

THE SANDMAN

The Sandman comes across the land At evening, when the sun is low; Upon his back a bag of sand— His step is soft and slow. I never hear his gentle tread, But when I bend my sleeping head, 'The Sandman's coming!' mother says, And mother tells the truth—always!

THE BABY FROM RUGGLE'S DIP.

"There's something 'ot to be done about that kid," said Barney, impressively. "Knowin' Jim's feelin' about things the way we do, 't ain't right to let 'is go." "Sort of sackery-dotal—if that's the right name for it," commented a younger man, uncertainly.

No one ventured an opinion on the appropriateness of the word; they were too intent upon the main problem, which appeared as intricate as the maze of iron tracks in the grimy yard where they were standing. The great railway-yard was a vaguely depressing atmosphere that gray November afternoon. Its network of rails looked like an immense spider-web for the entangling of many victims. The locomotives puffing and steaming here and there, moving and stopping with sudden jerks and discordant noises, had something sullen and malevolent in their might; and the massive walls of the shops, in their sooty, greasy somberness, seemed stained by the toil and mourning of generations.

"It is not a singular occurrence only death never comes common enough to lose its element of surprise, and always there were the peculiar features which set each case apart by itself. Here were Jim's wife and baby and the old mother. Women and babies were exceedingly rare at Ruggle's Dip, for the same reason which made the land cheap made it also undesirable as a residence for those who could afford a home. Most of the men with families had their homes in town, or in little cabins scattered along the line; but Jim's crippled mother sorely needed the aid of his strong arm whenever he was off duty, and so his little household had been established at the Dip.

"But he was joined to a big church up in the town, my boy Jim was—big a church as any there is, with pretty red and blue glass windows and a great organ," wailed the old mother, in mingled grief and pride. "And he has goin' to have his baby baptized here. James Willie Kerley, that's what they'd 'a' called him, all writ in the church books, and everything. And now he can't never, never do it—my poor Jim! Seems like I can't stand it better if he'd done for the baby the way he'd planned 'fore he was took."

A gleam of hope came to the dim eyes, but faded again. "No; I've got the rheumatiz, ye see," she explained wearily, as if all the Dip did not know. "I habn't stepped a foot for years, I can't git out of this chair nowhere, and likely Lizzie 'll never be no better 'n she is."

"All the same we 'll fix it, and don't you worry," repeated Barney. It was a vague promise, but a rash one, and its weight pressed more heavily as the days wore on, for Lizzie showed no sign of recovery, and the childish mother urged more persistently. "I wish somebody 'd do what's right by Jim's baby! I wish they would!" Barney's honest brow was growing care-lined.

"Somethin' 's got to be done about that kid," he repeated to the knot of men he had gathered about him in the yard. "He 's got a mother and—grand mother," suggested one of the men, with an uneasy desire to shift responsibility. He became instantly abashed as Dan's reflective gaze fell upon him, and hastened to add, "such as they are."

"And the grandmother 's a cripple, and the mother 's took sick,—nobody knowin' if she 'll ever be better,—and both of 'em a-wailin' every time ye set eyes on 'em how Jim meant to have that boy baptized," supplemented Dan. "That 's aisy enough—jist the praste an' a drop of holy wather," said Mike. Barney shook his head.

"The church Jim was joined to ain't that kind," he explained tolerantly. "It 's some other way they do. But I don't know a blame thing about baptizin'." There was a moment's silence, and then the man who had mentioned the mother and grandmother again ventured into the breach, somewhat hesitatingly. "I 's was to a baptizin' the baby was all rigged out in white flummery, and there was a lot of guardians or responders—somebody that answered questions. They promised, nigh as I could catch on, to pronounce the world, the flesh, and the devil, for the baby."

"Begorra, we 'd do that same, every one of us!" declared Mike, delighted at having the matter assume a militant aspect. "We 'd pronounce all 'em together if they laid a finger on Jim's kid."

"'s how the thing stands; but she wants him to get his baptizin' all the same." "She may understand more than you think, and the mother may rally in a few days," suggested the minister. "They are at Ruggles Dip, I think? I can go there."

