

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 26, 1900.

THE AUTUMN DREAM.

I overheard the Wind today. Telling the Stream The tragedy of Falling Leaf.

And when the Wind had finished it

He laughed and fled, With never any thought of all

And still the Stream went murmuring Of her own grief,

Without a thought for Autumn Dream And Falling Leaf.

William Carman Roberts.

THE COURTSHIP OF MR. PHILIP

"I will stand it no longer!" said Mr. Philip Johns, striding to and fro in deep indignation. "She's kept me dancing long enough. Here I am fifty odd and mo', and trailing at the hem of a woman's frock!"

We withdrew cautiously into the shade of the table, that we might not attract the attention of our father, who did not consider it the province of children to listen to the outpourings of misplaced passion.
"It is hard indeed, Mr. Johns," answer-

ed my father, who was a model sympa-thizer and listener from long experience. Mr. Philip Johns belonged to the class of country gentlemen of the earlier part of the century. He still contrived to wear his leather gaiters tightly buttoned to the

earliest blue dawn, and watching the scar-let tongues of fire leaping through the ob-scurity, which lay opposite to us, back of the woods crowning the hills across the run bottom. Today he had, as usual, broken his journey to take dinner with us; as presed after a general conversation on usual, after a general conversation on about its owner hung an air of romance. Court house news, the talk had settled upon Mrs. Judge Hatcher, though with some-

"Hard!" said Mr. Johns, taking up the sympathizing word. "Hard is no name for what I've gone through with. I've been deeliberately trampled! If she had set about her slipper." His voice grew lower, and the indignation lapsed into cheerful recollection. "Ha! ha! I don't reckon I He was assured that he had. Indeed ever told you about that?"

"No," said his auditor, affecting an air

He laughed again, and shook his innocent old gray head. It was a habit of his to talk of his youth as if it had been one ments to the ladies of his acquaintance, seemed high revelry. The spending of money added its touch in memory, for Mr.

Johns had developed a harmless little mistation of the old saying is, and it fits Cousin Amelia to a t." He shook his head in dismay.

"She had a lawyer first, and now, as if that wasn't enough, here she is thinking of

erliness of his own. 'Twas at her father's in Fauquier; there was a dance given at the Springs, about five miles away, and Amelia Hatcher— Amelia Fleming she was then—was the belle of it, and I was at her feet, of co'se. Why, I reckon everybody in the county knew of it. I'd worshiped her since I was twelve and she had wo'n her hair in a 'roach' on top. Any nigger that wanted to get a half dollar out of me used to say, 'Mahster, I'll say a good wu'd fo' you to Miss 'Melia,' or 'Mars' Philip, I'll dance at yo' weddin' '; and they got it too. But

she was a monstrous coquette!
"Why, only that Christmas befo', down at her father's, she had looked 'yes' at me twenty times; but she took care to do it on horseback, and then was away like a whirlwind. At night, too, when we all danced, she would give me her hand for a second, and the rest of that livelong evening she would dance with everybody else, with anybody else-with that ass Hatcher, -except with me. That dance! I shall never forget it, nor how, in the co'se of it, Cousin Amelia lost her slipper—one of the hand-somest sandals I ever looked at; none of yo' mincing-toed things of today, sir, like I see girls trapesing around in. Somehow or other the ribbon broke, and as we walked away she set her foot right down on the flo', while the bottom of her frock rolled the sandal against my foot. Saunders Fleming—and he her own cousin, too, who was always dangling after her-was close ehind, and we both stooped to pick it up. Like two young fools, we knocked our heads smack together, and Amelia couldn't keep back a laugh. Thar we stood like a couple of my father's six-months' fightingcocks. But what smoothed my feathers was the fact that I had the sandal.

"In we went to the dining room, w three, Amelia no mo' seeming to care about her silk-stockinged foot than if that was the way she walked about every day. She had a pretty foot—that was said in the county and I don't think she minded the rumor being verified.

