HOW OLD HICKS SAVED THE STATE

A farmer out in Renville, whose name was Grandpa Dix, Had never dared to plant his corn without con

sultin' Hicks.

Now, Hicks lived in Mizzoury, and he had a kind o' knack

Of makin' up the climate in a blamed old alma Whenever it came winter and the winds began

ter blow, Ol' Hicks came out hotfooted an' predicted that 'twould snow. And along in Janooary his advice was free and

bold-"About this time of year look out for long contin

ued cold." And when the cold began to break and spring

showed up a bit, Ol' Hicks said, "Spring is coming," and he always

Now, Grandpa Dix he had a way, whenever Hicks said Spring,

Of hustlin' out upon the land, and he never did a But plant his corn and sow his wheat, likewise

his garden sass, Because whatever Hicks had said was sure ter come ter pass.

One year about the fust of March the almana said "warm," When the blame ol' Gov'ment weather sharp pre

dicted "serious storm." But Grandpa Dix he felt his ground and planted all his stuff,

Yet notwithstanding Hicks' graft the storm came, sure enough. But every pesky Hessian fly, chinch bug, and the

like of those, Air varmints that eat up the stuff was very badly Which simply showed that Hicks was right, se

argued Grandpa Dix, "Because of they had not been killed crops would ben in a fix.' So while his seed was frozen stiff, Grandpa wa

still elate, Old Hicks had brought the insects out and really saved the State.

-Nebraska State Journal.

## AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.

Denis MacMurragh, newly arrived, was standing in front of the post-office, near the corner of Nassau and Liberty streets, gazing about with bewildered indecision. Two weeks before he had left his quiet home in the North of Ireland, and since then his life had been an uninterrupted succession of wonderful surprises. neither Belfast nor Liverpool, nor his long journey across the water had thrilled him as did this hurrying, intense, absorbed mass of humanity that was surging about him. It fascinated, even while it caused him to draw back toward the building, as though he feared to be caught in its relentless grasp

In his own home he had been accustomed to take off his hat to every woman he met on the country roads, and to wish them the "top of a morning" or the "luck of the or the kind protection of some especially benignant saint or fairy, but here women seemed to be only an unrecognized part of the confusing whole. They hurried past the men, and the men hurried past them, and they crossed and recrossed with absolute unconcern and apparent unconsciousness of each other's existence.

But even in this place of busy, heterogeneous humanity, the crowd found time for more than one admiring glance toward the colossal, strangely apparelled figure near the post-office. Denis towered head and shoulders above most of them, and his strong beardless face was enclosed in a shock of curling, yellow-brown hair which had seen little of brush and comb save his fingers and the thorn of his native Fermanagh thickets. It was almost as if some wild god of the ancients were standing there, appalled and fascinated by the seething modern life around him.

Presently there was a slight ripple in the stream, and some of the eddies wavered under the momentary impulse of curiosity. A hungry woman had filched an apple from a stand, and a policeman was dragging her along the sidewalk. But only a few steps, then a massive figure hurled itself through the crowd like a catapult, and a strong grasp fell upon the police-man's shoulder and sent him whirling out toward the middle of the street, twisting and turning and trying in vain to grasp something for support, until at last he fell prone upon the pavement. And after him roared an angry: "Ye graceless omad-houn! Let that tache yez to keep your sacrilegious hands off a woman !"

Back on the sidewalk Denis was bending over the crouching, sobbing woman. "Did the spalpeen hurt yes, ma'am?" he asked, gently.

The crowd snickered a little at the gen-

tleness applied to the wretched, barefoot creature on the sidewalk, but their mirth was quickly checked by the blazing face which was turned toward them. "No, sir; I-I was hungry, and-"

"Hungry!" the voice quivered with astonishment and indignation. "Hungry! wid all these people near yez wearin' kid gloves an' silks?" He rose to his full height and glared around, as though he would annihilate the entire crowd, then the blaze left his face and he laughed scorn-

fully.
Out upon yez for a pack of bloodless aeushla, but ye're welcome to it. An' ease. Great indeed will be the same of the mebbe this'll be afther keepin' yez a bit man who discovers a system of treatment warm," removing his coat and throwing it that will diminish the ravages of this disabout her shoulders. "Now shall I be ease, and his claims as a benefactor of manhelpin' yez home?"

