Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 11, 1898.

A WONDERFUL BABY.

Isn't he a wonderful baby?
  The finest, we think, in the land;
Why, if he had strength, I believe, sir,
  He really would try to stand.

His lungs are as strong as a bellows,
  And his voice as loud as a bell;
Why, if he could talk, I believe, sir,
  His wishes he surely would tell.

You just ought to hear him cry, sir,
  He'll keep it up for an hour;
I believe he's just trying to tell us,
  What he'd do if he had the power.

His eyes are a sight to behold, sir,
  As blue and true as the sky,
And I'm sure he'll be a great learner,
  For his forehead is broad and high.

And he's got such a cute little nose, sir;
  They say "it's a sign he'll be smart;"
Why, he might be the President yet, sir,
  Then I'd have the desire of my heart.

Yes! he's really a wonderful baby,
  The finest, we think, in the land,
But why the people around don't say so,
  Is what we cannot understand.

—*William Bell.*

JEM'S MOTHER.

"The mail's a-coming."

"That ain't smoke, father, it's just a cloud."

"I think it's smoke," and both the old people with faces pressed close to the window peered wistfully at the thin, gray film wavering above the trees of the distant grove.

"It is moving this way, mother."

"Like enough the breeze is in the east."

"There!" they both exclaimed as the faint sound of a whistle reached them. The rumble of the car wheels became distinct, but still they stood watching the shifting line of smoke as it came nearer. Neither moved until the long train rushed through the town, passing only a few rods from the windows where they were watching. Then Uncle Matt turned away and sat down in his old-fashioned splint rocker. His hands bronzed and knotted with weather and work, were clasped over the head of his walking stick. He leaned forward, heavily resting his head on his hands.

"Aren't you goin' for the mail father?"

"Tain't any use. I've been every day for ten years, and never a word from Jem yet."

"But it might come to-day, and I couldn't stand it noways to think maybe there was a letter there and we didn't know it."

Uncle Matt rose slowly from his chair. "Seems 'zif I couldn't drag myself up to the post-office many more times. This goin' and goin' every day, and watchin' and watchin' the letters poppin' into the boxes here and there and everywhere, and thinkin' every time that the next one will fly into our box and it will be from Jem—but there, mother, I'm goin'. Meybe it will come to-day."

Aunt Betsy rocked back and forth crying softly, while Uncle Matt with labored effort moved around the room getting ready for his walk. He came and stood beside her as he buttoned his worn, faded coat snugly across his chest, then he patted her silvery hair with clumsy sympathy, saying, "There mother, there mother, I'm goin' now." Aunt Betsey nodded and tried to smile as he went out of the door.

It was a snowy, tedious walk, but uncle Matt trudged bravely on, the heroism of his wife's smile filling his lovely old heart and urging forward his aged rheumatic limbs. Everyone in the village knew him—knew the almost hopeless hope of his daily pilgrimages to the office. The group of idlers waiting to catch stray bits of gossip from those who were coming and going, smiled sympathetically when the postal clerk took a letter from the box and waved it at the old man as he entered the door.

"For me?" he asked. "Is it for me?"

The clerk nodded. "I hope it's all right," he ventured, noticing how the letter shook in the trembling hand that received it. But Uncle Matt could make no reply. He stumbled out into the street again, the precious letter crushed in his intense eager grasp. He forgot all the heart-breaking anxiety of those long years. He forgot that Jem had left home in a drunken fury, without one word of farewell but sullen curses. He forgot the bitter cruelty of his unbroken silence during the long years. He remembered only that he was their son, their bright, beautiful winning boy. As he neared home he exulted in the thought of the happiness he was taking to his boy's mother. He knew he should find her sitting before the little open stove trying to knit. She had long since stopped asking if there were any mail, and this morning she did not even look up as he came in, lest he should see her too willing tears. He sat down by her and put the letter in her lap. There was no need to ask from whom it came. They had no thought at first whether the news was good or bad. It was enough for the moment that Jem was alive, that he had written to them.

"You open it, mother," Uncle Matt said at last. She lifted it from her lap, took hold of one corner with thumb and finger, but her hands refused to do her bidding.