We went into the dining room, and the first thing I knew, that I was drinking mel of the saddle, and pinned just above wine—port wine—as fast as I could out of Amelia's slipper, sir, sitting beside her, ing, with the joking freedom of a houseand every soul thar bulging out their eyes at me. All I saw at that minute was Amelia looking at me over her glass in a me a dollah or fifty cents fo' all I does fo' queer, smiling way, whilst young Saunders on the other side of her, glowed at me as pale as death. Of co'se we scraped up a little encounter a day or so later; and I don't mind telling you now, as we told don't mind telling you now, as we told each other afterward, it almost broke our hearts to stand thar and fire at one another. and when we had finished, her father stepped out from behind a clump of hazels and said: 'Gentlemen, gentlemen, this is enough. Philip and you, Saunders, if you weren't just out of baby clothes, and weren't so blanked proud of the fact, I think I'd give you both a good hiding for

getting me out of my bed so early."
"And Miss Fleming?"
"She married Hatcher six month later. She said she was not going to take either of us—Saunders because he didn't drink out of the slipper, and me because I did."

"But what became of the slipper?"
"Ah, that was mine!" Mr. Johns's tone

and look at it, Saunders and me, during the long winter evenings we were together.

Po' old Saunders! He died in Mexico of "1'm looking towa'ds the old place. I fever, when we were in front of Vera Cruz.

He fell into a melancholy strain, and shook his head. saying with severity: What do you suppose she is contemplat-

ing now?' Impossible to imagine," said my father Johns.

"Here she has had me at her beck and "Here she has had me at her beek and call ever since Hatcher's death; now, who should come along as suitor except Jeems Henry Lewis! And, sir, she favors him as Henry Lewis! And, sir, she favors him as 'You must allow us to differ. I think, "You must allow us to differ. I think, she never favored me in my whole life!
"But I've done with it all—all the idiot's

tasks and fool tricks I've been set. No, sir; I'm a free man from this time on, mark my words !"

The dinner bell relieved us, cramped as we were from our hiding place; relieved my father who had come to the end of nonpride, elevating his voice above the clangor of the bell.

"She is, beyond all odds, the most thorough coquette I know."

Christmas was nearing before Mr. Philip

his leather gaiters tightly buttoned to the knee, a coat of the slim, narrow tailed varithe place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and now the hands of the women the place, and the place the place, and the place the place, and the place the pla all the men, white and black, belonging to traught with interest to us children, because in it, between the top of the crown and the silk bandana which rested on his head, was carried some little eatables for us; today it had been filberts. Mr. Johns was a bachelor, as may be inferred, with a certain remote and courteous fear of women and children when brought face to face with them.

He lived at Barclay Court house, and came three or four times a year to visit his

There was a brisk air about the old gen tleman, and a jauntier carriage of his person, most stimulating to our curiosity.
"Ah!" said Mr. Johns, shaking my father's hand, and sniffing the lard-odored air,
—who could not?—"this is what I like. I
know that means cracklin' bread for din-

that little slipper of hers right on my breast, it could not have been more deliberate. Oh, I've been a slave to her! But thing I know. Did I ever give you my po'

He was assured that he had. Indeed every year it was given with the regularity

're none so blind as those who won't see

an editor. You're aware, sir, that I've no prejudices, and I regard Jeems Henry as a man of genius-a man of genius; but he is no fitting person for Amelia to marry. In my opinion, editors are too wild, too cut loose mentally; and if Amelia could only be brought to look at it in that way, she would save herself a mind of trouble
"I have no doubt."

"I've tried reasoning with her. I brace myself up and walk over from the tavern; I draw my chair up beside hers, and take her hand, and I say, 'My dear cousin, mat-rimony is a serious thing.' 'Why, certainly, Philip,' says she; 'I ought to know that used to be; 'that is what makes it serious, is it?' And I give you my word,'' lowering his voice, while a delicate red flitted across his clear old face, ''she pressed my fingers; that is the tips—only the tips.''

sitting up strai

women and children and preachers are like | culineso many—flies, not dangerous, but mon-strous pestiferous and plentiful and use-less."

'What was Mrs. Hatcher's answer?" "She wanted to know why I had observ-

ed 'em so closely." 'And then?'

"And then-why, then I said I had only felt called on to watch 'em the last three months or so. She laughed and said, 'Cousin Philip! Cousin Philip! I don't see how I could get along without you."

