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NO.

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"It is not for me, Fraulein," I answered, "to say how wicked he is. But I have told you he is behaving very harshly to the dead man's daughter—more than harshly, for he has even told her away in a strange town, to try every means to make her marry his son, in order that he may not have to give an account of the dead man's property. And here is a letter which I have received this morning from her other guardian, who was Herr Steinhardt's best friend when he first came to England, and whom he has almost ruined. He has found the young lady, and taken her to his own house; but he fears he cannot keep her, for Herr Steinhardt may ruin him outright. I must therefore return; and this Fraulein, is my only hope of effectually blinding Herr Steinhardt from doing what he will—by frightening him with my knowledge. But I do not yet know enough to do that."

It will thus be seen that I told Fraulein Haas just enough of the case to convince her of its urgency; but she guessed something I had not told her. "I understand now, Herr Pastor," she said, "why you are so interested in Emmanuel Steinhardt's crime. It is more love than vengeance that pushes you on. And that, too, Herr Pastor, will make you better understand why I am interested in Emmanuel Steinhardt," she said, simply, looking not at me, but at her thin clasped hands. "He was many years ago not the Herr Steinhardt he seems to be now; he was good and gentle, though his heart and mind were set on being rich. But I detain you," she added, glancing up suddenly. Her hands tightened their clasp on each other. "If," she said, "with rapidly growing vengeance, tell you what I have in mind, in order that you may be able to deliver the distressed young Fraulein, promise me, Herr Pastor, for the sake of my past, and as you hope to be happy and peaceful in the future—promise me that you will use what I tell you only for the purpose you say, and that you will keep it, so far as ever you can, from becoming public!"

I gave the promise at once without reserve. "And," she said, "you will leave Emmanuel Steinhardt's punishment in the hands of Almighty God?" I answered I would—though it was a strange question to have to answer. She then turned almost away from me, partly, I thought, that she might be less conscious of my presence, but more that she might concentrate her attention on her recollections. Her hands clasped and unclasped several times before they settled, the one in the other, and she began:

"It was, I think, in the March month of a year ago, I had slept a long time very soundly, for I had been very tired, when suddenly I felt as if I were taken up and carried away—far away; and I was made to look at Emmanuel Steinhardt. He looked at me as if he wished me to help him; at his feet was a large wooden box, the lid of which, I was made to understand, would not close. From the opening protruded a human hand, strangely discolored. I awoke all trembling. I put out my own hand to make sure I was in my own bed; my mother was sleeping quietly beside me. I tried to dismiss the vision from my mind—foolish dream, I thought it. But I could sleep no more. In two or three hours it was daylight, and I arose. I went about my duties all the day as usual; I was busy, and had the impression of the vision much worn away when I went to bed in the evening—rather early, because I was very tired. I had slept not very long, when again I was seized up and whirled away, again to see Emmanuel Steinhardt, with something at his feet again—not now the wooden box, which was aside, but three packages of canvas. Again Emmanuel Steinhardt looked at me, as if he wished me to go to him, and again I awoke, all trembling."

She paused in her story of the vision, took her handkerchief and wiped her damp brow with trembling hand. I watched her intently, a sensation of creeping excitement and mystery held me bound to her quiet but intense recital. She resumed suddenly, without looking at me.

"I slept no more that night for thinking of what I had seen, and so I saw Emmanuel Steinhardt no more; I tried to sleep in order that I might, but I could not. A terrible night to me it was. But next night I was sleeping a light, disturbed sleep, when I was taken away again to Emmanuel Steinhardt; this time I knew I was not in a room; there was no light. I looked at me across a newly dug spot of ground, and then turned away. I did not really wake, though I felt conscious I was in my own bed at the same time as I was held where he had done it was going to do before he had done it—fasten the rope in an iron something to the other side of the wall and pull it over. I do not know why I did not think it impossible for a single man to pull a wall down with a rope, but I did not. In a little while he pulled, and the wall fell flat, and, curiously, unbroken, covering over the newly dug spot and all around it. Then I awoke, as with the noise, and slept no more. After that night I saw him again for several nights, for a dim moment or two, at the same place. They were not glimpses, which, as the nights passed on, became dimmer and dimmer,

and then ceased altogether—until some weeks ago, when again I was summoned to face him at that same place with the fallen wall. He looked at me earnestly, and then over his shoulder at some one whom I did not see, but who I knew he feared was watching him. This happened three, four times, and then no more. There has been no more yet, but what may be, God only knows. That is all," she said, with a sigh as of relief, turning to me. "And now, Herr Pastor, you know what I have had to tell, and you will not forget your promise to me—you will not set yourself to bring punishment on Emmanuel Steinhardt."

