RICHES

Have you a little baby boy A few months more than two years old, With soft brown eyes that brim with joy And silken ringlets bathed in gold. Who, toddling, follows you around And plays beside you near the hearth; Whose prattle is the sweetest sound To you of all glad notes of earth?

Have you a little baby boy Who, when the voice of slumber calls, Reluctant leaves each tattered toy And in your strong arms weary falls : Who, yawning, looks with sleepy eyes Into your own and faintly smiles; Then shuts his lids and quiet lies, And drifts away to Dreamland's isles?

Have you a little one like this, Who puts all troubling thoughts to flight When, climbing up, he plants a kiss Of love upon your lips at night? If so, then humbly bow your knee And lift your heart in thankful prayer, For you are richer far than he

Who, childless, is a millionaire! -W. L. Sanford, in Galveston New

A HINT FROM FATE.

At Fifth Avenue and Twenty-second street, the left wheel of Remsen's hansom caught the right front wheel of another cab. There was a block which grew into a tangle, and for several minutes it resisted the toil of three policemen, the "language" of half a dozen cabbies and the savage looks of many coachmen and footmen who did not dare utter their thoughts. Remsen was practically face to face with the occupants

of the cab—an elderly woman and a girl.
"Now, she looks like the right sort," thought he, as he examined her frank, selfreliant face. She was plainly not a New York girl-he saw it at the first glance of his New York eyes. Not because she was not tastefully dressed, for she was, not because her expression was unsophisticated, for it was not; perhaps because it was sophisticated without being subtle. "I should like to know her," continued Remsen to himself. "I wonder who she is,

where she's from, where she's going."
The longer he looked, the more he was attracted. It seemed to him that he had never seen a woman with so much personality, who so patently showed that what she would think and say and do and feel would be interesting.

Just as the tangle straightened, a small bag toppled from the pile of trunks and bags on the roof of the cab, struck the dashboard of the hansom, opened. Out came a delicate odor—a freshness, rather than a perfume—and a part of some femi. than a perfume—and a part of some femi-nine article made of ribbon and lace and very thin, fine linen. Remsen seized and repacked the bag, stood up and restored it to the roof of the cab. He bowed, lifted necessary to the roof of the cab. He bowed, lifted necessary to the contract of the cab. his hat, received and returned a polite mess which he did not resent until he had smile. His hansom whirled on down the left her—at the "sessions" he denounced it avenue, the cab was gone, the incident was closed, but he continued to think of the to talk much of himself—led him on to "If I could only meet her, and she did

not know who I was, she might like me for myself, and I might like her, and—" As the doors of the hansom separated, a card fell to the floor. He picked it up, and read: "Miss Susanna Forrester,

terey, Ohio''—the name engraved, the address written. He put it in his pocket.

"A strong hint from Fate," he said to stings and stabs. He was still romancing when the stop in

front of his banker's in Broad street brought him back to fact. The president of the bank looked up from a letter he was reading.

"Good morning," he said. "You don't happen to know a bright, young fellow who is competent to take charge of the electric light plant, in a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants, at twelve hundred a

Remsen instinctively glanced at the letter—he could not avoid seeing the letter-head: "First National Bank of Monterey." "Monterey, Ohio?" he asked. "Yes, our correspondent there asked us

to recommend a man." "I think I've got him," said Remsen. "Hold the place until tomorrow."

Again, in the hansom, he began mutter ing to himself. "The tangle, the girl, the bag, the card, the bank, the letter, the place"-the last seemed the most significant link in the chain of Fate ; for, thanks to his natural bent and his father's theory that every one should know a trade, he was an expert electrician. But the deciding factor was disgust with the posture of his

Although he was a rich, good-looking intelligent, young man, he was generally avoided. He was exacting in his demands or expectations of consideration from others. He was upeasy lest his view of his own merits was peculiar to himself, perhaps even there a delusion. He was morbidly suspicious that consideration was given, not to himself, but to his fortune. Whatever theory of life and human nature a man adopts is sure to be confirmed; and Remsen's theory had a basis in the disposition of very many of his fellow beings to think more of what a man has than of what he is-what a man has is obvious, what he is must be searched for. Remsen refused to accept these conditions at their true importance, or lack of importance. Instead of taking the gifts of the gods, he insisted upon scruntinizing them with a prejudiced eye and refusing them. He got the name of being capricious, rude and stingy. His circle of tolerators narrowed to two classes—those who felt honored by being permitted to associate on any terms with a man of wealth; those whose hope of favors was so hardy that no extremes of heat or cold could kill it.

