

JUNE.

What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, comes perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every cloud feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches the towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Clings to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowbirds startles in meadow green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little birds sit at their door in the sun,
Attilike a blossom full of life,
And lets his lilted beard o'er-runs
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a rippling bay;
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is full of joy and gladness,
We are happy now because God wills it,
No matter how barren the past may have been
This enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by your lover's lowing—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer's crowing—
Warned with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now
Everything is upward striding;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As grass to be green or skies to be blue—
'Tis the natural way of living;
Who knows whether the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its pain and its ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt out craters healed with snow.

—James Russell Lowell.

NEIGHBORS.

"He's there all alone with nobody but an old servant. His mother and father are still in Europe, no one knows where. It's all overwork, the doctor says, and he ought to be thankful it's not total blindness. But I'd be cross, too, if I had to sit in a dark room for six months without anyone to read to me. And he's so anxious to get on with his law."

Nona Stewart gazed intently at the visitor, whose jetted fringe rattled a caustic accompaniment to his stream of talk. Who ought to be thankful? she thought to herself. The talkative lady did not say.

When she had gone Nona slipped from her corner by the window and stood behind the great chair where her grandmother sat winter and summer playing solitaire.

"Grandmother," she said, questioningly, "who ought to be thankful, and why must I last six months?"

"Eh? Why, of course he ought to be thankful. Inflammation of the eyes is no joke either if he did it by trying to learn everything in one year. Commend me to young men for a parcel of fools." And the old lady snapped a quick of hearts on a queen and shuffled the pack viciously.

"Grandmother?"—again the small brown head peered around the corner of the great chair. "Who did you say it was?"

"Who? Why, young Phil Strong, of course, the most reckless youngster that ever lived. I ought to know, too, wasn't his grandfather my own cousin? Wasn't he just the same, obstinate as a rebel?"

"Grandmother, did you say that he was all alone?"

"Mercy upon us, child, what next? Yes, he's all alone. Look out the window all day if you want to, and you won't see a soul go out or in except the doctor and the butcher's boy. At this time of the year all the silly people have rushed off to roast at the seaside, and there's no one in town to go and see any one."

Nona looked out of the window at the house opposite. For days she had wondered who it could be that the doctor went to see.

"I should think he would be lonely," said Nona to herself. "I should think he would want some one to come and read to him." There was a long pause. "And he's a kind of cousin, too, besides being my neighbor." *

"Grandmother, I should think * * * * *

"Here's your cousin come to read to you, Mr. Phil." The door-keeper pushed open the library door and stood aside for the young girl who had followed her up stairs.

"What?" came in a weary growl from the darkness. "Who's going to read to me?"

But the housekeeper had departed and Nona was left standing in the middle of a very large, very closely curtained room, with a shadowy somebody who had turned his bandaged eyes upon her in a way that made her wonder why she ever came and how she could get away without speaking. And as she stood there the voice repeated, "Who's that?"

Nona twisted her fingers together. "I heard my grandmother say that you hadn't anyone to read to you, and that it might last six months." She could get no further, but it was too late to retreat then.

At her first words the person sprawling in the big chair had risen abruptly saying: "Fardon me. I didn't quite understand what that beast of a cook said." How polite he was compared with a moment before! "Your grandmother is quite right. I haven't anyone to speak a Christian word to." Who was this girl anyhow? He wished that he had pulled the bandage for a second. If her face matched her voice—well, anyhow, if she were as homely as sin she was an angel to come and read to him.

"It's awfully good of you, Miss Stewart."

"Stewart, Nona Stewart, just across the street," she hastened to tell him.

"It's mighty good of you, Miss Stewart. What shall I get you—I mean, won't you find a book? I staid in town to study, and I haven't seen a book since I came here. This cursed luck—I beg your pardon—I mean my eyes went back on me just as I began to read for my degree."

"Oh, that's what I came to read, if you'll let me," added Nona, glad that blushes could not be heard by people who couldn't see them.

"Let you?" laughed the young man. "Indeed I will, though I'm afraid you'll find contracts dull work."

"Indeed, it won't be dull a bit," protested Nona. Her sixteen year old heart swelling proudly as she seated herself near the window, where the light was cautiously let in. Wasn't she doing unto her neighbor as she would be done by?