It was clear that Mr. Johns felt en-

couraged. One day, in the warmth and quiet of the April noon, we heard his voice summoning Ben, the negro boy, to take away his horse. There he stood at the block just dismounted, his long gaiters buttoned above his knees. his greatcoat thrown across the pom-mel of the saddle, and pinned just above his heart a bunch of violets. Ben was say-

Mr. Johns stepped on the porch, and, holding his riding whip behind him in both hands, turned to look at the lovely virginal landscape. Along the 'branches' the subtle, maddening perfume of the wild plums in flower bit into one's consciousness, and in the moist places the yellow swamp lily raised and spread aloft its tiny stars from the cold leaves, mottled like the sides of a swamp snake. Across the Scot's Run val-ley, veiled now in its mist of young wil-lows, beyond the hills, the black hollows of the woods about Mr. Johns's house were

became brisker. "We used to take it out dressed him. We had never seen him so

"I'm looking towa'ds the old place. I love it next best—maybe best—and I thank God I never sold it. A home is like sacred ground. I never set foot in Sharon without a prayer rising to my lips. It hasn't Mr. Johns bent forward, and with his long fingers tapped my father on the knee, God willing, I shall live with the same

happiness about me as any other man."

"Then," said my father, "I take it for granted that you have been successful, Mr.

Johns."

herion, nas come to light in partial explanation of the disappearance of Major Charles M. Rockefeller, of the famous Ninth United States infantry.

In a word, he disappeared for the famous Ninth United States infantry.

The wintry smile of age shone through the moisture in his eyes.
"Tis true indeed, sir, and when I least

if I may speak plainly, that your service has been a long and cruelly trying one."

"Not one word, sir, not one word!" He held up his veined hand. "Her coquetry, my dear sir, of which I may have com-

plained, was but an added charm."
"Rachel had let me know, a day or two committal sentences; relieved Mr. Johns's befo', that, amongst other things, her mothbrief anger, for we heard him saying with er dreaded coming to Sharon to live the pride, elevating his voice above the clangor year round. She had been used to a town, year round. She had been used to a town, and 't was impossible to give it up, besides all her friends. And, as Rachel, says, country living is not what it used to be. I was flat-footed, and 't was equally impossible for me to give up Sharon. And—thar it was! We talked, and finally Rachel—she Johns rode up our lane again. We watched with anticipation the gray mare, her sober head downcast, walking under the locusts, the bare branches of which streaked her light flanks with shadows.

The annual sacrifice of swine had taken place the day before, under the auspices of all the men, white and black, belonging to ry. But here was a settlement; why it was

as plain as my two hands!
"Still," Mr. Johns went on. after a sip at his toddy, "thar was Jeems Henry Lewis, who was dropping in every week or so, as steady as myself. He was a bigger stumbling block than my po' old Sharon; I could see that. I couldn't revile a man to the woman he admired, and yet I knewpositively knew, sir—that my cousin never could abide some notions he had.

"He's here one minute, and he's thar the next; off to Warrenby today, and 'way over beyond the ridge tomorrow, or maybe in the city to hobnob with some politician or other. That is all very well for an editor, but not for the head of a family." He stopped to take another sip of the

golden liquor, which he had stirred energetically as he talked. But she was Mrs. Judge Hatcher, and capable of judging for herself."
"But how was this finally managed Mr.

Johns?" We could not forbear asking the

question, though we broke our compact of silence. "No management at all, my dears; no management at all, Gad! sir,"-turning to my father,—"the thing happened of its own accord. Thursday evening I paid my weekly visit, as usual; and when I walked in, thar sits Jeems Henry, who was infringing on my rights, as Tuesday was his evenhadn't gone to school together for fo' morof recollection; "I don't recall just now that you did."

"Well, well, didn's I?" went on Mr. Johns, settling of thirteen at Sharon, and I sent Henry Seat and stretched out his gaitered legs. "That was in the days when I was a young buck, and was getting ready a pretty wide swath of wild oats to cut."

He langed again, and shook his inno
of the season.

