Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 15. 1899.

ONLY A BOX.

Only a box, secure and strong,
Rough and wooden and six feet long,
Lying here in the drizzling rain,
Waiting to take the up-bound train.

Only its owner, just inside,
Cold and livid and glassy-eyed;
Little to him if the train be late,
Nothing has he to do but wait.

Only an open grave somewhere,
Ready to close when he gets there:
Turf and grasses and flow'rets sweet,
Ready to press him 'neath their feet.

Only a band of friends at home,
Waiting to see the traveler come:
Naught he will tell of distant lands,
He cannot even press their hands.

He has no stories weird and bright,
He has no gifts for a child's delight;
He did not come with anything,
He had not even himself to bring.

Yet they will softly him await,
And he will move about in state:
They will give him when he appears,
Sorrow and pity and tender tears.

Only a box, secure and strong,
Rough and wooden, and six feet long,
Angels guide that soulless breast,
Into a long and peaceful rest.

REBEKAH BINGS' BLIGHTED LIFE.

"There's worrying," said Mrs. Marrow. "Work and worry are like Saul and David; if work kills thousands, worry kills its tens of thousands—and I've minded that it's mostly somebody else's worrying that kills us. Besides, worriers have little except themselves to think of, and workers have other people.

"There was poor Rebekah Bing, who was always ailing. Rebekah was engaged to her cousin Barty Higgins when they were real young; but she took the measles and typhoid, and the doctors said it left her with a chronic spine and a weak heart. So of course she didn't marry Barty, but just staid engaged to him straight along. It was real interesting to hear Rebekah tell about her blighted life.

"We often stopped and talked to Rebekah on our way to a concert or social; it seemed so pitiful she never could go, and she had no other way of hearing the town-talk; for Barty never left her to go anywhere, and Molly was too busy, owing to Rebekah having so much trouble. Many's the time I've seen Rebekah just like a queen with her court around her, all sympathizing; for her ailing so constant made her real important in Monahawk. You see, the chronic spine and the weak heart would take turns and follow each other up, and at each turn Rebekah declared she couldn't live till the next arrived.

"You wouldn't have thought Rebekah Bing was so poorly to look at her. She was real fair, not being exposed to the heat or the cold or to work, like most of us, and she was always dressed pretty and nice, because Molly, her sister, was as spick and span as she could be, and spent all her time nursing Rebekah and making things for her to wear and to eat. Of course a body had to be busy around Rebekah Bing, seeing she had so much happen to her.

"I never heard Molly called pretty—she was real small and thin—except, of course, Ellis Fletcher thought she was. He'd always been a sort of champion of Molly's, and would likely have been a heap more if Molly had had time; for there wasn't much opportunity to notice Molly. But it seems to me that people who forget all about themselves in thinking about others have a sort of unseen prettiness that's got to be found out. Folks thought Rebekah pretty. She had brown eyes and a good color, and her face never got thin, which was natural, seeing she couldn't take exercise. Rebekah never fell off, even after one of her dying spells. I always felt like I'd been to an exhibition, or away from home, after one of Rebekah's dying spells. Of course it was natural they shouldn't try my nerves as they did Molly's. I being an old friend, Molly mostly sent over for me when Rebekah was dying.

"I remember one day old Em'ry came running over and said for me to come quick, that Miss Rebekah was dying. When I got there Mr. Pfett, the preacher, was coming away.

"'Sister Bing's mighty bad,' said he.

"'Which is it?' said I.

"'The weak heart,' said he; 'and she says she surely can't pull through this time,' said he.

"Molly was on the steps, crying. She followed me up to Rebekah's room, and, sure enough, there lay Rebekah with her eyes closed like she was unconscious.

"'She was taken at midnight, and now the doctor cannot bring her around,' whispered Molly, wiping her eyes.

"'Had any appetite for the things we sent over from the festival?' said I.

"'And Molly allowed that Rebekah had done right well the evening before with crab salad, ice cream, and lemonade. 'Oh, Mis' Marrow, I can't live without Becky! I've dreaded the time for so long, and now it's come—it's come!' cried poor little Molly.

"'Well, if it's come we mustn't complain', said I, with an eye on Rebekah's eyelids.

"'I can't live without her! Oh, why doesn't Barty come?' whispered Molly, wringing her hands.