"I can't father. You open it."

He reached to take it, but all the sorrow and loneliness of those long years, all the disappointed pride and ambition, and all the possibilities and happiness or misery concealed by the common yellow envelope overwhelmed him. "No, mother, I can't," he faltered, and after a pause, "We'll take it to Lizy."

Lizy's home over on the next street was in plain sight across the open space. They went across the field by the footpath the school children had worn through the snow. Lizy saw them coming, carrying the letter between them, and opened the door as they turned into the yard.

"You open it, Lizy," Aunt Betsey said, by way of greeting, holding the letter toward her sister.

Lizy was a plump, comfortable woman, with much sense and little sentiment. "Lost your glasses?" she asked, taking her scissors along the edge. "Why! It's from Jem! Now you let me set right down between you and I'll read it out loud."

"Wait a minute, Lizy," Aunt Betsey pleaded, content at first to see the letter unfolded in her sister's hand. Lizy talked in easy commonplaces until her sister said, "Now commence, read every word."

"Dear Father and Mother"—Aunt Betsey pointed out a detaining hand. "Wait a minute, Lizy, read that over again. You see he hasn't forgotten; he says, '*dear* father and mother.' Now go on." And so the letter was read with many interruptions and comments.

When once more they were at home, sitting side by side before the fire they discussed Jem's letter from beginning to end, over and over, until both were nodding in drowsy happiness. Aunt Betsey was the first to start up.

"Do you know, father," she began, with a little break in her voice. "I've always blamed myself for Jem's goin' away. He just had common store stockings that winter. You mind. My hands were lame and I couldn't knit him any. 'N I've thought sometimes if he'd had on stockings that I knit those boys couldn't have led him into the saloons so easily, and all these years of sorrow might have been different."

"Don't, mother, don't blame yourself. It was all because Jem was too anxious to please everybody." The old man rambled on, fumbling for excuses for his profligate son. "Twasn't because he was bad at heart. He was too good-hearted. Wasn't that it, mother? He couldn't offend anyone."

Aunt Betsey nodded. "If I only could send him some stockings that I knit, maybe they'd help to keep his feet from paths of destruction.

Uncle Matt brightened up. "Do, mother! Of course it would help him." Then he stopped in dismay, for his wife was crying again. "What's wrong? Haven't you the yarn?"

She shook her head, holding up the cylindrical strip she was working on. "The last bit is in these wristers, 'n if I ravel them out there wouldn't be more than enough to begin a pair of stockings."

Uncle Matt's hand instinctively sought his pocket and searched hopelessly for the money he knew was not there. Then he went to the book shelf and drew from behind the books the well-worn purse. With a desponding glance he replaced it. "There ain't anything we could sell?" he suggested, brightening.

"No, nothing. Everything has gone long ago. The spinning wheels went first and then the old clock; everything has been sold but—"

"Have you sold the foot stove?"

Aunt Betsey caught her breath. "It's the only thing that's left of mother's."

"Is that so? I wouldn't have said anything if I'd known that."

There was little sleep for the anxious mother that night, but with the morning her spirits rose. After breakfast she wrapped up the old-fashioned foot stove and put the package in her husband's hands. "You take that up to Mis' Deering. She said she'd give me five dollars for it if I ever wanted to sell it. Then go up to the store and get me some yarn; they know what kind I buy. Go quick before I change my mind."

"Uncle Matt made no remonstrance, for he knew the mother rejoiced in the sacrifice she was making for their son. The pang of parting with her treasured relic would be forgotten long before the stitches for the first stocking were cast on the shining needles. Oh, the warmth from that little old foot stove and the strength of the hardy pioneer lives it had made comfortable must have been woven into those sturdy blue wooden hose! When they were finished, the mother spread them in a row on her bed. and with her face bowed on its patchwork cover. prayed heaven to make them in someway instrumental in saving her dear son. Then, with a letter full of sweet mother-love, she sent them on their way.

Uncle Matt resumed his daily visits to the office. Gradually Jem's letter was worn thin from much reading. The folds cracked and the pieces were held together by zigzag stitches. Many nights during that long, cold winter Jem's letter was tucked under his mother's pillow, while she looked forward with loving certainty to the time when another should come. And one day in the early spring the letter came.

