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CAMERON COUNTY PRESS, THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1901.

ONE YEAR

One year ago to-day, beloved, God gave thee angel-wings That thou might is soar to realms above Where angels walk and scraph sings.

Whom hast thou seen these months, be loved, In that dear land so bright? . Mid loved ones meet thee at the gate With raptures of delight?

What has thou done these months, beloved 3 Where hast thou daily wrought? Full well 1 know, with loving deeds Each moment has been fraught.

Hast thou been oft with me, beloved, On comfort mission sent? Hast o'er my tear-wet couch at night In tender pity bent?

Would I could lay my cheek, beloved, Close up to thine once more; And tell thee all within my heart, Just as I did of yore.

And thou couldst speak to me, beloved, Of all the visions rare That dawn upon thy wond'ring sight In yonder mansions fair.

But God's sweet will be done, beloved. In patience will I wait "Till His own hand shall lift the latch That opes the "pearly gate."

And thou with radiant smile, beloved, Wilt haste to meet me there. What seems my cross will prove my crown When Heaven with thee I share. -Lizzie L. Baker, in Chicago Standard.



CHAPTER XXII.-CONTINUED.

"Up to this afternoon at five no trace of them has been found," said Loring. "Day after to-morrow that safe-opener should reach us. If you influence with Col. Stevens should urge him to have a guard at the quartermaster's depot, even if he had to strip the fort. The general cannot be reached by wire." "Why?" asked Folsom, looking up

in alarm. "You don't suppose he'd come back to rob his own office?"

"He is not the man to take a risk, but there are those with him not so careful, and the hand that sent Birdsall's gang in chase of Dean could send them here, with the safe-key. Those few clerks and employes would be no match for them."

"By heaven, I believe you're right!" cried Folsom. "Which way are you going now?"

Back to the hotel by way of the depot," was the answer. "Will you .go:

"One moment. I do not travel about Just now without a gun," said Folsom. stepping within doors, and even the low sound of their voices died away and all was still as a desert. The old trader all was still as a decert. The old trader did not return at once. Something de-tained him-Miss Folsom, probably, reasoned the engineer, as he stood there leaning on the gate. Aloft a blind creaked audibly, and, gazing up-ward, Loring saw a dark, shadowy shutter at the third-story window swing slowly in. There was no wind to move it. Why should human hands be so stealthy? Then a dim light shone through the slats, and the shade was raised, and, while calmly watching the performance, Loring became aware of a dim, faint, faraway click of horse's hoofs at the gallop, coming from the north. "If that were from the eastward, now," though the, "it might bring stirring news." But the sound died away after a moment, as though the rider had dived into sandy soil.

Just then Folsom reappeared. "I had to explain to my daughter. She is most reluctant to have me go out at night just now."

Naturally," said Loring, calmly. "And have you been way up to the third story? I suppose Miss Folsom has gone to her room."

"The girls have, both of them-but not to the third story. That's Mrs.

Dean, with his treasure package and little escort, rode forth from Emory on that perilous mission-the very morn-ing that Birdsall and his murderous gang set forth from Gate City in pursuit.

And now those hoofbeats up the road were coming closer, and Folsom, too, could hear and was listen-ing,, even while studying Loring's face. Suddenly a faint gleam shot across the darkness overhead. Glanc-ing quickly upward, both men, deep in the shadow, saw that the eastern window on the southern side was lighted up. Out in the alleyway low yet clear, a whistle sounded-twice. Then came cautious footsteps down the back stairs. The bolt of the rear door was carefully drawn. A wom-an's form, tall and shrouded in a long cloak, came swiftly forth and sped down the garden walk to the rear gate. "Come on, quick!" murmured the en-gineer, and on tiptoe, wondering, the two men followed. They saw her halt at the barred gate. Low, yet distinct at the barred gate. Low, yet distinct she spoke a single name: "George!" And without, in the alley a voice an-wered: "I am here! open quick!" "Swear that you are alone!"

