Bellefonte Pe., January 29, 1904.

THE NEW BABY.

Yes, I've got a little brother, Never asked to have him, nuther, But he's here. They just went away and bought him And, last week the doctor brought him, Weren't that queer ?

When I heard the news from Molly, Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly, Cause you see, I s'posed I could go and get him.

And then mamma course, would let him Play with me, But when I had once looked at him, "Why," I says, "great snakes, is that him'

Just that mite! They said "Yes," and "Ain't he cunnin' And I thought they must be funnin'-He's a sight ! He's so small, it's just amazin',

And you'd think that he was blazin'. He's so red. And his nose is like a herry And he's bald as Uncle Jerry, On his head.

Why, he isn't worth a brick, All he does is cry and kick. He can't stop. Won't sit up, you can't arrange him, I don't see why pa don't change him,

At the shop. Now, we've got to dress and feed him. And we really didn't need him More'n a trog : Why'd they buy a baby brother, When they know I'd good deal ruther

> Have a dog? -Kansas Farmer.

MOOSE HUNTING IN NOVA SCOTIA. The Story of a Thrilling Hunt of Large Game as

Told by One of the Most Successful Sportsmen in the Country.

of a number of very valuable tropbies of the hunt to the science department of feet they moved through the cover, the Franklin and Marshall college at Lancaster by Col. A. C. Kepler, of that city, is the warning of their approach. Signals took following story of his latest trip to Nova the place of words as they wormed them-Scotia in quest of big game.

Col. Kepler is a gentleman by the grace of God and a sportsman by nature. By sportsman we mean to use the word in its to place the rifle to the shoulder. highest and best sense, for while he has hunted through southern swamps, scaled the highest peaks of the Rockies and Selkirk's and spent months in the ice clad isolations of New Foundland his sole object has been for recreation and for the beauteous, simple life that is to be found alone near nature's heart.

The story of his latest hunt should prove of additional interest because being told in being pursued, he scraped the calling horn his own language we are ready to vouch for over some brushes and branches, thus the truthfuluess of every word. Col. Kepler is a cousin of Hon. J. W. Kepler, of ler is a cousin of Hon. J. W. Kepler, of branches. The bull's ears caught the Pine Grove Mills, and frequently visits at sound and his fear turned to uncontrollable his father's home there.

THE HUNT.

Scotia on a Saturday in the middle of September. Guide and cook had been engaged months ahead, and all the prelimi-creet silence, with rifle ready for the quick nary arrangements to take to the woods on work both hunters knew the occasion re-Monday completed. How well this grame was planned may be inferred from a clump of firs barely twenty feet in front the fact that the start was promptly made of the guide and a little farther from Mr. grame was planned may be inferred from at the designated time with everything present and not one out of place. Previous to starting a license was taken out, costing \$40. The party consisted of Mr. Kepler, the cook and guide, the latter acknowledged one of the most expert moose hunt-ers in that part of the country. The impedimenta was loaded on a wagon drawn by a pair of oxen, which for that section and work were found far superior to either horses or mules. They scared at nothing, were docile, and during the stay in camp could be left to forage for themselves.

ROUGH ROADS. The first day the road was fairly good, as highways through mountain and woodland districts go. It was constructed by lumbermen, whose idea of a roadway is an opening through the forest that will enable them to get out the timber. Inequalities of the roadbed, boulders and chuck holes are matters of no concern, and so remain perpetual causes of miring and jolts. Travelling at the rate of about two miles an hour, something like twenty miles were covered Monday, to the end of the alleged road. Tuesday would see the party plunge into the forest primeval without sign of roadway. The next two days not over ten miles each were covered, and such travelling is inconceivable to the uninitiated It was bumpety bump over rocks or decayed stumps, interspersed with one or both oxen becoming mired in a swamp. This pair of animals had been carefully trained for this work, and exercised wonderful judgment in extricating themselves. At times it was necessary to unhitch one animal and use it to pull the other out of a had place. The experience was trying, but the man who hunts moose must be philosophical and take things as they come, with the consolation that they are no worse. The fourth day the site of the permanent, camp was struck, the tent pitched and every-thing made as comfortable and convenient as the conditions would permit. The nearest place that bore a semblance of civilization was forty miles away, with one vast

stretch of forest between. The hunt opened inauspiciously. The weather was unfavorable; in fact, for the four weeks they were in the woods there were only four or five days when the conditions were really good for successful calling. The first week it was warm, rainy, with a wind of varying strength. The noise of the rain and wind interfered with the calling, besides the call could only be heard by an animal on the windward side, and the same breeze that carried the call would convey to his sensitive nostrils the scent of the hunter, which would send the moose skurrying away to a new district, probably ten or fifteen miles distant.

