

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

KILLED FROM LATEST WESTERN EXCHANGES.

—Marie Rose, an American Indian woman, employed as a domestic in the home of I. W. McLaughlin at 2516 Fillmore Street, San Francisco, was found lying dead on the floor of her room on the morning of Feb. 29. An autopsy showed that she had died of asphyxia. Her room was very small and not ventilated, and the gas, which was burning, consumed all the oxygen in the atmosphere until she actually smothered.

—Chico, March 1.—A distressing accident occurred here last evening. B. F. Young and a fellow-workman were doing some repairs at the foundry that required the pouring of molten babbit metal into some boxing. When the boxing was filled the metal exploded and threw the hot lead into Young's face. His face was badly burned and his eyes were blinded, a rim of lead being formed over each eye. He will lose his sight.

—Carson, March 1.—Yesterday a fragment of a human skeleton was brought to this city from Pine Grove, near Genoa. The original skeleton must have been fully twenty-five feet long. The bone was a portion of the leg below the knee, and at the point where it joined the knee was eight inches across, or five times the usual size. The fragment was about two feet long, splendidly preserved, and weighed about twenty pounds. All the local physicians agree that it is unquestionably a portion of the skeleton of the largest human remains ever discovered. Parties are going to Pine Grove to search for the rest of the skeleton.

—Chas. H. Meeker has brought suit against George W. Leek, a dentist of San Francisco, for damages done him when in the dental chair. The complainant avers that Leek is not a graduate of any dental college and is thoroughly inefficient and extraordinarily careless. The complainant further states he went to Leek with an aching tooth to be extracted and carefully pointed out the troublesome molar, but the dentist pulled the wrong tooth—a sound one—bringing on an hemorrhage which came near causing Meeker's death, and to stop which cost him nearly \$200 in cash. He was laid up in bed thirty-three days, and for this and the pain he desires the soothing sum of \$5000.

—Richard E. Taylor was arrested in San Francisco, Feb. 29th, charged with grand larceny, by Detective Rogers of the central station. Last December a newly imported solar condensing lens was stolen from Joansen & Co., wholesale photographers, at 118 Golden Gate Avenue. Johnson was then in the firm's employ and was suspected of the theft. He denied it, but was discharged. Yesterday Detective Rogers, who had first undertaken the case and never forgotten it, found the lens in the possession of a citizen who had innocently bought it for \$45 from Taylor. The lens was worth vastly more. Taylor was then arrested and his bail was fixed at \$2000, which he could not furnish.

—A dispatch from Houston, Texas, says: A shocking massacre occurred at Sanish Camp, sixty miles west of this city, Sunday morning. The settlement is composed of Mexicans, negroes and white desperadoes. A negro cabin was set on fire and the occupants were deliberately shot down as they ran half awake out of the burning house. Five were killed outright and one severely wounded, while two were burned to death in the cabin. Another negro was caught and hanged to a tree. The butchery was the outcome of a suit for the possession of land recently decided in favor of the dead negroes in the district court at Wharton. Spanish Camp is far from any telegraph station and full details of the massacre have not been received.

—Josef Garcia di Cadiz, an old gentleman of decayed fortune, met with an awful death last Thursday afternoon, either by his own design or by accident. He lodged, through the good will of friends, in a small room on the third floor of a building at the corner of Montgomery Avenue and Vallejo Street, San Francisco. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon he was seen at his window wiping his face with a towel. A moment later the shock of his body striking the brick wall forty feet below was heard. Running to the spot, a neighbor found the old man huddled, head downward, in a heap, his shoulders and arms broken and his skull crushed. The body was taken to the Morgue. Di Cadiz was born of a Spanish father and English mother in New York City and was 82 years old. He married when a young man in Buenos Ayres, and came to San Francisco in 1849. Later, he spent a number of years in Europe, South America and other parts of the world. He was an educated and cultured man, and was long a professor of mathematics here and elsewhere. With advancing age his reason seemed to have failed him. He lost the property he had accumulated, and had differences with his aged wife. He betook himself to a life of solitude, and was provided with means by General Vallejo and other prominent Spanish citizens among whom the Professor was much esteemed. Deputy Coroner Johnson, who closely investigated the case, is of the opinion that the old man's fatal fall was an accident.

