SUNDERED.

O love, since you and I must walk apart. Spare me one little corner of your heart-A shrine That shall be wholly mine!

Others may claim, and rightfully, the rest If there I know I am not dispossessed,

All bliss I, eager, shall not miss.

And if so will you sometimes offer there, Though, but in thought, the fragments of a prayer,

No more Can I, alas, implore !

But that is much and shall, forsooth, avail To make my footsteps falter not nor fail, Though far Our pathways sundered are.

Then, love, since you and I must walk apart Spare me one little corner of your heart-

A shrine That shall be wholly mine! -Clinton Scollard in Harper's Bazan

THAT MESSAGE.

A young man sat in a tiny coop of a telegraph office, just under a lowering hill, which every moment threatened to fall down over the dreary stretch of shining track, and into the tumbling noisy river below. He looked at his watch, frowned impatiently, then put his head upon his arm. In a moment the tireless tick of the receiver had put him asleep. Every day at 4 o'clock he had a call from Dallas, a small flag station about two miles up the mountain. It was five minutes to 4, and, confident that the call would waken him,

Ann Martin and Ben Joyce had been schoolmates, and later had been operators on the same road. The railroad company for whom they worked has issued an order prohibiting women operating, and now Ann was teaching school at Dallas. There was an instrument at Dallas, as the railroad people sometimes used the office, but it was usually vacant, and Ann would come down after school and talk to Ben over the wires. They had a secret sign, and she had never failed to get an answer from him when she

callid. Ann began to call at exactly 4 o'clock She could not raise Ben. She called stead. ily for some time, in desperation, at last, telling him who she was. She got no an-Just as she began to call again, she heard Ben call Rockwood, the station below his office. He was answered and Ann heard him give an order which took away

"Runaway freight cars. Hold No. 47 on

Bigler's Siding."
She tried to break. But the only thing she heard was Ben's message repeated with insistence. Ben's "Morse" was awful. He must be ill, or crazy. There was no run-away train, for she would have seen it, and No. 47 was the fast mail. It never stopped for anything. The girl gave a sudden gasp and went white. She put out her hand to steady herself and her twitching fingers mechanically grasped something hard. She looked down. She held Ben's rifle in her hands. How it had come there she did not know She ran out of the dingy office. There was no one in sight except an aged track-walker. On a sidetrack stood a hand-car, abandoned by the

section gang. "Help me get this thing started down the track." she screamed to the old man. "You'll be kilt! You'll be kilt, girl! The Mail's due !" The Mail's due!" he said, but he pushed her off, and, aided by the grade, she was

soon speeding down the track, her skirts weirdly streaming back to the old man's startled eyes.
"The lass be goin' to shoot some one sure," he muttered to himself.

Her tired arms stopped working the lever when she was about 100 yards from Ben's office, and the machine stopped. She got off and scrambled down over the river

She crept up till only a few feet below the office. A window opened on the lower side. Nothing could be heard above the roaring and tumbling of the river's swollen waters. She cocked the trigger on the rifle and raised it to the window. All in a marvelously quick glance, she saw a man, one filthy hand on Ben's shoulder, the other gripping a revolver about a foot from Ben's fair bent head. Just as, she thrust the muzzle of the gun through the window he turned his head, and their eyes met as her bullet struck him. Then his eyes shut forever in a dizzy whirl and he flopped

With blanched cheeks and a bloody hand, Ben tumbled out.

"I was in the office and heard your order. I just knew. I don't know why. Ben," she said, with a note of anxiety, 'have you forgotten that message? Is the

He reached for his watch with his wound ed hand, but she had it out, looked at it and left it dangling from the chain. She stepped into the doorway of the office but back.

"Ben, you'll have to take him out of there. There must be more of them, and don't you see they'll rob the train while we're waiting. I must get Rockwood."

