TO-DAY.

You're going to start for the top of the hill And blazon your name in the world; All obstacles passed by the strength of you will,

Your banner, triumphant unfurled. You'll fling to the breezes that flow from the

And never earth-tainted, you say; 'Tis noble and grand and delightful; but why-But why don't you do it to-day "

The good that you think and the good that you

Are millions of long miles apart; What good to the earth, if you're good and

you're true— But never outside of your heart? The generous deeds you intend to perform Are all very lovely, but say

While your soul is so high and your heart is warm. Why don't you perform them to-day? -San Francisco Bulletin.

SCARLET AND GOLD.

Scarlet and gold the leaves are turning, And gray are the days, for the year is old, And chill is the heart, for the ways are cold While the year lies low with its death-lights

Chill as the snow, the north winds spurning. Shudders the dusk when the dawns unfold : Scarlet and gold the leaves are turning,

And gray are the days, for the year is old And the wildwood sings with a voice of mourn

ing,
And the woodbird wings to a new freehold And a dream of the June, like a tale new told Dimmeth the eves with a mist of yearning, Scarlet and gold the leaves are turning, And gray are the days, for the year is old. -Ray Clarke Rose.

IN THE TRENCH.

Soaking rains and sodden grounds; small barrier of upturned sod, looking as if an anchor from a balloon had scooped up a few yards of soil and then soared upward again. Behind this little hummock men are lying flat on their faces, while a third figure is doubled up and forms a support for the rifle. He lies absolutely still, has been dead for hours, with a bullet through his brain. Getting cramped be-yond endurance, he had, in spite of his companions' remonstrances, insisted on rising and stretching his limbs, and, as they predicted, fell back dead.

The two living men are filthy and in rags; their boots, half torn from their feet, look like those forlorn leather mysteries one finds in ditches and out of the way places, always suggestive of some tragedy or of thieving tramps who may have dis-carded them for a less hopeless pair which they have managed to collect on their

It is hard to tell which of the men is the elder; each one is sun burned and grimmed with dirt; two weeks' growth on cheek and chin makes their sunken faces positively ferocious; their eyes have a hungry gleam. It is days since they have had a meal, subsisting on ration busenits, more resembling dog's food than aught else; but they have carefully nibbled at these to eke out sus-

For eight long hours these men have lain in this shallow trench, so hollow that when bullets come whistling over their heads their faces are pressed into the loose earth for protection. The aching from cold and eramp is becoming well nigh unendurable and now and then one or the other casts a glance toward the crushed and twisted form beside them with an expression of

envy, as if it suggested a welcome thought. But British gentlemen, privates though they are, and bearing no other mark of distinction than their well bred voices, they are not ready to give up their lives without a struggle.

Curzon, the elder man of the two, manages, with a great effort, to get his pipe

'Hold on a bit, Mortlake," he says to his companion, "and you shall have a pull

'I'd give my soul for a cigarette and a B. and S.," groans Mortlake.
"Pipe's better, old man; rain can't put

it out so quick." "Well, while you are getting your whiff, I'll take a pot at the beggars, then you can take a turn at this business," raising himself gingerly and sighting his rifle as he

speaks In another moment he tumbles back, knocking the pipe and its precious contents out of Curzon's mouth. "Good God, Morty, you're not done for?" gasps Cur-zon. "Guess so," feebly from Mortlake. "Got any stuff in your flash?"

"Only a drop, cursed luck as it is," and without a moment's hesitation he whips out a flask and holds it to the white lips of his

"That's enough, that's enough; don't nour all the precious stuff down my throat. I may be dead in ten minutes and you'll need it more than I will."

"No nonsense, old man; try and wriggle around so that I can see what the damage is; such a tiny hole it must be; wish I could stop the blood. In your side? Here? Bad—does it hurt?"

"Not much, feel sick and queer; think I'm off? Hope not. Got a lot to live for;" a pause. "How does a fellow feel when he is going? Don't know—of course you don't; do I look like it? Now Curzon, don't get up, you can't mend matters, and if you were hit and I was left alone I should go mad, ugh !"

