Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., March 27, 1903.

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
Dey had biano-blaying ;
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,
Her name was Madilda Yane,
She hat haar as prown ash a pretzel,
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
Und ven dey looked indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I vent dere you'll pe pound.
I valtzet mit Madilda Yane
Und vent shpinnen round and round.
De pootiest Fraulein in de House,
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I dells you it cost him dear.
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
Of foost-rate Lager Beer.
Und venefer dey knocks de shpicket in
De Deutschers gifes a cheer.
I dinks dat so vine a barty
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
Dere all vas Souse and Brouse,
Ven de sooper coomed in, de gompany
Did make demselfs to ho use ;
Dey ate das Brot und Gensy broost,
De Bratwurst and Braten fine,
Und vash der Abendessen down
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
We all got troonk ash bigs.
I poot mine mout to a parrel of beer.
Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs.
Und denn I gissed Madilda Yane.
Und she shlog me on de kop,
Und de gompany fited mit daple-lecks
Dill de coonstable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
Where ish dat barty now ?
Where ish de lofely golden cloud
Dat float on de moundain's prow ?
Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern—
De shtar of de shpirit's light ?
All goned afay mit de Lager Beer—
Afay in de ewigkeit !

Charles Godfrey Leland.

A WITCH IN WARSAW.

I suppose I came into the salon very quietly; the great gold and white doors are never shut, but there are velvet portieres to be lifted, and people can, intentionally or unintentionally, slip through as silent as ghosts. Ishould certainly have coughed or kicked over a footstool if I had known that I should find Pauline Lubimoff, my hostess, bending over young Boroff, who was on his knees before her. They started apart, the Countess with a little cry of, "my bracelet; be careful where you tread, ma belle." Lieutenant Boroff groped about on the carpet for a few seconds before he rose to his feet. "It is no matter," said Pauline, regaining her self possession and her usual cold, bored tones; "I can send Zelie to find it while we are dressing."

Boroff took this perhaps as a hint for him to go ; he bowed low over the Countess' hand, and I crossed over to the window and looked out into the gray Polish twilight and the ill lighted street below, for if they whispered anything together I preferred to know nothing about it; then he saluted me very grandly and clanked out of the room.

"I only came to ask you what time we were to dress and dine—what your plans are for this evening?" I said, a little deprecatingly, for I felt I had interrupted a tete-a-tete, which, though it had not my approval, was, after all, no affair of mine.

"Alexander has sent a message that he will not dine at home—he will meet us later at the Embassy; we have four or five hours of peace to ourselves without any men, any husbands—pouf !—if it could be years instead of hours ! So we will enjoy ourselves, ma belle" (my name is Mabel). "We do not often get such an opportunity; we will go together and consult the Witch."

The suggestion of this childish escapade, of which she knew her husband would disapprove, was enough to fill her with the wildest anticipations of amusement. I had no particular desire to accompany her, but she would take no denial. Zelie was rung for and set off in all haste on a mysterious mission to Frau Walther, a certain little dressmaker with whom the Countess had dealings. "Ask for the woman who knits woolen stockings for ladies, Zelie," were the maid's instructions, and then, after about an hour's delay, spent in tea drinking and wrapping up for our expedition, Zelie returned with a demure, "it is alright. gracious lady," and then we took our places in a hackney droschky which the maid had kept at the porte cochere.

I was not quite happy in my long-talked-of, much-thought-of visit to Pauline Lubimoff in her Polish home. There were some things I did not like, many that I did not understand. Pauline and I seemed to be running on completely different lines now, though it was only two years and a half since we were sworn friends and companions in our Paris school together. Count Lubimoff, Pauline's husband, was handsome, courteous and well informed, yet I could not bear him, and was always happier when he was out of the way. I had a suspicion that his wife felt much as I did. He was a Russian official, she was of German-Polish family, and he was always watching, watching, watching—I did not know whom or for what, but the uncomfortable idea remained. Pauline was, as I have said, very variable in temper, never two moments alike; she avoided all the pleasant, semi-confidential chats that I had looked forward to in visiting her in her newly married home. We went out a great deal into smart official society, and she "received" a great deal, Lieutenant Boroff coming to the house very frequently, but generally when the Count was not at home.

