

Bellefonte, Pa., March 21, 1902

MOTHER DIED TONIGHT.

"Your mother died tonight-that's all it said : But, somehow, in that simple line I read The last sad words of love and sympathy, The last heart blessing that she gave me, The admonitions that all went amiss And what God ne'er can give-her farewell kiss The fadeless picture as she knelt to pray That she might meet me up above-

"Your mother died tonight," is all it said, As on the throbbing wire the tidings sped From that old, happy home; from which I came To strive anew for honor and for fame. To meil with will to win a golden store To lay in solemn suppliance at her door: But shattered are the hopes, unnerved the might By that sad message, "Mother died tonight."

O stars that glide through heaven's unfathomed

May I not meet her in Alexone? Oh, let me know, as oft in childhood's harms, That peace found only nestling in her arms! Gone the gray hair, the eyes that wept in vain, Gone the sad smile. I ne'er shall see again, Gone the true heart, the soft, love laden breast, Gone the one mother, to her last long rest.

-Robert Mackay in Succ

MY TATTOOED FRIEND. His name was Ezra Martin, and undoubtedly he was a pirate. When he was away and I thought of him suddenly, little cold creepies went all up and down my back, and when he came home and held out his hand to me, something jumped quick right up from my side into my throat, he frightened me so-ever so much better than ghost

The strange thing was that in that house ful of grown-ups, no one else seemed to know that he was a pirate. Of course, at that time he was an engineer on the Lake Shore Railroad, but he had been a sailor and had sailed clear round the whole world, and had crossed somebody's line, and doubled capes, and had killed whales that have corset bones and lamp oil in them, and throw harpoons, and dragged anchors, and had seen monkeys without hand organs and parrots that knew nothing about crackers, flying about quite wild in real woods. And e was swarthy dark, with black hair and black, black little eyes that always had a tiny red spark in them, and he wore gold earrings-pirates always do that, always! And his beard? Oh! Captain Kidd in my picture book had quite a common, honestlooking beard compared with Ezra's great bushy, wicked looking one. And he had a long scar across his forehead, and he never wore a white skirt or an overcoat. He always wore dark blue clothes. His trousers were very tight at the knees and very wide at the foot, and he seemed to have a lot of trouble to keep them from falling off, 'cause he was hitching them up nearly every time that he moved. He wore blue flannel shirts and in winter a thing he called a "pilot-jacket," and he carried a knife in a leather sheath, and the knife had spots

on the blade-ugh! Of course, he was very brave-pirates have to be, but anyway I heard one of the boarders say Ezra was the bravest man he ever saw, because he dated to call the landlady "mother," right to her very face. She wasn't his mother-she wasn't anybody's mother, which was a good thing for some-She just married old Mr. Martin, and he died very soon; then when she was

Ezra's stepmother, Ezra turned pirate. I was afraid of her. I slept in a trundlebed in her room, and she came apart so. She put her hair on the bedpost and her piece perhaps, which would have scared me to death. Ezra told me not to be afraid of her, when she raved and scolded so. He said she was all right, only I mustn't rub her the wrong way. And when, on my word of honor, I assured him I had never, never rubbed her any way at all, he roared with laughter and slapped his leg and 'shivered his timbers," as pirates do.

But besides being an engineer and pirate, he was a living picture gallery. Yes, just that. Every other Sunday, he was my panorama. He would turned slowly about showing me all the lovely pictures pricked on his chest and shoulders and back and arms in blue and red and green inks. And he'd explain himself as he turned. And we were so sorry, both of us, that he could not show me a lovely pair of turtles he had. but his trousers were too tight at the knee, and that was right where they were.

The first time he held out his hand to

me and I saw a great scaly dragon on it, blowing red ink venom up his sleeve, I knew he was a pirate. Not because of the ink-lots of people wear dots and stars and things-but because of the dragon. My pirate was lovely up his back, particularly where the lady with the tiny waist and flounced skirt waved the flag on his left shoulder, but I liked better the big eagle on his right shoulder-which Ezra said was "a noble old bird."