"What is it, Morty? Pain?" "No, I forgot the poor devil under me, and his face is cold and wet, his boot is just in the small of my back."

Curzon moves the dead man's leg by pushing sideways with his foot; Mortlake grows deadly pale during the operation. 'Is there any blood coming now, Curzou?' Feel as if I were soaked in it.''

'No, old fellow; keep up your conrage for the mater's sake."

A moment of terrible silence while Curzon curses himself for a fool for having mentioned the mater's name. Mortlake, with a curious note in his voice says : "You were always wanting me to keep up something for her sake, weren't

"Oh, yes; you're right there; but don't get reminiseent and sentimental; keep up; don't imagine it's a dangerous wound." "Well, it's just as well these times to be

ready to send in your checks; I never thought I'd get hit; a fellow never does; always looks to see the next poor chap go down instead. Remember the dance at the Vernos' the night before we sailed? Gad, how we chafed about this 'picuie,' as we called it. Never thought of this kind of thing, call this way. Why have we are thing; call this war. Why, here we are shooting out of the graves we have started to dig for ourselves, and shooting men we

have never laid eyes on, beastly impolite, I call it, with these long range rifles. Won-der if I hit any one before they bagged

Curzon reaches carefully for the pipe, which is almost covered with mud, and tries to relit the smouldering embers.

"Got a light or a bit of paper about you, Morty? If I could get this blooming thing to go. a whiff would do you good—a letter. Ah, thanks! The envelope is damp; can I use one inside sheet? Scent. Good Lord, how funny it seems."

"You can have it. Curzon, old fellow," and Mortlake's face grows graver as he speaks, "but I promised the little girl who wrote it to keep it forever; keep a bit, and if I'm knocked out send it to her. Know her address, I expect. Think I'm a fool. perhaps? Well, the truth is, I'm not comfortable in my mind about that little episode; awfully unsophisticated little girl, and perhaps I did run her a bit hard (my old way, you say); hang it all, I didn't mean to win her young affections, but luck was against us. Country house party, two weeks constantly thrown together, and then the excitement of coming out here, tears and a scene; lost my head; couldn't seem a brute, so played the game; exchanged rings, wrote foolish letters, tragic goodby, and here we are."

Curzon, gravely-"Morty, you are incorrigible; where is her ring? You would like me to send it if—that is, you would like her to have it again if things don't come right."

"Bet I would; she has got the ring that dad left me-family heirloom and all that. The mater will want my younger brother

to have it if I get out." With great difficulty he gets at a chain to which is attached a medley of articles, and among them was a magnificent ring of opals and diamonds. Curzon stretches out his hand to take it, giving a hearty grasp to the shaking hand that delivers the heavy gold circlet. An instant later his eyes light on the ring, a curious sound comes from between his teeth, which are closed over the pipestem.

"Not hit, Curzon?" almost screams Mortlake. "No; keep quiet, you fool, you will hurt yourself." The tone is stern, and Mortlake wriggles back in his old posi-

tion. There is a long silence; then, "Morty, lad, you never gave me the address, and I shall have to get your ring for your moth-

er. "Oh, the address is inside the letter. As for my ring, I trust you to get me out of this final scrape, as you have done so many others in days gone by."

Curzon suddenly asks: "I wonder if I

"Oh, yes; of course you do, old chap. She told me your place in Scotland was quite near her father's, and that you had known her as a child. Cecil Vereker; you must remember her."

For a moment there is a dead silence, Curzon grips his rifle until the veins of his hand stand out like whipcord, and mutters under his breath: "Known her as a child! The unsophisticated little country flower. Good God, and this is how the ring I gave her comes back to me. Wonder if the ring I left her is guarding the heirloom of the Mortlake family, and if other men's trinkets are hanging on my watch chain? Heaven above—'unsophisticated!' Shall I tell him' Better not; if he must go, let him go believing her to be what he thinks her. If he lives-well, if he lives, as there is a God in heaven she will have tell him. Bah!—and to think!"

