

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., August 30, 1901.

A MODERN PREACHER.

He preached about the pleasure
That there is in doing good;
He held the Scriptures sacred,
And he did the best he could;
He consoled the weeping widow,
And he dried the orphan's tear,
He made his sermons scholarly,
But few turned out to hear.

He preached about the danger
That there is in doing wrong;
He held that being righteous
Goes for more than being strong;
He preached that men should follow
The Lord's teachings day by day,
And presently be noticed
That the people started away.

He bought a magic lantern
And some slides to fit the same,
And announced that he therefore
Would bring up with the game;
He studied light instead of
Porting over ancient lore,
And the crowds ere long began to have
To line up at the door.

He ceased to warn his hearers
That they ought to change their ways;
He ceased to preach the Gospel,
And he studied to amuse;
He says they're coming easy,
He's as cocky as can be—
They've given him a finer house
And raised his salary.

Chicago Record-Herald.

THE PRICE OF THE STAR.

In the old geographies there was a picture of a woman in white draperies floating in the air with a telegraph wire uncoiling from her hand. Over the plains behind her steamed a railroad train, and the lately discovered prairies were dotted with farms and villages. In front of the Indians and buffalo led before her, and on her forehead burned a great white star. Below the picture was the legend, "Westward the star of empire takes its way."

It was some deep inspiration which embodied the westward progress of civilization in that floating woman. The plains behind her bore witness in a little sod wallow home, and many a lower mound, sod-heaped in the creeping buffalo grass.

Of all the men who went into the untracked West for gold or adventure, some found the first and many the last, and all drank its wide freedom as an intoxicating wine. It was a good land to them; turning the sand of its streams and the grass of its hills into coin for their sakes, and its dark pines and gray sage into laurel.

But the women who, for love's sake followed or went with the foremost, it was theirs to pay in blood the price of the star, and to be the most part forgotten.

From the grim, drowth-sourged plains of the Kansas that once was, the Kansas of blizzard and grasshoppers and Indian raids, westward to the very sea the new empire took its toll. If waving corn and the smoke of chimneys rising up in the track of the white man, they sprang from a soil fertilized with the hearts of women and little children. Well may the land be rich; for rich in love and loyalty and fine patience were the lives it has taken into its bosom.

Once the West ended with New Mexico and began again with California. Between lay a mountain wall, desert-hedged *terra incognita*—Apache Land, Arizona. Then some one whispered "gold," and she of the star floated up across the horizon.

Crook and his stubborn troopers chased the Apaches to liar and in their stronghold set adobe lookouts—Camp Verde, Camp Apache, Camp McDowell, and a dozen more—each with its handful of men in blue.

Reluctantly the Indians turned southward from their last retreat in the Mogollons, the beautiful Indian Garden. Over all these dark, sombre mountains, under their forest cloak, are the scars of old fires; brown rifted lava streams, deep cañons black and smooth where the fiery flow dropped down, and craters, from the bubbled funnel a yard across, to the deep dark lake at its bottom lies a thousand feet below the sun.

Tall pines and mountain grass cover the park around the lake, and the beetling walls of the dead volcano are green with spicewood, elderberries, and the sour red squawberries. Blackberries, wild currants and thorny grapes hang in the clafes; mescal and prickly pear dot the punic slopes and ciuder beds, and in the grass below wild strawberries redden in their season. There are fish in the lake, deer, quail, and wild turkeys in the mountains above, and wild geese and ducks dip down for a grateful rest in their bi-yearly journeyings.

An Indian paradise, reached only by one rude trail, down which the wiry ponies scrambled riderless and in single file. Here the Tonto Apaches hid their women and children while they fought with the Navajos to the east, or barred the weaker Supais and Hualpais to the northward; and here they came with their booty, or retreated when hard pressed, and drank tipwin and feasted on baked mescal till the daffy was over and it was safe to venture out.

Their wickiups still stood in clusters under the pines when a man and woman rode over the mountain rim, and halting their horses at the head of the trail looked down.

The girl, she was little more, laughed and rose in the saddle, brooding herself with one hand on the shoulder of her taller companion as she peered over the edge.

