JUST A SUGGESTION.

The Raglan Coat is all right—but not for the narrow-shouldered man. These military shoulders are the kind which are becoming to all figures. We have them in Ulsters, in Chesterfields, in Box Coats, in Covert Coats and in the regulation Overcoat.

Never before such a variety in style and prices.

There is no excuse this season for extravagance or shabbiness.

Oak Hall Clothiers,

115 to 121 King Street East and 116 Yonge St., Toronto.

MISHAPS ON XMAS DAY.

Several Accidents of a More or Less Serious Nature.

Frank Manning, a coachman, who lives at No. 15 Coatsworth-street, was about to step out of his cab yesterday evening, at the corner of Cherry and Front-streets, when the horse ran away. He was thrown to the pavement, the wheel striking him in the side. He sustained a fractured rib and numerous severe bruises. The injuries were attended to at the General Hospital.

Whitehead Broke His Arm.

While walking on Sherbourne-street last night, George Whitehead of 98 West Gerrard-street, fell and fractured his left arm. The fracture was reduced at the General Hospital.

Prendible Broke His Leg.

Morris Prendible, a lodger at 90 Jarvis-street, fell and broke his leg, near the corner of King and Sherbourne-streets, last night. He was removed to St. Michael's Hospital.

Walker's Skull Was Fractured.

James Walker, 81 Trinity-street, was knocked down by an express wagon on Monday, and received a fracture of the skull, causing concussion of the brain. Yesterday he was taken to the General Hospital, on the advice of his physician, Dr. John Noble.

Serious Fire at Stevensville.

Stevensville, Ont., Dec. 25.—The general store and dwelling combined, owned by Dr. Colver and occupied by C. C. Harris, merchant, was completely destroyed by fire tonight. Loss about $6000. Origin of fire, explosion of lamp.

The Army Fed 150,000 People.

A later report says: Of all the set Christmas feasts given to-day, that of the Salvation Army at Madison-square Garden was the largest. A bountiful Christmas dinner was served to about 4000 persons, men, women and children. After dinner the headquarters' brass band struck up "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and the great crowd joined in the hymn with vigor, and then Commander Booth-Tucker made an address, in which, among other things, he said: "To-day the Salvation Army has spread tables in the United States for 150,000 guests, and into 150,000 hearts we shall seek to send rays of Christmas gladness, tidings of new hope, harbingers of better days."

Helen Gould's Boys Fed.

Miss Helen Gould provided the dinners to the boys at the Woody Crest Sanitarium, which she maintains near Tarrytown. Besides the dinner, she distributed presents.

At the Princess.

Five thousand nine hundred and seventeen Torontonians saw "The Black Flag" at the Princess yesterday afternoon and evening, and if incessant applause, punctuated by the ever-familiar shriek of the urchin who has to "holler," to give vent to his enthusiasm, may be regarded as a criterion, the Valentine Company have offered nothing since the opening of the season that has given such genuine satisfaction. "The Black Flag" is a great old melodrama, and, as presented by the Valentines, playgoers are favored with a representation in which there is nothing lacking. This same bill will be given at matinees Thursday and Saturday. Friday afternoon, there will be a special matinee of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," with Anne Blancke in the title role, and the other parts played by the same people who were so successful in the recent production. For New Year's week, the Valentine Company announce "Ma'am'zelle," a comedy of surprises.

Fairweather's Sable Muffs and Sets

We're showing some after Christmas extra special values in Alaska Sable Sets and Muffs—maybe that a great number of people have deferred buying until after the holiday — when price chances in the fur line are most likely expected to be especially advantageous — to such folk we call special attention to our splendid stock of Alaska Sable Sets (scarf and muff) 18.00 and up.

2 Very Special Values in Alaska Sable Muffs—extra large size—made on genuine Eiderdown bed—were 15.00—for 12.00

Order by Mail.
J. W. T. FAIRWEATHER & CO., 84 Yonge.

KIDNAPPERS' PONY GIVES CLUE IN NOW NOTORIOUS CUDAHY CASE

Animal Answering Description of One Used Abandoned in Iowa Town—Police Chief Confident of Capture—D. Allie, the Man With Much Money, Disappears.