Ben caught the feet of the dead high-

wayman with his one hand, and pulled the body out and around the corner of the office Then he came round and looked at her, holding his mangled hand from which the blood was dripping. She made him cut her shirt waist sleeve and bind up the wound while she called Rockwood. "I'm heartless, I know, but—" she broke off as Rockwood answered.

"Send out armed men on engines. Train 47 held up at Bigler's Siding. Robbers. Explain later. Must be quick." As the girl turned to him Ben thought

she was the weariest creature he had ever seen. Her face was colorless and she seemed ready to faint from exhaustion and the strain. She looked wanly at him and began listlessly to bandage his hand. "Tell me about it," she said.

"I was sitting here waiting for your call and I think I fell asleep. I know I was thinking of you, for when I awoke the first thing I thought of was how cold your fingers were. I put my hand to feel them and ran against that gun." He shuddered at the "I was wide awake, and I jumped for that drawer, but he'd shot my hand

dead limp before I moved almost.' 'Of course, I began to call, and then you broke in. I was nearly crazy. When I got them he told me every word to say, and I had to send it because he was an operator himself. I was sending an order to Rockwood, and that was unusual, and with my left hand, too. The fellow at Rockwood kept asking me all the time if it was me. But when I told him to get a move on or but a telegram received from him announce he would be responsible for the wreck of ed that he had been delayed and the mail, he said all right. That fiend reach New York Saturday evening.

then entertained me with a description of what they were doing down at Bigler's Siding. There were six of 'em, and I don't know how they got onto the fact that the mail had so much money to-night. Some one on the road squealed, but he didn't tell me who it was. You know Bigler has that track in there for his lumber, and when they had killed the engineer and fireman they were going to take the whole train up in the woods, and load the boodle into wagons. They were going to take their time end-

were calling her again.

'Have sent out three engines. About forty men, all armed. Wilson wants to know what's the matter. He's going out." Ann started to send, and she was still busy ticking the long and graphic story to the astonished railroad officials at Rock-wood, when she heard the familiar puffing of an engine coming up the grade. She broke and ran out to where Ben was standing. An engine was slowing up for the little office. It was covered with men, hanging on with their very toe nails. It stopped and they all piled off.
"Well, what in the devil!" began one

grimy fellow. Then he saw Ann. He turned to Ben. "We got 'em all down there, but how'd you come to send such a mes-sage? You must be one of the train robbers yourself. I guess you're the other one they're talking about. Gentlemen," arrest this fellow."

Ben tried to speak, but they silenced "You can explain later." said the grim

trainmen. Ann was laughing hysterically. They were some distance down from the office. and she turned and ran up the track and around the little bouse. The enraged railroaders were brutes in a moment. They

"Catch the hussy !" they yelled. "She helped him in his deviltry.' But when they came upon her around the corner of the house, she was standing with her eyes closed, against the side of th house, and at her feet, the red clot still oozing on his forehead, lay the missing

thought she was running away.

highwayman. When it was all explained they took her back with them and the three living ban-dits were shown to her at the Siding. The attack had just begun on the train when the engines arrived, and all the rascals had run. Two were shot and the others were captured. They were carried into Rockwood in the car with the gold they had hoped to steal, and Wilson himself was The girl flushed crimson as he took her hand, and said so that they all heard: "My girl, you have saved the Baltimore and Ohio \$300,000 to-day. Do you know

that you are very wonderful?"
"I did it for Ben," she said, quietly, 'and can you send me home now? Catherine Coll.

Neck Broken, but Still Lives. McKeesport Woman, Injured Like Duryea, Says Will Live.'

At the hospital in McKeesport there is a case that has baffled all the eminent physicians in that section of the State. Mrs. Jane Buck, aged thirty-one years, wife of R. J. Buck, a retired hotel keeper, while out driving on the evening of October 10th, was thrown from her carriage in a runaway and had her neck broken.

