

Stolen Horse Is Sold Here.

Norfolk authorities are looking for Joe Fulton, a farmhand, recently employed on the Mass farm, eight miles south of Madison. A black mare was stolen from the farm early Saturday morning and was expected to arrive in Norfolk at noon. Horse dealers have been notified.

Fulton was found in Norfolk by Earl Ray, who later with the assistance of Chief Marquardt and Patrolman O'Brien, arrested him at the Union Pacific depot. Fulton admitted he brought the horse to Norfolk and sold him to H. C. Sattler for \$30. Very little money was found on his person when he was searched.

N. A. Rainbolt Not So Well.
N. A. Rainbolt, who slipped on the ice and fell while coming downtown Monday morning, is not so very well today. He spent a very restless night. He is now suffering from gallstone complications, brought on by the fall. Among other injuries sustained, an archbone above the right cheek was broken by the fall.

May Have Been a Double Murder.
From the evidence I have gathered and from investigations I have made, I believe there was a murder committed in Norfolk last summer and it was successfully covered up by the man who did the deed.

That is the startling statement made today by a detective who has been investigating a case in which one local constable and a private citizen have assisted.

That the alleged victim of the crime was a man from Colorado who came to Norfolk with a large amount of money on his person, is the belief of the detective, who declares he has found it impossible to find the body of the victim which he believes has been either buried or secreted somewhere in the vicinity of Norfolk. Inquiries made in Colorado for a missing man who could answer to the description given by the detective have not borne fruit, but the investigation still goes on in a quiet way.

One man, who the sleuth believes may know much about the crime, is being shadowed, but the fact that the body of the supposed victim cannot be found, may result in nothing but a long drawn out search.

Came With Money; Disappears.
According to the story and evidence of the detective, the supposed Colorado man came to Norfolk with money enough to buy out a small business which was for sale in this city. On the night of the stranger's disappearance, he was seen in a heated argument with a man whom the detective intimates was interested in the business, and the next morning the stranger had disappeared. The man with whom he was seen also disappeared the same day without leaving any word with a relative, who declared the man had not been heard from. Another person with whom the latter was associated left his boarding place without his hat or coat on the night of the supposed crime, and was not heard from again. The hat or coat has not yet been called for and the last seen of him was when he left the house dressed with only his shirt, trousers and shoes.

The detective believes this man also met with foul play or else had something to do with the crime, because it has been impossible to locate him.

Finds Sign of Struggle.
So quiet has the investigation been going on that even those who are located at the place have not discovered the searchers at work in a cellar where the detective declares he and another man have discovered signs of a struggle and other evidences which gave them the first intimation that something unusual had occurred.

Another fact learned by the detective, which helps to bear out his allegations, is that the man who he believes committed the murder, had no money on the night of the supposed crime, and no visible means of obtaining money. This man, however, accidentally exhibited large amounts of money just before he disappeared the day after the supposed crime had been committed.

"Although I have hunted without success," says the Norfolk citizen interested in the case, "I am almost positive something happened on the night the business transaction was supposed to have been made."

Is a College Director.
Dr. A. Johnson, superintendent of the Norfolk insane hospital, is a member of the board of directors of Augusta college at Rock Island, Ill., which he attended some twenty-five years ago. As a member of the board of directors, Dr. Johnson visits the college four times a year.

The college has a Lutheran seminary in connection, teaching both English and Swedish. The college is a co-educational institution with 700 students. There are eighteen members of the directorate.

Ben Hur Installation.
The following officers of North Nebraska Court No. 9, Tribe of Ben Hur, have been installed: Chief, E. M. Clement; past chief, Robert Brashear; judge, Mrs. M. E. Cooper; keeper of tribute, Hans Voght; scribe, Mrs. Mattie Suttler; teacher, Mrs. Dorothea McCune; Ben Hur and keeper of inner gate, Walter McFarland; keeper of outer gate, M. P. Suttler; captain, W. F. Davey; guide, George Clements, master of ceremonies; E. A. Amantine; mother of Hur, Mrs. R. C. Simmons.

Ruling on Just's Case.
Lincoln, Feb. 19.—In response to the query of C. A. Just of Boyd county, the attorney general has ruled that in the absence of an election for county assessor in 1911 on account of the change in the law, the old officers held over. The county board of that county had held differently and de-

clared the offices of both the county assessor and of the precinct assessors vacant. The attorney general holds they were wrong and that the assessors held until their successors are elected and qualified.

