

AT EVENFALL.

Soft creep the shadows along the hill; The loud wheel stops and the world is still.

The day brings labor and strife and pain, Heavy the burden and sore the strain.

Fresh as a flower that lifts its head, By the dews of twilight comforted;

The Adventure of Foote, the Tankman.

BY FRANKLIN W. LILES CALKINS.

An almost impenetrable belt of wilderness still extends across northern Minnesota. There is an immense district into which only here and there the lumberman or the solitary squatter has penetrated.

At an isolated logging-camp recently the writer met Henry Foote, a tankman, and from him and his mates learned some stirring tales of adventure.

It is Henry Foote's duty to drive a huge log tank over the snowy roads, throwing water by means of faucets upon the tracks in order that immense loads of logs may slip easily over the quickly formed coating of ice.

On still nights the grind and creak of his runners may be heard for a mile or more. At other times, when the north wind roams among the tree-tops, and a fine snow is falling, his "headlight" lantern gives the only sign of his whereabouts.

On such nights deer and moose are sometimes seen standing to gaze within the semicircle of his light, or a lynx will raise its big, catlike head to blink at the blaze.

One night, after a protracted season of cold weather, these wolves gathered along the road in unusual numbers. The tankman's horses shied and snorted as they passed a thicket where flitting, snapping forms jumped out at them.

How many there were in the pack it was impossible for Henry to guess. They followed in numbers on either side of his team, and kept leaping in and out among the shadows, and snapping and snarling until his horses were well-nigh unmanageable.

The tankman had a difficult task to perform—to drive four horses with one hand, to swing his lantern with the other, and to keep his feet upon the driver's stand in front of his tank.

He would have given his winter's wages for a gun, but all sorts of offensive weapons, as well as intoxicating liquors, were wisely prohibited at the logging-camp.

At last, as he saw the wolves were likely to attack the horses despite his light, Henry abandoned his perilous stand and scrambled to the top of the tank, where, some nine feet from the road-level, he was out of reach.

He returned to camp at daylight in the morning, to find that his horses had arrived in the night, battered and bruised but safe. They had followed an arm of the lake to a log road, and then had gone straight to camp.

For a time he heard the splashing and scratching of the wolves, but these sounds finally ceased, and he knew the animals were dead.

He returned to camp at daylight in the morning, to find that his horses had arrived in the night, battered and bruised but safe. They had followed an arm of the lake to a log road, and then had gone straight to camp.

Presently his road descended toward an arm of the lake among a thicket of jack-pines; and here, as the wolves jumped at them more boldly than before, the horses took the bits in their teeth and became entirely uncontrollable.

It was as much as Henry could do to hold his lines and lantern and keep his footing. Suddenly, at a critical turn of the track upon an incline, his leaders swung off the log road and the four plunged downward over a steep pitch.

Wholly unhurt, the tankman pulled himself and his light out of the snow, to find that his horses had broken loose from the tank and were plunging through drift and tamarack brush toward the lake.

at top speed along the arm of the lake and so toward camp.

So far, so good. A moment's examination convinced Henry that his leaders' even had come unhooked from the tongue-rod, and that the "beemers" had broken their short off at the hammer.

Thinking himself out of present danger, Henry turned his attention to the tank. He found the big road-sprinkler right-side-up, but embedded to the base logs in a drift of snow.

This left him in darkness, and he retreated, in some alarm, to the tank. Before he could turn to climb, however, three dusky figures leaped at him with snarling cries.

He sprang aside, and striking out with his lantern, hit one of his assailants upon the head. As this did not discourage the wolves, he laid about him until his wrecked lantern was wrenched free of the ring in his hand.

Instantly the snarling wolves were upon him, tearing at his stout clothing. One seized him by an arm which he flung up to protect his face and neck, and he felt the sharp pinch of the animal's teeth through the blanket cloth of his winter garments.

He gave himself up for lost, but struggling to his feet, and dragging the wolves, seized the top beam of the tank with both hands. He succeeded in getting a foot upon the lift lever, and thus he climbed up, wrenching himself, for the moment, out of the grasp of his assailants.

He had thought to get out of their reach by climbing up on the tank, but his hope was quickly dispelled. On one side of the tank was the elevation down which it had plunged, and against this rise the snow-drift was tightly packed.

