

Bellefonte, Pa., June 15, 1900.

THE PUZZLED CENSUS TAKER.

"Got any boys?" the Marshal said. To a lady from over the Rhine; And the lady shook her flaxen head And civilly answered, "Nein."

THE ORDEAL OF ISABEL.

A concert in the morning, a gay little luncheon, the committee meeting of a charitable organization, the earliest studio tea of the winter, and afterwards a visit to an old governess. It had been a day which would have seemed crowded to some of the toilers of the world, but to Isabel Vinton, an idle woman of fashion, it was merely the usual round.

Her letters were circulars. She opened the paper and sprang up, gazing with shining eyes at a black heading.

ITALIAN PORTFOLIO GOES TO BRILLIANT YOUNG EDITOR.

Will accept the post. No doubt now that Noel Parthian will be new Minister to Italy. Successful career of the young author-editor.

Neither did Isabel doubt his decision. Successful as he always was, she knew the ambition he cherished to be in the service of his country, and the serene dignity of this appointment befitting the sensitive pride which would have shrunk from a position whose winning involved the personalities of a political party.

"His heart's desire has come to him in the best years of his manhood." She flashed vividly. Self-remembrance rushed across her first selfless rejoicing.

"His heart's desire!" she repeated softly. "And mine?" She shrunk back among the pillows, while memory and instinct assured her that this was the crisis of life for her as well as for him.

At eighteen, half a child and dazzled by the dawn of her triumph as a beauty and an heiress, Isabel Vinton had refused with airy peremptoriness the penniless young lover whom summer chances had brought in her way. During six years she did not see him, and only thought of him when a poem of his recalled him to her remembrance.

She was dressing for the ball when her maid brought her a note from him. "I missed you everywhere this afternoon, and this evening I am forced to fulfill an engagement which gives me the opportunity to tell you how so grateful as I am to come to you, alone, to-morrow afternoon."

"We heard that you were out of town." "I am blessed with a servant who lies with so honest a countenance that he would deceive the Father of Lies instead of merely the average newspaper reporter," he answered lightly. "And my physician insisted upon solitary confinement for me if I intended to sail to-morrow."

"Are you really off to-morrow?" "What has been the matter with you?" "Is your health the urgent private affair which has made you cast aside two such pretty baubles?"

Isabel alone was silent as she gave him a cup of tea, and with a gesture of protest against the onslaught of inquiry he emptied the cup hurriedly before he replied. "My illness was overwork," he said, dropping into a chair. "My private affairs are still exclusively my own, and I really start for Europe to-morrow."

"We are, subdued!" a pretty woman laughed, uttering the resentful dumbness of the others. Parthian glanced quickly at the circle with the smile which made charming his thin, clear-cut countenance.

"I shall not see you," he repeated just aloud. Her words had been the utterance of plans she had scarcely considered, and merely announced a final severance from any anticipation of his return.

But the tone of his low voice pierced her soul for him through her armor of contemptuous jealousy. "What has happened to you. Tell me!" she entreated. He caught her hand in one of his own, while with the other he lifted the silken shade from a lamp near by.

new of them to whom their hearts belong.

But if she could not seek news, she could go to meet it. At eight she drove to a dinner where he also was bidden. Every tick of the clock hurt her while the hostess waited for a tardy guest, and she knew that laggard to be Parthian.

Finally, with a shrug of her white shoulders, the hostess put her hand on the arm of her chief guest. "Mr. Parthian's new glories seem to have destroyed his memory, or his 'no-matters,' she said somewhat tartly. "I have given him full measure of grace and he has neither come nor written."

"Did we wait for Parthian?" her escort demanded with the frank regret of a hungry man for that quarter of an hour's futile waiting. "I could have told you he would not turn up. As I passed the Union station he dashed from a hansom, making an evident sport for a train."

The next day to Isabel was a flutter of expectancy for a letter or telegram from him. The day following was devoured by a growing flame of resentment.

