

# MURDERER CAUGHT

## WAS MAKING ESCAPE THROUGH THE UNITED STATES.

**Criminal Had Cut Throat of His Wife While They Were Living at Belmont, Mass.—He Has Confessed the Crime—Says His Wife Had Lied to Him and They Had Quarreled.**

La Junta, Col., July 17.—John Schiskloskas, a Russian, wanted at Belmont, Mass., for the murder of his wife last Wednesday night, was arrested at La Junta this afternoon by Sheriff Barr while passing through the city on the Santa Fe railroad. The murderer confessed and gave the full details of the tragedy, which has been puzzling the Massachusetts officers. He said that he and his wife were drinking and quarreling Wednesday afternoon, and continued their quarrel at a park that night, when her taunts enraged him to such an extent that he cut her throat with a penknife and threw the body in a gully.

Thursday he started for the west, making no attempt to conceal his identity. The prisoner expressed his willingness to return without requisition papers and he will be held by Sheriff Barr pending the arrival of officers from Massachusetts. A telegram from Chicago apprised Sheriff Barr of the fact that the Russian would be on Santa Fe train No. 1 from the east. The train stopped but a few minutes at the station, but this was sufficient for the sheriff to spot the only man in the train he believed could bear such a name. His first guess was the right one, Schiskloskas making no attempt to conceal his identity.

The murderer told a clear story of the tragedy. He said he came to America from Poland five years ago and worked on a farm near Lynn, Mass. On February 19, 1905, he married the woman whose murder he now confesses. When he married her, he states, the woman represented that she had \$800 and was but 28 years of age. He found afterward that she possessed but \$200 in money and was more than 40 years of age. The deception she worked upon him was the constant cause of quarrels, he says, and these quarrels had their culmination Wednesday night. That afternoon they decided to go to California, and the wife furnished money for two tickets. Then they drank heavily during the afternoon and went out to a park at night.

The quarrel over the false statements the woman had made before their marriage was begun anew, and the man became enraged at his wife's answers to his taunts. He threw a rock and struck her on the head, and while she was lying unconscious from the blow he gashed her throat with a penknife and dragged the body through an unfrequented part of the park, throwing it in a gully and covering it with rubbish. Then Schiskloskas returned home, slept as peacefully as if nothing had happened and left for the west Thursday noon, first returning the ticket he purchased for his wife and receiving back \$69.

**Modern Noah's Ark Tested.**  
The Danes have been building a vessel upon the lines of Noah's ark as described in Genesis. The model is 30 feet long, 5 feet wide and 3 feet in height, its total size being one-tenth of Noah's structure. It was floated on the ground a short time ago, says the London Spectator, with a party of professors, engineers and officials on board, and is reported—rather, it would seem, to its designer's surprise—to have behaved admirably at sea.

The event is probably regarded by the Danes as a confirmation of the biblical account of Noah's escape; but it also confirms the theory put forward in Herr von Ihering's remarkable book, "The Evolution of the Aryan," in which he maintains that the Babylonians had at a very early period a seaborne commerce, that Noah's ship was a seagoing vessel and that it was driven, as recorded in the Babylonian annals, by a storm wave up the Doab of the Tigris and Euphrates into the mountains.

The remembrance of this calamity, which destroyed whole cities, lasted long and grew with the Jews into the account, obviously impossible as a literal statement, of a flood which was universal. Herr von Ihering further states that the Babylonians constantly kept doves on board their ships, which they occasionally released, and thus by following the direction of their flight were able to reach land.

Five American youths in the University of California flunked an examination, but the Japanese who waited on their table passed the course with high honors. The Japs must go.

Reed Meyer, who died at the German hospital, Philadelphia, a few days ago, was son of a Conrad Meyer, inventor of the iron frame which made possible the latter day development of the piano.

The Russian painter, M. Stepanoff, has appealed to American Consul General Watts at St. Petersburg to assist in the recovery of Russian paintings lost after the close of the St. Louis exposition.

New York's chief of police has barred automobiles from the Chinatown district.

