

TO-DAY.

You're going to start for the top of the hill And hazon your name in the world; All obstacles passed by the strength of your will, Your banner, triumphant unfurled, You'll fling to the breezes that flow from the sky.

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-fights burning.

IN THE TRENCH.

Soaking rains and sodden grounds; A 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.

It is hard to tell which of the men is the elder; each one is sun-burned and grimed with dirt; two weeks' growth on cheek and chin makes their sunken faces positively ferocious; their eyes have a hungry gleam.

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.

But British gentlemen, private 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 light. "Hold on a bit, Mortlake," he says to his companion, "and you shall have a pull presently."

"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 Curzon. "Guess so," feebly from Mortlake. "Got you stiff in your flask?"

"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 friend. "That's enough, that's enough; don't pour 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 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, eh?"

"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 groans deadly pale during the operation. "Is there any blood coming now, Curzon? Feel as if I were soaked in it."

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!

Always, when standing or walking, hold yourself as erect as possible; throw the shoulders back and down, elevate the chest a little, and draw the chin in a trifle.

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 hump up and down when walking. A graceful walker seems to glide along easily. Curves are always graceful, and an angular, jerky movement is always ungraceful.

The reason why woman is more beautiful than man is because her form is made up of graceful curves. There are no angles whatever 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.

Every faculty and function sympathizes with every other, and a defect in one affects all the rest. Good posture, good writing, or thinking, in any but an erect position. The thought immediately sympathizes 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 an erect and dignified posture without being cramped by position or dress.

November will prove a peculiar month. The "five" rays of the sun coming in contact with the pent up or dead rays, will cause strange phenomena, sun dogs, and a strange appearing haze at atmosphere.

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

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

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

"What's been vadin on the fence fer?" asked the boy. "Din'tcha know I could a bring it to do do?" "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 telegram might have meant a million dollars to me." From the Indianapolis Star.

In seventy-nine separate and distinct National cemeteries the bodies 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.

One hundred and ten horses of Buffalo Bill's Wild West show were crushed to death in a railroad wreck near Lexington, N. C., Thursday morning. Among them was Old Pap, Colonel Cody's favorite saddle horse. Old Eagle, the star ring horse, was killed and his mangled body fell on top of one of the wrecked engines.

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

Jelous Man's Double Crime.

Kills His Sweetheart and Himself in a Maryland Town—Tragic Occurrence on a Public Throughfare.

Furious because she scorned his love, Elmer A. Pryor on Wednesday shot and killed his sweetheart, Miss Edie A. Davidson, 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 sweetheart's sister, but the bullet went wide.

Pryor was 32 years old and his victim 23. For a long time he had been paying attention to her and was very jealous because she would not respond to his attentions.

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 1 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, Edie," said Miss Cannon, who knew of her friend's fear of the man. "Let's walk right on and pay no attention to him."

The 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.

She crossed the street and, trying to smile, entered 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 again missed.

The girl whose life was so strangely saved in light 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.

Pryor then placed the muzzle of the weapon in his mouth, pointing it upward, and sent a bullet into his brain.

A number of men, hurrying to the scene, 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 bore her into the building of the Kenmore-Pulp and Paper company, where she breathed her last before a physician arrived.

Pryor's venial 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 because of 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 arrive here.

Three Dead in a Well.

Tragedy in an Illinois Town That Has Not Been Explained.

An unexplained tragedy came to light on Friday, at Granville, a small village about ten miles southwest of La Salle, Ill., by the finding in a well of the dead bodies of three sons of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Casper.

The parents went to Princeton, leaving 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 to the Casper farm.

The corner of Putnam county is in charge of the case. There is some evidence pointing to foul play.

It is now believed that the three sons of Joseph Casper, who were found dead in a well on their father's farm, were murdered. It was supposed that they had been suffocated by foul gas.

The boys were George, Edward and Clement Casper, aged respectively, 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 disappeared 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 well.

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 murder has been found.

Miss Toppan's List Grows.

Even Suspicious Deaths are Now Laid at Her Door—Cases All Similar.

