IN OKLAHOMA

There are several ways of seeing Oklahoma. There is only one way of knowing the The Congressman and the red-haired girl

proved that They traveled from New York to Bluffville on the same car. He was looking for wheat statistics. She was in search of new experiences, and incidentally of a brother who had started a lumber yard in Bluff-

Both travelers saw Oklahoma after a fashion, but only the red-haired girl learned to know it. That was because the Congressman, with masculine logic, contended that the way to see a country was to travel about it, while the girl, with feminine intuition, divined that the real way to accomplish the end was to sit on a lumber pile and look at the country through the eyes and the words of the men who

made it. There were a few Eastern women in Bluffville, but they were married, and several years in the Territory had rubbed off the old hall mark; so Wilson's sister made

rather a sensation. Billings, the saloon-keeper, saw he

"Say, boys," he announced, "There's a red-headed girl sitting on a pile of two-by fours up in Wilson's lumber yard, and she's The boys were doubters. They strolled,

singly and collectively, past the lumber yard, and Billing's reputation for veracity soared above par. Dawson wasn't contented with walking

in the yard. He lighter a large cigar by way of steadying his nerves, pulled his bat further over his eyes and turned into Wilson's office. A half hour later he was back in the saloon.

"She's his sister, Miss Betty Wilson, from New York, and she's the real thing," he said, with a deep conviction.

Meanwhile, the girl on the lumber pile was feeling vaguely disappointed. She looked off across the plain, whose monotonous level was broken only by occasional farm buildings, and she wondered now one could live in a treeless country and not go

Then she turned and looked down the wide, dusty main street of the town. It was flanked by rows of one-story wooden buildings, and ended in an open square surrounding a squat brick court-house, at whose door two sickly poplars stood guard like exiled and homesick grenadiers. From the main street the town wandered off in forlorn little shacks and tiny, neat, cigarbox cottages, dotted indiscriminately along broad, dirty roads that bore sounding ti-

It was all ngly, drearily ugly. The girl had lunched with one of her brother's married friends, and eaten chicken croquettes and salted almonds in a four-room shack whose good rugs and books and pictures and china seemed as much out of place as a faun in a button factory. Betty wasn't old enough to see the dramatic interest of the surf line where east broke against west, and she went away from that luncheou exceeding sorrowful. Salted almonds and embroidered doilies, and not a cowboy or an Indian within sight. Was this what she had gone out in the wilderness for to see?

The street in front of the lumber office was lined with wagons and cow-ponies, and crowds of roughly clad men thronged the wooden sidewalks. On the opposite corner a number of horse-traders were gathered round a bunch of broncos, and teamsters had halted their loaded wagons to talk with the swaggering, loud-voiced group.

Suddenly something happened, and the red-haired girl sat up. A long, lean man, in riding clothes and sombrero, stood facing three burly, thick-set traders.

You'll swallow that or an ounce of lead," roared one of the trio, drawing a re-

The crowd surged back out of range. "Yon're a d—horse-thief, and I can ove it," said the man in front of the shinprove it.' ing steel barrel. He moved quickly, as he spoke, and a bullet buried itself in the

buildings behind him.

The three men lunged toward him, and he backed up against a wagon full of cordwood. Something flashed in his hand. There was a second shot, then another, and another. Two men lay in the street. The cowboy stood unburt save for a red streak, broadening on his cheek.

The third horse-trader brought his heavy whip butt down viciously upon the cowboy's right wrist and the revolver spun hard face. across the road, but the disarmed man reached for a stick of wood with his left hand, and the last of his assailants went

out, two men were being loaded into an empty wagon. One, supported by friends. was limping toward the drugstore, and the cowboy, followed by an admiring throng, was slouching carelessly into the nearest

A loose-jointed, keen-eyed man dropped down upon the lumber pile beside the red-

"Pretty scrap, wasn't it?" he drawled, as he lighted his pipe. The girl recogniz-ed the sheriff, to whom she had been introduced, with due ceremony, earlier in

"Aren't you going to arrest anybody?" she inquired breathlessly.
"What'd I do that for?" asked the Majesty of the Law, in mild surprise.