"Curzon, do you think the end is near? I am getting awfully cold shivers down my back. What is the chance of our ge out of this infernal hole alive?"

"Our chance depends upon how the mounted troops draw them off to the right. Take my coat. Morty; I don't feel cold, can wiggle out of it." "No, hang it. I am not as selfish as all

that, Curzon. Feel my head, a bit light, this place is becoming a well. Can't see clearly. Is this—how it comes?" "Nonsense, man; pull yourself together. You'll pull through all right." His voice had a terrible anxious ring, however. "The whisky has gone to your head. You want a meal, that's what you want, and warm blankets. I've seen men live to a hale old age with a wad of lead in their insides."

"I don't believe there is any left inside. seems to have gone clean through, and expeet that internal hem-"

"Shut up Morty. Keep up your old-time grit. Think I hear a horse galloping, and no man would be such an ass if they are not retreating." Looks carefully out, then ducks. "Jove, it is a mounted officer, and there

come stretcher bearers. Hold up, old man; we'll fix you all right." Shouts for stretcher bearers, waving his hat on his rifle. Two minutes later five men are bending over Mortlake; one a surgeon, making a hasty examination of wound, cutting away uniform. Curzon kneels beside his friend who writhes with pain, his lips pressed between his teeth, as the hypodermic syringe is quickly called into service.

Bullets begin to plow up the earth close to the little group. "Curse the cowards; they always aim at the bearers," growls one man. Surgeon-"All right here. Lucky es-

cape for the lad, clean, fresh wound. Can't spare much blood though; looks as if he needed blood." "Thank God," from Curzon.

From Mortlake, faintly : "Afraid I made bit of an ass of myself, old chap." Surgeon—"More on, men; getting too hot; try and get him out of harm's way." The bearer sinks to the ground with a

bullet in his ankle. Curzon rises and takes his place hurriedly; lays Mortlake gently on the stretcher and they move off, the ring still in Curzon's hand, pressing into the palm as the weight of the stretcher begins

"Stop a second," he calls to the front bearer; "must shift weight a bit; am fearfully stiff;" then he draws a long breathsquaring his broad shoulders and stretching his limbs with delight. "This is better than that sodden hole; bullets or no bullets, one is a man again.'

"Curzon, for God's sake hurry," comes in feeble tones from the stretcher.

At that moment Curzon pitches headlong in the mud. The ring from his open hand rolls to one side, the surgeon steps up to take his place, and his foot presses the shining jewels deep into the Africau mud, mixed now in a red paste. Gives one look at the face as he turns Curzon

"Devils-clean through the heart, brave man gone; can you stand a trot, man? Our only chance." The surgeon does not The surgeon does not wait for an answer, but takes the handles of the stretcher and heads for the nearest dressing station.

Curzon sleeps undisturbed on the darkening veldt, with his outstretched hand pointing towards the buried ring,-Lally Bernard in New York Post.

---Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Looking and Keeping Well.

Always, When Standing or Walking. Hold Yourself as Erect as Possible

The carriage and position of the body, during both the day and the night, have much to do with one's figure, health and appearance. How quickly one can distinguish an army or navy officer on the street, though he is a stranger! How many would give a fortune to possess such a figure and bearing! And yet almost anyone who has not some natural deformity can acquire it, by observing a few simple rules and practicing a few easy exercises As you know, it takes but a few weeks, or months, of discipline and drill to change uncouth, slouch, raw recruits, into fine, erect, and dignified soldiers.

Always, when standing or walking, hold yourself as erect as possible; throw the shoulders back and down, elevate the chest little, and draw the chin in a trifle. When standing, the weight of the body should fall upon the ball of the foot, neither upon the heel nor the toe.

No one can have a good figure without throwing the chest well forward, the shoulders back and down, and carrying the body in an erect position. Follow these simple rules strictly, and you will greatly improve your figure and bearing.

Do not bend the legs too much when walking, and let the weight fall slightly more on the heel first. Swing the arms naturally, but not too much.