San Diego, March 1.—Huntington, Crocker and other railroad magnates are expected on Saturday morning. They will come to look over the ground, with a view of paralleling the Santa Fe line.

—A special from Washington the San Francisco Chronicle says: A pension was today granted to Ah Lin, a Chinaman who served in our navy during the late war. It is understood to be the first pension granted to a Chinaman by the United States government. It is to be paid to the Chinese consul at San Francisco, who is designated by Ah Lin to receive the pension for him.

—Wednesday evening the north-bound passenger train passing Lathrop at 8 o'clock ran into a freight train on a siding. The cowcatcher and the front part of the engine were completely demolished and the head of the boiler was stove in, but though the passengers were severely jostled—some of them being thrown from one seat into another—nobody was seriously hurt.

TERRITORIAL ITEMS.

KILLED FROM LATEST EXCHANGES.

Wichita, Kansas, March 5.—E. J. Loper, last night, at the Fort Scott depot, had both legs cut off by being run over by a car. It is not known if the occurrence was an attempted suicide or an accident, but from what was seen of Loper during the day it is believed he was insane.

Canon City, Col., March 5.—Jack Dillon sent down here a few months ago from Denver to serve three years for pocket picking, got away today in a most ingenious manner. He rigged up a dummy for his cell to deceive the guards inside, got a suit of woman's clothes on, and walked through town this afternoon without being recognized. One hundred dollars reward has been offered for his capture. The mystery is how he got the clothes to disguise himself and then got away without detection. The commissioners were in session at the time of his escape. The guards must have been in session somewhere at the same time.

Trinidad, Colo., Feb. 29.—Another murder has been committed in the suburbs of this city. About half-past 10 last night a young man came in and gave the intelligence of a murder which had been committed shortly after 7 o'clock about eleven miles from town on Frejoles creek. He said that he, with some companions who had charge of a drove of cattle had just gone into camp for the night, when a Mexican man and girl drove past in a wagon and seemed from their actions to be partially intoxicated. After they had gone by some distance, the men in camp heard the girl scream, and running to the place found her lying by the side of the road with her throat cut from ear to ear. The man who committed the deed had left the team and taken off over the mountains. Sheriff Burnes, accompanied with ten deputies and Coroner Walker, left about midnight for the place where the murder was committed, and found the murderer, whose name was Arguello, at the house of his uncle at Frejole, and immediately took him in charge, and brought him and the murdered girl to Trinidad. Arguello was placed in jail. There is strong talk among the Mexican population of lynching him. But the sheriff and his deputies are prepared for any attack they might make. On their arrival here, Coroner Walker immediately summoned a jury and an inquest is being held this afternoon. The murderer will probably be bound over to the circuit court.

Banished.

The readers of *The Sun* have been made aware through its columns that there existed considerable trouble at the Shoshone Indian agency at Fort Washakie between Colonel Jones, the Indian agent, and two of his teachers, Rev. Sherman Coolidge, a full blooded Arapahoe, and clergyman of the Episcopal church, and Rev. A. M. Johnson, a Baptist minister, whom it is charged have been inviting the Indians to rebellion. It appears that some Catholic missionaries are building a mission school house at a cost of something over \$16,000, a few miles below the agency. This institution is located on a choice piece of land which is claimed by Black Bear, a chief in the Arapahoe tribe, and he refuses to give it up at any price. He was advised by the teachers above named that he had a valid claim to the land, and he had a right to maintain it, and in consequence of this the Arapahoes have shown a decided dislike for the Catholic mission. For this the Protestant teachers were held responsible, and their removal asked for by the Indian agent. Orders were received last Tuesday from the department at Washington that they be suspended, and they were at once ordered accordingly to leave the reservation. Rev. Johnson goes to California and Rev. Coolidge visits his adopted father, Captain Coolidge, at Fort Laramie. They claim that they have been grossly treated, and that when the matter is fully investigated it will show a very different state of affairs than has been represented.—*Cheyenne Sun*.

