Bellefonte, Pa., May 3, 1901.

JOHNNY'S COMPLAINT.

Things ain't what they uster be Since baby's in the house,

I've got tew gumshoe 'round, an' gee! Be quiet ez a mouse.

There can't a single thing be did-I dassun't jump er race. I wish the stork wat brought the kid

Had went some other place. Folks frown an' want ter put me out

Fer any little noise.

They never seem to think about The time when they wuz boys. I git no chance ter spin me top Er wrassel with the pup,

Fer everybody's sayin': "Stop! You'll wake the baby up." Spose I want ter slide down stairs. You hear a nawful kick; The family seems ter all be bears,

It's nuff ter make yer sick. A feller dassn't roller skate Er sing tunes through a comb, An' if he drums he hears, "Just wait Until your pop comes home.

You ain't allowed ter bounce a ball. You dassn't shoot off caps, You can't play marbles in the hall. That kid's so full of naps.

'N' if you sneak up stairs ter play, First thing there's someone peepin' Who says: "Stop, Johnny, right away, Yer baby brother's sleepin. 'N' if you whistle in a key

Er try ter play the bones The folks are cross as cross kin be If only baby moans. It's "Do keep still," er "Now be good," But, jimminy, wat's de use,

Fer when yer tryin' all you could You're sure ter git the duce Things ain't like wat they uster be,

They're gittin' worse each day; Since baby's come it seems ter me Folks think yer oughtn't ter play. There can't a single thing be did-I dassn't jump er race.

I wish the stork what brought that kid Had went some other place.

- Thos. E. Orb, in Philadelphia Record.

COULDN'T LOSE HIM.

The boy came at 7:30 p. m. and stayed. I did not want him. I knew that the moment might come when his presence would be positively obnoxious, yet I could not get rid of him. He was well-meaning (in so far as he could be said to have a meaning), light-haired, long-legged.

He sat on the sofa, and put himself into 32 distinct attitudes, not one of which was graceful. I could not exactly tell him to go, and anything short of that he disre-

He wore a pink striped waistcoat and blue tie.

He did not admire me; his idol was in short frocks and fuzzy hair. Other boys worship the seasoned belle, but his taste in enslavers was the only one peculiar thing about him. I never cared for the very young attached to me; and the very young

despairing for another is even worse.

He did not even talk of Her. I wished he had. I would have sympathized to the best of my power. Presumably, I was too antique in his estimation (I was 27) to take an interest in such things. He talked of love, to make up for his silence on the nearer subject. I listened and wearied and took out the fancy work I kept for the Boy, and never finished.

He spoke with the supe structing the ignorant. I was, I am afraid, absent-minded, and he languished after

I offered him sweets, and insulted him into a ruby blush.

After that he stared sadly at me, as if he had come for no other purpose than to feast his eyes for one last time on my adored features.

He was very like the immortal Toots. At last the conversation got upon its legs, and in a rickety fashion managed to keep moving.

The marriage question (not the improper marriage question) seemed to interest him greatly. He did not ask for my advice, but merely soliloquized at some length. He mentioned the desirability of early marriages; the impossibility of asking a girl to share ten shillings a week: the expense of bringing up a young family; there was the education of the sons and the portion of the daughters.

'You would not educate them?" I inquired, smothering an incipient laugh. He thought he would let them choose between an education and an income. "Besides, they might marry."

"To be sure," I assented. "And there might be grandchildren." A puzzled look crossed the Boy's face; he had not thought of the grandchildren.

'O, that would be all right," he said, after a short silence. "A man is only responsible for his own family. Directly responsible, of course."

Here I threaded a needle. "But there is no harm in looking at things from all However, we had plunged far into

futurity, even for the Boy; he took another bypath from the same thoroughfare. 'I think it very wrong for people to throw obstacles in the way of marriage,"

he remarked, solemnly. "But, on the other side," then said I, "it would never do to encourage the thing too much; if the couple quarreled they would lay the blame of the position on

This was evidently a new idea; he pondered on it some time.

