

EASY TO CRITICISE.

It is easy to sit in the sunshine And talk to the man in the shade; It is easy to float in a well-trimmed boat And point out the places to wade. But once we pass into the shadows, We murmur and fret and frown, And our length from the bank, we shout for a plank. Or throw up our hands and go down. It is easy to sit in our carriage, And counsel the man on foot; But get down and walk, and you'll change your talk. As you feel the peg in your boot, It is easy to tell the toiler. How best he can carry his pack; But not one can take a burden's weight Until it has been on his back. The up-curling mouth of pleasure Can preach of sorrow's worth; But give it a sup, and a wryer lip Was never made on earth. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE LOST LAND.

David Royant was sitting out on the terrace, sitting with a partner who had laughingly declined to dance. The fragrant scent of hot-house flowers hung in the air, and the strains of the famous El Dorado waltz floated out from the ballroom. He was a tall, determined-looking man; he had a strong chin and good honest brown eyes. His was the face of a man who had fought a hard battle and conquered. The woman—the woman who didn't want to dance—was a slight creature with a pair of haunting gray eyes and a cloud of fair, exquisitely silky hair. There was a something indescribably attractive and alluring in her whole personality. "The El Dorado," murmured Vanessa, listening to the music. She gave a slight, delicate laugh, then she turned to her companion. "Do you think there is an El Dorado—such a country?" she asked meditatively, "or is it a fairy tale, like the rest?" Her sigh was infinitely pathetic. It was difficult to realize for the moment that an eminently successful woman was asking the wistful question of a woman whose art had made her famous, and who played the violin as none other could or would. Curious, too, that she should question David Royant on the subject. If there was a man on earth who had found the land of El Dorado this man had, for Royant was a millionaire, and more than a millionaire, a man who had built up a miraculous fortune, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye. He had stumbled on a gold mine by pure accident. "Oh, no, I believe in El Dorado. Of course, there is such a land—there must be," he continued, "otherwise all the poets and dreamers have been mad—all the singers, all the musicians. And it would be rather a pity to believe that, wouldn't it?" This was not the first time he had met Vanessa Lessing by any means, for they were friends now of long standing; but the woman interested him. For all her fame, for all her magnificent success, and her curious and indefinite beauty, her face was not the face of a happy woman. "The eyes were hungry eyes."

"Some people," Vanessa spoke slowly and very softly—"some people hold that El Dorado is a land of gold. It is the city of the rich man, and no one can enter it unless he has great wealth." David Royant shook his head. "Don't believe that story," he said decidedly; "it is a fable. I am a rich man myself, but—I spread out his hands—"I haven't found the land you speak of, though I came near to finding it once." His strong rugged face softened. A new look came into his eyes. "Tell me," she leaned forward, "how did you come near to the country, how did you lose your chance of landing in it?" "It is a very ordinary story," he smiled, then crumpled his program up into a hard ball; "just the story of a young man passionately in love with a young woman, who goes abroad to try to make a fortune for her. He comes back years after with his fortune, but the girl—" "Yes, the girl?" murmured Vanessa. "She's the mother of girls herself!" he answered simply, "a sparkling young matron of thirty. Happy enough, I've no doubt, even though the man she married doesn't happen to be quite so wealthy as I am. Oh, I don't suppose she cared much for me, really," he added with a dry laugh, "else she would have waited as other women have waited." "Things are better for you than they were for me," she muttered. She shuddered as she spoke. "Years ago when I was young, barely eighteen," she went on, "I was engaged to be married. He was a struggling young barrister, and I was one of a family of many sisters. There was no earthly prospect of our being married for years; but that didn't matter in the least, we were quite happy. And then, one afternoon, when I happened to be playing my violin at a small afternoon party, a big musician heard me, and told me that if I chose to work hard I should have a future before me—a great future. Of course, I was excited—flattered. Then, later on, when the big man's opinion was corroborated by other great musicians, it seemed natural that I should accept the great offer made me by a liberal patron of music—an offer to pay my expenses in Paris if I chose to study music there, and definitely take it up as a profession. My kind friend made one stipulation, however; I was to break off my engage-

ment—for a time. For an artist cannot serve two gods, she said, and I suppose she was right. For music demands everything—one's life, one's soul."

