

Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 6, 1899.

#### IT CANNOT BE.

It cannot be that he who made This wondrous world for our delight, Designed that all its charms should fade And pass forever from our sight, That all should wither and decay. And know on earth no life but this. With only one finite survey Of all its beauty and its bliss.

It cannot be that all the years Of toil and care and grief we live Shall find no recompense but tears, No sweet return that earth can give. That all that leads us to aspire And struggle onward to achieve, With every unattained desire Was given only to deceive.

It cannot be that after all The mighty conquests of the mind Our thoughts shall pass beyond recall And leave no record here behind. That all our dreams of love and fame And hopes that time has swept away, All that enthralled this mortal frame Shall not return some other day

It cannot be that all the ties Of kindred souls and loving hearts Are broken when the body dies And the immortal mind departs. That no serener light shall break At last upon our mortal eyes To guide us as our footsteps make The pilgrimage to paradise. -David Banks Sickels.

### A FRONTIER CINDERELLA

But He Managed in Spite of Narrow Lines to Make Christmas Come His Way.

It must not be forgotten that before Cinderella attracted the attention of the prince and brought confusion upon the cheeks of her more pretentious sisters she was the kitchen artist, and that her name came from the ash box. This much by way

of explanation.
Years ago, when the Territories were more unused to the ways of civilization than they are to-day, the flotsam of the human drift tossed up on the tide a vagrant printer. He landed in a frontier town, and he found employment on one of the newspapers that flourished in the camp. He differed little from the rest of the craft at the time he landed. But he settled down in the Territory and he stayed there. He took root. He went to seed. He came pretty near forgetting that he had one day been a fragment of a wreck from civilization, and the stranger who came in on the newer reliefs looked at the queer spectacle and marveled.

They called him Cinderella, which name was immediately abbreviated to "Cindy," as being plenty big enough and just as expressive, at any rate. "Cindy" had stayed around so long that he was the senior compositor in the office by many a year, for new men did not stav long in one place down in the Territories in those days. They followed the mining excitements, and flitted over the continental divide one after another. "Cindy" kept his nose in the space box, and grubbed away day after day, six days of every week. He was never known to lay off a day to give work to a "sub" and he was as tight with his money as a bank vault. He allowed nothing to dribble away. A more picturesque member of the craft never stood beneath the coal oil lamps of the sage brush country, that land of picturesque men.

"Cindy" had a room in a "dobe" shack over in the Mexican quarter of the town, and he maintained bachelor apartments there that were a terror to all traditions of comfort and order. To save expenses he was his own chambermaid and housekeeper, and he never wasted any time on the work. He gave the barber the merry laugh, for both his beard and his hair fell in corkscrew ringlets wherever a stray wisp of hair found a place to fall. His faded, old white hat had long ago lost its shape, and it stood on his head like a cone that the boys on the dunce block wore in the early days of school life in the Republic. He was not an old man in years. but he was a patriarch in appearance. He wore spectacles, and as they had sustained a fracture, "Cindy" had repaired the damage with a piece of green flannel, and that gave a peculiar air to his appearance. He wore heavy cowhide boots, and as the dry air and absence of rain never made the sage brush country muddy, they needed no attention. Hence they had assumed a fashionable tan color years before tan shoes became the fad in the States. Because it was cold when I knew him, "Cindy" wore two pairs of trousers- That the outside pair was about three inches shorter than the pair beneath, which stuck out quite coquettishly at the bottoms, was of no consequence. He affected two pairs to keep him warm, and they kept him warm. Had he been wearing his clothes for looks he probably would not have had recourse to the style which became popular with dudes when the short overcoat and long cutaway later made more fashionable men look like refugees from a home for feeble minded.