Though he was such an interesting man, my pirate spoke very little to the grownups; indeed, with one exception, he was the most silent person I ever. knew. I make the exception in favor of a young friend who was born dumb. And I was very proud when he would draw me to his knee and teach me to tell time by his gold day school he shouted out: "Ship, ahoy! watch, though at the same moment fright Cast anchor, mate! Then spin us a yarn at being so near the sheath knife sent about your cruise in church waters! goose flesh all over my arms. When he if he could help it-except at table. He brought tears to my eyes. On the porch he told me from that tub, and one very ugly one about the unnatural cat they had on the ship he used to sail on. I had said I did not know sailors had pet cats on board, and he said there was but one cat, but it like to call it a pet cat, even though it was more popular with the officers than with the men. I asked if it was a pretty cat, and he pulled his big beard hard and said 'Well, no! He was strong and remarkaa cat-o'-nine-tails a pretty creature !'

Of course, I cried out that a cat could not have nine tails, but he said that cat had— that the information might be useful to me that he had seen them with his own eyes, and, he added after a little pause, he "came mighty near feeling 'em, too."

I began to pick up some of his words, from talking with him so much, and one day he was so tired he fell asleep, and by and by I called out : "Mr. Ezra, Mr. Ezra! wake up, please. All hands have been piped down to supper!" and after that he al ways called me his 'mate."

That made me very happy, but one thing worried me all the time. I wanted him to understand that I knew he was a pirate and that that dreadful fact made no difference in my affection for him. But when-

frightened and stop.

He taught me time telling, and now to tie a hangman's knot and a sailor's knot, and to make figures, and at last one day when I was lonely, unhappiness made me hold, and when my pirate came I looked

knew his secret. His hand went up to his beard, he looked at me a moment, then he happy, I rowed back to our hig ship; and stooped down and brushed at his trousers- as we went in to dinner, Mr. Ezra promisthat he was frightened; so I went quite show me how pirates were said to "run close to him and put my hand in his, and after a minute he said, "Well, mate, I'll get a bit of board and show you right here to come true!" and alas, my words were to in this tub of water, with that chopping-bowl for a ship, if you'll furnish a passenI had on

ger to drown salt and dressed it in my handkerchief, and his arm in a sling; and he asked for ready to meet its awful doom. And then Mrs. Martin, and he said: "I'm Ezra's fire--and then, that most piratical proceeding known as "walking the plank" was made his eyes went all about the walls, but so thrillingly plain to me that when the wouldn't look at her at all. And she sat down plank tipped and my passenger went down into the blueing water depths, I gave a scream that brought out three or four

grown-ups to see what had happened to me. | clean dumb?" He was always kind to helpless or distressed things, yet being a pirate he had to grasped: "Please, sir, is it 'Betsey'? Has do some swearing, though it was mostly she hurted Mr. Ezra?" tressed things, yet being a pirate he had to sailor swearing, which is quite different from just common land swearing-which is of course, very wicked indeed. He told dead-Isuppose?" me a good deal about the first kind. One day, while he sat on the sharp edged barrel with its head knocked in, he said : "It's see, it was this way : He wouldn't leave his not wickedness but necessity makes the engine! I saw what was comin', so did sailor swear. You couldn't keep the finest he! I called 'Jump! jump for your life, ship ever built on a straight course with- Ez!' He had one hand on the lever, with out swearing at her."

of a sea cook" meant generally a few days in the hospital for the one that did the call-down in the crash. The people he saved began to stammer. He hesitated to proing. That to "blast a man's eyes"—just a plain "Blast your eyes!"—meant, "Don't do that again, or I'll lick you." But to "blast his tarry top lights" meant he was "to her mother, if she's got one!" blast his tarry top lights" meant he was confused. But, resuming once more, he concluded.