"You broke off your engagement?" Royant spoke curtly. "I broke it off in a sort of a way, but it was an understood thing between us that when I had finished my studies, and was beginning to take my place in the musical world, our engagement should come on again." "What happened?" Royant looked at her scrutinizingly. How pale, how fearfully pale she had grown! And this was the woman who was supposed never to have had a love affair in her life, but had devoted herself entirely to her art! "Then came my debut, which was a wonderful triumph, and after that it seemed to me that I had the world at my feet. Brilliant offers of musical engagements poured in upon me. My concerts were thronged. I was lionized and made much of. I made money—plenty of money." "And the man—what happened to the man?"

"She gave a little choking sob. "Oh, he loved me—he loved me; but he was too generous ever to press his claim upon me, even though he knew I cared for him—cared for him deeply. He wanted me to enjoy my wonderful success, unhampered by the cares of domestic life. 'Wait; choose your own time to marry me, dear,' that was what he always said. I didn't realize that I was letting a man break his heart for me. It was only when my dear got ill that I realized the truth, for he called out in his delirium—called out to the woman he had loved so patiently and so well—to come to him, never recognizing that she was there—by his bedside. And on the night he died, he said, being still very delirious, that I had never loved him. I had preferred fame and ambition—to happiness." She shuddered, and David Royant no longer wondered how it was that when she played on her violin men and women wept. A silence fell, which neither the man nor the woman cared to break; then the dance music suddenly ceased in the ballroom, and a second later a young couple swept up to the entrance of the little sitting-out room. The sound of their happy talk reached David Royant and the violinist. "To sit out with one's husband—most unfashionable, Jack." The girl's voice was full of delicious mockery, her lips rippled with smiles. "Madam, you know you are in love!" He spoke in tones of marvellous tenderness. "And in love with your own property, too. Absurd!" The girl gave a little gurgling laugh. "Jack, you darling," she whispered, "isn't it good to be happy? Aren't you glad we didn't marry for money, but for love?" They moved away, in the full heyday of their youth and strength, exulting in each other and in life, a crowned son and daughter of joy, drawn back to the glamor of the heart's side. "El Dorado!" murmured David Royant gently. But Vanessa did not answer. David Royant was silent for a moment, then he touched his companion upon the arm. "Shall we make search together for the road which leads back to El Dorado?" he asked. "Shall we try to find the lost country, or does it belong only to youth?" "Only to youth, I'm afraid," she whispered back. "And we have lost our youth." "What of that?" he replied. "We might dwell under the shadow of the city walls of El Dorado." And he groped for and found her hand.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

ORIGIN OF WORD "REBUKE."

The Root Brings to Us the Sound of Blowing and Puffing.

To "rebuke" is, according to its etymology, to show disapproval by spitting or blowing from the mouth. It is ejecting or turning back. The root of the word as it was used by our Aryan ancestors, thousands of years ago, was "buk," which was of imitative origin, being the noise made in puffing from the cheeks. This sound that came with the disapproval marked by ejecting from the mouth is the exact reverse of the approval marked by a kiss. In the kiss we draw in and bring nearer to ourselves, and in the spitting, puffing or hissing we cast out or throw from ourselves. The operations are primarily founded on the action of taking in what appeals to the appetite and rejecting what does not appeal to it. The root of the word has come from the first prompting of an animal nature. This sound of "buk" which our first ancestors made in snorting, blowing or spitting away from them has come down to us and lies at the foundation of our "rebuks" and "rebuffs." It has come to us through the Latin where the "re" means "back" and "buca" the "cheek" in which it has preserved the original idea of puffing from the mouth. In the French is the same "re" and "bouque," to stop, obstruct or shut up. In the old French there was "reboucher" to dull, to blunt, to turn back; hence, metaphorically refusing or turning aside a request. In Normandy they say "reboquer" for to reject. This root has gone into the Sanskrit, "buk" which means blowing. So it is that through the ages rebuking has been the blowing out from the mouth.—New York Herald.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, MARCH 21.

Facing Our Record—Matt. 25: 31-46; Luke 3: 17—The Theme and the Scriptures.

Matt. 25: 31-46. This entire passage is a warning and encouragement to all to make daily preparation, by careful attention to the details of their lives, for facing the final record of life. This coming of Christ in his glory will not be to establish a kingdom, but to receive all the world for judgment. At this time the worthy and unworthy will pass into eternal separation. That the line of cleavage will be fundamental, not incidental, is indicated by the phrase, "sheep from the goats." It will not be the separation of blemished sheep from the unblemished, but it shows that the good and evil have become fundamentally and eternally different in character. The invitation to "Come, inherit," is a call not only to a reward, although it will be such, but also to perfect one's claim and inherit through Christ. The basis of the final judgment of each that day, and who have been the successful ones and who have failed, "Inasmuch as ye have done it," will be Christ's final thought in pronouncing judgment. The adjustment at this time will be eternal. Luke 3: 17. Jesus came "fan in hand," that is, with authority and prepared to cleanse, thoroughly, effectively, his threshing floor. All of this is to say that he came to prepare his agencies for the process of separating the good from the evil, not as in the judgment, but in the daily outworking of their lives.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

MARCH TWENTY-FIRST.

