

THE HEART OF THE TREE.

What does he plant who plants a tree? He plants a friend of sun and sky; He plants the flag of breezy free; The shaft of beauty towering high; He plants a home to heaven-angels; For song and mother-croon of bird In hushed and happy twilight heard— The treble of heaven's harmony— These things he plants who plants a tree.

ETHEL.

Ethel stood before her dressing table adjusting a black tulle pompon in her blonde hair. In the glass her reflected face showed white and tense, with a dangerous flare at the nostrils. Adrian Prescott, her husband, half sat, half sprawled in a lounging chair just behind her. He was very drunk, but perfectly clear as to speech, although a trifle unsteady on his legs. It was half an hour before dinner, but he was still in his riding coat and breeches, the latter liberally splashed with mud, for he had ridden in a paper chase that afternoon. He slumped aimlessly at his leg with his riding crop, as he talked. "The mare's lamed up for good," he was saying. "I did it in the home stretch; she'll have to be shot." He paused to note the effect of this on his wife; but she made no answer, although the mare in question was Querida, her favorite riding horse. In the five years that she had been Mrs. Prescott, Ethel had learned to curb her tongue, and to mask various emotions with a smile. Prescott, from his low seat, regarded his wife critically; his face was at one foolish and cruel. "I think those pompadours over one eye make a woman look bold," he murmured, half aloud. "So sorry you do not like them," Ethel was childish enough to reply, as she finished the adjustment of her hair ornament, and turned from the glass, with a light shrug of her shoulders. "When are you going to dress?" she said, as she passed him on her way to the door. "When I get ready," he answered shortly. He made his appearance at the dinner table, after the soup, and dropped into his chair, with a sullen nod at Dr. Von Tolenz. Ethel felt the Doctor's heavy patent leather toe on the tip of her satin slipper. She looked across at him; his eyes, gray and keen behind his heavy spectacles, expressed cautious sympathy, and something more, a warning, perhaps. Ethel never knew how much of her trouble he suspected. He was the Prescott's nearest neighbor, and they had known him for something over a year. Ethel could see the cables of his roof across the tops of the almond trees, from her bedroom window. Sometimes on moonlight nights, when the tide was low and the world was very still, she could hear the long sweet notes of his violin floating across the treetops to her window. He would play at intervals far into the night, and after Ethel fell asleep, the music would weave itself subtly into her dreams. Ah Wai, the Chinese butler, rustled around the table in his stiff white blouse and apron. He pressed the dishes upon his master, but Prescott refused nearly everything, only holding his champagne glass to be refilled at intervals. He scarcely spoke, although Ethel and Dr. Von Tolenz kept up a desultory conversation. The lower thunder of the breakers beating upon the cliffs below filled the room during the pauses of the conversation. A fresh sea breeze stirred the window draperies, and swayed the candle flames under their pink shades. Ethel watched her husband covertly. A memory of a certain night in Yokohama, nearly two years before, came to her, and she clinched her fingers together under the table. "I must not show any fear," she told herself. "It is the only way to conquer him." She looked very slender and young. Dr. Von Tolenz thought, as he watched her face, in the pink glow of the candles. Then he turned a speculative gaze upon his host. "Dipomania, hopeless case," he thought. "I wonder if he ever gets violent; she does not seem to be afraid of him. He won't look her in the eye, which is a good sign; she has the stronger will—a sad case, very. I wonder if she wants me to go home; well, I'll risk it." Ethel pushed back her chair, and rose from the table. Dr. Von Tolenz held aside the head hangings for her to pass, but she paused in the doorway and glanced over her shoulder. Her husband had not risen from the table; he still sat where they had left him, with his hands hanging loosely at his sides, and his eyes staring straight before him. The two passed into the drawing room without a word. As Ethel crossed the room she caught up a long chiffon scarf from a table. "I am going down to the stable to see Querida; will you come with me?" Dr. Von Tolenz nodded, and brought his hat from the hall and they both stepped through one of the long French windows out on the veranda, into the dewy freshness of the night. They followed the gravel path that wound between the flowering elders, in silence. Ethel led the way, with the trail of her white gown caught up over her arm, until they reached the stables, a long, low group of red tiled buildings that were built around three sides of an open court, where the horses were exercised and harnessed. Querida stood on three legs in her box stall, her injured leg swathed from hook to knee in bandages. She pricked up her ears when she heard Ethel's voice, and limped to the door of the stall, pressing her slender muzzle against the bars. Ethel saw that the mare's neck; her eyes were full of tears. The mare turned her head, and rubbed her velvet nose against her mistress's shoulder; she was begging for sugar. "Oh, Querida,