Mr. Altgeld turned to leave the stage.

far enough out of your reach to keep you you'd like to do.

and I used to think that if he had suspenders and didn't have to hitch his tronsers so much, perhaps he wouldn't have sworn at I think I said he was an enigneer on the

much as any lady would. He was very angry one day when one of the firemen Then a day came angry one day when one of the firemen called her "Cranky 44," and Ezra said, "It's the tomfoolery of just such lubbers that spoils Betsey's' temper! Why," said he, "when she's just been cleaned and polished and oiled and properly fed she'll interest in a day came when I had to tell my country and settled on a little farm in Richland county, O. His early educational advantages were meager. In 1864, when but 16 years of age, he enlisted in the federal army and remained in the service unteeth in a glass. I always covered up my ished and oiled and properly fed, she'll interest in a mine, and the friend thought til the close of the war, fighting in the head then for fear she might do something to her eyes—lay them out on the mantlenice perhaps which would have coved were the manual than the might do something to her eyes—lay them out on the mantlenice perhaps which would have coved were the manual than the mine, and the manual thought a mine, and the manual thought that even as Ezra was, his knowledge of the that even as Ezra was, his knowledge of the road knows that '44' works all right for me.

The carriage war he worked his way through an acadenice perhaps which would have covered were the manual through the manual one or two of them she'll jerk and plunge and rock and slide and act like the very devil-and one of these days she'll smash one of 'em, you see if she don't. Anyway, I wish they would be kept away from her. It takes days to get 'Betsey' quieted and running right again, taking hold of the rail as lightning. When she's sane and in her right mind, she understands the responsibility we share between us-for you see, matey, it's not freight but human beings we're dragging around curves and across trestles—and they are all trusting us so. And the very worst of 'Betsey' is that when her back's up she don't care a-well she don't care how many people she may hurt, so long as she smashes the person slie's got

Then one day, Mr. Ezra came in looking awfully bad. Why, he sat right down on a chair and stayed there for a minute or two before he found it out-so, of course, that showed something bad had happened And just as he changed to the wood box Mrs. Martin came in, and he looked up and said: "Well, mother, 'Betsey's' done it this time -her reputation's gone now, I suppose, for good! She smashed big Tom

Jones last night-both legs broken-fireman hurt-track torn up I don't know how many feet, and-eh, what's the matter with my hand? Oh, that's from knockin' over one of the boys who was callin' sey' 'Bloody 44.'' He felt very bad about the accident, and

for several days he scarcely spoke, even to me; but his next Sunday was at our end of the line, and when I came home from Sun-day school he shouted out: "Ship, ahoy

"And I was glad! After a while I ask gave me those lessons, he always sat on the ed him how "Betsey" was, and he shook his head and said: "Bad, matey, bad! rhe sitting room. He never sat on a chair She's strained worse than they think she is always seemed most comfortable and most cheerful when he sat on something with a very sharp edge. When he was away I very sharp edge. When he was away, I tried to sit on the same things but they only holding the inner rail, while her outer always sat on the railing, in the sitting his head again and sat on the edge of the wheels go whirling in the air! ' He shook room on the edge of the wood box, in the box in frowning silence. I leaned against kitchen he was so happy if he could find a him and softly turned back and fourth the full wash tub, for that gave him such a nice sharp edge to sit on, and then he would surely talk to me. All his best stories he will be! I'm mighty fond of 'Betsey,' and will be! I'm mighty fond of 'Betsey,' and she may smash me if she want's to, but she mustn't smash the men and women behind me! No! she mustn't expect me to back up her tantrums that far." Then, to "change the subject to something pleaswas quite enough, and he would hardly ant," as he said, he showed me how to tattoo people with India ink and a needle explained the nature and use of the "belaying pin"; and took some trouble to convince me that "spankers" were not things bly well made, but he wouldn't care to call dren. After that he told me to lay a straight carried for the correction of disobedient chilcourse for the wood shed, and he would

Rather foolishly, I said, "Why, Mr. Ezra,

there is no whale. "Would he have scratched you?" I asked, and Ezra said: "Scratched?—would he have scratched me? Why, child, he would have scratched me? Why, child, he would have scratched me? Why child, he would have scratched you?" I asked, and he scowled awfully and asked, "Do I look like the lubber that asks people to a harmoning where there's nothing to here." have cut the skin from my body—but there poon?" and he hitched his trousers so hard

don't look so frightened; there are very few I thought they'd go clear up to his shoulof those cats left new; the race is almost ders, and told me to "heave ahead!", when gone.

I was so scared I could scarcely stand.