Remsen was one of those men who, when disaster befalls, and they happen to catch and arraigu the true culprit, self, promptly acquit him after a trial. At twenty-eight, he had made up his mind that he was a lofty character condemned to choose loneliness or association with snohs and sycophants. In the midst of abundance and with a vigorous appetite, he was starving for friendship, sympathy and love, because he fancied poison into everything.

He was ashamed of the scheme that

evolved in his brain round the "hint from Fate' it suggested the sort of romance that is ridiculous, the plot of a "back-stairs' novel. But he was desperately bored. He had an adventurous streak, and he longed to find out what estimate would be put on him as a man-longed to win friends and, perhaps, a woman whom he could be certain was not influenced by his He was morbid above all on be-

Monterey should know him only as an elec-

trical engineer.
When he had accustomed himself to the When he had accustomed himself to the routine of superintendent of the Monterey Electric Company, he began to feel rather absurd. He rapidly expanded under the influence of his freedom from suspicion of his fellow beings; he liked to know that he was making friends and winning respect of his own merits, and that he was definitely useful to society. but the nearer he came to "Miss Susanna Forrester" the came to "Miss Susanna Forrester" the stupider and sillier his escapade seemed. He had met the family—she was visiting in Cincinnati and was not expected for several weeks.

"You can't count on Susan," said her brother. "She was due here a month ago. But she may not come home all summer. The old folks give her a free rein—or she takes it."

Remsen was only mildly interested; still he felt that it would not do harm to wait until she returned before giving up his place, provided she was not too long about her loose-reined gallop over the country. A telegram came from Dayton; and a few hours thereafter Susanna "blew in," to use her brother's phrase. Everybody in the town knew it at once, and the com-ments made Remsen think that not family vanity, but simple truth, was expressed in her brother's proud observation: "Now you'll see the dead wake and the dry bones rattle."

The town had been reserving "the new young man" for Susanna, and the evening after her arrival he was marched up to be

conquered. He did not in the least like her, now that he could judge her thoroughly—to be-gin with, she lacked repose; and repose must be the prime quality in any woman whom he could think of honoring with an offer of marriage. Slender and tall and highly, though delicately, colored, with restless, inquisitive gray eyes, and a dress that clung in a curiously individual way to her long, nervous arms and legs—as its plumage fits a bird—she was apparently for the jilted lady." always on the verge of flight to a new perch, perhaps to a new clime; and she talked rapidly, in a low voice, did not finish her sentences and did not let others finish theirs. It made Remsen nervous to watch her, made him yearn to take her by the shoulders and bid her be quiet.

He showed his uneasiness so plainly that her brother said : "Do sit tight, Sue. You're giving Remsen the fidgets." Susanna turned upon Remsen a searching, quizzical glance—it was he that "sat tight;" she continued as before.

"Clever, witty, but very disagreeable—spoiled," was Remsen's verdict. But he felt that it would be amusing to him, and possibly profitable to her, to give her a few practical lessons—he ought not to leave Monterey too abruptly.

They met almost every day in the free her in a manner the reverse of what he had planned; instead of dominating her, he was dominated : and he often caught himnerisms. She criticized him with a frank-ness which he did not resent until he had make conceited remarks—then laughed at him mercilessly. But he had his revenges she was an arrogant young person who found it hard to remember one of the "flies clinging to the orange."
Upon this basis of skill at wrangling, Mon- they became intimate, delighting to meet,

---a moonlit even when most of the young couples of Monterey were about peacefuller business --- they car ried their game of parry and thrust too far. It was not his fault, for she was in an unusually aggressive humor---reckless.

