

He carried a rifle and pistol and rode a bay horse.

The saloonkeepers of Oakland, Cal., are equally divided on the question of another adjustment of the liquor license problem. It is the aim of many to increase the already high license, so that the number of saloons will be materially reduced and the city's revenue much increased. Others violently oppose the measure. The movement to increase the license to \$500 a year has been agitated for weeks, and is being urged by the politicians who believe the city needs the revenue. A lively fight will be introduced into the council when the matter comes up at its next meeting.

The winter residence of Otto Mergenthaler, the inventor of the linotype typesetting machine, was totally destroyed by fire at Deming, N. M., Thursday. Mr. Mergenthaler lost all his personal property and many valuable papers, including the drawings for a new typesetting machine. The property was owned by Col. James A. Lockhart of Colorado Springs, Colo., and was valued at \$20,000. Mr. Mergenthaler was spending the winter in Deming, hoping to be benefitted in health. Another fire earlier in the morning destroyed several frame business houses on Silver avenue.

Saturday forenoon at Stockton, Cal., Judge Jones formally sentenced George Williams, the convicted train-wrecker, to spend "the term of his natural life" in the Folsom state prison. The jury fixed the penalty at life imprisonment, and it only remained for the court to formally pass judgment. Williams still imagines that he will get out after a couple of years so that he can begin life all over again with the new century. He asserts that if he has to remain at Folsom more than two years he will find a way out of his own, and says if he cannot think of a better plan he will let the guards turn the Gatling guns on him.

Antone Pecci, a San Francisco peddler, placed a revolver in his pocket Sunday night and started out to kill. The girl of his choice had refused to marry him and he had made up his mind to place her beyond the reach of any other suitor. The young lady whose blood the jealous peddler wanted to shed is Anita Gilmetti. She is employed in the Standard Shirt factory, on Hayes street, and lives with her parents at the corner of Hayes street and Van Ness avenue. As the result of his thirst for blood Pecci was arrested by Police Officer Joy and charged at the city prison with carrying a concealed weapon.

Ebenezer Newton Parkhurst, an old man of 75 years, wandered into Oakland, Cal., Sunday afternoon with the intention, as he says now, of doing something startling before he ended his monotonous career. Weakened by lack of food for ten days and discouraged with the outlook for the remaining years of his life, Parkhurst made up his mind that the time had come to depart this life, but he wanted that departure to be marked with some stirring event. He cast about for means of achieving notoriety, and finally hit upon the scheme to set fire to the long wharf.

The Examiner of San Francisco states that a business quarrel is being carried on by the San Francisco Bridge company, Darby, Laydon & Co., the Pacific Pine Lumber company and other firms, large and small, interested in the business of pile driving. It is charged that a combination has been formed to corner the market in piles and to force prices up until the dealers outside the trust are frozen out of business. In addition to this it is charged that those in the combination discriminate against the outside deal-

ers and have a sliding scale of prices to suit themselves. This is vigorously denied, however, by the firms that have signed the trust agreement.

Joshua Steves, a farmer living six miles from Stockton, Cal., on the Sonora road, was almost killed Friday by a bull. He went into a field for a horse and was attacked without warning. The bull knocked Steves down and tossed him into the air with his horns. Steves, who is 70 years old, struck the ground so hard that a blood-vessel in the brain was ruptured and the whole of his left side paralyzed. The bull still stood beside him when he fell, but did not attack him again. Steves's son drove the animal away. A year ago he was gored by the same bull. His chances for recovery are very slim.

Richard E. Filck, who was tried at Rawlins, Wyo., for the shooting of Henry Border at Baggs last August, was found guilty by a jury last evening. He will be sentenced later.

The federal grand jury at Helena, Mont., is about to investigate the looting of the First National bank, which closed there a year ago September 4th, with \$3,500,000 in deposits, a capital stock of \$800,000 and a surplus of \$600,000 unaccounted for. The first grand jury after the failure indicted former Manager Edgerton, Director E. W. Beattie and Assistant Cashier George H. Hill, but the indictments were quashed on technicalities.