"I was coming home, mother," he wrote. "I've been a long time on the way. I had saved a little money, and wanted to bring it to you. It is only a little bit, but I will send it, for I can't come now. They say I can't live, but mother, I want you to know that I have not touched a drop of the stuff that ruined me since I got your package. I couldn't walk up to a bar with stockings on that I knew you had woven so many prayers into. Then, too, your letter was in my pocket, and your love seemed more real to me than it ever had when I was home."

Here the shaky, uncertain writing broke off, the pen had fallen from Jem's exhausted hand. The nurse wrote in explanation. Jem was in a hospital in Chicago. He had saved a little child from injury by a half-drunken cart driver, but he himself had been knocked down. His injuries were not serious of themselves, but his very life had been burned out by alcohol. His few weeks of abstinence was in his favor, but his recovery was doubtful. Then she forgot that her patient was simply a "case"—one of hundreds—and told with tender sympathy of the manly heroism of Jem's conduct.

Aunt Betsey arose when they had finished reading the letter and put on her bonnet and shawl. There were no tears and sighs now, but a resolute preparation for the inevitable. "I'm goin' over to Mis' Deering's," she said quitely, and carried the letter with her. The few crises in the lives of these humble people had been met by the prompt action of the gentle, submissive wife, and Uncle Matt was more than content to leave the matter in her hands. Nor was he greatly surprised which they found themselves on the Chicago express traveling toward Jem. They gave no thought to danger or fatigue or to the possible failure to find him. He was there, they must see him.

These two old people, so innocent, so genuine, so trustful, won the kindliest services of the big, good-natured conductor. At another time the breakneck speed at which the carriage in which he placed them was driven, would have made them faint with terror, but now they only thought, in a dazed way, how kind the driver was to hurry so for them.

When the afternoon began to wane, the nurse by Jem's bedside gave place to a little woman in a rusty black dress. She sat by him scarcely breathing until he stirred uneasily, then she put her hand on his forehead. She stroked his cheek and patted it as she had been used to do when he came in his little white "nightie" to say his prayers by her knee. Her touch seemed to turn back the stained, blotted leaves of his life to the pure pages of youth. He smiled and murmured, "Now I lay—down—to sleep," and then, "No, mother, I have not touched a drop since I got your letter."

Toward midnight he roused, but with the calmness of one to whom death has drawn near, he showed no surprise at seeing his loved ones near him. "Tell the boys, mother, that I wasted my life. Tell them"—his words were coming more slowly now as the ebbing tide carried his soul out toward the dark waters. "Tell them I tried to stop drinking, but I forgot to say 'Our Father.'"

There was an empty cot in that ward in the morning. There was a little procession that wound its way in mute sadness through the noise of the city. There were two sorrow-laden old people who returned to the lonely home in Brushville.

Jem's life had been a record of time wasted, talents abused and honor tarnished. But at the setting of the sun of his life the golden glory of one honest effort and one deed of noble heroism shone through the clouds of wrong-doing that had darkened his day.—*Union Signal.*

Mortality of the War.

Lives of Nearly 3,000 Soldiers and Sailors Sacrificed.

Pension Commissioner Evans, states that up to September 30 the war with Spain had caused the loss of the lives of 2,906 American soldiers and sailors. He further declared that the statistics of his office show that the percentage of deaths in camps from disease last summer was much less than in the civil war.

When asked for further particulars he spoke as follows:

"In the rebellion 40,000 men were killed in battle and 360,000 perished in camps and prisons. From official figures which I have recently completed, covering a period from May 1st to September 30th, I find that the total number of deaths as a result of the war with Spain was 2,906. Of this number 107 were officers. At Santiago the loss of life was twenty-two officers and 222 men. This is an average of one officer for every ten men. At Cardenas one officer was killed. Since the battles on Cuban soil sixty-one men have died of wounds received in service. The total number of American soldiers who have died in camps from disease is eighty officers and 2,520 privates. This is remarkable in view of the terrible climatic disadvantages, and it fully verifies the soldier's adage that disease kills more men than bullets. There have been six hundred claims for pensions filed to date as a result of the war.