you can never gallop again!" whispered Ethel, brokenly. Dr. Von Tolenz turned his back abruptly, and moved to the stable door, where he lit a cigar; and presently Ethel joined him. When they were near the house, Dr. Von Tolenz stopped and threw away his cigar. "I will not come in, Mrs. Prescott," he said gravely. "I have one of my restless fits on; I must walk it off, so don't be alarmed if you see me prowling about your garden to-night. Just call if you are worried—or frightened about anything—and I shall be sure to hear you. "I shall be sure to hear you," he repeated with emphasis. "Do you understand?" "Yes," said Ethel simply. "I understand and thank you." She held out her hand, and Von Tolenz, bending, swiftly pressed his lips upon it. Ethel did not go directly into the house. She stood for a moment under the shade of the portecochere until the sound of the Doctor's footsteps had died away, staring into the drawing room. It was untenanted; then she moved to one of the dining room windows, and looked in. It was empty. Walls had cleared the table and blown out the candles, only a small shaded lamp burned dimly on the sideboard. Ethel passed around the house, skirting the rose garden and tennis court, until she came out upon the broad terraced lawn that sloped to the cliffs. There were rustic seats scattered at intervals along the bluff, and Ethel, leaning against the back of one of them, watched the waves break into gleaming lines of white upon the rocks below. Before her stretched the dim ocean, limitless, haunting, unfathomable, lighted here and there with faint phosphorescent gleams; far out against the horizon a heavy bank of fog was moving inland; blotting out the stars. For a long time Ethel leaned against the bench, listening to the thunder of the surf—when suddenly she was aware of her husband standing at her elbow. She drew away from him a step, and stared at him in silence. She could just make out the outlines of his figure and the white blur of his face, in the faint starlight. He was bareheaded, and a half-burned cigarette glowed between his fingers. Ethel wished she could see the expression of his face, she wondered if his mood would be one of mandarin recrimination and self reproach, or if he would be ugly and threatening. His first words dispelled all doubt. Ethel shrank from a flood of abuse and accusation, shivering with a sudden, agonizing dread. She would have turned and left him, but he had lurched forward, and caught her arm with a grip of iron. His hot breath beat evilly upon her face, his voice rose to a thick shriek. "Where have you been?" he demanded, shaking her roughly, "and where's that d— Doctor? I've been looking for him this half hour!" The cigarette that he still held between his fingers burned itself out against Ethel's tender flesh, but she did not feel the pain. She was possessed by a sudden, wild rush of rage. "Let me go, Adrian," she said, between her clenched teeth. "Let me go, or you will be sorry!" For answer, he struck at her, blindly, with an oath. Then Ethel, exerting all of her little young strength, wrenched herself free, and with a strong push, sent him reeling backward, over the edge of the cliff. Instantly, she crouched on her knees, and leaned over the brink, but not a sound came up to her but the sob of the waves. After a moment, she rose quickly to her feet, and without a backward glance, fled across the lawn to the silent house. Early the next morning, Dr. Von Tolenz swung along the cliff path, whistling a little German