

# Jas. Morgan's Good Luck

I was putting in a month in a Swiss town, and as I was strolling along the highway in the suburbs one day a vehicle containing a single traveler appeared. The driver pulled up that the traveler might ask if he could find accommodations at some chalet instead of at the hotel, as he was not in good health and wanted quietness. I was lodging at a private house, and there was room for another guest. The stranger was driven on, and I sat down on a rock to sun him up. Having come from the west in a country vehicle, he must have come from beyond the railway station. The horse looked weary, the hour was 4 in the afternoon, and I settled it that he must have come from Thalla, 15 miles away. The man wore a hat which did not fit him and had the collar of his coat turned up. He had on goggles, though it was a dark day. A person who wears goggles for weak eyes will carry a finger to one of the glasses every two or three minutes, even if he does not remove them occasionally. On this man's face was a newly grown beard about an inch long. Every 30 seconds up went his hand to scratch. He was not used to a beard, but had grown one for an object. He thickened his voice when he spoke to me, and it was easy to detect the unnatural intonation. Why did he do it? Travelers searching for health are seldom to be met with in the mountains except in early summer, and this was late in the season. He might explain, however. Mr. Bracey, as he had given his name, probably had more reasons for seclusion than he had stated, and I had a curiosity to observe him further.

He was taken in at the chalet, and that night we ate supper together. I saw from his table manners that he had been used to the quick lunches of a restaurant. He claimed to be an Englishman, but his American idioms would have given him away to a child. The heels of his boots, as I observed, were very true. He was therefore a man who did little walking. He had the curve of shoulders and neck which come to one who sits a great deal. Now and then he leaned back and locked his fingers, as most public officials do when a caller enters. He claimed to have nervous trouble. That was or was not a good excuse for his presence. A door slammed, and he jumped. That showed nerves. The diligence rattled past on its way from the railroad station to the big hotel, and Mr. Bracey sily and furtively peered out of the window. That was the action of a fugitive from justice.

In the course of four or five days I had the stranger sized up to a dot and would have bet five to one that my diagnosis was positively correct. He was a straight haired American. He was a public official. It was his first time abroad. He was in disguise and a fugitive. Whatever boodie he had with him was in his undershirt pocket. I knew this because he was constantly raising his hand to the spot. That boodie was probably in drafts, as he made cautious inquiries about bankers. Mr. Bracey removed his goggles and turned down his coat collar and talked in natural tones after he got installed, but he did not wander far from the house and sought no other company. He asked for no papers, but when I bought copies of a New York daily at the hotel and took them home to read he could scarcely control his impatience until he had his hands on them.

I am no man hunter. I did not go to the police or drop a hint to any one. Of whatever crime he was guilty, he was safe from me. I knew it wasn't murder unless done in the heat of passion, for he was sentimental and tender hearted. I think it was on the fifth day of his stay that he became feverish and called in a doctor and went to bed - mental worry, you see. I had finished my supper and was smoking my pipe on the little veranda when I saw a stranger coming up the path from the hotel. From his gait I judged him to be an American. From the way he furtively eyed the chalet and its surroundings I reasoned that he had other business than seeking for lodgings. As he came to a halt and looked me over he gave himself away as a detective. He had taken me for the man he wanted, and chagrin showed clearly on his face. He was from a western state and on the trail of a defaulting city treasurer. It was queer enough that he didn't ask if there was another traveler in the house. He took it for granted that I was the only one, and he told me the whole story of Bracey's theft and flight. My diagnosis had been positively correct. There was the man under his thumb. He had followed him for three months and had only to climb a flight of 11 steps to lay hands on him, but it never happened. I was num. I was not

interested in the case beyond proving my observations. He talked for two hours and then went away, saying that he should hang about for a few days. Half an hour after his going it was discovered that Bracey was missing. His bedroom window was over the veranda, and he had heard an