Topic—Pilgrim's Progress Series. III. The Wicket Gate. Matt. 7: 7-14. Hindrances in the way. Luke 14: 25-35.

The Christ door. John 10: 7-16. The door of faith. Eph. 2: 13-22. An open door. Rev. 3: 7-11. The door of love. 1 John 3: 14-19. The need of perseverance. Luke 9: 57-62. What is easier than knocking at a door? What if we could enter any other door, of a palace, a bank or a treasure house, just by knocking! (v. 7). You cannot be too great a sinner to be admitted to God's forgiveness, if you will only knock (v. 8). The way to sin is wide and easy. It is easy to prove this (v. 13). The way to eternal life is difficult because eternal life is worth while; and we must become worth while (v. 14). Mount Sinai and the Gate. Christians meet Mr. Worldly Wise-man all along the way and at all times. He is one of Satan's commercial travelers. The town of Carnal Policy is near the City of Destruction and breathes the same air. Worldlings have much to say about the dangers and troubles of the Christian way; but wait till Christians do! "A good moral man" is a Christian to the unthinking, and the village of Morality is as far as many so-called Christians get. Legality's son Civility takes the place of piety in the town of Morality. If one is polite enough one is good enough there. We revere Sinai because it was the prophecy of Calvary; but now Calvary has come, the least Christian is greater than the greatest under the law. Evangelist is not only to start men on the way, but to warn and direct them in the way. Evangelist proves his fitness by his ready use of the Bible. Cross—blood—salvation—the highest words of Christianity, are all scorned by worldlings.

FROZEN PUDDING.

Cook until the syrup will spin a thread one cupful each water and sugar. Have ready the well beaten yolks of four or six eggs, stir into the cooked syrup, little by little, and return to the fire. Cook until quite thick, beat until cool, then add a level tablespoonful gelatine that has been soaked for half an hour in two tablespoonfuls milk or water, then soften over the tea kettle. Beat again until thick, add one pint cream that has been scalded and cooled or whipped, put in one cupful ground almonds, one-half cupful seeded raisins or currants (or a cupful canned pineapple), and freeze. When ready to pack in a mould or in a freezer add one pound candied fruit cut in small pieces. Let stand a couple of hours to ripen, then serve.—New York Telegram.

RED RASPBERRY SHERBET.

Soak one tablespoonful of gelatine in a quarter of a cup of cold water for twenty minutes, then add a cup and a half of boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add two cups of sugar, one pint red raspberry juice, or part currant and part raspberry, and the juice of two lemons. When cool freeze.—New York Telegram.

The State of Guanajuato, Mexico,

has produced silver worth \$510,000,000 Mexican, during the last 350 years.

Even a wise man, remarks the Chicago News,

occasionally has time for the silly chatter of a pretty girl.

PENNSYLVANIA

Interesting Items from All Sections of the Keystone State.

THREE CHAIRS ENDOWED

McLaughlin Bequest to W. & J. to Establish Two Professorships.

Washington.—An announcement was made that the bequest of \$100,000 left to W. & J. College by the late Major George M. McLaughlin of Pittsburg will be used to endow two professorships to bear the names of Major McLaughlin and his wife. The latter was a daughter of the late Judge William McKenna of the United States circuit court. The gift of \$50,000 made James Evans of McKeesport will endow a chair in honor of the late Professor Alonzo Linn, for nearly a half century professor of Greek at the college.

MILLION DOLLAR COAL DEAL

Six-Thousand-Acre Tract in Greene County Changes Hands.

Uniontown.—J. V. Thompson closed a deal for coal land aggregating close to 6,010 acres. The consideration was \$1,202,000. The deeds were delivered to Mr. Thompson. The coal lies near Waynesburg, in Greene county, and was originally optioned at \$25 an acre by O. P. Market and R. F. Hopwood, both of this city. Mr. Thompson gets 5,485 acres and the remainder goes to five other parties. The field is located in Franklin, Moreys and Washington townships.