Barney moved uneasily. "That 's kind of you," he said, "but 't ain't jist what we want. Jim count on bringin' that kid to the church, to have it done up all orderly and reg'lar. If you say 't would be all right, so 't would pass, if it rimes was performed at the Dip, 't ain't questionin' that it 's out. It 's likely you know all the ins and outs of the business, and I ain't presumin' to put my hands on the throttle, as you might say; but it 's 'is way, we know Jim's feelin' about it, and we 'd like it to be in the church. He had hard times enough himself makin' wild runs before he got a steady place, and it sort of seems as if he 'd like the ki—boy to be entered proper for a reg'lar run. But winter 's comin' on, and there 's no time to wait for folks to get well—'if they ever do get well. What we want to know is, seem there 's no folk of his own 't 'eud to it, if some of us who know his father—"

There was perplexity in the clerical face, and Barney scanned it anxiously. He was making a marvelously long speech for him, but he had thought the matter out amid shrieking of whistles and puffing of engines, and he had not come here to have his argument easily overturned. "If 's anything that ought to be done—the way Jim thought about it—don't seem like it would be fair to bar the kid out jist because there 's none of his own kin to stand up for him. There 's a lot of us willin' to do our best at it, if you can make us do instead."

The faces of the men, grave, strong, and resolute, whom he had seen file into the church three weeks before, arose before Mr. Kendall's vision in severe contrast to some of the airy christening-parties that claimed his services in due order. It might not be "reg'lar," but his sympathies went out strongly toward Barney's proposition. "Yes, you shall stand up for him," cried the boy, "on Sunday afternoon, say?" "Next Sunday afternoon, say?" questioned Barney, wiping perspiration from his forehead. It was a chilly day, but his task had been arduous.

The preliminaries of day and hour were arranged, and again the ambassador hesitated with an anxious thought struggling for utterance—a foreboding suggested by the man who had had experience. "Would there likely be any colliet, or anything, we 'd need to get ready for?" "Colliet?" The minister's thoughts reverted to certain disturbances in his own nursery, but he shook his head. "I hope not; if he is warmly wrapped up, and—no, I think not," he concluded helplessly. "Colliet," repeated Barney, with a patience almost pathetic, "sort of general orders, or somethin' we 'd have to learn?" "No—oh, no. I 'll explain it all when you come, and you jist answer to the questions that are asked you then."

Barney breathed a long sigh of relief. "The boys ain't much on studin', most of 'em," he confessed. "We 'll be here." There was a subdued buzz of excitement and preparation in Ruggle's Dip during the four days that ensued. The old grandmother affirmed herself "all of a tremble," and wore her cap more awry than usual; and though the boys, whom Barney had coached in their duties, would not have admitted any great interest in the forthcoming event, their deeds betrayed them. Every day three or four of them would slip into the house, each alone shamefacedly, with some gift purchased for the baby's wardrobe. They were generous in expenditure, but their widely varying tastes and the great diversity of views in regard to the wearing of garments, particularly as a whole regard for the feelings of the donors rendered it expedient to use as many of the offerings as possible when the important occasion arrived. Still, on the authority of one who assisted at the riting,—no great authority, since she was only the wife of the station pumper,—it may be stated: "If the choiliet looked like a ruminant creature, it did not hurt him any, bless his swate soul!"

The light from the beautiful windows caught the water and changed the drops to rainbow hues as they touched the little bed, and so the baby from Ruggle's Dip was baptized into the name of the Highest. "Oh, I wish there could be singin'!" quavered the old woman, with eyes wet with tears. "I wish there could be singin' at my Jim's boy's baptizin'!"

The place was empty but for one slender, shrinking figure. The shy young wife of the minister had stolen in to witness this ceremony of which her husband had spoken. She was no musician; she stood in awe of the grand choir, and would not for them; but standing there alone, with that pleading old face before her, she softly began the psalm, comfort of generations, with which she rocked her own babies to sleep.

