

VETERAN PRACTICAL JOKER

Whose Work Is Known the World Over, Turns Merchant.

He Keeps a Modest Little Store on First Avenue and Never Refers to His Inventions.

(From Thursday's Daily.)

In a modest first avenue store, well towards the South End, sits the author of more mirth-provoking contrivances than perhaps can be attributed to any other one man on earth. There have been more laughs, more ruptured friendships and more fights over his inventions than those of any other one man in the world ever contrived to put into use and make money out of.

His name is a queer one too—Hiney Ka Buglar—and he hails or did hail, in 1897, from Chicago, but when he heard the story of the gold finds of the Klondike the music of the siren voice caught his ear and refused to lose its hold upon his desires, till Hiney, like many others, mentally sang "I'll leave my happy home for you," packed his trunk and Chicago knew him no more, for he had departed out of the land and wandered in the wilderness. The peculiar line taken by his inventive genius soon made his contrivances known throughout the United States, where the practical joke is appreciated and much indulged in, and even in Dawson only a few weeks since one of the children of his brain was placed upon the stage of one of the ideal playhouses where it made much fun for a week. That he is not personally known as well as his inventions must be set down to his modesty.

In this age of rapid progress it must needs be something out of the common which secures to itself the earmark of public approval in any marked degree, and Hiney's inventive genius certainly took an uncommon direction, inasmuch as he only contrived tools for the practical joker, technically known as fake saloon furniture.

The thing that was seen on the Savoy stage not long since of this nature, was a set of stairs, made in such a manner that by touching a spring they instantly became a perfectly smooth and slippery incline. Now, when this occurred it will be easy to see what happened to the luckless party who chanced to be upon the stairs at the time.

The general method of operating these is this, a party of friends having in tow the one to be dealt with by practical methods, drop into the saloon where the stairs are, and an excuse is made to get him up to a room above, and then things are so managed that he will have to come down alone. When he is upon the stairs the spring is touched and the victim slides smoothly and somewhat surprised into the middle of the bar-room floor, where, when he gets up he does one of two things. He either picks out some one to whip, or laughs with the rest and sets up the drinks.

Another scheme of this sort is the peep hole and the hidden tank, which is even more severe in its results than the other. A tank is sunk in the floor, and filled with water. A light, fake portion of the partition is inserted just where the tank comes, between it and the bar-room, and where the candidate is to stand, and in the partition at such a height that the average man will have to stand on his tip toes and put some slight pressure against the wall with his hands in order to look through it, is a small round hole. Above it in attractive letters is a warning to patrons of the house not to look through it.

The victim heeds not the warning, but looks and is lost. When he places his hands against the wall, raises upon his toes and looks through the hole, the light section of wall flashes aside and, thrown thus suddenly off his balance, he flings headlong into the tank of water.

In countries where it is customary for cheese, crackers and such lunch stuff to be placed upon the bar for the benefit of customers, there is sometimes to be seen a cheese under a nice fly cover. It is always well to be a little cautious about this cheese as Hiney once had an idea concerning it and since then men have sometimes discovered, too late, that the rich looking cheese they cut off and put in their mouths was not cheese but soap.

There are fake chairs made to collapse when sat upon, leaving the sitters in all sorts of undignified positions, and pretty much every kind and description of bar-room furniture made has been worked upon by this practical

joker, who has gone out of the business and is now a merchant.

French-Canadian Lore.

Less than 30 minutes below Quebec, on the bank of the St. Lawrence, is the American Lourdes. Famous as the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, and often it has been described, comparatively few people in the United States know much about it. Since my first visit there, four years ago, I have found that most of those to whom I described the place in conversation had the vaguest notions about it. Yet thousands of American pilgrims and tens of thousands of American tourists visit it every year. On the side of the one time wooden chapel has grown a magnificent edifice of stone, built by the contributions of the pilgrims, and around it cluster a dozen hotels for the accommodation of those whose pilgrimage is prolonged.

There has been a railroad to Beaupre for 11 years. This year a trolley line uses the same rails, and the accommodations for travel are somewhat improved. The railroad line has been blessed by the cardinal. This may not account for its prosperity, but it seems to be one of the best paying lines in America. Throughout the summer its trains are crowded, and the fare it exacts makes the pilgrimage a luxury to those to whom it is not a necessity.