"I shall like it, I am sure," she declared.

"And I love her for doing it," said the young man to himself at the end of a month as he sat and waited for 4 o'clock and Nona.

But 4 o'clock came, then 5 o'clock, and brought no one.

Nona did not come the next day or the next. Philip Strong grew crosser and crosser, and the doctor shook his head and declared that all the progress he had made in the last month would be lost if he did not stop fretting.

"Doctor," said the young man one day, "do you know anybody in this street by the name of Stewart?"

"I did," said the doctor, "but she died last week—what?"

"Nothing;—a sharp pain in my eyes. O Lord, doctor, I can't stand it!"

"I told you this worrying and fretting would injure your eyes. I wish your father would come. I'd send you to the hospital tomorrow."

* * * * *

Philip Strong hesitated and looked up and down the street. He had come out to Tarrytown to make a will, and he did not see the house he had been directed to.

A young girl was coming toward him. He waited and lifted his hat. "Can you tell me where Henry Lloyd lives?" he asked.

As he spoke the girl, who had been looking at him, put her hand to her forehead quickly and blushed. "I—yes—that is Henry Lloyd"—she began, but at the sound of her voice the young man started forward, the blood rushing to his face.

"Nona," he said stammeringly. "Nona Stewart! I swear I'd know that voice in a thousand."

"Yes," said the girl with a tremulous laugh, as he took her hand. "And you are Mr. Strong, are you not? But why do you look as if you had seen a ghost?"

"Because I thought at first you were one," he answered, still holding her hand as if to assure himself. "They told me that the reason you never came any more was because you were dead."

"Why, that was grandmother," said Nona. And I never had a chance to explain. I—"

"I never had a chance to explain either," said Philip slowly, looking at her.

"Explain what?" asked the girl.

"How much I love you," answered Philip. —By Baldwin Sears.

England's Queen.

Alexandra is Nearly 61 Years Old, but Appears Young.

Queen Alexandra is 60 years old, and nearly 61, yet she does not look a day over 45, and in certain lights and certain shades she would pass for 38. There are very few women who can cheat Father Time out of his due by as much as five years, let alone twenty-five. Her daughter Louise, who is under 40, looks older than she. Her unmarried daughter, Victoria, who is 34 looks no younger. Her "baby," the Princess Carl of Denmark, aged 33, is about the same in looks.

When Alexandra, the daughter of the Sea King, as old King Christian is called, was born, she came into the world the first daughter of a family that was destined to have many daughters and sons. Christian, then an insignificant prince, reared a large family, and his wife Louise looked after their virtues and education. They grew up beautiful, every one of them, from Frederick, the crown prince, to the three daughters and the younger sons, George and Waldemar.

And they were accomplished, wonderfully accomplished. Have you ever known a Dane? If you have, you have known one who could work and who was willing to do so; one who could be industrious, and busy at all times. The three daughters of the Sea King sewed and painted, sang and worked in the garden. They lived not so much a rural as a town life, though they spent their spare time off at a little Danish castle where city ways never crept. Their mother taught them all the pretty arts of the world, and at 18 they were ready to make a debut in the courts of Europe.

The bride came to England thirty-nine years ago, and England went wild over her. She rode through London in the royal carriage. So much loveliness brought to their shores! Alfred Tennyson, then poet laureate, wrote an ode to her, and she found herself welcome in an English home.

A County Affair.

The late "Tom" Marshall, one of Kentucky's most brilliant wags and lawyers, was always at the door in pocket as he was rich in wit. On one occasion, he found the judicial sentiment setting strongly against him; time and time over did the court rule against his process of questioning the witnesses involved. At last, losing his temper, Marshall turned to the judge and asked:

"Will Your Honor kindly fine me ten dollars?"

"For what, Mr. Marshall?" asked the judge.

"Contempt of court."

"But you've been guilty of no contempt," insisted the judge.

"Your Honor, believe me—I never before saw a court for which I had so much contempt as for this!"

"Enter a fine of ten dollars against Mr. Marshall for contempt," ordered the bench, turning to the clerk.

"Thanks!" said Marshall. "And now, Your Honor, will you lend me ten dollars with which to pay the fine?"

"Mark Mr. Marshall's fine 'remitted,' ordered the judge, promptly. "The county can better afford to lose it than I!"

