

JUMPED TO HIS DEATH

MILLIONAIRE LUMBER MAGNATE COMMITS SUICIDE.

While Suffering from Nervous Prostration A. W. Mitchell, a Resident of San Diego, Jumps from the Deck of a Steamer and is Drowned.

San Francisco, Aug. 26.—A. W. Mitchell, one of the millionaire lumber kings of Michigan, and for the last two years a resident of San Diego, Cal., committed suicide on August 12, while mentally deranged, by leaping into the sea from the deck of the Coptic, en route to Hongkong.

On August 9 Mr. Mitchell, accompanied by Dr. C. E. Miller of Cadillac and a medical attendant from this city, embarked on the Coptic for a trip around the world.

The deceased, during his brief residence within California, became extremely interested in the local lumber industry. He was one of a syndicate which made large purchases of timber lands in Shasta county, and was instrumental in a movement having as its object the control of the McCloud river lumber belt.

TRYS TO COVER UP CRIME.

Murderers Try to Incinerate Body of Their Victim.

Fossilito, Aug. 26.—The body of a man, half consumed by fire, was found near Downey station Monday afternoon. A telephone message was received from Coroner Hean giving the details of what seems to have been a murder.

The remains were found a mile and a half north of Downey station and have since been identified as those of a man named Bruce, well known as a printer in Pocatello. When found the body was a mass of roasting flesh, blackened almost beyond all recognition.

Coroner Hean in his investigation found three bad cuts on the head, one above the left eye and two on the back of the head. From the position of the body Hean is confident that the man was murdered probably by traps and then placed among the burning ties in order that all evidence of the crime might be obliterated.

WILL BE MADE PUBLIC.

General Features of the War Game to be Published.

Washington, Aug. 26.—After a conference between the army and navy officials here, it has been decided to make public a comprehensive statement of the features of the great war game to begin next Friday. This is a variation of the original program which it has been thought well to make on account of public interest in the approaching danger of considerable misunderstanding as to the purposes of the respective commanders.

French Premier to Resign.

London, Aug. 26.—In a dispatch from Paris the correspondent of the Daily Chronicle says M. Combes, the French premier, has announced his intention of resigning on the reopening of the chamber of deputies. M. Combes considers that he has fulfilled the mission entrusted to him by President Loubet in carrying out the law relating to unauthorized congressional schools and, according to the correspondent, he will now advise the president to call M. Rouvier, minister of finance, or M. Weidner, his son, the previous premier, to succeed him.

Cruiser Boston Will go to Panama.

Washington, Aug. 26.—The navy department will shortly order the projected cruiser Boston to Panama to relieve the submarine it is to watch upon isthmian flaggers from the Pacific side.

STABBED BY STRIKERS.

While Rescuing His Son Special Officer is Wounded.

Hazelton, Pa., Aug. 26.—August Scheuch, aged 56, a special policeman in the service of the Lehigh Valley Coal company, was assaulted and stabbed yesterday while attempting to rescue his son, William Scheuch, a non-union workman, from a mob of about 2000 strikers on the outskirts of Hazelton. The trouble occurred at the company colliery No. 40, where young Scheuch worked, in an attempt on the part of the strikers, who had gathered from all parts of the Hazelton region, to frustrate the plans of the company for a partial resumption.

his home toward the colliery. He fell into the hands of the pickets, and most of the clothing was torn from his back in the struggle that followed. When Scheuch's father rushed to his aid the mob set upon the elder Scheuch, who finally was rescued by a mine foreman and removed to a hospital.

The report of a resumption at the Cranberry colliery of A. Pardee & Co., caused about 500 men to gather near the mine, but no attempt was made to start work.

Tamaqua, Pa., Aug. 26.—Not since the inauguration of the anthracite coal miners' strike have the United Mine workers had so many pickets patrolling the Panther Creek valley as Monday. Every road and path leading to the collieries was guarded in an effort to persuade the non-union men not to go to work. No new recruits were added to the working force, and quite a number were turned back. The extra vigilance was due to the rumor that it is the intention of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation company to cut coal as soon as sufficient men can be secured.

Boy Shot at Pottsville.

Pottsville, Pa., Aug. 26.—George Wheatley, an outside foreman at the Brookside colliery of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron company, is under \$1000 bail, charged with shooting George Seaver, aged 19. Wheatley says he was followed through the streets by a crowd of strikers and sympathizers, who jeered and hooted him. Becoming enraged, he fired into the crowd, the bullet hitting Seaver. Wheatley was formerly a mine boss.

No Signs of a Settlement.

Shenandoah, Pa., Aug. 26.—After having met a number of mine operators, General Gobin said yesterday that he does not see any signs of a settlement of the strike. In fact, he states that all indications point more definitely to a prolongation of the strike now than they did when he first reached here. General Gobin is using his good offices toward a settlement and he allows no opportunity to pass when in conference with operators to make a conservative plea for the men on strike.

