

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., November 6, 1903.

A PROTEST.

If she'd only keep on chewing, chewing, chewing all the day. In that horrid way. If she just knew what she looked like as she does it anyhow— So suggestive of a cow! How it mars the perfect outline of her plump and peachy cheek. To the contour of a freak With a jaw of India rubber, she would stop it, I am sure— Yes, that should effect a cure. She's just as sweet and pretty as she possibly can be. And it really seems to me Quite a pity that a victim to the habit she should fall. I don't like the thing at all. Its effects may be quite soothing to her nerves, but it is rough On us others—its enough To impel her friends to seize her and to force her to get rid of it. Of the wretched, sticky quid.

She is chewing, chewing, chewing, she is chewing all the time. Yet it is not any crime To be always agitating in that ugly way her jaw. I don't know of any law She transgresses when she does it that is on the statute books. I don't care how queer she looks But I wish she would not—that it really hard to bear— Leave her gum upon my chair.

A STRANGE CHILD.

"Oh, my! what a whopper!" The boy put his hands into his pockets and looked at the small girl as he might have eyed a strange beetle or bug. The small girl put up her chin and looked back at him. "I don't see how you dare," said the boy. "Don't you remember what happened to Ananias and Sapphira, and—and Korah and his company, and—"

"Never seen 'em," said the girl. Never heard of 'em. "You haven't! Why, what do you do on Sunday school, I'd like to know?" "Sunday school!" said the girl; "I don't go to Sunday school."

"Then you don't know about—why may be you aren't so good to blame. I—I was just going to chide you home unless you took back that. "I don't take things back," said the girl, raising her chin a little higher and stepping a little bit nearer to the boy.

"Not when you know they aren't true?" "Not when I know anything; not when I don't know anything—whedder or no?" "This was too much for the boy. He backed off to get a little look at the strange creature failed to count on his truck, which stood behind him, tumbled heels over head, picked himself up, stood looking at the girl, who hadn't moved a finger during all this.

"It's a good thing you're a girl and don't have to grow into a man," he said. "You wouldn't make the right kind. "But I want to be a man. I want to be big and lick folks as they lick me. I'm mad 'cause I'm a girl. I shall tell all the whoppers I can think of. I'm thinking of one now."

"I've a great mind to chide you home," said the boy. "See; that's it. Chide me away. Knock me over. Beat me. That's what folks mostly do to me. The boy stood still. He watched the wrath of the small creature as it rose higher. He became dumb and couldn't speak at once.

"Come on. Chide me home. Don't let me get anybody's good time. Hit me!" "Why don't you hit me?" "Cause," he answered slowly, "cause I don't want to. I'm sorry for you." The small girl's chin went down. The insolent look faded from her face. Her small, dirty hands unclenched, she took a step backward, and looked over her shoulder as if she were going to run away.

"Say," said the boy, "I wouldn't feel that way. Don't come, get on my truck; I'll draw you. Edith's coming tonight. She's awful nice. She's my sister. We're visiting here, in that house next to the Methodist church. My uncle is steward in the church. I s'pose they call him that 'cause he tends to the things for communion and love feasts just as the stewards on steamships tends to the meals. You'll like Edith. She'll show her dolls and things to you. She's got a pair of twin dolls and, maybe she'll let you play with them if—if you'll drop the whoppers."

"Maybe I'll drop them; maybe I won't." "Then you can't come near Edith. I take care of Edith." "Then I'll stay 'round outside, and scream and make faces and throw dirt. O, I know how!" At this somebody called, and the boy picked up his truck handle and went off, dragging it after him.

The small girl stayed about a while, then she wandered off. She received a beating when she reached home for having run away. But all through the day she remembered that somebody was sorry for her. She remembered it the next morning, and as early as possible stole away and ran over to the place where she had met this one who had said that he was sorry for her. The boy and his sister were there.