Some persons would have mistaken "Cindy" for a farmer. Perhaps the diagnosis would have been good in a country where they have farms. But down in the Territories they have nothing but ranges and ranches, and the ranchmen or the society bud from the cattle range's affected an entirely different style of dress. The farmer in the Territory doted more upon a chiffon of five shooters and a corsage of raw hide than he did on jean trousers and a knit wamus. "Cindy's" garb was proof enough that he was not addicted to agricultural pursuits in the home of his adoption. He did not even wear a spur or maintain a leather fringe down the seam of his pantaloons where the first lieutenant wears a white stripe. Neither did "Cindy" drink pulque with the stars from the Seven-Bar ranch, nor play monte at Conoway's with the soldiers, nor go to the bailie dances, nor in any way prove up on any other claim to belong to the noble profession of husbandry. He was a printer, pure and simple, and as rude and crude as he looked he was an uncommon good one. He had the "ad" cases, which is one proof of genius, for the man who sets advertisements must be a professional. He was reliable and he was well read and well posted. He was an expert in his calling, and aside from the fact that he was a most startling production in his economical all, people should give in to the disease make-up man to have around the place. But he was a terror to the tramp printer who had just avoid draughts and exposure. If the case climber ato town, and who longed for a grows worse, a physician should be called short bit to pay his compliments to Billy's Snug, for he never gave down anything.

note at company interest, and many was the joke that the tenderfoot got off at his

comer wanted to know why the Mexican had the best job in the shop when he would never give a cent of his \$25 a week to help a fellow in tough luck, "Cindy" paid no attention. He pounded away in his space box, and raked in his dollars. Every Saturday he marched up to Catron's bank at the regular hour, and came out with his little book snugly tucked inside his pocket. This thing went on in this way until one day the foreman told a story that set "Cindy" to rights, and made of him a hero. He had always held the respect of the foreman and of the editor, and the foreman, who had known him in the States, said he

For back in God's country, as the ex-

They lived on the farm, and while it was not the best farm in the world, they had spent their lives trying to make it better than it was, and in paying for it and rearing their family. "Cindy" had not always been the best boy in the world, but when he landed down in the Territory, the place of all the rest in the world where a man who has the desire can go to perdition quicker and with more facilities for his expeditious trip than any other place, "Cindy" pulled himself together. He steadied up, saved his money, led a life that could not be criticised, and sent his checks from time to time home to the banker in the village back across the plains. The banker bought a sit of ground right across the road from where 'Cindy's parents lived, and announced that he would make himself a home. He began to build a house in course of time, fixed it up, added a barn, purchased some good stock, and after he had spent what must have been a comfortable bit of money, and exhausted considerable time in getting the thing in shape, what did he do one December day but send to grotesque old Cinderella down in the bad lands a deed for the whole business. "Cindy," in turn, sent the whole thing back to his old mother, and as the place made a right convenient addition to the paternal acres, and as he sent it just about the holiday time, and as he, for the first time in years, put on a "sub" and took a few days of a holiday, it soaked into the heads of the egotistical idiots about the office that if there was a man in the outfit that was worth as much as a dead maverick after the coyotes had stayed up all night with it, it was old "Cindy." But he did not tell his story. The foreman gave it down one afternoon when he had been over to the lockup bailing out a couple of printers that they might sober up in time to get the paper out. He prefaced it by telling us how much better it would be if he had more men like "Cindy" with two grains of sense to keep company in their heads than such a lot of cheap cattle as he had to rely on. From which it is seen that if a man has two pairs of trousers and chooses to wear both at the same time that he may still have other good traits.

"Cindy" for years had been pegging away, a real hero, and he was hero enough to make no fuss when the rattleheaded seum around him could not understand his righteous motive. -Bion H. Butler, in Pittsburg Times.

## Father of the Senate Dead.

Senator Morrill Dies From the Effect of Grip. A Remarkable Career. His Combined, Period of Service In the Senate and House Was Almost Fortyfour Years. The Senior Senator.

Justin S. Morrill who represented Vernont in Congress for twelve years and the United States Senate thirty-two years died at his home in Washington on Tuesday, the 27th, of grip, complicated with lung and heart trouble. The Senator was 88 years of age and until his last illness was remarkably well and strong.

The senator has been some years the patriarch of the Senate, and has held a warm place in the affections of his associates. He likewise has enjoyed the fullest confidence of his constituents, who, not-withstanding his years, re-elected him in 1896 for a sixth consecutive term, which will not expire until March 3rd, 1903. It has been his annual custom for several years to make one formal address on some topic of live interest to the Senate and this has been listened to with attention by his colleagues, who regarded these speeches as remarkable in view of the age of their author. The last address was delivered a week or more before the Christmas day adjournment, the subject being the need of a building for the United States supreme court and other courts. Its deliverance showed few signs of lessened vitality and at its conclusion the honor was done the senator of a unanimous passage of the resolution on which he spoke.