air. He had changed his evening clothes for a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, and was en route to his morning dip in the sea. He had paced up and down the winding paths under the almond trees for hours, the night before. The light in Mrs. Prescott's window went out a little before the dawn, and he had taken his way homeward across the cliff, with a lightened heart, sure that all was well. Now as he came in sight of the Prescott house, he paused and glanced eagerly across the lawn, but there was no sign of life about the place. Then as he moved on, his eye caught the glitter of an object lying directly in his path. He stooped and picked up from the gravel a small turquoise heart set round with diamonds. It was Mrs. Prescott's property; he had noticed it the night before in the boxom of her gown, as they stood in the stable together. She must have lost it after he had left her. A sudden horrible thought came into his mind. He stooped again, scanning the ground carefully with his near sighted eyes. All about there were slight, but unmistakable signs of a struggle. The gravel was scaped deeply here and there, and at the very edge of the cliff the trailing vines had been torn away, as by the fall of some heavy body. Dr. Von Tolenz flung himself on his knees, and peered wildly over the brink. When he drew back his head, he was white to the very lips, and great beads of sweat stood out upon his forehead. He covered his eyes with his hand for a moment, as if to shut out some horrible sight, then, as one who makes a sudden decision, he sprang to his feet. As he turned on his heel, he found himself face to face with Ethel Prescott. She was dressed as if to go out, in a long, loose driving coat and a small toque. She was very pale and there were dark rings beneath her eyes. There was a moment's silence. Dr. Von Tolenz was the first to speak. "Let me take you back to the house, Mrs. Prescott. There has been a very serious accident to your husband." But Ethel interrupted him, laying her hand lightly on his arm. "Don't," she said, simply, "don't lie; it isn't necessary; you know what has happened. I can see it in your face." Dr. Von Tolenz started. "What do you mean?" he said, eyeing her keenly. "You and I and all the servants know that Mr. Prescott was intoxicated last night, and must have wandered out here some time during the night, and fallen over the cliff. Come, go back with me to the house, and I will get some help." "No," said Ethel, quietly, "I am going into town to give myself up." Von Tolenz struck his hands together sharply. "My God!" he said, "you are mad?" he cried. But even as he spoke he knew that her resolve was fixed, and that in the end she would prevail. He still held the turquoise heart clenched in his hand and now on a sudden impulse, he opened his fingers, and held it out to her on his outstretched palm. "See," he said. "I found it here in the path just a little while ago. I suspected something was wrong, and when I saw that vine torn away on the edge of the cliff, I knew I! But as God is my witness, I thought to find your body when I looked over the brink, and I swore to myself that if I saw you lying there on the rocks, I would find him, and kill him with my bare hands." He stopped, his voice choked with passion and despair. Ethel heard him without a change of expression in the strange calm of her face. "I am sorry for you," she said in a slow, even voice. "I am sorry for myself, too. I made my will last night; I have left Querida to you; you

