Bellefonte, Pa., January 30, 1903.

THE PUNCTUATION POINTS.

Six little marks from school are we, Very important, all agree. Filled to the brim with mystery, Six little marks from school.

One little mark is round and small. But where it stands the voice must fall; At the close of a sentence all Place this little mark from school.

One little mark, with gown a-trailing, Hold up the voice and, never failing, Tells you not long to pause when hailing This little mark from school.

If out of breath you chance to meet Two little dots, both round and neat, Pause, and these tiny guardsmen greet-These little marks from school

When shorter pauses are your pleasure, One trails his sword, takes half the mea ure,

Then speeds you on to seeks new treasure, This little mark from school. One little mark, ear shaped, implies, "Keep up the voice; await replies;"

One little mark, with an exclamation, Presents itself to your observation And leaves the voice at an elevation This little mark from school.

To gather information tries,

This little mark from school

Six little marks! Be sure to heed us: Carefully study, write and read us, For you can never cease to need us, Six little marks from school! -Julia M. Colton, in St. Nicholas.

THE FLYING DEATH. A Story in Three Writings and a Telegram.

PART 1 .- THE TRACKS IN THE SAND. DOCUMENT No 1. A Letter in Explanation from Harris Haynes, Reporter for "The New Era," off on Vacation, to his Managing Editor.

MONTAUK POINT, L. I., Sept 20, 1902. Mr. John Clare, Managing Editor, The New Era, New York City.

Dear Mr. Clare: Here is a case for your personal consideration. You will see presently why I have not put it on the wire.

If it resolves itself into anything sufficiently reasonable to print, there will be time for that later; at present it is-or, at least, it would appear on paper—a bit of pure in-sanity. Lest you should think it that, and myself the victim, I have two witnesses of character and reputation who will corrob-orate every fact in the case, and who go far-ther with the incredible inferences than I can bring myself to do. They are Professor Willis Ravenden, expert in entomology and an enthusiast in every other branch of science, and Stanford Colton, son of old Colton of the Button Trust, and himself a medical student close upon his diploma. Colton, like myself, is recuperating. Prof. Ravenden is studying the metamorphosis of a small, sky blue butterfly species of bug with a disjointed name which inhabits these parts but is rapidly leaving in consequence of his activity and ardor in the hunt.

We three constitute the total late season five per cent. of the population of this forty square miles of grassland, the remainder being the men of the Life Saving Service, the farmer families of First, Second and Third Houses, and a little settlement of fisherman on the Sound side. There's splendid isolation for you, within a hundred miles of New York. A good thing, too, if the case works out into something big, for there is little danger of its reaching any of the other newspaper offices.

This afternoon—yesterday, to be accurate, as it is now past midnight—we three went out for a tramp. On our return we ran into a fine, driving rain that blotted out the landscape. It's no trick at all to get lost in this country, where the hillocks were all hatched out of the same egg, and the scrub oak patches out of the same acorn. For an hour or so we circled around. Then we eaught the booming of the surf plainly, and came presently to the crest of the sand cliff feet above the beach. As the mist blew away, we saw a few yards out from the cliff's foot, and a short distance to the east, the body of a man lying on the hard

There was something in the huddled posture that struck the eye with a shock as of violence. With every reason for assuming, at first sight that the body had been washed up, I somehow knew that the man had not met death by the waves. Where we stood the cliff fell too precipitously to admit of descent; but opposite the body it was lower, and here a ravine cut sharply through a dip between the hills at right angles to the beach. We half fell, half slipped down the abrupt declivity, made our way to the gully's opening, which was almost blocked by a great boulder, and came upon a soft and pebbly beach only a few feet wide, beyond which the hard, clean level of sand stretched to the receding waves. As we reached the open a man appeared around a point to the northward, saw the body, and broke into a run. Colton had started toward the body, but I ealled him back. I didn't want the sand marked upjust then. Keeping close to the cliff's edge, we went forward to meet the man. As soon as he could make himself heard above the surf he bailed us.

"How long has that been there?" "I've just found it," said Colton as we turned out toward the sea. "It must have been washed up at high tide."

"I'm the patrol from the Bow Hill sta-on," said the man briefly. "We are guests at Third House," said I.