Although she has been lying in one position for six days, with one exception, she still has hopes of recovering and feels conlent that she will leave the hospital alive. A few days ago she felt better than usual and her physicians allowed her to sit up for

about three minutes. It was said by a number of physicians that the minute she was moved the cords in her neck would again snap and that would cause almost instant death; but she does not feel any the worse over her sitting

up.

The third cervical vertebre was completely dislocated, and since the time of the accident her neck and shoulders have been in splints and she has been kept on a

water bed. Since the accident she has not eaten a particle of solid food, but has lived on milk and other liquid nourishment. Many emi-nent physicians and medical students have visited the unfortunate woman in the hospital, but claimed that she could live but

a few days. Mrs. Buck said a few days ago: "I will never give up, although I fully realize that my chances for recovery are small. My injury pains me only at times; I am going to get well." Since the accident she has lost over fifty pounds, and at the present time weighs about sixty-five pounds.

No State Exhibit,

that Prof. John Hamilton, Secretary of Agriculture, says there shall be no exhibit in Charleston, S. C., beginning in Dec. The bill creating the Pennsylvania Commission to the Charleston exposition carried with it an appropriation of \$35,000 and provided for a display o agricultural products, but Secretary Hamilton says a creditable display cannot be made with the \$5,000 allowed his department.

Pennsylvania's display at the Buffalo exposition cut a pitiful figure and Secretary Hamilton says he don't want the same thing perpetrated at Charleston. Some of the grangers of the State wanted the Agricultural Department to get up an exhibit for the Pan-American, but as the Pennsylvania Commission to Buffalo needed the money to build a \$2,500 club house for \$16,300, the agricultural exhibit was cut out. Consequently, the only thing at Buffalo to denote that Pennsylvania's agricultural interests are larger than any other within her confines was a picture of a mowing machine.

Lady Killed.

Fractures Skull in Bathroom as Foot Slips. Hus band President of Salt Trust.

Mrs. Archibald S. White, wife of the President of the National Salt Company, was found dead in the bathroom of her residence in West Eighty-sixth street Saturday. Mrs. White lost her life as a result of a most unusual accident. A slip on the floor of her bathroom caused her to fall backward. Her head struck the edge

of a marble basin, fracturing her skull. Mrs. White was about 40 years old. She was a Miss Rigney, of Brooklyn, and was married about ten years ago. One child, a daughter, eight years old, survives

Mr White left for Chicago about week ago and was expected home Friday, ed that he had been delayed and would

His Son.

No. VI-From John Graham at the Omaha Branch of Graham & Co., to Pierrepont Graham, at the Union Stock Yards Chicago.

Омана, Sept. 1, 189-Dear Pierrepont: Yours of the 30th ultimo strikes me all wrong. I don't like to hear you say that you can't work under bright, progressive clerk had with him. I milligan or any other man, for it shows a fundamental weakness. And then the house isn't interested in knowing how you Ann wheeled around to the ticker. They like your boss, but in how he likes you. I understand all about Milligan.

per tied up in bow knots, who prods his men with the bull-stick six days a week ruptcy to tell about them. It's all right to say nothing about the dead but good, the seventh, when he ought to be likely to the sermon; who puts the black-snake on a clerk's hide when he sends a letter to paying your salary.

Just one word before I close, as old Doc Just one word b since we took down the shutters for the

Milligan or Jones or Smith, and you ain't | slow music while they talk. a butcher, but a parson or a doctor, or even Superiority makes every man feel its a Devonian strata deacon, or the under- sion; affability without familiarity; selftaker, or the yellow journals. There isn't sufficiency without selfishness; simplicity

there's the constable.

