Bellefonte, Pa., September 27, 1901.

#### HER WAY.

Eyes? Well, no, her eyes aint much : Guess you seen a lot of such-Sort o' small an' bluey gray, 'Tain't her eyes; it's jest her way. Hair ain't black, or even brown; Got no gold upon her crown, Sort o' ashy, I should say, 'Tain't her hair; its jest her way.

'Tain't her mouth-her mouth is wide, Sort o' runs from side to side. 'Tain't her mouth; it's jest her way.

Nose I reckon's nothin' great : Couldn't even swear it's straight: Fact, I feel I'm free to say, 'Tain't her nose; it's jest her way.

Love her? Well, I guess I do! Love her mighty fond and true; Love her better ev'ry day. Dunno why; it's jest her way. -Elizabeth Sylvester in Century.

#### LOVE ON A BICYCLE.

"Much better learn in the road, Miss. Some of the quiet roads about here is worth all the cycle tracks in the kingdom. Stands

gested timidly.
"You won't fall off," said the proprietor, reassuringly. "My young man will see to that. He'll hold you on right enough." ed the young man. Hetty felt sorry a 'Is the young man in now?" inquired

Hetty. She was an exceedingly pretty brunette of nineteen, with wavy dark bair and sunny blue eyes, a girl any young man might have been proud to hold on to a the alphabet.

She was an exceedingly pretty brunette for his gentle and kindly teaching of balance on a bicycle, she could not initiate him in the mysteries of the eighth letter of the alphabet. bicycle. She had recently come up from the country with her mother, a doctor's widow, who had one daughter married and settled in London already, and who lously. had taken a small house in a quiet street "Your friend looks annoyed," said had taken a small house in a quiet street in that part of Hammersmith which now genteelly styles itself "West Kensing-

Hetty's married sister, Mrs. Mornington-Willoughby, insisted that Hetty wanted "smartening and bringing up to date."

ly, opined Mrs. Mornington-Willougby, unless she could golf and bike. And as Hetty hadn't any money, marriage was the only thing for her.

Mr. Mornington-Willoughby was a successful auctioneer. His wife spent his money and looked down upon the means by which it was made. Her aim was to be "emart" above all things, and she intended that her pretty sister, Hetty, really had no style, poor child, and is dreadfully provincial," should be an attraction at her at-homes (2nd Sundays, 9 to 12; first Sundays, 4 to 7,) and should marry really well. To this end she decreed that Hetty should bike, and chose a costume for her sister, from a "smart" lady's tailor's, in which Hetty looked distracting-

Only you really should powder to tone down those red cheeks," said Mrs. Mornington-Willougby, 'and practice cycling somewhere in back streets, for you're just the kind of a girl to grow beetroot color

Thus it came about that Hetty Sylvester stood in a bicycle shop, bargaining with the proprietor for a course of lessons from one of the two "young men."

"The instructors are in the back of the shop there-at least one of them is," said the proprietor, jerking his head in the direction of a long vista of bicycles which led from the shop to a capacious shed at the other end. "He's a new hand I've had to take on lately through press of work, a crack rider, and first rate instructor, thoroughly reliable. Now, when will you have your first lesson? Will tomorrow morning at 10 suit you, or is that too

The proprietor laughed. "Some other young ladies are of your way of thinking, for both my young men have engagements from 9 o'clock onward. How would 9:45 suit you? At 9:45 in the Meredale road? I wouldn't have more than ten minutes or so, the first time if I was you. Vaughan." he called out down the shop, "9:45 in the Meredale road tomorrow morning; you'll have finished Mrs. Jenkins, and be able to take this young

lady, Miss Sylvester, won't you?"

