Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 19, 1901.

TO YOU.

A flight of birds across a wintry sky ; A ship which fades from sight against th blue;

A certain song, though one you never knew. Where Tostiltells how lovers say good-by ; Some footstep passing in the silent stree And sounding fainter off into the night Where I lie sleepless waiting for the light; Or sudden glimpse through city dust and heat

Of sunset tints where houses crowd across; These things in which you had no conso part

Touch some twined cord which vibrates in m heart,

And rouse to yearning that numb sense of loss That homesick loneliness none can efface, Since there is none on earth who takes you

place. -A. P. Rex, in Harper's Bazar.

A NIGHT IN A DILIGENCE.

The diligence was in waiting at the door of the hotel at Coir. A tall, slim, figure appeared in the doorway, an up-lifted face lightly framed in erratic tresses of browngold hair, crowned by a sombre Tam-O-Shanter traveling hat. The girl stood confronting an iron gray world, built up of mountains and storm clouds.

"Really going to face the weather?" said a voice from behind her, and a chilly-looking lady came forward, rubbing her

hands in self-congratulation. Elizabeth—that was the name in the copy of Browning in her bag—thought of number of the guineas in her purse, just. and of her promise to the Princess Pompil-ia to arrive at the Palazzo Pompiliani at a certain moment.

"I am really going," she said. "A storm on the Alps will be rather glorions.

She got into the diligence and put her face out to smile good-by. Strong brows, an intelligent, inquisitive line of slender nose, and a mouth with elastic curves suggested that this must have been a very

piquant face before the shadow of those, or other storm clouds fell on it. One good thing gained to her by the weather was that she had the diligence all to herself. Her first impression after she had planted her bag under her feet and settled herself in a corner was that she ought to sieze the opportunity afforded her for a However, she reflected that 'good cry." strength was to be in the future her only reliable friend. Now that she was putting these hard, gray mountains between her and the past, scarcely one look back could be safely adventured. Yet there was a glance with shaded eyes. Only yesterday she was a queen in her own world, queen of her father's heart and home. Now she was suddenly dethroned and bankrupt, her girlhood crushed under the ruins of her father's fortunes and the tragedy of his death. She knew that like things had hap-pened before in the world she had lived in. She remembered individually such a case.

Her regret for the sorrow of those people had hung about her the length of a morn-

ing, but she had danced with a spirit at a ball the same night. What, she wondered, had become of that So-and-So grl? Prob-ably she, too had gone out to be English governess to the daughter of some other your hand ?" Princess of the Pompilianis.

Elizabeth put out her hand-a long, Elizabeth opened her bag and rummaged slim hand, every line of which he knew. for a magazine, but it was the Browning He took it, and held it as coldly as he was that came to her hand. It was not merely able. They stood in open dawn, with caras Browning that she was taking the book nation-tinted glaciers above their heads, across the Alps with her; yet she would and the heavy green and purple draperies of the huge pines loomed up out of the abysses of the earth-shadows that still hung on the lower valleys. "You look cold and ill. Come in and tables, and fruit, neither sweets nor pastries of any kind being permitted on the rest while I order your coffee. Put your feet to this stove. Let me take your heavy table. Night came down early, the weather darkhat. I see you have no maid with you. Bear with my clumsy attentions." They had breakfast together, talking carefully, as people will talk who are both auxious to avoid a painful subject present to both minds. The hour for the starting door he enters a sedan chair, in which he itself, where he is transferred into a carof the diligence drew near. again. "Only one lady ?" he said, in English. The man looked at his watch. "Then I shall not intrude. I shall do very to the spot where the ramble begins. The ways part here," We have half an hour still. And now, Elizabeth, as we may well outside, driver." Elizabeth felt guilty, though relieved. never meet again, will you tell me-you who were so kind to a perishing fellow traveler, thinking him a stranger-tell me that you forgive me for writing you that abject letter." and works in the evenings. Elizabeth opened her eyes wide and gazed at him wonderingly.