"We'll go through with this together." "Come along, then," said he. We were now on a line with the body,

which lay with the head toward the waves The patrol suddenly checked and exclaim-"It's Paul Serdholm." Then he rushed forward with a great cry. "He's been

'Oh, surely not murdered," expostulated the Professor nervously. "He's been

drowned, andthe back of his neck? He's the guard from Sand Spit, two miles below. Three hours ago I saw him on the cliff yonder. Since then he's come and gone betwixt here and his station. And—'' he gulped suddenly and turned upon us so sharply that the

suggested.

ing shoulders.

"He's right," said Colton, who had been hastily examining the corpse. "This is no drowning case. The man was stabbed, and died instantly. Was he a friend of yours?"
he asked of the patrol.

murder, that's what it is-bloody murder,"

and he bent over the dead man, with twitch-

ing blankly at us.
"How long would you say he had been dead?" I asked Colton.

"A very few minutes." 'Then get to the top of the cliff and scatter," I said. "The murderer must have escaped that way. From the hilltop you (I.) A week ago Serdholm returned from the gully.

"And what will you do?" inquired Colton, looking at me curiously.
"Stay here and study this out," I replied in a low tone. "You and the Professor meet me at Sand Spit in half an hour. Patrolman if you don't see anything, come back here in fifteen minutes." He hesitat-

stand out like the stamp on a coin. As we approached I had noticed that there were no footprints to the north. On the side of the sea there was nothing except numerous faint bird tracks, extending al most to the water. Taking off my shoes, I followed the spoor of the dead man. It stood out, plain as a poster, to the west-ward. For a hundred yards I followed it. There was no parallel track. To make certain that his slayer had not crept upon him from that direction, I examined the prints for the marks of superimposed steps. None was there. Three sides, then, were eliminated. My first hasty glance at the sand be-tween the body and the hills had shown me nothing. Here, however, must be the evi-Striking off from the dead man's line, I walked out upon the hard surface.

The sand was deeply indented beyond the body, where the three men had hurried across to the cliff. But no other footmark broke its evenness. Not until I was almost on a line between the body and the mouth of the gully did I find a clue. Clearly imprinted on the clean level was the outline of a huge claw. There were the five talons and the nub of the foot. A little forward and to one side was a similar mark, except that it was slanted differently. Step by step, with staring eyes and shuddering mind, I followed the trail. Then I became aware of a second, confusing the first, the track of the same creature. At first the second track was distinct, then it merged with the first, only to diverge again. The talons were turned in the direction opposite to the first spoor. From the body to the soft sand stretched the unbroken lines. Nowhere else within a radius of many yards was there any other indication. The sand lay blank as a white sheet of paper; as blank as my mind, which struggled with one stupefying thought—that be-tween the body of the dead life saver and the refuge of the cliff no creature had passed except one that stalked on monstrons clawed feet. You will appreciate now, Mr. Clare, that this wasn't just the thing to inflict upon a matter-of-fact telegraph editor,

My first thought was to preserve the evidence for a more careful examination. I hastily collected some flat rocks and had covered those tracks nearest the soft sand when I heard a hail. For the present l didn't want the others to know what I had found. I wanted to think it out, undis turbed by conflicting theories. So I hastily returned, and was putting on my shoes when the Bow Hill patrolman-his name was Schenck-came out of the gully.

'See anything?" I called. "Nothing to the northward. Have you found anything?" "Nothing definite," I replied. "Don" cross the sand there. Keep along down. We'll go to the Sand Spit Station and re-

port this." But the man was staring out beyond my

little column of rock shelters. "What's that thing?" he said, pointing to the nearest unsheltered print. God! It looks like a bird track. And it leads straight to the body," he cried, in a voice that jangled on my nerves. But when he began to look fearfully overhead, into the gathering darkness, drawing in his shoulders like one shrinking from a blow, that was too much. I jumped to my feet, grabbed him by the arm, and started him

"Don't be a fool," I said. "Keep this to yourself. I won't have a lot of idiots prowling around these tracks. Understand You're to report this murder, and say nothing about what you don't know. Later

we'll take it up again." The man seemed stunned. He walked along quietly, close to me, and it was no comfort to feel him, now and again shaken by a violent shudder. We had nearly reached the station when Professor Ravenden and Colton came down to the beach in front of us. Colton had nothing to tell. The professor reported having started up a fine speciman of his sky-blue prey, and regretted deeply the lack of his net. If anything but a butterfly had bumped into him I don't believe he would have noticed it.