'Yes sir.' shop, beyond the avenue of machines, where a group of three young men were standing beside a workman who was explaining something about a broken down machine. One of the young men was broad shouldered and well built, and was dressed in a smart tweed cycling get-up and even at this distance, and by the bad light of the shed; it seemed to Hetty that he was remarkably good looking. She hoped, not unnaturally, that this might prove to be Vaughan, the teacher. It was surely pleasant to be held on to a machine by an eminently presentable young man, who looked at a distance in his cycling dress quite a gentleman, than by some ugly, grimy 'Arry. Of course, such a trifle was really of no consequence; still, when, the next morning, Hetty arrived at Meredale road, she glanced with some interest up and down it in search of her instruct-

At first she could only see a stout lady in a shepherd's plaid costume, wobbling along with difficulty on a bicycle, support-ed by a sallow faced, weedy looking youth in a shabby black coat and shocking boots. The youth and the lady went up and down the road, taking no notice of her, and Hetty, turning the corner of the road, beheld to her relief the handsome young man she had seen in the shop the previous day coming briskly along by the pavement in charge of a lady's machine, and evidently on the lookout for someone.

"Stop !" said Hetty, and the young man stopped, smiled and raised his hat. His manner of doing so was so natural and so eminently gentlemanly that Hetty grew embarrassed and blushed.

you come from Messrs Tynn and Harris's

bicycle shop?"
"I do," said the young man. "I think," said Hetty blushing again, for Messrs Typn and Harris's young man had laughing gray eyes under dark eye-lashes, and a trick of staring intently in the face of anyone who was talking to him. "I think I am your appointment for

"Well, you see, Miss," he said, quickly,

'its a relief to teach anyone young and slight, like you, after some of the weights I've had to pull around." "There's a very stout lady being taught

in the Meredale road, just around the corner, by a man in a black coat."

"Ab, that's my mate, Bill," observed the young man, as he lowered the seat of the hicycle. "Now, will you mount,

"Miss Sylvester," said Hetty, correcting

He was so handsome, and so eminently well bred looking, that it seemed a pity he should speak in rather a common style and allude to the youth in the bad boots, as "my mate, Bill," and call his pupil "Miss." His manner of teaching, too, was charming, and, although he occasionally dropped or misplaced rather a large and necessary "h," as, for instance, when he alluded to the "'ouses at the hend of the road," his voice was pleasant and mellow, with hardly a trace of a cockney in-

Hetty was timid at first, and clung to him as is the manner of all beginners. But he did not seem to mind. He was provided with a leather strap, which he fastened round her waist, as she had seen other instructors do, and he caught her most cleverly when she was about to tum-

ble off. "You must have a great deal of practo reason you learn more confidence."

"But—but wouldn't it be worse to fall off in a public road?" the young lady suggested timidle.

"But—but wouldn't it be worse to fall obliged to you. They told me at the shop you were a crack rider as well as an ingrested timidle.

"Very 'ansome of Mr. 'Arris," murmur-

Hetty felt sorry about his "h's." It was a pity, she thought, that they could not exchange instruction, and that in return for his gentle and kindly teaching of balhim in the mysteries of the eighth letter of The "mate, Bill," came along during

the progress of the lesson, and stopped at the end of the pavement to eye them cur-

"He's so greedy; he wants all the custom," her instructor explained.

Excusing himself, he joined the pallid young man in the bad boots on the pavement, and interchanged some talk with

"smartening and bringing up to date."
To this end Hetty must at once learn to "bike" this being the year of the bicycle craze among smart and would-be smart Londoners.

No girl has a chance of marrying decently, opined Mrs. Mornington-Willougby, "Shall I make an appointment for tomorrow shall a shall be s with you or at the shop?"

"Oh, with me, please." "Well, when are you disengaged?"
"I wonder," said Mr. Vaughan, after consulting an extremely smart Russia leather pocketbook, "whether 9 o'clock to-morrow morning would be too early for you? Then we shall have the place to our-

"Nine will do heautifully. Good-morning, Mr. Vaughan, and thank you."

He raised his cap, and she noticed how pretty his short, curly, fair hair looked in the spring sunshine. He was certainly a most good looking young man, and there was, of course, no harm in his smiling at her when he said good bye, especially as he had such nice white teeth. On her way home Hetty wondered whether Mr. Vaughan had a "young woman" and if so, whether she was not very proud of him?