"'Well, a man's a man,' said I, looking steady at Rebekah's eyelids. 'Miss Sterett gave a big crabbing party down to our wharf this morning. I guess Barty's—'

"'He isn't!' said Rebekah Bing, opening her eyes wide; 'you know he isn't, Mis' Marrow! Barty Higgins is coming here to me as fast as his feet can carry him!'

"'Oh, she's come round!—she's come round!' cried poor little Molly, on her knees beside Rebekah.

"'Now, Rebekah, don't you excite yourself,' said I, 'or you'll be dying again. I was just about to say that Barty isn't like the rest of them, for I met him riding like the wind down for Dr. Harley, the new doctor at Deal's, who knows so much about the heart.'

"'Oh, Becky, Becky! you won't die this time, will you?' sobbed little Molly.

"'I won't have the new doctor,' whispered Rebekah; 'but maybe if I had a little nourishment—'

"'Molly flew to get it, and when I left Rebekah was sitting up in bed eating toast and jelly. I met Barty at the door, panting hard. Behind him was the new doctor.

"'Is she alive?' gasped Barty, leaning against the door.

"'Eating toast and jelly,' said I.

"'He broke by me up to Rebekah, and Molly came down to see the doctor.

"'Is this the patient?' he said, eying Molly.

"'No, indeed; that's just Molly,' said I, noticing that Molly did look right small and peaked. Then Molly explained nicely that after such an attack her sister didn't feel like seeing a new doctor, and he went out; but at the door he looked back at me and nodded to Molly.

"'It wouldn't hurt her to eat some of her sister's toast and jelly,' said he.

"'A few days afterwards Molly came across to me in despair. Rebekah had a dreadful case of boils on her neck, and it had brought on hysterics. Molly had been up all night fanning her and keeping ice to her head, and now Rebekah had fever.

"'She'll never stand it, Mis' Marrow, never!' said Molly. 'It does seem like poor Becky might have been spared this, she's had so much!'

"'And what's that all on your face and hands?' said I.

"'Nothing but bee stings,' said Molly. 'My bees swarmed yesterday and stung me.'

"'And you haven't done a thing for it yet?' said I.

"'Oh, it's nothing, and I haven't thought of it, Becky's been so bad,' said Molly. 'Never mind me, Mis' Marrow, but come and see if you can do anything for Becky.'

"'I went over to the dark room where Rebekah Bing lay moaning, and opened the shutters, although she cried out; for 'twas hot enough in there to give any one a fever.

"'Has Barty come?' she whispered, like she was faint.

"'Shall I send again, Mis' Marrow?' asked little Molly, trembling. 'Hadn't I better send quick?'

"'Well, I never knew a body to die of a few bee stings, but maybe Rebekah could; I don't know,' said I.

"'It isn't bee stings; it's inflammation,' moaned Rebekah. 'You don't know how I felt all night!'

"'No, I don't,' said I. 'If I had everybody else's feelings on top of my own, 'twould be time to talk of dying.'

"'Send for Barty!' moaned Rebekah.

"'Rebekah took Barty real hard, just like the bee stings. They were engaged most twenty years, all told, and it was a heap more variety for Barty than if he'd been engaged to a livelier person, for he was always afraid of losing her, and it made her more valuable. 'Most every night Rebekah bade him good-by, lest she shouldn't live till morning. Molly said it was real solemn and impressive and like a ghost story, and sometimes Barty was moved to tears. It was a queer way to hold a man. I've known them to be held in many ways besides by love, but Rebekah's dying spells answered as well, and were more exciting.

"'By-and-by they got to be more frequent, and Barty was likely to be sent for at any time, though it did seem to me that Rebekah never looked so well; but maybe that wasn't natural, for Molly said Rebekah knew she was getting the dropsy. Soon after, sure enough, Rebekah had a dying spell from dropsy, and insisted upon sending for Mr. Bentz, the undertaker, to find out what sort of a plate he'd made for her. Mr. Bentz had been summoned so often that he'd made all ready for Rebekah, and certainly did take an interest in it. But when she found out he'd left a space for her age, she was so put out that it brought her around. Excitement will do it sometimes, they tell me. After that Molly was suddenly taken sick—nothing except nerves, Dr. Harley said, and that she needed a change. We sent for him, Barty and I, for Rebekah was in bed with hysterics because there was nobody to take care of her. So the next day the doctor sent Molly away, though she fought hard not to go, and the night after she went I took care of Rebekah.

