

DETECTIVE NYE.

He Says He is Not a Success as a Sleuth Hound—Experiment in Natural History

Worth Trying—Making Japanese Lanterns Out of Tosses.

[Copyright, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.]
BUREAU, N. C., August.
Quite a number of people have written me recently regarding a green goods episode which was made public in July by a St. Louis paper, and which involved the name of Mr. P. A. Owenby, of this state. It seems that the following announcement caught Mr. Owenby's eye some time ago. It was printed in a well known paper and evidently in good faith. No paper could have printed such an advertisement otherwise, it seems to me:

"C. G. MONEY—\$100 for \$10, or \$50 for \$5. Pkgs. in \$100 and \$50 lots. Good agents wanted for rare goods. Parties a count."

Mr. Owenby wrote for some of the C. G. money with a pure heart, and hoping to relieve the distress of some man who needed \$10 so badly that he was willing to give \$100 for it. Knowing how close

money matters are at times on Wall street and what a high rate of interest parties on the Stock exchange are willing to pay for short loans on personal security, Mr. Owenby no doubt would have been perfectly justified in stepping in and relieving distress in that way. But the letter written by Mr. Owenby, of this state, was received by officers of the law, as I understand it, and Mr. Owenby's motives were impugned. He did not know this till one day in July, when he happened to be looking over his motives and saw something peculiar about them.

Soon after he read in the St. Louis papers that his letter had been printed, and that the public had been left to surmise that Mr. Owenby wished to take advantage of the financial depression and get an exorbitant rate of interest on his ten dollars.

Strangers have impugned Mr. Owenby's motives, and he does not know what to do for it. As a resident of this state I am glad to come forward with a simple explanation regarding the matter and insert here a letter he sent to The Chronicle of Asheville, showing how it happened. Those who know Mr. Owenby here in North Carolina say that if he had received the money he would have relieved distress with it; but the parties to whom he wrote were arrested by the police and treated shamefully.

Mr. Owenby's letter fell into the officers' hands among others, and was printed. He wishes this plain statement made to show that his motives were in good order when he wrote the letter:

"Yes, I wrote, just as the St. Louis Globe-Democrat had it, but not for the purpose they supposed. Several weeks ago Mrs. Owenby read the ad. I inclosed, and we had up a bet as to what it was; to decide it of course we wrote on to them.

When I found they had counterfeited money I determined to get a sample, and all the proof necessary and turn them over to the proper authorities.

They premeditated trouble by my boldness in sending a billhead of my business, and had not sent the sample they promised. Then I was certain of their fraudulent business, and wrote them the letter referred to in the St. Louis paper. I was too late, as others had worked up their case and arrested them in a day or two after this letter reached them.

I did not want their goods, but should have liked the amount Uncle Sam would have given me had I not been too late in bringing them to justice.

P. A. OWENBY.
I hope this will allay every criticism regarding Mr. Owenby, for he says that these men "premeditated trouble and did not send him the goods." I feel certain that had Mr. Owenby received the goods he would have gone on and arrested them as soon as he got the money from them, so that I would not have to make the journey at my own expense, but I have yet to deal with one of them

who could be regarded as a man of integrity. Swindlers are common everywhere, and I find that I get along very poorly in the sleuth business. My purse was taken in New York one day on the street, but the thief in human form was richly punished for his wickedness. All that the purse contained was a post office money order that I had tried for six weeks to get the money on, but being a stranger in New York, and the cashier at the post office being also a stranger in the city, the men who knew me and came there to identify me were strangers to the cashier, as we moved in a different set and were both very little known in trade circles, his friends being men who were trying to live on their salaries in the post office department, and mine consisted of a widow lady in moderate circumstances who let me a small hall bedroom at the time. So the thief got the worst of it. If he got the money on the order it was more than I could do.

Quite a fraud has been unearthed in St. Paul in the past summer by the timely report of the Scandinavian, who wrote the following letter to the mayor and then brought the matter to the attention of the St. Paul Herald. It is a curiosity to those who have made a study of the Scandinavian dialect:

"DEAR SIR—I am wondering if you have any nalgodes of that same avindling is going on on Savent St., and I will now tell you voth it is. There is som dadd bit busy watching the 'home paper' and who he has for money. Shargh 15 cents for admision and then tri to make people blive the have caught him in arisons, as a wild man.