Edith nodded her head seriously. With a strange cry she half laughed, half weeping, the child held the doll to her heart with both hands, and turned and ran away like a deer, still uttering that strange cry.

"Now we've lost her," said the boy. "She will come back," said Edith. And it was so. The next day she was there with clean face and hands, with something more tender than a smile upon her little hard face, and with the doll held closely in her arms.

"Come," said Edith, "let's play you visiting. I'll come on the track to see you today." For hours they played. Day after day it was the same. One morning the small girl said to the boy: "I don't tell whoppers any more. Don't you see I don't." The boy nodded.

"When do you go home?" "Saturday." "O, dear!" She held the doll closer. "It's easy to keep from telling 'em when you're here. But I s'pose I'll get back again when you're gone. How can I—keep—keep so?"

"The boy thought very hard. He remembered something in the church service that always helped him to keep his good resolutions. Then he talked to Edith, who agreed with him. "You must kneel down at the altar in the church," he said to the small girl, "and have the minister pray over you, while you take the communion—just as we do. Do you want to do that?"

"What is it? Yes, I want to." "Do you want to now?" "Yes, now!" said the child. "Well, Uncle Hardy and Aunt Esther are away; but I know where the communion things are and the bread. I can fix 'em up in the church; then I'll fetch the minister. I know him a lot. He's jolly fine. He'll come and do it for you so's to keep you from whopping. I know he will."

Then the boy looked at Edith, who understood this time, also. "Wouldn't you mind putting on some clothes, just like these?" she asked; "I've got such a lot of them." The child looked down at her wretched garments. "I wouldn't mind," she said. "I'd put 'em on if—I'd ought to, to do that."

Half an hour later the young pastor was overtaken by a breathless small boy, who pulled off his cap and said, "My! but can't you walk, though? G. O. morning, Mr. Ellsworth! Won't you come to the church quick? 'Cause there's a little girl who wants to be good and leave off telling whoppers. We've got everything ready but the wine. I couldn't find that, and Uncle Hardy and Aunt Esther are away from home. But I put some water on. "I'll do just as well—don't you think so?"

Mr. Ellsworth turned in wonder, clasped the small hand that slid into his, and went with the boy. As he went he questioned and listened. When the church was reached he found that everything, indeed, was ready, even to the small figure which knelt waiting, while another small figure sat demurely in the pew beside two dolls—also very demure.

He took the matter in a glance. His heart was very tender toward children. Drawing a small book of service from his pocket, he went within the altar. The boy slid into a pew. "Come," said the pastor, "both of you, partake and receive the blessings with your little friend." The two went softly forward and knelt upon either side of the still little figure. It was well that the young minister knew the service, for his eyes were so full that he couldn't read a word.

"Christ forgive me," he was praying in his heart. "I was almost ready to give up. But Thou hast, indeed, encouraged me." The boy and his sister went away. But while she has many, many trials, the small girl is growing into a strong, brave, sweet Christian. — *The Christian Advocate.*

The Reason Why She Was Anxious. During the debate on the statehood bill, pending in last Congress, there came to members of both houses from time to time my anxious inquiries from points of interested territories asking information as to the prospects of the bill becoming law. These inquiries came in the form of both letters and telegrams, and the services of many clerks were required to answer them, in view of the exceedingly large number received.

One case was particularly noticeable, as was an amusing. The anxious inquirer was a woman living in Oklahoma. She would write or telegraph nearly every day. Apparently the stereotyped reply she received from the delegate from her Territory did not satisfy her, for pretty soon she appeared in person and began to haunt the capital. The degree of anxiety that this girl evinced in the question whether Oklahoma would be granted admission as a state finally aroused the curiosity of the delegate.