Senator Morrill, was born at Stafford. Vt., his present place of residence, on April 14th. 1810. He received a superior education, but in early life preferred a mercan tile to a professional career, and went into business. Later he was a farmer. He was a member of the House of Representatives at Washington in six Congresses, beginning with the Thirty-fourth. Since March 4th, 1867, he has been a United States senator.

His wife died last May and her body was interred at Washington waiting the completion of a mausoleum at Brattleboro, Vt ... which is now finished and in which they will both be laid shortly.

#### The People Will be Glad Enough to Haul it Down Ere Long.

From the Doylestown Democrat.

In the course of his speech at the Atlanta Peace Jubilee the President is quoted as

That flag has been planted in two hem ispheres, and there it remains-the symbol of liberty and law, of peace and progress. Who will withdraw it from the people over whom it floats in protecting folds? Who will haul it down?

If this be true, the President lays himself open to criticism. We dislike to see the man occupying that high office placing himself in the ranks of the Jingoes. will haul it down-the flag he means? We should do it ourselves, if it is not good policy to keep it there. We have "hauled it down" from many places where American valor placed it, and the act was no considered discreditable, The President's expression is a measure of buncomb that does him no credit.

Beware of the Grip. It is raging in New York and Philadelphia and the physicians there have decided it is both infectious and contagious a wellknown physician, says "Keep warm, dry and clean, is a good rule to observe. Above | through the cold months on the dried grass- | does not think any radical change should "Cindy" was not a bad sort of a and not insist on fighting it off. With the first chill, it is well to remain indoors and hesitation. Convalescents in without should remain indoors until all danger is dred and fifty miles further north, away up able institutions and pay the ordinary ex-"Cindy" was as caring as a judgment past. Grip leaves the system in a weakened condition, and it is easy for grip sufferers to contract pneumonia, bronchitis have their ranches covering thousands of ary state revenues for the current year end-Even when a brash young new- gerous disease in itself.

## World's Largest Farm.

In Northwestern Canada and Contains 100 Square Miles.-Provided for the Younger Sons.-Owned by an English Syndicate and 45,000 Acres Under Cultivation—A Land of Immense Farms. Land Very Cheap.—Some Popular Errors.

It is a fact not generally known to the public, though well understood to the grain trade of the northwest, that in the new and far Canadian northwest, in a province whose very name is a synonym for desolation, in Assiniboa, 1,000 miles to the north and west from the head of Lake Superior, are situated some of the largest and most successful wheat farms in the world. One of them, the Bell farm, is without much doubt the largest connected block of patriated down in the Territories love to land devoted to the raising of wheat to be call it, "Cindy" had a father and mother. found on the globe. This farm is owned by a syndicate of Englishmen, who have made it a sort of staking-out ground for their younger sons, in so far as they have been able, and have subsequently wondered why their profits were no greater, though the yield of grain was so large, forgetting that these same younger sons had to be provided for and that salary lists mounted up.

It is named after Major Bell, the military manager of the estate, and has an area of ten miles square, or 100 square miles, of which 45,000 acres, or about three-quarters is under cultivation. There is also the Brassey farm, owned by Lord Brassey, Governor of Australia, and the Sunbeam, owned by the Scottish-American syndicate, besides many others of less importance, and a stock farm of the Bell corporation nearly as large as its wheat acreage. These farms are in a country which a few years ago was the last stalking ground of the buffalo and where the relics of buffaloes and of Indian battles are thick on the ground. A few miles southerly from Regina is an alkali plain, sixty miles across, that is covered with bones of buffaloes and Indians, the latter from the results of the last fierce battle of the Crows and Blackfeet, not many years ago. All through this country piles of buffalo bones, some of them 500 to 1,000 feet long, and perhaps 100 feet wide, and as high as a man could reach, have been gathered together and shipped east to fertilizing works.

