could not talk the native dialects, and now he was much perturbed, for he could give to himself no explanation of the evident fact that there was none left in the water, and yet he was one man short. The Kaffirs only chattered and laughed at him, enjoying the excellent joke. His eye anxiously searched the surface of the lake. There was nothing there. The rushes on the mud bank could barely have concealed a rabbit. Hoping that Sixpence, the missing man, had, in mischief—for the Kaffirs abounded in malicious tricks—slipped away with another gang, the guard hurried the others to the jail, where he reported what had happened.

The warden of the jail received the report without comment or rebuke, but promptly seized a rifle from the rack, left the other prisoners to be shut up in the cells by a few guards and took the rest at a run to the lake. Meanwhile the gang had hardly left the bank of the pond before, in the gathering dusk, there was a rustle among the scant rushes of the mud bank. The mud stirred, and from the soft bed where it had been entirely immersed, leaving only the face to the air, arose the black form of Sixpence. Silently he slipped into the water and swam ashore, his broad face stretched in a joyous grin. He stayed for no covering, but crawled up the steep banks, stooped down as low as he could and ran away across the stony bluffs which surrounded the prison. He had not gone a hundred yards before the guards came running down to the lake and saw him. The warden shouted to him to halt, but Sixpence ran more swiftly, yet not in a direct line. In a lightninglike zigzag course he darted from right to left obliquely, always onward, but in such short, swift tacks that he was an almost impossible target. Five guns were aimed at him; five guns swerved momentarily right and left to find a mark before they were fired. Sixpence waved his hand merrily over his head and disappeared beyond the bluffs, unhurt. A Zulu servant fed down two saddled horses, but the warden looked at the setting sun and shrugged his shoulders.

"No use," he said. "It'll be dark in ten minutes, and the black fellow will be hidden somewhere. I suppose you know he was in for manslaughter?"

The village guard hung his head.

"Oh, I don't blame you," said the warden. "Older hands than you can be taken in. I suppose he buried himself in the mud. Of course there will be an inquiry."

There was, but a very short one, held in the jail. In the middle of it a thundering demand for admittance was made with a knobkerry on the outer gate. The guard who opened the wicket led Sixpence before the court of inquiry, as cheerful and fat and with as broad a smile as ever. He explained to the court that he had been home, had suffered from homesickness, had enjoyed himself and was gladly back again.

"Very little food over there," he said, pointing to the north, "but plenty 'scoff' here."

So the bewildered officials took him in, to his great content, and, after giving him twelve lashes for the trouble he had caused, allowed the man who preferred prison to freedom to resume his former life. He never after that behaved otherwise than as a model prisoner, save once again, two years later, when he escaped and returned as before, taking his lashes with perfect good humor and eating a big supper immediately after them. He became a privileged character, an uncommissioned assistant about the office, until in ten years, with African self complacence, he looked upon himself as far above all other prisoners and rather as a permanent semiofficial, permitted even on occasion to hold the keys. Indeed he had committed murder under the greatest provocation, and his good humor, his strength and his faithfulness to the only home he had ever known, where meals were certain all the year round, made of him a favorite with the warden, to whom he attached himself as a kind of body servant.

Now, in those days, when the land was very young and white men were few and white women were unknown, the methods of disciplining the unruly Kaffirs were primitive. Yet there were greater intimacy and closer intercourse between the whites and the blacks than there ever will be again. They fought frequently and were guilty alike of savagery the one to the other. The white man, of course, was the victor always in the end, but the Kaffir, on the surface at least, bore little malice, and, having been knocked down, arose with some admiration in his heart for the man who had thrashed him.

Sixpence had fought with his tribe and been conquered, had committed a crime and had been promptly punished for it. Far from sulking over his misfortunes, he was possessed with a spirit of respect for the invaders of his country. The only time the negro ever sighs is when he wishes he was white. Sixpence wished so hard and so often and imitated the white people so earnestly that, save when he thrust his broadly laughing face at a mirror, he was convinced that he was pretty nearly white. One man, however, was his ideal, his master, his demigod—the warden.

