

HOW WILL FENELON WAS MURDERED.

Some Additional Particulars of the Tragedy.

A copy of the New North, a newspaper published in Rhinelander, Wis., has been received in this city, which give some additional particulars of the murder of Mr. Will W. Fenelon, as follows:

Rhinelander was stirred from center to circumference last Saturday night about 9:30 o'clock, when William W. Fenelon, one of the city's most prominent and respected business men, was shot and killed in the office of the Rapids House by J. Bascom Robins, a young man twenty-five years of age, a traveling representative for the Chicago Crockery company. But one shot was fired, a 38 calibre revolver being used. The bullet pierced the victim's body just below the heart, severing an artery and he breathed his last two minutes after the shot was fired.

As if by magic, the news of the tragedy spread over the whole city and in five minutes the town was in a fever of excitement. Hundreds gathered in and around the Rapids House and viewed the prostrate form as it lay on the floor. That such a crime could be committed, seemed impossible and a stern realization was difficult to meet. For hours after the deathly shot was fired, groups of excited citizens stood on the streets discussing the sad fatality and occasionally strove to talk of violence was heard.

Robins made no attempt to escape. He was hurriedly ushered to the county jail and kept until shortly before the arrival of the North-Western limited at 11:20 o'clock, when he was secretly taken to the train and to Wausau for safety by Sheriff A. W. Wismer and Chief of Police Morris Doyle. The officers, together with the prisoner, boarded the train on the side opposite the depot. The tactics adopted in removing the prisoner to a place of safety were carried out so that scarcely a dozen in the city were aware of the move. While there was very little, if any danger of violence, the proper course was pursued.

Story of the Tragedy.

About 8 o'clock in the evening Robins entered the store of C. M. & W. W. Fenelon and made the purchase of a handkerchief of one of the sale ladies. He asked the young lady if he could meet her the following day—Sunday. The request made by the young man was resented by the saleslady. Enough of the conversation was overheard by Mr. Fenelon to make him believe the young man had made advances unbecoming a gentleman. It is said that Mr. Fenelon upbraided Robins, charging him with insulting one of his lady clerks, which he said he would not tolerate and proceeded to punish the young man for what he considered a gross insult. Robins was evidently frightened badly and ran to the hotel. He went to the baggage room just off the office, opened his grip and procured a revolver.

After the chase, Mr. Fenelon returned to the store, which he closed, going then to the hotel. Robins had been in the hotel but a minute or two when Mr. Fenelon entered. In an ordinary tone of voice he said something to Robins. Mr. Fenelon made an advance toward him, when Robins drew his weapon and fired, being only four feet distant from the murdered man. Mr. Fenelon threw up his hands, at the same time sinking to his knees, said: "He has shot me boys. Oh, my God!" He maintained the position on his knees for a second or two when his head sank toward his chest and he began to sink to the floor. A couple of traveling men who were eye witnesses to the sad occurrence, went to Mr. Fenelon and laid him on his back on the floor. Robins, after committing the deed, entered the baggage room. The door entering the room from the hall was held while W. T. Stevens and E. A. Forbes entered and secured the fellow. He made no attempt to get away and offered no resistance, but did not wish to give up his revolver. The prisoner was taken through the rear way to a hack which was in waiting and taken to the jail, as previously stated.

All kinds of rumors are afloat regarding the different details of the tragedy and out of these rumors a variance of opinions is gained. The whole affair seems to have been a series of mistakes ending in a tragedy that might have been prevented had the Samaritan act been performed at a critical moment. Still it was not dreamed, perhaps, that death was to be the ultimate outcome.

What Mr. Fenelon's intentions were after locking up his store and proceeding to the Rapids House will never be known. The prevailing opinion is that he went there with no intention of continuing his punishment. It is thought his object was to learn the address of the young man with an idea of writing to his company and reporting his action. In fact it is said he so intimidated his intention to a number of citizens while on his way to the hotel. The consensus of opinion is that when he entered and observed Robins he became angered again. A representative of the New North visited young Robins in the county jail before his removal to Wausau and from him received an excitable and incoherent statement which could only be expected, considering the young man's condition after the terrible excitement he had passed through. He said he had no idea of taking the life of any man and his demonstrations evidence that he was almost in a total state of collapse. He asked that his brother be notified of the tragedy, which was done. When taken to the train at eleven-twenty he was completely unmoved and frightened into a state of almost insensibility. After reaching Wausau he engaged the firm of Bump, Kreutzer & Rosenberry to defend him. On Monday Senator Kreutzer came to the city and spent a couple of days looking up facts relative to the tragedy.

Tuesday afternoon Robins was brought up from Wausau and taken before Municipal Judge Browne for arraignment. An adjournment was agreed upon until Sept. 4. In the meantime the young man will remain in charge of Sheriff Wismer at the county jail.