ANIMAL AND HUMAN VOCAL DUET. It was about a week after they had pitched camp that the first moose was killed. Notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions, they repaired to the calling ground prime condition, with a grand spread and each morning. This place was a small clearing in the forest covered with scrub growth, the plan being to get the moose to come out into the open in quest of the supor fifteen miles farther into the interior. returned to camp for breakfast. All three

Mr. Kepler and the guide went to the edge of the clearing a mile away. Placing the horn to his lips the guide sent the mournful imitation ringing over the surrounding country for miles. Within fifteen minutes a bull moose answered. Soon was heard the noise of his coming as he crashed through the underbrush and knocked his horns against trees and limbs. In the meantime the cow he had deserted was plainly heard pleading for him to come back. The fate of the bull resolved itself into a contest between the vocal accomplishments of the cow and the skill of the woodsman and his bark horn. Back and forth he went in turn as the real and bogus call proved the more seductive, but the cow eventually won. One time he was at the very edge of the cleaning opposite the hunters, and they could see the swaying of the brush as he moved about. He either became suspicious, or at the last moment surrendered to the pleadings of the cow and went back and refused again, to be enticed away. As there was no probability of getting him to respond again, the only chance, a rare one, was to follow his trail and stalk him. Under ordinary conditions this would not be resorted to, be-cause if it failed the moose would flee from the territory. As they were going to move camp that day it was concluded that noth-ing would be lost if they did scare him away, besides there was a possibility that he might go to a section within calling of their new camp.

A SUCCESSFUL STALK. Divesting themselves of all surplus clothing, they crossed the clearing and soon found the trail, which later joined that of the cow, and both led to a swamp. In the centre of the morass was a hog back or hump of ground higher than the surrounding swamp. It was dry and covered by a dense growth of fir, generally a second growth. Through the outer edge of the swamp they followed the tracks to the hog and if they succeeded in stalking within Decidedly a propos of the recent transfer shooting distance they would perform a feat achieved by comparatively few sportsmen. Separated by a distance of twenty selves through the brush, eyes and ears alert, for both well knew that whatever

opportunities were afforded would be only

of the snapshot variety, with barely time HIS JEALOUSY WAS FATAL. They had proceeded but a short distance when a crash and thunderous noise in their unseen front told them that the animals had detected them and were off without a chance to shoot. At this juncture the quick wit of the guide turned what appeared to be a sad disappointment into a game of the hunter being hunted. As the moose were crashing through the brush, ears wide open to ascertain if they were imitating the noise made by a bull moose when he rubs his antlers against the tree rage; for he thought he had been put to flight by another bull moose, and so had shown himself a coward in the presence of Col. Kepler arrived in Shelburne, Nova the cow. He wheeled like a flash, and with lowered head charged in the direction onired. With a mighty rush he burst from Kepler, who was to the right. Simultaneous with his appearance two rifles cracked as one, and the moose fell dead almost at their feet. He was a fine animal, but after a critical examination Mr. Kepler concluded that it was not good enough for the present to the college science department. The animal was skinned and the meat barrelled for use in a lumber camp which the

guide will operate this winter. THE GIANT MOOSE TOO CUNNING. The next day the camp was moved twelve miles distant to a beautiful body of water which they called Spectacle lake. It is a place of surpassing grandeur and beauty, and the surroundings ideal for moose hunting. The first night they could hear a bull and cow moose about a mile away in the woods, and from subsequent observation they were convinced the bull was the biggest moose in that part of Nova Scotia. With the game in such proximity to the camp their expectations ran high, but the old bull proved too cunning. Early the next morning they began the work of coaxing him from his mate. He was not averse to a little flirtation, but bis caution was exasperating. For several days they managed to draw him away from the cow, which each time eventually came out the victor, and one morning they enticed him near enough to see the top of his antlers. next morning they counted on getting him into the opening without fail, but alas for well laid plans, it began to rain that night and kept it up for three days. When the weather cleared it was found both moose had moved beyond the range of their call, and the big bull's skin was safe so far as

