

April.

The Court adjourned until to-day at one o'clock, when the remainder of the evidence not yet read over will be read, with the exception of that of Mr. McKim, which will not be ready till Thursday. Messrs. Kirkland and Wilkinson were again admitted to bail, the same bondsmen being accepted.

THE WICKED FLEE, ETC.

PRESCOTT, March 25.—As Stimson, of "thoroughbred stock" notoriety, was going east on the G. T. R. last Friday, he got off the train at Prescott to stretch his legs and get a drink — of water. He was at once recognized by Bob Walsh, of the Mounted Police, who is in Prescott on a visit to his friends. It occurred to Bob, who is somewhat of a wag, that he might have a little fun at the expense of Stimson, to whom he is well-known. Accordingly, stepping up behind the hero of the crisp new thousand dollar bills, he tapped him on the shoulder and told him he was "wanted" in connection with the conspiracy. Stimson, taking the proceedings as a matter of course, became pale as a ghost, and begged for Heaven's sake and old acquaintance that Bob would let him go. Bob demurred, saying it would cost him his appointment, and so forth. Still Stimson pleaded most pathetically, until Bob at length, apparently softened, suggested that under the circumstances the best course of action would be for Stimson to wait till the train got fairly started, and then to make a furious burst for liberty, while he (Bob) would simulate hot pursuit. The programme was magnificently executed, Stimson making the best time on record, while the un-Mounted Policeman was so overcome with laughter at the hugeness of the joke as to be quite out of the race.
