YOU'RE IT If you're sore To the core With aching bones And husky tones When you speak. And you're weal In the knees. And you sneeze, And often cough Your head near off, And you note That your throat Feels quite raw, And your jaw You'd got a biff And dull pains Vex your brains, Then you've caught it, You have got it-

It's the grip. If you feel The heat steal O'er your frame Like a flame. Till you burn And you yearn For chunks of ice At any price, Then like a flash From head to feet A chill complete, And you shake And you quake And there's desire For a fire And something hot Right on the spo To quickly drink. And you think Right there and then You'll ne're be warm again

Then you've caught it, You have got it-It's the grip. It's in the air, It's everywhere; The microbe of the grip It's on another trip. And up and down Through all the town, By night and day It seeks its prey And it's the fad And you are sad, Or if you sneeze Or cough or wheeze, Or feel too warm Or chills alarm To wear a look of grim dismay And hoarsely say "I've caught it,

It's the grip." Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. THE POWER OF THE PRESS

I've got it-

Martin Wallace went on a great Chicago daily shortly after he left Harvard, to learn his trade, as his father expressed it. Walhis trade, as his lather expressed and lace was rich and Martin was his only son; but he had some Spartan notions. One was that before Martin stepped into the editorship of a flourishing country newspaper with a wide outside circulation and wider influence. he should wrestle with the newspaper world a little for himself, and live on his own earnings.

It consequently happened that one day Martin limped into the city editor's office (he was lame from his boyhood, ever since a certain football game in which he had snapped the tendons of one ankle) with a little frown of disgust between his fair eyebrows, and just fifty cents in his pocket. "If I don't get a good story off today, I'm likely to have a stupid Sunday," thought Martin. And there was a certain girl in Evanston whom Martin wanted to see Sunday; and he had it in his mind to take her

Just as he was about to catch the city editor's eye an old man leaned a shabby elbow on the desk and interposed a bent gray profile. There was a deprecating apology in his motions. "I beg your pardon," he said to Martin, "but I believe it

is my turn—I—I—have been waiting——"
His manner and his smoothly modulated voice and his crisp enunciation made a contrast to his appearance strong enough to make Martin stare. "Why, the tidy old tramp's a gentleman !" he ran into a noise

"Oh, Mr. Stuyvesant!" said the city editor, "just a day too late. You weren't here yesterday; and I gave that story to

A faint shadow settled on the gray A faint shadow settled on the gray profile; but the old man straightened with a smile and a courteous wave of the hand. "I—I was indisposed—a severe cold." He turned to go; but stopped and added: "If you have anything, you have my address. I shall not be busy this month; and I—I should be glad to do anything."

"Certainly, Mr. Stuyvesant," said the editor with unusual civility. In his turn, he hesitated; but if he meant to say any thing more the chance passed, the old man turned and walked off stiffly, but with his head well in the air, and not forgetting to nod a recognition to two or three familiar

"Send your story in this afternoon," said the editor as Wallace appeared. And Wal-lace was conscious that the boys were eye ing him a little critically. He turned it over in his mind, deciding

that he had gotten the old man's assignment, and that the old man was poor. Impulsively he followed the shabby coat into the hall. Its owner looking shrunken and haggard, was crumpled against the wall with his face twisted. But he contrived to straighten himself up and mutter: "It was just a spasm; I have them sometimes; its

"Let me get you some whiskey," cried Martin; and he was off to get it, disregarding a murmur of protest; he knew Haddock would have a flask; and very good for Haddock would it be, also, were his flask emptier. Haddock supplied the flask, as Martin had anticipated; he was a kindly haddock be a supplied the flask as Martin had anticipated; he was a kindly haddock supplied the flask as Martin had anticipated; he was a kindly haddock supplied the flask as Martin had anticipated; he was a kindly haddock supplied the flask as Martin had anticipated; he was a kindly supplied the flask as Martin had anticipated; he was a kindly supplied the flask as Martin had anticipated; he was a kindly supplied the flask as Martin had anticipated the flask as Mar "I wonder if he doesn't need soup more than whiskey. I'll go with you; he's a sandy old duck."

"Is he so poor?" said Martin.

"Couldn't be poorer, I guess. Too bad—he was rich once—now look at him!"

They had got back to the said to the doctor."

"Yes, and have him taken to the hospital, I think; but meanwhile will you heat up some milk while I will get some eggs and things outside?"