I do not blive in such a robbery from por people, that dont now of any biter and to go in ther and pay fifteen cent for to se a negro that is as tam as the rast. Do you blive it is right to lat tam d so. I like sport bout I like to se it in a far play. Your Fraind for Aver."

Very few people here would pay fifteen cents to see a negro "that is as tam as the rast."

Politics is active here. Much talk is heard regarding the late congress. Here in North Carolina and elsewhere the opinion prevails that congress has had too many men in it who have been so busy watching the "home paper" that they have had no time to devote to legislation, and thus they claim indifference and timidity have been the chief characteristics of the session.

In 1879 Gabe B. Buck, of Wisconsin, was seen pacing up and down the lobby of whatever it is called, which surrounds the desk where the primary department of congress sits. He was a member of the house, and seemed to have stepped out into the entry to swear a little over the arrears of pensions bill, with was evidently about to pass. As he set down his watch, a gentleman, d—d towards him, he was heard to ejaculate over and over:

"But why don't you stop it?" said an ex-member who came in just then.

"Stop it!" he replied. "How can I stop it when I'm one of the d—d c—d wards myself?"
Congress, however, is hardly to blame for it is too large a body to act wisely or well. Just as our presidential conventions are lately, and if we continue at the same rate, the great national fight hereafter will not be to see who will be elected president, but what town will have the convention.

Those who have not read the open letter written this summer by Andrew D. White, a Republican, to Patrick A. Collins, a Democrat, of Boston, ought to get

it and read it. Do we hold presidential conventions for the purpose of nominating the best man or for the purpose of farming out the lemondade privileges to a herd of yaps and yahoos who can yell down the wisest sentiments, and applaud and expectorate and delay the convention, and then go back to the asylums again to wait for another convention?

Four or five pure minded men, with no political principles, should get together and talk this matter over. I could get away during the month of October. Prior to that I shall be busy here on the place.

Alabama has just had a very heated fight over the governorship, and the following, printed during the campaign in the Birmingham Age-Herald, shows that a man in Alabama without a lineage has no business to run for governor:

ACTIVITY, MONROE COUNTY, ALA.
I am a Jones man, but having heard our noble governor was the issue of a German railroad engineer and an Italian fruit woman of Van Buren. Had a man could be as honorable as any other, provided it was legitimate, I write you to give me the facts in the case.

So please give us full and complete a sketch of Governor Jones up to his thirtieth year as possible, stating antecedents

of both his father and his mother in full, who they were and where they came from. Some say they came from the mountains of Tennessee. I am going to try to make some votes in here where the Alliance, however, is very strong. One-half a column of Governor Jones' genealogy would make hundreds of votes. Yours for the belt.

SUBSCRIBER.
How Governor Jones ran in Activity I have not yet heard, but if "Subscriber" got in a half column of genealogy no doubt hundreds of votes were made there.

We should try this fall to keep politics pure. I believe we can. The disagreeable things were said before, when the same candidates were before the people for their suffrages. Pleasant little items of a personal character have been printed and now we are ready to enter into the campaign and each strive to make the wavering voter understand matters regarding the tariff, which we do not understand ourselves.

Need I add that I believe there will be a pure ballot in the south? I should be proud in my neighborhood, especially this fall, to see a man who will write a piece for the paper about it.

South Carolina has a law which I understand requires the voter to present his registration ticket at the polls, and that is his identification. That is his letter of introduction, his right to exercise the right of franchise, and there can be no going behind it.

Several years ago a large circus exhibited in Charleston, it is said, and notice was quickly given out by word of mouth that registration tickets would be taken at the door for admission to the show. Five thousand registration tickets were taken in one day, and turned in by the circus at reduced rates to the party making the arrangement. On election day they were voted by the party in some unobtrusive way, possibly in a tautologous manner, but I must not say any party to have votes that can be bought so low down.

