

ASK DIX TO HELP

Tammany Wants Him to Break Deadlock.

SHEEHAN MAY POLL 95 VOTES

But He Needs 101, and the Sheppard Democrats at Albany Say They Will Not Give In—Parker May Be a Compromise.

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 18.—Having failed to secure his election as United States senator in the balloting in the two houses of the legislature, the followers of William F. Sheehan turned to Governor Dix and demanded his aid in securing the votes necessary to make the caucus nominee the choice of the legislature. They assert that on the joint ballot this afternoon four legislators who held out will come in and vote for Sheehan. This would leave the Tammany forces six votes short.

Murphy himself asked Governor Dix to use his influence to break the deadlock and to throw that influence in favor of Sheehan. Whether the governor will yield no one can tell, but upon him rests the fate of Sheehan. Twenty legislators are sworn to stand out against Sheehan, but they have used the statement issued by Governor Dix as the basis for their bid.

The Sheehan men are now putting it up to the governor that a big majority of his party in caucus has picked Sheehan as the party choice and that the governor should stand by the wishes of a majority of his party.

An effort was made to induce Sheehan to withdraw in favor of Alton B. Parker, who received six votes in the legislature. This Sheehan absolutely declined to do.

It is believed that Sheehan will win today—if he wins at all—and his friends are declaring that he will win, though they do not explain how it will be done.

The twenty insurgents under the leadership of Senator Roosevelt hold the situation within their grasp. If they stick to their agreement and stand firmly against Sheehan he will be forced to retire in favor of some other candidate.

When the two houses meet in joint session today the journals will be compared. These will show that no candidate has received 101 votes, a majority of the 201 members of the legislature. Balloting must continue in joint session daily thereafter until a choice is made.

After today any candidate who receives a majority of the votes of those present, providing a majority of the legislators are present, will be declared elected. It would thus be possible for the Republicans, by remaining away in sufficient numbers, to bring about the election of Sheehan, but nothing of the kind is looked for.

SUBMARINE AND CREW SAVED

Vessel Sinks and Is Pulled Up Again by Salvage Ship.

Kiel, Germany, Jan. 18.—The German submarine U 3 sank in the harbor, but was raised after three hours' work and the crew of twenty-five men rescued unharmed. The sinking was due to the accidental filling of the water bunkers.

Soon after the vessel disappeared the salvage ship Vulkan, equipped with modern machinery for the raising of submerged vessels, was on the spot and began its work. Communication with the submarine was established by a buoy telephone, over which the commander of the U 3 reported that the vessel had a forty-eight hour supply of oxygen and that the crew were in no immediate danger.

MARTINE'S ILLNESS SERIOUS.

He Has Practically Lost His Hearing For the Time Being.

Plainfield, N. J., Jan. 18.—James E. Martine, who has been quite ill with the grip and who was thought to be improving, has had a relapse, and his condition is quite serious. A physician who was summoned to the Martine home found the patient in a very weakened condition. It is believed that an abscess has formed in the head.

Mr. Martine has practically lost his hearing for the time being. His family have been quite alarmed about his condition.

Admiral Luce Resigns From Council

Newport, R. I., Jan. 18.—Rear Admiral Stephen B. Luce, U. S. N., retired, who for a number of years has been a member of the Republican council, the governing body of the city, has tendered his resignation. In his communication Admiral Luce gives no reason for his retirement, but it is thought to be on account of his health.

Goebel Murderer Not Pardon.

Frankfort, Ky., Jan. 18.—Governor Willson has refused a pardon to Henry E. Yontsey, convicted of the murder of Governor William Goebel. The governor says he believes Yontsey is guilty of a cruel murder and therefore refused to grant the pardon.

McVane of Harvard to Retire.

Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 18.—Professor Silas McVane, oldest active member of the faculty of arts and sciences at Harvard, announces that he will retire this spring. McVane is professor of ancient and modern history at Harvard.

PREMIER BRIAND.

The Bad Aim of a Would Be Assassin Saved His Life.



Paris, Jan. 18.—The chamber of deputies was thrown into a panic by an attempt upon the life of Premier Briand. Two revolver shots were fired upon the ministerial bench from the public gallery, but the premier was unharmed.

