

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., July 24, 1903.

OR GET A BALLOON.

Beware of dust pneumonia,
It lurks upon the street;
Far better that you swiftly flee
The city's grim and heat.

But go not to the countryside,
Where blooms the blushing rose,
Because rose fever will attack
Your foolish eyes and nose.

And go not to the mountain high,
For if you take the trip
The chances are you'll run across
The fierce microbe of grip.

Nor seek the ever sighing sea,
Where bold mosquitos lurk,
And with bacillus-laden bills
Get in their deadly work.

'Tis thus the doctors every day
With advice abound,
To dodge the grave yet may have
To borrow under ground.

—Chicago Tribune.

THE MARRIAGE OF MARTIN.

Patrik O'Shea, called somewhat reluctantly into the presence of his off-spring, removed his black eye from his mouth and stared helplessly, bordered with a sense of personal impotence. And when Mrs. O'Shea informed him that one was already named Martin and the other Peter, he dumbly scratched his head for a moment and asked in deep bewilderment:

"But, which of 'em—ain't the other?"

It was a pertinent inquiry. Martin might have been Peter and Peter Martin, and none but their respective guardian angels bent the wiser.

Although Mrs. O'Shea drove the discomfited Patrik from her presence with scornful contumely, it soon became evident that she herself was at no little difficulty in distinguishing them. Indeed, it is probable that they were carelessly mixed many times during infancy, and it is a matter of honest doubt whether the one who eventually answered to the name of Martin was the one whom the priest so christened, or his brother Peter. When the novelty of them had dulled, if Mrs. O'Shea were asked which was which, the one she happened to lay hands on first invariably became Martin, the first born.

Patrik, laboring under his own incompetence, observed this tendency, not without an unrighteous scepticism.

"Which was 'n' this be?" he would demand, grabbing one of the sprawling infants by the slack and holding him aloft.

"'Twill be Martin, ye lummoos," was always the answer. Patrik would lower the squalling child and retire with a smile of masculine superiority. He didn't know them apart and freely acknowledged it, and after sufficient though cautious experiment, he gathered that Mrs. O'Shea was in similar case, albeit unwilling to admit the disgusting fact.

So the twins grew through the abominations of long dresses and short, and arrived at the heroic age of pants, inextricably mixed. True, one of them by that time had elected to be known as Martin and the other as Peter; but how this came to pass is not clear, for each was as likely to be addressed by his brother's name as by his own. Apparently they had put their small red hands together and come to a mutually satisfactory arrangement of the matter. Patrik fell into the habit of addressing them impartially by both names.

"You Martin," he would call, "or are ye Peter? Fetch me a match fur me pipe."

This had the desired effect and became an established form with him.

With their snappy Irish wit the two early learned the possibilities of their mixed identity. In school they were the despair of teachers. Martin had a paper route which demanded his attention immediately after school. If an infringement of the rules necessitated his remaining after hours he purchased freedom from Peter by a transfer of marbles and departed to serve his customers. Peter stayed and took the reprimand with a cheery lightheartedness born of a bulging pocket.

One bewildered teacher was wont to say the only way to tell them apart was to count their freckles; that Martin had forty-nine on his right nose and Peter forty-seven, or perhaps, after all, it was Peter who had forty-nine and Martin forty-seven, she wasn't sure.

At fourteen they left school, and found positions together as wipers in the roundhouse of the M. & K. railroad. Either alone would excite no comment at this time. He was talking with Peter forty-seven, or perhaps, after all, it was Peter who had forty-nine and Martin forty-seven, she wasn't sure.

They were so nearly identical in appearance that only sharp scrutiny with the two sides by side could determine between them. Their broad, good-natured features had been run in the same mould, their red hair dipped in the same vat, and they kept a perfectly even pace as they grew. They looked alike, spoke and acted alike, thought alike, and ended by falling in love alike.

They had more than one offer from dime museums to appear as Siamese twins (dissevered, of course), but preferred to stick to their jobs. Martin was advanced to firing an engine first, not because any more steady or efficient than Peter, but because both a vacancy occurred, and the two tossed a quarter for it. Peter got his promotion six months later. Then the two being all even once more and in receipt of ample wages, they proceeded, together as usual, to think about homes of their own, an eminently proper and wholesome condition of mind, but which brought them to the parting of the ways.