There is still time to send several good circuses into South Carolina before the 1st of November.

Lately we have been looking into natural history, here as we do here from insects. Before we experiment with the tarantula du chambre sometimes allowed to run the mediocre hotels, but have been told recently by a friend who is thoroughly trustworthy that for real fun there is nothing so good as to have a toad watching the delights of feeding a toad with lightning bugs.

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M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

Hunting Down a Female Guerrilla—Big Joe's Attemot.

[Copyright, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.]
The close of the war left the southwest in the hands of a desperate lot of men. The regular soldiers as they returned to their homes accepted the situation, but the partisan rangers and guerrilla bands were loath to disperse. In hundreds of cases they defied the Federal troops which took possession of the country, and in scores of instances they were hunted down and killed. Amongst the worst of the lot along the Red river were a dozen men who had served under the notorious Quantrill, but none of them was the peer of a young woman named Fanny Davis. That, I believe, was her real name. She was the daughter of a Missouri farmer, and left home in 1863 to join Quantrill. She was then twenty years of age, stout and robust, but had a face which even her parents called ugly. Three different members of Quantrill's band have told me the story of the country, and in the guerrillas were encamped on the Neosho river, near the boundary line between Kansas and the Indian Territory. I had nineteen prisoners, twelve of whom were federal soldiers, and the remainder citizens who had been arrested as Unionists. The young woman entered camp on her own horse armed with a shotgun and a revolver. She told Quantrill she had come to join, but he replied that such work as his needed stouter hearts than women could boast of.

"Who are these men?" she asked as she pointed to the unfortunate.

"Prisoners."

"What are you going to do with them?"

"Shoot 'em."

"Then I'll show you whether I have the nerve of a man or a woman," said the girl. She walked over to them and stood six feet of them up in a row—four soldiers and two civilians. Then she drew her revolver and passed down the line and shot every man through the head. Two of the soldiers belonged to the Third Wisconsin cavalry and a third to the Second Kansas colored regiment. Not a hand was raised to prevent her action, and when she had finished Quantrill accepted her as a member of his band. It was at this same time and place that the guerrilla chief and his lieutenant got into a dispute as to the ownership of a captive captured with the seven of the prisoners were ordered to stand one behind the other as closely as possible, and a guerrilla stood about six feet from the first man and fired at his body. The bullet struck the first man in the forehead and he fell. Two of the men belonged to the Fourteenth Kansas cavalry.

From this time on Fanny Davis was called "Tiger Cat," and she never left the band for a day. She was with it at Baxter Springs when the horrible massacre took place. In October, 1863, General Blunt captured the guerrillas, and she was taken down to Fort Scott, Kan., to the Smith, Ark. He had an escort of ninety men, eight or ten wagons, the brigade headquarters and a score of staff officers, headquarters clerks and noncombatants. As they neared the Springs, which post was held by a small force, there was a squall of shot and a volley of bullets. About nine of Blunt's force were killed. Of these more than two were killed while fighting, the others being shot down after surrender. The wagon containing the entire brigade band was captured early in the fight, and the guerrillas were deprived of their revolvers that the guerrillas, led on by the "Tiger Cat," began a massacre. Even the little drummer boy was not spared. With her own hand Fanny Davis killed five of those unarmed men. She boasted of the fact a dozen times afterward. It was this band who set fire to the wagon after the bodies had been piled up in it, and who rode over the battlefield firing upon the wounded Federals and shouting: "No quarter!" "No quarter!"