"Do you allow fights like that on your He shifted his pipe, and expectorated cheerfully. "Why, Jim licked, didn't

'The cowboy did."

"That's Jim--and they were three to one agin him, weren't they?"
"Why, yes; but-"

"Well, if they couldn't take care of themselves, they needed killing, and Jim don't seem to need me to take care of him. Nobody's badly hurt, anyhow, and I can't see as I've a call to jug anyhody for that

row. It kind of settled itself." When the red-haired girl went to bed that night she was distinctly cheerful. After all, things did happen in Oklahoma. All sorts and conditions of men floated

in and out of Wilson's lumber yard. Some of them wanted lumber. Some liked Dick Wilson, and showed it by loafing in his office. After Dick's sister arrived, they came thicker and faster than ever.

She fraternized with them all, and held court on a pile of joists which made a good place from which to watch the street. Every man within a radius of seventy-five miles around Bluffville took his turn at entertaining her, but the men who most persistently acted as guide, philosopher, and friend, were the philosophical sheriff and she was losing her eyesight; so she decided Tom Bailey, gambler, dead shot, and Har- to have a go at the Strip. We rode into

"He'll spoil your taste for Willy boys, Betty," he said, "but he'll not hurt you, and he knows the Territory. Don't hurt him."

couple sat together under the shade of the lumber shed very often, and laughed. the gambler told the red-haired girl about "Well, no; I can't say that the Sir Galathe people who passed, and about a good many people who didn't pass. "That's Slim Jim," he said one day, as

he and Betty looked down the street from their vantage point on the lumber pile.

"No, but I've seen him fight." "That's good. He's a dabster at it isn't he? But eating is his long suit. He can eat more than any man in the Strip, and there isn't a boarding-house keeper who

"He's an old Texas man. He says he can go broke anywhere with perfect impu-All he needs to do is to tell the first | neither." nity. man he meets a hard-luck story, and pump up a cough. They put him up at a hotel and take up a collection for him."

yard with his lazy, side-wheeler motion.

"Now wouldn't you think that man was slower than molasses in winter?" asked the gambler musingly. "He's made out of steel wire and raw hide. He's quicker on the trigger than any man in the counthe back of his head, but just look at

him.

The sheriff dropped in a disjointed heap upon a friendly joist. "I was telling Miss Wilson about Slim

Jim," volunteered the gambler. "Oh-well, it's a long story. He's a character, Slim Jim is. Don't you get stuck on him, though, Miss Wilson. He's tarnation shapely, but he's married. Did Tom tell you about his marrying? No! Well, that was the only time anybody got the drop on Jim.

'You see, it happened, just a little while after the run for the Stri , and Jim's never been sorry but once. That's all the time. She was a Yankee, and came down to visit her sister. There wasn't another pretty girl tion. Between times they ploughed. within miles, and the boys went clean daffyabout her. There were picket lines of cow-ponies hitched to her brother-in-law's fence all day and every day.

"The girl picked out two young fellows who had good claims, side by side. They were both sooners." 'What's a sooner?" asked the red-hair

ed girl. "Chap who gets in and stakes his claim one who can prove him a sooner can turn him out, and stake his claim. Well, for a while this girl couldn't decide which of the two fellows she liked the better; but, finally, she made up her mind. Both of the duffers had told her their sooner stories. She got the one she didn't want to marry to tell his story before witnesses. Then she disproved his title, staked his claim, he looks, and that he wouldn't advise any were a woman he'd get a divorce, but a awful mess. man can't very well do that, even in Oklahoma."

The girl looked thoughtful. Divorces are easy, down here, aren't ney?" she asked. "I lunched with the banker's wife the other day, and she said something about the time when she and John were divorced. She didn't seem sensitive about the thing. but 1 didn't like to ask questions." he gambler and the sheriff both chuc

kled. "Why, bless your heart, she wouldn't have cared," said the sheriff. "She and her sister both got divorces, just before the run. You see a man and his wife can stake only one claim. That's a quarter section. Now those two couples wanted two half-sections. So they got divorced, made the run, staked four claims; and after the claims were proved, they married

again. Each family had a half-section. The red-haired girl gasped. There was a direct simplicity about Oklahoma meth-

ods that startled her. "Did many women run?" she asked weakly.

