

police have taken charge of my home and my clothes have been burnt and now there is no risk to you all, I sit down at the English consulate, where they have taken me, to write to you at home. I have not the strength to write to each so I send this to Fred, and he must write to my best friends and then send it to my relatives.

About four weeks ago the yellow fever broke out in San Salvador and Alex begged me to go home. I would not leave him, but sought and found a finca (coffee plantation) too high for the plague to live there, and after hurrying Channing through an operation for tumor, which would have been serious if allowed to develop a few weeks longer, we left the place and went to our beautiful home. Alex would not forsake his post, but he came up every Saturday and had no fear of the plague. Last Saturday he came out with John, who had been with him for a few days with an attack of congestion of the brain. We were all happy that night. Sunday, too was a happy day, but Alex was very quiet. On Monday morning as he rode off he remarked that his stomach was bad. He reached San Salvador in two hours and went to the consulate and was at once stricken and was unable to be moved. They wired me, but I only got the message on Wednesday and was with him in an hour. It was then a light case and he had no idea what it was or that he was so ill.

We were quarantined at once. One good American shut himself in with us, also the English Consul, Mr. Campbell, and his wife, who has been a sister to me, saying only now: "If we go, we go together."

Saturday night, while not alarmed, I called a consultation of three of the best doctors that could be found anywhere. They gave me hope, but Sunday he was worse and while he knew us, he fortunately could not realize his condition. We called in the fourth doctor and two medical students to nurse him. The doctors held four consultations and had little hope, but he took so much milk and had so much strength, that we would not give him up. We could not bar the doors; the Americans, English and Germans, and some natives rushed in to help and we put him in hot baths. In one his breath left his body, but they brought him back again and by artificial life he breathed until Monday at 9 a. m.; but it was to be. The hot baths, the oxygen, the leaches at his head, the ice at his brain, the prayers of the people, nothing could save him.

I suppose, I must be thankful, that I am here yet and if I have breathed the foul air and they lay me down by him in two weeks, you must thank God, that my children live, even if they are orphans and suffer the tortures of hell, as I have done; even then thank God that they live.

Alex died in a coma, slept his life away, no good-bye, no word about his business, but I am with people who are human and you need not worry. We shall suffer for nothing. I will attend to his business matters at once so in case anything happens to me my children will not be stranded. The English consul has only now gone to the finca to tell my children, fearing the news would reach them before he got there.

September 19th—Alex was buried at 4 p.m. on Monday, the day he died. The low mob of common people surrounded the doors shouting: "Go for the police and dump him as they would one of us. But no, he is a consul and he must be buried with honors." On the other hand, not only the American people but the English and Germans, also the higher natives rushed in to help and the Americans were to him as a brother. A

vault was bought and a metallic coffin and then he was wrapped in the dear old Glory; the flag that protected us through the revolution, has gone to the grave with him.

The floral offerings were numerous. The consulate was draped in mourning, while the flag moved at half mast. At 4 p.m. the hearse and carriages came to the door, and by order of the President 800 soldiers and two bands passed the door, saluted, changed arms and played the national air of Salvador with that of America. The sight was most impressive, the band and military followed us to the grave playing the funeral march.

Ladies do not go to the cemetery here, but running the risk of all remarks, I followed him to his last resting place, and Mrs. Campbell would not let me go alone. The streets were lined with people; it is one of the largest funerals ever held here. This does not make my grief lighter, but it may be a comfort to his children in after years. The consular flags and those of the government are at half mast for nine days and on this last day, (the one of his burial) every private citizen who could get a flag, raised it. Everyone loved him here. He made a name for himself and protected the interest of the people as no one else has done. His future was bright, and had he lived he would have been renowned. There lies unfinished his novel, his life broken at 42 years, and I am left a widow, with three orphaned children in a foreign land.

Alex has truly given his life for his country. Always firm in his duty, even in the revolution he stood firmly at his post. Had he been less faithful to his country I would have had him today.