Fighting desperately, the tankman was again borne down, falling this time upon a rim of ice which surrounded the tank well. The wolves were upon him instantly, but the desperate young fellow was seized with an inspiration.

With sudden quickness he caught two of his assailants, one by either leg, in a lumberman's grip, and throwing one foot up behind the well rail, plunged himself and the wolves head foremost into the tank.

The hold was more than half filled with icy water, and Henry rose from the bottom gasping. He heard the wolves sneezing and churning the water frantically, as they swam around the sides in a vain attempt to find some way out of the trap.

Despite the cold, the tankman laughed gleefully. His first impulse was to seize the wolves by the scruff of their necks, and hold them under water until they should drown; but he thought better of it as a chill ran up his spinal column.

By standing on tiptoe he could just reach and grasp the rail-posts of the well. It was only by great exertion that he succeeded in drawing himself out of the tank pit. Had he waited two minutes longer his case would have been as desperate as that of the entrapped wolves.

When he had struggled to his feet upon the tank, the third wolf, taking warning from the strange disappearance of its fellows, slunk away among the bushes. Henry lost no time in closing the tank faucets.

He dared not attempt to walk to camp but secured his tank ax and attacked the tamaracks and young pines near at hand. His match-box was waterproof, and he soon had a roaring fire, before which he dried his clothing and nursed his hurts.

Only his thick lumberman's clothing had saved him from serious and perhaps fatal injuries.

For a time he heard the splashing and scratching of the wolves, but these sounds finally ceased, and he knew the animals were dead.

He returned to camp at daylight in the morning, to find that his horses had arrived in the night, battered and bruised but safe. They had followed an arm of the lake to a log road, and then had gone straight to camp.

For a time he heard the splashing and scratching of the wolves, but these sounds finally ceased, and he knew the animals were dead.

He returned to camp at daylight in the morning, to find that his horses had arrived in the night, battered and bruised but safe. They had followed an arm of the lake to a log road, and then had gone straight to camp.

Presently his road descended toward an arm of the lake among a thicket of jack-pines; and here, as the wolves jumped at them more boldly than before, the horses took the bits in their teeth and became entirely uncontrollable.

It was as much as Henry could do to hold his lines and lantern and keep his footing. Suddenly, at a critical turn of the track upon an incline, his leaders swung off the log road and the four plunged downward over a steep pitch.

Wholly unhurt, the tankman pulled himself and his light out of the snow, to find that his horses had broken loose from the tank and were plunging through drift and tamarack brush toward the lake.

THE FATE OF PETER GREER.

MET THE SAME END AS ONE OF HIS COWBOYS.

A Thrilling Tale About a Picturesque Cattleman Who Died Recently in Western Nebraska—An Instance of His Personal Courage.

The picturesque cattleman of the plains are gradually passing away. They were a set of men who belonged to a phase of American life that is past.

They were the outgrowth of the wild, free life of the unlimited and undivided cattle ranges. The situation is changed, there are no longer vast plains of grazing land free to all.

A former cattleman of the Centropolis Hotel was telling about one of the old-time rangers who died recently in western Nebraska. This man was Pete Greer.

"He was one of the biggest men I ever knew," said the former cattleman. "He stood six feet three inches in his stocking feet. He was straight and broad at the shoulders, and the quality of fear was left out of him. I remember an experience which he once had in New Mexico several years ago that will show Pete Greer's personal courage.

He was with a party of cowboys who were riding southward with a wagon and cooking outfit, riding out after a bunch of stray cattle. The story was told me by one of the men in the party, and I remember how he swore when he told me of the heat of the plains. Greer was a sort of boss or foreman of the party. One day it was discovered that one of the men was missing. He had scattered with the others looking for the cattle and had been away from the party a day when his absence was discovered.

Then Greer at once gave orders that search be made for him. When Greer spoke no one replied. Then one man grumbled that it would be no use, that the lost man would be dead. The others joined in mutiny, and all of them refused to leave the wagon. Pete pleaded and bluffed them. The men were obstinate. Then big Pete piled together about the wagon all the equipment of their camp. Along with this were three barrels of water, which had been carried from the last stream passed. The heat was a torture. A man walking over the dry turf was followed by a stream of dust. The party was miles from water. There was no shelter in the empty plain around them.

