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BURNED TO DEATH WITH WIFE AND SON

Fire in a House in Belmont, Mass Results in Triple Tragedy

Paris March 27.—The Government has refused the request made by the Duke of Montebello to remove the remains of his grandfather, the illustrious Marshal Lannes, from the Pantheon. The request was made by the Duke because he did not wish the body of the Marshal to lie in the Pantheon with that of Emile Zola, whom he described as "the insult of the Army."

The Cabinet today voted to postpone the transfer of the body of M. Zola to the Pantheon from April 2 to June 4 in order

to permit the completion of suitable arrangements. The Anti-Zolaists have arranged a meeting to protest against this transfer.

LIVE WIRE RESTORES SIGHT. "I See With My Blind Eye!" Cries John Miller After Receiving a Shock at Phillipsburg, N. J.

PHILLIPSBURG, N. J., March 23.—Knocked down by a shock of electricity from a wire he touched, John Miller, an employee of Howard Schooley, a butcher of this place, today had the sight restored to an eye which had been blind for thirty-three years. There had been a flimsy growth over the eyeball.

Upon receiving the shock he saw a woman wearing a blue dress walking in the street. "By gracious, Schooley," exclaimed Miller, "I see her with my bad eye," and so it proved.

THE LONELY GUARD,

—BY—
NORMAN INNES,

Author of "The Surge of War" (London Magazine, Eveleigh Nash, 1900); "Pargen Croft" (Eveleigh Nash, 1907).

(Continued)

"Wilt thou drink?" said the old man at last, going to a cupboard whence he brought forth a flask of wine.

"Wilt thou drink, sir?" he repeated, reaching my wandering with as he filled a glass at my elbow, "and I will tell thee a tale of this place, of old Karl von Rohm of the flaming beard, and of his mighty treasure that they say lies hidden beneath the castle."

And I drank, drank feverishly in great gulps, calling Heaven and Hell to witness that I cared nought for old Karl and his beard, for his treasure, for his castle, for aught save a daughter of his race.

The good man started at my sudden outburst. He fell back a yard from my chair and stared at me wondering.

"His manner was apologetic, penitently almost."

"Alack, Captain Lesly, old dotard that I am, I have wearied thee. Thou shouldst have checked my tongue ere this, should have hidden me be silent."

And I, ashamed at my sudden heat for my scant courtesy to white hairs and priestly cassock, and besides for having so recklessly proclaimed my love for the Countess Elsa, bade him be seated.

"The pardon, good father," said I, "though ashamed I must laugh. Verily I was dreaming, or lost in thy tales of ancient times. But in proof of thy forgiveness, thou must tell me this legend of that old Rohm and of his treasure. There is time ere I go the round of my sentinels."

Then and there, glass in hand, Johann, the priest, began his tale of the founder of the house that had held sway for centuries in the valley of the Rhoman, and how he had found a treasure, deep in some vault amid the foundations of the castle, and how, to the sorrow of the covetous of his race, the lapse of years had obliterated all certain knowledge of the hiding place, the existence of which none of the house had ever ventured to question.

Such tales I have heard by the score in my time, they pass current in England, in France, in Scotland, and wherever a nighty ruin bears witness to a golden past. Little heed I paid to the story, once again I was deep in my own doubts, and as in a dream I was conscious of the old man telling of some key to this untold treasure that was reported to be yet in existence, that had never been seen, so I understood him to say, within the past hundred years.

"And, my son," said the priest, leaning forward in his chair and suddenly recalling my wandering interest in this old-world fable, "the tale goes that there does in reality exist a hidden place in this castle, known only to those of the race and jealously guarded as a secret inviolate."

"Then it is my duty to search the building, through the stone walls," said I with a drawn and a laugh, "should fortune lead me to this treasure, the half of it shall be thine."

Grave grew the wrinkled face before me.

"Thou wilt not search," I gasped my companion.

I laughed aloud; laughed at his fears, at his ashy cheeks.

"Nay, father, not I. I'm no believer in these tales or in waste of time and labor, and besides I trust to thine honor."

"As I trust to thine," rejoined the priest, still ill at ease, as though to make an end of the matter. "I did but tell thee the legend as it has been told to me for thy entertainment, to while away an idle hour."

Drawing my glass, I rose from my chair and bade Father Johann good-night. Dazed with the old man's chatter, and thankful at last to be alone, I had turned down the gallery in the direction of my sleeping-chamber when the sound of voices caught my attention.

They came from the castle garden, and as I retraced my steps along the corridor the ripple of a woman's laughter was wafted through the window I approached.

It was as I had looked for: with arms locked they were walking in the moonlight. Elsa von Rohm and her white-coated cavalier. Hot came the blood to my cheeks at the sight of these two, his head bent downwards, she looking up in his face.