"Well, thank you. I am glad to see "Those I have met with are rather above the average of civilized persons." "I did not know. I have not read your Existe

book." "Why should you? I hope you are go-ing to make a pleasant stay in Italy." "My destination is Rome—the Palazzo Pompiliani."

"How interesting ! And your father, too, is well ?" Elizabeth choked back a sob in the darkness.

"Well? Yes, I trust he is well," she muttered.

'And the old place looking as sweet and charming as ever !"

Here the two minds, looking out of mut-ual darkness, while the wind roared and the diligence shook and swung above the precipices, saw both the same scene. An English garden in the flush of June, high yew hedges with banks of brilliant flowers leaped against them.

There was a girl in a white dress, in a whiter heat of passion, and a man who had accused her of coquetry, standing a little ways from her with quiet eyes and a determined mouth. Manifestly it was a lover's quarrel, with the ending that is usual when the love is only on one side and the other belligerent has the advantage of being without a heart. Each of the minds in the coach summed up the evidence in this manner and arrived at an identical

conclusion. "And your cousin who had just got his jacket in the Horse Artillery?" said the "'Has be worn the jacket much?" "Jim has distinguished himself in Af-rica," said Elizabeth. "Not your part of Africa," she added, with a slightly wicked touch of scorn which she knew to be un-

"I understand, by the way, in my long absence, many changes among friends may have taken place. I have perhaps blundered in addressing you by your maiden name.

"I have encumbered myself with no new styles or titles. And you—for I am not a reader of the papers (a fib, for had she not read every review of his book !) you remind me that it is probable you are no longer a bachelor." "Writing a book in Central Africa does

not run to wooing."

"But your savages who are above the average of the civilized? You may never meet with such another opportunity." "I intend to return to that society. I

have only made a flying visit home to ar-range with my publishers." The travelers were clearly visible to each

other as the morning radiance penetrated into the interior of the diligence. Each stole a long and investigating look at the opposite face and figure. The woman ound that the man had grown bronzed and older, and that his mouth had got harder lines. The man saw the woman like the pale and spiritualized sister of a blooming girl who had plighted her troth to him three or four years ago. He noticed that her dress was black, of that particular degree of somberness which denotes the deepest mourning. "She had no one but a father." h

thought. But just then the diligence came up with

a rush to the door of the hotel on the summit of the pass and stopped there.

"Will you allow me to assist you to alight, Miss Wethered? Will you give me

The Aged Pontiff. Private Life of Pope Leo XIII, and His Simple Daily

The aged pontiff who dwells in the great vatican at Rome, and who rules the great-est sect in the world, is nearing the goal where the reaper awaits him-an end Leo XIII. awaits with Christian fortitude and wonderful calm. And yet he is not the de-crepit individual his great age-91 years-would indicate. Neither his public life would indicate. Neither his public life nor his home life would suggest that he stood so near the brink of the grave, for even at the best he cannot expect to live long. The public life all the world knows —his profound knowledge, his blameless life, his Christian democracy. Not so with the life he leads hidden away from all but the solution of cardinale from his physicians

the life he leads huden away from his physicians the college of cardinals, from his physicians and his body attendants. It is as a private individual that the pope is perhaps more interesting than as a great prelate. As the latter, he stands in the light of a

principle-the religious and moral guide of millions. As the former, he is an humble man, whose perfect life has won for him the respect of all the world, irrespective of belief or creed. As the mere individual he is watched over, nursed and cared for with a vigilance far greater than that extended to the head of a royal house.

As every one knows, the pope makes his home in the famous vatican a magnificent palace in Rome, surrounded by superb gardens. Since his accession to the papacy, Leo XIII. has not left the confines of the vatican gardens because of the conflict be-tween the church of Rome and the Italian government over the question of temporal power. So great is the vatican, however, so magnificent its appointments and art treasures, that so patient and philosophic a man as Leo XIII. does not feel the restraint that would seem irksome to most other beings.