"In the Cuban campaign the loss of so many officers is accounted for by the fact that Spanish sharpshooters hidden in the trees and dense foliage used smokeless powder, and picked off the officers with ease. Some of the wounds received by officers were remarkable. I recall one case in particular—that of Captain Knox, of the First cavalry. The captain was shot in the back. The ball penetrated his kidney, liver and lung and broke two of his ribs. He is alive to-day, and the president has promoted him."

Commissioner Evans says that the loss of life resulting from the destruction of the Maine in Havana harbor will be placed on the same basis as mortality in battle. He holds that the general law providing for indemnity to sailors and soldiers in the federal service will apply to the explosion at Havana.

"Thus far only fifty-five claims have been presented from relatives of the boys who went down with the Maine," said the commissioner. Every one of them will be pushed through. It is no more than right that the dependents of the men who went to watery graves in Havana harbor be provided for by the United States government."

Pipe Saved His Life.

Stroudsburg Man Who Was Caught In a Cave-in Breathed Through the Long Stem.

John W. Angle, one of the best known men in Stroudsburg, and a retired merchant, had a miraculous escape from being buried alive. A pipe with a long stem saved his life. Some days ago a few residents conceived the idea of sewering a portion of the town. Angle was at the head of the movement, and while the workmen were engaged gave the laying of the pipes and their proper cementing his close attention.

While at work on the sewer in the excavation in Green street, near the residence of former collector Charles B. Stapley, he stooped over a joint, and while in this posture a lot of earth caved in. Angle was completely buried. Two of the workmen happened to be near the cave in and went to his rescue, removing the earth with shovels.

When Angle was making the examination he was smoking a long-stemmed pipe. The earth knocked him backward, and he managed to breath through his pipe, the end of which stuck out above the earth, the bowl having broken off, until help came. Angle was severely bruised about the body and cut in the face from the heavy stones. His first words uttered when taken out of the hole was, "Where is my pipe?"

What Stamps a Gentleman.

"In all questions of manners a young man should always remember that while politeness is a good trait to acquire, courtesy is infinitely better," writes Edward Bok on "What makes a gentleman" in the July *Ladies' Home Journal.* "Politeness is manners, but courtesy is heart. Mingling in good society can give us the veneer which the world calls a polish of manners, and true politeness is not to be made little of or scoffed at. Politeness is a fine art, but is an art pure and simple, even at its best. Infinitely better is the cultivation of that courtesy of refinement which enters into the feelings of others and holds them sacred. What we want our young men to have is courtesy of manner not regulated by social code or professional censor. It is as much the current coin of good society as it ever was. More than any other element or grace in our lives, it is instantly felt and recognized, and has an unfailing influence. It calls for respect as nothing else does. Courtesy of manner and courtesy of speech are gifts a young man should cultivate."

——A contributor to the *Ladies' Home Journal* tells how Fanny Crosby, the blind hymn writer, composed "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," in a quarter of an hour. One day W. H. Doane called upon her and said: "I have forty minutes in which to catch my train, and I want to take with me the words to this music." And he hummed the melody. "Can you do it?" he asked. Miss Crosby replied "All right; I will do it." In a quarter of an hour the hymn, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," was completed. "It was an inspiration," she explains. The article says:

"When the blind hymn writer composes her hymns she withdraws into a room where, sitting alone with a little hymn book pressed to her brow, she allows her thoughts full play. She never writes her hymns out, but composes the stanzas one by one until the whole hymn is completed. Then she dictates it to an amanuensis. Her memory is remarkable. As an instance of this she states that Philip Philips had once asked her to write the words of forty hymns, the titles of which he read to her. These titles she retained in her memory, and one by one she composed the hymns. When the forty were finished she dictated them, titles and all, to an amanuensis? She has written over 3000 hymns.

The Summer Resorts on the Colorado Midland Railway.

From Colorado Springs to Grand Junction There are no Less Than Ten Famous Resorts.—Each Has Some Special Feature of Beauty and Each Its Particular Crowd of Admirers.