Be careful not to bob up and down when walking. A graceful walker seems to glide along easily. Curves are always graceful, and an angular, jerky movement is always nugainly. Grace is an acquirable quality, but we must remember that nature abhors angles and spasmodic movements: she always uses curves, which are most graceful and delicate.

The reason why woman is more beautiful than man is because her form is made up of graceful curves. There are no angles natever in a model female figure.

Most people, when sitting, slouch at the waist; in fact, this fault is very nearly universal, except in those who have been trained. It is impossible to slouch about on chairs or on a sofa all day, and then expect to have a good bearing and poise when standing or walking. Again, slouchy positions will very soon react upon the mind and produce mental shiftlessness and slouchiness in thought.

Every faculty and function sympathizes with every other, and a defect in one affects all. No one can do good reading, writing, or thinking, in any but an erect position. The thought immediately sym-

pathizes with the body.

A habit of reading in bed, or when lying down, or in a careless position, slouching down in one's chair with the feet up, will very soon tell upon the quality of the thoughts. It is impossible to do good thinking in these positions. The body must be in an erect and dignified posture without being cramped by position or dress. No one can think without freedom and ease of body.—Success.

Storms and Signs.

Cole's Predictions for the Month of November.

November will prove a peculiar month. The "live" rays of the sun coming in contact with the pent up or dead rays, will cause strange phenomena, sun dogs, and a strange appearing hazy at atmosphere. We may also look for several beautiful meteoric displays this month. While some sections are enjoying sunshine and summer-like weather other sections will have rain, hail, snow, slush and high winds etc. The regular and local disturbance period are all marked on our Storms and Signs calendar. Price 10 cents. The greatest danger from regular storm periods during the month will be between the 2nd and 8th, 16th and 21st, and during the last few days of the month, and from reactionary storm periods from the 10th to the 14th, 22nd to the 27th. Let sailors on the ocean and great lakes taking warning; all people living along the sea coast should also watch out. Forest and prairie fires will do great damage. Earthquakes will be liable to occur both in the old country and United States. Watch out for an epidemic that will sweep the country, attacking the head, throat, lungs or bowels of man and heast. The germ will be a cross between the la-grippe and the fever

Cutting Down the Time

As the messenger boy walked slowly along the street, glancing up at the numhers on the houses, he was accosted by a gentleman who was sitting upon a picket

"Telegram for John Banks, my lad?" called out the gentleman.
"Damfino," said the boy pulling out a dirty eigarette paper and a sack of tobacco, 'somepin' like that."

Well, I guess the telegram belongs to me," said the gentleman pulling the bed quilt closer around his shoulders for the night was extremely cold. "I've been waiting on this fence for it for the last four Bring it here, Fleetwings." hours.

"Whatcha been waitin on the fence fer?" asked the boy. "Didn'tcha know I could a brung it to de door ?" "Certainly, my lad," answered the gentleman, "but that's not the question. That telegram is very important and think of the time you would have consumed in walking from the gate to the front door. Why, boy that two hours might have meant a million loss to me." From the Indianapolis Sun.

Inem Our | Nation's Dead.ord

In seventy-nine separate and distinct National cemeteries the hodies of nearly 300,000 soldiers, who died during the Civil War, are interred, and the decoration of their graves with flowers on a fixed day has become a National custom. Some of the cemeteries contain each a silent army of over 10,000 soldiers, in serried ranks, marked by the white headstones, on near-ly half of which is inscribed "Unknown." The world may be searched in vain for anything similar or kindred. There is no other such impressive sight. - Scribner's Magazine.

Buffalo Bill's and Forepaugh & Sell's Circuses in Wrecks.