To sum it all up, it was "not quite nice" according to my English views, and I was beginning to wish that I had not tied myself to a promised six weeks' visit, less than which seemed at first sight scarcely worth while coming for.

But whatever I did or did not like in Warsaw, I have always enjoyed one of those wild drives through the streets which you get in a hackney droschky. With a view to reviving a local trade the authorities have criss-crossed the streets with iron, the result being a detestable clamor and a riotous method of driving, which are splendidly inspiring nevertheless.

At one corner we met another furiously advancing vehicle, and in a moment our wheels were locked; our driver and his opponent immediately stood up and began to belabor one another with the butt ends of their whips. Indeed, the opposition man jumped on to our front seat and banged our Peter about the shoulders, but the latter, with a dexterous jerk, disentangled the wheels, flung the strange driver backwards into his own empty carriage, and drove triumphantly on.

"Peter," screamed Pauline, who knew this driver well and employed him when, as today, she did not want to use her own carriage, "where has that unhappy man fallen?"

"God knows," observed Peter piously. He routed under the horse cloth and brought out a fine yellow pear, into which he dug his sharp, fox like teeth with gusto, glancing at us over his shoulder the while and urging his horse down a narrow side street.

"You cannot tame us any more than you can tame the Irish," muttered my companion. I noticed, though I didn't remark it in words, that she, the wife of a Russian officer, identified herself with the Polish party, and the trifle made me vaguely uncomfortable.

With a word to Peter to wait for us, we left the droschky at the corner of the Elbow street and entered a dingy, gray pile of buildings, let out in flats to people of the lower middle class. We climbed an unsavory staircase, leading apparently to the sky, till we reached a shabby door on the fourth floor. Here Pauline rang, a small trap dropped inside.

"Is the woman who knits woolen stocking for ladies here ?" and the counter sign, "Stockings for ladies, yes," being duly asked and given, the door opened and we walked straight into a large room blazing with the light of several kerosene lamps, all brightly trimmed, and decorated in German fashion, with huge bunches of artificial roses.

The room was rather bare of furniture, save where the hump backed dress maker, Frau Walther, lay in bed, surrounded by gaudy pictures of the saints; beside her, on a box, was a pile of materials at which the young apprentice who had admitted us was snipping and measuring, and in a further corner, remote and motionless, stood the woman we had come to seek, the witch, about whom the Warsaw ladies whispered and wondered over their teacups.

Pauline went over to the dress maker's bedside and spoke to her in German.

"Here we are—you have kept your promise and fetched her?"

"Ah, yes, gracious lady ! It was not a place for the ladies to go to, as I told Mademoiselle Zelie, and would certainly have caused suspicion. She is accustomed to come here and meet my ladies, and I trust she will give the gracious ladies satisfaction."

This seemed such an unprofessional way of speaking of a witch that I felt half inclined to laugh, but a glance at the frowsy bundle of a woman in the corner checked me. She was more like the traditional ogress of a fairy tale, a creature of vast bulk and clumsy movements, but with quick, malevolent eyes gleaming from a lowering, expressionless face. She suddenly emitted some uncouth sounds, which Frau Walther translated as a call to begin business.

First there were the windows and the door to be covered securely from possible peeping without. The witch attended to this herself, and divested herself of several shawls and unattractive looking wraps for the purpose, without seeming to diminish her size or shapelessness of figure; then she sat down like a vast haycock of rags, and sorted a filthy pack of cards upon her knee.

"I will take you first," said the witch unceremoniously to Pauline, and then followed curt instructions as to the arrangement of the dirty cards (which my friend first touched with fastidious fingers, then grasped tremulously as her interest increased) and muttered sentences, many of which I could not follow, owing to the mixed character of the language in which they were spoken.