"I shall hold my promise to you, Fraulein," said I, "as sacred." Possessed as I was with the exciting thought engendered by her story, I was almost forgetting that I had no result of my mission which I could show or tell to Steinhardt, and the time at my disposal must be very short. I looked at my watch; I had half an hour to spare. There was no time for the expression of wonder, or of any kind of fitting comment upon what I had heard. Seeing me look at my watch, she rose.

"And now," she said, "you must go quickly, I suppose, to your hotel, and then to the station."

"Yes," I said, "But there is one thing, Fraulein, I had almost forgotten; not of a painful sort." I made haste to add, for she had reassumed her expression of close endurance and resignation. "I came as Herr Steinhardt's messenger, and I have no message I can carry back to him."

She sat down again, took a sheet of paper from a drawer, and wrote in the middle of the page, in a small German hand, a few words, which she signed. When she had written she handed the paper to me, saying, "You may read." I read (the words were in German) "Repent, and turn away from your evil, before it is too late."

This, enclosed in an envelope, and addressed, I put in my pocket for Herr Steinhardt. There remained now but one thing for me to do—to say farewell to Fraulein Haas, the poor, lonely lady, who still with fond regret cherished her memory of a man who was to me the greatest villain on earth. How I longed I could do something to cheer her life, say even some proper word of comfort and hope! But I felt her spirit dwell on heights too great for any commonplace words of consolation from me to reach. I therefore made her a silent farewell. She held my hand a moment.

"If anything happens to him," she said, "I will send me word!" I answered I would, and the next moment she was turned away from me, and the next I was out of the room, and had seen my last of Fraulein Haas.

When I was in the train, rushing back toward England, I unexpectedly found that I was bearing away with me a pathetic memento of her, and that I had left her a memento of myself. I put my hand into my pocket to find Birley's letter, but could find only the following lithographed form, instead.

I suppose I had taken it from her table when I meant to take up the letter which I had laid down. The poor lady might have been looking at it before I entered her room. This was the form:

"Meine Verlobung mit Fraulein Emilie Haas von Liestal zeige ich hiermit ergebenst an. Basel, November, 1854. "Emmanuel Steinhardt."

(My engagement with Fraulein Emilie Haas of Liestal I herewith make public in Basel.)

CHAPTER XIII.

In what a fever of excitement, anxiety, and hope I made the journey home, I need not stay to describe. I need only note that the Creator took seven days, and on the seventh was a sacred day of rest. Every seventh year was sacred, and the seventh time of year ushered in a year of jubilee. There are seven principal virtues—faith, hope, charity, prudence, temperance, chastity and fortitude—and there are also seven deadly sins—pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy and sloth. There were seven champions of Christendom—St. George, England; St. Andrew, Scotland; St. Patrick, Ireland; St. James, Wales; St. Denis, France; St. David, Spain, and St. Anthony, Italy. There were seven ages of man, also seven times of Greece. Christ spoke seven times on the cross. Rome was built on seven hills, and there are innumerable other traditions which go to prove that seven was a number to cling to. In these modern times it is wonderful how often the number prevails. For instance, vaccination must take place every seven years, in order to escape small pox; fashions change every seven years, and seven years is always a milestone in a person's age.

Characteristics of Gold. Many people suppose that all gold is alike when refined, but this is not so. An experienced man can tell at a glance from what part of the world a gold piece comes, and in some cases from what particular gold district the metal has been obtained. Australian gold, for instance, is distinctly redder than that from California. The Ural gold is the reddest found anywhere.

Happy Recollections. Visitor—Well, my man, what are you in for? Convent—"Oh, I'm in for a good time, lady." Visitor—I don't understand you. Convent—I'm in for lickin' me mother-in-law, lady.—Judge.

Yes," said he, turning his bright face upon her, "we'll get thro' it all right," "You are both very good to me," said she, going to him, and shielding some tears on his shoulder.