One hundred and ten horses of Buffalo Bill's Wild West show were crushed to death in a railroad wreck near Lexington,

Jealous Man's Double Crime

Kills His Sweetheart and Himself in a Maryland Tragedy in an Illinois Town That Has Not Been Ex-Town-Tragic Occurrence on a Public Thorough-

on, and then ended his own life The tragedy occurred on West Main street, Elkton, Md., in full view of a large number of people. Pryor also fired two shots at Miss Mary R. Davidson, his sweet-

heart's sister, but the bullet went wide. For a long time he had been paying attention to her and was very jealous because she would not reciprocate his attention. She endeavored to induce him to cease calling upon her, but he would not do so. He threatened to kill her if she were not more

kind to him. Tuesday night Pryor met the girl on the was heard to tell her that he would kill her. Tuesday morning he entered the store of Roger Witworth and purchased some cartridges for a 38 calibre revolver. Then he walked out into West It was supposed that they had been suffo-Main street and waited for the girl, knowing that she would pass that way on her way to the shirt factory, where she was employed. He was too late to intercept her in the morning, and at the dinner hour he did not molest her as she went home.

A few minutes before I o'clock the girl, in company with her sister Mary and Miss Daisy Cannon, appeared. The girls saw Pryor on the opposite side of the street. 'He's waiting for you, Effie," said Miss Cannon, who knew of her friend's fear of the man. "Let's walk right on and pay no attention to him.

This advice might have saved the unfortunate girl's life, but she did not take it. She said she was afraid that if she did not cross the street and speak to the man he would kill her. And so hating and fearing the man whom she dared not pass un-noticed, the girl went to her doom. She crossed the street and, trying to smile, en-

tered into conversation with her lover. What the conversation was can never be known. As the younger sister came up Pryor suddenly drew a revolver from his pocket, and, swearing he would kill both the women, fired at Mary Davidson. The shot missed its mark and he fired again, and

The girl whose life was so strangely sav ed, took to flight screaming for help and not daring to look back Pryor immediately turned to his sweetheart, who had not stirred except to turn her back to him. He placed the muzzle of the revolver close to her back and fired. She fell, dying, having been shot through the lung.

weapon in his mouth, pointing it upward, and sent a bullet into his brain. A number of men, hurrying to the rescue, arrived on the scene just as he breathed his last. The man and woman were lying together on the sidewalk. Tender hands lifted her form and hore her into the building

Pryor then placed the muzzle of the

of the Kenmore Pulp and Paper company, where she breathed her last before a physi-Pryor's maniacal deed was due solely to jealousy. He was quiet, industrious and well liked at the pulp mill, where he was a watchman, and in the matter of his affection only did he ever display any desperate quality. He was made a maniac becaus unrequited love. He was a member of

the Order of American Mechanics, and Tuesday evening paid his dues in full.

Miss Davidson was an orphan, and two younger sisters survive her.

Phenomenal Memories.

Many of the greatest men have phenomenal memories. Casar knew the names of thousands of soldiers in his legions. A modern man of science often had a prodigious memory for special terminology. Pro-fessor Asa Gray assured me that he could at once recall the names of something like 25,000 plants: Professor Theodore Gill can do the same of fishes. Our memory for mere words is itself much more extensive than is generally admitted. The average well to do child of two years of age has a vocabulary of some 500 words, and its fath er may have the command of 20,000 more. The 10,000 verses of the "Rig-Veda" have for 3,000 years been actually preserved in the memories of the Brahmins. Not one Brahmin alone, but thousands, can today repeat it word for word. Thousands of Mohammedans, likewise, know the Koron by heart, as all learned Chinese know their classic books. The chiefs of Polynesia can and do repeat hundreds and thousands of words in their genealogies-taking days and

even weeks for the recitation. Hundreds of planists can play all day, and many days, by memory; and I have myself seen Von Bulow conduct Beethoven's fifth symphony without a score. Chess players have a visualizing memory, musicians have an auditive and a motor memory; while arithimetical prodigies may have one of the three, or a combination of all.

Travels 13,000 Miles to Wed.

