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ONE YEAR \$1.00
SIX MONTHS \$.50

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Butter, 20c
Eggs, 18c
Potatoes, (new) per bu. . . 75c

FOR RENT, September 1,—New
Brick Store Building 25 x 80, good
cellar 25 x 25 by 7 feet deep, located
in the heart of the business section,
large display window. Inquire of
Rosa Bevaqua, Johnsonburg, Pa.

FOR SALE—Corner lot in Chevy
Chase, 65x150, for further informa-
tion, apply at this office.

FOR SALE—Automobile in
good condition, at a reasonable
price. Sam Maruca McIntyre, Pa.

Seeking and Finding.
Two Scots with all the thrift of their
race met on the way home from mar-
ket.
"Why are ye lukin' sae pleased wi' yersel'?" asked Sandy.
"Weel, mon," replied MacPherson, "I
dropped a saxpence in the market
place, an', hunt as I might, I couldna
find it."
"That's naught to be lukin' sae gay
about," said Sandy.
"Aye, but ye dinna ken," explained
MacPherson. "I found a shilling."—
Ladies' Home Journal.

UNA GRANDE OFFERTA
Le coperte Nebo valgono 1/2 c. cont.
L'intera cedola Nebo vale 1/2 c. cont.

Temporaneamente due lamine griglia per 60 sigarette
o frontalini di pacchetto (anche assortite)
Kohli assisti presentati di valore.

Le cedole intiere e le frontalini dei pacchetti
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presentate assortite per premi in contante
ed in oggetti di valore.
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P. H. Hillard Co., Inc., New York - Est. 1160

BELIEVED HOLT HAD ASSISTANCE

U. S. Secret Service at Work
on Strange Case

CONSPIRACY IS SUSPECTED

Suicide of Morgan's Assailant Hand-
caps Efforts to Solve Mystery.
Strange Features Attend Holt's
Death—Jail Attendants Say Prison-
er Cracked Skull In Dive; Examina-
tion Shows Hole Not Unlike Bullet.

New York, July 8.—Believing that
Frank Holt, who destroyed himself in
the Mineola (L. L.) jail, where he was
placed following an unsuccessful at-
tempt to kill J. P. Morgan, was the
agent of a conspiracy, the whole or-
ganization of the United States secret
service has been brought into the case
in an effort to run down Holt's fellow-
conspirators. The police departments
of New York and Washington are also
actively at work.

His facility in getting wherever he
pleased until last Saturday morning
without detection and his ability to
move large parcels of dynamite and
bomb making materials from place to
place all seem to show, so the police
say, that Holt was not operating all
alone, but that he had the active and
passive help of others.

So much has been disclosed within
the past twenty-four hours of the cunning
scheming, the elaborate preparations
for violence and the destructive
plans of the extraordinary person who
called himself Holt that the authori-
ties needed a living man to question.
The singular carelessness of a jail
keeper at Mineola, which made it
perfectly simple for Holt to end his life,
has interposed what may prove to be
an insurmountable obstacle to an ab-
solute revelation of Holt's doings and
connections and the identity of the
plotters with whom it is now believed
he must have worked.

The body of Holt, or Muentner, lay
today in an undertaking establish-
ment in Hempstead awaiting the in-
structions of Holt's family in Dallas.
How that body came there with the
head marked by one wound at least
such as is not ordinarily produced by
a fall together with the mass of con-
tradictions given out by the jail au-
thorities makes a story of peculiar
interest.

No newspaper man or independent
investigator was permitted to see
Holt's body on the night of his death.
Within two hours the body had been
hurried to a morgue and an autopsy
had been performed by Dr. Cleghorn.
The brain was removed. When the
autopsy was finished the body and es-
pecially the battered head was so
treated by the undertaker as to par-
tially disguise the injuries that had
caused Holt's death.