TO COMPETE WITH AMERICA.

Germans Form a Steel Combine to Combat Morgan.

Berlin, Aug. 26.—Rumors that J. P. Morgan and Charles M. Schwab contemplate an international working agreement with the German and British iron and steel industries, similar to the transatlantic ship combination, have been received, and are regarded without any special alarm, for the German iron and steel corporations have now completed a close syndicate the object of which is primarily to offer competition to the United States steel and iron exporters, especially in the European, British, African and Asiatic markets.

Wanted to Hang the Motorman.

New York, Aug. 26.—Because one of a party of fifteen Italians was run over at Jerome avenue and Potter place by a trolley car the men in the party attacked the motorman, John O'Neill, pulled him off the car and beat him and attempted to drag him to a tree with the intention of hanging him. Then passengers of the car interfered and a fight ensued, but police reserves appeared, drove the crowd of 2000 away, which took nearly an hour, and rescued O'Neill. The injured man, Rosano Cristiano, was leading two children. He made them run on ahead as he saw the car coming. Cristiano was knocked down by the car and both legs were cut off.

Will Defend His Son.

New York, Aug. 26.—General Edward L. Mollenbux, whose son, Roland is in the Tomb awaiting his second trial on the charge of raising Mrs. Kate J. Adams' death, declares he has secured new evidence which will be presented when the trial is called in October.

Fell Over Precipice as He Slept.

New York, Aug. 26.—Lonis L. Conway, a foreman in the city cleaning department, lay down on the cliff at One Hundred and Eighty-seventh street and the speedway for a nap. After sleeping an hour he awoke, and in stretching, lost his balance, rolled over the edge of the cliff to the speedway below, a distance of 150 feet, and was instantly killed. Conway's fatal fall was witnessed by several pleasure-seekers on the cliff.

HOW THE KING PARDONED ROSIE O'GRADY

By Melville Chater

MUSIC is often only an acquired taste; also music hath charms to soothe the savage. In the case of the king, however, it roused the savage. What he was king of doesn't concern us here. It was immense, and it was incorporated; it had officers who received large salaries, employees who received small salaries and stockholders who received nothing at all.

If you frequent broadway during the midmorning hours, you may have seen the king a hundred times as he stalked downtown to nurse his royal ailment. He is a thickset man of fifty, immaculately groomed from the gloss of his hat to the gloss of his boots. He has close, cropped, steel gray hair, small, hard, steel gray eyes and a square, clean shaved face, so inflexible in expression it might have been forged from the same metal. His bearing and walk are infused with regal dignity, and his voice resembles the ringing of a hammer upon a section of armor plate. He would make an imposing figurehead for a first class battleship.

Every morning the king stalks southward, figure erect and eyes front. If he doesn't know you, he doesn't see you; if he does, you may or may not receive a steady nod, according to his royal mood. You must bow and scrape in any case. He expects and receives it all the way down the street; then the doorkeeper scrapes, the bootblack scrapes, the elevator boy scrapes, and the entire court rises up and makes profound obeisance. The day over, salutations are repeated, and he stalks northward to his great, handsome, lonely bachelor apartments and spends his evening—heaven knows how. Certainly not at concerts. He hated music and never met a woman who might have replaced the pipe and bowl of that other monarch by a drink and a cigar. The fiddlers there he would certainly have strangled.

Which brings me to a certain morning when he stalked stiffly southward, with an ugly look in his eye and strangulation in his thoughts, and he didn't allow any one to divert his attention from it either. The doorkeeper, the bootblack and the elevator boy bowed and scraped in vain, and the entire court rose up and saluted to utter vacancy. He ascended his throne, pressed a button and stared his calendar out of countenance until the imperial stenographer arrived, when he sank lower in his seat, thrust his fists deep in his pockets, scowled ferociously at the toe of his boot and dictated as follows:

Editor of the New York Times:—While heartily applauding the complaints published in your columns from time to time against petty nuisances, I regret that the most abominable outrage practiced upon New Yorkers has so far escaped censure. I allude to the black-mating practices of those Italian vagabonds who until the necessary bribe is extorted grout out their ear-splitting yag-bonds beneath their victims' windows. I am not an invalid nor a crank, on the contrary, normal and good tempered. (Here the imperial stenographer felt his eye turned on her and moved to a music-slip, but, sir, could not do so, as the piano organ he found today I should unhesitatingly say strangle him, and as for these mediocrities and their equally criminal supporters, being short of slow torture would do them justice. I was racked all last evening by one of these hideous instruments, and the neighborhood of my office is positively haunted by the rascally Italian blackmailer who renders work absolutely impossible by the repetition of certain notes, which I find especially to the present epidemic of—)

But here he was interrupted—

Swear—Rosie O'Grady-a-ady, My dear little Rosie!