"May I ask, Madam," he inquired, "the degree of interest you have in this measure?" The lady hesitated. "Most I tell?" she asked. "Not necessarily, of course," replied the delegate, "but it would gratify my curiosity if you did." "Well," was the answer, "if you'll not let it go any further, I'll tell you. I went to Oklahoma to establish a residence so that I might get a divorce from my husband, who, I may incidentally remark, is certainly a brute. My attorney tells me that territorial divorces may not stand; but that if the territory is granted admission the divorce will surely stand. So I should be so grateful if you were to hurry this bill through, because I want to marry a friend whom I have known since childhood. I think that Mr. Beveridge, who is opposing this bill, ought to be ashamed of himself!"

Unfortunately for this lady, the bill was talked to death.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Young Bechtel, Sister's Slayer, Kills Himself.

Cuts His Throat and Dies in His Cell, Dreading Disclosures. Plot Falls to Hide Tragedy. All of the Family Arraigned. Accused of Concealing the World Story of a Carriage Containing a Body in Order to Shield the Culprit.

Driven mad by remorse following the crime of brutally murdering his sister Mabel Thomas Bechtel, in his cell at the station house at Allentown Thursday night, ended his life by cutting his throat from ear to ear with a large pocket-knife. The body of the self-convicted murderer was discovered by a jail attaché at 5:30 o'clock, and was still warm, indicating that the death wound had been inflicted but a few moments before.

Although the police attempted to keep the matter quiet, the startling sensation was known in an incredibly short time throughout the city, and the streets in the vicinity of police headquarters were soon crowded with a vast throng, wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. So intense was the desire of the crowd to hear the details that Chief Eastman was compelled to order out the entire police force to prevent a forcible entry into the station house.

Shortly after the discovery of Bechtel the members of his family arrived to attend the inquest, and another startling sensation was sprung. The police at once took into custody Mrs. Bechtel, Charles Bechtel, John Bechtel and the daughter, Martha, and they will all be arraigned as accessories to the murder of Mabel. The attention of the family at once cleared away the mystery, and the authorities proceeded to explain the manner of the murder. For several months past the family have been urging, then threatening Mabel, determined that she should discontinue her visits to Weisenberg. On several occasions she promised, but every time they found that the feeling grew more intense.

On last Sunday afternoon Mabel met Weisenberg; pursuant to an appointment made with him on their trip from Philadelphia. They rented a room at a place known as the Eighth Ward Hotel, and occupied it together for several hours. Then Mabel went home and arrived there about 11 o'clock.

ENGAGED BROTHER'S DEED. In the meantime her brother Tom, the suicide, had learned of her escapade, traced both her and Weisenberg to the hotel where the room had been rented, and learned that they had just left. He at once hurried home, and found Mabel in the second-story front room, preparing to retire. He upbraided her for what she had done, and she retorted angrily.

In a rage the brother struck her a heavy blow on the ear and knocked her against a bureau. She was senseless, and he thought he had killed her. Then, to make it look more like a murder, he at once got a hatchet from the back room and hit her with it twice. The family were speedily aroused, and when they saw that the girl was dead a family consultation was held.

The plot which followed was developed, and in order to make it look more like murder both of the other brothers, Charles and John, are alleged to have taken a hand in it. The body was carefully hidden in the front room all of Sunday, and the day was spent in removing as much as possible the evidences of the murder. The hatchet was washed and broken; the blood stains were washed up, and the carpet was replaced with another one.

When Eckstein called on Sunday he was told that Mabel had gone out. The entire story of the fictitious team and the bundle being carried into a neighbor's yard was concocted and carried out to the letter. The first important clew concerning the latter came from an anonymous letter to Mayor Lewis. It was written in a feminine hand, and was postmarked Philadelphia. It stated, practically without a change, the exact manner in which the murder had been committed. It also stated that an attempt would be made to conceal the murderer, and that it was Thomas who had done it.

