

SUNDERED.

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

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

That shall be wholly mine?—

—Clinton Scottard in Harper's Bazar

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,

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Ann wheeled around to the ticker. They 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 Rockwood, when she heard the familiar puffing of an engine coming up the grade.

"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 message? You must be one of the train robbers yourself. I guess you're the other one they're talking about. Gentlemen,"

"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 house.

"Catch the hussy!" they yelled. "She helped him in his devilry!"

But when they came upon her around the corner of the house, she was standing with her eyes closed, against the side of the house, and at her feet, the red clot still oozing on his forehead, lay the missing highwayman.

When it was all explained they took her back with them and the three living bandits were shown to her at the siding. The attack had just begun on the train when the engines arrived, and all the rescues 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 there to meet them. As Ann climbed off the train he came to meet her bareheaded. 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're very wonderful?"

"I did it for Ben," she said, quietly, "and can you send me home now?"—By Catherine Coll.

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

At the hospital in McKeesport there is a case that has baffled all the eminent physicians in that section of the State.

James Buck, aged thirty-one years, wife of R. J. Buck, 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 confident 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 she would cause almost instant death; but she does not feel any the worse over her sitting up.

The third cervical vertebra 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 eminent 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. Word from Harrisburg is to the effect that Prof. John Hamilton, Secretary of Agriculture, says there shall be no exhibit of agricultural products from the State of Pennsylvania at the exhibition to be held 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 of agricultural products, but Secretary Hamilton says a creditable display cannot be made with the \$5,000 allowed his department.

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 booty in wagons. They were going to take their time end—

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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 growers 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 out of it. 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. Husband 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 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 her.

Mr. White left for Chicago about a week ago and was expected home Friday, but a telegram received from him announced that he had been delayed and would reach New York Saturday evening.

money, but might 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 working for; what a cuss to get along with the senior partner was; and how little show a bright, progressive clerk had with him. I never get very far with a critic of that class, because I know he wouldn't like me or the house if he came to work for us.

I don't know anything that a young business man ought to keep more entirely to himself than his dislikes. It's generally expensive to have either, but it's bankrupt to tell about them. It's all right to say nothing about the dead but good, but it's better to apply the rule to the living, and especially to the house which is paying your salary.

Just one word before I close, as old Doc Hoover used to say, when he was coming into the stretch, but still a good way off from the benediction. I have noticed that you are inclined to be a little cheery and starchy around the office. Of course, it's good business, when a fellow hasn't much behind his forehead, to throw out his chest and attract attention to his shirt-front. But as you begin to meet the men who have done something that makes them worth meeting you will find that there are no "keep off the grass" or "beware of the dog" signs around their premises, and that they don't motion to the orchestra to play slow music while they talk.

Superiority makes every man feel its equal. It is courtesy without condescension; affability without familiarity; self-sufficiency without selfishness; simplicity without snide. It weighs sixteen ounces to the pound without the package, and it doesn't need a four-colored label to make it so.

We are coming home 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 better next month I am coming back here.

Dr. Swallow is hereby suspends the Rev. Dr. S. C. Swallow from all ministerial services and church privileges until the ensuing annual conference.

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

The 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 Hartzell 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 assault on 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 and the presiding elder will be 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 encased in a plaster of Paris cast," said Prof. John F. Chandler, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons and of the University 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 exact 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 two. There was not 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.

As a carbonyl, 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 was covered. Quicklime would not, under any circumstances, dissolve the body in 24 hours, but there is undoubtedly enough of it left to do the desired work in the course of time.

A Thoughtful Station Man. A Reading railroad conductor tell this story:

"Up at Nanning, a station not far from Reading, we have a flag station. No regular agent is employed, as there is not 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 don't stop there except on signal. We were going forty miles an hour, when the flag waved and we stopped. No one was in sight, except the old man with the flag."

"Where are your passengers?" I asked. "I haven't got any," he replied. "What did you flag us for?" "I thought mebbe somebody wanted to get off here," was his innocent answer.—Philadelphia Times.

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 predictions 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 of snow."

"Adams," said McGarry, solemnly, "you've been buyin' yer drinks on th' West Side agin.' Ye'll soon be a candy-date fer th' funny house. I've warned ye agin' it, Adams, many times. I've told ye thim assassins in Wist Madison street make their whisky from a book. I hear there's a man be the name av Fink over there who sells fifty-six gallons av whisky a day, an' in the last fifteen years there hasn't av bar' av booze gone into his house. When ye'er playing wid a string of spoons at such times as they take the muffs all ye'er mits, an' whin ye'er clankin' Adams an' sleepin' on straw at Dunmug, Adams, rayniber, av ye have snave intervals, that I warned ye, and warned ye fair. Adams, there was no snow at Gar-field Park-rik this mornin'."

"I tell you there was Jim. That is why I regard this climate as the most wonderful in the world."

"Adams, ye'er dippy, and I'm sorry for ye'er family this mornin'. I should be stalin' the hoodle-hoodle wagon, instead of standin' here gossipin' wid ye, an' attendin' to ye'er insane maun'der as if ye had the power of conscientious thought. There was no snow in Gar-field Park-rik this mornin'."

"I'll bet ye \$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 arbitrate th' matter wid ye," said McGarry, placing a \$5 note under a shell glass. Adams paid similar observances to the etiquette of wagering, at the same time stamping loudly on the floor. It was the proper signal, and Bernard came in.

"Was there snow at Garfield Park today, or wasn't there?" inquired Adams.

"Tis a bunco game!" growled McGarry at the same instant, for he recognized the new comer.

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

"Down the ricketylyolick av ye'er crime, b'ys, in dhriuk. To think that at the age av discretion, an' wid my experience, I 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 arrested at Soranton 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 father-in-law, W. H. Emerick, in whose charge the child was left by mutual agreement of 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 in a department store.

Mrs. Emerick came to Soranton 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 escape.

Teachers saw her movements and intercepted her, while the mother caused a painful scene in pleading for possession of 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 Soranton, and without friends, touched the magistrate's heart and he left her free on the promise to be present at the hearing.

The sympathy of several prominent women of the city was enlisted in her behalf, and they will have able lawyers to look after her interests. The Emericks are 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 under his own train at McKeesport, Friday morning. While the crew was doing some shifting in the Monongahela Carcase 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 amounts 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 acknowledgment 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 he 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 required.

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 doctor 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.

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 adviser 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 government officials. The members of their parishes give them presents, something on the donation party order, because the salaries are small, and if a minister is rich men in the parish it is the custom to send around a handsome present to the minister's wife or to himself on Christmas day.

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 street, Newark, Miss Annie Dougherty demanded what he was doing there, shot at him and then joined in a search for him after his escape.

Miss Dougherty is nineteen years old, 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 for his aged mother, who is ill.

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 belonging 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 Dougherty pulled the trigger, and the bullet whizzed by him as he sprang into an alleyway. She pulled the trigger several times more, but there was only one chamber loaded.

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. Half 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 that he had stolen nothing.

Why Milk Becomes Sour. Different Causes that Frequently Produce Change in Its Elements.

It is well known that sweet milk will turn suddenly sour during a thunderstorm and the fact is recognized that lightning is the cause of the change. Few, however, understand why this phenomenon occurs. It is not always the lightning that causes it, for the heat before the storm is often great enough to make the milk ferment.

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.

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 cried.

"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."