

DYING GIRL CURED

Recovers After 37 Doctors Had Given Her Up.

Tuberculosis-Diabetes Patient Sees Light and Hears Voice Say: "Dorothy, Your Sufferings Are Over. 'Arise, You Can Walk.'"

London.—Saved by an angel who met her at the gates of death and bade her turn back to mortal life, Miss Dorothy Kerin, who has been a bedridden invalid from tuberculosis and diabetes, is today running about her home, 204 Milkwood road, as though she had never been ill a day in her life.

Miss Kerin, who is a beautiful girl twenty-two years old, had been given up to die by 37 doctors. Saturday they announced that she would die before midnight. Sunday morning she suddenly opened her eyes. Her mother bent over her.

"Dolly, do you know me?" she asked.

"Of course I do mamma," replied the girl. "I am to get up. The angel told me to. An angel from heaven met me at the gates of death and brought me back."

And the girl did get up, seemingly under a mysterious influence, and ran downstairs. A friend of the family, an atheist, at sight of her fell on his knees, praying to God.

Not less remarkable than the restoration of her physical health is the effect of her inexplicable experience on her mind. She came forth from her visit to the valley of the shadow with a serene faith in an infinite power, a belief in a spiritual law, a clarity of mental view and an eloquence of expression usually acquired only after years of hard study.

Miss Kerin has written an open letter in reply to the many queries which she has received as to her recovery. In this letter she says:

"I was conscious yesterday for the first time in several days. It seemed to me that I was slipping out of life. I heard the whispers and sobs and prayers of those who love me best. Everything grew black. I did not even think; I just drifted without an effort, without a thought, into deeper blackness.

"Suddenly I saw a light—dazzling—brighter than any fire I had ever seen. Stretched from out the great golden flame I saw two hands. Then I heard a sweet voice say clearly, 'Dorothy, your sufferings are over. Arise. You can walk.' Then I heard mother asking me if I knew her.

"There is a science of religion as well as a science in every phase of the material universe. We live in the midst of wonderful lands. In my own case I realize that my long illness and quietness prepared me to receive a message from the voice, which health and success and ambition sometimes stultify.

"I do not feel that the anchorite, the dreamer or any of the ultra-religionists are nearer God than any man or woman today who accepts the truth, and who opens the windows of the soul to the light of the spiritual world."

SMELLS GAS; STRIKES LIGHT

Julius Bone, a Watchman, Upholds the Tradition of His Family Name.

New York.—Julius Bone, a watchman in a stone factory, upheld the tradition of his family name.

The factory which was intrusted to Bone's care is at 765 Stone avenue, Brooklyn.

OLD SEA RIDDLE SOLVED

Survivor of Arctic Tragedy of 1902 Returns to Tell the Story of Wreck.

Tacoma, Wash.—Nine years ago next October the steamship Discovery, bound from Nome, Alaska, for Puget Sound, was lost off the Southern Alaska coast. About seventy persons, including a dozen residents of Port Townsend, Wash., perished.

Until yesterday the manner of the Discovery's loss remained a mystery. It was supposed she foundered in a storm off Yakuta. The only crew was the one life preserver on the shore of Kodiak island. Now comes Capt. E. C. Weaver, 75 years old, and proves that he is the sole survivor of the Discovery.

Weaver says the Discovery weathered a storm off Yakuta and reached the icy strait near Juneau, where, during a heavy snow storm, she struck an iceberg and sank in five minutes.

Weaver's escape resulted from his previous misfortune of losing one hand. With a steel hook permanently fastened to his wrist, he drew himself up on the floating iceberg. The next day Indians picked him up and took him to their camp. While on the iceberg he quenched his thirst by breaking off pieces of ice with same steel hook. The exposure caused partial paralysis. For ten months the natives cared for him. He then went into the mountains prospecting. Eighteen months later he came back to Puget Sound and Eastern Washington.

His silence regarding the Discovery's loss was broken only after the British steamship Ikella last week struck and wrecked his fishing boat, the Dove, off Cape Flattery. He has

HEROES TRY HUMAN CHAIN

Mining Comrades Risk Their Own Lives When One of Their Number Meets Mishap.