"Oh, stop that damned nonsense! Of ourse I'm alone!" was the sullen reply, and at the sound of the voice Lor ng seemed fairly to quiver. The gate was unbarred. A man's form, slender and shadowy, squeezed in and seemed beering cautiously about. "You got peering cautiously about. "You got my note?" he began. "You know what's happened?"

But a woman's muffled scream was the answer. With a spring like a cat Loring threw himself on the intruder and bore him down. In an instant Folsom had barred the gate, and the wom-"Mercy! Mercy!" she cried. "It is

all my fault. I sent for him." "Take your hands off, damn you, or you'll pay for this!" cried the under-

most man. "I'm Capt. Newhall, of the army." "You're a thief!" answered Loring. through his set teeth. "Hand over the

key of that safe!" The sound of hoofbeats at the front had suddenly ceased. There was a sputter and scurry in the alley behind. Full half a dozen horses must have one tearing down to the east. Other lights were popping in the windows now. Folsom's household was alarmed Attracted by the scream and the sound



of a scuffle, a man came hurrying to ward them from the front.

"Halt! Who are you?" challenged Folsom, covering him with his revolver. "Don't shoot. I'm Ned Lannion-

just in from the ranch. Have you heard nything of Hal, sir?" "Of Hal?" gasped Folsom, dropping

his pistol in dismay. "In God's name what's wrong?" "God only knows, sir. Mrs. Hal's nigh crazy. He's been gone two days."

CHAPTER XXIII. Five days later the women and chillren from Warrior's Gap, most of them bereaved, all of them unnerved by the experiences of that awful day, arrived at Fort Frayne, escorted by a strong command of infantry and all that was eft of the cavalry troop at the stock ade. A sad procession it was as it slow ly forded the Platte and ascended th winding road to the post, where sor rowing, sympathetic army women me and ministered to them. With them too, came such of the wounded as coul be moved, and at the head of the littl squad of horse rode Lieut. Dean whom the post commander and several officers greeted almost effusively Yet almost the first question was

Fletcher induced him to come there, for he had the key to the safe at the quar-termaster's depot, and was going to get the money Maj. Burleigh dared not take when he fied. I can't understand it at all, and Pappoose doesn't like to talk about it. But Mr. Folsom was robbed of lots of money by Maj. Burleigh. Mrs. Fletcher is mixed up in it in such a queer way, I can't explain now. She was nearly crazy when we came away, and Mr. Folsom was so good and kind to her, left a nurse with her, and made her stay at the house, al-though she wanted to pack her things and go to the hotel or the jail, she dian't care which; but he wouldn't let her. "And right in the midst of it all Ned famion, who came with news before, gal-loped in to tell how Halbert Folsom had been missing two days, and Mrs. Folsom left lets to act and Pappoose, of course, in-sisted on going with him, and I would not be left behind. And here we are. Now I found here allows that the dish at the and wee Eilino''s picture, and it was right of there among them that Halbert was found. Horse thieves had run off his best hyper shores the same grang of murderers that, they say, planned to trap you and that girl so proud of her brother!-and they shot Hal and he was found and taken are of by some Indian people, tame ones, and one was a girl, Lizette, who had failen in love with him four years ago. Wasn't folsom is wortled to dath, and says we must start back for home to-morrow. It's sevent/sive mides, and how old Mr. Folsom is wortled to dath, and says we must start back for home to-morrow. It's sevent/sive mides, and we don't want to do hard, and here so fond of you-oh, here's Pappoose to say this must go.

The colonel sat watching the young fellow as he read. "Bad news, Dean?" he queried.