"This must be the jumping-off place, Jont. You said we were going to heaven."

And she dropped back into her seat, still laughing.

"It's the jumping-off place right enough, Sis, and I guess you'll think it's heaven when we get to the bottom," said the tall fellow, slipping out of his saddle and holding his arms up to her. "Come along, Honey; there hasn't been anything bigger than a bear over this trail since we chased the Tontos out last fall, and I reckon it's pretty rough. Put Doll's bridle over the saddle-bow, and let her follow me and old Gray, and you come behind and the rocks won't roll on you. Forward, march! We're going home. Feel good to get on the ground again, don't it?"

The boyish figure swung down the trail with the easy stride of one used to roads where silence and a sure foot are the price of life. His buckskin shirt and moccasins contrasted sharply with the army blue trousers and broad combro, and the heavy army belt with its brace of pistols that hung at his waist. He was not a soldier, yet for all his youth he had the look of a man who had faced danger and could command.

Back at the post he was known as the best scout of his years in the Southwest—Crook's right hand man, "as straight as

the day is long, and a better trailer than Picacho." Picacho, the Apache negatide of surpassing cunning, who wrote his name in blood across a page of Arizona history; Picacho, who boasted that he could trail the breath of a white man if he never touched foot to the ground.

At the foot of the trail the girl ran on ahead, peeping into the empty wickiups. "See, Jont, all the houses we want, all ready to move in. I'll have to have a housecleaning first, though; the Tontos aren't very tidy housekeepers, I think."

The moist earth around the abandoned wickiups was rooted up in ridges, as if a drove of hogs had fed there, and the tulle-glass beds and strips of bark that the Indians had left were heaped in ridgy wallows such as hogs love to bed in in winter. A startled "Wolf! Wolf!" came from the farthest door and something black and shaggy tumbled out into the bushes.

"Don't Jont. Don't shoot!" cried the girl, catching his arm. "See, it's a mother!" Two wee brown cubs falling over each other in awkward baby fright followed their mother into the brush.

"They look just like little tricks learning to walk. See that littlest one fall over. I'd as soon you'd kill a baby; and you wouldn't do that, not even an Indian baby."

"No, Sis; but there's plenty that would. Come on, now, and let's get supper, and then I'll show you the ledge; it's right over behind that big malpai dike. Wasn't one of the boys but me thought of prospecting in here."

"Seems 'most too bad to drive the Tontos out of such a home," said the girl leaning back against the roots of a pine, through whose branches the wind purred a gentle song. The camp fire crackled and shot up long strips of darker flame and there as a resinous knot caught in the blaze or the man belted it with dry cones, the stars seemed like bright, fat araxes eyes watching above the old crater, and the lake lap-lapped a faint whisper on its shore.

"Well, I don't know, Honey; I can't never forget how them Apaches got maw and little sister. Sis wasn't only a baby; I can see now how she used to catch her fingers in her bits of curls and the last of her hair when we were playing. They hadn't left any curl when we found her, and her little hands was all over red. That's how come I grew up on the trail."

Just behind the big black reef of lava that sheltered the wickiups a ragged backbone of quartz cropped out through the last of snow. Every soon and soldier was a prospector in those days, and many are the tales still told of ledges of wonderful richness discovered by scouting parties and hastily concealed till safer times made it possible to return and work them.

With his own keen sight and a knowledge gathered from the miners, Jont had noticed the stringers of float even as the white man behind the ledge and fired on the flying Tontos. He managed to bring away a piece or two, and it was the glittering dust in the horn-spoon, where he worked them down, that lured him back with his young bride to seek a fortune in the old Indian camp.

The first summer they lived under the pines, and Jont worked till he was wet to the skin in a tunnel in the hills. The girl lingered up and down, making friends with the deer and rabbits, and finding great thickets of thorny gooseberries torn down where the bear-mother fed her cubs.

With the first snowfall they went back to the post, "back to civilization," as they called the cluster of adobe huts clinging like a little gray hawk to the sand hills under the shadow of Squaw Peak.