"Peter," says Martin, "I'm thinkin' I'll git married."

"No! I says Peter incredulous. "Who'll have ye, ye red head?"

"Sure there's plenty would have me, no fear, but I'm thinkin' of one in partic'lar. The fine girl she is, too."

"Oh, sure," says Peter, "but I've one in me own eye will make any of them take the count," and he nodded shrewdly.

Martin opened his eyes.

"Ye'll not be gittin' married, too Peter?" he asked.

"I been thinkin' about it," replied Peter, calmly.

"Who's the girl you're thinkin' of?"

"Peter," Martin demanded, not without anxiety.

"Well," said Peter, "I've had me eye this long while on Maggie Doyle, an' the sweet."

"What d'ye say, ye thief?" shouted Martin, leaping up. "Maggie Doyle! Would ye steal me girl from me arms?" He shook a big fist in Peter's face. Peter was up, too, his blue eyes hot.

"Would ye claim Maggie then, ye blaw-guar'd?" he shouted back, his own fists doubled.

Now it would have been a battle royal, for they were big men and hot blooded. They had fought often and fiercely as boys, but nature had made it too even a game for an abiding decision. Martin suddenly dropped his hands.

"Have ye asked her then?" he demanded, anxiously.

"Why wouldn't I?" replied Peter, with caution.

"Because I've not," said Martin.

"Then no more have I," said Peter, "an' 'tis no use to fight." They sat down and looked at each other.

"Perhaps," said Martin, after a pause, "we better find out will she have either of us or not."

"Yes," replied Peter, sheepishly, "like-ly we would."

So a mighty battle was avoided, at least for the time being. Dating from that day, however, began another struggle, not less strenuous, and there is evidence to show that until the matter began to fall, Miss Maggie Doyle had the time of her life. She wore Martin's brooch and Peter's bracelet, Martin's watch on Peter's chain, and so on through endless intricacies, each striving to surpass the other if only by a hair's-breadth. If she went trolley riding with Martin one Sunday afternoon, she went in a lively rig with Peter the next. A catalogue of his agonizing struggles, each on the other, would prove unprofitable, for the point demanding notice is that neither made the slightest apparent gain. Nay, worse, Maggie could not tell them apart even when they stood side by side in her presence, a thing which seldom happened.

In time it came to be a pitiful case. The poor girl was willing enough to marry either of them if she could get him separated from the other in her mind and keep him so long enough to make sure he was himself and not his brother. There was the rub. About the time she determined to accept Martin she fell to wondering if she were not thinking about Peter after all. If she were not thinking about Peter after all, she set herself to enumerate the sterling virtues of Peter she presently discovered that they precisely fitted the neglected Martin. So she hung between the two.

So matters went for the better part of a year. The twins were by that time desperate and near bankruptcy, and Maggie no less desperate and rapidly becoming overwhelmed with jewelry. Whereupon she determined upon a coup which should end this intolerable situation. Marry one of them she would. Which one she did not know, but was minded to find out.

Consider then the arrival of Martin and Peter at the Doyle abode on a given evening. They came by invitation with a few minutes of one another each evidently surprised at his brother's presence. As they sat with an exaggerated display of ease and glared sidewise at one another they were a remarkable pair. The initial inquiry of the bewildered Patrik held good, and which of them wasn't the other, it were indeed hard to state. Nerved by the almost intolerable past, Maggie proceeded bravely yet not without blushes and some confusion, the situation being delicate.

"Boys," said she, "you know I'd be glad to take both of you, or—that is—I mean, I'd be glad to take each of you, if the other wasn't around confusin' me. But with the two of you so like, I'm near out of my mind. One o' ye's got to be disappointed. That's sure, for I can't take both though—I'm wishful to do it. I do know which one it'll be, for I do know one from the other as you sit now."

She nervously twiddled a fold of her apron for a moment.

"But I'm thinkin'," she continued, "that Martin's a handsomer name to be callin' me man by than what Peter would be, so—I'll take Martin. I'll marry him Monday week. Now which of ye's Martin?"