But he happened to be first to reach and cross the boundary of politeness. With one of her swift movements, she faced him. "Why cannot you come into the open?" she cried.

Be frank --- say that you hate me!" "But-no-not exactly-that isstammered. He was taken off his guard. It was his first frontal attack. 'Say it!" she commanded. drawing

herself up, imperiously. "I—I love you, Susanna."
She gasped, and stared at him. "Yes, that's it," he went on, doggedly, augrily. "I hate myself for it. I don't understand it. Everything you say and do seems to irritate me. And I know you

care nothing for me. But-there it is-I love you.' Instead of scoffing, as he expected, she laughed in a queer, abrupt way and began to walk again. "You did give me a turn," she said. "You're the last man I should have suspected of—of that sort of thing." tenderness. I never before met a woman who didn't have some sentiment-or pretend to have it." He looked at her, and suspected a trick of the moonlight, her cutting through the walls of the abdomina face was so changed—so gentle and sweet. Presently her eyes sought his, and she said in a friendly, frank tone: "I'm going to phragm and cutting a slit a little more tell you something --- I owe it to you to tell you now. It is my secret—you understand? You have heard them speak of

Mr. Drummond?" "The cashier of the bank who's in Colorado for his health?"

"Yes. We are--engaged." "Why—he's an invalid--a—" he burst out, impulsively. Then: "I beg your

pardon." "We are engaged," she repeated. "We shall be married in the fall, on his return.' Neither spoke until they were separating at the door. He had been inwardly raging against the obstacle thus suddenly revealed. And now it seemed to him that she was leaving him, not merely until the next day, but forever.

"You mustn't---you mustn't," he ex claimed. "Listen to me, Susanna, I'm not the poor devil of a superintendent you think. I'm rich, very rich. I can give you everything. I can make your life

There he was halted by her expressionshe looked as if he had struck her in the face. Her eyes danced with angry mirth, and her lips curled in contemptuous rid-

"You are irresistible!" she said. She made him a low curtsy. "Good night, Fairy Prince, but do put on your disguise again. It becomes you better than your natural self." She laughed. "What a tempter you are !" she said, and went in-

He wrote his apology that night, and sent it early the next morning: "Forgive me. I was desperate. I am desperate. You know that I did not really think such money. He was morbid above all on being married for his money.

He returned to the bank the next morning and, after he had convinced the president that he was neither jesting nor insane, got the position and a promise that

kind of light, of your eyes; yes, I would buy you, if I could—or steal you, if I could. Do you despise me? Well, so do I despise myself; but I love you."

And she answered: "Yes, I forgive you. I'm vain enough to like what you wrote; and I'm honorable enough to refuse to be listen to any more of it. I'm going away the last of the week. I'll not see you have the last of the week. I'll not see you be-fore I go. Good-by, I shall miss our quarrels."

He and brother "Tilly"--the short for Tillinghast—became inseparable. Tilly liked to talk of her, would quote whole pages from her letters about her adventures journeys and in towns where she visited. It made Remsen sad to hear, because she seemed gay-without care. And yet, whenever he was gloomiest, Hope would stir faintly in its coffin, to show that, though buried, it was buried alive.

"I wonder whom Susan'll marry, and when," Tilly said to him, early in September—every hour of every day Remsen was thinking of her as getting ready for the wedding. "She wouldn't let any of let wedding." 'em be serious, except Drummond. There was no stopping him; he was mad about her, and appealed to her sympathies. Sue's very tender-hearted, though nobody'd suspect it.''

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"Drummond-he's the cashier, isn't he? When's he coming back?"

Tilly laughed. "Never, I guess. He's
got a place out there, and is to marry a rich widow. He got over Susan, appar-

ently." Remsen intercepted her at Boston. She came down to the drawing-room; yes, the same Susanna, restless, satirical, slender, with her dress clinging to her in the same graceful, individual way.