The blackmailer had arrived. A lord in waiting rushed to the window. The king grasped a paperweight and stood by. The imperial stenographer stammered. The wizen little Italian below melted into a joyous smile, poor, deluded wretch, and waved his hand playfully.

She—every steady la-ady, Most every one did was never divulged. The blackmailer trundled his organ off, still wearing the joyous smile. The lord in waiting was dispatched to the street with orders to have him arrested if he continued to wait in carshop. The imperial stenographer resumed her pencil with trembling fingers, while his majesty, stalking up and down, continued at white heat. He closed with this powerful peroration:

Why are these gross violations of public order permitted by the authorities? Certainly daily life contains enough unavoidable nuisances without our fostering this one, which is a disturbance to all a pleasure to some and a pain to many. I repeat, virtually a petty black-maling scheme. Truly we are a long suffering people.

A few hours later the king, who possessed considerable interests on the East river, boarded a car and jolted across town—that is, the other passengers jolted; he retained his adamant rigidity. But fate decreed that a horse should drop, sunstroke, across the track. A block ensued, and the royal horse car was stalled quite a distance from the river. The king, who regarded any obstruction to his imperial progress as a personal affront, fretted and fumed, pulled out his watch and tried to make himself believe he was in a tremendous hurry, but apparently the horse jolted down blocks away, was an anarchistic beast and wouldn't buckle to royalty. His majesty might have got off and walked, but the sun was hot and the way unsheltered, so he preferred to mop his brow and scowl up the cross street.

It was a short one, consisting of grimy, stunted houses and one large, handsome building at the farther end. The front of each house was decorated with its inmates' underwear, and on each doorstep sat a small, dirty child, holding a baby. The king had never seen so many children before. He was reminded of a swarm of flies. In a shady corner sat a knot of laborers, drinking from tin pails, devouring immense sandwiches and smoking clay pipes, while on the hotsetops were stretched dizzy labyrinths of clothes-line and more underwear. Every one seemed to be on the most intimate

terms, and the exact season might have been ascertained by a careful study of the refuse vegetable matter. Disgusted with the prospect, the king closed his eyes and ruminated over certain stocks, but presently a shrill chatter broke the noonday lull, and looking abroad once more, he beheld coming down the street, led by a little ten-year-old slattern, his friend the blackmailer, pulling his organ after him, waving his hand playfully at the child and wearing the same joyous smile, which, it appears, was chronic.

The king clenched his knees, gasped and nearly broke a blood vessel. Twenty yards off the blackmailer halted, and it seems almost like a sly joke on the part of fate that the first sounds should have been:

Most every one knows, About when we are married How happy we'll be I love sweet Rosie O'Grady-a-ady, And Rosie O'Grady loves me—e!

By this time the babies had been forgotten, the doorsteps deserted, and a score of frowny heads had appeared at the upper windows. The blackmailer, smiling upon the circle of upturned faces, adjusted a lever and started off again on an Irish jig.

Then two of the children entered the ring. A leon, ragged little pair they were, not over eight years old, but with what zest, what sense of rhythm and even a sort of rough grace they danced there under the scorching sun! Face to face, back to back, side by side, with quick steps, outkicked feet, swaying bodies, arms akimbo, heads aslant, and now clutching fast to each other, they circled about in a jaunty little east side waltz. And how their faces brightened and how the rest watched and beat time on the cobbles, eager for their turns! And when the two fell out, exhausted, another couple took their places, then another and another, until they had all danced and the blackmailer's repertoire was exhausted.

At length, when "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" was reached again, the little one who had brought him executed a solo, in humble imitation of some costumed performer seen from the gallery of a Bowery music hall, fingering her ragged skirts as though they were beautiful tinsel and gauze, waving her thin, grimy arms as though they were white and fair to look upon, pirouetting about on tiptoe as though her shoes were gilded and dainty instead of three times too large, buttonless, down at the heel and broken at the sides—in fact, a very miniature of the heavenly, fairylike original in the old clothes-line poverty and the clumsy graces of the slum.

But how the rest cheered, and how the frowny heads at the windows called "Go it, Rosie!" "Shure, it's fine, it is!" "Do it ag'in, Rosie!" while even a few of the big, rough laborers strolled across to watch and said she "a purty



The children scattered.

slip of a gurr) and "loike me own little Katy." And when the blackmailer began to blackmail not a child but had a long hoarse cry to drop in the hat. One of the men tossed him a nickel, with "Here y'are, Pedro," and, strangely enough, he afterward found a quarter among the coppers and blessed the saints, wondering, in his own happy Italian way, how it came there.

