THE NEW CENTURY.

When in the dim, gray east shall rise The morning of thy birth-When thy first dawn steps from the skies Upon the hills of earth-Shall waiting nations breathless stand

Oppressed with haunting fears
Of what thou holdest in thy hand, Thou coming Hundred Years?

Or shall a glad world welcome thee With laughter and a song-Thou unborn child of Destiny Whose reign shall be so long? Who knows !-we only know that thou Shall enter like a king

Into thy courts—that we must bow, Whatever thou dost bring. What matter whether war or peace Thy heralds shall proclain

The story of the centuries: Is evermore the same! Thy children years shall tell abroad. Through all thy mighty span, Naught but the Fatherhood of God-

The Brotherhood of Man. -The Independent.

MISS MARIA'S MATCH.

"The more I think about it, the harder it is to do!" said Miss Maria Marvin to herself, as she stood before the old-fashtoned gilt looking-glass, tying her brown bonnet-strings with a visible trembling hand. But her soul was braced and firm. "Henry Edwards has just got to be told about Marietta, and there's no one else to do it-that's all. I've tried writing it and torn up four letters. You can't put those things down on paper-even if you're sure of your spelling, and I'm not even that. I've got to see him and tell him somehow. for if ever a girl was pining away, that girl is Marietta Hawkins !"

Miss Maria was perhaps not exactly what one would have chosen as an ideal mes-senger of love. She was stout, and dark, and over fifty in the shade, and "queer, as everybody said—in which everybody was not far wrong. She was untiringly good, and untiringly energetic, yet she was hardly popular. Her garden brimmed with flowers, a perfect paradise of jonquils and lilies in the spring, of sweet-pease and roses and heliotrope and scented lemon verbena in the summer, of dahlias and asters and nasturtiums in the fall : she was was never done with visiting the poor. But then, as Jane Irving said (Jane always spoke her mind,) "The flowers will bloom for Miss Maria, and the poor can get along with her, because flowers don't care what you do to them, and the poor can't quarrel with their benefactors to advantage. But if you are neither starving nor a flower, Miss Maria is rather too unexpected for

one's peace of mind. re is no doubt that this is the way

in which Miss Maria struck many others besides the candid Jane. Her impulses, both of speech and of deed, were many, and where impulsiveness is not charming it is apt to have a surprisingly irritating quality. It had been the reason, perhaps, why so few friends had been made by the occupant of the old brown house back from the avenue, half-hidden by its masses of vines and its low-spreading maple-trees. Yet Miss Marvin had friends—some of her own age and circle, who took tea with her, and she with them, round the cycle of the and she with them, round the cycle of the year; some of the church people who grateful; some of the church people who knew her virtues (though they dreaded what she might do next in the Pastor's Aid Society); and, above all, Marietta Hawkins, the little commissionaire, who lived in the back street, and went daily to the city to do the shopping whose commissions helped to fill her slender purse. Marietta could not remember when she had not known Miss Maria, and Miss Maria recollected the day when Marietta lived next door, a chubby child, the only daughter of a supposedly wealthy father, and used to run in every day for a "posy" which would have been forth-coming if it had taken the last flower out of the garden. She had seen Marietta grow up, a slender, pretty girl, with a droop of dark eyelash, and curve of mouth and crown of soft brown hair, very like the young mother who had died of consumption when Mari-etta was but three years old. Both father and neighbor were a trifle apprehensive over that likeness, and winced when thoughtless outsiders remarked that "Etta looked as if she might go as her mother did." But perch by the window, apparently did not Marietta never went into a decline, even agree with her, for he screamed, "Go along Marietta never went into a decline, even when her father sternly interfered with her girlish love-affair with Henry Edwards, and sent that aspiring young man to the right-about. Judge Hawkins had higher ideas for his only child than a young artist, scribbler, illustrator and so forth, whose father had made money in leather too recently for a high cultivation to pervade the

family.
"Why, Etta, the judge said, sternly,
"when old Edwards was building this new house of his in the next square, I met him in a book store in the city one day, and he consulted me as to the books he should buy. 'There's Shakspere, Judge,' he said 'I suppose I'd better get Shakspere; they tell me he's considerable of a poet.' Do you suppose I'd let my daughter lower herself to the point of margin all. herself to the point of marrying that man's son? It would break your mother's heart, if she were alive. Once for all, I have told that young man that his suit is preposterous. Do you understand, Etta?-