"When Greer had made a heap of all that stood between the cowboys and death, he placed under and around it dried grass and wood. Then he stood square in front of the pile.

"Now, boys," he said, "if you don't go out and look for this man I'll set fire to this." He had his revolver in his hands.

"This man who told me this story said that Pete Greer was a man who never made empty threats. They knew that when he said anything it went—and they obeyed.

"That day they found their missing comrade, lying face downward on the prairie, dead from the heat.

"And it seems a cruel thing that the big, brave, manly Pete Greer should himself have been found face downward dying with the heat on his own ranch in Nebraska only a month ago.

"Greer's ranch was near Seneca, in the western part of the State. In different parts of his grazing land he had windmills to provide water for his cattle.

"One afternoon, a month ago, when the hot spell was at its zenith, Greer rode out on a horse over his range to see that his windmills were in order. He thought nothing about the heat. He had never been sick a day in his life and he was in his prime.

"A few hours later his horse trotted up to the door of the ranch house with an empty saddle.

"Mrs. Greer, sitting in the house, was the first to see the horse. She walked quickly out of doors and looked everywhere for her husband. Others came up. Mrs. Greer had never ridden a horse in her life. She had not been strong and had never taken an active part in ranch life. But she climbed into her husband's empty saddle, and with two or three men from the ranch started out under the burning sunshine. Mrs. Greer allowed the horse which she rode to take its own course. And it was she who found her husband's body. He was lying face downward in the parched grass not more than twenty feet from one of his windmills. The direction of his body showed that he had tried to reach the water of the tank at the windmill, but had fallen. He was unconscious.

"They picked him up, laid his body across the saddle of his horse and took him back to his ranch house. He lingered unconscious three days and died.

"And when I heard how Pete Greer died I thought of that little event in which he showed his courage many years ago on the plains of New Mexico."—Kansas City Star.

Peculiar Lese Majeste. A German judge cites a rather remarkable case of lese majeste, which, he says, may be called "unintentional information."

A peasant woman who had seen the Kaiser's consort as a slender girl in Perin Kenau, gave blunt rustic expression to her astonishment as to how the figure looked after the birth of several children. Her outcry was mentioned in gossip at a village inn when it struck the ear of a gendarme who happened to be present. This gendarme reported the matter. His superior prosecuted it, and the amazed and bewildered old woman was transported from her cottage to a cell.—Argonaut.

SUMMARY OF THE LATEST NEWS.

A waterspout swept over Jamaica Bay, nearly engulfing a train crossing a trestle on the Long Island Railroad. A tidal wave and storm followed, spreading through the summer resorts in that locality.

The engagement was announced of Capt. Thoma F. Lyon, of the Marine Corps, to Miss Florence Evans. They met at the Pan-American Exposition.

Grace Wilson, 17 years old, of Chicago, became despondent from brooding over the death of President McKinley and committed suicide.

Mrs. Mattie Hughes, charged in Columbia, S. C., with killing her husband, put on man's clothes and escaped.

Rev. Joseph H. Tilton, 86 years old, of Reading, was quietly married to Mrs. Caroline P. Griswold, aged 82.

Miss Nancy Stone, daughter of ex-Senator James G. Stone, of Kansas, sloped with a poor farmer.

The cigar factory of David Spangler, at Red Lion, was partially destroyed by fire.

The Sovereign Grand Lodge, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, began a week's convention in Indianapolis. The grand sire, A. C. Cable, of Covington, Ky., delivered his annual address.

The executive committee of the Italian United Societies in New York decided to suspend the celebration of the anniversary and started a movement for a monument.

At Spiceland, Ind., the safe of the village bank was blown open and its contents stolen, including \$500 worth of stamps deposited in the bank by the postmaster.

The schooner G. Ellen, of Racine, was wrecked in the lake near Milwaukee and the four seamen were rescued just as their vessel was about to go to pieces.

The battleship Retvizan, built by the Cramps for the Russian government, returned to Philadelphia after a most satisfactory builders' trial trip.

The hearing of the caveat to the will of Jacob S. Rogers, the millionaire locomotive builder, was begun in Trenton, N. J.

State Superintendent John McCullagh asked 200 warrants on account of illegal registration in New York.

It was decided to have the first international yacht race on September 26 and the second on the 28th.

The annual meeting of the American Pharmaceutical Association was begun in St. Louis.