When the newspaper men inspected
the body on Wednesday it was ob-
served that the skull had undoubtedly
been fractured. The break ran from
the base of the nose to the center of
the top of the head, inclining slightly
to the right. It was indeed just such
a fracture as might have been caused
by a hard fall. But there was another
new injury which provoked commen-
t. It was a small, elliptical hole just
above the right eye brow, something
of the sort of hole that a bullet fired
at an angle could have made. The
edges of this wound were clean. The

hole itself had been filled with putty.
In fact, the undertaker said that he
had placed putty in it to improve the
appearance of the head.

With all of these things in mind to-
gether with the persistent story that
there had been an explosion at the
moment of Holt's death, newspaper
men asked District Attorney Smith
frankly if he believed that Holt had
committed suicide by jumping from
the roof of the steel cell block or had
killed himself by means of a pistol or
fulminating cap. Did he believe the
story told by the jail guards and was
he willing to accept it without further
investigation. The district attorney
said unreservedly that he believed the
story and that he saw no reason for
further investigation of the circum-
stance of his death.

Holt's body was positively identified
by four persons familiar with the ap-
pearance of Professor Erich Muentner.
Silas P. Smith, head of the state po-
lice of Massachusetts; Theodore W.
Hillier, a liveryman of Cambridge;
Arthur T. Brown of Cambridge and
John R. Whitman, a Boston reporter,
said they were certain that he was
Muentner. Mr. Smith's opinion was
supported by Bertillon measurements
of Muentner, which corresponded ac-
curately with similar measurements
taken of the body.

J. P. Morgan, convalescing at his
home in Glen Cove, was in communi-
cation for some time with his offices
in this city transacting business over
the telephone. He said he felt much
better and word from the physicians
in attendance at his home was that
his condition continued to improve.

Sets Haystack Afire.

Wheeling, W. Va., July 8.—A farm-
er's boy, too poor to buy a balloon,
tied waste to a crow's foot and lighted
the waste at Short creek, near here.
The crow alighted on a haystack on
the Jacob Nause farm and set the hay
afire, destroying it and causing \$65
loss. Heroic efforts saved the adjacent
farm.

What He'd Done.

"I've come to see if you can lend me
\$25."
"That so? Which way did you
come?"
"Down Griswold street."
"Oh, you did, eh? Did it occur to
you that you had walked right by
eight or nine banks that are in the
business of lending money to get to
me?"—Detroit Free Press.

morning.

A perfume of flowers is wafted gen-
tly from the mountains. The sun is
new risen, and the dew still glistens
on the leaves of trees and the petals
of flowers. A road like a gray ribbon
thrushes into the quiet mountain gorge
—a stone paved road which yet looks
as soft as velvet, so that one almost
has a desire to stroke it. — Maxim
Gorky.

The Evolution of the Hog.

The time honored razor backed hog
is giving place to the sleek porker, on
whose broad back a square meal could
be displayed without a drop of coffee
being spilled and with no danger of
even one of the dishes sliding to the
ground. The rooster is being shouldered
out of the way in Georgia by the hog
that doesn't have to root for a living
and is so fat that its efforts to root
would be ludicrous. Scientists say that
when any part of an animal is long
unused it tends gradually to disappear.
Does that mean that pig culture will
cause the final disappearance of the
nasal protuberance of the hog with
which it formerly was accustomed to
root for its living?—Savannah News.

On the Moon.

The question "Could a man live on
the moon?" has been put to an emi-
nent astronomer, who replied: "I am
afraid not. A man transplanted to the
moon would find himself the lone in-
habitant of a perfectly lifeless orb in
which eternal silence reigns. He
would have to manage without air,
water or fire. He would not need to
put windows in his house, for there is
no wind, no rain, no dust, upon the
moon. It has been truly and practical-
ly observed that the moon is appar-
ently abandoned to death, nourishing
no inhabitants, producing nothing resem-
bling trees, flowers or beautiful things
of any kind—useless, in short, except
as a mass of extinct volcanic rubbish,
which drags the sea into tides and re-
flects the sunbeams in moonlight."

Baked Men.