But I could see that the Countess was deadly pale, that her eyes seemed to have contracted with anxiety to specks of burning fire, that she was devouring the old woman's words with an intensity which read a curiously underlying meaning in the sing song phrases. Suddenly she jumped up hastily, upsetting all the cards, and pushing me into her place, began to collect the pack from the floor with shaking hands. "Give my friend her turn now," she said, trying to speak in her natural voice.

"There is but one combination still unexplained, and then your fate is told," said the witch meaningly, laying two cards side by side apart from the rest. Pauline glanced at them—no doubt they bore a certain identification with two persons already specified, to her mind.

"Is it a union?" she asked in a low voice.

"Yes, it is a union," the witch replied; "a union in death."

"And now for your English miss," she said, turning to me, "nay, let the cards lie; never two lives from one pack at the same time," and from the intricacies of her rags she dealt out a still more disgustingly dirty selection of cards than before. "You English ladies lead such quiet, respectable lives I shall not frighten you," she added, arranging the symbols of my fortune on the table before us.

Well, it was very odd, and how did she do it?

This was what we asked each other, when having said her say, she suddenly grasped her cards together, and rising abruptly began to unfasten the shawls from the windows and re-envelope herself for the road, in sign of our dismissal. Pauline handed two roubles to the dress maker, the stipulated price, which, however, the principal was too dignified to demand personally ; then, with a shrinking "good evening," we slipped out of the room, down the grimy staircase, and regained Peter's droschky at the corner of the Elbow street with a mutual gasp of relief.

"But I tell you it is all nonsense," Pauline reiterated a hundred times as we dashed along toward home. "She is clever, but she did not deceive me. She had got hold of names and people—she had frightened Frau Walther into telling her things, or Zelie perhaps gossiped. As for your going home to England to-morrow, that is moonshine. Pouf ! You will stay two months with us, ma belle, and prove to me what I know already, that she is a rare old swindler, that witch."

But though she talked and laughed incessantly, I guessed that Pauline had heard more than she liked. Later on she voted the Embassy ball horribly slow, and came away before the cotillon, thereby desperately disappointing young Boroff, who had engaged her for it a week before, and I fancy, considerably surprising her husband, who said nothing, though he was extra attentive in getting her wraps for our early return home, eyeing her with quiet, comprehensive watchfulness under which she seemed more than ever uncomfortable.

It was barely eleven o'clock when we entered the Lubimoffs' apartments. Pauline was generally game to sit up to any hour, but tonight she kissed me hurriedly, murmuring something about a long day and was retiring immediately, when some stupid impulse made me say, "Did you remember to tell Zelie to search for your bracelet?"

"Bracelet, what bracelet?" asked the Count suspiciously.

"A bracelet which I dropped this afternoon and which I would not let Mabel look for, lest in her British vigor she should tread upon it," Pauline replied. "Zelie found it before we went out; I forgot to tell you."

I said no more, though it occurred to me that treading light had been my offense in the afternoon.

Next day I left Warsaw, summoned home by a telegram, which, though happily not containing bad news, was of sufficient family importance to cut short my visit. Count Lubimoff saw me off himself, with every possible courtesy. Pauline at the last clung to me in a paroxysm of grief, which our parting, after the realization of a decidedly cooled friendship, did not altogether justify. I could only account for her tears and entreaties that I would not go by attributing them to the abject fear at the curious fulfillment of the witch's prediction as regarded myself; if my fate came true, how about her own?

How about Pauline Lubimoff's fate, indeed? She was not much of a correspondent, and letters languished between us after I had been home a few weeks. It was from the newspapers in the spring of the following year that I gathered the account of the Boroff conspiracy, and certain that it must concern the dashing young lieutenant of cavalry, who body belonged to the Czar's army, but whose heart had never joined the service, I wrote off to Pauline at once, full of interest and inquiries. But my letter returned through the Dead Letter Office months afterward. Pauline Lubimoff was no longer a living woman, only a number, where the numbers ran to hundreds, in a Siberian prison gang.