And yet, despite the hundreds of rooms and salons and immense halls, the pope uses only three small apartments for himself, and one of these is the private chapel in which he celebrates mass every morning, as the church laws demanded. The most interesting of these rooms is the one in which he sleeps and works, a small narrow room comparatively pairing for the same stem. They are mutually irin which he celebrates mass every morning, as the church laws demanded. room, comparatively plainly furnished. In one corner stands a low hed of magnificent mahogany, embellished with solid gold and bearing on the foot-piece the inscription in gold, "Leo XIII."

gold, "Leo XIII." Above the head of the bed hangs a small oil painting of the Virgin, and Child, by one of the old masters. To the side of the bed within reach stands a low chiffonier,

The other rooms are a dining room, also simply furnished, with a semi-alcove adjoining, which is used as a reception room for the cardinals and favored visitors. Be-those who believe in Christian Science yond is the private chapel, the mural lecorations of which are famed for their any faith, without molestation, which does exquisite beauty. The floor is of onyx and gold abounds. The altar of solid gold s magnificent in the extreme.

In these few rooms the pope lives, save when in the gardens of the vatican or when saying pontifical high mass in St. Peter's. between 6 and 8 o'clock in the morning, is dressed and goes to breakfast, consisting of coffee and wheat bread. The simple meal over, he goes to his desk and attends to such business as may be presented to him by the cardinal camerlengothe real secretary of the church, and the o'clock he takes a cup of bullion in which

The dinner lasts until 3 o'clock,

tends to more work, or indulges in his fa-

breath is noted-his every move anticipated.

As often happens, Leo awakens during the night and rises to work, for his brain

is unceasingly active. At those times the watchers, his body servant and physician,

keep their respective eyes at the peephole to see that his holiness does not tire him-

self. In that manner he is somewhat con-

strained, but even he acknowledges that

he is careless at times and needs a restrain-

In fact, there is a sort of jolly warfare

between him and his physic an, Dr. Lap-poni, to whom he has to report himself

every day, whether he wills it or no. The

tors, despite their pills and drugs. Besides these faithful watchers there is

less. He stands until relieved, at the piazza rusticucci, near St. Peter's, and

watches a window in the vatican. Winter

and summer it has been open (since 1878)

in the daytime and lit by a lamp by night. That denotes, he knows, that Leo XIII. lives. But let that window be closed or

ing hand.

dained a priest, and three years after was made apostolic delegate to the province of Perngia. Shortly after he was made arch-bishop, and in 1853, at the age of 43, he became a cardinal.

The most important event in Cardinal Pecci's life took place February 7, 1878. At that time Pius IX. ruled the church and Pecci acted as cardinal camerlengo. At 3 o'clock in the morning of that day Pios, who had been ill for some time, called cardinals about and asked for a confessor. A humble Augustine monk, dressed in som-ber black, was called in and shrived the dying pontiff. Two hours later Pius was

At 7 o'clock in the morning the cardinal camerlengo entered the papal bedchamber and removed the white veil hiding the face of the dead pope. "Giovanni Mantai! Giovanni Mantai,

speak !" called Cardinal Pecci to the dead igure. No answer came from the cold lips and the cardinal tapped thrice upon the forehead of the former pope with a silver mallet and pronounced him dead. Then he drew from his finger the fisher ring, symbolic of the Apostle Peter. Six days later Cardinal Camerlengo Pec-

ci was elected pope, and on March 3, when 68 years of age, he was crowned with great pomp and splendor at St. Peter's.

A Hostile Religion.

Christian Science At Odds With Christianity and Common Sense.

Dr. J. M. Buckley, the editor of the Christian Advocate, did a most valuable service to sound action and clear thought by insisting that the Methodist Episcopal conference in session in Brooklyn in dis-missing a clergyman who had adopted Christian Science should use no language which implied that Christianity could treat Christian Science as a part of the great family to which itself belonged.