The woman was glad to help her heat while Martin calmin.

nothing; I'm all right," he murmured, and began to fumble in his pockets with his

loan of a nickel," said he. "Your pocket picked?" cried Haddock. "Well, if that wouldn't jar you! Those fellows are getting too slick. But you don't want the street cars—"

"No, call a cab, I'm going his way; I'll take him," said Martin. He forgot he had only fifty cents in his pocket; but when he remembered, he considered that he had a protesting, but too spent to persist in his refusals. He gave his address, when assured that Martin was going his way.
"A modest neighborhood," he said, "but

retired and quiet, so I can work." The neighborhood was a cross street in a far suburb (Martin felt the fare rising at every block!), with a dismal outlook of prairie and yearling cottonwood and soft maple trees. The street car whizzed past, down an illimitable avenue. The houses looked like wooden tents, each with its tiny stoop in front. Withered dock and thistles defied the city ordinances in the the muscles of his face.

vacant lots between houses. When Stuyvesant motioned for the hackman to stop they were opposite a dingy brown dwelling in a disheveled vacant space, bestrewn with tin caus and shaggy with jimsom weed and wild mustard stalks. At a side window was a steamdimmed silhonette of a woman over a wash tub. She came out at their approach, wiping the suds from her arms. She was him. none too tidy; but she looked sympathetic.
"I jest wish I hadn't 'a' let him go out this morning," she declared; "he ain't fit, this cold weather. I got some bricks a-heating in the oven this minute; and some hot coffee on the stove-and he's jest got to

take it !" The use of the hot brick was evident the instant she threw open the door of the fireless room. There was no carpet on the floor, no picture on the walls. The only decoration of the latter was a collection of intaglios in the artless style of Mound Builder's relics, representing a former lodger's opinion of Chicago and his landlady, with vigorous but not polite expressions cut in the plaster beneath, and man-fully signed with his name, Billy Longman. The room was very neat and very bare. The only furniture, besides the lank bed, was a table, a chair, a chest of draw-ers, a washstand and a battered tin bath-The old man sat down feebly on the bed, motioning Martin to a chair, and gasped: "I am very much obliged to you, young gentleman; I feel your kindness. I regret I have not the -ah-funds just this moment on hand to repay you for the hack—"

"That's nothing; charge it up to the office—on the house, you know." Martin struck in smiling (he wished heartily that it were!) "I'll leave this flask." cheerfully and unscrupulously deposited Haddock's flask on the table. "Can't I get you into bed ?"

"I'll just lie outside," said Stuyvesant feebly; "please don't go; I want to say

and Martin did not persevere. "If you'd get a newspaper—so they wouldn't soil the bed coverlet," said the faint voice, and silently Martin did his bidding; while the woman in the door shot an eyeblink over Stuyvesant at the young man. She shook

her head, and her face was softer.
"Look here," said Martin firmly, you've got to be more comfortable; let me

get you to bed \_\_\_\_''
"I only want to say a word to you,"said Stuyvesant. He did not seem to see his landlady, and she (with a delicacy which Martin had not expected) quietly slipped out of the room. "I believe I am worse than I expected; I may not get through the

"Don't you think it; I'm going out now for a doctor; you'll be all-"I hope not," interrupted the old man feebly. "it's been a hard journey; I'm glad to have it over. But this is what I want

to say to you. You seem a kind young gentleman, and a gentleman. Will it be too much trouble-"No, certainly not; anything I can do,"

interrupted Martin.

The old man fumbled at the breast of his coat and brought out something wrapped in tissue paper. Through the transparent folds Martin caught the dull shining of red leather. "It is a miniature—a portrait of my wife," said Stuyvesant. "There is the card inside with the address. Will you send it, and tell the—the young lady that Peter Stuyvesant is dead, and that he sent her this, his last possession, and his love and blessing with it? It will cost a little -not much-to send it; but Mr. Curwen will be willing, I think, to repay you-"
"He will not have the chance," said

Martin. "You're the right sort," said the old man; and a dim flicker lit up in his eyes. Martin by this time had become interested; he was a young fellow with a heart always getting him into trouble. He sat a minute with knitted brows; then he scribbled a few words in his notebook, told the old man to take a brace, for he would be had directly, and went out in the hall to the landlady.
"Say, he's awful bad ain't he?" said

"Say, he's awful bad ain't he?" said she. There was something in her face be-yond the grisly interest in calamity or death.