Whoever wrote this letter had certain knowledge which proved of great value in the investigation that followed by the police. THE INCRIMINATING LETTER. Following is the anonymous letter received by Mayor Lewis:

She was killed by her brother Thomas. The body was taken downstairs with the assistance of the mother, and laid in the passageway. The story was then made up by her brother. The police theory is that the girl with her to release herself from one who was dragging her down to infamy culminated that night in a terrible scene, in which the brother, brought to madness by her, hit the same story—Virginia and his daughter, to save her from Tarquin; with the same result, Tarquin not killed, but the child, by Virginia.

HIS RAGE AND SUICIDE. There are friends of Thomas Bechtel here who declare that the man was driven crazy by the shame following the actions of his sister. He had a personal dislike for Weisenberg that almost amounted to a hatred. And when his sister, Mabel, persisted in her improper conduct he only struck her the first blow to correct her, and not to kill her. The blow was a passing one, however, and knocked her senseless. The police theory is that he hit her in the forehead and killed her, afterward mutilating her to make it look more like a murder.

The suicide of Bechtel was directly in line with the character of the man. He was high-strung and nervous, and possessed of great strength and physical courage. He was a corn-shucker, and it was with a corn-shucker's knife that he cut his throat.

During the funeral services Mrs. Bechtel, the mother of the murdered girl, was present, sitting in a big chair propped up with pillows. She appeared to be on the verge of prostration, and her grief was excessive and deep. It was expected that something sensational would develop in the funeral services; but this did not prove to be the case.

John J. Speak, of the Zion Church of the Evangelical Association, addressed his remarks entirely to the bereaved mother, and did not refer to the tragedy. The interment took place at West cemetery. All the members of the family were present, with the exception of Thomas Bechtel, who was held by the authorities. An attempt was made by Attorney James L. Schmidt to induce them to permit the attendance of both Eckstein and Bechtel at the funeral; but it was not successful. Neither of them was able to get bail.

The coffin in which reposed the remains of the unfortunate girl was a beautiful one of pearl gray, and it rested amid a profusion of flowers in the modest parlor. Those who knew the handsome girl in life could hardly recognize the features in the coffin. The cruel traces of the brutal murderer had maimed and destroyed the features until they bore no familiar resemblance.

Wheat Fields of Canada. Manitoba is preeminently the province of wheat. Westward of Winnipeg, when the yellow and red almost touch, you may ride for a day and a half without being able to see a blade of grass, but wheat is everywhere, rippling to the run of the wind, says the *Chautauquan*. The tall red towers of the elevators rise where settlements have clustered into a village; but across the fenceless reaches is nothing but the yellow wheat. The province is only in its infancy. Only one-tenth of the wheat lands are occupied; yet that tenth yields more wheat than Great Britain, one-fifth as much as the two Russias, twice as much as Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Belgium together, a third more than Austria, a fifth more than Roumania. When all Manitoba's wheat lands are occupied, this province alone will be producing twice as much wheat as Russia, four times as much as Germany.

At each little prairie station, hosts of settlers go out from the colonist cars, of the train and look with wondering eyes on the vast fenceless fields that seem to begin where the sun rises and end where the sun sets. It is a new world—a world of promise—to them from the stifled countries of Europe, a world where land hunger is no crime, and land to be had for the taking, and success awaiting ripe to the hand of toil. How the eyes that have dug themselves out in an Eastern sweat shop moisten at sight of the boundless prairies! And the back bent with toil for a pittance that draws the very life out of the straight stature of self-supporting manhood! There is so much free air! There is such plain, palpable, boundless opportunity for every man!

Big Jump in Oil. High Record Prices Now Being Paid Brings Joy to Ohio Producers. Another advance last Wednesday of two cents in Western oil, placing the North Lima product at \$1.32 per barrel, five cents higher than ever known before, brought joy to the hearts and dollars to the pockets of the Ohio fraternity, which is thoroughly aroused at the bullish aspect of the market. The general feeling is that still higher prices will be reached, and a tip from New York says North Lima will reach \$1.60 before the advance ceases.