Before we reached the station, I cleared another point to my satisfaction. "The man wasn't stabbed. He was shot,"

"I'll stake my life that's no bullet wound," cried Colton quickly. "I've seen plenty of shooting cases. The bullet never was cast that made such a gap in a man's head as that. It was a sharp instrument, with power behind it."

"To Mr. Colton's opinion I must add my own, for what it is worth," said Professor

"Can you qualify as an expert?" I de-manded with the rudeness of rasped nerves, and in some surprise at the tone of certainty in the old boy's tone.

"When in search of a sub-species of the Papilionidæ in the Orinoco region," said he mildly, "my party was attacked by the Indians that infest the river. After we had neaten them off, it fell to my lot to attend "Drowned!" cried the patrol in a heat of contempt. "And how about that gash in observe the wounds made by their slender spears. The incision under consideration bears a rather striking resemblance to the spear gashes which I then saw. I may add that I brought away my specimens of Pap-ilionidæ intact, although we lost most of

our provisions." Professor jumped—"what's he met with?"

"The wound might have been made by the surf dashing him on a sharp rock," I so are his. There are no others. The man "No, sir," said the patrol with emphasis. was shot by some one lying in the gully or on the cliff."

"I'll bet you five hundred to five dollars that the autopsy doesn't result in the find-ing of a bullet," cried Colton.

I accepted, and it was agreed that he should stay and report from the autopsy. At the station I talked with various of the men, and, assuming for the time that the case presented no unusual features of mur-"No; nor of nobody's, was Paul Serdholm," replied the man. "No later than last week we quarreled." He paused, look-Serdholm, who was a moody and somewhat mysterious character, having come from nobody knew whence. On the other hand, no one had anything serious against him. The four clues that I struck, such as they were,

can see the whole country. Keep off of that sand, can't you? Make a detour to been in a street fight with a local loafer who had attacked him when drunk. Report brought back by one of the farmers that the life saver beat the other fellow soundly, who went away threatening vengeance. Found out by 'phone that the loafer was in Amagansett as late as five o'clock this afternoon.

(II.) Two months ago Serdholm accused ed. "I've had ten years' experience in murder cases," I added. "If you will do as you're told for the next few minutes, we (II.) Two mounts ago Serdiolli acousti. Nothing further since heard of the matter. (III.) Three weeks ago stranded juggles. No sooner had they disappeared on the high ground than I set myself to the solution of the problem. Inland from the body stretched the hard beach. Not one of the problem is the problem of the problem. In the problem is the problem of the problem. In the problem is the problem of the problem. In the problem is the problem of the problem. In the problem is the problem of the problem. In the problem is the problem of the problem. In the problem is the problem of the problem of the problem. In the problem is the problem of the problem of the problem of the problem. In the problem is the problem of the problem of the problem. In the problem of the problem. In the problem of the stretched the hard beach. Not one of us stretched the hard beach. Not one of us collected a little money from the men had stepped between the body and the soft Serdhold, angry at the jeers of the men sand into which the cliff sloped. In this about his relative, threw a heavy stick at mass of rubble, footprints would be indeterminable. Anywhere else they should as he was able to walk, juggler went away

crying. Not since seen.