Calling on her sister that afternoon, she

recounted to her her first experience on the "And what sort of a man was your teacher?" asked Mrs. Mornington-Willoughby, a tall, slender woman with elabwaved hair, touched up with

orately chestnut hair dye, a high pitched voice, and a manner suggestive at once of irresponsibility and artificiality, and which contrasted ill with Hetty's frank simplic-

"Oh, wonderfully good looking; and so

"Heavens, child! You're blushing! It's horribly lad form to blush when you talk about men of that class. You'll be blushing about your hairdresser next. Of course they choose good looking men for that sort of thing—holding girls on bikes and all that. Broken down gentlemen they are sometimes, and awful scamps, you may be sure.'

"But Mr. Vaughan isn't a broken down gentleman," said Hetty, hastily. "At least, I mean, though be looks and behaves like a gentleman, he drops his h's."

"Oh, lots of University men do that. We're not as particular about h's in town as the good people in the provinces. I'm glad he's not a gentleman. Makes him safer. Why, there was an awful scandal last season at the Regency Skating Rink. They had two instructors there all the girls went mad about. Awfully good looking, The answer came from the depths of the you know. The dress showed them off. The girls used to take them out to lunch and send them all sorts of things. "Maud! How disgusting of them!"

"Don't look so shocked! It's so provincial to be easily shocked. At last Lady Betty Wardoper's guardian, found she'd given one of these men a pair of diamond sleeve links, and was secretly corresponding with him. Of course, there was an awful row."

"Of course," Hetty repeated. "But-but was she fond of him?" "As if anybody bothered about that! She was packed off abroad and the young man got sent away. Oh, those handsome young men who go in for teaching girls riding, skating or biking make a very good

thing of it." Hetty was silent. She could not bring kerself to think that nice, big gentle-mannered Mr. Vaughan "made a good thing' out of the folly of well educated girls, who ought to know better than to fall in love with him. Yet her manner on the following morning, when she met him at 9 o'clock in the deserted Meredale road, was marked by a slight touch of constraint, which, however soon vanished under the pleasant cour-

tesy of his greeting.
At the end of half an hour they seemed like old friends. Somehow, without exactly asking questions, Mr. Vaughan managed to learn all his pupil's circumstances, and the leading facts of her hitherto tranquil existance in a quiet country

Hetty was an unselfish, sweet natured girl, and all that could be learned about her was to her credit. She had been an excellent daughter, and had nursed her "I beg your pardon," she said, "but don't father devotedly through his long illness; she loved out door exercise, skating, riding, rowing and gardening; she was fond, too, of dancing; but she had no taste for the round of trivial engagements with which her sister filled her time, nor had she the least desire to emulate that lady's

'smartness.'' "Is Mrs. Mornington-Willoughby your sister?" Mr. Vaughan had asked in evi-

dent surprise.

# They Enjoyed the Watchman's Free Trips to Buffalo.

Two Centre Countian's Have a Free Trip to the Pan-American at the Watchman's Expense. They Write to Thank the Watchman for Keeping Every Promise Made. Both Were Well Pleased With the Trip.

On March 22nd the WATCHMAN announced that free trips to the great Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo would be given to the three persons securing the highest number of new subscribers to this paper, at \$1 per year, between that time and July 1st. The number of persons who entered the contest was not large, but the result was

The winners have already been announced and two of them have visited the great show at Buffalo and returned thoroughly delighted with their trip at the WATCHMAN'S expense. When it is known that Mr. Nerhood secured only twenty new names for the WATCHMAN'S list and Mr. Pletcher but six new ones those who read this, and have not been to what is called the "most beautiful" exposition the world has ever seen, will realize how they let a golden opportunity slip past them.

It is the WATCHMAN's purpose to offer several more delightful trips in a short time and it might be well for all to bear in mind that there is a possibility of their being won without much effort. In fact, Mr. Pletcher got a free trip to Buffalo for only six new subscribers and in securing them he had to devote only a few minutes of his time one day while abroad on business of another nature.

Read what the gentleman have to say about the way the WATCHMAN fulfilled its

Rock Springs, Pa. Sept. 16th, 1901. \* \* In May, 1901, I got hold of a copy of the WATCHMAN in which I noticed an offer of three free trips to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. Though I was not taking the paper at the time I decided to try for one of the trips, so one day I sent in my own name and a few others that I had picked up with little difficulty. Later, whenever I thought of it, I would look around for more until by July 1st, the time the opportunity had been advertised to close I had secured 20. I scarcely thought that such a small list would put me among the successful ones, so you can imagine my surprise when I was notified that I had won the second trip.