No. no; thank you, sir. I-I have no home." She rose quickly and slipped into the crowd. He made a movement as though he would follow, but at that mo-ment a vicious hand clutched his arm, and the red, angry face of the policeman scowled

"New ye'll be comin' wid me! An' ye resist," and the incensed officer's words were emphasized by the sharp click of a are excepted, as are fish. The Japanese

Denis shook the grasp from his arm and

an' bate a little dacency into ye. No man

The policeman was a plucky fellow, but | nothing about butter, cream, cheese, etc., he drew back involuntarily from the storm but they make an excellent substitute from he saw gathering on the face before him. a bean, rich not only in oil, but also in "an' I must protict the law. I niver use is common among the upper classes in the revolver barrin' it's nadeful, but ye Japan. Mountaineers are, however, ex-

first wonder and incredulity had gradual-

ly given place to whimsical resignation.
"An' officer to protict the law," he repeated, and for the first time he seemed to notice that the man was dressed differently from the others around him. it's meself has no call to fight the law, being newly arrived. I'll go along wid ye, but mind, your hands must be kept off

"Ye're jist over, I take it?" the policeman said, as they moved down the sidewalk. 'From the ould counthry, yes."

"I knew it from your tongue. An' ye're from the north of Ireland, too, county Fermanagh. Why, mon! whin ye sent me whirlin' and twistin' out into the street, managh. grabbin' the air for somethin' to clutch me tin fingers into, I was that mad I could have clubbed ye. But whin I heard the howl ye sent afther me I tho't of the Enniskillen Fair an' the rale ould shindies the b'ys used to have there."

Denis stopped on the sidewalk, and oblivious of the pushing and elbowing of irate tin, who was paid a large salary to be ex- and rose from the office of deacon and pedestrians, was regarding his companion with new interest.

So it's a Fermanagh mon ye are," he said more graciously. "From what part?" "Ballygad. Michael Flynn's me name, an' it's cousin I am to the Bradys o' Kintal, an' they're cousins to the Cogans o Erne, an' they're cousins to me Mac-Murraghs thimselves. A fine ould family the MacMurraghs, barrin' they've lost iverything an' have to work like common

folks. But what part are you from ?" "Cloughshannon. I'm Denis MacMur-He would have moved on, but Flynn

caught his hand. "MacMurragh! Tare an' 'ounds! An I would have clubbed ye! Shure, it's meself should have known ye wid thim shoulders' an' that head. But how come ye in the States?"

"Work," answered Denis, grimly. "Weve sold the last cow an' bit of land. An' there's me ould father an' mother, an' a round dozen of brothers an' sisters to look afther. I'm wantin' to bring them up well, an' maybe to give thim a bit of learnin' an' a sthart out."

They were walking along the sidewalk now, and Michael Flynn was scratching his chin in deep thought. Suddenly he

"How'd ye like to be on the foorce?" 'The what?"

"The foorce—be an officer like me. fine job, good pay an' aisy work, barrin a bit of shindy now an' thin. It's money ye could soon be savin' up for the ould folks an' the childer." Denis shook his head.

"It's mesilf couldn't be takin' up hun-

gry women."
"Thin lave thim alone. There'd be plinty other work for ye. Why, mon, ye'd be aqual to a dozen common officers down on Water street. The sight o' thim big shoulders would sind ivery law breaker skurrvin'. An' there'd be no trouble about gettin' yez the job. The inshpector married me own cousin, an' the captain himsilf is an Ulster mon. An' besides, they're always lookin' out for big, sthrong recruits. They'd snap ye up on sight. An' there's another thing," lowering his voice, b'ys round here vote for the mon they like, an' there's plinty o' thim have heard o' the MacMurraghs. The foorce'll be a good place for ye to sthart from, but wid the b'ys behind there's no tellin' where ye'll bring up. A MacMurragh, wid the Mac-Murragh shoulders an' head au' sthrong ways an' tinder heart, could do anything wid the folks that knew him."