In an instant my mind was made up. Though I could scarce question the right of an Austrian officer, to visit his cousins by the permission of the Commandant of Salzburg, yet I held that I might insist that his presence should in no way stultify my rules for the government of the castle. It was, long past the hour of the past ten, close on eleven, and the Countess was still in the garden in defiance of my authority. As for von Wegan, but for my knowledge of his treachery, of which policy for the present demanded that I should shut my eyes, I could scarce set limitations upon his conduct. He was no prisoner, he was senior to me in rank, clearly he was as much beyond my control as was the castle ghost.

The matter was delicate—eventually I called to mind Her Majesty's warning. My methods I knew must be courteous, my words well chosen, —alack, I scarce realized that I was in no humor for such a delicate dealing. As I sprang down the winding stairway I remember wondering how the sentry posted at the entrance to the garden had acted in a dilemma which had been his and now was mine.

A trooper was standing in the open doorway at the end of the narrow passage, to left and right were the sleeping-chambers of the sisters. Roundly, yet in low tones, I demanded on whose authority he had permitted the Countess to enter the garden—the man had orders to report any contravention of my commands to me without delay.

"The Herr Count bade me let Her

Excellency pass," stammered the man, adding in excuse, "He is an officer and I must obey."

"Go to the devil—to the guard-room," growled I, out of all patience yet having no wish that the trooper should embarrass my meeting with the lady and her suitor.

As the man slunk up the stairway, I stepped into the garden. In the distance beside the battlements I could hear the low voices of the lovers, and for a moment I felt guilty of an act of malicious spite, that no call of duty could justify. But the knowledge of the man's treachery reassured me. Surely he who could talk lightly of breaking his oath of allegiance, was scarce a fit husband for one possessing neither father nor brother to take her part, should he who had played his sovereign false, prove false to her also.

Such thoughts passed through my brain hurriedly, dimly, together with a feeling of thankfulness and relief that so far as I knew, the elder Countess was nowhere in the garden, none in Rohm could daunt me as that trim little lady of the biting tongue.

But my observation was at fault, my hopes quickly dashed, for as I passed the basin wherein the fountain was playing as ever, I caught sight of a woman's figure, dim and indistinct upon a seat in the shadow of a myrtle. She was crooning the air of a song I knew not, a plaintive haunting air it was, full of yearning, full of pity: some folk-song of the valley, thought I.

Hot and cold I grew in a minute; so much would have it, I had first to make complaint to this fair ternaunt of her conduct. It was with beating heart that I approached the shadow beneath the shrubs.

Her song ceased in a moment. She rose as though in expectation of my coming, apparently about to speak, and then stood still.

(To be continued.)

FAMILY BURNED

TO DEATH

Belmont, Mass., March 27.—Ernest Blomquist, a cabinet-maker, his wife Lotte and a 12-year old son Lewis, were burned to death in a fire which consumed their home at 175 Belmont street, near the Western line, late last night.

Mr. Blomquist lived near the home of the Parker family which was burned to death a short time ago and it was Mr. Blomquist who discovered the fire in the Parker House and dressed only in his night clothes made a brave attempt to save members of the Parker family, four of whom were burned to death.

Mr. Blomquist and his wife were about 45 years of age and had lived in Belmont about five years, building their home which was destroyed tonight at the time.

FIRST BUDDHIST

TEMPLE IN U. S.

Seattle, Wn., March 27.—Within the next fortnight work will be begun on what will be the only Buddhist church in the United States owned by a Buddhist organization. The building stands on ground also owned by the Society. The ground has been purchased at a cost of \$6,000 and plans have been drawn for a \$12,000 edifice.

CANADA'S OLDEST

PRISONER DYING

Edmonton, March 25.—Josiah Gilbert, serving a term of life imprisonment in the penitentiary here, is dangerously ill, and there are slight hopes for his recovery.

Gilbert is a murderer, he having been brought here from Regina early in 1907, when he commenced a life imprisonment sentence. He is over 70 years of age, and is the oldest life prisoner in a Canadian penitentiary.

When he entered the institution here, Gilbert was in the prime of health, but solitary confinement of over a year has told on his robust constitution, and he has gradually lost flesh and health.

Jailer McCauley of Edmonton penitentiary has done everything possible for the old man. This morning, however, he took a very bad turn, and this afternoon a message from the penitentiary states that his condition is exceedingly low and that he will not likely live out the day.

Josiah Gilbert was for many years a resident of the Regina district. His farm is located a few miles southeast of that city. The farm was sold to Barret, Henderson of Charlottetown, P. E. I., in the summer of 1906, and that fall Henderson was murdered by Gilbert, who was dissatisfied with his deal and shot Henderson down in his own yard, discharging a shot gun loaded with slugs and wire nails full in his victim's face, causing a terrible and fatal wound.