But suddenly, with a cry of "Th' cop, th' cop!" the children scattered, seized their respective babies and slammed and locked their respective doors, leaving the blackmailer, Rosie and the cop with a hand on each. It may seem incredible, but the king was standing close by. As to why he was there and how long he had been there I know nothing, but his car had disappeared, and there he stood, feet apart and fists thrust deep in his pockets, regarding the trio curiously, almost unconcernedly, from under his bushy brows.

It may seem still more incredible, but when the cop, threatening awful things, had released the terrified child and requested the faintly smiling blackmailer to "git" his majesty advanced and demanded brusquely, though that was his usual manner, the reason of all this. At first the cop would say only "orders," but presently, under gentler questioning, explained that the street, locally known as Babies' block, was a noisy one at best, but that the piano organ was more than the hospital on the corner could stand, and that he had stopped it at the directors' request, which was kind and humanitarian of him, though he hadn't mentioned quite all the circumstances.

"He nester come reg'lar," he concluded, "an' now th' kids bring him down when I ain't round. She's th' worst," indicating the premiere danseuse, who had taken refuge on the opposite doorway, her own being blocked off by the terrible cop. "Fresh little piece, Annie O'Grady, but they call her Rosie, after th' song." And he stroled off, swinging his club and whistling the chorus. Meanwhile the deserted O'Grady had dropped his bottle and abandoned himself to the yell of baffled babyhood. A big, bare armed fury rushed out and, seizing the truant nurse by the back of the neck, propelled her toward her sphere of duty, crying: "Ye little divil, ye!" Slap! "Ye'll foller th' organ when I put ye ter mind th' baby!" Slap! "Eh? Slap, slap!

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A. P. ARMSTRONG, LL. B., PRINCIPAL

"Sit down there. If ye move an inch, I'll break livery lazy bone in yer body!" Slap, slap, slap! She disappeared in the house, and Rosie O'Grady put down her head and sobbed, and the baby dropped his bottle again and squaled in concert.

Now, the street was hot and dusty; the king hated a crying child even more than a piano organ, and there was a passing car, on which he might have escaped. But he advanced instead, mopping his brow, and growled: "Will you kindly stop that—a—child!"

Rosie O'Grady looked up and gulped with amazement. As if in sympathy, the baby slid into a happy coo and grasped in the air at imaginary bottles. King and culprit surveyed each other. She noticed his steely appearance and shrank back fearfully. He noted her dirty, little, tear-stained face and paused a moment. Then he proceeded to administer justice.

"So you are the young lady who follows piano organs—ha?" He shot off the last word like a minute gun in a storm and waited for a reply. It was a trembling one. "Ye-es, sir."

"And you imitate these—a—men in defiance of the law—ha?" The culprit expressed inappreciation by opening her mouth and saying nothing.

"You bring them here against the policeman's orders?"

"Only twice, sir," she faltered. "Sadie sat me to. They wanted to dance."

"And you support these—a—vagabonds. You dropped something in that man's hat. How much—ha?"

"A—cent," whispered the culprit, looking more a culprit than ever. "Please, sir, it was mine. I saved it."

The king drew himself up judicially. "No doubt, no doubt. But what right had you to use it in support of a public nuisance? I was racked all last evening by one of these hideous instruments," he continued, quoting from his letter, which he had composed in the sleepless watches of the night and knew by heart. "Certainly daily life contains enough unavoidable nuisances without fostering this one, which is a disturbance to all, a pleasure to none—"

That is, to few, very few—for I judge by the demonstration that you made just now you do take a certain kind of enjoyment in these—a—organs; like them, I mean. Do you?"

The culprit, while somewhat stunned, managed to grasp the meaning of the last few words and reply timidly: "Ye-es, sir."

"Ha! Very much?"

"Ye-es, sir." Then, still more timidly, "I—I love 'em."

The king paused. "Ha! And do the other children—er—love them, as you put it?"

"Ye-es, sir." And the king paused again. His thoughts were interrupted by the culprit, who faltered in awed amazement: "Don't you, sir?"

He hesitated over several scathing replies and ended by slaking his head in silence.

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BURGLARS SET FIRE TO HOTEL

Guests Make Their Escape Scantly Attired.

Berkeley, Aug. 26.—Burglars entered a California hotel, on the corner of Shattuck avenue and University avenue, at an early hour Monday morning, and after breaking open the till, set fire to the house in an effort to cover up all evidence of their crime. The fire was discovered by a Chinese who turned in an alarm. The guests clad in their nightrobes, rushed from the building, while the firemen battled with the flames.

An examination revealed the fact that coal oil had been spread around the room before the match was applied. Entrance was effected by prying open a rear window. No clues were left by the police could run down the guilty parties.

The loss by the fire was \$500, which was fully covered by the insurance. About fifty guests were sleeping in the hotel at the time, and if the fire had not been discovered as it was a great loss of life might have resulted.

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