Yes, father," Marietta had said, faintly. She was only nineteen, naturally obe dient, and very much afraid of her father It was Marietta's very nature to be timid. She was not at all progressive, or talented, or self-willed. She was old fashioned, a reversion to type, a girl of very girlish pat-tern indeed, and she made no effort to resist the strenuous authority of her father, though she certainly cried a great deal, and helped Miss Maria visit the poor. And Henry Edwards, who was a tall, fair young fellow with an eyeglass, a pointed beard, and an impressionist style, wrote a sonnet or two that nobody could exactly under-stand, but which breathed of bitter disappointment (Marietta cried twice as much when they appeared,) and then packed his trunk and went to Paris to study art. The little town heard no more of him for awhile —six or seven years at least. It was per-haps five years after he left that Judge Hawkins died, and the house was sold for the mortgage, and the personal property to pay the creditors, and Marietta was left with as nearly nothing as one could have, and set to work forthwith to earn her liv-

Everybody, at first, said that Marietta could not do it. But a capable friend

etta, keeping up the old custom, stopped make Marietta happy," she repeated into get her posy. Miss Maria would have taken her into the little brown house in a Forts h minute if she could ; but then everybody knew the open secret of that little house— the crippled, half-idiotic brother, so long and carefully tended, who must not be disturbed by any intruding guest, and to mother died, so many years ago. Perhaps most lone women, left with a weak-minded cripple for daily company (for the parrot could hardly be said to count, scream as it might,) would have become as "unexpected" as Miss Maria, for human nature, no please matter how kindly, must have its outlet. Miss Maria, however, had not done anything unlooked-for for some time. Per haps it was because certain feelings were gathering to a head in her breast. Two things had happened that disturbed her. In the first place Marietta was looking far from well. She had been shopping steadily for a year, and had somehow supported herself, but Miss Maria's beady black eyes had noticed signs about her that she did not like. Maybe it was the black that made the girl look still more slender; but it could not bring that hollowness in the cheek and that weariness of step. Marietta did not always come for her "posy," and when she did come, there was sometimes a flush in her young cheek that had a hectic suggestion about it. She protested that she was well, but with a certain shrinking and embarrassment over which her old friend worried. "Sh's going into a decline, as sure as I ever saw a case," Miss Maria, grimly, to herself, "and she won't own how badly she feels. I don't wonder she's going that way. Everything is against her, losing her lover, and then her father, and her home, and now catch. ing trains and hurrying about and over-

seems to me, if I must say it, when I could give points to Providence, and that's the truth! All this was enough to trouble an im with a picturesque costume involving a soft felt hat, a pink shirt, and a wide silk sash, and with the avowed intention of returning to Europe in six weeks. At the end of six months he was still established in his father's house however; and as there was no apparent reason why he had come, there seemed none, equally why he should not go. Miss Maria had been sure, at first, in her secret heart, that he had come back to marry Marietta; but if so, as she was forced to own, his discretion was remarkable. Indeed, he seldom seemed to leave that Edwards house, where it was rumored, he was at work or a picture, But the picture did not materialize either. He had not called upon Marietta; that much was certain. Miss Maria herself had never seen him but once since his return, and that was across the

