

## BANDIT VILLA DEAD; BODY IS EXHUMED

Persistent Mexican Reports Say Carranzaists Have Corpse.

VERACITY OF RUMOR STILL DOUBTED

Incidents Confirm Story of Blood-Poisoning Supposed to Have Ended Outlaw's Career.

Mexico City—Villa's dead body has been dug up out of a two weeks' old grave by Carlos Carranza, nephew of General Carranza, the first chief of the constitutionalists, and is now being brought by him and an escort of soldiers to the city of Chihuahua. This information was contained in a telegram received by the War department late Sunday.

El Paso—Francisco Villa is dead and his body, disinterred some days after his burial, is in possession of the Carranza troops, according to a series of telegraphic messages received in Juarez Sunday by the Mexican officials.

For more than a week reports that Villa had died from wounds have been current both here and in Juarez. Sunday's accounts were the most circumstantial and apparently reliable yet received. They were accepted with reserve by American officials, including General Bell, but the Mexican officials expressed confidence in their reliability.

The dispatcher of the Mexican Western railroad at Juarez reported to General Gabriel Gavira, Carranza commander at Juarez, that he had heard a conversation over the telegraph wires to the effect that Villa's body was in the hands of Carranza troops. General Gavira notified Consul Andres Garcia here, who rushed messages to the telegraph operators at Madero and Cusihuiriachic operators answered confirmed the report and said the body was being taken to Chihuahua.

The telegraph operator at San Antonio, Mexico, 50 miles west Chihuahua, telegraphed Consul Garcia that Villa's body was in possession of Colonel Carlos Carranza, nephew of General Carranza, who was taking it in a special train to Chihuahua.

In reply to these messages, telegrams were sent to the Carranza generals in the field and to officers in Mexico City, Chihuahua and other points, asking confirmation, but no answers have yet been received.

Apart from the telegrams sent here there are some known facts which have been pointed out by Mexican officials as lending strong support to the truth of the report that the bandit chief's career has been closed by death.

Villa has been suffering for more than a year from a virulent form of blood poisoning.

He was treated for this disease while in Juarez by Dr. W. L. Brown. Dr. Brown says that the condition of the bandit was such that even a minor wound would be fatal in ten days unless treated promptly and with the best medical skill and care. Even under the most favorable conditions such a wound would be of the gravest character.

## Austria-Hungary Will Avoid Break With United States

Buda Pest—The probability of war between America and the Central Empires is a grave concern to Austria and Hungary alike, for millions of Hungarians and Austrians in America would suffer considerably in case relations were broken off and everything is being done in the Vienna foreign office to persuade Germany to evade a rupture if possible. Austria-Hungary insists on being consulted in the matter and negotiations are going on between Berlin and Vienna.

Should a break occur, the Austro-Hungarian government will not take official notice of it and even if it should come to war between Germany and the United States the monarchy will disregard the alliance as a consideration, as in the case with Germany and Italy. The press is devoting marked attention to the situation.

Author "Peck's Bad Boy" Dies. Milwaukee—George W. Peck, 75 years old, former governor of Wisconsin for two terms, and at one time mayor of Milwaukee, died here Sunday after a short illness. Mr. Peck was one of three Democrats who, since the admission of Wisconsin to the Union, in 1848, held the position of governor. In 1892 his opponent on the Republican ticket was ex-United States Senator Spooner, whom he defeated. Mr. Peck achieved national fame as a writer of humorous tales, his best-known book being "Peck's Bad Boy."

Mary Phagan Suit Ends. Atlanta, Ga.—The suit brought by Mrs. J. W. Coleman to recover \$10,000 from the National Pencil company on account of the death of her daughter Mary Phagan, for whose murder Leo M. Frank was convicted, was dismissed in Superior court here Saturday after attorneys announced that a settlement out of court had been agreed upon. Mary Phagan's body was found in the pencil factory.

## PRESIDENT WILSON FRAMES VIRTUAL ULTIMATUM TO BERLIN GOVERNMENT

Washington, D. C.—President Wilson completed his indictment of Germany Tuesday for her submarine operations and it will go forward at once to Berlin.

The communication, according to those who have seen it, will leave nothing to the imagination. It is virtually an ultimatum without a time limit for response. As the alternative of refusal to make thorough reparation and give complete guarantees that submarine operations hereafter shall be conducted in accordance with the principles of humanity and international law, Ambassador Gerard will be withdrawn from Berlin.

It develops that the President has been considering three courses to pursue with reference to Germany. They are:

1. To present all the facts in possession of this government to Germany and to demand an explanation of how that nation can square its deeds with its promises.

