

THE STRICKEN MOUNTAINEER.

Once he was king of forest men. To him a snow-capped mountain-range was but a line, a place of mark.

God, it is a piteous sight to see This ranger of the hills confined To the poor compass of his room

The mightiest canon of the earth He conquered; cleft it to the heart; Now here beside his tiny hearth

In him beheld the story of our best— The chronicle of riflemen behind the plover His life of those who knew

And when he dies, as soon he must, A magic word goes with him to the grave. He was a pioneer. Above his dust

Then bury him not here in city soil. Where the cars grind and factories spill Their acid smoke on those who toil.

MARSHALL THIRD-- VIGILANT.

The man had undeniably carrot red hair, rather pale-blue watery eyes and was dressed in a most disreputable suit—a stained coat with a pronounced check pattern

Yet, for all that, Marshall Third was regarding him with unusual interest, and there was a suggestion of animation on his masklike face.

"I understand, then, that your memory carries you no further back than, say, 3 or 4 o'clock this morning?" he said.

"Yes, that is so; it might have been a trifle earlier. I had no watch, so could not tell."

"Previous to that, you have absolutely no recollection of your former existence—who you are, where you come from or what your business or profession is?"

"None—none; and yet—" He paused. "I have an idea that in my other life—my real life—there was an important event impending—something which was causing me great anxiety."

"You came to yourself—to your present phase of consciousness, we will say—ten hours ago; then—"

"I was in a maze of unfamiliar streets. I saw a policeman and spoke to him; he told me roughly to clear out. A second one, however, directed me to a station where, after asking me some questions, I was advised to make my way to Scotland Yard."

"Were you hungry?" "X-no. At first I felt very tired and deathly sick; later, I felt hungry. I am hungry now, I think."

The Vigilant made a sign to his servant, gave him a whispered order, and the little Jap trotted silently out of the room.

"What happened at Scotland Yard?" "They referred me to you, saying that you were interested—a 'crank,' I think they called it—in such cases as mine."

The Vigilant's servant reappeared with luncheon laid on a tray. It consisted of some pineapple slices on a plate, several other kinds of fruit, foie-gras, and one of the less-known brands of Moselle wine.

His visitor looked at the food doubtfully, almost abstractedly. Then, with another curious movement of passing his hand across his brow, he took a slice of pineapple and a rusk. He was hungry, there could be no mistake on that point.

The pineapple finished, he reached out for the plate, and helped himself unconcernedly; then he picked over the various fruits. The wine, so far, he had left untouched. Yet he began to look about him with the air of a man who missed some detail of routine.

Marshall Third picked up a newspaper haphazard from the pile beside him, and began to read the foreign intelligence half aloud. The Vigilant read on, turning from the foreign intelligence to the report of the previous night's debate in the Commons.

habit, yet even his hand shook a little as he clutched the paper, not daring to put it down lest he should break the train of thought. For five minutes by the clock his strange visitor sat and reeled off, in polished sentences, facts which could only be known to half a dozen men in the whole of Europe.

"Perhaps you are right," said Third, quietly. "Now I propose that you rest a little; you have been walking about half the night, remember, and must feel tired. My servant shall show you to a room, and by the time you are rested I shall doubtless be able to answer any questions you like to ask."

The red-headed man rose heavily. "You are very good," he said, and followed him from the room. The door had barely closed behind him before Third was at the telephone on the table beside him, ringing insistently and demanding instant attention.

He waited impatiently till presently there came an answering ring. "That Mr. Third? What is it? I know we're under an obligation to you; but this is most unusual—it's the private official wire. What's that? You want to see him! I regret to say it's impossible, he is indisposed and can see no one; he's confined to his room."

"He's confined to a room!" snapped Third, "and that room is in my house. For goodness sake, if you wish to save the situation, come here at once! It's not a moment for polite evasions."

"Wha-at? For heaven's sake, Mr. Third, what are you saying?" "I repeat that he is here in my house at this moment, and that he has been missing since some time last evening, and that you know he is missing, and have been at your wits' ends to try and conceal the fact."

"With you in five minutes!" came the answer, and the buzzing of the machine snapped off. That time had barely expired when a hansom dashed up to the door; the bell was pealed frantically, and a clever-looking, clean-shaven man, of about forty, literally flung himself into the room; he was white and breathless with anxiety.

"In God's name where is he, Mr. Third? I make no excuses; we were forced to do our best to cover his disappearance, but every second it grows harder. There are thirty people waiting to see him at this moment, and no less than ten urgent cipher cables."