The Czar has advanced Count Alexander Lubimoff for the magnificent diplomacy which led to the discovery of the Boroff treason, and for the Spartan firmness with which he gave up even his own wife to his Imperial master's service. I wonder sometimes if his chilly blue eyes have lost their look of tireless watchfulness. And my poor Pauline—my pretty butterfly Pauline with her childish April moods and impulses, her wild Polish heart and stern Russian surroundings—has she found in her Siberian death in life that "union" which was predicted by the witch in Warsaw?—By G. B. Stuart, in *Philadelphia Times*.

Gold Bar Missing.

Metal Valued at $20,000 Disappears from an Express Car. It was Consigned to Buffalo, and the Express Messenger Reported the Loss at Detroit—Detectives Searching for it.

A bar of gold said to be valued at $20,000 to $23,000, disappeared from the express car of Wabash train No. 4, which arrived at Detroit, Friday night from the West at 8 o'clock and left for Buffalo at midnight.

The property was in charge of the Pacific Express company, and was consigned to Buffalo. Just as soon as the messenger missed the gold, he notified the local express agent of the company, who in turn asked the police department to assist in the search of the missing treasure.

Every available detective of Chief McDonald's staff was assigned to the case, and private detectives were also retained to assist.

Pending the general manager's arrival no details will be given out at the local office. It is supposed that the gold was shipped from some Western mine. The bar was missed just before the train pulled out for the East.

At 1:30 o'clock Captain McDonnell, chief of detectives, said that his men had discovered no clue to the whereabouts of the missing gold. The precious bar was checked out by the incoming messenger in the customary manner and receipted for at the company's office in the Union depot. The outgoing messenger then checked it and receipted for it.

The value of the bar, as given to the police is $23,000. At 2 o'clock the promised statement from Superintendent Newball had not been issued.

Woman's Terrible Triple Crime.

Killed Daughter and Mother, Then Set Fire to Her Home and Perished in the Flames.

Mrs. James Strowbridge, of Guyanoga village, in Yates county. N. Y., recently killed her daughter. aged twenty-six years, and her mother, aged eighty years, then, after setting fire to the house in which the bodies lay, deliberately entered it and perished in the flames. She also set fire to two barns in which were eighteen head of cattle and three horses. When several men tried to release the animals the frenzied woman fired at them with a revolver and drove them away a short distance. While they hesitated she suddenly cut her throat, filled a pail of water at the well, thrust a quantity of hay and straw into it and replacing the whole mass on her head, rushed into the blazing house in which her charred body and those of her daughter and mother were found after the fire had burned itself out.

The three women lived a hermit life, working on the farm like men and often wearing men's clothing. They are supposed to have been well-to-do. Mrs. Strowbridge is belived to have gone suddenly mad.

Too Precious.

A village clergyman had this choice bit among his annals: One day he was summoned in haste by Mrs. Johnson who had been taken suddenly ill. He went in some wonder, because she was not of his parish, and was known to be devoted to her own minister, the Rev. Mr. Hopkins. While he was waiting in the parlor, before seeing the sick woman he beguiled the time by talking with her daughter.

"I am very much pleased to know that your mother thought of me in her illness," he said. "Is Mr. Hopkins away?"

The young lady looked unfeignedly shocked.

"No," she said. "Oh, no! But we're afraid it's something contagious, and we didn't want to run any risks."—*Youth's Companion.*

Left in the Nest.

A lady who had moved into a remote district of the West found it almost impossible to keep her "help." One after another girls came on from her country home in the East, and were married before, as the deserted housewife said, "they had time to wash the dinner dishes. Finally she sent for a severe looking maiden of advanced years who had no opinion of masculine blandishments. On the day of the maid's arrival a miner called at the kitchen door for a glass of water. He looked at her, drank the water, expressed his thanks briefly, and then went round to the front of the house, where the mistress herself was sweeping off the steps.

"Well," said he, lazily, taking off his hat, "looks as if you'd got a nest egg now !" *Youth's Companion.*

How Indians Poison Arrows.