The Man came in, sat down, and waited. 'People might sometimes interfere unintentionally," the Boy said, reflectively.
"They might," I agreed—I hope not

grimly.

The Man looked at the clock and fidgeted. "Is that the right time?" he asked. "Two minutes slow," said the Boy. "Thanks," said the Man. "I have to

catch the 8:35 train." My needle would not thread. Then I "So soon !" and "When do you return ?"

"I don't know," he answered. "It depends."
"Don't get fever at the Rock," said the Boy, paternally. "I have known such lots of fellows go off like you and they never

come back " "I hope this will be an exception," I said. (O, would no one take the Boy away

and bury him?)

"Thank you," said the Man. The Boy got up—was he going? He merely looked at a photograph over the mantelpiece and sat down again. 'That is a nice-looking girl," he remarked. "Some people think appearance everything. Now, I notice carefully how

a girl acts to everybody, and learn her all

round, then make up my mind."

"Does it take long?" I inquired (with polite interest, I hope; how I longed to stick my crewel needle into him.)

(the Boy's mind had wandered.) "To learn her all around?" "Not very long. Of course, it depends-The man who had been staring at the ceiling began to hunt savagely through six months old magazine. (Ting-ting-ting-ting-tingting.)

I wish he would go—the Boy O! I wished. Could one be di "I wonder," I said, "I won you post a letter for me?" "With the greatest pleasure," said the Boy. "For the country."
"Yes, for the country." "For the country?"

(O! my evil star!)
"O! that's all right," he said. "I need not run with it." Then, in an explanatory tone: "You see the next post out is tomorrow morning. Any time till ten will

My heart sank. The Man who had looked up hopefully turned to the frontispiece once more.

If he would -would absorb the conversation, there might still be a chance. Yet, if the Boy found himself too well entertained he might stay forever. But the Man was by this time in such a state of nervous irritability as to be incapable of conversation.

His very boots expressed his desire to summarily eject the Boy. How I wished he would! "Our friend is suffering already from home sickness," said that wretched super-

I laughed the tears into mine eyes, and pricked myself badly. "Have you seen that sketch?" said the

Man at length, handing me the paper. Something on the page, written in pencil, interested me considerably. "What is that?" asked the Boy, con-

descendingly.
"Harper's," said the Man. "Have they changed the cover, then?" he inquired; "it will get mixed with Pear-

"It is Pearson's," said the Man; "I made a mistake. What do you think of it?" he turned to me. 'It seems a bit startling," said the Boy. I looked up, and my eyes met the Man's. "Have you a pencil?" I asked. coura-eously. "I should like to mark this."

geously. I wrote a tiny note in the margin; only one word, in fact. "I always annotate books," approved

the Boy.

The Man took the magazine and looked at the page; he looked happier than he at the page; his entrance. "Thank you," he said, so fervently that

he aroused the Boy's curiosity.
"May I look?" he asked. is poetry."
"It is poetry," said the Man. nicest verse I have ever seen."

He looked regretfully at the clock and at the Boy and me. "I am afraid I must—"
"Must you?" said the Boy, cheerfully; 'that's the best of living on the spot; we need never hurry away."

"Have you oiled your door lock?" asked the Man. "It was very stiff when I last I put down my work. "I must see

what I can do," I said; I felt happy enough to laugh. If the Boy would only stay on the sofa he might come again and stay ten He jumped up. "I'll help him to lever the door open," he said. "It wants stronger

hands than yours; I can post that letter "It is on the hall table," I told him.

"O, that's all right. I can get it when I go out," he said. "Good-by."
He politely waited till the senior had had his inning. "Till I return then," said the Man.

"I thought you did not know if you were returning," said the Boy.
"I have made up my mind," he replied. "Good-by."

They were in the hall. The door opened again and there was the Man. "I had to," he said, breathlessly, after the first two seconds. "Confound that fellow. Don't mind, dear; they are to last

me a long time." 'Mind !