Conditions for oil producers seem better now than they have been for years, and present prices will start the drill wherever there is any chance at all to get oil. Old fields are gradually declining, and much of the new territory is so spotted as to make results uncertain. With oil stocks still lower than desired and a strong demand for the present prices do not seem abnormal, but merely in obedience to the law of supply and demand.

Gave His Life for His Dog. George W. Allison, of Addison, was so severely injured while crossing the Buffalo and Susquehanna railroad bridge near Galeton last Saturday afternoon, that he died later in the evening. He was crossing the bridge in company with several friends when he heard a train approaching and noticing his dog was on the track on which the train was running, he tried to push the animal out of the road, with his leg, when he lost his balance and fell, his leg being caught between the ties in such a manner that he was unable to free himself.

Lemonade and Champagne. Some one asked Chauncey Depew upon his return from Europe if champagne is really the best thing one can drink to avoid seasickness. "Well," replied the Senator, with his never-failing ha-ha, "I like to vary well myself, but most people prefer lemonade. It tastes about the same going both ways."

His Choice. "What kind of breakfast food do you prefer?" asked the landlady of the new boarder. "Flannel cakes and pure maple syrup, buttered toasts, ham and eggs, and coffee," replied the young man, who had his appetite with him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Not the Slightest Idea. Calvert, Jr.—"Do you know what this cousin looks like, that you are waiting for?" Baldy Moore—"No. I have only seen her photograph, taken in an evening gown."—*Baltimore American.*

Thought Generator. Smith—"I don't think much of De-Jones." "I do." Brown—"Because why?" Smith—"Because he owes me \$5."—*Chicago News.*

Alaska's Development. Alaska was without a mile of railroad four years ago. Now it has 10,000 miles in operation, or under construction. The big Territory, as it is prospected, will develop many agreeable surprises.

Patriotic Worry. "Some men," said Uncle Eben, "is so worried 'bout what's gwine on in South American 'n' de Philippines dat dey clean forgot to keep der own sidewalks sweep' off."—*Washington Star.*

Fatal Wreck.

One of the victims was Mrs. Emma Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army. An Open Switch Cause. She Died Half an Hour After Being Found.—Colonel Holland will also Die.

Mrs. Emma Booth-Tucker, consul in America of the Salvation Army, wife of Commander Booth-Tucker, and second daughter of William Booth, founder of the army, was killed in the wreck of the Santa Fe railroad's eastbound California train No. 2 near Dean Lake, Mo., eighty-five miles east of Kansas City, last Thursday night. Colonel Thomas C. Holland, in charge of the Salvation Army at Amity, Col., was fatally injured, but up to 3:30 Thursday morning was reported still alive. Fifteen others were more or less hurt. The dead and injured were taken to Fort Madison, Ia.

Mrs. Booth-Tucker was rendered unconscious and died within half an hour after being injured. Her skull was fractured and she was injured internally. Mrs. Booth-Tucker was on her way from a visit to the farm colony at Amity, Col., to Chicago, where she was to have met her husband Friday. Although the wreck occurred at 9:30 last Thursday night, it was not known until after midnight that Mrs. Booth-Tucker was among the injured. The first details of the wreck were obtained Friday by the Associated Press over the long-distance telephone from Marceline, through Dr. D. C. Putnam, who had been at the scene.

The wrecked train left Kansas City last Thursday. It ran into an open switch just outside Dean Lake. Only the last three cars—two Pullmans and a diner—were wrecked. The Pullmans were demolished, while the diner was badly damaged. In the forward Pullman Mrs. Booth-Tucker and Colonel Holland, who were the sole occupants of that car, had just gone to the forward end for a consultation.

Two of the Pullmans struck a steel water tank with such force as to move it five feet from its foundation, and when the crew reached the scene both Mrs. Booth-Tucker and Col. Holland were found unconscious. They, with the other injured, were after much delay taken to the depot platform, a few blocks distant. There everything possible was done for them. Neither regained consciousness, and within half an hour the noted Salvation Army leader succumbed to her injuries.