will take care of her, won't you? I must go now; the carriage is waiting to take me into town. Good-by. Perhaps they will let you come in to see me, when I am in jail, if you care to risk your reputation." She held out one small, black gloved hand, as she spoke, and Von Tolenz grasped it in both his, and held it against his breast. "Oh, Ethel! I think what you are doing," he entreated wildly. "If you do not speak the whole thing will pass for an accident. He deserved his fate; it was time his wretched life was ended. God knows I or any one would have done the same in your place. Do not wreck your life; in time you will forget—" He broke off abruptly, for in the white face of the woman before him he read the utility of all his arguments. Ethel drew her hand from his clasp. "Good-by, my friend," she said gently. "You have tried to help me, and I thank you; but I must bear my own punishment." And so she left him, walking swiftly across the lawn. Once she turned and waved her hand, the stiff sea breeze beating back the folds of her long cloak. And Von Tolenz, starting motionless long after she had disappeared from sight, felt a dull envy of the man who lay at the foot of the cliff.—By Edith M. Haverty, in The Pilgrim.

Lost in the Desert.

The Pitiful Tale of a Six-Year-Old Boy Who Wandered Away.

The family of Geoffrey Hughes, a member of the firm of assayers owning the customs assay office, recently went to spend the summer months visiting friends who own a large ranch about seventeen miles above Albuquerque. The family consists of the father, two sons and a daughter. Last Saturday the children asked permission of their mother to go to a corral some three hundred yards away, and on the other side of a knoll that observed the corral from view to play. Permission was granted and the youngsters bounded away for their afternoon frolic. Soon the little sister wearied and the elder brother proposed that they take her to the house. To this the younger brother Emerson, who was only six years old, demurred, as he wished to see his sister to the corral. Upon their arrival there the mother asked, "Where is brother?" "We left him playing at the corral," said the boy. The mother then sent him back for the little truant. Shortly after the messenger came back, panting from his hurried running, and exclaimed that his brother was nowhere to be found; that he was a great distance from the corral and there found the report of her boy to be true. She searched and searched, but could find no trace of the missing child. At last she came upon the little footprints, showing that the child had taken a direction opposite to what he should have taken, and the harassed mother became more and more alarmed as she followed the footprints for three miles and only ceased because darkness was approaching and she was powerless and had to call for aid. As rapidly as her nervous and exhausted state would permit she retraced her steps to the house and alarmed the household. Immediately a search party was organized and despite the oncoming night started out in quest of the helpless child. Through that disheartening night the weary search continued. And the next day the trained services of seventy-five Indian boys were impressed, and all that long and trying day the search went on, and yet no clue to the wanderer. The grief and agony of the poor afflicted mother were beyond consolation. The continued discouraging reports that were from time to time brought her only added to accentuate her suffering. The tracks could be followed for a short distance of twelve miles and then seemed to double upon themselves and finally became lost. Without rest the searchers continued in what seemed their hopeless quest. The thought of the poor little tot being out upon the dreary plains alone, without shelter or food, wandering on with the helplessness of the lost, crying possibly with fright, tormented by the pangs of hunger and thirst was simply maddening to the poor mother and friends seeming so helpless to terminate the trying situation. On Sunday night the search continued, and early Monday morning the father, who had been ignorant of the tragedy was wired. He arrived that day and added his untiring efforts to those of the large body already out. To think of the dreadful pathos of it all! The poor child was not found until Wednesday morning. It was then found by the householder. Immediately a search party was formed to search for the child, and he was found in the morning, who had been ignorant of the tragedy was wired. He arrived that day and added his untiring efforts to those of the large body already out. To think of the dreadful pathos of it all! The poor child was not found until Wednesday morning. It was then found by the householder. Immediately a search party was formed to search for the child, and he was found in the morning, who had been ignorant of the tragedy was wired. He arrived that day and added his untiring efforts to those of the large body already out.

Remarkable Engineering.

Southern Pacific Improvements Require Great Undertakings.

The extensive improvements that are being made by the Southern Pacific Company from one end of its route to the other involve several great feats of engineering, says an Elko, Nev., special in the New York Times. After the tunneling of the Sierras for a distance of five miles the construction of the Ogden-Lucen cut-off is the most important. A trestle will be run across the northern end of the Great Salt Lake, and will pass over the water a distance of ten miles. The undertaking is exciting interest in all the leading engineering centres, and is the result of a conference on the part of many experts. The cost of the construction of this lengthy piece of bridge work will be \$5,000,000. The entire length of the cut-off will be 104.4 miles, and it will save 41.7 miles and several heavy grades over the promontory. The Utah Construction Company is now at work on the first section, including 14 miles of grade from Ogden to the lake shore. Grading will be rushed from Lucen very soon and the material for the trestle is rapidly piling up in the railroad yards. The manner in which the immense stretch of bridge work will be placed has not yet definitely been decided on, but the contractors will have their plans laid out before the new track reaches the lake shore. It will take more than two years to complete the cut-off and nearly 1000 men will be employed upon it. —Mrs. Fred Stroup, of Cataract, Clearfield county, fell dead on Thursday while holding her babe in her arms. The cries of the child attracted the father from the store. He found the body of his wife on the floor with the babe a few feet away. Mrs. Stroup died of heart disease and was 36 years old.

