

near the wrist. By this time Wallace and Robinson were in the house and the firing became general. Wallace went down with one shot in the mouth and two in the arm. Baldwin caught another bullet in his wounded arm, and Robinson fired two shots at the outlaw, when his pistol was knocked from his hand by a bullet which cut one of his fingers. A woman in the house also fired five shots at Moran and then fainted. Moran shot all the cartridges from his two revolvers and then fell. He died in two minutes and when examined twelve wounds were found on him, six bullets being found in his body. The three detectives received eight balls. Wallace was lying at the point of death. Baldwin was in a serious condition. Moran never spoke after the firing began. There is general satisfaction at his death.

Dynamite Conspiracy.

The following account of a desperate conspiracy was telegraphed from New York April 7:

An explosion, presumably of dynamite, which occurred Feb. 8, in the rear of Stevenson's brewery, has been found to be the work of labor union men, four of whom are in custody at police headquarters. One of the men Inspector Byrnes has in charge made a confession, and told of the guilt of the other three. The informer is Henry A. Fitzgerald, formerly walking delegate of the Ale and Porter Brewery Employees' Protective Association, who compose a local assembly of 8,300, embraced in District Assembly 49 of the Knights of Labor. The men implicated and who are in custody are John Zoydent, of the local assembly, Patrick F. Close and Thos. Reardon, members of the executive committee. O'Connell was president of the executive committee and undertook to bring Stevenson to terms. The prisoners constituted the executive committee at the time of the explosion. According to the informer's statements the committee were about to invent some scheme whereby Stevenson could be made to recognize the union and discharge non-union men. The first plan was to send union men to the brewery to apply for work and state that they were not attaches to the union. Union men who secured employment under this disguise were to place grease in the beer and ale vats. Several applicants who visited the brewery failed to get employment. The conspirators then conceived the plan to blow up the brewery. The engine of destruction, it was planned, should be exploded in the engine room. An opportunity to reach the engine room was not afforded the conspirators, and dynamite was finally used in the area.

The detectives who have been on the case learned recently that O'Connell stated at a meeting it was one thing to blow up a brewery and another to reach the Indian Territory line on the evening of April 21 and enter Oklahoma at noon next day. The chairman of the meeting gave a glowing description of the New

Territory, and a cowboy who had been across it several times spoke of the dangers new settlers will have to avoid. Newspaper clippings were also read stating there were more men awaiting to enter the new territory than there were homesteads, and that there would doubtless be much fighting. Notwithstanding this discouragement every man present signified his intention of going.

Inspector Byrnes, after securing Fitzgerald's confession, took him before the grand jury, where he repeated the confession, and indictments were found.

Earthquakes in South America.

Advices to the San Francisco *Chronicle* of recent date, respecting elemental disturbances in Ecuador and other portions of South America, say:

A succession of earthquakes of more or less severity have occurred, and are apparently still occurring, to the southward. That damage has resulted is almost certain, although advices are wanting. The shocks having uniformly moved from east to west, it is probable that the seat of the disturbance is in the Ecuadorian center of volcanic activity, the highlands of Chimborazo. Latest advices state that the concussions have been felt as far north as Buenaventura, and therefore it is not impossible that, should the disturbances continue and increase in violence, the force of the concussions may even extend so far north as the Isthmus. A dispatch dated Lima, March 4th, says: The reports from Guayaquil, which state that slight shocks have continued from 11 p. m., on the 2nd, are not confirmed, but it is feared that there is disaster in the province of Manavi. All telegraphic communication in that direction is interrupted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Frontier Life in the Army.

The routine of army life and the monotonous march through the wilderness does not prevent a soldier's making an interesting acquaintance now and then with prominent characters. Thus the writer was so fortunate as to fall in with two well-known frontiersmen who happened to meet at Maxwell's while we were all enjoying that gentleman's hospitality. One of them was the famous Indian fighter, Kit Carson, who had come down from his mountain home on a flying visit. His personal appearance differed very widely from the type usual among men of his kind and surroundings. His voice was quite mild, and whoever looked at his smooth-shaven face and his hair combed down close to his head, would have taken him for a minister of the gospel, rather than for a man who had many years been the terror of the Indians all over the western country, and on whom they looked even then—about two years before his death—with fear and awe. The other man was Lieutenant-Colonel Pfeiffer, who had served in

the regiment of which Kit Carson was colonel, and the two old soldiers hugely enjoyed meeting again on that occasion.

Since the Indians were constantly on the war path at that time, it was only natural that our conversation should turn on that topic. Colonel Pfeiffer was persuaded to relate an adventure which he was rather averse to talk about, because it awakened the sad reminiscence of his wife's death. There was a small military post by the name of Fort McRae—now abandoned—on the Rio Grande. It was a wild-looking spot and a dangerous one, because the Indians use it a great deal for driving their stolen cattle across the river, which is comparatively shallow and free from quicksand just at that point. The river describes a semi-circle about forty miles in diameter, and on account of its banks being bordered by rocks, thick bushes and ravines, the teams cannot follow its course in that neighborhood, but have to go across what is called the "Jornado del Muerte" (Journey of Death). The road takes its name because so many horses and other stock, and even men, have perished there from want of water. The military and their trains used to take large, transportable water tanks for the men along with them, and to travel at night, so as not to be affected by the heat. The animals, however, had to be unhitched while the soldiers were in camp, and driven fourteen miles to the vicinity of Fort McRae and back again, merely in order to get a drink of water at the Rio Grande, and thus be saved, if possible, from a miserable death. There are hot springs within nine miles of Fort McRae, and thither Colonel Pfeiffer went one day with his wife and an escort of about twelve soldiers. While he was bathing, the men were on the lookout for Indians at the top of a rock about ten yards from the springs. But the Indians outwitted them, and captured the lady, while he had just time to seize his rifle, and wade across the river without a stitch of clothing on. Knowing the Indian character, he calculated they would not kill his wife immediately, but take her to their hiding places, and make her do menial work. He therefore made for the fort to give the alarm and send reinforcements. He was followed by the Indians who sent arrows after him, one of which entered his back, with the end coming out in front. In this condition and with the arrow in his body, he ran until he reached an inclosure of rocks, where he made a halt and defended himself for several hours, while the burning sun shone on his bare body, causing intense pain. He was known by the Indians as an excellent marksman, and when they found that they could not get him out of his stronghold without losing several of their number they gave up the siege. They had no sooner left than he ran for dear life to the post, nine miles away, and at last reached it more dead than alive. When the surgeon extricated the arrow the entire skin peeled off from his