GOT THE WRONG MAN.

M. Morris of Lusk Gives Farmers Near Here a Fright.
Constable John Flynn answered the call given him by farmers south of town Saturday, who believed a man who was asking for something to eat was the one wanted for the murder of Goldie Williams at Grand Island. The search resulted in the detainment of M. Morris, a Lusk, Wyo., laborer who had walked from West Point to Norfolk Saturday morning. Morris had been in Norfolk for about three weeks and a few days ago he disappeared.

Carl Reiche was the first who believed he saw in Morris the description given by Grand Island authorities. Other farmers also reported a stranger with a grip, asking for something to eat, and soon the entire community was aroused to a high pitch of excitement. The constable searched the entire country, and notified railroad men to hold the man if he should endeavor to escape through the railroad yards. Fred Linerol found Morris and brought him to Norfolk, where he was identified by Constable Flynn, who was summoned to the city from his search in the country south of town. Morris declared he had no money, and had asked several farmers for food. He was considerably frightened when he learned why he had been held.

Phil Kohl for Senator.
Wayne, Neb., Feb. 19.—Philo E. Kohl has filed his candidacy for the democratic nomination for state senator from this district, including Wayne, Pierce and Cumis counties.

New Postal Bank Rule.
Washington, Feb. 19.—Postmasters at postal savings depositories may accept deposits from anybody, the regulation restricting depositors to the patrons of a particular office being rescinded in an order issued by Postmaster-General Hitchcock.

MONEY FOR CHINESE ALL GONE.
American Relief Committee Sends in Its Last \$10,000.
Shanghai, Feb. 19.—The American famine relief committee has now appropriated for the purpose of succoring the distressed population the remaining \$10,000 in its hands. Unless further funds are forthcoming the committee will henceforth be unable to render any assistance to the starving people.

United States Consul General Ames P. Wilder, who has been granted leave of absence, sailed today on the Chiyo Maru.

WORDS THAT BEAT BLAINE.
How "Rom, Romanism and Rebellion" Phrase Was Uttered.
William C. Hudson in "Random Recollections of an Old Political Reporter": "The 'Rom, Romanism and Rebellion' incident was the turning point in the campaign of 1884. On Wednesday, Oct. 29, 1884, less than a week before the election, I met Senator Gorman as he descended the stairs from his room in the national democratic headquarters. He was dull, gloomy and wearied in manner, quite the reverse of his buoyant habit. As he reached the bottom step he said: 'I want to get away into the fresh air for a time. I'm going to ride through Central park and I want a companion. Come with me.'

"We were engaged on these matters when we heard some one come up the stairs in great haste. In a moment Col. John Tracey, the head of the newspaper bureau, plunked into the room so much out of breath by reason of his haste and excitement that he could not speak—could only point to the pages of the paper he held. Gorman took the papers from his hand and reading the words pointed out straightened up with a start and earnestly read the context. The words pointed out were 'Rom, Romanism and Rebellion!'"

"It was the practice of the news bureau of the committee to send a stenographer to take verbatim reports of all republican functions that were open to the public. The same practice as to democratic functions was followed by the republican news bureau. In pursuance of this practice a stenographer had attended the ministerial visit to Blaine at the Fifth Avenue hotel and had taken down the speeches made by the Rev. Dr. Burchard and by Mr. Blaine. Returning to his desk he had written out the report and turned it over to Col. Tracey, who ran it over in the hope that he might find something to feed out to the newspapers. He had come upon the words and had instantly appreciated their tremendous significance."

"As Senator Gorman ran over the pages of Blaine's speech he asked: 'Is this a verbatim report?'"

"Every word uttered is there," replied Col. Tracey.

"Surely," said Gorman sternly, "Blaine met this remark?'"

"That is the astounding thing," said Tracey, excitedly. "I have no reference to the words. I have confirmed that fact."

"Finally, Senator Gorman spoke, his voice cracking like the snap of a whip: 'This sentence must be in every daily newspaper in the country tomorrow, no matter how, no matter what it costs. Organize for that immediately, Col. Tracey. And it must be kept alive for the rest of the campaign.'"