Most touching was the scene in the home of Booth-Tucker at Mount Vernon, N. J., when the news was carried to the seven small children by Brigadier Alice Johnson, who has been most closely associated with Mrs. Booth-Tucker in her home and in her work. Gathering all about her, Mrs. Johnson told them that their mother had gone away to another world; that their father was sad and heart sick, far away, and needed their sympathy and love.

When their eyes were dried Frederick and Catharine wrote in their own childish way a telegram to their father telling him of the deep grief in their home and of the love of his children. Mrs. Booth-Tucker, who was Miss Emma Booth, married Frederick Tucker in 1888. He assumed her name as part of his own. He was born in India and lived there several years after the marriage. He was commissioner of the army in India. Mr. and Mrs. Booth-Tucker were appointed to command the Army in America in March 1896, succeeding Eva C. Booth, who had supplanted her brother, Ballington Booth, who had been removed by the General.

Mrs. Booth-Tucker was the second daughter of General William Booth, and was said to be the ablest of all the Booth children. She had enthusiasm tempered with cool judgment and executive ability. It was these qualities which induced her father to send her to the United States in 1896 to try to bring about harmony in the American branch of the army. As an orator she had few equals in either sex. Ballington Booth and his wife then succeeded and founded the Volunteers of America.

Recorder Brown Poisoned. Pittsburgh's Late Executive Murdered—By Whom? Coroner's Jury Finds a Startling Verdict, But People are Asking: "Will It Stop There?"

"We the jury, find that Joseph Owen Brown came to his death suddenly at his residence on Sunday, March 15th, 1903, from poison having been administered: said poison having been administered by some person or persons unknown."

Such, in effect, was the verdict rendered Thursday by the Coroner's jury in the inquest into the death of the late City Recorder of Pittsburgh. The jury was out about three hours before arriving at a verdict, having retired late Thursday afternoon.

The charge of Coroner Jesse H. McGeary showed that he believed that his uncle, the late Recorder, had been poisoned, and while he cleared the relatives of all blame he intimated that there might have been persons interested in Brown's death. He instructed for an open verdict, however.

The questions now arise: Who was the party that administered the poison? Will the district attorney and county authorities take cognizance of the verdict and make an inquiry into the matter? Is another question being discussed. J. R. P. Brown, the brother of the late Recorder, who started the inquiry into his death, announced that he does not intend to return to his ranch home for some time, but refused to state whether he would make any further inquiry.

Call's Bite Caused Death. A Singular Happening to an Aged Farmer in New York State. Steuben county, says the Rochester *Union*, is to the front with a story of Andrew G. DeWitt, sacrificing his life at the age of 78 years, because of his fondness for the fire bred stock for which his farms are famous. Mr. DeWitt expired after two weeks of critical illness from blood-poisoning, which expert physicians have traced to a mere scratch on one of the aged man's hands, sustained while he was petting a calf.

New Feats in Medicine.

Investigation Directed to the Measurements of the Pressure of the Blood.

It is almost impossible to tell the tale of a surgeon's hopes or a physician's expectations so that it will convey to the lay mind the precise degree of information that is ready to be transmitted. says "Harper's Weekly." When the surgeon or the physician talks to his mates, as at the doctor's conventions, his facts are understood and his conjectures are sifted in the light of the experience of his fellows, but we laymen are apt to swallow whole the tales we read of medical discovery and to be disappointed when the expectations we form are disappointed. The papers have begun to disclose, for example, that experiments are going on that look to the cure of Bright's disease by a surgical operation on the kidneys. Surgeons no longer stand on much ceremony with the kidneys, but deal with them as they would with the eyes or any other of the duplex organs, taking one out when it is hopelessly disordered and making repairs on such as are repairable. They say one of the new operations for Bright's disease is to peel off the outer coats of the kidneys and leave them to work, as you may say, in their shirt sleeves. At any rate, some of the surgeons do some kind of operations which is said to cure the patient though the whole proceeding is still in the experimental stage, and there has not been time yet to determine whether the cure is permanent.