working. And to see it coming, and not

he able to stop it-dear me! we must be-

lieve in Providence, and there are times, it

street. It was certainly very mysterious. Little by little, however, Miss Maria's Little by little, however, Miss Maria's mind crystallized around a logical solution. Henry Edwards had come home, expecting to leave, but had remained in spite of himself. He had shut himself up to paint a picture, but could not. He had not been to see Marietta, or made any advances, but he seemed to shrink equally the properties of the second to the from everybody else. The solution was plain—Henry Edwards was a blighted beblooming again, and even his art was ruined. Yet Miss Maria knew from repeated horticultural experience that bulbs (which, after all, were very much like hearts in their general shape) might lie chilled and dormant long, and still have within them all the potentialities of blossom. And Marietta, on her side, was drooping day by day. Were all these pos-sibilities of mutual happiness to go relent-lessly to waste because Edwards would not make any advances, and Marietta could not? Miss Maria thought over it and thought it over. One month, and nothing happened. Three, and still Henry re-mained secluded and Marietta pined. Five, and wild plans began to seethe in the little spinster's brain. Six—and here we are at the point where Miss Maria tied her bon-

net-strings before the glass.
"I had better wait until it is quite dark," she thought, as she looked out into the winter twilight. The parrot, on his —quick!" He was an accomplished, though ill-tempered bird, who could say everything, and whose intelligence often seemed malign enough to give Miss Maria a start, as it did on this occasion. But the sight of Marietta going by at that moment, distracted her thoughts from herself.

"There she goes past the gate, and she walks so tired! Poor dear child! she isn't going to stop for her posy, and I'm glad, because I'd forgotten all about it. She hasn't stopped in often lately, and I feel as if there was something on her mind these last few weeks, that she's afraid to have anyone see. I can guess what it is !" Miss Maria thought of all the love stories she had ever read, and fairly thrilled with emotion. She was ready, now, to hunt up a whole battalion of Henry Edwardses, if necessary-though it dawned upon her, as she went down the steps some ten minutes later, that no love story that had so far come within her knowledge laid precedent for her present

"I ought to have been Henry Edward's mother (only she's dead) or his sister (but he never had any) or his brother's wife (and John has never married) or his cousin (he must have one somewhere (or some-body in the bosom of his family," she said, desperately to herself, "to do this thing right. It would have been easy then to sit with him beside a dying fire"
—Miss Maria had not read novels for nothing—"and lead him on to speak of the ruin of his early hopes, and then reassure him, and tell him that I was sure Marietta loved him still, but that her heart could never speak until he broke the Having thus begun with fire and ended with ice, Miss Maria's meditations dropped from metaphor, and took a more practical turn. "I don't see how I'm ever to be sure the servants aren't listening when he comes down," she thought. "I don't even know where the keyholes are. It gets worse the more I think of it—but it's got to be done!" Miss Maria's well-worn shoes trod firmly up the Edwardses' walk, and up to the showy facade of the large mansion, which, as its owner proudly boasted, "had seven kinds of stone in it, and everyone of 'em fetched from over a hundred miles.' A faint remembrance thought of the opening for a shopper, and Marietta had a great deal of taste, and the city was only an hour away. Every day Miss Maria saw the slender figure pass her windows, and almost every evening Mari-

Forts have been stormed by hearts less desperate and determined than that which beat hard beneath the silk basque of Miss Maria as the door flew suddenly open in the very instant, or so it seemed, of her touch upon the bell. "I want to see Mr. Henry Edwhom, with his screaming parrot and his pile of picture-books, Miss Maria's leisure hours had been devoted ever since her hours had been devoted ever since her was face to face with that young man him self, who with hat pulled down upon his self, who with hat pulled down upon his brow, and overcoat buttoned up, was evidently just starting forth for an evening

"At your service, Miss Maria," he said, pleasantly, with his little foreign accent. Henry Edwards was one of those who would acquire a pronounced accent in a him out on his own door step, and sent him three weeks' tourist trip, but simple- to Marietta. And Marietta, unknowing minded Miss Maria was much impressed. "What do you wish to see me about? Anything I can do, I assure you, for so old

Miss Maria gathered her forces. "Just step outside the door, Mr. Ed-wards, and shut it. Thank you" (that effectually disposed of the servants hearing anything, she realized with a throb of relief.) "I feel a great interest in you, Mr. Edwards, because I have known you ever since you were a boy. And I was very glad when you came home again—very glad! I am sure I know why you came,

whether anyone else does or not."