FUNDS FOR UNEMPLOYED

Butler Citizens Take Steps to Provide Means of Livelihood.

Butler.—At a public meeting in the court house, presided over by Attorney Alexander Mitchell, citizens contributed \$1,500 in cash and pledged \$505 a month as long as needed to furnish work for the unemployed. A small portion will be used to relieve want among widows and orphans. Butler has 3,000 unemployed said to be in need. Council was asked by the citizens to clean and pave streets and carry on other public improvements to furnish work at once.

Iron Mill Cuts Wages.

Phoenixville.—A reduction of 10 per cent in the wages of the employees of the Phoenixville Iron Company went into effect March 8. About 3,000 men are affected. All departments except the draftsman and general office force are included in the cut. The Phoenixville Iron Company is one of the biggest of the independent concerns. The large plant here had been improved and enlarged in the last year.

To Rebuild Kittingan Church.

Kittingan.—The First Presbyterian congregation, whose building was destroyed by fire Sunday morning, is taking active steps toward rebuilding the \$90,000 edifice. A meeting of the trustees and the session was held this evening and it is expected by officials that a structure similar to the one burned will be erected. Local congregations of other denominations have expressed their sympathy and tendered the temporary use of their churches.

Lockjaw Causes Death.

Washington.—From lockjaw, resulting from tearing his thumb on a rusty nail, Nathaniel Lyons, 68 years old, died at Reersons station, Greene county. Mr. Lyons was a veteran of the Civil war. Besides his widow, a son, Albert Lyons, of Pittsburg, survives.

State Police Will Use Dogs.

Greensburg.—Troop A, state police force, will have the assistance of bloodhounds in running down criminals hereafter. The dogs' ancestry dates back to slavery times in the south. They are the property of Private Feely and Jergensen and will be trained thoroughly.

Mine Motorman Crushed.

Greensburg.—Edward Higby, a motorman at the Scott Haven mine of the Pittsburg Coal Company, was crushed between cars. Both arms were broken and he sustained serious internal injuries.

Insurance Money for New Buildings.

Harrisburg.—Attorney General Todd has given an opinion that moneys received for insurance on buildings destroyed at institutions receiving state aid are the property of the institutions, but should be used for reconstruction.

Hollenback Colliery Resumes.

Wilkes-Barre.—After nine months of idleness work was resumed at the Hollenback colliery of the Lehigh & Wilkes-Barre Coal Company. Four hundred men and boys were given employment.

Capital Sentence Pronounced.

New Castle.—Rocco Racco, convicted last September of first degree murder for killing Selee Houk state deputy game warden, was sentenced to be hanged. The governor will fix the date of his execution. He was disarmed. He will receive \$3,950 a week, a decrease of 25 cents from his former salary. He was one of the few state prisoners who were not pardoned. He had been in the state prison for more than three years. He had been in the state prison for more than three years. He had been in the state prison for more than three years.

LEGISLATIVE NOTES.

Bills Passed in Senate. The senate passed finally the following bills:

Extending to third-class cities the second-class city plumbing regulations; house bill relating to entering non-suits by judgments of the common pleas courts; to quiet title of real estate and to enable citizens of the United States and corporations chartered under the laws of this state and authorized to hold real estate therein to hold and convey title to real estate which had been formerly held by corporations not authorized by law to hold real estate in Pennsylvania; providing that street railways incorporated as common carriers must transport United States mail upon demand. A communication from Governor Stuart was read in each branch of the legislature, announcing the reception by the governor of the resignation of Senator Knox.

Bituminous Coal Report.

Somerset.—The annual report for the twentieth bituminous district, submitted by Mine Inspector Thomas S. Lowther of Somerset shows the total number of mines in the district to be 92. The number in operation during the year was 76, with a production of 3,756,529 tons of coal, 2,255,559 tons of which was produced by mining machines and 3,530,970 tons by pick mining. The number of inside employes was 7,776, and outside 986.

Engine Leaves Track.

Altoona.—An empty engine running east on the Pennsylvania Railroad main line left the track near Mineral Point and plunged over a 30-foot embankment into the break-water of the big creek which runs alongside the road. The engine jumped, spraining his ankles. The fireman stuck to his post and went down into the creek with the locomotive, which turned turtle. He was unhurt and swam to shore.

Standard Street Car Plant Resumes.

Butler.—The shearing department of the Standard Steel Car Company's plant was put into operation and work in the entire plant will be resumed gradually, following a shutdown of 10 months. All the men needed are now here ready to go to work. At first it is expected the output will be about twenty cars a day. The capacity is 125 cars.