"I heard about Drummond," said Remsen, "and so—here I am."
"How good of you!" she said, raillery in her eyes and smile, exaggerated enthusiasm in her voice. "But you always were

so good, and so tactful." 'Yes," he went on, boldly. "I've come "And, of course, she'll gratefully go

with you." "Of course." He stood so close to her that their faces were almost together. They looked each into the other's eyes-her lips were very near his.
"Well," she said, "why don't you?"

"I was waiting for you to ask me," he replied.—By David Graham Philip, in the

The Dreaded Rabies.

An 8-Year-Old Boy Succumbs to an Attack Thereof. Henry S. Loomis, the 8-year-old son of Dr. and Mrs. Henry P. Loomis, of New York, died Saturday at the home of his parents of hydrophobia, caused by the bite of a pet spaniel. Henry had a pet dog, a King Charles spaniel, which seven weeks ago was bitten by a strange dog in the street. Four weeks later Henry was romping with his pet dog in the basement. The spaniel grew weary of the game and curled himself up in a corner of the areaway, growling and grumbling. The boy picked him up to carry him into the house. The butler opened the door. The dog, with-out warning, sank its fangs into the boy's cheek. It also turned on the butler and bit him. The wounds of the man and boy were cauterized and they were inoculated

with the Pasteur serum. Young Henry Loomis complained Thursday of pains in his head and trouble with his jaw. He was too ill to get out of bed and Dr. Loomis immediately sent for Dr. L. A. Stinson. The boy's case was diagnosed as the dreaded rabies. He suffered many and violent convulsions, which weakened him so much that it was realized by the physicians that there was no hope for him. His death was painless and he passed away under sedatives like a worn out child falling asleep. Dr. Stinson issued

the following statement: "Henry S. Loomis, 8-years-old, was bitten in the face by a pet dog three weeks ago. The dog had been bitten seven weeks previously by a dog in leash.

"The first symptoms appeared two days ago and the child died Sunday. Treatment by inoculations had been promptly begun after the bite, but sufficient time for the completion of the inoculation had not elapsed. He was under the influence of sedatives and died without suffering."

Dr. Stinson would not give the name of the butler who was bitten. The man has shown no signs of illness yet.

Two Stitches in His Heart.

Bou Falls on Broken Bottle, but Doctor's Promp Action May Save His Life.

Seven-year-old Charlie Bauer, of Sa Francisco, whose heart was penetrated by a jagged fragment of a wine bottle, has had wo stitches taken in that organ and will recover if blood poisioning does not set in. The boy was running along a paved walk in his back yard with a broken bottle in "I often wonder," he said, gloomily, in his back yard with a broken bottle in his hand when he fell he and the sharp edge of the bottle, four inches long and keen as spear, penetrated just under the diaphragm. a little to the left of the centre of the body, cavity, just grazing the top of the stomach, ranging upward through the diathan a quarter of an inch wide through the base of the heart. There was a slight penetration into the lung.

Dr. McLaughlin found the boy appar-

ently dead. Removing the little fellow to his office, two blocks away, the doctor administered salt injections and produced respiration artificially. Then he cut between the ribs and took two stitches in the heart. A gauze packing was used to stop a hemorrhage of the lung. If the boy recovers the case will be noteworthy.

15.000 Head of Cattle Lost in Recent Storm.

The reports of the death of many cattle by starvation in Western Kansas and Eastern Colorado a week ago are being confirmed. In one county 3,000 head of cattle starved because the earth was covered by snow to a depth of twenty inches. It is estimated that the plains of Western Kansas are strewn with carcasses of 15,000 cat-tle. During the past week 1,000 men have been busy removing the hides from the dead animals.

——"I never see a red feather that I don't think of an old Indian I met out West three years ago," said Arizona Pete, an ex-cowboy, who has settled down to peaceful pursuits in the City of Brotherly Love. "It was this way. He was stand-ing before his tepee, and seeing he had a little red feather I asked him what it was for. I have forgotten to tell you he was a great medicine man. He went through a ong lingo, more or less mysterious, and

New Form of Entertainment. Suggestions For "Proposai," "Gossip," "Spinster" and "Baby Parties."

