

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1899.

## AN ALL AROUND SCAMP.

A FORMER N. B. MAN AND HOW HE MET HIS DEATH.

His Name was Turner and He Belonged up the River St. John—His Wild Career and the People He Fleeced—How a Victim Got Even With Him.

About twenty-five years ago a tall and slim young man, with the most amazing gift of profanity, was quite familiarly known to people having business along the upper St. John river, in New Brunswick. He was a quick-witted fellow, made friends easily and developed a faculty of getting money readily. Notwithstanding his frightful profanity he was not unpopular, for his manners were easy and liberal, and he had no other notable vice. He later went into business in the town of Woodstock, N. B., and for a time seemed very prosperous. While some people grew suspicious that he was not all he ought to be, he was able to work up what was for a man in his position a fair line of credit, and when one morning it was nois d abroad that he had left for parts unknown, there was considerable consternation, and some people found themselves badly hit financially. Turner went to California, where he went into the real estate business, and wrote back to his creditors, telling them that he was making money and would soon be in a position to pay them all, with interest, a promise which was doubtless made to prevent his being exposed in his new field, for his indebtedness was never discharged.

On August 20 last, Turner was shot dead in Frisco Cal. by a man whom he had fleeced. The San Francisco Chronicle thus tells the story:

'The last kink in the infinitely crooked career of James F. Turner, land shark and half interest swindler, was twisted yesterday forenoon, when J. P. Frenna, one of his victims, shot him in the Crocker building. Frenna was stepping out of the elevator when he met Turner. According to Frenna's story, Turner called him a vile name and put his hand on his hip pocket. At this, Frenna, who has had a permit to carry a revolver since March 1896, says he drew his pistol and fired five shots. All of the shots took effect in Turner's body and he died almost instantly, three of the shots being fatal. He was found on his face, groaning, with a slight hemorrhage from the nose caused by his falling against the marble. No revolver was found on Turner's body.

'For several years Frenna was engaged with Turner in various land speculations, but since 1895 there has been bad blood between the men. Since then Frenna has been Turner's persistent Nemesis, and the suits fathered by Frenna have been the hardest to beat. Through Frenna, Turner had come nearer to the penitentiary than through any other man. Frenna is a barber by occupation, and he has lived in San Francisco 22 years. But he was born in Sicily, and the Sicilians do not readily forgive an injury. He has long, partly-closed eyes, and he has proved himself as implacable as Turner was slippery. He was the possessor of a small fortune when he met Turner.

'Turner came here from Canada about 1865, and undoubtedly he was one of the smoothest swindlers that ever came to San Francisco—an expert in his line. He was not a prepossessing man, having an extremely ugly mouth, with protruding teeth which he endeavored to cover up as well as he could by means of a full beard. But he had beguiling ways. He was a smooth talker, and possessed of personal magnetism. He preserved an attitude of great integrity, and was careful to deal scrupulously with all his victims until he had gained their confidence. Then he took in every one who came his way—bankers, prosperous business people, money-lenders, widows and working people. All was glist that came to his mill, and anyone with a hundred dollars was worthy to be his victim. He matched his wits against the shrewdest people in San Francisco and proved more than a match for them all. Judah Boas and 'Nobby' Clarke, the money lenders, and Jake Rauer, the collector were among his victims, and these men are not counted stupid. Even Asa Fisk was outwitted. Several banks were let in, among them the old Pacific bank, the Suther bank, the American Trust Company and others.

'Turner lived at 1524 California street, and leaves two daughters, young women just out of their teens. His age was given

as 48 and his nativity as New Brunswick.

'Dr. Zabala, the autopsy physician at the morgue, performed the autopsy, and found that all five shots took effect, one making a deep hole in the shoulder and lodging in the clothing, two entering the back, one over each kidney, another bullet entering the palm of the right hand and lodging in the wrist, and the fifth entering the chest just to the right of the left breast. Dr. Zabala said that the shooting must have been done at a distance of over three feet, as there were no powder burns.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict of manslaughter. His slayer held a regular reception in gaol, many people calling to congratulate him upon having rid San Francisco of such a thorough-paced scoundrel.

At one time Turner affected to be very religiously inclined, and in an old pocket-book which he carried were found many scriptural texts. He also had nice, concise definitions of fraud, forgery, perjury and other crimes of that nature in the same book. He evidently was determined to steer as close to crime as the law would allow, and it is difficult to tell to what lengths he might have gone, if Frenna had not brought his career to a sudden end.