As soon as possible after the close of the war the Federal authorities began to hunt down Quantrill's guerrillas—every man of whom deserved hanging. They men scattered over a wide territory, and when the pursuit became too hot some of them crossed into Mexico and others "hid out" in the swamps and had a price set on their heads as outlaws. "Tiger Cat" took up her quarters in the southeast corner of the Indian Territory, where she had friends, but was seen and heard of for a hundred miles along the Arkansas line. Being a woman, and, falsely stating that the Federal soldiers had wiped out her family in Missouri, she gained the sympathy of a large class. Had she remained a quiet and peaceable she would not have been disturbed, but she went riding over the country to stir up discord and gratify a hate which had become a mania. She killed a Federal soldier on the highway between Doakville, La., and Lockport, Ark., and whenever the Indian cause she sought to revenge on him. Sometimes she had two or three of the old band with her, but often rode alone. She dressed entirely in men's clothing and was generally taken for a man. My order from headquarters in Arkansas in regard to this woman were: "Take such force as you think necessary and go in pursuit of the woman known as Tiger Cat. If possible capture her alive, that she may be hanged for her many old blooded murders. You are expected to either bring her in or a prisoner, or furnish conclusive evidence that she is dead."

I took only one man with me—a soldier who had served as a scout the last two years of the war. When last heard from the "Tiger Cat" was on the Arkansas river, to the west of Van Buren. Had a man who had her head some of the Indians would have turned out to hunt her down, as they had others of the band, but as there was nothing to be made they had no interest in the case. Indeed they were disposed to shield her. We had been scouting for a week before we got

track of her, and then we met her face to face on the highway. We were dressed as citizens, and passed ourselves off as horse buyers. She had crossed the mountains and was on her way south. We had a fair description of her, but she had somewhat disguised herself. She usually wore her hair down on her shoulders, but her conduct as we met was so cold and self. We saw her when yet half a mile away, and had she even slowed down we should have suspected her. She came galloping up, halted as she reached us, and after a "good day, strangers!" she added:

"If I had a dollar of us are camped over there on Sugar Creek. One of our mules got away early this morning, and we are out looking for him. Send anything of the critter along this road?"

I could say that I suspected her, but it would not be the truth. I was dead sure that she was a man, and when he extended a flask and asked us to "nip," I put him down as a good fellow. He was in no hurry to go, and it was a quarter of an hour before we separated. There was just one unpleasant thing about him. While his talk was friendly and his smiles frequent, his eyes had a menacing look. They never softened for an instant, but seemed to thirst for blood. Both of us were struck with this fact, and as we rode along we concluded that the stranger was a bad man to fool with. We had gone a distance of three miles when we came upon an emigrant family in their wagon. It consisted of husband, wife and five children, and they belonged to the squatter fraternity. All were scared half to death, as the man we had encountered had held up the squatter for a money, which amounted to only fourteen dollars. After securing it the robber said:

"If you meet any one looking for 'Tiger Cat' tell them that she is still doing business at the old stand and can't be captured or run out of the country!"

The squatter had never heard of the notorious woman, but when he gave us his message we knew that we had missed a golden opportunity. We returned down the road at a gallop, and then began a pursuit lasting three long weeks. That first day we were not more than five miles behind her at an hour, and we rode the roads better than we did she gave us the slip when night came. We picked up her trail next day, but it was slow work following it. Some of the people who met gave us straight information, but the squatter evidently knew the woman and sympathized with her put us on the wrong scent. Mile by mile we traced her south to the Texas border. She rested for two days with a family living on the north bank of the Red river, south of Doakville, and then followed her trail down to Arkansas. In some way she got information that she was pursued, and she laid a plan to wipe us out. Near the Arkansas line, where the highway crossed a swamp, she prepared to ambush and await our coming. We were then two days behind her, and she was waiting in her cabin at the west end of the swamp. She got there at noon and remained overnight, passing for a man and claiming to have been grievously wronged. She carried the idea that a sheriff was after her, and the squatter loaned her a double-barreled shotgun and a box of cartridges. This was known some weeks afterward and he fled the country to escape arrest.

Just at the cabin a road came in from the north, and as we reached it we met two men on their way to Fulton. We made inquiries of them and found that they had met a horseman about ten miles up the north road. The description was a fair one of "Tiger Cat," and we at once started off on the gallop. The two men—Amos Fox and George Cunningham—took the road across the swamp and were shot from their saddles by the woman in ambush. They were back there until night. She then had half a day's start of us and was doubtless aware that she had killed the wrong men, as she went off in great haste. She went within four miles of Fulton and then turned north and made for the mountains. Our pursuit was slow, as we were strangers to the country, but we managed to keep the trail and finally reached a roadside cabin at the foot of the mountain where "Tiger Cat" had remained overnight. Here she was also supposed to be a man, and she again told us a story to gain sympathy. When we had satisfied the settler as to her true character he informed us that she had gone to the northwestern, over the mountain. We were then only three hours behind her. Her horse had cast two shoes, and she would likely halt on the crest of a mountain at a hamlet called Nobletown to get him reshoed.

