## THE MASQUERADE OF LIFE.

M. V. THOMAS. Come, wipe away those tears, dear Hide all these signs of pain. What if your heart is aching? Pretend you are happy again. Let your smile seem glad, dear, And make your eyes look bright While you are treading a measure In the masquerade to-night.

Your grief is hard to bear, now, That throbbing heart, so sad. But if you want to triumph Just pretend that you are glad. Your sorrow will seem less real And your heart get almost light; While you are treading a measure In the masquerade to-night. Think not you are the only one

Whose lot is hard to bear. Time has tempered many a pain, Eased many a load of care. The smiling people that you meet But hide the signs of strife While they are treading a measure. In the masquerade of life.

Since man went forth from Paradise Life has been a masquerade All have joined in the measure And pain is the price they've paid. But they keep time to the music Until almost out of breath-They drop out and remove their mask As they enter the gates of death.

## THE DRAMATIC SOPRANO.

Nearly half the little salon was taken up by the grand piano. Above it, and along one side of the room, hung laurel wreaths tied with ribbons lettered in gold or black, setting forth the date of the performance and her name, Madame Eugenie Tauben. The ribbons were bright in the sunshine, though the latest of the dates was a decade ago. Since that time, her matter, boards of the Enzisweiler Court Theatre, Since that time, her farewell to the where, for twenty years she had sung as first dramatic soprano, the favorite seat of Madame Tauben had been one facing this wreath-bedecked wall.

To-day, in the wintry sunshine, the silvery leaves touched by the miracle of the letter she held in her hand, seemed to grow fresh and green again—so fresh and green, indeed, that when she closed her eyes for an instant she could almost hear the whir through the air and the soft swish with which the wreaths had fallen on the boards. Her memories of the writer, her boards. Her memories of the writer, her sing. So he is a manager himself now, former colleague, the tenor, Herr Strieger, and in America. I tell you, Eugenie, were among the earliest of them, and this Enzisweiler may be a small place, but its letter to day from him had set all the past stamp of approval goes the world over."

He had not heard her sing for thirty years, not since they sang Elsa and Lo-hengrin together the first year of her life-engagement of the ducal theatre, and he had then regarded her with an admiration

was widowed. self at such moments to think of him with standing there, she gave the opening more than the passing kindness of friend-phrases of Isolde's Liebestod.

my Bayreuth? I remember your Elsa; of her friends' agitation.

"Eugenie, Eugenie, we need you here.

Do not go to America. You said you want-

ter yet, to sing the Tristan in it with you! None of them—none of them—can approach "If your voice is not so fresh as it once you." was, neither is mine. But you have the come. I feel that to sing with you again would renew my own youth in art."

There was much besides: great plans, vague as to detail, but to her indicating the greatness of his project sufficiently to make her long to go.

"I shall not put them into immediate execution," he went on "these grand plans, but I have written to them all. My name stands for much in Germany, and they will come. If eel that I need you in the final perfecting of things, and should be glad if you would sail at once, or as early as you can. I feel that this is the crowning point in my career, and I hope that you will consent to share it with me, for that (dare I say it to you and risk the loss of your artistic companionship?) would mean more to me than all the rest."

Half an hour later she descended the three flights of stairs to the street, appearing a noble figure in a gown of black velvet that she wore when summoned, now on rare occasions, to sing before His Grace at the Palace. Her little maid had called a cab which she entered alone and drove to

the artist's entrance to the opera.

It was with a feeling of satisfaction that she recognized that things had remained unchanged in the ten years of her retirement. In a moment the Herr Intendant, hearing her voice, had joined them.

