

GILLETTE FOUND GUILTY

CONVICTED OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE.

MUST DIE IN ELECTRIC CHAIR

Jury Deliberates for Five Hours and Reaches Verdict on Sixth Ballot. Counsel for Convicted Man Will Move to Have it Set Aside.

Herkimer, N. Y., Dec. 5.—The jury in the trial of Chester E. Gillette for the murder of his sweetheart, Grace Brown, at Big Moose lake, on July 11 last, returned a verdict of guilty in the first degree.

Sentence will be pronounced tomorrow, to which time court adjourned after the jury had reported. Former Senator Mills, Gillette's counsel, before adjournment, announced when court reconvened tomorrow that he would move to have the verdict set aside. The jury, which had deliberated for five hours, sent word that a verdict had been reached. A moment later they filed into the court room and an officer, who had been set for Gillette, returned with the prisoner.

Pale and a trifle nervous, Gillette faced the jury and when Marshall Hatch, the foreman, declared that a verdict of guilty in the first degree had been found the youthful prisoner gave no sign of emotion. A few minutes later, when his counsel had announced his purpose of making formal motion that the verdict be set aside and the judge was dismissing the jurors, Gillette bent over a nearby table, picking up a pencil, wrote something on a sheet of paper. He then folded the paper carefully and placed it in his pocket. Immediately afterwards he was taken from the court room back to his cell in the jail.

It was learned that the jury had some difficulty in reaching an agreement and that six ballots were taken before the twelve men agreed. Up to that time the jury had stood eleven for conviction and one for acquittal.

FLOOD'S HAVOC AT CLIFTON, ARIZ.

From Seven to Twenty Lives Lost and Business Section Ruined.

Bisbee, Ariz., Dec. 5.—One of the worst floods in the history of Clifton, Ariz., came down the San Francisco river and Chase Creek last night. The principal business section of the town was almost completely ruined. From seven to twenty persons is the report of the loss of life. The name of only one victim, however, has been obtained. Mrs. Joseph Thom, who, with her husband and children, was caught in a falling building and killed. The other members of the family had narrow escapes. One of the saloons which was washed away carried several men into the torrent and are believed to have been drowned.

A woman and a child were lost in a small restaurant which was dashed to pieces in the flood. A number of small frame buildings in which people were known to be living also were destroyed and it is feared that a number of families perished.

FOUR CHILDREN PERISH IN FIRE

Burned to Death in Their Home Near Westfield, N. J.

Westfield, N. J., Dec. 5.—Four children, two boys and two girls, ranging in age from two months to five years, were burned to death at their home near here. Mrs. W. F. Wozel and Mrs. Oscar Felter, who lived together with their two children each, went out to work, leaving their little ones at home alone. During their absence their house caught fire. Firemen extinguished the flames and found the bodies of the children burned beyond recognition.

Flood in Panama.

Colon, Dec. 5.—Ten inches of water have fallen in Colon during the last twenty-four hours. The Chagres river has reached the highest point ever known and is still rising fast. Communication and traffic by way of the Panama railroad are interrupted. The inhabitants of the villages north of Bas Obispo nearly all will suffer greatly from the flood, as it will be impossible to get relief to them unless the Chagres subsides.

Francis Freed by Supreme Court.

Kansas City, Dec. 5.—Austin Francis, a switchman, found guilty of murder in the first degree at Kansas City, in November, 1905, was freed by the supreme court of Missouri, which reversed the verdict of the trial court. Francis was convicted of murdering Winona Newton, his fifteen-year-old sweetheart. The decision holds that there was only a suspicion of his guilt and that no motive for the crime was shown.

Rev. A. S. Crapsey Deposed.

Buffalo, Dec. 5.—Bishop Walker of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of western New York, formally deposed the Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey from the ministry of the Episcopal church.

The Masquerader

(Continued from Page Three.)

to regain self possession. Seeing Chilcote's bewilderment, he came to his rescue with brusque tactfulness.

"The position is decidedly odd," he said. "But, after all, why should we be so surprised? Nature can't be eternally original. She must dry up sometimes, and when she gets a good model why shouldn't she use it twice?" He drew back, surveying Chilcote whim-



For a second each stared blankly at the other's face.

sically. "But, pardon me, you are still waiting for that light?"

Chilcote still held the cigarette between his lips. The paper had become dry, and he moistened it as he leaned toward his companion.

"Don't mind me," he said. "I'm rather—rather unstrung tonight, and this thing gave me a jar. To be candid, my imagination took head in the fog, and I got to fancying I was talking to myself."

"And pulled up to find the fancy in some way real?"

"Yes, something like that." Both were silent for a moment. Chilcote pulled hard at his cigarette, then, remembering his obligations, he turned quickly to the other.

"Won't you smoke?" he asked.

The stranger accepted a cigarette from the case held out to him, and as he did so the extraordinary likeness to himself struck Chilcote with added force. Involuntarily he put out his hand and touched the other's arm.

"It's my nerves!" he said in explanation. "They make me want to feel that you are substantial. Nerves play such beastly tricks!" He laughed awkwardly.