Was this ignominy of suspense the penance imposed by that unfortunateness she had always divined in his love for her? If she were but sure, she would refuse her life to the keeping of such a tyrant, even though her heart should break as the price of her freedom.

The newspapers, meantime, teemed with flattering paragraphs on Parthian's work or his personality; a new edition of his poems was advertised by his publishers; but there was never a word of his whereabouts or his movements.

With her first glance at the columns of an evening paper on the third day the feverish atmosphere of suspense and anger in which she had lived for days grew suddenly chill. Those staring headlines which for hours Isabel saw whenever she closed her eyes announced that Parthian had declined the ministry to Italy, and that at the office of his magazine it was stated that he had resigned the editorship on the same plea of urgent private affairs which he had assigned to the President.

Further, it had been ascertained that a cabin was reserved in his name on the Cunard steamer sailing next week, and it was assumed that these vital important private affairs were taking him away from the country he had no desire to serve. The article ended with regret for the sacrifice of a career which promised brilliantly along either of two such widely different lines, and with the conclusion, final as an epitaph on a tombstone, that poets were incomprehensible to their less highly endowed fellow creatures.

Isabel, sitting with her hands clasped to numbness and her face grown so high, stern, told herself that she did not find this poet incomprehensible. Poets were doubtless more prone than their fellow-creatures to the mad abandon of reputation and advantage for the gratification of a passion. Did not Madame de Roux also sail in next week's Cunard steamer? If it were not because of a coincidence, was it not incumbent on the man to resign the rewards of publicly appreciated talents without other uttered excuse than urgent private affairs?

The power of feigning detachment which the frank woman in one special need is a wonder as old as the first love-story. Isabel was never more radiant than at a dance that night when she serenely ascribed Parthian's extraordinary conduct to an improvident poet's temporary madness, and preferred leisure for literary work to the solid benefits of the two positions from which he had withdrawn. And nobody guessed, unless perhaps some other woman, that her vivid face and brilliant eyes were lit by burning humiliation.

Several days elapsed, during which, much mention as she heard of Parthian, she gained no personal news of him except that visitors at his lodgings had been told that he was absent from the city. These were days for which Isabel afterward made a grave in her memory—days when every faith tottered with the wreck of her love, and when beneath even the bitter memory of her reply to his note, the very dregs of misery to her was the degradation of the man she had so highly loved.

Friday came without sight or sign of Parthian, and he was to sail on the morrow. It happened to be her afternoon at home, and she was talking and making tea when Mr. Parthian was announced. Even in the half light of shaded lamps he looked worn and ill, but he barely touched her fingers, and his voice was as hoarse as he exclaimed: "Please accept for various broken engagements, the heartfelt regrets of a man who has not left his bed since nearly a week."

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Of the remembered looks which stir a woman's heart to youth when she is old, Isabel will most cherish that with which his haggard eyes adored her when the white, unshielded light fell upon her. Such longing, such despair was in those eyes—the eyes she loved—that she forgot all but her impulse to comfort him.

"Nothing should take you away if it is so great a grief to go," she whispered. He shut his eyes and dropped her hand. "Good-by!" he murmured. Half a dozen people hustled gaily into the room, and while she was greeting them he went away.

A couple of hours later Isabel sealed in her heart a debate as she drove to a dinner. If ever love and surrender had gazed at each other in the eyes of a man she had seen them in Parthian's eyes that afternoon—yet no shame? Ah, yes! she reminded herself with scornful lips, men called it honor to keep a shameful bond and sacrifice their highest love to it.

He was gone. She had done with love and happiness. In the thirty or forty years that stretched before her there remained much she might find worth doing, and time for heartache over every glance and word of his. But now she must so play her part among curious critics that none should say that she had become a death sentence in the gay talk, and her attention was at last fixed by the celebrated physician who was her neighbor.