The awful affair has cast a dreadful gloom over the entire city. The feeling is one of deep regret. It is idle to say that the bereaved family have the community's sympathy. We all share with them the terrible loss.

BARNEGAT.

The steamers Annarine and Louise made two or three trips to Barnegat last week. Mrs. Joe Hauxhurst's father and mother arrived here last Wednesday from California.

Mrs. Day and daughter went home Sunday.

James Wilson and family moved to their home on the Tillamook River, Sunday.

Joe Hauxey went over to the cannery Monday and returned Wednesday.

G. W. Boyington went to the city Friday and returned Saturday.

Miss Alvie Biggs is visiting with Clara Biggs this week.

A fire broke out in Bert Biggs' house Saturday night, but was discovered in time, and put out before much damage was done.

WILSON RIVER.

Rev. Osbruik and family and Rev. Ap. Lund and son, left for their home in Portland on the last boat.

Frank Eklof and son started for the hay yards on Monday.

Paul Erickson and family visited with Mrs. E. Peterson at Garibaldi on Sunday.

Mrs. Augusta Thorall left Portland for Astoria the 22nd on her way home from the sanitarium.

Nearly all the children in the neighborhood have had an attack of cholera morbus.

The school is progressing nicely under the able management of Miss Dora High.

Rev. C. Mills passed through this city on his way from Bay City.

Nels Hanson has by hard labor graded and graveled and almost completed a private road far superior to the one along Wilson river. We people are wondering whether any more work is going to be done on our road. It is evident that by past experience the road should be graded and graveled as far up as Mr. Thomas Jenkins; but if it is left in its present condition the labor and money already expended will be that much thrown away.

The writer saw the item stating that Frank Ely, of South Prairie has a herd of eleven milk cows that averaged \$9.10 per head for the month of May. We have reasons to know that Mr. Ely is a successful dairyman and do not doubt the truthfulness of the statement. W. B. Alderman, who is patronizing Wilson river factory, realized from his herd of seven three-year-old Jerseys, the handsome sum of \$65 for May, or \$9.29 each. Dairying far excels raising grain.

NETARTS.

Mrs. J. E. Tuttle, of Tillamook, and Miss Kate Iffigsworth, of Wilson, has been visiting at Netarts for the past week, returning home Saturday.

Carl P. Fuchs, of McMinnville, is stopping on the beach.

Marion Chance and family, of Long Prairie, are spending a few days on the beach.

J. W. Maxwell and family, of Fairview, were on the beach visiting their old friends and neighbors.

James Stack has gone to Fairview to work for J. W. Maxwell for a couple of weeks.

O. Heins, of Tillamook, was at Netarts last Sunday.

The saw mill has been running for the last 10 days.

HEBO.

Nearly every one has gone hop-picking. Master Alick Bain returned home from Woods last Sunday, where he has been attending school.

Geo. Nelson was quite sick, it being necessary to call a doctor from Tillamook last week.

Messrs. C. Ray, O. P. Mattoon, N. P. Hansen, L. Jensen, E. E. Cross, Jerry Lewallen, J. R. Lowrance and Ab Hembre, each went to the valley with a team last Monday.

J. A. Ward has just finished a wagon, the wheels being made of fine maple.

Mr. Fitzsimmons' capers on the public arena are to be commended as a means of enforcing proper respect for old age.

Pugilist Fitzsimmons has broken into a fashionable residence district of New York. His prospective neighbors wisely decline to meet him.

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NEHALEM.

The fishermen are on a strike, for the same prices as are asked by the Tillamook Bay men. Solomon the salter is paying the price asked.

E. K. Scovell is supplying the towns during the Spanish war as from all causes during the present war with the Filipinos. At present the war in the Philippines is costing this country an average of \$10,000,000 per month, and there is no visible sign that it is likely to be soon ended. A collapse may follow the presidential election, but even that event expenses cannot be greatly reduced during the present fiscal year.

Shingles Wanted. Wanted, at once, 33,000 best quality shaved shingles; will pay cash. Opposite Bank. WADE & BRIGGS.

In China, as in Africa, American mule meat is demonstrating its strenuous qualities.

Speaking of national colors, isn't the yellow of China due to age? The empire has years to burn.

Once in a great while an Ohio man falls by the wayside. Ruhlins hails from the Buckeye state.

The gaiety of the campaign continues to grow as the season advances. Prohibitionists now claim Kentucky.

Word comes from New York City that the naval arch will be built. Prospects are equally good for converting China.

A Maniac's Freak

The Terrible Experience That Bleached a Woman's Hair

"I HAVE heard of persons whose hair was whitened through excessive fear, but as I never saw myself anyone so affected, I am disposed to be incredulous on the subject." The above remark was made to Dr. Maynard, as we sat on the piazza of his pretty villa, discussing the different effects of terror on dissimilar temperaments. Without replying to me, the doctor turned to his wife, and said:

"Helen, will you please relate to my old friend the incident within your own experience? It is the most convincing argument I can advance."