'Droves of them." "Tell me about a run. What's it like?" The sheriff blew a cloud of smoke. "What's it like Tom? You tell her,

he said, turning to the other man. The gambler crossed his knees and clasp ed them with his white, scholarly hands that gave the lie to his rough clothes and

"Like?" he said reflectively. It's like claim?" he said.
a lunatic asylum on a spree. It's like a "'No. Will you?" circus chariot-race and a steeple-chase and a county fair rolled into one. It's like Judgment Day with very few sheep in the You get all sorts at a run, but three fourths of them are has-beens. There are men from all quarters of the earth, but they've nearly all failed somewhere else and are playing for new stakes. Then there are the women who have been drudging for someone else, and are making a break "It's all for homes of their own. Some men and women are going into the thing, just for fun. Oh, they are assorted qualities, and

sizes, all right enough. There are lots of fine men and splendid women in the gang, but I've found that it's a good rule not to go into ancient history with Oklahoma neighbors. Now I'm long on ancient history. My ancestors were great stuff, and I lived up to them for a while. It was the effort of doing it that brought on a moral collapse and put me where I am."

"Did you ever run ?" asked the girl. The gambler flushed. "Well, hardly. I'm a good shot."

"But you can't get a claim by shoot-

Tom laughed. "Oh, you mean was I ever in a run. Yes ran for the Strip. I didn't want the land. What would I do with it if I had it? But wanted experience. I got it. That run was great. Just ahead of me, when we broke away, was a fat old darkey on a raw-boned mule. She had on a bright red his cheek," the sheriff added. calico dress, and she was riding astride, lamming the mule and yelling like a caliope. The mule ran like a prairie fire, and was still going when I dropped out. I didn't Even a drunken Injun ought to have run far. The plunge at the start was what known better. Three braves were gather-I wanted. It was like going over Niagara. I wanted. It was like going over Niagara. ed to their fathers, and three more were It was the greatest mix-up I was ever in in laid up for weeks. There was a big fuss

legs."
"You staked, didn't you?" drawled the sheriff.

"Oh, yes, I staked; but a woman staked He looked her over calmly, while she blushthe same quarter-section, and I didn't care | ed. anything about it, so I wouldn't contest. The woman was a dressmaker, and found Tom Bailey, gambler, dead shot, and Harvard graduate. Some brothers would have shied at Tom. Dick Wilson only grinned. to have a go at the Strip. We rode into pipe, looking superbly reserved and dignified. He was spectacular, but a barrier to shied at Tom. The Indians in Oklahoma

'Were all the men as nice to the women as you were?" The red-haired girl's voice was soft, and her eyes were approving. He

had act was popular. Still the men did try not to interfere with the women if it could be avoided."

'There were the Gateses," put in the sheriff dryly. Both men looked amused. The gambler took out a fresh cigar.

"Tell her about them," he suggested, as he felt for a match. 'Never met Mr. and Mrs. Gates, did

you?" inquired the sheriff. was a case, where a man and woman contested a claim, and no politeness about it sunset.

'They both made the run. Mrs Gates was Miss Johnson then, a crisp, pugnacious Yankee schoolmarm. She staked her claim Just at this point in the conversation Gates happened to take the same quarter- apace. One day she was invited to a meetthe sheriff hove in sight and came across the section. That started the fight. Now when a claim is contested, the claimant who has put up a shack and broken ground first not quite up to the standard of the mother stands the best show; so as soon as they club. "He's made out had filed, Gates and Miss Johnson went tearing back to the claim to begin operations. She took a workman, and they try. He has a mind that works like chain knocked up a shack at the southwest corlightning, and an iron nerve, and eyes in ner of the claim. Gates ran his up on the northeast corner. He had to pass the other shack on his way to town.

