

GAYNOR NOW ON THE MEND

(Continued from Page One.)

Ralph Bloomer jumped forward. "Want any help, Bill?" he cried. "Sure; sit on his head," panted the big commissioner. "He's strong as an ox."

Just then another shot sounded. Gallagher had twitched his pistol hand around under the grip Adamson had put on it, and he flicked the trigger in blind chance. The bullet tore through the left coat sleeve of Commissioner Edwards, seared the bleeps of that arm in a long welt and buried itself in the boards of the deck twenty feet away. Gallagher cursed in broken breaths.

It was then that Corporation Counsel Watson took a hand. Gallagher had wriggled part way free of Edwards' grip, and when Edwards caught him in this act he heaved with his shoulders and half threw, half pushed the raving man on the deck beneath him against the lower iron rail of the dock bulwarks. The crack of his skull against the iron rail sounded hollowly. His pistol hand dangled for an instant between the parallel iron bars of the bulwarks and Watson rushed in, stepping with all of his weight on Gallagher's right wrist, then bent over and wrenched the revolver from his hand.

Somebody had cried for a policeman. Commissioner Edwards grunted out a command for some one to bring him some handcuffs. Henry Gerding, a special officer of the steamship company, came running up the deck to arrest Gallagher.

"I'm a deputy sheriff," wheezed Edwards, as he pushed Gallagher's face to the deck with all his strength. "I'll arrest him all right if you've got any handcuffs." Gerding pulled a pair of little steel nippers out of his pocket and handed them to Edwards.

"Say, seven or eight of youse pile off me, will you?" came the muffled plaint of Gallagher from beneath the smothering bulk of Edwards and the "her football player, Bloomer. Edwards gave the man beneath him a vicious flip, then snapped the handcuffs first on one wrist, then on the other. Even as he did so Gallagher tried to bite him, and he wagged his head from side to side snapping at the ankles of the men about him.

When the shot was fired into his neck Mayor Gaynor staggered slightly, then straightened up with a visible effort and tensed his lips with pain. Dr. Lederle, who happened to have his handkerchief in his hand, jumped to the mayor's side and wadded the handkerchief against the wound in the neck blackened by the powder and spurting blood. At the same time he made as if to put a supporting arm under the mayor's shoulder, but Gaynor moved the hand away.

Adamson, who had risen to his feet when Edwards seemed to be having Gallagher secure, ran to the mayor's side, the tears streaming from his eyes under the spur of excitement.

"Who did it, Adamson? Who did it?" asked the mayor in a weak voice. Adamson tried to answer that he had only caught a glimpse of the assailant and did not know. Still the mayor stood, and Dr. Lederle kept the handkerchief against the wound. The cloth was dyed red and the blood was streaming over the mayor's collar.

"For God's sake, doctor!" It was Watson who called hysterically. Lederle tried to move Gaynor away from the place where Edwards, Bloomer and half a dozen others were rolling about the deck with the clawing, cursing man who had fired the shot. Captain Polaek, who had heard the shot and the babel of screams from the passengers, hurried his bulk through the crowd and ordered his sailors to clear a space about the mayor.

President Montt, who had just turned the corner of the deckhouse to return to Gaynor's side, there to pose with him for the photographers, called in Spanish to one of his aids to fetch Dr. Montanya, the physician of the Chilean party.

House Surgeon Sullivan of St. Mary's hospital in discussing the case said that if Gallagher's bullet had gone half an inch to the left it would have severed the jugular vein.

Gallagher's sole reason for desiring to slay Mayor Gaynor was the refusal of the mayor to order him restored to his position as dock watchman after he had been discharged for neglect of duty and insubordination.

After the shooting Gallagher made the following statement: "My name is James J. Gallagher. I am fifty years of age and live at No. 440 Third avenue, New York city. Was born in Ireland and was employed as a watchman by the department of docks and ferries in Manhattan until a short time ago, when I was discharged. I came to Hoboken at 9:20 o'clock this morning and went direct to the steamship pier and on board the steamship Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. There I met a clergyman and asked him to point out Mayor Gaynor. He did so, and then I drew my revolver and fired at the mayor. I do not know whether more than one shot was fired. Knowing that Gaynor was going to Europe to enjoy himself after depriving me of my bread and butter (I did not ask for porterhouse steak) irritated me to do the act."

