

# Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., October 10, 1902.

## JOHNNIE'S CHECKER STORY.

Paw he got th' checkerboard, an' says "Now come here, son, we'll spread th' pieces on th' squares an' show you how it's done." So I set down, an' he moved first. "Nen I give him a man." "Nen he jumped me, an' checked out, "Just beat me of you can." "Nen I moved one, an' he took that, an' said not to feel sore, Jest then I seen a zigzag line, "Nen jumped—an' I took four! My paw—he rubbed his chin, an' thought, an' says, "Um-m-m, lemme see!" An' when he moved, I saw my jump, an' an' that time I took three.

"Nen pa he moved another man, an' hatched up to the board, I took that, too, while maw looked on, an' maw—say, the best roared in, "Nen paw—th' king-row's where he wants to get; like anything, But fore he knows where I am at, I says, "Paw, crown that king."

"Nen I jest moved the way they do Down there at Griggses store an' first thing paw knows, he ain't got no checkers any more, "Nen paw gits up, an' slams the board! I can't say what he said— "Twas somepin' bout "Smart Aleck kids," "Nen he sent me to bed."

—W. D. Nesbit.

## THE SAVING OF THE BOY.

The two men met at the door of Evelyn Starrett's apartment, the boy having ascended by means of the elevator, while the Elder Brother had mounted the stairs. They delayed, by a common impulse, the ringing of the bell.

"Do me a favor, old fellow," said the boy at last, hesitatingly. "Don't call upon Evelyn just now, will you? I've—I've got something particular to say to her."

"You're not going to borrow money from her—again?" and the Elder Brother's voice was sharp with contempt and vexation.

"It's a bad business, Boy, this getting money from one woman to spend on another."

"I'm not getting money from one woman to spend on another," retorted the boy, his face flushed with indignation, almost as effective as though it had been righteous. "I'm only going to borrow a few dollars from an old friend to help me over a temporary embarrassment, and to—"

"To spend on another woman, as I said," the Elder Brother broke in, disdaintfully. "And I say it again, Boy, it's a bad business."

"It's my business," responded the boy, his eyes hard as adamant. "You mind your own."

And he pressed, with impatient sharpness, the electric button on the door.

The Elder Brother, after half a moment of angry cogitation went down stairs slowly. Evelyn would undoubtedly lend the young rascal the money, in any case; his presence would only make matters unnecessarily unpleasant for her, and the Elder Brother adhered to the old-fashioned chivalric principle that women and unpleasantnesses of every kind should be kept as far apart as possible. So he retreated, albeit reluctantly, and left the boy a clear field for his efforts.

It was a luxurious little apartment into which the boy was presently admitted, softly lighted, daintily furnished, full of delightful things of many kinds. Evelyn Starrett, although she worked like a Puritan, lived like a Sybarite—nowadays. Her physical environment was as luxurious as her moral and spiritual atmosphere was cool and rarefied. But the luxuries besides gratifying the artistic, pleasure-loving side of her nature, served in the additional and unwonted capacity of a hair shirt. It kept the wearer perpetually humble to be perpetually reminded, in this time of prosperity, of the far different period which had preceded it.

"I shall never become conceited while I have all these pretty things about me," she had told a dear friend once, smiling, but in serious earnest. "They remind me so inevitably of how much more has been granted to me than to better women."

"Better women," to Evelyn Starrett, meant simply one woman—Helen Disburt. She was thinking of Helen now, when the door of her parlor opened to provide entrance for the boy. The boy was a solemn charge from this same Helen, the single inheritance which Evelyn had received from her vanished sister-friend.

The boy came in easily, so easily that he almost swaggered. Evelyn, seeing at a glance that he was upset and excited, touched the bell for her maid.

"Serve coffee immediately," was her quiet direction.

Then, when the large delicately tinted cups of egg-shell china had been filled with the perfect, steaming beverage, she leaned back in her low chair, companionably, and invited the boy, already soothed and quieted, to unbuckle his shoes, to need no but a few moments to learn all that oppressed him.