As Col. Tracey left the room with full powers, Senator Gorman said: 'If anything will elect Cleveland these words will do it. It is amazing that a man so quick witted as Blaine, accustomed to think on his feet and to meet surprising changes in debate, should not have corrected the thing on the spot. It is too late now. He cannot deal with it at all. The advantages are now with us. For the first time we are able to meet that intrigue to excite religious prejudices against Cleveland. There will be stamped of the alienated back to Cleveland. God grant it may be in sufficient volume to turn the tide to Cleveland.'"

In two days the stampede was apparent. The republicans were helpless before it. They realized that more damage was likely to result from explanation than from allowing it to take its course.

MRS. ASQUITH IN TROUSERS.
In Turkish Costume the British Premier's Wife Dances a Pas Seul.
Marreau, Switzerland, Feb. 19.—There was a lively fancy dress ball which Mrs. Asquith played a large part in organizing. Some of the dresses were striking, but none more so than her own gold brocaded Turkish trouser costume. When the fun became furious, she danced a pas seul in the center of the floor, while the company marveled at the unconventionality of the British prime minister's wife.

This recalls a famous incident in her younger days, when as Margot Tennant, she caused a tremendous sensation by entertaining a company at a Melton hunt ball, with a skirt dance.

Mrs. Herbert Asquith is one of England's favorite conversational topics. When nothing else is going on there always is something in which Mrs. Asquith is concerned to talk about, or else she does something then and there to make conversation. Mrs. Asquith first became widely known outside of England when, as Margot Tennant, she was made the heroine of E. F. Benson's novel "Dodo." More recently she was dragged into notoriety through William Watson's poem, "The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue."

The poem created a great sensation at the time of its appearance, and Watson's known hostility to the Asquiths immediately disclosed its object. Later, after he came to America, Watson admitted that Mrs. Asquith was the woman he had referred to and his excuse for the poem was that Mrs. Asquith and her husband were traitorously trying to wreck the liberal party.

Some time after the appearance of the poem there was gossip that Mrs. Asquith and her husband were to separate. Daughter of one of the rich men of England, Mrs. Asquith, before her marriage was a great favorite of Mr. Gladstone, and her influence in society was such as to gain for young women a much less restricted position. In spite of her disturbing freedom in society she counted leading statesmen, men of literary, scientific and musical fame, in her train, and her appearance in the gallery of that house of commons gave zest to whatever debate was on hand. She was the creator of a semi-mystic, semi-literary society called the Souls, and, with Arthur Balfour as her lieutenant in the movement, she gathered some of the best minds in England about her.

In time the newspapers came miserably to chronicle the doings of Miss Margot Tennant as they would those of the queen and prime minister, and when the irate conservatives in society were at end of all patience with the gay, clever, sarcastic little Phillistine, she overtured all their predictions by giving her hand in marriage to one of the ablest and most serious young politicians, Mr. Asquith.

As if to prove the infinite variety of her talents, Mrs. Asquith for several years settled down at once to the duties of wifehood and motherhood and showed as marked a capacity for these graver callings as for the lightest frivolities.

Big Crowd at a Sale.
Ewing, Neb., Feb. 19.—Special to The News: The sale of pedigreed Shorthorn cattle offered by Messrs. John Berigan and Milan Swain was well attended, and the prices obtained were very satisfactory. One cow, as an illustration, brought \$150, and was purchased by F. V. McGuire of Wisner. John Murray, another stockman, also of Wisner, was another heavy purchaser. He mixed the breed and appreciated the high quality of the male and female stock offered. Col. Burrows of Marysville, Mo., auctioneer, ably assisted by Coles. Wright and Brewer of Ewing, did good work and were highly complimented on their knowledge of the value of stock.

Just preceding the sale the Ewing Cornet band, one of the best musical organizations in the state, discoursed some excellent music.

DEVELOPMENTS IN WILL CASE.
Examination of Former State Senator Gardner in "Mystery" Case.
New York, Feb. 19.—The examination of former State Senator Frank J. Gardner today on charges of attempting to defraud the heirs of Samuel E. Haslet, an aged reclusive, out of an estate valued at more than \$1,000,000, was expected to develop new disclosures in the murky house of mystery. Haslet's life is fast ebbing away in his Brooklyn home, where for years he lived a hermit. Senator Gardner

tracts to any organizations not in the outlaw class."