I got ready to go on Aug. 24th and notified the WATCHMAN accordingly. When I arrived in Bellefonte that morning I was handed a round trip ticket to Buffalo, a ticket that admitted me to the Exposition ground as often as I cared to go in and out and several tickets to amusements on the Mid-way, which was even more than the WATCH-MAN had promised to do.

I had a very nice time on the trip and wish to thank the WATCHMAN for having Yours cordially, made it possible for me,

J. D. NERHOOD.

Nittany, Pa., Sept. 2, 1901

EDITOR OF DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN, Bellefonte, Pa. Dear Sir :-

I have the honor to acknowledge your letter of 23rd inst-enclosing transportation to the Pan-American Exposition, also free admission to the grounds, and to several of the 1st class shows, in accordance with the WATCHMAN's offer to the three persons securing the highest number of new subscribers within a given time. The WATCHMAN's promptness in fufilling its promise is appreciated and also, personally, would say that the show at Buffalo is well worth any one's time and money to go and

Very respectfully. A. A. PLETCHER.

"Yes. Do you-have you ever heard of her?"

"My mate taught a friend of hers, I think," the young man answered in rather a confused way.

Hetty was startled on looking back to recall the extreme friendliness with which she and Mr. Vaughan had parted and the length of that second lesson. She could not get the young man out of her head, and with a hot flush of shame she asked herself whether she was not "not as bad" as those girls at the Skating Rink of whom her sister had told her. None of the men she met at Mrs. Mornington-Willoughby's "at home" were half so good looking or charming in manner as Mr. Vaughan, even if they were more certain in

The girl began to feel troubled and distressed. She went to bed thinking about the bicycle teacher's gray eyes, and, as a consequence, she dreamed about them, and next day she flushed as red as a rose when she met the young man as usual at 9 o'clock

in the Meredale road. This time it was her turn to learn about him. His mother was dead, Mr. Vaughan told her, and his father was "in business in Westminister," which Hetty took to mean a shop there. He, himself was quite independent, six and twenty, and on the lookout for a wife. "In my own station of life,

of course," he added. "Yes, I hope you will find a very good one." murmured Hetty. "I suppose I oughtn't look so high as a lady?" Mr. Vaughan suggested, insinuatingly, as he held her hand in his while as-

sisting her to alight. "I really don't know why you shouldn't," she answered simply. "You only want, if you will forgive me for say-

"Pray tell me !" "Well, to be just a little more careful with your h's."

'Thank you immensely,' he said grate-lly. 'Now, will you help me at that? You will want at least, a dozen lessons more to teach you cycling. Will you look after my h's if I look after your bal-

"Of course I will," said Hetty, prompt-

But three pouring wet days put a stop to the cycling, and on the evening of the third even the constantly recurring thought of Mr. Vaughan was banished for the time from Hetty's mind by the event of her first dance in London. It was a subscription dance, and Hetty, in white tulle and lilies of the valley, looked lovely enough to al-

most satisfy her sister.
"No style," that lady declared, "but very young and fresh and all that."

The member of Kensington, Sir Henry Grahame, a wealthy baronet, was among those who sought an introduction to Mrs Mornington-Willoughby's pretty sister. He was a handsome, erect man of about fifty, and he exclaimed gallantly that the belle of the room must not be wasted in "a fogy like himself" for a round dance, but that she must know his son.

"I am enormously proud of my boy Eric," he told her, "and I must find him

sweet, well bred girl came to be the sister of that handsome snob, Mrs. Mornington-Willoughby. "Here is my boy," Sir Henry exclaimed with fatherly pride, as a handsome, well built young man, with laughing gray eyes and curly fair hair approached them.