Pottsville, Pa.—Two cars descending the slope at the Lykens colliery at Lykens jumped the track and knocked down a timber, which struck and probably fatally injured Oliver Kemble, aged nineteen years, who was working about 100 feet from the bottom. As he was rolling down the slope

WIFE OF MILLIONAIRE BUT UNHAPPY



THIS is Claudia Carlstadt, former actress, now the wife of Albert Gallatin Wheeler, Jr., the young millionaire, who sighs and offers to give all she has for a real home, and for children to climb upon her knees, and who thinks the fates have conspired against her by giving her everything but what she desires most.

Brooklyn. While making his rounds he smelled gas. The whole second floor of the building was permeated with it. He couldn't imagine where it came from. Finally, greatly perplexed, he sat down to ponder the matter. In due time an idea seeped into the head of Bone. It was strange he hadn't thought of it before. It was certainly a snappy idea.

Groping in his pocket he found a match. He'd find out where that gas was leaking. He scratched the match. Whang!

Sam Perky heard the explosion a block away and turned in a fire alarm. When the firemen came another alarm was sounded. The blaze did \$5,000 damage and routed 100 families from a row of tenements in the rear of the factory.

Bone was rescued by firemen. He had been blown head first through a

TRAPPED BY CASH ON ROPE

"Black Hand" Writer's Scheme Fails to Fool Sleuths in New Jersey.

Trenton, N. J.—After being arrested as a "Black Hand" man, John Lennan of Hackensack declared to the government inspectors that he got his idea of crime from the moving pictures. Lennan was arrested for sending a "Black Hand" letter to John Banta, a wealthy farmer, living near Hackensack. He demanded \$500, under pain of death.

Banta turned the letter over to the government authorities and they set a trap for the writer. Banta was told to put the money under a specified tree, in a canvas bag to be placed there by Lennan, and then the inspectors placed themselves in hiding to wait for Lennan. The latter almost escaped, as he had cleverly rigged an aerial rope tramway extending 800 feet from the tree to carry the money to him. The prisoner confessed.

Bee Stings Mule, O! Yell! Yell! New York.—A mule plunged through the wind shield of a touring car and severely injured William A. McLean of Lewisboro, a chauffeur.

Charles Dodartha of Greenville was leading the mule by the halter. A bee lit on its nose and the frightened mule shielded in front of McLean's car. It was knocked down, but jumped up quickly. It fell through the wind shield on to McLean. The mule was shot.

he was caught by Robert Matter, who was unable to check the fall, and Oscar Long then caught Matter, and in this manner the trio held until rescue came from the first aid corps.

It was necessary to strap Kemble to a plank to take him to the bottom of the slope and thence through a steam hole to another slope. It required four hours of the hardest kind of work to get him out.

A few hours later, while David Stence was planning to clear away the wreckage, he missed his footing, fell

75 feet and was instantly killed. The blocking of the slope has closed the colliery.

500 Work Way Through Columbia. New York.—More than 500 students at Columbia university worked their way through college last year, earning \$95,000, according to the report of the committee on employment. Out of the total number of 563 students, there were 47 young women, who earned relatively just as much as the men.

PARALLEL STORIES OF FAMOUS CRIMES

By HENRY C. TERRY

THE LOOT OF THE KINGSTON NATIONAL.

HAVE often wondered what Mr. Sherlock Holmes or Monsieur Leococ would have done if confronted with the problem of the robbery of the Kingston National. The detective of fiction, you say, is never realized in real life. Here is a story that proves the opposite. I doubt if either of the famous sleuths of Doctor Doyle's or Gaboriau's imagination would have proceeded more ingeniously or more successfully to the final unraveling of the tangle than did Detective Price. The only difference is that the writer of detective fiction would first build up the mystery and then proceed toward the solution, while the tale came to my ears first with Wily Mitchell's story of the laying of the plot and then with Price's account of the wrong clue that led smash up against the cashier. They came the insignificant bit of wax that broke down the elaborate tissue of speculation.