May Attack Juarez.
El Paso, Tex., Feb. 19.—Urgent messages sent from Palomas, Mex., to Emilio Vasquez Gomez at San Antonio, Tex., urging him to come at once and take the field, brought a declination from Gomez. This has cast a damper on his followers in northern Chihuahua. Three bridges on the Mexico-Northern railway near Huerfano, ninety-six kilometers south of Juarez, were destroyed by the Vasquitas. The bridges had been repaired only two days ago, and there is apprehension in Juarez that the Vasquitas are preparing to advance on that city from the Casas Grandes country.

May Die Before He's Hanged.
St. Joseph, Mo., Feb. 19.—Guards at the county jail are making an extensive search of the cell of Hez Raxo, sentenced to hang March 26 for the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Oda Hubbell and their two children near Guilford in November, 1910, for a confession which fellow prisoners assert he has written for the past few days. Raxo has been writing almost constantly but has sent no letters out and no scraps of paper have been found in his cell. His jailers say he is falling so rapidly that it is thought he will not live to die on the gallows.

MISSOURI DEMOCRATS MEET.
Senator Reed Hopes for Harmony, but Leaders Are Far Apart.
Joplin, Mo., Feb. 19.—Every train into Joplin today brought scores of delegates to the democratic state convention which meets here tomorrow to name four delegates-at-large and thirty-two from the sixteen congressional districts to attend the democratic convention in Baltimore.

Eighteen presidential electors also will be chosen. There will be no contest on the presidential instructions to be given the delegates, as Missouri is bestowing her strength upon her favorite son, Champ Clark, speaker of the house of representatives. The delegates will be charged to remain with the speaker on every ballot taken by the Baltimore convention. There will be second choice. Among the first of the party leaders to arrive was United States Senator Stone, who declared he had come to Joplin to see that harmony prevailed. Senator Reed, who accompanied his colleague, likewise talked peace among the delegates already on the ground. It was apparent, however, that the selection of a committeeman had drawn the party leaders apart.

Fremont Still in League.
Fremont, Neb., Feb. 19.—The Fremont baseball team will remain in the Nebraska State league.

FIND MEN WITH DOG-FACES.
African Explorer Tells of a Sideshow Barker's Paradise.
Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 19.—Dr. Karl Kumm, African explorer and scientist, arrived here on his way to Washington, where he will lay evidence before the heads of the National Geographical society that he has discovered men with the faces of dogs and birds living in the heart of Africa.

"I have proof," Dr. Kumm asserted, "that I have found negroes with the faces of dogs. They spoke in a low guttural bark, not unlike that of a dog. They lived by clans and their mode of life is not unlike that of the stone age."

"In another part of Africa far from the haunts of white men, I found a tribe of negroes who ran on one leg like storks. Their other leg was never used and they carried it bent or drawn taut. These men live in a section of the country where there are many pools and ponds of water."

"In still another part of Africa there are negroes whose faces are virtually like the beak of a bird. They live in trees."

South Norfolk.
Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Dick and son, Clarence, returned from Stuart Saturday, where they visited at the home of Mrs. Dick's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ahlman.

Mrs. Plummer returned to her home in Wayside Sunday, having spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. C. E. Patterson.

Pat McNeely went to Fremont this morning and will run out of there. Ben B. Gross was here yesterday between trains while on his way home to Gross from Texas.

Pearle Barrett, who has been working out of Fremont for some time, returned Sunday and will work out of here now.

The gang of men who have been working on the new steel water tank here left Sunday for Deadwood, where they will work on an oil tank.

M. L. Odgen left Sunday for a trip through Arkansas and Texas.

TELLS OF THE HANGING.
Description of the Scene Around the Chicago Jail.
Chicago, Feb. 19.—"How did my boy die?"

It wasn't a mother or a father asking the question. It was a deputy sheriff, who stood on the gallows looking down at the swinging form of an 18-year-old boy about whose neck he had fastened a rope five minutes before.

"Wasn't his neck broken?" insisted the deputy, talking to one of the dozen doctors who were examining the boy's body. When the doctor answered the affirmative the deputy stepped back from the trap-hole satisfied.

"What you see at a hanging is one thing; it shows you what society is doing to criminals. But what you hear at hangings shows you what society is doing to itself when it takes the life of a human being."

"I'm going to put down what I heard

the talk of men—at the hanging of Philip Sommerling, 34 years; Thomas Schultz, 18 years; Ewald Shilawski, 24; Ewald's brother, Frank, 21, and Thomas Jennings, negro, 35.