"Look here, you'll lose that train," said the Boy, opening the door. The Man had managed to get a good deal out of four seconds, but all the same he

swore, and it is odd how it relieved my feelings. When their steps sounded down the path I went to the window and raised it; as they passed the Man tried to look round the Boy, who was between us, but dodged him unsuccessfully. I watched them growing smaller and smaller with the lamps until they were out of sight then I tore

it upstairs, locked it in the trinket box, where it is still. The Boy was a nice boy, and I could not find it possible to hate him, even though he spoiled the Evening of my life.

out the page of a magazine, and, carrying

I think of it now that he is stout and fatherly, and in my heart is amusement, exasperation, and something far more bit-

Because the Man never came back. Rock fever killed him .- Black and White.

A Soldier's Opinion of the Philippines.

Mrs. Viola Suyder, of Reward, Perry county, has made public a letter just received from her brother, Simon Wert, who is serving in the United States army at Sorsogon, in the Philippines. He expects to come home in June. The following is the letter in part :

"The army is getting worse every day. I just came off another seven-day hike and am very tired. Many of the boys are sick, but none have died lately. I think these islands are only a bunch of trouble gathered together on the western horizon of civilization. They are bounded on the north by rocks and destruction; on the east by cannibalism and earthquakes; on the south by moonsoons and typhoons, and on the west by hoodooism and smugglers. The climate is a combination of electrical

changes adapted to raising cane." "The soil is extraordinarily fertile, especially adapted for raising large crops of insurrection and trickery. The inhabiinsurrection and trickery. The inhabitants are very industrious, the chief occupation being trench building, making bolos and re-loading Remington cartridges. Their amusements are cock-fighting, Monte Carlo, theft and cheating, which is always done on Sunday. Their chief diet is boiled rice, stewed rice and fried rice and rice. The native is only a friend at the muzzle

The climate is pleasant and healthful for roaches, tarantulas, scorpions, centipedos, snakes and alligators. The soil is adapted for raising foul odors and breeding diseases. In short these islands are a Godforsaken, cannibalized, Aguinaldo-infested blot on the face of this great earth, being mis-placed on this for some other planet.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Physician's Fees. Cases in Which Great La Have Been Demanded—

Doctors. uspend judgment up-Walter C. Browning's iered against the estate her L. Magee, until all wn on both sides. If, as avers, a hill on this scale

ced monthly and accepted withprotest the case would present one spect. If no such bills were found in Senator Magee's papers it would present another. In this, as in all claims for professional attendance, it is not the general impression, often erroneous, as to what is a fair payment, but the precise facts surrounding the individual charge which determine its justice and decide its payment.
When Samuel J. Tilden died his physi-

cian, Dr. Charles E. Simmons, presented a bill for daily attendance during seven years and eleven months which the papers of the day said aggregated \$143,000. a report which neither Dr. Simmons nor the trustees would contradict and which a private settlement gave tlement gave no opportunity to verify. Vice President Wheeler's estate faced a post-mortem charge for \$14,800 for medical services and, as he had left his estate to missions and charity, the payment of the bill was opposed. President Garfield's death caused the most serious revision of medical estimates of just fees. The surgeons in attendance, most of them continuously for some ten weeks, asked \$65,970 and received \$27,500. Dr. D. W. Bliss presented a bill for \$25,000. and was cut down by Congress to \$6,500, while Dr. Agnew's claim for \$14,700 was reduced to \$5,000. This was twenty years ago, when the fees of physicians were more moderate than today; but the charges made by these physicians, while ruthlessly razed by the "board

of audit," made up of William Lawrence, first comptroller; W. W. Upon, second comptroller, and James Gilfillan, treasurer, were no larger than usage justified. Jay Gould was at this time paying his physician, Dr. Munn, \$15,000 a year, sick or well, a frugal arrangement comparable with that which led Mr. Gould to have his monogram on his yacht, the Atlanta, made removable whenever it appeared to facilitate a sale. Dr. George F. Shrady, who had an unpleasant experience in collecting his bill from General Grant's estate, records, 1894, in a magazine article, a physician's fee of \$78,000 for attending a millionaire's daughter for two months, another of \$60,000 for attendance on a yachting