In this district, where for hundreds of miles the train passes no houses nor tilled soil, where there are millions and millions of acres apparently as good as those that are yielding thirty to forty bushels of wheat the acre, where these lands can be bought for from \$2 to \$3 an acre, with the pest of railway facilities, the Bell farm people have been able to sell thousands of acres this summer at \$8 to \$10 an acre, and in one case the purchaser was subsequently enabled to turn his purchase of 640 acres at \$25 an acre to an incoming farmer. This latter price, though it seems very high, when the vast stretches of arable and unoccupied land all around are considered, is not so high but that it permits good interest on the investment, year after year, by wheat farming.

The problems of farming in these great plains that stretch northwesterly 2,500 miles from the head of Lake Superior into a latitude that further east is a region of cold so intense that scarcely any vegetation will grow, have been long in solution, and have ruined many a man who has struggled against them. The soil is, generally speaking, a heavy, black loam, and the rainfall is very little, sometimes amounting to but a few light showers during an entire summer. It has been found neces-sary to so handle this soil as to preserve the moisture and to keep all the water that comes from the melting snows of the long, cold winters, and to do this a new method of soil culture has been inaugurated. Fall plowing, so common and so much desired in the Dakotas and Western Minnesota, is said to be worse than no plowing at all, and nothing is done to lands in crop after the harvesting. A third of the land under cultivation is allowed to lie fallow all the time, so that but two-thirds is in crop in any one season. By such farming methods northwestern farmers are able to raise crops of from thirty to forty bushels of hard Scotch fife wheat to the acre. The average yield in the Red River valley of the Dakotas and Minnesota is about fourteen to fifteen bushels, and the average throughout the United States is not far from eleven bushels. Conditions as to soil, and sometimes as to moisture, are the same in the Red River valley as they are in the Saskatchewan valley of Assiniboia, but the farmers of Dakota and Western Minnesota would consider it suicidal to follow any such methods as these; in fact they are not adopted anywhere else.

Such a farm as the Bell, with 45,000 to 50,000 acres under cultivation, and twothirds of this immense land in crop every year, yielding at the rate of thirty bushels to the acre, gives a crop of from 750,000 to 900,000 bushels of grain. But this crop is nearly 1,000 miles from navigation on Lake Superior, where the wheat of the Canadian lands comes in direct competition for the export and eastern markets with that of the northwestern prairies of the United States, the one yield at Fort William, the lake terminus of the Canadian Pacific, the other at Duluth, the lake terminus of the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern. It costs 15 to 16 cents a bushel to get this Canadian wheat on ship at Fort William, for the 1,000 mile haul It costs 8 to 10 cents to get the wheat of the Dakota farmer from his fields to Du-luth, 250 to 350 miles. The Cavadian Pacific is engaged in developing the country beyond the jumping off place, as it is in Duluth, where buyers for the world's food are congregated. These far off farmers are now getting actually more money for their ley, 250 miles from one of the chief mar-kets of the world. The demand from mills in Western Canada, those of the Ogilvies and others, and their success in selling flour in both Europe and the antipodes, has had much to do with this condition.

In these hyperborean regions, along the fifty-first parallel, the cold is not far different from that of the prairies to the south of of the state fiscal officers. The bill author-American line. The thermometer some- izing the payment of interest on state detimes gets to 40 and 50 degrees below zero, posits has proven satisfactory and will yield but it does not stay there, and this cold is a revenue of upward of \$100,000 annually. not felt more than the 20 to 30 sometimes enjoyed in Minnesota. Cattle do not run pending in the supreme court and other out free all winter, but horses do, and come out in the spring fat and hardy, having fed es of the prairie that they have been able be made in the revenue system of the state to reach by pawing off the snow. These at the present time. He says that if the grasses seem to have no nourishment as legislature will, use wise economy in the they stand dried and wiry over the surface, matter of appropriations, the state will, but they have been the native food for the buffaloes for countless years. Two hunder its present revenue system, be enabled to care for its educational and chariton the Upper Saskatchewan, the prairies penses of government without serious diffiare settled exclusively by cattlemen, who culty. Mr. Beacom estimates the ordinexpense. But he let them all pass without and kindred diseases. Grip is not a dansquare miles. They are the only inhabitants, ing November 30, next, at \$12,056,500 and square miles. They are the only inhabitants, ing November 30, next, at \$12,056,500 and square miles. They are the only inhabitants, as it is their wish to be, for these cattle-

men are unsociable fellows in their business life and do not care for the close companionship of farmers and townsmen.