The would-be assassin had been for years a Tammany hanger on. President Taft, Colonel Roosevelt and Governor Hughes have wired messages of sympathy to Mayor Gaynor.

Telegrams are pouring in from all parts of the country. John Purroy Mitchell, president of the board of aldermen, will be acting mayor during Mayor Gaynor's illness. In case of the Mayor's death he will remain at the head of the city government until a new mayor is elected.

The first member of Mayor Gaynor's family to reach him after the accident other than his son, Rufus, who was with him when he was shot, was Mrs. Harry K. Vingut, Mrs. Gaynor arrived a short time later, having motored from her Long Island home at break-neck speed.

RUBE MARQUARD.

Manager McGraw Values Giant Player at \$11,000.



New York, Aug. 10.—Discussing Marquard, McGraw of the Giants said: "I don't know whether he has been worth \$11,000 or not, but I would like to see the color of a man's hair who could buy him from us for less."

The mere fact that New York will not sell Marquard despite the fact that Frank Chance of Chicago and Clark Griffith of the Reds want to buy him, is ample evidence that he is still a valuable asset.

FORD FIND OF SEASON.

Highlanders' Star Twirler One of Best Developed in Recent Years.

Russell Ford, the pitching marvel of the New York Americans, is the greatest find of the 1910 baseball season. His good work in the box this season has done much to keep the Highland-



RUSSELL FORD, NEW YORK AMERICANS STAR YOUNG TWIRLER.

ers so high up in the pennant race. Ford has more than made himself solid with the baseball fans and, unlike most of the youngsters who break into the big show, has done even better work than the team's followers expected. Many nice things were said about Ford during the off season, but few persons thought he would pitch such spectacular ball when he donned the spangles under the big tent.

Ford was with the Highlanders for a few weeks in 1909, then was farmed to Jersey City, and, though the Skeeters finished last in the race, he won half his games, striking out 180 men. Russell's other minor league training was gained with Cedar Rapids of the Three Eyed league and Atlanta of the Southern association. Ford is the only spitball expert in captivity who can make the ball break three ways. All the players who have battled against him say he has a most puzzling delivery. Ford won fourteen out of the first nineteen games he pitched this season.

An Advantage.

"So you prefer servants who speak English imperfectly?" "Yes," replied the housewife. "If I don't understand what they say I am not obliged to dismiss them so frequently."—Exchange.

Suspicion.

Once give your mind to suspicion and there is sure to be food enough for it. In the stillest night the air is filled with sounds for the wakeful ear that is resolved to listen.

Liquid Air.

If liquid air be frozen to the consistency of slush a strong magnet suspended over it will withdraw the solid oxygen, leaving the nitrogen, a jelly-like mass, in a vessel.

LIVE STOCK

PORTABLE HOUSE FOR HOGS.

Is Cheap and Convenient and is Recommended for Beginners.

The portable hoghouse is cheap and convenient. It is eight feet wide, eight feet long, and the roof is eight feet in length, making the building seven feet high. The door in front



Portable Hoghouse.

is 2 1/2 feet wide, three feet high, and another at the back, near the top is 12 by 18 inches. The small door may be covered with heavy muslin, admitting air and light without draught. The frame is made of 2 by 4's and is covered with drop siding. No floor is used. When it is desired to move the building, it may be tipped over onto a low wagon or stone boat. This is the house we recommend for beginners, says a bulletin issued by the Colorado agricultural experiment station. It is cheap, and often old material can be used in building it. It is easily moved and easily disinfected, and can be changed so frequently that it may be kept on clean ground, free from disease. When a sow farrows in cold weather, a lantern hung to the roof will keep the building sufficiently warm.

Bulls and Breeding Records.

Many cattle breeders do not understand the almost vital importance of keeping the good, old bulls. A stallion that has a line of good colts is cherished as long as he is able to serve effectually, but most breeders get rid of their bulls before their usefulness is known. Prof. Eugene Davenport, of the Illinois College of Agriculture, said, not long ago:

"We must have some standard of picking bulls beside the ordinary standard of what will make a good animal on the block.