Mr. Edwards had been listening in apparent bewilderment up to this point. but now he startled violently. Miss Maria felt her opening was made, and she went ahead under a tremendous steam-pressure of emo-

night. She would have died before she would have let me come. But I can speak for her, just the same. It was her father. And now that Judge Hawkins is gone, there isn't any reason why you two shouldn't be happy. I know you feel all is over forever, and that you have come home to brood over the past." Miss Manuel of dispair. "Don't tell me, Marietta. I can't bear it. Ob, Marietta, say you don't love him! You can't ria's eloquence, at this point surprised even herself. "I came to-night, Henry Edwards, because I could not bear to see pulsive soul. But in the second place, Henry Edwards chose this junction to come home from Paris. He dropped as if from the skies upon the astonished town, two lives blighted for lack of a helping she gasped and stopped. The young man also seemed speechless from embarrassment.

"You are very kind, Miss Maria, said finally, in a low voice. "I had thought—I will go and call upon Miss Marietta, as you suggest." The light from the porch lamp struck upon his face; Maria thought him not improved by time, even while her heart strings quivered with know it would know it would be a second to the process of the process the romance of the situation. The lines of his face were weak; there was no question about it. But he was going to see Marietta, and Marietta loved him.

You will never regret it, Henry Edvards," said the little spinster impressive ly. "And of course you will never, never, breathe to Marietta that I—"

"Oh, never!" said Henry Edwards, hastily. Excuse me, Miss Maria, but I have an engagement—ah—a train to catch." and with that he fled precipitately into the darkness, leaving Miss Maria a prey to such intense emotions of relief and joy that she never knew exactly how she got off the Edwardses' door-steps and back

them sternly among the poor, where the most worthless youth in the whole street invariable fell in love with the delicate tute family. But this was different—this was the ideal love affair. She saw Marietta go by as usual in the morning, and smiled to herself. Not long should that slim figure trudge through cold and heat "Henry and John are the only to task. children," she reflected, "and old Mr. Ed-wards must be worth least half a million. Even Judge Hawkins surely could not object." The last shadow of doubt faded away as she remembered that old Mr. Edwards, being eighty, could not live much wards, being eighty, could not live much longer, and that the young people would have everything that both wealth and culture could give. They would travel, doubtless, and Henry Edwards would paint a great picture, and Marietta would be so proud of him. With a happy sigh, Miss Maria put on her bonnet after lunch, and want out the traverse and mariety. and went out to a temperance meeting. Temperance was Miss Maria's hobby as her poor well knew, and her impulses displayed themselves in it to advantage. It was she who had once led a deeply intoxicated man into the meeting, put the pen into his inert hand, guided it to sign the iron-clad pledge, and then sent for his wife to take him home and explain matters to him later. She herself had taken the pledge at the early age of nine, and had eaten no mince pie for many years, realizing that without brandy it was as fatal to the body as it was to the soul.

It was a delightful affair, and it was well past five when Miss Maria and her friend reached the little brown house on their return. "Do come in for a moment," urged Miss Maria, hospitably, and Mrs. Jovee, a stout and indolent lady, with an admirable turn for gossip, was nothing loath. As they sauk down in the rocking chairs by the window, Marietta went past-Marietta, with several glorious roses pinned on the front of her shabby "I wonder where ever those flowers came from !" said Mrs. Joyce. Miss Maria did not answer, but her heart expanded in triumph. They were the roses of victory—her roses as well as Marietta's. She had made them bloom—she, Maria Marvin—out of a winter of sadness, and over the grave of buried hopes. It was her match: her very own! her match; her very own!

"Speaking of temperance," went on Mrs. Joyce, evidently putting aside such a small matter as Marietta's roses, because a far more entrancingly interesting subject beckened to her mind, "have you heard that sad story about young Edwards— Henry, you know? I felt when the young man went to Paris Maria, that it was dangerous for him to be in that godless place. And now it seems he drank so hard that his friends tried to get him home before there was a scandal. They say he's had one bad spell of it, too, since

he been back." Everything swam before Miss Maria's Maria bought him. "It can't be so Ellen!" she repeated, but without knowing what she said.