The boy was in love—for the sixtieth time, perhaps, in his eight or nine years of adult existence. The more serious phase of the complication was presented by his evident belief that the object of his present adoration loved him. A mother's darling in his cradle, the boy had been a woman's darling all his life long, and he would soon be twenty-seven. All women, good, bad and indifferent, loved and adored the boy, somehow—the boy who, in turn, loved all women in general, and large numbers of them, one after another, in particular. Good women the boy revered mightily, and from the bottom of his heart. Women not so good frequently possessed for him a fascination which, at seven-and-twenty, he should certainly have outgrown. It was the knowledge of this fact, as well as the concomitant certainty, that he would lose his head as well as his heart in such cases, which caused all his real friends to be anxious concerning the boy and his perennial love-affairs.

"Is she a pretty woman?" asked Evelyn, when the second cup of coffee was disposed of, he had told her all he knew—and much that he did not know, as yet—concerning his latest innamorata, with the exception of her name.

"Wonderfully pretty. Beautiful to fascination," answered the boy, his enthusiasm kindling.

"Nice?" and the faintest shade of anxiety struggled against repression in his tone.

"Very nice," with a touch of dignity and hauteur.

"Is she a good woman?"

"All women are good, in one way or another, are they not?" counter-queried the boy, with a blush and an accent that taught Evelyn the real character of the other woman in a moment. She said no more, however, having long since learned the fu-

tility of even the wisest speech under such circumstances. But she sighed nervously, when, the boy having bidden her good-night and gone off to buy roses for that other woman, whom he had never had time to take to dinner and the play, she changed her gown for the evening.

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The Elder Brother was big and blonde and fresh-colored. The sarcasm of Fate was quietly apparent in the rosy, florid complexion, which perpetually earned for him the suspicion, if not more, of sharing old Omar's predilection for the wine-cup. The Elder Brother, who never touched anything stronger than coffee, and who was clean from lips to spiritual fibre, looked as though the world, the flesh, and the devil might lay firm hold upon him occasionally. The boy, by no means so abstemious or so particular, was pale and ascetic in appearance—all but the Apollo mouth and the big, laughter-loving eyes. And the Elder Brother, for all his big heart and his goodness, had never called forth, from the soul of any human being, one single iota of the passionate adoration so freely lavished upon the boy, careless, conscienceless, apparently, as he was. There are queer ebbs and tides to the development of human character, and the Elder Brother had become a little cynical, absorbing all this. But the boy was a sacred charge with him, also, and his glance at his anxious face told Evelyn, this evening, that the boy was indeed in danger.

"Who is it now?" she inquired, anxiously, when the Elder Brother had been duly served with the fragrant coffee which he also loved dearly.

"Mrs. Brankinhorpe this time," answered the Elder Brother, all contempt and indignation. "She's got him hooked fast, apparently, and he'll ruin his chance for good if he gets tangled up with her just now."

For Mrs. Brankinhorpe, a notorious charmer of none too dazzling reputation, had already worked disaster to a number of promising young men. And the boy having just been pulled and pushed, and teased and teased through his last term at medical college was now waiting, with easy grace and what patience his friends could muster, for the beginning of the professional career which was to presently make him famous.

Evelyn's delicate eyebrows drew near together as she considered these circumstances.

"He mustn't be allowed to ruin his chances," she said, presently. "We must get him out of it somehow, old friend."

"Get him out of it yes," exclaimed the Elder Brother rising to pace the small chamber impatiently. "We're always getting him out of difficulties, Evelyn, and I, for one, am pretty sick of so doing. So-called a mouth passes but we must manoeuvre in some way to assist him."

"Get him out of it," said Evelyn, "I'm sick of it all. Scarcely a bare 'Thank you' from one year's end to another. He's quick enough to say 'Mind your own business,' with a bitter recollection of the oft-repeated scene of the earlier evening, when everything's going well with him; but he sings a different song when Fate begins to exact a little discomfort in payment for his perpetual wrong-doing. I'm sick to death of playing caretaker to a grown-up baby, Evelyn, and I'm almost ready to say I've done my last in that line."

"Oh, but you won't say that," and Evelyn's voice was athrill with sympathetic anxiety: "you've never deserted a friend yet in all the years I've known you, and certainly this isn't the time to think of deserting the boy. We must work together a little longer," beckoning him persuasively back to his easy-chair, "and we'll bring him out splendidly in the end, I'm certain. The boy has such fine possibilities, and—"

"Fine possibilities, yes," repeated the Elder Brother as she hesitated a little, "but what else? Oh, I think as much of him as you do," obeying her gesture with impetuous impatience and resignation. "But I'm beginning to wonder if all our trouble is worth while. Twenty-seven years old in a week or two, and not able to stand alone, apparently, for a moment. Full of all sorts of high aspirations one evening; ready to move the world while you wait. The next, a silly woman waves her hand to him, and it's all up with the ready to move the world. Sometimes I think we do better to let go of him entirely, and see if a little bit of roughing it unassisted wouldn't bring him to his senses."