"He's upstairs," said the Vigilant. "You'll find him greatly changed," he added, dryly; "but I make one stipulation—on no account are you to touch him or speak to him. I have given him a sleeping draught. If you rouse him I won't be answerable for the result. Your word of honor—thanks—now go."

Mr. Halsey had hardly left the room before he was back, absolutely white with passion. "What foolery is this?" he cried, hoarsely. "That red-headed, drunken loafer the man whom I have served and honored for ten years?" The Vigilant stretched out an arm.

"Wait!" he said, sternly. "That man you saw upstairs came into this room a couple of hours ago to ask me who he is; he himself has no recollection. I tested him in various ways. First of all, he is a man of intellect and refinement; a cultured orator; a child could see that he has recently been shaved, his skin stained and his hair dyed. He was still suffering slightly from the effects of a drug; a 'doped' drink, I should say, though he has been walking about since 2 or 3 this morning. That man, nevertheless, told me this."

The Vigilant rapidly typed a few lines and handed them across. Mr. Halsey glanced at them. "My God!" he said again, "only a and I know it. It is like a bolt." "Barn it," said the Vigilant, curtly. "Do you believe now?"

"But—I beg your pardon—the thing's impossible. He disappeared at 5 yesterday, or shortly afterward. He has been strange of late; the strain of the last weeks has been terrific. Yet that man upstairs—" "Is the Prime Minister of England, and I can prove it."

Mr. Halsey wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "In face of this"—tapping the paper—"I dare not doubt it. Yet, how—in this name—how can it be?"

"It's a case of loss of identity. If you take my advice it will be only temporary. But for the further proofs. You know him; have seen him daily; know his habits. I have read of them in a magazine article. He was hungry, I gave him luncheon. You see he has eaten pineapple, foie-gras and drunk two glasses of wine. The cherries he has left untouched. I read that he had a peculiar aversion to cherries. When he smoked his cigarettes he was amazed at not finding his holder. Everyone who reads knows that he is a great cigarette smoker and always uses a holder. I read to him an article on the Persian boundary, and he told me what I have written for you there and many other things."

"Yet how—" "I have heard that often in the afternoons, when fine, he leaves his work for an hour, and takes a stroll by the water in St. James' Park, resting his brain."

"That is so." The Vigilant nodded. "The attack must have taken him quite suddenly after a prolonged stress of work. Some professional sharpers noticed he was indisposed—and they got hold of him and lured him away, drugged and robbed him. A confederate recognized him, they got alarmed, and while he was still under the influence of the drug disguised him as you see and turned him adrift. He will wake in half an hour, probably. Go back, get a bundle of official papers—anything will do—sit at my table with the light full on your face, scatter the papers about, and pretend to be working when he comes down. Then speak to him quietly in your usual manner. I shall remain out of sight. He will probably answer you rationally and coherently; if so, get him away as quickly as possible and smuggle him into his house—the rest is in your hands."

Mr. Halsey had been sitting at Marshall Third's table a full hour, facing the door in the flood of light from the window, the Vigilant watching from behind a big leather screen, when they heard the sound of footsteps. "Quietly," warned the Vigilant, and Mr. Halsey, very white, nodded. The door opened and the red-headed man, now clothed in a blue serge suit of Third's, entered.

He looked puzzled for an instant, then his face lighted up. "Ah! there you are, Halsey; have those dispatches come in yet?" "Yes, sir. I've taken them to your private room. There are two or three papers here for you to sign."

The great man nodded and sat down. Mr. Halsey, with shaking hands, pulled out his watch. "It's late, sir. We'd better be getting off."

"Very well," said Lord Almerston, with a sigh. "What wouldn't I give for a rest for a little while. I really believe I'd change places with any loafing tramp on a country roadside."

Answers. Interesting Future For Recent English Invention. An English electrical engineer, Ernest Oldenbourg, has recently invented a new telegraphic receiver which, it is declared, is sensitive enough to detect the most delicate impulses which even a pocket battery could send out.

This instrument, which is at present known as the capilliform receiver, is "more sensitive than the brain"; it is said to transcend all previous inventions in delicacy. It depends on the fact that mercury in a vertical capillary tube, like that of a thermometer—rises and falls when an electric current is passed through it. This fact has long been known. Mr. Oldenbourg's invention consists in magnifying it and in utilizing it in a shape which enables it to be used practically as the receiving instrument of a telegraphic installation. Its peculiar value is, it is claimed, that it will respond to far smaller currents than those at present used; a mere fraction of a volt is sufficient to work it.