Oliver Will Succeed Knox.

Harrisburg.—George T. Oliver was unanimously nominated for United States Senator in the joint Republican caucus. On Tuesday, March 15, he will be elected to fill the vacancy by the resignation of P. C. Knox, who has become Secretary of State in the cabinet of President William H. Taft. On March 17 the legislature will meet in joint session to ratify its action of the previous day.

Receiver for Coal Company.

New Castle.—Attorney J. W. Humphrey of Ellwood was appointed by Judge W. E. Porter as receiver for the Thompson Run Company, on petition of Frank H. Douthett, who claims a debt of \$1,765. The company is capitalized at \$50,000, and owns 50 acres of coal land, 3-1/2 miles of railroad, 11 company houses for miners and other property.

Beat and Rob Aged Farmer.

Greenville.—Cassius Brockway, an aged and wealthy farmer living alone four miles of here, was tortured and robbed the other night and a posse is searching West Salem township for his assailant. After being beaten into insensibility the man searched the house, taking money, a gold watch and chain. Because of his age Brockway's recovery is doubtful.

Newspaper Law Upheld.

Harrisburg.—In an opinion handed down in the superior court, Justice McEisen holds that the act of 1907, requiring publication of the names of owners, officers and managing editors at tops of editorial columns, is not an invasion of any rights by the state and that it applies to weekly as well as daily newspapers.

Democratic Senatorial Candidate.

Harrisburg.—At the Democratic senatorial caucus, Senator Webster Grim of Bucks county was unanimously endorsed for the vacancy created by the resignation of Philander C. Knox. He will be given the minority vote when the legislature, in separate sessions, fills the vacancy Tuesday, March 16.

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NEW STRENGTH FOR WOMEN'S BACKS.

Women who suffer with backache, bearing down pain, dizziness and that constant dull, tired feeling, will find comfort in the advice of Mrs. James T. Wright, of 519 Goldsborough St., Easton, Md., who says: "My back was in a very bad way, and when not painful was so weak it felt as if broken. A friend urged me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, which I did, and they helped me from the start. It made me feel like a new woman, and soon I was doing my work the same as ever."



Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

RELICS OF TITIAN FOUND.

Will and Other Documents of Artist Held by Poor Widow.

Berlin.—Titian's will and other relics of the great artist have been discovered in the possession of a poor widow at Schonberg, a suburb of this city. There are 43 documents, all of which have been pronounced authentic. Besides the will which covers eight pages, there is another interesting document, a letter written by the Emperor Charles V. to Titian, informing him that he has been ennobled, under the title of Count of the Oberpfalz, and that certain curious privileges have been conferred upon him. This letter is countersigned by Titian himself.

What a Woman Will Not Do.

There is nothing a woman would not do to regain her lost beauty. She ought to be fully as zealous in preserving her good looks. The herb drink called Lane's Family Medicine or Lane's Tea is the most efficient aid in preserving a beautiful skin, and will do more than anything else to restore the roses to faded cheeks. At all druggists and dealers, 25c.

Encourage Rat Killers.

The Japanese government is waging a successful war on rats by paying for every dead one brought in and giving each rat slayer a ticket to a lottery with valuable prizes.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet, corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

An Organ of Sound.

If we can believe the German admirers of Richard Strauss, the composer, his new opera, "Electra," is not only the latest thing in art, but exemplifies in the most advanced degree the music of the future. In detail, we are told that the "Electra" orchestra, includes eight French horns, seven trumpets, an E flat clarinet, two bass horns and a somewhat unusual instrument of aural torture called the heckelphone. It also appears that the bass drum is at times brutally hammered with a birch club, and a Chinese zong is the subject of a cruel assault at the hands of the welder of the triangle rod. It is not surprising to learn that with these accessories the music is likened at times to an orgy of noise in which the human voice vainly endeavors to make itself heard. The instruments shriek, and they wail, and then they crash in a roof raising cyclone of unshackled sound. The 200 critics who were present at the first performance appear to have left the royal theater in a dazed and more or less stunned. One of the best known of these critics, the music editor of the Dresden Anzeiger, a paper which is understood to be under municipal control, is said to have forfeited his position by his scolding references to the Strauss work, and forbidden entry to the royal theater. Naturally, the Dresden music lovers were divided into two classes, Strauss and anti-Strauss, and the violent squabble over the Wagner music of forty years ago, threatens to be duplicated.

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