One of the shots entered the leg of Leon Mirman, director of the department of public assistance in the ministry of the interior. The wound is not dangerous.

The would be assassin is named Gisolme and formerly was clerk of the courts of Bayonne. He was pounced upon by spectators and turned over to the police before he could use his weapon again and was hurried from the chamber.

Gisolme is known to the police, having been recently liberated from an insane asylum in which he had been incarcerated following an unsuccessful attempt which he made upon the life of the English consul at St. Sebastian.

An examination of Gisolme convinced the authorities that he is a madman.

M'LEAN ELECTED SENATOR.

Connecticut Legislature Gives Ex-Governor a Majority of 17 Votes.

Hartford, Conn., Jan. 18.—Both houses of the general assembly, balloting for a United States senator to succeed Senator Morgan G. Bulkeley, gave ex-Governor George P. McLean, Republican caucus nominee, a majority of seventeen votes. The Democratic vote was given to Homer S. Cummings of Stamford.

The total vote for McLean was 177, for Cummings 110. The vote resulted as follows: In the senate—McLean, 21; Cummings, 14. In the house—McLean, 156; Cummings, 96; Bulkeley, 1.

Lodge in the Lead.

Boston, Jan. 18.—Senator Henry Cabot Lodge so far has failed to be elected to the United States senate in the Massachusetts legislature, but unless all signs fail he will continue on the job for the next six years, when the two branches of the body hold a joint convention this afternoon. Mr. Lodge was elected by the senate, having a margin of ten votes over Sherman L. Whipple, his Democratic opponent, but he fell three short of a majority in the house.

In the two bodies he received a total of 141 votes, just a majority of the 280 members of the legislature, or enough to allow him to retain his seat. If he holds this vote, and there is hardly any doubt about that, Mr. Lodge will be elected.

Lippitt Seems to Be Winner.

Providence, R. I., Jan. 18.—The vote for United States senator to succeed Nelson W. Aldridge was deadlocked in the house of representatives, but this afternoon Henry F. Lippitt, the millionaire woolen manufacturer, will probably be elected.

Mr. Lippitt had the votes yesterday, but they were not properly distributed. In all he had seventy-one votes, more than a majority, so that unless there is a shift he will be elected in joint assembly.

Judge Lebaron B. Colt mustered twenty-three votes and Judge Arthur L. Brown, the Democratic candidate, had forty-five.

300 ENGINEERS ON STRIKE.

On Southern Pacific in Mexico They Demand Higher Wages.

El Paso, Tex., Jan. 18.—Every engineer on the Southern Pacific road in Mexico has struck for a wage increase. The engineers presented demands some time ago to the officials asking for the same wages as paid Southern Pacific engineers in the United States.

The Southern Pacific operates lines south from Nogales to Guaymas and east toward Guadalajara along the Mexican Pacific coast. About 300 men are affected.

Auto Kills a Woman.

Providence, R. I., Jan. 18.—Eva Hurley, thirty-five years old, wife of Arthur B. Hurley of Washington, was struck and instantly killed by an automobile as she started to cross Broad street. Hurley and his wife are living apart. Mrs. Hurley lived here with one of the two children. Her husband has the other child in Washington.

Cousin of President Garfield Dead.

Yonkers, N. Y., Jan. 18.—Bally Hobbs, a second cousin of President Garfield and an intimate friend of President Van Buren, is dead at his home here, aged ninety-two.

A RACE FOR A WIFE

The Girl Gave Answer in Lapland Fashion to a Proposal

By ELEANOR L. BRITTON

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Spitzburger was a great traveler. He had visited every country on the globe, and I verily believe that if aviation had come up in his day he would have sailed up beyond the clouds to find others. When I met his acquaintance he had settled down in a place he called by a jawbreaking name signifying "dwelling" that he had picked up among the Eskimos or some other benighted people. It was in the country situated on the top of a hill and looked more like a Chinese pagoda than any other structure.

Spitzburger was a widower, with one child, a daughter. She was twenty years old and for half her life had traveled during half of each year—the summer season—with her father. He rarely and travel had made her as odd as he. Rather she was unique. She was of medium height, lithe, wavy—indeed, a feminine athlete of the featherweight type. Her hair was black and straight as an Indian's; her eyes large black ones, with lashes of the Spanish type. I wondered if her mother had not been some dusky semi-civilized creature her father had picked up on the underside of the world. But he told me his wife had been an American creole.