## SPORTING NEWS.

The greatest athletic event in the history of the northwest will be the A. A. U. national championship games to be decided on the Lewis and Clark stadium August 4 and 5.

Frankie Neil, the American bantam champion, has been matched to fight Owen Moran, the English boxer. The boys are to fight at Butte on Labor day.

The announcement that Charles McIntyre had been signed to manage the new Spokane team, in connection with the fact that the work on the new ball grounds is being pushed rapidly, makes it seem certain that there will be a representative team in the Northwest league playing under Spokane's name for the rest of the summer. Frank Dorsey, who is president of the Recreation company, which owns and operates the franchise in the Northwest league, has been busy signing new players and changing the makeup of the team.

The final match in the transmississippi amateur golf championship tournament at Glen Echo links drew a large attendance. The several days' play has finally cut down the field to Walter Fairbanks of Denver and Warren Dickinson of Des Moines, who contested through 36 holes for the championship. Walter Fairbanks was elected president of the Transmississippi Golf association for the ensuing year. The championship was won by Warren Dickinson of Des Moines in defeating Walter Fairbanks of Denver by a score of 6 up and 4 to play.

The auto boat race from Boulogne, France, to Folkstone, England, and back, for a prize of \$8400, started at 9 o'clock Saturday and resulted in La Rapierre, a Frenchman, being first, covering the 94 kilometers in two hours and 25 minutes.

Eugene F. Bert, president of the Pacific Coast Baseball league, politician and lawyer, was shot Saturday morning at his San Francisco home in a mysterious manner. It is said that Bert shot himself in an attempt to commit suicide, which was prompted by prolonged ill health.

## Swam Niagara Falls.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., July 19.—Charles D. Graham of this city and William J. Glover, Jr., of Baltimore, successfully swam the lower rapids of the Niagara form the American side of the whirlpool to Lewiston Monday afternoon.

The distance of four miles was covered in 26 minutes by Glover. The start was made at 4:03 p. m., from Flat rock, which is on the American side. The swimmers did not venture in the upper rapids, where Captain Webb lost his life. Both men wore life belts and inflated rubber rings around their necks. From the start Glover took the lead. He entered the rapids a minute ahead of Graham. Until the devil's hole was reached the swift current and roaring rapids had the swimmers in their grasp.

A swirling eddy caught Glover and he was down two minutes, but his life belt saved him.

Swimming in the swift, smooth current was hard for Graham, but evident ly easy for Glover.

At 4:28 o'clock Glover was pulled up on the dock at Lewiston. He was dressed and about 15 minutes later telling his story. Graham was taken to a hotel in a wagon and did not leave his bed until late in the afternoon. Neither of the men were injured. Graham swam the lower rapids twice before. He is about 55 years of age, while Glover is 35 years of age.

## LIKE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON.

**Church to Be Built by Prince Esterhazy.**

Prince Luca Esterhazy, who has enormous possessions in Transylvania, is about to erect a church on his estates which will be a model of King Solomon's temple. Prince Esterhazy is a mystic recluse and for years has been engaged in the study of ancient oriental architecture. He made a special study of the biblical account of the building of Solomon's temple, and while he does not intend to lavish an expenditure on cedar, gold and ivory as marked the venture of the Hebrew king, his church will be an exact copy of the original.

## RAN INTO OPEN SWITCH.

**Engineer Killed, Fireman Injured in Louisiana.**

A Southern Pacific freight train was wrecked near Lafayette, La., Sunday, and Engineer W. H. Elen killed and Fireman Coine badly hurt. The wreck was caused by an open switch, and all signs point to a deliberate attempt to switch a passenger train, for the switchlight was moved and preparations made to cause an accident.

## SCHEDULE AT SPOKANE.

**Northwest League of Baseball Starts This Month.**

Bellingham, August 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; September 13, 14, 15, 16, 17.  
Everett, August 9, 10, 11, 12, 13; August 31; September 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Vancouver, July 26, 27, 28, 29, 30; September 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

## THE CHICAGO STRIKE.

**No Immediate Probability of Ending—Serious Riot Is Averted.**

Chicago, July 17.—The express drivers formerly employed by the several railway express companies will remain on strike for the present at least.