For two hours and ten minutes there were gathered in the vast, high ceilinged room forty-two physicians, thirty-five guards and twenty newspaper men. They were representatives of society, and I want to show, by the things I heard them say, what hanging does to the men who are not hanged.

In his office, before we went into the death chamber, I asked Deputy Sheriff Peters how many men he had hung.

"Why, young fellow," he said, "I hung men before you were born. I hung forty men," he added, proudly.

"Have a smoke," someone said to Peters.

"No. No smokes, eats or drinks until this job is done. Then I'll go out and take a stiff drink of whisky. I all days have a reaction after a hanging. It always makes me tired and sick."

"Doctors! Doctors!" exclaimed someone in the hallway.

We looked out of Peters' office and saw a double line of deputy sheriffs leading from the main door of the jail. Between them was passing a line of forty-two physicians who were being admitted to the death chamber.

Peters went to the telephone and called up the state's attorney.

"There's a fellow who's trying a four-flush in Judge Landis' court to make us put off this hanging. It's a piece of hocus-pocus. The fellow just wants to get into the limelight. I want you to understand that I'm going to go right along with this business."

When he had hung up the receiver, Peters said to a deputy:

"Fix up the sawbones! Get them in their chairs and then we'll get busy."

"Press! Press!" a deputy yelled. That meant that the dozen newspaper men were to go into the death chamber.

A doctor tried to squeeze in with us.

"No! No! You can't go with these fellows. Sit down with the doctors. You can examine the corpses with them."

The doctors all sat in chairs, at the foot of the high scaffold.

I heard one doctor with whiskers talking to another.

"Hanging is all damn foolishness," he said. "Now here are four good penitents. One of them has a penitential wife and baby. The murdered man left a penitential wife and baby. Why don't you put these four men in jail somewhere for life, and make them work to support the two penitential women and their babies? Ain't it damn foolishness to kill them?"

I heard a guard say:

"There's a fellow in New York city who's the best executioner in the country. He's killed 140 and he never makes a misce. Must have nerve, huh?"

"What'll you have to eat?" one reporter asked another when they sat covered with a white cloth.

"Yow! yow! yow!" These noises came from the cells. Inmates of the jail were rattling their bars, yelling and pounding tin cups. The death march had begun.

"They'll show up around that corner in a minute," said one reporter. "I'm an old hand in this hanging room. I've seen seventeen hangings here."

There was the shuffle of feet on the iron floor and the procession walked onto the gallows from an upper tier. There was a priest, in white, officers in blue and two men roughly dressed—the Shilawski brothers.

All you could hear was the murmur of the priest's prayer, and the murmur of the men, who repeated his words in low tones. What were they saying? What kind of a prayer do men make on a gallows?

No one could hear their words. The brothers kissed the cross which the priest held to them. While this was going on their legs and arms were being strapped.

We tried to hear what they were saying as the deputies put a white shroud about their bodies, but we stopped trying when the white caps were tied over their heads. Everybody seemed to be working slowly on the gallows. One brother turned his muffled head toward another. We heard the murmur of his voice.

"Crash!—That was the next sound. Then came the scuffling of the feet of fourteen doctors, as they walked to the two bags, their contents twitching, which hung from the swaying ropes.

The reporters rushed to a back room, where their telephones and telegraph wires had been placed. I caught there bits of news as they talked: "Just as the writhing body of the boy stopped swaying." "Strangled and gurgled." "Twitched like cats in a bag." "Oh, is that you talking my stuff, Bill? Great show. Three more to come."

"What, in Christmas, was that prayer?" said one reporter.

"I don't know. Tell your office to look it up in the prayer book. They can copy it from that."

Two men were fixing up two other ropes. They carried out the two bodies on a wheeled table, covered with a white cloth.

"Both of their necks were broken," said a doctor, coming to the reporter's table.

During the lull I talked to seven of the fourteen doctors who had examined. I wanted to know whether they believed in capital punishment. Not a one of them did.

"Capital punishment doesn't keep people from committing murder unless you hang men on a high gallows, in a big space, where all the folks in the city can see it," said Dr. A. C. Koethe.

"This is my first hanging and my last," said Dr. I. E. Hoffman. "After

this I don't believe in capital punishment. I can see a patient die, but to see some man kill a well man, in cold blood—excuse me."

