

## AMERICAN GIRL KIDNAPPED IN MEXICO

### Carried Off From Ranch by Desperate Robbers.

Grace, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Dr. B. M. Rolph, of Pender, Neb., has been kidnapped from a ranch near Chicoy, Tamaulipas, Mexico.

Meager details of the outrage have been received at the American embassy from Consul Miller at Tampico, who telegraphs that Segundo Selero and Leandro Mendoza, desperate men, robbed a safe, kidnapped the girl and then fled.

Dr. Rolph, accompanied by friends, is in pursuit. The kidnapers joined friends, with whom they are headed for Huasteca, Vera Cruz.

Consul Miller asks that rurales be sent to aid the pursuers, as the situation is serious. He says that a clash is probable. The fate of the girl is in doubt.

## T. R. NOT A DICTATOR

### Colonel Says He Has No Power Except From People.

"You don't have to be afraid of a dictator who has no power except as the people behind him give it to him. I haven't one bit of power except as you and people like you give," shouted Colonel Roosevelt to a crowd that filled the opera house at Lockport, N. Y.

The colonel had been saying that some of his opponents thought he wanted to be a dictator of the United States. During his speech at the opera house he said:

"Tammany makes the appeal that if you put it into power it won't behave as it has in the past, while we make the appeal that if you put us into power we will behave exactly as we have in the past."

Comparing the records of Dix and Stimson, the colonel said: "Mr. Dix hasn't got much record and he's busily engaged in establishing an alibi for most of that."

### Gas Kills Men; Children Live.

Two children lived for nine hours in a gas filled chamber after two grown men had been asphyxiated by the fumes. Police broke into the room of Michael Slovinsky, forty years old, at Chicago, and discovered him and his friend, Hyman Infeld, sixty-three years old, dead. The children were unconscious, but were revived by physicians. A broken gas tube is blamed for the accident.

### Charged With Poisoning Wife.

Dr. H. G. Buck was arrested at Greensburg, Kan., charged with poisoning his wife. Mrs. Buck died about two weeks ago. Dr. Buck was released on \$10,000 bond and his preliminary hearing was set for Nov. 14. The charge was brought against Dr. Buck by the father of Mrs. Buck.

## GENERAL MARKETS

**PHILADELPHIA — FLOUR** weak; winter clear, \$3.85@4; city mills, fancy, \$5.75@6.  
**RYE FLOUR** quiet, at \$4@4.10 per barrel.  
**WHEAT** steady; No. 2 red, new, 90 1/2@91c.  
**CORN** quiet; No. 2 yellow, local, 57 1/2c.  
**OATS** steady; No. 2 white, 38c.; lower grades, 36 1/2c.  
**POULTRY**: Live steady; hens, 13@15c.; old roosters, 10 1/2@11c. Dressed firm; choice fowls, 17c.; old roosters, 12c.  
**BUTTER** firm; extra creamery, 38c. EGGS steady; selected, 34 @ 36c.; nearby, 30c.; western, 30c.  
**POTATOES** quiet, at 55@58c. bush.

### Live Stock Markets.

**PITTSBURGH** (Union Stock Yards)—**CATTLE** steady; choice, \$6.75@7.10; prime, \$6.40@6.75.  
**SHEEP** lower; prime wethers, \$4@4.10; culls and common, \$1.50@2.50; lambs, \$4@6.50; veal calves, \$9.50@10.  
**HOGS** active; prime heavies, mediums, heavy and light Yorkers, \$8.90; pigs, \$8.90@8.95; roughs, \$7.50@8.

## CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

After Flight With Wright Says  
He'll Take Up Aviation.



## VANDERBILT FLIES

### Young Millionaire Makes Fast Air Flight With Orville Wright.

Cornelius Vanderbilt flew in an aeroplane at Belmont Park, near New York, for the first time. Orville Wright took him around the aviation course in a biplane in an exciting flight of seven or eight miles.

"It was the most glorious sensation that I ever experienced," said Mr. Vanderbilt when he alighted. "I'm going to have one of these machines just as soon as one can be built for me."

## Johnstone Is Highest Flyer.

Ralph Johnstone, flying in a baby Wright for the first time, broke the world's record for altitude at the international aviation meet at Belmont Park, near New York. He went up 9714 feet.

The Wrights were wildly excited when they greeted Johnstone after he had reached his hangar. Hoxsey was also present to extend his congratulations. The previous record for altitude of 9188 feet was made at Mourmelon, France, Oct. 1, by Henry Wynmalen, a Hollander.