Like the old man if you can, but give him no cause to dislike you. Keep your

We self-respect at any cost, and your upper lip stiff at the same figure. Criticism can properly come only from above, and whenever you discover that your boss in no good you may rest easy that the man who pays the village fathers get their feet on the fender and the saw-dust box in range, and you'll find them making a little room for you in turn. Old men have tender feet, and apologies are poor salve for aching corns. Remember that when you are in the right you can afford to keep your temper, and that when vou're in the wrong you

can't afford to lose it. When you've got an uncertain cow it's O. K. to tie a figure eight in her tail if vou there to meet them. As Ann climbed off the train he came to nieet her bareheaded. after; but if you want peace and her nine quarts, you will naturally approach her from the side, and say, So-boss in about the same tone that you would use if you were asking your best girl to let you hold her hand.

Of course you want to be sure of your natural history facts and learn to distinguish between a cow that's a kicker, but whose intentions are good if she's approached with proper respect, and a hooker. who is vicious on general principles, and any way you come at her. There's never any use fooling with an animal of that sort, brute or human. The only safe place is the other side of the fence or the top of the

When I was clerking in Missouri a fellow named Jeff Hankins moved down from Wisconsin and bought a little clearing just outside the town. Jeff was a good talker but a bad listener, and so we learned a heap about how things were done in Wisconsin, but he didn't pick up much infor-mation about the habits of our Missouri fauna. When it came to cows he had had a liberal education and he made out all right, but by and by it got on to ploughing time and Jeff naturally bought a mule-a little moth-eaten cuss with sad, dreamy eyes and droopy, wiggly-woggly ears that swung in a circle as easy as if they ran on ball-hearings. Her owner didn't give her a very good character, but Jeff was too busy telling how much he knew about horses to pay much attention to what anybody was saying about mules. So finally the seller turned her loose in Jeff's lot. told him he wouldn't have any trouble catching her if he approached her right, and hurried out of range.

Next morning at sunup Jeff picked out a bridle and started off whistling Buffalo Gals—he was a powerful pretty whistler and could do the Mocking Bird with variations-to catch the mule and begin his plowing. The animal was feeding as peaceful as a water-color picture, and she didn't budge; but when Jeff began to get nearer, her ears dropped back along her neck as if they had lead in them. He knew that symptom and so he closed up kind of causymptom and so he closed up kind of cau-tious, aiming for her at right angles and gurgling, "Muley, muley, here muley; that's a good muley," sort of soothing and caressing-like. Still she didn't stir and Jeff got right up to her and put one arm over her back and began to reach forward with Word from Harrisburg is to the effect the bridle, when something happened. He never could explain just what it was, but we judged from the marks on his person of agricultural products from the State of that the mule had reached forward and Pennsylvania at the exhibition to be held kicked the seat of his trousers with one of her prehensile hind feet; and had reached back and caught him on the last button of his waistcoat with one of her limber fore feet; and had twisted around her elastic neck and bit off a mouthful of his hair. When Jeff regained consciousness he reck-oned that the only really safe way to approach a mule was to drop on it from a

I simply mentioned this little incident as an example of the fact that there are certain animals with which the Lord didn't intend white men to fool. And you will find that, as a rule, the human varieties of them are not the fellows who go for you rough-shod, like Milligan, when you're wrong. It's when you come across one of those gentlemen who have more oil in their composition than any two-legged animal has a right to have, that you should be

and the one who is too affable and too approachable. The adverb makes the 212 ference between ce between a good and a bad fellow The hunco men aren't all at the county fair, and they don't all operate with the little shells and the clusive pea. When a packer has learned all that there is to learn about quadrupeds, he knows only one-eighth of his business; the other seven-

eights, and the important seven-eights, has to do with the study of bipeds. I dwell on this because I am a little dis- don't stop there except on signal. appointed that you should have made such a mistake in sizing up Milligan. He isn't flag waved and we stopped. No one was the brightest man in the office, but he is in sight, except the old man with the loyal to me and to the house, and when loyal to me and to the house, and when "Where are your passengers?" I asked you will be inclined to put a pretty high value on lovalty. It is the one commodity that hasn't any market value, and it's the one that you can't pay too much for. You can trust any number of men with your Philadelphia Times.