These cattle that graze in the province of Saskatchewan are driven to the Canadian Pacific at its terminus at Prince Albert or to its main line, near Regina, or they are trailed east 300 or 400 miles over prai ries, whose only paths are those made by the wild cattle of years ago, and kept clear now by these cattlemen and their drives to the terminus of the Manitoba and Northwestern road, at York, at the foot of the great Beaver Hills. For years to come the future of the ranch cattle business of the northern portion of the American continent will be in this region, where buffalo grass. plenty of water, and wooded rivers, room for millions of head, and no intruding small farmers to fence off the water holes and cut the feed offer attractions that the Montana and Dakota plains are rapidly losing. The big ranchmen are leaving these latter districts, and most of them are going to Texas, but the rational course is to the north, and that way will be the next great movement, say those in the business.

The quantity of land open for settlement in this region cannot be understood by any one who has not traveled over these prairies day after day, week after week, and seen their sun set in level prairies and rise in level prairies morning after morning without change and still without sameness. From where the Soo road crosses the international boundary at Portal, N. D., to its junction with the Canadian Pacific, and on the north by the latter's branch to Prince Albert, a distance of more than 500 miles almost directly north, there are scarcely any inhabitants except along the main line, chiefly at and near Indian Head and Regina and at points between. Further west on the branch to Edmonton the same condition prevails. A few miles back from the railroad almost absolute stillness prevails, and the land is practically tenantless. It is the same soil as that which at Indian Head produces thirty bushels of wheat to the acre and it can be bought for

### Girl Caught a Footpad.

Treed Him on a Barbed Wire Fence and Handed Him Over to a Policeman.

For two months Kansas City has been terrorized by footpads. Hold-ups have been of almost nightly occurrence, and people who were not absolutely obliged to be on the streets after night, all stayed indoors as

a matter of precaution.

The climax came when nine women returning from shopping just after nightfall to their homes in Independence and Garfield avenue were held up and robbed of their purses and packages. The next morning the police board met, and immediately afterward an imperative order was issued by Chief Hayes to his men that the footpads must be brought in.

Bring them in dead or alive, but bring them in," the order read. That was 10 days ago, but, although the night force was increased and policemen in civilian clothes were in almost every block, no footpads were brought in and the holdups continued.

The first one, however, was brought in Saturday, not by a stalwart policeman, but by a woman—Miss Effie Buck. The foot-pad, William Smith, is a negro. It all

happened in broad daylight. About 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon Miss Buck left the High school to deliver some packages. At Eleventy and Cherry streets the packages and her purse were knocked from her hand, and, when she turned, a negro was picking up her purse. He started to make off with it, and Miss Buck, with screams and cries for help, ran after him. She gained on him with every jump, and finally caught up with him in an alley.

"He was the slowest nigger I ever saw," she said afterward. But when she was ready to grasp him, she realized the place was lonesome and there was no one near, so she withdrew from the alley and went

back and picked up her packages. Miss Buck had no intention of pursuing the man further, but when she saw him lifting his fat legs laboriously in an attempt to climb over a barbed wire fence, clutch ing the purse in one hand, she accepted the opportunity, and, dropping her pack ages, went forward to the capture. Smith had one leg over the fence and was carefully putting over the other when he saw the girl crouched for the spring. He flung the bundles away, and, jumping safely across

the fence, made a few feeble steps.

Then Miss Buck sprang upon him, screaming for help. She caught him by the coat collar with both hands and held him fast. Smith, panting hard for breath, turned his head around and asked in an injured tone what he had done to be treated n so brutal a way by a woman. Miss Buck screamed again, and Special Officer

Tompkins, a negro, ran up. Smith was pleading pitifully. Tompkins wanted Miss Buck to let go. She was suspicious of his color and wouldn't. A dozen women, with shawls on their heads, had gathered, and at sight of them Miss Buck let go, giving Smith over to the policeman, who took him to the station.