Martin nodded. "He's a nice old gentleman; so obliging. Always cleaned his own room. Why, he's worked the wringer for me half a dozen says he, like I was a fine lady. Oh, my, I'd be sorry to have him—say, has he got any money

'Not a cent." "And he paid me this morning. I wish I hadn't took it, but I'd got money to pay myself. He said he was going to git money down town. But trouble with him's he jest naturally can't push. Not a mite. And he's so nice; jest's quiet, washing his own winders, lugging the water for his own bathtub, yes, an' washing my Tim and Willy for me in his tub—say, we got to get the doctor."

"Couldn't be poorer, I guess. Too bad he was rich once—now look at him!"

They had got back to the old man, who was sitting in his chair, with a gray look on his face that Martin, inexperienced as he was, felt was the mask of one stricken with death.

Willie Martin and engaged him to return at a certain hour. Then he went forth and confidently spent his fifty cents at a little grocery. He returned, his arms full; and thanks to a camping experience of cookery, and Mrs. Baxter's stove, he was soon able to proffer some steaming Martin held the flask to the colorless lips; but at the trickle of the liquor down his throat the old man straightened his head and coughed. He sat up against Martin's arm. "It's can converted into a hot water can at his feet.

"Ah, it's nice to be warm in your own

began to fumble in his pockets with his withered and trembling hands. "I'm afraid I shall have to ask you boys for the heated brick, and drawing his pencil, gave him a nod and a smile. "We'll have you in a dandy place directly," said he.
"No," said the old man; "I don't want

to move; it's not worth while Martin wrote on until the doctor came The doctor was a professionally cheerful, professionally reticent man. Peter Stuy-vesant watched him with a dim and deliremembered, he considered that he had a cate smile. He asked no questions; he smiled again as Martin followed the doctor abandoned himself to his compassion. He assisted the old man downstairs, feebly murmured. "I shall not mind a little pain. I've done my best, dear; I'm so glad I've held out. If only I'd enough to pay everything-

Martin came back and tucked the coverlets more closely about the lean form on the bed, at which the same smile flitted again over Peter Stuyvesant's lips.
"You're a good boy," he said; "let's be
honest; the doctor's said I'm going. God

"Why - what - did Doctor

know? "He knew about the bank; his father had money in it. He said, 'I owe my edu-cation to that man's honesty; it was money my father had put away to send me to college.' He didn't expect me to tell, but I don't care. I believe you'll feel easier—" "I was worrying-a little about paying

"Do you think he'll take a cent from you? Don't insult him so !' Peter Stuyvesant smiled: "Just like the boys I used to know; just so headlong. I

remember Petey—" A change stiffened the muscles of his face, a shadow of anxiety, almost shame; his eyes fell. "I should like, if you don't mind, to hear what he

Martin had keen gray eyes; they looked their keenest for a second, then he slowly caught his breath; it was as if he saw his way out of a sudden hewilderment; he answered slowly: "He told me that you were once a very rich man, a scholar, very much respected. That you married a beautiful and charming woman. You had one son. He was a very clever business man, the cashier of one of the banks. He got into difficulties; he was married; and one of the bank officials his wife's brother. That man went wrong and your son tried to cover up his losses, and it didn't work; the specula-tion that they went into as a sure thing wasn't sure; and in the end there was an ugly time and you paid every cent of the shortage, although you could not save your

The old man had listened in a kind of melancholy calm. "Would you mind if I told you you look-

ed like my son?" said he.
"I am glad sir," said Martin stoutly. "Yes, I noticed it the minute I saw you it made me want not to take your place at the desk; but I had nothing but the chance of that story. If I had gotten it I meant to sit down in the office and write it and get the money. I hadn't a nickel. You thought something to you."

Martin helped him upon his bed; he would have taken off the sodden shoes, but Stuyvesant stopped him. "Just untie them—by and by," he murmured feebly; ed to spend some of the money I oved Mrs. or car fare; so I paid her before I left the house. Well, it doesn't matter now."—
Octave Thanet in Saturday Evening Post.

To be concluded next week.

State Senator Francis A. Osbourn, of the Third Philadelphia district, died at his home in that city Sunday night after a brief illness from pneumonia. Senator Osbourn contracted a heavy cold in the early part of last week during the senatorial contest at Harrisburg. This rapidly developed into congestion of the lungs and on the day the ballot for United States Senator was taken he was a very sick man. Despite his dangerous condition and the inclement weather, he went to the Senate and voted for his long time friend, Senator Quay. He was granted a leave of absence and returned to his home in that city. His ailment soon developed into pneumonia, which resulted in his death.