"'She looked so bright and well that I said, 'Becky, you're getting real stout;' but she declared that it wasn't solid flesh, but dropsy, and that her heart would surely fail soon. Well, though it was a heap of responsibility, seeing Molly was away, I thought I'd try a new treatment, as nothing else had done any good in all these years, so I said:

"'Oh, I guess not, Rebekah. You just need diet, that's all.''

"'But, my! It drove her into a sort of trembling faint, and I was right frightened.

"'I'll send for Dr. Harley,' said I.

"'I won't have him! I won't have him! You'll starve me to death, between you!' gasped Rebekah. 'Send for Barty! I want Barty to come to hear my last wishes!'

"'But I didn't send for Barty; for I'd kept an eye on Barty Higgins for some time. He'd grown to look real old and worn out with anxiety. So that morning I asked him to do me a favor, saying that I would explain to Rebekah—which I did when the proper time arrived, though it wasn't for a good while afterwards.

"'There was a pretty young girl boarding with me from down at Cedar Cove, and I up and asked Barty Higgins to take her over to Mis' Sterrett's dance that evening. He was mighty surprised and doubtful at first; then I persuaded him, and he didn't like to say no. So when Rebekah kept worrying me I said.

"'Well, Becky, if you must know, Barty is down at Mis' Sterrett's about this time, dancing with Kitty Bell.''

"'Dancing with Kitty Bell!' she says, sitting up in bed, and a red spot breaking out on each cheek.

"'It's the truth, Becky,' said I; 'and if it's the first dance he's had for fifteen years, I guess it won't be the last, for Kitty Bell's a lovely dancer,' said I, 'and as bright as a bird.'

"'You can give me my supper, Mis' Marrow,' says Rebekah, suddenly; 'I feel better.'

"'When she'd eaten her supper, she got up and curled her hair before the glass. But Barty didn't come that night. The next day, when he did come, Rebekah was sitting on the porch dressed in the new blue lawn Molly made her before she went away. She had her hair curled, too, and I minded that she knew enough not to mention Kitty Bell, though I don't believe she ever quite forgave me.

"'Poor Barty! He looked like heaven had opened for him that day. He didn't know what to make of Rebekah. The truth was he'd made a real idol of Rebekah Bing, and seemed to see her just as he wanted to see her. I suppose that's the way with love, mostly.

"'Poor Rebekah! I went up there to the funeral soon afterwards. It was real impressive. *Rebekah?*

"'Why, bless you, Rebekah Bing isn't dead!' said Mrs. Marrow. 'Why, she's married and weighs a hundred and ninety pounds! And it isn't dropsy, either! 'Twas Molly that died.'

"'Barty? Why, you see, as soon as little Molly came back and died—'twas nerves, Doctor Harley said. But Ellis Fletcher he went on dreadful; he said it was Rebekah. Why, Rebekah hadn't anybody to take care of her, so she got well. You see, there wasn't anything else for her to do—poor Rebekah! Then she up and broke her engagement off with Barty. Seemed like Barty was 'most an old man then, and needed care himself, and, like Rebekah, was starting in fresh. But, if you believe it, he took it so hard that he went South and died of swamp fever—so they said. He'd made a kind of angel in his mind out of Rebekah. Maybe it was just as well he never learned better. But she got the life-insurance.

"'Rebekah Bing married Mr. Bentz, the undertaker, after he came into some money. He said he couldn't do less than marry Miss Bing, seeing she had always been such an encouragement to him in his business.''—By Virginia Woodward Cloud, in *Harper's Bazar*.

The Capital of Natal.

Sketch of Pietermaritzburg, on Which General Joubert's Boers Are Advancing.

Pietermaritzburg, generally abbreviated to Maritzburg, is the capital and centre of government of Natal, situated seventy and one quarter miles northwest of Durban, in the centre of a plateau which forms the second terrace of the colony. 2,218 feet above the sea level. It may be mentioned that Maritzburg is only seventy five and a half miles from Estcourt, which is the chief centre of Weenen country, now threatened by the Boers.