cruise of less than eix months and \$25,000

for a flying trip from New York to San Francisc If this bill had been rendered to John W. Mackey he would not have paid it, as he contested in 1893 a bill of \$12,500 from the surgeons, Dr. Keeney and Dr. Morse, who took a 38-caliber bullet out of his back, though the first thing he did after he was well was to present his accounts as executor of a brother millionaire's estate, in which he had paid a lawyer \$26,700 for piloting the will through the various pitalls which sundry matrimonial eccentricities of the testator had put in the way of a successful probate. Perhaps the banner medical fee was paid in 1768 by Empress Catharine of Russia to Dr. Dimsdale for inoculating her with smallpox, \$50,000, \$10,000 for expenses and a pension of \$2, 500 for life, worth at his age, 56, about \$50,000 more. Prof. Zacharine, of Moscow, had \$60,000 for a two days' visit on the czar. The physician's fee who attended Edward VII through typhoid fever,

while still prince, was \$50,000 for four weeks' visits. This is a trifle by \$150,000 paid by H. R. H. the Nawab Rampur to an Anglo-Indian surgeon for three months' work on his rheumatism. By the side of this \$5,000 and expenses which Dr. Charcot charged the Emperor of Brazil for going to definite time, or even recovering, after hav- and the lower limbs. The work of the visiting the King of Portugal in Brussels

seem small. peror Frederick, but this report was mere guesswork. When Sir Andrew Clark visited a millionaire at Nice he charged \$25,000 for the trip and made the matter known by announcing that he had kept one-fifth and given the rest to the two charitable institutions connected with his profession. In 1886 a discussion which found its way into English medical journals estimated the yearly returns of Sir William Jennes. Sir William Gull and Sir Andrew Clark at an average of \$60,000. London physicians' fees are however, lower than here. A suit in 1893 showed that the head of the West London hospital, Mr. Keetley, charged but \$2,000 for a surgical trip to Burgos and the jury cut this to \$1,750. Dr. Shrady in his article already quoted put the income of three physicians in New York at to \$60,000 and of fifty from \$20,000 to \$30,-000, a far remove from the semi-annual payments made by Henry III in 1546 to his "sergeant apothecary," Nicholas Ferne-

ham, May 16, £30 12s 6d and October 12, £28 3s 10d. The growth and increase of physicians' fees is far from over. Dr. Shrady's estimate of New York professional incomes would be higher to-day and the charge for single pperations and visits has risen still more. Dr. B. L. Robinson, of Macleau, New York, a man not widely known, charged a wealthy and proceeded to resume training. esident \$1,000 for each of ten visits in July, 1899. A distinguished surgeon in a sum for an operation, charged, by previous arrangement, \$2,500 a day for each of three means were not large. Fees from \$1,000 to \$5,000 for a single operation are no longer unusual, though the physicians who can charge them are. Nor must it be forgotten that those who made these charges give a set of very solid bandages about his neck, hospital work than any other class in the piration difficult. community. No man or woman unable to lack of means. If such a case needs such advice it can always be obtained without preparing for the university.

money and without price. Large as some of these fees may sound to the lay ear, there is nothing in the estates physicians leave, after long years of arduous labor, which shows an income disproportionate to the higher prizes of the community. When the appraisers of the estate of Dr. D. Hayes Agnew filed their inventory it was \$177,107, and the final adjudication of the estate of Dr. William Pepper was announced in the orphans' court as \$595,-185. The estates of two eminent physicians whose deaths occurred in the past four years were one somewhat smaller and the somewhat larger than the last of these figures.—Philadelphia Press

Outgrown.

Tess-Is that Miss Waite? She's getting awfully big and stout, isn't she? Jess-Yes, ridiculously so. Tess-Ridiculously? Why do you say

Jess-Her first name is "Birdie."

Escaping from Siberia.