"Every kind of news, sir. It's all a whirl. The devil seems to have broken loose in Wyoming. Let me skim through Loomis' note."

skim through Loomis' note." "Dear Dean: In case the letter sent yes-terday passes you on the way, I add a line to say that if ever I said a mean thing about Loring when we were in the corps, I take it back. I thought him a prig when we wore the gray. He rather 'held us under,' anyhow, being a class ahead, you know, but the way he has panned out here and wiped up Wyoming with the only men I ever knew that tried to wrong you is simply wonderful. He's nabbed three of the Birdsall gang and is away now after Burleigh. The news from Folsom's ranch is more reassuring. Hal was shot by horse theves who were running off stock, and was found and taken care of by friendly Indians, but Mrs. Hal had an awful scare and sent for the old man, who went, of course—both young ladies going with him. They were miles away before we knew of it at the fort. I tried to persuade old Peck-sniff that he ought to let me go with twenty troopers to guard the ranch and scout the Laramie, and he threatened to put me in arrest. Of all the double-dashed, piz-head-ed old idots he's the worst. I don't want poople at the ranch to be scared, but if the Sloux only would make form demon-stration this way that would give me a chance, I'd try to earn a little of the rep-utation that you're winning, old boy, and no man knows better how much you de-serve It than "Your friend and classmate, HANK L." "T. S.-Loring took ten of the troop into the Black Hills to beat up Burleigh, but he said if they struck Indian sign he meant "Dear Dean: In case the letter sent yes-

The sun was well down at the west. The day's march had been long and tedious, as only cavalry marches are when long wagon trains have to be escorted. Dean had not yet fully recovered strength, but anxiety lent

"If Mr. Folsom says there is need of cavalry guard at the Laramie, it is because he dreads another Indian visit, colonel. I have nine men in good shape. Our horses are fresh, or will be after a few hours' rest. May push on to-night?"

And to the young soldier's surprise the elder placed a trembling hand upon his shoulder and looked him earnestly into the eyes. "Dean, my boy, it's my belief you cannot start too soon. Do you know who Li-zette is?"

"I've heard the story," said Marshall, briefly. "She must have been hovering about there for some time."

"Yes, and now her people know it, and it will rekindle their hatred. The moment I heard of this I sent old Bat to watch the crossing at La Bonte. Not an hour ago this came in by the hand of his boy," and the colonel held out a scrap of paper.

noted that the few ranch hands hung about the premises all day, their rifles ever within reach, and that often Mr. Folsom took the glasses and searched the road to Frayne. She saw that earth was being heaped up in places against the ranch where the walls were thin or made of boarding. She saw that water and provisions were being stored in the cellar, and she knew that it could all mean only one thing-that the Indians were again in force in the neighborhood, and that an Indian siege was imminent.

And all this time Pappoose, though very brave, was so still and so intent upon her duties. Even when supper was served for the ranch people in the kitchen that evening, as the sun went down, Jess noted that two of the men kept constantly in saddle, rid-ing round the buildings and anxiously scanning the open prairie of every side. There were only six men all told now, including Folsom (of course not counting Hal, who was defenseless), altogether too small a number to successfully protect so large a knot of buildings against an insidious and powerful foe. Darkness settled down upon the val-