The Indians of the Choctaw tribe, in Indian territory, have formed a good roads association.

# HAS 400,000 MEN

## GENERAL LINEVITCH PLANING TO MAKE BIG SHOWING.

**Reports That Russian Army Is in Precarious Position Is Denied—Both Wings in Advance of Center—Japanese Center Is Strongly Fortified—They Are Using Novel Trap.**

It is officially reported at Tokio that General Linevitch's forces number nearly 400,000 now, and that he is extensively using water transportation to bring forward men, supplies and ammunition.

An officer who recently returned from Manchuria expresses the opinion that Linevitch plans a great demonstration to synchronize with the meeting of the plenipotentiaries, but that he does not intend real aggression.

It is understood that Captain Bougouin returns permanently to France.

## Russians Hold Position.

Reports received that the Russian army is in a precarious situation appear to be without foundation. Investigations made by correspondents of the Associated Press show that neither flank has been turned, and that, in fact, the Russian wings are more advanced than the center.

The Japanese center is strongly fortified. Many siege guns have been placed along the Changtufu Nancheze line, and there is a triple ring of forts commanding the Mandarin road.

The Japanese are using a novel elephant trap style of entrenchment, consisting of ditches covered with platforms which are balanced in the middle, and which tilt into vertical positions under the feet of attackers.

The Japanese have captured a balloon eight miles south of Nanchenze.

Meeteetz, Wyo., July 18.—In order to render all aid in his power to save the lives of four men injured in an explosion at the Kirwin gold mine near here, in which three other men were killed, Dr. Richards of Thermopolis rode 100 miles over the mountains at breakneck speed, arriving in time to accomplish the purpose for which the serious ride was made.

The explosion was caused by miners drilling into a missed shot and three men were killed. They were: M. A. Chubb, shift boss.

William Goss, miner.  
James Miller, miner.

Four others were seriously injured. When the explosion came there was no doctor within call nearer than Thermopolis, 100 miles to the southeast, but Dr. Richards at that place responded over the telephone that he would ride to the best of his ability. He made the mountainous distance in a little less than 11 hours. Four relays were used by him in making the trip, ranchmen along the route supplying him with horses.

## Paymaster Was Held Up.

Birmingham, Ala.—L. D. Burr, paymaster of the Sloss-Sheffield Steel & Iron company, was held up by two masked highwaymen on the railroad between Littleton and Flat Top and relieved of \$5000, which was to be used in paying off the men.

Less than five minutes afterward Detective George Bodecker, Policeman Nix and Charles Pickard had shot and killed one of the highwaymen and recovered the money. The other robber escaped.

## Insurance Is a Trust.

The Arkansas antitrust law was declared valid by the superior court recently, two justices dissenting from the opinion. It is agreed that the effect of the decision will be to shut out from the state all old line insurance companies that maintain a rate agreement, and any trust products sold in the state will be in violation of its terms.

## Will Appeal to Roosevelt.

At a recent meeting of four hundred mechanics of the government navy yard they appointed a committee of two to confer with the president at Oyster Bay looking to securing from him an order allowing the navy yard employes Saturday half holidays during the summer, as in the case of employes in the executive departments.

## Russian Soldiers Mutinied.

Lodz, July 18.—Part of the Eatireburg regiment, stationed here, mutinied Monday and killed an officer. The mutineers were arrested. Owing to the state of siege the citizens of Lodz are compelled to contribute \$1500 daily toward the maintenance of the troops here.

Boise, Idaho, July 19.—A sensation has been created here by the announcement that Sheriff Cary C. Havird of this county is short in his accounts. The commissioners made an examination of his books, and it is officially stated that they show a large deficiency. Possibly he will be permitted to make good and resign.

Washington, July 18.—Ambassador Meyer has cabled the state department that M. Witte, the Russian chief plenipotentiary to the peace conference, will sail from Cherbourg on July 26.

Warsaw, July 18.—A sergeant of detectives was shot and killed here by an unknown man. A patrol of infantry while pursuing the assassin fired a volley, killing a merchant.

