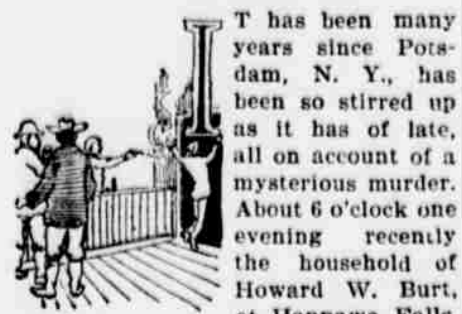


WHO FIRED THE SHOT

THAT KILLED OLD MAN BRIGGS IN BURT'S HOUSE.

Who Was It and What Was the Reason?—Mystery in This Murder Which Has Caused Much Excitement in Northern New York.



It has been many years since Potsdam, N. Y., has been so stirred up as it has of late, all on account of a mysterious murder. About 6 o'clock one evening recently the household of Howard W. Burt, at Hannawa Falls, five miles from Potsdam, was thrown into great excitement. There were present Mrs. Burt, Asa Briggs, her father, 83 years old, Mrs. Burt's young son, and the hired girl. Mr. Burt was in Potsdam and had not returned. There was a rap at the door, and the boy went to see who was there. He was confronted by a masked man, who, without saying a word, pressed forward and entered the sitting room, where, without any ceremony or words he opened fire on Mrs. Burt. He aimed at her heart, the ball passing through her left arm. He then aimed at her head, but before this shot was fired the murderer's right arm was grabbed by Mr. Briggs. The masked man then turned on old Mr. Briggs, who had grabbed him, and during the shooting that followed the three other occupants of the room, Mrs. Burt, her son and the hired girl, fled. In the struggle with the masked stranger Mr. Briggs was shot twice in the neck, the ball in one instance taking a downward course which resulted in his death a few days later. No sooner was he free than the masked fiend fled. His mask, which consisted of a red bandana handkerchief, drawn over his face from his eyes down, had not been misplaced. Mr. Briggs in his anti-mortem statement later said that while he was lying on the floor and the murderer was above him shooting he discovered that the man had black whiskers. The country is sparsely settled, and it was some time before a general alarm was sent out. The man's tracks were visible in the light snow and he was followed for some distance. The family are held in the highest esteem, and no motive could be found for the act. Finally Morris Savage, who had been thrown out of the house some days before and had threatened to return and revenge himself, was arrested after a long hunt. Savage easily proved an alibi. By the testimony of most excellent people it was shown beyond question that he was thirty-five miles away at the time of the shooting. With Savage out of the way people began to suspect Howard Burt, the husband and son-in-law, although up to this time he had possessed an unblemished character. No motive could be given, still certain facts pointed directly toward him. On the evening of the tragedy several people on the road between Potsdam and the scene of the crime met a man on foot who looked like Burt. In some instances they spoke to him, but got no reply. The bandana handkerchief was picked up on the road. That day in Potsdam Burt purchased a soft white hat, exactly like the one worn by the masked man, while a day or two before he had purchased a 38-caliber revolver, such as the masked man used. Burt claims to have been in Potsdam at the time of the shooting and says that between 5 o'clock and 8 o'clock he was walking around town, as he was not feeling well. No one is believed to have seen him in town, where he is well-known, during this time. The first person to see him was a man who knew him well and that was at 8:20 p. m., and Burt was then on the road



HOWARD BURT.

leading into Potsdam from his home. Finally, Burt was arrested, after he had told a thousand and one different stories. The revolver and the white hat cannot be found. His examination which lasted several days, ended with his being held for the grand jury, despite the fact that Mrs. Burt and the hired girl testified that the masked man did not have a beard. Mrs. Burt stated afterward that she was so excited on the occasion of the shooting that she couldn't remember everything. People generally are satisfied that the right man is in custody, but as yet no satisfactory motive has been established. District Attorney Hale is said to possess much information that has not been given out, and is believed to be confident of convicting Burt.

An English exchange reports that there is an old fellow in Nottingham who snores so loud that he is obliged to sleep at a house in the next street to avoid awakening himself.

WON'T PAY HIS WINE BILLS.

Willie Edouin, the Actor, Up in a London Court.