(IV.) This is the most direct clue for motive and opportunity. Coast guard Schenck (the man who met us at the scene of the murder) quarreled with the dead man over the daughter of a farmer, who prefers Schenck. They fought, but were separated. Schenck blacked Serdholm's eye. Serdholm threatened to get square. Schenck cannot prove absolute alibi. His bearing and behavior, however, are those of an innocent man. Moreover, the knife he carried was too small to have made the wound that killed Serdholm. And how could Schenck-or any other man-have stabbed the victim and left no track on the sand? This is the blank wall against which I come at every

turn of conjecture.
Professor Ravenden, Schenck, and I started back, we two to Third House, Schenck to his station. Colton remained to wait for the coroner, who had sent word that he would be over as soon as a horse could bring him. As we were parting Schenck

"Gentlemen, I'm afraid there's likely to be trouble for me over this.' "It's quite possible that they may arrest

you," I said.
"God knows that I never thought of killing Serdholm or any other man. But I had a grudge against him, and I wasn't far away when he was killed. The only evidence to

clear me are those queer tracks."
"I shall follow them until they lead me somewhere," said I, "and I do not myself believe, Schenck, that you had any part in the thing."

'Thank you," said the guard. "Goodnight." Professor Ravenden turned to me as we

entered the house. "Pardon a natural curiosity. Did I un-"Pardon a natural curiosity. Did I understand that there were prints in the sand which might be potentially indicative?"

You lose your bet, Haynes. Why," he cried suddenly, "it wasn't unlike what a heavy, sharp beak would make. But—but which might be potentially indicative?" "Professor Ravenden," said I, "there is

an inexplicable feature to this case. If you'll come up to my room. I should very were dead and buried before Adam's greatmuch like to draw on your fund of natural grand father was a protoplasm. When we were comfortably settled I be

'Do you know this neck of land well?" "In the study of a curious and interest-

have covered most of it, from here to the Hither Wood." "Have you ever heard of an ostrich farm about here?" "No. sir. Such an enterprise would be

practicable only in the warm months." "Would it be possible for a wandering ostrich or other huge bird, escaped from some zoo, to have made its home here?" 'Scientifically quite possible. May I in-

quire the purpose of this? Can it be that the tracks referred to by the patrol were the cloven hoof prints of-"Cloven hoofs!" I cried in sharp disap-

pointment. "Is there no member of the ostrich family that has claws?" "None now extant. In the processes of evolution the claws of the ostrich, like its

wings, have gradually—"
"Is there any huge clawed bird large enough and powerful enough to kill a man with a blow of its beak?"

"No, sir," said the Professor. "I know of no bird which would venture to attack man except the ostrich, emu, or cassowary, and the fighting weapon of this family is the hoof, not the beak. But you will again pardon me if I ask--"Professor the only thing that approach-

ed Serdholm within striking distance walked on a foot armed with five great claws." I rapidly sketched on a sheet of paper a

Imagination could hardly picture a more precise, unemotional, and conventionally scientific man than Professor Ravenden. Yet, at the sight of the paper, his eyes sparkled, he half started from his chair, a flush rose in his cheeks, he looked briskly and keenly from the sketch to me, and spoke in a voice that rang with a deep under thrill of excitement.

"Are you sure, Mr. Haynes-are you quite sure that this is substantially cor-

"Minor details may be inexact. In all essentials, that will correspond to the marks made by something that walked from the mouth of the gully to the spot where we

found the body, and back again."

Before I had fairly finished the Profess was out of the room. He returned almost immediately with a flat slab of considerable weight. This he laid on the table, and taking my drawing, sedulously compared it with an impression, deep sunken into the slab. That impression, stamped as it was on my brain, I would have identified as far as the eye could see it.

"That's it," I cried, with the eagerness of triumphant discovery. "The hird from whose foot that east was made is the thing that killed Serdholm."

"Mr. Haynes," said the entomologist dryly, "this is not a cast."
"Not a cast?" I said in bewilderment. 'What is it, then?'

"It is a rock of the Cretaceous period."
"A rock?" I repeated dully. "Of what "The Cretaceous. The creature whose

foot print you see there trod that rock when it was soft ooze. That may have been one hundred million years ago. It was at least ten million ??

I looked again at the rock, and unnece sary emotions stirred among the roots of my

bair.
"Where did you find it?" I asked. "It formed a part of Mr. Stratton's stone

fence. Probably he picked it up in his pasture yonder. The maker of the mark inhabited the island where we now are—this land was then distinct from Long Island-

in the incalculably ancient ages. "What did this bird thing call itself?" I demanded. A sense of the ghastly ridiculousness of the thing was jostling in the it?" core of my brain, a strong shudder of men-tal nausea born of the void into which I was gazing.