"She had some horses and began ploughing. So did Gates. She hated him like poison. He made the air blue every time he thought of her. The contest dragged along. Those things last forever down here. Every day the two parties got more bitter. There wasn't anything too bad for one to say about the other. When she got up in the morning she looked at the smoke coming out of his chimney, and talked to herself in a way that would have made her Yankee ancestors shiver. While he ate breakfast he looked across at her shack and said things that weren't fit for publication. Hating each other was their chief occupa-

"One morning Miss Johnson got up and looked over at her enemy's shack. There er. Each hoped one or the other would aswasn't any smoke. The next morning the sume the effort of explaining. The sheriff same thing happened. She knew Gates hadn't gone away, because if he had he'd passed her place. The third morning came. No smoke. Miss Johnson's curiosity fairly sizzled. It was too much for her. She put and nabbed town lots. The railroad comon her boots and went across to the enemy's cam,. There wasn't any noise about before the Government signal is given. He the place. She stooped at the door and lishas no legal right to his claim, and any tened. Not a sound. She tried the doorknob. It turned, and the door opened. She pushed the door open and went in. There was only one room to the shack. On the side of the room opposite the door was a cot. On the cot was a man. He was tossing and turning. His cheeks was crimson. His eyes had a sort of vacant stare.

"Miss Johnson stood holding the door and watched the man. He didn't pay any and married the man next door. That was attention to her. By and by she went in Jim. They've got a nice half-section, but to the room, walked over to him, and felt Jim says that sometimes he feels as sick as his head. He was burning up with fever, and didn't notice her at all. She looked around the room. Everything was in an "People wouldn't ride on the trains, and man to marry a business woman. If he around the room. Everything was in an

> "She stood and bit her lip for a minute. That's a way she has. Then she came to a conclusion and trotted over to her shack. Pratty soon she hurried back with a medicine chest, gave the sick man some medicine, rolled up her sleeves, and waded into that room. cloths on Gates' head, and gave him some more medicine. Night came along, and she rolled herself in a blanket and slept on the deaths from pistol shots, scores of black sick man, and kept on with the medicine. She kept that up for four days, going home only long enough to tend to the horses and

"On the fifth day Gates opened his eyes and saw out of them. She was standing by him, and when he saw her he swore feebly.

She set her lips.
"'You shan't die on my land,' she said. "'It's my land, and I'll die on it if I
—please,' snarled Gates. Then he faint-

"That was the situation for two weeks. The woman won out. A man's stubbornness ain't any match for a woman's. Miss Johnson wouldn't let Gates die on her land. He tried to assert his rights and do it, but couldn't. She nursed him back to life, but they wouldn't speak to each other. When he was getting well, but couldn't do anything for himself, he used to watch her and grin sometimes. Then he would scowl.

"At last he was able to get up. She went home. That afternoon he walked in at her " 'I reckon you won't give up this

" 'I'd see you in --- first, but will you narry me?" "'It's a good deal the same thing for

me, ain't it?' asked Miss Johnson, "Still she married him. That's the way that contest was squashed, and they're as

happy as turtle doves."
"It's a funny country," mused the red-"It's all that," agreed the men.

A dilapidated cart, drawn by a phantom horse, wandered down the street and stopped in front of the lumber office. In it were a dignified Indian, in gay raiment; a shrink-ing, frightened-faced squaw, wrapped in a blanket, and a scantily-clad Indian baby. The old Indian climbed out of the wagon As he left, the pappoose wailed shrilly, and the fond father cuffed it over the head. Then he disappeared into the office. "Old Lone Tree," explained the gam

"He's the meanest Indian unhung. He'll

lie and steal and murder, and beat his wife, and do it all with imperturbable dignity. He's a Government pet, and always comes out on top. You can shoot a white man down here, and not hear much about it; but wipe one of those dirty, vicious In-dians off the earth, and you'll set the whole machinery of the Government working. Don't talk to me about the noble red

man." 'Slim Jim gave Lone Tree that scar on

"The tightest hole Jim was ever in w. three years ago, when six Indians held him up fifteen miles out on the Creek road. my life, and that's saying a good deal. I about it, but it was finally decided that don't know how my pony ever kept his Jim shot in self-defence."