Stories of Lost City's Survivors. Less than 500 Saved from Population of Nearly 40,000—Blanket of Flaming Lava—No Warning—A Moment of Agony, and All was Over. The volcano eruption came without warning at 6:30 in the morning, like a great whirlwind of steam, boiling mud and fire. St. Pierre and vicinity were not only destroyed, with the loss of 40,000 lives, but similar disaster may have overtaken the island of St. Vincent. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the darkness of midnight shrouded St. Vincent island during the eruption of Volcano Soufriere. Ashes covered the Barbadoes, more than 100 miles from Martinique. WITNESS DESCRIBES THE TERRIBLE SCENE. ST. LUCIA, B. W. I., May 10.—MONT PELE, a volcanic mountain some ten miles north of St. Pierre, the commercial capital of Martinique, is the mountain which made a faint show of eruption fifty years ago. On May 3rd last it began to throw out dense clouds of smoke. At midnight the same day flames, accompanied with rumbling noises, lighted the sky over an immense area, causing widespread terror. On May 4th hot ashes covered the whole quiet of St. Pierre, a inch thick and making Mont Pele invisible. At noon May 5th a stream of burning lava rushed 4400 feet down the mountain side, following the dry bed of a torrent and reaching the sea, five miles from the mountain, in three minutes. In its rush the fiery flood swept from its path plantations, buildings, factories, cat-herds and human beings over a breadth of about a half a mile. ENTOMBED IN LAVA. At the rear of the mouth of the Riviere Blanc, stands the large Guerin sugar factory, one of the finest in the island. It is now completely entombed in lava. The tall chimney alone is visible. One hundred and fifty persons are estimated to have perished there, including the owner's son. As the lava rushed into the sea the latter receded 300 feet all along the west coast, returning with greater strength, a big wave covering the whole sea front of St. Pierre, but doing little damage ashore or afloat. Terrible detonations, heard hundreds of miles northward, followed at short intervals and continued at night. In the intense darkness the electric lights failed, but the town was lit up by lurid flashes of flame from the mountain. The terror-stricken inhabitants rushed for the hills in their night clothes, screaming, shouting and wailing—mad with terror. NEWS FROM REFUGEES. The Plisnon family escaped to St. Lucia in a small steamer. Thirty-five persons, mostly women and children, arrived here in the forenoon of the 6th and furnished the foregoing details. The men remained at Martinique. The same afternoon, later, telegraphic communication was interrupted with both the islands of Martinique and St. Vincent. During the afternoon of the 8th, the British steamer Roddam, which had left St. Lucia at midnight on the 7th for Martinique, crawled slowly into the Castries harbor, unrecognizable, gray with ashes, her rigging dismantled and sails and awnings hanging about, torn and charred. CLOUD OF GLOWING CINDEES. Captain Whatter reported that having just cast anchor off St. Pierre, at 8 a. m. in fine weather, succeeding an awful thunder storm during the night, he was talking to the ship's agent, Jos. Plisnon, who was in a boat alongside