"I came to see whether I still can sing," she began, her voice a little tremulous, partly from the strain of a moment bringing so many recollections, and partly from

ace His Grace—"
Yes, I know. It was kind of him.

difficult to please that I came to ask you.

dertaking impressed her.
"To America? My dear, my dear! But think of His Grace! Your life contract !" "You forget, I am pensioned now. At

what shall I say? So thoughtless. America is so far," he echoed with weakened

remonstrance. distance," she answered smiling into his face, "but to ask you to hear me sing and terror that assailed heragain." Then, with sudden earnestness, She had written to him a and putting her hand on his arm : "To her plans, and the date of sailing. The ask you to tell me frankly, candidly, whether I can risk going. Do not hesitate. I letter had not miscarried, he was ill, or, OFFICIAL VOTE OF CENTRE COUNTY, 1902.

13 W	1900 President	Governor	Lieut.	Sec'y In. Aff.	Rep. in	Sen. In Gen. As.	Rep. in Gen.	Sheriff	Treans.	Register	Recor'er	Commissioners	Auditors.	Coroner.
BOROUGHS AND TOWNSHIPS.	Bryan, D McKinley, R	Pattison, D Pennypac'r '1R	Gathrie, D Brown, B	Nolan, D Brown, R	Hibner, D Dresser, R	Heinle, D	Wetzel, P Strohm, R Schoonover, R	Taylor, D	Foster, R	Archey, D	Rowe, D	Meyer, D  Bailey, R  Miller, R	Fibbens, D  Reck, D  Pontins, R  Allison, R	Braucht, D
Bellefonte, { North ward	E	228   158   7   171   210   7   86   74   210   7   86   74   97   1   97   49   44   32   16   13   16   16   16   16   16   16	232 153 172 206 83 75 35 95 99 46 81 32 34 129 107 68 160 136 129 85 48 24 91 103	234 150 176 197 84 73 36 94 100 45 82 34 127 109 59 167 129 131 76 50 23 98 92 49 27 58 68 50 64 42 22 49 37 123 71 42 22 149 85 61 37 123 135 82 49 5 76 3 131 76 131 71 142 22 149 85 11 37 123 11 123 11 13 126 13 13 16 14 16 14 62 13 69 14 16 16 108 16 70 114 109 14 109	255 133 185 190 86 75 38 90 106 42 84 33 35 126 121 52 174 127 141 69 50 24 113 80 48 28 61 63 40 24 113 80 152 82 62 36 83 135 82 49 5 76 28 105 59 133 37 98 65 117 105 26 83 135 582 49 5 76 141 682 75 116 82 71 194 54 143 63 43 73 18 67 44 146 14 62 138 67 36 192 22 108 50 99 16 108 111 71 149 66 149 106	150 244 110 269 64 92 37 91 95 52 71 44 30 129 120 57 171 127 148 67 50 23 100 93 41 35 56 33 51 66 35 29 48 38 118 76 60 35 44 23 146 90 53 44 77 143 83 49 4 77 29 104 56 137 37 98 60 120 102 30 73 119 93 57 44 133 74 14 70 102 30 73 119 93 57 44 12 65 127 65 127 65 127 65 127 65 127 65 128 76 128 76	Record   R	189 207 187 202 187 202 187 202 187 202 187 202 187 202 189 75 169 133 130 84 150 28 109 85 56 26 69 61 11 8 82 43 21 145 53 141 85 25 108 26 108 27 108 28 109 29 109 20 109 21 109 22 108 23 141 24 143 25 15 16 26 17 16 27 16 17 18 28 144 29 17 18 20 18 18 20 18 18 21 18 18 22 18 18 23 18 18 24 18 18 25 18 18 26 18 18 27 18 18 28 18 18 29 18 18 20 18 18 20 18 18 21 18 18 22 18 18 23 18 18 24 18 18 25 18 18 26 18 18 27 18 18 28 18 18 18 29 18 18 18 17 69 21 109 21 1	258 134 220 160 88 74 37 94 104 44 84 29 36 125 63 170 128 138 73 168 30 52 28 64 65 57 65 57 65 42 23 48 37 128 71 43 21 162 63 189 102 189 127 36 125 16 115 110 23 89 127 36 125 110 23 89 127 36 127 37 128 38 16 127 36 127 36 127 37 128 38 16 127 36 127 36 127 37 128 38 16 127 36 127 37 128 38 16 127 38 127	239 154 177 205 99 63 37 95 103 44 166 32 38 126 63 115 63 164 134 135 73 151 23 106 90 50 33 58 71 142 97 159 38 64 156 70 62 4 75 30 103 66, 131 36 90 4 75 116 83 177 102 29 187 116 83 187 116 83	230 151 176 202 85 77 37 94 102 45 80 27 37 127 82 94 148 151 98 117 47 28 112 83 49 37 129 70 42 21 149 85 61 37 82 134 83 49 5 75 61 37 82 134 83 49 5 75 61 130 36 97 65 116 109 24 77 116 80 71 97 52 142 65 130 68 80 71 97 52 142 65 136 68 80 71 97 52 142 65 143 68 85 170 97 52 142 65 143 68 85 170 97 52 144 67 145 68 146 147 147 148 157 148 157 149 149 149 149 149 149 149 149 149 149		249 242 142 137 198 192 184 182 88 88 74 72 88 88 74 72 88 88 74 72 38 37 92 93 102 102 44 44 79 80 28 27 37 35 126 126 118 118 56 54 172 172 124 121 131 130 75 72 50 56 24 24 115 111 79 80 48 51 26 27 59 59 67 68 54 54 54 63 62 41 40 22 22 48 48 48 37 73 126 124 70 76 43 43 21 21 146 150 88 91 61 60 36 37 80 80 136 135 83 83 48 49 136 160 36 37 80 80 136 135 83 83 48 49 5 5 7 75 74 37 30 101 97 75 63 122 121 35 36 99 98 66 65 115 116 107 107 24 25 76 76 115 109 81 79 71 71 94 94 55 57 140 144 63 60 167 107 124 25 76 76 115 109 81 79 71 71 94 94 55 57 140 144 63 60 140 144 63 60 140 144 63 60 140 140 140 140 140 140 140 140 140 140	1
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"Is it concert or opera?" he asked quickly, professional interest thrusting out oth-