But, lo and behold ! the sitting room carpet that came home from the cleaners lay in a great big roll out in the woodshed making a lovely whale. So, with pieces of clothes line about our waists tied to the boarders' canes for our harpoons, we boldly left our big ship, entered our open boats and attacked the "monster." My harpoon struck almost everything except the whale. But he said the sea was heavy and young whalers often had that luck. But he was mad when I excitedly told him my oar was ever I'd try to give him a hint, I'd get caught in the beast's gills; and he walked right off the whale's back and across the blood stained waves and boxed my ears when I said the whale was "a-squirting"

instead of "spouting." Still, it was a lovely, lovely day, we never guessing it was our last. We lost two or you please, how did you use to make peo-ple walk the plank?" three of our crew and had our boats stove in—indeed, few whales make so stubborn a Of course, he understood then that I just stopped churning the reddened waves leg, and his shoulders shook, and I saw ed that on his next trip home he would

My china doll was too little and too light, strange man came in-all torn and crumhe said, so I got a bottle and filled it with pled and dirty, with cuts on his pale face man, mum, and-" then he stopped and hard the windows rattled, and she said:

I touched the man, and in a small voice

And he said, "Yes, her." And Mis. Martin said, "Then he'-he's But the crumpled, dirty man said : "No!

the other he gave a hitch to his breeches, He very kindly explained the meaning and shouted back: 'Jump and be—! I stand between 'Betsey' and the people behe said that to call a man in anger "a son hind! I jumped then, and am here all

Oh, it was dreadful! Mr. Ezra lying so from breaking every bone in his body, as still in the bed and the room so dark, and away, but no one in the audience appeared ou'd like to do.

He also remarked that if any sailor was then when the light was let in and the ever known as "Bilge water Jack"--or smell of drugs went away, I used to creep "Bill"--that didn't mean that he was the in as stealthily as a little cat and watch and smell of drugs went away, I used to creep must leave in a minute. I am not feeling dandy or howling swell of the ship. As to ery and ery; and sometimes, thinking he the land swears, he scarcely ever used them, was all alone, he would roll his head and late him, while the audience in front apsay, "God-oh God !"

Then one day, he heard me sniff. I sup-"Only matey, sir," And he held out his Lake Shore Road then, but I didn't say hand to me, and I came and sat on the bed how much he cared for his engine. He alwas called her "Betsey," and he used to he called for me every day-and I'm dreadsay she enjoyed having her toilet made as fully afraid that I put on airs about it,

But with the others she's cranky, and with stood at the door. Every one had said good- my and for a while taught a country by. I followed him through the hall to school. the porch. He turned in the door way and shook hands a second time with Mrs. Mar-tim—whose false front was all crooked and whose face was working. I had a great weight on my chest and a pain in my throat. I did not know what that meant and sweeping along smooth as satin, swift then, but I thought he was forgetting me -and now I know the pain and weight

> Suddenly he stopped and held out his hands vaguely before him and said softly: afterwards he was elected city attorney and "Matey! I thought I heard matey's patter | then state's attorney of Andrew county. behind me in the hall? Are you there, mate?

> I was at his knees in a moment, and then city. He had then a capital of \$50. Soon he stooped and my arms were around his he had built up a lucrative practice and neck in a strangling hug, my face was buried in his great black beard. My pirate the whom I loved—and of whom I had but one mated at something like \$1,000,000. Later, doubt! Oh, if that doubt could be driven by speculations in real estate, he is said to away! He tried to rise, but I held him fast—this was my last, last chance! I question. "Dear Mr. Ezra," I said, "when you were a pirate, d-did" I almost choked over it-"did you ever make any lady passenger walk the plank?" He hid his face in my neck a moment, then in a shak-ing voice he said, "Mate, I give you my solemn affidavy that I never in my goriest hour, made a gentle female thing walk the plank—nor held the poison bowl to her lips -nor yet the dagger to her throat-and that's the truth!" And then he straightened up and burst into a laugh that fairly

shook him from head to foot.