I looked at Mrs. Maynard in surprise. I had observed that her hair, which was luxuriant, and dressed very becomingly, was purely colorless; but, as she was a young woman, and also a very pretty one, I surmised that it was powdered to heighten the brilliancy of her fine dark eyes.

The doctor and I had been fellow-students, but, after leaving college, we had drifted apart: I to commence practice in an eastern city, he to pursue his profession in a growing town in the west. I was now on a visit to him for the first time since his marriage.

Mrs. Maynard, no doubt reading my supposition by my look of incredulity, smiled as she shook her snowy tresses over her shoulders, and, seating herself by her husband's side, related the following interesting episode:

It was nearly two years ago since my husband was called on one evening to visit a patient several miles away. Our domestics had all gone to a wake in the vicinity, the dead man being a relative of one of our serving women. Thus I was left alone. But I felt no fear, for we never had heard of burglars or any sort of desperadoes in our quiet village, then consisting of a few scattered houses. The windows leading out on the piazza were open as now, but I secured the blinds before my husband's departure, and locked the inside doors, all except the front one, which I left for the doctor to lock after going out, so that if I should fall asleep before his return, he would enter without arousing me. I heard the doctor's rapid footsteps on the gravel, quickened by the urgent tones of a messenger who awaited him; and, after the sharp rattle of the carriage wheels had become but an echo, I seated myself by the parlor astral, and very soon became absorbed in the book I had been reading before being disturbed by the summons.

But after a time my interest succumbed to drowsiness, and I thought of retiring. Then the clock in the doctor's study struck 12, so I determined to wait a few moments more, feeling that he would be home very soon. I closed my book, donned a robe de chambre, let down my hair, and then returned to my seat to patiently wait and listen. Not the faintest sound disturbed the stillness of the night. Not a breath of air stirred the leaves. The silence was so profound that it became oppressive. I longed for the sharp click of the grate-latch and the well-known step on the gravel walk. I did not dare to break the hush myself by moving or singing. I was so oppressed with the deep stillness, 'the human mind is a strange torturer of itself. I began to conjure up vivid fancies about ghostly visitants, in the midst of which occurred to me the stories I had heard from superstitious people about the troubled spirits of those who had died suddenly, like the man whom my servants had gone to "wake," who had been killed by an accident at the sawmill. In the midst of these terrifying reflections, I was startled by a stealthy footfall on the piazza. I listened between fear and hope. It might be the doctor. But no, he would not tread like that; the step was too soft and cautious for anything less wily than a cat. As I listened again, my eyes fixed on the window-blind, I saw the slats move slowly and cautiously, and then the rays of the moon disclosed a thin, cadaverous face, and bright, glittering eyes, peering at me. Horror! Who was it? or what was it? I felt the cold perspiration start at every pore. I seemed to be frozen in my chair. I could not move; I could not cry out; my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth, while the deathly white face pressed closer, and the great sunken eyes wandered in their gaze about the room. In a few moments the blind closed as noiselessly as it had been opened, and the door, "merciful heavens!" I cried in a horror-stricken whisper, as I heard the key turn in the lock, "the doctor in his haste, must have forgotten to withdraw the key."

I heard the front door open, the step in the hall, and, helpless as a statue, I sat riveted to my chair. The parlor door was open, and in it stood a tall, thin man, whom I never before beheld. He was dressed in a long, loose robe, a sort of gaberline, and a black velvet skull-cap partially concealed a broad forehead, under which gleamed black eyes, bright as living coals, and placed so near together that their gaze was preternatural in their distinctness; heavy, grizzled eyebrows hung over them like the tangled mane of a lion; the nose was sharp and prominent; the chin was overgrown with white hair, which hung down in locks as weird as the Ancient Mariner's. He politely doffed his cap, bowed, replaced it, and then said, in a slightly foreign accent:

"Madam, it is not necessary for me to stand on any further ceremony, as your husband, Dr. Maynard," here he again bowed profoundly, "has al-

ready acquainted you with the nature of my business here to-night. I perceive," he added, glancing at my negligee robe, "that you were expecting me."

"No," I found voice to stammer; "the doctor has said nothing to me about a visitor at this hour of the night."

"Ah! he wished to spare you, no doubt, a disagreeable apprehension," he returned, advancing and taking a seat on the sofa opposite me, where for a few moments he sat and eyed me from light to foot with a strange, glittering light in his eyes that mysteriously impressed me. "You have a remarkably fine physique, madam," he observed, quietly; "one that might deceive the eyes of the most skilled and practiced physician. Do you suffer much pain?"