The mountain road was a rough one, but we pushed ahead at a reckless pace, while she had to let her horse take it easy. As a consequence she arrived only half an hour ahead of us. Her horse was in the hands of the blacksmith, and the woman sat on a stone at the door of the shop. She did not see us nor we her until we turned a bend in the trail about thirty rods above the shop. She instantly divined our identity and our mission. She had a repeating rifle, which she was standing against the side of the shop. She sprang this and had the gun to her face almost as soon as we had made her out. She fired three shots as fast as you could count. One of them passed through my companion's hat—a second through the right ear of my horse—the third, we thought, was for me. There we dashed at her, she turned and retreated into the shop and closed the door. Her horse and the smith were outside. There were two windows in the shop, and both were open, while the space between the logs had never been chinked. We dismounted and took cover where we could command the door. Opposite it and not over

ten rods away was a natural sink which made an excellent rifle pit, and though she got two more shots at us before we were under cover her aim was not good. The "Tiger Cat" had been driven to bay at last.

Our first move after getting into position was to make use of the blacksmith and a flag of truce. He was instructed to demand her surrender in the name of the military authorities, and to say that our orders were to capture or kill her. She talked with him through a crevice, and sent us her defy as follows: "Tell those whelps that they can neither capture nor kill me, and I give them ten minutes to get out of this!"

At about 2 o'clock in the afternoon my comrade got into position where his fire could be directed on the end of the shop. He fired for the crevices and through the window while I did the same on the front. The woman returned almost immediately to about 5 o'clock. Then she fired at longer intervals, and finally ceased altogether. We hoped that she had been hit and disabled, and the blacksmith was advanced with another flag of truce to ask for her surrender. He walked up to the door and called to her, but she did not answer. He pushed the door open and saw her lying on the ground, but at the same instant a bullet from her revolver chipped his ear. When he reported the state of affairs to us we advanced upon the shop and finally made a rush through the door. We expected to be fired on from a corner, but the woman lay on her side on the hard beaten ground in the middle of the shop, and her life had gone out. Three of our bullets had hit her and she was lying in a great pool of blood, her right hand still firmly holding the weapon from which she had fired her last shot. Thus fully ended the career of a woman whose record has no equal in the history of our country.

BIG JOE'S ATTEMOT.
I don't know what ailed Big Joe that afternoon the emigrant family came into camp. He was sometimes given to queer whims and notions, and now and then the devil in him would flash out in a way to make us keep as far away from him as possible. He never mentioned home or wife or children as other men did, and when he heard them speak of such things he would go off by himself and sulk like a wounded animal. I always believed he had been married and had a happy home, but that he had suffered some great wrong and was brooding over it.

The emigrant family consisted of husband, wife and three small children. The husband was a good man, and the wife and children thoroughly worked out, and the husband bitterly repented of the enterprise. We were in hard luck at Robinson's Bend just then, but we could spare them a little. They had a welcome from all but Big Joe. He had one of his fits on that day, and when he came to himself he cursed the emigrant for a fool and hoped him all sorts of bad luck. Wife and children were frightened by his violent speech, and the husband, though realizing that all the rest of us made him welcome, hitched up his team and drove on within an hour.

An hour before sundown a courier came into camp from Washoe Flats, to the east, and reported another raid by the Indians. They had killed three prospectors out from Washoe, and he himself had barely escaped. Big Joe heard his statements along with the rest of us, but we had nothing to say. I remember that he sat on a rock, chin in his hands and his eyes on the ground, and when the rest of us went to supper he still held his peace. Twilight was coming down when he arose and walked to his slanty, and four or five minutes later he came back with his rifle in hand. His face had lost much of its ugliness by this time, and we dared to question him.

