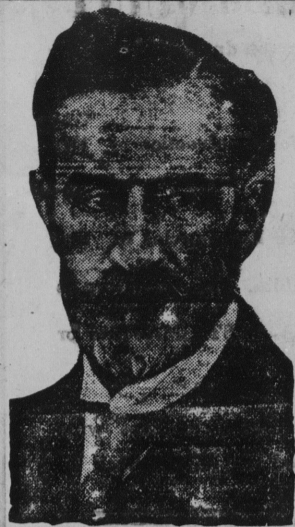


ON TRIAL IN LONDON ON HIGH TREASON CHARGE



SIR ROGER CASEMENT.

A GENERAL SURVEY OF THE WAR

A marked lull in fighting is reported from Verdun. The vicinity of Le Mort Homme was subjected to a violent bombardment by the German artillery. This and intermittent artillery duels at various points comprised the only activity in this sector.

A German attack was made on French lines in the Bois des Loges, between Fresnesieres and Bauvraignes, south of Roye. The attack was repulsed.

Two French mines were exploded in the sector of La Fille Morte, in the Argonne, destroying German trenches. For four days the French cruiser Delcarré has been off Cape May, just beyond the three-mile limit, stopping outboard foreign steamers. She is said to be looking after alleged contraband in cargoes being loaded at Philadelphia.

A British cruiser, whose name is not known, is off shore. The constant booming of guns indicates that she is testing shells just inside the point of Cape May in Delaware bay.

The British steamship Kretia has been sunk. The Kretia was owned in St. John, New Brunswick. She was built in 1901. She sailed from Tampa for La Pallice, France, on April 19. The Norwegian steamship Papeler, 498 tons, has been torpedoed. The crew were allowed to take to the boats before the vessel was sunk and were rescued by another Norwegian steamship.

It is learned that the pope is firmly convinced that any initiative in the direction of peace will fail unless based on direct pour parlers between the belligerents. Hence he will not renew his appeal for peace, nor will he communicate to the allies the conciliatory conditions suggested by the central empires, in spite of the solicitations of the Kaiser, Emperor Francis Joseph and the king of Bavaria.

FIRE THREATENS KANE

Pennsylvania Town Endangered by High Wind; Fine Hotel in Ruins. Fire that broke out in the basement of the new Thompson hotel, fanned by a strong gale, threatened to destroy the business section of Kane, Pa. The hotel, erected at a cost of \$200,000 and regarded as the finest in northwestern Pennsylvania, is in ruins.

The office of the Western Union Telegraph company was destroyed. Other buildings damaged are the Kane Furniture company's store, Pennsylvania passenger station, Growell hardware store, Y. M. C. A. and building of the Kane Electrical company, Kane Gas Light and Heating company, Kane Supply company and the McDade Gas company.

MAY MOVE HANCOCK'S BODY

Bill Introduced in Senate to Re-Inter Civil War Hero at Arlington. Senator Oliver has introduced, in behalf of Senator Boise Penrose, a bill which has gone to the committee on appropriations providing for the removal of the body of Major General Winfield Scott Hancock from Norris-town, Pa., to Arlington cemetery. General Hancock was one of several great soldiers from Pennsylvania, who served during the Civil war and later. The sum of \$10,000 would be fixed as the limit of expense for transferring the body, with appropriate ceremony, and for the erection of a monument at Arlington.

West Virginia Town Burned.

Fire of unknown origin wiped out the business section at Whitmer, W. Va., a lumber town, causing a loss of \$40,000, with \$16,000 insurance. The postoffice, Methodist parsonage and eight business buildings were destroyed.

Truck Detonates Cartridge.

A truck passed over a cartridge in the street at Logan, W. Va., and discharged it. The bullet passed through the hat of a man on the sidewalk and through a plate glass window.

SLAYS WIFE WHO SCORNEO HIM

Mrs. Cora M. Ernst Shot In Pittsburgh; Dies Instantly

WOMAN WANTED DIVORCE

Tragedy Followed Conference In Which Woman's Mother and Brothers Urged Her to Return to Husband.

Mrs. Cora M. Ernst, aged twenty-one, was shot five times and killed by her husband, William H. Ernst, at the latter's home, 844 Estella street, Pittsburgh.

The shooting followed a family conference in which Mrs. Ernst's mother, two brothers and an aunt had participated. The four latter had come on from their home in Frostburg, Md., in order to reconcile Mrs. Ernst and her husband. The woman's mother stood close by as Ernst whipped a revolver out of his pocket and emptied the five chambers into his wife.

Mrs. Ernst asserted that she would not consent to a reconciliation, but that, on the contrary, she would seek a divorce and would marry another man.