when he saw a tremendous cloud of smoke and glowing cinders rushing with terrific rapidity over the town and port, completely in an instant enveloping the former in a sheet of flame and raising fire on board. The agent had just time to climb on board when his boat disappeared. Several of the crew of the Roddam were quickly scorched to death. By superhuman efforts, having steam up, the cable was shipped, and the steamer backed away from the shore, and nine hours later managed to reach Castries. NOT A HOUSE STANDS IN ST. PIERRE. Dispatches from the West Indies, direct and by way of Paris and London, give further details of the volcanic disaster on the island of Martinique. A cable steamer has arrived at Fort de France with 450 survivors from the neighborhood of St. Pierre, the destroyed city, yet conservative estimates still place the loss of life at 40,000, other islands having suffered. The eruptions still continue and the ships are afraid to approach the buried city. Volcanic disturbances are also occurring on the island of St. Vincent, and there are indications that the St. Pierre disaster may have been duplicated there, but details have not been received. The population of the island is 41,000. Clouds of ash were sweeping across the Caribbean Sea. The island of Barbados, more than 100 miles from Martinique, is covered to a depth of several inches. It is believed that very few escaped from St. Pierre. A cloud of fire descended on the city, and it was almost consumed and buried. Governor Mouttet, his family and staff were among those who perished. ST. VINCENT ISLAND MAY BE DESTROYED. WILLEMSTAD, Island of Curacao, May 10.—The Italian steamer Petromoto, which arrived this morning at La Guayra, reports that while passing near the Island of St. Vincent Thursday night her deck was covered to a depth of two inches with ashes, and her passengers were nearly suffocated with the smell of sulphur. During Thursday all along the coast, especially in the Gulf of Paria, subterranean noises were heard. The Indians were terrorized. POINTE-A-PITRE, Guadeloupe, May 10. The first mate of the Romani thus describes the disaster at St. Pierre: "Between 6:30 and 7 o'clock in the morning on Thursday, without warning, there came a sort of whirlwind of steam, boiling mud and fire, which suddenly swept the city and the roadstead. There were some eighteen vessels anchored in the harbor, including the Romani, the French sailing ship Tamaya, four larger sailing ships and others. All of the vessels immediately canted over and began to burn. The Tamaya was a bark from Nantes, Captain Maurice, and was on her way to Pointe-a-Pitre. All the boats except the Romani sank instantly and at the same moment. "Every house ashore was utterly destroyed and apparently buried under the ashes and burning lava. An officer who was sent ashore penetrated but a short distance into the city. He found only a few walls standing and the streets literally paved with corpses. The Governor of the island, who had arrived only a few hours before the catastrophe, was killed. Both the English and American Consuls, with their families, were reported to have perished. It is certain that no more than forty out of the above 25,000 could have escaped." The cruiser Souchet was here yesterday