Drexel came down half an hour after Johnstone. His barograph registered 8370 feet.

John B. Moisant, the daring Chicago aviator, flying the Bleriot in which he captured the Statue of Liberty prize, won the Aero Club of America's distance prize of \$2000. In two hours he made the course fifty-six times, a total distance of about eighty-seven and a half miles.

Moisant made a sensational landing in front of the grand stand, smashing his propeller and breaking one wheel of his monoplane. He climbed out of the machine uninjured, however. Latham was second in the race, with 35 laps, and Simon third, with 27 laps to his credit.

Grahame-White, flying in his sixty-horse power Bleriot in the speed race against McCurdy, overturned in front of the grand stand and was buried under the machine. Helpers lifted the machine off him and he walked out, limping slightly, waving his hand to the crowd to let them know he was not seriously injured. His machine was damaged.

Although his machine turned turtle, Grahame-White won the speed race, his time being 14.34.12. McCurdy was second, with the time of 25.43.04.

### Boiler Explosion Kills Two Men.

Charles Ritch and George Ovatt were killed and Arthur Miller was fatally injured when a threshing machine boiler exploded five miles from Lapeer, Mich.

## AERONAUTS TELL OF HARDSHIPS

### Snowstorm Caused Post and Hawley to Descend.

## NEARLY LANDED IN LAKE

### Sky Sailors Suffered Greatly During the Four Days They Sought Civiliza- tion in Wilds of Canada.

Hawley and Post, of the balloon America II, which left St. Louis on Oct. 17 in the international balloon race and landed in the wilds of Canada, reached Quebec, having taken eleven hours in traveling the 227 miles from Chicoutimi by the Lake St. John railway.

They traveled 1355 miles in forty-six hours and established a new record for balloons.

Both men are in excellent health and spirits, notwithstanding their strenuous experiences of the last ten days.

Many interesting new details of their flight were given out by the aeronauts. Their course into the wilds of northern Quebec was rather more westerly than that of the Dusseldorf, which landed near Kiskisink, due south of Lake St. John, for the America II, in soaring north of Lake St. John left the big inland sea to the immediate east, obtaining a fine view of it and crossing first over the Ashuapmouchouan river and the village of Peribonca, just south of Lake Tschotogama. It was on the shore of Lake Tschotogama that Hawley and Post fell in with the hunters who piloted them into the pathway of safety.

"We were doing our best," said Mr. Post, "to fly to the utmost limits that the continent would allow. We knew perfectly well where we were when we passed over Lake St. John on Wednesday, the 19th, and we made up our minds that if possible we wouldn't descend until we got to the coast of Labrador. On Wednesday afternoon, however, the weather, which had been threatening all day, began to make us very apprehensive."

"At 3 o'clock in the afternoon snow had already begun to fall and soon our view of the earth beneath was almost entirely obscured. We judged that this meant the end of our trip, for it would have been madness to have pursued the journey in a blinding snowstorm."

"Furthermore, the extreme cold had caused our gas to contract and we had begun to fall rapidly. We only had six and a half bags of ballast left, when at last very reluctantly we decided to effect a landing. We at once began to look around for a good landing place, but owing to the rapidity with which the snowstorm overtook us we had to trust pretty much to luck."

"We found ourselves dropping directly into a large lake, which we afterwards discovered to be Lake Chillogana. We immediately threw out several bags of ballast and rose slowly and heavily in the snowstorm. Madly we threw out more ballast, for the lack of ready response by the balloon had alarmed us and made us think for a moment that we should possibly perish in the lake—a miserable ending to such a splendid journey."

"But on a terrific gust of wind the ballast whirled aloft, carrying us in a few seconds beyond the lake. Then we at once let out the gas and came down safely on the side of a huge hill. It is unlikely that the balloon will be recovered."

"We really suffered greatly from the cold as we tramped slowly away from the America II. We were seriously hampered by the goods we had to pack, for it was absolutely necessary to take along the heaviest clothing, besides the remaining food. Frequently we made through streams of ice cold water. So cold was the weather that at times our clothing was frozen to our bodies. When we came across the trappers the fourth day we could have cried for joy. We were about all in."

### Bit on Cartridge; Dead.

Joseph Deponti, the five-year-old son of Frank Deponti, of Haverstraw, N. Y., while getting ready for school, picked up a pistol cartridge and put it into his mouth and bit on it. The cartridge exploded and the bullet went upward through the boy's brain, killing him instantly.