How Russian Convicts Manage to Secure Freedomthe Signal in the Window—Unfortunates to Whom Even Liberty is Not a Blessing Unalloyed—Help from Sympathetic Visitors.

Recent developments in Russia have served to direct public attention anew to the state of affairs in the vast Muscovite realm. This is the time of year when the wretched creatures condemned to a life of practical serfdom in Siberia make their most strenuous endeavors to escape. Practically in no part part of Siberia is imprisonment so much to be dreaded as in the mines of Kara. Spring is considered the best time to make the break for liberty, as then the rigors of a Siberian winter are passed and there is then more chance of

Many miles of desolate territory must be crossed, and in the dead of winter such attempts are futile, for the despairing convict only escapes from serfdom to die of exposure or starvation on the bleak Siberian lesert. Yet, foolhardy as it may seem, many do make the struggle for freedom, preferring probable death in this form to the miseries of the prison pen.

GUIDES ALWAYS READY. Once the wretches have eluded the sharp eyes of the guards and escaped from the prison proper there is always some guide to direct them for the first hundred miles or so. Night is the time for the attempt, and in the darkness some succeed. After the prison is left behind then all traveling is done under cover of darkness. When a village is reached all is dark and still, save at one cot, where a light is ever burning in the window. There the desperate refugee knows he may find friends and perhaps shelter during the coming day.

FOOD FOR REFUGEES. The system of convict pens is not conloned by the natives, and they are ready to be of any possible assistance. Of course, this must be done with the greatest secrecy as detection might mean the same fate for the cottager and all his family. Therefore the greatest caution must be observed. In the window a little table is placed, on which stands a lamp, a plate and a jug. When the cottager and his family sit down to their frugal meal a choice morsel is selected and set on the plate, while the jug is filled for the ever-expected unfortunate

wayfarer. When the hospitable night sheds her cloak of secrecy over the world the convict, leaving his place of concealment, steals up to the lighted window and, pushing it open. takes the plate and jug and refreshes himself for the next stage of his long, dreary march to liberty. But where to go? Doubtless his former happy home has been destroyed his family scattered. He cannot rcturn to see, for detection is doubly sure where he is known. The only resort is to plod to some neighboring village, where perchance he may learn some news of the

And all this misery for what? Because, forsooth, he may have been suspected of disloyalty to his ruler, or he may only have incurred the hatred or ill-will of the local police. Little wonder that the present uprising throughout the realm is assuming alarming proportions. The voice of civilization, official edicts, royal ukases may have ameliorated these desperate conditions somewhat, but the system of Siberian banishment is built on a poor foundation, and it can be only a matter of time when a vast upheaval will bring about a change in conditions in Russia

A Remarkable Athlete.

He Performs Great Feats and Yet His Neck is Broken.

Recent instances of people living an in- naked arm, around the chest and abdomen ing broken their necks, have become so worm is over. common as to no longer elicit wonder. But young athlete who, his neck being broken ing, squirming, to a conquering, proud naas before.

The name of this young prodigy is Albert Couro Fiero, and he is now training for a mile run. His injuries were received several months ago, while engaged in some tumbling feats in the gymnasium of the University of Chicago. This happened on wonder was expressed by the physicians that young Fiero was not killed or even

Young Fiero was ordered to bed by the attending physician, and to bed he wentvery much against his will-and remained there four weeks. A harness was devised by the physicians to hold his head in place, the examination showing that the third over \$100,000, of five or six at from \$50,000 | cervical vertebra had been dislocated and a ligament in the neck fractured.

For three weeks young Fiero wore his harness, and then bluntly refused to wear it any longer. Not only did he refuse to wear it any longer, but he pointed with There were dainty green shoulder straps, great indignation to the fact that he had gained 14 pounds while lying in bed-a condition of affairs by no means consistent with his chances of winning the one-mile run for which he was in training. So, to the amazement of everybody, particularly the doctors, he went back to the gymnasium

He was, however, forced to discard the tumbling feats in which he had taken so neighboring city, after imposing a round much delight, and in one of which he had broken his neck. But at running he seemed as adept as ever, and, barring a days of special attendance in a family where certain slowness of movement, the result the rest of that summer and winter, havof three weeks of inactivity and increased weigh the showed remarkable speed.