"There now—there," said he, patting her. Then turning to me, "She means you, too, my lad."

"Yes," said she, resuming her seat, and looking down, "Mr. Birley has told me all you have done for me to find out about my poor father—and all that he and you suspect, too. And I cannot—oh, I cannot!" she cried, shuddering and pressing her hands to her eyes—"look at that terrible, cruel man again!"

"I could not help telling her, my lad," said Birley, in answer to a look of reproach from me. "The old chap wrote questions to her about the papers you found, and I had to explain."

"But," said I, in some alarm, "you know, Miss Lacroix, we must not, we must not denounce him—we must not, I don't say anything till we have some evidence that he is really the man. I think, I am sure, I soon shall have that evidence, but even then we must be careful what we say."

This, I was glad to find, was not regarded as more than a general, though confident, expression of hope, so I was not asked awkward questions. Now that my anxiety concerning Louise was for the time allayed, I felt exceedingly tired. I promised to call next day to tell them about my journey, and rose to go to my lodgings, where my landlady, I knew, or her lodger's son, would still be sitting up for me.

Birley accompanied me to the door, talking according to his wont. He put on a cap which hung in the hall, and, leaving the door ajar, walked with me to the gate. The air refreshed me, and, full as I was of Fraulein Haas's revelation, I felt impelled to tell Birley something of it. Thus, almost unconsciously, we walked away from the gate down the lane leading to the high road, and I was led into telling him all the more so that he did not seem sceptical of the value of her visions. We had thus left the house some minutes, how many I cannot tell, when several sounds like screams in rapid succession rose behind us into the still night. We stopped together and looked at each other.

"By the Lord!" exclaimed Birley. "I left the door open!" We were hurried back by a common impulse. We found the door ajar, apparently as we had left it, but when we entered and approached the room in which we had been sitting we heard Steinhardt's voice.

"Well, 'Mannel," said Birley, when we were in the room, "so you've come; I expected you wouldn't be long." Steinhardt turned (Louise was behind him on the other side of the table with fear in her eyes); he did not answer his brother-in-law, but stared at me.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked. "Were you come from?" "From Basel," I answered, "where I was not wanted. Fraulein Haas wished to see you, not me; she is well, and it is for you she is anxious, not for herself. She sent you a line by me;" I handed him the letter.

He impatiently tore the envelope, and read with a frown. I knew the words; I found to read from his face how they affected him. Their point meant as note that the Creator took seven days, and on the seventh was a sacred day of rest. Every seventh year was sacred, and the seventh time of year ushered in a year of jubilee. There are seven principal virtues—faith, hope, charity, prudence, temperance, chastity and fortitude—and there are also seven deadly sins—pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy and sloth. There were seven champions of Christendom—St. George, England; St. Andrew, Scotland; St. Patrick, Ireland; St. James, Wales; St. Denis, France; St. David, Spain, and St. Anthony, Italy. There were seven ages of man, also seven times of Greece. Christ spoke seven times on the cross. Rome was built on seven hills, and there are innumerable other traditions which go to prove that seven was a number to cling to. In these modern times it is wonderful how often the number prevails. For instance, vaccination must take place every seven years, in order to escape small pox; fashions change every seven years, and seven years is always a milestone in a person's age.

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EVENTS OF THE DAY

FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.

A Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week, Presented in a Condensed Form, Which is Most Likely to Prove of Interest to Our Many Readers.

The senate has passed the naval appropriation bill.

Republicans of Iowa have renominated W. P. Hepburn for congress.

Two fugitives were taken from the Charlotte, N. C., jail and lynched.

The third trial of Jessie Morrison for murder has been commenced at Eldorado, Kan.

Tracy and Merrill, the escaped convicts from the Oregon penitentiary, are still at large.

A tornado in the northeastern part of Iowa did great damage to property. No lives were lost.

The labor trouble in Manila is growing much worse. It is estimated that 7,000 men are now out on strike.

The members of the Cuban house and senate will receive \$3,000 a year, President Palma having signed the bill.

A tornado in Clay and Becker counties, Minnesota, killed at least five persons and destroyed \$100,000 worth of property.

The house has passed the anti-anarchy bill.

Ten persons were killed and many injured in a Chicago hospital fire.

Mexican troops and Yaqui Indians met in a battle which resulted disastrously to the Indians.