### Four Miners Killed by Explosion.

Four miners were killed by an explosion in the Leonard mine in the Anaconda company property at Butte, Mont. The men were engaged in blasting, and it is presumed they waited too long to get out of the way.

### Find Farmer Dead in Wagon.

Elias Wagner, seventy-two years of age, an Exeter township farmer, drove to Reading, Pa., with a load of produce to attend market. Several hours later he was found dead in his wagon, having died of heart disease.

## MUTILATED BODY REVEALS MURDER

### Two Hunters Find Headless Corpse Near Reading.

## POSSIBLY A PHILADELPHIAN

### Head, Arms and Chest Are Missing and No Clue to Identity—Was Dead Probably Two Months.

A mysterious murder was discovered by gunners on the Neversink mountain, near Reading, Pa.

The body of a man, with the head, arms and chest missing, was found, partly covered by leaves. The body had been completely and cleanly cut through as by a dissecting knife just below the juncture of the arms and the trunk.

Where the upper part of the body is and who this victim of foul play was constitute a mystery on which the whole efforts of the Reading police and the Berks county coroner's office are directed.

The man apparently had been dead two months, and it seems probable that he was a resident of Philadelphia. Copies of Philadelphia papers of Aug. 30 were found in his clothing, and a hat lying nearby bears the trade mark of a Philadelphia store. The rest of the clothing was unmarked.

### Gunners Find Body.

George Kemp and Edward Bingham, both residents of Reading, are the gunners who made the discovery. They were out for a day's shooting on Neversink mountain and had wandered in quest of game near Black Bear. There, almost covered by leaves, they stumbled across the body, mutilated and badly decomposed.

The gunners were quick to realize that it was a case of murder, and hurriedly got into communication with the Reading police authorities. Coroner Wagner and detectives immediately went to the scene and searched for evidence as to the man's identity and a clue to his slayer.

Their search was rewarded only by the finding of the black derby hat about twenty feet distant from the body. They were baffled for the time being by the failure to find the arms, upper part of the trunk, and especially the head.

If the head were found, they felt, the identity of the man could be established, and then the motive for the murder could be uncovered. With this to work from the detectives were sanguine of their ability to solve the mystery of the tragedy.

Coroner Wagner expressed the belief after careful examination of the condition of the body, that the man had been dead fully two months, indicated by the fact that the newspapers found were dated Aug. 30.

In addition to the derby hat, part of a white shirt also was found, but it bore no mark. The rest of the man's clothing consisted of a navy blue serge coat, with a vest to match, and gray trousers with a large stripe a little darker in shade. An empty wallet was found in one pocket with a keyring bearing a Yale & Towne lock key and a trunk key. A comb and a horseshoe nail completed the list of articles discovered on the body.

### Woman Heard Three Shots.

Strengthening the theory that the man was killed on Aug. 30 is the tale told by Mrs. J. H. MacFarland, wife of the owner of a hotel nearby. She says she heard three shots fired on the night of Aug. 30 and thinks the man may have been killed on that occasion.

Mrs. MacFarland heard the shots about 11 p. m. and says she looked out of the window toward the hill to see what the trouble was. A moment later she heard an automobile start away as if it had stopped at the edge of the park. The motor dashed southward on the Philadelphia pike. She could not tell how many persons were in the automobile, but the night was too dark.

### Kills Wife, Son and Self.

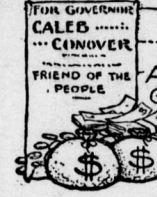
Joseph Wallace, a prominent merchant of Lawrenceville, Ga., on Tuesday shot and killed his wife and thirteen-year-old son, fatally wounded his sixteen-year-old boy, drove two daughters away from home and turned the revolver on himself, ending his own life, at his home. No cause is assigned for the tragedies.

### Sees Husband Slay.

With his wife and baby standing by his side, Frank Bell shot and killed Harvey Duncan and Charles Duncan in the railway station at McCarry, Miss.

After having shot the two men Bell boarded an outbound train and came to Columbus, where he gave himself up. He refused to talk.

## CALEB CONOVER RAILROADER



A STORY OF LOVE, POLITICS, INTRIGUE,  
OF A RICH & POWERFUL BOSS  
AND AN INTREPID YOUNG  
REFORMER.  
BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.  
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that ever trilled its steel shackles across the face of the earth. Whether or not the Boss-guided Machine shall beat us to earth and hold us there forever. We have tried reforming the party from the inside, and we have failed. Has the time come to reform it from the outside?"