An eminent authority vouches for the work of St. Anne at her favorite shrine at Beaupre. Bishop Laval is quoted as endorsing an account of the early miracles in 1680, saying: "We have made of these facts so careful an examination that they may be made known to the whole world." And the founder of the Ursuline order in Quebec wrote in 1665 of St. Anne's church as one "in which our Lord vouchsafes to work great prodigies at the intercession of the holy mother of the Blessed Virgin. There may be seen the paralytic made to walk, the blind receiving their sight, and the sick, no matter what their malady may be, regaining their health."

To the more recent miracles those in immediate charge of the church give testimony. Mute witnesses are the heaps of crutches said to have been left by the lame, who have walked away from the church without their aid after interceding with St. Anne to be restored to health. These crutches are arranged in two racks, one on each side of the main entrance to the church. They form tall pyramids, on which are hung braces and frames for deformed feet, elastic bandages and other evidences of the work of Divine intervention or of the work of lively imaginations on the human system.

There is another heap of crutches on the shrine—testimony of more recent date. With them are bottles of medicine, which sufferers have left here, as no longer needed after the intervention of the saint in their behalf.

It is a pathetic sight, this shrine, with the little groups of supplicants kneeling before it. The chief attraction for them is a relic of the saint which reposes in a small glass and metal box. This is described as "a notable fragment of a finger bone of St. Anne." It has been here since 1670, and in that time, no doubt, has received the veneration of a million men and women. They kneel before it, praying, a few at a time, and then kiss the glass front of the box in which the bone reposes. Some wipe the glass before kissing it, but most of them omit this sanitary precaution. When they have kissed the glass they drop a coin into a contribution box, which is a part of the shrine. These are the coins which have built the great Church of St. Anne.

Notable is the absence of open effort to make capital of the reputation of Beaupre. The great exception is a huge cyclorama of the Crucifixion, which stands between the wharf and the railroad track, and invites you with the announcement that admission is free to those who buy 25 cents' worth of souvenirs at a bazaar in the village. Very crude and commonplace are most of the souvenirs, and the woman who sells them shakes her head in despair when you address her in English. French is a quick road to her understanding, though the Canadian patois is very far removed from pure French and possesses many words in common use which could not be found in a French dictionary.

The bazaar is one-half of a long series of buildings on the single narrow street used almost without exception as hotels. One or two claim to be "American hotels," probably basing that claim on the fact that the proprietor speaks broken English. All are bare wooden structures, looking as though they offered few comforts. Here and there are shops, and one drug store supplies prescriptions, as well as patent nostrums, to those whose prayers have not been answered. Quite as interesting and even more pathetic

than the cures wrought by the good St. Anne are the tales of suffering and privation endured by those who have come here in hope and gone away in wretchedness and despair. To the afflicted among the French Canadian peasants, whose faith is strong, no sacrifice of comfort is too great if it makes possible a visit to the shrine. Families deny themselves food and necessary clothing that one among them may make the pilgrimage. Often he returns no better than when he started. All of this pilgrimage money and the money spent by the tourists goes to make prosperous the little town and the big church. Each year the place is made more attractive to the eye.

A beautiful garden lies in front of the church. A broad walk leads from the railroad platform to the church door. There is constant movement here, people entering at all hours. Most of the tourists make a quick circuit of the interior, perhaps stopping for a few minutes to pray. Those who have made the pilgrimage usually kneel before the shrine for a few minutes, kiss the relic and retire to one of the long seats to continue their prayers. Sometimes invalids are brought in wheeled chairs, in which they sit before the shrine, prayer book in hand. Others are supported on the arms of their friends. The lame come on crutches, the sick with their bottles of medicine in their hands. On the day I last visited the church a medicine bottle, apparently just contributed, lay on the steps of the shrine.

Tradition has it that St. Anne's church was founded by some sailors, who, being in great peril, vowed that if they were saved they would build a shrine to their patron saint at the spot where they landed. They came ashore at Petit Cap, and there they built a little chapel in fulfillment of their vow. Nothing remains of this chapel (if it ever existed), but the old wooden church, which was one of the first ten churches in this part of the world, has been preserved and stands not far from the great church, an object of interest to visitors. Another attraction is the Way of the Cross, on the hillside opposite the church, the stations being marked by small crosses and a large crucifix standing at the head of the steep hill.

The shrine at Beaupre has more than a local reputation. It is not infrequently visited by pilgrims from abroad, and eminent Catholics have presented to it some notable gifts. Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XIV., presented to the church a splendid chasuble embroidered by her own hands, which is brought forth for the use of high dignitaries of the church when they visit Beaupre. D'Iberville gave to the church in 1706 a crucifix of solid silver. A reliquary of silver is the gift of M. de Laval.