The office door opened, Old Lone Tree stalked into the yard and across to the lumber pile where the red-haired girl sat.

"How ?" he grunted. The two men nodded coolly. Lone Tree sat down on the lumber and smoked his

sleep. Ste has a very decent little farm are picturesque, but not inspiring. They shake one's faith in Longfellow and Cooper. They are dirty, ill-smelling, thieving, brutal; yet with it all, they do, at times,

look the ook the part.

Lone Tree finished his pipe in silence. Then he made another exhaustive survey of Wilson's sister, and nodded. She wasn sure whether the nod expressed approval, but she offered him a smile at a venture. He accepted it without any sign of appre ciation

"Day," he grunted solemnly, and went

away. As he climbed into the wagon the pap poose once more gave a frightened cry, and Lone Tree struck the little one a brutal blow with his whip. The squaw moaned will board him at regular rates; but he can't get an extra ounce of flesh on those bones."

"No, I think not," said the girl, wrink-ling her forehead in an effort to remember. "Well, your brother knows them. That of the wagon, while her lord and master statuesque, serene, drove away into the

> "Some day I shall kill an Indian," said Tom Bailey quietly. "I feel it coming

> The red-haired girl's education went on ing of the Woman's Club, and found it uncommonly like Sorosis, though, sartorially,

A frightened little woman read a long paper upon Icelandic literature, spelling all the names, because, as she explained, no one could by any possibility pronounce them. Then there was a discussion upon corporal punishment for children, which became so animated that only the strategic genius of the president prevented its end-Sandwiches and chocolate ing fatally. smoothed the troubled waters, and Dick Wilson's sister escaped. It was depressing to find that even Oklahoma could not furnish new color effects to woman's clubdom. At the lumber vard she found the sheriff Tom Bailey, and Dick loafing tranquilly. It was a relief after the glimpse of a strenuous life. They moved along and made room for her on the lumber pile. She sat down and sighed for sheer satisfaction. After that she asked a question that had been bothering her.

"Why Bluffville? There aren't any bluffs.

The three men looked lazily at each othfinally came to the front.

"Didn't you ever hear how the town came to be here? We called the railroad's bluff. Some of the sooners staked it out pany decided to locate its town nine miles east, and not stop here. Then there was a fight. The trains had to be stopped here, and the boys stopped them. They tore up track and broke up bridges. The railroad company sent a posse down to guard things Some of the boys engaged the posse up at the north bridge while the rest of the boys blew up the south bridge. One night they moved a house, and set it squarely on the track. The engineer of the express train didn't see it until he was almost on it; so he threw his throttle wide open and ploughed right through the house engine never left the track, but it looked more or less like thirty cents afterward, and

the trainmen wouldn't run them, so the railroad company had to give in. It ought to have known better than to buck up against a crowd of Oklahoma boomers."

'How long ago was all that?" ave the sick man some medi-up her sleeves, and waded into When it was tidy she put wet works till you couldn't rest, circus, baloon ascension, show at the Opera House, four floor. The next day she made gruel for the eyes, drunks in bunches of twenty-five. It was a great occasion. Sorry you weren't

here. "Some day the bottom will fall out of this boom," prophesied the gambler. "That's right," assented Dick. "We

town, now, though." "Good place for a man in my profesself-disgust in it.

"Why, why, wh—" The red-haired girl looked embarrssed. "Why do I follow my profession?" finished the gambler cheerfully. "Well, why not. I'm on the square. My word's my bond, and the boys know it. It's all a gamble, in one way or another, and I'm not sure but what the avowed gambler is

the only really honest man in the bunch. The month's visit came to an end one October day. The red-haired girl kissed her brother tearfully, while all the bystand-

ied the landscape.

Then she shook hands with a large and varied assortment of men, among them Old | Cooper on the couch uncons Lone Tree, who eyed her stolidly, and grunted "Day," but who had ridden twenty

miles to make the eloquent remark. Tom Bailey was the last man to step up. His face wore the expression that he usual ly reserved for a raise on a pair of deuces. habit of bluffing calmly stands a man in

good stead on some occasions "You've been very good," said the redhaired girl.