2. To send a note reciting that Germany has violated the solemn assurances made to the United States, and notifying her that unless prompt reparation be made Ambassador Gerard will be withdrawn.

3. To break off relations without discussion.

It is not understood the President is prepared at this moment to adopt the third proposal. It is the second which appeals to him and which probably will meet with his approval.

## Thirty Burn to Death in New Haven Train Wreck

Bradford, R. I.—Thirty or more persons were reported to have been crushed or burned to death in a collision of trains on the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad here Tuesday night. The accident occurred at 7:30 o'clock and four hours later wrecking and hospital crews were said to have recovered 30 bodies.

The dead were in the rear car of a four-coach local train, bound from Boston to New London, and which had stopped at the local station when it was run down by the Gilt Edge express, bound from Boston for New York.

This coach was telescoped, set afire and burned. The car ahead also took fire, and the flames, communicating to the passenger station and freight house, destroyed both buildings.

It was stated that there were known to have been 37 persons in the destroyed car and that only six of these had been accounted for several hours later.

Among those reported to have been burned to death were Miss Janet Clark, daughter of William Clark, president of the Western mill of the American Thread company, and W. M. Barber, also of Westerly.

## Von Papen and Four Others Are Indicted for Plot to Destroy Canal

New York—Captain Franz von Papen, recalled military attache to the German embassy at Washington, was indicted Tuesday by the Federal grand jury here, as the organizer and financier of an alleged conspiracy to blow up the Welland Canal in Canada. With him also were indicted Captain Hans Tauscher, alleged agent of the Krupp in the United States and husband of Mme. Johanna Gadski, the prima donna; Constantine Govani, Alfred J. Fritzen and another man whose name has not been revealed. It was learned from a reliable source that the last named is a prominent German whose name has been mentioned frequently in connection with German propaganda.

Federal officials do not expect to bring Von Papen to trial. While he is no longer immune from prosecution by the United States civil authorities, since he ceased to be a member of the German embassy staff, the offense with which he is charged is not extraditable under any treaty with a foreign government.

The indictment, it is understood, was returned with the sanction of the Department of Justice, and is believed to establish a precedent. No effort will be made to have Von Papen brought here, but the indictment will be held in abeyance in case he should ever return to the United States.

West Point Bill Passed. Washington, D. C.—A bill doubling the number of cadets at the West Point military academy, the second of the preparedness measures to go through both branches of congress, was passed by the house after it had been amended to eliminate a section which would have authorized the President to fill vacancies at the beginning of a scholastic year from the alternates whose principles had entered. A similar bill, doubling the personnel at the naval academy, was signed by the President several weeks ago.

\$205 Gold Nugget Found. Grants Pass, Ore.—One of the largest gold nuggets ever found in the Southern Oregon placer fields was brought to Grants Pass Tuesday by Ben S. Watts of Williams. It measured three and a half inches in length and a like distance in width with a thickness of about half an inch. It weighed 11 ounces, 11 pennyweights and 15 grams when placed in the scales, its value being \$205. It was found 25 miles from here.

# The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

### SYNOPSIS.

When Sylvia Omney, a beautiful English girl, returns from a search in Algiers for her missing brother, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds she has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. In Captain Sower's room Farquhar gets deliberately drunk, but when young Preston loses all his money to Lowe, a shady character, Farquhar forces Sower to have Preston's L. O. U.'s returned to him. Farquhar is helped to his rooms by Gabrielle Smith.

"The call of fighters to the fighting man"—do you know what it means to respond to the call of your country when it asks you to defend it against threatening enemies? Imagine what the sound of bugles and tramping feet and the sight of streaming khaki-clad men means to the Englishman these days.

### CHAPTER II—Continued.

"Now lie down. Your head is aching furiously I have no doubt, and probably you have work in front of you like other mortals. I have some eau-de-Cologne upstairs. Don't jeer. I am going to fetch it."

"Wait a minute. Won't you please tell me your name?"

She put her head a little on one side.

"Gabrielle—Gabrielle Smith. Not very euphonious, is it? But one's baptism is the first occasion where the great law concerning the sins of the fathers comes into operation. Now—"

"And won't you tell what you are?"

"That's a large question. I wish I knew myself. Officially I am anything from a traveling companion to an unsatisfactory nursemaid, in either case out of a job. Is that what you want?"

He closed his eyes wearily.

"I don't know—you have been awfully decent—it all seems rather like a grotesque, gigantic dream from which I can't wake up—"

When she came back with her eau-de-Cologne bottle and a handkerchief he was asleep.

