

FIGURES IN THE EASTERN SHORE TRAGEDY.

Cross shows where body was found.



INDIAN BOY BEATS HOUNDS IN TRAILING

When Dogs Fail to Follow Train Robbers Cherokee Lad Takes Up Work.

Travels Too Fast for Sheriff's posse Over the roughest timbered Country

MUSKOGEE, Okla., July 2.—Taking a trail that houndhounds refused to follow, Willie Bryant, a full blooded Cherokee boy, nineteen years old, led the way for fifty miles through some of the roughest timbered country in the Cherokee Nation, covering the entire distance in a day, and with a posse surrounded and captured the two remaining train robbers who made a futile attempt to hold up a train crew at Brags.

The "hold-up" resulted in a fight in which an officer was killed and one of the robbers badly wounded.

The men captured gave their names as Fred Wright and Fred Donaldson. Wright says he lives in Washington and Donaldson gives Florida as his home. Both say that Williams, the wounded robber, is the man who killed Constable Kirk. Williams is sullen and refused to either affirm or deny the statement of his companions.

The feat of Bryant in following the robbers' trail is one of the most wonderful incidents in the history of out-lawry in the Cherokee Nation. He has for several years been known locally as the best trailer of the section around Brags. He has inherited all of the instincts of his forefathers in the craft of the trail. Naturally the local officers who know his ability turned to him as a leader.

Sheriff Ramsey, of Muskogee county, took bloodhounds in a motor car and rode twenty miles to Brags, taking the dogs fresh upon the robbers' trail before it was six hours old. The dogs refused to follow the robbers over the rough, hilly and timbered country, so Deputy Sheriff Clark placed young Bryant at the head of his posse and the Indian was given his head.

From Brags to Proctor, the course which the robbers took, is fully fifty miles. It is in the foothills of the Ozark Mountains and through a section like this there is every chance to conceal a trail.

The distance covered shows how unerringly and swiftly the Cherokee followed it. While the difficult task of keeping the trail was his, yet the members of the posse found the greatest difficulty in keeping in sight of him.

When Proctor was reached the posse was utterly exhausted and stopped to rest. Bryant and one man pushed on half a mile further and found a cap that belonged to one of the robbers. They sent back for the rest of the men and soon had their quarry surrounded and closed in on them. The outlaws did not put up a fight, and when arrested were unarmed.

the guest of the evening and Mr. Justice Barry, and on his left Chief Justice Barker, Justice White and Premier Hazen. Judge Wilson occupied the vice-chair. There were about fifty guests present, including Chief Supt. Carter, Rev. Father Carney, Dr. Atherton, A. W. Spurgeon, Rev. Mr. McDonald, Rev. Mr. McConnell, B. C. Foster, D. Phinney, H. Coy, Wm. Lemont, Principal Bridges, S. D. Scott, W. M. McLean, O. S. Crockett (M. P.), Dr. Cox, R. B. Hanson and others. A most pleasant evening was passed and a round of toasts followed.

The lieutenant governor proposed The King, Chief Justice Barker that of the Governor General, responded to by Lieut. Governor Tweedie.

Parliamentary institutions, by Mr. Justice Barry, and responded to by Justice Hazen and O. S. Crockett, M. P. Our Guest, by Judge Wilson, Dr. Inch responding.

Educational institutions, by Mr. Justice White, replied to by Chief Supt. Carter and Dr. Cox.

Learned Professions, by Mayor Chestnut, Rev. J. H. McDonald, H. V. B. Bridges, Dr. Atherton, R. B. Hanson.

Senate of the University, by Rev. Father Carney, responded to by J. D. Phinney.

The Press, Rev. J. W. McConnell, S. D. Scott.

God Save the King.

Robert Eastman who after the murder of Mrs. Woodill sunk her body in a small creek near St. Michaels, Md. Woodill's body was found is shown here. The building pictured above is the bungalow owned and occupied by Eastman.

last seen said his antics are of a wilder nature. He did not run, as in former years, but instead trotted about and laughed in a most hideous manner, making faces at the Indian and conducting himself generally like a half-witted person.

He is not feared by the older Indians and Mexicans of this out-of-the-way district, but he has proved as the honey man who will get unruly children. His name is much feared by the little ones in the neighborhood, and in their minds he is capable of many terrible things. And, it is not strange to relate, the terrible long haired wild man never molests well behaved children.

MEXICO'S WILD MAN APPEARS ONCE MORE

Aged White Recluse Seen by Indians After Absence of Nearly Three Years.

Supposed to Have Become a Hermit When His Wife Was Murdered Sixty Years Ago

VERA CRUZ, Mexico, July 2.—Indians from the Las Vigas River headwaters, one hundred and twenty miles from the town of Tonalua, on the Gulf of Mexico, reported in that village recently that the wild man who has haunted the Montana Jabon district for many years, has again appeared. This mountain is in the State of Tabasco, near the Vera Cruz border.

The old man, known by the natives as "el hombre de silvestre de monte," has his abode near the Rio de las Playas, a stream at the foot of the Jabon Mountain, and a tributary to the Tanochapa River. He is supposed to live in an old abandoned mill which has not been worked for more than a century, according to older men of the district. It is said no other person has ventured within the shaft in the last fifty or more years because of the many superstitions connected with the place. Many natives and one American are said to have approached the entrance during the last reconquest, but none has passed inside. Vampire bats and small animals inhabit this cave, and many wild sounds come from its depths.