A description properly begins with Manitou and ends with Glenwood, one at the eastern end and the other near the west end of the Colorado Midland Railway, and both belonging to the line as children of its enterprise.

In the history of Colorado it is written that the Ute warrior, sick from his wounds or possessed by bad spirits which would not be driven forth by the medicine man, drank of the waters at the foot of Pike's Peak and was cured. In his simplicity he thought he had regained his health through the direct influence of the Great Spirit, and he reverenced the springs of Manitou as he did the great snowy mountains. When his white brother settled the land and sought the springs, the fame of Manitou and Ute Pass, from a shadowy Indian legend became world wide.

Manitou is 6,432 feet above the sea. The springs contain salt, soda, iron and sulphur, and their curative properties are well known. The Garden of the Gods, Cheyenne Canon, Glenn Eyrie and many other attractive places are near by. The wonderful Cog Road, extending to the summit of Pike's Peak, begins at Manitou Iron Springs.

At Glenwood Springs, the mountains encircle a town, surpassing in the beauty of its location and simple loveliness the Swiss village of the Alps. Here the great hills, lying one behind the other, fading in the distance, make giant fortressses that isolate and guard the town; here the sun sinking behind the western water-sheds casts shadows into the deep ravines and gloomy passes and gives a glorious tint of mellow light to the splashing waters of the Roaring Fork; here the breeze sweeping the hillsides of evergreen and pine, arouses a chorus of mountain voices and bears its full burden of mountain odor and song over the town. Glenwood has a magnificent hotel, five stories high, containing 200 guest rooms. It is lighted throughout by electricity. A sanitarium and bath house, separate from the hotel, are complete in all of the necessary appliances. Glenwood is 5,280 feet above the sea, and with its pine-laden mountains on all sides commends itself to invalids.

UTE PASS

Is so closely connected with the history of Colorado and so many new chapters are being constantly added to its own history and given to the public in the newspapers that nearly all know Ute Pass thoroughly. Its new title, the Gateway to Cripple Creek has added interest to this pass so difficult of access. Its resorts, of which there are five, in a distance of twenty miles, are famous.

From Manitou Iron Springs to Woodland Park the line is built on solid rock roadbed, dug in the left (southern) side of the pass, at an ascending grade of 4 per cent., or 211 feet to the mile. The "Fontaine que Bouille" (boiling water), a mountain stream fed by the snows of Pike's Peak, descends the pass, famous as having been the trail traveled by the Ute Indians in their excursions from their mountain fastnesses to the plains below.

Woodland Park is on a mesa at the head of the pass. The streets are well laid out and the water supply is piped from the mountains. It is a great summer resort, as well as a mining camp. The stage starts from here to the West Creek mining region.

Green Mountain Falls is one of the most beautiful spots in the West. Three streams descend the precipitous sides of the canon to the bottom, a fall of over 2,000 feet. A comfortable hotel, numerous cottages, many tents, supply all of the needs of the crowds of the tourists.

Ute Park is in the heart of the pass and enjoys the advantages of a splendid hotel, an artificial lake and a large park.

At Cascade Canon nothing could enhance the beauty of the town. The mountains are magnificent and wild flowers line the roads and trails and mountain streams rush down from the hillsides. The most picturesque carriage road in the world begins here and runs to the summit of Pike's Peak.

An Editor Loose.

This is the way the editor feels when he does his sentiment in blank verse:

"I would flee from the city's rule and law—from its fashions and forms cut loose—and go where the strawberry grows on its straw and the gooseberry grows on its goose; where the catnip tree is climbed by the cat as she clutches for her prey—the guileless and unsuspecting rat on the rattan bush at play; I will catch with ease the saffron cow and the cowlet in their glee, as they leap in joy from bough to bough on the top of a cowslip tree; and list while the partridge drums his drum and the woodchuck chucks his wood, and the dog devours the dogwood plum in the primitive solitude.