Pekin, March 27.—China has already begun preparation for the entertainment of the American battleship fleet on its way around the world. Admiral Sah, responding to an inquiry from the foreign board, has recommended Chi Fu as the best harbor for the reception of the visitors.

The harbors of China are mostly in the possession of foreign powers and the only other place where the warships could be received is Woo Sung.

PIMPLES

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Mr. D. P. Sammon, Osceola, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with pimples all over my face and hands. I paid out money to doctors but they could do me no good. A friend convinced me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after using two bottles the pimples vanished, and I have not been troubled with them since."

Burdock Blood Bitters may be procured at all Druggists and Dealers.

MURDER AND

SUICIDE

Wil Laurson, March 27.—The discovery in the woods near here of Frank Roberts and Mrs. Gustine Brist set disclosed a double tragedy. The murder and suicide, for such the crime is officially declared to be, occurred Sunday when Roberts and Mrs. Brist were seen to leave the woman's house together. When found both had bullet holes in their heads and close by the hands of Roberts lay a revolver with two chambers empty. Roberts it is thought killed the woman and then shot himself.

Both were French.

INTEREST SHOWN

IN PARKER CASE

Ten interesting case of William J. Parker, charged with misappropriating \$10 given him by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Millicent Parker, to secure a lot in a cemetery, occupied the attention of Judge Ritchie for three hours yesterday afternoon. J. King Kelley appeared for the defendant and for one hour and thirty minutes put Mrs. Parker through a severe examination. Some of his questions bearing upon the trouble said to have taken place between Bayard Parker and his wife just previous to his death were not allowed, and Mr. Kelley created somewhat of a sensation by stating when Mrs. Parker's evidence was read by Mr. Henderson "I wish to be placed on record as stating that this is not a correct statement of the proceedings of the court this afternoon."

Judge Ritchie said he would make no comment on Mr. Kelley's statement. Mrs. Parker though questioned sharply did not vary her evidence from the story she previously told. She gave to Mr. Kelley some sharp answers and at one time was warned by his honor not to be too smart.

At the beginning she was asked by Mr. Kelley to remove her veil, but replied "Have you no respect for me?" and the court ruled that Mr. Kelley had no right to ask the witness to take off her veil.

Federick McFay, an employee in the Cedar Hill cemetery testified to Wm. J. Parker buying a lot and obtaining a receipt.

Wm. Rogers, father of Mrs. Millicent Parker, corroborated her evidence. The case will be resumed on Wednesday next at 2 o'clock.

E. S. Ritchie appeared for Mrs. Parker. Havelock Murphy and James Connolly, charged with stealing were before the court and their bail was renewed until Tuesday at 10:30 o'clock.

Jeremiah Daley, charged with stealing a watch elected to be tried before Judge Ritchie and pleaded guilty. He was remanded.

ANDOVER

Herman Turner went to Presque Isle to visit his aunt, Mrs. Rolfe. Mr. Carter returned from St. John Friday.

Miss Helen Perley left Friday for Pennsylvania, where she will teach education and English in one of the state schools near Philadelphia.

Mr. J. G. Dickinson went to St. John where he will take up his position in the Bank of Montreal. The business men of the two villages very much regret the departure of Mr. Dickinson with whom he was very popular.

Miss Holt of Fort Fairfield is visiting Miss Edna Brown.

Mr. Jennings of Moncton was doing business in the village Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvie Tilley entertained a number of friends from Andover on Friday evening. A very enjoyable time was reported.

Mrs. Geo. T. Baird gave an at home to the married ladies on Tuesday afternoon from four to six. Miss Florence Porter and Miss Effie Cameron served refreshments on the occasion.

Miss Lena Baird gave an at home to the young ladies of her acquaintance on Wednesday afternoon.

Howard Porter has returned from his visit to Ottawa and Montreal. He greatly enjoyed the kindness and hospitality shown to him by Senator Ritchie and to him by Senators Costigan and Baird, and M. Michaud, member for Victoria.

Miss May Waite entertains a number of her friends at tea this evening.

The trial of Freeman Rogers under the Speedy Trials Act before Judge Carleton, is taking place at the Court House today. W. C. H. Elliott is Rogers' attorney.

The last game of basket ball for the season was played in Haverhill's hall last evening between the Andover team and the Fort Fairfield boys, resulting in a victory for the Andover boys.

Mrs. Wiley is to arrive from New York tomorrow where she has been taking a course of nursing. On her way home she spent a few days the guest of Dr. and Mrs. J. L. King at Haverhill, Mass.

Father Ryan, the priest at the Indian Point, lectures tonight in the opera house. Forth in reply to the French Canadian who lectured in the Baptist church last week.

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