"It is a monopoly which is good for us," he replied to the laughing self pity of the host, a well known judge, who had lamented that his profession left him scant time for sympathetic contemplation of the world's progress, whether mind nor heart could bear the addition of outside sympathies to the demands our professions make upon us.

"You are right, as I prove more strenuously than you," the judge agreed gravely. "To pronounce a death sentence is a strain even upon accustomed nerves, unguessed by those who hear."

"I maintain my work to be beset with severe tests," the doctor said. "You pronounce sentence on a wretch whose crimes are his misfortune to society, which, through your lips, decides to be rid of him. Your flesh shivers, perhaps, with pity for his flesh, but your spirit approves that he is to be rewarded according to his deeds. Whereas I may pronounce sentence not upon a man's body, but upon the innocent happiness of a man, upon the noble ambition of a man whose strong hands grasp the great prizes of talent and energy. For as you know, I am an oculist, and blindness in most cases limits as finally as death either happiness or ambition."

Such words spoke with such solemnity were not to be answered quickly. In the silence which followed, Isabel woke for the first time in a week from the absorption of her own life's crisis to an aching pity for the well-to-do which throbs through the centers of the earth.

"A few days ago," the doctor went on, "a man came to me—a widely known man in the early prime of life, with the world at his feet—and I delivered a sentence which bereft him of all he had won and all he yet hoped for. He believed as swept away by authority on the disease from which he suffered, so far as my knowledge goes, he will be blind within a few months."

A shock as from electricity thrilled Isabel. She was again in her drawing room, saying with forced steadiness, "If you do not return within a few months you will not see me."

Again she heard Parthian's low echo of her words, "I shall not see you!" Again he thrust the shade from the lamp and gazed at her with such eyes as a lost soul might gaze upon the blessed.

"Presently the hostess arose. "Talk of something more cheery, if you can, you men," she exclaimed. "We women are too well aware of the lumps in our throats to talk at all!" Isabel looked up at the doctor as he spoke. "Come to me soon," she murmured. "My need is vital."

"I see that it is," he answered. "I will follow you in a moment." A plea of headache permitted her to escape to the comparative solitude of a bow window at the further end of the drawing-room.

She had no doubt that she had heard the story of Parthian's doom. For a moment her spirit was at his knees, repeating the base motives with which her jealousy had poisoned her judgment of him. But the shame of her belief as swept away by her yearning to the misery which overpowered him, whose capacity for suffering she knew to be more intense than that of tougher-fibred natures.

What was there that he had striven for all the years of his manhood that had not been torn from him in the instant of realization?—ambition, usefulness, love? Isabel murmured with passionate pardon for his doubt of her tenderness which she now believed to be the reason of his silence.

She quivered with eagerness. The evening was going. The steamer was advertised to sail at dawn on the morrow. Would the doctor never come to make her guessing certainty?

He walked down the room to her with simple directness. "I was unprofessional to allude to a case even so vaguely," he said with a smile which was like the reassuring pressure of a strong hand. "But my patient is persistently in my thoughts."

"What you said would only betray him to one to whom it explains his sudden swoop of his future," she answered with soft vehemence. "I know that it is like Noel Parthian so to resign the dignities to which he had meant to add honor—like him to stand aside from a happiness he had meant to stand on equal terms—like him to rush away to hide his helplessness as if from a plague, and create a new one. He is not quite hopeless," the doctor interposed. "The oculist to whom he went in Boston confirmed my view. But I have sent him to a German specialist who has more experience in such cases than I, and whose word I will accept with conviction should he give it against me."

he said gently. "And this doctor must confess himself also. After Parthian had written his letters of resignation to the President and to his magazine people on his return from Boston, he was prostrate with fever for several days and I heard you name me many times when he was unconscious of its utterance. Will you forgive me that, meeting you here, I have used strategy hoping to gain for him that which may save him to happiness and usefulness—even if the German specialist decides against him?"