Pietermaritzburg is named after the two famous Boer leaders, Pieter Retief and Gert Maritz, who laid out the city in 1830. After the "trekkers" from the Cape entered Natal, the bulk of the people, about 2,000 congregated at Bushman's Rand, the present capital, situated among hills on the ridge and sides of a gentle slope which forms part of the north bank of the river Umtunduzi, a tributary of the Umgeni. Water was led down the streets; the eryen, or pilots, were surrounded by turf walls and planted with fruit trees or vegetables. Gradually houses—low, one-storied buildings—began to fill up the square, sub-divided into blocks, formed by the town; and even in 1839 Pretorius described it as "a large, pleasant and well watered town." In the centre of the city was the open square known from its foundation as the "market square," a rendezvous for country men arriving with their wagons on a pleasure visit or for business purposes ere the era of the locomotive. . In those early days, Maritzburg was devoid of trees—a bare desolate expanse. Now it is a city bosomed in trees with plantations on the neighboring hills.

To the northwest of the city, and 1,000 feet above it, is what is known locally as the town hill, an elevation in the third of the series of the terraces rising from the coast. There are over thirty miles of streets laid out in the usual Dutch fashion of dividing areas into rectangular blocks. The population of Maritzburg taken last year was 20,155, comprising 11,400 Europeans, 6,150 natives and 2,700 Indians. The garrison, which is the headquarters of the imperial forces in the colony, is situated at Fort Napier, on a kopje overlooking and commanding the city from the southwest. The main line of the railway runs through the upper end of Maritzburg, just below the garrison, and in 1892 a commodious and central railway station was built there. Its dark brown soil, its red tiled houses, its wild rose hedges, and the abundance of trees give it the appearance of a large English village. But of late years extensive building operations have been in progress and villas of the modern English type are springing up in every direction. In 1892 the town hall was completed at a cost of £50,000, and it was destroyed by fire in 1898. Other public buildings of importance are the legislative assembly, now utilized as a hospital; the railway station, the post office supreme court and market houses. Outside the city and across the Umsunduzi river, are the colleges and the Natal police headquarters in the colony. The college, presided over by R. D. Clark, M. A., an old New college man, and colleague of Sir Alfred Milner, is a very handsome building, and the police barracks form a substantial block half a mile distant from the college. Maritzburg is well supplied with water, and the cost of the present system amounts to over £65,000. A large library supplies the literary wants of the capital, containing as it does, over 13,000 volumes; the government makes a grant of $1,750 per annum to this institution. There are several manufactories in the capital; a large brewery, which caters for the imperial troops, a tannery, and wattle bark factories are among the industries of the city, which however, mainly depends for its prosperity on its agricultural surroundings and the permanent garrison of imperial troops.

Apart from the inadequate protection afforded by Fort Napier. Maritzburg has absolutely no permanent defences. Should the Boers, by any chance, be so venturesome as to attempt an assault on the "City of the Great White Elephant," the improvised defenses should prove equal to the occasion. Guns have doubtless been brought up from the warships at Durban, and with the forces now stationed there, no fears should be entertained for the safety of the capital of Natal.

A Happy Home.

It is not the beautiful shade trees that surround a house, nor the gravel walks, neither is it the painted walls nor the beautiful pictures that adorn them, nor the elaborate furniture, that construct a happy home, but it is the presence of Jesus that reigns therein that causes love to flow from heart to heart and peace and quietness to dwell therein. Look for a moment at the home of Martha, Mary and Lazarus. How eagerly they ran out to meet the Saviour, and see how how He turns from the unbelieving duty to spend his nights, after a toilsome day with them. We, of course, can't entertain him as they did, but we can give his spirit a lodging place in our hearts, thereby shedding a radius of love over our homes that is felt by every member of the the family.

How sad to see a family driven into unquietness by one unpleasant member. The word "home" has a sacred meaning and should be exempt from the evils of the world. There love should reign supreme. It matters not how poor we are we can still be happy. Men are often driven from home into places of evil because home is not happy. Women are driven into despondency because of the neglect of home, and children seek pleasure abroad because home is not what it should be "lighted up with the presence and smiles of Jesus.

Checks Without Stamps.