When arrested, following the tragedy, Ernst stated that it was "this other man who caused my home to be broken up." He declared that the "other man's" name was Roger Sweeney, aged twenty-three, and that he lived at 4826 Second avenue where, since leaving her husband in January, Mrs. Ernst, too, had resided. "Well," said Ernst slowly, according to the police, after his wife had refused her mother's and his suggestion that they live together again, "I can't have you no other man will."

Then with a quick move to his hip pocket and before the woman could move from her position in front of him, the police say, Ernst thrust a revolver in her face and fired until the weapon was empty. The wife dropped to the floor of the parlor, lifeless. Two of the bullets had pierced her neck.

Ernst is a freight conductor on the Pennsylvania railroad and is aged twenty-four. He said, according to the police, that when his pleas failed to bring his wife back to his home, he went, several days ago, to Frostburg, where his wife's family resided. There he conferred with Mrs. Amelia Walsh, his wife's mother; Gilbert Walsh, his wife's fifteen-year-old brother, and Mrs. Hannah Wetzel, his wife's aunt. He said that they all sympathized with him and expressed a desire to reunite his home. So they came to Pittsburgh and took up quarters at his house. They brought with them Prentiss Walsh, aged eleven, another brother of Mrs. Ernst, who, with his mother, brother and aunt, were in the parlor when the tragedy occurred.

As the woman lay dead on the floor Ernst asked his mother-in-law to summon the police and he gave himself up as soon as the officers arrived. On the table in the dining room in the rear of the parlor, where the woman lay dead, there were plates for six. Mrs. Walsh had expected that the conference would be successful and that all would have their Sunday night dinner together in a reunited family circle.

CAPITAL HONORS MOTHERS

Special Sermons Preached and Carnations Were in Evidence.

Washington observed "Mother's day" Sunday. Special services were held in the churches, white carnations were worn and flags were displayed on government buildings. The latter observance was in accordance with a resolution of congress, approved by President Wilson May 8, 1914, setting aside the second Sunday in May to honor mothers.

The president's proclamation directed government officials "to display the United States flags on all government buildings" and invited the people of the United States to display the flag at their homes.

Man Loses All Five Senses.

William Bryer, a farmer of Linesville, Pa., has lost all of his five senses as the result of being kicked by a young horse he was clipping. The animal, without shoes, kicked him in the head and the impression of the hoof was left on his head and face. Since the accident he can neither see, feel, hear, smell nor speak, and his condition is serious.

Supposed Corpse Surprises Mourners.

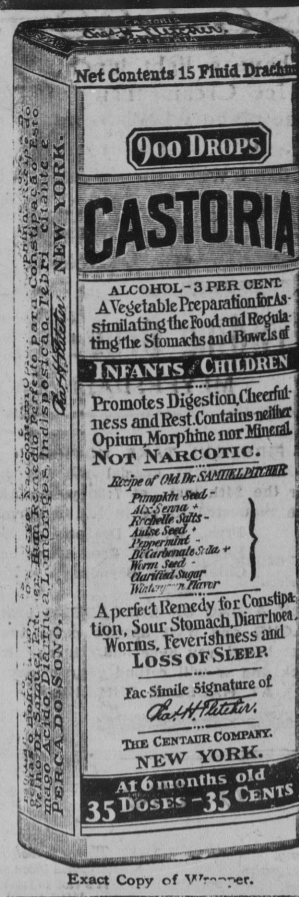
While preparations were being made for the funeral of Chapman Bradshaw in his home at Crete, W. Va., the man who was being mourned as dead walked into the house. The body of a man killed on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad tracks east of Branchland had been identified by Hiram Bradshaw, father of the young man.

General Goethals to Resign.

General Goethals announced that he would resign as governor of the Panama canal zone June 1.

Oldest Elk in United States Dies.

Harris Johnson, 101 years old, oldest Elk in the United States, is dead at Columbia, Miss.



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CLARENCE WHITEHILL



THIS is Wotan, greatest of the gods, as Clarence Whitehill, famous basso of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will present him in the spectacular outdoor performance of Richard Wagner's music drama "Siegfried," which will be given in Forbes Field, Pittsburgh, Thursday evening, June 8, by an incomparable cast of Wagnerian singers and the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra of 102 pieces. Mr. Whitehill has been acclaimed by the critics of New York as without rival in the role. In "Siegfried" Wotan, disguised as a wanderer, bars the young hero's way to the flame encircled spot where the Valkyrie Brunhilde sleeps. Being vanquished by Siegfried, the god vanishes for all time.