## NOW CORELESS APPLE.

**After Years of Experiment a New Seedless Fruit Has Been Produced.**

The coreless apple has been produced and it is full of possibilities. The new fruit is regarded as "the world's greatest discovery in horticulture," says a writer in the Nineteenth Century and After, and in fruit-growing circles is called "the wonder of the age."

Its flavor is beyond question. If it proves as large as its rivals trees producing the new wonder, which is a winter variety, will be planted by the million in the commercial fruit fields at home and abroad. There is little likelihood of its impeding the profitable sale of ordinary apples of high grade.

The new apple, which is both coreless and seedless, was introduced by an old fruit raiser. For twelve years he experimented to obtain the fruit.

The tree is described as blossomless, the only thing resembling a blossom being a small cluster of tiny green leaves which grow around the newly formed apple and shelter it. Being devoid of blossoms, it is claimed that the fruit offers no effective hiding place in which the codlin moth may lay its eggs, which it usually does in the open eye of the fruit. Moreover, there is nothing to fear from frosts.

The color of the new apple is red, dotted with yellow on the skin. As with the seedless orange, so with the seedless apple, a slightly hardened substance makes its appearance at the navel end. But this can be obliterated by culture. The originator of the coreless apple states that the further "we get from the original five trees the larger and better the fruits become in every way."

Apple culture is more important even than orange culture. In the United States there are 200,000,000 apple trees in bearing, from which 250,000,000 bushels of fruit are annually harvested. In ten years these three will give a yield of 400,000,000 bushels.

At the present time the apple consumption of the United States is eighty pounds a head of the population a year. By bushel measure the American apple crop is four times greater than the entire wheat yield of Great Britain and Ireland.

Billions of apple trees are grown in the orchards of the world, and millions of them are still being planted each year. The apple imports of Great Britain alone range between 4,500,000 and 5,000,000 hundredweight. In addition, the writer estimates the census of our apple trees at 20,000,000.

There are now 2,000 of these coreless apple trees available for propagation to supply the orchards of the world. It is estimated that by 1906 2,500,000 of these trees will be put upon the market.

The Spencer apple is not the first seedless apple that has been grown. During the last sixty years about half a dozen such claimants have made their appearance. But in no instance was it found possible to reproduce trees from them which would bear seedless apples.

Though no blossom is at any time visible on the Spencer seedless apple trees, when budded or grafted they insure trees that will produce coreless apples. They are great bearers, and crop freely in any country where the ordinary apple tree will fruit.

In 1826 Abbe D. Dupuy, professor of natural history at Auch, drew attention to the Bon Chretien d'Auch pear, which produced fruit without seeds, though when removed to another locality the seeds reappeared in the fruit in the usual way. This fact up to that period had led the fruit-tree distributors to treat the pear in one locality as the Bon Chretien d'Auch and in another district as the Winter Bon Chretien. But the Spencer apple remains seedless in any soil.

The coreless apple will produce as great a sensation when brought before the public as the seedless orange did a few years ago. The orange is a luxury; the aromatic apple has become an absolute necessity.

## Chinese Food.

A German epicure comes to the rescue of the Chinese in regard to their alleged habit of eating rotten eggs.

The eggs, he says, are simply preserved in lime until they get a consistency like that of hard butter, and they taste somewhat like lobster. He declares them one of the choicest delicacies he has ever eaten. He thinks there are no better cooks in the world than the Chinese. When he went to live among them his friends predicted he would starve, but he had a good time, and gained weight—more than he wanted to.—New York Tribune.

## Soothed to Rest.

The story is told of a man whose wife had arranged an "authors' evening," and persuaded her reluctant husband to remain at home and help her receive the fifty guests who were asked to partake of this intellectual feast. The first author was dull enough, but the second was still duller. The rooms were intolerably warm, and on pretense of letting in some cool air, the unfortunate host escaped to the hall, where he found the footman comfortably asleep on the carved oak settee.

"Wake up!" he said, sternly, in the man's ear. "wake up, I say! You must have been listening at the keyhole!"