er emotions.
"Opera," she auswered ; "great Wagnerian performances. Isolde, the Brunn-hilde."

"Eugenie, tell me, who directs this great plan! I should have read of it."
"Herr Strieger, the tenor; surely you remember him?"

"Remember him? Yes, and with more pleasure than many others since. He could

Herr Strumpke, the accompanist, was summoned to his post, and even reached it, before Madame Tauben finished vague-

To both manager and accompanist she independent of the one expressed for her voice. But ambition had won. She married Count Thern the next season. After a brief but episode-yielding experience she and now after a decade come back to pass the test of their opinion, like any young In the busy years that had followed, she bad thought of young Strieger oftener than she had read of him, and had allowed herbered past—came back to them both as, trembling very much as she rose. Steady-

As she sang, only once did the Herr In-To-day she had the first direct word from | tendant change his position, and it was to him. He had formed the plan of an Amer- put and hand before his face to hide the ican Bayreuth. He would give Wagner on a scale unequallel even at Bayreuth itself. When she had finished she looked from one His call came to her like a trumpet sound! to the other in wistful anxiety, her heart 'Will you come to America to sing at stirred by the music and by the knowledge

of time and experience you have learned ed to retire in your zenith. You should the Brunnhilde and Isolde. Ah, how I have waited; to me you are only in that long to hear you in the second act, or, bet- now. Your traditions-your art, my child.

He seemed quite unnerved, and Strumpke, God-given spark, and that with the routine, the tradition, with your art and your presence, which I can so well imagine, will stirred. To both of them the beautiful more than make amends. I beg you to past—youth, enthusiasm, and memories come. I feel that to sing with you again on memories—had crowded into the room with the sound of her voice, so intimately and so dearly associated with them all. Their emotion affected her only with a sense of triumph. She felt herself about to begin life afresh, after having set it

It was of the voice that she had been un certain. And now they had given her the answer. She left them smiling and triumphant, and from that moment scarcely realized the routine of preparation for journey in itself so unusual to the quiet of her life. She had her eyes always fixed on the future, with which the past, in memories of Herr Strieger, seemed strangely

commingled. Her little collection of keepsakes and okens she divided among her friends, and of these she had many. But the wreaths she sent to the opera to the Herr Intendant. Those she could not give up. When she came back she would have them again

Her good-byes were not said without tears, and arguments had to be met, but through it all that strange elation and the thought of Herr Strieger supported her. His letter she carried always with her under the folds that crossed the bosom of her gown. The pressure of her fingers against it seemed to give her an inspiration in answering the arguments of those friends who

would dissuade her from going.

