

## THE STRICKEN MOUNTAINEER.

Once he was king of forest men.  
To him a snow-capped mountain-rang  
Was but a line, a place of mark,  
A view-point on the trail. Then  
He had no fear of dark,  
Nor of wind's change.  
Now an up-rolled rug along the floor  
Appals his feet. His withered arm  
Shakes at the menace of a door,  
And every wind-wait does him harm.

God, it is a piteous sight to see  
This ranger of the hills confined  
To the poor compass of his room  
Like a chained eagle on a tree,  
Lax-winged and gray and blind!  
Only in dream he sees the bloom  
On far hills where the red deer run;  
Only in dream he guides the swift colt,  
Or stalks the crafty cat with dog and  
-ished gun.

The mightiest canon of the earth  
He conquered; cleft it to the heart;  
Now here beside his tiny hearth  
He sits hunched, taking no part  
In all the splendid explorations of the  
west.  
With deep-eyes pleading like a dying deer  
He asks release from pain—and rest.

In him behold the story of our best—  
The chronic of riflemen behind the plow  
His life of those who knew  
No fear of but the sunset in their quest.  
On his bent head and grizzled hair  
Is set the sign of those who show  
New cunning to the wolf, who chase  
The mother panther to her lair  
And strike the lion from the mountain's  
face.

And when he dies, as soon he must,  
A magic word goes with him to the grave.  
He was a pioneer. Above his dust  
Set these plain words: "He was a brave;  
He faced the winter's winds unscarred.  
He met stern nature stark alone.  
Our velvet way his steel prepared.  
He died without a curse or moan."

Then bury him not here in city soil,  
Where the cars grind and factories spill  
Their acid smoke on those who toil,  
Bear him away to some high hill  
That overlooks the mighty stream  
Whose thousand miles of pathway 'mid the  
corn  
Blazons his prowess. There let him  
dream.  
And wait God's resurrection morn.  
—Hamlin Garland, in The Century.

## 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 which  
might have been cast off by an out-of-  
work caddy—a pair of frayed trousers,  
much gone at the knees, and his  
down-at-heel left boot was done up  
with painfully obvious string.

Yet, for all that, Marshall Third  
was regarding him with unusual inter-  
est, 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 morn-  
ing?" 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 abso-  
lutely 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 dazed; 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 con-  
sisted of some pineapple slices on a  
plate, several other kinds of fruit,  
foie-gras, and one of the less-known  
brands of Moselle wine. Hardly the  
kind of a meal one would give to a  
carrot-haired tramp who had ad-  
mitted to being hungry.

His visitor looked at the food  
doubtfully, almost abstractedly.  
Then, with another curious move-  
ment 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 rou-  
tine. The Vigilant frowned slightly,  
picked up a silver cigarette box from  
the table beside him, and pushed it  
across, together with some matches.

The tramp's face lightened at once.  
With a curt nod of thanks he felt  
automatically for a waistcoat pocket  
which was non-existent, gave an ex-  
clamation of annoyance, and lit a  
cigarette. After a few whiffs he  
reached out for the small bottle of  
wine with a grunt of satisfaction.

Marshall Third picked up a news-  
paper haphazard from the pile beside  
him, and began to read the foreign  
intelligence half aloud. The Vigilant  
read on, turning from the foreign in-  
telligence to the report of the pre-  
vious night's debate in the Commons.  
His visitor helped himself to another  
cigarette, but made no comment.  
Third turned to a telegram dealing  
with an obscure boundary question  
affecting the Persian Government.  
Before he had read six lines, he was  
interrupted by an exclamation of  
anger.

"I tell you it's nonsense—utter  
nonsense!" exclaimed the tramp.  
"Any one but a noble could see that  
the real power behind the scenes is  
the German chancellor. We had the  
same trouble in '89, and we shall  
have it again—worse this time. They  
want to force our hand. I know it, I  
tell you. I have proof of it. We  
must stand firm. I will not tolerate  
a vacillating policy!" And with that  
he launched forth into a long tirade.  
Third was an emotionless man by

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 min-  
utes by the clock his strange visitor  
sat and reeled off, in polished sen-  
tences, 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 walk-  
ing 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 tele-  
phone on the table beside him, ring-  
ing insistently and demanding instant  
attention.

He waited impatiently till present-  
ly 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 dis-  
appearance, but every second it grows  
harder. There are thirty people wait-  
ing 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 stipu-  
lation—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 re-  
collection. 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 suf-  
fering 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  
terrible. 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 find-  
ing 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 af-  
ternoons, when fine, he leaves his  
work for an hour, and takes a stroll  
by the water in St. James' Park, rest-  
ing 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 dis-  
guised 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 re-  
main 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 Mar-  
shall 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-head-  
ed 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 get-  
ting 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.

### POCKET WIRELESS.

Interesting Future For Recent Eng-  
lish Invention.