Little Harvey, aged 3, is at times destructive. His mother, on his return from the ash barrel, whither he had been sent with the pieces of a treasured dish, said reproachfully, to him:

"Oh, Harvey, you break mamma's heart being so careless."

He looked up, wondering, and said:

"Div me pieces, an' I put 'em in ash barrel!"

The Culture of Sugar Beets in Pennsylvania.

The sugar beet industry has grown to such proportions in the Western States that some Pennsylvania farmers have turned their attention to experiments, with the hope of finding a new source of income on the farm. The result of tests in Elk county have been entirely satisfactory, therefore the bulletin recently issued by the Pennsylvania State College Agricultural experiment station, bearing on the subject is especially timely and is hereto appended.

At the request of the Pittsburg, Shawmut and Northern R. R. Co., the Station arranged to inspect the culture of the beets grown in cooperative experiments organized by that company in Elk county, and to analyze sample beets taken in accordance with instructions furnished by the Station.

The Company entered upon these experiments because of the striking similarity of the sugar-beet region of southern New York to that of Elk county as regards the surface features of the land and quality of soil, believing that a demonstration of the fitness of the territory for this culture might lead to an important industrial development. Arrangements were made by Mr. L. J. F. Rooney, Engineer of the Mining Department of the company, with upward of thirty farmers in different parts of the county, but principally at Shawmut, St. Mary, Centerville and Shawmut, to undertake the growth of the beets on a small scale during the past growing season. The services of Mr. John Sherlock, who had spent some time as inspector of sugar-beet culture for the Binghamton Sugar Company, were secured by the railroad company to superintend the preparations of the soil and planting, cultivation and harvesting of the beets.

LOCATION.

With but few exceptions, the farms were located on that broad, gentle rolling upland, extending through Benzinger, Fox, and Horton townships. The exposed geological strata of this region are chiefly those of the Lower Productive Coal Measures; at one point, a thin layer of Mahoning sandstone caps the coal measures, while, in the case of the few cultures grown in the creek bottoms, the soil is derived from the Mauch Chunk shale and from the Pocono sandstone. Not only the bottom lands, but many of the upland soils have shown themselves to be quite well suited to truck farming, which is generally pursued to meet the local demand of the mining and manufacturing towns.

CLIMATE.

The climate of Elk county varies with the section considered. According to recent compilations by T. F. Townsend, of the U. S. Weather Bureau, there are three distinct regions of rainfall and three of temperature, considering only the annual rainfall and mean annual temperature. The south-western corner of the county has a rainfall of 40 to 45 inches, the region adjoining to the east and north has a rainfall of 40 to 45 inches, while the northern and eastern thirds of the county exceeds 45 inches of rainfall. The northwestern corner of the county has a mean annual temperature of 45° F., the eastern and south-eastern borders, of 48° F. Dr. H. W. Wiley, in his studies of the climatic relations of the sugar-beet culture, fixes the mean temperatures of 69 to 71 during June, July and August as determining the principal beet-culture regions of the United States. His data, charted in 1898, show the northern border of this belt to pass from Williamsport southwestward through the state. Elk county is north of this line, but, like the state of New York, is within the region bordering on the same belt, which is regarded as most climatically adapted to the culture.

Michigan, of all states east of the Rocky Mountains, has been the seat of the largest development of sugar-beet culture. In her climate, it is now well established, is very favorable for this crop. A careful comparison of the climatological data for Michigan and western Pennsylvania, presented in Greeley's American Weather, shows that the two regions are climatically similar, the growing season, however, being a little longer in western Pennsylvania than in Michigan.

The year 1901 was cool and especially hot and dry in July, subject to unusually heavy, wasting rains in August, and more than usually favorable to richness of yield, but rather than to large yield during the maturing months September and October.

CONDITIONS OF CULTURE.

In all the tests reported, the seed used was of the Kleinwanzlebener variety, supplied by the Binghamton company. Barnyard manure was the fertilizer usually employed.

To summarize the facts concerning the growing of the crop: Excessively wet weather made the planting late, interfered with cultivation and thus retarded the growth, and sometimes the second, and in one instance, 34,044, gave rise to damage by flood. It also seriously injured the crop in two cases, 33,963 and 34,041.