"The Lord 's my shepherd, I 'll not want; In pastures green he leadeth me; The quiet waters by; The minister 's a little lower than the others—until the words died away. "And now he 's had it all, Jim's baby has—the prayin', the singin', the baptizin', and seven godmothers!" murmured the grandmother, in beatific satisfaction. "They 've done for him what 's right, and his name 'll be all writ out in the books—James Willie Kerley—jist like anybody's."

The sun had dropped out of sight behind a mass of gray clouds when the special car ran into the grimy yard at the Dip once more. The guardians of the wheel-chair hurried its occupant away, for the dun sky portended storm; but Barney, carrying in a white bundle, lingered a little. He carefully pulled away a corner of the enveloping blanket, and the first snowflake of the season fell on the little sleeping face. Barney looked down at it. "We 've done our best for you, kid," he whispered. "You 're mighty little and soft and white-like, and I ain't responsible for how long you 'll hold to the track; but nobody can say we didn't give you an all-round good startin'." —By Kate W. Hamilton in the Century Magazine.

He Showed the Widow Why It Was Too Late to Mourn. After the ship which had come from New Zealand was tied up at the wharf Larry O'Brien was told off by one of his shipmates to call upon Mrs. McCarthy and break the news of the death of her husband, which had occurred on shipboard the preceding morning. The Brooklyn Eagle tells how he did it: "Good morning, Mrs. McCarthy!" said he. "Is Denny in?" "Denny?" said the surprised woman. "My Denny?" No, he's not in. Is the ship here yet? "Sure it is. And Denny's not got home yet? That 's queer—unless something has happened him."

Wore Woman's Clothing. Arrest of a Man Who for Twenty Years Has Been Playing Jack-the-Hugger. A mystery of twenty years standing was solved in Westfield, Mass., last Tuesday night by the arrest of Joseph Wilson, a woman's attire. For some years the police had been baffled by the operations of a man, who, disguised in feminine apparel accosted unattended women and hugged and kissed them.

Engine Falls into Salt Lake. Section of the Southern Pacific Cutoff Sinks—Fireman Drowned. Another big section of the Southern Pacific's famous Lucin cutoff sank on Wednesday, and the quagmire in Great Salt Lake claimed another victim.

Quicksilver. It is not universally known that almost 85 per cent. of all the quicksilver consumed in the world is supplied by two mines. One of them is the famous quicksilver mine of Almadin, in Spain. It is a state property, which has been worked for nearly 2000 years. The other one is that of Idria, in Austria, which mine is also state property. Some years ago quicksilver deposits were discovered in Italy, which are now being exploited. Quicksilver is also found, to some extent, in our western States, in Peru and in the interior of China.

He is a Monument Man. John G. Taylor, of West Chester, Carries His Fad to the Limit. Lafayette Is His Favorite. Statues Also to His Wife, the Saviour, and the Virgin Mary, With More to Follow Including His Own.

One of the unique characters of West Chester is John G. Taylor. He has a fad for building monuments, which has developed into a perfect mania, and he has spent thousands of dollars in the gratification of it. The scene of his operations is in the old Lafayette burying ground, adjoining Birmingham Meeting House, of Revolutionary fame, about five miles from West Chester. After a long struggle, through the purchase of a majority of the stock, Mr. Taylor became absolute master of the ancient graveyard, to the chagrin of the members of the Society of Friends, and here he has erected a group of granite shafts and marble statues at a cost exceeding \$25,000.

Before he reaches the limit of his mania it is predicted that Mr. Taylor will have spent more than \$50,000 in the monument line, as he doesn't propose to stop until he has exhausted his fortune, reserving only a sufficient amount to see that they are kept in good condition after he has been called to his fathers. TO HIS WIFE, THE VIRGIN AND SAVIOUR. At the head of his private lot, wherein lie the remains of his father, mother, wife and other relatives, he has erected an imposing shaft on the top of which, in a graceful kneeling pose, is a life-size statue of his wife in white marble, the work of a noted Carrara (Italy) sculptor, while at the foot stand two marble statues of Jesus Christ and of the Virgin Mary, at the feet of the latter standing two figures representing cherubim.