Francis A. Osbourn was born in Phila-delphia March 1st, 1845, and received his education at the hands of private tutors. He was admitted to the bar in 1869. During the civil war he served in the Twentieth regiment, Indiana volunteers, and as first lieutenant in the Sixteenth regiment, veteran reserve corps. U. S. A., and was also brevet captain of United States volunteers. He lost an arm in the Seven days' battle before Richmond, Va. He was a Republican and was elected a member of the House of representatives for the ses-sion of 1877-78. He served as assistant city solicitor of Philadelphia from 1878 to 1884, and was elected state Senator from the Third Philadelphia district in 1884, 1888, 1892, 1896, and re-elected in November of last year.

Colorado's Senator a Democrat. Patterson Formally Withdraws From the Populist

In accepting his election as United States Senator before the Colorado Legislature Thomas M. Patterson formally bade farewell to the Populist party, with which he has been prominently identified since 1892. He secured the support of the Populists in the Legislature and took them with him back into Democratic ranks. He said.

ranks. He said:
"When I take my place in the Senate! will unite my efforts with its Democratic members and enter their caucuses. The principles in the Kansas City platform are those in the main for which the Peoples and Silver Republican parties have conand siver Reputican parties have con-tended. They are the principles upon which our great Republic is founded and by upholding which our Republican sys-tem of government can be maintained. Yet, these principles must be fought for by Democrats and against those who call themselves Democrats. They are principles to maintain which Populists and Silver Republicans should make every sacrifice. I believe the fight for them can be most successfully made with the Demo-cratic ranks.

"I'm trying to get some information about a friend of mine named Fox, who came out here," said the stranger from the East. "They tell me he died of some throat trouble."

"I guess that's about right," replied the

stole a bronco." N adr 101

Victoria Sleeps Peacefully Away. Stricken With Paralysis Her Entire Family Were

Queen Victoria was stricken with para ysis Saturday night and there is no hope of her recovery. Her family were hastily summoned and gathered about her bedside were the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of York, the Princess Louise, and

other members of the royal family.
OSBORNE HOUSE, Isle of Wight, January 21-12.15 a. m.-The official bulletin issued at midnight says that the queen's condition late last evening became more serious, with increasing weakness and diminished power of taking nourishment.

A collapse, or what the physicians feared was a collapse, occurred unexpectedly about 10 o'clock last evening. Arrangements were hurriedly made to provide special telephonic and telegraphic facilities.

Details are not obtainable at this hour, but it is asserted that her majesty's condition is chiefiy due to a severe sinking spell, and an increase to the paralytic symptoms. It is understood that the physicians have re-sorted to artificial methods to prolong life such as are used only in cases of persons, in

extremis. The Associated Press learns that the paralysis is chiefly evident in the face, one side of which appears to have lost all nerve vital organs, although it had naturally caused an almost total loss of the power of speech. What was so much feared was that the brain might be attacked.

Those in close touch with the royal household have been aware of a general breakdown in Her Majesty's health following the recent death of the Dowager Lady Churchill, who was her oldest maid of

Other occurrences have recently contrib-uted to affect the Queen's spirets. The illness of Dowager Empress Frederick of Germany, the death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg last summer and of Prince Christian Victor subsequently, and the incidents of the war in the South Africa

have been great trials to the Queen. For a year the Queen has been steadily failing, despite all the medical skill of the United Kingdom. Her ailment was deeper than the most famous physician could reach. It started in her kindly, sympathetic heart. The Boer war was at the bottom of it all. From the first the aged sovereign besought her advisers to consider their determination to war upon the Boers. She pointed out that all Africa wasn't worth the lives that it would cost to win just a little piece of it. But the was overruled. War was dewas clared.

Then came the British reverses. At her advanced age this wore on Queen Victoria terribly. She slept badly and her eyesight began to fail. This was in May last. All the oculists could do was to perscribe glasses that fitted perfectly. She was forbidden to read or write, except to sigh state documents. In July came the assassination of the

King of Italy. Coming on top of her other troubles it shocked her inexpressibly This, too, told on her health.

A SERIES OF SORROWS.