The next year Jont built a tiny log cabin and went deeper into the ledge. Now and then he packed old Gray with ore-sacks, and leaving the girl and the rifle in the lonely valley, took Doll and went over the mountains to the post.

"I saw the General himself this time, Sis," he said, as she watched him unsteady after the last trip. "He says you're the luckiest woman in America. He wanted me to take old Victoria's trail, but I told him I was a married man now."

"Oh, Jont, how did he look? I'd like to see him again! Maybe it—"

"Yes, Honey, we'll do it. He's just the same old Crook; same old slouch hat and pepper-and-salt suit, same old smile, too. He knows; he looked mighty solemn, and made me promise to bring you in the next trip, sure. That Denver expert says the ore's all right. If it is your're going to have a silk dress the first thing, and a new bonnet, and rings for every finger."

"I want a dishpan more than I do a silk dress. Think of it! Here we've been keeping house 'most two years, and nothing to wash dishes in but the frying-pan."

"It is pretty bad, but anyway, Honey, there ain't many to wash, and a dishpan is a mighty unhandy thing to lug in a hundred miles on a pack-horse. When we sell the mine we'll go and live where dishpan grow, and a rose hush in the front yard. Maw always wanted one so bad. We'll get out of here next month anyway."

The girl was singing as she raked down the coals on the hearth, and set the Dutch oven in a red nest of them, with another pile on the lid.

Jont was late, so late that she ran up the path to the tunnel calling, for the blackberry pie would be spoiled. She peered into the entrance, blinded a moment by the sunlight outside. Somewhere back of the darkness the very whisper of a moan reached her, and she hurried in. As her eyes grew used to the dusk she saw, blocking the way, a great gray slide from the hanging wall, and under it, face forward, hands reached out as if to meet her, lay Jont, white and still.

She did not faint; she never thought of screaming; but her face went white as his own, and her lips took the straight line they had held that other day when a band of fleeing settlers sought refuge in a little way post, only to find it a charred ruin and its keeper prone on the red-stained sand.

"My God! what shall we do?" cried a frightened woman, huddling her children in her arms. "Do?" said this white slip of a girl, handling her carbine with a cool skill that sent one brown pursuer reeling from his horse. "Get under cover and fight."

The line was still in her lips hours later when Jont lay swathed and bandaged in the cabin. "Look at your hands, Honey," he said weakly, and all at once she saw that they were as bruised and torn as his own.

The great October snow of 187—came literally "like a thief in the night." The squirrels that heaped their snug tree-hollows with acorns, and ruffed the pin-olives for nuts as early as August, may have known; the first warning to their human companions came when they woke one morning and found long, slender snow drifts across the floor, slowly rising as the powdery flakes sifted through the cracks and whirled around the unshaken corners.

Outside the air was one white, palpitating mass. The tall pines stood up gloomily, with limbs bending and now as they swept downward under deep cloaks of ermine.

The two in the cabin looked at each other, each choking down the unnamed fear. "And today we were to start! Never mind," said the girl bravely; "we can go to-morrow, and your leg will be stronger."

To-morrow it was to-morrow still. Faster, and faster, as still and soft as down from the angel's wings the white mass descended. It crept log by log up the cabin; it hemmed the lake in a strange white wall; and Doll and Gray huddled against the house with a dumb appeal for human companionship. Jont pulled himself out from his crutches and out bundles of quaking asp boughs for them to browse on, and soothed them with petting and the old words of the trail.

Day after day they said "To-morrow," and still the old crater seemed like a whirlpool in an ocean of snow. The wind swept down and beat and drifted, and above its howling rose a tiny cry, sharp and keen, from the corner where the girl lay white as the snow that sifted in across her.

Jont knelt in dumb agony beside her, fighting with unskilled hands for the life ebbing so fast. "There, there," she whispered, putting up a weak hand to touch his cheek; "you mustn't take on so; maybe it had to be. And I'd rather go from here where we've been so happy."

How long it was he never knew, but at last that small, insistent cry awoke him. He unclasped the stiffening fingers from his own, and drew the covers straight around her. She seemed smiling, like one in a happy dream.