"Twas butchering that brought me hadn't gone to school together for fo' mortal years; but Amelia was mighty cordial and smiling. We talked for an hour or so about the doings at the Co't house; and amongst other things, as luck would have it, somebody mentioned that woman law-yer who came to Barclay to look up some veridence for a client in Missoura. I recknown the hadn't gone to school together for fo' mortal years; but Amelia was mighty cordial and smiling. We talked for an hour or so about the doings at the Co't house; and amongst other things, as luck would have it, somebody mentioned that woman law-yer who came to Barclay to look up some veridence for a client in Missoura. I recknown the lange of the hadn't gone to school together for fo' mortal years; but Amelia was mighty cordial and smiling. We talked for an hour or so about the doings at the Co't house; and amongst other things, as luck would have it, somebody mentioned that woman law-yer who came to Barclay to look up some veridence for a client in Missoura. I recknown the lange of the hadn't gone to school together for fo' mortal years; but Amelia was mighty cordial and smiling. We talked for an hour or so about the doings at the Co't house; and and smiling. We talked for an hour or so about the doings at the Co't house; and smiling. We be a latter, not an instant too soon, shot the hadn't gone to school together for fo' mortal years; but Amelia was mighty cordial and smiling. We talked for an hour or so about the doings at the Co't house; and smiling the hadn't gone to school together for fo' mortal years; but Amelia was mighty cordial and smiling. We talked for an hour or so about the doings at the We bowed to each other as if we yer who came to Barclay to look up some evidence for a client in Missoura. I reckon that was mo' advanced than Lewis could and written by a well known Hong Kong until 1860 when he became connected with

ever saw her though.'

no petticoat government, no petticoat expounding, if you please.'

"'You think then, Mr. Lewis,' says ward movement against Caloocan. Then Amelia, very slowly, 'that a woman is not | happened the extraordinary thing which

nstance?'
"'No, madam; she is not.' "I wanted to warn the man, he was taking such a wrong tack. It was her conviction that she was the ablest administrator of her husband's estate that could have been appointed, although I'm obleeged to admit there were two coinions about it. "'The old British la.. is what we ought better than you.' 'But' I insist 'you know nothing about editors.' 'Oh!' and she laughed, just like Amelia Fleming that to cling to. Yes, thank God! I say we have no such monstrosities parading around

here in His own State-man in head, wo-"'You are surely joking, sir,' she said, sitting up straight, and speaking in a cold

"I tried reasoning again. 'Amelia,' I tone.
said as solemnly as 1 could, 'such men are '''No,' he replied, and laid his hand galmen of genius, I grant you, but they have lantly on his heart; 'no, I do not forget habits of thought ladies don't take to kind-ly.' 'What habits?' she asked. 'They are and a charming helpmate, docile and obenot very gallant. They think, for instance dient, but rather a lovely toy than a mas-

"'Toy !' she exclaimed—'toy ! Am I to believe my ears? Toy?' "Yes, madam, toy; I said toy

"She deigned him no answer, but rising and with cheeks as scarlet as ever they blazed in the days of Amelia Fleming, walked to me, and held out her hand. "'Philip,' she said, 'Cousin Philip, you have more than once done me the honor of asking for this hand. Will you except it

now? "Everything in the room was turning around me when I took the hand, pressed it to my lips, and said, 'I will Amelia.'

She turned to Lewis. "I, sir, am one of those monstrosities with the head of a man and the heels of a woman'-drawing her gown aside to show her foot. 'Now thank Heaven for your deliverance!

"He bowed, as grim at you please "'I do, madam,' he said; 'I do devoutly;' then he bade us good evening, and vent away."

Mr. Johns rose as he spoke, and stood

with shoulders back, snowy head erect.
"No," he added, in answer to expostulations; "I must go on to Sharon. I expect to live thar this summer, and must look about the old place. We have settled on Sharon in summer and Barclay in win-

Mrs. Philip Johns is a vision which has never dazzled the eyes of us children, though we do not tire of hearing how of brocade, silver like her silver hair. When she drives to Sharon she goes by way of the little river turnpike, so as to reach the old place through its grander approach—the broken gates the long avenue of mulberries, the heavily shaded lawn. Her lord, however, does not disdain the piny road through the woods and the run ford, nor to talk of his calm happiness; nevertheless, we younger ones secretly wonder if some flushing and vivid with redbud, dogwood, honeysuckle, and pale, tender buds of poplar and oak. He was still gazing toward his own estate when my father adMajor Kills His Son