The planting ranged in date from June 1st to July 6th, the latter date occurring in only one case. In general, the planting was in rows 2 1/2 to 3 inches apart, and the thinning to about 8 inches in the row. Greater intervals are notable in Nos. 33,943, 33,944, 33,948 and 33,957. The thinning took place at times ranging from July 2nd to August 10th, or four to six weeks after planting. The cultivation was general during the season, very good. The general condition of the crop appeared to be excellent on September 28th as distinctly superior in those points especially affecting the richness of the beet in sugar. The quite general conformity to the standard of distance between the plants doubtless resulted from the practical supervision of an experienced and trusted superintendent. There were, of course, some exceptions to this general fact.

HARVESTING AND SAMPLING.

Owing to failure to comply with the conditions needed to secure a representative yield or to the destruction of the crop by washing, several plots are not represented as to yield. In the other cases crops were harvested October 28th to November 4th, and the weight of a measured area was taken, the beets being first carefully brushed and the top so removed as to leave about an inch of the stems. Usually a red's length of a row judged to represent the average yield of the plot, was taken—due allowances being made, of course, for areas left bare by the accidents of washing or floods. After weighing, the beets were carefully sub-sampled according to a method prescribed by the writer. The sub-samples, consisting of three or five beets representing each plot, each beet being separately wrapped in paper, were carefully tagged and shipped in the same box by express to the Station. The samples were in good, fresh condition when received and were immediately analyzed.

ANALYSES.

The analyses were made by Mr. W. T. Carter, Fellow in Agricultural Chemistry, by the usual methods. The term "coefficient of purity" indicates the percentage proportion of cane sugar in the total solids of the beet juice. As the solids other than sugar tend to prevent the separation of the latter in manufacture, the coefficient should not fall below 80.

In no case does the percentage of sugar fall below the manufacturing limit, the average amount in the cleaned, decrowned beet being 16 per cent.

The purity of the juice is exceptionally high, no sample being useless from too low purity; the average coefficient of purity is 83.8.

Inequalities of stand and small size of the beets grown caused the yield to fall below the limit of profit in eleven out of twenty-nine cases; in seven cases, however, a yield of 19 tons or more is reported; the average yield of topped beets obtained from the twenty-two crops weighed, is 13.52 tons.

These results, together with those of earlier years, clearly indicate that the climate and soil of Elk county, and probably of a large part of northern Pennsylvania, are fitted for sugar-beet culture.

Cruelty in Water Cure.

Soldiers Back from Philippines Tell of Many Cases of Torture, Water Villages, Barter, Treatment of the Insurgents in Isolated Instances not Consistent Either with Humanity or the Rules of War.

Mark H. Evans, of Des Moines, Ia., formerly sergeant of the Third Second Volunteer Infantry, testified before the Senate committee on the Philippines concerning the administration of the water cure to Filipinos on four different occasions during his service in the islands. He also related the particulars of the burning of several native villages. He was questioned by Senators Patterson, Beveridge and McComas.

All these events occurred, the witness said, during 1900, in the Province of Iatan, Island of Luzon, and in the town of Orano, where his headquarters were. Three of the cases of water cure occurred outside the town. In one case the cure was administered by native scouts, and in the others by an American soldier.

ATTEMPT TO EXTORT CONFESSION.

The first case occurred at a little town where there were supposed to be some insurgents. The scouts picked out the suspected people, and taking one of them to a creek, poured a quantity of water in his mouth from a canteen. The purpose in this, as in other cases, was to secure a confession.

On another occasion during an expedition to neighboring islands, the witness said, he saw an American soldier take two suspected natives into the water and duck them, holding them under for perhaps half a minute at a time. He secured a confession as to the hiding of guns in one case, but none in the other.

VICTIM QUITE DISABLED.

After the first case of ducking the victim seemed, the witness said, to be quite disabled, being apparently so weak that he was unable to rise. In another instance of the administration of the water cure in Orano a tooth of the victim was knocked out.

Sergeant Evans said he was present at the burning of the four or five native villages and that the destruction of those places was due to the presence of insurgents. But the orders were to destroy all the native huts along the coast near the mountains for 30 miles in Batan Province, so as to force the natives to come in, and this, he said, was done.