(From the London Mail.) Willie Edouin, the actor and theatrical manager, now taking part in the comic opera "La Poupée" at the Prince of Wales Theater, appeared at Bloomsbury county court yesterday in answer to an adjourned judgment summons, issued at the instance of a Mr. Taylor for the balance of a wine bill. Henry Grain, solicitor, appeared for the plaintiff. His Honor—Haven't you paid this yet? (Laughter.) Defendant—No, I could not. His Honor—Why not? Defendant—I have other judgments out against me. His Honor—Other judgments. Where? Defendant—Let me see; I almost forgot. (Laughter.) His Honor—It's at the Westminster county court, is it? (Laughter.) His Honor—And how much do you pay on that judgment? Defendant—Five pounds a week. His Honor—You are paying £5 a week on one judgment, but Mr. Taylor is getting nothing. (Laughter.) Defendant—I know that; I am sorry, but I cannot help it. His Honor—You can pay him something. Defendant—Yes, but I can't afford much. (Laughter.) His Honor—Well, you had better make an offer of some sort. Defendant—I will make an offer of £5 a month. His Honor—What is your salary now? Defendant—Forty-five pounds. His Honor—A week, of course? Defendant—Yes. Mr. Grain—I think he can pay more than that. He is a very successful man and I am told that he holds the proprietary rights of the play "Newmarket," out of which he has made a considerable amount of money. Defendant—It is not so. "Newmarket" was a great loss to me. Something like £700. His Honor—Is that so? Defendant—Yes, it is so. I will make an offer of £5 a month, though. Mr. Grain—I am instructed that he could pay more; several things he has had in hand have brought him in a lot of money lately. His Honor—Is that so? Defendant—No, it is not. His Honor (to Mr. Grain)—I think you had better accept the £5 a month. Mr. Grain—Very good. His honor then made a fresh order for the payment of £5 a month.

Murderers Leave Notice.

Albert Giles of Little Rock, Ark., who led Captain Taylor's party of revenue



ALBERT GILES.

officers into the hiding place of the Van Buren county moonshiners last September, when Taylor and Dodson were killed, was shot from ambush and killed instantly. The killing occurred in the vicinity of the Taylor murder, and a placard was left on Giles' body warning others to keep their fingers out of the moonshiners' pie. Giles was a prominent Van Buren county farmer, and was en route to Russellville to furnish information of another gang. Collector Rempel of this district has dispatched a detail of deputies to Van Buren county to run down the murderers if possible.

Profits at Monte Carlo.

The Secolo of Milan publishes the budget of Monte Carlo for the last financial year, ending Oct. 31. From the statement here given it would seem that the profits of the salon are much below those of 1895-6, for we have a return of 14,750,000 francs, as against 19,750,000. No reason is assigned for this falling off. The outgoings of the bank are interesting. First comes the company's yearly allowance to Prince Albert of Monaco; that is written down at 2,000,000 francs. The outlay on police, gendarmerie, instruction and public pleasure grounds is stated at 1,500,000 francs. What instruction is meant is not very clear. Perhaps the children of the principality get their education gratis from the paternal casino. As to the directors, administrators, croupiers and servants of the establishment, they cost 1,000,000 francs a year, while the orchestra, racing, regattas and pigeon shooting run away with 800,000 francs more, but in this item there is also inserted "costs of charity." The charity of the casino must be larger than is generally imagined, for we have three separate items which belong to the quality of mercy. First, "charity" tout court; secondly, the viaticum given to the ruined gambler, now no longer proud, and consisting of a first-class return ticket, outlay stated at 100,000 francs, and, thirdly, a similar sum invested "in the prevention of suicides." A business-like entry at the end is: "Suicides for the financial year, total 25. Where did the Secolo get the last two details?"

Tramp's Double Bath.

A tramp broke into the house of W. C. Overton in Kokomo, Ind. He fell into a tub of cold water and Mrs. Overton drove him out with a teakettle of hot water.—Ex.

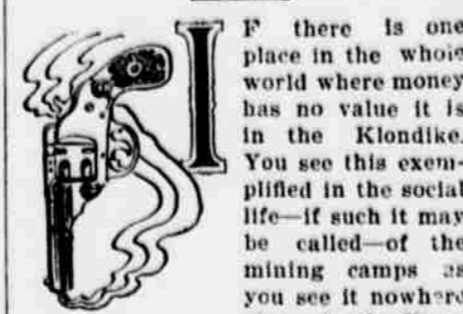
Twelve-Fingered Children.

A healthy boy with six fingers on each hand has been born to Mrs. Benjamin Herndon, of Hamilton, Ohio. A little daughter 18 months of age has twelve fingers.

FUN IN DAWSON CITY.

DANCE ALL YOU WANT AT ONE DOLLAR PER.

With the Professional Gamblers and Whisky Sellers, Who Use the Revolver to Admonish Reluctant Debtors—Some Phases of Life.