### CHAPTER III.

#### The Great Law in Force.

When Richard Farquhar awoke from his heavy sleep it was broad daylight. He dressed, and by midday was on duty. Those who had witnessed the scene on the preceding night glanced at him curiously, but his face betrayed nothing—neither weariness nor the self-disgust usual on such occasions. They saw he had changed, but the change was indefinable. They saw, also, that, whatever else had happened, he had not apologized to Sower. The two men exchanged the curtest and most perfunctory greeting.

By seven o'clock he stood again in the Omneys' library, and Sylvia Omney stood on the threshold waiting. She was simply dressed in a dark, clinging material which set off more perfectly the fair sweetness of her features.

"You wanted to speak to me, Richard?"

"Yes; it was good of you to come. I know I hadn't the right to ask. I behaved vilely last night."

She looked up into his face with an innocent wonder.

"Did you? I didn't see it. I only thought that you were just as I had always believed you to be—generous and chivalrous and loyal."

He still held her hand, and with a grave courtesy he led her to the great armchair by the fire. She sat there, her head bent like a frail flower, and he turned away from her for a moment, his face colorless.

"I want to tell you that I know," he went on quietly. "I thought it would save you trouble if I told you. One has a fine instinct in these things, and last night I felt suddenly that I had gone out of your life. It hurt me unbearably for a time."

"I am to marry Captain Arnaud," she said, with a note of defiance in her low voice.

"That can make no difference. I take you with me always. You understand?"

"Yes," she said.

"Then good-by."

She must have felt that he was bringing up his last reserve of self-control, yet she rose impulsively with outstretched hands.

"Good-by, Richard. Forgive me—and God bless you."

He turned abruptly and left her without answer.

Outside a gray twilight already shrouded the pompous London square. Above the immediate silence there sounded the note of a bugle, and after that the long-drawn-out wail of the bagpipers. Some regiment on the march forward. Richard Farquhar lifted his head and listened. It came down to him through the ages, the call of fighters to the fighting man, the command of duty. That much was left. Richard Farquhar turned and went home.

As he entered and saw Robert Sower standing by the fireside, his gloved

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hands behind his back, his whole attitude expressive of a cool self-certainty, his very pulses seemed to stop and then break into a hammering gallop of triumph. He closed the door sharply, and Sower turned.

"Well?" Farquhar said quietly.

"I have come for your apology."

"Then you have come on a fruitless errand."

A tremor seemed to pass over Sower's body. The brown, slightly protruding eyes flickered. Suddenly and terribly his self-restraint broke down.

"I am the Jew, am I not—the son of a Jew?—Very well—now I shall act like one!"

He began to pace the room with short, feverish steps. "I am going to tell you something no one has ever heard before. Only three people know it, and they have held their tongues—your mother and Major Mowbray. No—don't interrupt. You can't silence me with those damned eyes of yours. You've got to listen. You don't remember your father, do you? He was in India when you were a child, and your mother does not speak very often of him. You see how well I know things. But you are very proud of him—and rightly. He was a brilliant soldier and something of an inventor. He invented a gun that, though it would be twenty years old now, would still rank head and shoulders above anything we have. It was unfortunate that he spent more than he had and gambled with what he did not possess. The British government was, as usual, dilatory and parsimonious. Colonel Farquhar offered his invention to a foreign power. My father knew everything. I was a young subaltern at the time. My father felt it his duty to inform the authorities. Previous to this he and Colonel Farquhar had been intimate. As a last act of friendship he warned your father of his purpose. Your father murdered him."

"My father lived a few hours," Sower went on deliberately. "He was a Jew, but he was a great man. He held your father in his power. He could have had his pound of flesh. He had mercy. He let your father go—on three conditions. The first condition was that he withdraw his offer to the foreign power, the second that he resigned his commission, the third that he left the country. These things he did."

"My father died in Africa," Farquhar said.

"So I have been told."

There was a long silence. Sower studied the younger man out of the corner of his eyes. There was something he did not fully understand—a phase of humanity that did not fit in with his carefully drawn up catalogue. This red-hot temperament grown suddenly cold frightened him. It was like handling an unknown explosive.

"Your father signed a confession in front of witnesses. You will understand that in view of the circumstances it was felt necessary to have some hold over him. Here is the paper."

Farquhar accepted the neatly folded document and took it nearer to the light. He read it carefully without any trace of emotion.

"I understand." He held the paper thoughtfully, as though weighing it. "Of course it is obvious that this is of great value to me. How much do you want?"

"I am in no need of money. It is your career or mine," he said. "You must resign. Half an hour since I would have been satisfied with an apology."