Calderon Carlisle, a well-known lawyer of Washington, died in Asheville, N. C.

The battleship Illinois was put in commission at Newport News.

At the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic Commander-in-Chief Ransier made a violent attack on Pension Examiner Evans and his method of administering the pension laws.

The Democratic State Committee of Virginia declined the proposition of the Republican committee for a joint debate by the gubernatorial candidates of the two parties.

Immigration Commissioner Powderly and Congressman Cornell are drafting a bill, to be submitted to Congress, which, if passed, will prevent anarchists landing here.

Shamrock II, had two lucky escapes from serious disaster while taking a spin. She was struck by a squall and came very near running into a yacht.

The strike situation remains unchanged. The steel combine has refused to entertain further propositions of settlement from the Amalgamated Association.

ROOSEVELT TAKES OATH AS PRESIDENT.

Falters for a Moment With Emotion, and Then in Firm Tones, Accepts the Honor. Buffalo, N. Y. (Special).—Theodore Roosevelt, at 3.30 o'clock Saturday afternoon, in the library of the residence of Ansley Wilcox, at Buffalo, took the constitutional oath as President of the United States.

The engagement was announced of Capt. Thoma F. Lyon, of the Marine Corps, to Miss Florence Evans. They met at the Pan-American Exposition.

Grace Wilson, 17 years old, of Chicago, became despondent from brooding over the death of President McKinley and committed suicide.

Mrs. Mattie Hughes, charged in Columbia, S. C., with killing her husband, put on man's clothes and escaped.

Rev. Joseph H. Tilton, 86 years old, of Reading, was quietly married to Mrs. Caroline P. Griswold, aged 82.

Miss Nancy Stone, daughter of ex-Senator James G. Stone, of Kansas, sloped with a poor farmer.

The cigar factory of David Spangler, at Red Lion, was partially destroyed by fire.

The Sovereign Grand Lodge, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, began a week's convention in Indianapolis. The grand sire, A. C. Cable, of Covington, Ky., delivered his annual address.

The executive committee of the Italian United Societies in New York decided to suspend the celebration of the anniversary and started a movement for a monument.

At Spiceland, Ind., the safe of the village bank was blown open and its contents stolen, including \$500 worth of stamps deposited in the bank by the postmaster.

The schooner G. Ellen, of Racine, was wrecked in the lake near Milwaukee and the four seamen were rescued just as their vessel was about to go to pieces.

The battleship Retvizan, built by the Cramps for the Russian government, returned to Philadelphia after a most satisfactory builders' trial trip.

The hearing of the caveat to the will of Jacob S. Rogers, the millionaire locomotive builder, was begun in Trenton, N. J.

State Superintendent John McCullagh asked 200 warrants on account of illegal registration in New York.

It was decided to have the first international yacht race on September 26 and the second on the 28th.

The annual meeting of the American Pharmaceutical Association was begun in St. Louis.

Calderon Carlisle, a well-known lawyer of Washington, died in Asheville, N. C.

The battleship Illinois was put in commission at Newport News.

At the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic Commander-in-Chief Ransier made a violent attack on Pension Examiner Evans and his method of administering the pension laws.

The Democratic State Committee of Virginia declined the proposition of the Republican committee for a joint debate by the gubernatorial candidates of the two parties.

Immigration Commissioner Powderly and Congressman Cornell are drafting a bill, to be submitted to Congress, which, if passed, will prevent anarchists landing here.

Shamrock II, had two lucky escapes from serious disaster while taking a spin. She was struck by a squall and came very near running into a yacht.

The strike situation remains unchanged. The steel combine has refused to entertain further propositions of settlement from the Amalgamated Association.

LEON CZOLGOSZ IS INDICTED.

Refuses to Say a Word When Arraigned in Court at Buffalo.

HE MAY BE FEIGNING INSANITY.

Indictment is Promptly Found and the Man Who Assassinated President McKinley Will Be Put on Trial Next Monday—Declined to Plead or Answer Any Questions Put to Him by the District Attorney.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

Buffalo, N. Y. (Special).—Leon F. Czolgosz, alias Fred Nieman, was indicted Monday by the Erie county grand jury for the crime of murder in the first degree, "in fatally shooting President William McKinley at the Temple of Music in the Pan-American Exposition grounds at 4.15 o'clock on the afternoon of September 6.