Miss Buck secured her purse, which con tained something besides a check for \$75, and her packages and went her way.

# Income and Expenses.

State Treasurer Beacom Tells of Receipts and Expenditures.

State Treasurer Beacom has submitted to through which it runs, and it is willing to bear a larger share of the burden than its the fiscal year ended November 30, 1898, American competitors. But last fall a with a statement of the estimated receipts strange condition prevailed and is yet and expenditures for the ensuing year. continuing. Wheat is worth within 6 to 7 The revenues for the year amounted to cents as much on these farms, 1,000 miles \$13,325,120.97 and the expenditures \$13,-973,803.46, leaving a balance in the treasury of \$4,888,017.53 on November 30, last. The assets of the sinking fund applicable to the payment of the debt are \$5,789,317.09, grain than are those of the famed Red val- leaving the net debt of the State at \$1,025,-981.93.

Mr. Beacom says the hopes of his prede cessor that the state revenues would be largely increased under the legislation enacted by the last legislature and improved business and financial conditions have not been realized. The receipts for the fiscal year were \$1,000,000 short of the estimate

As the direct inheritance tax law is yet revenue laws have either been recently enacted or judicially construed. Mr. Beacon

### Prayed in the Courtroom.

The Supplication Didn't Prevent the Jury from Finding an Adverse Verdict.

A ten-minute prayer in open court in Allentown, over a horse case attracted considerable attention not long ago. Robert F. Thomas had brought suit to recover the part payment he had made on a horse. He ought the animal from Peter German, of Heidelberg township for \$80; paid \$50 on him, and the balance, \$30, was to be paid in sixty days. The horse was guaranteed sound. Later Thomas returned the horse and wanted his \$50 back, saying the horse was not as represented; that the animal 'knuckled." German denied this, and refused to give back the money. Thomas then brought suit. The case came up before Judge Albright. Thomas took the stand, took the oath and before answering the first question as to where he lived turned to the learned Judge and asked whether he could offer prayer. "Certainly," said Judge Albright, with a quiet nod, and while on the witness stand Thomas prayed aloud. "O Lord, Thou who rulest over all, and

art willing that all shall have justice, we appeal to Thee, in this our trouble, to lend ear and give Thy presence. Guide us and all of us to tell the truth to this honorable court and to this jury; that I bought that dark bay horse from German for \$80; that German said he was solid and sound; that paid \$50 on him; that the horse was not solid and sound as represented, and that by right and justice this court and jury should compel German to give me my money back and receive his horse back again, as the horse is now just as I bought him. O Lord, we hold no grudge against German and we don't want him to have enmity against us: but we want our money back because we are entitled to it. Thou hast said that brethren should dwell together in unity, and it is our desire so to do, but we can't do it if German don't take his horse back and return my \$50. Soften his heart toward us, forgive our enemies give me a safe deliverance in this trial and bless this good Democratic judge who has just been indorsed by the solid Republican party of Lehigh county."

Thomas went on in his prayer for ten minutes, and at its conclusion the trial gravely proceeded. The jury patiently listened to all the evidence. are farmers near Slatington, but German deals in horses. The jury brought in a verdict for the defendant, and apparently Thomas's prayer had not been answered as the desired, German, the defendant, having shown that the horse was not "knuckled," but was big boned and sound, as represented.

## Boston's Great Station.

Dedication of the Largest Railroad Depot in th World. It Covers Thirteen Acres.

The new terminal station for the railroads entering Boston on the south, by far the largest railroad station in the world, was dedicated last week in the presence of a number of invited guests, by Mayor Quincy, of Boston, and President Clark, of the consolidated roads. The station upon which work has been going on for two years, is not yet completed, but it is sufficiently advanced to accommodate passengers and trains of one of the lines.

The station covers about 13 acres, and is 765 feet long and 662 feet wide. The main building is of granite, and dark buff mottled brick, and faces the square formed by the intersection of Federal and Summer streets and Atlantic avenue. Opposite the end of Federal street, and at the intersection of Summer street and Atlantic avenue. is the main entrance and central architectural feature of the station.