It doesn't appear to be generally known, says the Hazleton *Plain Speaker*, that when a man draws a check to his own order he needn't put a two-cent stamp on it. If you, for instance, want to get out some money from your own account, all you need to do is to change your check so that it reads like a receipt. Write "received of" in front of the banks name, cross out the words "pay to the order of," and then fill in the spaces with amount of money required and sign as usual, and you have there a check that is legal without a stamp. The government decided that this could be done last August, but it gave no great publicity to its decision, and probably not one private person or business house in ten has ever heard of the matter.

One Dead, 57 Injured.

Fire Broke Out In Reading Hosiery Mill, Causing Panic Among 600 Employes. Stairways Mass of Flames Great Portion Escaped by Jumping. Loss is $250,000.

One of the most appalling fires that has ever visited Reading occurred last Thursday when the extensive hosiery mill of the Nolde & Horst Company took fire destroying the plant, causing the death of one and possibly more persons, and injuring about 60 other employes of the company.

One badly burned corpse was recovered from the ruins and could not be identified. It is believed that one other body is in the debris, while the firemen and police authorities are inclined to think that more than one is in the ruins.

Of the 57 persons injured the following are the most seriously hurt and are suffering from dislocations and broken limbs:

Esther Mowbry, Mamie Ritter, Sallie Christman, Emma Lance, Annie Baer, Vinnie Baer, Annie Bruner, Sallie Bausher, Katie Boyer, Louisa Barron, Annie Bowman, Sallie Clay, Katie Dapler, Ella Kinkle, Miss Ibach, Mamie Kraemer, Mamie Lachman, Frances Luden, Emma Lorah, Catherine Luppold, Annie Maherny, Bessie Shaeffer, Minnie Schwartz, Sallie Sherman, Gertrude Seifert, Jennie Warner, Maggie Whitmeyer, Lela Hendershaw and Mary Yeich.

The remainder of the 57 had hands or faces burned, limbs bruised or otherwise injured.

The hosiery building was a large four-story structure, and nearly 600 persons were employed, most of them being women and girls. The fire was discovered about 11 o'clock, and in a few moments the girls were panic stricken. They made a dash for the fire escape and the stairs but found that the latter means of escape could not carry all of them down at the same time.

Several hundred of the girls then made a rush for the windows and appealed to those in the street to save them. Ladders were brought into use, and many girls were taken from the burning building safely. Most of them, however, jumped and were seriously injured. For a few moments from every window on the second and third floors girls leaped one after another. Some lodged in the arms of those below. but many struck the ground. They were picked up and rapidly removed to hospitals or to their homes.

Many of the girls who escaped by the stairways and fire escapes were badly burned, but none of them was, it is believed, seriously injured. It is not known how the dead met their fate, but it is believed that they fainted and then burned to death. The fire traveled with great rapidity owing to the inflammable stock in the building. By those who saw the progress of the fire it is considered miraculous that there was such a small loss of life.

There is much criticism among the employes because of the fact that the screens in the windows, except those at the fire escapes were securely nailed to the window sills. The girls had to break the screens before they could get out to leap to the ground. Some of the employes says that the doors were locked, as a rule, after the employes were in the building.

The fire was caused by the explosion of gasoline. The loss is estimated at about $275,000, on which there is an insurance of $150,000.

Troubled With Locusts

They Are Really One of the Pests of the Transvaal.

The dweller in the Transvaal has many troubles to contend with, not the least of which is the locust.

The visitation that descends upon the land of Pharaoh is still of yearly occurrence in the Transvaal. When a swarm of locusts, consisting of many millions, settles on a farm it covers the ground so thickly that crops are destroyed and cattle die from want of food.

Often a cloud of locusts alighting upon a railway entirely stop a train, as the engine is unable to make any headway along the slippery rails. "Springhaan" is the Transvaal name for locusts, but the young, wingless insects are known as "voetgangers." It is possible to destroy vast numbers of these by digging a hole at each end of a piece of Italian cloth which has been stretched on uprights like a fence and the locusts, finding themselves unable to climb it, turn aside and fall into the pits. They are then covered with earth, and so killed.

