

SAL AND PETE.

It was snowing up in the mountains high, feathery flakes that continued to fall steadily. Sal knew it was likely to be a heavy fall before it stopped.

Sal had been to the store and post office at Deer Creek and was in a big hurry to get home, because she carried a huge, yellow envelope directed to her father, and Sal possessed all the natural curiosity of her sex.

Her way led down the mountain trail to the distant valley where nestled the little shanty on her father's claim.

The claim was a poor one, and Sal's life had known nothing but hardships and trials. What mattered a snowy tramp down the mountain side to her? She was not afraid of either bears or Indians, having been surrounded by them a good part of her early life.

She was twenty now, a sturdy border lass, and since her mother's death had been her father's house-keeper, and the small fry at home looked up to her with all the respect due a mother.

Suddenly out in her path strode a man dressed as a hunter a very fine specimen altogether of the hardy mountaineer.

Sal! I've been waitin' for you.

Have you? said the girl, in a careless independent tone. I don't think there was any special need. I've been over these here roads often enough to know 'em.

But, Sal, I wanted to see you particularly. You know very well what I want—what I have waited for so long, and now—

Fahaw! You've only known me two years; dreadful while you've waited!

Thunders' long to me, when every thing is ready and there ain't a bit of sense of your clinging to your father as Taint 'cordin to Scripture no how.

Seems to me you forget about the "Honor thy father and mother," Pete, don't you? What's the odds if you do! I know that father can't spare me yet awhile. Poor father!

Oh, yes, all yer pity's spent on the old man, growled Pete. It's always to be so, I reckon. How many years do you calculate will let you off, Sal?

I don't know until the little ten year old Mary can take my place—about eight years, I low.

Great Scott! we'll both be dead before that time.

Maybe so, said Sal, carelessly.

You hain't no heart 'tall exclaimed her lover angrily. You are just like flint. Reckon I'd better look up another girl.

Sal's face was turned toward home and away from him. She grew a little paler, but in all that snow Pete never could have seen it. She answered, readily:

It will show your sense.

We've reached the divide, he said, hoarsely; my way leads off from yours. Good-bye, Sal.

Good-bye, Pete.

That was all. Sal hurried swiftly forward down to the little shanty, where in the windows, she could see plainly the children's bobbing heads.

Oh, Sal! they shrieked in a chorus as she opened the door. Guess who's been here?

I don't know. Where's father?

He's down in the valley with the stranger man, somebody or other from the States explained Joe who was twelve, a very important youngster, in his own estimation, at least.

I've got a letter for father. I wish he'd come. Did they expect to go far in this storm? See how much fiercer it grows!

The night crept on and the eagerly expected father did not come. He'd been gone so long I'd better go and see if anything could have happened. You children keep up the fire, and Mary can set out the supper.

Then Sal threw her shawl over her head and went out into the furious storm that was increasing in violence every moment.

Poor father, maybe, he had a drop too much. I do hope he ain't tried to reach Deer Creek. Who could the stranger be the children speak of? Some prospector, likely.

Three hours later the men lolling in the parlor of the main hotel at Deer Creek were startled by the sudden opening of the door, to behold, Sal, white as one dead, covered with ice and snow, standing on its threshold.

My God! what has happened, Sal? cried more than one.

Murder! was the horse reply.

Murder? Where—who?

My father—oh wait! struggling to speak clearly, down near the divide. Come!

Wait, my girl, you'll freeze, and John Pohl snatched off the wet shawl and flung a hot blanket over her shoulders. You stay here and let me go.

But she struggled out of his detaining hands.

Maybe your father was just lost in the snow, lass.

I tell you he was murdered, I struck a man. There's blood all over his

hason. Shot! shot! Oh, who could have wished to harm my poor old father?

Her story was true; with great difficulty was he found nearly buried in the snow, and carried to his home to startle the terrified children out of their senses.

Sal was calm; afterward she wandered at her own control. She quieted the wailing children, coaxed the smaller ones off to bed and sat before the fire in adazed, cold way that troubled two of their kind neighbors greatly, who sat back and talked in low tones of the strange uncalled for crime.

An honest better fellow never live! Poor Tom! Who could have wished to kill him?

It was the boy, Joe, who suddenly cried out in sudden, convincing tones. The stranger, Sal, the stranger that wore a fur overcoat and gloves.

Describe, him Joe?

I don't know as I kin, but he had dark eyes and a beard, and father seemed much taken with him. They laughed and talked about some property back in the States, and the man had a bottle and they drank several times, then went out together.

Would you know him again my boy?

Yes, said Joe, he had a red scar near corner of the left eye, I remember.