"But, meanwhile," coaxed Evelyn, "he'll ruin all his chances, as you say, all the chances we've worked so hard to give him. And where, old comrade, would be the wisdom of such a proceeding as that?"

"There's no much use in trying to push a man up hill if he's determined to slide down it," answered the Elder Brother doggedly. "Almost twenty-seven, Evelyn, and you and I and Helen have held him up ever since I can remember, almost. Since Helen went, you and I have tried harder than ever. Affection, encouragement, support, financial assistance, opportunities, everything we've provided him in abundance. Yes, I will say it this once, anyway, you as well as I. We've made sacrifice after sacrifice that he might be well started. And now, at twenty-seven, he seems just about as near to being well started as he did twenty-seven years ago. This last affair disgusts me more than anything he has ever done. Mrs. Brankinhorpe's affairs are so hopeless. A man can't fight with a woman. There's nothing you can do, and by the time she's ready to say good-bye to him he'll be done for, professionally, with a vengeance. If you can see any way out of the situation, it's more than I can."

"Some other woman must charm him, and charm him more enduringly," said Evelyn, after a moment or two of silence, and with the quizzical smile which always amused her companion. "One nail drives out another, you know, especially in regard to the boy's love-affairs, and something tells me his allegiance to Mrs. Brankinhorpe will be but fleeting. Perhaps he'll discover that she paints or uses perfume on her handkerchief soon enough to prevent any serious trouble. And if not—"

"We mustn't give him up, after all our trying," she went on, in earnest response to the Elder Brother's impatient shrug of the shoulders. "I know he'll come out all right in the end, comrade. Perhaps this is the very last of his difficulties. At all events, we must make allowances for him, mustn't we, just as we've always done, just as we would do if he were blind or deaf or crippled? He really can't help being the boy can he? He'll never be anybody but the boy, even if he lives to be a hundred. And, meanwhile, we must look after him—until he learns to look after himself, somehow or other—just as we've always done. This won't be the first time we've rescued him from a bad situation, will it?"

"No; and I'm afraid it won't be the last," fretted the Elder Brother, still disgruntled. Then, ashamed of having been betrayed into an ill temper in her presence, he bade her good-night.

"Don't worry," they told each other, bravely, at parting. "Don't worry. It will come out all right, somehow," but Evelyn was much more sure of it than the Elder Brother. The heart of the latter was decidedly heavy, and altogether on the boy's account, as he went down the stairs. Years ago, although she had never dreamed it, he had loved Evelyn deeply; he loved her still, although the hope that sweetens love never so much as admitted it, even to her most intimate self-consciousness. Evelyn had loved him. Her love for the boy had not always been quite as disinterested and impersonal as she now believed it—not in the beginning. Most of it had been given for his own and Helen's sake, but not all.

Helen had been the only sister of the Elder Brother and the boy, mother-sister to them, really, since the three were lonely orphans, practically unfriended from the boy's earliest infancy. And Helen had regarded her two brothers as did everybody else; the Elder Brother, with quiet esteem and affection, the boy with adoring tenderness. Evelyn had wondered over this, a little, in the beginning of her acquaintance with Helen.

The two women had studied and worked and written together, shouldered to shoulder, desk to desk, in the far days when the boy had seemed a mere baby; the happy, industrious over-worked days, long before success had come to the one and death to the other. They had been close friends and comrades in the quiet yet devoted manner so often declared impossible between women, especially women doing the same work. And when Helen knew her earthly moments numbered, she turned to her sister-friend and comrade, and caught hold of her with eager beseeching hands.

"I'll do it I can for him, dearest," answered Evelyn, comprehending and accepting the trust indefinitely offered. "I'll always remember that he's the darling brother of the only sister I ever had."

"He'll—mind—you—Evelyn," came the second faint whisper, which Evelyn's ears were strained to comprehend, even slowly.