the Lancaster hunter was concerned. A FINE SPECIMEN SHOT. With the advent of clear weather the calling was resumed. This was in the beginning of October. Several morn-ings were spent on the calling ground without result. Then came another, with weather conditions made to the order of the moose hunter. As the birch bark reverberated through the forests, there came back a reply that carried with it the impatience of the proverbial lover. Plainly they heard him break his way through the brush, coming straight for As he approached nearer, the bell them. of the birch horn was placed near the ground and the calls issued in subdued tones. No taint of suspicion reached his nose, and he boldly walked from the forest into the opening where the hunters were awaiting with rifle almost at shoulder. One moment he stood there surveying the situation, and the next he fell dead as a bullet from Mr. Kepler's rifle entered his vitals. He was standing about 125 yards away when shot. The moose was a much finer specimen than the first one, being five years old, five feet eight inches high at the shoulder, with a very

twenty tines.

LOTS OF HARD WORK The shooting of the moose was the least posed cow. Two mornings they received of the contract of the hunter to furnish a but the moose had secured the mounted animal. It had to be skinned companionship of a cow and was loath to and the hide and bones treated so that leave her. The third day was an ideal one they would not spoil, a task that required for calling, cool, clear and crisp, and not a the best part of a week's work. The sign of a breeze. It was concluded to make animal was killed early in the morning, another effort and then move the camp ten and after a round of congratulations they

Leaving camp at 4 o'clock in the morning, then went back to the moose, and it required the entire day to skin him and convey the several parts to the camp. There the skin was spread out flesh side up and half a bushel of salt rubbed on it. Soon in the centre there gathered a pool of brine, and into this were placed the leg bones and head, and thus left for a day and a half. Later the skin was hung up on poles in such a way as not to stretch it and carefully watched and treated for a week. Finally it had to be packed for the rough trip back through the forest, thence by boat, stage and railway to the taxidermist at Bangor, Me., who has informed Mr. Kepler that all the parts reached him in first-class condition, thanks to the careful measurements taken of the moose before he was skinned, and which were sent with the animal, they expected to get an artistic mounting.

YOUNG AND RECKLESS MOOSE Another moose was killed a few days later by the guide, who wanted the meat. It as soon as the doors were open. By com-was a two-year-old bull, which had not mon consent, he takes the speaker's stand, by the guide, who wanted the meat. It yet reached the age of discretion and showed in his love-making more eagerness than indement. He responded to a call, and when first seen by Mr. Kepler was mistaken for a bear. He disappeared, and an examination of the tracks proved that it was a moose. They began calling again, and the bellowing fell on willing ears. The moose came out of the brush, and within twenty-five or thirty yards of the hunters. Mr. Kepler wanted to let him go, but the guide insisted on having him for meat. The rifle cracked and the moose fell dead after running a short distance. Afterwards they saw several more moose, but they were all too young and were not shot. One was called up within twenty-five feet of the hunters, and stood there for fully ten minutes before they scared him away. After that came the journey home, which was a repetition of the trip into the forest, with the added responsibillying down. The brush was so dense that the hunters could see but a few feet ahead, and if they succeeded in a table of the first bull was a piece of the stalking of the succeeded in a table of the first bull was a piece of the succeeded in a table of the first bull was a piece of the stalking of the succeeded in a table of tab ity of looking after the trophies. It was the first bull was a piece of exceptionally elever woodcraft, which no doubt will become a legend among the hunting stories of that country.

The Lad Cremated.

An Incendiary's Foul Work. Logs Piled Under and Around One End of the Building and Match Was Applied. The Tragic Affair is a Mystery.

The 9-years-old son of Mr, and Mrs. Charles Tritt, residing near Long Hollow, a few miles east of Catawissa, was burned to death in their home, which was set on fire by an incendiary, Sunday night. The story of the awful occurrence, with its wierd thread of detail, is graphically told

in the Bloomsburg Press, as follows:
"Burned so that there is not a semblance of his body to be found, the life of Nathan, the 9-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tritt, who live near Long Hollow, paid the forfeit of a dastardly act of an incendiary, while the parents and two brothers escaped only with their lives in their underclothes, the house and all its furnishings being the funeral pyre of their youngest son and brother. Se has there ever been recorded a sadder death than that which has clouded the lives of the Tritt family. The parents and three sons Adam, Frank and Nate, the boys occupying one room, were asleep at half-past 11 o'olock Sunday night, when a fiend stacked a pile of wood high around the one end of the house, and setting fire he was is not yet known.