"Yes, I've been good. I'll probably make up for it." Not a muscle of his face stirred, but that night he rode his pony fifty miles for no apparent purpose.

On the train the red-haired girl met the

Congressman. 'It's a wonderful country," he said.

"It is," she agreed.
"Such crops," mused the Congressman.
"Such men." sighed the girl. She finds New York slow.—By Eleanor Hoyt in Everybody's Magazine.

Will Ask No Pension.

Close friends of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison in Indianapolis state that she has requested duced by Senator Fairbanks recently, but Harrison to ask that the project be drop-

Opponents to the pension contended that Mrs. Harrison was not entitled to the operation of the precedent by which widows of Presidents have received government assistance. She was married to General Harrison after he had retired to private life, and therefore was not the wife of a President and is now only the widow of

au ex-President.
Furthermore, the Harrison family pointed out that the General made generous provisions in his will for Mrs. Harrison and their child, leaving to his widow an income of \$10,000 a year and a house free

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Renounces Claim to Crown

The Archduchess Elizabeth, in view of her marriage to Prince Otho von Windisch-Gratz, who is not of royal blood, on Wednesday took the oath renouncing all claims for herself and her descendants to the Austrian throne.

The ceremony occurred at noon in the Privy council chamber of the palace, in the presence of the emperor, a number of statesmen and the foreign diplomats. The archduchess took the oath kneeling before a

The emperor's gifts to the Archduchess Elizabeth include securities valed at 320,-000 pounds, (\$1,600,000), a yearly allowance of 50,000 pounds, (\$250,000), jewelry valued at 200,000 pounds (\$1,000,000), a

gold dinner service and several residences Born September 1st, 1883, the Archduchess Elizabeth Marie was but five years old when the tragic death of her father, the Crown Prince Rudolph, occurred. She was brought up by her mother, the widowed Belgian Princess Stephanie, at the imperial court, under the fostering care of the Emperor Francis Joseph and the Empress Elizabeth.

The assassination of her grandmother by means of a dastardly anarchist's dagger at Seneva, befell the royal family in 1898.

These circumstances bound together the aged Kaiser and the child of his only son in the closest affection, and after her mother married a second time, two years ago, becoming the Countess Lonyay, the ties between the two have, it is said, been strengthened all the more by constant companionship.

The Archduchess, before she came of age,

ast year, had already made her choice of a iusband, and gained her grandfather's conent to her betrothal to Prince Otho von Windisch Gratz, for what is purely a love match, Prince Otho, though belonging to one of the most distinguished Austrian noble houses, being only a cadet of a junior branch and a simple Uhlan lieutenant. The emperor gave his consent to the marriage n condition that nothing definite should be decided until the archduchess attained her eighteenth birthday. This was last September, and the wedding was fixed for the present month.

Under the pragmantic sanction, by virtue of which, in 1723, the emperor Charles VI, settled the crown on his daughter, Maria Theresa, and her heirs, it became the rule that the Austro-Hungarian throne shall always descend to direct male heirs. The Archduchess Elizabeth could not, consequently, have succeeded in the sovereignty of the Austro-Hungarian empire, would she or her children have any claim except through the absolute failure of male heirs. The emperor has grandsons in the direct line, his youngest daughter, the Archduchess Marie Valerie, who is married to the Archduke Francis Salvator, of Tuscauy, being the mother of three sons, of whom the eldest is the Archduke Francis Charles, now nine years of age. On the death of the Crown Prince Rudolph, however, the succession passed to the emperor's brother, on whose death, in 1896, his elder son, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand became heir presumptive.

In the ordinary course of events the Arch-duke Francis Ferdinand will become the next Emperor of Austria, but when he made his morganatic marriage with the Countess Chotek, in 1900, he renounced by solemn oath any claim to the throne on the part of his descendants by that marriage, and in all human probability the crown will descend to the Archduke Karl Franz Joseph, now fourteen years old, and the son of the emperor's second nearest nephew the Archduke Otho Francis.