And I said to Eliza, when she told me. that it was a lucky thing that Judge Hawkins was so set against Marietta's

having anything to do with Henry Ed-wards. Maybe the judge knew more than other folks did, even then."

The old judge's face came up blindingly before Miss Maria's inward vision as the parrot drew another resounding cork, and Mrs. Joyce, rather huffed at the reception of her bit of gossip, took her departure. The little spinster sank back in her chair, rigid with remorse. Her match—it was nounced ideas as to the life of a indeed her match! She realized all the citizen in the Nebraska sandhills. horrors of the case, now that it was too late. She, Maria Marvin, in defiance of all propriety and in the face of Providence, had gone to Henry Edward's house, called to Marietta. And Marietta, unknowing all this, and loving him, had accepted him—the roses showed that. They were eugaged-and now Miss Maria's lips were of necessity sealed. How could she warn Marietta, when she herself had made this disastrous match? Yet how could she allow Marietta, without warning, to marry a drinking man? Visions of all the poor people who drank rushed across Miss Ma-ria's mind—visions of Ten Nights in a Bar Room, which she had once read-visions of the wickedness and wretchedness possibly on a quarter of a million. And at the height of this inrush of horrifying thoughts, the gate clicked, and Miss Maria, benumbed with anguish, saw Marietta coming up the walk with more roses in her hands

"I brought these to you, Miss Maria, because you have given so many posies to me," said she, with a higher flush than ever before in her cheeks, and an actual dimple as she spoke-Miss Maria never noticed that dimple before. Something on the girl's finger gleamed in the fire-light.

It was—oh, horrors of horrors!—a diamond

etta, say you don't love him! You can't really care for him my dear. You have mistaken your feelings; it isn't really

Mary drew her slight figure up until it was quite stately. Why shouldn't I love him, Miss Maria!" she said.

Why shouldn't she, indeed? It was un-answerable. It was Miss Maria's own do-ing. And yet she still feebly beat against fate, sustained unconsciously, perhaps, by the parrot's brisk scream: "Never say die! "Men are so different from what we

think, Marietta," she exclaimed. "And your dear father wouldn't have liked it Think of your father, Marietta. You know it would have broken his heart to

"Oh!" cried Marietta, flushing and paling in a breath. "Why, dear Miss Maria, how could father have disliked James when he never knew him?" "James!" cried Miss Maria, in such a

"James!" cried Miss Maria, in such a tone that the parrot fairly jumped upon his perch. "James!"
"Yes, James!" repeated Marietta, in surprised agitation. "James Osgood, Mrs. Osgood's nephew in the city. I—met him on the train, you know, at first. But it wasn't until lately—and I wanted you to be the first one we told—and nobody else knows it, so you musn't tell anyone yet," she went on, hesitating and blushing as

And now-now tell me about James! But, in her heart, she wondered who was ever going to explain things to Henry Edwards.—Priscilla Leonard in Harper's

Bishop Ninde's Sudden Death.

A Venerable Methodist Divine Found Dead in Bed. Bishop W. X. Ninde, aged 68, of the Methodist Episcopal church, was found dead in bed at his home in Detroit, Mich., Friday. It is thought the cause of death was heart trouble. He attended a funeral Thursday and caught cold. He had been a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church since 1884, and was known throughout the United States. Prior to his election as a bishop he was pastor of the Central Methodist Episcopal church in Detroit and was

at one time a missionary in India.

He leaves a wife, three sons and one daughter. One son, Edward is a Methodist minister at Ann Arbor. His daughter Mary, was formerly a missionary worker in India. She is now in the South with her brother, Fred, who is ill. The other son, George, is also ill at his home in Deson, George, is also ill at his home in De-troit. Thursday the presiding elders of Michigan held a conference and decided to sell the episcopal residence, now occupied by Bishop Ninde's famliy, because the churches of Michigan outside of Detroit and other large cities failed to contribute sufficient funds to maintain it.