The successful hostess of to-day must provide for her guests something more than the conventional dinner, reception, lunch-eon, card party or dance of the day of our

grandmother.

It is the indoor functions which tax milady's ingenuity and originality; the summer diversions, consisting of garden fetes, launching excursions, picnics and porch parties, are not difficult to arrange. Winter and autumn are the strenuous sea-

sons of the ambitious hostess.

The cotillion, or old-fashioned german, is always a delightful form of entertaining a large number of people, and always may be made clever and original by the selection of favors. Each season and holiday brings its new figures for use in the cotillion. For Christmas or Valentine's Day, Thanksgiving or Washington's birthday celebration nothing is so appropriate or so easily arranged as a cotillion. This form of entertainment is more or less expensive, ful, and often two or more people entertain

girls and men must be present, each receiving a card with a numbered list of subjects for conversation written upon it—a lively piece of social news of the day, the ncement of a certain engagement, a anything which might be discussed for a few minutes. There must be as many sub-

iects as couples About the various rooms the hostess has arranged tete-a-tetes, each with a number above it. Each guest is asked to draw a number from a receptacle of some descrip-tion, there being duplicates of each number, one for the man and one for the woman. These numbers are matched with those above the tete-a-tetes, until each guest has a seat and a partner with whom to gossip. When everyone is seated the hostess taps a bell and announces the first topic on the card, and for five minutes that particular bit of news is discussed. Again the mis-tress of ceremonies rings her bell and reads the second subject aloud. Each man then says an revoir to the girl with whom he been talking, and moves to the next number, to gossip about the second subject. This continues until the subjects are exhausted, and at the same time each man has talked with every girl in the party.

Pencils and slips of paper are distributed at the conclusion, and the girls write the name of the man who has gossiped with them most entertainingly. The men do likewise, and the prizes are given to those voted most proficient in the art of gossip-

This form of entertainment may be made pretty and picturesque by giving a garden or out-of-door effect to the rooms. Palms, flowers, hammocks, porch chairs and other outside accessories scattered about over a green canvas floor covering or imitation grass rugs lend a pretty lawn party effect. In case the latter idea is employed the invitation may read "A Gossip Garden Party," a more or less startling invitation in the midst of winter. Summer gowns add to the warm weather effect of this sort

of entertainment. Proposal parties are new and clever when properly introduced. The hostess, when her guests have arrived, informs the men that they must propose to every girl in the room within a stated period of time. She also tells them they must do it in proper style, and take her off to one of the cosy corners or secluded nooks she has arranged about the rooms. She then takes her carried out the woman had only given him woman guests aside and gives each of them half as many little red hearts of paper, flannel, silk or any convenient material, as there are men in the party. She also gives each girl an equal number of tiny white mittens.

At the signal of the hostess every man selects a girl and asks her to marry him, pressing his suit until he is forced to leave her by the jingle of the hostess' bell. He then proposes to another girl, and so on until he has laid his heart at the feet of every one in the party. The girls distribute the hearts and mittens, a heart for a well-told confession of love, a mitten for the less impressive tale.

At the end of the stated hour the men's collections of hearts and mittens are counted and prizes are given them. The men with the largest pile of mittens is consoled with a pair of white woolen mittens.

The men fare best at a proposal party, as the prizes go to them. For an afternoon entertainment a "Spinsters' at Home" is a good idea. Each guest arrives attired in her grandmother's ments, and with an abundance of hair hanging about in corkscrew curls, or equally ancient style. She may wear hoops and walk with tiny mincing steps, or she may have a powdered wig, patches and much beflowered and beruffled gown. In any case, she must represent the spinster of whom we read and, if she likes, may bring

with her a parrot, or a cat. After she has "put by" her bonnet, straightened out her flounces, and adjusted her spectacles, each guest gets out her "knitting" and over it each spinster must tell how it happened that she never mar-

Afternoon tea and prizes for the best grains of arsenic. romance concludes an entertainment of this

Young girls enjoy a "baby party" when they all appear in short frocks carrying their dolls, and spend the afternoon talking over their mud-pie days.