We'll find him, if he's in the land of the living.

The next day a party of men set out over and across the country in search of the stranger. In the afternoon others assisted at the quiet funeral, and not until nightfall did Sal remember that letter.

She tore it open and read:

TO THOMAS SHELDON OF HIS HEIRS.—You are hereby notified that an estate awaits you in Greenfield, Nolan County State of Texas, SMITH & LONG, Attorneys at Law.

Feb. 24, 1888.

Oh! said Sal, wondering, what does it mean? An estate!

I know, said twelve-year-old Joe, its money land. Oh, Sal, if father had only lived! He hated being poor more than any of us.

I suppose I'd better write, said Sal, and tell 'em there is no longer any Thomas Sheldon, but there's some six heirs.

Sal wrote in a big, school girl hand a simple statement of the facts, but she knew an answer could not be expected short of two weeks.

In the meantime, the men who had gone out looking for the strange man that Joe had described, failed to find him and returned disheartened. The mystery of the murder seemed hard to unravel.

Sal still clung to the rude shanty and anxiously thought about her letter, while the people in Deer Creek and the surrounding valley offered her plenty of plenty of places to work.

She's proud, an' she ought to starve said more than one, but I do pity them little children.

One day there came to Deer Creek a tall, handsome man who inquired for Miss Sheldon.

The men regarded each other blankly for a moment, then some one said: Oh, the Dickens! the fellow means Sal. Lil' point you out where she's to be found.

The supper of mush and milk was the little table when the stranger knocked at their door. She opened the door and admitted him.

I came, he began courteously in reply to your letter. Came to tell you of the big fortune that is yours, as next of kin to an uncle who recently died, and to take you all back home with me—if you will go—to such a home as you could hardly picture, that is all your own.

Sal hesitated; she knew the need of money; she had long known pinching want, but she loved the mountains and the valleys where she had lived so long—and there was Pete.

She hesitated only an instant, the faces of the children, eagerly expectant, decided her.

We can be ready at any time—to-morrow if you'd rather.

To-morrow it is, then; we will stop at the nearest town, and you can get anything you need for the long journey.

He did not linger, but joined his guide to return to Deer Creek for the night, and learned for the first time the story of the murder.

You don't say! How strange! Who could have wished his death? Poor fellow with a hundred thousand dollars waiting for him. But Tom Sheldon always was an unlucky dog.

Sal had hoped to see Pete before she left, but he had failed to put in an appearance.

Oh, well, what's the odds? I reckon he's found his other girl by this time. Come children! Are you all ready.

Four years later.

Deer Creek was a big mining town now, and even Sal herself, walking its handsome streets could barely recall old landmarks.

If the town had changed, no less had Sal, in her dress her walk, seemingly her entire self. She had been a handsome lass with a strong, free step. She was now a very pretty lady, elegant and gracefully attired. Joe, tall and awkward, walked at her side.

How strange it all seems little mother, he said fondly. The rude shanty where we lived and where you

toiled so long; and then poor old father had to be killed—don't I wish I could find that man!

I'd like to walk down the old road, said Sal, it is less changed than the town. It was here I said good-bye to Pete. I wonder where he is.

He was a rough, goodhearted chap, but he wasn't good enough for you, not half.

His companion did not answer, and Joe continued: I'll tell you what, if you'll sit down here and wait for me, I'll go down to where the old shanty stood and look around a little.

The day was lovely and Sal felt old memories stirred anew.

Oh, Pete! she thought, you never knew how much I loved you. Did you find that other girl, I wonder?

As if in answer to her unspoken thought, Pete stood before her.

Sal, I suppose it really you, though the folks call you now Miss Sheldon.

Oh, Pete! where did you come from? I thought—

That you'd never see me any more? Yes, and, trying to smile, where's your other girl, the one you went in search of?

I never found her Sal. I couldn't have known you. I went in search of something else.

What, Pete—wealth?

Yes—and your father's murderer. I didn't find much wealth, I am an unlucky chap, but I found him.

Oh, Pete!

Yes, an he opened up to the whole thing. He was on his dying bed when I found him—another fellow had put him there I didn't have that honor. But he said that aside from your dad and you children, he was next of kin, and would come in for the whole, if you were never found. He thought from what the old man said that he had the letter on his person—the letter you got and kept. So he just meant to kill your father and answer the letter that he was dead and had left no heirs. He committed the cowardly deed, but failed to find the letter, when he did. That's all, but it's the truth. I followed him for two years 'fore I found him.

Dear, faithful Pete! I am glad to know the truth at last.