buying provisions for the survivors in the outlying districts. She sailed for Fort de France last night with a large quantity of stores, which were immediately put under military guard. Negroes are flocking in vast numbers into Fort de France from the surrounding country, demanding food. IN OTHER PARTS OF ISLAND. A telegram from Fort de France says that hot mud and cinders have been falling all night throughout the island, and still continue, doing great damage, and that when the final reports are received it will be found that many people have been killed or injured in other parts of Martinique. The Quebec Line steamship Korona arrived at the Island of Dominica yesterday, bringing a number of survivors from her sister-ship, the Romani. The captain of the Korona says that the eruption at St. Pierre was apparently from a new crater, and that accompanying the eruption there seemed to be a tidal wave which overwhelmed the shipping. A message from the Island of St. Vincent says: "The Soufriere volcano has been in a state of eruption for nine consecutive mornings. On Thursday morning the day broke with heavy thunder and lightning, which soon changed into a continuous, tremendous roar. Vast columns of smoke rose from the mountain, becoming denser and denser, and the scoriaceous hail, changing later to fine dust, fell upon all the adjacent estates, destroying a vast amount of property. At Chateau Belair the ashes were two feet deep in the streets; in Kingston they were fully an inch deep, and many large stones fell in the parish of George-town. The earth shook violently, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon a midnight darkness spread over the country. Thirty people are known to have been killed, and the damage to property in the windward district was very heavy. "The storm roared about Soufriere all night without cessation, but on the following morning it became intermittent and fainter." A report from Barbadoes says that on the 7th the sky was heavily overcast, the heat was excessive and there was a distant sound of thunder. Later, early in the afternoon dense darkness set in and a great quantity of vivid dust fell, and continued falling until a late hour. No damage is reported. A RAIN OF FIRE. Ten of the Roddam's men were lying dead, contorted and burned out of human semblance, among the black cinders which covered the ship's deck to a depth of six inches. Two more of the crew have since died. The survivors of the Roddam's crew were loud in their praises of the heroic conduct of their captain in steering his vessel out of danger with his own hands, which were badly burned by the rain of fire, which kept falling on the ship for miles after she got under way. Beyond burns all over his body, the captain is safe, as is also the ship's agent, though he is badly scorched. SOLE SURVIVOR. Mr. Plisnon is believed here to be the sole survivor of the 40,000 inhabitants of St. Pierre who remained, for the town and all the shipping in the port have been utterly destroyed, the West Indian and Panama Telegraph Company's repairing Steamer Grappler going first, then the Quebec Liner Romani, Captain Moggall, of the latter waving his hand in farewell to the Roddam as his vessel sank with a terrific explosion. Kingston, the capital of St. Vincent, is safe, but the people here are very anxious as to the fate of that island. Dominica and St. Lucia have very active geysers, but they show no departure from normal conditions as yet. Foodstuffs of all kinds are urgently wanted. VOLCANIC DUST FALLS A HUNDRED MILES AWAY. BRIDGETOWN, Island of Barbadoes, British West Indies, May 10.—Volcanic dust from the Island of St. Vincent is still falling here. The roads and houses are covered an inch thick. The Island of Barbadoes is over a hundred miles from the island of St. Vincent. SMALLER ISLANDS NEAR MARTINIQUE SUFFERED. LONDON, May 10.—Private dispatches received late this afternoon from the West Indies say the eruption at Martinique is decidedly worse than at first reported. The French Cable Company received cablegrams this morning announcing that the eruption at Martinique continues, and that ships are afraid to go near the island. The latest messages indicate that the number of deaths will be about 40,000, several of the smaller islands near Martinique having also suffered. Between eight in the morning and eight in the evening of Thursday, May 8th, St. Pierre was a mass of fire, and there was also a volcanic eruption at St. Vincent. The Island of St. Thomas is sending help. Willed a Lock of Washington's Hair. Among the wills probated yesterday by Register Singer was that of Mrs. Ellen Sergeant, who died recently at her home, 401 South Forty-first street, leaving an estate valued at \$30,000. Among her effects was a bracelet containing a lock of hair of George Washington. This she bequeathed to the Society of George Washington Headquarters at Valley Forge. The lock of hair was given to Mrs. Sergeant's grandmother by General Washington for an act of kindness done for him while at Valley Forge. It is said there may be a romance in the little lock of hair. Dog's Skull Grafted on Man's Head. Physicians of the college hospital at Saginaw, Mich., have performed a remarkable operation, that of grafting a piece of dog's skull upon a human head. The patient is John Oberg, of Kenton, Houghton county. He is now recovering from an old affliction. Oberg's skull was fractured four years ago. Over the wound, which was an inch and a half in diameter, there formed a foreign growth, which pressed on the brain and caused convulsions. The doctors chloroformed a dog, removed a piece of his skull, and implanted it in the opening in Oberg's head. Inmate, Let His Cattle Starve. William R. Coe, a wealthy farmer, of Norwich, near Utica, N. Y., has gone insane and has been placed in custody. Nearly a hundred dead cows, sheep and horses were found lying about his farm. For some time Coe has been spending large amounts of money for live stock and people began to wonder what he wanted of the cattle. Yesterday his wife returned after a long absence and found nearly all of the valuable cattle lying dead about the fields. They had died from starvation. —A writer says equal parts of vinegar and paraffin oil make a better polish for a piano than any furniture cream.