SAVED THE SHIP.

HOW A WHALE FOILED THE PIRATES.

A fore-castle story teller once gave the men of his watch the following adventure, and although no one doubted his veracity, I afterward looked up the records and found him correct, says a writer in the New York Sun:

"It was in the year 1846," he said, "that I was bound to the ivory coast on the English Plover, Capt. Scott, commander. She was a dry craft, well found but very slow, and although these were risky days along the heathen coasts, owners of crafts were stingy about arming them for protection. We had two old six-pounders, which had been purchased at a sale of condemned ordnance, and ten or a dozen cutlasses of but little value. We called at the Canary Islands on our way down the coast, and there we got the cannon out of the hold and mounted them on their carriages. The Captain was informed that a French ship had been plundered and sunk between there and the tropic only two weeks before, and that two or three suspicious sails were cruising along the coast. We felt brave enough as we sailed to the south with those two old cannons on deck, and the wish was expressed time and again that we might fall in with a pirate."

"We got light and baffling along the Barbary coast, but were nearing the tropic, when one afternoon an hour before sunset, a strange sail was seen standing out from the coast to cut us off. She was also a brig and from the very first sight of her there was no doubt in our minds that she was a pirate. We altered our course a few points to the west, and then began to get ready for her. We had no sooner set about loading the guns than it was found that our cannon balls were all too large bore. Not one of them could be made to fit. This discovery took the courage out of us, and it was only in the hope that we might kill a few of the pirates before we were all sacrificed that we loaded with bolts, pieces of chain, and such stuff in place of solid shot. The discharge would be effective at close quarters."

"The stranger walked up on us at a rapid rate, and when darkness came on he was not more than four miles away. Our captain went into the rigging with his glass for a long squint, and when he came down he called us aft and said there was no longer room to doubt. The stranger was a pirate, and there was no hope of escaping him. At that very moment the wind, which was off the land, began to fall, and ten minutes later we hadn't enough to blow a feather. We could no longer see the stranger, owing to the darkness. He must have lost the wind first; and was all of three miles away. If the calm held through the night he would have to attack in boats, if at all and we then stood some show of beating him off. Believing that this would be his plan, we made the preparations possible. It was a starlight night, but with a bit of fog rising from the water, and all our lights were extinguished at dark, and we moved about in our bare feet. The pirate had probably taken our bearings by compass before night shut in, but with that fog coming a little thicker he could not see us a hundred feet away. Midnight came, and we had heard nothing. The fog was now very thick, and every man was listening intently to catch the first suspicious sound, when all of a sudden there was a terrific crash, followed by shouts and shrieks. There was another crash, more shouts and then a splash in the water as if an iceberg had rolled over. In a minute or two we got a swell which lifted the brig like a cork and kept her dancing for three or four minutes. When it subsided the captain and mate agreed it had been caused by a whale breaching."

"From midnight until dawn every man stood at his post. When daylight came we saw the pirate brig about two miles off. Between the two vessels was a lot of wreck stuff, which the captain's glass made out to be the shattered remnants of several small boats. Only four men could be observed aboard the brig, and as the captain was watching them they got into a fight. One was killed, one ran below, and the two men left on deck got a white cloth from the cabin and sent it aloft in place of a flag."

"In about half an hour we got the wind and ran down to her and lowered a boat and went aboard. I went in the boat, and followed the man on deck, where we were welcomed by two men who spoke English. It was a queer case, as you will agree. One of the men was an Englishman, the sole survivor of an English vessel wrecked on the Barbary coast five years before. The other was an American, who had deserted his ship at the Cape Verde Islands three years previously, and while making a voyage in a coaster had been captured and spared by the vessel he was now on. The dead man and the one below were native Algerines, as were most of the brig's crew. On the previous night, when the wind went down they got out their boat and towed the brig about a mile. The entire crew, with the exception of the four men, then armed themselves, and the boat set off to attack us. What followed could be pretty safely guessed at. The four boats were in company when the whale struck at least one of them as he came up. He must have thrown this boat many feet in the air. He might have fallen upon the others or shattered them with a rap of his flukes, but that he destroyed them the evidence was before us. Not a man

had escaped, and instead of being captured and made to walk the plank, as we had reason to expect, we had turned about and captured the piratical craft without firing a shot. She was a fine prize, I can tell you, having over \$20,000 worth of plunder aboard, besides being a better vessel than our own. We carried her down to Sierra Leone, where she was delivered over and passed upon, and every one of us got a comfortable lump of prize money from the adventure. She was an English brig which had been captured five years before under Cape Blanco, and recorded as lost in a gale."