The man waiting at the carriage door "Come, Ez, you'll be late !" He felt his way down the steps to the side walk—he stopped—the laugh was gone. He turned and silently held out his arms. sprang and caught him about the neck. He held me with one arm—he passed his hand over my hair—my face. He whispered, "Such an honest little craft!" He kissed me twice, then gently set me down; and from his poor, scarred, closed lids two tears slipped down and hid themselves in his great beard. I just heard his 'Good-by, little mate!' and he was at the wrong place by the carriage. The man caught his arm and pulled him to the door. Mr. Ezra hitched his trousers, stepped in and was gone. That he never killed any woman on the sea shows he was a kind man, though for all that-of course, you see for yourself that he had been a pirate. - By Clara Morris in Cosmopolitan for March

Male Physician Attends Miss Susan B. Anthony for First Time.

Miss Susan A. Anthony, the eminent advocate of Woman's Suffrage, who has been ill at the home of her niece in Philadelphia for some time, is now on the way to recovery. When she became sick the possible to summon a woman physician, in consequence of which she had a male doctor, the first time she has been attended by

one since childhood. Miss Anthony yesterday received a telegram from her home in Rochester, N. Y., stating that the last cent of the \$50,000, had been paid which she, with other women, had pledged to the university there upon condition that girls be admitted to the A Great Man Gone

P. Altgeld. Noted Illinois Champion of Free Government Based on Free Men Passes Away After Making Plea for the Boers

Former Gov. John P. Altgeld died in room 58, Hotel Munroe, Joliet, Ill., on Wednesday morning, the 12 inst at 7:30 o'clock. He had been unconscious since mid-night.

Mr. Altgeld was the principal speaker at a pro-Boer mass meeting the night previous in the Joliet theatre. Just at the close of his speech a sudden dizziness seized him, and he was assisted from the stage. The meeting proceeded, the audience not realizing what had happened. Mr. Altgeld was taken to the door of the theatre where several vomiting spells seized him. These continued for nearly an hour and were so pronounced he could not be removed

Physicians were hastily summoned, and Mr. Altgeld was carried to the hotel across the street. He retained consciousness and urged the newspaper men to keep the affair quiet for fear of alarming his wife. Shortly before midnight he became unconscious. He remained in this condition un-

Over-elation of spirits is ascribed as the direct cause of the attack of apoplexy that resulted in the death of ex-Gov. Alt-A few days ago he made an antigeld. injunction agument before Judge Kohl-I had on my clean apron, and I was saat. He felt that he had convinced the watching for my pirate's return, when a judge that his argument was based on sound law, and was overjoyed with the impression that he apparently had made on a jurist who has the reputation of being a believer in the principle of injunctions.

Following this, the manner in which his Buffalo speech last Saturday was received by the press of the east added to the ex-Governor's elation. Delarey's victory over "You're Ezra's fireman? Then what are Methuen was the climax, and when he you here for? What's happened? Are you stepped on the platform those who knew him best say his emotions had assumed complete mastery of him, a condition which his none too robust constitution could withstand or thwart final collapse.

Gov. Altgeld began his address with customary vigor. The speaker seemed in excellent condition, and his forceful manhe isn't dead-but he wishes he was. You ner during the first half hour of his speech gave no hint of the coming calamity. Toward the close, however, he weakened some, and those near him noticed that he leaned repeatedly on the table. Ronsing himself for the peroration, Mr. Altgeld again stepped to the front of the platform, and in loud ringing tones denounced the policy of England in the Transvaal. had reached the closing sentence when he

He stumbled slightly as he was walking to notice that he was ill. Mr. Altgeld walked to a place behind the scenes. "I well," he stammered to some men who were holding out their hands to congratuplauded.

Mr. Altgeld took another step and fell pose, for he said quick and sharp: "Who's in a faint. State Representative Bowles there? Who is it I say?" And I said, was near by and supported him. The patient parrowly escaped falling down the stairway that leads from the stage.

> John Peter Altgeld was born in Germany Dec. 30th, 1847. When he was three years-old his parents came to this

whither he went in 1869, Altgeld left for southern Kansas, tramping bare-footed ern Missouri, where he taught school and studied law. In 1872 he was admitted to the bar and located at Savannah, Mo. His first year there at practicing his profession was a starvation time, but shortly

In 1875 Mr. Altgeld located in Chicago and entered on the practice of law in this was in comfortable financial circumstances.

have lost the bulk of his property. In 1884 Altgeld ran for Congress in the raised my face-I gulped and grasp out my | Fourth district, but was defeated. In 1886 he became judge of the superior court of Cook county, but suddenly resigned 1891. Next year he was nominated for Governor, and was carried into power on the crest of the wave which landed Grover Cleveland in the White House for a second term.