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 25.—E. A. Cudahy yesterday afternoon signed a statement giving the details of the kidnapping of his son the night of Dec. 18. He had promised the kidnappers not to talk until now. The statement is as follows:

"It has been called to my attention that despatches are being printed which throw doubt upon the kidnapping of my son. I regret exceedingly that there should be any conflicting reports or any misrepresentations with respect to the crime that would create any doubt or uncertainty. The facts briefly are these:

"On Tuesday night, Dec. 18, between 7 and 8 o'clock, our son was sent to a neighbor and was expected to immediately return. Failing to return, the police were notified. About 1 o'clock on Wednesday morning the coachman found a letter on the lawn fastened to a stick, and addressed to 'Mr. Cudahy.'

"This was a five-page letter with lead pencil printing and unsigned, stating that they had kidnapped my son and demanded $25,000 in gold coin for his return, and with specific instructions as to where the money should be placed.

"I procured $25,000 in gold coin and delivered the same at the point designated in the letter. I recognized that the leaving of the money was but a chance, at best, but a chance that under all the circumstances I was compelled to accept.

"About five hours after depositing the money my son was returned. While a captive he was informed that he was held for ransom in the sum of $25,000.

"These are the plain facts; any statements, rumors or assertions other than stated above being without any foundation in fact.

"(Signed), "E. A. Cudahy."

On Their Track.

Omaha, Dec. 25.—We have many conflicting clues, which handicap operations, but from the evidence at hand I am confident that the kidnappers of Eddie Cudahy will be apprehended.—J. J. Donahue, Chief of Police.

Pony Gives Clue.

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 25.—Further traces of the band who kidnapped "Eddie" Cudahy have been found. The pony ridden by them was left at Pacific Junction, Iowa. The lantern which guided Mr. Cudahy when he paid the $25,000 ransom is in the hands of the police.

Chief of Police Donahue has sent to Pacific Junction for a description of the man. The ferryman who took the pony and its rider across the river on his boat Thursday afternoon has given a good description.

Chief Donahue regards the find as important, as the description of the rider will confirm the opinion of the detective of a second robber. He said the man evidently took that means of leading the detectives a chase to the south or east in pursuit, but he is still of the opinion that the men are in or near Omaha.

If "Pat" Crowe was connected with the abduction it is almost certain that he did not wear a mustache at the time. He was seen in South Omaha three days before the kidnapping, and at that time was smooth shaven. He is, therefore, not the light complexioned man with a mustache who has figured in the case.

Mrs. Belle Pearl, wife of Fred E. Pearl, has known Crowe for more than fifteen years. She had a conversation with him a week ago Saturday in her cigar store, at No. 642 North Twenty-fourth-street. Crowe went into the store to buy a cigar.

Horse Left in Barn.

A despatch from Pacific Junction says: "There is now in the possession of Mrs. 'Bud' Mack, a widow, a bay horse with a white star in its forehead, left in her barn by a stranger who slept there Friday night.

"This stranger, a tall, light man, was seen coming from the barn Saturday morning. His actions attracted the attention of one of Mrs. Mack's neighbors, who decided to investigate.

"Mrs. Mack was told about the man, and went to the barn. She found a bay pony in the stall. The pony still had saddle and bridle on, and looked as tho it had been ridden hard. In the barn was a pair of trousers, which had been discarded by the stranger.

"A search was made for the man, but he had disappeared. It is thought he took a train. The pony suits the description of the horse used by the Omaha abductors."

The lantern was found seven and one-half miles west of Omaha, in Centre-street, in McArdle precinct, on the south side of the road. It was picked up Thursday morning, and still bore the black and white ribbons which were Mr. Cudahy's signal.

It was found by two sons of a farmer, Eggert Bock, who were on their way to school. Mr. Bock read an account of the case next morning, and the lantern was immediately placed in Constable Woesler's possession.

Horse Tied Near the Lantern.

Two trouser legs and an undershirt sleeve buried beneath the snow near the fence indicate that the bandits thus improvised a means of carrying off their plunder after dividing it.

The lantern is an old one, perhaps in use about ten years. When it was picked up, it was covered with dew, showing that it had laid where it was found for several hours. It was filled with oil, and the wick showed that it had recently been used.

Near where the lantern was found were several ears of corn, indicating that a horse had been fed there. Tracks were observable in the soft earth, showing that a horse had been tied near where the lantern was found.

Another man who is said to be suspected by the police in connection with the Cudahy case is Frank, alias "Reddy," Devine, but, as in the case of "Pat" Crowe, this suspicion is based entirely upon the fact that Devine's appearance is somewhat like the suspect in the case. Devine's description has been sent to the police of various cities in the country.

Number Four is Gone.