Replying to the questions by Senator Beveridge the witness said that the natives had refused to divulge information in their possession, and in many cases they subjected the American troops to indignities. In one case, he said, where two soldiers were killed, their ears were cut off.

SOME CASES OF INHUMANITY.

Edward J. Norton, of Los Angeles, late private in Company L, Eighteenth United States Infantry, was the next witness. He served two years in the Island of Panay, answering questions by Senator Culberson. Mr. Norton stated that, except in isolated cases, the treatment accorded the natives by United States soldiers were humane. In the isolated cases referred to, he said, the treatment was not consistent with humanity and the rules of war.

He then related from hear say the story of the administration of the water cure to the vice president of San Miguel and a native policeman, and described one occasion where he had assisted in "water curing" a native. The man's mouth, he said, was forced open with a stick and the water poured down his throat. The effect of the treatment was temporary strangulation.

In this particular case, he said, the native after receiving the cure delivered up a number of rifles and pistols. "It was the practice in marching through," the witness related, "when fired upon by the natives to immediately burn their houses."

Indian Leases Lands.

Wealthy and Eccentric Colonel Blackwell Disposes of His Land in Cherokee Nation.

Colonel A. J. Blackwell, a wealthy Indian land owner, arrived at Wichita, Kan. recently from New York, where, he says, he has just concluded terms with the coal trust. Colonel Blackwell says he has leased two thousand acres of his coal lands in the Cherokee Nation, for which he received \$250,000, and is to get three per cent. on all coal taken out.

There is some doubt expressed as to Blackwell's power to sell his coal lands in the Cherokee Nation, as he has yet no warranty deed. However, he controls over twelve thousand acres of Indian land around Chelsea, on the Frisco road, obtained through his children and Indian wife. He is white, but calls himself an Indian, and is very eccentric.

He says he will spend part of the quarter million dollars in assisting the striking coal miners in Pennsylvania. He is going to run free special trains to his town in Oklahoma and give every one there an opportunity to celebrate at his expense. He will also unveil his own monument. He is worth in real estate \$1,000,000 or more.

Tornado Wrecks Circus.

Twenty-five Persons Injured by the Collapsing of a Tent.

While the Harris Nickel-Plate circus was showing at Signonry, Iowa, on Thursday a tornado blew down the circus tent, burying 2,000 men, women and children in its folds. The roofs of the wild animals added to the terror. Twenty-five persons were injured.

The Baccalaureate Sermon at State.

Inasmuch as there were many who were unable to get to State College on Sunday, June 8th, to hear the baccalaureate sermon preached to the class of 1902, by the Rev. Dr. Lawrence M. Coffelt, of Philadelphia, that masterly production is published in full here with:

"So then as we have opportunity let us work good to all men.

"Opportunity! What a part it plays on the world's history and that of individuals! How much does success in life depend upon the proper use of opportunity? The statesman watches for opportunity to pass his pet measure, the general to surprise his foe and win a decisive victory, the merchant to sell his goods and secure his profits. To young men especially as they begin life it seems as if the whole problem of success seems to turn upon opportunity. They say, 'If I only had the opportunity I could raise myself to a position of trust and eminence.'

"Permit me first of all in discussing the subject to inflict upon you the platitudes that this is the land of opportunity. Europe is at present betraying considerable alarm over the colossal expansion of American commerce and influence. The reason is so simple that the only surprising thing about it is that Europe is looking for every other explanation than the true one. Fifty of the classes is the logical outcome of monarchy and hereditary privilege. But we have been claiming for more than a century that Democracy means equality of opportunity and a more efficient type of man. This is the secret of the American invasion of Europe. It is not merely our great horizons, our boundless natural resources—it is the freedom of the initiative which is making the men who live under the democracy of the United States more efficient than the men who live under an European aristocracy. It is the simple fact that a poor boy beginning life with his bare hands as a telegraph messenger boy and with no patronage or capital than his own brains can become in a single lifetime the richest man in the world through legitimate production without a single element of speculation in the whole process. The fact that a tough rascal with no sense to promote but a strenuous life can reach the presidential chair—that any man anywhere in a democracy has the chance to win a capital prize of his generation and still more glorious if he has not the mettle himself, can keep the way open for his children to reach the highest distinction—it is this fundamental fact which is giving the United States the domination of the world's markets and which makes the American youth's chances for success the brightest on earth.