Isabel rose. "You have saved me in trying to save him," she murmured. "God bless you for both!" Isabel's mood had passed beyond the consideration of conventionality when she stepped into the carriage. She gave Parthian's address to her footman as mechanically as if she had said "Home," and she confronted Parthian's servant, when he opened his master's door, with a like forgetfulness of courtesy or conjecture.

"Yes, Miss Vinton, but—" She passed him and entered the sitting-room, where she had made tea for a gay assemblage. Parthian, who leaned idly on the high mantel shelf, lifted his head from his folded arms and stared at her dumbly.

The haggard helplessness of his silence was more eloquent to her than many words. "Noel—I know," she faltered, and stretched out two trembling hands to him, but he stood passive.

"All these years I have meant to come to you with my triumph," he said. "You shall not come to my defeat with pity."

"If your triumph was to be mine, your defeat must be mine also," she said. "And only love can bring me to either."

With a great sob he caught her in his arms, and his head sank on her shoulder. "My defeat will be so entire—the years of it may be so many," he murmured presently. "How can I doubt that your youth, your willingness to sacrifice, your love—some day I will forgive your doubts and you shall forgive my injustice," she whispered her wet cheek close to his dark hair. "But now—and then—and always—my defeat shall be entire to either of us if I may have you."

Death Valley, California. Death Valley is probably the most unique natural feature in California. It is located in the southeast corner of Inyo County, and is enclosed by the Panamint Mountains on the west and the Funeral Range on the east. It is seventy-five miles long, and its narrowest point but eight miles wide.

At one time, most probably, it was the bed of an ancient river. The lowest depression is 200 feet below sea level, but above this rises Telescope Peak, 11,000 feet high, of the Panamint Range, and directly opposite the Funeral Peak, which reaches an altitude of 8,000 feet. During the winter these peaks are covered with snow.

The remarkable valley was discovered in 1850 by a party of immigrants, of whom many lost their lives in the attempt to cross it. The name has clung to it, also, as being the scene of numberless tragedies. Early in its history traditions of gold and silver deposits of wonderful richness within its boundaries persuaded many adventurous persons to undertake the hazardous experiment of its exploration. The number who have lost their lives in this desolate field is undoubtedly great. Pursuing the mirage of rich deposits of precious metals these adventurous prospectors succumbed at last to the intolerable heat and the agonies of thirst.

The range of the thermometer is probably greater in Death Valley than elsewhere in the Western hemisphere. In winter the temperature is way below zero, while in July and Aug. the thermometer ranges for weeks at 137° above, frequently rising several degrees higher. For weeks at a time the lowest temperature observed exceeded 100°.

The deadly heat burns every vestige of vegetation. The Spanish bayonet, a plant that flourishes under the most arid conditions, here barely survives, while the mesquite, with its long roots penetrating deep into the earth in search of scanty moisture, just manages to exist.

A party of enterprising agriculturists, once experimented with growing fruit and vegetables in this region, anticipating large profits in the early marketing of their crops. The attempt was a complete failure, the intense heat withering the plants, notwithstanding copious supplies of water and the most skillful cultivation. In the higher altitudes of the Panamint there are numerous valleys with flowing streams. In these, fruits are cultivated, and reach the market two months before the California products.

The prevailing winds in Death Valley are from the west. Though originating in the Pacific Ocean and saturated with humidity in traveling the intermediate distance, they are intercepted by the lofty peaks of four ranges of mountains, which absorb all of their moisture, so that by the time they reach the valley all humidity has disappeared. The blasts are as if heated in a fiery furnace, and no living thing can survive the intense heat. Even birds, indigenous to the region, die.

It is the month of the greatest heat that the sand storms of Death Valley are most deadly. They rage with intense fury, obliterating the landscape and dimming the light of the sun, withering the scanty vegetation and covering the trails deep in powdery dust. At all times the aspect of the valley is superlatively desolate. No spot on earth surpasses it in aridity or top-hat-like heat.