Even His Grace was impressed with the change in her manner and the gentleness that tempered her usual command of bearthe import of her mission.

"My dear, my dear," he cried, "how he gave her an audience, telling her that can you ask it? Only last month at the the pension was hers when she chose to come back to it, and that if she brought "Yes, I know. It was kind of him. I someone else to share it she would not be did sing well that morning. But it is the first prima donna who had played that about singing before people who are more role. Then he pinned a ducal decoration on her gown, the Order of the Pink Eagle, I want to go to America." third class. Even this failed to disturb the The final words were uttered in a tone that inferred the awe with which the undropped it into her meagerly filled jewel-

case, the last thing in packing. The rush at New York in landing was bastened more than usual for it was snow rest on the worst I risk only that. My contract is ended."

Yesterday she would have said: "My career is ended." To-day it was different.

"This is so unlike you," he began, "so—
what shall I say? So thoughtless American substantial and the first was shown in the same of the few passengers she was soon the only one remaining. She career is ended." To-day it was different.

"This is so unlike you," he began, "so—
what shall I say? So thoughtless are supported by the statement of the statement usual roof it was shown in the first was shown in the first was shown in the same was soon the only one remaining. She career is ended." To-day it was different.

"This is so unlike you," he began, "so—
was soon the only one remaining. She career is ended." To-day it was different. cross-questioned the steward, but no one corresponding to her vague description of Herr Strieger was seen. Her tremulous monstrance.

anticipation and half dread of a meeting that would show so many changes to both were lost in the emotion of uncertainty

She had written to him a full account of will do just as you say. But I hope—I perhaps, called suddenly away by some hope that my voice will allow it." issue of his Bayreuth arrangements.

The German steward, who had aided in her disappointed search, saw her things through the customs and helped her, trembling with apprehension and anxiety, into a cab. When she reached the number in East Eighteenth street from which Herr cab. Strieger's letter was directed she could | dignity. scarcely mount the stairs for trembling; anticipation, uncertainty, everything thrusting forward in this final moment after years of change and separation.

"He is ill," said the German woman who met her. "I am glad one of his friends has come." she said simply, as Madame Tauben uncertainly took a seat. "Poor man, he is very bad. He is not always right in his head. He had great dreams, always writing, writing, until his table and the floor were full of papers. And always wonderful things were to come to them. This week, as it grew towards the time for the German steamer, he got worse, derings, but I am glad it was not. You

ing herself against the table she stood, with her black draperies falling about her, as she stood in the Liebestod, in Isolde.

He was lying with his face towards the wall when she entered later. When he heard his name softly called he turned un-certainly and, resting on one arm, half raised himself, looking searchingly into her face. Then he dropped back on the pillows, closing his eyes. His hair had turned a yellow white. Deep furrows, showing privation as well as age, crossed his fore-head and ran downwards from the corners of his nose.

Could she wonder that he failed to recognize her? Would she have known him had not Fate managed this moment with such harrowing certainty? Sitting down by the bed she remained silent. ong time her thoughts were too tumultuous for her again to attempt speech.

Towards dusk he opened his eyes and again rose on his arm; this time he looked at her long and searchingly as she sat there. quite still, her hands clasped in her lap, and without courage to look up.
"Eugenie, Eugenie!" he called.

She put out her hands and he caught them. For the first time through it all the tears rained from her eyes. After that, he always knew her, but his mind constantly wavered

Finding that any allusion he made to his Bayreuth plans led up to excitement which left him utterly exhausted, she tried to avoid it by talking always of the past, un-til, after a few days, he began to live in it

tem to hold his interest.