It all has a familiar sound to the reader of detective fiction. Gaboriau years before used the same plot in File No. 113, the robbery of the bank, suspicion pointing accusingly at the cashier, his arrest and final vindication. Conan Doyle, in one of his recent Sherlock Holmes stories uses the same trick, the bit of wax.

If you don't believe that the old adage about fact being stranger than fiction applies to the detection of crime, follow the mystery of the Kingston robbery with me as it came from the lips of the principal actors.

WILY MITCHELL'S YARN.

"A crook who is up to snuff," said Wily Mitchell, who is noted among other things for having been tried and acquitted three times for murder, "and wants to get along in the business without working too much for the state, must be like a good general. He must always arrange his plans so as to cover his retreat. I know about all, and I have noticed a singular defect in most of them.

Some thieves are so constituted that they do not mind going to jail for a few years. Punishment of that sort has no terrors for them, and while liberty is sweet to every man, they take their medicine, and rather enjoy prison life. I always had a horror of going to prison, but it was never quite strong enough to lead me to become honest. When the big door closed behind me every time that I entered jail it gave me a chill, and I never got over it until I was out in the sunshine again.

"So it naturally happened that when I was in active business, it was my special desire to do everything in my power to keep out of jail. I always paid a great deal more attention to laying plans for a get-away after a robbery than to the work itself. For that reason I used to get into quarrels with the men I worked with. They did not like my caution, and I have pulled many times out of what looked easy jobs just because I could not see my way clear to escape. It was my notion that any bit of work would not pay, no matter how much money there was in it, if it were followed by a ten-years' contract with the state in the stone-breaking line.

"It was this trait of mind which led me into the Kingston National bank robbery. At the time when I ran against this trick I was a fugitive from justice, with the charge of killing Ned Wallace hanging over me, so, naturally, I had to go a bit slow. There was no doubt about my killing Ned, but I had to do it to save my own life. I knew that I would be acquitted if I were pinched and held for trial; but I hated to go through it all, and I made up my mind that the best way out of it was to keep under cover until the clouds blew away. I got over to Kingston, where I had a solid friend, and in my trips about the place I struck the bank.

"My attention was attracted to the bank by a story in one of the papers about a large sum of money which had been deposited in its vaults by some company that was going to build a railroad and a water works. I knew that this money was going to remain in the bank for several weeks, so I sent for Bill Noble, who was at that time running a gambling house in East Houston street, near Broadway. Bill was always ready to take a hand with me because he understood my ways and I did his, and we never had had any trouble. It was just what Bill wanted, for his bank roll had been hit very hard. I had not been out of the house in the daytime because the murder of Wallace was very hot, and I knew that the coppers were making a lively chase for me. I arranged with Bill for him to do all the preliminary work. He turned a book agent on short notice, which gave him a chance to visit the bank without exciting suspicion.

"I don't remember what book it was that Bill was selling, but he did such slick work that the clerks bought all his stock, and he had to get more books to fill the orders, just to make it appear all straight.

"While Bill was talking books he sized up the vault, and saw that the door was an old-fashioned affair, with a new and intricate lock, which had just come out, and was believed to be burglar proof. Bill got everybody's phiz in the bank firmly fixed in his mind, and the signs on the desk in front of them indicated the part of the business that each man looked after.

"The next step was to find out who closed up the vault. This was a very delicate thing to pick up without being inquisitive. The fact that Bill had

THE CRIMINAL Tells How He Planned the Deed and Sought to Close Every Avenue of Knowledge Leading to His Guilt. The Detective Shows How Futile These Efforts Were and How the Old Adage, Murder Will Out, 'Always Holds Good.'