During his term for Governor, Mr. Altgeld had ardent champions and hitter enemies. One of his acts that caused much dispute was the pardoning of the anarchists, Fielden, Schwab and Neebe, who were in the Joliet penitentiary for participating in the Haymarket riot. His ene-mies called him an anarchist. A hostile press cartooned him as a bomb-thrower. action during the great Pullman strike in self ordered them to the scene of trouble. was a subject of much debate.

For years Mr. Altgeld was an ardent advocate of the free coinage of silver and the municipal ownership of public utilities. In the municipal campaign of 1899 Altgeld bolted the nomination of Harrison for mayor and was defeated as an independent candidate.

DEATH CROWNS A MATCHLESS CAREER. NEW YORK, March 12.-Clinton Furoish, a veteran Chicago newspaper man and chief of the bureau of American republics during Mr. Cleveland's second administration, in an interview concerning ing, where traces of a midnight meal have

'If John P. Altgeld could have chosen the time and manner of his death, he would not have made a more fitting close telephone wires were down and it was im- of a noble life than to pass away as he stood heaping invective on the men responsible for the slaughter of Boers and Filipinos by English and American despots, and sending words of cheer to brave heroes task was too heavy for one who had her when he came home and then went to devoted the best years of his life to the un- bed.

doing of wrongs and the defiance of ene-

mies of popular government.
"In looking over the life and work of John P. Altgeld there will be no occasion for his eulogist to cover infamies with words nor shame by silence. There rests no stain of the blood of men slain in a preventable war on the soul of J. P. Altgeld. No sycophant may claim for him that he never revised a judgment, nor changed an opinion.

"Mr. Altgeld lived for years in the public eye, having challenged the enmity of those who control, in large measure, sources of public information. And no man to discuss that feature of the case. of intelligence has or can raise a cry against his sterling honesty. In his dying words there was no shadow of a concealed pur-pose. He hated all tyrants and cared not on which underpiece of bunting they made missionaries of greed out of Mausers and lest they violate the proprieties in speak ing of their dead enemy. Let their ken-nels be opened and the whole pack turned loose. Their bitterest venom will be sweet incense to the dead hero, as their praise would be abuse.'

Brothers Killed While Quarreling. Were Fighting on the Railroad. WhenThey Were Run Down by a Middle Division Engine-William was Instantly Killed and Calvin Died at the

William and Calvin Clayton, two brothers, of Bellwood, are dead and their death is the result of a brothers' quarrel. While they tussled each other to fight on the railroad a short distance east of the Red Bridge at Inniata at 7:30 o'clock Wednesday evening they were run down by middle division engine No. 618, in charge of engineer Kipple. Neither had time to utter a word of forgiveness. William was instantly killed, his head and right arm being severed from his body. Calvin was fatally injured and died at the Altoona hospital at 9:45 o'clock, His skull and nose were fractured, his right foot ground off, the left leg crushed, the right arm mangled and his scalp and face lacerated.

The particulars are about as follows: The brothers had been together the greater part of the day and had imbibed freely of intoxicants. They went to Altoona during the afternoon and passed several hours there. About supper time they started for home with a jug of whiskey, but when they reached Red Bridge they began to quarrel. They were in the railroad yard and began fighting on a west bound track. Several Beliwood boys, among them being John Dillon, Charles Green and Orr Miller, were witnesses of the quarrel, and seeing an engine approaching they endeavored to separate the brothers. Their efforts were of no avail and before the brothers Clayton realized their danger they were struck and their bodies mangled beneath the ponderous locomotive. William was completely decapitated, his death being instantaneous. Clayton still lived when the Bellwood boys and others reached his side. The injured man and the body of his dead brother were taken to the Altoona passenger station.

The latter was given in charge of undertaker Lafferty and the former removed to the hospital, where an examination showed his injuries to be fatal. He lingered until 9:40 o'clock, when he passed away. His body was also removed to Lafferty's mor-

The unfortunate men were sons of James Clayton, who works on the Pennsylvania railroad coal tipple at Bellwood. William was aged 32 years and leaves a wife and several children. Calvin was aged 30 years and was employed as a lumberman.