The piece of St. Anne's finger bone is not the only relic at Beaupre. There is a fragment of her wrist, which was sent to Beaupre in 1892 by Pope Leo XIII., which has been exposed in New York and attracted great crowds to St. Anne's church in that city. Then there is what is described as "a precious fragment of rock extracted from the room of St. Anne in Jerusalem." The pilgrims also attribute miraculous efficacy to the water of the fountain which plays in front of the church.

As the numbers of visitors to Quebec increases year by year the pilgrimage to Beaupre grows in popularity and the prosperity of the little community increases. It still maintains all but its architectural simplicity and is worth a visit as one of the few remaining quaint and original features of French-Canadian life.—N. H. Herald.

Regarding Bresci.

Albert Guidelly, formerly an anarchist and an associate of Bresci, who assassinated King Humbert of Italy, has announced since his conversion in a Newark prison that he will devote his life and possessions to saving his fellow men. He publicly declared on Friday night that he would sell his property and give the money to the Newark Rescue Home.

"The light that came to me in a prison cell has changed all. My soul buried in hate has been resurrected. I am convinced of my past error. The world, in which I could see nothing good before is now different to me.

My purpose in life shall be to do good to my fellows instead of evil." Guidelly spoke thus in an address on Friday night at the Rescue Home, No. 15 Spring street, Newark. He then told of his intention to sell his house and grounds at Glen Ridge, N. J., pay all his debts and give the rest of the money and his services to the home.

"I want nothing about me to remind me of my former life," he said. "Besides, I must think of the safety of my family. The anarchists have threatened to kill me. I have been in their councils and know what these threats mean. They stop at nothing. Their

methods are so dark they have little fear of detection. The lot is cast; the deed is done."

Guidelly's home is in Bay avenue, the outskirts of Glen Ridge. He fears that in his absence the anarchists, who had frequently met under his roof, will visit the place. The property is worth about \$4000.

Guidelly before his conversion spent his time preparing incendiary articles and rehearsing rabid speeches. He frequently brought a dozen companions home with him, and while they were locked in an upstairs room Mrs. Guidelly and the children were working for the neighbors. Suggestions from his wife that he find work brought torrents of abuse against corporations and men who employed labor. "Workingmen are having their lives ground out by relentless capitalists and the wealthy," Guidelly would declare. "My mission is too important to be interfered with by such a trifling matter. We must have a new order of things. Then you and I will be as well off as the man who is now a millionaire. You and the children must meanwhile get along the best way you can."

Guidelly's children were never permitted to go to Sunday school. The mention of religion put him in a passion. He declared there was neither God nor a hereafter. There were busts of Voltaire, Rousseau, Hobbs and other infidels in the house. When the children asked who God was Guidelly would point to these busts and say God was a myth, and these great men had proved he never existed. The father on his return home from prison shattered these busts. He gathered his anarchistic papers and books and for half a day fed them to the kitchen stove.

Mrs. Guidelly was radiant yesterday while telling of the changes that had suddenly occurred in their household. "This has been the happiest week in my life," she said. "For 13 years Mr. Guidelly has been my husband, but he would never agree to get married. 'What's the use?' he'd say, when I asked him to have a ceremony. 'It's all a farce.' The first thing he did after being converted was to ask me to marry him. We drove to the Rescue Home last Wednesday night with two of the children.

"I cannot tell you how happy I was when we stood before Dr. Osborne, rector of Trinity Episcopal church, of Newark, and he made us man and wife. The two older children were then baptized. The other will be baptized at the mission next Sunday night, when my husband is going to preach. Everything is different now. My husband is kind to the children, and has treated me as he never did before."

Mrs. Guidelly had frequently been compelled by her husband to send some of her belongings to fairs at Paterson, to be sold for the benefit of the anarchist circle to which he belonged. Money raised at these fairs helped to pay the expenses of Bresci when he went to Italy to kill King Humbert; but Guidelly says he was not at the meeting when lots were cast to select the assassin.

Georg A. Simmons, the founder of the mission, who converted Guidelly, is not inclined to accept the offer of his property. He believes that Guidelly, in the interest of his wife and four children, should keep the place.