More Women Needed. Here is a Chance for all Spinsters, Attractive or

There seems to be a shortage of women in the British colonies if the reports of the census taker are true. In two of them alone-Canada and Aus tralia—there is a chance for half a million more to gain husbands and homes. According to the latest figures the popu-

lation of New South Wales consists of 729,-000 males and 626,000 females. Here is a In Victoria the discrepancy is marked, but in other colonies the difference is proportionately larger. In New Zealand, for instance, there is an excess of

50,000 males.

Perhaps if the women realized how much they are needed there they would go in bevies. It is said, however, that they are too timid to venture into strange lands and are waiting for the colonists to come

\$50,000 Insurance on a Bull.

Application has been made for insurance of \$50,000 on the famous young Jersey bull, Merry Maiden's son, owned at Hodd farm, Lowell, Mass. This is the highest amount of insurance ever asked on a bull or cow. Merry Maiden's son is believed to be the most famous Jersey bull living, as he is the son of Merry Maiden, the champion sweepstake cow in all three tests combined at the World's fair, and his sire is Previous Previous Provinces and the state of eyes, "I don't believe it, Ellen Joyce," she said weakly; "it can't be so!" The parrot, just behind her, suddenly began to draw corks with all his might—a godless trick which he had learned before Miss the blood of the two famous cows, and great results are expected from his and great results are expected from his

His Name was Dennis

Boston Geologist Chased 15-Miles by a Posse Who Thought He was Pat Crowe

The detective posse which captured a man who it was believed was Pat Crowe, the kidnaper, near the Pine Ridge agency, on Tuesday, returned to Chadron Nev., on Wednesday, discomfited and disgusted, and as a result of the misplaced diligence of the Western officers, R. C. Dennis, of Boston, will return home with very pronounced ideas as to the life of a private

the Bad Lands and gathering fossils and Indian curios. He did not make public his Indian curios. He did not make public his man who had passed in and out of the room presence or his business, but went out in with the freedom of the most intimate. the country by himself. He was seen around the Pine Ridge agency and his strange actions aroused the suspicion of those stationed there. The matter was re-

in South Dakota, just across the line.

Dennis was driving a hardy pair of buckof specimens during the flight, but was captured when his horses dropped from ex- the ton. haustion after a 15-mile run. Dennis was greatly frightened, but proved his identity, and the posse returned a chagrined crowd.

J. J. CROWE FREED. Edward A. Cudahy, Jr., failed on Wednesday to identify J. J. Crowe as one of the men who kidnapped him. Young Cudahy appeared at the Omaha jail and confronted Crowe. After looking at the suspect five minutes or more Cudahy re-

"I never saw that man before. He is not the one who stood guard over me, and if he had anything at all to do with the kidnaping I didn't see him."

After making this declaration the lad was taken before Chief Donahue for a private conference. The prisoner was released from custody Wednesday afternoon. He was taken before Judge Learn for a hear-ing, and as no charge was preferred, the court dismissed the case.

Wednesday morning, to add to the confusion of the police and the detectives, the Cudahys received another letter from the bandits threatening death to the whole family if the rewards are not withdrawn

before Sunday.

They will hold Cudahy responsible for the city's reward, too. The letter was mailed at the postoffice at 3 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon and is printed like the others, though some letters are changed, which causes the police to suspect it was a

last warning. We will give you until Sunday to withdraw that reward and make the city to do the same. We will not permit any fooling. We will kill the whole family if you don't comply. Remember this is our last warning. The police can't touch us. You know that we are walking the streets daily and they can't locate us. Heed this warning."

In a general way everything indicates that the letter is genuine. Mr. Cudaby said he did not know what to make of it. she went on, hesitating and blushing as prettily and happily as possible. "Are you—are you quite well, Miss Maria? Fire!" and wondered why she gave him such a big piece of cake after supper.

Next day, all day long, she moved about her little house in a surcharged atmosphere of romance. The making of matches was a new experience to Miss Maria; she always had had to discourage them sternly among the poor where the parrot shift and happily as possible. "Are you—are you quite well, Miss Maria? You look so—so—"

'Thank God!" said Miss Maria, fer'Thank God!" sai

Hauging for the crime of kidnaping is the penalty the state of Nebraska will inflict if the members of the state Legisla-

ture remain in their present temper.