"He thinks you're great," she said, faintly. A quick smile curved sweetly about the lips fast paling, and, so smiling, Helen slipped over the near edge of the Great Mystery and was lost to this present existence. Evelyn, from that moment, acted toward the boy precisely, as she felt that Helen would have acted had she still been living. She gave to him love, as she felt both frequent and profound, a sublime passion, a degree of forbearance almost approaching the superhuman; she received, in return, a calm acceptance of her kindness, roses and violets on most holiday occasions, a real pride and pleasure in her growing success. Now, eleven years after the time of Helen's passing, she accepted the office of chaperon—since this seemed necessary to her appearance—precisely as she had accepted all the other delicate and thankless situations of the past eleven years.

When the boy called the next evening, Evelyn was radiant in pale blue and silver instead of the quiet grays she usually affected after dinner. The boy, quick to note and appreciate outward beauty, complimented her frankly upon her appearance. She smiled, and with a delicate coquetry quite new to his acquaintance. Mystified, charmed, enchanted, thoroughly well entertained, the boy forgot all about the latter call he had intended to make upon Mrs. Brankinhorpe.

"You look ten years younger than I have ever seen you," he told her, admiringly, when he was told that it was good-night. "What," she cried, smiling. "Ten years younger than when you first knew me, nearly twenty years ago? Then you mean to tell me that I, who have passed my thirty-fifth birthday, don't look a day over fifteen?"

"Not a day over twenty-five, anyway," he assured her, sincerely, and you're a whole lot younger than you used to be, Evelyn, into the bargain."

Evelyn, smiling, looked at herself long and narrowly as she faced her tall mirror, that evening. Yes, it was true. Allowing something—much—for friendly and gallant exaggeration, she was certainly younger, prettier, than she used to be in the by-gone days of her twenties. Her figure, as always, tall, slender, and of good lines, was rounded now, and sleek and gracious. Her eyes, hair, expression, coloring, were all brighter, more alluring, than during her over-worked, over-worn period of her earlier womanhood. The stern, unattractive professional woman's line carved by much battling with Fate was relaxing its cruel hold upon her, and the Elder Brother, reporting progress, delightedly informed Evelyn that the boy had indignantly disclaimed, to a mutual acquaintance, even the most casual and passing admiration for Mrs. Brankinhorpe.

"It is time for the second feature of the campaign," answered Evelyn astutely. From that moment on she filled her room with bright company three or four nights of every week, and always the boy was invited. Brilliant, amusing, he began to acquire social distinction; really clever and in love with his profession, he soon turned this distinction to professional advantage. Three months from the time when Evelyn had undertaken the office of chaperon he was beginning to rejoice in a good practice, to be mentioned as one of the rising contingent. Then, suddenly, Evelyn, who, with the Elder Brother, had excitedly and moderately received a succession of two sharp shocks.

A woman—none other than the redoubtable and indignant Mrs. Brankinhorpe, in fact—set about the rumor that Evelyn and the boy were to be married, that Evelyn had sought after and entrapped the boy, to be brutally open. A kind friend carried the rumor to headquarters. But the second—and severer—shock came to Evelyn with the realization that, her first natural provocation over, she did not care.

"Why not?" she found her inner self in quivering, half-ashamed, but persistent. Her mind ran over, unasked, but unhindered, long lists of women who had made happy men much younger than themselves, of adoring husbands married to wretched, years their senior. And, after all, she was not quite nine years older than the boy! The Elder Brother, all unconsciously, added fuel to the flame.

"What would you say, Evelyn," he asked her a day or two later, "if I should tell you that I believe the boy in a way to get married?"

"What would you say," she counter-queried, parrying, not knowing that they were playing at cross-purposes.

"Well," returned the Elder Brother, slowly, "I told Johnston, who told me that other people are connecting the boy's name with that of a lady whom he didn't mention, that if the right kind of a woman accepted the boy, I'd be mighty glad for his sake. A good wife would be the very making of him, especially now he's getting on better. But I don't think he ought to marry a very young girl, Evelyn; a woman a few years older than himself would be much better, from my way of thinking."

Evelyn, speechless with the delight of his supposed but actually undreamed of approval, felt that she could not meet his eye. Had she done so she would have seen that they were a little dim. The long dead hope had blossomed forth into timid resurrection under the spell of Evelyn's new-found juvenescence, and the Elder Brother had decided to risk a mighty plunge.