### VOTING CORRALS

An An adjunct of a Canvass in Texas in Towns on the Rio Grande.

In more than half the Mexican towns along the great, uncertainly shifting stream that marks the southern boundary of the republic are plenty of curious institutions growing out of the customs of border life, and especially out of the habits and prejudices of border Mexican life. It is doubtful if any of these will more forcibly impress the stranger than the voting corrals, two of which are certain to be a part of the political machinery of every town on the Texas side of the Rio Grande.

The corral is a large approximately circular enclosure built of boards or posts from ten to twelve feet high, on top of which are stretched barbed wire, making ingress or egress except through the wide doorway at its front a very uncomfortable performance, if not quite impossible. Part of the corral's interior is devoted to a series of long, narrow trenches across which at intervals of a few inches are small mesquite sticks, making a rude approximation to a gridiron. These are the barbecue pits. The rest of the space is filled with tables and rough, wooden benches.

For several days and nights before an election is to be held the corrals are lively places. The candidates of each party hold forth at their respective corral, fires are kindled in the barbecue pits; kegs of beer stand in rows on the tables, and there is a continuous feast. At night a band plays, and should the campaign be warm, there will be fireworks.

Before the institution of the corral system it was exceedingly difficult to get the Mexican voter to the polls. In his own country, across the Rio Grande, of which he speaks as 'Otra el agua,' he knew very little of elections or the ways of them, and cared less. The government's election officers saved him the trouble of distracting his mind over governmental problems and issues by both casting and counting his ballot for him weeks before the time proclaimed for holding an election. When he became a citizen of the United States he naturally felt and took as little interest in the affairs of government. To him civic duty was a meaningless combination of foreign words. But the greaser is a gregarious animal in his hours of ease, and he loves music and oratory, while fireworks, barbecued meats and a good carouse are things for which his soul longs. As soon as the border politicians discovered this the corral came.

But to see the corral right it must be seen the night before the election. Every Mexican voter for miles around will have come to town, for, in the sparsely populated counties of Southwest Texas all the county votes for the county etc. He will have been captured by the heeler of one or other corral, and effectually guarded. At this stage of the game the doors are carefully guarded, and who enters the big board enclosure leaves all hope of getting out behind until he has been voted. At the entrance the band plays for all its worth, while on the inside beer flows in a steady stream; the carcasses smoke over the pits; an occasional rocket hisses skyward, and firecrackers add additional noise to the babel of voices speaking the bastard border Spanish.

Late in the night, when the enclosure is packed to its full capacity, a supply of fiery mescal is added to the beer, and the door is locked. And when the potent distillation of the maguay has had time to get in its work, stupor comes to the temporary population of the corral, and its votes are tolerably secure.

On election day the Mexicans are taken to the polls in bunches of from five to ten and voted. They go willingly as soon as the stupor induced by the mixture of beer and mescal has worn off, for there is another drink for them as soon as the ballot is cast.

On the way from the corral to the voting place acts of piracy used sometimes to be committed. Opposing party heelers would swoop suddenly down on a party of Mexicans as they were being led to the ballot box, overpower their guards, and for the price of two drinks, secure their votes. But such acts often led to bloodshed, and neither public sentiment nor political ethics on the border sanction them any longer; and once the Mexican is corralled these days his vote is practically assured the party that corrals him.

### KIPLING AS A BOY EDITOR.

The Paper he Conducted While a Pupil at the United Service College.

The recent sale in London of a set of United Service College Chronicles, the paper which Rudyard Kipling edited as a boy, for the remarkable price of \$5 00 is another illustration of the eminence to which the author has risen in a comparatively short period. The little paper in question, about twelve by ten inches in size, was printed on four sheets of medium weight, generally white, but something of a pale yellow tint, and was issued three times a year, at the end of each school term.

Headed by the college arms, a Bible and crown between crossed swords, surrounded by the motto: 'Fear God, Honor the King,' the front page was devoted to editorial matter, the rest of the paper being made up of the accounts of cricket and football matches, school notices and the effusions of those very few who aspire to that goal of fame.

Rudyard Kipling was called to the editorship about the year 1880, and occupied that place until he left the college, the first number under his charge being marked by an almost pathetic appeal for contributions, which were to receive his, the editor's, careful attention—the boys for some unknown reason, having previously seldom offered matter for publication in the college paper. Overruling the boy editor, there was, of course, the censorship of the head master, and on many an occasion Kipling was heard to anathematize 'Bates' for his unspurring, though doubtless judicious, use of the blue pencil over the former's editorial work. Kipling, however, gaining his revenge in the memorable pen duel in the columns of the Bridport Gazette, files of which paper, of that period, should also be valuable in the eyes of the literary collector.