Young Rockefeller was Leading a Filipino Command. Father Drops out of Sight-Boy was Stolen From Parents in China and Identity Discovered After

A strange and terrible story, hardly surpassed in the imagination of writers of fiction, has come to light in partial ex-

after killing his only son, who was lead-ing a Filipino command. The son had been stolen from his home in infancy by a Chinese nurse, and after long years of search Major Rockefeller made the terrible discovery that the Filipino officer was the man for whom he was searching. The story, as told in substance by the Army and Naval Journal, a leading organ of the United States service, follows:

MARRIAGE OF ROCKEFELLER Charles M. Rockefeller served with distinction in one of the New York volunteer regiments during the Civil war. In 1863 he was made first lieutenant in the One Hundredth and Seventy-eighth New York infantry. For gallantry in action at Fort Blakely, Ala., on April 8th, 1865, he was awarded a medal of honor. At the close of the war he continued in the service of the regular army, being appointed a second lieutenant and transferred to the Ninth infantry. Afterward he gained renown as an Indian fighter and finally rose to the

position of major. It was while second lieutenant, according to the story now told, that he married, and in 1870 a boy, named Robert, was born. The major was detailed to Hong Kong with a commission and there he remained until 1872. The Chinese nurse engaged to look after the boy disappeared with him. Search was made high and low for the kidnaper and the child, but no trace could be found of them. Rockefeller and his wife returned to this country, where Mrs. Rockefeller died, mourning the loss of her little one.

Major Rockefeller never relinquished the search of his child. In the years that elapsed he got no trace of him, yet he still hoped against hope of one day meeting him. He never told his trouble to any of his brother officers, and thus it was that few in the Ninth regiment knew of his

marriage. The Ninth regiment was one of the first to be sent to the Philippines. One day in the month of March, last year, he with his command met at a place north of San Beoir a strong force of the enemy, led by a big, strapping handsome young man, apparently an Englishman. The Filipinos fought fiercely and continued the fighting until most of them were killed or wounded. According to the official dispatches of the time, the young Filipino leader made desperate efforts to get at Major Rockefeller, with the evident intention of killing him. He did succeed in slaying two of the majors orderlies and in another moment would have killed Rockefeller. Then the latter, not an instant too soon, shot the

"How is Mrs. Hatcher?" There was no use withholding the polite question; the flood of confidence was already upon us.

"She's pretty deep in her study of Jeems Henry. I know the many conditions are supported by the same of the same up now came out.

"I trust," he says "that our Call the latter of the same up now came out.

"I trust," he says "that our Call the latter of the latter of the same up now came out.

"I trust," he says "that our Call the latter of th

"'I have heard,' says Cousin Amelia, dence with the American consul at Hong 'that this lady was very intelligent and had quite a head for business; not that I tle referred to wrote that he had discovered that the lost boy had been placed in a "'A lady, madam,' answered Lewis, 'has no right to have a head for business.

We want her handsome, we want her charming, a housewife and a mother; but that the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss boy had been placed in a treatment of the loss a proper person for an administratrix, for army circles have been discussing ever the disappearance of the major in sight of the enemy and no word of explanation.

"PAUL" WAS HIS SON. Letters had been forwarded to him, as vell as to the Ninth regiment men generally. Among the number which he received was one from the American consu at Hong Kong, inclosing the original letter which he had received from the head of

the Jesuit institution to whom he had written for information of the major's kidnaped son. This is the letter :

HOUSE OF THE HOLY GHOST,

Hong Kong, Feb. 27th, 1899. Dear Sir: I am instructed by the Very Rev. Dean Xavier Constant, of this order, to report that your communication was duly received, and since have made diligent inquiry for the boy mentioned. He was placed in the school of our society in 1879, and was then said to be eight years of age. His name was given as Paul Yen, taking the last name from the Chinese woman who entered him and paid his tuition for the first two years. Although bearing the name of Yen, it was clear there was no Chinese blood in his veins. In 1881 he was seen by a wealthy gentleman, who took great interest in him, paid his way here and later on adopted him, giving him his name. This gentleman was Henry

Stanhope, a merchant, in this city.

