

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

A Nebraska Man's Scheme Being Developed by the Southern Association.

GOOD HOTELS THE PRIME OBJECT.

How a Chicago Insurance Agent Made a Fortune Out of Railroad Accidents—A Banquet for the Drummers.

A Nebraska commercial tourist recently suggested the plan of having his fellow travelers agree to patronize one hotel in each town of the state.

The plan was not very enthusiastically received by the Nebraska drummers, but their southern brethren have taken the suggestion and carried out on it, and are now enthusiastically pushing the scheme.

The Chicago insurance agent, who has received the endorsement of the Southern Travelers' association, is chairman of the general hotel committee, and is at the head of the movement.

When a town ought to have a good hotel and yet has none, let a local committee be formed that will put in, say, a third or a half of the necessary capital, and let the association pay or place bonds for the rest of the money.

It is a big undertaking, but the Southern Travelers' association is a very powerful organization, and can accomplish wonders.

It is undertaking very practical and necessary things. It is looking out for the interests and interests of the traveling men, and will benefit not only the traveling men, but the public generally.

A number of traveling men were chatting in front of one of the hotels the other evening when the subject of the expense of accidents to the companies came up.

Speaking about the accident which recently occurred in Iowa, one of the gentlemen said: "The published reports of this calamity were correct and conveyed an idea of the awfulness of the situation."

But they failed to make mention of a little episode, the comical part of which it would be difficult to do justice to by simply telling of it.

A special train had taken a number of officials and physicians to the scene of the accident. One of the former, whom I will call Mr. Smith, after he had arrived, walked up and down between the rows of injured passengers.

When he had seen them all, he suddenly shouted: "Mr. Sullivan! Mr. Sullivan! Is Mr. Sullivan here?"

A second passed in silence, and then a third emerged from behind a tree and planted its self right in front of Mr. Smith.

"Ah, there you are, Mr. Sullivan, and thank God, uninjured," Mr. Sullivan now spoke. "Yes, sir, it is I. Got off pretty easy this time. There on my forehead—a little scratch—worth perhaps \$500."

"Two hundred dollars? What! Have you not yet got enough?" replied Smith. "Hehehe called one of the physicians and requested him to carefully examine Sullivan, and the verdict was that nothing had happened to Mr. Sullivan."

"But how about the injury here on my arm?" rejoined Sullivan. "If you mention another word about that arm injury," Smith broke in furiously.

A DEADLY DUEL IN THE DARK.

Officer and Outlaw Shooting By the Flash of Their Firearms.

HE FOUGHT LIKE A VERY DEMON.

With a Load of Buckshot in His Body Noratto Ponce, a California desperado Held His Pursuers at Bay.

The tale of adventure here set down was written expressly for the San Francisco Examiner by Harry Morse, the most famous of western sheriffs and detectives, and is a striking illustration of California life only a decade since.

One of the most thrilling adventures I ever experienced was an encounter with a Chilean murderer named Noratto Ponce while I was sheriff of Alameda county in 1867.

At that time the county was thickly settled with desperate characters who had for years terrorized the locality where they held forth by their criminal acts.

They stole horses and anything else they could lay hands on, and were not averse to taking human life when the opportunity offered.

It took years of work to rid the county of the desperadoes, who were mostly Mexicans and Chileans, and occasionally a white scoundrel, but I finally succeeded.

Among the wretches who caused me the most anxiety was Noratto Ponce. This fellow was one of the most fleshly cut-throats that ever drew the breath of life.

He would steal a band of horses or enter a throat as calmly as he would eat his breakfast, and he was also cunning enough to arrange matters so that the officers of the law found it impossible to secure evidence that would send him to the gallows.

Like all men of his caliber, however, he finally overreached himself. THE KILLING OF JOY.

On September 3, 1867, Ponce murdered a man named Joy, in a saloon, at Hayward. After committing the crime he fled to the Black Hills, the mountains of the west.

On a certain Friday in November of that year, however, accompanied by Officer John Conway of Oakland, I set out for Alameda, Murray township. There we left our buggy and proceeded on horseback to the vicinity in which the Chilean was supposed to be hiding.

A Mexican had informed me that Ponce wanted to engage his services to guide him out of the country, and that he (the Mexican) was willing to deliver the bandit into my custody.

The man agreed upon was that my informant should lead Ponce down a by-road passing by the Livermore House and enter the main road by a certain gate, and that he (the Mexican) was willing to deliver the bandit into my custody.

At the appointed hour Conway and I repaired to the spot. A few yards from the gate through which the two men were to pass, forming an avenue through which Ponce must ride, were stacked two large piles of hay.

Conway continued to my chagrin, concealed himself in the hay at the end toward which we reckoned the Chilean would first appear, and I secreted myself at the other end.

As I calculated that the men would pass Conway, and would not see me on the road and cover their retreat, and while the hay would cut off escape on both sides, I would block their passage forward.

YOU CAN GET THE DAILY BEE

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