If there is one place in the whole world where money has no value it is in the Klondike. You see this exemplified in the social life—if such it may be called—of the mining camps as you see it nowhere else. In the Klondike gold is a common commodity. The principal diversions of Dawson are the gambling saloons and the dance halls. The most profitable industry is the sale of liquor, the saloons paying no revenue to the government. Beer and whisky sell for 50 cents a drink. The gambling saloons are run wide open, day and night, and the dance halls never close until daylight. Swiftwater Bill owns some of the richest claims on Eldorado creek, and when he breaks loose the dust is sure to fly. Bill took a seat at the faro table, and in just one hour he had lost \$7,500 in gold nuggets. Things don't seem to be coming my way tonight," he remarked as he arose from his seat. "Let the house have a drink at my expense." There was a rush for the bar, and waiters carried drinks to the various tables where games were in progress. That round cost Bill \$112. Then he lighted a dollar and a half cigar and strolled out. The gambling saloons, in external appearance, are very much like all other buildings in Dawson, except that they are larger. They are built of logs hewn on three sides and solidly chinked with heavy moss. The roofs are made of poles, on which a layer of moss fully ten inches thick is laid, and then a layer of dirt about twelve inches deep serves to keep out the cold. Heavy embankments of earth piled up against the huts on the outside serve as additional protection against the chilling blasts of the Arctic winter gales. Games involving \$5,000 and \$10,000 are running night and day. Professional dealers of "banking games" receive \$20 a day. The manner of hazarding money is unique even in a mining camp. The player takes his seat at a faro table, passes over his sack of gold dust to the dealer, who drops it into a small pigeon hole. The chance of "over-playing his sack" devolves upon the player's honor. He is given full credit and can call for as many chips from the check rack as he desires. As the checks are passed out a tab is dropped on his sack. At the conclusion of the play the chips on hand are credited to the account of the sack. The dealer hands the player a slip of paper showing the condition of the account, and the latter takes it and his sack of gold to the bar. If he has lost he weighs out his gold dust, or, in the event of winning, the barkeeper does the paying. About 4 o'clock one morning a miner known as "Shorty" left his seat at the table where he had been playing all night, saying that he had gone broke. The dealer handed him his bag of dust and his slip, the latter corresponding almost to a grain with the value of the gold. "Shorty" walked over to the bar and invited a couple of other miners to have a drink. Then he was seized with a fatal fit of forgetfulness. He edged toward the door and was about to push it open when the bartender called to him: "Say, Shorty, haven't you forgot something?" "Forgot hell!" exclaimed Shorty, and the door swung out. When it rebounded it stopped



IN A DANCE HALL.

half way, obstructed in its inward passage by the body of a dying man. A flash of flame and the report of a pistol from somewhere in that low celled, smoke-laden room, explained the draught of cold air that came in through the half-open door. "Shorty" was buried the next day. In the effete East there is a fine distinction drawn between the society man and the club man. The same distinction is drawn here. The club is the gambling saloon; society is the dance hall. I got into the Morning Star about midnight, although the dancing began as early as 7 o'clock in the evening. The building is a large one, built of logs, but with a floor of rough hewn boards. It answers every purpose, however, for the mazy waltz and the two-step are not popular with these boisterous revellers. They prefer the old-fashioned Virginia reel, or the plain quadrille with lots of room to throw their feet about. You could cut the tobacco-laden at-

mosphere with a knife. To one side, extending the entire length of the room, was the bar, and the three dispensers of drinks were kept quite as busy as the fiddlers. A poor quality of champagne sold for \$30 a pint, and a somewhat better brand brought \$40. Of course the men greatly outnumbered the women. There were probably a dozen of the latter, some of them young and quite pretty. They have little or no time to rest between the dances, and when the morning sun peeps over the eastern mountains the finds them a jaded and somewhat bedraggled lot. But they charge a dollar for every dance, and Cripple Creek Carrie, the acknowledged belle of the "dancing set," has been known to make as much as \$100 a night tripping the light fantastic toe. Most of the men wore their ordinary working clothes, with top boots or heavy, spike bottom shoes. Their heads were covered by broad brimmed hats, which they never removed, and in their mouths were cigar butts, which seemed equally stationary. Flat fights form a mild sort of diversion at these affairs, usually brought about by a dispute over who shall dance with the women. Occasionally the evening's festivities will conclude with a shooting affray, and along toward morning, when the corn juice has commenced to get in its fine work, a popular form of amusement is shooting out the lights. But as a rule flat-tuffis find the greatest favor.

Pima Indian Fat Boy.