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to deliver some more books at the bank opened the way to get this information. He kept tab on the bank for several days, and found out the time that each man left, but he could not see from the street who had charge of the vault. When the books came Bill waited until banking hours were over before going to deliver them. He found several of the clerks busy closing up the books, and he showed that he was a genuine book agent by starting in to talk against time. Bill knew what he was after, and he got it, after waiting an hour. Bill saw that the cashier, whose name was Bell, locked up the vault. He used two sets of keys, one for the inner door to the small safe and the other for the big iron outside door. He put the keys in different pockets. Bill was close enough to the keys to remember them if he saw them again. Bill followed the cashier to his home, which was in the suburbs, in a neat two-story cottage, and the preliminary work was over.

"It would have been easy to take the next step, which would be to get the keys and open the safe. That is what some thieves would have done, but I had a better trick up my sleeve, which came out of my caution, and would aid us in making escape easy. It was developed in this way: The same night Bill found out about the keys, we made a call at Cashier Bell's house after the family had retired. We did not care to disturb their slumbers, so we entered the house through a parlor window. Bill had located the room in which the cashier slept, and I went there noiselessly. Either the cashier or his wife had a beautiful snore, and I need not have been so careful in my operations. I found the cashier's trousers, removed the keys and returned to the street, where Bill was waiting.

"We went to a secluded spot where it was safe to flash a lantern. There I took a careful impression of the vault keys and the key of the front door of the bank in wax, and all the measures necessary. I then returned to the cashier's house and replaced the keys in his pockets just as I had found them. We closed up the house and went home.

"I immediately went to work on the keys. They used to say I was the best keymaker in the world. It took me about a day to file the keys.

"The night after we had called on Cashier Bell, Bill and I paid a visit to the bank about two o'clock in the morning, when we knew the policeman on the beat was taking a snooze in a bakery.

"The keys worked like a charm. Five minutes after we entered the bank I was inside the vault packing up the green stuff. I took all the money and such bonds as appeared to be negotiable. I worked lively, and in twenty minutes closed the doors of the vault and walked out with \$340,000 in my grip. We were in time to connect with a freight train. After riding about ten miles we left the train, crossed the Hudson to Rhinebeck, and took the first train to New York.

DETECTIVE PRICE'S STORY.

"Mistakes are something that cannot be avoided," said Detective Price, "no matter how careful you may be. In probably no other business are mistakes made so often as in police work, and we are frequently unjustly criticized and condemned.

"I speak in this way because of my recollection of the pounding I received when investigating the robbery of the Kingston National bank. I know that I did not deserve all that I got, but a great many people thought I was not abused half enough.

"I was put to work upon the case the day the robbery was discovered, which was on a Monday morning. A very singular state of things was found at the bank when Cashier Bell threw open the doors of the vaults to begin the day's business. All the clerks were present at their desks, as the books were kept in another safe, which was in charge of the head bookkeeper. The cashier entered the vault to take out some bills to put in the drawers in his desk. A moment later he staggered out and fell into a chair. He was not able to speak for a moment. The clerks gathered around him, thinking he had an attack of heart failure, to which he was subject. He announced, when he got control of himself, that there was no money in the vault, but he did not say that there had been a robbery.

"After a short consultation, the bank was closed for the day, and everything was just as it had been found when I got there. I made a careful examination of all the windows and doors. There was no sign that thieves had forced an entrance. The vault, according to the statement of Cashier Bell and all the clerks, was locked when they reached the bank. The paint on the doors had not even a slight scratch to show that they had been tampered with. The deeper I went into the affair the more mysterious it became. I made up my mind that some one had robbed the bank who was perfectly familiar with the safe and the methods of doing business.

"I had a private consultation with the president and directors, and got from them the history of every man who worked in the bank, so far as they knew it. Every employee had a gilded reputation, was prominent in social and church affairs in the town, and had been with the bank for many years.

"I inquired very minutely into the method of opening the safe. I learned that it required two men—the cashier and a clerk—who each had a key to different doors. Without both of them being present the safe could not be

opened. This looked like a promising lead, so I pushed my inquiries in that direction. I learned when the cashier had opened the safe on Monday morning that the other clerk was not present. It was evident, then, that the cashier had both keys. The president would not believe me when I told him of the state of affairs. It was a strict rule of the bank that the keys held by each man should not be surrendered to any one except by order of the president.