"I am," came with forceful unanimity from both of the twins, and Miss Maggie's beautiful scheme fell woefully to the ground. From that moment Peter was, or more precisely, became a mere supposition, an animate conundrum, walking the earth in the sight of men, yet hidden as by the cloak of invisibility.

Each of them rose instantly with strong language on his lips and blood in his eye, but which was shamming and which was not, even the distressed Maggie could not determine. Peter, whichever he was, in playing for a wife and played well. In despair Maggie swore them to peace and sent them away. Later, after a long, comfortable cry, she felt somewhat better. At least the day was set and whichever Martin came first should have her.

Passed then a riotous week the shammy O'Shea. The twins respected their promise to Maggie to the extent of refraining from actual blows, but their language was no less than murderous. Mrs. O'Shea, her faith unshaken by twenty years of Patrik's covert scepticism, and with intent to pour oil upon troubled waters, selected one as the original Martin and an hour later was tricked by the other into choosing him. The result was more like kerosene on a bonfire.

"Fight it out, boys, fight it out," counselled the parental O'Shea, himself not unwilling to witness such an unparalleled meeting, and fight it out they would but for their promise. By Saturday this promise was worn very thin, holding by a frayed strand or two, so to speak, the friction having been beyond belief. As it was, one of them sought out Maggie and with tears in his eyes begged permission to "pound the head of the liar," between which strongly asserting his own right to the coveted name of Martin. Maggie refused to be party to any head-pounding, and the two remained peaceful perfomers.

Each morning they turned up together and asserted their respective rights to Martin's foot-board. Martin's engineer chose profanely but impartially between them, and the unsuccessful candidate retired with bitter language to fire in the one time Peter's place. It was a week charged with mighty possibilities, but it rolled away without a conflict, and the appointed day arrived. It happened also to be pay-day on that division of the M. & K., and therein lay a pregnant source of trouble for the spurious Martin. When it came to signing the pay-roll one or the other must sign "Peter" if pay was to be forthcoming for both. Moreover the one who was not Martin would assuredly stand discovered if he set his hand to paper and endeavored to sign his brother's name.

The two went to the pay-car together surrounded by a heavily charged atmosphere. They went not alone, there being a general impression, as expressed by Barney Flynn, that here was where things broke loose. One of the two hastily jostled the other aside, and signed, and beyond question stood revealed as the injured party, for his signature was the signature of Martin. Whereupon the second advanced his envelope with a sturdy grin.

Martin went temporarily insane. He frantically called the bystanders to witness this open exposure. He shook his fist under Peter's nose, dawning with the joy of it, and his language would have enhanced even the extensive vocabulary of the paternal O'Shea. Gesticulating wildly he

circled about the discomfited Peter, whose face, however, exhibited no distress, and directly his right hand came sharply in contact with the pen in Peter's hand. The ink point tore through the skin and the black fluid spread in a broad mark across his fist.

For an instant Martin was inclined to take his own accident. Then the glorious possibilities of the chance scratch intervened and he shouted afresh. Peter was indeed delivered over to him. In the presence of many witnesses he, the original and only genuine Martin O'Shea, had been indelibly marked. He judged the matter settled and took himself off to arrange details with Maggie.

Whereupon Peter, supposedly trampled upon and crushed, selected his friend Barney Flynn from the crowd and the two adjourned to the baggage-room of the station. Here Peter put an ink pen in Barney's hand and stretched out his own.

"Barney," he said, "if ye love me, stam me."

So Barney stambed him and once more Peter was not.

Meanwhile Martin had arrived with two witnesses in the presence of Miss Maggie. It had been infinitely better if he had not lost sight of his deceitful brother. With pardonable relief he recalled the circumstances of Peter's identification, exhibited his tattooed fist, called upon his witnesses for corroboration, and, this being given, demanded her acceptance of him, the genuine Martin, a demand Miss Maggie thankfully granted. Whereupon Martin, a happy man, left her to wait the appointed hour. A scant thirty minutes later one of the two knocked again at Maggie's door. It might have been Martin or it might have been Peter, Martinized so to speak. He displayed a lacerated right hand not without ostentation.