Young Fiero presents a curious spectacle larger sharge of their time to unpaid which would seem likely to make his res-

The young man's past record in athletics pay, it may be safely said, has ever been is very remarkable. He won six out of without the best medical or surgical advice available in any American city merely for as other records at the Howe military school, at Lima, Ind., where he was then

> Lost His Stomach But Saved His Life. Paul Krueger has no stomach. It was

> removed in the hospital of the Illinois Medical college in Chicago six days ago. Krueger had the alternative of dying within a week or two of a cancer that involved the whole stomach or dying on the operating table, for the chance or saving his life was infinitesimal. He choose to take the chance, and Dr. B. B. Eads, professor of surgery in the college, removed the whole stom

Krueger lived throughout the ordeal and now he is alive and on the road to recovery, minus the organ once deemed absolutely necessary to life. Only three successful operations for the removal of the stomach are on record.

At First Sight.

"I loved you," he raved, "from the first one for the men and women. night I had your father's rating in Brad-

Clothes of Silk that are Spun Upon the Body.

Probably no country on earth is more interesting to the traveler on the lookout for queer things and unusual experiences than the Silvas of the Amazon, and here is a story about an Indian tribe of that re-

gion told that can hardly be beaten: These particular Indians were continually bent on discovery and experimenting. says Mr. Axtell. Somehow they had come into possession of some silkworms. These worms were not known before in that country, and most of them died before the natives found out how to raise them. But they persevered, and, by feeding them on the tender leaves of some native plants, produced a good quality of silk, not so good as the Chinese product by feeding the worms on white mulberry leaves, nevertheless a strong, serviceable silk, certainly good enough for the dusky bodies of these savages, for this silk has not yet become an article of commerce.

Their method of obtaining silk and transforming it into garments was crude. When the moths laid the eggs the natives carried them in great quantities in belts about their bodies thus giving the eggs the oody heat. At the end of winter the eggs were hatched and the result was an army of caterpillars. These were trained to crawl over the naked bodies of the natives. This was there home. They knew no other, and seemed quite contented.

During eight weeks the savage is covered with these yellow crawlers. It would seem that thousands of creeping caterpillars over one's body from head to foot would tickle one to death. Certainly, a white man would find it unbearable, but it must be remembered these natives of Brazil are scarcely human. To them it is intensely interesting to train these worms in the way they should go. Small bits of leaves are stuck on the bodies of the natives in regular rows, and round and round the worms go, feeding on the way. The natives help each other in the placing of bits of leaves and in confining the worms in

certain localities on the body.

These caterpillar-covered "niggers," as Dr. F. A. Marsh, who was of our party, called them, sleep on their backs at night and are careful not to turn over in their sleep. That would be a sad calamity. When we came to their village there were ten Indians, men and women, in the act of raising silk caterpillars by this unique process. They were a sight to chill the blood. I know the blook stopped flowing in my veins. I stood still and shuddered. Yet there was a fascination about it, for I had been told what the object of it was and I admired the savage

ngenuity. After the worms have become dizzy with playing the "merry-go-round" on the bodies of the savages they quit eating and commence spinning the outer covering for the cocoons. When this labor is done the natural process of silk-making is interfered with. The savages had found out that when the cocoons were finished their would burst, or the worms would eat they way out. In either case the silk was de-stroyed. So the worms are prevented from making the cocoons. Instead, the fibre for the outer covering is destroyed and the poor caterpillars stop in perplexity. But they doubtless conclude the savages are right, and the worms are in debt to them for eight weeks of feeding, so they start

soon to the spinning of the silk. The natives are now in ecstacy. They make the worms hustle around them as they have been taught during all their little lives, and spinning as they go the fine filaments of shining silk. Round and round crawl the worms, each one spinning one to four thousand yards of silk thread around

