Democratic Watchman.

but faded again.

better 'n she is."

more persistently.

supplemented Dan.

"He's got a mother and-grand moth-

er," suggested one of the men, with an uneasy desire to shift responsibility. He

became instantly abashed as Dan's reflec-tive gaze fell upon him, and hastened to add, "such as they are."

Jim meant to have that boy baptized,'

dhrop of holy wather," said Mike. Barney shook his head.

know a blame thing about baptizin'."

collict or something," he said.

"It's this way," said Barney, earnestly.

run; but we all know what his plans was.

information at hand drew back hastily.

'That 's aisy enough—jist the praste an

There was a moment silence, and then

and grandmother again ventured into the

lined.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 3, 1903.

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 sleepy head, "The Sandman's coming !" mother says, And mother tells the truth-always!

He glides across the sunset hills To seek each little child like me. Our all-day-tired eyes to fill With sands of sleep from slumber's sea. I try my best awake to stay, But I am tired out with play : "I'll never see him !" mother says. And mother tells the truth-always !

I guess he's old, with silver hair, He's up so late; He has to go To lots of children, everywhere. At evening, when the sun is low His cloak is long, and green, and old With pretty dreams in every fold-His shoes are silken, mother says, And mother tells the truth-always. -Marie va 2 Vorst, in Harper's Magazin

THE BABY FROM RUGGLES'S DIP.

"There's somethin' got to be done about that kid," said Barney, impressively. "Knowin' Jim's feelin's about things the way we do, 't ain't right to let it go."

Sort of sackery-dotal-if that's the right name for it," commented a younger man, uncertainly.

breach, somewhat hesitatingly: "I was to a baptizin'. The baby was all rigged out in white flummery, and No one volunteered an opinion on the appropriateness of the word; they were too intent upon the main problem, which apthere was a lot of guardians or responsors peared as intricate as the maze of iron -somebody that answered questions. They promised, nigh as I could catch on, tracks in the grimy yard where they were standing. The great railway-yard wore a to trounce the world, the flesh, and the vaguely depressing atmosphere that gray November afternoon. Its network of rails looked like an immense spider-web for the entangling of unwary 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. Outside the grounds a chain of low hills, showing a fringe of straggling, skeleton like trees against the cloudy sky, shut in the little settlement. Toward this boundary more than one of the knot of men about Barney turned meditative eyes, but apparently received no inspiration from the out-"Ruggle's Dip" was, indeed, not an inspiring location. It was said that the railroad company had bought the tract and lo cated its shops there, three miles out of the city, because the ground was cheap. It was sufficiently malarial to account for its cheapness.

Still it was probably the lingering shadow of what had occurred two weeks before, rather than anything in the place itself, which accentuated its dreariness that autumn afternoon. It was scarcely the unexpected, certainly not the unusual, which had happened—"only what is likely to come to any man if he stays on the road long enough," the veteran yard-master had remarked philosophically. There had been wrecks in plenty, and many another man had been brought home as Jim was; but everybody liked Jim, and he was young yet: he had not had time to grow grizzled in the service. He had just been

promoted to a regular place on the engine, and this was to have been his last "wild"

's how the thing stands; but she wants him A gleam of hope came to the dim eyes, to get his baptizin' all the same.' "She may understand more than "No ; I 've got the rheumatiz, ye see,'

think, and the mother may rally in a few she explained wearily, as if all the Dip did not know. "I hain't stepped a foot for years, I can't git out of this chair no-wheres, and likely Lizzie 'll never he no 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 just what we want. Jim counted on seats. bringin' that kid to the church, to have it my Ji "All the same we 'll fix it, and don't you worry," repeated Barney. It was a vague promise, but a rash one, done up all orderly and reg'lar. If you say 't would be all right, so 't would pass, if them rites was performed at the Dip, ! ain't questionin' that it 's so. It 's likely and its weight pressed more heavily as the days wore on, for Lizzie showed no sign of recovery, and the childish mother urged you know all the ins and outs of the business, and I ain't presumin' to put my awe of the grand choir, and would not for "I wisht somebody 'd do what 's right by Jim's baby ! I wisht they would !" hands on the throttle, as you might say; but it 's this way; we knew Jim's feelin's Barney's honest brow was growing careabout it, and we'd like it to be in the church. He had hard times enough him-"Somethin' 's got to be done about that kid," he repeated to the knot of men he had gathered about him in the yard.