If one must adhere strictly to the fixed rules of etiquette, a girl's mother must announce her engagement, but often pretty little parties are given by the girls themselves to make their approaching marriage know. It is a trifle unconventional to announce one's own engagement, and still more so to allow a girl friend to do so. However, this is an unconventional age. An announcement luncheon may be carried out in the following manner: The table must be dressed in sentimental designs, such as hearts, Cupids and bows and

arrows; as place card a little heart shaped book is used. When the guests are seated, each opens her tiny book and the girl holding page No. 1 reads the first installment of a little love story. This ends abruptly at the bottom of the page, and is continued on page No. 2, held by another girl. The last installment is the announcement of the engagement of the hostess, and may be herself or anyone to whom she read by desires to intrust the news.-New York Herald.

President's Daughter Sails. Miss Roosevelt Goes to Porto Rico on Visit

Friends.

Miss Alice Roosevelt, daughter of the President, sailed on the steamer Coamo at noon Saturday for Porto Rico, where she will be the guest of Miss Elizabeth Hunt, daughter of Gov. Hunt. Miss Roosevelt is accompanied by her maid.

Accused of Murder,

Widow and a Quack Doctor are in Custody in Philadelphia. He is Alleged to Have Given Her Poison to Kill Her Husband-He Also Supplied of Detective With Arsenic.

Evidence as to the existence of a murder mill in Philadelphia, unearthed by detec-tives during the past six weeks, was brought to the light on last Friday, when Mrs.
Katharine Danz, a white woman and
George Hossey a colored "herb doctor,"
were committed without bail to await the action of the coroner. The woman is charged with the murder of her husband, while the "doctor" is held on the charge of being

The chief figure of interest, when the pair were arraigned at the Central police station, was the small, keen-eyed. whitehaired negro doctor, who, it is said, professes to be a spiritualistic medium. was arrested in a dingy little house, stuffed from garret to cellar with a beterogeneous collection of herbs and drugs in bottles and other receptacles.

Mrs. Danz admits having gone to Hossey to secure a potion that would cure her hus-band of the drink habit, but emphatically

denies baving murdered him. An amusing evening may be spent at a gossip party. For this an even number of for a nominal sum obtain from him a means Detectives say that Hossey's clients could of ridding themselves forever of the presence of undesirable or burdensome relatives. It is believed that other mysterious deaths are under investigation, and that efforts will be made to show that Hossey's striking or conspicuous costume in which ing the population of the section of the "Mrs. S. and So" appeared recently, or ing the population of the section o city where he carried on operations. A wagon load of drugs, consisting mainly of arsenic and rat poison was taken from his

> The body of Danz, who was supposed to have died from paralysis of the heart, has been exhumed, and parts of it have been turned over to a chemist for analysis. The Central police court, where the defendants were arraigned, was crowded. Austin Gavin, a private detective, testified

that he visited Hossey's house on February 27th. He told the herb doctor that he had kidney trouble, and Hossey he said, gave him a bottle of medicine, for which he charged 50 cents.

Gavin told the herb doctor that he had a

wife who was making his life miserable, and he was going to get a divorce. "Don't do that—the lawyers will get all

your money if you do that," Gavin swore Hossey told him. "I can fix her for you." After some hocus-pocus with a pack of cards the doctor told him, Gavin said, that the woman was poisoning him and he should get rid of her. He gave Gavin a powder to put in his shoe, which, he said, would break the woman's power, and told him to bring back a strand of the woman's hair when he returned.

Gavin testified that on a later visit Hossey told him he would remove the woman by small doses. He said:

'Hossey told me that I should give her a dose or two, and then she would get sick. The doctor would guess at her disease and give her some medicime. He told me to let up on the doses then and she would get well. The doctor would think that he had guessed the right disease, and his medicine cured her. He told me that after a while to give her another dose, and continue in that way until I finally could give her the dose to remove her. The doctor would give the death certificate, and I would have no trouble."