His attractions were such as to draw to him perhaps a dog, and he fed and thrashed Sixpence like a dog. His accomplishments appealed to the convict. He was a crack shot with revolver or rifle, he rode daringly, he could throw an assagai as well as Sixpence himself, and he had mysterious powers over pen and ink which awed Sixpence, crouching in a corner of the office. De Jough was an Afrikander. His father had been a discharged English soldier; his mother no one knew. He had won his wardenship by ferocious fighting in the territory and by the respect his prowess gained for him among the natives. His sullen reticence and sudden furies had won him enemies. Never had he called any man a friend. Therefore the life prisoner's doglike affection for him, after amusing him at first, in the slow movement of the months dragged from him a feeling as near akin to regard as is that of a school bully for the small boy whom he daily thrashes, but whom he will allow no other to threaten. It was his privilege to select from the convicts a personal servant, and he chose Sixpence, even taking him away on a lonely hunt, even trusting to him to safely guide him home after a debauch.

Periodically he drank and in excess, not in the jail or in the village, but in a lonely roadside tavern some miles away. Then for months he was sullenly abstemious, cruelly strict and unapproachable. Sixpence welcomed these intermittent frenzies of the warden with glee, for in them the man's nature swung about, and he was boisterously jovial. Then the Kaffir held high his head and was filled with pride because of the great cordiality and friendship the drunken white man evinced for the utterly unsophisticated and faithful black. These outbreaks lasted about two days. Then the Kaffir would lead his master's horse home, the warden slouching heavily in the saddle. Reverence, affection for something, however poor the idol, is good for man, savage or civilized. The raw Kaffir in his kraal reveres nothing, loves nothing. Therefore, though such a prison life would have degraded a white man beyond hope, it was good for Sixpence. He learned to love; he became human.

After such a debauch, one night when the sun had gone down, the two went homeward. The warden was singing and abusing Sixpence, who tried to sing also, for not keeping the tune. They made a horrid noise, a hoarse and hideous bellow that spread far from them over the veldt until it seemed to disturb the solemn echoes of the distant grimly darkening hills and silence above the plains the gentler voices of the southern stars. Sixpence had his share of drink, and it took but little of that to turn his foolish brain. The moon also was not yet risen, and for these reasons as they passed along the trek and were unaware of all but their own discordant music a man stood in front of them and blocked their path before his approach was noticed. It was the resident magistrate, an English civil servant, just out, and a patron of the warden. The latter, when he saw who stopped him, strove to sit erect and proffer a salutation, but the effort only unsettled his balance and let him tumble sprawlingly in the roadway. He looked up in an almost sober spasm of shame and by starlight saw duskily the gentlemanly face of the magistrate looking down upon him with deepest disgust.

"Again, Mr. De Jough," the high official said coldly, "in spite of warnings. This is too bad. It is impossible that this can go on."

De Jough staggered to his feet sullenly.

"Do as you like!" he cried sulkily. "I can't stop it. I've been warden of the jail for years, and no man can say I have not done my duty."

"I grant it," the magistrate answered, almost gently. "I grant it, but this cannot go on, you know."

"It's got to go on. It can't be stopped. Do you think I haven't tried to stop myself?"

The poor wretch thrust his face fiercely in front of the other's. The magistrate drew back with a shudder from that horrid breath. Then he said firmly:

"I am sorry for you, but this can't go on. You are under arrest."

De Jough gasped in sudden sobriety. Arrest? Inquiry? Dismissal meant ruin. The official stepped forward in the night. Sixpence was standing, vacantly grinning, at the horse's head, understanding nothing of what was said. In his hand he carried a knobkerry, which the warden as a defense always allowed him on their night expeditions. De Jough snatched it, a heavy headed club studded with nails. The magistrate slowly walked away. De Jough took a quick step after him, and the club crashed into the officer's skull. De Jough dropped the stick as the man fell and stood, still shaking with passion, staring at the body. Then the frenzy passed, but the trembling continued, the chill of awful dismay. He lurched to the roadside and sat down on a dead ant hill. The night was quite still. The late, round, big African moon was slowly rising above the jail walls on the kopje more than a mile away. The lonely trek was soundless of the feet of passengers, the low of wagon oxen, the lash snap of the driver. In that lonely wilderness there was no traffic. The Kaffir still held the horse, still stared vacantly, his drunken grin not yet dead on his lips. De Jough looked up and met his servant's eyes. He motioned to him and called faintly for a drink. Sixpence went to the saddlebags and brought a bottle, and his master drank

A man stood in front of them and blocked their path.

greedily. Then his gaze was diverted to the body in the path, and he was conscious of thankfulness that it had fallen face downward, so that its eyes were hidden. He spoke in "kaal" to Sixpence.