He hesitated a moment, and then went of these uation. on with some constraint: more about arrestin' ye. It's me own person received the offinse, an' I've the right to settle it widout callin' in the law. But bout the foorce. Shall I riccommend ye?"

Denis looked down at him thoughtfully. "Yes," he answered; "but it's executin" the law in a dacent way I'll be doin'.' -By Frank H. Sweet.

# Dr. Rothrock's Experiment.

Many people throughout Pennsylvania and adjoining states have been greatly in-terested in State Forestry Commissioner Rochrock's experiment with consumptives to demonstrate the efficacy of the fresh air and out-door treatment. Last spring Dr. Rothrock sent a consumptive named Sylvester and his three children to Resica, Monoe county, to see what effect mountain life would have upon the patients. They were provided with an abundance of food conducive to their restoration, and when ompelled to seek shelter from the elements they found it in a building in which the air was as pure as out of doors. Dr. Rothrock, in an interview at Harrisburg, on Wednesday, made the following state ment:

'The result has been wonderful and from the very first there was an improvement Sylvester and his children will leave the mountain in March, the man comparatively cured and the children robust. The children will go to a home in Lancaster county and the man will get employment as a forest guard. Since the experiment began in the state the women of Maryland have commenced the creation of a fund for the establishment of a mountain home for patients who are suffering like Mr. Sylvester, and the same plan of out-door moun-

tain life will be observed." The next Legislature should place at the command of Forestry Commissioner Rothspalpeens! Here, ma'am," thrusting his hand into his pocket and drawing out a handful of small coins, "it's all I have, acushla, but ye're welcome to it. rock a sufficient appropriation to enable tims to consumption than to any other dis-ease. Great indeed will be the fame of the kind will stand unchallenged.

# Japanese Food Habits.

The Japanese do not use milk, cows being almost unknown in Japan. Milk, an animal product, falls under the condemna tion which excludes everything that has mind yez! I'll shoot that rid head off, if pertained to life from the list of articles used for food. Animals taken in the chase mother nurses her own child, continuing sometimes up to the sixth year, though other food is given in addition after the looked down curiously.

'So ye've come ag'in, have yez?" he first or second year. The main food of the said, the color beginning to flame back to Japanese mother consists of rice, fish, shellhis face. "I tho't mebbe ye'd be havin' fish, and seaweed. Wine or alcoholic enough. Now, I've a good notion to thry products are never used. Medical men think that the large use of the products of wid an Irish tongue ought iver to abuse a the sea is the reason why rachitis is unknown. Of course the Japanese know "It's an officer I am." he expostulated, nitrogenous elements. Yet consumption must come wid me. The woman was stahlin,' an' ye interfered with me duty." a small people, smallness with them being Denis had listened impatiently, but the a race characteristic. - Medical Record.

Charles Broadway Rouss is Dead. Blind Millionaire Merchant Prince of New York Peace-

fully Ends Eventful Career. Charles Broadway Rouss, the blind milsoldier of the South, peddler and head of he was not an Irishman at all. the great emporium in Broadway which stands as the monument of his industry.

Success came late in life. He was one of foot on Manhattan Island, immediately af- ed to descend from a blue-blooded family, ter the Civil War, he carried an oddly as- and that ever since the name patrician an unerring business instinct and was successful from the beginning.

perimented on for his employer. A few months ago he dispensed with this understudy and, as if through the irony of fate, Martin was cured shortly afterward.

Mr. Rouss was 66 years old. He was born in Maryland, was a soldier under Gen. Lee and was at the surrender at Appomat-

Three years ago Mr. Rouss erected mausoleum at his country home near Win-chester, Va. It cost \$100,000. His remains will be taken there for interment.