An English electrical engineer,  
Ernest Oldenbourg, has recently in-  
vented 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 in-  
ventions in delicacy. It depends on  
the fact that mercury in a vertical  
capillary tube, like that of a ther-  
mometer—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 instru-  
ment 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 ap-  
paratus by which any one walking  
about the floor could send intelli-  
gible messages for instance to a con-  
federate 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 exhaust-  
ed in the near future, probably with-  
in about twenty years. This esti-  
mate is based upon surveys and cal-  
culations made some ten or fifteen  
years ago, before a complete examina-  
tion of the pampas outside the prov-  
ince of Tarapaca had been under-  
taken. In recent years vast depos-  
its have been discovered and sur-  
veyed in the districts of Antofagasta,  
Taltal and Tocopilla, and according  
to the latest official estimates the  
store of "caliche" now known to ex-  
ist 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 ban-  
quets?"  
"I don't know yet," answered Mrs.  
Cumrox, "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.

### THREE AUTHORS.

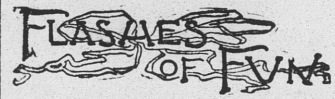
Prolific authors, noble three,  
I do my derby off to ye.

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.

And you, O last, O greatest one,  
A word with you, and I have done,  
You, dear Exchange, that ever floats  
Around with verses, anecdotes,  
And jokes. Oh what a lot you sign  
(Quite frequently a thing of mine)  
Why, it would not be very strange  
If I should see this sign!—Exchange.

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



She—"Don't you think the new  
debutante's voice is perfectly heaven-  
ly?" 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.  
Citiman—"Yes, she's married to a  
real estate agent, and a good, honest  
fellow, too." Subbubs—"Good gra-  
cius! Bigamy, eh?"—Philadelphia  
Press.

"Did Knowitall declare anything  
special when he returned from his  
European trip?" "I believe he de-  
clared war with Japan."—Baltimore  
American.

Patience—"Did you ever hear the  
Duette sisters sing in concert?" Pa-  
trice—"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, in-  
deed," replied the young man who  
lives in a flat. "I favor the pianissi-  
mo school."—Puck.

"I should think," she said, "that  
going 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  
someh'n like a centennial, only it  
has more legs."—"Natural History,"  
—Life.

He envies not the millionaires—  
He's still at 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."—Philadel-  
phia Record.

Richman—"And you intend yours  
to be a cemetery of moundless  
graves?" Cemetery Promoter—"Pre-  
cisely 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 ex-  
isted since the time of Adam, but it  
has been recognized for only 130  
years. Those who are color blind  
sometimes discover the fact through  
judicious blunders. The first to de-  
scribe his own case (in 1774) was  
the Quaker Dalton, a prominent  
chemist in England. Attending a  
meeting of the Society of Friends ar-  
rived in scarlet hose, he nearly re-  
ceived excommunication for his rank-  
ly offensive affront, and made mat-  
ters worse when he denied the  
charge. He was red blind. When he  
received from Oxford the "invest-  
ment 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 stan-  
dard 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 Com-  
mitted 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 in-  
dicted in the Fayette county courts,  
in September, 1905, on six separate  
bills of indictment, each charging  
false pretenses. The amount Pro-  
ctor 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 indict-  
ment he entered a plea of nolle con-  
tendere. 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 re-  
quired by the court and he is now  
wanted at Uniontown for sentence.  
The Title Guaranty & Surety Com-  
pany of Scranton, which furnished a  
bond for him of \$15,000, has notified  
him several times to go to Union-  
town, but he has paid no attention.

### SHOT BY FOREIGNER.

Railroad Man Victim, but His Assail-  
ant Was Promptly Killed.

Julius Derr, for 29 years an em-  
ployee of the Pennsylvania railroad,  
was shot and fatally wounded at Mil-  
fintown by an unidentified Italian la-  
borer, who was pursued by a party  
of hunters and shot dead.

The Italian, who had been drink-  
ing, 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 pur-  
suers, 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 Liver-  
pool men met death on the Cleveland  
& Pittsburgh 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 Mc-  
Clures were instantly killed. The ne-  
gro 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 ser-  
vices three members of the Green-  
sburg branch of the Christian and  
Missionary Alliance profess to have  
been "blessed with the gift of  
tongues."  
Presently 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 de-  
parted for the old country. Fifty-  
four Italians, Poles, Hungarians and  
other nationalities started from Read-  
ing in one day for their former homes  
abroad. The Italian band escorted  
them to the station, accompanied by  
a procession of stay-at-home fore-  
igners.

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 run-  
ning eastward through Washington  
and East Washington was opened by  
the Pittsburgh Railway Company,  
operating the Washington & Canons-  
burg system. Connections are be-  
ing 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. Zu-  
ver, 7 years old; Nellie R. Zuver, 5  
years old.

### 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  
facilities. He smoked a pipe all  
his life.

Mr. Chambers was the father of  
five children. He leaves nine grand-  
children, 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 Philadel-  
phia, 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 No-  
vember 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 Chil-  
dren Unconscious from Gas.

Frederick Lutz, a room maker, at-  
tempted to asphyxiate his three chil-  
dren 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 in-  
vestigate 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 ty-  
phoid 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 work-  
men were excavating for