Workers in porcelain factories are
literally baked, but by some miracle
they remain sufficiently undone to live.
At least if they are not quite baked,
they endure a stronger heat than that
which browns the Sunday sirlon. The
furnaces wherein porcelain is finished
are kept at the fiercest heat used in
any industry. A chain of workmen,
their heads and bodies swathed in fire-
proof garments, take the finished pieces
from the fire one at a time and pass
them to the cooling room. The man at
the head of this chain—he who stands
nearest the furnace—can only work in
five minute shifts. In his interims of
rest he lies on a mattress, drinking
glass after glass of ice water from the
hands of a small boy.

Dean Swift's Complaint.

It is no new thing, this complaint
which one hears of the high cost of
living. Writing to Stella from Lon-
don in the year 1710, Dean Swift re-
marks: "I lodge in Bury street, St.
James, where I removed a week ago.
I have the first floor, the dining room
and bedchamber at 8 shillings a week;
plaguy deep, but I spend nothing for
eating, never go to a tavern and very
seldom in a coach, yet, after all, it will
be expensive."

Making Him Pay.

Lawyer (to kicking client) — Well,
have you at last decided to take my
advice and pay this bill of mine?
Client—Yes, Lawyer—Very well. (To
clerk) "William, add \$5 to Mr. Smith's
bill for further advice."—Boston Tran-
script.

Opportunity Calls.

"Opportunity is at your door."
"What is it?" inquired the pessimis-
tic citizen. "Opportunity to subscribe
to some worthy cause, or a chance to
invest?"—Louisville Courier-Journal

How They Do It.

Steve—They say that waiters can al-
ways size a man up. Lillian—I sup-
pose they measure him from tip to tip.
—Judge.

Wealth is not his that has it, but his
that enjoys it.

The Family Pet.

"You have no children?"
"None."
"Home doesn't mean much to a man
without children."
"Oh, we have a family pet. It's our
motor car. I am going to present it
with new tires throughout, and my
wife is going to buy it a new win-
shield."—Chicago Herald.

Some Reputation.

Binx—What kind of a reputation has
Jones got?
Jinx—So good that he can wear cuff
buttons with other people's initials and
get away with it.—St. Louis Post-Dis-
patch.

Monumenti di Marmo e di Granito



ROBERT E. YOUNG
726 PHILADELPHIA STREET
Indiana, Pa.

Hit Him Both Ways.

A man was charged with picking a
pocket and pleaded guilty.

The case went to the jury, however,
and the verdict was not guilty.

And the court spoke as follows: "You
don't leave this court without a stain
on your character. By your own con-
fession you are a thief. By the verdict
of the jury you are a liar!"—London
Tit-Bits.

Unnecessary Advice.

"Don't question my veracity, sir."
"I won't. It wouldn't answer."—Bal-
timore American.

He Took It.

"I'll not take 'No' for an answer, Miss
Bunker—Priscilla," he declared brave-
ly as he persistently pressed his suit.

"Then, sir," replied the cold and cul-
tured Boston girl, rising proudly to the
occasion, "will you in lieu of that much
hackneyed negative assertion accept
my positive declination to respond con-
currently to the query propounded?"
And he did.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Harmony of Diet.

He—Why do you always have pickled
beets when I bring any friends home
to dinner?

She—To match the kind of friends
you generally bring.—Baltimore Ameri-
can.

Foresight.

Chauffeur—Would you kindly give
me a reference as a careful driver, sir?
Motorist—What! Are you going to
leave me? Chauffeur—Oh, no! I just
want it in case of accident, sir!—New
York Globe.

Two Kinds.

"Pa," said Johnny, "what is a book-
worm?"
"A bookworm," said pa, "is a person
who would rather read than eat, or a
worm that would rather eat than
read."

**AUSTRIAN ARMORED
TRAIN IN DISGUISE**
Scene in Galicia, where the Aus-
trians have covered an armored
train with flowers and foliage, part-
ly to celebrate the victory over the
Russians and also to hide, in a
measure, the identity of the car-
riages which contain deadly guns.
Photo by American Press Asso-
ciation.