"We are buying our youngsters when they would make good baby-beef, breeding them for two or three years, and selling them for bologna. What is it that goes to make up the valuable qualities of a bull to be used for breeding? I hear a good deal about the comparative merits of pedigree and individual excellence. A few years ago they all said: 'If the pedigree is all right, the animal will be all right,' and now we have a revision of feeling, and men say: 'I want individual excellence anyway, and then if you have a pedigree, throw it in.' We all want a good animal and we want one that is bred right, that has a good respectable pedigree, but we want another thing, it seems to me, and clearly so, before we are satisfied that this is a bull to keep in our herd, and that is that we want some kind of a breeding record of that animal."

The Manure Spreader.

As soon as I get my manure spreader I shall do as others do who own spreaders, namely, spread on the grass land I intend to break up for next year's potato crop, says a writer in an eastern exchange. They apply it right after the rush of spring's work is over, so it will get thoroughly worked into the soil. Just after haying this soil is turned over, with a good green sward already started. That is the ideal soil for potatoes.

Rations for Colts.

An experienced horseman has found equal parts of corn and oats ground together to be one of the best grain rations for growing colts. It furnishes elements needed for the production of fat, bone and muscle. Adding bran or linseed meal to the ration aids very much in keeping the bowels regular and avoids constipation, and in this way lessens the liability of disease.

Keep the Barn Warm.

If the farmers of our country would make their stables so warm that water would not freeze in them in an ordinarily cold night, one-third more animals could be kept on the same feed as now used. Tar paper and cheap lumber do not cost so much as hay and grain to keep up animal heat. While paper and lumber cost only once, feed costs every winter.

Raising Sheep.

Don't let the children tease the young ram. The boys think it great fun to see him back off a little or get ready to butt, but it may make the animal vicious.

Raising goats for market is a profitable business if conducted with good breeds. Scrubs don't pay.

In selling breeding stock, male or female, never let big prices tempt you to let the top-notchers go. If you do you will in time not be able to produce anything but second-rate animals.

If there are any runt pigs in the bunch manage to give them extra feed and care, and in a short time they will match if not outstrip the others in gain.

DROWNING AT OQUAGA LAKE.

Chicago Editor Lost Life After Rescuing Daughter.

The papers printed Monday an account of the drowning of a Chicago man in Oquaga Lake, near Deposit, N. Y., but his name was not ascertained. It is now learned the drowned man was Walter Michaelis, 40 years old, editor of the Staats-Zeitung of Chicago and a man of great political influence in German circles in the city of Chicago. After bravely battling until assistance arrived and succeeding in saving his daughter, who had fallen overboard, he, thoroughly exhausted, sank.

Mr. Michaelis arrived at the "Laurels," the summer home of his brother-in-law, Rev. E. Roth, of Brooklyn, N. Y., two hours before the accident, which occurred at 4.30 p. m. Mr. Michaelis, accompanied by his eight-year-old daughter Clara, was rowing about 200 feet from the shore and about opposite "Idlehome" when the child fell overboard.

Mr. Michaelis immediately followed her into the water and held her head above water until Clark Tobin, the prominent football expert and member of the 1910 All-American team, arrived in his canoe and saved the child. Then Mr. Michaelis sank. Tobin attempted to save him by diving, but was unable to do so.

Many parties dragged the lake until 7.30 o'clock, when the body was recovered in over 60 feet of water.

Mr. Michaelis leaves a wife and child, who feel his death most keenly. The body was sent to Chicago for burial.

2,000 Attended Campmeeting.

More than 2,000 people from the various cities and towns of north-eastern Pennsylvania were at Maplewood campmeeting Sunday. The meeting this year is the largest yet held in Maplewood and the visiting crowds filled the mammoth tent to overflowing. Hundreds of wagons and horses were tied along the paths and these interspersed with a generous sprinkling of automobiles remained one of a fair day in a western town.

The scene in the grove in the afternoon when the hundreds of pretty girls in their white dresses accompanied by their escorts promenade along the splendid paths, was more like a fashionable Paris parkway than a grove in a small country town. The lake also was crowded with a great fleet of small boats, all filled with a merry crew.

The Ham Fair at Paris.