After 30 Years' Courtship Miss Brickley Yields. Miss Mollie L. Brickley, of Baltimore Md., has started for Callipoosa, Chile, to wed Samuel McCrea, a millionaire, who formerly resided at Ellicott City. She took passage on a Liverpool steamer at New York Saturday. From England she will sail for Chile. The distance to be traveled is over 13,000 miles. Miss Brickley is 50 years old and her intended husband is 10 years her senior. Away back in the seven-ties Miss Brickley and Mr. McCrea were lovers. The former refused to marry while her brother lived. in on

After several unsuccessful attemps to make her his wife Mr. McCrea went to South America, where he fell heir to the broad acres and millions of his brother. He continued to correspond with Miss Brickley. All obstacles to the marriage were removed when Mr. Brickley died. Mr. McCrea then came to Baltimore and pressed his suit with more vigor than ever and Miss Brickley yielded.

Youth of Twenty-four Weds a Rich Widow of Forty.

The quiet Quaker village of Swarthmore, Delaware county, where the college is, has its second sensation. The first came some Prof. Magili, father of the Misses Magili, who formerly taught school in Johnstown, was going to marry a young woman in her early twenties, though he himself was quite N. C., Thursday morning. Among them a distance past seventy. The second is of was Old Pap, Colonel Cody's favorite saddle horse. Old Eagle, the star ring horse, was killed and his mangled body fell on twenty four, is going to wed Mrs. Elization of the control o dle horse. Old Eagle, the star ring horse, was killed and his mangled body fell on top of one of the wrecked engines. The mules that drew the Deadwood coach were also killed. Cody says his loss is \$60,000.

Forepaugh & Sell's circus was also wrecked at Baton Rouge, La. Thursday. Three men were seriously hurt and several elephants escaped but were afterward corraled. her property.

Three Dead in a Well.

Elmer A. Pryor on Wednesday shot and killed his sweetheart, Miss Effie A. Davidson, and then ended his own 128 An unexplained tragedy came to light three sons of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph

the boys at home. Finding that they were to be detained for two days; they bought groceries and hired a man to take them out Pryor was 32 years old and his victim 23. to the Casper farm. The three boys were absent. After searching about the premises the messenger finally, in an obscure part of the farm, found a well which the brothers were digging and, peering down, should not be surprise if the aggregate efing upon her, but he would not do so. He saw the three looked in each others arms, insisted upon calling and several times had dead. Life had been extinct for several hours.

The coroner of Putman county is in

charge of the case. There is some evidence pointing to foul play.

It is now believed that the three sons of

cated by foul gas. The boys were George, Edward and Clem. ent Casper, aged respectfully, 23, 14 and 8 years. They were at work on the well two days ago when their parents left home to attend court at Princeton. They had mysteriously disappered when the parents returned, and only a persistent search by neighbors and relatives revealed the bodies lying in a ghastly heap at the foot of the

When the bodies were brought to the light with grappling hooks, it was found that the youngest boy's neck was broken, and that an ugly gash had been cut in the back of George, the oldest. Physicians say death was not caused by asphyxiation.

No clew or possible reason for marder has been found.

Miss Toppan's List Grows.

Eleven Suspicious Deaths are Now Laid at Her Door-Cases All Similar.

District Attorney Holmes, of Banustable county, Mass., who ordered the arrest of Miss Jane Toppan on the charge of poisoning Mrs. Mary Gibbs, of Cautamet was consultation recently with Prof. Woods, of Harvard, who made the autopsy on the bodies of Mrs. Gibbs and Mrs. Gordon. Mr. Holmes said that there had been 11 suspicious cases of death in homes at which Miss Toppan was employed as a nurse, and they are all being investigated.

Mr. Holmes admitted that there is a possibility of the bodies of Alden P. Davis and his wife being taken from their graves in the Cataumet cemetery for an autopsy and that the body of Mrs. Edna Bannister, who died August 27th, at Lowell, might be exhamed.

Something may also be done to deternine the cause of the death of a patient in Watertown whom Miss Toppan attended before the Davis family died. This pa-tient, Mrs. Holmes has been told, was ill but a short time. During Miss Toppan's stay at Cataumet

there were several mysterious fires in the Jackson house, of which Alden P. Davis was the proprietor, and the Davis cottage adjoining. Information has been given to Mr Holmes that when Miss Toppan lived in Cambridge there were similar fires, which people were unable to explain at the time

Plan to Reclaim 150,000 Acres of Land Near Cody

of their occurrence.