"Is—is he dead?"

The Kaffir slipped the horse's rein into his master's hand, went to the body and felt of it and stirred it with his foot as he might have done that of a horse, not from contempt, not from hate, but because a dead thing is a dead thing to a Kaffir and little more.

"Ba-as," he said in broken English, "him very dead."

De Jough gulped another drink, and soon the trembling ceased. He was far from being a stranger to death by violence, and soon he was able to collect his wits and think. His face buried in his hands. But the face of Sixpence underwent a change as he resumed charge of the horse and looked down upon the warden. The black man's slowly acquired ideas of right and of wrong, of the superiority of all white people to all black, were suddenly upset. This thing which the warden had done was what he himself had done, what many Kaffirs had done, but a white man—to another white man! It was a surprise. Slowly Sixpence's brain awoke to the horrible fact that De Jough, his master, his model, whom he had so desired to imitate, was no better than himself. The warden looked up at last and saw the Kaffir's bewildered, saddened face, saddened as a dog's eyes are saddened when it misses something that is gone and cannot understand. Sixpence's ideal was dead. Dimly and with dull pain he felt that there was little to choose between being white or being black.

"What are we to do?" the warden asked. "We can't go back to the jail."

Sixpence had not thought of that, but he at once understood. He had escaped hanging for manslaughter by a narrow edge because the Kaffir he had slain had been in the wrong, but how could the warden escape hanging?

"To the kraals," he said, his mind reverting, childlike, to his affection for and obedience to his master. He suddenly groveled at the warden's feet and began to howl softly, speaking in his native dialect. "They shall not hang the master—rather me, Sixpence, the Bechuana. Am I not black and of no use? But the ba-as—how shall his children in the jail live without him? But they shall not catch us! Know the way through the big desert, Kalliharl? I will show the ba-as the path to the kraals, and my people will hide us and protect us."

With a sudden, prolonged wail he recollected the delights, the plenty, the comforts, of his prison home.

"In the kraals," he moaned, "we starve; in the jail there is plenty 'scoff.'"

For a moment the warden's face brightened. He knew as well as Sixpence that he would be hanged if caught, and he knew that he could trust himself implicitly to the Bechuana's guidance, but his eyes gloomed again. Would not hanging be better than that? To live among savages, to starve and be cold of nights and suffer from fever—surely some other way.

Something in the moonlight by the dead man had drawn the Kaffir's notice. The magistrate's left hand lay spread on the road, the fingers pointing reproachfully at his murderer. On one finger gleamed a diamond ring. A Kaffir, dying, would have strength to steal a diamond. Forgetting everything else, Sixpence passed the reins again to his master, sitting on the ant heap, thinking, thinking in a panic of fear and doubt. Sixpence dropped by the body and seized the dead man's hand. Dully the warden watched him, and, as a lightning flash reveals the hidden things, so a sudden, lurid thought banished the mist from his brain and showed him what to do. He considered rapidly. The convict had brought his horse to him and met him on the road. No one had seen them together that night save the magistrate, and he could not tell. It could all be explained, easily explained, to the authorities. In his coat pocket he felt his revolver, a little bulldog thing, but quite, quite big enough. Sixpence knelt by the body. The warden sprang upon him and grasped him by the shoulders, so that the black looked round at him in dumb amazement.

"Ba-as angry?" he asked, like a child.

Then the look in the warden's eyes terrified him.

"Ba-as, the ba-as!" he wailed, but before the wail died on his tongue the pistol had cracked close to the nipple on his black breast, and he fell back beside the magistrate. In his hand he grasped the ring. De Jough seized the blood stained knobkerry and put it beside him. Then the white man leaped upon his startled horse and galloped away.

"A simple ending," he thought, with a horrid chuckle. "Of course he murdered the chief for the diamond; of course, coming home I found him rifling the body; he resisted, and I shot him. The poor beast—well, it's only a Kaffir."

In the moonlight, face up, they found Sixpence when the guards from the jail came down the kopje. His face was not distorted at all, but rather the reflection of a pained surprise as he thought, in the moment of dying, that he had been deceived.

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