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to money, but mighty few with your reputation. Half the men who are with the house on pay day are against it the other

six. A good many young fellows come to me looking for jobs, and start in by telling me what a mean house they have been work-ing for; what a cuss to get along with the senior partner was; and how little show a

I don't know, anything that a young business man ought to keep more entirely but it's better to apply the rule to the liv-

and begs him off when the old man wants Hoover used to say, when he was coming to have him fired for it. Altogether he's a into the stretch, but still a good ways off hard, crabbed, generous, soft-hearted, loyal, bully, old boy, who's been with the house you are inclined to be a little chesty and starchy around the office. Of course, it's first time, and who's going to stay with it good business, when a fellow hasn't much till we put them up for the last time. But all that apart you want to get it firmly fixed in your mind that you're going to have a Milligan over you all your bave done something that makes them life, and if it isn't a Milligan it will be a worth meeting you will find that there are Jones or a Smith, and the chances are that no "keep off the grass" or "beware of the he said, turning to the other men, 'this you'll find them both harder to get along dog' signs around their premises, and that thing's got to be looked into. I move we with than this old fellow. And if it isn't they don't motion to the orchestra to play

the President of the United States, it'll be equal. It is courtesy without condescenany such thing as being your own boss in without snide. It weighs sixteen ounces this world unless you're a tramp, and then to the pound without the package, and it doesn't need a four colored label to make

We are coming home from here. I am a little disappointed in the showing that this house has been making. Pound for pound it is not getting nearly so much out of its hogs as we are in Chicago. I don't know just where the leak is, but if they don't do his salary shares your secret. Learn to better next month I am coming back here give back a bit from the base-burner, to let with a shotgun, and there's going to be better next month I am coming back here a pretty heavy mortality among our men. Your affectionate father,

JOHN GRAHAM. -From the Saturday Evening Post.

Rev. Dr. Swallow is Suspended. Methodist Ministers Find Him Guilty of Having Written and Published Lies.

An investigation of nine Methodist ministers, appointed by Presiding Elder Yocum to investigate charges of lying preferred against Rev. Dr. Silas C. Swallow, editor of the Pennsylvania Methodist, by Rev. C. V. Hartzell, pastor of St. Paul's Methodist church, of Harrisburg. Rendering the following finding under the heading of the verdict of the committee :

'The committee called by the presiding elder in the case of Hartzell vs Swallow, on a charge of lying, decides that the charge is sustained, and hereby suspends the Rev. Dr. S. C. Swallow from all ministerial services and church privileges until the ensu-

This is signed by Rev. W. H. Stevens, Duncannon; Rev. M. L. Ganoe, D. D., York; Rev. Geo. S. Woomer, Dillsburg; Rev. Joseph H. Price, Mt. Holly; Rev. Benjamin H. Mosser, Carlisle; Rev. E. G. Baker, Newport; Rev. O. G. Heck, York Kev. F. S. Vought, York; Rev. H. M. Ash, Shrewsbury, all members of the Central Pennsylvania Methodist Conference, who had been selected as an investigating committee by Presiding Elder Yocum at the time Mr. Hartzell preferred his charges.

These charges in brief are as follows That Dr. Swallow, in a printed article, charged Mr. Hartzell with being a defeated candidate for superintendent of the Methodist Book Room; that he charged Mr. Hartzell with aspiring to his place and laying wires to supplant him; that he charged Hartsell with inciting riot on the night President McKinley lay dying against Swallow and against his property, and that the expense of printing a review of Swallow's assailment of the President was paid for out of public money misappropriated by State officials. There were eleven charges in all, and the committee sustained eight of them, the three others being

embodied in the sustained ones. The matter will now be taken to conference at its meeting next spring, and until it is finally disposed of Dr. Swallow will be debarred from engaging in any ministerial church functions.

Czolgosz's Body Preserved.

New York Chemist Says it May be Encased in Plaster of Paris.