When three days had passed and no trace of the missing man had been had, he was given away to the detective by one of the town officials. He had left the chalet lightly clad, without food or baggage and in a fever, and the idea was that he had lost himself on the mountains and would perish if not found. Parties were sent out in search, and it was not long before evidences were found. When the fugitive discovered that he had been hunted down and was about to be arrested for his crime, there was nothing left for him but to take to the mountains and find a temporary covert until he could plan a little. Being ill, without food and thinly clad, he could not keep his life over two or three days. In the gloom of that first night he had traveled nearly two miles, making up the mountains by a path. Then he had wandered from the path and fallen over a bank 30 feet high into a stream. The rushing waters had carried him down a mile or more, and they found his dead body wedged between two great rocks.

When the coroner overhauled the effects found on the body, there came to light \$5,000 in English money and drafts for nearly \$200,000 more. His name was not Bracey, of course, but as the city treasurer of a town in the west he had gobbled its last dollar and fled to enjoy his ill gotten gains on the other side of the ocean. He had not spent a thousand dollars as yet or taken a moment's comfort. He had too much conscience and not enough nerve. If he had got safely away, he would never have enjoyed himself. As I looked down on his dead body and thought of his shattered and disgraced life I felt something more than a passing sorrow. As I helped carry the bruised and battered corpse down to the townhouse for inquest and burial I found tears in my eyes and pity in my heart. - M. Quad.

**Senator Tillman Reuked**

The extravagant and scandalous representations of Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, regarding the state of society in the south are making reasonable Southern men tired and angry. He is reported to have said in a recent speech that "throughout the south every white family is living in a state of horror of negro rapine." Ex-Gov. Fishback, of Arkansas, writes to the Springfield Republican to say that this is not so. He does not profess to know how it may be in South Carolina, but he says he is well acquainted with conditions in Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas and Texas, and asserts that such a statement applied to these states is as unfounded as if applied to Massachusetts or New York. He has lived in Arkansas forty-four years, and is prepared to say that he doesn't believe there is one white family in the state who live in a state of horror of negro rapine. "The very best feeling exists between the two races." In proof of this, he instances what it is doing for the education of the colored population, quoting from his own last message a passage founded on the United States census reports that while the white race is paying 98 per cent. of the taxes for the education of the colored people, they are educating a larger proportion of all colored children in the public schools than most of the New England states and Middle states are educating of their own children. He attributes Tillman's utterances to a disordered mind.

**Died of Rare Disease**

Chicago, June 17.-Practically dead for eight and one-half hours, the heart of Bridget Dempsey, a patient in the county hospital, had finally ceased beating. All action of the respiratory organs of the woman had ceased and the physicians in attendance pronounced her dead. The heart action, which apparently had died away, grew stronger a few moments afterward, and injections of nitroglycerine and other stimulants and artificial respiration were used, but ineffectually. Still the pulsations of the heart continued with regularity, while the woman remained to all other indications lifeless.

Dr. J. H. Mustard, of the hospital staff, pronounced the case one of Landry's paralysis, one of the rarest diseases known to medical science. The disease is, primarily, paralysis of the respiratory organs, which does not act immediately on the heart.

**Manila in 1888.**

Manila is well planted and inhabited with Spaniards to the number of 600 or 700 persons, which dwell in a town unwall, which hath three or four small blockhouses, part made of wood and part of stone, being indeed of no great strength. They have one or two small galleys belonging to the town. It is a very rich place, of gold and other commodities, and they have yearly traffic from Acapulco in Nueva Espana and also 20 or 30 ships from China and from the Sanguelos (people from Sanga, in Japan), which bring them many sorts of merchandise. The merchants of China and the Sanguelos are part Moors and part heathen people. They bring great store of gold with them, which they traffic and exchange for silver and give weight for weight.