The pulse has heretofore been the indicator of the strength of the blood currents, but now a long series of experiments on animals and humans has resulted in a mechanical device which does the work more accurately and supplies a record of the absolute pressure, which can be measured by the rise of mercury in a graduated tube. The precise nature of the contrivance used is too long a story to tell here, but an inflated rubber bandage around the arm is the basis of it. By means of it the doctor thinks they can measure the precise effect of remedies long used to stimulate blood flow and how long they serve the end intended. One of the results believed is that alcohol is of less value than has been supposed in keeping life in fever patients and surgical patients who are suffering from shock. In those latter cases, where the patient's life is ebbing because the blood runs too feebly, outside pressure on the surface of the body has been found to help. It is best administered by clothing the patient in a double suit of rubber so contrived that it can be inflated and subject the wearer's whole body to gentle and uniform pressure.

Sun Spots Form Changes. They are Now in the Shape of a Letter Y. Small Spots Brilliant.

The spots which created so much disturbance on the sun's surface about two weeks ago have reappeared, the orb having half revolved on its axis since the spots disappeared. They were examined by John A. Brashear, of Western university, recently.

"The spots have changed greatly in form," said Mr. Brashear, "and are now in the shape of the letter 'Y,' with a very dark nucleus. The other spots have broken up into saeculae, which are more brilliant than any other parts of the sun's surface. Photographs taken with a spectro-heliograph show that there is great distribution in the calcium vapor. One photograph shows two-thirds of the entire spot.

A Denver, Col., dispatch says: Another large spot group on the sun was discovered recently by Hubert S. Howe, a fifteen-year-old student at Denver; university and a son of Prof. Herbert A. Howe, of the university faculty. The young man is in the preparatory department of the university, but has shown such absorbing interest in astronomy that he has been permitted to make original investigations. His discovery recently was made at noon, when he found the sun spot just creeping about the eastern edge of the sun.

Whipped by Twenty Women. Man Who Threw Stones at a Young Woman Punished With Switches.

Clinton Godsey, twenty years old, residing in Baker township, Hamilton county, Indiana, was whipped by the women of the community last Tuesday night, twenty of them taking part in the drubbing. The immediate cause of the whipping, it is said, was the fact he followed a young woman home from church on Sunday night and threw clods and stones at her because she refused his attention.

Godsey was found at home when the women called. He was taken into the yard and whipped severely with switches. He was then admonished to behave himself in the future or the whipping would be repeated.

Every Day Sort of a Boy. A boy once applied for a situation. "We don't want lazy boys here," said the manager. "Are you fond of work?" "No, sir," responded the boy, looking the other straight in the face. "Oh, you're not, aren't you? Well, we want a boy that is."

"There ain't any," said the boy, doggedly. "Oh, yes, there are. We have had over half a dozen of that kind here this morning to take the place we have."

"How do you know they are?" asked the boy. "They told me so." "So could I, but I'm not a liar." And the lad said it with such an air of convincing energy that he was engaged at once.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

In Their Full Dress Suits. About eight or ten young people who boarded the train at Jersey Shore last evening to say good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Hamler, who were about to start on their wedding trip, failed to get off the train, and were carried through to this city, where they were obliged to remain until the next morning, when they boarded the early morning train and returned home. The ladies and gentlemen in the party were in their full dress suits. It was their intention at Jersey Shore to bid the couple good-bye, and then get off the rear end of the car, but the train got going so rapidly that they could not jump off.—*Williamstown Sun.*

Half Choked Before Hainging. A terrible spectacle was witnessed last week at Birmingham, Ala., when Felix Hall, negro, was hanged for the murder of Norwood Clark, white. When the drop fell the rope slipped and the condemned man hung for 10 minutes, only his choke-man hung for 10 minutes, only his choke-