"What am I going to?" he echoed as he looked to see if the rifle was in order. "I'm going down the trail to find that family and bring 'em back here. The fool order knowed more than to drive 'em."

"But you abused him, Joe."

"I didn't mean it for abuse. Folks hadn't order to be too mighty sensitive out this way. You are a nice set of men to let that family go drivin' plump into the hands of the infernal redskins! Why didn't you smooth it over with the high-strung tenderfoot? Why didn't you insist on his staying?"

"We'll go with you, Joe—a dozen of us."

"No, I'll go alone. If I drive 'em away I'll bring 'em back. If I hurt his feelings I'll ax his pardon."

The emigrants would be camped at the spring, three miles away, and they would fall an easy prey to the Indians if attacked. We felt that we ought to go along with him, but he insisted on going alone. I believe he meant to humbly beg pardon for his rudeness, and our company would have embarrassed him. The night came on dark and cloudy, and as a matter of precaution we posted sentinels about the camp. Not one of us slept till past midnight, waiting for Joe to return with the family. It was a plain trail down to the spring, and it wouldn't take him over three-quarters of an hour to reach the camp. Allow half an hour for hitching up and a full hour for returning, and they ought to have been in by 11. We finally concluded that they had decided to wait for daylight to return, and those not detailed for guard duty turned in.

In the gray of morning the camp was aroused by the report that fire firing had been faintly heard in the direction of the spring. As soon as it was light enough to look out way twenty men started out. We looked for signs of Joe or the wagon all the way down the trail, but found nothing. We finally reached the spring to find our worst fears confirmed. The emigrants' horses lay dead on the ground, their throats cut with Indian knives. The wagon had been fired and was now pretty well burned up. On the grass near the smoldering camp-fire lay the emigrant's scalp torn off and half a dozen arrows bristling in his dead body. Thirty feet away lay his wife and two children, and beside her was the youngest child,

its head crushed by a blow from a war club. All the bodies were yet warm. To the south, just at the edge of a thicket and at the foot of a long tree, we found Big Joe and the other two children. When the attack came, or when he realized that successful resistance could not be made, the miner had tried to save the little ones. He had been shot and scalped, the poor children had been torn to shreds.

We had gathered about the body of Big Joe, horror stricken at the awful and bloody butchery, when he suddenly opened his eyes and we could see his chest heave. Water was brought and he drank it, and his head was propped up he whispered:

"Were they all wiped out?"
"Yes, every one but you."
"I—I couldn't git him to go back," he gasped with painful effort, "and so—so I came to die with 'em."

More water was poured him, but as it touched his lips he fell back dead.

M. QUAD.

JUST CHAFF.

HE MUSE has been hard at work during the past week, and the young man who runs the COLONIST'S poetry machine respectfully submits the attached specimens:

An astronomer living in Mars said: "I see by my glass that the sun in Victoria have aoppel. And their sun's been dropped—They're disturbed by some internal wars."

A stronger man than Louis Cyr—the man who lifted the quarantine—may his strength ever in-Cressa.

A leper girl lives in Vancouver—The authorities thought to remove her—So they sent her away To the town of Victoria Bay—But she's back—she can't work that manœuvre.

Said a mother to her husband, "With her first-born, her dear knee, 'Why's baby like the next star Of all the stars to me?'"

"Well, tell me why," said the weary man, "The kid is like the stars in 'stick to the subject' in a very offensive manner. The swan, in her first call on the stranger, met with a pointed repulse, and, in fact, his persistent retirement gave rise to grave doubts as to the previous social standing of the stranger, and his claims to have occupied lofty positions were scouted, and he was put down as a low bred fellow."

The appearance, as said before, caused a great commotion and was generally discussed, one theory being that as no doubt previous offender, the sight of an officer caused him to become uneasy, and the flight caused him to be subjected to the sworn statement of the swan that the copper had not to her knowledge even looked at the porcupine in more than a passing manner, and then returned to her more superior attractions.