"I then centered my attention on Cashier Bell and began to weave the net closer and closer about him. I learned that Bell had requested the clerk to give him the keys about a week before the robbery. The clerk was going to attend a ball, and the cashier had told him to let him have the keys, so he need not report as early as usual at the bank. The clerk gave up the keys. The cashier did not return them, although the clerk asked for them. Then I learned that Bell had been speculating through a broker in Wall street, and, as near as I could get at it, had lost about \$5,000 in a year, which was news to the bank officials.

"I found out that the cashier had held several interviews with strangers, and another startling fact—that on the night of the robbery Mrs. Bell had awakened and found that her husband was not in bed. She did not know where he was, and had not thought of asking him. There were several other suspicious circumstances against Bell. I became convinced that if he did not commit the robbery himself, he must certainly have had some knowledge of it.

"There were also many facts in Bell's favor; but the bank directors became convinced, after carefully weighing all the evidence, that he was guilty, and he was arrested. I never saw a man who took his arrest so hard, and justly so, as it afterward turned out. He had a hearing, and so strong a case was made out against him that he was held for trial.

"Shortly after this there was a fire in the house of a Mrs. Libby Larsen. Being a bit of a fire fiend, I went to see the country boys work. They did such good work that they saved the house. I went into the place, and in a closet on the second floor I picked up a piece of wax. It would not have been noticed by any one not familiar with the methods of thieves, but I saw at a glance that it had been used to make an impression of two keys. I slipped it into my pocket and made a careful examination of it in my room. The impression showed that the keys were of intricate construction, and the thought flashed across my mind that they were very similar to the keys of the vault in the bank. I obtained the keys without telling any one my business, and found that they fitted perfectly. This was new light on the mystery. It seemed to be a convincing proof that Bell had accomplices—probably the strangers he had met.

"I could not understand, however, how it was that a wax impression had been made of the keys which Bell had in his possession. Why go to all this trouble when the keys themselves could be used at any time?

"I took a peep at Mrs. Larsen without her knowing it. I tell you I gave a jump when I recognized her as Annie Skidmore, the wife of Bill Skidmore, a well known bank sneak. At last I began to see daylight. Annie was stopping at the house of a neighbor, after being burned out, and I learned that she had received \$100 by telegraph from New York the day of the fire. The wording of the telegram did not throw any light on the case.

"To my surprise and delight, Annie, the following day after I recognized her, left Kingston, and went to Albany. She showed her cunning in doing this, as the same night she took the train for New York. I knew from this secretive movement that Annie had something important that she was trying to hide. I could tell by her easy movements that she thought she was safe. I telegraphed for a couple of detectives to meet me at the depot, as I could not tell what would turn up.

"It was lucky that I did so, for in the depot, waiting for Annie, were Wily Mitchell and Bill Noble, two of the brightest crooks in the land. They spoke with her a moment. I knew that they were making an appointment from the movement of her head. I sent the two men after Wily and Bill, and I went after Annie. She went to a private house in Fourteenth street, remained there two hours, and then went out with a gray wig as a disguise.

"She was well known in this city. I surmised that she was going to meet her partners, and was convinced of it when she reached the corner of Greene street and Clinton place. I saw my partners taking a pipe on a house in Clinton place, and I quietly arrested Annie. I locked her up in the Mercer street station, went back to my partners, and arrested Bill and Wily when they appeared on the street. They gave us the laugh, but that night I gave Annie the third degree. She finally broke down and told all about the robbery and the part Wily and Bill had played in it.

"They still pretended their innocence until I produced the wax impression of the keys. Then they were ready to confess, and gave up the stolen property to lighten their sentence. I recovered all the money except \$30,000, and sent my humble apology to Cashier Bell.

Jugs for Flowers.

The girl who likes a few growing things around her, no matter how simple they are, should not bother about procuring handsome vases. She should take up the new fancy for using old English beer jugs. They are made in America as well as in England, and have all sorts of pictures on them, from Westminster Abbey, in London, to the Independence hall, in Philadelphia.

