

## MORE WITNESSES IN SMOOT CASE To be Resumed in Washington April Fourth

Salt Lake, Mar. 19.—U. S. Marshal Heywood this morning received a bunch of twenty odd subpoenas for witnesses in the Smoot investigation, which is to be resumed in Washington, April 4.

He declines to give names for fear of their bolting. It is understood that the witnesses include prominent Mormon and Gentile politicians, also residents of Brigham City, where the Mormon church is alleged to have instituted a boycott against a big dance hall started in opposition to the Mormon opera house.

## FRISCO CAN MAKERS STRIKE Fourteen Hundred Men Resent Company's Action

San Francisco, Cal. Mar. 19.—Fourteen hundred members of the Can Maker's Union, employed by the American Can Co., struck this morning.

The trouble is due to the company's alleged refusal to abide by an agreement made with the union several months ago.

## FRIENDLY FEELING TOWARD ENGLISH

London, Mar. 19.—The Central News St. Petersburg correspondent quotes the Russian Minister of the Interior Plehve as expressing most friendly sentiments regarding Anglo-Russian relations. No reason why any trouble should arise in English-Russian aspirations, as one is on the sea and the other on land.

## LOCK CANAL AT PANAMA

Washington, March 19.—Before the House committee, Admiral Walker explained that a lock canal will do the work at Panama and that a sea level canal can never be built. It would take twenty years to build the latter.

## RAILROAD SMASH-UPS

Redding, Cal., Mar. 21.—The South-bound Southern Pacific train No. 15 clashed into a wrecking train at Canara last night, John Fanshew and Geo. Kukson, car repairers were badly injured. Firemen Bert Mount of the passenger engine is missing.

Oil City, Pa. Mar. 21.—A train on the Allegheny Valley railroad is reported in the river at East Sandy, a hundred and sixty miles south of here. Doctors have been sent.

Indianapolis, Mar. 21.—A Mining contract for the Central competitive district, covering the working conditions of 177,000 miners for the next two years was signed by operators and miners this morning.

## NEGROES LYNCH- ED IN MISSISSIPPI Had Committed Mur- der in Attempting Hold-up

Cleveland, Miss. Mar. 19.—Two negroes, named Sawyer and Harris, were lynched last night by a masked mob. Christmas week they killed the negro porter and shot the conductor of a passenger train, in an attempted hold-up.

## SAN FRANCISCO DEMOCRATS FOR HEARST

San Francisco, Mar. 19.—The Democratic state executive committee this afternoon adopted a resolution endorsing Hearst's presidential candidacy.

## PITCHED FIGHT MIGHT COME OFF

Deported Miners May  
Come Back in  
Force

Telluride, Colorado, March 21.—It is reported that the deported miners are making preparations at Ouray to march here accompanied by an armed escort. A pitched battle may occur, to avoid which injunction proceedings may be sought to forbid interference with the Miner's Union at Telluride.

## EARTHQUAKE IN MASSACHUSETTS

South Farmingham, Mass. Mar. 21.—A feature of an earthquake shock which was felt here this morning was that sea sickness was felt by the people for an hour after the tremors passed.

Montreal, March 21.—A slight shock of earthquake was felt in the province of Quebec, also in New Brunswick this morning.

Bangor, Maine, Mar. 21.—Professor Knight, a widely known scientist, says there were nine distinct shocks of earthquake this morning covering a period of two hours. The severest lasted 25 seconds.

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"So he was a failure in business."  
"No; he was a glittering success."  
"But you said he failed."  
"Yes, for a million."  
**Lasts Forever.**  
When all else as an issue falls,  
When every other subject pales,  
The tariff we may forward bring,  
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One does not have a year to spend  
In hunting facts and figures new.  
The ones our grandfathers used will do.

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Ely Brothers, 66 Warren Street, New York.

## The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE  
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By Stewart Edward White

For a moment Thorpe stared at him. "Tell Carrie," said Big Junko. Then there beneath the swirling gray sky, under the frowning jam, in the midst of flood waters, Thorpe had his second great moment of decision. He did not pause to weigh reasons or chances, to discuss with himself expediency or the morality of failure. His actions were foreordained, mechanical. All at once the great forces which the winter had been bringing to power crystallized into something bigger than himself or his ideas. The trail lay before him; there was no choice. Now clearly, with no shadow of doubt, he took the other view: There could be nothing better than love. Men, their works, their deeds, were little things. Success was a little thing, the opinion of men a little thing. Instantly he felt the truth of it.