I find, upon inquiry, the young man has left China and thrown his fortunes in with the insurgents in the Philippines, where he is supposed to be. I am at your serv-

vice at any time. LA MONTE, Secretary and Prior. With what feelings he read the letter can be better imagined than described. Paul Stanhope, the adopted son of Henry Stanhope, Hong Kong, the young Filipino leader whom the major had killed, was his own and only son, the one for whom he had been searching all these weary years. Whether or not the thought drove him mad is a matter of conjecture. Certain it is that he disappeared that very night—walked through the lines and refused to stop when halted.

OTIS' REPORT OF THE CASE. General Otis spread the mantle of charity over the major's disappearance in his re-port to the war office. This is the official announcement made by that war depart-

"A report from General Otis transmitting the reports of officers of the Ninth in-fantry has been received by the war de-partment. It gives the details of the disappearance of Major Charles M. Rockefeller. The report consists of statements by Captain George Palmer, of the Ninth infantry, and four pickets, who last saw

and, on discovering his identity, offered to escort him to the next outpost, which offer was declined. Major Rockefeller started off, and soon after the pickets again heard the cry of 'picket.' Corporal Ross told the was the last seen of Major Rockefeller, as

he failed to report to his command.

"The next day searching parties found pieces of paper bearing his name one and a half miles from where he was last seen and

infantry made a forced march, and that probably he was so affected by the heat that he wandered into the Filipino line.

Another theory advanced is that he may have been picked up by a reconnoitering party. From that time until the present publing has been seen or heard of Major. nothing has been seen or heard of Major Rockefeller. Following the usual custom, he was dropped as a deserter. Now the story is out that he is in China, a brokendown old man. He has, it is said, thrown aside the soldier's garb forever.

Charles Dudley Warner.

The Distinguished Author Passed Away Suddenly Last Saturday. Was an Invalid for two Years.

Charles Dudley Warner, of literary ame, one of the owners of the Hartford Courant, died suddenly Saturday afternoon. Mr. Warner had a severe attack of pneumonia two years ago, while in New Orleans and never fully recovered from it. Last spring he had pneumonia again while at his home, and this had weakened his heart. Of late he had been much better. At noon Friday he attended a luncheon to bid farewell to some friends about to leave for the Mediterannean. Mr. Warner was cheerful, and gave no indication of illness. After the luncheon he started on a walk.

Among his acquaintances was a colored man, to whom Mr. Warner gave books to encourage his desire to read. particularly books connected with the history of the colored race, upon which Mr. Warner was

an authority. Mr. Warner probably intended to call on this man as he was in the neighborhood of his house when he was stricken. Probably feeling ill, he asked leave at a house to sit down, then to lie down, requesting to be called in ten minutes. When the woman of the house went to call him he was dead. News of his sudden death spread rapidly, and was a great shock to his many friends.

Charles Dudley Warner was one of the few survivors of that brilliant little group of New England literary men which included Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Curtis and Whittier. He was born in Plainfield, Mass., on Sept. 12th, 1829, and was educated at Hamilton College. Here his literary career commenced with contributions to the "Knickerbocker Magazine" and "Putnam's." He also prepared a "Book of Eloquence" (1853) which showed remarkable menta maturity. After a year on the Missouri frontier he returned East and studied law at the University of Pennsylvania, graduat-

the "Hartford Press," of which he became editor-in-chief in the following year. Subof the gayest profligacy, and we were often sent virtuously from the room after just such an announcement as this; but the truth was, in these cramped times of his age, the consumption of a dozen bottles of age, the consumption of a dozen bottles of the gayest profligacy, and we were often sequently the pointed question; the had kept himself heretofo; anynow, what came up now came out. "She's pretty deep in her study of Jeems what came up now came out. "It rust,' he says, 'that our Co't house will not be so honored again. If lawyers will not be so honored again. If lawyers must come, let 'em come in top boots and pantaloons.'

what came up now came out. "Courant's equently he contributed to the Hartford "Courant's a series of foreign letters which became famous. In 1884 he joined the had kept himself neretofo; anynow, what came up now came out. "She's pretty deep in her study of Jeems with his report."