Killed With a Sledge.

St. Louis Business Man Murdered in a Bathing House. Robbery the Motive of the Crime-A Colored Man Employed in the Establishment Under Arrest— His Statement.

A. Dean Cooper, of St. Louis, treasurer draw from 75 miles east and 150 miles west of the Graham Paper company, died as the now, but a railroad will cut in somewhere, result of injuries sustained in a mysterious and we'll go out like a candle. It's a great manner while in the Vista Turkish bath establishment at 3518 Franklin street Thursday. William A. Strother, the colsion." The gambler's tone had a touch of ored man in charge of the bath house, who tells conflicting stories about the affair, is under arrest, and a diamond ring worth \$1,500 and a valuable pin belonging to Mr. Cooper have been recovered from their hiding place in the cellar of the bath house.

Mr. Cooper's injury consisted of a fractured skull. A sledge hammer, covered with blood, was also found in the cellar and taken possession of by the police. Strother made a statement to the police that about midnight a boy brought Mr. Cooper a note, which he refused to answer. boy went away, and soon after a man ers turned their backs and diligently studied the landscape.

Incomplete the day, th to fix the fires, Strother says he found

Doctors operated on Mr. Cooper and removed pieces of bone that were pressing on his brain, but the injured man died with-

out regaining consciousness.

Mr. Cooper was the owner of the bath nouse where the assault was committed, but it was not managed in his name. Cooper, who was interested in various lines of business, was considered one of the wealthiest men in St. Louis.

The Widows of Presidents.

The report made to the United States

Senate favoring a pension of \$5,000 per year to Mrs. McKinley, recites that Martha Washingion was given the franking privilege, while Louise C. Adams was accorded the some right by an act of Congress. The widow of William Henry Harrison received \$25,000, less any amount that had already been paid on the salary of that year, together with the franking privilege. Dolly Madison was given the franking privilege, and Mrs. Polk received a pension of \$5,000 year. Mrs. Taylor was given the franking privilege. Mrs. Taylor received a pension of \$5,000, while Mrs. Lincoln got a pension those who have been supporting her claim of equal amount, together with \$25,000, to a pension to abandon their efforts. A less the amount that had been paid on that bill granting her \$5,000 a year was introalso given the franking privilege. Mrs. it is probable now that it will be withdrawn. Opposition to the grant, both among members of Congress and relatives of the late President, have induced Mrs. Special allowances of this kind also have een made to some of the widows of the Vice Presidents.

Husband 18, Wife 16.

Porter B. Moon, of Jersey Shore, aged 18 years, and Myrtle C. Austin, of Ebensburg, aged 16, eloped to Corning a few days ago and were married. The young lady while visiting at the Crawford house, Jersey Shore, met Moon, who is employed on the New York Central railroad. Landlord Letts, a consin of the young lady, seeing the attention she was receiving, thought best to send her home, but instead of going to Ebensburg she accompanied, it is said. her lover to Corning and the two were mar-ried by the Rev. W. H. Reese.

A Modern Romance.

How a Veteran of the Philippines Won His

Less than three years ago Robert Mason, a well-to-do Woodhull farm lad, near Rochester, N. Y. kissed his sweetheart good-bye and after exchanging promises to be true, left with his regiment for the Philippines. Mason, on account of his knowledge of woodcraft, was assigned to scouting duty and was in fifty-two engagements and skir-mishes while under Lawton's command in the islands. Owing to the uncertainty of his location it was a difficult matter to keep up his correspondence with home, and during the last eighteen months letters almost ceased. During all this time Mason never doubted his sweetheart's promises, and in every engagement carried her like ness over his heart.

Upon returning to Manila some months ago Mason received word from a companon who enlisted with him that caused him to apply for a discharge and hurry home as fast as steam could carry him. unannounced at Woodhull Saturday morning he heard for the first time that his sweetheart, who had promised to remain true to him always, was to wed another that night in the Methodist church at Almond, her home.