"Eric, I want to introduce you to Miss 'Miss Sylvester and I are old friends

"You have been making fun of me all the time," whispered Hetty, with burning cheeks, as she laid her hand on "Mr. Vaughan's" arm. "It was cruel of you." "On my honor I haven't. You met me in the bicycle shop, and next day, as I was on my way to my sister's house to give her a lesson on her new machine, you asked ne if I came from Tynn & Harris's, and I told you truthfully that I did. Then you told me that my name was Vaughan, and that you had an appointment with me, and I couldn't find it in my heart to contradict

"And where was Mr. Vaughan all the

"Mr. Vaughan was 'my mate, Bill." He wanted to spoil sport, so I squared "You were laughing at me all the time," faltered Hetty, "and I can never forgive

member, you encouraged me to believe I might some day marry a lady if I only took

"It's extraordinary what luck some girls have," Mrs. Mornington-Willoughby asserted, not without envy, a week later. 'There's my little sister, fresh from the country, and can't say boo to a goose, and she has managed to hook the son and heir of a rich baronet at her very first dance. The man had never seen her before, and he proposed the same evening."

But Mrs. Mornington-Willoughby never let into the secret between Eric and Hetty, of Love on the Cycle. - By Gertrude

# Why She Quit the Phone.

The young woman employed as a stenographer had a beau named Will, to whom she talked some twenty five times a day. sion that he was paying for the stenogra-pher's time was not pleased that Maggie should drop her work and rush frantically to the telephone every time the bell rang and stand there for fifteen minutes debating whether or not Will ought to have told Clara that secret which he knew well cause of death. Nor do I think there is enough was none of Clara's business. One day the lawyer left his office and, going to another telephone in the building, called up his own office. Of course Maggie rush- If it could have been found only by a min-

frantically to the phone and answered. "Hello," said the lawyer, in a muffled "Hello," said the lawyer, in a muffled recessitating great mutilation, the physicians well declined to continue their search. Kindly stand on one foot in front of the phone and say hello." Maggie obeyed.

'Thank you. Now stand two feet to one side and say hello."

other side and say hello." It was done. "Thank you. Now stand on your head and say hello."

Maggie seems to be somewhat backward n answering the telephone now.

# Wife's Mistake Causes Death.

Mrs. Mary Heberlin, of McKeesport, nade a terrible mistake on Eriday, and her husband died three hours later in great ag-William Heberlin came home sick, and asked his wife to give him a teaspoor ful of castor oil. She went to the medicine and prepared for him what she thought was the oil, but instead she picked up a bottle containing carbolic acid. The room was dark and she did not see her fatal mistake until her husband fell upon the

floor in agony.

Mrs. Heberlin, after the death of her husband, went into convulsions, and the physicians fear the woman will not survive her terrible mistake.

Another Medical Review.

President Died Because of Impaired Physical Vitality. Preventing Tissue from Knitting.

lev's case from a medical point of view. It takes up the subject of the gangrenous condition of the wound, and in this con-

nection says : "The gangrene, extensive as it was, seem to us not so different from others observed under analogous circumstances as to require the assumption of exceptional causes or its explanation. Necrosis of tissue in a thinner or thicker cylinder along the track of a bullet is thought to be the rule, and ordinarily it is easily taken care of by liquefaction and absorption. And necrosis, even of a considerable extent, in feeble patients, about a sutured wound is certainy not unknown even if rare, and is explained by interference with the local circulation either by tension, or by the spread of coagulation within the blood vessels.

"The spread of the process in a patient of low reparative power would not be so very exceptional or surprising. Was the President such a patient? Apparently he was. According to Dr. Wasdin, when the incision was reopened toward the end of the fifth day, "no effort" was required to open it throughout its entire length, although only the track of the built was a first though only the track of the built was a first length. though only the track of the bullet was affected. That expression would hardly have been used, unless he had intended to indicate that the amount of repair usual af-ter that lapse of time had not taken place. Then, the President was 58 years of age, had led a sedentary, laborious and anxious life, and had a complexion and appearance which for some years had been commented upon as indicative of impaired vitality.