Doll came at his call, rubbing a soft nose against his arm, and peering curiously into the cabin as he smoothed the blankets and set the long unused side-saddle on her back, thinking all the while of the girl, and how she stood up in it that first day with her hand on his shoulder.

In the hollow of the saddle he made a nest of blankets folded over and over the now sleeping child, and lashed them fast. Then he saddled old Gray, and taking up the rifle went out and barred the door without looking back.

At the foot of the trail he dropped Doll's rein on her neck, and looked pleadingly into her eyes. "Doll," he whispered "I just do it."

He fancied she understood, for she bent her head smelling for the buried track, and set her foot carefully as a mother bearing a sick child, while he crawled ahead up the trail, breaking a way and hacking the snow into steps with his hunting knife.

In the streaming light a second day that he gazed, pacing his snowy beat in front of the commander's quarters, saw a tired horse floundering up the river trail.

"Who goes there?" he cried sharply. "A scout for Crook," answered a voice from the darkness, so wild and hoarse that the man within, sitting late around the fire heard and hurried to the door.

In the streaming light a frost-crusted horse reeled up to the porch, and a gaunt figure, leaning forward, dropped a whimpering bundle into the arms of the Gray Chief himself. "A message for Crook," he said, and tumbled headlong like a bar of lead into the snow.—*Shortall M. Hall in Everybody's Magazine.*

Decrease in the Death Rate.

The Census Bureau issued a bulletin today on the mortality statistics of the United States for the census year 1900. The bulletin says that the effect of the advances made in medical science and sanitation and in the preventive and restrictive measures enforced by the health authorities is strikingly shown in the comparative death rate for the registration cities of the countries taken together. In 1890 the death rate in 271 registration cities of 5,000 or more population was 21 per 1,000; in 1900 the rate was 15.9 per 1,000 in 261 cities of 8,000 of population and upward, a reduction of 2.4 per 1,000. The gross population of the cities comprehended was 14,958,254 in 1890, and 21,660,631 in 1900.

The entire significance of these figures can be properly weighed," the bulletin says, "only when the rates for the individual cities are considered in connection with known conditions of local improvement in sanitation and health regulations—factors which are not of a statistical nature and which were not developed by the inquiries in the schedules. The decrease in the general death rate and in the rates due to diseases most frequent in the early years of life, on the one hand, and the increase in the rates due to these diseases occurring generally at advanced ages, on the other, mean also increased longevity. The average age at death in 1890 was 31.1 years; in 1900 it was 35.2 years.

The total number of deaths in 1900 was 1,039,094, as compared with 841,419 in 1890 the increase being 197,675 or 23.5 per cent. As the percentage of increase in the population was but 30.7 per cent, this indicates a more complete return of deaths than in 1890. The gain in point of completeness, the bulletin says, is really much greater than appears from the figures, because the general death rate has decreased greatly.

The number of deaths per 1,000 of population in the non-registration area was 11.1 in 1900 as compared with 10.5 in 1890, the increase in 1900 being due to a more complete return of deaths, and not indicating any actual increase in the death rate. On the other hand, while the return of deaths in the registration area is also more complete than in 1890 there has been a remarkable decrease in the death rate, which declined 19.6 per cent, per 1,000 in 1890 to 7.8 per cent, per 1,000 in 1900. When it is considered that the registration returns for 1900 are more complete than those at the last census in 1890, the decrease in the death rate in these areas is regarded as most significant.

There is a general belief that consumption causes more deaths in the United States than any other disease. This, however, is not true. Pneumonia heads the list with 55,206 deaths in 1900 as compared with 36,752 in 1890, an increase in rate per 100,000 from 188.9 in 1890 to 191.9 in 1900. While the deaths reported as due to consumption, including general tuberculosis increased from 102,19 in 1890 to 113,957 in 1900, the rate per 100,000 of population declined from 245.9 in 1890 to 190.5 in 1900, a most significant reduction, the report says, and traceable in large measures to advances made in medical science and sanitation and the preventive and restrictive measures enforced by the health authorities.

The table shows an alarming increase in the number of deaths from certain diseases, from 57.9 per 100,000 in 1890 to 83.7 in 1900, while the death rate per 100,000 for apoplexy increased from 49 in 1890 to 66.6 in 1900, and that for cancer from 47.9 in 1890 to 60 in 1900.