You're fine folks now, you dress like a lady and talk like one, but I'm glad I've seen you once more anyhow.

You can see me always if you wish Pete, always.

You don't mean it, Sal, you can't in overjoyed tones.

Yes, I do. The children and I are homesick for the mountains, and are coming to stay.

Coming back—and to me. Oh Sal, my own little mountain lass in spite of the fine clothes.

You'll get used to them in time and you'll not find my family too unbecome; they're enough money to be independent. Here comes Joe; see how tall he is.

AN OLD CASE REVIVED.

Many years ago there lived in Hardin county, Tennessee, a man by the name of Isaac Graham. He had married and as the fruit thereof had two sons and two daughters. One daughter died young, the other married a man by the name of Marshall, and now lives at Santa Cruz, On son, I. W. Graham lives at Round Rock, Texas. The other son the principal character in this story, resides in Fresno.

In 1829 Isaac Graham the father, left Hardin county and went into Arkansas where he joined a trapping expedition bound to the great northwest. The party he was with finally arrived in Oregon and disbanded. Graham worked hard with varying fortunes, but was unable, owing to the hostility of the Indians to retrace his steps across the continent. He accumulated some money however, which he loaned to a man in Oregon. The latter finally ran away for California, then under Spanish rule. Graham followed him into California and hunted him up and found him on a race course running a horse race under the customs of the times. In the race his horse bolted, threw him and he was killed. Graham again found himself destitute and went to work again, living at what was then known as Yerba Buena, and again by slow degrees accumulated some property. Here he became acquainted with a family by the name of Bennett who came from Arkansas to Oregon at a very early day, and had hence removed to California. This family consisted of the father, mother, four sons, and four daughters, and became acquainted with Isaac Graham. Soon after one of the daughters and Graham went to living together in the relation of husband and wife without the formality of a marriage. By this woman Graham had two daughters born to him, named Jane and Ann. The former married a man by the name of Dave Rice, who resides some where near Santa Cruz.

In the meantime Graham's legitimate family left Hardin county, Tenn. and removed to Texas, and Jessie J. Graham came to California in search of fortune and his father. He arrived here in 1840 and soon after found his father. His arrival however brought no joy to the Bennett family which had formed the alliance with the idea of participating in his wealth. Jessie was a legitimate heir and would of course inherit the property to the exclusion of the two illegitimate daughters. This created discussion among

them and Jessie was an unwelcome addition to the Bennett family.

About this time the elder Bennett and his wife disagreed and separated. The feeling between them was bitter.

However a peace was patched up between them and they lived together again for a short time, when the elder Bennett died under suspicious circumstances, strongly suggesting poison from some source or other.

The Indians were hostile at that time and were running off cattle and horses belonging to settlers. In one foray near the present site of Watsonville they drove off five or six hundred horses and as many cattle. Isaac Graham as Captain of one company and the Mexican inhabitants under a captain of their own attacked them and killed eighty bucks and four squaws. On the field was found a little Indian girl which Graham took home, adopted and raised and who afterwards played an important part in the drama.

The feeling against Jessie Graham grew bitter indeed, and it was evident that the Bennetts did not mean that his father's property should go to the hands other than the daughters of the Bennett woman. Jessie and the Bennett boys could not get along together. At one time one of the little daughters said that her grandmother had told her mother to put a spider in her father's (Isaac Graham) dumpling, and get rid of him, and intimidate that she had achieved widowhood by that method. This led to further family quarrels and the feud grew more bitter.

Late in 1849 Isaac Graham and Jessie went to San Jose to purchase horses. When they returned, three days later, they found that Graham's alleged wife had disappeared with his children, money and property and could nowhere be found. Detectives were employed and a reward of \$5,000 offered for their discovery. About ten months afterward they were found in Oregon. Her relatives had put her aboard of a sail vessel for the Sandwich Islands, and from that point they had by means of another vessel sailed to Oregon. The money taken from Graham had been divided between her and her relatives. They, however, denied any knowledge of her whereabouts when questioned. In the meantime the feeling between the Graham's and the Bennetts grew more bitter. When the former returned from San Jose and found the house deserted the father and son started out to try to find track of the missing three. Graham senior told Jessie to discharge his double-barrel shot-gun and put in new loads. He fired off the left barrel of his gun and it exploded fourteen inches along the breech of the barrel. Upon examination it was found that the gun had been overloaded and then pounded nearly full of broken stones which caused it to burst. Evidently the object of this was to kill Graham by this explosion. He then questioned Noche, the Indian girl, as to who had been handling the gun, and was told by her that Dennis Bennett did it—that he loaded it with slugs.