Individuals in the Chinese city. Inest what came up now came out. "Courant's a series of foreign letters which became famous. In 1884 he joined the had kept himself neretofo; anynow, what came up now came out. "Courant's a series of foreign letters which became famous. In 1884 he joined the had been pursuing his inquiries after his lost boy. He was in continual correspon- he was already upon us.

Substitute of the following year. Substitute of the came up now came out. "She's pretty deep in her study of Jeems which his report."

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A partial list of his other books includes "Saunterings" (1870), "Baddeck" (1874), "My Winter on the Nile" (1876), "Captain John Smith" (1881), "Their Pilgrimage" (1886), "As We Were Saying" and "As We Go," two delightful collecand "As we Go," two delighted collections of essays, and three novels—"A Little Journey in the World," "The Golden House" and "That Fortune." He wrote "The Gilded Age," a semisatire, in collaboration with Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain''), in 1873. He conducted the "Editor's Drawer" in "Harper's Magazine," and later the "Editor's Study." He was also editor of the "American Men

of Letters" series. Beside his literary work, Mr. Warner was deeply interested in movements for education and reform. He was active in the ranks of the early Abolitionists and was for years a member of the Connecticut State Commission on Prisons and of the National Prison Association. He also lectured on literature, education and other sociological topics. He held the degree of master of arts from Yale (1872) and Dartmouth (1884).

Census of Mexico.

The results of the general census of Mexico, taken in 1895, which have just been published, show a population of 12,-491,573, almost equally divided between males and females. Only two states—Jalisco and Guanajuato—have a population of more than 1,000,000, while the state of Mexico has about 500,000. As a whole, say the Buffalo Express. Mexico must be regarded as a healthful place of residence, for the census records more than 700 centenarians. In the foreign-born population of the country the United States stands next to Spain, the latter being slightly in excess, with 12,859. Illiteracy is very high, more than 8,000,000 of the population being unable to read or write. This is approximately three-fourths of the population. The Roman Catholics of Mexica number only about 200,000 less. of Mexico number only about 200,000 less than the total population of the country. Of the remainder, 68,000 have no professed belief and 43,000 are divided between ten different beliefs ranging from Protestantism to Mohammedanism. There are more than 2,000,000 people in Mexico who do not speak Spanish, whose native tongue is one of fifty-two Mexican and Indian languages. These tongues, with the foreign languages spoken in the republic, make up a total of sixty-three languages to be beard in Mexico. neard in Mexico.

"The pickets say they were first made aware of Major Rockefeller's presence by hearing the cry of 'picket' repeated several times. Corporal Ross hailed the caller,

The Shrine of St. Anne.

A Place Sought by Many in Search of Health. One of the most famous shrines in the world is that of St. Anne de Beaupre, about twenty-one miles down the St. Lawofficer that he was going in the wrong direction and to turn more to the right. This rence from the city of Quebec, which has

been the rendezvous of devout pilgrims in search of health for over 250 years.

The story of the shrine begins in the early part of the seventeenth century, heard. Since then an officer answering the description of Major Rockefeller has been seen as a prisoner of the Filipinos south of Manila." General Otis says, in commenting on the case, that on the day previous to the disappearance of Major Rockefeller the Ninth infantry made a forced march of the wild waves, and all hope seemed lost to them. With all prospects of earthly succor gone, they vowed that should their lives be spared and they reach land in a first lives be d'Auray should she guide them safely through the awful storm to a safe harbor. At last they landed. True to their promise they erected a chapel.

Considering the facilities then at their

mmand, it is not to be wondered at that their structure was of an unsubstantial nature, and in 1660 it was found necessary to rebuild it. The land necessary for a site was donated. M. d'Ailleboust, then Governor of New France, officially presided at the placing of the foundation of this the first shrine to St. Anne in Canada. Ten years later the chapter of Carcassonne, of France, sent out a relic of St. Anne to be kept in the edifice. Then followed magnificent presents from the court of Louis XIV, and the Queen mother, Anne of Austria, gave an embroidered chasuble for the altar service of St. Anne.