He erected at his own expense a monument to dead Confederate soldiers in Mount Hope cemetery, Baltimore, founded a ham and near Peel, England. Sailing for physical laboratory at the University of the latter country, he made his departure Virginia and gave \$100,000 for a Confederate monument to be located at Richmond

Charles Broadway Rouss, the blind milionaire of New York, whose standing offer ed beneath the waters of Carbarvon Bay, of \$1,000,000 to anyone who could restore his sight made him famous was an odd gen- rick's Causeway), over which St. Patrick story of his life to a friend in these words:

story."
"My life is the simplest. I come down to my office at 7 o'clock every morning. I Sabbalpatrick (baptism of Patrick) has am at my desk until 7 or 8 at night. Then reference to the baptism by St. Patrick of I go home and eat a great big supper at 9, and go to bed. I rise at 4 o'clock every morning, summer and winter. I take a drive through the park at 5; then I come to the office.'

"What are your pleasures?"

"I have none. I used to go home at night on a Grand street horse car. I stood on the rear platform and threw pennies and nickels at the newsboys and bootblacks who used to run along after the car. Then the police captain asked me to stop it, and of are many St. Patrick's Wells, from which course I did so." The millionaire looked reflective for a moment.

"That was my only pleasure in life," he continued, plaintively. "And the police made me give that up." "Your business methods are called pecu

liar," was suggested. "You pay your em ployes \$1 a day, it is said, and lock them in the store at night to prevent them from go ing out and getting drunk."

'How many men are worth more than \$1 a day?" returned the merchant. "How many thousands of dollars are wasted every month by the Hiltons and the Classins and the Vanderbilts and the Huntingdons on useless timber? Think of the men who are getting salaries of \$10,000 a year who are not worth their salt. Once in a while one of these men comes in here and wants a sit-

"What can you do?" I ask.

"I got \$10,000 a year with Claffin,' he says proudly. 'I can do anything.'
"'All right,' I say, 'I'll give you \$1 a

day.' He is highly insulted, and goes away. Two or three days later he comes in again. He is not quite so proud.
"'I'll take your offer, Mr. Rouss,' he says. 'I'll go to work for a dollar a day and show you what kind of man I am.' He works one day. That night when he goes

out, the doorkeeper gives him his dollar and tells him he needn't come back in the morning. He wants to know the reason. Generally he comes to me full of indigna-tion. I tell him the truth. He isn't any use. There are very few men in the world who are worth more than a dollar a day. A dollar is a good deal of money. I don't spend a dollar a day myself.

'When one of my salesmen can't keep away from John Barleycorn any longer, he goes out and spends all his money, and comes around, finally, a wreck physically and mentally and financially. If he is a good man when he is in his right mind I'll take him back on his promise to keep land was for centuries exhibited as a relic. He beat the instrument so hard as to burst. He beat the instrument so hard as to burst. straight. He can't have any more money, though, until he is on his feet again. He sleeps in the store. His meals are brought in to him. When he is in good shape again he gets his dollar a day.

He was eccentric and proud of it. He wore a \$12 suit of clothes. Often he slept on an iron bedstead at his store. He was an advocate of phonetic spelling. He did not advertise in the newspapers, but sent out hundreds of thousands of copies of a monthly circular and price list called the Monthly Auction Trade Journal. His business was action dry goods—job lots some people call it. His store was filled with oceans of notions. He supplied bargain counters and 5 and 10 cent stores throughout the country. Big dry goods houses that bought from him did not advertise the

He employed artists in hard luck to paint pictures for him by the yard. Sometimes he set these artists to work in the Broadway show windows. One man would put the background in a dozen canvasses, and the next would paint the green trees, a third the blue water and a fourth the red

Several times in the course of his career Mr. Rouss was left without a penny, and on one of these occasions he was thrown into Ludlow street jail, where may still be deciphered this inscription, which he cut into the wall: "When I leave here I shall become a rich man." This prophecy was fulfilled several times over.

One of the first advertisements which he wrote contained this sentence: "We shall keep everything calculated to make a man fashionable, a lady irresistable, and a family comfortable." The principle on which The principle on which he conducted his business, both in Winchester and in New York, was "Quick sales and small profits." He early burned his ledger and refused either to give or accept

-A train of coke cars ran away Thursday afternoon, on the eastern slope of the mountain, being stopped just west of Kit-tanning Point. L. E. Shaffer, a brakeman on the train, aged about 23 years old, who was single and resided at Youngwood. Westmoreland county, jumped or was thrown from the train in its flight down the mountain, and was instantly killed.