"The first intimation the family had of ing to the window she saw that the house was already in flames. Screaming, she awakened her husband, and rushing to the room of the boys called them. The two older brothers, Adam, aged 18 years, and Frank, aged 16 years, were at once awakened, and calling Nate, he responded, but it was the answer of a sleeping boy. Believing that he was awake and realizing his danger, they ran for their lives, not waiting to get any clothing. they had reached the outside of the building they were vet in time to see the pile of wood placed there by the hands of the incendiary. It was then that they missed Nate. Risking his own life, Adam started back into the fiercely blazing house, only to be overcome and falling to the floor He was rescued by the others in the nick of time, for his clothing was already in flames and the skin on his face and neck was in a blister.

"Not daunted by this he ran to a nearby shed, and getting a ladder he placed it against the side of the house near the window of the room in which they supposed their brother was sleeping the sleep of death. Not once had he called to them, the smoke without doubt suffocating him Reaching the top of the ladder Adam called to his brother again and again, but no voice answered him. He attempted to enter the window, but the flames drove him back. Then he managed to get hold of the bedpost and was drawing it to the window when it caught fast in the room and could not be moved. While he was yet vainly trying to move the bed the flames belched from the window and he was forced to drop to the ground or likewise meet death. Al this time the other members of the family were vainly making an effort to stay the advance of the fire fiend. No means of fighting the fire were at hand and the family standing there with little clothing on, in their bare feet, were but ill equipped to battle with the flames.

"Added to all this the wife and one had to restrain the father, or he would have dashed into the house in an effort to save his child after all chance vanished and when certain death stared him in the face. Suffering from the cold, with the thermometer near the zero point, they made their way to the home of a neighbor, James Fisher, where they stayed until morning. Soon after reaching there the father fainted away and it was with difficulty that he was re scusciated. For about thirty minutes the flames ate their way through the house and after the timbers had fallen and the mantle of day had come over the land, a search was made for the body of the son, but not a semblance of a hone could be found over which the last sad rites could be paid. The family have not even the consolation of burying their dead. Never was a body

more effectually oremated. "Not a piece of household furniture was saved, and about \$50 in money was burned ed the incendiary in the work for the house An excellent opportunity was affordin which they lived was of two parts, the one part being built of logs, while the addition had no cellar under it and was built on piles. Under and alongside of these piles the fire was built. So far as known there is absolutely no person toward whom the finger of suspicion could be pointed, for Mr. Tritt knew of no enemies that he had. It is understood the family will purchase new furniture and go to housekeeping in an old house that stands upon their farm.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Save for my daily range mong the pleasant fields of Holy Writ, might despair —Tennyson.

THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON. First Quarter. Lesson V. Luke v, 1-11

Sunday February 7, 1904. A SABBATH IN CAPERNAUM It was Sabbath in the city of Nahum

(Capernaum) so famous-in New Testament annals, exalted to Heaven by Jesus' residence within its limits. The usual audience had gathered in the marble synagogue which love had prompted a worthy centurion proselyte to build. The glittering fragments of that house of prayer, with the conventional twisted foliage ornamentation, greet the eye of the m odern traveler, and reminds him of the doom which Jesus pronounced on account of the spiritual obtuseness of its population Mark's spirited marrative describes Jesus going to the synagogue and utters words that have a principle of

life in them. "He speaks the prophets' words, but with an air As if himself had been foreshadowed in them. The most eminent scribe that ever occu-