The Bennetts and Bennets were now in open enmity. Graham brought his two daughters and their mother back from Oregon, and took up his residence at the Saint Rancho, near Santa Cruz. The Bennetts lived about two miles distant. Soon after these troubles Dennis Bennett was found dead, riddled with buckshot, Jessie J. Graham was arrested therefor and taken before the Alcade at Santa Cruz for trial. This was in April 1850—over four months before California came under American rule. The Alcade discharged Graham, who spent some time at a saloon in town with his friends. On his way home he was about to overtake Mrs. Bennett the mother of Dennis, and one of her sons about a mile from town, when they stopped in the road. Both were heavily armed, and evidently meant to fight him. Graham left the road and endeavored to ride around them. He was armed with a shot-gun and pistol. When he got about opposite them Mrs. Bennett dismounted, drew a pistol and gave her son the command to fire in the Walls Walls tongue, and he fired. Graham fired at the same time, and young Bennett fell. He then gave Mrs. Bennett the benefit of the other barrel in the hips as she whirled her back when she saw he was about to return the fire. Graham got out of the way. It turned out that neither of the Bennetts were seriously hurt.

Graham remained there six months and then came to the mines of Fresno, where he remained about two years, and accumulated some money. He then returned to Santa Cruz on a visit to his relatives.

The Bennetts met him frequently, but there were no further arrests or altercations.

Jesse J. Graham then returned to Texas where his mother and family lived, and remained there about fourteen years. He enlisted in the Confederate Army and saw service in about forty different engagements. In 1865 he returned to California and took up residence upon the Merced River. In 1872 he removed to this county where he has since resided. In the meantime he has visited Santa Cruz at different times and has never in any sense been hiding from anyone.

Recently his sister informed him that some of the Bennett family had caused a warrant to be issued for his

arrest upon the old charge of having shot Dennis Bennett in 1850. To-day Mr. Graham came into town for the purpose of delivering himself up to the Sheriff in case any such warrant was on foot. Such is the story of those old times as gleaned from an interview with Mr. Graham.

Jessie J. Graham is a large, hale, well preserved man, sixty three years old, with a genial and intelligent countenance. He has the reputation of being a good citizen but a courageous and resolute man, and when attacked is devoid of fear. There is a chapter in this story that he declines to speak of, and which will fully explain the purpose of this movement at this late day. He announces himself as ready to abide the result whatever it may be.—Fresno Expositor.

WATER, NOTHING BUT WATER.

One of the most remarkable cases ever known in the community is that of Mary J. Weidler, an inmate of the Lancaster County hospital. It has been six weeks exactly to-day since a particle of food of any kind has passed her lips, although occasionally she drinks from a half to a pint of water during the day. It has been almost two years since the woman began to fast. She first stopped eating meat of any kind, and soon afterwards refused potatoes. Finally she began to live upon nothing but bread and butter. She abandoned these and took to crackers and milk which she ate for a while. She quit both of these finally and refused to take anything of any consequence. On the thirteenth of last May she was taken to the hospital where she has since been. She refused to eat and at first it was supposed that her stomach would not retain anything. It was soon found that this was not the case, and it was finally determined by Dr. Seneising and the relatives that she should be fed by a pump. This was resorted to and as she fought bitterly, it was found necessary to handcuff her. At first but light food was given her, but it was gradually made more substantial. For five months the woman was fed in this way. She was quite thin when first admitted to the institution but she grew much stouter and looked very well. At last it was thought that an appetite had been created for her and that she would eat of her own accord. It was believed that she would become hungry after a time. It was thought best to give her a trial without the use of the pump in order to see what effect her abstinence from food would have and with some hope that she would finally become hungry enough to eat. It seems that she is determined not to eat and in order to save her life force will again have to be resorted to. During the six weeks that the woman has been fasting she has been taken to the table three times each day with the other inmates and been compelled to sit there during the dinner hour. She has been asked and coaxed to eat at every meal, but she seems determined to resist to the last even if it kills her. When the woman was first admitted to the hospital it was found that although she pretended to refuse all edibles, she would at times manage to get possession of little things on the sly, which she would eat. Since she began the present fast, it has been utterly impossible for her to get anything except at the table and there no one has seen her take a bite. She has access to water which she takes at times of her own will and at other times when asked. Of late she has grown much thinner and pale. She seems to be in constant fear that the pump will be used upon her, and keeps begging that it will not be allowed.