These Sanguelos are men of marvelous capacity in devising and making all manner of things, especially in all handicrafts and sciences, and every one is so expert, perfect and skillful in his faculty, as few or no Christians are able to go beyond them in that which they take in hand. For drawing and embroidering upon satin, silk or lawn, either beast, fowl, fish or worm, for liveliness and perfectness both in silk, silver and pearl, they excel. - "Cavendish, First Voyage."

**Hunger and Ideas.**

If you wish to increase your imaginative powers, says a scientist, go without food. Abstinence from food till the pangs of hunger make themselves distinctly felt will quicken your mental powers and stimulate the flow of ideas, such ideas being of a kind that agree with the regular bent of your mind.

This seems to offer good prospects not only to literary men, but also to machine makers and all those who are on the watch for some improvement or invention that will revolutionize some industry. But you must be careful or you will overdo it. Prolonged fasting, according to the same authority, creates a desire to commit some horrible crime, makes you wild and cruel. The prolonged faster becomes a prey to hallucinations, is unable to sleep and likely to go mad. In short, abstinence from food for long periods - and "long periods" is a term that varies with the individual - induces the same effects as drunkenness.

**To Aid His Brother**

Tacoma, June 18.-Benjamin Merrill, a brother of the escaped Oregon convict, who has been working in a logging camp on Anderson island, for George Bloom, took a steamer for Olympia this morning, with the avowed intention of going to the assistance of his brother. He did not get off the boat at Olympia, and it is supposed he came on to Tacoma. Bloom came to Tacoma and advised Sheriff Hartman. Unsuccessful attempts were made to locate Merrill, and southbound trains are being watched, but if he left the city he boarded a train at some suburban station.

Friends of Merrill at the logging camp tried to dissuade him from the reckless enterprise, but he declared

to Bloom that he would help his brother to escape or else die with him. He told another man that he would see his brother before tomorrow night, and intimated that he had received a message from him.

**Apaches Are Restless**

Washington, June 18.-The war department has transmitted to the interior department information that trouble is threatened among the Apache Indians on the San Carlos reservation in Arizona, on account of the proposed shutting off of beef and other rations after July 1 next. The action of the war department is based on reports received from Gen. Funston, commanding the department of the Colorado, who predicts that in case the rations are discontinued the Indians will take beef and other supplies wherever they can get them in that section regardless of consequences. Gov. Murphy of Arizona has received information along the same line. As a result of these reports the interior department will suspend the order for the discontinuance of the issuing of rations.

The secretary of the interior today telegraphed Agent Carson, of the San Carlos agency, to make a full report on the matter and directed that the issue of rations to the Indians be not stopped on the 30th instant, as planned, but be continued until further directions are given by the interior department. Secretary Hitchcock said today that it was not proposed to discontinue rations to all the Indians, but that those capable of working should be given work as far as possible and issues to them be discontinued. It was estimated that employment could be given to between 300 and 350 of the Indians. The remainder would continue to draw rations.

Gen. Funston's report is based on a report from Col. Lebo, of the Fourteenth cavalry, commanding at Fort Grant, Ariz. Gen. Funston says the Apaches are not self supporting and will not be for many years, if ever, and that the discontinuance of rations to them will be followed by serious trouble.

The Indians on the San Carlos reservation, which is in eastern Arizona, are the Potos, San Carlos and Coyotero Apaches, about 2,300 in all.

**Fourteen in a Boat**

Montreal, June 17.-A letter received here from Stillwell Parker, of Headship Harbor, N.S., states that on June 2 a bottle was picked up forty-five miles east of Halifax containing the following note, written on a scrap of paper:

"Steamer Huronian turned over Sunday night in Atlantic. In small boat, 14 of us."

The Allan liner Huronian, bound from Glasgow for St. John, N.B., sailed from the former port on February 7 and nothing up to this time has been heard of her.

**Caused Great Terror**

Mexico City, June 17.-An earthquake shock lasting 20 seconds was felt yesterday at Chilpancingo about noon. No damage was done, but great terror prevailed.

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