The old man is known to have lived in the neighborhood for more than fifty years, and in that time is said not to have spoken with a single living soul. He is thought to be Spanish because of the clearness of his skin. When seen recently he hurried his hair and beard were white and long and his body entirely covered with white hair. He is quite old—probably ninety years—so noisy as can be judged from the many stories told by those who claim to have seen him.

The old man has been approached to within a distance of fifty yards, but when addressed he uttered a few incoherent sounds and ran into the woods. He is harmless, and is said to have never shown fight when approached. The fact that he carries constantly a bow and arrows would indicate that he eats flesh and food as well as fruits and herbs. As for clothing, he wears absolutely nothing, at least when he has been seen in his crooked old frame has been draped in nothing, except the long wild hair which covers his body.

Three years ago the old man was seen near this abandoned mill, but soon afterward all trace of him was lost till some days ago. This time he was seen by an old Indian who was passing down Rio las Playas in a canoe. He reports the wild man as being much more feeble than when



THANKS THE MAN WHO ROBBED HER

New Orleans Woman Finds Burglar at Work and Thinks He is a Caller.

Discovers, Too Late, That the Courteous Stranger Has Her Watch and Jewellery.

NEW ORLEANS, La., July 2.—Encountering a well dressed man in her home after having returned from a shopping tour, and not realizing that he was a clever housebreaker, Mrs. Adam Rau permitted him to leave, thanking him for the courtesy in calling. When she entered her room a few seconds later, however, she was surprised to find her diamond pin and a gold watch valued at \$80 missing. It was then too late to call the police. She stuck her head out of the door. The well dressed young man was then three blocks away.

After committing the theft in the home of Mrs. Rau the young man with the cast iron nerve is supposed to have walked to the home of Charles Gaiser, in Magazine street, near Elinore, where he walked off with another gold watch.

When interviewed in regard to the manner in which the fellow acted when Mrs. Rau discovered him in her home, she stated that he was perfectly cool. Seeing the fellow passing through the corridor when she opened the front door, she asked him who he was and how he had gotten in the house.

"I beg pardon, madam," said the thief, "but I have lost my way out. A boy let me in. I was sent with a bouquet of flowers for you, by your cousin, Mrs. Rau. I left the flowers there, pointing to a back room.

With many thanks Mrs. Rau opened the door for him and with a bow and courteous salute of the hat he departed, leaving an excellent impression behind—for an instant.

The same man is also supposed to have perpetrated another robbery in the Sixth district.

"What's a pun, father?" "A pun, my son, is a play upon words. There are three kinds of puns; good ones, which you laugh at; indifferent ones, which you take no notice of; and bad ones, which make you throw something at the punster."

"Of course, my son! Now, you're thinking about your supper, aren't you?" "Yes, father."

"Well, that's supper, most in your mind at the present time. That, you see, is a play on—Here, you young rascal, what did you throw that book at me for?"

Advertisement for ST. CHARLES EVAPORATED CREAM, featuring an illustration of a woman and a can of cream.

Advertisement for DRINK, Tobacco and Drug Habbits CURED, with text describing the benefits of the treatment.

TWO REMARKABLE MEN.

Two remarkable men have just died one in England the other in Germany. The German was the better known, for his name was on millions of books sold in this country.

The Englishman was Charles Morrison, of Basildon, aged 82, who is said to have left \$80,000,000.

"JUST A SHABBY OLD MAN." "Until his death, few people outside the city and the Berkhurst village had ever heard of this man of millions," says the Chronicle. "Inheriting a million from his father, who had come down from Scotland with only a few shillings in his pocket, and who had built up this fortune as a general paper," Charles Morrison, the son, had made it the business of his life to go on adding money to money, by investing here and investing there, by buying up properties of increasing value, by lending money, on safe securities, to foreign governments and great companies at home, by watching, quietly through the years, the steady way in which money breeds money, and millions are multiplied by millions.

"With this almost incredible wealth Charles Morrison might have taken a great lead in public life; he might have become world-renowned as a great philanthropist; he might have given five, six, or even the magic eight. Deadweight to the nation he might have been a peer of the realm; he might have made or ended wars by offering or refusing loans by which war alone is possible.

"But he did none of these things. He just went about, a shabby old man, never taking a cab, when he had strength to walk, unknown to those who rubbed shoulders with him, unapproached even by the professional beggars who knew nothing of his wealth, and sitting nearly all his life in his city offices, now at Basildon House, E. C., watching his money grow, and like a spider weaving a golden cobweb about him, in which at last he died.

"He bought pictures, for instance, and had several Van Dykes, and a magnificent Rembrandt, and one of the greatest pictures of Jan Steen. He was also a great reader in French as well as English literature.

"But he lived a lonely life, chiefly in the City, always busy with his loans and securities and investments and today, on the day of his funeral, the only interest the world has in the death of a man so little known to fame, was to discover how he had dispersed his wealth."

"UNCLE DANIEL, do you think when I grow up I will be as big a fool as you are?" "Why, Johnny," said his mother, "how you talk! Well, you said today you hoped I would't."

Large advertisement for Gendron cars, featuring an illustration of a car and text explaining why the user always drives a Gendron.

SPLENDID BANQUET TENDERED DR. INCH

FREDERICTON, N. B., July 2.—At the Queen Hotel this evening, retiring Superintendent of Education Dr. Inch was banqueted. Lieut. Gov. Tweedie presided and had seated on his right