The inside of the house in which these two lived was as curious as the outside. The furniture and ornamental articles had apparently been gathered from all points of the globe, ranging from the south sea islands to Greenland. There was a mill for grinding from the Holy Land similar to those used in Bible times, a wheel from India to spin flax on, and the bathtub had been the sarcophagus of an Egyptian mummy.

The reason for my making the Spitzburgers' acquaintance was this: I was taking a postgraduate course at the time, studying the customs of different races of men, the causes and effects which shape them and their relationship. Desiring some information as to the people of Tibet, a land forbidden to foreigners and therefore little known, I was recommended to Spitzburger as one who had penetrated to the interior of that country. I went to see him, and my visit led to my studying with him.

How long I remained there doesn't matter, but it was sufficient for my enthrallment by that "little savage," as I called his daughter, Irene. Not that there was any outward attraction on my part that I was coming under a spell, and, as for the girl, I had no idea that I was any more to her than another man. Indeed, I sometimes fancied that she might have left her heart in New Zealand, Kamchatka or some other barbarous land. Whether Spitzburger suspected the drift of my inclinations I don't know, but one day he took occasion to mention with approbation the marriage customs in Lapland, where one who marries a girl without her parents' consent is adjudged guilty of a crime next below murder and is punished accordingly. I thought that he looked at me very hard, but "a guilty conscience needs no accuser," and I may have attached more meaning to his words than they covered.

The only thing to indicate that Irene and I were drifting together as lovers was that we took long walks together. I made an excuse for this that in her company I could both exercise and study. This was true. I could get from her certain information of the domestic habits of the people she had visited that I could not get from her father. One day while we were on one of these walks I said to her: "Your father tells me that in Lapland to marry a girl without her parents' consent is punished as a crime. Please tell me how a man in that country does his courting."

"He doesn't do any courting."

"Then how does he proceed?"

"He goes to her parents and asks for her. If he is refused there is no hope for him. If they approve of his suit they tell the girl of it. She may or may not have seen the lover, but the process is the same in either case. Her parents give a feast at which the girl, her suitor and mutual friends are present. The two principals are placed opposite each other at table, where they can observe and talk with each other all they like."

"Well, then what? I suppose the girl has something to say in the matter, else this looking over her suitor would be useless."

"Yes, she has a good deal to say about it, but she doesn't yet make it known. She indicates her decision later. After the feast all go to an open space suitable for running a race. A course is marked off—a quarter of a mile usually—and the girl is given a handicap of a third of the distance. The handicap is intended to enable her to win the race easily if she wishes, and if she wins that indicates her refusal of the offer. But if, on the contrary, she purposely lags and her suitor catches her, that indicates she accepts him for her husband."

When Irene finished giving me this bit of a lecture on Lapland customs I walked for some distance without speaking.

"What are you talking of?" she asked.

"I am thinking how popular the method would be at our universities, where athletics are so much in vogue. Every undergraduate would be married before the end of his course."

It was a month after this that, having got all out of Spitzburger in the line of my studies that I desired, I began to think of leaving. A singular something there was in Irene had remained to grow upon me, and well I wanted her. Remembering what her father had said on the subject, I went to him and asked him for his daughter. "I will inform her of the honor you do her," he said.

I waited a day for a reply, and as I received none the suspense threw me into an awful fret. At the end of the second day, the situation being the same, I was almost demented. On the morning of the third, determined to have the matter out with Irene, I asked her to go for a walk with me, the last we would take together before my departure. She assented and went up to her room for her wraps. She was some time getting them, and when she came down what was my surprise to see that she had put on a skirt reaching but little below the knees, and instead of a hat she had wrapped a veil about her head.

I didn't dream for awhile what this meant, but when she led me along a path and across a stile to a space used in season for pasture I suspected at once that she proposed to satisfy a wish by giving me an answer to my proposal after the Lapland custom. I was too hungry for it to object to the terms and was quite ready to run for my answer. Indeed, so impatient was I that I opened the subject myself.

"A good place for a race," I remarked.

"Splendid."

"And a fine morning for it too. The air is crisp and full of ozone."

"I love to snuff it in and get the odor."