Wearing of the Green.

And so we come again to St. Patrick's lionaire merchant prince and one of the day, and the wearing of the green! And the importance of a new industry at Littiz, most eccentric characters in New York is simultaneously to consideration of the Irish though its product is being enjoyed dead. The peace of his last moment was a people's oddity in choosing St. Patrick for remakable antithesis to the man's career as the patron saint on their island. For Chocolate company, now turning out two

St. Patrick had rather a knack of bestowing his name on places and conditions, as will be seen from what follows: the old regime, and the first time he set and it is certainly odd that he was suppossorted pack of shoestrings, pencils and (Patrickian) has meant aristocratic. Born trinkets to sell. Mr. Rouss was gifted with in 372, he had reached the age of 16 years when pirates captured him and sold him essful from the beginning.

At the height of his success several years to Irish peasants, who employed him as a swineherd on the slopes of the mountain they were shown the chocolate beans, which ago he was stricken blind. Thereafter he Sleamish, in County Antrim. After seven are imported from Cuba and Venezuela, spent fortunes trying to regain his sight. years of this miserable bondage St. Patrick the latter furnishing the best. He had a standing offer of \$1,000,000 for a managed to make his escape to the Conticure. He had an understudy, Joseph Mar- nent, where he entered on religious studies, priest to that of Bishop. Duly authorized by Pope Celestine, he then returned to Ireland and devoted his life to preaching the gospel in his adopted country.

churches in Kirkcudbright and Dumfries, table oil. Scotland, as well as subsequently in Durfrom Portpatrick, and immediately began a pastorate in the English village of Patter-

dale (Patrickdale).

In Wales a dreadful shoal, now concealwas once known as the Larn-badig (Pat-"I came to New York a poor boy. I hadn't ary church of Patrick." With equal signifia cent. I slept in the parks. Now I have three or four millions. That is the whole at Innispatrick (island of Patrick), and then proceeded to Holmpatrick. The name of the parish of Saul, derived from an Irish chieftain, Diehu. After performing this rite the holy man proceeded to Templepatrick, in County Antrim, and

thence to the solitudes of a mountain called Croughpatrick. The saint founded the abbey in East Meath known as Domach-Padrig (house of Patrick), and built a church on the site of what is now the St. Patrick's cathedral. Ireland regards as sacred the spots named St. Patrick's Purgatory, St. Patrick's Wood and St. Patrick's Rock; and there St. Patrick is said to have quenched his thirst. He died at Saul on the 17th of March, 493, aged 120, and, according to the best evidence, was buried at Downpatrick, with the Sts. Columb and Bridget be-

side him. The Irish have ascribed healing powers to the humble shamrock, which it is said St. Patrick used as an illustration of the Trinity when preaching. It is curious, however, that trefoil, or clover, the Arabic name for which was shamrakh, was regarded in Iran as being emblematic of the Persian Triads and was a sacred plant. It seems that this superstition may have been understood by the Irish people and may have had something to do with their early veneration for the Shamrock.

It is said that the saint introduced into the Emerald Isle the art of distillation; but this is hard to believe, since he everywhere commanded total abstinence. In the year sociated with him not to drink until the vesper hour. Taking the sense of this to be literal. a brother named Colman worked all day in the open field beneath a blazing sun without permitting a single drop of water to cool his tongue. Overtaxed nature gave ont with the chiming of the vesper bell, and he dropped dead. His sad end may account for the readiness with which Irish men since then have disregarded St. Pat-

rick's condemnation of distilled liquors. An interesting story tells how the aged saint, when about to baptize an Irish chieftain, unwittingly placed on the great toe of the latter the steel point of his crozier, upon which he then leaned heavily. The unhappy chieftain, ignorant concerning Christianity, believed this severe physical pain a necessary rite, and bore it uncomplainingly, although his blood flowed so copiously as to give the spot ever after the name of Struthfpull, or stream of blood.

The drum with which St. Patrick was said a hole in it, but it was mended by an angel. The Irish people take so much pride in the freedom of their island from these reptiles that great indignation resulted in 1831, when a gentleman named James Cleland introduced six English snakes into his by ready hands.