ley, and, though calm and collected, Folsom seemed oppressed by the deepest anxiety. Every now and then he would step forth into the night and make a circuit of the buildings, exchange a word in low tone with some invisible guardian, for, heavily armed, the employes were gathered at the main building, and the wife and children of the chief herdsman were assigned to a room under its roof. Particularly did Folsom pet and encourage the dogs, two of them splendid mastiffs in whom Hal took unusual pride. Then he would return to his son's bedside, bend anxiously over him and lay a loving hand on Pappoose's lustrous hair. It must have been ten o'clock and a night wind was rising, making the oc-casional cry of the coyotes even more weird and querulous, when they heard the sudden, fierce challenge of Trooper, the keenest, finest of the mastiffs. and instantly his bark was echoed by the rush and scurry of every canine on the place. The men on the porch sprang to their feet and Folsom hastened out to join them. The dogs had charged in the darkness toward the northeast, and somewhere out in that direction were now all furiously barking. Aloft the skies were heavily clouded. The moon was banked and not a glimmer of light shone on earth or heaven. Suddenly, afar out over the prairie, beyond where the dogs were challenging, there was heard the sound of a pony's neigh, an eager appeal for welcome and shelter, and Folsom sprang confidently forward, his powersprang connidently forward, his power-ful tones calling off the dogs. They came back, growling, snifling, only half-satisfied, still bristling at the un-seen visitor. "War ponies never neigh," said Folsom. "Who are you, brothers -friends?" he called, in the Sioux tongue, and a faint voice answered from the darkmass a nonv came large from the darkness, a pony came loping dimly into view, almost running over him, and in another minute an Indian girl, trembling with fear and exhaus-tion, had toppled from the saddle and clasped the old trader's hand. "Good God! Lizette," he cried, "you

again? What is wrong?" for her head was drooping, her knees giving way beneath her, as the poor child whispered her answer: "Sioux coming-plenty braves! Hide

-quick And Folsom bore her in his arms within.

[To Be Continued.]

SOMETHING REALLY NEW. But There Was Something Wrong

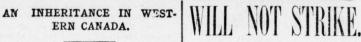
> with the Conclusion of the Story.

"I have an idea for a story!" exclaimed the young author enthusiast-

ically.

"Something really new?" asked the publisher, doubtfully, relates the Chicago Post.

"New!" cried the young author, as I did, and apply to any agent of "Well, I should say so. Listen! Mar-ried couple living happily, not a cloud name, I see, appears in advertise-in the marked set of the set o



Indian Reservations and Other New Districts to Be Opened Up This Year.

In the Great Saskatchewan Valley, and the Fertile Plains of Assiniboin.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir: The past three or four years have demonstrated to a large number of Americans the value of the grain-growing and ranching lands of western Canada. Tens of thousands have taken advantage of the offer made by the Canadian government as well as of the exceedingly low prices asked for lands by the railway, colonization and other companies. The experience of those who have been settled there for some little time is of a highly gratifying character. So much so that the Canadian govern-ment, who has control of the immigration into western Canada, has decided to open up some new districts this year in the well-known Saskatchewan valley, and also in the fertile plains of Assiniboia. These districts are probably the most productive in the entire west and in close touch to largely settled communities, as well as being situated on some of the most important lines of railway. They are within easy reach of markets, schools, churches and other social advantages. In some of these districts lands may be homesteaded as well as purchased outright at very low prices. Now as to what can be done on these lands. The evidence of the settlers in the neighborhood of the lands now about to be opened for settlement (some of them being located in one of the best Indian reservations) goes to show that the very best results have followed even most indifferent methods. Cases are given where farmers having gone there with most limited means, barely enough to erect a small house and break up a little land, have in three orfour years' time become prosperous, all debts paid and money in the bank. The soil in the districts mentioned, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan, is a rich black loam, 15 inches to three feet deep. As a settler says: "It appears like the accumulation of decayed vegetation and ashes for centuries subsoil is a stiff putty clay)." On this soil it is possible to raise from 40 to 50 bushels of wheat to the acre; oats, 75 to 100 bushels, all of which bring good prices at the local market. For mixed farming these new districts are probably among the best in western Canada. Stock fatten easily on the wild grasses. Hay is plentiful, and prices splendid. Another settler writ-ing to a friend in Iowa says: "The climate is all that could be desired. plenty of rainfall in summer, with no hot, dry winds. On the 28th of Sep-tember I saw prairie flowers in full bloom, sweet corn, potato and tomato vines that had not been touched a particle with frost, and the winters are milder than those in the state from which I came. After the holi-days the winter sets in clear and cold, with plenty of snow for good sleigh-ing; no high winds or blizzards are known. Horses live out all winter and pick their own living, while cattle live all winter in open sheds and live all winter in open sheds and around the hay ricks. Wheat, oats and barley are the principal grain crops. Potatoes and all other roots and vegetables do well, the yield being enor-mous as compared to those in the states. Wild fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries, cranberries, goose-berries and all varieties of currants yield in abundance. As a reader of your valuable paper for a number of years, I feel that I should inform you of the progress and advancement being made in Canada within the past few years and the induce ments and advantages that will follow settlement in western Canada. Those who desire information can do

The Mine Workers Accept a **Promise of Recognition**

AT SOME FUTURE TIME.