While previous to Kipling's editorship the college paper was regarded with little interest by the boys, being mainly composed by the masters, subsequently it was eagerly looked for, 'gigs,' clever sayings and verses being duly appreciated. The issue at no time having exceeded three or four hundred, each boy being only entitled to one copy, some numbers must be exceedingly rare, those of from 1878 to 1882 being these mainly in which Kipling's contributions are likely to be found.

As the majority of Kipling's school fellows eventually found their ways to foreign lands—to India, where the lives of many, in his own words, have become the seed of empire; to the British colonies, and the Far West of America—some of these now valuable little papers may be discovered in most unexpected places, there being probably not a few lurking on the Pacific coast, a number of Kipling's former companions having settled there as ranchers.

### How Insects Make Soil.

Mr. Darwin once wrote a book, which many readers pronounced as interesting as a novel, on earthworms and the wonderful way in which they plow up, turn over and invigorate the soil. In a recent address Dr. L. G. Howard, of Washington, showed that many species of insects are also important agents in soil making. They are found beneath the ground, he says, in incredible numbers, and they penetrate to a surprising depth. 'The minute insects of the family Poecilidae—which are wingless—have been found swarming literally by the million at a depth of six to eight feet in a stiff clay subsoil.'

## EVER TRY MALAJUANA?

A POTENT MEXICAN DRUG WITH A TWO-FOLD ACTION.

Indescribable Pleasure and Dreadful Tortures Felt by a Mexican Who Was Induced to Try It—Sensation of a Double Personality—In a Mexican Prison.

It was during the fiestas. The party had done the bull fights in the afternoon and was dining at the International club, in Ciudad Porfirio Diaz. When the heavy native cigars and little Mexican cigarettes wrapped in corn shucks were brought in with the coffee the talk turned to narcotics and in more or less interesting narrative, ran all the way from perique tobacco to cocaine. Nearly everybody spoke on the subject at more or less length, except Slayden, who listened attentively, but said nothing. That is his way when he is sure of a story. Finally, when the subject was about talked out, he said:

'Did any of you ever hear of malajuana?' but without waiting for an answer he continued, 'Well, I was a malajuana fiend once. It's the biggest drug devil of them all. The stuff comes from the dried leaves and bark of native hemp that grows wild all over southern Mexico. Its victims usually smoke it mixed with tobacco in a cigarette.'

'Soon after our road began to boom Durango and I got mixed up in a law suit involving the title to some Durango lots. Just before the case was to be tried I was arrested on some pretext or another and locked up in jail, incommunicado. The second day of my enforced isolation exhausted my supply of cigarettes, and smoking being about my only resource, I was glad to avail myself of the small, unprepossessing package of cigarettes that came along with my daily supply of food and water. I noticed something peculiar about the first one that I lighted. The taste and odor were both new to me, but my recollections upon these qualities were of the briefest duration.

'Most of you know how it feels to turn into a big, downy comfortable bed when you are dog tired, and drift off with a clear conscience into deep untroubled restful sleep. Well before I finished half that cigarette that's the way I felt, with the sensation multiplied about ten times, I felt as though I was being gently lifted from the floor of my cell, on which I was reclining when I began to smoke, and wafted in the air. I felt as if something soft and delightfully soothing touched me all over, the sound of distant music was in my ears; charming vistas peopled with exquisitely graceful forms opened to my eyes; and in midst of the comfort and restfulness and beauty of it all I went beautifully to sleep.

'It must have been the afternoon of the following day when I waked, for there, in its usual place, was my daily allowance of food, a full jug of water and—another package of cigarettes. I was refreshed and hungry, and I ate all the food that had been brought me. It was the first time I had been able to relish the coarse fare. Of course I lit a cigarette as soon as I finished my meal. I experienced only the usual mildly narcotic effect of tobacco, the only thing about my smoke that was at all out of the ordinary being a pungent, aromatic fragrance totally unlike anything I had ever before experienced which I found most pleasing. It was not until I lighted my third cigarette that there was a repetition of anything like my previous experience. Upon the appearance of its first symptom I stopped smoking. I was convinced that the cigarettes were drugged, and I determined thereupon to smoke no more of them.