# Rhodes' Illness is Fatal

Was Helped by Treatment in Italy. But is Now Near to Death.

The news that Cecil Rhodes is seriously ill with heart trouble was foreshadowed in dispatches of last autumn, stating that he was suffering from a fatal internal complaint which he had gone to Europe to be treated for. He underwent a drastic form of cure at Salsomaggiore, Italy, which only resulted in making him look ten years older. Friends scarcely knew him when he came back. Now he is growing steadily

worse in his South African home, and is daily revived by the oxygen treatment.

If Mr. Rhodes should die there would be panic in Rhodesian securities, which are only kept above water now by the belief that he can ultimately make Rhodesia pay It is said that he is worth today but \$20, 000,000, whereas before the Jameson raid he had \$60,000,000.

#### Attempt This Trick and Have Some Fun.

There is a good deal of fun, but more for the onlookers than for those who try to do it, in the following tricks: Several persons can take part in the game, and each must assume the position, namely, he must stand on his right foot, hold his left foot behind players are in this position a newspaper or some other object which is about six inches in height is placed on the ground, and each player is to hop toward it and do his utmost to catch it with his teeth and raise it to his own height. Those who succeed in doing this are hailed as winners, while those who do not succeed have to pay a forfeit.

---Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

The Making of Chocolate.

Some Timely Information About St. Patrick's The Interesting Process Explained at the Ideal Fac-

Perhaps few people in this country know throughout the country. It is the Ideal tons of the finest eating and drinking chocolate daily, and soon to be largely increased in capacity. A party of Lancaster newspaper men were shown through the factory by John C. McClain, a former newspaper man and now secretary of the Ideal company. The factory is complete in every respect and for more than an hour the news paper men were entertained by the interesting descriptions of Mr. McClain and

In its manufacture the first process is the roasting which completes the curing of the bean and takes out all the moisture, in some cases as much as 20 per cent. of weight of the bean. It is then put in a machine, which removes the thin paper covering or husk and separates the good, or Speaking of St. Patrick's namesakes, it heart, of the bean from the smaller partiis singular that his footsteps in life may cles and dust. This good cocca, perfectly be traced by them. His birthplace was solid, then goes through a mill which by Kilpatrick (churchpatrick), and the residence of his youth Dalpatrick (division of upon one another, causes it to come out in upon one another, causes it to come out in Patrick). Near Inverness is a place called a liquid state. This converting from solid Crag-phadrig, or rock-of Patrick, which he to liquid is possible because the bean convisited, and he founded Kirkpatrick tains from 50 to 55 per cent of fat or vege-

This liquid is then placed in bowls or cups in a hydraulic press having a pressure the latter country, he made his departure of 500,000 pounds to the square inch, which by pressure alone causes the cocoa butter or vegetable oil to rise to the surface and flow into cans placed near the machine to receive it. After an hour of this enormous pressure, about 40 per cent. in weight of outter or vegetable oil is extracted from the liquid, and the residue or sediment is Mr. Rouss a few years ago told the once walked, and on walking a trip to the the breakfast cocoa, which is largely taking Continent he sailed from Llan-badig, liter- the place of tea and coffee as an adjunct to the breakfast of Americans.

# Found in Chicago Asylum.

Miss McDonald Went Insane After Her Boston Romance Ended.

The mysterious woman inmate of the Kankakee, Ill., insane asylum, who gave her name as Frances Agnes Ross when she arrived in Chicago from Portland, Ore. and who was adjudge insane last Christmas, has been identified as Miss Rose McDon ald, a member of a prominent Boston fam-

A letter written by her to a sister in Bos ton was opened before it was mailed, and resulted in the discovery of her identity. William A. Morse, a Boston lawyer, appeared in court when the woman was en before Judge Carter to arrange for her removal to Boston. The judge ordered the transfer, and placed her in the care of Mrs. Minnie J. Andrews, who will act as companion. The lawyer, Mrs. Andrews and her charge have left for Boston.