At the end of a week, she was called upon to face the fact that his means were gone, and had been for some time, and that the small sum which she had brought with her was very much smaller after she had paid his arrears of debt and their board for the week in advance to the landlady. All the afternoon she sat by his bedside and thought.

The next morning, while he slept, she started out, wearing the velvet gown, her fur mantle of a cut of twelve years before, and a grand air that made the little German woman of the house, who accompa-

nied her, instinctively drop a courtesy. Her destination was the opera. There, after a long wait which followed the delivery of the card bearing the words, "Mme Eugehie Tauben, Chamber Singer to His Grace the Duke of Enzisweiler,' she was hown to the manager's office. He was busy and in a hurry to leave to keep an engagement from which he bad already

een detained. With her artistic susceptibility to roundings, the air of the place chilled her faculties as she entered. Its vulgar prosperity and financial distinction were a long way from the dust-covered ideality of En-

zisweiler. He held the card and, without rising, motioned her to a seat, gazing indifferently at her and with no sign of recognition of her place in the art world which she had gained through twenty years of service at the Engisweiler opera. He did recall in a vague way, presently, of reading of her performances as "guest" at other continental opera houses a long time ago— quite a long time ago, in fact. But would she excuse him and state her desires as briefly as possible? She would have to excuse his haste, as he had many calls upon his time, and was now overdue at an important meeting. After this, the sound of her own voice seemed strange when she

"I would like an engagement at the Opera." There was only a suspicion of a smile on

his face but her quick eyes caught it.
"I will sing that you may see what I can do," was her answer with a simple

He finally agreed to listen, though not with very good grace, and, as she sang, sat absently twirling her card and looking out of the window. She had chosen the Liebe-stod, but it sounded oddly different, even to her, from the way she had sung it to the Herr Intendant and Strumpke, the accompanist at the Enzisweiler opera. When she was only just begun, he stopped her with more than a suspicion of impatience in his tone.

"Really, I must ask you to excuse me. I am already very late. It would be impossible to offer you an engagement. My artists are already engaged for the season. There it absolutely nothing, unless"-and looking at her, his curt, business directness wavered-"unless-"Unless what?" she asked.

"Unless you take a place in the chorus." The anxiety in her tone had proved his suspicions. Her face grew suddenly scarlet, then very

white. "I will take it," she answered.

with a secretary.

It did not take long for her to learn what was expected of her and that her have existed.

Three days later, when Herr Strieger was told that she must sing that night at the Opera, he took it as a natural thing. On her return he was still awake and questioned her eagerly on her success.

As she sat at the side of his bed, trying to choke down the crusts of the sandwich that had been not by because she had left supperless for her first night's ordeal, she conjured up recollections of the old Enzisweiler days, knowing how happy they made him. The Duke, the audience, how things looked, what numbers were encored, how his Grace had sent for her to come to the ducal box after the Patria Mia, and what fine voice she was in, were detailed and elaborated to suit his pleased ques-

At the end of the second week in the chorns, when she came home, the German doctor, who called sometimes to see Herr Strieger, opened the door. "He is not so well," he said; but he needs no medicine, only-you."

The next day, which was Sunday, and her free day to be with him, he was much stronger, and when she had propped him up with pillows he began to sing the Lohengrin music in the beginning of the first would tax her memory for every small event of the Enzisweiler days of thirty years before, and go back with

Some reporters came to the house, and to them, one and all, the German woman told of the glories of Madame Tauben, and of her devotion to Herr Strieger. Then all the town knew of it. Many came to East Eighteenth street, some through sympathy, others through motives equally humane. The German Consul himself called.

Clad in her black velvet gown, very quiet and with a grand air of dignity, Madame Tauben received them. Her manner prevented them from mentioning the

be present. A day later, after a long call from a fairhaired, corpulent gentleman, who left her presence with a flushed face and moist eyes, she agreed, with great dignity, cept a benefit concert offered her by certain musical societies.