The woman is between 35 and 40 years of age, with a husband and one child. When she first began to abstain from food she also refused to allow the child to have nourishment. When this was learned the child was taken from her. The reason for this woman's strange conduct could never be learned; when asked concerning it she simply says that she don't want food and does not need it. She has never given anyone more satisfaction than this and seems to be possessed of wonderful will power. This morning while a reporter of the Intelligence was at the hospital she was offered a small piece of orange. She placed the orange to her lips but would not eat it and soon threw it away. She talks sensibly and seems rational on all subjects, but she seems to have a horror of food or else is very stubborn. Her case is a strange one and it is likely that she will have to be forced to eat to prevent death.

MARRIED IN SPITE OF THEMSELVES.

Some years ago, when the free-love notions were running around loose in New England, a Boston man and woman who had imbibed of those doctrines until they affected to despise all the common conventionalities of life came to the conclusion they would live together without going through the ceremony of marriage. They had both moved in good society and made no secret of their intention. In fact they announced it to every one they met. Staid old Boston's aristocracy was shaken to the depths.

The man was prevailed upon to give a dinner party, to which were invited prominent society people, including the governor of the state. When dessert was put upon the table the talk

became general, and soon turned upon the perverse couple. The man had none answered every question put to them with the most perfect equanimity. Finally the governor took a hand in the conversation. After asking a few questions, and commencing on the answers thereto, in a calm judicial manner, he turned to the man and asked: Do you Mr.—intend to love and cherish this woman as your wife, for good or evil, for better or worse?

Yes, sir, answered the man calmly.

An! do you, madame, intend to obey this man as your husband, for better or worse, for good or evil?

I do sir, answered the woman politely.

Then by the power vested in me as governor of this commonwealth I declare you to be man and wife.

And thus the plans of the couple were frustrated, for which they afterwards declared they were heartily thankful. They are now old and respected residents of Cudgog.

A MOUNTAIN MASSACRE.

Jacob Haller, who lives in Calhoun county, W. Va., had been to market with a drove of cattle. He disposed of the stock and was returning home, but, being overtaken by darkness, stopped at the house of a neighbor. Something he says, weighed on his mind, and although he could not explain the reason, he decided to go on and reach his home, if possible, the same evening, fearing as much as anything else that something had gone wrong.

A peddler named George Freeds, was stopping at the house and, offering to accompany Haller, the two set out. They soon reached Haller's house and, seeing a light in the window approached and looked in. The sight which met their gaze almost froze with terror the blood in their veins. Lying on the floor weltering in their blood were Mrs. Haller and her three children, while in the same room were four strange men engaged in plundering the premises.

The peddler drew his pistol and sent his companion around to make a noise at the back door, while he stood near the front. Haller soon rattled the door and, the four men, rushing out at the front entrance, were shot by the peddler as fast as they appeared. Three of the four were killed and the fourth severely wounded.

ONE RESULT OF LOVE.

News from the Lima valley, near Mexico, gives an account of the tragic and fatal result of difficulties between Miss Sarah Bolton and Mary Lemore, who fought a duel last week, the result of a quarrel over the affections of a young cowboy named Whitman.

In this duel Miss Lemore was shot through the shoulder, but recovered in a few days and last evening, closely veiled, went to the house of her hated rival. Meeting her at the gate, she shot her dead. Returning to her home, she proudly boasted of the crime. She was soon after placed under arrest. As a revolver was found on the person of the murdered woman, it is believed that she, too, was awaiting an opportunity to finish the work of the duel.

FINED A THOUSAND DOLLARS.

The Commissioner of Pensions has been advised that Felicienne Gustave and Emil E. Manchester, who were recently convicted in the United States Court at New Orleans for fraud in connection with the pension claim of the former, were on the 14th instant sentenced each to pay a fine \$1,000, Emil Manchester to stand committed until the fine is paid, or otherwise discharged in accordance with law.

ROBBED BY MASKED MEN.

An aggravating case of robbery by masked men occurred about dark at the residence of a farmer living about five miles from West Alexander, Pa. Clinton Miller had just finished his supper, and with his mother, was seated in the parlor when they were surprised by two masked men suddenly making their appearance in the room. One of the men covered Mr. Miller with a revolver while the other attempted to force him into a chair. Mr. Miller resisted, and was promptly knocked senseless with a club. When he recovered, both he and his mother were securely tied. The thieves then securely ransacked the house, from garret to cellar, and secured \$82.85.

The men left the house, hailed and boarded a freight train on the Baltimore & Ohio road, bound for this city. A brakeman ordered them off, but he was covered with a revolver, and told to keep quiet. He managed to communicate with the engineer, however, and the train was run back to West Alexander, where a constable was found, but by the time he arrived the men made good their escape. The whole surrounding country was aroused, and an extended search made, but to no purpose.