## Kitchener's Way.

One of the London dailies tells the following characteristic story of Lord Kitchener. "On one occasion the Governor of Natal visited the Commander-in-Chief. 'My ministers and myself consider we should be vouchsafed further news.' This was Kitchener's reply: 'I do not agree with either you or your ministers.—K.'"

## SONG OF WINTER LOVE.

More lightly than a hare o'er frosted snow,  
You moved across the winter of my life;  
Yet your fleet passing set my heart aglow,  
And I awakened in my blood the living strife.

I know not whence you came, nor whither sped  
To other hills and valleys—east or west;  
Yet from my life the winter snows are fled,  
And singing waters waken in my breast.

## THE BRIDE'S ROSES.

**T**HIS grand and ancient temple, which was built in the far-gone days of the old British regime, stands amid the low-lying hills that encircle the swift-flowing Rappahannock, with the dim spires of Fredericksburg shining in the distance, and the everlasting pines, for which Virginia is so noted, standing in thick files on either hand.

Centuries upon centuries have expended their storms upon the massive walls, and yet they stand, mute yet most eloquent monuments of the strength and durability of old-time architecture.

One can even yet discover some traces of the old altar stones and the tablets whereon the names of the dead-and-gone vestrymen are recorded; and the pew, once occupied by Washington and his relatives, is still reverently pointed out to every sight-seer who turns out of the beaten thoroughfare of travel to have a look at this sacred and venerable pile.

"But the bride's rose, have you seen that?" questioned our guide, as we were making our way out over the crumbling heaps of mortar.

"The bride's rose? Why, no, what is it?"

Our guide was a woman, a gray and gaunt old creature, who lives in a little hut near at hand, and earns an honest penny now and then by showing trav-



"YOU MUST SEE THE BRIDE'S ROSE."

elers over the ruins of old Potomac Church.

She turned back on the instant, shaking her gray head slowly from side to side.

"Ah, you must see the bride's rose," she said; "come along!"

We followed her back, over heaps of debris, under the crumbling arches of the old English temple—bats and ghost-moths hurting in our very eyes, and the hush of the falling twilight all about us. Through the main aisle, out at the great arched door, down the fallen steps into a little courtyard.

The old woman stooped down and parted the rank, luxuriant growth that covered the ruins at our feet.

"There it is," she said; "look!"

We stooped down, and, looking closely, saw amid the rank grass a great cluster of scarlet roses. The shrub upon which they bloomed seemed to be small and stunted in its growth, but the flowers were a marvel of perfect loveliness, so large, so fine, so delicate in tint and texture, more like the cultivated bloom of a hothouse than the wild growth of the fields.

"Stop! You wouldn't touch 'em?" cried the old creature, in utter horror, as we put out our hand to cull one of the perfect flowers. "Don't, for heaven's sake! It is the bride's rose, red with blood, and presently the bride herself will come and gather them. She comes every night and gathers them, and every morning they bloom again afresh. Don't touch 'em!"

We drew back with an involuntary shudder, and the old woman rose to her feet, letting the rank grasses close around the shining, blood-red blossoms. "Come," she said, in a sort of awed whisper. "You've seen the rose; let's be going. The dark will be upon us in a twinkling now, and the bride walks at dark! We mustn't be here when she comes! Hark, that's her voice now! Don't you hear? She always comes a-singing, so her lover will know when to meet her. Don't you hear?"

With her skeleton finger uplifted and her hollow eyes fixed on mine, the old creature stood and listened. A faint, sweet murmur, that might have been the echo of distant song, or the soft pulsing of the summer air, thrilled the twilight silence.

"Don't you hear?" she cried, in terror. "Come away!"

And, half in awe myself, as I looked back at the gray ruins over which the summer darkness was falling, I followed her across the green copse, through the moaning pine ridge and up to the low doorway of her little hut. There was a light within, and

we could see her daughter busy preparing our evening meal.

The old woman sat down upon the stone sill and wiped the perspiration from her brow.

"We've run a risk," she said; "if we'd ha' lingered another half hour 'twould ha' been the last o' us. No one ever lives as once sets eyes upon the bride. One man was foolhardy enough to try it long ago; he waited and watched to see the bride come, and he was never heard of again."