"Very young people are callow, anyway," he said, presently. "They mist a great deal of life I fancy, and never know it. Now I've sometimes thought, lately, Evelyn that you and I might have been pretty happy together, if we'd only thought so in time. I've always loved you, Evelyn, although I've always been afraid to say so. I've fancied—lately—that perhaps you might have—thought something of it—if I'd—told you sooner."

There was a moment's silence in which Evelyn weighed, realized, tested, and laid aside—forever—the possibilities which would once have weighed heaven to her delighted spirit. Now—why, the boy was in love with her, surely, and she with the boy!

"One fancies very foolish things, sometimes, old friend," she said, gently.

Almost before the door had closed upon the Elder Brother—kind and friendly as ever, but with the cynical look in his eyes, a little deeper—it opened to admit the boy radiant, handsome, good to see in the well-fitting evening dress which became him admirably. He, too, was silent and dreamy for some time. Then he took a step beside Evelyn on the divan, and, folding both her hands within his own, looked at her with ardent eyes before which his own sank inevitably.

"Dear," he began, solemnly, his voice low and uncertain—"dear, I have to thank you for almost everything good in my life, you and the Elder Brother—the boy often made me feel that I was a little better than I was. I think of you and Helen, and never before have I appreciated what you are and what you have accomplished in my behalf. But now—"

"The Big Five Radiator Company notified me yesterday," he interrupted himself to explain, "that I have been made their official physician, with a monthly salary of \$1,000. The salary, part of which has been paid in advance, gives me the right to say what I am now saying, Evelyn. This ring," slipping the glittering trinket from his pocket to her third finger, "was bought out of my first important earnings, and it is to go to-night upon the hand of the prettiest, sweetest, dearest little woman I ever met. And it was you, dear Evelyn, who first brought us together."

The hands he still held grew cold, but he never knew it. All on fire with his subject he dropped them lightly, replaced the ring which had come back into his own fingers as suddenly as mysteriously, and rose to pace the floor.

"You remember Leslie Golding, of course," he said, further. "I met her, fell in love with her, in this very room, Evelyn. I've been calling on her, more or less regularly, ever since, and last night she promised to marry me. The new position and the salary gave me the right to ask her. And I came to you, as my dearest, best friend, with my happiness, first of all."

"As your oldest friend also, you should have said," responded Evelyn bravely, repressing the strange, smile and intonation, which the boy was too self-absorbed to notice. "And you did quite right, Boy dear. I wish you both all the joy and happiness imaginable, and you must bring the dear girl to see me very soon."

"I will," said the boy, earnestly. "We both spoke of it last night. She's ready to love you as much as I do, Evelyn. And—here—Evelyn—"

He was trying to press a small, sealed envelope between her tightly clenched fingers.

"It's—it's the money I owe you, dear lady," said the boy, blushing, humble, and embarrassed for the first time, perhaps, in his entire existence. And it was you, dear Evelyn, who first brought us together."

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I think your dear Boy has been saved for you. But I," with an odd swift glance at the kind, stern face of the Elder Brother, and a fresh accession of misery, "have lost them both."—By Ethel M. Colson in Harper's Bazar.

## Baldwin On Arctic Trip.

Explorer Explains Trouble Between Himself and Captain Johannsen. Denies He Was Short of Food. Mr. Baldwin Says Johannsen Wanted to be the Whole Thing, and Objected to Ice Pilot Directing Ships in Ice Fields.

Evelyn B. Baldwin, the Arctic explorer, arrived last week in New York on the steamship Germania. Mr. Baldwin at first refused to talk about the alleged controversies which had taken place between him and Captain Johannsen, of the America, but after hearing that it had been reported that the expedition had been short of food and supplies, he made the following statement:

"There is not a word of truth in the report of our not having sufficient supplies. It is easy to explain the trouble between myself and Captain Johannsen. He wanted to be the whole thing. That's all. The trouble first started between the captain, or to give him his proper title, sailing master, and the ice pilot, whose name is Arnesen. The ice pilot took up his place in the crew's nest, on the ship, when we were in the ice fields, and should have had, and eventually did have, complete charge of the directing of the ship. The sailing master objected to the ice pilot's holding absolute sway over the movements of the ship at any time, and that is how the row began. I, of course, took the side of the pilot, and saw that he was kept in command while we were in the ice. The pilot had 29 years experience in the ice fields, while the sailing master had practically none."