The death rate per 100,000 from disease of the heart increased, as did the rate for diseases of the stomach, from 35.7 to 40.1 in 1900, while the death rate from cerebro spinal fever, while the rates declined in the case of diarrheal diseases, debility and atrophy, inflammation of the brain and meningitis, diphtheria, typhoid fever, dropsy and rheumatism. The rate of deaths from influenza increased from 6.2 per 100,000 in 1890 to 23.9 per 100,000 in 1900. There were 3,400 suicides in the registration cities in 1900 as compared with 2,027 in 1890 an increase in the rate per 100,000 from 10.3 to 11.8. The total number of suicides in the United States are given as 5,498, as compared with 3,493 in 1890, while 6,930 persons were killed in railroad accidents and 4,060 persons died from the effects of gunshot wounds.

Woman's Power Over Wild Beasts.

The popularity of Bostock's Trained Animal Show as a Midway attraction is accentuated with each day's progress of the Pan-American exposition. As each succeeding day increases by thousands the attendance at the exposition, so the crowd increased that continuingly surges around the attractive quarters of Bostock's exhibition. Never was the glance of power in a woman's eye so well illustrated as when Madam Morelli comes upon the engaged stage with her ferocious leopards, panthers and jaguars all around her, watching for an opportunity to rend her in pieces, yet yielding unflinching obedience to the commands and showing the mastery of femininity over ferocity. There is something strangely fascinating about these wild beasts trained by human skill and patience to execute such marvelous and surprising feats, scenes that afford the spectators moments of thrilling excitement, in a performance so kaleidoscopic as to make the eye never weary.

It matters not how often seen, the number of times the same persons find themselves at Bostock's show. Once seen it seems to cast a spell over the spectators, and they are irresistibly drawn again and again to this arena of most exciting interest.

Russia on the Eve of Famine.

Russia is on the eve of another famine. Nearly a third of the provinces of European Russia are officially declared to have produced "insufficient," others "sufficient" and others still "under the average" crop.

Only two provinces out of 70 have really good harvests. The official "insufficient" means utter starvation. The famine-stricken area exceeds 500,000 square miles, and about the same area as that of the great famine of 1891. The population numbers 43,000,000. The havoc has been wrought by the intense heat and entire absence of rain when needed. Afterwards there were torrential down-pours and hail storms.

The bumper crops of Siberia avail little, for Russia has no roads but the railroads. Of the hundreds of thousands who perished, directly or indirectly, from typhoid and other epidemics, induced by starvation, during previous famines, the great majority were within 100 or 200 miles of the railroads, and grain could not and cannot go to the starving Mijiks, though the streams take such quantities to the ports as to benefit the outer world.

Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Millionaire Strong's Life.

Samuel Strong, the millionaire mine owner, who was killed at Colorado Springs, Colo., while protecting his father-in-law from an attack by Grant Crumley, had a checked career. It appears the killing occurred when Strong, who had won \$140 at roulette, tried to induce his father-in-law to leave the table, which, had he succeeded, would have ended the game, in which Crumley was a heavy loser.

Crumley formerly drove a hack in Colorado Springs. He was once charged with holding up a mail train on the Florence & Cripple Creek road.

Mr. Strong was about 42 years old. He came to Colorado Springs from Illinois in 1885, about which time his first wife, now living in Illinois, secured a divorce. The children from his first marriage, a son and a daughter, are students of Notre Dame university, in South Bend, Ind.

Mr. Strong made his first strike in the Strong mine in Cripple Creek. He bonded the mine to Colorado Springs capitalists, now the Strong Mining company, in 1892. He was recently sued in the Arapahoe county court for \$20,000 damages for blowing up the mine to depreciate the property of the last mine before he turned his fortunes of bond. The explosion occurred during the miners' strike in 1893. Four men served terms in the penitentiary for the crime. Mr. Strong was acquitted after a hard fight.