II.—"This is the epoch of opportunity. Here we are on more difficult ground. This is a proposition that is widely contested. It is said that the great aggregations of capital and combinations of business handicapped the individual—that there is less opportunity for the poor young man to get a start in the world. I greatly doubt the truth of that. The complexity of the industrial world offers multitudinous chances for those who will work. In my boyhood the only chance a youth had beyond agriculture was school teaching. But now there are a thousand avenues in the industrial realm for a youth to get his foot on the ladder of fortune.

III.—"My next point is that opportunity goes begging on every hand. Lack of opportunity is the fallacy of weak minds. Life pulsates with chances. They are like germs of small pox—so insistent and aggressive as to be what might be termed contagious. To be immune from opportunity in this land and this age you will have to vaccinate yourself with the purest immobility. Every lesson in school and college is an opportunity. Every patient to the doctor, every client to the lawyer, every sermon to the preacher is a chance in life. Every time you meet anybody in the world is an opportunity to make a friend. Every responsibility thrust upon your strength and your honor is a priceless opportunity. When any privilege to do or be is met like a man opportunities multiply along the line of aptitude faster than we can use them. Luck means trusting God and your own resources and a religion whose motto is 'Help yourself and heaven will help you.' To be successful is to leave nothing to chance, but to work and work and work again, always bearing in mind that what can be obtained once and temporarily by tricky means can be as a rule obtained permanently by honest endeavor."

Dr. Coffelt closed his address to the students by appealing to them to carry Paul's ideal into life, viz: that of doing good to all men as opportunity offers. This is far nobler than that of "making a name" or being heard from, or any merely personal success. Never were there such opportunities for the college-bred man to work good to all men by inspiring faith in spiritual forces as the antidote of stolid commercialism, by promoting brotherhood as the cure of that selfishness which kept society stagnant and by that sweet reasonableness which alone can keep itself from becoming emotional, vulgar and narrow.

A Horrible Death.

Daniel Bogart Killed by Being Twisted Up in Machinery.

Daniel Bogart, a farmer, met a horrible fate near Mooresburg, Monday morning. Mr. Bogart was assisting in the outfitting of the farm of his brother-in-law, Clark Dyer. The motive power employed to operate the cutter was an ordinary horse power of the lever pattern, the same as used in threshing. Mr. Bogart was driving, standing, as is customary, on the horse centre, where with whip in hand he could easily reach the horse. An assistant was inside the barn feeding the cutter.

At 8:30 o'clock the machinery suddenly stopped. The man inside the barn on looking out to discover the cause, was horrified at the spectacle which presented itself. Apparently pinned fast in the machinery and lying over as if dead or insensible was the form of the driver. He rushed to the side of the injured man and found that his right leg was severed from his body at the hip. He was already dead. By a misstep Mr. Bogart's leg had slipped down into the large horizontal wheel, where it was caught in the cogs. This much is evident, but beyond it nothing can be determined. The man died from the effects of the terrible shock. The deceased was 47 years of age. He is survived by his widow.

Rushed.

Podunk Postmaster—We order he another clerk here.

Inspector—More than she can do, eh?

Podunk Postmaster—Lord, yes! Why sometimes she don't get through reading all 't postal cards fore 10 o'clock at night.—Freck.

Case of Miss Taylor.

Resolutions in the House to Have it Investigated—Was Regulation Ignored.

Miss Rebecca J. Taylor, the war department clerk, who was dismissed on Saturday for having scored President Roosevelt's Philippine policy in a letter published in a Washington paper, may become a national character.

Representative Ashton C. Shullenberger, of Nebraska, one of the Democratic members of the committee on civil service reform, on Monday introduced a resolution calling on the secretary of war to report to the House the causes and reasons of Miss Taylor's removal. The Democrats may show that civil service rules were violated in the method of her removal. It is doubtful if Secretary Root would feel himself bound to reply to such a resolution. Thus the only way the case is liable to come up in Congress is in oral debate.