'Some hours afterward I began to be oppressed with nausea and other distressing sensations. Later my head seemed ready to split; every bone and muscle in my body ached; my flesh felt dead, as if it was dropping off my bones; my throat was parched. I knew that another cigarette would bring me relief, but I felt certain it would be purchased at the price of greater suffering later on. For hours I lay on the hard prison floor and tried to bear my choice collection of tortures, but with the passing of each minute the pangs multiplied. At length I could bear them no longer. In sheer desperation I lit a cigarette, resolved to smoke until my suffering should become bearable.

'With almost the first inhalation I was conscious of a dual personality. All my sense impressions were double. Gradually, one of these personalities seemed to be lifted out of my body, which continued to

suffer agonies, and to be poised above it. It was awful. In yet greater desperation, I inhaled the potent smoke rapidly and violently. Soon the pain ceased. My body slept, while the part of me that was conscious floated out of the prison. It was alike independent of matter, time and distance. It sought or seemed to seek throughout the universe for beauty and grandeur, and found them. It revisited the scenes of my childhood, of my youth, of my early manhood. I lived over, to the minutest detail, every pleasurable sensation I had ever known. And then I came back to my body and drifted into a land of dreams filled with new fancies and sensations too strange and beautiful for any words that I know to describe.

'Thenceforth the drug was my master. Two or three times afterwards I made weak and ineffectual struggles against it, but each time it seemed to lie in wait for me with a new seductiveness. My confinement lasted but ten days. I was released without trial or explanation. Upon regaining my liberty, my first care was to secure a supply of the drugged cigarettes. I had carefully saved several packages, enough to last a week, perhaps, but you can scarcely imagine my dismay when I could find nothing like them, though I searched every cigar store in the town. I did not then know the name of the drug to which I had become a slave.

'The third day of my release I was lounging about the front of my hotel, partially under the influence, when the strange conduct of a man across the street caught my wandering attention. His back was against a long, doorless and windowless adobe wall, such as common in Mexican towns, and his whole attitude conveyed the idea that he was trying to sink himself into it bodily. Soon he was surrounded by quite a crowd of men, women and children, all of whom were very careful, however, to keep their distance. I walked over and joined the crowd. A nearer approach showed me that with one hand he was fighting off some horrible demon, which he described most graphically, while with the other he was caressing a little child, applying to her from time to time the endearing epithets in which the Spanish language is so rich. Both the demon and the child were creatures of his own imagination. Half his face, the side toward the imaginary monster, was horribly distorted with fear. The other half was smiling and full of tenderness. The effect was indescribably weird and awful.

'The evidence of dual consciousness impressed me at once, and, under its inspiration, I crowded my way closer to the man and held out one of my cigarettes. He snatched it from my hand as a famished beast would food. Trembling with eagerness, he lighted it and laughed and sang as he inhaled its smoke, finally sinking into a deathlike stupor. Before leaving the place I asked one of the bystanders what ailed the man. The reply was, 'To be sure the Senor should know, it is malajuana.'

'The condition of my brother unfortunate roused me to a sense of my own danger as nothing less than such a horrible example could have done. I hurried to the City of Mexico and placed myself in the care of the best physician I could find. How I was cured and what I suffered before I was a man again is a long story. Some years afterward I found out that the malajuana cigarettes were supplied me by order of my friend of the land suit with deliberate intent to deprive me of my reason. That is what would have followed in a very short time, had I continued to take the drug, or had I left off smoking it too suddenly as he was probably intended me to do. In any event, my one experience with malajuana has left me with no desire for its repetition.'

### "Earthquake Echoes."

Mr. John Milne gives his name to certain vibrations, which his delicate instruments have revealed, running through the crust of the earth after the occurrence of distant earthquakes. The apparent symmetry of these pulsations, resembling the rhythm of musical sounds, leads him to suggest that an earthquake may be 'a blow or blows, which come to an end with musical vibrations inside the world.' The blows probable come from the slipping, or falling, of rock within the earth. Mr. Milne, at his observatory on the Isle of Wight, photographs vibrations of his seismographic pendulums, induced by earthquakes many thousands of miles away, and in a recent letter he speaks of 'a magnificent set of waves which arrived from Mexico on the night of January 24th.'

### Large Tires Versus Small Ones.

Experiments made in the engineering department at Cornell University have shown that, other things being equal, a bicycle runs more easily with a large tire than with a small one. A two-inch tire, for instance, was decidedly easier to run than a tire of an inch and a half diameter.