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THE TIMES-HERALD.

# The Times-Herald.

EAST OREGON HERALD AND  
BURNS TIMES  
Consolidated July 22, 1896.

VOL. IX.

BURNS, HARNEY COUNTY, OREGON, NOVEMBER 11 1896,

NO 50.

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## He Lost Over A Year.

Jason L. Miller, who mysteriously disappeared from Wilkesbarre, Pa., on the night before Easter, 1895, has returned home with a strange story of having wandered all over the world, suffering from mental aberration, and awakening a few weeks ago on board a British vessel, working as a sailor.

He says that on the night he disappeared he was at the Lehigh Valley station, when some man told him that George Heller, the ticket agent, wanted to see him in town. He followed the man and was led into an alley, where he was sandbagged and robbed. When he regained his senses, he found himself in a box car, loaded with iron castings. It was a bitterly cold night, and he was nearly frozen, as he had on only a shirt, a pair of trousers, shoes and stockings. He had no hat or coat. The clothes he did have on did not appear to be his own, as they were filthy with dirt and were badly torn. The back of his head was aching terribly, where he had been struck. His sides gave him great pain, where he had been kicked.

The train was going at a very rapid rate, and he made an effort to get up, but the pain in his head caused him to swoon away again. His eyes became dimmer and dimmer, and he struggled hard to fight off the peculiar drowsiness that was creeping over him. That was the last he remembered until he found himself on board of an English ship, bound for America.

He could not realize for hours, he says, that he was really on a ship, far away from his family. To reassure himself of his identity he looked in a mirror and recognized his physiognomy. There was only one change, and that was that he was attired as a sailor. His first

thoughts were of his wife and three children. He asked Mate Llewellyn many questions, and the mate was badly frightened, asserting that Fred Cook, the name he went by, had gone stark crazy. After a short conversation Miller succeeded in convincing Llewellyn that he was rational; that his home was at Wilkesbarre, Pa., and that his name was not Cook, but Miller. From Llewellyn he learned that he had made at least two trips to Liverpool and return and one trip to the West Indies and South America.

Miller has a faint recollection of tropical scenes, but it is all like a dream, he says. He remembers nothing of Liverpool, where he originally shipped from, or on what vessel he sailed. He could hardly realize, when Llewellyn counted up that it was Sept. 26, 1896. He could not be convinced, however, at first, as he held it must be Easter Sunday, 1895, as he had just the day before been walking on the streets of Wilkesbarre. Then came back to him, he says, the thoughts of that awful struggle in the alley, when he was knocked down and robbed. Could it be possible that he had wandered away from home?

He could not tell how he came to turn sailor, but he surmises that he must have reached either New York, Philadelphia or Baltimore in the box car and while out of his senses walked on a ship, where he was put to work. The mate told him that he talked very little and that his name, Fred Cook, was evidently given him by some employment agent, who had failed to ascertain his real name.

Miller found a card in his pocket he says, in which it was stated that he, Fred Cook, was to serve as sailor on an English ship from Liverpool to Philadelphia and return and receive his board, clothes and 12 shillings for his services.

The ship sighted land a few days afterward and stopped at Newport News for repairs, and he and a comrade slipped ashore. He had no money, but quickly earned some wrote to his wife that he was alive and well and then got home as quickly as possible.

At the time of his disappearance Miller was train dispatcher on the Lehigh Valley road, Wilkesbarre. His wife and children, who had given him up as dead, are overjoyed at his return.—New York Herald.

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