He paused, and the answer came. From the Conover hosts went up a shout of "No! No!" mingled with his groan. But instantly, from a great scattered mass of the audience, and from the Standish delegates on the floor, there arose an outburst of cheering that drowned the barking negatives of what had been but ten short minutes before a majority of that convention.

The effect of this outburst was diverse on its hearers. With Standish himself it acted as a tonic, as an electric battery which gave him added force and vigor for what he had yet to say. Karl Ansel it seemed for the moment to stupefy and paralyze. Conover's lieutenants it threw into a state of consternation, which approached frenzy, panic, demoralization. They ran aimlessly to and fro, conferring excitedly in hoarse whispers.

Conover, alone, from his den at the rear of the stage, smiled to himself and gave no other sign of interest.

Standish was speaking again, and now behind him stood Karl Ansel recovering from his amazement, and intent to catch his leader's every word.

"I tell you," thundered Clive, beside himself with excitement, "we have got to act—and to act now. I tell you that the people of this State, irrespective of party, are waiting for half a chance to throw off the yoke of the railroad—of the Machine. All over this country of ours bosses are being overthrown. They are going down to ruin in the wreckage of their own Machines; and it is the PEOPLE who are doing them. The day of Bossism is passing—passing forever. We came into this convention as free men. Some of us did. And I for one propose to walk out of it a free man. If we go before the people of this State"

In the midst of a silence in which the fall of the proverbial pin would have sounded like the early morning milk wagon, Clive Standish began the most unusual speech that a Mountain State convention had ever heard.

"My friends—"

From Shevlin's roosters came a volley of hisses and cat-calls, but the disturbance and the disturbers were speedily squelched.

"My friends," repeated Standish, his powerful voice echoing from floor to roof, "Abraham Lincoln freed the black men forty odd years ago. It's time that somebody freed the white brother. For years this State has groaned under the tribute of a relentless Machine, under the rule of a railroad that was all stomach and no conscience, all bowels and no heart, all greed and no generosity. Our party—and with shame I say it—has been turned into a vest-pocket asset of this vile corporation. For months past, and more especially to-day, you have seen what its power is, as opposed to the power of the more honest citizens of our party. It won to-day, it won yesterday, and it won the day before. It always has won. It rests with us here to-day, now and in this hour, to decide whether a new Proclamation of Emancipation is to be issued or whether the great Democratic party in the Mountain State shall continue to be the chattel, the credulous, simple, weak-kneed, backboneless, hopeless, helpless, victim of the greediest, most corrupt railroad"

"And if I beat him at that?"

"If you are elected by an honest majority, that is no concern of ours. All I demand is that you fight in the open and leave the result to the people."

Caleb thought in silence for a few moments.

"If I do this?" he asked at last.

"Then, on the afternoon of Election Day, my brother shall turn over to you, or to your representative, the entire Denzlow correspondence."

"I have your word for that? Certified copies and all?"

"Yes."

"You don't lie. That's about the one foolish trait I've ever found in you. If I've got your word, you'll stand by it. Can't say quite the same of me, eh?"

"I don't think that needs an answer."

"Can't turn over the letters to me now, on my pledge to—?"

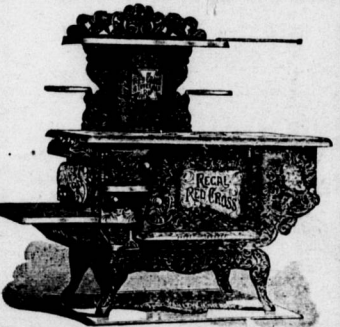
"I'm afraid not," said Anice, almost apologetically. "I must—"

"And you're dead right. A promise is such a sacred thing that it's always wise to keep your finger on the trigger till the real money's handed over. Just to keep the sacredness from spoiling. As I understand it, I'm to loosen up on Standish; and then if I lick him fair, you and I are quits? I'll do it. Such a fight ought to prove pretty amusing. It'll be an experience anyhow. As Sol Townsley said when Faw-

Continued on page 4.

## COLE'S Up-To-Date HARDWARE

WHEN you think of buying hardware you naturally ask yourself this question: "What kind of stove, washer, cutlery, gun,"—or whatever it may be—"shall I buy?" Don't ponder over these things, nor spend your time looking at pictures in "cheap goods" mail-order catalogs. Come to our store and let us solve the problem. We have a fine variety of standard goods to choose from. When you think of **HARDWARE** think of **COLE'S**.



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