"Maggie," says he, "I'm thinkin' we better find Father Ryan and have done with it."

"For why?" demanded Maggie.

"I'm fearful of Pete," he replied.

Maggie glanced at the tattooed hand.

"But aren't ye marked, darlin'?" she asked.

"Sure," he assented, dubiously, "but suppose now Pete was to up an' mark himself. Then where'd we be? I'm thinkin' 'tis better he be about it. Pete's the despit 'tis dangerous to wait."

Maggie considered this aspect of the case. A reopening of the settled controversy with all the harrowing difficulties of the mixed identity was a thing to be avoided at any cost. A moment's thought decided her.

"I'm with you in a second," said she, and ran for her things.

As they started away he might have been observed to glance cautiously about, but Maggie was too nervous to notice. Luckily they found Father Ryan, and the look of the pair no doubt announced their errand.

"So you'll be marryin'?" said the priest, with a smile, and being a busy man, went at the matter without delay. They stood before him, the bridegroom plainly nervous, shifting from foot to foot, the bride now self-possessed and smiling, with a rose in each cheek.

"Do you, Martin, take this woman?"

"Do you, Margaret, take this man?" A little mumbled Latin, and he raised his hands to bless them and pronounce them man and wife.

He got no further, for here the door burst open and swung back crashing to admit the other brother, wild-eyed and murderous, breathing out sulphurous fumes, eager for blood. The situation was eloquent, and with a soulful yell he jumped for the startled bridegroom. The priest halted in mid-air. He shot an exultant glance at Peter and Maggie stepped between with all the dignity of a new-made wife, which she was not.

"What is it, Peter?" she demanded.

"Peter!" howled the new-comer, black in the face. "Peter is it? Then look at me hand!"

Maggie looked and drew back.

"What Martin, I tell ye," shouted the raving man. His eye fell upon his brother.

"Come outside wid' me, ye lynin' thief o' perdition," he urged. "I'll—"

Father Ryan took a hand.

"Are you Martin?" he asked of the new-comer.

"I am that," came the answer, fiercely.

The priest looked him in the eye and thought he saw truth. He turned quickly upon the bridegroom.

"Peter," he said, quietly, "let me see your hand." And Peter, the subtle, with all his cunning, stretched out the mutilated fist.

"That's enough," announced the priest, with a smile. "We'll have to begin over again, Maggie child. This is Peter, not Martin."

"And we aren't married?" gasped Maggie, suddenly seizing Peter's arm.

"Not yet, Maggie," said the priest, smiling. "Peter's face grew long with real anxiety, but he hid it well.

"I did not," said Father Ryan. "Can I marry one man in the name of another?"

And Peter stood silent. Martin's smile grew broad.

"Ye'll be marryin' me now, Maggie darlin'?" said he. "Me that's no thief an' lie!" He shot an exultant glance at Peter and advanced with assurance. "Sure didn't I come in the nick o' time though? A little more an' ye'd 'a' been cheated for fair. Leave go of her, will ye! This last to Peter. Peter was wasting no time in words. His sole demonstration at this crucial time was a gentle stroking of Maggie's hand. Incidentally this displayed Barney Flynn's work upon his own to the very best advantage.

Now the workings of Maggie's mind are beyond the graspings of my psychology. There are things which no man can fathom; and if the wise Solomon, not lacking experience, found the ways of a man with a maid too wonderful for him, what shall be said of the ways of a maid with two men? Also I am at a loss whether to call it consistency in her in sticking to the one she had chosen or inconsistency in refusing the one she had thought to choose; for Maggie, far from spruiging the deceitful Peter, as surely she should have done, clung even tighter to his brazen arm.

"Marry us again, your reverence," says she, "and make a better job of it this time. I'll be keepin' the one I got first." She smiled up in Peter's face, and Peter smiled back. Also his arm slipped about her waist.

As Mrs. Martin, his jaw dropped and his eyebrows wrenched up. This was the blow he had least expected, and as the meaning filtered through to his consciousness he opened his mouth to express his bursting sentiments. But Maggie interrupted what would doubtless have been a masterpiece.