It is five stories in height, and is surmounted by a tower with an illuminated clock. The train shed is 602 feet long and

570 feet wide. The maximum height is 112 feet. Its roof is of steel construction in three great spans, the middle one being of 228 and each of the side spans of 171 feet. Thirty-two tracks enter the station, 28 being on the main floor level and four in a subway, through which it is intended to handle all suburban traffic.

The station originally was estimated to cost \$1,000,000, but it is thought as much as \$2,000,000 will be required before it is completed. The share that Boston has assumed in the enterprise for street widening and other accommodations will be nearly \$5,000,000. The rest is borne by the railroads.

### Fatally Poisoned. Case Which Resembles the Celebrated Dunning

Mrs. Kate J. Adams, a well-to-do wom-

Case in Many Ways.

an, was fatally poisoned last week in her handsomely furnished apartments in New York. Her death is connected with a curious chain of events. Mrs. Adams was a widow, 50 years of

age. She lived with her son-in-law, Edward Rogers, an insurance agent. Harry Cornish, a well-known athlete and physical director of the Knickerbocker Athletic club, boarded with the Rogers's. Mrs. Adams awoke one morning with a bad headache. Her daughter, Mrs. Rogers, advised her take some bromo-seltzer. Mrs. Rogers hunted around but found none of the required medicine. Finally she remembered that there was some bromo-seltzer in Mr. Cornish's room. This she got and gave her mother, who took a fair sized dose. In a few seconds Mrs. Adams was in great pain and evidently suffering from the effects of a strong poison. Dr. Hitch-cock was called in and he tried to counteract the effects of the poison, which he declared to be cyanide of potassium. Mr. Cornish and Dr. Hitchcock both tasted the poisonous stuff and in a few minutes both were prostrated by the effects of the slight quantity they had taken. Dr. Potter was called in. He revived the two men, but Mrs. Adams died.

Mr. Cornish states that on Christmas day he' received a neat package addressed to himself containing a sterling silver medi- suffered from neurasthenia. A month ago cine bottle holder in a Tiffany box, and in the holder was a bottle marked "bromo seltzer." The package was anonymously sent, but Cornish says he thought nothing of this, as he frequently gets presents in this way. It was this bottle that Mrs. For several years past Rogers got for her mother, and out of which Mrs. Adams drank with fatal effect. Mr. Cornish says he cannot think who could have had any designs on his life.

# Why Didn't He?

"This," said the police judge the other morning, "is one of the most aggravated cases of assault and battery ever brought to my official notice. How could a big, able-bodied man like you strike a deaf mute?"

"Do you's m'ane that he could n'ayther sp'ake nor h'are?"

'That's precisely what I mean." "Thin, sor, phy the divil didn't he sav so?

## Colonel Bryan's Jap.

Yamachita Came Unbidden, and Now Mr. Bryan Doesn't Know What to Do With Him.

Speaking figuratively, one of the white elephants Colonel William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, is trying to unload himself of is the enterprising Jap, who recently appeared at the Colonel's house, in Lincoln, and annexed himself thereto. Mr. Bryan at first, if the newspapers are to be believed, rather enjoyed the compliment paid him by little Yamachera Yamachita. however, he regrets this enforced expansion of his family circle, and heartily wishes the lad were once more in the land of the rising sup. But the boy is well pleased with his new surroundings and only looks sadly out of his almond eyes when the Colonel drops hints that he is willing to bear the expenses of a journey to far-away Cathay.

Yamachita is the son of a poor farmer, and not of noble birth, as was first reported. Yamachita's desire, even from the cradle, has been to become a member of the Japanese Parliament and a laurel-wreathed leader of his people. But Yamachita's papa does not possess sufficient means to give his son an education. This circumstance sorely distressed the boy, until one day he read in the local paper that one William J. Bryan, a mighty man and of the people, was endeavoring to dispense to the inhabitants of the United States thoughts on the money question. Yamachita at once saw a chance to get the much-coveted education. "A great man," he exclaimed. "I shall go to him; he