And the result is a remarkable transforit remains for Chicago to furnish an illus- mation! From a nude savage figure, Sir Morrell Mackenzie was said to have tration of the newly-discovered power of loathsome and repulsive, with thousands received \$100,000 for his care of the Em- human recuperation in the person of a of yellow worms crawling, twisting, writhand unmended, continues his athletic work tive of Brazil, clothed in a perfectivly fitting garment of rich silk. He has toiled not, neither has he spinned—he has only bossed the job-yet is he clothed in raiment as beautiful as the lilies of the field. What a feeling of supremacy he must have. He has interfered successfully with a divine plan. He has turned aside the course October 24th of last year, and the greatest of nature and stands erect, in his own mind, at least, a man to be greatly admir-

> I was told the first efforts to produce these garments of silk were not successful. But by patience and perseverance the faults were corrected, a close web perfected, and the garment, when completed, was pretty and faultless. It is a great country for dye stuffs, and the silk garments were given various brilliant colors. One old girl was quite a sight. She was extremely gaunt and bony. Her black body was attired in a blood red silk garment, covering her body from the bust to just above the knees. and around her stringy neck was a wide ribbon of bright blue. A savage chief gloried in a comfortable silk jacket. It was looser than the others and could be opened in front, having a row of little holes in either side, in which little silk ribbons had been placed to tie the two sides together. These holes had been made in an ingenious way. The noble chief had a swelling like a wart on his neck, caused by a drop of poison from a certain weed. He noticed the worms avoided this wart, and the result was a hole in the garment. Now, during all ing nothing better to do, the chief gave his great intellect to the contemplation of the as sure as March 4 comes around." silk worms and the royal garment they would make him. When the eggs were hatched the following year, and the Indian was covered with the yellow, hairy caterpillars, he caused to grow a double row of warts down his chest by means of the poison from the weed, and also by the same means a long welt from neck to waist in the exact centre. When the caterpillars spun out the silk they avoided the warts and turned back at the welt. The result was a garment, open in front. with neatly worked bolos for the ribbons. When our party left this interesting peo-

ple they were busy with plans for further utilizing the worms. It was decided in the silk worm council that when they had more worms than they themselves could use they would put a few hundred upon the heads and necks of some prisoner taken in battle. The hands and feet would be tied. The prisoner would not be able to move. Only day by day and week by week the worms would crawl over his face and neck, and slowly' so that the thought of it would almost drive him insane, a silken hood would be spun and a lingering death by suffocation would en-sue. It was further decided that when one cocoon, a white one for babies and a black

improvements they have made. I am prepared for surprises. It would be interesting to Americans if some of these silk living fashion plates could be brought to this country and exhibited. They are a homeloving people, and it would be a hard matter to get them to leave home, but to use a motto that these natives of Brazil might appropriately adopt: "All things are pos-

A New Stage of the Boer War.

The transference of the seat of government of the South African Republic from Pietersburg to Leydsdorp in the Zoutpans-berg by the Vice President, Gen. Schalk-Burgher, indicates the beginning of another and probably the last stage of the South African war.

Having made up their minds to resist to the end, whatever it may be, the Boer leaders have had a consultation at which they have formulated their plan of campaign for the coming winter. Gens. Botha and DeWet are reported to have met, after which the latter returned south of the Vaal and was last heard of at Vrede in the Vezamel Berg, in the northeast corner of the Orange River Colony. A British force had been sent from Harrismith with the object of dislodging him, but the result is not yet reported; nor is Gen Botha's whereabouts stated, though it may be surmised from the fact that the railways between Natal and Johannesburg was attacked at three points on the same day:

It would seem says the New York Sun, that the Boers have for some time been collecting great quantities of cattle and sheep in the fastnesses of the Zoutpansberg where also they have ample supplies of ammunition, and intend making it a point of ulti-mate resistance as well as a base of present operations. On the railway into the Selati Valley toward Leydsdorp from Komatipoort, several thousand wagons forming the rolling stock of the Transvaal railways were concentrated after the evacuation of Pretoria, ready to be destroyed in the event of a British advance, and by that road much of the stores landed at Delagoa Bay were sent up to Leydsdorp. Considerable quantities were also sent into the Zoutpansberg from Pietersburg, to which place they were carried by rail from Pretoria before the