Mr. Oldenbourg asserts, says the Boston Transcript, that it will be quite possible with the aid of his new instrument to make a telegraphic apparatus by which any one walking about the floor could send intelligible messages for instance to a confederate on the platform, where a mind reading act is being performed, without any one else knowing about them.

Nitrate Deposits. There is a generally prevalent idea that it is an admitted fact that the Chilean nitrate deposits will, at the present rate of working, be exhausted in the near future, probably within about twenty years. This estimate is based upon surveys and calculations made some ten or fifteen years ago, before a complete examination of the pampas outside the province of Tarapaca had been undertaken. In recent years vast deposits have been discovered and surveyed in the districts of Antofagasta, Talta and Tocopilla, and according to the latest official estimates the store of "caliche" now known to exist and to be workable will suffice to meet all requirements of consumption during the present century.—British Agricultural Press.

Fashion's Frown. "Are you going to give any banquets?" "I don't know yet," answered Mrs. Cumroox, "there has been so much coarse political discussion arising from dinner parties that I shouldn't be surprised if they went out of style."—Washington Star.

Prolific authors, noble three, I do my derby off to ye. Selected, dear old chap, who knows The quantity of verse and prose That you have signed in all these years! You've dilled how many thousand shears! You've filled, at a tremendous rate, A million miles of "boiler plate"— A wreath of laurel for your brow! A stirrup-cup to you—here's how!

And you, dear I bid. Ah, you wrote Too many things for me to quote, Though Bartlett, of quotation fame, Plays up your epocic name. More than he did to Avon's bard. Your stuff's on every page, old pard. Bouquets to you the writer flings; You wrote a lot of dandy things.

O favorite authors, wondrous three, I do my derby off to ye! —Franklin P. Adams, in Century.

FLASHES OF FIVE. She—"Don't you think the new debutante's voice is perfectly heavenly?" He—"Quite unearthly."—The Bystander.

He (with a sigh)—"I have only one friend on earth—my dog." She—"Why don't you get another dog?" —Chicago Daily News.

"Mamma, have you any objection to my going to the woman's club?" "But, my dear, you don't need it yet. Wait until you are married."—Life.

The fierce mesquite sings all night, Rejoicing in his sins, And when he stops, with morning's light The buzzing fly begins. —Washington Star.

Citizen—"Yes, she's married to a real estate agent, and a good, honest fellow, too." Subbubs—"Good gracious! Bigamy, eh?"—Philadelphia Press.

"Did Knowlitt declare anything special when he returned from his European trip?" "I believe he declared war with Japan."—Baltimore American.

Patience—"Did you ever hear the Duette sisters sing in concert?" Patrice—"No; one always seems to be a little ahead of the other."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Do you favor any particular school of music?" asked the lady. "Yes, indeed," replied the young man who lives in a flat. "I favor the pianissimo school."—Puck.

"I should think," she said, "that golfing would make you awfully tired." "No, I stand it first-rate. You see, I never keep my score at all."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I'm going to put a fender on the front of my runabout." "So you won't run over some one?" "Nope. So it won't hurt the radiator when I do."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mother-in-Law—"Has the young man who saved my life yesterday called upon you yet?" Son-in-Law—"Yes, indeed, he has already made his apologies."—Hiegende Blaetter.

"Oh! Willie, what's this queer-lookin' thing with about a million legs?" "That's a millenium. It's somethin' like a centennial, only it has more legs."—"Natural History," Life.

He envies not the millionaires— He's still the happiest man; Juicy watermelon An' a big palmetto fan! —Atlanta Constitution.

Wigwag—"That's a fine dog of yours, Saphedde." Saphedde—"Yes, indeed, he is. That dog knows as much as I do." Wigwag—"I'll give you a quarter for him."—Philadelphia Record.

Richman—"And you intend yours to be a cemetery of moundless graves?" Cemetery Promoter—"Precisely so, sir. The graveyard has long been the pleasure resort of countless people and our idea is to create a combined cemetery and golf-links."—Brooklyn Life.

Humor of Color Blindness. Color blindness has probably existed since the time of Adam, but it has been recognized for only 130 years. Those who are color blind sometimes discover the fact through ludicrous blunders. The first to describe his own case (in 1774) was the Quaker Dalton, a prominent chemist in England. Attending a meeting of the Society of Friends arrayed in scarlet hose, he nearly received excommunication for his rankly offensive affront, and made matters worse when he denied the charge. He was red blind. When he received from Oxford the "investment of the scarlet gown," he was able to appreciate the honor, but not the gown. It "looked like the trees" to him. He came near having his name given to color blindness; but he did not quite measure up to the standard required, as he was only blind in one color.—From Edward A. Ayers' "Color Blindness," in The Century.