"It was not a bird. It was a reptile. Science knows it as the Pteranodon.

"Could it kill a man with its heak?" "The first man came millions of years later—or so science thinks," said the Pro-fessor. "However, primeval man, unarmed would have fallen an easy prey to so formidable a brute as this. The Pteranodon was a creature of prey." he continued, with an attempt at pedantry which was obviously a ruse to conquer his own excitment. From what we can reconstruct, a reptile stands forth spreading more than twenty feet of bat like wings, and bearing a four-foot beak as terrible as a bayonet. This monster was the undisputed lord of the air; as dreadful as his cousins of the parth, the Dinosaurs, whose very name carries the significance of terror."

"And you mean to tell me that this billion years dead flying sword fish has flitted out of the darkness of eternity to kill a miserable coast guard within a hundred sort. I wanted reassuring. But I was

long past weighing words. "I have not said so." replied the ento-mologist quickly. "But if your diagram is correct, Mr. Haynes—if it is reasonably ac-curate—I can tell you that no living bird ever made the prints which it produces, that science knows no five toed bird and no bird, whatsoever, of sufficiently formidable beak to kill a man. Furthermore, that the one creature known to science which could make that print, and could slay man or a creature far more powerful than man, is the iger of the air, the Pteranodon. Probably, however, your natural excitement, due to the distressing circumstances, has led you into error, and your diagram is inaccurate."

"Will you come and see?" I demanded. "Willingly. I shall have to ask your help, however, with the rock. We would best sup first, I think."

It was a hasty supper. We got a light, for it was now very dark, and, taking turns with the lantern and Cretaceous slab (which hadn't lost any weight with age, to Third House, but of course joined us in our excursion.

marks. "Professor Ravenden would have a thousand million years ago," I said reck- exactly as I have written them down.

"I'll tell you one thing," said Colton gravely. "He wasn't killed by a bullet. It was a stab wound. A broad bladed knife or something of that sort, but driven with killed Paul Serdholm never walked on huterrific power. The autopsy settled that. -this Pteranodon-is that it?-Oh, the

"Science has assumed that they were extinct." said the Professor. "But a scientif. ic assumption is a mere makeshift, useful only until it is overthrown by new facts.
We have prehistoric survivals—the gar of ing variant of the Lycæna pseudargiolus, I of our rivers is unchanged from his ances tors of fifteen million years ago. The creature of the water has endured; why not the

creature of the air 2" 'Oh, come off," said Colton seriously "Where could it live and not have been discovered?"

"Perhaps at the north or south pole" said the Professor. "Perhaps in the depths of unexplored islands. Or possibly inside the globe. Geographers are accustomed to say loosely that the earth is an open book. Setting aside the exceptions which I have unknown and mysterious as the planets. In its possible vast caverns there may well he reproduced the conditions in which the Pteranodon and its terrific contemporaries found their suitable environment on the earth's surface, ages ago."

"Then how would it get out?"

"The violent volcanic disturbances of this summer might have opened an exit." "Oh, that's too much !" I protested. "I was at Martinique myself, and if you expect me to believe that anything came out of that welter of flame and boiling rocks alive-

"You misinterpret me again," said the Professor blandly. "What I intended to convey is that these eruptions are indicative of great seismic changes, in the course of which vast openings may well have ocrapidly sketched on a sheet of paper a rough, but careful, drawing. "And there's its sign manual," I added, pushing it toward him.

Or which vast openings may well as roughly but careful, drawing. "And there's curred in far parts of the earth. However, I am merely defending the Pteranodon's survival as an interesting possibility. My own belief is that your diagram,

Hayne,s is faulty." "Hold the light here, then." I said, laying down the slab, for we were now at the spot. "I will convince you as to that."

While the Professor held the light I uncovered one of the tracks. A quick excla-mation escaped him. He fell on his knees beside the print, and as he compared the today's mark on the sand with the rock print of millions of years ago, his breath came hard. I would not care to say that I breathed as regularly as usual. When he lifted his head, his face was twitching ner-

vously. "I have to ask your pardon, Mr. Haynes. he said. "Your drawing was faithful." "But what in Heaven's name does it mean ?" cried Colton.

