

Young caught the same train and the sheriff of the next county made the arrest, and Smith was held at Fort Benton, forty-five miles down the line. Smith was in the railway service in St. Paul after leaving Kansas City. He went to Great Falls a year ago and has borne a good reputation. His friends believe him innocent.

Considerable excitement has been created in Moscow, Idaho, by a report from Kendrick to the effect that Dr. J. C. C. Justice, of Leland, had attempted to murder B. O. Winslow, agent of Cheatham, Baker & Co., grain merchants. Justice and Winslow were standing at the corner of Kerby's general merchandise store conversing, it is supposed on business, and as they finished Winslow started towards the hotel for supper when Justice called him back, and putting his hand on Winslow's shoulder without a word of warning drew out an ugly bowie knife and made a stab at Winslow's heart, saying as he did so, "it has come to this." The knife penetrated the coat and twenty-five thicknesses of paper which Winslow had in his pocket, and probably would have gone clear through if he had not caught the doctor's arm and broke away. No cause is assigned for the deed. The knife used was an ugly instrument, and ordinarily would cause death at one stroke.

On Saturday morning when the chambermaids of the St. Charles hotel, San Bernardino, Cal., went to room 128, they found the door locked. Thinking nothing of it they proceeded to finish their work, and at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon tried the same door again, but it was still locked. They reported to the office, and two porters were sent to investigate. Looking over the transom they saw a dead body stretched on the floor, the head surrounded in a pool of blood. The man's name was John Kennedy, lately from Wilmington, near Los Angeles. He reached San Bernardino on the previous Wednesday. He committed the act deliberately. Taking a sheet from the bed and carefully spreading it on the floor, then removing all his clothing and placing his valuables on a stand, he laid down, first placing a newspaper under his head, tied a towel about his jaw, folded the sheet around him and sent a bullet from a 32-caliber pistol through his brain. Death was instantaneous. Thirty-two dollars in cash was found on his body.

Sometime on Saturday night the Fort Collins (Colo.) postoffice was entered. The safe was blown open and something like \$10 taken therefrom. The robbers entered by prying open with a crowbar one of the windows in the back part of the office. Next morning, when Deputy Postmaster Simms and assistant opened the office, they found the safe standing open and rifled of its contents and lying about the room were various drills and other tools used by the robbers in their safe cracking experiments. Also lying on one of the tables in the office was found a coat, very much worn and patched. In the pocket of it was a letter which the authorities believe may furnish an important clue to the midnight intruder. The news room of C. C. Farmer in the postoffice build-

ing, was also visited and the money drawers rifled of their contents. The burglars were evidently frightened away, for they neglected to carry with them their wearing apparel and their tools. The Fort Collins postoffice was robbed about two years ago and the indications are that the robbers of Saturday night were the same parties who effected an entrance before.

At noon on Friday, the 27th of Oct., says the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the trap was sprung and Dr. F. O. Vincent suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Fresno for the foul murder of the woman whom he had sworn to love and cherish. Thirteen minutes later the physicians announced that all signs of life had departed and the remains were cut down, placed in a coffin and removed to the morgue. There was a busy time at the jail during the morning. Many anxious spectators were hanging around long before 9 o'clock, and the officers were besieged by numerous applicants for admission to the execution. Vincent passed the night somewhat restlessly, but partook of a hearty breakfast at 9 o'clock and remarked: "Who wouldn't be hanged after having such a good breakfast?" The condemned man still seemed to entertain hope that Governor Markham would grant him a commutation of sentence until the last moment. Vincent appeared on the scaffold at 11:50 o'clock and was plumed. When asked what he wished to say he responded by thanking the sheriff and his deputies for their kind treatment toward him. He further said: "To my friends, God bless you. To my enemies, God forgive you." The noose and black cap were then adjusted, and after a short prayer by the pastor of the Congregational church the drop fell at exactly 12 o'clock. The victim never moved or quivered after the drop, and at 12:09 his pulse ceased to beat and he was publicly announced dead by the doctor at 12:13. At 12:15 the body was taken down and placed in a coffin. The black cap and rope were both inclosed in the coffin. About 800 people witnessed the execution. Vincent ascended the gallows smoking a cigar, which he kept till just before the falling of the drop.

The recurrence of dreadful accidents on lines leading into Chicago has led to a great deal of criticism on the part of railway officials west of the Missouri river. "I have noted the accidents as they have been reported," remarked a prominent railroad man yesterday (says the *Denver News*), "and in only one instance has any tangible excuse been offered. The case I refer to is the accident at Jackson, Mich., which has been accounted for by the claim that the air brakes failed to work. Now, I've seen the air brakes tested at least a thousand times and never knew them to fail. On this account I take no stock in claims that the air brakes didn't work. The accidents reported for two months past were, in my opinion, preventable. Why do we not read of such accidents on western roads? The reason is that greater vigilance is exercised in the West. On our line the moment a train stops at an unusual stopping place the rear brakeman is required to start on a run on the back track and travel one-eighth of a mile if not recalled. If the man walks he is liable to be discharged,

and it makes no difference whether the train is standing in an open prairie with a straight track as far as the eye can reach. In the East I have seen men saunter along for a car's length to the rear and then sit down, as they felt that they had done their duty. There is no doubt that certain roads in the East are overdoing themselves in attempting to carry more passengers than they can safely handle. The high rate of speed which is demanded by the public is another source of danger, but there is no doubt three-fourths of the accidents could be avoided by proper precautions."

The fourth and last one of the gang that held up and robbed a Northern Pacific train at Gray Cliff, Montana, last August lies dead in the morgue at Kalispell, Mont., Jack White having paid the penalty of his crime with his life while resisting arrest. He was taken by J. P. Genesman, a private citizen, who accidentally met him in the mountains thirty miles east of the latter place six days ago. Genesman recognized White at once and the train robber recognized Genesman. The bandit was in a terrible condition, having tramped around through the mountains eluding the officers until hunger was gnawing at his vitals. He had to confide in some one to get something to eat. White and Genesman were acquainted on the cattle range east of the mountains, and White thought that he could trust Genesman. He openly admitted having been connected with the gang that did the Northern Pacific job and implored Genesman to aid him or to at least give him food and shelter. Genesman knew that \$500 hung over the bandit's head and that he could deliver the robber to the authorities. Being unarmed and wholly unprepared to capture him then, Genesman told White that if he would meet him at the same spot six days later he would do something for him. White was thrown completely off his guard and misconstrued his supposed benefactor's motives. When they again met, and as soon as they were near together, Genesman leveled a Winchester and commanded White to throw up his hands. The half-starved robber at once saw that he had been trapped and became desperate. He dropped his rifle and pulled a six-shooter, but before he could use it a bullet pierced his right lung, telling him to his tracks. Genesman had a companion concealed in the brush, and the two men carried the lifeless body of the bandit two miles to a station on the Great Northern railroad, then brought it to Kalispell, turning it over to the United States authorities. Three of the gang are now dead, leaving Red Jones, now in jail at Helena, to answer for the crimes of the band of desperadoes, consisting of robbery, murder and various minor offenses.

On Sunday evening the body of an elderly man, five feet six inches tall, with a scant gray beard, was found in the sand hills south of San Francisco. He was dressed in a well-worn brown suit. There was nothing found by which to identify the body. It was a case of suicide. This man had dug a hole in the sand pile, and, after lying down in the grave, fired a bullet into his head. The weapon was found clutched in the suicide's hand.