Fort Dodge, Ia., Dec. 25.—The man, D. Allie, who came here last Thursday night, and went to the hospital, to have supposed injuries received on a train, treated, departed last night, presumably for St. Paul. At the hospital it was discovered that he carried several thousand dollars in gold and bills.

The impression now is that he knows all about the Cudahy kidnapping case, and is the man with the black mustache, so fully described. Detectives from Omaha are here now, and highly wrought up to think that the man has been permitted to escape.

Said one of the officials: "We are looking for the man Allie. He is one of the men we are after, based on identification statements of Crowe and the description furnished by the local police."

"CREMATE, CREMATE!"

Were the Last Words Uttered by William Francis Sage, Playwright and Journalist.

New York, Dec. 25.—William Francis Sage, playwright and journalist, died at his home, No. 231 East 110th-street, early yesterday, from a sudden paralytic stroke. The body of his sister, Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, who died in Rome 12 days ago, is expected to arrive to-morrow. Since receiving the news of his sister's death, Mr. Sage has been despondent.

Mr. Sage rose at his usual hour yesterday, and, after breakfast, in preparing to start down town, stooped over to put on his rubbers. He suddenly became violently ill. He was standing in the hallway of his apartment. He clutched the door and cried to his wife. She hurried from the front rooms. Mr. Sage's pain had become so intense that he ran screaming into the parlor, where he sank down into a chair, crying out, "Cremate! Cremate!"

Those were his last words. He died almost instantly. Physicians were summoned, but could do nothing. The body will be cremated at Fresh Pond. No arrangements have been made for the funeral.

William Francis Sage was born in Manchester, N. H., 51 years ago. After his education, he was for a time in the stationery business with his father in Boston. Twelve years ago he came to this city. Since that time he had been engaged here and elsewhere in writing plays, composing operas and as a dramatic critic. His great ambition, his widow says, was to become a successful playwright, but only one of his many plays, "Destiny" was ever produced. She added that recently he had been despondent over his failure to produce a play that would be accepted—and live, and over his sister's death in Rome.

Mr. Sage, at the time of his death, was employed by The Evangelist Publishing Company of No. 156 Fifth-avenue.

Xmas Dinner at Boys' Home.

About 100 boys enjoyed a Christmas dinner yesterday at the Boys' Home, Georgestreet. The tables were prettily decorated with palms and holly, and presented a handsome appearance. At the dinner table, choruses and Christmas carols were rendered by the boys, under the direction of Mr. S. B. Bruce. A number of former inmates of the Home, from outside places, were also present. A large case of holly was contributed to the Home by the Steele-Briggs Co.

The Unspeakable Turk.

A Turk thinks it the most natural thing in the world to lose a province, and, having lost it, to quit, and live elsewhere. He talks quite complacently of leaving Constantinople some day; he will go over to Asia and found another capital. He originates nothing; he takes what he finds, without assimilating it, and remains profoundly Turkish. He leaves no trace of his occupation except ruins. Practically, there is nothing at Belgrade, Sofia and Athens to show that for centuries they were Turkish cities.

All occupations, except agriculture and military service, are distasteful to him. Yet there are two other characteristics even more important than these. The first is his sense of discipline. It is this which keeps together the apparently tottering fabric of the Turkish Empire. It makes the, half-fed, half-clothed soldier ready to endure every privation, and prevents the corruption and incapacity of the officers from producing the anarchy, which would be inevitable in any other country. Sedition is unknown; even complaints are rare, and, were a holy war to be proclaimed, there is not a man who would not be prepared to die in defence of the system of extortion which grinds him down.

His second characteristic is his laziness, in spite of the laborious industry of the Turkish peasant. The fact is that the Turk is too proud to do many things too stupid to do others. His religion inculcates a fatalism which tends to a conviction that effort is useless.—London Telegraph.

Minor Matters.

Ward's restaurant, 6 York-street, open day and night; beds 10c, 15c and 25c. 36

BOY ATTACKED HIS FATHER.

Fifteen-Year-Old Lad Spoiled the Xmas Festivities.

The Christmas festivities at the home of Albert Lendon on Woolsley-street were marred by an unfortunate quarrel, which occurred late last night between father and son, and which resulted in the former receiving several gashes about the head. The quarrel ensued when Mr. Lendon reproved his 15-year-old son William for some unbecoming conduct and one word led to another until the boy, the police assert, picked up a bread knife from the kitchen table and used it on his father. Mr. Lendon then called in a policeman and had his son taken into custody on a charge of wounding. The father's wounds were dressed by Dr. Riordan.