When arraigned before Judge Edward K. Emery, in the County Court, he stubbornly refused to answer questions repeatedly asked of him by the Judge and District Attorney Penney as to whether he had counsel or wanted counsel. The District Attorney then suggested that as Czolgosz refused to answer, counsel should be assigned. Judge Emery assigned Hon. Loran L. Lewis and Hon. Robert C. Titus, formerly Supreme Court justices of this county, whose names had been suggested by the Erie County Bar Association. The trial will begin next Monday.

District Attorney Penney presented the evidence in the case to the grand jury. Aside from the surgeons and physicians, no witnesses were sworn other than those who were in the Temple of Music and witnessed the shooting.

At 4.15 P. M., just exactly ten days after the shooting, the jury voted unanimously to indict Czolgosz.

Then ensued a wait of an hour, but the rumor that the murderer was to be arraigned before Judge Emery spread and in a short time the courtroom was crowded. The prisoner was brought in shackled to a detective and another detective held his other arm. Assistant Superintendent Casack marched in front and a number of patrolmen behind. When Czolgosz was taken before the court the people in the courtroom made a rush for him, but were compelled to resume their seats.

Czolgosz is of medium height, of fairly good build and has light curly hair, but a ten days' growth of beard on his face gives him an unkempt appearance. Apparently he feigned insanity, not stupidity. His glance roamed about, but his eyes were always downcast. Not once did he look the County Prosecutor or the Judge in the face.

"Czolgosz, have you got a lawyer? Do you wish a lawyer? You have been indicted for murder in the first degree. Do you want a lawyer to defend you? Czolgosz, look at me and answer."

District Attorney Penney fired these questions in turn at the prisoner, his voice rising with each succeeding question, but Czolgosz stubbornly refused to answer. Judge Emery then asked the assassin several times if he had counsel, but there was no answer, despite the fact that police officers told him the Judge was speaking and that he must answer.

The court then assigned counsel, as previously stated.

ASSASSIN'S FATHER TO AID In Drawing From Son Story of the Plot to Kill Nation's Chief.

Cleveland (Special).—Paul Czolgosz, the father of the assassin, will be taken to Buffalo by the police to aid them in their effort to solve the mystery of the plot to kill President McKinley. He professes little affection for the son who has made his name a disgrace and says his son has no claim to mercy. For the sake of making what amends he may for the crime of his son, he will do all in his power to unravel the mystery of the assassination plot. Interpreters, unsworn, will make record of every word that father and son utter, and the interview will be arranged to make its dramatic effect on the prisoner as intense as possible.

THREE HANGED BY NEGRO LYNGERS. Forced Their Way into Wickliffe Jail and Avenge Warch Thomas' Murder.

Cairo, Ill. (Special).—A mob of negroes broke into the jail at Wickliffe, Ky., across the river from this city, and lynched three negroes, Frank Howard, Sam Reed and Ernest Harrison. They hanged the men to a cross-beam in John McCauley's mill.

The crime for which the men were hanged was the murder of an old and respected negro, Wash Thomas. Last Saturday night they waylaid Thomas on the railroad track, hit him with a club, killing him, and then robbed the dead body.

The murderers confessed their crime before the mob.

BOLD HULL-UP MAN SHOT. Kill As He Fired to Secure Iron Workers' Wages.

Bedford, Pa. (Special).—A bold attempt by robbers to steal the money being taken to Riddlesburg on the morning train for the regular pay day of the Colonial Iron Company was made at Mount Dallas.

The money was in charge of W. F. Souder. With R. H. Kay he occupied a rear seat in one of the coaches. At Mount Dallas a stop was made while the engines were being changed. At that point two men with drawn pistols came into the car. One of them fired at Mr. Souder, but missed him, the other man keeping Mr. Kay covered.

Mr. Souder returned the fire, instantly killing one of the robbers. The other man fled when he saw his companion fall. The dead robber was identified as William Fry, colored, of Bedford.

Steel Strike Is Called Off. New York (Special).—The great steel strike, which began on June 30, was brought to an end at a conference held here between the leaders of the Amalgamated Association and officers of the subsidiary companies of the United States Steel Corporation. An agreement was signed under which the men will return to work immediately in the mills that have been idle. This announcement was made at the offices in this city of the American Tin Plate Company, where the conference was held.