During the heated term an hour without water means death. Meat becomes putrid in a hour. Eggs are cooked in the blistering sand. Water is only palatable by means of large porous earthenware jars, common to all hot countries, suspended in drafts and reduced in temperature by means of the rapid evaporation of the moisture from their outside.

The belief that the borax marshes are the remains of the vast lake which once filled the valley is supported by traces of water-line found 600 feet above, on the mountain sides. The general appearance all borax marshes are alike. They are located at the point of greatest depression and from a distance look like deposits of salt or snow. Under the surface is common wet clay or water of varying depths. These deposits are generally silicious in formation, and appear as though once they were craters. Borax was created by contact of boracic acid in gaseous form, with the lime and soda of the surface. At Teels Marsh, Nevada, borate of lime appears in the form of balls imbedded in clay along with soda salt, etc., but at Columbus these are found in sandy soil. Sometimes these balls are decomposed, underlying the soil which is removed, and the borate shoveled out. Deposits of crude borate of soda are found in Nevada and in Death Valley, at the Monte Nevada mines.

Mad Dog Scare. The Following Sensible Advice, Which is the Opinion of Every Thoughtful and Intelligent Dog Owner Was Written for the New York Sun.

With the approach of summer comes the usual "mad dog" scare. These scares in a great majority of cases are the result of ignorance and prejudice. For eight or nine years I made it a practice to personally investigate "mad dog" scares. I found that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred that the scare was groundless, that the dog was not mad, and that all the fantastic and terrible incidents were filled in by the imaginative reporter.

I have been a close student of dog life from my boyhood. I have bred, trained and treated dogs of most breeds, and although I have visited the kennels, refuges and dog pounds of various countries and seen many thousands of stray "vagrabond dogs," I have yet to see a genuine case of rabies. This, I may say, is a common experience with veterinary surgeons. Hundreds of them after years of active practice declare that although they may have been called upon to treat dogs for all kinds of ailments, they have not seen a case of true rabies. Take the testimony of Dr. Stockwell, a celebrated authority on dog disease. He says: "True rabies present multiple and varied phenomena without a single constant feature, hence its presence is with difficulty determined even by an expert. Indeed, so erratic is its symptoms and its manifestations that it is a greatly mooted point whether it exists at all."

Distemper, toothache, epilepsy, and the whole class of nervous diseases to which dogs are subject are constantly mistaken for it. "Personally," he adds, "after more than thirty years' experience as a dog owner and student of canine and comparative medicine, I have yet to meet with a genuine case of rabies in the dog, and of some scores of so-called rabid dogs submitted to me for my inspection I found them one and all suffering from other and comparatively innocent diseases."

This, as I said before, is not by any means an uncommon experience among veterinary surgeons. In the spring of 1897 a "mad dog" scare was raised in London (England) by a certain class of people who had a great commercial interest in raising "mad dog" scares (muzzle manufacturers); they, as usual, received every assistance from a credulous public and sensational press. The Board of Agriculture finally took the matter up and issued an order to the effect that all dogs appearing on the public highway should be tightly muzzled with a wire cage muzzle invented by the aforesaid manufacturers. During the first three months of the scare over sixteen thousand dogs were seized in the streets as "vagrabond strays," and not a single case of rabies was discovered among them.

It should be born in mind that dogs, like men, are subject to certain diseases. They have their disease of puppyhood and old age; they have their stonachic and nervous troubles just as we have, and require intelligent treatment and kind attention to pull them through these attacks. If dog owners would only take a more intelligent interest in their pets we should hear less of "mad dog" scares. Dogs to be kept healthy should be fed twice a day regularly. I consider the scraps from the table the best food for dogs of all sizes. The dog gets a change in his diet which is beneficial. Never try to make an old dog eat dog biscuits; if he can eat them he will do so without much urging.

I have had dogs that would have starved rather than eat them. He should have a meal of meat twice a week, and cooked liver once; this will keep his bowels in good condition. Always see that your dog is well supplied with plenty of good clean water. Dogs will not drink from a dirty bowl, nor will they drink foul water unless they are forced to do so from extreme thirst.