Preparing the Deadly Weapons Used by the Savage Tribes.

The three old hags in "Macbeth" droning their

Double, double, toil and trouble ;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble,

as they boil snake filet, newt eye, lizard legs, dog tongue and the like, were horrible enough. The original Indian poisoners, the Indians of the Southwest, who doctored up their arrowheads until they were more deadly than the swiftest Mauser of the barred Dumdum bullet, followed a formula even more grewsome.

The Spaniards found them practicing poisoning when they first landed on these shores. The red men took the leg of an Indian who had been killed, filled it with barbs, hung it in the air against the sun and allowed it to fester for many days. The barbs were removed and, without cleaning, hung out in the air to dry. When the Spanish came the Indians changed their formula to the extent of using a Spanish leg. If the victim was redheaded the poison was considered the more deadly, because of an alleged greater warmth in flesh that raised red hair. The result was a most malignant poison, which defied cure.

Scientists have been studying the poisoned arrow subject recently, and a great deal of new information has developed. Some of this was made public recently at the annual meeting of the American Society for the Advancement of Science in Washington, which for that meeting at least affiliated with the American Folk Lore society. The basis for this study seems to be the reports collected for the king of Spain in 1725. The method of the Indians are described in part as follows :

"Their bows were made of black palm trees, the wood whereof was extraordinary hard, a fathom in length and some more; their arrows long and sharp. and so poisoned that they were certain death, if ever they drew blood, so that few or none of those that were wounded ever recovered."

Dr. W. J. McGee, United States commissioner of the newly established commission for the promotion of archaeologic and ethnologic research in the three Americas, recently addressed the Folk Lore society in New York, advancing the opinion that the poison of the Indians was largely shamonistic. This is to say, the poison was often applied to the bow instead of the arrows, or certain spells were uttered or cast upon weapons which it was thought would cause the death of those the arrow struck. In speaking of this poisoning Dr. McGee said :

"A poisoned arrow usually begins to operate within three days after the wound is given, and performs its effect in seven days afterward ; in which time the patient raves, eats and gnaws his own flesh, beats his head against the wall and so dies. The Spaniards desirous to know a remedy or antidote against this poison, persuaded the Indians both by promises and threats to give them the receipt of it, but could not prevail until such time as they wounded one of those they had taken, and then giving him liberty to go abroad to seek his remedy, they observed that he gathered two sorts of herbs, which he stamped and pounded several times, and drank the juice of one of them, and the other he injected into his wound ; but first he opened the wound and drew out the barbs of the arrow, which are very fine and thin, and are left in the flesh after the shaft is taken out; for unless the wound be first cleared thereof, the herb can have no effect; and in this manner the Indian cured himself. Having made this discovery the Spaniards used the same antidote with varying results, as they had not the art to clear the wound.

"Poisoned arrows are of two kinds, made either of palm wood or of slender reeds that grow by the sides of the rivers. and, instead of iron at the points, they are finished with fish scales or pieces of flint, anointed with a black bitumen, a beastly mixture moistened with snake's blood. These ingredients are placed over a fire in an open field and boiled with great trouble and diligence till it is brought to perfection. So injurious was the vapor that the person looking to it sometimes died from the effects.

"Another poisonous composition was made of 14 ingredients. and another of 24; one that killed in three days, another in five and another later, while sometimes it was found that the wounded person lived as many days as the poison had been made.

"The natives of Guadeloupe had what they called 'arrow plant.' The leaves of this plant were as long as a palm, three inches wide, bright green, and polished as smooth as satin. They bear little flowers like Lizeron, but with divided petals, violet-colored on the outside and white inside, shut up during the day and open at night. The savages value this plant highly, and not without reason, because each day's experience proved the rare and estimable qualities it possessed. Its roots, pounded and applied to arrow wounds, poisoned with mencinnille, entirely destroyed the venom.