British arrived there. The advantage to the Boers of the Transvaal under the new plan of campaign is that so long as they can keep the British out of the mountains the British horses will have nothing but the withered grass of the veldt and forage imported at great cost and trouble to feed upon, while their own horses are fattening on the fresh grass of the valleys, from where they can issue whenever the opportunity to make a raid

presents itself. The Free State burghers under President Steyn and DeWet have evidently decided to make the northeastern and the eastern part of their country the fields of operations, combining with the Transvaalers a general plan of operations against the British com-munications all along the line. Lord Kitchener will have an opportunity, with the fresh troops and remounts he is receiving, of showing his capacity for dealing with the remnant of the Boer forces still in the field, and putting an end to a war now well into its second year after almost universal opinion had, at the start, given not it more than a few months' duration.

Skull Fractured.

Son of Traction Magnate Widener Thrown from a Coach. Wheel of the Vehicle Broken By Being Caught in a Car Track-Entire Party Thrown to the Pavement.

Joseph E. Widener, aged swarthy, savage neck, around each P. A. B. Widener, the Philadelphia traction magnate, was fatally injured Saturday by the overturning of a coach, on which he nd a number of friends were riding. Mr. Widener's skull was fractured, and he is

now in a critical condition. The party, consisting of the wealthiest and best known young men in the city, started from the Bellevue hotel to the Pine Run farm, the country seat of H. B. Mc-Kean at Penllyn, a suburb of that city. In turning a street corner at 15th and Spring Garden streets one of the wheels of the coach caught in the car track and the ve-

hicle capsized. The entire party were thrown violently to the ground, and Mr. Widener's head struck the pavement. He was rendered unconscious, and on being removed to a hospital it was ascertained that his skull had been fractured.

Harrison K. Caner, who was driving, had his left leg badly injured and was otherwise hurt. The others in the party, all of whom were more or less bruised, were S. Megargee Wright, George H. Brooke, H. B. McKean, William L. Elkins Jr., Edward Browning, William E. Carter and E. Rittenhouse Miller. Mr. Widener is one of the most promi-

nent whips in the country, and has won many prizes at the various horse shows. At 3 p. m.—The hospital officials reported that Mr. Widener has recovered consciousness, and is slightly better. His family and friends now entertain hopes of his ultimate recovery.

That Old Story. The Kicker Talks About Thomas Jefferson's In-

auguration "Yes," said the man in the corner, ac cording to the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "I know all about how Tom Jefferson was

inaugurated a hundred years ago. I hear

that ratty old story every four years, just

'Well, supposing you have," said the man who was trying to do all the talking, "supposing you have. It was a noble example, of democratic simplicity wasn't it? "It was—it certainly was," said the man in the corner. "Old Tom came ridin" down the avenue mounted on one horse. Why? 'Cause this wasn't scarcely a onehoss country at that time. Do you sup-posing if Tom had been inaugurated last Monday that one horse would have satisfied him? Not on your life! You fellows make me tired. Just because our first parents didn't wear evening clothes in the garden I suppose you'll contend that it was another case of democratic simplicity. Suppose Tom Jefferson did get off his horse and tie him to a fence and go in and be inaugurated. What of it? He had to tie the horse somewhere-didn't he? He couldn't ride him right into the Capitolcould he? suppose he might of tied himself to the fence and let the horse go in and get inaugurated. Or he might have tied the fence to the inauguration and let the horse run loose. Democratic simplicity! Oh, you do make me tired!"

OLD SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE.-M. M. of their own number died, if he died at the proper time, the worms should be given the task of enclosing the corpse in a silk was wholly cured by Dr. King's New Life one for the men and women.

I am anticipating another trip to this tribe, and am curious to see what further Only 25c. at Green's drug store.