Gavin said that Hossey asked \$100 for his services. When Gavin objected to the price Hossey said, according to the witness, that he had arranged with a woman to get rid of her husband, and he was to get \$100 for the job. After the contract had been

Gavin tried to make a deal to pay on the installment plan, but Hossey said he was getting old and couldn't afford to take chances. Gavin said he paid the herb the Clifton avenue crossing on Februrary doctor \$10, and the latter gave him a powder, with directions for giving it to his wife. The wrapper of the package in which the powder came was offered in evidence.

Disguised as health inspectors, Detective McKenty testified, he and Detective Donaghy visited Hosseye home and made a general inspection of the premises. After Hossey was arrested the detectives callupon Mrs. Danz at her home, 2525 North Fourth street, and requested her to accompany them to City hall. Much to the surprise of the detectives, they said, Hossey, upon recognizing Mrs. Danz, remarked: "What's the matter woman? I ain't giving you away."

Hossey was afterward asked if Mrs. Danz was the woman who gave him \$51, and he answered in the affirmative. Mrs. Danz admitted that she knew the herb doctor. After questioning Mrs. Danz further Detective McKenty said she acknowledged having paid Hossey the money after she received \$3,000 from an insurance company in which her husband had a policy.

Her husband, Mrs. Danz said, got drunk and abused her, and she wanted to cure him. She said Hossey had given her powders of a substance like fine herbs, and told her to put them, six at a time, in her believed that perhaps 300 square inches of husband's whisky.
Dr. George H. Meeker, professor of

chemistry at the Medico-Chirurgical hos-

pital testified that a white powder seized at Hossey's place contained about 160 The commitment of Hossey on charges of attempt at murder, soliciting Augustus Gavin to commit murder, practising medicine without a license, having poisonous drugs in his possession with in-tent to commit murder, and aiding and abetting Catharine Danz in the murder of

prosecutor also requested that Mrs. Danz be held on the charge of murder. it had not yet been shown that anyone had the reverse.

William J. Danz, was asked for. The

been murdered. Magistrate Kochersperger committed Mrs. Danz to the county prison to await winter days without putting on rubbers or the coroner's action, charged with poisoning her husband, William J. Danz, and in \$2,000 bail for conspiracy to commit mur-

pessory to the crime, and was held in bail bers when they go into their offices in the on charges as requested.

The arrest of Mrs. Danz created much excitement in her neighborhood. She has ing and sometimes forget to pull them off lived in one house since her marriage, a in the evening has increased score of years ago. Residents stood in groups on the pavement near the house all is becoming a day long and discussed the developments without reason. in the case. The accused widow has always borne an excellent reputation in the neighborhood.

Mr. Beidler knew him well, and says that he finds it hard to believe that Danz met

with foul play.
Dr. John J. O. Eberhard, who attended Danz in his last illness, says that it would have been possible for any physicians to

fail to detect poison.
"Had I considered the case in any way

aspecious," said the physician, "I should have notified the coroner at once."

Dr. Eberhard says that Danz was a hard

drinker and was well-known to many peo-ple as such. The death certificate stated that Danz died of neuralgia and rheumatism of the heart.

Wanamaker Plans 12-Story Building. Permit for \$5,000,000 Structure on Present Site.

Floor Area Over 33 Acres-Edifice Will be Fireproof, with Furnaces in Separate Building. A department store building, to cost \$5 .-000,000, is to be erected on the site of the Wanamaker store, at Thirteenth and Chest-nut streets, in Philadelphia which will be of the most substantial construction, and cover more ground space, according to the architect, than any similar structure of its

kind in the world. The permit for the erection of the building was granted last week to E. R. Graham, a representative of the firm of D. H. Burnham & Co., architects, of Chicago, whose force of seventy draughtsmen has just completed the plans and specifications, in the record breaking time of eleven days.

The proposed building will be twelve stories high, with a basement and subbasement, with frontages of 240 feet on Market and Chestnut streets and 479 feet on Thirteenth and Juniper streets. The exterior walls will be of brick and stone, with terra cotta ornaments. The roof will be paved with asphalt.