self 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, seein' there 's no folks of his own to 'tend to it, if some of us who knew his father-"

add, "such as they are." "And the grandmother 's a cripple, and "how when the probability and the second se There was perplexity in the clerical face, the mother's took sick,-nobody knowin' if she 'll ever be better,-and both of 'em and Barney scanned it anxiously. He was making a marvelously long speech for him, a-wailn' every time ye set eyes on 'em how 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 it's anything that ought to be done "The church Jim was joined to ain't that kind," he explained tolerantly. "It 's some other way they do. But I don't kin to stand up for him. There 's a lot of us willin' to do our best at it, if you can the man who had mentioned the mother 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. Bring the boy," he said with sudden resolve. devil, for the baby." "Begorra; we'd do that same, ivery one of us !" declared Mike, delighted at baving "Next Sunday afternoon, say ?" tioned Barney. wiping perspiration from his forehead. It was a chilly day, but his the matter assume a militant aspect. "We 'd trounce all t'ree of 'em together if they

laid a finger on Jim's kid." Barney still looked doubtful, and the task had been arduous. The preliminaries of day and hour were arranged, and again the ambassador hesiman who had volunteered his experience tated with an anxious thought struggling for utterance—a foreboding suggested by the man who had had experience. searched his memory for further details. "I reckon there 'd be things to learn-

"Would there likely be any collict, or anything, we'd need to get ready for?" "Colic?" The minister's thoughts revert-

"Some folks take to church, and some lon't. Most of us don't, but Jim he did, ed to certain disturbances in his own nursery, but he shook his head. "I hope and was joined to that one up-town. He was countin' on takin' the kid up there to be baptized, whatever that may be, and we all know it, for we heard him sayin' and—no, I think not," he concluded helphow it had to be put off. One Sunday it lessly.

ship here?' tience almost pathetic, 'sort of general or-ders, or somethin' we 'd have to learn?'' "No-oh, no. I'll explain it all when you come, and you just answer to the questions that are asked you then."

"The boys ain't much on studyin', 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 grand-mother affirmed herself "all of a tremble," and wore her cap more awry than usual "I move that Barney be appointed a and though the boys, whom Barney had committee of one to look after this thing— gathered to receive his report and be go and see the parson and find out how the coached in their duties, would not have admitted any great interest in the forthcoming event their deeds betrayed them. push her through," said Dan, with a sud- Every day three or four of them would slip into the house, each alone shamefacedly, with some gift purchased for the haby's

caught the water and changed the drops to rainbow hues as they tonched the little head, and so the baby from Ruggle's Dip was baptized into the name of the Highest. "Ob, I wisht there could be singin' !" quavered the old woman, with eyes wandering to the great organ and the singers' "I wisht 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 the world have lifted up her voice before them : but standing there alone, with that pleading old face before her, she softly bepsalm, comfort of generations, gan the with which she rocked her own babies to sleep :

He makes me down to lie

The quiet waters by.

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-jest 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 the white bundle, lingered a little. He cautiously pulled away a corner of the envel-oping 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 busband, which had occurred on shipboard the preceding summer. The Brooklyn Eagle tells how he did it :

"Good morning, Mrs. McCarthy !" said "Is Denny in ?" "Denny ?" said the surprised woman.

'My Denny?'' No, he's not in. Is the 'Sure it is. And Denny's not got home

yet? That's quare-unless something has happened him." "What would happen him ?" Mrs. Mc-

Carthy asked anxiously. "There's plenty of things can happen a man," said Larry delicately. "He might have got hurt or he might have took sick with the fever. But there's one comfort, as Father McGinnis once said and that is that time heals iv'ry grief."

"What do you mane, Mr. O'Brien ?"

"I mane that if anything happened to Denny you wouldn't feel as bad about it a Comas, who killed General Ross in Baltifew months after it happened as you would right at the time would you ?'

'I suppose not," said Mrs. McCarthy. "I mind whin I lost me first husband I thought I'd never get over it. But, as you say, in a few months it was aisier to bear." 'Then, Mrs. McCarthy, you'll be glad

He is a Monument Man.

to the Limit. Lafayette is His Favorite. Statues Also to His Wife. the Savicur, 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 gratifica-

tion 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 grauite 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

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 white marble statues of Jesus Christ and of the Virgin Mary, at the feet of the latter standing two figures representing cherubin.