CAPITAL IN STEEL TRUST

The Old Pennsylvania Steel Company Will Be Run by a New Organization

WITH FIFTY MILLIONS BEHIND IT.

All Business of a Modern Iron and Steel Plant Will Be Done.

Philadelphia, Dec. 25.—It is understood that the long-pending negotiations for the reorganization of the Pennsylvania Steel Company have been concluded.

According to good authority, there will be a new company formed, with a capital of $50,000,000, to take over the old property and conduct its business in the future. The charter, which was issued by the State of New Jersey, is said to be very liberal, and will afford an opportunity to take up all the lines of business in which it is necessary for a modern iron and steel plant to engage.

The capital stock of $50,000,000 will consist of $25,000,000 common and $25,000,000 preferred stock, for which the present holders of Pennsylvania Steel shares will have an opportunity to subscribe, on a basis which, it is expected, will yield a profit.

There will be a large amount of this stock retained in the treasury of the company for the various purposes. The stock will be fully paid up, and will not be assessable.

WHY CANADIANS GOT HERE LATE

Continued from Page 1.

them. The Canadians by lifting their rifles with one hand over the top of the trenches took chance shots at the Boers. Half an hour later the Boers sent up the white flag.

A Weird Moment.

Immediately from the Boer stronghold, where a moment before not a man was seen, there rose up 4000 men, women and children, singing in the dim dawn the weird hymn of the Transvaal. Cronje had surrendered.

Col. Otter, in speaking of the Paardeberg engagement, declared that it was nip and tuck, and when the happy surrender was obtained he was the proudest man in South Africa.

Between Two Fires.

Speaking of his position as head of Canadian contingent in South Africa, Col. Otter often referred during the voyage of the Lake Champlain to his peculiar position. It was found that it was next to impossible to apply the discipline of the Imperial army to the colonial corps. The military discipline in vogue in the colonies is a discipline modified so as to apply to men who are more than machines, and who have been accustomed to great freedom in the direction of their duties. Otter regulars goes on the principle that Tommy Atkins, who gets 20 cents a day, is a mere machine, whose likes and dislikes do not enter into the calculation. Col. Otter's position—to summarize the impression he conveyed to the passengers on the Lake Champlain—was hence a trying one. He was directly responsible to Lord Roberts, who believed in the Imperial army discipline, and who desired Col. Otter to put his men under it. In a word, Col. Otter was between the devil and the deep sea. If he allowed colonial military discipline to survive, he laid himself open to censure from Lord Roberts. If he enforced Imperial military discipline, he hardened the hearts of the Canadians, and introduced an innovation, irksome because unaccustomed. Col. Otter chose a middle course, but even then, if reports are true, he did not satisfy everyone. The following is a sample of the discontent:

For American Readers.

The Montreal correspondent of The Buffalo Courier wired on Dec. 24, anent the arrival of the contingent at his city, the following:

To show how thoroly tired the was of military life, one Western man threw his helmet violently against the brick wall of the station and exclaimed:

Thank God, I'll never wear that again. Some one gave him a civilian hat and he carried his discarded helmet in his hand during the remainder of his stay here.

Col. Otter seems not to have been very popular with his men during actual service in South Africa, despite statements made at Halifax that only the most friendly feeling existed between him and them. I spoke with several of the soldiers to-night and they were unanimous in declaring that he was unnecessarily severe and made much out of the most trivial breach of discipline.

Largest Crime List.

He had the largest crime list of any officer commanding in South Africa, said one of the men. He would court-martial us if we appropriated a chicken and we were half-starved most of the time. I do not care to talk just now, however. Later I may have something to say on the matter.

All agreed that the British troops have a hard campaign ahead of them and say that peace thruout the two late republics is a long way off.

They were told that another Canadian contingent had been asked for and to this they replied: All who wish to go may; we have had enough of it.

The Colonel Yet to Speak.

The World endeavored to find Col. Otter last night and obtain his opinion of the above despatch, but the Colonel was fagged out and had retired early. But his hands must have been full in South Africa, and his bed was not always a bed of roses.

Stories of the Weldt.

The Lake Champlain brings the story of how a party of Strathcona's Horse, when at Pretoria tried to get a drink in a hotel after hours. The keeper refused to open up. The door was battered in and the fighters from the West had target practice shooting off the necks of the bottles behind the bar.

