

ATTEMPTED ROBBERY ON SILVER AVENUE.

The Experience of Edward Mitchell.

A ROUGH AND TUMBLE FIGHT.

WOUNDED BY THE BUTT END OF A REVOLVER.

Policeemen Scour the Neighborhood, but Fail to Find the Criminal.

Edward Mitchell, employed at his father's milk ranch on the San Bruno road near the Five-mile House, was held up last night by a highwayman. The scene of the crime was on Silver avenue, a short distance east of Mission road.

Mitchell was seated in a cart riding along Silver avenue toward the San Bruno road. It was a few minutes after 7 o'clock and he was on his way home. There are no lights along Silver avenue. Mitchell is a powerfully built young man, weighing about 180 pounds. The grade from Mission street is steep. He had gone about half a mile and had reached the top of the hill when he was accosted by a man who stepped from behind a bluff on the south side of the roadway. Owing to the darkness Mitchell could not see him plainly. He did not notice that the man wore a mask. He thought that he was some friend who wanted a ride.

He checked his horse and placed his hand on the door of the cart, opening it so as to permit the man to reach the seat. The man by that time had walked close to the vehicle. "Throw up your hands," he shouted, and at the same time presented a revolver.

"Get out of that cart and hand over your money," he continued.

Mitchell assured the robber that he had nothing of value, and, to prove the assertion, turned his pockets inside out. This did not satisfy the highwayman. He grabbed Mitchell and threatened to shoot if money was not forthcoming.

Mitchell, at a favorable opportunity, grappled with the robber. A desperate struggle ensued for the possession of the pistol. The two men fought and finally fell in the road. The robber used his pistol as a club and struck his victim several blows. One of them cut a deep gash over Mitchell's right temple, from which the blood poured.

The robber then took to his heels and made his escape through the fields. Mitchell got in his cart and drove back to Mission street to have his wound dressed and to report the robbery to the police. Dr. Torello, whose office is at the drug store at Silver avenue and Mission street, dressed the cut.

After the injury had been attended to Mitchell notified the police. Officers Nyan, Stanley and King of the Seventeenth-street station were soon on the scene, and sought the daring highwayman. For two hours they searched the neighborhood. They were joined later by Sergeant Martin, who had also heard of the affair. The darkness gave the highwayman the advantage, and the search was finally given up as futile.