Willing to Pay. A new way of collecting old debts is suggested by this story from the Atlanta Constitution: "Latherus," said Brother Dickey, "lay down at de rich man's gate, didn't he?" "He sho' did!" "And how did the rich man treat him?" "Never once knowed he was dar." "An' w'ar is dat rich man now?" "Lucky yer, Brer Dickey," said the weak member, as he fumbled in his pockets, "ef you' bleege ter have that sixty cents right off, yer it is. Take it, an' go yo' ways!"

PENNSYLVANIA STATE NEWS

REQUISITION FOR PROCTOR Will Be Sentenced for Frauds Committed in Fayette County.

Gov. Stuart has issued a requisition on Gov. Hughes of New York for the return to Fayette county of Geo. H. Proctor of New York, who was indicted in the Fayette county courts, in September, 1905, on six separate bills of indictment, each charging false pretenses. The amount Proctor is alleged to have secured was nearly \$40,000.

He was arrested in Philadelphia and taken to Uniontown, where he was tried on one of the indictments and convicted. On another indictment he entered a plea of nolle prosequere. He was called for sentence, but was never sentenced, the court allowing him to go for a short time so that he could raise \$40,000 and pay back to the people the money he is alleged to have taken from them.

Proctor has failed to settle as required by the court and he is now wanted by Uniontown for sentence. The Title Guaranty & Surety Company of Scranton, which furnished a bond for him of \$15,000, has notified him several times to go to Uniontown, but he has paid no attention.

SHOT BY FOREIGNER. Railroad Man Victim, but His Assailant Was Promptly Killed.

Julius Derr, for 29 years an employee of the Pennsylvania railroad, was shot and fatally wounded at Millintown by an unidentified Italian laborer, who was pursued by a party of hunters and shot dead.

The Italian, who had been drinking, had been acting in a disorderly manner at the railroad station, when Derr ordered him away. He turned and fired three shots at the railroad man, two of which took effect in the head and the third in the arm.

The Italian fled, pursued by the hunters, who had witnessed the shooting. Taking refuge under a railroad bridge the Italian drew his revolver and began firing at his pursuers, who returned the shots, killing him instantly.

TRAIN KILLS THREE. Workmen Dodge Death Once, but Step Into His Path.

Dodging one train only to step in the way of another three East Liverpool men met death on the Cleveland & Pittsburg railroad near Midland, Pa.

They were W. J. McClure, aged 54; Howard McClure, his nephew, 27, and Henry Redmond, a negro. The men were on their way to work as plasterers at Shippingport, across the river above Midland. The McClures were instantly killed. The negro lived but a short time after reaching the Rochester hospital.

GET GIFT OF TONGUES. Three Women Are Affected During Greensburg Revival.

Following a series of special services three members of the Christian and Missionary Alliance profess to have been "blessed with the gift of tongues."

Presenting on the floor and apparently unconscious of their surroundings, strange words have issued from the mouths of the trio.

Big Exodus of Foreigners. The exodus of foreigners from the Schuylkill valley continues. Nearly every day delegations of 50 to 100 pass through here bound for New York.

During the past month 1,500 men along the Reading system departed for the old country. Fifty-four Italians, Poles, Hungarians and other nationalities started from Reading in one day for their former homes abroad. The Italian band escorted them to the station, accompanied by a procession of stay-at-home foreigners.

Man Grown to Pieces in Breaker. John Ditchburn of the firm of Ditchburn Sons, of Corboudale, was ground to death in the rollers of a breaker at Mayfield. He went to the colliery to transact business and was waiting for the bookkeeper. Suddenly his mangled body came down the coal chute to the bottom of the breaker. No one knows how he got into the rollers. He was 45 years of age.

The new street car service running eastward through Washington and East Washington was opened by the Pittsburg Railway Company, operating the Washington & Canonsburg system. Connections are being made with the Washington & Canonsburg line and the local urban lines.

The strike of the 1,100 men and boys employed at the No. 6 colliery of the Pennsylvania Coal Company at Pittston has been settled. The strike was the result of a general complaint against excessive dockage and the demand that the docking boss be discharged.

New Charge Against Cashier. Another charge was preferred against Cashier Oliver Piper of the closed People's Bank of California, that of conspiring to embezzle the bank's funds, with Max Avenor, a merchant, who was arrested last week. No amount of bail is fixed as Piper has not been able to secure his release under bail on the original charge of conspiracy to defraud.