President Mitchell Declares for a Conservative Course.

IN THE ANTHRACITE FIELD.

The Principal Concessions Asked for by the United Mine Workers Were Not Grafited and the Operators Can Justly Claim a Victory.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., March 30 .- The expected strike of 143,000 miners in the hard coal region will not take place. At a meeting of the executhe hard coal region with not take place. At a meeting of the execu-tive committee of the United Mine Workers of three anthracite districts held in this city Friday it was decided that the men should continue at work. This committee was given arbitrary power by the general con-vention of miners held at Hazelton in the fore next of the merits to decide the fore part of the month to de-clare a strike if circumstances warranted it. In a lengthy address ic-sued last evening and which was pre-

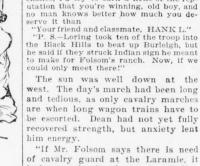
sued last evening and which was pre-pared by Mr. Mitchell, it is stated that the circumstances do not war-rant a strike at this time. Mr. Mitchell made an address at the afternoon session of the commit-tee which was conservative in the extreme. He spoke of his visit to New York and his efforts to secure interviews with the men who control the anthracite coal trade. He said all the concessions asked for had not been granted, but the outlook for the future was bright and it was His opinion that the day was not far dis-tant when the operators of the antant when the operators of the an-thracite region would see that it was to their advantage to meet their miners in joint conference. It took some time and hard work before the bituminous operators would consent to meet their miners, but they eventual-

Some members of the committee Some members of the committee were in favor of pursuing a radical course, on the ground that if the operators did not recognize the Min-ers' union now the opportunity would be lost forever. President Mitchell, however, soon convinced the committee that a conservative course was the only one to pursue at this time.

A number of coal operators when shown the statement issued by the shown the statement issued by the committee said it was a graceful backdown on Mitchell's part, but they gave the president of the Mine Workers credit for its conservative policy. It is conceded that had he so desired he could have made a great deal of trouble.

On the whole the miners are well pleased with the action of the co mittee. While they were ready mittee. While they were ready to strike, had the order been given, strike, had the order been given, they are just as well pleased that no lockout is to occur. There is gen-eral rejoicing among business men over the news. The suspense of the past two weeks had a tendency to paralyze trade, but now a big boom

looked for. President Mitchell's statement says: "The representatives of the operators listened to the presenta-tion of our arguments and while they would not agree to meet in a general conference with the miners this year, they did agree that the notices which were posted continuing the adwhich were posted commung the ad-vance in wages until April 1, 1902, and agreeing to take up and adjust with their mine employes any griev-ances they might have, should be in-terpreted to mean that such griev-ances should be adjusted with repre-construince on committies of the Wine ances should be adjusted with repre-sentatives or committees of the Mine Workers; and they held out the hope that if during the present year the Mine Workers demonstrated their ability to abstain from engaging in al strikes, full and complete nition of the organization would be accorded at a future date."



Fletcher's room.

"Ah, yes. The woman, I believe, who accidentally scared your horse and threw you?"

"The very one!" he answered. "I'm blessed if I know what should have taken her out at that hour. She says she needed air and a walk, but why should she have chosen the back-gate and the alley as a way to air and sun-

"Would you mind taking me through that way?" asked the engineer, sud-denly. "It's the short cut to the depot, I understand."