Wednesday evening in the state Senate four bills bearing on kidnaping were introduced. The most strongly worded of these, introduced by Senator Bausom, of Omaha, provides first, that the penalty for plain kidnaping shall be three or seven years in the penitentiary; second, for kidnaping and extorting money a life sen-tence; third, for kidnaping and threatening injury to the victim, hanging.

Skin Transplanted.

From Mother to Child to Remove Deformity.

The Gazette and Bulletin says: A markable operation was done by Dr. S. S. Koser at his sauitarium, Monday last on the three year old daughter of J. M. Poust, of Muncy. She was born with a most hor-rible birth mark on her face and almost entirely covering her forehead, from which grew a nasty lot of hair, as from the scalp, ut much coarser.

Both the child and her self-sacrificing

mother were chloroformed at the same time in Dr. Koser's operating room. This entire huge deformity was then dissected off, down almost to the bone and cut comoff, down almost to the bone and cut completely away. Then by the aid of a block tin pattern that Dr. Koser had previously designed to conform exactly in size and shape to the deformity on the child's face, a large patch of skin and tissues to some depths below were quickly onlined on the back of the mother and boldly cut away. By previous calculations on the pattern he was able to obtain the exact size and shape so accurately that not a single cut with soissors or knife was needed to fit it to the space on the child. There it was secured in its new place on the forehead and face by a large number of delicately adjusted stitches. A fair appreciation of the ex-tent of the deformity removed can be drawn from the size of the part planted in from the mother, which measured just fif-teen and five eights inches in circumfer-get. ence. The severe wound on the faithful mother was covered with many small flaps

from other portions of her body.

This great transplantation on the child has already repaired nicely and shows every indication of perfect success. As a case of actual transferral from the body of another to the face successfully, with un-derlying tissues, this case probably stands without a parallel in surgery and again illustrates the wonderful advance in the

A Death Dealing Cigar.

To the fact that he heeded the warning of his wife, David Miller, a West Penn, Schuyikill county farmer owes his life. On Christmas he received from an unknown source a cigar eight inches long. Mrs. Miller did not like the appearance of the article, and persuaded her husband not to smoke it. He laid it away, and the matter was forgotten until Wednesday, when Mrs. Miller decided to get rid of the cigar. She threw it in the stove, and closed the lids. Shortly afterward there was a loud explosion, and the stove was demolished, the hot coals being scattered all over the room. It is claimed the cigar contained enough powerful explosive to have blown Miller's head from his shouldCamp Bird Mine.

The Owner's Story of How He Discovered it.

In the columns of the Colorado Springs Daily Mining Record Mr. Thomas Walsh tells how he discovered the famous Camp Bird Mine in Colorado, for which a London syndicate lately offered him \$7,000,000. The discovery made him, it might be said, a millionaire in a day, and although many stories have been printed about the affair, this is the first time that Mr. Walsh himself tells the true one:

citizen in the Nebraska sandhills.

Dennis went to that section of the state a few days ago for the purpose of exploring here this afternoon." Mr. Walsh began, referring to a hardy, middle aged gentle-

when he took me at my solicitation on a ported, and the description of Dennis sent in tallied exactly with that of Crowe. Detectives at once started a posse after the man and struck a hot trail near Oelrichs, tramp through the basin. Coming to what up, by the action of an eruption that str me, and I stopped to make an examination. skins. He saw the posse approaching and feared the evident evil intentions of his urged me on, but I told him that the rocks pursuers. He whipped up his team and a wild race among the sand dunes began.

The geologist threw away his entire load interested me, and I made an examination of them. I took several specimens and, returning to town had them assayed. These rocks ran as high as 300 ounces of gold to

"Now others have tramped over these rocks for years, but they lacked the one thing given to me by the life I had led. They lacked experience. They were not accustomed to look for values in that sort of rock. My experiences in the Black Hills, in Leadville and elsewhere in the West taught me not to look for the charac-West taught me not to look for the character of rock that was peculiar to any country but that which was peculiar to nature. The pyrite rock which we found is the real mother of gold, and experience had taught me so. This is the true story of the discovery of the Camp Bird. It is not wholly a matter of luck."