"O let me drink from the moss-grown pump, that was hewn from the pumpkin tree! Eat mush and milk from a rural stump, from folly and fashions free—new gathered mush from the mushroom vine, and milk from the milkweed sweet—with pineapple from the pine. And then to the whitewashed dairy I'll turn, where the dairymaid hastening hies, her ruddy and golden-red butter to churn from the milk of her butterflies; and I'll rise at morn with the earliest bird, to the fragrant farmyard pass, and watch while the farmer turns his herd of grasshoppers out to grass.—*Pacific Union.*

He Had Nerve.

Rauchtown Store Robbed in Daylight.

A thief entered the store of Mrs. Anna J. Rauch, at Rauchtown, Clinton county, Saturday afternoon, during a temporary absence of the proprietress. He broke open the cash register and took therefrom $100 in cash and $252 in school orders. The orders were payable to Lizzie Chatham, Ernest D. Wentzel and Frank G. Getgen. The following checks were also taken: One for twenty-five dollars drawn by John Engler in favor of Lessie Zerbie; one for ten dollars and another for five, both of which were signed by J. P. Rauch and made payable to May Kerns, and another check, amount unknown, payable to Thomas Batten and signed by Stuart Group. The thief was seen leaving the store, but as it was thought he was making purchases no attention was paid to him at the time. He was tall, heavy set and wore a light hat and shirt. He effected an entrance by raising a side window. The police authorities have been notified.

Robbers Kill Cattle in the Fields.

A highway butcher is alarming the farmers of Lower Cumberland county. Two steers have already been slaughtered. The head and entrails were left in a field and the hide and meat carried off.

Autumn Fashions for Men.

This year, in actual clothes, there have been very few changes from the fashions of last winter. Then began the adoption of sober attire; and the grays and drabs and blacks, in tweeds and homespuns this year again will lead for business and morning suits. The tweeds and worsteds are, however, in many patterns, but these are not in the least pronounced, and the over lapping checks, plaids and squares have sometimes to be thrown strongly in the light to be made visible. In London the majority of the sack or lounge suits have been made with double-breasted reefer jacket or coat. This has a double row of three buttons, and is cut somewhat high in the neck, and is the length of an ordinary sack-coat. There is no outside breast pocket, and the two side pockets are with flap or without them. There are also single-breasted sacks and the color is not absolutely confined to gray. There are some greenish and gray mixtures, and some browns as well; and other patterns in these woolen fabrics have broken lines, or even the well-known herring-bone design. There is certainly a great variety from which to chose, and in blacks the rough goods will be preferable for business wear. In cut, the coats will be slightly longer; the waistcoats--for business, the single-breated being more popular—will have five buttons and a notched lapel collar, closing high. The trousers will be loose about the hips and will narrow below the knee.

Last winter there were seen many cut-away coats of rough black cloth, and these have been the fashion in England this summer. They are worn with waistcoats of the same material, single-breasted, and "fancy" trousers. With this suit a top hat is allowable and a derby permitted.

The diagonal cut-away coat has gone out of fashion, but some tall, slim men still cling to business suits of this style, preferring that kind of coat to the sack or the reefer. Frock-coats of light gray, fawn or drab, or mixtures, are popular in London, but in this country they are yet a bit out of the ordinary.

The double-breasted frock-coat for the afternoon, for visiting, for church, and in which to be married, or to wear when one is best man or an usher, is made this season of rough black cloth, or soft unfinished worsted, of a very dark gray mixture. The trousers to go with this garment are of cashmere or fancy worsted, and in pattern and color are narrow-striped on a dark blue or gray ground. The frock-coat is only moderately long, with square skirts falling just below the knee. The lapels are peaked, and faced with silk. The coat must fit well, but not tightly. The idea is to give a comfortable easy roll, and all shoulder and other padding is avoided. It is still a fad to wear it unbuttoned, but this is not an absolute decree of fashion. The waist-coat may be either of the same material, single-breasted, or of figured silk or matelasse. In these cases it is double-breasted. A top silk hat, and white shirt, with straight standing collar, are always worn with the frock-coat.—*Harper's Bazar.*

How Some of the Little Song Birds Get Across the Mediterranean Sea.