"It is evidently possible that Czolgosz's body is enclosed in a plaster of Paris cast. said Prof. John F. Chandler, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons and of the Uni versity of New York, discussing the subject, recently.

Plaster of Paris would result from the

combination of the sulphuric acid and quicklime, but to have the effect of each of them as a solvent entirely it would be necessary that they should combine in exactly the right proportions.
"There is undoubtedly a large number

of plaster of Paris surrounding Czolgosz's body if he was buried in the manner described by the newspapers, but there was undoubtedly too much sulphuric acid or too much quicklime, probably the latter, to make a perfect chemical combination of the entire mass. There would be enough of either the quicklime or the sulphuric acid left over to dissolve the body in the

course of time.

In order to make a plaster of Paris cast it would be necessary that there should be 98 parts of the acid to 56 parts of the lime; that is, if the acid were absolutely pure.

"A carboy, as the papers reported was used, contains 150 pounds, which would not be sufficient to entirely neutralize the quantity of quicklime with which the body

A Reading railroad conductor tell this

"Up at Naning, a station not far from

Reading, we have a flag station. No regular agent is employed, as there is not business enough to pay. One of the business men is a sort of agent. Last week he was ill and sent a neighbor to the track. We were going forty miles an hour, when the

"I haven't got any," he replied.
"What did you flag us for?"

McGarry of "Dooley" Fame.

Experienced as He Was He Once Became an Easy "Con." Game Victim

James McGarry is dead in Chicago, where he had lived for many years. His chief claim to fame lies in the fact he was the man after whom Finley Peter Dunne fashioned his philosophical saloonkeeper-Martin Dooley-a character known the world over.

Many stories that make good reading are told of McGarry. He was a hard man to entrap in anything like a confidence game. He was not particularly reticent of money. and it is probable there are five hundred men in Chicago to-day and some in New York, who owe him anywhere from \$1 to \$50 each that they borrowed. But he was ever alive to possible fraud. On one occasion he became a victim. Frederick Upham Adams, author of "The Kidnapped Millionaires," and formerly of Chicago, is wise in weather matters, and his predic-' and formerly of Chicago, is tions are more esteemed than those of the official weather manufacturer in the Auditorium tower in Chicago. One day Adams and a confederate went down to McGarry's place. The confederate was a Mr. Bernard, also a newspaper man. He remained outside the store. It was early in July.

"This is a queer town, Jim," remarked Adams in a cheerful tone. "Down town here it is warm and sunny. Over in Garfield Park this morning, which is four miles away, there was an inch and a half

"Adams," said McGarry, solemnly, "ye've been buyin' ye'er dhrinks on th' Wist Side agin.' Ye'll soon be a candydate fer th' funny house. I've warned ye agin' it, Adams, minny times. I've told ye thim assassinators in Wist Madison street make their whisky from a book. hear there's a man be the name av Fink over there who sells fifty-six galgons av whisky a day, an' in the last fifteen years there hasn't wan bar'l av booze gone into his house. When ye'er playing wid a string of spools at such times as they take the muffs aff ye'er mits, an' whin ye'er clankin' chains an' sleepin' on straw at Dunning, Adams, raymimber, av ye have sane intervals, that I warned ye, and warned ye fair, Adams, there was no snow at

Gar-r-field Par-rk this mornin." "I tell you there was Jim. That is why I regard this climate as the most wonder-

ful in the world." "Adams, ye'er dippy, and I'm sorry for ye'er family this minyett. I should be callin' the hoodle-hoodle wagon, instead of

standin' here gossipin' wid ye, an' attend-

ing to ye'er insane maunderin's as if ye

had the power of consicutive thought There was no snow in Gar-r-field Par-rk this mornin.' " "I'll bet you \$5 there was snow there, and leave it to the first man that comes

in," insisted Adams. "'Tis a sin to take ye'er money, but it may give ye'er thoughts a slue in the right direction, an' I'll arbytrate th' matter wid ye," said McGarry, placing a \$5 note un-der a shell glass. Adams paid similar ob-servances to the etiquette of wagering, at the same time stamping loudly on the floor. It was the proper signal, and Bernard

nized the new comer.