"It means that we are on the verge of the most important discovery of modern times,' said the Professor. "Savants have hitherto scouted the suggestions to be deduced from the persistent legend of the roc, and from certain almost universal North American Indian lore, notwithstanding that the theory of some monstrous winged creature widely different from any recognized existing forms is supported by more convincing proofs. In the north of England, in 1844, reputable witnesses found the tracks, after reputable withesses found the tracks, after a night's fall of snow, of a creature with a pendent tail, which made flights over houses and other obstructions, leaving a trail much like this before us. There are other corroborative instances of a similar nature. In view of the present evidence, I would say that this was unquestionably a Pteranodon, or a descendant little altered and a gigantic specimen, for these tracks are distinctly larger than the fossil marks. Gentlemen, I congratulate you both on your part in so epoch making a discovery." "Do you expect a sane man to believe this thing?" I demanded.

"That's what I feel," said Colton, "But

on your own showing of the evidence, what else is there to believe?'

"But, see here," I expostulated, all the time feeling as if I were arguing in and against a dream. "If this is a flying creature, how explain the footprints leading up to Serdholm's body, as well as away from

"Owing to its structure," said the Professor, "the Pteranodon could not rapidly rise from the ground in flight. It either sought an acclivity from which to launch itself, or ran swiftly along the ground, gathing impetus for a leap into the air with outspread wings. Similarly, in alighting it probably ran along on its hind feet before dropping to its small fore feet. Now suppose the Pteranodon to be on the cliff's edge, about to start upon its evening flight. Below it appears a man. Its ferocious nature is aroused. Down it swoops, skims swiftly with pattering feet toward him, impales him on its dreadful beak, then returns to climb the cliff and again launch

itself for flight." All this time I had been holding one of the smaller rocks in my hand. Now I flung it toward the gully and turned away, say

ingvehemently "If the shore was covered with footprints wouldn't believe it. It's too-

I never finished that sentence. From out of the darkness there came a hoarse cry. Heavy wings beat the air with swift strokes. miles of New York, in the year I902?" I In that instant panic seized me. I ran for cried. He had told me nothing of the sort. the shelter of the cliff, and after me came In that instant panic seized me. I ran for I didn't want to be told anything of the Colton. Only the Professor stood his ground, but it was with a tremulous voice that he called to us:

"That was a common marsh or short eared owl that arose; the Asio accipitrinus is not rare hereabouts. There is nothing further to do tonight, and I believe that we are in some peril remaining here as the Pteranodon appears to be nocturnal." We returned to him ashamed. But all

the way home, despite my better sense, I walked under an obsession of terror hovering in the blackness above.

So here is the case as clearly as I can put it. I shall have time to work it out un-hampered, as the remoteness of the place is a safeguard so far as the news is concerned, and only we three know of the Pteranodon prints.

It is now 4 p. m., and I will send this over by the early wagon, which takes stuff to market. Then I'll get a couple nours' sleep and go back to the place before any-one else overruns it with tracks. It has come on to rain, and the trail will be wip ed out, I fear, except the spots still protected by my rock shelters. Professor Ravby the way), we went direct to the shore and turned westward. Presently a light survival of the Pteranodon. So there is one appeared around the face of the cliff, and basis for a newspaper story. If he can afappeared around the face of the cliff, and basis for a newspaper story. If he can af-Colton hailed us. He was on his way back ford to identify himself with the theory,

surely we can. It seems like a nightmare-formless I hastily explained to him the matter of the footprints, the diagram, and the fossil can only conjecture. But you must not think that I have lost my senses. I am us believe that Serdholm was killed by a saue enough; so is Colton; so, to all appear-beaked ghoul that lived ten or a hundred or ance, is Professor Ravenden. The facts are lessly. "A few years one way or the other doesn't make any odds." have left no clue untouched thus far. will stake my life on the absence of for will stake my life on the absence of foot-

prints. And it all comes down to this Mr. Clare; Pteranodon or no Pteranodon, as sure as my name is Haynes, the thing that Very sincerely yours, HARRIS D. HAYNES. man feet.