Mr. Strong was married in February, 1889, to Miss Regina Neville, of Altman. Just at the close of the ceremony he received papers for breach of promise suit, brought by Miss Vane, of Goldfield, the amount asked being \$250,000. Nellie M. Lewis brought a similar suit for \$200,000 damages. The first case was settled out of court. Miss Lewis was granted \$50,000 at the trial in April, 1900. This sum will be paid out of the estate.

Up to the time gold was discovered at Cripple Creek Strong was a clerk at \$10 a week in a store. His fortune, which is now estimated at \$10,000,000, will go to his young wife, a bride of a year.

Up Pike's Peak in Auto.

W. B. Felker and C. A. Yont of Denver recently climbed Pike's peak in an automobile, says the New York Sun. The feat has been attempted several times, once by J. Brisben Walker, but this is the first time any one has reached the summit with a horseless carriage.

The two men arrived at Manitou from Denver at night and started at daylight for the top. The distance is 14 miles over the old carriage road, which is little used and out of repair. The grades are not very difficult, but the road is cut by gullies and obstructed at frequent intervals by boulders and fallen timber. Axes and shovels were brought into use many times during the day to make the road passable, but the travelers finally reached the summit just before the last rain on the cog road started down at 3:30 o'clock. No accident was encountered, and the travelers reached Manitou on their return late the next night.

Hobson Shoots an Oil Well.

Captain Richmond P. Hobson, who is the guest of friends at Oil City, had his first experience last week as an oil well shooter. This was the birthday of the hero of the Merrimac and to properly celebrate it Hobson and a party consisting of the Count and Countess von Larish and friends were invited to see the shooting of a well. A crowd of 800 people gathered to witness the event. The well had been drilled 800 feet and a shot of 70 quarts of nitro glycerine was lowered into the hole. The captain was told that the distinction of dropping the "go-devil" would be given to him. This is a sharp pointed piece of iron which is dropped into the hole the concussion causing the nitro-glycerine to explode. The Captain dropped the iron and with a rush and roar the salt water gavel, and portions of the glycerine shell, burst out of the well and ascended 25 feet above the derrick. Joseph Manning, the owner, christened the well "Hobson."

Dog His Savior.

Edward Horizan, son of Martin Horizan, of South Coventry, Conn., was gored and bruised by a two-year-old bull, and had not the boy's dog gone to his rescue the boy would have been killed. The boy, accompanied by his dog, went to the pasture to drive the cows home. The bull was loose in the lot, and attacked the lad, who was knocked down and tramped on. The bull then drove its horns into the boy, whose flesh was a mass of bruises. His dog attacked the bull, and finally succeeded in driving it away. The dog was torn by the animal's horns, and the bull showed marks from the dog's teeth. After the dog had driven the bull away it returned to its young master, and when the boy regained consciousness the dog was licking his face.

Insect's Bite Caused Woman's Death.

The bite of an unseen insect caused the death of Miss Catherine A. Rambo, who died Thursday on North Washington St., Baltimore. Blood poisoning was the immediate cause of death.

The insect bit Miss Rambo on the lip on Thursday of last week. She did not see it, and there is no clue whatever as to its species. The physicians could venture no opinion of the unknown insect.

Her Mania.

Hempstead (sympathetically)—Moving? I thought you were entirely pleased with the home you were living in? Meadowbrook (miserably)—Well, my wife has accumulated so many empty tin cracker boxes, grape baskets and pickle bottles "that may come in handy some day," that we didn't have room in the last house.

Great Good Luck.

"I tell ye that was a lucky wet spell we just had," remarked Farmer Medders.

"I should say 'twas lucky," replied the oldest inhabitant. "It wuz the first one for years that didn't start up n.y. rheumatics."

The Sandpaper Tree.

The sandpaper tree grows in the forests of Uganda, and has leaves which for their roughness resembles a cat's tongue. This rasping quality is very useful, as the natives employ the leaves in polishing their clubs and spear handles.

—Hadst any wronged thee? Be revenged. Slight it and the labor's be-gone. 'Forgive it and 'tis finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.

Hatched By the Sun.