PRINCE OSCAR, OF SWEDEN.

Amid the rumors of wars reaching us from Europe comes a sweet and romantic love story. Prince Oscar, of Sweden, is about to accompany his mother, Queen Sophia, and his betrothed, Miss Munck, to England, where the young people will be married. In becoming the husband of his affianced the Prince will forfeit his rights to the throne and his privileges as a member of the royal family. His title of royal highness and Duke of Gotland he will also lay down, with the allowance voted him by the Diet, or Parliament of his country. He must also resign his place at Stockholm. In short, he will be virtually unprincely, but the barren title of Prince Bernadotte he will be permitted to use.

The object of the devotion manifested in these astonishing sacrifices is Miss Munck, a Swedish beauty of little or no fortune, daughter of an officer in the army. She was a maid-of-honor to Prince Oscar's eldest brother's wife, when she contracted an engagement of marriage with a young officer. The match was broken off and the young lady retired from court for a time. Upon her return she met Prince Oscar, who had recently come back from a two years' trip in the royal Swedish frigate *Vanadis*. The attentions of the royal sailor to Miss Munck were marked, and she retired from court the second time, declining to receive his addresses, as her marriage to him would involve the loss of his royal dignities and more substantial advantages. She then took charge of a ward in a charity hospital of the Swedish capital, where after great perseverance in his search for her, he found her. When his suit was rewarded with the knowledge that she loved him, Miss Munck persisted in her intention not to marry. Prince Oscar then sought the offices of his royal mother in promoting the success of his passion and won her consent to his union with its object. His father sanctioned his address only after a long delay, being naturally reluctant, as a king and a man of the world, to yield to his son's wish to become merely a private citizen. In time, however, his sanction to the approaching nuptials was obtained. The engagement of the young couple followed immediately after the consent of the queen had been gained.

The prince who sacrifices royalty to love was born Nov. 15, 1859. He is the son of Oscar II, reigning king of Sweden and Norway, and Queen Sophia, daughter of the late Duke Wilhelm, of Nassau. He is commander in the Swedish navy, and won his rank in the usual course of service and promotion. His marriage will not interfere with the prosecution of his naval duties. In person, Oscar is a man of exceptionally noble size and proportions. He stands six feet six inches in height. His hair and beard are blonde. The lovers make a handsome pair, and their appearance respectively of manly nobility and feminine grace and loveliness is proper to the subjects of a delightful romance. The first representative of the royal line to which Oscar belongs was Carl XIV, his great grandfather, who was originally a private soldier in the French army. His name then was Jean Baptiste Jule Bernadotte. He was born at Pau, in the south of France. From private soldier he became one of Napoleon Bonaparte's marshals. Being offended with the great Emperor he left the army in disgust. In 1810 he was elected crown prince and heir to the throne of Sweden on condition of his becoming a Protestant. Eight years after he ascended the throne of Sweden and Norway. During his reign of twenty-six years he won for himself the character of a wise and good king.—*Ex.*

An Ardent Albino.

A tattooed man and an Albino girl in a New York museum have had a good deal of experience in matrimony. The manager of the girl confesses that she has been married over a hundred times but without bigamy, for the bridegroom was the same tattooed chap every time. Their engagements are for a week in a place, and during the last two years they have made a pretty thorough trip of the United States. Every Monday in a new establishment they are introduced hourly by the lecturer as a couple greatly enamored of each other; on Tuesday he hints that something matrimonial may come of it; on Wednesday he declares that the man has popped the question; on Thursday he avers that the girl has said yes; on Friday there is a wedding on the platform, with prices of admission doubled, and on Saturday they are exhibited as in the happiness of the honeymoon.