City. Wyo. Engineers have gone to New York to submit to W. E. Cody and Nate Salisbury plans for a gigantic canal irrigation and power plant on the Shoshone river near Cody City, Wyo. A tract of 150,000 acres of land will be reclaimed at a cost of about \$800,000. The canal will be about 30 miles long, 35 feet wide on the bottom and 7 feet deep. It will run from the river six miles above Cody, through the mountains where the ditch will be blasted out of solid granite and will go to a place twenty

miles below Cody.

A dam of solid masonry will be built across the river above Cody and a power plant constructed there. A brauch canal will be taken from the main ditch two miles above Cody and will irrigate a tract of 15,000 acres surrounding the town. The project is one of the most important ever undertaken in the West.

A Minister Suspended.

Was Found Guilty of Breaking His Promise to Marry. The Rev. James Bettens, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Silver Brook, Schuylkill county, has been sus-pended from all ministerial privileges until the next annual session of the Central Methodist Episcopal Conference at Shamokin in April, 1902. He was found guilty this week of breaking his promise to marry Miss Jane Perry, of Hazelton. The charge against him was heard by a committee composed of Presiding Elder Evans, of Sunbury; J. W. Buckley, of Shamokin; the Rev. J. B. Mann, of Gordon, and the Rev. E. H. Whitman, of Ashland. In view of

the committee advised clemency. Dream of Death Came True.

the excellent character of the Rev. Bettens

School Teacher's Affianced Killed When Wedding was

Miss Nettie Palmateer, a school teacher of Terra Haute, was to have been married Thursday to John E. Ellabarger, the Vandalian brakeman, who was killed at

Judson, Ind. Miss Palmateer had a dream three months ago that Ellabarger was killed in a wreck, and that Fred Black and Louis Cook, two of his friends, had told her of the accident. She told this to Ellabarger and he took out \$2,200 life insurance in

her favor a month ago. The dream weighed on both their minds. At midnight Friday Fred Black and Louis Cook came to her house and broke the news to her.

Mrs. U. S. Grant III. Her Friends Alarmed-All Her Five Children Absent.

Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, widow of Gen U. S. Grant is ill at her home in ington. She has been confined to the house since her return from Canada, about ten days ago, but her illness is not regarded as critical. It began with a cold, and the developments have alarmed her friends. Friday she was thought to be a little bet-

None of Mrs. Grant's five children are with her, nor will she allow them to be summoned. It has always been her practice to keep herself quite independent from the members of her family, and she main-tains that characteristic in her illness.

Women in the World.

Why They are Outnumbered By Men in the United

Whatever differences Dame Nature may have intended between the spheres of influence of men and women, she evidently intended that numerically at least the two sexes should stand on nearly the same footing. The world over, except where recognizable, and what might be called artificial, causes interfere, the male and female elements are about equal.

At first sight, perhaps, this many not seem at all remarkable. But it is to be remembered that in many families-large should not be surprise if the aggregate effect of this lopsidedness were to produce a considerable excess of men or women in a nation. The fact that such is not the case, then, shows that there is some potent and mysterious law of compensation upon the race as a whole, says the Chicago Tribune. And this law operates on many Joseph Casper who were found dead in a well on their father's farm, were murdered. farm it is found convenient to preserve a great predominance of one sex over the other in cattle and chickens. The bull calf is predestined from its birth to conversion into veal, and a similar stern fate conducts the superfluous cockerel to the grid iron or chicken pie at a tender age. But, so far as the natural increase is concerned among cattle and poultry, an approximate-

ly even balance is preserved. Curiosity, not to say astonishment, is excited, therefore, by a recent announcement of the census bureau. The enumeration of 1900 shows than there are more men and boys than women and girls in this country and that the difference exceeds 1,800,000 in a population of 75,303,-387. The excess appears more distinctly, perhaps, when it is said that there are 512 males and only 488 females in every

thousand people in the United States. What is more, this sort of thing has been going on, with some little fluctuation in the percentage, for over half a century.