Miss Taylor gave out, in explanation of her attitude in the case, the correspondence exchanged between herself and Secretary Root before and after her discharge. The chief clerk of the adjutant general's office, in which Miss Taylor was employed, was directed by the chief clerk of the war department to ask her to state whether or not she was the author of the published letter under the title "The Flag Shall Stay Put." Miss Taylor's attention was invited to the section of the civil service regulations providing that persons whose removal is sought shall have opportunity to file statements of their case. Miss Taylor replied that she was the author of the letter. She protested, however, that no charges had been filed in reply to which she could make a statement, but that she had only been asked if she was the author. The only answer she received to this was the order that she be discharged.

In answer to this Miss Taylor wrote Secretary Root a letter protesting against her removal as illegal. As yet she has received no answer.

Terrible Battle with Maniac.

Fear-Crazed Patient Tries to Kill His Nurse and Then Suicide.

R. Smedley Hall, a prominent brick contractor of Allegheny, while crazed with fever attempted to kill his nurse—Miss Della Cochran—recently and failing, after a terrible struggle, committed suicide. Hall boarded at the home of Mrs. Florence Dutton, in Allegheny, and had for four days been watched over by the faithful nurse whose life he sought to take. About 5:30 Sunday morning he suddenly sprang from his bed, and shouting that they must die together, made a plunge at her. Miss Cochran did not lose her head. She grappled with him, screaming for help. She was hurled back against the wall of the room and the maniac followed, felling her with a heavy leather-covered chair, which completely covered her.

Hall then secured a razor and again they grappled, he slashing Miss Cochran across the breast. She caught the handle, and, with a piercing scream, gave her assailant a terrible blow which drew the blade through her hand, and she lay to the bone. He also cut her wrist in a frightful manner, and then stood before her and swiftly drew the blade across his throat nearly severing his head from his body. At this moment Mrs. Dutton rushed into the room and the two women lifted Hall to the bed, where he died in a short time.

Miss Cochran's hand will be permanently crippled, but her other wounds are not serious.

Spartan Boy Saves His Life.

Extinguished Flames That Were Eating Into His Flesh.

While an eight year old son of J. M. Bacous, of Wayne, Pa., was picking cherries in a tree a box of paper caps in his hand and a flaming torch in his other hand, he was eating into his flesh. The boy with Spartan courage, steadied himself upon the limb, pressed his clothing against the trunk and thus extinguished the flames. During all this time the little fellow did not utter a sound. When the inferno was over the boy climbed down the tree unassisted and walked to his home, where he fell in a faint. He will recover.

Princeton's President Resigns.

In connection with Princeton University's one hundred and fifty-fifth annual commencement came a surprise recently the resignation of President Francis L. Patton. The action was taken by President Patton because he desired to carry on literary plans on a larger scale than he could do by retaining the position. He will still retain his professorship in the University in the chair of ethics and the philosophy of religion. Prof. Woodrow Wilson, who has been at the head of the department of jurisprudence and politics since 1890, has been selected to succeed Patton.

Two Men Cut Their Throats.

Dependent over long illness, Thomas V. B. Neece, aged 61 years, a truck farmer residing below Williamsport, stood before a looking glass yesterday morning and with a butcher knife slashed his throat from ear to ear. He fell to the floor where he was found by his wife. A physician was summoned, who did what he could to save the life of the man. There is a slight hope for his recovery.

C. T. Rose, of Olean, N. Y., who has been soliciting work in DuBois, attempted suicide in a hotel in that place Tuesday night by cutting his throat. The jugular vein was not severed, and he may recover. He claims that lack of work and money prompted him to do the deed.

Big Bug in His Ear.

Suffering in great agony in Cooper Hospital, Camden, Saturday, William H. Britton, of No. 512 Mechanic street, seemed to get no relief, and the surgeons were at their wit's ends to help him. Britton was enjoying the music at Washington Park when a large bug dropped from the overhead electric lights directly into his ear.

Britton clapped his hand to his head and tried to dislodge the insect, but was unable to budge it. His pain became so intolerable that he was deemed advisable to send him to the hospital.

Man Who Weighed 640 Pounds Dead.

Maurice Cannon, "Fat Man" of San Francisco, died Thursday of fatty degeneration of the heart. Cannon was 56 years old. He weighed 640 pounds and for a while traveled as a fat man exhibited in museums. Twelve men were required to carry the body to an undertaker's wagon.

Lessons on Eating.

Eat slowly; only men in rags
And gluttons old in sin
Mistake themselves for carpet bags
And tumble victims in.

—Cornhill Magazine