Unable to speak, I shook my head. A terrible suspicion was creeping over me. I was alone, miles away from aid or rescue, with a madman.

"Ah," he continued, reflectively, "your husband may have mistaken a tumor for a cancer. Allow me to feel your pulse," he said, rising and bending over me.

I thought it best to humor him, remembering it was unwise for a helpless woman to oppose the as yet harmless freak of a lunatic. He took out his watch, shook his head gravely, laid my hand down gently, and then went toward the study, where on the table was an open case of surgical instruments.

Involuntarily I raised my head and cried: "Spare me! Oh, spare me, I beseech you!"

"Madam," he said, sternly, clasping my wrist with his long, sinewy fingers with a grip of steel, "you behave like a child. I have no time to parley, for I have received a letter from the emperor of the French, stating that he is desirous of my attendance. I must start for Europe immediately; after performing the operation on your breast," and, before I could make the slightest resistance, he had me in his arms, and was carrying me into the study, where was a long surgical table, covered with green baize. On this he laid me, and holding me down with one hand, with the strength of a maniac, he brought forth several long leather straps, which bore evidence of having recently been cut, with which he secured me to the table with the skill of an expert. It was but the work of a moment to unloose my robe and bare my bosom. Then, after carefully examining my left breast, he said:

"Madam, your husband has made a mistake. I find no necessity for my intended operation."

At this I gave a long-drawn sigh of relief, and prepared to rise.

"But," he continued, "I have made the discovery that your heart is as large as that of an ox! I will remove it, so that you can see for yourself, reduce it to its natural size by a curious process of my own unknown to medical science, and of which I am sole discoverer, then replace it again."

He began to examine the edge of the cruel knife, on which I closed my eyes, while every nerve was in perceptible tremor.

He now bent over me, his long, white beard brushing my face. I opened my eyes beseechingly, trying to think of some way to save myself. "Oh, sir, give me an anaesthetic, that I may not feel the pain," I pleaded.

"Indeed, indeed, madam, I would comply with your wish were you not the wife of a physician—of a skillful surgeon. I wish you to note with what ease I perform this difficult operation, so that you may tell your husband of the great savant whose services he secured, fortunately in season."

As he said this he made the final test of the knife on his thumb. How precious were the moments now! They were fleeting all too fast, and yet an eternity seemed compressed in every one. I never fainted in my life, and I never felt less like swooning than now, as I summoned all my presence of mind to delay the fearful moment, fervently praying in the meantime for my husband's return.

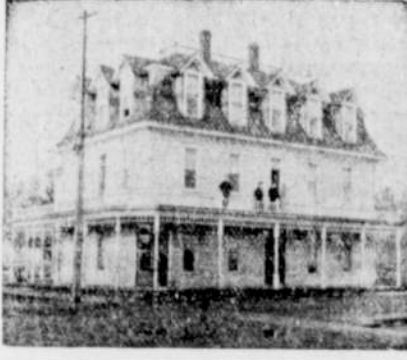
"Doctor," said I, with assumed composure, "I have the utmost confidence in your skill; I would not trust my life to another; but, doctor, you have forgotten to bring a napkin to stanch the blood. If you will have the goodness to ascend to my sleeping chamber, at the right of the hall, you will find everything you need for that purpose in the bureau."

"Ah, madam," he said, shaking his head sagaciously, "I never draw blood during a surgical operation; that is another one of my secrets unknown to the faculty."

Then, placing his hand on my bosom, he added, with horrible espielerie: "I'll scarcely mark that skin whiter than snow, and smooth as monumental alabaster."

"O God!" I cried, as I felt the cold steel touch my breast; but with the same breath came deliverance. Quick as thought a heavy woollen piano-cover was thrown over the head and person of the madman, and bound tightly around him. As quickly as I released, and the things that bound me soon held the maniac. My husband held me in his arms. He had noiselessly approached, and, taking in the horror of my situation at a glance, had by the only means at hand, secured the madman, who was the very patient he had been summoned to attend, but who had escaped the vigilance of his keeper soon after the departure of the messenger, who had now returned with the doctor in pursuit of him. As the poor wretch was being hurried away, he turned to me, and said: "Madam, this is a plot to rob me of my reputation. Your husband is envious of my great skill as a surgeon. Adieu!" I afterward learned that the man was once an eminent surgeon in Europe, but much learning had made him mad. When he bound me to the table, my hair was black as a raven; when I left it, it was as you see it now—white as full-blown cotton. — San Francisco Argonaut.

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"You didn't either?" "Yes I did, honest." "Twenty dollars? An' how much was the Overcoat?" "Sixteen." "By jove, have King & Kerremans any more goods like it?" Sure thing, and hundreds of other patterns too. The Royal Tailors of Chicago take care of the boys in good shape, and don't you forget it. Go in and talk with the boys."

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