Always look to the teeth of your puppy; this is a matter of the greatest importance, as they have their teething fits and similar such troubles like other infants; feel their gums occasionally, and if you find a loose tooth draw it; the roots are perfectly straight and it can be drawn by the fingers. A puppy should always be treated for worms at the age of two months; he is almost sure to have them.

Treat your dog intelligently and humanely, and you will have a friend and companion who will stand by you and with you under all circumstances.

ARTHUR WESTCOTT. 289 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Birth of a New Voice. St. Louis Girl Who, During Illness, Developed a Wonderful Baritone.

Black diphtheria has given a St. Louis girl a wonderful baritone voice, worth a pot of money. Two years ago her voice had no quality and she did not pretend to sing. To-day she stands on the threshold of a musical career.

There is passion and power in her voice. Listening, without gazing upon the face of the pretty singer, one would declare that it was the out-pouring of a man's soul. And the marvel of the metamorphosis is that there is nothing of the female contralto in the velvet throat notes. It is a baritone of the most powerful tone.

Judges of musical technique have told the happy possessor of this strange new voice she may have the lovers of harmony at her feet if she will cultivate her oddly given talents.

The young woman is awakening from the long lethargy of invalidism to a full and wonderful realization of her divine gift. For six months she could not speak above a whisper, and then only with great pain. She was given up at one time, but a strong constitution and a brave will enabled her to live.

One day, seated at the piano, she dreamily touched the keys, opened her lips and awoke. A voice she had never heard stirred the still room, a rich and deep tone that frightened her. Bewildered and afraid she timidly touched the keys again and fingered them. Then suddenly, she threw back her head and let her lungs exert full power. It was the birth of the new voice. The specter of disease had fled and the spirit of a young song had come with the change in the vocal muscles.

Offers have been made to the young woman to place herself in the best musical preparatory schools in America.

The Clock and the Car. "Is that clock right?" he asked after it had struck 11. "Why?" she answered. "Because if it is, I shall have plenty of time to catch the 11:30 car."

"Remember now," she said, "that the clock is about 20 minutes slow. If you hurry you will just about catch the car."

During the 20 minutes that he stood on the corner he arrived at the painful conclusion that she didn't really love him as he longed to be loved.

—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

"Boxers" in China are Reported to Have Killed Many Evangelists. Native Troops Passes in the Insurrection. Treaty Powers are Called Upon to Save Religious Work in the Far East. Chinese Officials Deluded.

PEKING, June 12.—A native evangelist, who has escaped from Yung-Ching, says his chapel there was destroyed by the "Boxers" and his wife killed. He reports also that a Church of England missionary named Stevenson has been killed, and another named Norman has been bound and carried off. The "Boxers" now have entire possession of the country from Tien-Tsin westward to Paoing-Fu, and thence north-eastward to Pekin. The native troops are making no effort to suppress the insurrection. All missionary religious work in Northern China is at an end unless the treaty powers compel the observance of the conventions and demand indemnities in every case of infringement.

The Belgian minister here, Baron de Vinck de Denxorp, has received word that 30 men, women and children, French and Belgians, who were seeking to escape from the district south of Paoing-Fu, to Tien-Tsin, were cut off and surrounded by "Boxers." The "Boxers" fired into the fugitives, killing four. The fate of the remainder was unknown to Baron de Vinck's informant, but a telegram received here yesterday from Tien-Tsin states that the rescue party of 40 volunteers sent out from that city rescued all but nine of the refugees, eight men and one woman. Those nine are still missing and probably have been murdered. The American missionaries at Paoing-Fu have not been heard from but are believed to be safe.

A Christian refugee to Tien-Tsin brings news that several station buildings south of Paoing-Fu have been burned, the railway telegraph and communication cut to the north cut. Native Christians from the Chou-Chou and Kuan districts, less than 50 miles south of Pekin, are streaming steadily into the capital, reporting that murder, pillage and incendiarism are continuing in these districts.