The clash between colonial discipline and military discipline became so glaring that Strathcona's Horse had to be quartered two miles out of town.

At about this time too that the British officer who, meeting a Strathcona's Horseman on the street and not being saluted, brought him to task. The horseman assessed the officer and paraded him thru the town.

Then again the Australian troopers found the Imperial discipline irksome. They objected to carrying their horses. They declared they were in South Africa to fight, not to clean horses.

Impression Conveyed.

Altogether, the impression is conveyed that the introduction of the colonial element into the Imperial service did not cause the course of war to run more smoothly.

Speaking of the future of Canada's militia, Col. Otter said that the forces would have to be increased, and that likely the Halifax garrison would hereafter be wholly recruited in Canada and commanded by Canadians.

CROSS COUNTRY RIDER KILLED.

Henry L. Wilbur of Philadelphia Thrown From His Horse.

Philadelphia, Dec. 25.—While riding cross-country to join the Chester Valley Hunt to-day, Henry L. Wilbur, aged 42 years, son of H. O. Wilbur, the well-known cocoa and chocolate manufacturer of this city, was thrown from his horse and killed, on the farm of A. J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, near Valley Forge.

WILL FIGHT IT OVER AGAIN.

Mr. Oliver, Mayor of Lethbridge, Gives His Opponent Another Show.

Lethbridge, Alberta, Dec. 25.—William Oliver, who was elected recently as Mayor of the town by the casting vote of the returning officer, resigned his seat, and yesterday he and his late opponent, John Kenny, were re-nominated. The contest again promises to be a close one, and will take place Monday next.

Mr. John Yarde, who, for the past 14 years, has been an employe of the Wheeler & Wilson Co., was presented on Monday night with a handsome gold watch by the firm.

HENRY A. TAYLOR,
DRAPER.
I wish my patrons the compliments of the season.
THE ROSSIN BLOCK.

WANTED TO SEE THE QUEEN

An Insane Woman From the United States Was Found Wandering About Osborne.

CLAIMED TO BE OF ROYAL BLOOD.

Was Sent to a Workhouse and the American Embassy Asked to Look Into Her Case.

London, Dec. 25.—An American woman was found wandering aimlessly about the grounds at Osborne yesterday. She was handsome, about 30 years old, neatly but not expensively dressed.

"Where is the Queen? I want to see the Queen. I am Princess Beatrice," she said to the attendants. She was so insistent about it that it was thought best to arrest her. A brief examination made plain the fact that she was insane, and she was sent to St. Croix's workhouse until Thursday, when her case will come up again. Meanwhile the American Embassy has been asked to investigate her case.

A letter was found in her pocket. It was addressed to Elizabeth Alma Blake, No. 338 West Fortieth-street, Borough of Manhattan.

"Yes, I was in New York," said the woman, "but I knew it was no place for a real Princess, so I came to London, where I belong. Why do you not let me see the Queen mother? This is unkind of you."

Known in New York.

New York, Dec. 25.—Elizabeth Alma Blake, who is known in this city, is believed to be a victim of the Galveston hurricane. She came in September, soon after the great storm which destroyed the greater part of that city, and killed 10,000 human beings. Her mind was wandering then. She imagined she was akin to the royal family of England, and to the Vanderbilts and Gaulds and other wealthy families in this country.

According to her story, she was imprisoned in a house in Galveston, and saw it gradually undermined by the sweep of water, debris-laden, against the lower storeys. Just as the house was about to go to pieces she threw herself into the flood from an attic window. Three young men followed her, and swam with her across the street, twice they were nearly overcome, but they all got across in safety and took refuge in a building which survived the storm. She was taken to Houston, more dead than alive, and was spared back to physical but not mental health.

A ticket to St. Louis was bought for her and she arrived in that city with a small amount of money. She bought a ticket for New York, and reached here almost penniless. She hired a room from Mrs. Sarah Cassidy on the top floor of No. 339 West Fortieth-street, and did some work as a seamstress. She told Mrs. Cassidy she owned a lot of property in Galveston, but that the deeds to it had been swept away in the flood. She also told her stories of her royal birth, which satisfied Mrs. Cassidy that her mind was deranged.

In the latter part of November she was run over by a truck and several of her ribs were broken. She started suit against the truckman, who compromised by paying her $100. With this money she secured passage to London, and sailed on Dec. 12. "She was very good-looking," said Mrs. Cassidy, "and her manners and conversation were those of a highly-educated woman, and one who was brought up to a life of luxury and ease. It may be that she lost friends as well as money in that great flood."