And here was love in danger. That it held its moment's habitation in clay of the coarser mold had nothing to do with the great elemental truth of it. For the first time in his life Thorpe felt the full crushing power of an abstraction. Without thought, instinctively, he threw before the necessity of the moment all that was lesser. It was the triumph of what was real in the man over that which environment, alienation, difficulties, had raised up within him.

At Big Junko's words Thorpe raised his hammer and with one mighty blow severed the chains which bound the ends of the booms across the opening. The free end of one of the poles immediately swung down with the current in the direction of Big Junko. Thorpe, like a cat, ran to the end of the boom, seized the giant by the collar and dragged him through the water to safety.

"Run!" he shouted. "Run for your life!" The two started desperately back, skirting the edge of the logs which now the very seconds alone seemed to hold back. They were drenched and blinded with spray, deafened with the crash of timbers settling to the leap. The men on shore could no longer see them for the smother. The great crush of logs had actually begun its first majestic sliding motion when at last they emerged to safety.

At first a few of the loose timbers found the opening, slipping quietly through with the current; then more. Finally the front of the jam dove forward, and an instant later the smooth, swift motion had gained its impetus and was sweeping the entire drive down through the gap.

Rank after rank, like soldiers charging, they ran. The great fierce wind caught them up ahead of the current. In a moment the open river was full of logs jostling eagerly onward. Then suddenly far out above the uneven tossing sky line of Superior the strange northern "loom," or mirage, threw the specters of thousands of restless timbers rising and falling on the bosom of the lake.



CHAPTER XXXIV.  
THEY stood and watched them go. "Oh, the great man! Oh, the great man!" murmured the writer, fascinated. The grandeur of the sacrifice had struck them dumb. They did not understand the motives beneath it all, but the fact was patent. Big Junko broke down and sobbed.

After a time the stream of logs through the gap slackened. In a moment more, save for the inevitably stranded few, the booms were empty. A deep sigh went up from the attentive multitude.

"There's none!" said one man, with the

emphasis of a novel discovery, and groaned. Then the two broke from about their minds, and they spoke many opinions and speculations. Thorpe had disappeared. They respected his emotion and did not follow him.

"It was just plain foolishness, but it was great," said Wheeler. "That no account jackass of a Big Junko ain't worth as much per thousand feet as good white pine."

Then they noticed a group of men gathering about the office steps, and on it some one talking. Collins, the bookkeeper, was making a speech. Collins was a little hatchet faced man, with straight, lank hair, near-sighted eyes, a timid, order loving disposition and a great stability for his profession. He was accurate, unemotional and valuable. All his actions were as dry as the sawdust in the burner. No one had ever seen him excited. But he was human, and now his knowledge of the company's affairs showed him the dramatic contrast. He knew. He knew that the property of the firm had been mortgaged to the last dollar in order to assist expansion, so that not another cent could be borrowed to tide over present difficulty.

He knew that the notes for \$50,000 covering the loan to Wallace Carpenter came due in three months. He knew from the long table of statistics which he was eternally preparing and comparing that the season's cut should have netted a profit of \$200,000, enough to pay the interest on the mortgages, to take up the notes and to furnish a working capital for the ensuing year. These things he knew in the strange concrete arithmetical manner of the routine bookkeeper. Other men saw a desperate phase of firm rivalry. He saw a struggle to the uttermost.

Other men cheered a rescue. He thrilled over the magnificent gesture of the gambler scattering his stake in largesse to death.

It was the simple turning of the hand from full breathed prosperity to lifeless failure. His view was the inverse of his master's. To Thorpe it had suddenly become a very little thing in contrast to the great, sweet, elemental truth that the dream girl had enunciated. To Collins the affair was miles vaster than the widest scope of his own narrow life.

The firm could not take up its notes when they came due; it could not pay the interest on the mortgages, which would now be foreclosed; it could not even pay in full the men who had worked for it—that would come under a court's adjudication.