In September she received distressing news as to the condition of her daughter, the Empress Frederick of Prussia. She began to look as old as the Queen herself Schleswig-Holstein. These deaths in her kept the secret until he died. family well-nigh prostrated the aged Queen and more and more sapped at her health

and strength. For years she never missed her morning ride in a donkey chaise around the private gardens until the last couple of weeks, when this was forbidden by her doctor, who meal times, and the other, when putting on a brave front and pretending to review the Colonial Volunteers, she fell fast asleep

in her carriage." On January 5th the Dispatch's London cable said: "Queen Victoria was unable to attend any Christmas or New Year's festivities at Osborne, owing to the shock of Lady Churchill's sudden death, from which she has not yet recovered. Her condition is known to be extremely and increasingly feeble. She recently had a fall, causing consternation among her suite. For state reasons all inquiries respecting her health are answered in the most reassuring terms.

A REMARKABLE SOVEREIGN. On the 19th day of January Queen Victoria passed the date when she became the oldest sovereign that ever ruled England. She was 81 years and 240 days' old that day, which made her one day older than her grandfather, George III., who held the previous record for age and a long reign. Queen Victoria has held the scepter since June 30th, 1837, or 63 years and 7 months, to-morrow. This is the longest reign in English history.

1819, and was the daughter of the Duke of Kent. She succeeded her uncle, William IV., when 18 years old. She married Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who died on Dec. 14th, 1861. She has had 83 descendants, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, of whom 71 are living. The heir to the throne is her eldest son, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, who is 60 years old.

Good health was the Queen's until the death of the Prince Consort in 1861. This prostrated her completely, for she was devoted to him and he to her. After that she gave heed to her doctor. For many years now she has lived according to a few simple rules laid down for her by the late Sir William Jenner, M. D., her physician. A simple and careful diet regularly and plenty of open-air exercise—these have been her mainstays. LEFT HER BED TO LEARN THAT SHE WAS

QUEEN. Victoria was awakened out of a deep sleep, at 5 o'clock in the morning of June 20th, 1837, to learn that she was Queen of England. She received the news clad in her nightgown, her bare feet in slippers and her hair falling loosely over her

On that eventful morning she was a girl, who only 27 days before, on May 24th, had celebrated her 18th birthday, when she beame legally of age.

King William IV. died at 2 a. m. in

"I guess that's about right," replied the cowboy.

"What was it? Bronchitis."

"Bronkitis? That's a new one on me, but I reckon I see the connection. He stole a bronco."

King william IV. died at 2 at. in. In Windson, three hours before Victoria was notified of her accession in Kensington Palace, where she lived with her mother, the Duchess of Kent. In expectation of the King's death a carriage had been kept

breathed his last the Archbishop of Canter-bury and the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Conyngham, left the death chamber, and entering a carriage, were driven with all speed to Kensington. Victoria had retired the night before with no thought of the vast change that a few hours would make

in her life. Kensington Palace was wrap-ped in slumber when the two emissaries arrived. What followed is told in the "Diary of a Lady of Quality" in this way:
"They knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they Castle, Dublin, could rouse the porter at the gate. The were again kept waiting in the courtyard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed to be forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell and de-sired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform Her Royal

on business of importance.
"After another delay and another ringto inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Prinbreast of the eider duck of the frozen cess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her.

"Then they said : 'We are come on business of state to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way to that.' It did; and so from that she did not keep them waiting. In a few moments she came into the room and muscular power. At 6 o'clock last in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her evening the malady had not reached the nightcap thrown off and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified.

The attendant, notwithstanding the urgings of the visitors, had not called her mother. The Duchess of Kent had aroused the young girl and sent her alone into the room, where Lord Conyngham and the Churchill, who was her oldest maid of honor and most intimate companion. It Chamberlain knelt down and presented a was feared that the Queen would rair a paper to the victim to melancholy following Lady the death of her uncle and notifying her that she was his successor. The girl could say nothing, and the Archbishop announced that he had come by desire of Queen widow of King William, who wanted Victoria to know of the peaceful death of her uncle.

The Queen's first words were addressed to the Primate. She said: "I beg Your Grace to pray for me," which he did. Victoria's first written communication as

Queen was dispatched an hour later to Queen Adelaide. in reply to a request that Queen Adelaide in reply to a request that she might remain at Windsor until after the funeral. She addressed this letter to "Her Majesty, the Queen." Victoria was "even pale green eggs, and plucks the down from her breast to make a cozy nest to cover her eggs. Queen Dowager. "I am aware of that," answered Victoria

"but I will not be the first to remind her

of her altered position."