"It is evident that the surgeons, notably Drs. Mann and Mynter, with whom the first decision lay, acted with commendable promptitude and courage in undertaking the operation, and showed excellent judgment in its course and skill in its execution. They did all that could properly have heen done and nothing that should have been left undone. The usual causes of death after such injury and operation were espatient succumbed to a complication which is so rare that it could not reasonable have been anticipated, and could not have been one-third of those who fought in the war

'The President died because he could not carry on the processes of repair, and because the effort to do so was more than the vitality of the tissues involved could support. This, of course, excluded the possible presence of poison brought by the bullet, or of destructive action by the pancreatic juices. If either of those was a factor, it needs only to substitute it in the statement for the assumed defective vitality of the patient. Whatever cause acted it was unrecognizable at the operation and uncontrollable then or subsequently.

"There has been some criticism of the confident assurance of recovery made by those in attendance after the fifth day. To us the progress of the case up to that time appears fully to have justified those assurances and the public anxiety to have required them." The review of the case closes with the

following reference to the doctors: "They did their work skillfully and judiciously, their behavior was dignified, restrained and worthy of the best traditions of the profession, and they had the misfortune when success seemed to have been secured of seeing it overthrown by a complication which could not have been foreseen nor avoided. They deserve our admiration and sympathy, not our criticism.

# WHAT THE PANCREAS IS.

showed that death was due The autopsy to gangrene. In this case gangrene might have been caused by a cutting off of the blood supply, poison on the bullet or from some secretion in the body, bacteria, or the exposure of the organs to the air during the operation. It appears, however, that those in charge of the case believe that the exudation of the panreatic fluid was the primal cause of death.

"The pancreas, sometimes called the sweetbread in animals is an organ from six to eight inches long immediately below the stomach and stretching across the body. The head of the pancreas is near the liver. and the other end is near the kidneys. A duct from the pancreas and a duct from the liver enter the intestines at the same place. The function of the pancreas is to digest meat and starchy, fatty and albuminous foods. It secretes a juice whose properties are very complex. This fluid will dissolve flesh, and, under favorable conditions, will dissolve the flesh of its owner. Many cases of sudden death are due to the escape of this secretion.

# DEFINITION OF GANGRENE.

"By gangrene we understand the death of the tissues en masse. This condition would result from the escape of the pancreatic fluid, which would effect a dissolution of the tissues. There is also a theory that the bullet was poisoned, and this ha considerable evidence in its favor. This poison might have been either chemical or bacterial, or the bullet might have carried into the body some poisonous substance from the clothes of its victim."

In answer to a question Dr. Cohen said "In regard to the diet given I have not sufficient knowledge of the circumstances to give an opinion. I believe that the mer in charge of the case were to be trusted. any reason to criticise the physicians who If it could have been found only by a min-ute dissection of the muscles of the back,

"I think that the physicians and other officials at the Milburn house acted with both wisdom and dignity. Any one who was not present to observe the conditions has no ground to criticise. The reports Maggie complied.

'Thank you. Now stand two feet on the no human skill, could have altered the

# REVENGE OF THE WIND.

The winds refused to blow: "No use." said they, "to try From north or south or east or west These folks to satisfy. The north wind "is too cold!" The west wind "bold and rough!" The east is 'chilly,' they complain ;

The south 'not cool enough!" And so the windmills stopped, And the ships lay idly by; The sun beat down from morn till nigh

Because no clouds could fly. The people sighed for wind. "Blow hot or cold," said they, 'From north or south or east or west :

- Youth's Companion

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Twill be the wisest way!"

#### Grand Army Matters.

The New Commander-Decrease in Membership-

At the session of the National Encamp-The Medical News in its issue of Sept. ment of the Grand Army of the Republic, 21st printed a review of President McKinneapolis, was unanimously elected Commander-in-Chief of the order for the next year. There were three candidates, Judge Torrance, Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, of New York; and Gen. Thomas J. Stewart, of Pennsylvania. Gen. Sickles withdrew from the contest leaving Torrance and Stewart. One ballot was taken resulting in 476 for Torrance and 230 for Stewart. Gen. Wagner, who had Stewart's interest in charge, the latter being at home in bed suffering from a broken leg, moved to make the election of Torrance unanimous, and it was done.