"The mencinille tree of the West Indies bears a fruit that resembles the little Paradise apples, although they are the apples of the infernal regions and of death, as dangerous to the body of those who eat it as was Adam's apple to the soul. Its appearance invites one to touch it and to eat it, but only to touch it raises blisters and whelks to the hand, while to eat it is to swallow death.

"The Caribs make use of this tree to poison their arrows. They make an opening in the bark and insert the arrow, which absorbs the liquid as it runs out, white as milk, but thicker and more gummy, like turpentine. When fighting, care is taken that the arrows make two cuts, for the purpose that when the point has entered the flesh the rest of the arrow drops to the ground, separating from the head, and thus the poisoned part of the arrow remains longer in the wound, there often being trouble in finding it at all.

"The arrows used by the Caribs in hunting large game have a point that is not poisoned. Those used for little birds have on the end a button of cotton, such as are on the foils. They kill without piercing, without shedding the blood, and thus spoiling the feathers. Those used by them for fishing are of a single piece of wood, and have a tolerably large barb, with a cord tied to the butt end. This cord has attached to it a piece of light wood. When the fish feels the wound he swims away, but the light wood keeps him upon the water, always makes his whereabouts known, the Carib swims to it, and, following the cord, catches the fish.

"When preparing for battle the natives of Martinique had a way of digging round holes in which they planted poisoned arrows lightly covered with leaves, with a little earth on top, entrapping the enemy by drawing him to this unique deathbed."

——The Clearfield county home now has 160 inmates. Six persons were recently discharged from the institution who deserved to support themselves.

Collins on the Stand.

Delaware Farmer Positively Denies Killing His Wife. Contradicts Girl's Testimony. Prosecution Closes Its Case by Producing a Witness Who Says He Heard Accused Tell His Wife "I Will Kill You Before Morning."

The State closed its case Friday in the trial of Elmer Collins, charged with the murder of his wife, Ilda, on their farm near Georgetown, Del., in April of last year and the defendant took the stand in his own behalf. When Collins took the stand he detailed his movements at the time the murder was committed, and positively denied that he had committed it. He also contradicted the testimony of the Rhoades girl, who testified of her relations with the defendant. During the recital of the details surrounding the discovery of the body, Collins broke down and wept for some minutes.

The prosecution closed its case by springing another sensation. It called to the stand Harrison Wrotten, who lived near the Collins farm.

Mr. Ward asked : "Do you remember the day Mrs. Collins was killed ?" "Yes."

"Where were you living then ?" "With James Low."

"Did you pass the Collins house the day before the murder ?" "Yes."

"Where were you going ?" "From the fish grounds to Low's, along the Portsville road."

"Was anyone with you ?" "Yes; one man and two boys."

"What did you hear as you passed the Collin's house ?" "I heard words. I heard quarreling. I hurried the boys along. As we passed I saw a man standing on the porch."

"Did you hear what was said ?"

"Yes; the man's voice said : 'I will kill you between this and morning.' These words were loud. There were others I couldn't hear well."

"Have you ever seen Collins ?" "Yes."

Collins was asked to stand up and was identified by Wrotten, who then continued : "The next time I saw Collins it was after the murder. He was kneeling in a wagon, praying. I heard him ask the Lord to forgive him for what he had done. The wagon was moving at the time."

Cross-examination was bitter, and the witness was asked if he didn't frequently change his residence. He replied : "Yes; I always move on when I don't like my work."

Charles F. Richards Saturday afternoon opened the case for the defense by saying that he would disclose to the court and jury that the defendant was a Sussex county boy with the usual education of a country boy except for a six-months term in a Dover academy. He said that they would give in detail what was done by the family on the 11th of April up until dark and would show that there was company at the house. He also said that they would show beyond any doubt that the wife was living on the morning of April 12th, when Collins went to the field. He would show that they had no trouble during the six years they lived together.

"We will show to you that there were tracks leading across the field and that a man was seen crossing the branch that morning, and that a strange man on a bicycle was near the place on April 11th. And if the court will allow us will prove that this is the man who committed the murder."

Soufriere a Fine Sight.