The foreign ministers here are wiring their governments that serious disensions exist at court. Prince Ching, supported by the foreign office, the Tsung Li Yamen, favors suppressing the "Boxers" and conducting foreign affairs with moderation. Prince Suan, on the other hand, is intensely anti-foreign, and he is supported by Hsu-Tung, of the grand secretary, Kang-Yi, assistant member of the same body, and others. A crisis is imminent.

The German and Austrian guards are expected to arrive to-day. SHANGHAI, June 13.—The "Boxers" have killed four missionaries and have wounded four more near Paoing-Fu. The survivors are making their way to Tien-Tsin, whence a volunteer escort has gone out to meet them.

Ravages of the Famine, the Plague and Cholera in India. Louis Kloppsch, of New York, Visits the Sorely Stricken Portions of the Bombay Presidency and Tells of What He Saw.

BOMBAY, June 13. Louis Kloppsch, of New York, publisher of the Christian Herald, who arrived here May 14th and started at once on a tour of the famine stricken districts, has returned, after traveling through the most sorely smitten portion of the Bombay presidency, including Gujerat and Baroda. He makes the following statement of his observations.

"Everywhere meet the most shocking and revolting scenes. The famine has been swept by cholera and small pox. Fugitives, scattered in all directions and stricken in flight were found dying in the fields and roadside ditches. The numbers at one relief station were increasing at the rate of 10,000 per day.

"At Godhra there were 3,000 deaths from cholera within four days, and at Dohad 2,500 in the same period. The hospital death rate at Godhra and Dohad was 90 per cent.

"The condition of the stricken simply beggars description. Air and water were impregnated with an intolerable stench of corpses. At Ahmedabad the death rate in the poor house was ten per cent. Every day I saw new patients placed face to face with corpses. In every fourth case there was a corpse.

"The thermometer reads 115 in the shade. Millions of flies hovered around the uncleaned dysentery patients. "I visited the small pox and cholera wards of the Yragram. All the patients lying on the ground, there being no cots. Otherwise their condition was fair.

"I can fully verify the reports that vultures, dogs and jackals are devouring the dead. Dogs have been seen running about with children's limbs in their jaws. "The government is doing its best but the native officials are hopelessly and heartlessly inefficient. Between the famine, the plague and the cholera the condition of Bombay presidency is now worse than it has been during any previous famine in the nineteenth century. Whole families have been blotted out. The spirit of the people is broken and there may be something still worse to come when the monsoon breaks."

Philippine Casualties. General MacArthur Telegraphs the Number to Secretary Root.

WASHINGTON, June 4.—Secretary Root to-day made answer to the Senate resolution inquiring as to the number of Filipinos wounded and killed and the number of prisoners taken since the insurrection began. Having no detailed information on the subject the Secretary cabled the inquiry to General MacArthur, commanding at Manila and received the following response, which was submitted to Congress:

MANILA, June 4.—"Adjutant General, Washington: With reference to your telegram of 22nd ultimo: Filipinos killed, 10,787; wounded, 2,104; captured and surrendered, 10,425; number prisoners in our possession about 2,000. No systematic record Filipino casualties at these headquarters. Foregoing compiled from large number reports made immediately after engagements as close an approximation as now possible of actual distribution of reports. More accurate report would take weeks to prepare. Number reported killed probably in excess of accurate figures, number reported wounded probably much less. As Filipinos managed to remove some wounded from field and comparatively few into our hands. Officers high in rank and dangerous suspicious men have been retained as prisoners; other men discharged on field as soon as disarmed. Proposed to release all but very few prisoners at early date.

[Signed] "MACARTHUR."

WEALTH OF BEAUTY—Is often hidden by unrightly Tanples, Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, etc. Ducklen's Arnica Salve will glorify the face by curing all Skin Eruptions, also Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Boils, Felons, Ulcers, and worst forms of Piles. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by F. P. Green druggist.