At 11 o'clock on that same morning she had to preside at her first Privy Council. An extemporized throne had been placed at the head of the table, around which were grouped the greatest men in the kingdom. Without any embarrassment, she read to them her first speech, which had been pre-pared by some older and wiser head. Her only embarrassment came when the old men, whom she had been taught to revere from infancy, knelt before her to swear allegiance and kiss her hand. An hour after the Privy Council she was called upon again to preside at the gathering of the Cabinet Ministers.

MARRIAGE OF VICTORIA.

The Queen proposed marriage to the man who became her husband. Royal etiquette imposed the difficult task upon Victoria, as she was a Queen and the man of her choice Prince Albert, was of inferior rank and station. Many accounts have been told and was unable to walk. On top of this came the unexpected death of her second son, the Euke of Edinburgh. It was fol-published and probably never will be. lowed by the death in Africa of her grand- The matter was too sacred to the Queen for son, Prince Christian Victor, son of her discussion among her closest friends, and daughter Helena, wife of the Prince of the Prince Consort, her husband, faithfully

Victoria had but one love affair. other romance ever figured in her life, though scores of mighty suitors sought her hand. In her infancy she was consecrated to her first cousin, Francis Charles Augus-tus Albert Emanuel, second son of Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld. Albert's ordered her instead to drive through the park in a closed carriage. It was also whispered that Her Majesty fell into a doze at burg. The marriage contract between Albert and Victoria was entered into by their parents when no one dreamed that the lit-tle girl would be the Queen of England. She grew up with the idea so firmly imbedbed in her thoughts that she was to be the wife of Prince Albert that it never occurred to her to alter the arrangements after she became Queen.

Albert and Victoria met for the first time when they were both about 17 years of age. Albert was very shy as a boy, but Victoria was never embarrassed when in his company, and regarded him in a matter-of-fact way that greatly amused her the largest contracting firms in the councilors. She has been Queen a trifle more try are represented on the work, and the than two years when she proposed to the Prince, and he dutifully accepted. A task even more difficult than asking

the man she loved to marry her confronted the young Queen. Duty and official procedure compelled her to personally announce her engagement to her privy council. This announcement was made Nov. 23rd, 1889. The privy council was summoned specially to Buckingham Palace to receive the announcement. In the "Greville Memoirs" the scene is described as

"All the privy councillors had seated themselves when the folding doors were thrown open and the Queen came in, attired in a plain morning gown, but wearing a bracelet containing Prince Albert's picture. She read the declaration in a clear, sonorous, sweet-toned voice, but her hands trembled so excessively that I won-dered she was able to read the paper which

Victoria did not believe in lengthy engagements. At noon, on Feb. 10th, 1840, the Queen was wedded to the man of her ce in the chapel royal. St. James' Palace, less than three months after the formal engagement.

VICTORIA ALEXANDRINA. Official Title—Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; Defender of the Faith; Empress of India; Sovereign of the Orders of the Garter, the Thistle, St. Patrick, the Bath, the Star of India, St. Michael and St. George, and the Indian Famina at Indian Empire, etc.

Born—May 24th, 1819, at Kensington Palace, London.
Baptized—June 24th, 1819, as Alexandrina Victoria. Ascended the Throne-June 20th, 1837. Crowned-June 28th, 1838.

Married-February 10th, 1840. Name, as a wife—Mrs. Guelph. First child born—November 21st, 1840 Princess Victoria, Empress Dowager of Germany.)

Prince of Whales born November 9th. Children-Four sons, five daughters Became a widow—December 14th, 1861. Proclaimed Empress of India—January

Celebrated Jubilee-June 20th, 1897. Died at Osborne House, Isle of White,

Jan. 22rd, 1901. Published writings-"Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands' (1866), and More Leaves from a Journal of Our Life in the Highlands' (1885.) Residences—St., James' Palace and Buckingham Palace. London; Windsor Castle, Berkshire; Kensington Palace and Hampton Court, Middlesex; Osborne House, Isle of Wight; Holyrod House, Edinburgh; Balmoral, Aberdeenshire; the

The Eider Duck. This Arctic Bird Supplies the Down So Much in De-

Have you ever paused to wonder what eiderdown really is, just how it is gotten Highness that they requested an audience

and where it is obtained? Like ever so many of our winter luxuries it was never intended for us, but rath-North. The north wind as it sweeps down from the pole surely encounters no softer barrier. So true is this that some of the toilers who have needs of femininity at heart actually take up their residence side the Arctic circle for the purpose of raising ducks that supply this down.