A feature of Parisian life is the ham fair which is held on the Boulevard Richard Le Noir. The name of this fair is wholly misleading, for as far as I have ever seen hams are the very last thing any one ever buys there. Old brass and copper curios, quaint jewelry, rare china, lace, tapestries and books are what most people go out to seek, and a sight not to be easily forgotten is the long, wide boulevard lined with ramshackle stalls laden with every possible kind of lumber and presided over by the most rapacious of brocanteurs. Out of piles of valueless lumber Americans and English diligently seek for their pet kind of curios, and there is not an artist in Paris who cannot point to some bit of furniture in his or her studio and say with pride, "I got that for 5 francs at the ham fair." No one ever pays more than 5 francs, I notice, but, alas, every year these five franc bargains are becoming more rare, and even as housekeeping in Paris grows more and more costly so does the furnishing of one's house to keep.—London Queen.

Only a Question of Possibility.

Among the customers of a tea store opened in the northwest part of the city the other night was a man who, after buying a pound of coffee, handed a counterfeit half dollar to the shopkeeper.

"This money is counterfeit; I'm sorry, sir," said the shopkeeper.

"Yes; I know it," replied the customer, grinning. "Got it here one day last week, and I've been saving it for you." Then, noting the smile upon the shopkeeper's face, the customer said, evidently offended, "Perhaps you doubt my word?"

"Oh, not at all, sir; not at all. I couldn't doubt the word of so truthful a man. I was simply smiling because I wondered how it was possible for you to have got the money here. This place was opened only night before last."

Thereupon the customer departed hastily after producing a good coin and slipping the counterfeit into his own pocket.—Philadelphia Times.

Japan's Giant Wrestlers.

Japanese wrestlers are not to be confused with Japanese exponents of jiu jitsu. The wrestlers belong to the older school, in which weight is a paramount quality. It is a remarkable thing that a race which is on the average four or five inches under the European standard in point of height should have produced a special cult of wrestlers who are giants in stature and strength. The leading wrestlers of Tokyo or Osaka or Hogo are all men at least six feet in height and weighing perhaps 300 pounds. They are a race apart. Wrestling is an occupation which has been handed down from father to son for many generations. And the explanation of their prowess is that they have always been meat eaters, while the rest of Japan, either from choice or necessity, have been in the main vegetarians.

MECHANICS' CAMP

(Continued From Page One.)

both confess that Honesdale is a beautiful place to visit or to live. And if they were shy on the subject of the attractions of Wayne county as a place of residence or of a knowledge of the companionable qualities of Wayne county people, Dr. Hagar would open their eyes for them in a hurry.

Immediately on the arrival of the brigade camp the Third regiment, comprising all Lackawanna county companies except the one from Taylor, were assigned to the right of line and Lieut. Col. W. T. Jones of Dunmore was put in command, with Maj. C. M. Haverly of Scranton battalion commander. After the men were assigned quarters and had received their baggage, they immediately began to prepare for the night and were soon in slumberland.

Saturday morning at 5.30, just as the sun was peeping over the hills, the brigade cannon barked forth and everyone was soon on deck, ready for mess. Immediately after mess, guard mount was held, Gen. Riskel acting as leader of the field. The guards were placed on their respective posts and commenced their duties. All officers and men were then ordered to report to headquarters and Camp Lieut. Colligan was officially opened by Maj. John H. Davidow, chief of staff, assisted by the cannon, and "Old Glory" was run up the pole to float on the breeze.

After noon mess the entire brigade was formed in line and marched to the rifle range, where the finishing touches were put on and everything put in readiness for the spirited contests to be held there during the encampment.

The regimental markers, which were presented by a friend of the organization, were placed in position by Lieut. Col. Jones, assisted by Lieut. Frank Sawyer, and made a very decided improvement in the appearance of the regimental street.

Sunday afternoon the entire body, accompanied by Alexander's brigade band, marched to the pavillion at the park and attended divine services, conducted by Rev. Mr. Burch of the Waymart Methodist church, who took his text from Romans and preached a very interesting and instructive sermon. He also welcomed the organization back and hoped they would enjoy their stay in this camp and come.

Alexander's band of Wilkes-Barre, the official band of the First brigade of the Jr. O. U. A. M., is in camp and is one of the main attractions. Gen. Riskel is to be congratulated on getting this very well-known and popular band as a part of his command. Every evening the band gives concerts at headquarters unless ordered otherwise.