The jugs are low and broad and have wonderful coloring. They come in purple, in green and in brown, and sell for reasonable prices.

Good Ironing Board.

A small ironing board may be made from an ordinary bread board. Covered with flannel and a piece of oil-sheeting, it will be found useful either for the dressmaker or for pressing fine handkerchiefs and jabots.

YOUNG WIFE SAVED FROM HOSPITAL

Tells How Sick She Was And What Saved Her From An Operation.

Upper Sandusky, Ohio.—"Three years ago I was married and went to house-



keeping. I was not feeling well and could hardly drag myself along. I had such tired feelings, my back ached, my sides ached, I had bladder trouble, and I could not eat or sleep. I had headaches, too, and became almost a nervous wreck. My doctor told me to go to a hospital. I did not like that idea very well, so, when I saw your advertisement in a paper, I wrote to you for advice, and have done as you told me. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and now I have my health.

"If sick and ailing women would only know enough to take your medicine, they would get relief."—Mrs. BENJ. H. STANBURY, Route 6, Box 15, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

If you have mysterious pains, irregularity, backache, extreme nervousness, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait too long, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound now. For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestionable testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy and should give every one confidence.

Richest in Healing Qualities FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

FOR SALE—THE TURNER HOTEL, LEASES and furnishings; well paying prop.; mod. conveniences; 50 well furn. rooms; eat. track. Will see. David C. Lane, Centerville, S. Dak.

W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, NO. 38-1912.

WOMAN WORKS OUT PROBLEM

Mrs. Sarah Erickson Declares the Hen Lays an Egg at the Same Hour She Was Born.

What time of day does a hen lay? That question has puzzled poultry fanciers for unnumbered decades, but now, it seems, it has been satisfactorily solved by a woman. She is Mrs. Sarah Erickson of Falconer, N. Y. Having kept chickens for 37 years, she believes she qualifies as an expert in this line of effort.

"I have worked out the problem," she declares. "By using marked leg-bands, trap nests and alarm clocks attached to the nests I have determined that a hen lays an egg at the same hour, minute and second that she was born, or rather, hatched. For instance, if the hen happened to be able to peck its way through its shell at 7:43 a. m., she will lay an egg at precisely 7:43 a. m. And she will do this without variation every time she is inclined to lay. I have kept time, systematic watch on my hens for five years, and I have never known the rule to fail."

Crime to Kiss.

In Russia it is a crime for lovers to kiss in public, and not very long ago two young women and two young women were arrested in Odessa for having been guilty of this offense. They had all been dining together in a restaurant, and kissed on parting. They were condemned to short terms of imprisonment, and the sentences were confirmed on appeal. The general fine in Russia for a kiss in the open street is 16 shillings, but in a tramcar it may cost anything up to 25 shillings.

Kid Stuff.

Mother—Now, Willie, wash your wrists and neck as well as your hands and face. Willie—Who's comin' t' dinner?

RIGHT HOME

Doctor Recommends Postum from Personal Test.

No one is better able to realize the injurious action of caffeine—the drug in coffee—on the heart, than the doctor. Tea is just as harmful as coffee because it, too, contains the drug caffeine. When the doctor himself has been relieved by simply leaving off coffee and using Postum, he can refer with full conviction to his own case. A Mo. physician prescribes Postum for many of his patients because he was benefited by it. He says: "I wish to add my testimony in regard to that excellent preparation—Postum. I have had functional or nervous heart trouble for over 15 years, and a part of the time was unable to attend to my business.

"I was a moderate user of coffee and did not think drinking it hurt me. But on stopping it and using Postum instead, my heart has got all right, and I ascribe it to the change from coffee to Postum.

"I am prescribing it now in cases of sickness, especially when coffee does not agree, or affects the heart, nerves or stomach.

"When made right it has a much better flavor than coffee, and is a vital sustainer of the system. I shall continue to recommend it to my people, and I have my own case to refer to." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.