"The expedition went away with 42 persons on board, and we brought back the same number. Why, we ought to be congratulated instead of, as you say in America, jumped on, I have learned one good lesson, though—never take a Swede and a Norwegian along with you if you want to avoid trouble. The ice pilot was a Swede. There's the whole thing in a nutshell."

In response to Mr. Baldwin's request for information regarding any charge made against him, he was shown a published interview with J. Knowles Hare, an artist on the expedition, who recently arrived here. The interview stated that there had been a disagreement between the captain and the America and Baldwin, and also that there had been an insufficient food supply. Mr. Baldwin was also informed that L. S. Vineyard, of Durango, Col., the first member of the expedition to arrive in America, had said that he would never go north again with Mr. Baldwin.

"I don't believe it," said the explorer. "Why, neither of these men have any cause to say anything against me. Evelyn was treated fairly, and no one can say truthfully that he was not. If I go again next year, no matter who I take with me, whether they be Zulus, Hottentots or white men, there are sure to be some kickers in the crowd. The members of this expedition were mostly young men, and very few of them had ever undertaken such a trip before. This might explain some of the things said about me, but I am being done a great injustice."

"I still believe that when the pole is reached it will be found surrounded by ice. The fate of Andre? Why, I think he went down into the sea."

The explorer said he had come directly from Tromsø, Norway, at the direction of Mr. Ziegler, who dispatched the expedition.

## Booming Lake City.

Lorain, where the New Steel Trust Tube Mill Will Be Located.

Now that President Schwab has definitely announced the points at which the two greatest tube mills in the world are to be built—those of the Steel Trust, which are to be centralized in two cities—the lake port of Lorain is about to take an important place in the public eye. Although the same amount, \$10,000,000, is to be expended at McKeesport, in the erection of the other of the new plants, it is conceded that the greater interest will centre in Lorain. Lorain is a city of nearly 17,000 inhabitants. With the tube mill completed within five years it is confidently estimated that the population will reach 32,000.

The river which empties into Lake Erie at Lorain harbor is navigable for three and a half miles. The proposed width of the channel is 400 feet—a width which will meet all exigencies of the future. The new tube mills will be located beside the river, but just on which side has not been definitely decided. Hundreds of acres of land are available on either side the company may choose to locate. Among the great industries of that city at the present time are the shipyards, which rank with the largest on the lake.

The new tube works at Lorain, it is said, will employ in the neighborhood of 8000 men. Like the plant at McKeesport its product will be exclusively steel tubing. In addition to the raw product of iron ore received by boat at the very point where it will be converted into steel, the coal for the plant, as well as the coal for lake shipment, will arrive over a direct line of railroad from the West Virginia and Southern Ohio coal fields.

## The Perfect Horse.

While it is almost impossible to get a perfect horse, one can come near to it if the dimensions of such horses are known. Oscar Gleason, the noted horse trainer, gives the following as the dimensions of what a perfect horse should be. These are the average measurements of six horses accepted for perfect symmetry and include two celebrated stallions two thoroughbred hunters and two chargers. This will not apply to the draft horse, but it will be found that the nearer the general utility horse comes to these measurements the better he will be.

Height, 66 inches; length from shoulder point to quarter, 66 inches; from the lowest part of the chest to the ground, 36 inches; from the elbow point to the ground, 39 inches; from the withers to poll, just behind the ears in a straight line, 30 inches; the same measured along the chest, 32 inches; length of the head, 22 inches; width across the forehead, 9 inches; withers to the hip, 22 inches; stifle to the point of the hock, 22 inches; root of the tail to the stifle joint, 26 inches; point of the hock to the ground, 22 inches; length of arm from the elbow to the pisiform bone (the rear bone of those forming the articulation of the knee), 19 inches; girth varies from 79 to 89 inches; circumference of fore cannon bone (large metacarpal or shank bone extending from the knee to the fetlock), 7 to 9 inches; circumference of arm just below the elbow, 16 to 18 inches.—American Agriculturist.

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## Brave Alen Bly!

He killed One Out of Five Desperate Men Who Tried Rob a Safe. Also Wounded Two Others There Was a Terrible Battle with Revolvers in Which He Came Off the Victor.