"Martin," she said, aren't you going to kiss the bride?" She meant it kindly, but I think that was "trubbing it in." Mechanically he kissed her and unconsciously wiped his mouth with his fist, and so departed.

As Mr. and Mrs. O'Shea followed a little later, Maggie lifted Peter's hand and examined the black mark. "Did you do that just to get me, Peter?" she asked.

Who else?

answered the grinning Peter. Maggie thought a minute.

"Peter darlin'," she said, glancing slyly at him, "I'm thinkin' 'twas you I liked best all the time," a remark which undoubtedly declared her a fitting helpmeet for her deceitful husband. —By Frederick Walworth, in *Everbody's Magazine*.

To Texas and Back.

Mrs. Hurl's 4,000 Mile Drive for the Benefit of Her Husband's Health.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hurl, says a Binghamton correspondent of the New York Sun, have just completed a journey which perhaps has not been matched since the days when prairie schooners navigated the country east of the Mississippi. They went to Texas and returned in a truck. The round trip took just a year.

Mrs. Hurl was the prime mover in the enterprise, as she has been in all the affairs of her family since her husband became ill several years ago. It was for the benefit of her husband's health that the trip was taken.

Mrs. Hurl was a cartman in Binghamton until he had to give up work about three years ago because of lung trouble. Mrs. Hurl then took her husband's place, driving his truck every day. No work was too heavy for her to undertake. She shoveled coal and did heavy moving and similar work.

Mr. Hurl's health continued to grow worse, and about a year ago the doctor advised a change of climate as the only thing that would save his life. Texas was recommended as a good place for him.

Mrs. Hurl quickly conceived the plan of driving to Texas, just as many people from the east traveled to the new western home in the first half of the last century. This method of travel was decided upon because it was cheap, and also because it was thought that the outdoor life would benefit Mr. Hurl.

Mrs. Hurl accordingly fitted the truck for the road, over which she placed a canvas cover, and packed in the wagon a tent and necessary camping articles. On June 10th, 1902, the family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Hurl and their little son, started on their journey.

Mrs. Hurl drove most of the time and for the first part of the trip did most of the camp work. The outdoor life was of benefit to Mr. Hurl's health, and he was soon able to do more work than he had done for two years.

The family traveled leisurely, usually making 20 or 25 miles a day. They camped wherever night overtook them, purchasing supplies of the farmers along the way.

Mr. and Mrs. Hurl are fond of music, playing the mandolin, guitar and cornet. Frequently while they were traveling through the country districts people would gather at their camp in the evening, and they would give a concert.

During the last half of the journey they traveled through country almost as wild as any traversed by the early emigrants. In some places there were no roads, nothing but rough trails, and it was necessary to ford rivers. Across the Indian territory the traveling was particularly bad.

But in spite of the hardships, Mrs. Hurl kept pluckily at her task, always thinking of the health of her husband. They expected to reach Texas in about three months, but it was on December 10th, or more than five months from the time they left Binghamton, when they arrived at their journey's end. The frequent stops of several days at a time made on Mr. Hurl's account, had lengthened the time.

After reaching Texas they were disappointed. The climate did not agree with Mr. Hurl. Although he had improved considerably while on the road, he soon began to fall after reaching the journey's end.

As soon as she saw that life in the south-west would not bring the desired result, Mrs. Hurl decided to return to her home in Binghamton. Again the tedious journey of three months was begun, and just a year from the time that they left the city they returned to their Binghamton home.

Mr. Hurl is still an invalid, although his health is better than when the journey was begun.

Rest Occasionally.

In Order to be Happy One Must Know How to Do This.

After work comes rest, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. When they alternate perfectly, it will bring forth both the work and the rest that follows it.

Nature is a just old lady. She seldom gives a man more than he needs. If he elects to live a lazy life she lets his muscles get flabby and his brain go sleepy. She never permits him to long possess a faculty or a nerve or a muscle or a sinew that he does not use.

The proper way to keep your muscles or your brains is to use 'em up and let nature provide you with a fresh supply. Nature is assisted in this work by rest. One may rest sometimes by seeking a change in labor. Labor thus becomes a recreation—re-creation.