"I am convinced the man is sincere," said Mr. Simmons. "The charge against him when he was put in prison was trifling. The fact that he professed Christianity did not hasten his release. I have come in contact with thousands of unfortunate men in my work, and I have never felt more certain that I have gained a convert. His fears of the anarchists are well grounded. We shall do our best to protect him and his family."

POLICE COURT NEWS.

Magistrate McDonnell held a short session of his court this morning, but will have more business on hand this afternoon.

John Warner, charged with vagrancy and now in jail, will be up this afternoon when a number of citizens will testify that he is a regular bum and loafer.

Some time ago a gray mare was taken from the stable of Andrew Lasen on Gold Run. Later the animal was found in the possession of A. F. Brant on Hunker, who claimed to have purchased it for \$50, showing an unwitnessed bill of sale for that amount. Constable Purvis took possession of the mare and brought her to the government stable here. Brant is now an inmate of the Good Samaritan hospital and unable to appear in court. Lasen was given possession of the nag this morning, witnesses stating that they knew him to be the lawful owner. When able to appear in court Brant will be asked to explain his possession of the mare.

Mrs. Edith Butler who resides on Third avenue near the town police station, had a search warrant issued this morning for the person and property of a young man whose name she does not know, but whom she has reason to believe stole money and diamonds from her to the value of about \$300.

THE EVENTFUL HISTORY

Of Mrs. Harper Recalled by Commissioner Ogilvie

Who Tells of Her First Husband, Who Was an American Army Officer.

Mrs. Harper, who died recently in San Francisco, was a woman whose memoirs, could they have been preserved, would have made a book intensely interesting, as her life was spent in the newest, wildest and, therefore, most interesting part of the known world—Alaska and the Yukon territory.

She was of two races, Russian and Indian, and received the advantages of a good education. She was known among her people when a girl as Irene, and at an early age married Lieutenant Conlan of the United States army, then in Alaska in the interests of the Western Union Telegraph Co.

This was away back in the sixties; the U. S. government was looking for a cable route to Europe, and before the laying of the great submarine cable had demonstrated the feasibility of that scheme, which is now in turn about to be superseded by the Marconi system.

By the marriage with Conlan a daughter was born, who is now the wife of Frank G. H. Bonker, manager of the Pacific coast branches of the British-American Corporation.

When word came to Alaska of the successful laying of the second Atlantic cable, of course the former plans of the government concerning the laying of a cable through this country were abandoned, and the explorers recalled, and whether this led to a divorce between Mrs. Conlan and the Lieutenant, or whether the latter died, Mr. Ogilvie, who kindly furnishes the other information, does not recall. But at all events, we find the subject of this sketch some time later the wife of Arthur Harper, who afterwards associated himself with Joseph Ladue in the Dawson townsite, upon a part of which the city stands, and which is still known as the Harper-Ladue townsite.

Arthur Harper died at Yuma, Arizona, some seven or eight years since, at which time Mrs. Harper was with him administering to his wants till the last. No children resulted from her marriage with Harper, and at his death she returned to her native land, where two years since she was again married.

The disease which finally resulted in her death was of an hereditary source, her mother, who was a personage of considerable importance on the lower river, having died of the same complaint.

Dentists as Detectives.

According to Dr. Hans Gross, of Czernowitz, dentists are likely in the future to prove of great service toward the identification and discovery of criminals. He dwells on this subject at length in the second volume of his work, "Archives of Criminal Anthropology," which has just been published, and draws special attention to the fact that on the occasion of the great fire at the Charity bazaar in Paris, on May 4, 1897, many of the victims were identified by means of their teeth. He also relates the following curious story:

"A banker was murdered in St. Petersburg some time ago and near him was found a cigar holder with an amber mouthpiece. The holder was so shaped that it could only be held in one position in the mouth, and a close examination showed that it had two marks, which must have been made by two teeth of unequal length. The banker had no such irregular teeth, but his nephew had, and their suspicions aroused by this simple but important discovery, the authorities soon learned enough to warrant them in arresting him on the charge of murder."

Dr. Gross tells another story of a man who attempted to commit murder and whom the police succeeded in arresting and identifying through the gold filling in his front teeth, a clear description of which had been given to them by the would be assassin's intended victim.

The evident conclusion is that most valuable information is to be obtained from dentists if detectives will only look for it.

Fresh Oysters.

Barrett & Hull received yesterday the first consignment of oysters to reach Dawson over the ice. As the market was almost exhausted they have met with ready sale. The oysters are of the finest quality.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.