All of these statues are encased in glass to protect them from the elements, and are among the most beautiful specimens of

reserved by Mr. Taylor for himself. He has had his grave dug, walled and cemented, and when his time comes all that will be necessary will be the raising of a heavy granite slab and coffin lowered to the place

> A few yards distant stands the imposing shaft erected to the memory of General Lafayette. It is built of granite on a pyramid 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 :

died May 2nd, 1834. Cassimer Count Pulaski, born 1747; died 1791,

General Count Jean Rochanbeau, born 1725; died 1807, in France. General Marquis St. Simons, born 1760; died 1825, in France.

granite base 15 feet in length, four feet a pedestal for three statues, which Mr. Taylor hopes to place in position at an early The statues will be those of General day. tion, and Daniel Wells and Harry G. Mcmore.

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 Monu-ment Man.' He has an intense love for everything American, a deep hatred for the enemies of his country, and he fairly glorifies 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 be-come 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 this 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.

For Clerks and Carriers

G. Taylor, of West Chester. Carries His Fad Civil Service Examination Will be Held in Town or May 6th

> The United States civil service commision 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 examina-tion. It may be stated that there is a wider field for advancement upon merit in the Federal service than in many private em-ployments. 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 ex-amination will consist of spelling, arithmetic, letter writing, penmanship, copy-ing 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 certifica-tion 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 applications 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 strictly in accordance with the civil service law and rules.

For application blank (Form 101), full instructions, specimen examination questions, and information relative to the ties 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 post-of-

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. Bellefonte, Pa. Sec. Postal Board

Two Men Swept Away and Drowned in a Swift Stream.

People Stand Helpless on the Banks and Fellow 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 38 years, a lifelong resident of Sharon, and his nephew, Frederick Mapons, 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 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 cne 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 grappling hooks. Mapous body was found first and shortly afterward that of Locke was brought to shore.

he.

"Collict." repeated Barney, with a pa-Barney breathed a long sigh of relief.

The man who had contributed all the "Bein' just inside the doors when a thing 's goin' on don't give no one experience," he asserted with great positivegame is played, and what 's the cost, and all the rest. Then we 'll divvy up and

rained, and one Sunday he had to make a Now he 's gone, and the mother can't 'tend to it. There 's noboby left but us, and knowin' his feelin's-" Barney paused and looked about the group once more. "If somebody that 's had some experience

This proposition met the prompt and favor which always greets an to shift uncomfortable respon-diture, but their widely varying tastes and

The light from the beautiful windows

The Lord 's my shepherd, I 'll not want

In pastures green ; he leadeth me

The men stood with bowed heads-the called to his fathers.

statuary art in the country. In the family burial lot there is but one space left for the dead, and this has been

prepared for it. THE LAFAYETTE STATUE.

General Lafayette, born September 6th, 1757;

THREE STATUES ON THIS BASE.

Close by the Lafayette monument is a thick and nine feet high, which is to form Count Pulaski, who fought in the Revolu-

run-this that was his last, when he had been called after only three hours' rest, and hurriedly sent out with no time for the bite of breakfast Lizzie begged him to take. No one knew the details of what came afterward, except as the crushed form besides the rails, with a tin cup still tightly clasped in the lifeless hand, told the him only the screaming which revealed the story-an attempt to get some coffee at a little station, and a misstep in the darkness of the early morning.

No. it was not a singular occurrence only death never grows common enough to lose he muttered. 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 choice. Most of the men with families had their homes in town, or in little cabins scattered along the line; but Jim's crip-pled 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 church as any there is, with pretty red-and blue glass winders and a great organ, wailed the old mother, in mingled grief and pride. "And he has goin' to have his baby baptized there. James Willie Kerley, that's what they'd ha' 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 could stand it better if he'd done for the baby the way he'd planned 'fore he was took."

That was another of the peculiar features in Jim's case, his connection with that uptown church. The priest and confession upon occasions were familiar and easily comprehended, and even a distant relationship with a mission chapel was nothing unheard of, but a wealthy church up in the heart of the city ! The "boys" had accepted such a state of affairs with a silence born of mingled respect and perplexity. It had been Lizzie's doing, of course-Lizzie, who had belonged there before her marriage and had coaxed Jim to go with her. But now when he had gone for the last time it had been alone; she lay ill and unconscious, and the words that were spoken above his quiet sleeping were heard by neither wife nor mother. But because the speaker was a man with a heart warm with brotherhood for other men, his eves grew moist at the scene before him, those brave, rugged men who ran their race with death each day, and he had some words for them also-words which held the strong cheer of a trumpet's call.