Mr. Walsh has not visited the mine but once for two years. He trusts the manage-ment entirely to J. W. Benson, the super-intendent; 'Andy' Robinson and John Ash-enfelter, who Mr. Walsh says is the greatest freighter and ore hauler in the Rocky

Bardsley Dead.

Former Treasurer of Philadelphia Victim of Heart Disease. Embezzled More Than \$300,000 of City And State Funds-Pardoned After Five Years' Im-

en with heart disease, but grew better and was thought to be out of danger. A sudcrude imitation.

The letter read: 'Cudahy. This is your death late Saturday night.

Mr. Bardsley was born in England, Sept. 5th, 1836, and came to this country with that city. Mr. Bardsley engaged in the manufacture of linen. For many years he was one of the most prominent and picturesque figures in municipal public affairs. He was chairman of the finance committee of councils for several terms, and earned the title of "Honest John" Bardsley and "The Watch dog of the City

Treasury." He was inducted into the office of city treasurer in 1889. In the fall of 1890 the Baring failure in London caused a run on the Keystone National bank there, in which Bardsley had on deposit both the funds of the city and State. The bank failed in 1891. The Spring Garden bank, another of Bardsley's depositories, failed soon after. Bardsley was later arrested and pleaded guilty to the charge of misappropriating the funds of the city and state. The amounts involved were \$39,000 of the city money and \$300,000 of state funds, in 1891 he was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment in the Eastern penitentiary, and to pay a fine of \$237,530. There has long been a feeling that Bardsley was more of a scapegoat than a deliberate embezzler and strong efforts were made towards se-curing his pardon. These were successful

Evans Will Fight Ended in Court.

The contest over the will of Dr. Thomas W. Evans, the millionaire American dentist of Paris, has been ended by an amicable arrangement among the heirs and by a decision rendered by Surrogate Thomas, of New York on Friday.

Dr. Evans died in Paris, in 1897, leav-

ing an estate valued at \$5,000,000 to \$6,-000,000. Prior to his death he executed two wills, giving to relatives small bequests, but leaving about \$2,000,000 to found a dental college and museum in Philadelphia.

Litigation ensued in Paris, in Philadelphia and in New York city. Proceedings were brought in New York in the name of Rudolph Evans, a brother; Thomas B. Enos, a nephew; J. Rowland Enos, Mrs. Juliette C. Henderson and others to prevent probate. Lawyer David Kean came into the case as representative of other

Finally a compromise was reached be-tween the heirs and the executors whereby the heirs were to receive \$800,000, of which sum \$100,000 was handed over to Samuel B. Huey, of Philadelphia, counsel for the executors. The heirs then took steps in New York to have the contest discontinued and the will admitted to probate.

Kean, left out in the settlement, demurred, protesting to Surrogate Thomas that it would affect his rights, he having a lien on any recovery that the heirs mi

Surrogate Thomas, in a decision handed down Friday, says that Kean must seek redress in another manner. Mr. Evan's millions can now be distributed without fear of further litigation.

Smallpox No Bar to Love.

Burbon Sanford, who has been in Cuba since he was mustered out of the army, came to Lexington, Ten., to claim Miss Carrie Hall in matrimony, the ceremony to occur on New Year's Day at 6 p. m. The bridegroom proceeded to the county seat and secured a license, returning to find that in his absence his sweetheart had broken out with smallpox and guards had been stationed around the house. Admis-sion was denied him, and even the hotels refused his lodging on account of his hav-ing been with the young lady for several

evenings previous.

Sanford declared he would marry her while she had smallpox and remain with her to nurse her during her illness. Securing a preacher, Rev. Demaree, and two witnesses that would go to the window, he returned to the house and was married, standing just on the inside of the house with the window open. Mrs. Sanford is doing as well as could be expected.

-Subcribe for the WATCHMAN.