The eruption of La Soufriere, in Kingston, St. Vincent, which began Saturday continued and increased in activity during the night, until it became almost violent at 7 o'clock Saturday morning. At 8:30 o'clock that morning its violence was unabated and the spectacle was awe-inspiring.

The crater is belching forth dense black clouds, which rise heavenward, accompanied by loud, roaring and flashes that rend the spreading pall of smoke which now envelopes the entire island in darkness. Electrical discharges occurred at intervals during the night, while at daybreak the sunlight playing on the stupendous volcanic clouds produced exceedingly beautiful effects.

Relying upon the scientific opinion that Kingston, although covered with heavy clouds, which completely obscure the sun, is not in danger, the population shows no alarm. According to advices from Chateau Belair dark sand is falling there, and Point-a-Pitre reports that strong detonations were heard there throughout the night and morning.

CHILPANCINGO, Mexico, March 22.—There was a sharp earthquake shock accompanied by subterranean noises at La Union that afternoon. An earthquake shock also was felt at Zihuatanejo.

Twenty-Five Poisoned at a Church Festival.

Arsenic Was Placed in the Ice Cream They Ate.

Twenty-five people were poisoned by eating ice cream at a church festival given by the Free Methodist congregation at Walborn run, two miles from Brockwayville Thursday night. The social was given at the home of Mrs. Anna Starr for the benefit of the church. Shortly after the affair was in progress several of the guests were taken violently ill and in a short time twenty-five men, women and children, who had been enjoying the festivities, were unconscious.

Physicians say that arsenic or some other deadly poison was placed in the ice cream. It is said that a clue to the perpetrator of the deed has been discovered. No arrests have yet been made, but some startling developments are promised.

Nearly all of those affected were thrown into convulsions, and many are not yet out of danger, though no deaths were reported up to Monday evening. Physicians are working hard over the patients, and it is thought the fatalities will be few if any. They agree that the symptoms are those of arsenic poisoning, and the general belief is that the poison was put into the ice cream, knowingly, and with murderous intent.

Hetty Satisfied.

Richest Woman in America Sells Chicago Church to Pay Claim for Money.

The Fifth Presbyterian church of Chicago was sold under the hammer for $14,774.55 in the Real Estate Board rooms at 11 o'clock Saturday morning. The purchase was made by the Trinity Methodist Episcopal church of Chicago, represented by Attorney A. M. Pence. The sale was the outcome of a foreclosure suit brought by Mrs. Hetty Green.

Attorney Pence offered to pay $14,774.55 for the property, and, as this was the largest bid, it was accepted. This amount corresponds with the sum due Mrs. Green, and will enable the trustees of the church to satisfy her claim in its entirety.

——Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Pennell's Alleged Letter.

Said to Have Written Mrs. Burdick that He Felt that He Must Kill Her Husband.

District Attorney Coatsworth hopes to finish the Burdick inquest on Monday, but he is not certain that another day will not be needed. First he will call Mrs. Burdick, the widow of the murdered man. While she is on the stand a sensational letter will probably be shown to her for identification and explanation. It was written to her months ago by Arthur R. Pennell, who was then in New York. In this letter Pennell, referring to Burdick, wrote : "I feel that I must kill him."

The district attorney denied on Wednesday that the letter was in his possession. The friends of Burdick insist, however, that the letter will be produced as soon as Mrs. Burdick is called to the witness stand. They are certain that it is authentic, and do not believe that the widow will deny having received it.

Pennell's hatred of Burdick was well known to the authorities. The details of the strained, even hostile, relations between the two men now dead were gathered immediately after the murder of Burdick and before the death of Pennell. When the police called on Pennell he said frankly that the relations between him and Burdick were strained.' They learned, too, of the angry words that passed between Burdick and Pennell when they met in an office one day. Burdick had told his partner, Mr. Parke, of his meeting with Pennell. Pennell's talks about Burdick after the murder were not confined to the police. Four days before he and his wife were dashed into the quarry at Kensington he told a reporter of his intention to make a statement about Burdick.