"Seemed like," said Big Dan, wonderingly, on the homeward way-"seemed like that preacher had au idea that a feller tryin' to run accordin' to schedule, and dyin' with his hand on the throttle rather'n jump his engine, might be one of the upper sort all the same as if he'd gone missionaryin' to Injy and been killed by the heathen.'

Barney thoughtfully reviewed the situa tion as he stood looking down upon the spoke with sudden determination : "Don't worry, Mrs. Kerley. Just wait a bit, and you shall have it." grandmother she's crippled up, and can't stir out of her wheel-chair. She's sort of childish, anyway, and unresponsible: that to get any outer. And the in mind we ain't none of us his mothers and fathers." "Amen !" piped the grandmother as the to get any outer. And the in mind we ain't none of us his mothers and fathers."

opportunity to shift uncomfortable responsibility, and Barney, at the end of the conference, found himself, as at its beginning, with the knot still left for his own unraveling. He walked by Jim's house that evening with a vague hope of receiving some enlightment, but there reached vigor of a pair of infantile lungs, and sent him on his way with the perspiration standing on his forehead.

den inspiration.

"If it should go a-shriekin' like that !"

A week's cogitation brought no new light ; but at the first "off day" Barney marched away to town without a word to any one, only fortifying himself with the historic remark: "The way to resume historic remark : specie payment is to resume."

The Rev. John Kendall, sitting in his study when the dull firelight and dying daylight made the combination of gleam and gloom that his musing soul loved, was scarcely aware of a servant's tap at the door, or of his own response, until a powerful form loomed up in the book-lined room. Mr. Kendall's chair whirled quickly about, and he arose to his feet ; but the visitor promptly took the initiative.

"You 're the preacher, I reckon. My name's Barney."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Barney. Will-" But Barney, having for three miles con-centrated his mind on the thing he was to say, could not pause for distracting preliminaries until the main issue was at least before the house. He did not see the offered seat, and cut short the question unheedingly.

"It's about the ki-the baby. He's to he baptized."

"Oh, your child, I suppose ?"

"Mine ?" Barney's tone was reproachful. You buried his father three weeks ago.' The three weeks had held many things for the Rev. John Kendall. His parish was large, and the outlying world larger still. Calls upon him from within and without were many, and even the sorrowful service referred to in no wise identified either his visitor or the baby. He did not say so ; he prudently waited. "After he was killed on the railroad,"

added Barney. "Oh, poor Kerley's child? Yes, I re-member."

It did not seem to loyal Barney a thing to be speedily forgotten, and he pondered over the last word a moment before he returned to the subject.

"Jim he had his mind set on bringin' the-child up here to have him baptized and started off on the church track as you might say; but he 's dead."

'The child dead ?"

Again Barney paused in momentary bewilderment. It seem difficult to explain things to this man of much learning; but probably so many books had a tendency to full the brain.

"No; 't was Jim you buried; the kid 's lively enough. What we want to know about is his bein' haptized. He ain't sidetracked on account of not havin' his father to 'tend to it ?"

"Oh, no. The mother can-"

"She can't" interposed Parney. "She's

great diversity of views in regard to the size of garments made the outfit, as a whole bewildering, particularly as a delicate regard for the feelings of the donors rendered it expedient to use as many of the offerings as possible when the important occasion ar-rived. Still, on the authority of one who assisted at the robing.—no great authority, since she was only the wife of the station-

pumper,-it may be stated : "If the choild looked like he'd l'aped through the bar-

gains on a rimnant counther, it did n't burt him any, bliss bis swate sowl !" The Dip had not many inhabitants, but the few it possessed were all sauntering about the station when Sunday afternoon came. They would not have betrayed such undue interest in the christening expedition as to watch its departure, but, chancing to be on hand at the time, it was natural to bestow a glance upon what was going on. A handcar stood upon the track, a wheel-chair and its occupant forming the center of the little knot of passengers, while Barney, standing straight, held a blanketed bundle in his arms. The relays of men who began working the cranks of the hand car were in unwontedly white shirt-sleeves, and a rusty crape veil floated like a pennant behind.