The floods in Kansas have not entirely subsided. The Mosho and Cottonwood rivers have again left their banks.

The May postal receipts at 50 of the largest offices in the United States show an increase of 50 per cent over May, 1901.

Three business blocks at Saratoga, N. Y., were destroyed. Five persons lost their lives. The property loss is estimated at \$300,000.

Two convicts at the Oregon Penitentiary slayed three guards and wounded a life prisoner and escaped.

They are well armed with rifles and revolvers and have plenty of ammunition.

The forming of the new French cabinet has been completed.

Mitchell denounced the Panama canal route in a speech before the senate.

A plot has been discovered at Pretoria to blow up the government buildings.

Twelve trainloads of Mystic Shriners arrived at San Francisco to attend the imperial council.

Coal miners in West Virginia have gone out. A larger number quit work than was anticipated.

The officers of the cruiser Chicago who caused the disturbance in Venice will not be court martialed.

An excursion train on a Michigan road was wrecked, killing one person and injuring 33, three fatally.

The relief supplies sent by the United States to the Martinique sufferers were not properly distributed and did not go where they would do the most good.

Kruger will not be required to acknowledge British sovereignty in South Africa.

The president is being urged to send a message to congress on the Cuban question.

Fire in Denver destroyed a grocery store, rooming house and several other business concerns.

June 8 and 9 have been declared thanksgiving days and holidays throughout Cape Colony.

A boat containing eight Spanish artillery officers was run down by a steamer at Gijon, Spain, and five drowned.

Retabuen, a town in Guatemala, Central America, has been destroyed by a volcano. One thousand people lost their lives.

Governor Geer may call an extra session of the Oregon legislature for the purpose of fixing flat salaries for the state officials.

The pavilion in the horticultural gardens, Toronto, the second largest auditorium in that city, has been entirely destroyed by fire.

The American Federation wants to take farmers into its organization.

Three men were shot in a riot between union and non union iron moulders at Granite City, Ill.

Some of the mines in the anthracite coal region are filling with water because of the firemen and pumpmen joining the strikers.

Lord Kitchener was created a viscount and promoted to be general and given 50,000 pounds for his services in the South African war.

There are 2,740 murders yearly in Italy; 2,400 in Russia; 1,600 in Spain.

Less than one per cent of the land of Norway is in use for grain fields.

Orders have been issued in India for the return to store of all ammunition containing dum-dum bullets.

As a result of experiments with a new secret explosive, the Italian government has decided to manufacture a new type of cannon for garrison artillery and coast defense.

ROB PURSUERS.

Escaped Convicts Hold Up Two Men of Posse and Take Horse and Buggy.

Gervais, June 11.—Harry Tracy and David Merrill, who escaped from the Oregon penitentiary Monday, came into Gervais at 9:30 last evening and secured a meal at the home of Alonzo Briggs, who was made to do their pleasure at the point of a gun. They next appeared in an alley back of the drug store and postoffice on the main street. They climbed a fence and passed through a back yard and then by two hotels. Near this place they met and held up a buggy containing two members of the posse searching for them. Both men were made to give up their guns and one his coat. They were then ordered from the buggy, which the fugitives took and started out of town. Ten minutes later the horse returned with the empty buggy. Several citizens saw the convicts in town, but none attempted to capture them. Sheriff Durbin soon came up with two bloodhounds from the Walla Walla penitentiary, in charge of guard Carson, and again set out in pursuit.

Salem, June 10.—Harry Tracy and David Merrill, convicts, escaped from the Penitentiary at 7 o'clock yesterday morning and made their way to liberty, leaving murdered behind them Guards F. B. Ferrell, S. R. T. Jones and B. F. Tiffany, while Frank Inghram, a convict, who tried to bar their road, was shot in the knee which was so badly shattered as to require amputation. He is now resting easily, and strong hopes are entertained for his recovery. Clad in their prison garb, well armed and provided with ammunition, the men are now lurking in the woods not far from town, and, although hundreds of citizens have recruited the posses that are searching for them, they have thus far eluded pursuit.