How ever the little birds contrive to get across such vast expanses of the sea in their annual migrations is a puzzling question. That they do it is unquestionable; it is admitted by the most competent observers that they sometimes get over stretches of billowy brine that for a thousand miles afford no perch for their weary little claws to clutch on. That such an extended flight is too much for them is not only evident in itself, but is proved by the fact that these too venturesome songsters sometimes alight on the rigging of ships in such a state of exhaustion that, when disturbed, they are unable to fly the length of the vessel, and occasionally even fall helpless upon the deck.

An English traveler, who was considerably interested in the birds, happened to be passing the autumn in the island of Crete, in the Mediterranean, and he often noticed a sound like the twittering of small birds at times when the sandcranes were passing overhead on their way southward. As the only fowl in sight were the cranes, this aroused his curiosity and he mentioned the matter to a friend, who was a native of the island, suggesting that possibly the noise was caused by the whirring of the feathers of these great birds. His friend, however, said no; the noise, he declared, was made by the song birds that were riding on the backs of the cranes, and further asserted that the saucy little fellows had came all the way from the coast of Europe with their good-natured companions, who lent, if not a helping hand, a helping back, which was much more serviceable, as often as needed.

A few days later the Englishman got pretty conclusive proof of the truth of these statements. He was cruising about in a boat about 15 miles from shore, when another flock of cranes passed overhead, and he heard the same twittering notes. He therefore discharged his gun to see what would come of it, and forthwith he saw three small birds rise up from the flock in fright. After a short time they disappeared among the cranes.

The next day he was visiting Cairo, in Egypt, and observed a great number of wagtails in the palm gardens there. After watching them for some time, as they hopped about and tilted in the fashion that has given them their name, he asked an old Bedouin chief who stood near how he imagined they got there, as they always spend the summer in Europe. The sheik at once replied: "Yakhamageh (my dear sir), do you know that these little birds are borne across the sea by the larger ones?"

The traveler put the same question to a couple of Arab donkey boys who came up to offer him their beasts.

"Surely," they cried. "Abu sand (the stork) has carried them over the sea."

It is said that Indians of the region south of Hudson's bay tell a similar tale of a finch which travels very comfortably on the back of the Canada goose. It certainly seems improbable that a belief so widely disseminated should be wholly without foundation.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

——A compilation of railroad statistics by Duane Doty, of Pullman's Palace Car company, for the year ending Sept. 1st, 1898, contains the following: "One passenger was killed for every 2,250,000 carried. Twice as many people are killed annually by falling from the windows of their dwellings as lose their lives while traveling as passengers on passenger trains. The average mortal, it would seem, is safer as railroad passengers than he is at home. Two-thirds of those accidentally killed lose their lives at stations, highway crossings, and while trespassing upon tracks. The theory of probabilities requires a passenger to travel 75,000,000 miles to be tolerably sure of getting killed. This is equivalent to riding continuously on an express train for over 400 years. One passenger only was injured in every 4,500,000 miles of travel.

The Red Light at the Crossing.

"'At the time of the great strike on the 'Q' he said, 'I was out of work. I don't believe in doing 'scab' work, but when I looked at the pinched faces of my little children, it was a toss-up between honor and starvation, and I couldn't see them starve; so I took a place as engineer on the freight.

"'But one night something happened that made me a coward. It was about ten o'clock, and pitch dark. The headlight seemed to throw but the faintest light, which could not pierce that great vale of darkness ahead. We had a heavy train, and everything seemed to go smoothly, but I had a strange feeling that I never had before. Something awful seemed about to happen!

"'The first quarter of the trip went smoothly enough, and as soon as I reached signal-tower No. 54, which is about half a mile this side of a sharp curve, I whistled for the road-crossing just beyond the cut. It was storming frightfully, and now and then the lightning would show us the road ahead for a little distance.

"'As we turned the curve, a flash of lightning showed a man in a wagon in the middle of the track, madly lashing his horses, which refused to move.

"'I sprang from my seat, whistled down-breakes, reversed my engine, and gave her sand. Then I shut my eyes.

"'In an instant we struck them! And I could hear the sickening crunch beneath the wheels. A few rods beyond, the train was gradually stopped.