"Some may say it comes with ill grace to abuse a dead man," said Pennell, "but when the times comes for me to make a statement in defense of myself from what some newspapers are printing about me I intend to let the people know just what kind of a man Burdick was. It's pretty hard to sit still and see them making him out a saint and painting a lot of others black. I did not like him and he did not like me, and we both knew it, and I told the police frankly we were not on good terms and that our relations were strained. That we were not friendly is a reason why his death, coming at this time, was one of the worst things that could happen to me."

Then Pennell turned to what agitated him more than anything else, the possibility that the newspapers would go into details of his meetings with Mrs. Burdick and of his having seen her within a few days of the murder. Every day between the death of Burdick and his own death Pennell had his mind on his intended statement. He even told about it to the barber who shaved him on the morning before his death. Pennell's dislike of Burdick dead was as apparent as his dislike of Burdick living, but he never intimated to the police or the reporters that he hated him enough to kill him. Once he said that dragging in Mrs. Burdick's name was enough to drive him crazy.

Burdick's friends hope to show by this newly found letter that Pennell was in the mood to kill Burdick months before Burdick brought the divorce suit in which he named Pennell as correspondent. The manner in which this letter was discovered has not yet been made clear. Some say it was found in the Burdick house, others that it was in Burdick's office. The fact remains that Mr. Burdick before his death obtained possession of certain letters and papers of Mrs. Burdick.

Some of Burdick's friends insist that although Burdick did not keep all his papers at his home, the person who murdered him thought he had some desired letters or papers in the den, and that after killing Burdick the murderer rifled the drawer of the table in the den, hoping to obtain the letters or papers. If so, the murderer failed to steal from Burdick's coat some letters from the father of Mrs. Warren, of Cleveland, the woman referred to Wednesday by Mrs. Paine as Burdick's "little friend." All this talk is like the testimony of Charles S. Parks—intended to involve Pennell. The police are not content to dump the Burdick murder on Pennell and say : "That job's done." They must have some proof before a dead man is branded as a murderer, or even is accepted as a part solution of the mystery.

If Pennell got into the Burdick house through the kitchen window, as Mr. Parke suggested at the inquest Wednesday, who unlocked the window on the inside? The other window was found locked, and Katie Koenig, the second girl, says both windows were locked when she went to bed. If Pennell got in by the front door, who let him in? Was it Burdick, clad only in an undershirt? If Burdick was asleep or lying in the den when the murderer entered by the front door, who opened the door to let the murderer in? If the murderer had a key, who gave the key to him? Parke suggested Wednesday that Pennell had a key. The autopsy has shown that the partly eaten lunch on the table was not touched by Burdick. Did the murderer eat part of it, with six other persons in the house? These and other questions embody problems that the police say must be solved if the accusation is to be maintained that Pennell did the murder without an accomplice. The "hired assassin" included in Parke's accusation meets little consideration from the police. They think a hired assassin would have done a quick job and fled without waiting for lunch or stopping to wrap up the body of his victim.

The district attorney has nothing to say as to the results of the inquest up to date. A great part of his questioning during the three days dealt with the possibility of the murder having been committed without the knowledge or suspicion of any person in the household, and with the apparent unwillingness of some members of the family to assist the police. In those three days testimony filling 500 pages was taken, and as all but a few questions were asked by Mr. Coatsworth it is not strange that his throat is raw and his voice gone.

Baby Ginsburg's Long Sleep.

Peculiar Case Made the Subject of an Interesting Clinic.

Sarah Ginsburg, the 19-months-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Ginsburg, of No. 1021 South Fourth street, who has been sleeping continually for a week, was the subject of a clinic by Dr. Graham at the Jefferson Hospital Saturday morning. The physician said that the condition of the child was extremely critical. The baby's temperature had risen, and her pulse was more rapid. No efforts were made at the time to arouse her. The doctors at the hospital say the case is one of the rarest and most peculiar on record.

The child was not taken home, but will remain in the hands of the hospital authorities.

——No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.