Wednesday the Jr. O. U. A. M. had their large excursion, all the companies from Luzerne and Lackawanna counties combining in the effort to make it the great memorable day for Lake Lodore. Band Master Charles Rokorey is with the band and is enjoying camp life immensely.

Tuesday, when the Shoemakers' picnic came to the lake, 700 or 800 strong, the Mechanics did everything they could think of the promote the pleasure of the folks from the Maple City. They showed them their camp, they drilled their prettiest for the delectation of their visitors, they mixed in with the men and women from the county seat and they danced to their hearts' content with the pretty girls—and there were scores and scores of them—that rode over to the lake on the noon special from Honesdale. Then there were Waymart girls and Prompton girls, with a sprinkling of Carbondale girls and girls from towns over in the valley, and the light fantastic toe was tripped until late that afternoon under conditions that were as perfect weatherwise as an ideal August day at Lake Lodore could make them. The Wayne county girls voted the Lackawanna and Luzerne soldier boys all right. They are.

The rain Wednesday knocked out the five-mile march to Waymart and the band concert slated for that night on the square, but the march and the concert may be pulled off tonight. Wednesday, was supposed to be visiting day and the rain, quite naturally, disappointed hundreds that had planned for an outing, but the rain was needed and the good time could, on a pinch, be put over 24 hours and make out all the better for the postponement. "That rain," said Gen. Riskel, "was needed a great deal more than visiting day."

Capt. Griffiths, who was one of Col. Roosevelt's Rough Riders 12 years ago about this time, is a splendid rider and the finest kind of a drillmaster. He has helped Gen. Riskel put some class into the cavalry. The captain does not always get the most desirable kind of a mount, but he's at home on any horse. He came in Wednesday on a dilapidated steed that the boys all made sport of, but he handled that seen-better-days horse as though Capt. Griffiths had been a-straddle the finest Kentucky thoroughbred from the Blue Grass locality.

However, not even the rainstorm of Wednesday could keep the Juniors' friends away. Two big Delaware and Hudson trains brought in nearly 2,000 Lackawanna and Luzerne county women and children, who braved the elements and paid a visit to the boys in their tented homes. Numbers of them brought along large lunch baskets, brimful of good things to eat and drink. Many a soldier's tent was the scene of a feast. Those who did not provide themselves with lunches were fed in the regimental mess tents. It was a novelty to some, and favorable comment could be heard on all sides about the food served to the men. As a rule, people imagine soldiers are fed on smoked pork, cabbage and hard-tack, but this illusion was dispelled, as the food in camp is plentiful and wholesome, though necessarily plain. Even desert is served at dinner.

Gen. Riskel is entertaining his mother at brigade headquarters. A number of Scranton and Wilkes-Barre friends were also entertained at headquarters Wednesday—in the rain. Several mock trials are being arranged, and as there is an unusual array of Scranton legal talent in camp, great fun will prevail. The sutler's tent is stocked unusually well, and one can get anything there from a toothpick to a monkey wrench. The trophies for which the men will compete at the rifle range are on exhibition in front of Adj. Dando's tent.

P. J. M.

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ARE YOU TAKING THIS PAPER?

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on Tuesday, November 15, A. D. 1910, by Lorenzo R. Foster, John R. Jones, Thomas J. Burke and others, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act for the incorporation and regulation of banks of discount and deposit," approved May 13, A. D. 1876, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Hawley Bank," to be located in Hawley, county of Wayne, and Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, which said proposed corporation is organized for the specific purpose of receiving deposits, making loans and discounts, and doing a general banking business, under the laws of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Capital stock is fixed at fifty thousand dollars (\$50,000), divided into one thousand (1,000) shares of the par value of fifty dollars (\$50.00) each, with ten dollars (\$10.00) on each share for surplus, the total capital and surplus being sixty thousand dollars (\$60,000). Said proposed corporation, for the purposes above stated, shall have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said act of assembly and its supplements.

JOHN R. JONES, Attorney for Incorporators. 63eol 13.

EVER INCREASING.



A bank account is like a snowball—roll it gently along and it will get larger (almost without your noticing it) as the days go by. Like the snowball, too, the hardest work is making the first deposit, giving it the first push, after which the initial impetus gains as the ball runs down, the bank account rolls up. We want to help you with your financial snowball.

FARMERS and MECHANICS BANK.