He had therefore watched Thorpe's desperate rally to mend the weakened chain in all the suspense of a man whose entire universe is in the keeping of the chance moment. It must be remembered that at bottom, below the outer consciousness, Thorpe's final decision had already grown to maturity. On the other hand, no other thought than that of accomplishment had even entered the little bookkeeper's head. The rescue and all that it had meant had hit him like a stroke of apoplexy, and his thin emotions had curdled to hysteria. Full of the idea he appeared before the men.

With rapid, almost incoherent speech he poured it out to them. Professional caution and secrecy were forgotten. Wallace Carpenter attempted to push through the ring for the purpose of stopping him. A gigantic river man kindly but firmly held him back.

"I guess it's just as well we hear this," said the latter. It all came out—the loan to Carpenter, with a hint at the motive—the machinations of the rival firm on the board of trade; the notes, the mortgages, the necessity of a big season's cut; the reasons the rival firm had for wishing to prevent that cut from arriving at the market; the desperate and varied means they had employed. The men listened, silent. Hamilton, his eyes glowing like coals, drank in every word. Here was the master motive he had sought; here was the story great to his hand.

"That's what we ought to get!" cried Collins, almost weeping. "And now we're gone and bust just because that infernal river bog had to fall off a boom! It's a shame! Those scoundrels have done us after all!"

Out from the shadows of the woods stole Injun Charley. The whole bearing and aspect of the man had changed. His eye gleamed with a distant, farseeing fire of its own, which took no account of anything but some remote vision. He stole along almost furtively, but with a proud, upright carriage of his neck, a backward tilt of his fine head, a distension of his nostrils, that lent to his appearance a panther-like pride and stealthiness. No one saw him. Suddenly he broke through the group and mounted the steps beside Collins.

"The enemy of my brother is gone." Continued In Supplement.

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## Stripes For A Fool's Back.

(Portland Telegram). No Law, nor system of laws, can be devised that will entirely prevent the fatal folly of the homicide-by-accident, nor rid society of him completely; but a law can and should be passed that will punish him somewhat in proportion to the measure of his reckless folly, making it criminal to the extent of manslaughter at least, with a view to decreasing the number of these shocking tragedies by which innocent and worthy people are accidentally killed by their fool friends. Such "accidents" should be made crimes, and severely and surely punished; then, it may reasonably be supposed, they would decrease.

These "accidents," which ought to be the crimes of fools not fit to be at large are chiefly of two sorts; that of the fool who mistakes his companion for a deer or other four-legged animal, and that of the fool, usually a boy fool, who points a gun at another "in fun," thinking it unloaded, and pulls the trigger. One of the latter fools turned his murderous trick in Astoria yesterday, and now is extremely sorry, of course. He should be given a first-class opportunity to repent by sending him to the penitentiary for a few years, both as a proper punishment and as a warning to other fools of the same ilk.

## R-I-P-A-N-S Tabules Doctors find A good prescription For mankind

The 5-cent packet is enough for usual occasions. The family bottle (60 cents) contains a supply for a year. All drug-gists sell them.

## The Senator Told Too Much

(From the Kansas City Star)

Senator Knute Nelson went to Baltimore some ten days ago and addressed a meeting of bankers and merchants who were giving a banquet. The Minnesota senator recalled in bappy fashion how, during the civil war, he marched through the city as a private soldier, telling in a humorous fashion how he captured a horse not far from Baltimore. These experiences furnished much amusement, but a couple of days after Mr. Nelson returned to Washington he was given a chance to see the other side of the medal. The man who owned the horse wrote, demanding payment for the property which had been appropriated so many years ago. The letter gives details which convince Senator Nelson that the writer was indeed owner of the captured animal.

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## Boy Overboard

A recurrence of the Jack Murphy accident came near taking place yesterday on the water front. While playing with some boys on the unfinished wharf at the new warehouse, Walter Jensen, a lad of 11 years fell into the channel, and being unable to swim, had quite a struggle and would no doubt have been drowned had it not been for the assistance of little Hans Kruger, who threw him a piece of board just as he was about to sink for the third time and had been pulled ashore young Kruger rolled him over a keg to remove the salt water, and then some of the boys brought him home, a wetter but wiser boy.

Parents cannot be too persistent in warning their small boys to keep away from the water.

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