Attorney Moss told Judge Carter that Miss McDonald seven years ago met and loved a millionaire, a retired merchant of Boston. He made over to her \$45,000 worth of real estate and gave her many jewels. The man's relatives, the lawyer said, finally brought suit to recover the property. Two years ago she disappeared. six months later the millionaire married. Early in December she came to Chicago and went insane at the convent of Poor Clare, it is thought, from the severe strain. When Miss McDonald arrived in Chicago she had plenty of money and valuable jewelry with her.

Miss McDonald, who lived in Boston, fortune in Montana raising sheep. He fell in love with Miss McDonald and she returned his affection, despite the disparity in their ages, he being 60 and she 26. It was said that Gilman made over property worth \$50,000 to her chiefly in Western real estate. Mr. Gilman's family interfered, and a married daughter applied to the court for a conservator of her father's estate, Mr. Gilman's son-in-law being appointed. The result was that the engageent was broken off.

### The President Gains in Weight. Has Taken on Fully Twenty Pounds During the Last

President Roosevelt is getting fat. His cheeks are fuller than when he became President. He has a suspicion of a double chin. His frock coats strain a bit across the abdomen. He has put on fifteen or twenty pounds in the last six months.

This does not mean that the President is becoming gross or that he is not in excellent physical condition, for he is. It simply goes to show that he thrives on hard work and that the problems he has tackled have not caused loss of sleep or loss of appetite. He takes as much physical exercise as he can get. He goes horseback riding four land introduced six English snakes into his garden to see if they would thrive. Escaping from its boudaries, they were all killed live the outdoor life to which he has been accustomed, and this undoubtedly has the effect of causing him to gain in weight. From the scores of persons who have dined with him come constant stories of the

President's appetite. He enjoys his food. His digestion is perfect. He likes beef balls and roast beef, plenty of plainly cooked vegetables. He eschews highly sauced and flavored food.

Since he has been in the White House he has completed the manuscript of a book on the "Deer of North America" in addition to keeping his official work up to date and attending more closely to detail than any other President since Cleveland.

-Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, used to tell the following story of the late Dr. Ducachet: "One Sunday morning Dr. Ducachet arose feeling wretched. After a futile attempt to eat breakfast he called an old and favorite colored servant to him and said: 'Sam, go around and tell Simmons (the sexton) to post a notice on the church door saying I am too ill to preach to-day. 'Now, massa,' said Sam; 'don't you gib up dat way. Just gib him a trial; you get 'long all right.' The argument went on, and resulted in the minister starting off Service over, he returned to his house looking much brighter. 'How you feel, massa?' said Sam, as he opened the door. 'Better, much better, Sam. I am glad I took your advice.' 'I knew it: I knew it.' said the darky, grinning until every tooth was in his back with his right hand and grasp his right ear with his left hand. When all the you git dat sermon out o' your system." -New Orleans Time-Democrat.

> -An unknown man was found hanging to a tree near Dawson, in Westmore-William Cole, a school boy, on Monday. The body is that of a man about 50 years old. He wore a full beard and mustache. The clothing consisted of a dark blue overcoat, striped trousers and a black flannel shirt. The man had evidently been dead for some time.

Toothsome Peanut

Something Interesting About the Growth and Harvesting of the Same.

"In its different homes the peanut is also known by the names of ground-nut, earthnut, pindar, goober and ground-pea," says Leslie's Weekly. "While Brazil is generally conceded to be its native home, Africa ranks first in production, the United States coming third and furnishing one-sixth of the world's crop. To reach maturity the peanut cannot be grown further north than Maryland, a mild climate with a light, sandy soil, such as is to be found in a few of the southern states, proving the best for its growth. One of the peculiarities of this nut is that the fruit matures under the ground. The roots are covered with tiny tubercules in which are multitudes of infinitesimally small organisms that supply the plant with nitrogen. The seed is planted in early spring, in rows or hills, and is ready for harvesting about the first of October, when the fields present their liveliest appearance. After the tap root of the plant as been cut, by means of a kind of wing attached to the plow, the vines are taken out of the dirt by a fork and put into small heaps, and thence into shocks to mature or It is a picturesque sight in the fall to see colored people, all sizes, gathering peanuts, scattered here and there, dumped n the dirt, while their mothers fill the large bags for the factories. The largest peanut establishment in the world, owned by any one company, is located at Smith-Va., a little town nestling among the low hills of the tide water section, where the sound of a railroad engine has never been heard.'