FIREPROOF CONSTRUCTION.

The building will be of fireproof construction, the floor beams, girders and col-umns being of steel. Marble mosaic tiling is to be used for the floors, and white mable laid on concrete bases. The building will extend 200 feet high above the street

At the four ends will be brick inclosed tower fire-escapes, with staircase ten feet

wide. The plans call for a first floor twenty-two feet high, the second story being sixteen feet and the other floors twelve feet. The light court, in the centre of the building,

will cover an area 72x152 feet.

The main front of the building will be on Juniper street, where there will be a carriage entrance, similar to the one at the Pennsylvania railroad station, measuring 106 by 26 feet. The shipping and delivery departments will be removed to the Thirteenth street side of the building, there will be a driveway measuring 48 by 156 feet, so arranged that automobile delivery wagons may be driven on six large elevators. These will carry the wagons from the basement to the top floors.

The building will contain 1,676,500 square feet of floor space, equal to 38½ acres, and will be equipped with sixty-two

passenger and freight elevators.

No boilers or engines will be in the main structure. A separate power house will be erected on Leiper street, below Thirteenth. The tunnel, which will carry all the pipes, has already been completed.

TO BUILD IN SECTIONS. No announcement as to how the building will be erected or the time for the beginning of the work has been made, but it is understood that the structure will be erected in quarters, the work to begin soon. The first section to be started will no doubt be at the corner of Juniper and Market

Cuticle From 100 For Girl. riends of Young Woman Hurt in Trolley Accident to

One hundred relatives and friends of Miss Margaret Cumme Orange avenue, Newark, N. J., intend to give up a portion of their cuticle to supply 300 square inches of skin for the girl, who was seriously injured in the collision at 19.

seriously injured of the high school pupils in the crash. She is 19 years old, and her recovery which is now said to be certain, will be due to her splendid physical condition and strong constitution. In the accident in which nine of her

Miss Cummerford was one of the most

friends were killed and more than thirty injured Miss Cummerford suffered a glanceg blow from some solid substance on one side of her body just above the hip.

The muscles and flesh of her abdomen were torn away. There was a serious hemorrage and in an ordinary case death would have resulted from that alone. More than ordinary care was given her in the Newark City hospital, and she declared from the beginning that she would live.

Three quarts of normal saline solution

were infused into her veins while the surgeons were putting back into place the muscles and flesh and sewing them. In every way the operation was successful, but the other skin has since sloughed off, and there is now a space of 1762 square inches which has no outer skin. In two or three weeks the grafting will be started. As not all the skin is expectbelieved that perhaps 300 square inches of skin will have to be supplied. As only from one to four square inches of skin are taken

to the sacrifice. It is said that when the time comes there will be no lack of volunteers who will perthe mit the transfer of portions of their cuticle

from each person, 100 will have to submit

The Number of Men Wearing Them Seems to Increase Each Year.

The men who wear overshoes and the men who wear rubber boots are increasing in number. It may have been com-Attorney Scott donounced the charge monly supposed that there was a decrease against Mrs. Danz as absurd, inasmuch as instead of an increase, but the facts show There are more men and also more wom-

en and children now who never go out on country before. The number of cautious mothers who will not allow their children on the streets without rubbers has increased. The number of men who kick off rubmorning has increased. The number of men who pull on rubber hoots in the morn-

The person who says that the rubber boot becoming a thing of the past speaks

These facts are shown by an increase in the number of factories turning out such neighborhood.

Danz was a meat cutter and worked for J. M. Beidler, at 2940-42 North Fifth St. products. In 1880 there were nine factories in the United States. In 1890 there were 11. Now there are 22. In the last ten years the business has increased 100 per cent. The value of the products of these factories has increased from \$9,000,-

000 in 1880 to \$41,000,000. In furnishing the rubbers and rubber boots to the public these factories use \$21,-000,000 worth of material and employ nearly 15,000 wage earners.