The most damaging kind of locusts are those with violet wings. These are more voracious than any other. In 1896 Natal was over-run with them. As indicating the power for evil locusts possess it may be mentioned that no less than £1,750 was paid for locusts' eggs by the government, averaging six pence a pound. The eggs are contained in a cocoon, which resembles a piece of twisted brown thread, the loops in it being the eggs. There are, roughly speaking, about 550 cocoons to the pound weight, so that in order to earn sixpence a laborer had to collect about 40,000 eggs.

Although the life of the locust averages only 9 or 10 months the eggs may lie dormant and then hatch after an interval of many years. A South African traveler says it is a pity there is a prejudice among white men against using locusts for food. They are said to be quite palatable, and very nourishing. Nearly all animals, including horses, eat them with avidity.

The castor oil plant is said to be a deadly poison to locusts, but it is about the only herb or plant they will not attack. Science has made many attempts to exterminate locusts, but its strangest method of attack is as follows: Some healthy locusts are caught and inoculated with disease. They are then liberated to join a passing swarm to spread the infection among millions of their companions.

——In the December number of the "*Forum*" O. P. Austin, in a paper on "Africa: Present and Future," says:

"The twentieth-century Africa promises startling contrasts when compared with the Africa of the nineteenth century. With an area four times as great as that of the United States, a population of 150,000,000, a soil and climate capable of infinite variety of production, a rapidly expanding commerce, and the greatest known supplies of ivory, gold and diamonds, its development under the modern methods which are now being applied to it is practically assumed. The home of the oldest civilization. But yesterday enveloped in the darkness of mystery without and ignorance within, it is today illuminated by the search light of modern methods; and as its importance and attractions are being recognized, with this recognition must come development. With 2,000,000 Europeans scattered over its vast area, acquainting themselves with its natural conditions and requirements, with the steamer, the railroad, the telegraph and telephone carrying light and knowledge and civilization to its darkest corners. Africa cannot long remain unknown or unknowing."

Woman on Trial.

Claimed That She Killed Her Husband With Powdered Glass.

At Marshall, Mich., on Wednesday Mrs. Marie Butterfield Sanderson was placed upon trial upon the charge of having killed her husband, Rudolphus Sanderson, by feeding him with ground glass. The case is attracting wide attention.

Sanderson, who was eighty-six years old, was worth nearly $500,000 when he was married to Marie Butterfield, twenty-eight years old, in July, 1898. She was noted for her beauty. She first met Sanderson in Battle Creek, where he lived, while she was visiting a friend.

The elderly man fell in love with her at once, and when she went back to Detroit to take a position in the Harper hospital there he followed her, and finally secured her consent to become his wife. The marriage ceremony was performed in Windsor, Canada.

The couple returned to Battle Creek and occupied a handsome residence. She appeared to be very attentive to him, but the gossips said he seemed almost afraid of her.

The aged husband, who had been ailing for fully four weeks, died suddenly two months after marriage. He was buried and was practically forgotten when Marie Robertson, a servant in Sanderson's family for many years, who was discharged by the young widow shortly after the funeral, began to talk. She accused Mrs. Sanderson of having killed her husband, and said she saw Mrs. Sanderson put ground glass into the man's morning oatmeal. Further, she declared that she had seen Mrs. Sanderson grinding the glass in a coffee mill in the basement.

Sanderson's body was exhumed two weeks after his death and the stomach and intestines were sent to the State university at Ann Arbor, where after a close analysis powdered glass was found in the intestines. However, no expert has yet been found to swear that the quantity discovered was sufficient to have caused death.

In answer to this, Mrs. Sanderson declared that the two brothers of Sanderson's first wife, Jasper and Onyx Adams, together with the discharged servant, Marie Robertson, were conspiring to defraud her of her share of Sanderson's estate.

But after a coroner's jury had found that the cause of death was probably through the medium of the administration of ground or powdered glass, the widow was arrested on the charge of attempted murder, and confined in the county jail at Marshall.

The Robertson woman in telling her story, said: "Mrs. Sanderson spoke twice of poison, saying she would give her husband something that would fix him. She once said: "I can hardly tolerate him at my table, I will give him ground glass. That will fix him."

"The next morning Mrs. Sanderson took an old newspaper and went into the yard, gathered up some old bottles and broke them with a hammer and then took the pieces into the cellar. As she started down she turned to me and said: 'You will think this awful, Marie, but I do not think any more of it than of eating my breakfast."