"Do you see that tree yonder?"

"The oak split into two trunks near the ground?"

"Yes. I have a mind to race you for it."

"How much advantage will you give me?"

"What you like."

She pulled off a fur jacket and threw it on the ground, and I saw at once that she had divested herself of her corsets—indeed, there was nothing to interfere with any movement. Her short skirt, a tight fitting jersey and the veil about her head made an excellent racing costume.

But these preparations appalled me. What could they mean but that she desired every advantage that she might surely best me in the race?

"I wish no handicap," she said. "I think I can beat you on equal terms. I will go over to that stump, which is about the same distance from the tree as we are here. One race would be little fun. Let us make it the best two in three. You give the signal."

"Agreed," I said, and she went off to the stump.

"One, two, three—go!" I cried.

She ran like a deer, but, spurred by love, I kept an equal pace with her. I won that race.

The second race was very different. Irene permitted me at first to gain a few yards on her, but before we had traversed two-thirds of the distance she forged ahead and reached the tree full ten feet ahead of me.

I knew now that she could beat me if she wished. Nevertheless I deemed it my proper part to do the best I could in the third and deciding race. Burning to know my fate, I wished to start at once. But she declined to go until she got her breath. While we waited, I endeavored to see something encouraging in her eyes—something to indicate that these races were the answer I was expecting. But there was nothing in her expression to indicate that we were running for any purpose except pastime. She studiously ignored every other consideration.

Finally, when my patience was nearly exhausted, she signified a willingness to start. I gave the signal, and for the first half the distance she seemed determined to win. Surely she could not have put forth greater effort. I saw her glance aside to see where I was, and she dashed on, seemingly bound to reach the goal before me. But when within ten yards of my distance being twenty, she tripped and fell. I ran on to the tree, touched it and then ran to her. Raising her I said impatiently:

"I suppose we must try this one over."

"No," she said; "I couldn't run again."

I still held her in my arms, and taking this for the answer I craved, I wound them about her, covering her face with kisses.

Supposing that my love had been injured by her fall, I proposed to carry her home, but she stepped out quite readily.

"How about that tripping?" I asked.

She looked at the ground, but made no reply, and I knew she had tripped on purpose.

When we returned to the house Spitzburger looked at us both curiously. I knew at once that he was aware that his daughter had given me my answer and that she had given it in accordance with the Lapland custom. He first scanned her face, but receiving no satisfaction there bent his gaze upon mine.

He did not require a long examination of my features to know that I had been made very happy, and the cause was evident. I took Irene by the hand and, leading her to her father, told him the story.

When I came to the part where Irene stumbled and fell he burst into a laugh saying that she could run for hours without a stumble or a misstep.

CHAMP CLARK'S LOST PIPE.

Postoffice Department Trying To Locate Missing Cornob.

Washington, D. C.—Champ Clark, Democratic leader and Speaker-to-be, joined in the search to-day for one cornob pipe which has become lost in the mails between Washington and New York, and which was sent by Mr. Clark to one of his Gotham admirers.

A man from the Postoffice Department called on Mr. Clark and took the Missouriian's formal statement that he had mailed the pipe in the proper manner and that it has not reached its destination. The Democratic leader signed various papers that were placed before him.

Several days ago Mr. Clark had received a large number of pipes of the cornob variety from Missouri. His mail immediately began to increase in volume, and requests for souvenir pipes came from all sections of the country.

Julius W. Jensen, who has an office in Nassau street, New York, was among the first to ask for one. Representative Clark mailed one immediately, affixing real stamps, and not deigning to use his franking privilege.

"Where's my pipe?" wrote Mr. Jensen, in effect, a few days ago.

Mr. Clark assured him that it had undoubtedly been mailed, and that it wasn't his fault if it had not arrived. The Postmaster at New York was appealed to, and, after hearing a history of the case, immediately sent out a tracer, and the Department at Washington was asked to go over and take Mr. Clark's deposition in the matter of the missing cornob.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.

ESTATE OF SARAH A. WILSON, Late of Honesdale, Wayne Co., Pa. All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned; and those having claims against the said estate are notified to present them duly attested for settlement. J. ADAM KRAPP, Administrator. Honesdale, Pa., Jan. 17, 1911.

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