Farquhar nodded.

"I give you my word of honor that I shall send in my papers tonight in return for this letter."

"I accept your word. The letter is in your hands."

Farquhar started slightly and then smiled.

"Ah, I might have burned it. You are a man of remarkable discernment. Well, our bargain is closed. I dare say I have to thank you for your long silence in this matter. But virtue is its own reward. Good night."

Sower took up his hat from the table. He frowned at his own hand, which shook.

"You are confoundingly cool about it all," he said. "One would think you didn't care."

The door closed. Farquhar went back to his writing table. He did not tear up the yellow, faded letter, but propped it against a bronze candlestick and sat there staring at it with blank eyes. Then he began to write. He wrote four letters. One was to the war office. When he had finished he opened a drawer and took out an army revolver, which he examined and then loaded carefully. He switched off the electric lamp. He went over to the hearth and stamped his father's confession into the embers. The polished barrel winked like an evil silver eye in the reflected firelight.

"Mr. Farquhar—are you there?" His hand still lifted, frozen by surprise into immobility, he saw in the glass opposite him that the door had opened. Against the dimly lighted

passage outside he recognized the neat silhouette of a woman's figure. The next instant the room was flooded with light.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. It was so quiet and dark I did not know you were in. I came for my eau-de-Cologne—"

She stopped. He had turned instantly, but not in time. Her eyes rested on his hand. "Oh!" she said under her breath. She closed the door and came quietly across the room till she stood opposite him. "What were you going to do, Mr. Farquhar?"

He threw back his head. He was still very young, and in a minute more he had counted on facing the mysteries of life and death. His face was ghastly in its rigid resolve and dread.

"I don't think it's much good lying about it, Miss Smith," he said, with a short laugh.

"No." She nodded. "You were going to kill yourself. I have seen that before. My father blew out his brains. It was an act of sudden madness. Money drove him mad. Is it money with you?"

"No. I have lost everything."

"There is always the light ahead."

"I don't understand—"

She turned to him with an expression that was new to him. The small, thin face seemed illuminated with an inward fire.

"There is a light somewhere," she said, and her voice rang with stern enthusiasm. "It must exist—and if it does not exist we must light it ourselves, with our own hands, with our own ideals. We must have it or believe in it."

His hand, resting on the mantelpiece, relaxed. The revolver rang against the marble.

"You say that," he said harshly—"you who have not had a square meal for a fortnight!"

She threw back her head.

"Who dared tell you that?"

"Never mind. I know it."

She said nothing, but the color died

out of her cheeks. He turned from her and buried his face in his arms, and there was a little silence. Then he felt her hand on his shoulder.

"Do you think I should have the courage or the meanness to tell you to go on if I did not know in my own body what going on meant? Disgrace, poverty, loss—I know them all. But one can't throw down one's weapons in the first skirmish. I haven't, and you shan't. Promise me. I am not going to leave you till you do."

"Yes," he said. He held out his hand and she gave him hers. He noticed for the first time that it was white and unusually beautiful in shape. She saw the wonder in his eyes and drew back.

"Thank you. I believe that your life will be of use some day to yourself or another. I dare say I shall be even glad that I helped to save it. Good-by."

"I may see you again—"

"We may meet again, but I think not. I have a job, and am going abroad soon. May I take this with me as a souvenir?"

She had picked up the revolver from the mantelpiece, and their eyes met.

"Yes," he said simply.

Once again we see what the influence of a good woman will do for a man. How do you think Gabrielle Smith will affect Richard's life from this point forward?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### A Joke With An Afterthought.

A newspaper humorist quotes this from a letter received by one of the Georgia congressmen:

"My youngest son has run away and enlisted in the regular army. I can't get him out. Won't you help me? He is a good boy and I was raising him for my own use."

In one sense this is a joke—a joke upon the father, who was bringing up the boy to get as much work out of him as possible—and the young soldier probably has chuckled over it more than anybody else. But the story is more serious than humorous. This boy ran away to escape three or four years of hard labor for his father's profit. Unfortunately a good many children cannot escape from their slavery to parents and cotton-mill owners. Georgia has 2,819 child laborers under thirteen years of age, North Carolina 6,359, and South Carolina 4,154, and it is up to the State or Federal legislature to give them their heritage of sunshine, play, and schooling.—Collier's.

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Moderate. "Is your husband a heavy smoker?" "Dear me, no! You've no idea how long it takes me to save up enough coupons from his cigars to buy a cut glass pickle dish."—Detroit Free Press.

"You told me when I bought this lot that the town couldn't possibly grow in any direction, but this—"

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