"Why, certainly, I hadn't thought of hat," said Folsom. "Come right on." And so while the hoofbeats up the grew louder, the two turned quickly back to the rear of the him frame house. "That coming horse brings news," muttered Loring to himself, as he turned the corner. "We can nead him off, but I want to see this situation first."

Looking away southeastward from the porch of Folsom's homestead, one see in the daytime a vista of shingled roofs and open yards, a broad valley, with a corral and inclosures on the southern edge of the town, but not a tree. To-night only dim black shadows told where roof and chimney stood, and not a sign could they se of the depot. Loring curiously gazed atoft at the rear and side windows of the third story. "They command quite a view, I suppose," said he, and even as the spoke the sash of the southeast room was softly raised, the blind the spoke the sash of the southeast room was softly raised, the blind swung slightly outward. That woman watching and listening again! And it was she whose sudden and startling ap-pearance at the rear gate had led to Folsom's throw so early the moring. Burleigh and his mysterious friend were found missing from their quar-ters just after dawn-the very morning

'Did you see any Indians "Not one," answered Dean. "The seem to have drawn away from the Bi Horn road entirely. Why do you ask? he added, anxiously.

"There were signal fires out at Eagle Butte last night, and I've just had a letter from old Folsom at the ranch on the Laramie. He begs us to send a guard at once, and I haven' horseman. There's been the devil to pay at young Folsom's place." Dean's face went a shade paler "What's happened?" he asked. "A dozen of his best horses run off

by Birdsall's gang, probably to re place those they lost in the flood, and Hal himself was shot and left for dead in the hills. He'd died but an Ogallalla girl and a couple of halfbreeds who had a hunting-lodge out near the Peak. There are letters for you at the office."

There were two-one from Loomis at Emory; one from Jessie, of al places in the world, at Folsom' of al places in the world, at ranch. This he read first.

'We got here late night before last, after

sketch, map-like, of a winding riveranother and smaller one separated from the first by a chain of mountains. The larger one was decorated by a flag-pole with stars and stripes y a flag-pole at the top and a figure with musket and bayonet at the bottom. The smaller one by a little house, with moke issuing from the chimney, and woman beside it. Above all, its head over the mountains pointing to-ward the house, its tail extending north of the bigger stream, was ' or sign of comet—the "totem" or sign of the Ogallalla lover of Lizette. The story was told at a glance. Burning Star was already south of the Platte and lurking in the mountains near Folom's ranch.

That night, toward ten o'clock, an nxious council was held. Halbert Folsom, fevered by his severe wound, as lying half-unconscious on his bed, his unhappy wife wandering aimlessly about at times, wringing her hands and weeping, evidently unbalanced by the terrors that had beset her of late and the tidings of that awful Indian revenge along the Big Horn. Silent, helpful, almost commanding, Elinor spent the hours sometimes at her brother's bedside, then at that of her sister-in-law when the poor creature could be induced to lie still a moment. The burly little son and heir, long since sound asleep in his eradle, was watched over by Jessie. whose heart fluttered in dread she dare not say of what. Twice that afternoon she had seen whispered conferences between old Folsom and Lan-nion. She knew that for some better reason than that he was overter reason than that he was over-persuaded by Pappoose, Mr. Folsom had not carried out his project of sending them back to Gate City. She saw that he made frequent visits to the cellar and had changed the rangement of the air ports.

in the matrimonial sky. Husband goes on trip, fails to come back, search made nothing found, wife mourns, inconsolable and all that, time passes, everybody gives him up as dead, she goes into mourning and comes out again, grief dulled by time-" "Oh, that's old!" interrupted the

publisher. "That's 'Enoch Arden' all over again."

"Oh, it is?" scornfully retorted the young author. "Well, that's all you know about it. Finally she marries again

"I told you so," broke in the publisher

"Man comes back 25 years later." went on the young author, ignoring the interruption. "Wife sees him and cries: 'Alas, I have married again." Man answers: 'So have I.' Now there's situation for you."