To live happily in this world it is not enough to know how to work; a man must also know how to rest. The man who knows only how to work will soon wear out. If he doesn't wear out immediately his work will suffer in some way. No man can do his best work unless he alternates it with a little play or a little rest.

A man who can't drop his work from his mind as readily as he can drop his tools from his hands had better take a few weeks off to study the rest question. His nerves are not what they should be.

If a man wishes to keep his nerve let him avoid nerves.

Kept Husband Hid for Seven Years.

W. Vance Wilson, 22 years a fugitive from justice for killing his father-in-law, Franklin Odum, in Cannon county, Tenn., is in jail in Nashville for safe keeping.

Wilson's crime started a feud which cost seven lives. Through many of the parties to it are dead his arrest has fanned the embers, making county jails unsafe places of confinement. Since his arrest he has been transferred to Murfreesboro, which in turn, has been deemed unsafe, necessitating his removal to Nashville.

The old factions are lining up again the feeling of the Odums being not in the least abated against Wilson.

Cannon county was in the throes of a hot political contest in 1882 when Wilson and Odum were on opposing sides. An altercation ended in Odum's death and Wilson's arrest. The latter was carried to Murfreesboro for safe keeping. Friends surrounded the jail and released him. Then the law lost sight of him.

The last seven years were spent by Wilson at home, his faithful wife effecting his concealment. Officers obtained a clue within the last few days and arrested him.

—Subscribe to the WATCHMAN.

Woman Falls Over 300 Feet and Is Saved.

Mrs. A. E. Johns of New York Takes Awful Drop in the Yosemite Valley. Finally Lands on Ledges. For Fifteen Hours Victim Lies Unconscious While Searchers Looked For Her. Rescued After Hard Work.

Mrs. A. E. Johns of New York City, who has been staying in the Yosemite valley for a few days, was found last Tuesday morning in a steep crevasse back of Sentinel Dome. Monday Mrs. Johns started from Glacier Point Hotel to walk to Fissures, located some two miles from the hotel, and did not return that night.

Early Tuesday morning searching parties started out, one of them making a discovery that filled the spectators with horror. Far down the Sentinel fissure, whose crevasses drop in some places for thousands of feet, suspended on a ledge that jutted out from the steep side, the almost lifeless form of Mrs. Johns was found.

Provided with ropes and carrying a stretcher a party of eight made its way to the crevasse, where the work was commenced of trying to extricate Mrs. Johns from her dangerous situation.

The party found Mrs. Johns' position to be critical in the extreme. She had fallen 300 feet from the crevasse walls and had partially broken her fall by catching at juniper bushes and scrub trees as she plunged through their branches.

When the rope had been lowered a man named Potter descended to examine the ground and determine the best way to get Mrs. Johns from her perilous position.

There, lodged upon a two-foot ledge, with her clothing torn to fragments and her flesh scratched and bruised, lay the woman, weak from exhaustion and lack of food and benumbed by the frosty night.

With difficulty the rope was tied around her waist and an effort made to help her to the room above. This attempt proved fatal to Mrs. Johns' weight.

By leaning over the abrupt precipice, Potter could discern another ledge 100 feet below, from which was a sheer drop of hundreds of feet. He determined to try this plan of rescue.

Giving the order to those above to lower the rope, Mr. Potter swung the inanimate form of Mrs. Johns over the tiny strip of rock upon which she had braced herself for 15 hours, and by swinging the rope to and fro, Potter was able to lodge the body of Mrs. Johns on a larger ledge. He then descended himself.

Calling to one of the mountain guides above, Potter had him drop the rope to the ledge upon which all three were now resting. Then the two picked up Mrs. Johns and together they made their difficult way around dangerous ledges and over yawning precipices beneath, until, almost worn out, they finally reached the rim above once more.

Mrs. Johns is suffering much from nervous shock, but as no bones were fractured she will recover.

Leg that Was Cut Off.