"Christian Science" is, as Dr. Buckley said, "a hostile religion. Many people, with sincere hearts and hazy heads, think reconcilable. They represent diametrically opposite views, theories, principle and practice on all the greater issues of life and of death. If one is right the other is wrong, and either men or women, clergy-

bed is a settee of red velvet, and at the foot stands an easy chair. That completes the enture furnishing of the room. The other rooms are a dinjug room also premises of the other are false. If one is true the other is left without base, founda-

> have the right, common to all, of holding not break the laws, among which is the

statute forbidding medical practice by an unlicensed practitioner. They are free to hold their services and make their converts. But it is also true that so far as both Christianity and science are concerned "Christian Science'' is a "hostile religion." Christian Science be true, both are false and based on a delusion and a snare, as is indeed pretty much everthing else on which sound thinking rests and which the long experience of the race, summed in modern civilization, teaches. To mistake this is to

Napoleon's Birthplace.

One of the Sights of Ajaccio Corsica. Tales of the Bonapartes. Letitia, the Peasant Mother of Kings, and Her Husband, the Impoverished Notary-The Boy Nicknamed "Straw Nose."

Aside from its natural beauties, the seof interest," its one attraction being the boyhood home of the greatest man of moded from its neighbors of equally unpreposs-essing exterior, except by a marble tablet above its closed door, inscribed in weather dimmed letters "Casa de Bonapart." Yet

it was evidently one of the best houses of its day in Corsica—a four storied, plain fronted structure, stuccoed yellowish gray, with tiled flat roof topped by a square observatory, and many windows shaded by the everlasting gray Ajaccio. Both square and street are entirely deserted, and your knocks upon the heavily timbered door bring no response, until at last a female voice behind the shutters of an adjacent house informs you that the concierge lives in the cottage at the end of the "Place." Thither you hie, with the result that the Bonapart door is finally unlocked by a dila-

tory old woman of voluble tongue, whose strange patois of mingled French, Spanish and Italian renders the information she pours forth well nigh null and void.

floor of the historic home—even the kitch-en being on the second. A short flight of stone stairs goes straight up from the front entrance, without the preliminary of lobby or hall. Under the stairs are closed doors,

or name of the starts are closer doors, suggesting offices. The house runs back a long way, and all this ground space once answered the manifold purpose of stable, barnyard and woodshed, sheltering the family cow, horse, pigs and fowls, accordextensive wine vaults and storage cellars, history recurs to your mind—how the young officer Napoleon, who had not yet won his spurs, escaped this way after his quarrel with the patriot General Paoli. The latter sent to arrest him as a traitor to the Consider design of the island confirm-ed the claim, declaring Napoleon's father and brother to be "nobles of a nobility ex-tending over two hundred years." How the handsome Letitia must have queened in that ball room ! It has no fewer cended to the wine vaults, and thence made his way to a vessel lying in port-al-ready hoisting her sails. Had he been taken he would surely have been shot, and the

Following the guide up the stairs—your hand on the same rusty iron rail which the hands of all the Bonaparts have pressed, and your feet in hollows of the stones which their feet have worn—you come to a broad landing at the second floor. On either side are slightly ornamented, double folding doors, and, looking up, you observe the same arrangement at the third and fourth floors, of shallow steps doubling back upon themselves to landings. After much fumb ling with her keys-nowadays seldom used the woman throws open the right hand door, and you enter a great square drawing room. There is but one window, and that is curtainless. Dingy tapestry adorns the walls, on which are several mirrors and thought and unstable intellection which in small pictures in frames of tarnished The floor is inlaid with hexagonal red flags, in the Corsican fashion. In the centre, under a crystal chandelier, stands a table of dark wood, with white marble top that looks like a tombstone, and around the four sides of the room, ranged in straight rows, as for a funeral, are at least twenty chairs and two high backed sofas, all upholstered in faded green silk brocade, and with slender claw footed legs. Nothing here looks the least bit homelike-though said to have been restored to precisely former state by the ex-empress Eugenie, who owns the house, it having been willed to her by Napoleon III.

Nativity—Joseph and Mary seated on alto-gether too modern chairs in a parlor, gaz-ing enraptured upon the Babe in a fine cradle, while outside and peering through the windows are the shepherds, just ar-rived and carrying satchels on their shoul-Aside from its natural beauties, the se-uested island capital is not rich in "points interest ?? it as a sense of humor in him, after all ! On the ern times. The guide book says it is the Rue San Cario, Place de Letitia; and on seeking the locality you are superior of house, representing the main the main the sector. mantelpiece is a marble bust of Eugenie's seeking the locality you are surprised to find a dirty alley, barely eight feet wide, faced by a square about the size of a bed blanket, but brilliant with flowers. The celebrated house is in no way distinguish predecessor has in it an element of the pitiful.