## Famous Prisoner Dead.

Millionaire Who Served Time for Death of Man He Never Saw.

Milton Weston, a millionaire, is dead in Chicago, and his death recalls a tragedy in Western Pennsylvania some nineteen years ago in which he was one of the leading figures.

Weston was one of the early promoters of natural gas for fuel purposes and helped develop the Murraysville field in Westmoreland county. Some men in his employ, while armed to resist mole station of

his property by rival claimants, killed a man. For the death of this victim, whom Weston never saw, he was sentenced to five years in the Western Penitentiary, but was released after serving half of his time on the strength of a most voluminous petition.

He never recovered from the disgrace, and his worry over that incident in his life probably was responsible in a measure for the disease of paresis that caused his death.

Muscular Teacher Whips Whole Class

Professor A. Lillie, the muscular principal of the Eighth District school in Manchester, is just now holding the gold medal for Graeco-Roman wrestling, half Nelsons and such. Professor Lillie has a record of forty-nine punishments in thirty-seven minutes, including ruler heatings and gen-

eral drubbings. His pupils in a body voted to run after a minstrel parade, and when the bell rang for school to begin only a few were in evidence. Professor Lillie bided his time till the last straggler, a girl returned. Then there was an interesting executive session in the basement of the building, the recreant children being the unwilling vic-There hasn't been such excitement since the small-pox broke out. Several parents have complained to the school board.

Porter is Informed that Helis; Worth \$40,000. Clad in a porter's blue jeans, Edward Keffer was contentedly cleaning the windows of the Hotel Weller Saturday when his uncle, John Brandt, of Philadelphia, greeted him from the pavement and informed him that he was heir to \$40,000. The uncle produced a parchment showing to the young man a copy of a will made at Baden Baden, Germany, by his grand-father, Gustav Brandt, a wine merchant, who died three years ago, leaving an estate val-ued at a million. To the young porter's mother, now dead, was left \$275,000. This is to be divided equally among seven chil-

dren of whom Keffer is one. Keffer is a sensible young fellow, single, aged 30, and a painter and decorator by trade. He has been at the hotel about three months. He left home when a youngster and has since earned a living for himself.

# Prince Drew the Sword.

The exhibition of the sword presented to General Washington by Frederick the Great, at the Executive chamber, in Albany, N. Y., Friday, was attended by a peculiar incident. When the will of Gen. Washington was read after his derth it was found that he had willed his swords to his five nephews, with the proviso "that they should not be drawn from their scabbards unless in the defense of the country." The sword presented by Frederick the Great has been strictly kept in its scabbard in

compliance with the provisions of the will.
When it was banded to Prince Henry he drew the blade from the scabbard. course he did not know of the provisions of the will, but he had, nevertheless, in-nocently violated them. No mention of the occurrence was made to the Prince.

Threw Snow Balls to Put Out Fire.

Fire early Friday morning broke out in the foreign quarter in Georgetown, a small mining town three miles east of Wilkesbarre. There is no fire fighting apparatus in the place, and at one time it looked as though the whole town would fall a victim to the flames.

Miners organized a snow brigade. Six hundred men and boys rained snow balls on the burning buildings. Only three were destroyed. Others near-by were so plastered with snow that the flames could not burn them.

Afterwards a snow monument, 15 feet high, was erected over the ruins of the fire to mark the victory of the snow ball brigade over the fiery element.

A New Anaesthetic.

Drug Which, It is Said, Will Replace Cocaine and Morphine.

Acoine is the name of an interesting product which is destined to oust cocaine, morphine, chloral, antipyrine and other anaesthetics, says a Paris cable in the New York

Herald. A little pinch dropped into a gnawing tooth instantly banishes pain. Acoine's properties were recently reported to the French Academy of Medicine by

Dr. Chauvel, and are based on divers experiments. Acoine has the great advantage of not being toxic.