District Attorney Holmes, of Banstable county, Mass., who ordered the arrest of Miss Jane Toppan on the charge of poisoning Mrs. Mary Gibbs, of Goutamet, was in 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 exhumed.

Something may also be done to determine the cause of the death of a patient in Watertown whom Miss Toppan attended before the Davis family died. This patient, 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 of their occurrence.

Buffalo Bill's Irrigation.

Plan to Reclaim 150,000 Acres of Land Near Cody 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.

Phenomenal Memories.

Many of the greatest men have phenomenal memories. Caesar knew the names of thousands of soldiers in his legions.

A modern man of science often had a prodigious memory for special terminology. Professor J. A. Gray assured me that he could at once recall the names of something like 25,000 plants; Professor Theodore G. 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 father may have the command of 20,000 more.

Three or four verses of the "Big-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 pianists 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 arithmetical prodigies may have out of the three, or a combination of all.

Travels 13,000 Miles to West.

After 30 Years' Courtship Miss Brickley Yields.

Miss Mollie L. Brickley, of Baltimore, Md., has started for Chillicothe, Chile, to wed Samuel McCrea, a millionaire, who formerly resided at Elkton 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 seventies Miss Brickley and Mr. McCrea were lovers. The former refused to marry while her brother lived.

After several unsuccessful attempts 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 time ago, when it was announced that Prof. Magill, father of the Misses Magill, was going to marry a young woman in her early twenties, though he himself was quite a distance past seventy.

The second is of a similar nature, with the shoe on the other foot. Clarence B. Roadley, a youth of twenty-four, is going to wed Mrs. Elizabeth Smedley, widow of the famous Quaker physician—Dr. Isaac Smedley, whose tragic death by being run over by a train while on his way to see a charity patient two years ago will be recalled.

Mrs. Smedley is very rich, and her young husband will have nothing to do but look after her property.

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 Washington. She has been confined to the home 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 better.

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 maintains that characteristic in her illness.

Women in the World.

Why They are Outnumbered by Men in the United States.

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 artificial causes interfere, the male and female elements are about equal.

At first sight, perhaps, this may not seem at all remarkable. But it is to be remembered that in many families—large ones, too—the great majority of the children are of one sex or the other. And one should not be surprised 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 mysterious law of compensation at work upon the race as a whole, says the Chicago Tribune.

This law operates on many of the animals as well as men. On the farm it is found convenient to preserve a great preponderance of one sex over the other in cattle and chickens. The bull calf is predestined from its birth to convert 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 approximately even balance is preserved.

Curiously, not by a recent announcement of the census bureau. The enumeration of 1900 shows that 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 75,303,357. The excess appears more distinctly, perhaps, when it is said that there are 512 males and 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 flared 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 success, but it is believed the benefits derived from it will be of great value to the 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 contractors who erected the buildings.

CONTRACTORS' PROFITS GONE. 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 loss.

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 figured 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 buildings was delayed for a week.

MCKINLEY'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 Pan-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 percent in the attendance, and no improvement followed.

Steel Secrets That are Lost.

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 masterpieces of engineering which we could not accomplish through standard fire, for example, the building of the Pyramids, and they could carve hieroglyphs upon granite which can nowadays only be touched by jewels. But steel has been made in 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 standard fire and was not dulled in the process.

This Woman is Fed Through Her Nose.

Insane, Mrs. Garr Imagines That She Has No Stomach and Refuses to Eat.

Mrs. Matthew Garr, of Harleigh, near Hazleton, Pa., is one of the most remarkable patients at the Lancaster 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 almost continually. An ineffectual attempt to hypnotize her out of her belief has been made.

Costly Furs.

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 exceptional beautiful skin brought nearly \$3,000—the highest ever paid; but the average value of good skins varies from \$350 to \$1,000. For the 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. Tomlinson, a veterinary surgeon of Williamsport, and O. E. Frazier, of Lock Haven, drove to Sugar Valley Friday, where Dr. Tomlinson at the request of State Veterinarian Person 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.