Letitia's room, with its once gravelyflowered but now dim and ghost-like paper, its scones and many mirrors in frames of faded gilt, contains little but a dilapidated spinning-wheel (relic of her peasant days) and the framework of a bed. The latter is painted in stone-gray monochrome, but in painted in stone-gray monocorrome, but in times long gone by it was doubtless gay with color and gilding, for the curves and beading of the head and footboards testify that it was the expensive style of bed known as "Un lit Pompadour." Several other anartments are shown

Several other apartments are shown. The fact that Carlo Bonaparte occupied so large a mansion, with the luxury of a ball room attached, seems to indicate a social prominence which refutes the stories of his extreme poverty and the slanders concerning the character of his wife. The oft-repeated statement that "Napolean was the son of a base-born As in all the older houses of the Latin world, there is little to be seen on the first and the wickeder insinuation that his father was not Letitia's husband were probably instigated by the Bourbonist enemy. Though money was so scarce in those days that the boy Napoleon was ridiculed by his schoolmates as a "mezza calzetta" (one without garters), and doubtless Mother Bonaparte found it difficult to provide even shoes and stockings for so many little feet -the feet which were afterward to climb the steps of thrones-we learn in Corsica that besides his unlucrative profession, this ground floor—so says the concierge—are Carlo Bonaparte was also a considerable extensive wine vaults and storage cellars, having side doors opening into the streets that surround the place on three sides. Like a flash, a long forgotten incident of history recurs to your mind how the

How the handsome Letitia must have queened in that ball room ! It has no fewer the Corsican cause. By a trap door in the floor of his room the future Emperor de-end, the rest being long and narrow panels set between the windows. Instead of the usual red tiles, its floor is a kind of primitive parquet, smooth enough yet for dancing, and its windows open to the ground,

history of Europe for the next quarter cen-tury would have made very different read-ing from that of today. AN EXACT RESTORATION. dressing glass above a rickety bureau. It shows the soldier's instinct, and might be in a barrack for the luxury displayed. There is the shell of a plain bedstead and two or three chairs, a shabby writing desk and a little cupboard in the wall, where his school books were kept. In the small fire place stands the same old andirons, and beside it is a card table, with checker board attachment, where perhaps he practiced with ivory pawns the moves he afterwards made with the kings and queens of Europe. The fact that to him alone, of all the eleven children, was given a room on the parlor floor is proof that he early assumed the direction of the family. His father died at the age of 39, and Letitia had only her sons to depend upon. It is recorded that Cardi-

hardly have acknowledged that it was for the hand-writing of the word Elizabeth in the front page corner. She held the book close, though she did not open it, and her desire for the magazine appeared forgot-

ness hastening its fall. At a point in the road a long whistle signaled the driver of the diligence, who thereupon came to a stop. A man opened the door of the ve-hicle, made a step to get in, but drew back

As the vehicle swung on and she lay back in her corner, she was disturbed by an echo, something in the ring of the voice that had spoken at the door out of the darkness. She had pushed the Browning away from her. Now the storm came down in earnest, a dry, scattering wind, freezing as the breath of icebergs ; it seemed to her that at any moment coach and horses and freight might ride off on the gale down the

precipice. As the night wore on and the cold grew

more intense, she heard the outside traveler coughing, the man who had equal right with herself to the shelter of an inside seat. Was she going to be so selfish or so prudish as to give over this fellow creature to suffering, perhaps danger, for the gratification of her preference for privacy? She watched her opportunity and commun-

She watched her opportunity and commun-icated with the driver. "Will you tell the gentleman," she said in German, "that the lady requests him to come inside of the coach ?" A safe halting place was chosen, and the outside passenger got into the comfortable interior. He she had the the set

interior. He thanked the lady and retired into an opposite corner, and his few words were spoken in German. There was no mistake about the voice this time. What had seemed a mere echo on the wind from her own brain had become a reality. The impossible had come to pass. She smiled a little pained smile in the impenetrable darkness of her wrappings. The man slept, but Elizabeth was wake

ful. The storm was unabated. One or two wild-looking stars looked through

rents in the masses of dark clouds. Another hour passed. The man woke, stirred, sat up and struck a match.