Buffalo Exposition Ends The Pan-American exposition ended at

midnight Saturday night, when President John G. Milburn pressed an electric button and the lights in the electric tower grew dim for the last time. Slowly, one by one, the lights on post and pinnacle and tower faded away. A corps of buglers standing in the tower sounded "taps" and one of the greatest glories of the exposition, the electrical illumination, passed away, and the exposition was ended STOCKHOLDERS ARE LOSERS. The exposition has not been a financial

commercial interests of the country. The financial loss will be in the neighborhood of \$3,000,000, which will fall upon the holders of the common stock, the holders of second mortgage bonds and the con-tractors who erected the buildings. CONTRACTORS' PROFITS GONE.

uccess, but it is believed the benefits de-

rived from it will be of great value to the

The balance due to contractors is not definitely known, but it is said that it represents their profits for the work done, and no one will be seriously embarrassed by

The total number of admissions for the six months was close to 8,000,000. An average of 2,000,000 a month had been igured on by the exposition officials. The great snow storm of last April was a severe blow to the Exposition. An immense amount of work on the grounds and

s was delayed for a week. M'KINLEY'S DEATH THE CAUSE. The lamentable tragedy in the Temple of Music, which robbed the nation of a beloved President was another blow to the Pau-American. The attendance had been increasing steadily up to the date of the assassination of President McKinley. The gates were closed for two days, and when they re-opened there was a drop of 12 per cent. in the attendance, and no improve-

Steel Secrets That are Lost.

ment followed.

Whether India learned her building arts from Egypt, or Egypt hers from India is not yet ascertained. But whichever it was Egypt excelled in this art. The imperishable mortar they had of course. They performed feats of engineering which we could not accomplish at the present time—for example, the building of the Pyramids and they could carve hieroglyphics upon granite which can nowadays only be touch-ed by jewels. But steel has been made which would probably carve this granite. Japan had this secret once, but has lost it now. But a drill was on exhibit some time back, made from this Japanese steel which went easily through a standard file and was not dulled in the process.

This Woman is Fed Through Her Nose.

Insane, Mrs. Garr Imagines That She Has no Stomaci and Refuses to Eat.

Mrs. Matthew Garr, of Harleigh, near Hazleton, Pa., is one of the most remarkable patients at the Laurytown almshouse. She was admitted about a year and a half ago, and since that time has persistently refused to partake of any nourishment. What she gets now is injected through her nostrils by the aid of a tube. She is insane, having conceived the idea that she has no stomach. She sleeps al-

to hypnotize her out of her belief has been si doo'y Costly Furs. T to unflied

most continually. An ineffectual attempt

The skin now most prized and highest priced is the silver or black fox, noted for its rich, glossy black fur and its exterior hairs of a silver white. In 1900 an exceptionally beautiful skin brought nearly \$3,000—the highest ever paid; but the average value of good skins varies from \$350 to \$1,000. The fur next in value is that of the sea otter, for which \$1,200 was paid in 1900. The fur is soft and fine and varies in color from dark chestnut to a deep brown, according to the age of the animal. It is now very rare, and only one skin was offered by the Hudson Bay company in March, 1901.—Collier's Weekly.

Hog Cholera in the Valley

Dr. J. W. Tomliuson, a veterinary sur-

geon of Williamsport, and O. F. Felmlee, of Lock Haven, drove to Sugar Valley Friday, where Dr. Tomlinson at the request of State Veterinarian Pearson made a thorough investigation of the disease that is killing off the swine in that section of the county. It was learned that about 60 hogs have died in the valley of the prevailing disease. Dr. Tomlinson's investigations convinced him that the disease among the swine is hog cholera. He gave the farmers advice as to care of sick animals and advised what course should be pursued to prevent a spread of the disease.