While she was in New York Mrs., or Miss, Blake came to The Journal office and asked for help in finding her mother.

"I am a Princess," she said. "My mother will know me. I am called the Blind Princess. I was taken from England when a child, and my father would never tell me who I was. But recently I remembered everything, and I knew I was of royal blood."

She was pacified with a kindly promise to search for her royal mother, and went away content.

BOERS RETIRED AS USUAL.

Kitchener Announces That Britstown Has Been Reoccupied by the British.

London, Dec. 25.—Lord Kitchener, telegraphing to the War Office, under date of Naauwpoort, Dec. 24, 9 a.m., reports:

"Thornycroft's Mounted Infantry have occupied Britstown without opposition. The Boers retired to the north in the direction of Prieska."

The Trusts and Guarantee Company, Limited

14 KING STREET WEST.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a half-yearly dividend for the six months ending Dec. 31st next, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, has this day been declared upon the capital stock of the Company, and that the same will be payable at the offices of the Company on and after January 2nd, 1901.

The transfer books will be closed from the 20th to the 31st of December, both days inclusive. By order,

T. P. COFFEE, Manager.

Toronto, Dec. 19th, 1900. 136

ARIZONA'S BOLD BAD MAN

The Fate of Her Worst Citizen Plunges the State in Doubt.

IS BURT ALVORD DEAD OR ALIVE?

Sketch of One of the Queerest Characters the United States Has Grown.

Phoenix, Ariz., Dec. 25.—Thruout Arizona to-day the question of the hour is whether Burt Alvord is dead or alive. Of all the desperadoes of the territory Burt was the most dashing, riotous and gay. He may be dead, but the people of Tombstone, Cochise, St. John's, Fairbanks and dozens of other towns who knew him only too well will not believe he has "cashed in" unless better evidence than now obtainable is forthcoming. It would ease the minds of many sheriffs and many express messengers to know that Alvord is dead, but Bill Stiles, whose surrender to the authorities led to the report that Burt was dead, will tell nothing about the fate of the bandit chief.

Alvord was one of the queerest characters in Arizona. At one time he was marshal of Wilcox, and to this day the citizens say no better officer ever lived than Burt Alvord. The territory was wilder then than it is now, and the desert and the hill country were infested with bandits. Alvord never knew such a sensation as fear. He went after the most desperate of men, hunted them untiringly and never failed to bring his quarry back. He was the admiration of the whole southwest, and was in a fair way to gain nation-wide fame as the most dashing of all the marshals in the land of lawlessness.

Turned Bandit.

Suddenly he soured on civilization. He became morose and announced he was going into the desert to live. What brought the change in his life nobody knows. There was a report of a woman he loved, but who loved another. Other stories were that lack of appreciation of his work by the people and impatience on his part because he could not earn as much money as he needed to live the lively life he desired made him first sulky and then desperate. Whatever the reason, Burt Alvord rode out of Wilcox one bright day and the next his friends heard of him he was "rustling" cattle on the range. A "rustler" is a man who steals cattle and drives them to a distant market for sale. Alvord had joined a gang made up of Bravo Juan, Bill Stiles, Three-Fingered Jack, Will and Dewitt Owings, Bob Brown and others. Some of these men masquerraded as good citizens. Stiles was Wells Fargo & Co.'s agent at Wilcox, and the Owings brothers were highly respected at Pearce. Later on it was discovered that the occasional trips these good citizens took were for the purpose of joining Alvord and the gang in some cattle raid.

When Alvord joined the gang Bravo Juan was leader, but Juan had neither the brains nor the daring of Alvord. It was only a short time until the former marshal was in command. Alvord kept the gang so busy rustling cattle that the cattlemen rose in a body and hunted the rustlers down in search of him. They struck the rustlers' trail at last, and in a long running fight, which was practically a siege for Alvord, two of the pursuing party—Frank Gibson of St. Johns and John T. Lesener, son of the treasurer of Apache County—were killed and two of the band of rustlers wounded.

Alvord escaped with his wounded men to a mountain fastness, and then, while the cattlemen were looking for him, he made another great raid, he startled the officers by swooping down upon the town of Cochise, on the Southern Pacific, holding up a train, blowing up the express car and the safe, and getting as loot a great quantity of gold and silver. So large was the haul made by the robbers that they could not carry all the coin away. For several miles out from the town their trail was marked by silver that fell from their pockets and saddle bags as they rode away.