Murderer J. J. Ebanks, who was saved from hanging some week ago by Acting Warden Edgar of San Quentin prison, was taken Saturday to San Diego, Cal., in pursuance of an order issued by the superior court of San Diego county, where sentence of death will again be pronounced against him. There is now pending an appeal in Ebanks' case before the Supreme Court of the United States, which will be probably decided at the same time as the Durrant and other cases. In ordering his return to San Diego and resentence it is the opinion of many lawyers that the court is acting in contravention to the opinion of the United States court and that good grounds for a second appeal will be laid by this action.

Bert Ostrander, a stable boy in the employ of James Neil, met with an accident at the Ingleside track, San Francisco, Thursday which probably will result in his death. While exercising E. McCormick's horse Thyme, Nick Hall's colt Corriente, with Si McLain up dashed into him, and both animals and jockeys were thrown down. McLain fortunately went over the fence to the soft ground inside of the track and escaped injury. Ostrander, however, fell upon the track upon his head, sustaining concussion of the brain. He was picked up and every effort made to restore him to consciousness, but without avail. He was then conveyed to the receiving hospital, where his death is momentarily expected. Thyme was badly shaken up, but Corriente ran eight miles after the accident and dropped in his tracks from sheer exhaustion.

The police of San Francisco are hunting for two daring burglars who have been operating in the Western Addition. During the past few weeks they have entered a number of houses and stolen property valued at several thousand dollars. The latest burglary attributed to them was committed about a week ago at the residence of Harry Striem, 2626 Sacramento street. Striem and his wife were absent at the time, having gone to a friend's house in the next block. They returned shortly before 9 o'clock in the evening and were surprised to find the front door unlocked. A subsequent examination showed that the house had been

entered and jewelry to the value of several hundred dollars taken.

In some unaccountable manner the engineer at the Eureka and Excelsior mines at Bourne slipped and fell into the mammoth fly wheel, which is twenty feet in diameter and runs at the frightful speed of 125 revolutions per minute, says the Baker City, Ore., Democrat. None of the employees of the mine witnessed the fall of the engineer, and for an hour and a quarter the helpless man was whirled around on this fearful ride at the rate of nearly 100 miles an hour. When his awful position was discovered and the ponderous machinery at last brought to a standstill the helpless engineer had actually traveled 110 miles. He was taken out seemingly more dead than alive, but when he was brought to consciousness, most wonderful to relate, it was found that his injuries were simply a lot of painful bruises, none of which are in any sense serious.

Richard Harris, a small boy living on King street, San Francisco, was rescued from death in the bay Sunday afternoon by Thomas Howard, a stevedore, employed by the Pacific Mail Steamship company, who plunged into the water and kept the boy afloat until help came to them both. The Harris boy was playing on a raft in the basin west of the Pacific Mail dock when he fell into the water. He could not swim and the boys who were with him paddled the craft on which they were playing to shore and ran for home as fast as their legs could carry them. The tide was carrying the lad out into the bay with his clothing holding him up when Howard's attention was attracted by the cries of the drowning boy's companions. When the stevedore reached the water's edge all he could see was the hat of the boy drifting on the waves. He realized at once that there was some one in need of help and plunged into the water. He floated the spot where the hat was floating and near it and a few inches below the surface was the drowning boy lying almost motionless. Grasping the lad, Howard held him to the surface until some men came to his assistance in a boat. The boy was able to walk home after the salt water had been squeezed out of him by rolling him over a barrel.

The throng of people who gathered at the San Francisco Cliff House Sunday to witness feats of aquatic skill got rather more than they had any reason to hope for, and for a time hundreds of anxious spectators expected to see a young swimmer dashed upon the rocks and killed. R. B. Cornell undertook to swim from the Olympic pier around the Seal rocks. After a delay of about an hour beyond the time announced Cornell took the plunge. He swam around the seaward side strongly, but on turning and making the attempt to cover that part of the course lying between the rocks and the Cliff House he was unable to make any headway against the tide. The spectators on shore saw him carried steadily away from his goal. At length, realizing that he was certain to fail in his attempt, Cornell waved his arms wildly in the air to summon help. A number of persons ran to the nearest points along the shore, but could do nothing. About 200 swimmers from the baths assembled upon the level space above the mass of timbers and iron that was intended for a wave motor and shouted encouragement to Cornell. Meanwhile the swimmer succeeded in getting safely on a rock about 100 yards from shore and called for a boat.

Mrs. Caroline V. Kelley of Denver, sister and administratrix of the late