'There was an inch and a half if there was a flake," asserted Bernard, and as Adams took the \$10 McGarry set out the bottle and said :

av discrition, an' wid my experience, I he sh'd be a come on at last.

Mother Tries Kidnapping. Attempts to Steal Her Own Child from Father-in

Law-Intercepted By Teachers.

Mrs. Carrie Emerick, a handsome young woman from Washington, D. C., was ar rested at Scranton recently charged with attempting the abducting of her own child, a pretty little girl of ten years. She was arrested on information made by her fatherin-law, W. H. Emerick, in whose charge the child was left by mutual agreement of the parents when they had a falling out

the parents when they had a falling out some time ago.

Their differences are now the basis for divorce proceedings, which are under way in the district court at Washington, where the husband, J. H. Emerick, holds a position husband, J. H. Emerick, holds a position in a department store.

Mrs. Emerick came to Scranton on Monday, and, learning that the child was going to one of the public schools, went there at recess, and securing, the little girl, overwhelmed her with kisses, and then undertook to get her into a carriage and es-

Teachers saw her movements and intercepted her, while the mother caused a painscene in pleading for possession of that he had stolen nothing. her child. The grandfather was informed, and he caused the mother's arrest, claiming the child was legally in his keeping by reason of the court's order. Alderman Kasson paroled the woman, until a hearing was held. The mother's pleading that she was a stranger in Scranton, and without friends, touched the magistrate's heart and he left her free on the promise to be and the fact is recognized that lightning is present at the hearing.

women of the city was enlisted in her be-half, and they will have able lawyers to look after her interests. The Emericks are great enough to make the milk ferment. prominent, and the young couple before their matrimonial differences moved in the better Washington society.

His Signal Brought Death.

Charles Finney, a Baltimore & Ohio railroad brakeman, was ground to death un-der his own train at McKeesport, Friday morning. While the crew was doing some shifting in the Monongahela Furnace company's yard, Finney ran ahead, threw a switch and then signaled with his lantern for the train to back down. In stepping across the track his foot caught in a switch frog and he fell. The

frog held him fast. The lantern fell less than a foot beyond his reach, still burning. The man struggled to free himself and failing, endeavored to reach his lantern and stop the train, which was slowly rumbling down on him, but over 100 feet away. The roar of the mills and the rumble of the train drowned his screams for help, and, as the result of the signal he himself had given, the train bore down upon him and crushed him beneath the wheels.

An Old Horse.

Probably the oldest horse in the State is owned by George Geigley, street commissioner of New Holland, Lancaster county. The highly prized animal is forty two years old and he bears the honored name of "Andy Curtin." Mr. Geigley is a veteran of the Civil War, and "Andy" was his faithful steed when in the cavalry service. Doctors Never Send Bills

In Sweden doctors never send bills to their patients, but trust entirely to their generosity. Each family has an attending physician, who expects them to pay him by the year for his service, according to their wealth and the amount of attention they have received. Ten dollars a year in our money is a good fee. One hundred

dollars a year is princely, says a writer in the Chicago Record-Herald.

At the beginning of the year you put the amount in an envelope and send it to the doctor by a messenger with your card. He sends back his card with an acknowledgement of thanks and the compliments of the season. It is very bad form to talk about it, although grateful patients often write their physicians affectionate letters of gratitude for his devotion and the benefit has brought them. It is a good deal like the relation between a minister and his parishioners in other countries, and the annual contribution for the support of the doctor is just as voluntary as the contribution to the treasury of the church. If there is any reason why one should feel grateful to the doctor if you or your children have suffered a severe illness and he has pulled you through, he expects a present in addition to the annual honorarium, just as you would send the minister a present after a marriage or a funeral or some other special occasion at which his services were requir-