Miss Robertson told how she watched Mrs. Sanderson grind up the glass in the mill. "She told me she would take care of Mr. Sanderson's porridge in the morning, and the next morning she placed some porridge in a saucer, put in a teaspoonful of ground glass, then more porridge and placed it on his plate, putting sugar and cream on it. This she did every morning. After a day or two, Mrs. Sanderson said that 'the old fool was actually getting fat on glass.'

"Then Mrs. Sanderson told me the glass was taking effect. The old man complained of pains in his stomach."

The Robertson woman declared Mrs. Sanderson chatted pleasantly with her husband every morning as he was eating his porridge up to the time of his death.

Mrs. Sanderson, soon after her husband's death, created some antagonism by selling her interest in the estate for $6,000, when it was said to be fully worth ten times that much. A will, said to have been made in 1882 by the dead man, gave the entire estate to a former wife and daughter, but both are dead.

A Laugh Cost Him a Bride.

Silberman's Artificial Nose Dropped Into His Sweetheart's Lap, and Now She Won't Marry Him.

A New York dispatch to the Philadelphia *Times* says:

Ezril Silberman, a plumber, of 151 Allent street, met with an accident some years ago which necessitated the removal of part of his nose, and he had it patched with a portion of flesh colored rubber. From an artistic standpoint the job was a success. Yet at critical times the rubber nose would drop out of place and cause Silberman no end of annoyance. Silberman prospered in business, and about a year ago he decided to get married.

He sought an East Side schatchen and the following day was introduced to Miss Suline Singer, of 117 Christie street. It was a case of mutual love at sight Silberman thought he had full control of his refractory nose, and did not confide his affliction to Miss Singer. A marriage contract was drawn up, both Silberman and Miss Singer depositing $200 in the hands of a banker, the agreement being that in case one of the contracting parties failed to carry out its provisions the other was to receive the entire $400.

Silberman was unusually attentive to his prospective bride, and gave her among other things a gold watch and chain and a diamond ring. Things went along smoothly for a week. Then the couple visited a Bowery theatre and bought seats near the stage. The funny man made a remark when he came on the stage which caused the audience to laugh heartily. Silberman laughed louder than any of the others, and in the midst of the mirth his nose fell off and dropped into his sweetheart's lap.

He made a desperate clutch for it, and slapped it to his face in the hope of replacing it before his facial defect was discovered. He was not only too late, but in his haste placed the rubber nose on awry. This was too much for Miss Singer, who returned home alone. She refused to carry out her part of the marriage contract, and Silberman applied to the bank for the $200. Miss Singer had deposited, and found that it had been attached. He endeavored to secure the presents he had given Miss Singer, without success, and as a last resort placed his case in the hands of lawyers. A settlement was reached Wednesday, when Silberman agreed to take his presents and allow Miss Singer to retain her $200.

——Peter Zimmerman, a notorious horse thief, who has spent forty years in prisons for stealing horses, was Wednesday sentenced to the penitentiary by Judge White, in Indiana county, for seventeen years. Zimmerman is 74 years old and his home is in Donegal township. He suggested to the judge that a sentence of death by hanging would be in keeping with his long career of crime.

Shafter's Cuban Pullet.

The Pathetic Story of the General's Acquirement of a Feathered Mascot During War Times.

In Gen. Shafter's quarters at San Francisco in a fine, glossy, "black Spanish" pullet, which if it had the power of speech could tell a thrilling and a pathetic story. Early in July, 1898, when the American army in Cuba was supplying food to the starving reconcentrados in El Caney, a terrific storm wrought such havoc to the roads that it became impossible to convey further supplies to the town. Gen. Shafter therefore issued an order that all who were able might walk to his camp, six miles away, and draw rations.

The order set in motion one of the saddest processions that ever followed in the wake of war. Ragged, hungry weak, emaciated, a line of spectres daily wound its awful length through swamp and mud and jungle toward the food.

Lieut. Brooke and an interpreter were returning to camp from El Caney one day when they saw a little band of reconcentrados ahead of them. Rehind the men and women lagged a 6-year-old boy. He was evidently sick and weary unto death, but still he tottered persistently on.