"'The men were out of the caboose in a minute, and were running back along the track, their lanterns appearing like fire-flies in the black night.

"'We did what we could for the poor fellow, and lifted him carefully into the caboose. I don't think he ever knew what killed him.

"'We finished the run a very glum crew. We felt personally responsible for his death.

* *

"'The next night, on the return trip, as we came to this same crossing, I saw a red light. It was being waved frantically to and fro. Again I whistled for brakes, and gave her sand. As we approached the fatal crossing, I saw plainly on the track the same wagon, and in it the man we killed the night before.

"'My hair stood on end as he coolly swung the red light and signaled for us to stop. Then a cold chill crept all over me. My chest felt as though a great burden was on it; but it was only for a minute. In an instant, the vision, or whatever it was, vanished.

"'The next night the light appeared again at the crossing, but it seemed all too real to be a vision; yet why, I do not know, but I let her have more steam. I felt the train dragging—it was the phantom light again.

"'Not a night passed after that, while I was on the road, that I did not see that red light on the crossing. We stopped several times to try to find the cause of it, but we knew it was needless to search, and that red light preyed on my mind so that I lost my nerve and had to come East again.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Gideon Marsh's Return.

Gideon W. Marsh, who was president of the Keystone National bank when that institution collapsed in 1891, and who was charged at the time with causing its failure, returned suddenly and unexpectedly to Philadelphia the other day, after wandering about the earth for seven years and a half. Marsh fled, according to his own account, with less than $1400 in his pocket, his own money which he collected from debtors, and with it he managed to live a long time and travel a great distance.. But when it was gone he was obliged to earn his living by the hardest kind of toil. For all these years Marsh has been a fugitive, moving stealthily from place to place as suspicion began to rest upon him, never daring to take up his residence anywhere very long, and constantly fearful that he was being followed and spied upon. His bondsman, William Wanamaker, who had lost $20,000 when Marsh disappeared, is said to have spent much more in trying to find him. His agents were everywhere on the alert and Consuls and commercial representives in every corner of the earth were warned of Marsh's crime and disappearance.

This experience of a hunted man is strikingly illustrative of the way in which the world has grown relatively smaller during the past fifty years. Marsh has evidently had no peace of mind since he went to Brazil in 1891. At Cape Town he was scared away by a paragraph in a newspaper, which showed that his identity had been suspected. Wherever he might wander he ran grave risks of detection. Perhaps his own remorse haunted him. But by hook or by crook he kept out of the reach of the men who were chasing him by train and boat, following him literally to the ends of the earth. At last, the other day, he read an account of a speech delivered by John Wanamaker, in Philadelphia in which Marsh's crime was mentioned, and the speaker welcomed the return of the missing bank wrecker and a full investigation of the collapse, with which Wanamaker's name has been freely associated. He promised Marsh his help if he would return and tell all he knew.

This word reached the fugitive in the state of Washington, and he decided to return, welcoming the peace of the prison in preference to the harassing uncertainty of continued flight. His trial may not reveal much that is not already known, but it will permit the closing of one of the most sensational financial crimes of this end of the century. The fact that Marsh managed to elude pursuit for all these years is a striking tribute to his shrewdness and his determined energy.

Seven Miners Killed.

Seven miners were killed and a number fatally injured by an accident at the Exeter colliery, West Pittston, Saturday morning. The accident was due to the alleged carelessness of engineer David Price, who, acting in disobedience of positive orders, caused three cars to run into the top of the shaft. These cars, loaded and weighing 11 tons, fell down the 360-foot shaft and crashed with frightful force upon the carriage carrying 10 men. Seven were almost instantly killed. They are:

Michael Smith, aged 35 years, miner, married, leaves widow and four children; Andrew Tinko, aged 40 years, miner, married, leaves a widow and six children; Michael Podestbtany, aged 25 years, miner, unmarried; Michael Brazuke, aged 33 years, miner, unmarried; Joseph Culock, aged 25 years, married, leaves a widow and one child; Michael Waslowski, aged 45 years, unmarried; Joseph Pukos, miner; Joseph Winsler, laborer, and Paul Leckstones, laborer.

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