Old Sol and his son, General Humidity, have played some queer pranks of late, but they outdid themselves when they went into the incubator business the other day. As a consequence some rapacious egg buyer down in Illinois is out about thirty dozen eggs, and a Chicago commission firm is ahead just ninety one chickens, which in course of time will turn out to be first class broilers at more per pound than they were worth per dozen in the immature state in which they left their Illinois home.

To be specific, Margraf & Sutter, commission merchants handling eggs and poultry at 13 Fulton market, received from some of their buyers at Gifford, Ill., Saturday night several cases of eggs. They arrived late Saturday afternoon and were not opened. When the commission house was opened Monday morning, the clerk was greeted by a chorus of "Peep, peep-peep, peep, peep." He rubbed his eyes and stared about him. Another chorus of wails directed his attention to the cases that had come on Saturday. He lifted the top one off the pile and stared into the face of a fluffy chick, that, more adventurous or more curious than the others, had put its head out through the slats of the case to investigate matters. Then the clerk opened the Saturday consignment and found ninety-one live young chicks, several more dead ones and several eggs that were very much passe, where there should have been thirty dozen good fresh eggs.

The theory of Mr. Margraf is that the eggs were taken up by the buyer in his trip and that the rapacity of that gentleman or the avarice of some farmer led to the looting of setting hen's nest; that the eggs, already nearly matured, were nearly finished up by the sun during the trip to Chicago.

The ninety one survivors have been sent out to Oak park, where they were placed in a brooder to stay until they are strong enough to take care of themselves.

Has a Cure for Epilepsy.

Illinois Professor Says a Parasite Causes It—Success in Fighting It.

Prof. George H. French, of the State Normal University, of Carbondale, Ill., announced over a year ago the discovery of a parasite which caused epilepsy. The announcement was generally discredited among medical men and remained so until several demonstrations proved the possibility of his theory. Cases were brought to the professor's attention from all parts of the United States. A Miss Crane, of Tamara, sister of an alumnus of the school, began a course of treatment under the Professor's direction, and is now nearly cured, so much so that a return of the disease is not considered probable. She had been afflicted for over thirteen years, and had long since been pronounced a medical case as beyond cure. Prof. French is rapidly developing his treatment, and when completed will give his discovery to the world. He is known as an author on zoology, and is a member of several foreign scientific societies.

Bridesmaids Pallbearers.

Attend the Funeral of their Girl Friend Instead of the Announced Wedding.

Six young girls who would have been Lizzie Anderson's bridesmaids on Wednesday served as pallbearers at her funeral at the residence No. 2740 North Second street, Philadelphia. These girls wore the white dresses they were to have worn at the wedding.

The dead girl was to have been married to Jacob Anthony in a few days. With him she was spending a short vacation at the city. But on Sunday she died from heart disease. All the girls from the mill where she had been employed filed through the little house for a look at the dead girl, and as they moved a delegation from the Daughters of America softly sang. Then the white robed pallbearers carried the coffin to the Puritan Presbyterian church, at Second and Clearfield streets, where there was a brief but impressive service.

Bullets Flew in Court.

Three of Four Men Wounded Are Likely to Die.

A shooting affray occurred at Reynolds, Miss., on Wednesday afternoon, in which four men were wounded, three of them fatally.

Otto Johnson was being tried before Justice Shelby and Warner on a charge of seduction. The evidence was being given by the witnesses had to take up their rifles. More than 100 men were present in the room. Suddenly a shot was fired, supposedly at Otto Johnson. Instantly other shots were fired, fully 50 in all, and when the smoke cleared away Otto Johnson had three bullets through his body, "Len" Smith, who testified against Johnson, one through the breast and the father of "Len" Smith one through the arm. All the men are farmers.

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"I should say 'twas lucky," replied the oldest inhabitant. "It wuz the first one for years that didn't start up n.y. rheumatics."

The Sandpaper Tree.

The sandpaper tree grows in the forests of Uganda, and has leaves which for their roughness resembles a cat's tongue. This rasping quality is very useful, as the natives employ the leaves in polishing their clubs and spear handles.

—Hadst any wronged thee? Be revenged. Slight it and the labor's be-gone. 'Forgive it and 'tis finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.