"She must be a terrible bride, then," I answered, sitting down beside her; "won't you tell me about her? Tell me the story from beginning to end. There is a story, isn't there?"

"Oh, yes, I've told it hundreds o' times in my day. Listen, and you shall hear it. It all happened centuries ago, when the old church yonder was just building.

"A great gentleman come across the sea from England—Lord Stewart by name. He lived in a great house down among the hills below there, and had no end o' servants, and dishes o' gold and silver to eat out of, and fine carriages to ride in, and his daughter was the grandest lady in the whole country, and the handsomest. She had a skin like snow, and cheeks like primroses, and eyes like stars, and she wore gowns o' the finest silk ever wove.

"Well, Lord Stewart meant to marry her to some great man who was to come across from England; but the Lady Beatrice, that was her name, what should she do but fall in love with the head architect, who was a building the old church down yonder.

"He was a fine young fellow, but he come of the people, and wasn't over rich, and he daren't show himself at Lord Stewart's great house; so every evening at twilight the Lady Beatrice comes down to the church to meet him, and they walk up and down, a talking o' their love, till the midnight stars were a shining overhead.

"Lord Stewart he knows nothing about it, and he sends to England for the fine gentleman to come over and marry his daughter. And he comes, and puts a glittering ring on Lady Beatrice's finger, and the wedding day is fixed, and the wedding finery a making up—white silks and satins, and laces, such as never was seen afore under the sun.

"And Lady Beatrice is afraid to say a word, but she goes on a meeting her lover. Every evening at twilight she goes down to the church, and if he isn't there she falls to singing in her soft, sweet voice, and he hears her, and comes, and they walk up and down together.

"But at last the wedding day comes, and the wedding feast is cooked, and all the grand wedding guests invited. And the wedding finery is all in readiness, and Lord Stewart commands his daughter to get ready for the marriage. And she dare not disobey, or open her mouth to tell him a word about the man she loves. So she sits white and still like a ghost, while they robe her in the white silks and laces, and jewels, and then they lead her down the great stairway, and put her in the waiting carriage, and the grand wedding party drives down to the new church. They are to be married there, the very first marriage before the new altar.

"A groom gallops ahead, to bid the head architect have the bells in readiness to ring for the wedding, and he goes up on the dizzy steeple, in a great hurry, to see for himself that all is right. He has heard nothing of the marriage, and has no dream that Lady Beatrice is to be the bride.

"But presently he looks down, just as the grand party comes dashing up, and he sees Lady Beatrice come walking up to the steps, all in her white silks and laces, with her white veil flowing to her feet, and she is leaning on the arm of the fine English gentleman. All in a minute, it flashes through his mind what is a going to be—that Lady Beatrice has played him false, and has come to church to be made another man's bride.

"He grows blind and sick, and reels where he stands, and presently he falls headlong down from the dizzy steeple. He strikes the flagstones in the courtyard, right at Lady Beatrice's feet, as she comes sweeping up on her bridegroom's arm.

"She sees him, and knows him, and falls on her knees beside him, with an awful cry. The blood stains her white marriage robes, and the white roses in her hair fall out, and lay dabbled in a pool of red blood.

"They raise her up and carry her off, but the wedding does not go on, for the poor lady lies in a swoon, and that night she dies, a calling on her dead lover's name.

"The next day, when the men came to wash away the blood stains from the flagstones where the poor architect fell, they find that Lady Beatrice's bridal roses have taken root, and are growing betwixt the flagstones in the courtyard, and instead of being white, they are blood red.

"That's the story of the bride's roses! And for hundreds and hundreds of years they have grown and bloomed in that same spot; and every night, as surely as the dark falls, the poor, broken-hearted Lady comes a-singing, with her white laces, and her long marriage veil a trailing and rustling; and she stoops down and gathers the red roses; but when the next morning comes they are blooming again as fresh as ever. Winter or summer, the bride's roses never fall."—People's Home Journal.

## Suspicious Symptoms.

Tiffington—I'm getting old.  
Widdleton—Oh, no.  
Tiffington—Yes, I am. I've begun to think that I look young for my years.—Brooklyn Life.