On Saturday of the succeeding week she sailed for Enzisweiler. When she reached home she sent at once to the opera for her wreaths. These she hung along one side of the salon, and in the midst of them placed a faded photograph of Herr Strieger as Lohengrin.—W. Armstrong, in McCall's Magazine.

## DuBois Woman Missing.

Mrs. Jennie Fugate left her home which is a few miles from DuBois to go to that place Thursday to do some ahopping and has not been seen or heard of since. She is the wife of J. L. Fugate, a school teacher. When she started for DuBois she left her child in the care of a neighbor, saying she would be back soon. She if of slender build, has light hair and eyes and was dressed in a blue and gray turban, a black dress and black cape. No cause can be assigned for her strange disappearance and it is thought she may have met with foul play.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

American 25,000 Years Old. His Skeleton was Recently Unearthed from Kansas Soil.

By the merest chance there has been discovered beneath the soil near Lausing, Kan., on the banks of the Missouri River, the skeleton of a man of the lower stages, number of cases in California is increasing who, scientists declare, lived at the time who, scientists declare, lived at the time rapidly. Since February there have been of the glacial period, about 30,000 years 2,230 deaths from the plague in San Fran-

Careful examination of the skull, which fatal. was found in nearly a complete state, shows that this individual had no degree of intelligence to compare with that of the present day. In fact, it is considered more than probable that the being whose bones were discovered in the Western excavation belonged to the theoretical class, whose belonged to the theoretical class, whose remains have never before been discovered monkey and the man.

the bones from the earth, and who declare infected case could carry disease in this way, that they had been for 300 centuries in for the disease works so rapidly that death the spot where they were found, is sup- often follows in forty-eight hours. It is ported by many statements which these said that the business men of San Francisco

garding the skeleton.

Certain it is that the remains are those of a human being of a much lower order of and have in this way aided in the spread of

Although the bones were discovered several months ago, it was not until re cently that they were scientifically ex-amined. They were dug from a hillside on the farm of John Concannon, about three miles from Lansing, and within a few yards of the channel of the river.

Several prominent scientists became interested, and Prof. Erasmus Haworth. geologist of the State University of Lawrence, Kan., Prof. S. W. Williston, formerly of the Kansas University, but now of the chair of paleontology of the Chicago University; Prof. Warren Upham, of the Minnesota Historical Society, and Prof. N. H. Winchell, State Geologist of Minnesota, met in Kansas City for the purpose of going to Lansing.

Speaking of the discovery, Prof. Erasmus Haworth, one of the party, said : 'In my mind here is not the slighest doubt regarding the genuineness of the discovery. I examined the skeleton and paid particular attention to the matrix adbering to the bones.

"It is probable that this skeleton is from 21,000 years old, to 30,000 years old 25,000 being an approximate mean. The one point which I wish to emphasize from my own 'observations is that its age must be the equivalent of the age of the beginning of loess accumulation along the Missouri River. With this point definitely fixed every one may draw his own conclusions as to how long ago it was.

Pushed Rival into River Legal Technicality Saves Girl Who Confesed

from Punishment The grand jury at Wheeling, W. Va. ecently acquitted Miss Rodella Bain

the charge of muldering her rival, Miss Gay Smith, because she would not give up Henry, Nolan, whom both girls loved funeral beyond accepting her invitation to and to whom Miss Bain asserted a prior right

The jury held that there was no incriminating evidence outside of Miss Bain's confession that she pushed Miss Smith into the river, and her confession could not be introduced under the statutes until the crime was first established by other proof.

Miss Bain, who tried to commit suicide previous to her confession which cleared up the mystery of her rival's death, is still a hospital suffering from nervous prostration, and it is feared her reason is gone. She has become a shadow of her former self in six weeks. The dead girl's father is indignant at the failure of the jury to indick Miss Bain.

Nolan heard the news without interest.