He Won the Governor.

Here is a brand new story about the Texas. The ex-Governor is one of new millionaires of the Beaumont oil field. After spending several years in St. Louis. He made early investments there and has time that I kept him alive. reaped a rich harvest. He has been at Beaumont lately looking after his interacross the country and doing chores for ests. At the hotel at Beaumont his partichis meals; thence he went to northwest- ular waiter was one George, a sable-skinned gentleman of numerous accomplishments. George is a model waiter. The Governor valued him highly. Each day at dinner George received from the Gov-ernor his tip, \$1. George reveled in wealth. He was the envy of all the other waiters He was the happy possessor of a good thing."

The other day when the Governor en tered the dining doom a strange darky stood behing his chair. "Where's George?" asked the Governor brusquely. The new waiter bowed low. "Ise youh waitah now. sah." he said softly. "But where's George?" again his new retainer assured him: "Ise you waitah now." The Governor looked up from his newspaper sharply. He was somewhat mystified, and with increasing emphasis demanded to know where George was anyhow.

"Well, you see, sah," began the new comer with some hesitation; "Gawge and I was out las' night playing craps. Gawge went broke; I won his pile. Then''—here his voice dropped lower and his manner was confidential—"the put you up agin three dollahs and I won. So, Ise youh waitah."

Townville Bank Looted

Between \$7,000 and \$8,000 Stolen from Crawford County Concern.

The Farmers Bank, of Townville, Craw-Chicago in 1894, when he failed to call out ford county, was burglarized some time the troops and President Cleveland himcontained in the vault, amounting to between \$7,000 and \$8,000, stolen. The vault door was drilled and blown open and the inner doors were forced.

The burglars obtained \$1,400 in silver, \$600 in gold, and between \$5,000 and \$6,-000 in bills, about \$400 of the latter being in ones and twos. There is no clue to the perpetrators, although suspicion falls on three men who were seen in that vicinity

a day or two ago.

The residences of Dr. W. H. Quay and Dr. G. W. Ellison were also visited and food and dishes stolen, these being evidently taken to an unoccupied hotel build-

Governor John P. Altgeld says: Mr. Furbish knew Mr. Altgeld intimately and is therefore competent to speak on the subject of the dead statesman's place in Americal of the dead statesman's place in American of the dead statesman of the d stamps deposited by the Postmaster. Citizens were aroused, but were held at bay until the burglars made their escape.

> Woman Threw Gasoline Over Husband and Ignited It.

While Isaac White, colored, was asleep in bed at Dayton, O., Friday morning his fighting for liberty. Voicing the sentiments of every man in this country worthy the name of American and the glory of our his wife subsequently made a confession. common heritage of love of human rights She is under arrest charged with murder. and hatred of oppression, no wonder the The woman claims White beat and choked

Browning Explains the Magee Claim Physician Tells How His Patient Came to Owe

The executors of the estate of Senator Christopher L. Magee have rejected the claim for physician fees, amounting to \$190,070, filed by Dr. Walter C. Brown-

ing, of this city.
Dr. Browning has directed his attorneys to begin suit against the executors, but whether the action will be to recover \$190,-

070, or several times that amount, cannot stated. Dr. Browning refused The specialist said that Mr. Magee had acknowledged an indebtedness of more than \$800,000.

"Furthermore," he continued, "there are several persons, friends of the Senator, who are familiar with the circumstances Gatling guns, and there need be no care and who will appear on the witness stand in exercised by the millions of plutocracy support of my claims."

support of my claims."
Dr. Browning said that he prolonged Mr. Magee's life for more than a year, and that during that period the Senator made more than \$2,000,000.

'It is one of the ways of executors to undervalue an estate," he continued. "I presume there are reasons for doing so. Senator Magee's estate has been registered at 50 per cent. of its value. He was worth \$6,000,000 or more at the time of his death. My services made it possible for him to accumulate one-third of the property."

A copy of the statement filed with the

executors was shown by Dr. Browning, who explained at length the various charges, and told why they were made, why they were so large, and why the sum total due him is \$800,000.