P. S .- I shall send for a gun to-morrow, and if there's any queer thing flying I'll try to get a shot at it.

DOCUMENT No 2. A telegram. MONTAUK POINT, N. Y., 8 a. m., Sept. 21, 1902-John Clare, Managing Editor, New Era Office, New York.

Haynes mysteriously killed on beach this morning. Stab wound in heart. Send instructions.

WILLIS RAVENDEN, STANFORD COLTON. -By Samuel Hopkins Adams in McClure's

Mr. Linderman's Death

Magazine for January.

Caused by Bruising His Hand While Playing Blind Man's Bluff with His Children. Robert Packer Linderman, who died reently from septic poisoning, was unusual-

ly fond of his children. There are six of noted, there still remains the interior, as them in the mansion on Fountain Hill, South Bethlehem. Christmas was cele brated in the old-fashioned way, with games around the large tree.

Mr. Linderman was the blind man in a hi-

larious game of "blindman,s bluff" Christmas Day, and after a very sharp pursuit of one of the participants ran into a door, the knob of which only slightly bruised his hand. Nothing was thought of the bruise that day, and the game, with the other jollity of the holidays, was carried out. He returned to his business and thought nothing more of the incident until the latter part of last week. Then his hand began to pain him, and had swelled so that

Dr. Jacobi and other specialists were sent for. They found an unusually virulent case of poisoning, and despite all their remedies, the patient died on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. Linderman was thirty-nine years old, son of a former business associate of Asa Packer, who left him and his brother a fortune. This fortune was in iron and steel plants, as well as rich coal mines in the Lehigh valley. He was educated at Lehigh University, and

early became an official of the Bethlehem Iron company, which three years ago was merged into the Bethlehem Steel company, a corporation with \$150,000,000 capital, of which he was the president. In addition, he was an officer in steamship and railroad companies, president and director in sever-al banks and head of the coal mining firm

of Linderman & Skeer.

The death of Mr. Linderman recall a sensational attempt, made on December 31st. 1900, to kidnap his son, then about twelve years of age. It was foiled by the kidnapers mistaking his gardener's son for

This was at the time of the celebrated Cudahy kidnaping, in Omaha, and at dusk one evening young Charles Kerschner, the the gardener's son, was suddenly seized, as he was crossing the lawn, chloroformed, thrown into a carriage, and carried for many miles into the country. When the men beheld his features clearly they bundled him out on the road with the blunt statement: "You're not the one!" No clue was ever found to the criminals.

Mr. Linderman was married in 1884 to Miss Ruth May Sayre, who survives him.

Preferred Davlight.

Being of a thrifty tendency, she inquired of the operator, "How much do you charge for taking out a tooth?" "Fifty cents; with gas, a dollar,"

the reply. "Then I guess I'll call to-morrow and have it taken out by daylight," announced the patient .- New York Times.

-Subcribe for the WATCHMAN

The Great American Newspaper.

Elsewhere is noted that the New York Sun has again changed bands from Paul Dana, son of the great editor and Assistant Secretary of War under Stanton, to Wm. M. Laffan, for years business manager of the Sun. The following sketch of the management of great metropolitan dailies

A New York newspaper asks if the 7,000,-000 people in and around that city know much about the men who make the great metropolitan journals. In all probability they do not, nor the world at large, because journalism has become so impersonal that few know the editors or writers as they were in the days of the elder Bennett, Horace Greeley, or Henry J. Raymond. According to newspaper parlance in New York, and perhaps elsewhere, "upstairs" is the editorial management and "downstairs" is the business end. The dominant force may be one place or the other. On the evening Post the one great influence is the editor-Horace White-who every day puts his policy and views on the editorial page, and is the Post.