The other glanced up. His expression on the moment was slightly surprised, slightly contemptuous, but he changed it instantly to conventional interest. "I am afraid I am not an authority on nerves," he said.

But Chilcote was preoccupied. His thoughts had turned into another channel.

"How old are you?" he asked suddenly.

The other did not answer immediately. "My age?" he said at last slowly. "Oh, I believe I shall be thirty-six tomorrow, to be quite accurate."

Chilcote lifted his head quickly.

"Why do you use that tone?" he asked. "I am six months older than you, and I only wish it was six years. Six year nearer oblivion!"

Again a slight incredulous contempt crossed the other's eyes. "Oblivion?" he said. "Where are your ambitions?"

"They don't exist."

"Don't exist? Yet you voice your country? I concluded that much in the fog."

Chilcote laughed sarcastically. "When one has voiced one's country for six years one gets hoarse. It's a natural consequence."

The other smiled. "Ah, discontent!" he said. "The modern canker. But we must both be getting under way. Good night. Shall we shake hands—to prove that we are genuinely material?"

Chilcote had been standing unusually still, following the stranger's words, caught by his self reliance and impressed by his personality. Now, as he ceased to speak, he moved quickly forward, impelled by a nervous curiosity.

"Why should we just hail each other and pass—like the proverbial ships?" he said impulsively. "If nature was careless enough to let the reproduction meet the original she must abide the consequences."

The other laughed, but his laugh was short. "Oh, I don't know. Our roads lie differently. You would get nothing out of me, and I!" He stopped and again laughed shortly. "No," he said. "I'd be content to pass if I were you. The unsuccessful man is seldom a profitable study. Shall we say good night?"

He took Chilcote's hand for an instant, then, crossing the footpath, he passed into the roadway toward the Strand.

It was done in a moment, but with

his going a sense of loss fell upon Chilcote. He stood a space, newly conscious of unfamiliar faces and unfamiliar voices in the stream of passers-by. Then, suddenly mastered by an impulse, he wheeled rapidly and darted after the tall, lean figure so ridiculously like his own.

Halfway across Trafalgar square he overtook the stranger. He had paused on one of the small stone islands that break the current of traffic and was waiting for an opportunity to cross the street. In the glare of light from the lamp above his head Chilcote saw for the first time that, under a remarkable neatness of appearance, his clothes were well worn—almost shabby. The discovery struck him with something stronger than surprise. The idea of poverty seemed incongruous in connection with the reliance, the reserve, the personality of the man. With a certain embarrassed haste he stepped forward and touched his arm.

"Look here," he said as the other turned quietly. "I have followed you to exchange cards. It can't injure either of us, and I—I wish to know my other self." He laughed nervously as he drew out his cardcase.

The stranger watched him in silence. There was the same faint contempt, but also there was a reluctant interest in his glance as it passed from the fingers fumbling with the case to the pale face with the square jaw, straight mouth and level eyebrows drawn low over the gray eyes. When at last the card was held out to him he took it without remark and slipped it into his pocket.

Chilcote looked at him eagerly. "Now the exchange?" he said.

For a second the stranger did not respond. Then, almost unexpectedly, he smiled.

"After all, if it amuses you"—he said; and, searching in his waistcoat pocket, he drew out the required card.

"It will leave you quite unendangered," he added. "The name of a failure never spells anything." With another smile, partly amused, partly ironical, he stepped from the little island and disappeared into the throng of traffic.

Chilcote stood for an instant gazing at the point where he had vanished; then, turning to the lamp, he lifted the card and read the name it bore, "Mr. John Loder, 13 Clifford's Inn."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAR ON STANDARD IN OHIO

Suits Filed to Prevent Further Operation of Oil Trust.

Columbus, O., Nov. 13.—Suits were filed in the circuit court at Lima, O., by Attorney General Wade Ellis against four subsidiary companies controlled by the Standard Oil company of New Jersey to prevent the further operation of the alleged combination popularly known as the Standard Oil trust. The companies named as defendants are the Ohio Oil company, the Solar Refining company, the Buckeye Pipe Line company and the Standard Oil company of Ohio.

OVERLAND LIMITED HELD UP

Bandits Escape With Suit Cases of Passengers and Conductor's Purse.

Reno, Nev., Nov. 13.—Armed bandits held up the Overland Limited at Carlin and escaped with the suit cases of passengers and the money sack of Conductor Conn. They secured about \$1,000 in all. A posse was formed and a pitched battle took place at the edge of town. 100 shots being fired. No one was injured.

Morocco Forestalls Powers.

Paris, Dec. 5.—A dispatch received here from Fez says that a Moorish man-of-war, with 150 regulars on board, is approaching Tangier for the purpose of re-establishing order. This step by the Moroccan government forestalls the collective note by the members of the diplomatic corps sent to the Moroccan minister of foreign affairs, in which the attention of the government was called to the existing state of anarchy.

Banquet to Stilwell Party.

Mexico City, Dec. 5.—The Stilwell party was banqueted here at a cafe situated at the base of the hill upon which is built the famous castle of Chapultepec. The party is headed by A. E. Stilwell, president of the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient railroad, and comprises seventy-six of the best known capitalists in the United States.

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