Comic Valentine which Cost a Woman a Legacy.

and left his daughter nothing but a comic valentine which caused the grudge. Half was subsequently identified as Mrs. Hara century ago Becket received it through riet Hibbard, a widow, fifty years old. of sending the thing to him, and as time ance of refinement. It is alleged that she was passed on his antipathy to her increased. casting her third ballot when arested. She his daughter consisted of a small parcel, no reason for her acts, except her desire to wrapped up in paper. She opened it and make some extra money. She told the found the valentine.

The Bubonic Plague a Real Peril,

The spread of the bubonic plague in California is increasing and causing considerable alarm. The health boards of the country in conference at New Haven have urged the Government to prompt measures cisco, every case reported having proved

The plague was brought to San Francisco from the Philippines on Government trans-ports. The public health and marine hospital services describe the disease as being more than ever dapgerous in the United is but three days from San Francisco to New Darwin's "missing link" between the monkey and the man.

Orleans or Chicago, and in this time a traveler could carry the germ of the disease in his This theory of the discovery, while not advanced by the scientists who helped dig other. It is not likely that an exposed or geologists and paleontologists make re-garding the skeleton. have used their influence to keep their health authorities from publishing the facts in regard to the cases that have occurred, The rest of the arrangement was made vith a secretary.

It did not take long for her to learn

Western Continent heretofore known to the disease. It is now believed that the time has come for the general Government to act. It is astonishing that this conditions of the continent heretofore known to the continent to act. It is astonishing that this conditions of the continent heretofore known to the continent to act. It is astonishing that this conditions of the continent heretofore known to the continent heretof Francisco with out creating alarm through out the country; but the fact is that little is known of the plague in this country. The reports of its ravages in India and other parts of the East are far distant, and create no alarm in the United States, supposed to be insolated. The facts are that very contagious and most deadly disease. In the Philippines and in China the death rate has reached 75 per cent, which mortality is much greater than that of the most frightful battles in the history of the world. The Chinese colonies in American cities, so difficult of sanitary regulation, afford field and scope for the bubonic plague that shows a general peril in the spread of the terrible disease. An epilemic of the plague, even in a single American city, would add materially to the frightful cost in life and treasure that the country has paid for the Philippines .-Pittsburg Post.

> Cheap Colt Lands a Winner. Cost \$100 and his Owner Quickly Cleared up Nearly

\$8,000

When Tribes Hill won the first race at Aqueduct N. Y., Election-Day Jack McGinnis, the well-known betting commissioner, was happy. The colt, who is a three-year-old son of Clifford-Garoga, was once the property of S. Sauford & Sons, But during the recent Morris Park meeting he was put up at auction. In spite of William Easton's earnest request for bids nobody seemed to want Tribes Hill, so be was led out of the ring. Somebody offered \$25 for him, but it was rafused. Then McGinnis put in a \$50 offer, but that was turned down.

"I'll give \$100 for him rather than see him go back to the farm at Amsterdam," said McGinnis, and Tribes Hill became his property. When McGinnis decided to start the colt Tuesday he also concluded to bet on him. A commissioner was sent into the ring with \$325, instructed to bet \$75 straight and \$250 to show. He had no trouble in getting the money down, securing sixty to one straight and twelve to one third. or \$4,500 to \$75 and \$3,000 to \$250. Scott, the stable boy, had the mount and he rode a fine race. Tribes Hill won by a head and McGinnis pocketed \$7,000 in addition to \$780, which was his share of the purse, and all with a \$100 colt. In the days of Guttenberg. McGinnis was struggling along in a precatious way, but in recent years he has amassed quite a snug fortune. He won a barrel of money at Brighton Beach with his colt Reformer, when the latter came home with forty to one against him.

Woman as a Repeater. Arrested in Denver as She Was About to Cast Her Third Vote.

near Camptown, Bradford County, for many years, died recently, worth \$15,000, and left his daughter nothing but He always accused his daughter | She was neatly dressed and had the appear-He died the othe day and his legacy to admitted her guilt and said she could give and all at a police she was a Republican. A him after liles