THE LAFAYETTE STATUE. A few yards distant stands the imposing shaft erected to the memory of General Lafayette. It is built of granite on a pyramidical base, and stands 45 feet high. It is Mr. Taylor's purpose eventually to cap it with a bronze statue of the distinguished Frenchman. At the foot of the shaft there are places at the four corners of the capstone for the busts of four French officers, who participated in the battle of Brandywine. Their names and dates of their birth are chiseled thus in the granite: General Lafayette, born September 6th, 1757; died May 20th, 1834. Casimir Count Pulaski, born 1747; died 1791, at sea. General Count Jean Rochambeau, born 1725; died 1801 in France. General Marquis St. Simon, born 1760; died 1825, in France.

IS INTENSELY PATRIOTIC. Mr. Taylor lives quietly at the Turk's Head hotel, in West Chester. He has made this ancient hostelry his home for thirty consecutive years, and to strangers he is invariably pointed out as "The Monument Man." He has an intense love for everything American, a deep hatred for the enemies of his country, and he fairly glorifies in the heroes of the Revolution. His great-grandfather, Colonel Isaac Taylor, was a member of General Anthony Wayne's staff, and to him also he has erected a handsome shaft. It is expected that the next monument to be placed in position by him will be one to the memory of General Wayne.

When the weather is good Mr. Taylor is accustomed to spend all his time at his graveyard. He will go out in the morning, day after day, and linger by the sides of his monuments until the shades of evening drive him away. The place has become a Mecca for the public, and hundreds of people come from far and near to view his expensive collection of marble and granite. He has made a provision that when he shuffles off his mortal coil his body shall be frozen as hard as it can be done and that there shall be no speaking at either the house or the grave. He has already selected his pallbearers, and made provision for their pay.

Germany's Empress Hurt. Thrown From Horse While Riding in the Grunewald Forest. Right Arm Broken—Prince Adalbert Was With His Mother at the Time of the Accident—Her Horse Stumbled. The empress was thrown from her horse while riding at Grunewald last Friday and her right arm was broken. Later advices show the empress slightly fractured her forearm as the result of a fall from her horse, which stumbled while she was riding in the Grunewald forest last Friday morning. The empress, who was accompanied by Prince Adalbert, her third son, and her suite, was assisted to the hunting lodge after her fall and a surgeon was telephoned for, with the result that a physician was sent to the lodge in an automobile, which was driven at the highest possible speed.

Headquarters in Johnstown. State Board of Health Will Fight Small-pox from Cambria County. Johnstown has been selected by the State Board of Health as the headquarters of the sanitary campaign against smallpox in Western Pennsylvania, which the board will shortly begin. The State Board's decision is one result of the action of Governor Pennypacker, recently, in attaching his signature to the emergency bill giving the board \$50,000 with which to stamp out the smallpox epidemic. The board is absolutely untrammelled in its expenditure of the money, all the legislators require being results in the way of eradicating the plague.

It is understood that Dr. W. R. Bhat, who had been connected with the Philadelphia board of health, as a medical inspector for some years, and is an expert in smallpox, has been appointed to the important post there. He is expected to arrive in a few days.

For Clerks and Carriers. Civil Service Examination Will be Held in Town on May 6th.

The United States civil service commission announces that on May 6th, 1903, an examination will be held for the positions of clerk and carrier in the postoffice service in this city. This examination offers an excellent opportunity for entering the Federal service to bright, energetic young persons who are not afraid of hard work, and as previous examinations have failed to result in a sufficient number of eligibles, the commission urges all persons who are qualified, and who may desire to enter the postoffice service, to apply for and take this examination. It may be stated that there is a wider field for advancement upon merit in the Federal service than in many private employments. While the salary in the postoffice service is usually about \$500 or \$600 per annum at the start, this amount compares favorably with the compensation of a beginner in private employment.