"To think of it seemin' so unpossible. and bein' so easy !" said the old mother when she found herself finally in the city and the car was lifted from the rails.

There was a straightening of collars and donning of coats, and the odd little procession took its way up-town-the brawny men, somewhat awkwardly aware of the restraints of Sunday attire, propelling gravely the chair and its back-robed figure. ''Hello! Seven nusses all out for a'

airnin', with only one young baby in arms an' one old un in a go-cart to the lot of 'em !" yelled a street urchin.

The men were too intent on their mission to heed any glances that followed them. Arrived at the church, they paused in the vestibule and looked anxiously at their charges. One was blissfully unconscious of all about him, but the other was somewhat fatigued. One of the men brought her a glass of water, and Big Dan, with clumsy tenderness, smoothed back the bair and straightened the black gray bonnet before the party filed up the long aisle and into a front pew.

The great church was quiet at that hour, and empty but for themselves, -the Rev. John Kendall had planned the time,-and the afternoon sunshine streamed through "pretty red-and-blue winders" and the gladdened the old grandmother's heart. She spread out her thin, wrinkled hands on her lap as if she would bathe them in the glow of colors, and breathed a sigh of conmire on the line of the cutoff. tent as the minister took his place.

"Stand up, boys," whispered Barney, lemnly. "You 've all got to be responsolemnly. 'You 've all got to be respon-sors in this business, and help promise the promises without any shirkin','

They did not look like men accustomed to shirk as they lined up at his side, and the minister, looking into the steady eyes and set faces, was not dissatisfied, even though his ritual had undergone some strange adaptations and innovations for their sakes. "We're willin' to promise old mother, who daily renewed her plaint. Her constant reiteration awakened certain qualms in his own loyal heart, and he don't seem to get any better. And the don't seem to get any better. And the

to know that it's now four months-nearly five-since Denuy died. Sure, it can't grieve you now as much as it would if you'd known it at the time."

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 Wheel in woman's attire. For some years the police have been baffled by the operations of a man, who, disguised in feminine apparel accosted unattended women and hugged and kissed them.

Wheel was captured at midnight in the home of Frank Grant. Grant's son, on reaching the house, found the front door fastened on the inside. Looking in the windows he saw what was apparently a oman prowling about.

Grant entered the house through a window, but the intruder, instead of fleeing, grappled with Grant, who was getting much the worst of the contest when he called for help. With the assistance of neighbors the athletic visitor was overpowered, but not until an umbrella had een broken over Grant's head and a finger of John Knapp, one of those who auswered Grant's cries, had been bitten nearly off. The surprise of the police when the identity of the prisoner was established was unbounded. Wheel not only wore the outer garments of a woman, but a complete outfit, including French heeled shoes. His corset cover was elaborately embroidered. Wheel is 48 years old, married and has four children.

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. About noon an engine was run out on a completed section of the cutoff. When a half mile out in the lake the engine suddenly wabbled, the track dropped out of sight in the water, and the locomotive turned a somersault and plunged into the lake. Fireman Robert W. Watson was drowned. This cutoff, which carries the Southern Pacific across the lake, saves sixty miles of road. Five seventy foot piles were driven on top of each other where the track sunk, but they failed to hold.

The Harriman engineers are puzzled and believe they have struck a bottomless quag-

Quicksilver.

It is not universally known that almost 85 per cent. of all the quicksilver consum-ed 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 near-ly 2000 years. The other one is that of ing the plague. Idria, in Austria, which mine has been known since 1490. This mine is also state

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 Grouewald 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. The empress fell heavily. Emperor William, who was near at hand, was among the first to reach her side and assisted her to rise.

The imperial party was galloping at the moment when the empress' horse shied and stumbled

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 de-cision is one result of the action of Gov-

ernor 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 to be absolutely untrammeled in its expen-

diture of the money, all the legislators reing the plague. It is understood that Dr. W. R. Batt,

who had been connected with the Philaproperty. Some years ago quicksilver de-posits were discovered in Italy, which are spector for some years, and is an expert in The only thing peculiar about the developnow being exploited. Quicksilver is also smallpox, has been appointed to the imfound, to some extent, in our western States, in Peru and in the interior of China. rive in a few days.

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 ob-struct 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.