Care of State's Insane. Marriage Law and Lunacy. The legislative commission to investigate the condition of Pennsylvania's insane department adjourned recently after a brief session, at which statements were made by Superintendent Geary, of the Blockley Alms-house; Dr. David D. Richardson and Dr. Mary Wolf, of the Norristown Hospital for the Insane, and Dr. Orth, of the Harrisburg Hospital. The commission decided to visit each of the seven State institutions for the care of the insane, and as many of the 18 county hospitals as it can. Several of the county institutions will be visited by sub-committees. Superintendent Geary told the commission that the normal capacity of the insane department at Blockley was between 900 and 1000 patients, while the actual number of patients there on April 24th was 1447. Of these 673, more than half the total number, were women. There are 70 male and 65 female epileptics, but there is no separate building for the care of these cases. He said there were no private patients in Blockley; but where a person admitted as a pauper lunatic was found to have resources or relatives able to pay for maintenance a charge was made for the keeping of such inmate. Mr. Geary said that while 10 per cent. of the cases of insanity were traceable to alcohol, that 60 per cent. were due to heredity, and he suggested a stricter marriage law as a means of controlling the spread of insanity. He will give the commission his views on this subject in writing. HOSPITALS UNDER ONE CONTROL. Dr. William P. Snyder, of Chester county, president pro tempore of the State Senate and chairman of the commission, said recently that the most important work of the commission would be devoted to the study of some plan of placing all the State institutions for the insane under one system of management. At present each of these hospitals is managed separately, and follows its own method of treatment and maintenance. In New York, Dr. Snyder said, where there are more State hospitals for the insane than in Pennsylvania, all are under the management of a salaried commission, and are conducted under strict civil service regulations. In some other States the same system is followed. Another subject to which the commission will give its close attention, will be a possible increase of the facilities of county hospitals by State aid to prevent the removal of trivial cases of lunacy to the larger institutions. Each of the 18 county hospitals with insane departments now receives a State allowance for the pauper insane, but the commission may favor more liberal support from the view of bringing all the cases of pauper insanity under centralized State control, dividing the State into districts. INSTITUTIONS FOR CRIMINAL INSANE. Dr. Snyder said it was probable that the commission would recommend one or more separate institutions for the confinement of the criminal insane, and that it would also recommend the adoption of civil service requirements if the Legislature decided to place all the insane hospitals under one management. Said to Have Slaughtered 847 Frogs in Four Days. In four days to have slaughtered the mere bagatelle of 847 frogs composes the most haunting story going around. Clyde Curtis, of Greensburg, is reported to have made frightful inroads on the realms of frogdom and thus far has carried off the cake as a prize inurod. On Wednesday afternoon last, he killed 158, the day following 169 on Friday 310, and on Saturday afternoon 210, making a total of 847. There are reported to be a few frogs left between Greensburg and Youngwood, but they are keeping well out of sight. —There is, or was a few years since, an English walnut tree, at Washington Heights, near New York city, said to have been planted 144 years ago. It is a monstrous in size, the stem 6 feet in diameter at the base, and more than 75 feet in height, with wide spreading branches. One of these branches was cut off some years ago, cross sections of which were large enough for the entire top of fancy tables which were made from it. From 1810 to 1865, according to accounts, "about two cartloads" of the nuts were considered a fair annual crop, and it had borne continuously for more than a century. —England has a deeper lake than any of Ireland—Wastwater, in Cumberland, which is 270 feet deep, and never freezes; but Ireland has the biggest in the kingdom—Lough Neagh, which covers nearly 100,000 acres, and whose waters wash five counties. Ireland has also the deepest bogs. There are parts of the Bog of Allen 47 feet deep. Another curious fact about Ireland is the comparative scarcity of wild creatures. No less than twenty one species common to Great Britain are unknown to Ireland. Among these are the mole, adder, screech, water-vole, wildcat, polecat and roe-deer. Carpenter's Unexpected Reply. Senator Platt, of Connecticut, was building a house. He had occasion to hire a carpenter, who was a plain, unvarnished son of New England. "You know all about carpenter work?" asked Senator Platt. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "You can make windows, doors and blinds?" "Oh, yes, sir." "How would you make a Venetian blind?" The man thought steadily for several minutes. "I think," he remarked finally, "that I would punch him in the eye." —As the result of a wager W. H. Wareham and Frank Sellenberger, prominent young men of Carlisle, left on Wednesday evening on a trip through the west. They will be compelled to beg and beat their way like tramps. Both are athletes of no mean ability, and possessed of considerable nerve. Mr. Wareham is president of the Alumni Association of the schools, and Mr. Sellenberger, a recent graduate. Their many friends gave them a rousing send-off. They will be gone about one month. —While at work in the axle plant of the Standard Steel Works, Burrham, a few days ago, John A. Sheaffer was suddenly stricken blind. He was found feeding his way out of the building by one of his fellow workmen. He has since been examined by several eye specialists, who say nothing can be done for him and that he will be totally blind for life. They attribute the cause to the bursting of a small blood vessel. —For fallow complexion take regularly each morning being breakfast, the white of an egg.