Procuring a horse, he set out for that place, and by hard riding through the snowdrifts, managed to reach the church door just as the ceremony started. He waited until the bride and groom reached the altar, when forcing his way through the loungers at the door, he stalked down the aisle, his erect figure, bronze face and worn, mud-bespattered uniform the centre

of all eyes. Miss Shepard, the girl who had pledged herself to him before he sailed to war, gave a startled cry and sank to the floor on her knees. His rival, who had made such successful love while he was facing the bolos and spears of the bushmen, started violently and had only partly recovered when Mason, pushing forward, whispered a few words in the ear of the trembling bride and ordered the would be groom to leave the church. His refusal to do so caused Mason to draw his heavy army revolver from its holster, and deliberately cocking it he gave the groom two minutes by the clock in which to leave the build-

By this time the entire assembly was in an uproar, women weeping hysterically and men dropping down behind the benches to be out of range of stray shots. The groom, seeing the determined look upon the veteran's face, decided to take no chances, and muttering a few words hurriedly left the building, after which Mason's revolver went back into his pocket and

order was again restored. The minister was about to dismiss the assembly when, after whispering a few more words to the bride and receiving her nod of assent, Mason asked the minister to continue the ceremony. In another min-ute the words were said that made Mason and his old sweetheart man and wife, after which followed words of congratulation from the many old friends of the groom, who had not until that time recognized him.

Sam Jones Attacks Potter.

Says the Bishop will Soon Be Broadening the Commandments

Evangelist Sam Jones, in a letter to an Atlanta (Ga) paper makes a vicious attack on Bishop Potter, of New York, for his attitude towards Prohibition. He charges that Bishop Potter represents no one but the "Four Hundred" of New York, preaches the doctrine of the voluptuary, seeks to broaden the Ten Commandments and liberalize the moral law. The letter

says:great man; he is all sorts of a man; he is everybody's man. It is not because he is an Episcopalian that makes me say, what I say, but it is because of his views, so widely circulated, which, I am sure, the

devil himself approves.

"Bishop Potter, of New York, knows as little about us poor white people in Geor-gia as we care about him in New York. He runs with a different crowd and trains with a different gang. The good, God-fearing people of Georgia are for Prohibition, and we don't like the names he calls our pet theory, such as 'impudent fraud and impudent failure?

"The business of a minister of God in this world is to champion and fight for everything that's right and to denounce everything that's wrong. There is not a good man in Georgia who indorses the sentiment of Bishop Potter, of New York-May Bishop Potter vaporize about educa. tion and transformation and so on but what good people of Georgia want is Prohibition. "I tell you, in New York, when they take a Bishop around with them, and dine him and wine him and stuff him and toast him, it doesn't take him long to imbibe the views of wine-bibbers and gluttons and to preach the doctrine of voluptuaries from the platform. How long before the Bishop and his gang will be broadening the Ten Commandment and liberalizing the moral

law so they would have it read : Thou shalt not steal less than a million dollars. "Thou shalt not break the Sabbath. but 'bend it double if there is money in it.

wife at your home.

"Thou shalt not have more than one

" 'Thou shalt not covet, but get all you

can get and keep all you get.
"Thou shalt not be guilty of idolatry; worship the true and the living dollar.' Not many miles from Morrisdale lives a woman 57 years of age. She has reared a large family. She owns a good farm of 75 acres, has money in the bank and she could spend the balance of her life at ease. Last fall with the aid of a son she prospected for coal on her farm and found three foot vein. She opened a drift and

developed the mine. She dug and loaded four and five tons a day sold it to farmers and people in the vicinity at five cents a In speaking about it to a friend she said she could load and run the coal out all right but she bated the mining; this part of the work was the most irksome because she had to lie down to mine. She does her own ploughing. She frequently walks to Philipsburg, a distance of ten

Sliver Causes Arm Amputation.

Mrs. Devillo Dexter, of Delmar, Tioga county, several weeks ago ran a sliver into the middle finger of her right hand. The finger became so badly affected that it had to be amputated. This did not stop the infection, and the other day the arm was amputated near the elbow. Only a few months ago her husband lost the an eye by being struck with a nail he was driving.

- Subcribe for the WATCHMAN