"Bigamy," commented the publisher. "Huh ?"

"Bigamy; double case of it. How are you going to get them out of that scrape

"Confound it!" ejaculated the young "I never did evolve the plot author. author. I hever out evolve the pion of a good story yet that some prosaic old duffer didn't come along and knock the tar out of it. I tell you, genius isn't appreciated in this world."

No Discrimination

"You're a nice editor, Chubbs!" "What's the matter now?" "Why, you said the publisher of the Daily Voice is an unmitigated ass." "Well, he is."

"But you add: 'We advise our brother journalist to reform his stupid ways.'"-Harlen Life.

People Who Won't Pay,

Any photographer will tell you that lots of people will sit for a picture and then won't stand for it.—Indianar- and then wo She apolis News.

ments appearing elsewhere in the columns of your paper, and when writ-ing ask particularly about the Saskatchewan varie, tricts. Yours truly, "OLD READER." katchewan Valley or Assiniboia Dis-

OBJECT TO BEER AS CLEANER.

Protest of W. C. T. U. at the Idea of Cleaning City Hall Brick.

The temperance people of Topeka, and of Kansas for that matter, are indignant. The eity is just complet-ing a fine eity hall and auditorium, which is to be opened with cere-monies early in September. Prepara-tory to this event the eity adminis-tration has decided to revamp the new brick structure a little and for new brick structure a little, and for this purpose will use a lot of stale beer stored at the police station for washing the walls of the new building. This stale beer has been seized the to time, and in accordance the law must be spilled into the ect. Rather than waste this liquid with street. it is proposed to use it in making the new brick walls shine for the dedication ceremonies. The State Temperance union, W. C.

The State Temperance union, W. C. T. U. and other temperance organi-zations declare that such procedure would be an outrage and rather than permit it threaten to go to the city prison and forcibly turn the stuff into the streets

Ore Kind of Kindness

She—Is he kind to his family? He—I think not. He never sends any money home when he is on the

"Well, that's what I would call un-remitting kindness."-Chicago Evening News.

His Name.

The teacher of the Sabbath school class spproached one little fellow who was pres-ent for the first time, and inquired his name, for the purpose of placing it on the roll. "Well," said the youngster, "they call me Jimmie for short, but my maiden name in Larges". Charitie Bounder ie for short, but m. s."—Christian Register. James.'

Actor Barrymore in an Asylum.

New York, March 30 .- Maurice Barrymore, the actor, was taken to the insane pavillion of Bellevue hospital yesterday by his son, John Barry-more. He went to the hospital willnore. more. He went to the hospital win-ingly. He had nothing at all to say and acted like a man who was dazed. John Barrymore told the doctor that his father's real name is Blye and that he was born in the " East Indies about 50 years ago.

A Masquerader Arrested.

Victoria, B. C., March 30,-The steamer Tacoma, from the Orient, brings news of the arrest at Hong Kong of an American named John Lee, who, it is alleged, has been obtaining goods and money under false pretenses while masquerading as "C. E. Morgan, surgeon of U. S. S. Brook-lyn." He went about attired in naval uniform and was bound to Manila when arrested.

Sold for \$55,000.

New York, March 30 .- A seat on the New York stock exchange was sold Friday for \$55,000, which is \$2,500 more than the highest price hereto fore paid.

Is in No Hurry to Resign.

Is in No Hurry to Resign. Lincoln, Neb., March 30.—Senator-elect Dieterich announced Friday that he would not resign as governor until fall, probably not until after election, barring, of course, an extra session of congress, which he did not regard as probable. Gov. Dietrich justified this action by saving he had outlined this action by saying he had outlined a plan of state administration which he was anxious to put into effect.

Marscilles Strike Ended.

Marseilles, France, March 30,-The strike here has virtually ended and work has been generally resumed at the docks.