#### A FADING GRAND ARMY.

The adjutant General's report on the standing of the Grand Army of the Republic, made at Cleveland, shows that death is making its steady inroads on the membership of the organization. The number lost by death during the year ending June 30th, 1901, was 8166, and the total membership of the order is now placed at 269,507. This is the smallest membership given in any annual report since the early years of the organization. The death and suspension of members is partly made good by restorations to good standing and the addition of new members. But notwithstanding these the gap grows

steadily wider. In ten years past the membership of the Grand Army has dropped from 398,067 to 269,507, a loss of 128,560. The annual loss in each of the seven past years is given in the following table :-

Date June 30, 1895. June 30, 1896. June 30, 1897. June 30, 1899. June 30, 1900. June 30, 1901. Since 1895 the Grand Army has lost a little over 88,000 in numbers. ever, measures only approximately the loss

have been enrolled among the Boys in Blue. The deaths among the latter have been in large, if not larger, proportion, and it is consequently within the truth to say that during the past ten years 100,000 vet-erans have joined the Grand Army in the beyond. The next seven years is likely to see still greater inroads. The increasing see still greater inroads. age of those who remain and their growing infirmities must make great gaps in the Grand Army membership and among the

#### John G. Milburn.

Whose Care and Kindness to the President has

Made Him Known to the Entire Country. Who is John G. Milburn has been asked

a thousand times a day recently. There is a pretty story, the romance of an alien paying a favor once done to him by a great State is the answer, for John G. Milburn is an Englishman and a Democrat. The world knows that he is a solid citizen, one of the leading lawyers of the country and President of the Pan-American Exposition. It was in the latter capacity that he originally became host to the head of the Nation when the latter visited the

HIS CHOICE WAS LAW. John Milburn was born in the north of England in 1851, his father being one of the eatest British mechanical engineers of the century. The boy was destined for the same profession, but his choice was law, and when in 1869 a wealthy American lady took a fancy to him because he resembled her dead son, he threw away his tools and came with her to America.

He began to study law at Batavia, New York, in 1869, and in 1873 passed his examination for the bar with honors. Just as he was about to hang up his shingle in Buffalo it was discovered that John G. Milburn was not naturalized. Anti-British feeling ran high at the time and Milburns friends were forced to appeal to the Legislature. The debate over the proposition lasted a month and attracted almost world-wide attention at the time. Milburn was finally admitted and the bill making him then an alien eligible for citizenship because a chapter of the revised

statutes of New York for 1874. Milburn went to Denver and for a time was the law-partner of ex-Senator Wolcott. Upon his return to Buffalo he soon became its leading attorney. He had, of course, since been naturalized. Though a Democrat he has steadfastly refused office.

Those who witnessed what Milburn and his friends did for the President can testify he has well repaid the favor the State of New York did for him.

Delmonico Dead.

Proprietor af Famous New York Restaurant Succumbs to Consumption.

Charles C. Delmonico, proprietor of the famous Delmonico restaurant in New York died at Colorado Springs, Col., on Friday. benefit of his health. He leaves a wife. He was 40 years of age. Charles Crist Delmonico was fourth in

line of succession from Peter Delmonico, the founder of the house. Last October Mr. Delmonico married Miss Jeanne Ros Edwards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Edwards, of Brooklyn. One of the peculiarities was that he seldom, if ever, dined at his own restaurant. He was a great cigarette smoker, scarcely ever being seen without one of the the Turkish brand. He had them made especially for himself at a cost of 6 cents a ece. He was short in stature, plump

fine for him, no fabrics too costly, no silks too rare. One of his friends, Walter Murphy, who was his schoolmate, said that Delmonico's rousers cost fabulous sums, and his handkerchiefs \$1,000 a dozen.

and of a merry face, which was sometimes adorned by a Vandyke. No linen was too

# They All Go To Milton.

Everybody within a radius of fifty miles or more, who can get away, goes to the Milton fair. This is one of the oldest successful fairs in the state and it has a reputation of always giving its patrons a good entertainment—something new every year in addition to the races, the exhibits and the lively fakirs—not gamblers—for there are no gamblers there. And then it is the best fair in another respect. The people are a good half of any county fair and you see them all at the Milton fair. Hundreds of people look to this fair as a sort of a short fall outing and they are all going this year be-cause the management tell them this will be a record breaker and the public knows the fair managers never lie.