A MEXICAN MONSTER.

TAKING POSSESSION OF THE CRATER OF AN EXTINCT VOLCANO.

San Marcial and the country in the vicinity has been considerably aroused from time to time by conflicting reports of Mexicans, who say that the extinct crater to the east of the plain, known as "Jornado del Muerto," about twenty-five miles from there, is the abode of a monster serpent, second in size only to that huge reptile of the seas that has so often been spoken of by mariners and others. It is reported by some to be fully one hundred feet in length and about two feet in circumference, but probably the most trustworthy information is that given by a Mr. Alexander, who possesses some mining property in the San Andreas Mountains which lie to the east of the broad plain.

Mr. Alexander says that he saw the serpent once while crossing the Jornada on his way to the mines. He was about half-way across the plain, jogging leisurely along behind his burro, dreaming of the immense wealth that he hoped to realize from his property, when suddenly the burro stopped, erected his long ears, wheeled quickly around and made a mad stampede in the opposite direction. Mr. Alexander was at a loss to account for this strange freak of the burro, and was about to start in pursuit of the runaway when he chanced to look ahead. Then his eyes gazed upon the monster. He was so beside himself with fear at first, he says, that his nerves were completely paralyzed, his hair stood on end, and move he could not; he was rooted to the spot, and his eyes were fixed upon the serpent. It was about a quarter of a mile from him, and was travelling in the opposite direction—toward the crater. He says it appeared to be about sixty feet in length; but what surprised him most was the queer proportions of the creature.

The fore parts were of enormous size, its head being fully as large as a barrel. A few feet behind the creature's head two large scales were visible, which glittered in the sun like polished shields; further back were two huge claws on either side, about two apart, which were all the monster had in the shape of feet. The rest of its body was comparatively small and tapering to the end of its tail. It traveled at a rapid gait, sometimes rearing its whole body up from the ground, and walked on its four claws. He watched it till it disappeared over a little hill and then he started to look after his burro.

The Mexicans have the most deadly fear of the crater and will not venture within miles of it, there being a popular tradition among them that it is the abode of some terrible serpent. The Mexicans assert that on one occasion a descent of the crater was made by three men, and as none of them returned it was generally believed they were devoured by the monster.

General Ignorance.

Some of the newspapers not long ago made no end of fun of a college graduate who could not tell who discovered America. Oh, well, my son, that is one of the things you don't learn in college. I am like the above graduate, I do not know who discovered America. If you know, or if you think you know a man who does know, I wish you would tell me. I would give some money just to learn that much. I am also away down in the spelling class. I cannot spell Shakespeare as Sakespeare himself spelled it. I wish you would tell me the proper way of spelling that great man's name. I do not know why there are so many gray horses, and no gray colts. I do not know whether the egg began with the hen, or the hen started with the egg. I can't understand why we can't add the North Pole when we know right where it is. I don't know why a matinee should come in the afternoon. I don't know why a man wears tuxons on the tail of his coat. I can't see what earthly use an elephant's tail is to him. I don't understand why people in town are always wild to go into the country, and people in the country are crazy to come to town. Why don't they change places at once, and be done with it? I do wish I could somewhere hear of a wise man who would devote a few hours every century to teaching me a few simple things that everybody ought to know, and that everybody, except you and I, seems to know already.

BILL NYE.

A GENUINE SALAMANDER.—We claim for our town a small negro boy who can rake red coals of fire from the fireplace and eat them with as much relish as he would a nice roast potato. He does not use any preparations whatever on his hands or in his mouth, which startles all the experts in his eating who have seen him perform this wonderful act. There is no trick about it, as we have seen him do it quite a number of times and examined the coals of fire after he put them in his mouth.—*Fort Valley, Georgia, Enterprise*.

"Do you enjoy the sport?" asked Commodore Rondont, of Poughkeepsie, as the ice boat luffed a little. "Enjoy it? I adore it," was Miss Raker's reply; "I haven't been so fast since I was at the Pequot House, New London, last summer."