This examination will be held in order to give all persons who desire to apply an opportunity to be examined for positions in this office. It is intended hereafter, in case no eligibles result from the clerk carrier examinations, to fill vacancies in this office by selections from any register of the civil service commission which may have been established as the result of a first or second grade examination, selections being made of persons who are residents of this city or this part of the state, and not more than one clerk-carrier examination will be held during each year unless eligibles can not be secured from the other registers. This notice is given in order that the persons who may desire to become eligible for positions in this office may file their applications and enter this examination.

The nature of the examination is a test of practical, general intelligence and of adaptability in postoffice work. The examination will consist of spelling, arithmetic, letter writing, penmanship, copying from plain copy, United States geography, reading addresses. Age limit, all positions, 18 to 45 years. From the eligibles resulting from this examination it is expected that certification will be made to existing and future vacancies. All applicants, male and female, must have the medical certificate in Form 101, executed as indicated in the form. Male applicants must be at least 4 feet 4 inches in height, exclusive of boots or shoes, and weigh not less than 125 pounds in ordinary clothing, without overcoat or hat.

This examination is open to all citizens of the United States who comply with the requirements without regard to whether they have been examined within the past year. Competitors will be rated without regard to any consideration other than the qualifications shown in their examination papers, and eligibles will be certified only in accordance with the civil service law and rules. For application blank (Form 101), full instructions, specimen examination questions, and information relative to the duties and salaries of the different positions, and the location of the examination room, application should be made to the secretary of the board of examiners at the postoffice.

No application will be accepted for this examination unless filed with the undersigned prior to the hour of closing business on April 18, 1903. WILL H. GARMAN, Sec. Postal Board. Bellefonte, Pa.

Two Men Swept Away and Drowned in a Swift Stream. People Stand Helpless on the Banks and Follow Humans Sink to Death. Wife of One Victim Witnesses Tragedy. A double drowning occurred at Sharon at 5:15 o'clock on Friday afternoon in the Shenango river, within sight of several hundred people, but no effort was made to save the lives of the unfortunate men.

The victims were Gaylord H. Locke, aged 35 years, a lifelong resident of Sharon, and his nephew, Frederick Mapous, aged 19 years. Locke and Mapous drove a horse into the river at the foot of Silver street to wash a buckboard. The current is quite swift at this point. They apparently got into a sinkhole, for the horse, wagon and two men were swept down stream into deep water. When they realized it would be impossible to get the horse out of the two began swimming toward shore. When the men were seen struggling in the water scores of men rushed to the river bank with ropes and planks to aid them, but they were so far out they could not be reached. After making a brave fight both sank at a point about 100 feet from where they went in.

Mrs. Locke was an eyewitness to the tragedy. As she saw her husband battling for life she cried: "My God, will no one save him?" Then he sank under the water and she almost collapsed. Locke was one of Sharon's best known citizens. He was born in that city 38 years ago and is survived by his wife, one daughter and one son. Mapous came to Sharon about seven months ago from Conneaut Lake. He was employed in his uncle's place of business and was unmarried. Immediately after the accident boats were secured and the river was dragged with gapping hooks. Mapous' body was found first and shortly afterward that of Locke was brought to shore. Loafers Routed in a Unique Manner. The tenants of a Cleveland office building annoyed by the presence of a number of men who made it a point to "loaf" about the entrance of the building, have solved the problem of keeping them away by placing the following sign on the door:

WANTED—Twenty-five loafers to hang around the doorway and obstruct the passage of ladies who desire to enter the building.

There was a scattering of the "loafers," when the notice appeared, and now the sign is the only reminder that the crowd had previously bothered the occupants of the building. Baby Born With Two Heads. Bright and Healthy and Has Extra Wide Shoulders—Physicians Say It Will Live. A girl baby, with two perfectly developed heads, was born to Mr. and Mrs. H. Farrell, of Boggs Run, near Wheeling, W. Va., Friday night. The little one is bright and healthy and there is no irregularity in the features of either face. The heads resemble each other closely. The only thing peculiar about the development of the child is the extra width of the shoulders. The baby, physicians say, will live beyond a doubt.