A remarkably coincidental accident occurred, when George McDermott, a boy of 8 or 9 years of age, lost a foot, says the New Haven Register. The accident occurred in this way: James Doyle was driving a heavy load of railroad ties down the street toward the railway station, just as the pupils of the Sacred Heart school were let go for the day. A number of little fellows, among them young McDermott, gathered around the wagon, and some of them must have shifted a tie, for one fell off the wagon striking the McDermott boy and throwing him under the heavy wheels. One of the wheels passed over one of McDermott's legs cutting it clean off above the foot.

Doyle, the driver, at once stopped and tenderly took the little fellow in his arms to the nearest drug store, and setting him down with instruction to telephone for the nearest doctor, betook himself to the nearest saloon to take something to quiet his nerves. Just as he had the second round down some one followed from the drug store and informed him that the foot taken off was but an artificial substitute for one lost two or three years ago, when it was taken off in the same street by a trolley car. In the suit against the railway company which followed, McDermott's father was awarded \$6000 damages.

Doyle drew a long breath of relief when he returned home, and the foot taken off the people living over on the hill marvel at the coincidence of the real leg and the wooden one being out off under similar circumstances on the same street within a very few years.

Son Born to the Cleavelands at Their Bazzard's Bay Home.

New Arrival Makes the Fifth Child and Their Second Son.

A son was born to former President Grover Cleveland and Mrs. Cleveland Saturday at their summer home at Bazzard's Bay. The attendants say that all the conditions affecting both mother and child are satisfactory. The new arrival in the Cleveland household makes the fifth child and second son. The other children are Esther, Marion, Richard Folsom and Ruth.

This is the fifth child and second son of Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, who were married in the home of the White House, June 2nd, 1886, while Mr. Cleveland was President. Mrs. Cleveland was then in her 23rd year and her husband was 49. Their first child "Baby Ruth" was born in New York October 3rd, 1891. Since then two other daughters, Esther and Marion, came, and in 1897 their first son was born. He bears the name of Richard Folsom Cleveland and is a native of Princeton. Esther's birth place was the White House, in 1892, and Marion's Gray Gables, the Cleavelands' summer home, in 1894. Mrs. Cleveland is the only woman married in the White House. She and the former President live a quiet life at Princeton, devoting themselves to the care of their children. Mr. Cleveland who is now in his 67th year, having been born March 18th, 1837, carries his age well. He passes much time in the open air and still makes frequent gunning trips. Mrs. Cleveland's main ambition now appears to make her children happy. She still possesses the charm of face and manner that made her so popular in Washington, but goes little in society.

—See Marshall, one of the Rough Riders with James and Youngers' wild west show, was killed by an accident which befell him during the performance at DuBois Tuesday of last week. The Courier says there was an exhibition of bucking bronchos and Marshall was one of the riders. The broncho he was on began to rear high in the air. After a few leaps it reared up on its hind legs so high that it fell squarely over backwards. The young man had no chance to escape, falling on the under side, and the horse fell full on top of him. The pommel of the saddle struck him in the stomach, ruptured his bowels and caused his death within an hour.

Future of the Philippines.

"Lincoln" the able and well informed Washington correspondent of our local contemporary, the Transcript, says the Boston Herald, has been utilizing the time between the sessions of Congress in making a trip to the Philippine Islands for the purpose of studying conditions there, and endeavoring to judge of the bearings that these have upon the relations which are in the future to exist between that archipelago and the United States. A letter from him which the Transcript has recently published on the Americanization of the Philippines, is an important contribution to the discussion of what these islands are ultimately to become. "Lincoln" says that there is absolutely no hope that Americans can be colonized in the Philippines. Even relatively high pay and living in a state of Oriental ease, so far as having numerous attendants is concerned, offer no inducement to the average American to remain there. Those Americans in the customs service of the Philippine Islands—official positions which, in this country, men cling to as long as physical and mental conditions will permit—are in a state of continuous rotation. Seven out of eight of all the American officials in the customs service, amounting to several hundred, retire after a service of not over twelve months. Some of them, it is true, find other local occupations, but most of them wish to get back, and do come back to this country. There are very few business opportunities to hold our citizens there, now that the work of supplying the soldiers of the army with various means of spending their money has been greatly cut down by the reduction in the military force that we maintain there. It appears to be "Lincoln's" opinion that if we were to hold the islands for the next half century, at the end of that time there would only be a handful of representatives of this country residing there, these consisting of officials, of men connected with our army and a few persons engaged in business, and practically all of these would be of the rotating class—that is, going there to take the places of others, with the idea of having others go later on to take their places. Colonization in the way that we have built up settlements by migration all over this country, and even in so seemingly inhospitable a region as Alaska, is entirely impossible in the Philippines. It cannot by any circumstances be to us other than what India is to the English—that is, a dependency made up of people thoroughly alien to us, but over whom we assume to exercise the right of political control.