All of this talk was sort of "between the acts."

"Hats off! No smoking!" called a man in overalls, from the gallows.

The next sound was that of the prison inmates, who were watching the death watch. Then we heard the shuffle of feet and again the priest and the deputies in blue brought two poorly dressed men onto the scaffold.

"Well, the other two got across in time for lunch," said one deputy in a seat near me, looking at his watch.

"These fellows'll eat with them," answered the guard. "But I guess they'll get there too soon to please them."

The two men in poor clothes stood on the trap where the deputies placed them. One of them wasn't a man, but a boy, John Schultz, 18 years old, son of immigrants, who, as one reporter said, "hadn't done anything but get into bad company." And now we knew what the prayer was, for John raised his head and looked up, for he fixed his blue eyes on the high ceiling; he repeated the words which the priest murmured.

"Oh, Christ! Have mercy on my soul!" His words rang out, clear as a bell. "Holy Mary, intercede for me! Pray for me! Bring me to everlasting life!"

The deputies were tying the straps about his arms and legs.

Another of them tied the white shroud about the boy's neck.

"Savior, save me! Forgive me my sins!"

"Listen to that young fellow pray," said a reporter.

"Christ, I love thee!" said the boy. In the white covering he looked like a choir boy.

"Grant me to live with thee. Forgive me my sins!"

While he said these words, still looking upward, William Davies, the jailer, put the noose over his head and tightened the knot under the boy's ear.

Another deputy was doing the same to Sommerling.

"Forgive me my sins! Forgive me my sins!" rang out the voice of the boy. His voice was growing louder; there was a tone of wildness in it.

"Holy Mary!"—"Crash." It was an awful thing to hear in the same moment those words from the mouth of that boy, and that sound. But they came together. Again the feet of fourteen doctors scuffled over the cement floor to the white, swaying, twitching bags.

There was another intermission.

"Now, if this nigger'll only confess before he's hung, you fellows'll get a fine top-off for your day's story," said a deputy sheriff to the reporters.

"We've got a good'ly early start in the day's work," said a reporter. "Are you going out for lunch? Why don't you sheriffs go out now and then come back for the afternoon's work. You can finish a lot of men at this rate."

"Go!" said a young doctor, coming up to Jailer Davies. "I thought you'd left your handcuffs on that young fellow. I lifted up his hand and I didn't see that another doctor was holding it by the elbow. I thought his hands were locked together, because I couldn't move his arm."

"They don't suffer," another doctor was telling the reporters.

"But isn't there some easier way to kill a man?" asked a reporter.

"I should say so," said the doctor. "They could put a tiny drop of hydrocyanic acid in his soup some day and, in an instant he would be stone dead, without a twitch or a pain. Or they could kill a man with morphine and he would die pleasantly, in beautiful dreams. But this hanging, it's the cruelest thing in civilization."

"I saw a doctor put young Schultz's neck back into place in fine shape," said a deputy—"just grabbed his head, gave it a twist, and it snapped right back where it belonged."

I saw plenty of smiles during the two hours and ten minutes. I heard plenty of attempted jokes and comic monologues, among the forty-two doctors. Why did we smile and try to talk of everyday things?

Because hanging is so awful that a man who witnesses it dare not admit to himself how awful it is. He knows in his heart of hearts that that cold, deliberate killing of a man by his fellowmen, brutalizes the killers—and that is all society—just as surely as it ends human life. Perhaps the killers suffer more harm than the killed.—W. G. S.

Pruyn Found Guilty.
Fremont, Neb., Feb. 19.—After deliberating sixteen hours the jury returned a verdict finding Al Pruyun guilty of manslaughter in killing Michael Gorey last Christmas day at North Bend.

DYNAMITE CASE EVIDENCE.
Resolution Was Passed to Cut Out Explosions During Convention.
Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 19.—To support its contention that many of the iron workers of this city were implicated in the dynamiting conspiracy, the government is preparing to submit as evidence the original copy of a resolution alleged to have been introduced at the iron workers' national convention at Rochester, N. Y., in 1910 providing that no explosion should take place during the convention.

The First Robin Here.
Emil Moeller, an Edgewater park resident, claims the honor for sighting the first robin of the year.

"I saw two robins at my place a few days ago," says Moeller. "Spring is coming, I am sure. I also saw some ducks headed north."

"Geese were seen at Omaha yesterday."