Laughed at Pursuit.

The robbery caused a sensation. Sheriff Wakefield got out bloodhounds and formed a large company to pursue the bandits, while United States Deputy Marshal Thomas Grindell organized another posse. But the outlaws, after dividing their plunder, left their mountain fastness, holding up towns, and while the officers were hunting for them they were enjoying life in their own peculiar way in the places from which men had volunteered for their apprehension.

This so elated Alvord that he went to the very extreme of recklessness. He gathered his gang together and "shot" the various towns and plundered right and left, just for the fun of the thing. To tantalize the sheriffs and marshals he wrote gay letters to them, which, by some mysterious means, he had placed on their doorsteps or delivered in their houses, or nailed to their doorposts when he was many miles away. Letter writing was a fad with him, and he kept the peace officers in a ferment to solve the riddle of his movements.

The first serious check Alvord got was, when, gold running low, he planned to rob a Southern Pacific train at Fairbanks. Previous to that suspicion had fallen on Stiles as being concerned with Alvord in the Cochise robbery. Stiles, while spending at Casa Grande, exhibited $5000 in gold. No direct evidence could be secured against him, and he was not arrested.

Jail Couldn't Hold Him.

In the hold-up at Fairbanks Alvord's gang ran against J. D. Milton, a Wells-Fargo messenger, who proved himself a hero. When the train stopped Milton put his head out to see what was the matter. He saw the barrels of a half-dozen revolvers pointed at him. Without hesitation, he reached for his gun. The revolvers spoke, and Milton dropped, desperately wounded. As the robbers tried to clamber into the car Milton opened on them, and two of them, Three-Fingered Jack and another, were wounded.

Alvord had to call his men off and take to the desert. The trail of blood from Three-Fingered Jack's wound gave the officers an easy line to follow. Not far from Tombstone Sheriff Wakefield and posse came upon Three-Fingered Jack. With his dying breath he cursed Alvord, and told the sheriff of the location of the outlaw's stronghold and how it could be approached in safety.

Wakefield disposed his forces so skillfully and attacked so suddenly that the bandits were taken by surprise and surrendered without firing a shot. Alvord, Stiles and Bravo Juan were lodged in jail in Tombstone and carefully guarded. Then Stiles offered to turn State's evidence, and his offer was accepted. He made so good an impression upon the Wells-Fargo people that they appointed him a special detective. One day he went to the Tombstone jail and asked to see Alvord and Juan. Permission was granted. There was a sudden turning of keys, and out of the cells stepped Alvord and Juan, two pistols in hand. The two guards were overpowered, and then the three robbers jumped onto horses Stiles had in waiting. The desert swallowed them up, it seems, for, hunt high and hunt low, no trace of them could be found.

Sent Messages.

Soon Alvord was sending more gay messages to sheriffs and marshals, shooting-up towns and robbing right and left. Alvord seemed to be master of the desert. Sheriff Scarborough and James Freeman trailed Alvord to his lair, but Alvord was not to be surprised this time. Scarborough was shot at the first fire. Freeman got back to a town 15 miles away and organized a posse, but when he returned the outlaws had disappeared.

Occasionally after this Alvord and his gang swooped down upon towns and made raids, but the old spirit was lacking. The Owings brothers had been captured and sent to prison. So had Bob Brown. This reduced the gang to small proportions. A few months ago Stiles went to Tucson and surrendered. He has given no information, but the report became current that he had shot Alvord in a fight, and that Bravo Juan had fled to Mexico.

Stiles will tell nothing. While the report of Alvord's death has many believers, the knowledge of Stiles' trickery and Alvord's ability to hoodwink the officers makes the majority of the people look upon it as another of the clever ruses sprung to outwit his pursuers.

Some commercial men who were hunting in the Casa Grande reservation profess to have seen a skeleton which, from the clothing, they recognized as that of Alvord, but little credence is given to their statement.

If Alvord is alive he will soon be heard from. Many wagers depend upon his reappearance. Despite his wholesale depredations he has a host of admirers, and there will be rejoicing in not a few quarters if the desperado bobs up defiant and gay as of yore.

OVERCOME BY GOOD LUCK,

French Peasant, Who Drew a Prize of $100,000 at Paris Exposition, Fainted.

Before the closing of the Paris Exposition the last great lottery connected with this stupendous show was drawn for, the winner of which, a poor peasant, found himself the richer by half a million francs—that is, $100,000.