The amount you pay depends upon your ability and the value of his services, but it is a violation of the most sacred canon of professional etiquette for a doctor to ask compensation or question the amount he receives. He keeps no accounts of his visits and no books. If a stranger or an acquaintance who does not contribute regularly makes one call or two upon the doc tor and asks his advice or a prescription he leaves something on the table, but it would be equivalent to an insult if he should ask

for a bill. When a person is very sick he is taken to a hospital. Sweden has some of the best hospitals in the world. His own doctor looks after him there, assisted by the house physician and nurses, who expect fees, but the regular doctor gets none. He supervises the treatment and acts as medical ad

viser to the house physician. The government pays subsidies to doctors in remote parts of the country, just as it pays the salaries of the ministers where the people are so poor that they cannot support a doctor and a parson. In fact, all clergymen of the established church are paid by the government and are govern-ment officials. The members of their parishes give them presents, something on the donation party order, because the salaries are small, and if there happen to be rich men in the parish it is the custom to send around a handsome present to the minister's wife or to himself on Christma day.

Thief Thwarted by Girl.

Miss Dougherty Coolly Shot at Negro Burglar in her Uncle's Home

Instead of screaming or fainting at the sight of a negro thief in her uncle's room, in their apartments at No. 108 Mechanic "Was there snow at Garfield Park today. or wasn't there?" inquired Adams.
"Tis a bunco game!" groaned McGarry at the same instant, for he recog-

short, dark and pretty. Her uncle is Thomas Riley, whose business keeps him out each night until after midnight. She frequently reads until he returns, and cares "Drown the rickyliction av ye'er crime, for his aged mother, who is ill. b'ys, in dhrink. To think that at the age

Miss Dougherty is nineteen years old.

Just before midnight on Monday she heard a noise in the hallway, and going out, saw a negro emerging from her uncle's room with a new forty dollar overcoat he-

longing to Mr. Riley.
"What are you doing there?" she demanded

"You keep quiet," was the retort, "or you'll get all that's coming to you." Not at all frightened by the threat, the young woman ran into the nearest room, where she knew her uncle kept a revolver in the drawer of a desk. The negro was going to a side room and was fumbling with a latch when she returned with the weapon. He saw it and redoubled his efforts to get out. Without hesitation Miss

After this Miss Dougherty ran into the street and told hurriedly of her experience to a policeman who had heard the pistol shot, and to one or two passersby. an hour's search for the negro was made,

but he was not found. He was described as young, well dressed, of medium size and had a moustache When Miss Dougherty fired the shot at him the negro dropped her uncle's overcoat, and an examination of the house showed

Why Milk Becomes Sour. Different Causes that Frequently Produce Change

In Its Elements. It is well known that sweet milk will the cause of the change. Few, however, The sympathy of several prominent understand why this phenomenon occurs. It is not always the lightning that causes it, for the heat before the storm is often

> And lightning can and sometimes does make milk turn sour by its action on the air. Air, as everybody knows, is composed of two gases—oxygen and nitrogen—but these gases are mixed together, not combined. Lightning, however, makes the gases combine in the air through which it passes, and this combination produces nitric acid, some of which mixes the milk and

turns it sour. turns it sour.

Perhaps it might be well to explain the chemical difference between mixing and combining. When different ingredients are put together without their undergoing chemical change they are mixed as, for example, grains of sands of various colors may be mixed in a bottle. But when the property of each ingredient is altered by the union there is a combination, as for example, water poured on quicklime, which combines with it, so that the property of

each is altered.

Thus it is that lightning makes the oxygen and nitrogen of the air combine and the result is no longer air but nitric acid and four other nitrous poisons.

Victory Has its Drawbacks.

"You are certainly elected !" his friends

"Yes," said the successful candidate. and he gritted his teeth hard. "What's the matter?" they demanded in surprise. "Do you not feel sure of your victory?"

"Yes, but I am also sure that a band will come to serenade me.