shall be my mentor and-my meat." So Yamachita packed his bandana, tied the four corners together, slung his baggage over a stick and set out for the great Western republic. In due time he reached Lincoln, sought Colonel Bryan and hailed him as his foster-father. Altogether surprised at the boy's action, the valiant warrior did not think it quite proper to turn away a half-starved lad, so he took him into the kitchen and gave him a meal. Since that time Yamachita has looked upon the Bryans as his protectors. Mrs. Bryan has secured his admission to classes in the University of Nebraska, and he seems to be. making progress. The Colonel, however, does not quite enjoy working out all of Yamachita's knotty algebraic problems; and he is endeavoring to arrive at a satisfactory solution of a burning question: What shall be done with Yamachera Yamachita?

### His Head Is Level on This Question.

From W. T. Stead's Interview with the Czar of

"I look out over the world; I study our civilization, and I do not find it very good. I see nations all engaged in seizing, or trying to seize, all territory not yet occupied by European Powers. "I look at the results. They do not

seem to me to be good. "For the native races what does imperial expansion mean? Too often opium, alcohol, and all manner of foul diseases, a great gulf between the governed and those who rule, and crushing taxation upon the natives for the blessings of this civilization.

"And for the nations who seize, what does it mean? A continual increase of suspicion, jealousy and rivalry; the heaping up of fleets and armies in order to take part in a scramble with the world, with the result that the army and navy are swallowing up more and more millions that should be used for the welfare of the people and the advancement of the world.

"On top are a few very rich and comfortable. Down below, with an ever-increasing pressure of taxes for armaments, is the great mass of poor people whose position is not very good. There is an ever-increasing multitude of those below with their broodng discontent ripening into Socialism developing into all kinds of anarchy.

"No. I do not find our civilization good Why do we make it so? We have at the present moment arrived at this stage that we have put all our very best manhood in the army. So much is this the case that we cannot mobilize the whole of our troops in European countries without dislocating the whole fabric of the social community.

"War has become so expensive that no State can stand the strain of protracted war without having to look bankruptey in the face, and we are so perfecting our modern weapons of destruction that no army can go into the field without losing so large a proportion of its officers that when the war s over, even if that army be victorious, the war will have inflicted irreparable loss on the country. What with disconnection caused by mobilizing, what with empty exchequer, what with decimated ranks of leading and governing men. I see nothing before any nation but a terrible heritage of revolutionary anarchy."

Mrs. Isabel Mallon Dies from Pneumonia-She Was a Well Known Writer-Death Hurried by Grief.

Mrs. Isabel A. Mallon, best known by her none-de-plume of Bab and Ruth Ashmore, died at her home in New York or Tuesday the 27th. Grief over the death of her mother, Mrs. Mallon's inseparable companion for so many years, so weakened her that she was a ready victim to the dread

As "Bab" and "Ruth Ashmore" Mrs. Mallon was known to thousands of readers in this country. She was one of the pioneer newspaper women. She went to New York 16 years ago, suddenly thrown on her own resources by the death of her husband, who possessed considerable wealth, and began her career as a newspaper correspondent.

She began writing the "Bab" letters in 1888. They made a hit, and there was much curiosity as to who was their author Later she made a reputation under another none-de-plume, "Ruth Ashmore."

Her letters were directed particularly to young girls. Her "Side Talks With Girls" were full of advice brightly presented Mrs. Mallon was one of the editors of the Ladies Home Journal.

Mrs. Mallon's illness began the very day of her mother's death, Oct. 8 last. she was attacked with the grip and this was followed by pneumonia. Mrs. Mallon was 36 years old. She was

a member of the old Sloan family of Hart-For several years past Mrs. Mallon had also written under her own name, so she was well known to three circles of readers "Bab," "Ruth Ashmore" and Isabel

Allderdice Mallon. The American Press Association for some time syndicated the "Bab" letters.

# Diagnosis Under Difficulties.

"What appears to be the matter with your father?" inquired the doctor, as he

hastily put his clothes on. "He's got the plumbago," replied the boy. "I think that's what maw says it is." "Pain in the small of the back, I pre-

sume," said the doctor.
"No, sir, he hain't got no small of the back. My paw weighs 284 pounds.'