"Excuse me," he said, "I want to see what o'clock it is."

Taken by surprise, Elizabeth allowed her open-eyed face to be revealed by the puny flame, which also lit up for the moment the clear-cut features of the fellow-traveler, a resolute mouth and chin, thinking forehead, and calm gray eyes holding more latent tenderness in their depths than do the eyes of most women.

"Eliz-!"

The tiny phosphor-flash vanished; the two sat in the darkness as before, and the mountains thundered.

Elizabeth passed in an instant through an exercise which to a woman is something like what the buckling on of armor must be to a man.

"Do you think the match was extin-guished before it fell? A diligence on fire in a storm in the Alps would make quite a thrilling paragraph for the London morn-

ing papers." "I believe it is safe," said the man, and "I believe it is safe," said the man, and the slight shake in the voice that had named her was gone from it. "How do you do, Miss Whethered ?"

"What abject letter ?"

"The letter I wrote you the day after we parted."

"I never got a letter from you since that evening.' "You never got that letter ?"

"Never, assuredly. What-"" She checked herself.

"What did I say in it, Elizabeth? Only that I loved you-that I was ashamed of my jealous words, and prayed you to forgive me. And you ?'

"I thought the same," murmured Eliza. beth. You went from me angry, and I knew no more."

The half hour was too short to hold the words that followed, but the fellow travelers finished the journey together, and the Princess Pompilia is in search of an Euglish governess .- From Mainly About People.

Big Fund for Poor Students.

doctor asserts his authority, however, and like a good patient Leo submits and laugh-ingly vows that he will outlive all his doc-The will of Ella McPherson, widow of Senator John R. McPherson, was filed for probate in Jersey City on Tuesday. The another, of whom the world knows even

The will creates a trust fund in charge of Aaron S. Baldwin, of Hoboken. Mrs. McPherson's only child, Mrs. Ella C. Mnir, is given the income of the estate during her life. After the death of Mrs. Muir and Mr. Baldwin provision is made for the distribution of the estate as follows:

\$10,000 to the Emergency hospital of Wash-ington, D. C.; \$50,000 to Christ's hospital and the residue to assist poor and indigent students at Yale university. The will was signed the day before Mrs. McPherson's

-Says a writer : Heredity is a mean

refuge. A man who is old enough and saue enough to realize the consequences of his deeds, and to be responsible for them, ought to take the blame of his misdemeanors. To say that he inherits a crav-

ing for alcohol or vice, and therefore must indulge in it, is a babyish way of shifting a responsibility. He who does evil deliber-ately and intentionally does it by his own will, and not by his ancestors." That it may be more different to be be a set of the set

may be more difficult for him to overcome be admitted without conceding the point that one is under greater obligation to the who pleads

Then more all ages has led first to mental delusion and work is done until 2 o'clock, when dinner later to moral disaster. - Philadelphia Press. is served. This meal consists of soup, meat, vege-

papal

Bre'r Rabbit Is An Outlaw.

Governor Signs the Bill for Shooting Him at All Sea-

when the pope rises and passes through the various corridors and rooms of the vatican, "Bre'r Rabbit" has been officially declarwhere he greets the prelates and blesses those who seek his benediction. At the ed an outlaw.

Governor Stone signed the bill making it lawful "for the owner or lessee of any is carried by liveried servants to the park premises which are enclosed, within this Commonwealth, to kill on said premises at any and all seasons of the year, for their own protection, but not for sale." Under this act the rabbit is virtually riage, which takes him some distance away

pope is usually dressed in a red cloak and a red pontificial hat, and is accompanied shorn of all the protection of laws, for it is admitted that, while the statute against by some prelates or by his nephew. Count killing out of season still applies to non-Peeci, and a body guard of his Swiss sol-diers. In summer Leo takes his walks in the early mornings to avoid the great heat owners of the property on which the ani-mal is killed, the manifest difficulties in the way of proving non-ownership of the place of the killing practically open the way to indiscriminate rabbit hunting, re-Returned from his walk the pope takes a glass of Bordeaux wine and a cracker, atgardless of seasons.