Awakened by the barking of his dog at 4 o'clock in the morning, Thomas W. Zuver, an oil producer living six miles east of Titusville, found his house in flames. With difficulty, he saved his wife and their baby. Two sons escaped from the second story, but were badly injured, and five children were burned to death. Emery Zuver, 12 years old; Roland Zuver, 11 years old; Martha M. Zuver, 9 years old; Lottie J. Zuver, 7 years old; Nellie R. Zuver, 5 years old.

Rush of Depositors. There was a rush of depositors at the Farmers and Drivers' National bank at Waynesburg in response to the notice that the first 25 per cent of the deposits would be paid.

OLDEST MAN IN STATE DEAD. Washington County Molder Was Born in Ireland 106 Years Ago.

W. R. Chambers, believed to have been the oldest man in Pennsylvania, died at Cecil, Washington county, at the age of 106 years.

Mr. Chambers was a native of County Clare, Ireland. When young, he removed to London, where he married, and where his wife died 50 years ago. He came to this country shortly afterward and worked as a molder.

Until the time of his death, Mr. Chambers had complete control of his faculties. He smoked a pipe all his life. Mr. Chambers was the father of five children. He leaves nine grandchildren, 15 great grandchildren and 53 great great grandchildren.

FORM ROOSEVELT PARTY. Philadelphians Ask That They Be Given Space on the Ballot.

Papers pre-empting the name of the "Roosevelt party" for Philadelphia were filed in the Dauphin county court by five Philadelphians, who asked that an order of court be made to allow the party space on the ballot. The signers are: David J. Ryan, Samuel K. Ward, Frank J. Gorman, George W. Elliott and Robt. R. Adams.

The petition asks for the use of the name in the February and November elections, and was received by mail at the state department from Mr. Gorman. Under the law it has to be filed in the Dauphin county court. No one in Harrisburg knows anything about the proposed party.

TRIES TO KILL FAMILY. Wife Finds Husband and Three Children Unconscious from Gas.

Frederick Lutz, a room maker, attempted to asphyxiate his three children and himself, with illuminating gas in Philadelphia. He turned on the gas in the room in which he was sleeping, together with his children, Frederick, Jr., aged 10 years; Edna, aged 5, and Emily, aged 3 years.

His wife, who occupied an adjoining room with a sick infant, heard one of the children moaning in Lutz's room. When she went to investigate the father and children were unconscious. Lutz was the most seriously affected by the gas.

He recently suffered from nervous prostration and was convalescing when he developed symptoms of typhoid fever, in a delirium of which he sought to end his life and that of his children.

HUMAN BONES UNEARTHED. Believed to Have Belonged to Person Murdered and Hid Under Building.

The finding of the bones of a man five feet underground, beneath the building of the Evans Manufacturing Company at Butler, when workmen were excavating for a gas engine foundation, presents a mystery.

The site was the location of the old German Lutheran Church years ago. Later a theater, destroyed 20 years ago, occupied the ground. The lot was never used as a burial ground.

The Evans plant was built soon after the opera house burned. It is supposed the bones are those of someone murdered and buried under the building more than 25 years ago.

DEPOSITORS GET \$200,000. John H. Strawn, receiver of the Farmers & Drivers National Bank of Waynesburg, received from the comptroller of the currency the dividend checks for those who have claims against the institution.

The checks are for 25 per cent of the claims. The checks amount to over \$400,000, and about half of this amount will go directly to the depositors.

Cut Down License List. President Judge Harry Alvin Hall and his associates, William S. Harris and Charles H. Bressler, caused consternation among the hotel men of Clinton county when they rendered license decisions.

Of 77 licenses presented for consideration 24 were refused, two held up and one withdrawn. Among the refusals were seven in Lock Haven and five in Kenova.

RECEIVERS ASKED FOR. Eleven Pittsburg men, stockholders in the Beaver Valley Brewing Company, which owns a \$500,000 plant at Rochester, entered suit at Beaver for a receiver. It is charged that excessive salaries are paid present officers, excess being divided among the controlling directors.

ASPINWALL GIRL CHOSEN. Miss Winifred Barr, of Aspinwall, formerly of the Allegheny General hospital, has been elected superintendent of the Greenville hospital and will assume charge December 1. The present superintendent and nurses will retire on that date.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY. The Standard Oil Company will construct additional shops at Oil City, to cost \$250,000. The company has about 800 employees in Oil City.

PENNSYLVANIA ABANDONS STATIONS. Carney station and George station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, near Latrobe, were stricken from the time table and no trains will henceforth stop here. They have been in use since the Pennsylvania Railroad organization.

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