The convicts, who are professional criminals of the most dangerous type, had secured rifles and revolvers Saturday or Sunday, probably from some confederate previously released from the Penitentiary who had smuggled the weapons in. The men working in the stove foundry, among whom were Tracy and Merrill, had just been marched in from the chapel and were about to report to work to Ferrell, when Frank Girard, another guard, heard a rifle shot, and, looking quickly in the direction from which it came, saw Ferrell dead and the two thugs, both armed with new rifles, approaching him. Girard, like all shot guards, was unarmed, and he instantly took to flight, running for the life down the center aisle of the building, while his pursuers gained on him at every step. Suddenly Frank Inghram, a life prisoner from Linn county, seeing the peril in which the guard was placed, stepped out and endeavored to stop the highwaymen. Tracy stopped long enough to fire a shot at him.

Before reaching the yard Tracy and Merrill again brought their murderous rifles into play. First they riddled the extreme southwest and northwest guard posts, but fortunately did not kill a man. Then, with a single shot at a distance of 150 yards, one of them brought down Jones, who was on the wall in charge of the north post. As the guard fell dead they turned and took several shots at Tiffany and Ross, guards on the north wall.

Then, believing that they had sufficiently cowed their keepers, they coolly proceeded to take a ladder from one of the shop buildings, placed it against the east wall and mounted it while bullets from guards on more remote parts of the wall flew thick about their heads. Tiffany, who had not lost his nerve at any time during the fusillade, sent shots repeatedly after them, but none of them hit its mark, and the escaping men in another instant had jumped from the wall and disappeared.

Running along to the spot where the men had crossed, Tiffany and Ross leaped after them and followed them around an angle in the wall, where they met them face to face. Instantly the guards were covered and commanded to give up their rifles and cartridges. With the memory of the murder that had already been done fresh in their minds, the guards complied and threw their guns and ammunition on the ground. They were then ordered to stand forth and were marched ahead of the convicts for 100 yards, when a guard from one of the posts fired at the fugitives. They instantly returned the fire, and Tiffany, whom one of them had selected for a target, fell dead with a bullet through his right breast. Ross immediately dropped, and his presence of mind saved his life, for the men, believing that he, too, had been killed, paid no further attention to the shots behind them and ran for cover.

Cuban Minister Coming. New York, June 11.—Gonzalo Quesada, Cuban Minister to Washington, and his family have sailed for New York, says a Tribune dispatch from Havana. Mr. Quesada will go immediately to Washington and open the legation at the Hotel Raleigh until he secures a house. He is the bearer of the good wishes of President Palma to President Roosevelt.

To Favor American Ships. Washington, June 11.—Senator Perkins today introduced a bill directing the Secretary of War to favor American built ships in transporting supplies for the Government to the Philippines.

Collision in Colorado. Denver, Col., June 11.—Four men, members of the train crew, were injured today, none fatally, however, in a head-on collision on the South Park branch of the Colorado and Southern Railroad, two miles north of Valverde, between the fishermen's train returning from Platte Canyon, and the west-bound passenger train. Railway officials attribute the collision to the

Fire in a Hospital. Chicago, June 11.—Nine men and one woman were killed and about 30 persons injured in a fire which yesterday afternoon destroyed the sanitarium connected with St. Luke's Society, at Wabash avenue and Twenty-first street. The greater portion of the patients received in the institution were those seeking cure from the drink habit and those who were addicted to the use of drugs.

When the fire broke out there was on the fifth floor a number of patients suffering from delirium tremens and some who were deranged by drugs. Some of these were strapped to their beds and it was impossible to save them, so rapidly did the fire spread through the building.

The fire originated in the basement of the building and spread rapidly to the upper stories through the elevator shaft. Before the occupants of the building could be warned, the flames had been carried to the roof, had eaten through it and were leaping high in the air. As the fire ran through the building patients sprang from their beds and before they could be prevented several had jumped from the windows to the pavement. The fire department was on the scene in a few minutes and as the windows were filled with people shrieking for help, the firemen devoted their first efforts to save lives and allowed the fire to burn. While this was the means of saving a large number of people, who were carried down ladders by the firemen, it gave the fire such headway that there was almost no chance for those on the upper floors of the building to make their escape, and those who were not suffocated were killed or badly injured by leaping from the windows.

MINES FILL WITH WATER. Companies Cannot Keep Men to Operate the Pumps.

Hazleton, Pa., June 12.—Superintendent Kudlick, of Cox's Brothers, was attacked by women on the streets of Freehold today, but was not injured.