Wotan has but one eye. Long before the events of the music drama, an old saga tells, he plucked the other out voluntarily as a price for winning the goddess Fricka as his wife. With Johanna Gadsdi and Lila Robeson, Mr. Whitehill will be soloist when 1200 children and 500 men and women from the Pittsburgh public schools present the Siegfried Festival Concert in Forbes Field, Saturday afternoon, June 10.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS GOOD SEED POTATOES AT HABEL & PHILLIPS.

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ACROSS THE BROOK
By CLARISSA MACKIE.

"Oh, wait a moment, Mr. Winters," Grace called. "I want to tell you something—a very special friend of ours is coming on this afternoon's train. Will you take me to meet him, please?"

"Certainly. A—a man, I suppose?" She nodded. "Mr. Carver—you will like Horace immensely," she said enthusiastically.

"I don't suppose you'll have time to take any more rides in the little red car," he said grimly.

"I'm afraid I won't have much time," she admitted. "You have been so kind—and given me so many delightful excursions in the car. I shall always remember the dear little red car," she smiled.

"Long after you've forgotten the owner?" he asked quizzically, as he strode away.

She called after him to tell him that Horace Carver was coming on the 4:10 train. He nodded grimly and went on his way.

Grace watched him, a fine, upstanding young man, a successful farmer, a power in the village, a man with a future ahead of him, people predicted. "If he were only our sort," thought Grace, remembering Horace Carver and his social prestige. She had often wondered why her plain, practical parents criticized the indolent Horace and his pleasure-seeking life. Only last night Mr. Pitt had declared that the girl who married young Winters would be mighty lucky.

She amused herself with this thought and then, finding that it was not unpleasant to consider, dismissed it in a panic of fear.

Ferd's little red car was at the door. But the little red car seemed reluctant to meet Horace Carver and by the time Ferd had coaxed it up to the railroad station the 4:10 train had come and gone and the station agent reported that the solitary arrival had crossed the road and taken the short cut through the woods to Mapleshade farm.

"We will overtake him on the wood road," said Ferd confidently.

The wood road wound through miles of oak trees. Thunder rumbled ominously, the sun darkened and was hidden from view and warm drops of rain pattered on the leaves.

"We can reach the top of the hill and run home across the pasture," called Ferd above the pattering rain.

"What shall we do with the car?" shivered Grace. She was afraid of the sharp lightning flashes.

"Leave it up at the top of the hill I'll spread a rubber blanket over it," "Poor Horace," sighed Grace. "I'm afraid he will get awfully wet."

"He won't mind that," reassured Ferd carelessly.

Grace wondered if Horace would mind. She knew he would; he was very particular about his clothes. She liked to see a man fussy about clothes, although Ferd wore his well-fitting garments with a careless unconcern that was vastly becoming.

"Why am I always comparing these two men?" she asked herself indig-

nantly. "I expect to marry Horace some day—oh, is it time to leave the car?" she asked as Ferd stopped the machine and got out.

"Yes. Let me help you put this dust coat on. There you are!" He covered the little car with a rubber blanket, and together they hurried down the hillside through the driving rain.

When they reached the brook, Horace Carver stood there hesitating.

"This is certainly a long way from civilization," he muttered, gripping his suit case and hatbox with dripping fingers.

"Why didn't you wait?" asked Grace. "We were on the way to meet you when the car became—"

"Very balky," finished Ferd crisply. "And now, Mr. Carver, we have to cross the brook to get home—the sooner we get there the more comfortable we shall be."

"Cross the brook—how?" demanded Horace, glancing across the fifteen-foot space.

"Wade—or I'll carry you over," proposed Ferd.

"You'd better carry me—I'll get pretty wet the other way," agreed Horace, and he permitted Ferd to take him on his shoulders and convey him across the stream.

Ferd made another trip with the suit case and hatbox and then went back to Grace, looking rosy and moist with the rain.

"Shall I carry you over—or will you wade?" he asked in a low tone.

With a fluttering heart Grace made her decision. "Carry me, please," she whispered, knowing that she wanted to feel his arms about her.

Horace watched them coming, his eyes narrowed jealously. How long the rustic took to wade through the shallow stream. Once his foot slipped on a smooth stone and he held Grace tighter. At last they were ashore, Ferd's white shoes and trousers dripping from the brook.

Reluctantly he released the girl and she slipped to the ground. But she still clung to his wet hand. "Come, let us hurry, Ferd!" Together they ran, and forgot all about poor Horace trudging behind with his luggage.

"Are you sure?" asked Ferd as they ran.

"Sure!" panted Grace, fashing a glance up at her bronzed giant. (Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

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