At length, his last ounce of strength gone, he fell and lay there in the mud, unable to rise. His father and mother glanced back at him stolidly and went on. Their own strength would be hardly sufficient to carry them to camp, and suffering had dulled their sensibilities. If he could not keep up he must die where he fell.

Lieut. Brooke dropped from his horse, picked the little fellow up and galloped into camp with him. There he fed him til he could eat no more, wrapped him in warm blankets and left him to the long, dreamless sleep of exhausted childhood. An old Cuban woman washed his little cotton shirt and trousers, and after a few days' rest he was sent back to El Caney with a generous supply of provisions.

Two days later the little fellow, still weak and pale, again appeared in camp. Going straight to Lieut. Brooke, he took a small chicken from inside his little shirt, and with tears in his eyes presented it. It was the only thing he could give him, he said, to show his appreciation of the senor's kindness. He had walked all the way from El Caney through the deep mud, and after he had presented his humble present he walked back.

Lieut. Brooke took the chicken to Gen. Shafter and told its story. The general tethered it to his tent pole. When he entered Santiago he took the bird with him. There her nightly roost was a gilded chandelier in the governor's palace. When the army moved out to camp again the chicken went, too. Later she journeyed to Montauk Point, thence to Governor's Island, and now she struts and scratches and cackles contentedly in San Francisco, a living reminder of a deed of mercy, a pathetic acknowledgment of the gratitude with which at least one little reconcentrado will always recall las Americanos.

Muskrats Cause Flood.

Make a Hole in Delaware and Raritan Canal Banks—Miles Soon Under Water.

Muskrats made a hole early Wednesday morning in the banks of the Delaware & Raritan canal, which caused a general break. Miles of the farming country surrounded Port Mercer, between Trenton and Princeton, are under water, and thirty miles of the canal is affected.

All the navigation between New Brunswick and Bordentown is shut off, causing a great loss of money to shippers. The break affects the business of the Clyde line, which transports from New York to Philadelphia; the freight transports to Baltimore and the South, and the Merchants' line, between Philadelphia and Trenton.

More than a hundred canal boats are tied up along the line, because there is a fall of three feet in the canal between Kingston and Bordentown, leaving only four feet of water for navigation.

This has caused the officers of the Delaware & Raritan canal to order all navigation to close at a time when the business is the heaviest of the year.

Even the oldest shippers say that this is the worst damage that muskrats have ever caused. There have been small breaks, but of recent years the canal company has maintained a special police force, which has patrolled the waters in houseboats, receiving a bounty of thirty-five cents for every muskrat tail presented at its office.

The break which has caused all the present trouble occurred near Clarkeville, at a point where the land is much lower than the bed of the canal, some time early Wednesday morning.

The muskrats made a hole in the bank not more than two feet square, but the water soon made it thirty feet long and fast filled the surrounding country.

The canal company's officers were promptly on the scene, and called for hundreds of laborers to prevent the break extending. It will take a week or more to repair the damage, and by that time the ice may do its work of suspending business.

——Mrs. Ezra T. Shoupe, of near Satillo, Huntingdon county, was recently the heroine of a thrilling encounter with a big buck, which she first wounded with a rifle ball and then dispatched with a knife, after being attacked by the infuriated animal. Mrs. Shoupe, who lives in a fine game country, was alone at home when she saw a large buck feeding in a nearby grain field. She immediately secured her husband's rifle, a 32 calibre, and after a careful aim shot the deer in the right foreshoulder. The buck at once attacked the woman, who seeing her predicament, grasped a large carving knife and fought valiantly for her life. The animal was somewhat handicapped by a broken foreleg, and at intervals would stumble and fall. On one of these occasions, Mrs. Shoupe, who had already received several painful cuts from the buck's uninjured forefoot, planted the knife squarely in the animal's throat and cut the jugular vein. The deer expired almost instantly, and now Mrs. Shoupe finds herself famous. The buck, which carried five-pronged antlers, weighed 143 pounds. Mrs. Shoupe is an expert in the use of firearms and has much game to her credit. In her encounter with the buck Mrs. Shoupe was painfully, but not seriously injured.

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——D. F. Converse, a mill owner of Spartansburg, S. C., has willed one-third of his estate, valued at $500,000, to Converse College, a local institution for the higher education of women. He founded the college ten years ago.