Whatever might have been the cause of the flight the runaway was caught Thursday by two boys and promptly returned to Ald. Munro.

Again the prickly porcupine Behind the prison bars, The cop released from fear of fines Now thanks his lucky stars.

FIRE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
The Office of the "Chronicle" Totally Destroyed.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 27.—Fire here this morning totally destroyed the Chronicle office and five business houses. The total loss is \$400,000. The entire morning edition of the paper was destroyed while the building was in flames. The files of the paper from 1800 to date and the books were saved. The insurance is about \$300,000.

The Cure For

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Scrofula was once supposed to be the touch of royalty. To-day, many grateful people know that the "sovereign remedy" is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This powerful alternative extirpates "the evil" by thoroughly eliminating all the humors from the blood. Consumption, catarrh, and various other physical as well as mental maladies, have their origin in

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Sarsaparilla

Sarsaparilla, and the swelling disappeared."—W. F. Kennedy, McFarland's, Va. "I was cured of scrofula by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I suffered from it for over two years. Being assured the case was scrofula, I took six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured."—H. Hinkins, Riverport, Neb.

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Gun Club. No very
done, but Minor man
vantage gained by him
for the trophy.
In the first twenty-five
C. W. Minor.....
J. C. Macdure.....
J. C. Macdure.....
The second twenty-five
the positions materially
C. W. Minor.....
J. C. Macdure.....
J. C. Macdure.....
The score for the day
C. W. Minor.....
J. C. Macdure.....
J. C. Macdure.....
FOUR POINTS
NARAIIMO, Aug. 27 (S)
wing match this afternoon
Eloose was won by An
of fourteen to Turner's

THE GYM
Society and city's
full force for the gymnast
afternoon at the driving
safety and in carriage
way, until the grand at
filled and the fence ar
either side of the judges
lined with rig. The
dog cart and the little p
brougham and the six
a large number of gentl
foot and some ladies
were not so numerous
wished for. By 3
nearly all on the gro
and 7 the wheels we
tion, and the long danc
—Masted had a spic
were no mishaps
except those
fun for the spectators
sequences to the part
muscle was provided by
M.S. Waspette, and, te
outing was made thoro
was favored with exce
weather, not too warm
The single drawback wa
blew in every direction
clouds every time the p
of the gymnast, and
side saddles were not
gramme started from t
was no "time" taken o
but the sport was goo
every contestant was
there was, nothing else
day fell to Macpherson,
almost everything he
W. Ward, Sir Robert
The Waspette, as said
share of the honors.
and N. P. Snowden ve
as judges, Mr. M. T. D
the course.

The half-mile side
nomination, caused gr
Macpherson who was
Dunsmuir, his comp
cluding a neatly fittin
latest Redfern style.
ated by Miss Thomp
bliss gorgeously illus
shades of the most
a good background for
of roses. Mr. W. C.
dressed," as the dr
nominated by Miss I
Ward winning the
L. Cuppage was also
nominating him. Ma
the other races which
vantage of the horse
beautify all day with pl
He won; and Miss
got the prize. Mr. G
second, Mr. C. W. W
The quarter mile
of the events. There
all, with Macpherson
favorites from the sta
mount, Barney, heret
the speediest pony in
exciting dash, Macph
ahead, Sir Robert Ar
Mr. L. Cuppage for
straggling.

Then came the half
four representing Cal
H.M.S. Waspette be
They mounted as foll
Calgary—Macpherson
Alexander
Victoria—C. W. W
Penne.
W. Tipton—Sir Rob
ham and Strickland.
The first bout was
the Waspette team,
elderly the advan
field was made go
of their adversaries,
plumes on the hel
Strickland, still in
field breeze—for the
Victoria four next
were easily vanquish
looking. The termi
acknowledged with
tators and in respons
ies the announcement
was hurt.

The half-mile hard
amusement and a li
pamusement setting the
with Pearce second,
third, and Akman f
Only the victor
for the cigar and m
Robert Arbuthnot, M

Ward and Macpherson
the Waspette team,
elderly the advan
field was made go