Joseph Pulitzer, the owner of the World, spends his summers at Bar Harbor and much of the rest of the time abroad. He lays the course, in person, or by telegraph, but the man who runs the World is Bradford Merrill, James Gordon Bennett, of the Herald, does not set foot in this country twice in ten years. His home is in Paris and on yachts in the Mediterranean.
The Herald is run by William C. Reick.
The man of the Times is Adolph S. Ochs, 'downstairs," who also controls the Philadelphia Times. On the Sun there are "upstairs" Paul Dana, son of Charles A., and 'downstairs," Laffan. Herman Ridder, of Ridderbund fame, is the controlling force of the Staats-Zeitung. He is "down-stairs," J. S. Seymour, "downstairs," is stairs," J. S. Seymour, "downstairs," is the man of the Commercial Advertiser. Frank Munsey is never at the Daily News, and he says he can't bear to go into the place. For several years after he became minister to France, Whitelaw Reid gave little personal attention to the Tribune. In his absence from the "tall tower" the seats of the mighty were "downstairs." More recently Mr. Reid has been in his editorial sanctum habitually, and authority has moved "upstairs" again. The Mail and

Express is run by a "council." Since Colonel A. K. McClure has retired from the sanctum there is no example left in this State of the editor and the paper being one. When Colonel Watterson passes away there will end the last of the old regime in the Sonthwest, the inseparable connection or identity of the paper and its editor. In this change there has been both gain and loss. Whether they balance each other or not I cannot say. I think in the old days the big paper wielded a more potent power in forming public opinion, as it came to the reader as a personal missive from an admired editor, whose words and opinions were unquestioned.

One Way of Detecting a Thief.

Last fall in corn husking time George E. Rhinehart missed corn from his field on his farm near Lewisburg, Union county. One evening at the close of a day's husking he went to a pile that was left in the field. He selected a large ear and broke off about two inches of the end and threw the ear back, but carefully preserved the smaller piece. A large portion of the pile of corn was stolen that night. He employed a detective and in a few days the detective learned that a man named John Hood had hauled corn from somewhere to I. M. Pines, a store keeper in Lewisburg. Mr. Pines was called on and took Rhinehart and the detective up stairs to view the corn that he had bought from Hood. Rhinehart picked up an ear of corn that was broken and it fitted exactly the piece he had in his pocket that he had broken off in his field. Hood was taken into court to answer the charge of stealing corn, was found guilty by the jury and sentenced last week by the judge to a period of one year and six months in the eastern penitentiary .- Juniata Sentinel and Republican

Dying Like Sheep from Plague. Thousands Fleeing from Stricken Mexican Cities.

Information has reached Bisbee, Ariz., that the bubonic plague has made its appearance at Toporico, Mexico, sixty-five miles from Minas Prietas, state of Sonora. The people of Toporico are greatly excited and many have left the town.

It is also reported that the plague has been discovered in small interior towns in It is reported that there is no plague at Hermossillo and Guayamas. At Topolo-bampo people are reported to be dying like

sheep and the survivors are leaving the sticken city as fast as possible. Many leave in the night time, going out into the ocean in skiffs. It is feared that their departure will spread the plague. According to a letter received at Salt Lake City from Mazatlan, Mexico, deaths from bubonic plague are averaging 33 per cent. Up to January 5th, two days before this letter was written, there had been over 170 deaths. Fully a third of the popula-

Rector Struck it Rich.

tion of 15,000 has fled.

Act of Charity Unexpectedly Brings Wealth to Rev. W. E. Mason, who is credited with

a sudden rise from the position of a poor rector to that of a millionaire, is at the Waldorf, New York. Captain Lawrence, a miner, was taken ill while in Ogden, Utah, last September. One of the hotel clerks mentioned his critical condition to Mr. Mason, who was the rector of Christ Protestant Episcopal church there on a small salary. The clergy man visited the miner, called a doctor, got medi-

cine for him, and nursed the invalid back to health. Upon his recovery Captain Lawrence gave to Mr. Mason some certificates of stock in a mining company. The stock had no marketable value at the time, but subsequently became sought after. Gold in great quantities was yielded by the veins about Christmas. Mr. Mason resigned his rectorship upon realizing that he had be-

-What a happy lot the dog or the ox or the pig must have. They never have to worry about a new dress or a new coat two or three times a year, and when once they establish the fashion it stays for all time. Nature helps the dumb brute but turns her back on man absolutely. Think of Towser coming home with his hair cut foot-ball pattern, and a sweater on, or the family cow in corsets and a heightening of her color from the use of powder and paste. The bumane society would be on hands at once to relieve the domestic creatures. But man has no friend that he can depend on. He is a slave, and there is no ray of hope