Federal authorities on the Maricopa and Pima Indian reservations, near Phoenix, Ariz., report the death of Ne-un-ca-ma, the famous Pima fat boy, who was but 15 years old, yet tipped the scales at 440 pounds. Occasionally Ne-un-ca-ma used to come up from the reservation on a visit to Phoenix.



PIMA INDIAN FAT BOY.

This was excitement enough for one day in Phoenix. Crowds followed him about the street and stared at him as though he were a curio in a museum. He was a great favorite among his own people, and great preparations were made for his funeral services.

Book Bound in a Woman's Skin.

In Camille Flammarion's library is a volume of the famous astronomer's works which bears the unique title "Souvenir d'Une Morte." It is unique because the title is wholly incompatible with the contents of the book, which is mainly devoted to scientific matters. However, when one hears the story that is told of this little volume it does not appear so strange after all, though interest in it grows all the greater. It is said that Mr. Flammarion, meeting a beautiful lady at a reception one evening, openly expressed his admiration for her really lovely shoulders. So impressed was the lady that when she died her will directed that enough skin be taken from that part of her person to bind the next work of the distinguished scientist. This was done, and the book referred to is the result.

Married in a Barn.

Mr. Henry Wayman of McClur Settlement and Mrs. Catherine Coleman of Scott, Pa., were married in a barn in the presence of 300 people, who came from miles around to witness the marriage. After the ceremony they received the usual congratulations and many availed themselves of the opportunity to kiss the bride. At one end of the barn was an improvised table, made with boards laid upon sawhorses, and a sumptuous feast was spread upon it, comprising chicken pie, baked beans, potato salad, roast beef, roast pork, mince and pumpkin pies and plenty of good cider.

Robbed a Freight Crew.

Six tramps boarded a Baltimore and Ohio freight train a day or two ago, at Bowman, near Altoona, Pa., and while three of them entered the cab of the locomotive and ordered the engineer to stop the train the other three held up the conductor in the caboose and forced him to deliver his pocketbook, containing a ten dollar bill and some small change. Two of the tramps had revolvers and the rest were armed with clubs. The robbery was effected quietly and quickly, and at a whistle from the leader of the gang, the tramps ran for the woods and escaped.

A Cowboy Earl.

The seventeenth Earl of Caithness began life as a cowboy in the southern states, and was by no means pleased when his father's unexpected succession to the earldom heralded his recall from America to the uncongenial atmosphere of West End drawing rooms. Lord Caithness, who is nearly forty, has the sandy locks, the ruddy complexion and blue-gray eyes which are the heritage of the Sinclairs.

Valuable birds—Gold eagles.

BASE BALL GOSSIP.

PAST SEASON NEWS AND COMMENT.

As to Foul Strikes, a Rate Which According to J. Earl Wagner Needs Amending—Hanton on Sunday Ball—Shiftless Klobedanz.



As to Foul Strikes. HAT foul strike rule should be revised and Messrs. Hanton, Reach and Hart should give this complicated ruling their attention before they report on rules at the next schedule meeting in March," is Earl Wagner's suggestion. "In two games this year the foul strike number in the League states was brought into play and led to kicks that would have been avoided if the rule was consistent. In a game at National Park between the Senators and Buck Ewing's Reds, Bill Schriver stepped from the right-handed batsman's box to the square reserved for the left-handed batsman, and struck at the ball. As Schriver failed to hit the ball the umpire didn't call him out, which is correct under the rules, though his decision gave rise to an irate kick from Tom Brown, McJames and McGuire, and other enraged Senators, who formed an ensemble around the home plate and exchanged endearing terms with Carpenter, who umpired the game. The rule says that the batsman is not out on a foul strike unless he hits the ball into fair ground. But the case of Bill Lange in a game at Pittsburg caused a kick that brought the rule into question. Lange stepped from his box to the left-hander's box, and with his back to the plate whipped out a two-base hit. When the umpire was about to hand down a decision on the play Anson flashed a book of rules and proved Lange was legally entitled to his base. Anson was literally correct, as the rules vaguely says 'batsman's box.' Lange was in the left-hander's box when he made the hit. Though he stepped from one side of the plate to the other he was still in the box. The rule, in order to be consistent, should read like this: The batsman is out if he steps across the plate and hits the ball into fair ground, providing his back is turned from the plate."

A Japanese Jolly.

Base ball has invaded Japan, and to such an extent that the Tokio Athletic Association has written to President James A. Hart for rules and suggestions relative to the furthering of the American national game in the land of the Mikado. Last summer a lively little gentleman attended several games at League Park, Chicago, in the company of Mr. Hart and showed the keenest interest in and appreciation of the contests. He was Tora Hiraoka, of Tokio, Japan, and he explained then that base ball already had been introduced into his country, displaying two or three crooked fingers as indisputable evidence that he himself had already played the game. He said he was thoroughly in love with the sport and was sure it would become immensely popular among the Japanese when once generally introduced.