At his grave there was no minister. The vice-consul had to recite the service, but he broke down and the English consul, faithful to the last, with sobs read the service for the dead.

If it please God that I am to be with you again I shall sail October 25th or November 4th on the San Blas, but I come to you heart broken, kept up only by a duty to my children. If, when the time comes for me to succumb to the poison I have breathed, I give up and my children are left, see that they get a home. The Americans will not let them suffer. My trunks are packed and I will leave word, what I want done with things.

When you get this letter, if not advised by cable of bad news, I will be on my way back, if God has willed it otherwise, you have here my last wishes with my farewell to all I love most dear on earth.

### THE THIEDE MURDER CASE.

Charles Thiede, the Murray saloon-keeper, after lying in jail for upwards of five months, was placed upon trial for his life in Judge Barch's division of the Third district court on Wednesday. The defendant has been indicted for the wilful murder of his wife, Mary Thiede, at their home at Murray, on April 30th of the present year, by cutting her throat.

The twelve men in whose hands the fate of Thiede now hangs are as follows, their respective occupations being stated: A. R. Carter, mining; William J. King, grocer; N. A. Sherman, architect; W. H. Evans, miner; Louis Grinosky, merchant; W. J. Parkins, farmer; C. S. Favour, solicitor; D. D. Colbourn, broker; C. H. Rampton, merchant; E. W. Layton, engineer; James Day, gardener; B. E. Thornburg, real estate.

Judge Howat, assistant district at-

torney, then proceeded to make the opening statement for the prosecution. He said he expected the evidence would show that the defendant began to systematically abuse his wife at least four or five years ago. Not only did he then lose all affection for her and neglect her from that time on, but he manifested towards her a most brutal disposition. He had been seen to take his wife by the hair of the head, hit her over the head with a club, drag her along by the hair, and kick her. Counsel said he could not pretend to enumerate all the brutal acts of which Thiede had been guilty towards the dead woman. He expected to prove that a year or so ago, about 11 o'clock at night, the deceased was found in the loft of an old barn, upon the saloon premises at Murray, hiding from her husband, in order to escape his violence. Two or three months before the murder he called his wife by the vilest names, spoke about getting a divorce from her, and told how he proposed to get rid of her, one way or another. He had been also heard to declare that his wife was not the woman for a saloon business, that he wanted one who would get the money out of men who come there, and flirt with them when necessary. He had been even known to discuss the probability of a man who committed murder being able, with the aid of a skillful lawyer, to escape punishment. On the Sunday night preceding the murder, he said, an old German and his wife living close to the saloon heard the woman's screams in the garden, and later Mrs. Thiede went to a neighbor's house crying, with her eyes black and blue, caused, it was claimed, by her husband's ill-usage. Judge Howat then explained how, prior to the alleged murder, Thiede sent his little girl away from the place for the night, leaving himself and wife the only occupants of the house, that the defendant had certain knives sharpened up previously, and insisted that these and other circumstances went far to indicate that Thiede had deliberately planned to take his wife's life. Counsel narrated how Thiede, between one and two o'clock on the morning of the murder went to the house of an old German, near by, awakened the inmates and stated that his wife had been killed. He next related how the unfortunate woman was discovered lying dead on the ground at the east end of the saloon, with her throat cut from ear to ear. The defendant said he thought she had committed suicide, but later stated to Sheriff McQueen, upon the latter reaching the premises, that he himself killed her. The wife, added Judge Howat, was a good and exemplary woman and treated her husband with uniform kindness. The finding of bloodstains on Thiede's clothing the prosecuting attorney referred to as another most suspicious link in the chain of evidence against the accused.

Judge Cherry elected to make an opening statement for the defense. He said that Thiede denied this charge absolutely, and would put at issue every allegation which the prosecution intended to offer. The statement made by Judge Howat as to the defendant's ill-treatment of his wife during the last four or five years was