About 800 strikers gathered today at Ebervale, and about 1000 at Jeddo, to intercept traction cars carrying non-union men to North Side collieries. Sheriff Jacobs was notified last night of the strikers' intention, and accompanied by eight special officers, went to Freehold to prevent any demonstration. District Secretary Gallagher preceded Sheriff Jacobs and persuaded the men to return to their homes.

Unable to secure firemen and pump runners, J. S. Wentz & Co. will permit the Hazleton colliery to be flooded. Cox's Stockton colliery is reported by the mine workers as filling with water, owing to the depleted force of firemen and pumpmen.

Paying Honolulu Fire Claims. Washington, June 12.—The Senate committee on Pacific Islands and Porto Rico has authorized a favorable report on the bill allowing pay for the destruction of property in Hawaii on account of the prevalence of the plague in 1899 and 1900. The committee decided to recommend that an amendment shall be made to the general deficiency appropriation bill providing for the payment by this government of \$1,000,000 and authorizing the Territory of Hawaii to issue bonds for the payment of the remainder of the claims.

Boers Will Be Loyal. Aliwal North, Cape Colony, June 12.—Commandant Fouché, supervising the surrender of various Boer commandos, said the Boers had been good citizens in their own country, and they would be equally good citizens under the British government.

Nomination Confirmed. Washington, June 12.—The appointment of J. F. Jewell, of Illinois, to be Consul at Martinique, was confirmed by the senate.

CONVICTS ESCAPE

SHOOT THREE OREGON PENITENTIARY GUARDS.

A Life Prisoner Intervenes and Is Shot in the Leg—Both Men Are Desperate Criminals—They Are Well Armed With Rifles and Revolvers and Have Plenty of Ammunition—Large Posse in Pursuit.

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The fire originated in the basement of the building and spread rapidly to the upper stories through the elevator shaft. Before the occupants of the building could be warned, the flames had been carried to the roof, had eaten through it and were leaping high in the air. As the fire ran through the building patients sprang from their beds and before they could be prevented several had jumped from the windows to the pavement. The fire department was on the scene in a few minutes and as the windows were filled with people shrieking for help, the firemen devoted their first efforts to save lives and allowed the fire to burn. While this was the means of saving a large number of people, who were carried down ladders by the firemen, it gave the fire such headway that there was almost no chance for those on the upper floors of the building to make their escape, and those who were not suffocated were killed or badly injured by leaping from the windows.

MINES FILL WITH WATER. Companies Cannot Keep Men to Operate the Pumps.

Hazleton, Pa., June 12.—Superintendent Kudlick, of Cox's Brothers, was attacked by women on the streets of Freehold today, but was not injured.

About 800 strikers gathered today at Ebervale, and about 1000 at Jeddo, to intercept traction cars carrying non-union men to North Side collieries. Sheriff Jacobs was notified last night of the strikers' intention, and accompanied by eight special officers, went to Freehold to prevent any demonstration. District Secretary Gallagher preceded Sheriff Jacobs and persuaded the men to return to their homes.

Unable to secure firemen and pump runners, J. S. Wentz & Co. will permit the Hazleton colliery to be flooded. Cox's Stockton colliery is reported by the mine workers as filling with water, owing to the depleted force of firemen and pumpmen.

Paying Honolulu Fire Claims. Washington, June 12.—The Senate committee on Pacific Islands and Porto Rico has authorized a favorable report on the bill allowing pay for the destruction of property in Hawaii on account of the prevalence of the plague in 1899 and 1900. The committee decided to recommend that an amendment shall be made to the general deficiency appropriation bill providing for the payment by this government of \$1,000,000 and authorizing the Territory of Hawaii to issue bonds for the payment of the remainder of the claims.

Boers Will Be Loyal. Aliwal North, Cape Colony, June 12.—Commandant Fouché, supervising the surrender of various Boer commandos, said the Boers had been good citizens in their own country, and they would be equally good citizens under the British government.

Nomination Confirmed. Washington, June 12.—The appointment of J. F. Jewell, of Illinois, to be Consul at Martinique, was confirmed by the senate.

Collision in Colorado. Denver, Col., June 11.—Four men, members of the train crew, were injured today, none fatally, however, in a head-on collision on the South Park branch of the Colorado and Southern Railroad, two