The drawing for this great prize was fixed for 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon. At 2 o'clock the great hall was densely packed with a mixed but anxious crowd. Dukes, duchesses, counts, countesses, officers, business men of all descriptions, workmen in their holiday attire, workmen in their working clothes—all went to make up a vivid and sensational picture.

One peasant told the writer that he had traveled 200 miles in order to be in Paris in time to see the "draw" for the great fortune and to make sure that all was fairly done.

At the tick of 2.30 o'clock the committee, composed of men of irreproachable character—men of the highest standing—filed in. The general secretary of the bank, M. Mathieu Lemuel, presided.

Before the "drawing" he explained to the people that the first would win 500,000 francs, the second and third 10,000 francs, the five following 1000 francs and 100 others 100 francs each.

The supreme moment has arrived. Two boys are each placed before a wheel, the one on the left giving the number, the one on the right giving the number. There are 325 series of 10,000 numbers each.

The silence is painful. The faces of the people in the hall are all anxious, and in many cases quite drawn.

The wheels are turned. The boys each take a number. The prize—the fortune—is decided.

No. 2530 of the sixteenth series has won, hail—a weird, unnatural cry—and the possessor of 500,000 francs.

"No. 2530, winner of the first prize!" is called out. A cry from the centre of the hall—a weird, unnatural cry—and the possessor of ticket No. 2530 falls back, staggers, and is carried away senseless. He is a poor peasant, who for years has never earned more than 30 francs a week. Now? * * *

It is interesting to learn that the winner of the great prize for 1898—a woman—has not yet been paid. This lady won the 500,000-franc prize, but had cut off a small portion of her ticket.

Now the law regulating these lotteries is that the ticket must be presented intact. Should it be mutilated in the slightest the winner is barred from receiving the prize until 30 years have elapsed.

THAT ASPHALT WAR THREAT.

Word Direct From Venezuela to the Effect That There is No Sign of War.

Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 25.—Patrick Sullivan arrived in this city at 10 o'clock tonight, direct from Caracas, Venezuela, where he had been as the representative of Charles M. Warner and Patrick R. Quinlan's asphalt interests. He brought with him the decree of the Venezuelan Government, establishing the Warner-Quinlan title to the Felicidad asphalt mine, which includes 175 acres of pure asphalt.

The title is established against the claim of the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company, which is known as the Asphalt Trust, and opens free competition. The trust supposed that it owned all the commercial asphalt of the world.

Mr. Sullivan says that there is no war in Venezuela, and no thought of war. A Constitutional Assembly is called for February, which will adopt a constitution, and elect a provisional President. The Castro Government, he says, is firmly established, and peace and prosperity are looked for in the country.

LADY OF THE BEDCHAMBER DEAD.

Intimate Friend of the Queen Passed Away During the Night Unexpectedly.

London, Dec. 25.—The dowager Lady Churchill, senior lady of the bedchamber, and an intimate friend of the Queen, was found dead in her bedroom at Osborne this morning. On retiring last night, she complained of cold, but as no alarming symptoms manifested themselves, her indisposition was not thought to be of a serious nature.

AMUSEMENTS.

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REMAINDER OF THE WEEK
THE GREAT KELLAR
Presenting All the Novelties of the Magic World.
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RESERVED SEATS ALWAYS 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c

PRINCESS VALENTINE'S COMPANY
This Week, Mats. Thursday and Saturday.
THE BLACK FLAG
Extra FAUNTLEROY MAT. Friday.
New Year's week, "Mamzelle."

SHEA'S THEATRE, week of Dec. 24. Evening prices, 25 and 50c. Matinees Daily, all seats 25c. Henry Lee, Eddie Girard & Co., Smedley Sketch Club, The Metroe Bros., Charles R. Sweet, Talbot & Davidson, The Skating Rexos, Clara Clark, Charles Coburn. Special Matinee Xmas Day.

Alpha Lodge A.F. & A.M., No. 384, G.R.C.
Members of the above lodge are requested to attend an Emergency Meeting in Masonic Hall, Queen-street and Dowling-avenue, on Wednesday, the 26th inst., at 1 p.m., for the purpose of attending the funeral of our late Bro. Thomas Couch, from Humphrey's undertaking parlors, 305 Yonge-street, at 2 p.m., to Mount Pleasant Cemetery. Members of sister lodges invited to attend. Masonic clothing.
ROBT. ROSS, W.M. E. J. VOSS, Sec.

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