Five masked and desperate burglars made a bold attempt to rob the safe of the Montoursville Passenger Railroad company, at an early hour last Thursday morning. In a terrific battle with revolvers, which followed the attempt, one of the desperadoes was killed and two others slightly wounded by Engineer Alen Bly, who was shot twice by the robbers.

Shortly before 2 o'clock when Engineer Alen Bly was at work repairing a water pump in the power house of the Montoursville Passenger Railway company, he was startled by a terrific crash, caused by the front door of the building being battered in with a heavy plank. Bly rushed to a desk which contained his revolver and as he turned to face the intruders, he was met with a fusillade of shots from the revolvers in the hands of five men, who had the lower part of their faces covered with handkerchiefs. One of the shots struck Bly in the hip and another made a flesh wound in the thigh. The wounds did not disable the brave engineer, however, and he levelled his revolver and fired at one of the burglars, who was several feet in advance of his pals. The bullet pierced the heart of the desperado and he fell dead. The engineer kept firing at the rest of the gang, who kept up a continuous fire, wounded two of them slightly. After his revolver had been emptied, Bly retreated through a rear door of the boiler house and to a nearby factory and aroused the watchman, who sounded an alarm by blowing the factory whistle. While Bly was absent the robbers dragged the dead body of their pal to the outside of the building, where they left it and fled. Up to a late hour no trace of them has been found.

The dead man was 5 feet 9 inches tall, well proportioned and muscular, weighing probably 175 pounds. He had dark brown hair, a prominent nose, perfect teeth and wore no beard or mustache. He was about 35 years of age. On his right arm were tattooed the Liberty Bell, the American flag and a cross and on the back of his hand and wrist a star. On the left forearm was the figure of a woman. On his left leg below the knee was a scar, evidently from a scald. It was two inches wide and nine inches long. In a black derby hat was pasted a label bearing the words "E. Well, leader of fashions," the name of the town being unintelligible. On the neck of a black worsted coat was an inscription; "One Price Clothing House, Altoona." In the buttonhole on the lapel of his coat was a small button on which was letters which read as follows: "U. M. W. A., April 1st, 1898, eight hours." From his badge it was first believed he was a miner. Some doubt was thrown on this, however, by the fact that his general appearance was not likely to convey that impression. No powder or coal marks were found on his body and his hands were small and the palms soft, showing that the man never did much manual labor.

The local police are working on the clue which may result in the capture of the fugitives.

The coroner's jury rendered a verdict exonerating Engineer Bly from all blame for having caused the death of the unidentified robber.

## Ten Years of Life a Blank.

Disappeared in Texas—Wife Thought He Was Dead and Married Again.

For ten years the wife and family of George Nipper, a cattle man of Viuita, I. T., have mourned him as dead. He had disappeared mysteriously and no trace had been found.

Ten years ago George Nipper, then one of the wealthiest cattlemen in the Indian Territory, left his home at Claremore and went to Houston, Tex., taking with him \$6000 to buy cattle to ship to his ranch. His wife and child remained at home and expected him to return in a short time with a large herd of cattle.

Nipper wrote his wife from Houston that he landed there all right; she looked for letters from him in vain after that for a while, but none came. Inquiry was made and no traces of Nipper were found. The matter stood this way for three years, and the people concluded that Nipper had been killed and robbed. The insurance company paid Mrs. Nipper \$1000 as a compromise settlement. Mrs. Nipper married D. L. Denny, a prominent cattleman at Claremore. After a few years they separated, and Mrs. Denny returned to her ranch to make her home with her elder son, Henry Wakley.

M. D. Woodson, formerly of Claremore, is in Denver, Col., and about two weeks ago a forlorn and decrepit man accosted him and asked assistance. Mr. Woodson at once recognized the wayfarer as Nipper. Nipper recognized Woodson but claimed his own name to be Williams. Woodson told Nipper of his career in Claremore and its sad ending with his Texas trip. Nipper then cleared up, and he told Woodson something of his misfortunes. Nipper afterward wrote to D. L. Denny and told him additional facts. Nipper says he landed in Houston safe and sound, and in the course of his transactions there, started from his hotel to the depot, and enroute was stricken with paralysis. He lay nine years in the hospital, being unable to walk, to know his name or place of residence. His memory gradually passed away, and upon his release from the hospital he wandered aimlessly about, not even knowing his right name or from whence he came. He wandered on and on in his wrecked condition, until the light of other days was turned into his clouded brain by his chance meeting with Mr