The story of St. Anne's in Canada floated across the ocean to the Old World, car-ried by the hearts and spoken by the lips of voyagers inspired by great religious ferver. This new shrine stood in the midst of a sparsely-settled section at that time; still it was a point where people from the Old and New Worlds met to prospect further into the mysterious new country beyond. Gifts of great value fell to the church. The shipwrecked Marquis de Tracey, Viceroy of New France, fulfilled a solemn vow by the gift of a painting from the brush of the famous artist, Lebrun. This painting was a representation of St. Ann and two pilgrims. Over the high altar of the church it hangs suspended, while beneath it are the arms of the donor. Other gifts were silver reliquary sets and pictures, and a massive silver crucifix was presented in 1706 by Lemoine d'Iberville,

the pioneer soldier.

The church of to-day was blessed and opened in October, 1876. It has a large sacristy and several lateral chapels. Although opened in 1876, it was not completed and consecrated until 1889. It was raised to the dignity of a Basillica by Pope Pius IX. This new church stands across the street from the edifice on the original site, which building has been converted into a chapel and stands near the "sacred spring," the waters of which have, it it is claimed, wonderful healing powers.

On entering the church one finds on each side of the doorway huge pyramids of canes and crutches, together with splints and various other things left by those who claimed to have been healed by the miracles alleged to have been performed in their cases. Stretchers are also seen on which the sick have been carried into the church. The presence of these stretchers is testimony that those who came in on them felt that they had no longer need of them when they went out.

Australia's Cannibal Trees.

In certain parts of Australia cannibal -trees which can hold a man's body in the centre and devour it as readil as our insectivorous wild flowers trap th

insects on which they partly subsist. In appearance they are like gigantic pineapples, many of them being eleven feet in height. What foliage there is consists of broad, boardlike leaves, which grow on a fringe at its apex.

These leaves do not stand erect, however, but droop over and hang to the ground. They are very big, for in some of the large est specimens they measure from fifteen to twenty feet, each leaf being quite strong enough to bear the weight of a man.

There is more in these leaves than meets the eye, for hidden under them is a peculiar growth of spearlike formation. arranged in a circle. This performs the same function for the plants as pistils do for flowers. Moreover, they are more sensi-tive to the touch of a stick or other hard

The natives formerly worshipped this "devil's tree," for they dreaded its wrath. When its green leaves rose restless up and down its worshippers imagined that it was necessary to make a sacrifice to appease its

One of their number was immediately chosen and drives by his howling tribesmen up one of its leaves to the apex. The instant the unhappy victim stepped into the middle of the plant the board-like leaves would fly together, clutching and literally squeezing the life out of him.

Early travellers in Australia have told us that the cannibal trees would thus hold its prey until every particle of his flesh had fallen from his bones, after which the leaves would slowly relax their grim hold, leaving the gaunt skeleton to fall heedlessly to the ground.

Made the Dog Laugh.

One day I sat upon a piazza overlooking our large back yard, while beside me Pat, my terrier, was busily tearing to yieces a palm leaf fan. Suddenly he became per-fectly still, staring so intensely into the yard that I turned to see what attracted his attention. There was only Polly, our cook's little mulatto girl, who was solemnly parading up and down with a gorgeous brand new rag doll in a cigar box chariot, and I wandered what l'at could see in this to interest him.

But the next moment he had darted from But the next moment he had darted from my side, and I saw his sharp little face cautiously peeping in at the open yard gate, still watching Polly. Waiting until she passed and her back was toward him he stole in, literally on tip toe, and, swiftly taking the doll in his mouth, dashed out of the gate, pursued by the exasperated Polly. Then ensued a wild chase, ended at last, Pat's dropping the doll into the box, and immediately seeking refuge in his former place on the piazza. Here he thrust former place on the piazza. Here he thrust his head through the balustrade, and to attract Polly's attention gave vent to a queer, smothered little bark, at which she looked up and shook her fist at him in impotent

And it was then that I saw Pat laugh Trembling all over with delight, he turned his head from side to side and cocked first built in Rome is to have its main building one ear and then the other in the most named Crandon hall, in honor of Mrs. F. Crandon, of Evanston, Ill., who, as corresponding secretary of the Northern and his eyebrows twitched, while his lips