The down of commerce, without which cushion or comfortable are considered failures, is exported from the polar regions, Russia, Greenland, Iceland and Norway, while in Newfoundland and Labrador the ducks have been so neglected and persecuted that their exports do not count

In Iceland and Norway there have been established "duckeries," which are pro-tected as we protect fisheries, and they pass from father to son as a valuable inheritance. Here we find these ducks cozily established in little promontories artificially cut off from the mainland, where, in addition to water privileges and quiet and ducks' rights generally, they are safe

from dogs and foxes. These ducks are of a sociable nature and easily become domesticated. They weigh from four and a half to five and a half pounds and make their nests in little hollows between rocks, using small sticks, sea weeds and dry moss, and often so near together that one can hardly pick a way

lining and to cover her eggs.

At this stage the down gatherer appears.

He gathers the eggs in one basket and puts the down in another. When separated from the twigs there is a quarter pound of down in each nest.

The brave bird repeats her labors, only

to be robbed a second time in the

Lest the stock be reduced her third effort is undisturbed, and if her own poor breast is about bare and if the head of the house stays at home long enough she often makes an onslaught on his manly bosom for this third supply of down.

This is the usual way, though occasion ally the ducks are picked The down brings from \$3 per pound upward.

All Contracts Let. For the Construction of the West Branch Road.

Several days ago some of the contracts for the construction of the West Branch railroad were published in these columns. Since that time all the subcontracts have been let. The Clearfield Spirit gives the On December 21st, 1900, the contract for the building of the West Branch valley railroad was let at the New York offices of the New York Central railroad company to the Pennsylvania Construction com pany at a price of \$2,500,000. It was stipulated in the contract that the road must be completed by January 1st, 1902. under a penalty on the contractors of \$200 per day for every day over that time. Accordingly the construction company, under the able management of Hon. A. E. Patton, of Curwensville, and A. G. Palmer, of Jersey Shore, went to work im-mediately to close up the details inciden-tal to the beginning of the work of construction just as soon as possible, and on Monday last had all the subcontracts let and work begun all along the line from Clearfield to Keating. The road will be thirty-one miles in length and the work will be very heavy all along the entire dis-

tance. It was on account of the character of the work and the short time in which to complete it that the work was sub let to so many different contractors. Some of short time in which the work was closed up is a fine tribute to the business sagacity of the managers of the construction con

pany.

The work has been apportioned as follows: First seven miles from Clearfield to Shawsville, J. H. Corbett, Reading. Fulton tunnel, 2,700 feet long, to Mason, Hoge syndicate, Frankfort, Ky.
Shawsville tunnel, 1,700 feet long, Carpenter & Boxley, of Clifton Forge, Va.

Eight sections to the Miller Construct

tion company, Lock Haven.
Sections 8. 9. 10. 11. or the first four miles below Shawsville, H. O. Rodgers & Co., of Hyndman, Pa. Karthaus tunnel, 1,700 feet long, Carpenter & Wright, of Virginia.

The masonry work will be done by Nolan Bros., of Reading, Pa.

lan Bros., of Reading, Pa.

The balance of the road will be built by the Pennsylvania Construction company.

A. G. Palmer, of Jersey Shore, will have charge of the work and will have his head-quarters in Clearfield, Charles E. Patton, of Curwensville, will be on the line for the company and will superintend all the work.

Long Parted Lovers Married. Happy Ending of Romance Begun 57 Years Ago.

At Culvert, a little village near Jersey At Culvert, a little village near Jersey Shore, last week occurred the wedding of Palmer Chumway, aged 76 years, and Mrs. Harriet Francis, aged 75 years. Fifty-seven years ago the couple were engaged to wed, but a quarrel estranged them. Both married, and Mrs. Francis became the mother of nine children. Chumway is the father of six. Seven years ago Mrs. Chamway died and three years ago Mrs. chumway died, and three years ago Mrs.
Francis became a widow. Three weeks
ago Chumway went to the home of Mrs.
Francis, at Ulysses, Potter county. A
reconciliation was effected, and they came
to Culvert, to the home of Mrs. Francis' son, to be married.

Satisfied.

"Did the bulldog pursue you far !" "No, he got all he wanted at the first