The bill was introduced by Representavorite pastime of versifying, and then pre-pares for bed. Once in his couch the pope is watched over until he awakens in the tive Morrison, of Mercer, and had the support of a large majority of the members from farming districts. Its preamble tells morning. In the wall opppoite the bed is its story as follows : a hole, through which every movement of the aged pontiff can be seen. His every

"The protection given to rabbits by the various acts of Assembly of this Common-wealth, prohibiting the killing of the same except during short seasons of the year, had so increased their number that they have become a nuisance to farmers and others engaged in the raising of fruits and vegetables."

Doctors Pierced His Heart.

It Was Four Inches Larger Than Normal and They Cut it In Operating For Dropsu.

Frank Seiler, whose heart extended four inches beyond the space occupied by the normal heart, caused consternation on Saturday among the surgeons at the city hos-pital at San Francisco. Seiler went to the hospital to be treated for pains in the chest. There being evidences of dropsy, it was de-cided to tap him. The needle was driven in at a point four inches from the place ordinarily occupied by the heart. Instead of dropysical fluid the needle caused a flow of blood. The patient collapsed and in a short time died on the operating table.

An autopsy revealed the fact that the heart was badly affected, being several times larger than normal, and that the needle had pierced the right ventricle. As the surgeons could detect no heart tones before they began the operation, no precantion would have prevented the accident. The man had dropsy. The autopsy show-ed that, but the fluid was not where it

stood as a great sentinel in the lumber forests of Knox township, Clearfield county, and which has been admired by hundreds, was felled on the job of Samuel Mountain and Clarence Witherow recently. It measured seven and one half feet across the stump and cut five logs which scaled 7,109 feet. Thus one by one, says the *Public* Spirit, these old forest land marks are van-ishing and very shortly the last raft will go

-The incident is closed. With credit to them both : For Funston he took Aggie, And Aggie took the oath. -Chicago Tribune. OFFICE OF NAPOLEON'S FATHER.

Adjoining this is the study, or private of-fice, of Napoleon's father, M. Cario-Maria Bonaparte, who, as you know, was a solicitor, without much practice and proud as he was poor. If this was his furniture he must have been rather extravagant for an inuse nave been rather extravagant for an impecunious notary. Even the dressing case is a gem, "of purest ray serene." It is very large and elaborate, made of choic-est inlaid woods, all the borders and pig-eon holes jeweled with elegant little pla-ques of lapis lazuli and other costly stones. How one yearns to run away with that bureau, whose counterpart, aside from his-toric associations, probably does not exist ! The several mirrors (how fond those Bonapartes must have been of looking at themselves, for there are at least one hundred in the house) are in delicate frames of lacework filigree, the gilding long since darkened like the fortunes of the family. The exquisitely carved mantlepiece of white marble represents Venus and Cupid at play; and the floor is tiled, like the terrace outside, upon one end of which the long win-

dow opens. This terrace, by the way, is an important feature of the place. It runs back at right angles to the study, along the whole length of the house, serving as an outdoor means of communication with all the rooms on that side. No doubt it was a safe and favorite playground for all the little Bona-partes, being screened off to the height of six feet by a trellis overgrown with greenery. It is still a charming place, compared to the gloom inside, though overlooked by the backs of tall, dilapidated old cases, on whose rotting balconies long lines of manyhued "washings" hung out to dry flap pic-turesquely in the breeze.

WHERE NAPOLEON WAS BORN.