To the Electric Chair.

Stranger Knapp Found Guilty of Murder in the First Degree. Wrath Has Been in State Prison Two-thirds of His Life, but, Until His Confession, the Five Violent Deaths of Women for Which He Was Responsible Were Not Suspected—A Stranger by Instinct.

Alfred A. Knapp was convicted of murder in the first degree for the murder of his wife, Hannah Goddard Knapp, by Judge Belden's jury at Hamilton Ohio last week. The verdict was reached at 7:30 o'clock, the jury having been out since 5 o'clock on Wednesday night. To the surprise of everyone, Knapp asked for recommendation of mercy, and Knapp must go to the electric chair. The jury stood ten for conviction without mercy, being unanimously for guilt.

The case will be carried higher on the usual appeal, but it is generally believed that Knapp will now be electrocuted.

The five cases to which Knapp confessed February 26th to officials there are as follows:

- Emma Littlemann, killed in lumber yard at Cincinnati June 21st, 1894.
- May Eckert, murdered in room on Walnut street, Cincinnati, August 1st, 1894.
- Jennie Knapp, thrown into canal at Liberty street, Cincinnati, August 7th, 1894.
- Ida Gebhardt, strangled at Indianapolis July 1895.
- Hannah Knapp, murdered at Hamilton December 22nd, 1902.

Regarding the killing of his wife, Hannah Goddard Knapp, for whose murder he has been convicted, Knapp said that when he awoke on the morning of the crime he was seized with an impulse to strangle his wife. After accomplishing her death, he got a box and nailed her up. He hauled the body two miles from there and threw the corpse into the Miami River at Lindenwald. The body was found March 2nd in the river at New Albany.

Knapp has spent two-thirds of his life in prison, but the five murders to which he confessed had gone unsuspected until a few unguarded words he let drop set the law upon him. For years he had been a stranger, he had admitted, poisoning innocent children and choking them to death. He was twice in State's prison for fendish assaults upon women. Insanity was the defense made by his relatives and attorneys.

All of his victims were strangled.

Croup and Kerosene.

"I have saved my eldest boy twice by the use of kerosene," says a mother. "The first time it was out on a ranch in Kansas. He had a fearful attack of membranous croup. His father was racing over the prairie for a doctor, who could not be got in time. I watched for the boy's death at every convulsive struggle for breath, when into my mind rushed a saying of my old nurse. 'We always kill the croup with kerosene.' I had a horror of her advice in my childhood, but then I blessed her as I seized my lamp, blew out the flame and succeeded in forcing some of the oil into my child's mouth. In ten minutes the hardness of the phlegm was gone, and the child was saved.

"Once again I used it and with none but good effect, and, while in all cases where I could have medical aid I should prefer to rely upon my doctor, still I feel that armed with kerosene I am equipped to fight croup and win."

Uriah Slack Otto.

Died at Kermoo, Clearfield Co., of spinal meningitis, June 27th, 1903, Uriah Slack Otto, aged 6 years, 10 months and a few days. The deceased was the youngest of six children born to David and Ellen Otto formerly of Centre Co., and although having but recently become citizens of that community, they have made many friends there who sincerely sympathize with them in their sad affliction.

Uriah was an unusually bright, cheerful little fellow, and had good command of all his young companions. Words of sympathy, however sincere, cannot do much to alleviate the sharp pain in times like this, but these heart-true parents are sustained by the assurance that at the final gathering of the redeemed, they will stand with him in white, and with him sing and wear the crown.

The services were conducted by Revs. Runyon and White, of Woodland, and the remains tenderly laid in the New Millport cemetery.