TIME VERY VALUABLE.

"My time is worth \$20 an hour," he began. "By that I do not mean to say that I charge every patient who comes into my office \$20 for consultation. My visitors do not ordinarily stay more than five or ten minutes, and under such circumstances I charge them only \$5. At these rates I make more than \$20 an hour. But when I spend long periods of time with a patient my rates are fixed.

'Moreover, I do a strictly cash business. Since 1878 I have never had an account uncollected for more than thirty days, excepting the Magee account, and there was a good reason for not collecting the money in that instance. Mr. Magee promised to double or treble it for me, and he did as

he promised. "At the end of each month I handed the Senator a bill for the number of hours I had spent with him. On every bill I charged \$20 an hour for the time, and in each instance he took a pencil and doubled the charge and the totals. He said that what I was doing for him was worth twice as much as I asked him to pay. For instance, if I spent 300 hours with him in one month and charged \$6000, he would change the \$20 to \$40 and the \$6000, to \$12,000. Then he would O. K. the bill as

corrected and file it with his papers. HAS OTHER EVIDENCE.

"These bills the Senator's executors have failed to produce. It is very strange if they cannor find them. However, I have sufficient evidence to prove that they did exist just as I state.

"The Senator suggested that instead of turning the cash over to me it would be a good thing for him to invest it. I knew how he stood in relation to the stock market, and I willingly accepted his suggestion. I knew that he was in with Peter Widener and Elkins and other fellows who help the lambs out of Wall street. I knew that Widener had turned his physician's fees into nearly a million dollars, and I was glad to let the Senator take care of mine.

rom time to time the Senator told we how I stood in relation to his investment account. A short time before his death he bluff and hearty ex-Governor Hogg of said that more than \$800,000 was due me. He also told me that he bad personally cleared more than \$2,000,000 during the

The Subject of Pruning Trees.

In a few weeks men with saws, hatchets, and ladders will appear on the streets importuning householders for permission to 'prune'' their shade and street trees. These butchers, who scarcely know one tree from another, should be given no encourage-ment. To permit them to operate will simply result, in nine cases out of ten, in mutilation and premature death of the trees, because they generally are not acquainted with even the first principles of scientific pruning. The chief idea of most of these men is to so ply the hatchet and saw that a tree will be transformed into an unsightly stump, and then trust to its sending forth later numerous spindly, sickly branches. The wounds made by the tools used are usually more or less jagged, so that a short time after rot sets in, and the owner wonders why the tree dies, or, at best, does not thrive as it did before. As a matter of fact, very few deciduous trees suitable for street planting require severe pruning, not even the rapidly growing silver maple and Carolina poplar. There are times, naturally, when the use of the pruning knife is desirable, but when these rare occasions do arise the work should be intrusted to a man who understands his business, and not to one who could not distinguish a chestnut tree from a chestnut oak, if called upon to do so. A man would not go to a blacksmith to repair his watch, and on the same line of reasoning he should not employ the first man who asks to prune his trees. The Pennsylvania State Forestry Association has taken up the matter, and is properly very out-spoken in its denuncia-tion of the practice of butchering trees un-der the name of pruning. If it makes any headway against the barbarous habit, that is particularly prevalent a good work will be done. The management of trees requires as much knowledge and attention as the practice of medicine, and no householder who is not familiar with the craft should decide on the treatment to be given them. If the question of the propriety of pruning a tree arises, the best course to follow, in the absence of an expert, is to decide negatively .- Newark News

Wants \$10,000 for Wasted Love.

Mary E. Adams, of Harrisburg, through her attorney, F. W. Culbertson, has entered suit in the courts of Mifflin county to be tried in April term, against Samuel F. Hollein, a furniture dealer on Nalley street, Lewistown, for breach of promise to marry her, and claims damages to the extent of ten thousand dollars. She also sues to recover one thousand three hundred and fifty dollars which she claims she loaned Hollein to go into business.

In her declaration incident to filing the snit she says that she loaned Hollein the above sum at one time. followed at various times by smaller amounts for the purpose of purchasing and conducting a business with the understanding that he would marry her and make their interests mutual.

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