The third room is merely a passage between the sleeping apartments of papa and mamma Bonaparte; but, strange to say, it is most interesting of all, because right here the great Napoleon was born. History tells us that Madame Letitia was unexpectedly taken ill while attending mass in

ly called, and she was hurried home; but -Last week a giant red oak which had so rapid was the march of events that it was impossible to carry her beyond the spindle-legged sofa in this passageway. The "Man of Destiny" seems to have been master of the situation, even at his advent into the world. Besides the historical couch, whose severe outlines must have made it extremely uncomfortable, there is little else in the tiny room, except the wreck of a sedan chair, once respleadent with gilding and carving and lining of crimson plush—the same in which Madame Bonaparte made her hasty journey from

nal Fesch, uncle of the Bonaparte boys, said to the jealous Joseph : "Yes, you are the oldest; but remember, Napoleon is its head."

What of the family life that once went on there? These moldy walls tell few tales —but no doubt the afterward illustrious family had its joys and sorrows, its petty quarrels, its loves and hopes, just like oth-er folk. Faucy sees the well born young bridegroom, only 18, bringing home his beautiful child bride of 14 years—Letitia Ramoline, of peasant birth, but of fortune much superior to his own. How little they thought that they were destined to become the parents of a race of princes, who should practically rule the whole of Europe—that fame was going to shower imperial crowns upon that humble roof! There is not a tale in the Thousand and One of the Ara-bian Nights which compares with the history of this family—the poor little notary in his struggles to make ends meet, and his eternal but always unsuccessful lawsuits against the Jesuits of Ajaccio, until he went to his rest before middle age; the Juno-like Letitia, who remained a peasant to the last day of her long life-hardy, un-sentimental, frugal and not always scrupulous. She was a woman of heroic mold, unmoved in prosperity and undaunted in adversity. Napoleon strongly resembled his mother in childhood, and to her he owed his tremendous physical endurance. Such a number of children as came to this home !

The two eldest, a boy and a girl, died in infancy. Then came Joseph, baptized in the little Corsican church as Nabulione; then (in 1769) Napoleon, or rather Napolione, as the church record shows. Nine others followed in quick succession, six of whom lived to share their brother's great-

still in possession of all her faculties. The girls are said to have been rather wild and careless, like their neighbors in wild and careless, like their neighbors in the half barbarous island town; but they turned out pretty well after all. Caroline became Queen of Naples; Pauline, a Prin-cess of Italy; and Eliza, the worst of the lot, a no less illustrious princess of the same country. As to the boys—Joseph was King of Spain; Louis, King of Hol-land; Jerome King of Wasthalia; and land ; Jerome, King of Westphalia ; and Napoleon, greatest of all—whom his school-mates nicknamed "Straw Nose" and ridiculed because his stockings were always down over his shoes, when he was able to wear stockings at all-well everybody knows what happened to him.

FANNIE B. WARD. Philadelphia Record.

Left \$10.000 for a Dog.

Miss Ellen A. Griffin, who years ago was prominent socially, died on Friday morn-ing in a plainly furnished room at No. 47 East Eleventh street, New York. Curled at the foot of the bed upon which she lay was a little black and tan dog. Dandy Jim, which, with the canary swinging in the cage near the window, had been her only

companion for many years. Althougn Miss Griffin was reputed to be worth \$150,000 when she died, for years she had been a recluse. A few days before Miss Griffin died she drew her will. In it was a bequest of \$10,000 which she gave to Mary McGivney, the housekeeper of the house, in which she lived, for the care and Bonaparte made her hasty journey from church on that eventful day. On a corner table, in a safe angle of the wall, is a large and curious carving in ivory, which the care-taker says Napoleon sent from Egypt to his mother. It oddly represents the

the Cathedral. Her sedan chair was quick-

dark and the caribinier will know at once that the soul of the pontiff has gone to that bourne from which no traveler-e'er re-Aside from these phrases of the pope's private life and the fact that he was 91 should have been. years of age on the 2nd of March, some in-

cidents of his early life, before he became even a priest, are of much interest. To begin, he was born in 1810 at Carpiento, Italy, and christened Vincentio. This name he bore until he was graduated as a doctor of laws, when he took the name of

Latin and mathematics. The pope, at-tracted by the young man's abilities, used his influence to obtain the finest teachers for him. At 28 the future pope became down the Susquehanna.