Shiftless Klobedanz.

Tim Murnane is authority for the statement that Pitcher Klobedanz is once more out of funds and anxious to sign a contract at the old figures. The directors say they will not sign him until next spring, as they were given trouble enough last summer for signing him at his own terms. As Kloby



PITCHER KLOBEDANZ.

received between \$600 and \$700 about one month ago out of the Temple Cup money and \$300 extra he received from the club, the management are at a loss to know what the player has been up against. It was hoped by Kloby's friends that he would be in shape to hold out for a fair salary this season, but it looks like the same old story—short of funds and a hurry for advance money by taking a salary that he would kick at when the performance was under way next season.

Hanton on Sunday Ball.

Manager Hanton, of the Baltimore Club, in relation to the talk about Sunday ball playing in New York, the other day said to a Baltimore Sun reporter, "I know nothing of the matter except what I see in the papers. As to playing in New York on Sunday, I do not see how that can be accomplished without an act of the legislature allowing it, and I do not believe the legislature could ever be persuaded

to pass such a bill—at any rate, not the present legislature. It might be possible for the New York club to get grounds outside the city limits for Sunday games. I believe that the sentiment in favor of Sunday base ball is growing and that before many years all the clubs will be playing games on Sunday. Base ball is a clean, honest, manly sport. Watching a game is not degrading nor demoralizing, and is as innocent a pastime as can be found. Of course, many good people desire to spend the Sabbath otherwise than in looking at a game of ball. These have a perfect right to do so. But there is another class who work every day in the week, and never have an opportunity to see a game, and who believe that spending a couple of hours in the afternoon at a ball game is no sin. I think such people should have the right to see a game if they desire."

A Brilliant Short Stop.

William F. Dahlen, the brilliant short stop of the Chicago club, has played with but two teams in his career. He was born in White Plains, N. Y., and is in the vicinity of 27 years old. He started to play ball when he was 16 years of age. His first professional engagement was with the Cobleskill team of the New York State League. That was in 1890, and he stayed there for one year, playing the latter part of the season with the Albany. That, however, was not a regular engagement, as he simply filled out the season with them. A friend of Anson heard of the little fellow, who was reputed to be very clever at the game, and, as the Chicago were greatly in need of good men to strengthen their infield, Dahlen was signed after short negotiations. He was a great hit with the colts, and one



WILLIAM H. DAHLEN.

of the first men on the team that brought about the name of Colts. He was signed in the fall of 1890, and played his first game in a Chicago uniform in the spring of 1891. He was originally a third baseman, but was played at short by Anson, and has not since left that position for more than one game. He is of an erratic disposition, and, while sober and careful in his habits, is a hard man to control.

Gives Hough a Little Pointer.

There are some people who rush into print without stopping to examine the subject they wish to discuss. An eastern base ball writer, without investigating the details of the new schedule of the League, says:

"A point which is bothering many base ball cranks is how in a four-trip schedule a team can play two games in each series with every other team, in which case each would play 176 games instead of the stipulated 154. It would mean a total series of sixteen games away from home and a like number at home. Seven not being divisible by four in such a way as to permit of the playing of two games in each series, arrangements may be made in some cases whereby eight will be played on one ground and six on the other. In the majority of instances, however, the schedule will be so arranged that on three of the trips two games will be played, and on the fourth and last only one."

The point is not bothering base ball cranks who have taken the trouble to investigate. In the first place the different teams are not going to make four visits each season to each city. It is true that they will make four trips each way, but they will only play half the cities of each division on each trip. They will play three games one trip and four on the other. Seven games in each city means fourteen games with each club, and this multiplied by eleven gives the schedule of 154 games. There will be no trouble about understanding the schedule.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The New Schedule.

The new departure in the way of a schedule should be an improvement over the old system under which clubs played at home for almost a month and were on foreign grounds for a like period. The fans will approve it, but whether the magnates will find it profitable is another question. Not more than 14 successive games will be played in one city under the schedule of 1896, and in all likelihood when one of the Eastern sections is in the West, a Western section will be battling in the East with no other contingent of that section. This means an immense outlay for railroad expenses, and the patronage must be correspondingly increased to meet it. This will be the case in the cities whose clubs are in the race, but the proverbial difficulty in arousing enthusiasm in the tail-end communities is sure to be encountered. The non-Sunday clubs of the East while in the West will be chief sufferers from the four-trip system.—Boston Journal.