pied that desk never approximated to the self-assertiveness of the speaker. Hear his "I say unto you!" "I am the way, the door' the vine, the shepherd, truth, life, resurrection !" "Before Abraham was, I No wonder that audience was am !" dumbfounded. Moses and the prophets were not authorities to be appealed to, but servants to deck the speaker's brow with aureola of divinity. In the very midst of that fervid sermon, the breathless stillness of the auditorium is broken by the piercing cry of terror and astonishment with which the underworld recognizes its Sovereign Master: "Ah !" "Woe is me !" "Mine hour of doom is come." It was just such a cry as the condemned felon might raise at the sudden, unexpected appearance of his executioner. The seed of the serpent recognizes the seed of the woman. But even in his terror the unclean spirit sees an opportunity to damage his mighty opponent. He fails not to avail himself of it. He will patronizingly acknowledge the new Rabbi's exalted claims, so that there shall be the appearance of collusion. The venomous Jews shall be furnished with some color for their damaging accusation that Jesus is himself possessed, and by that means exersises his authority over demons. The Master checkmates that devil in a single move. He silences him, and expels him. The demon gives an example of his maleyolent rerocity by giving his unhappy vic-tim "a last fling" before he leaves him. In that synagogue by the sea is witnessed a sharp encounter between the powers of light and darkness, and Heaven's final triamph is there adumbrated. No wonder that the fame of it flew with winged feet. The scene of Jesus' tireless activity is at once transferred from the publicity of the synagogue to the sweet privacy of the home of the chiefest of his apostles. What Peter has just seen of the Master's power emboldens him to call his attention to an instance of sickness in his own house—a low, consuming, fatal fever. The domestic miracle will produce no such sensation as that wrought in the synagogue; but love for his disciple, and a desire to confirm this somewhat unstable character, as well as sympathy for the sufferer, leads Jesus to give the touch and word of power. "What God does is well done." No tedious convalescence succeeds the breaking of the fever. to the pile stole away in the dark. Who As a token of gratitude the sick woman instantly rises from her couch and prepares a savory meal, All unconsciously she gives the fire was when the mother was awakened by the crackling of the flames. Rush-Master after the toils of the day, and fortifies him for the overwhelming exactions of the early evening. For scarcely was the meal finished before the street in front of Peter's house was converted into a hospital. That miracle in the synagogue had been a silver bell whose notes of hope had sounded in every shadowed home. In obedience to the encouraging call, when the setting sun had absolved the people from their over-strained notions of Sabbath observance, they came with confidence to Him whose sovereign power had had such a conspicuous exemplification. From one sufferer's mat to another Jesus walked in that hastily-ex temporized lazar-house under the stars. Nor did he desist as long as there was a tiny sufferer left upon any mother's gentle bosom. Now we know how Capernaum was lifted to heaven in point of privilege. No other city had such a perfect exhibition of Jesus' power. In a single night every malevolent demon was expelled, every disseased person was made every whit whole. The sun that went down upon a sick and suffering city rose one healed and happy. Yet see once more the inveterate power o sin. Those mighty works produced no general or lasting faith in Jesus as the Messiah. Capernaum's doom was deserved.

> 'Thou shalt be brought down to hell." THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

One fairly hears the Master's stern words.

still making the echoes of her desolation

Demoniac possession is confessedly a difficult problem. We do not undertake a solution. Here are some hints only That it was merely a symbolical way of talking about the dominance of evil (Strauss), or that it was an accommodation on the part of Jesus to ideas then prevalent Trench affirms that demoniacal possession was coincident only with Jesus' public ministry, a sort of dark background on which his power might be displayed to greatest advantage. Of this we can only say: "Not proven." The first Hebrew king seems to have been "possessed," and modern instances seem not to be altogether wanting.

One more we have "a devil with a Bible under his arm and quoting texts." The exalted title, "Holy One of God," is taken from the Messianic Psalm. (Psa. xvi, 10.)

In the language of the New Testament there is a great gulf fixed between the kingdom of light and the kingdom of darkness. The former can accept or borrow nothing from the latter, not even words of commendation that will be of advantage.

. . . There are some ministers who, if they can get some old infidel to "speak a good word" for them, are wonderfully elated thereat. They had better imitate their Master's example. All compliments from such sources are dubious, and have a decidedly sulphuric scent. They ought to be declined with thanks.

That Sabhath in Capernaum is Jesus' whole life in miniature, -the attendance upon the synagogue service, his sermon, expulsion of the demon, his beneficent deed in Peter's home, the healing of all the sick folk brought at sundown, all closing with his night vigil in the solitary What a tireless toiler! What place. industry, and all that he might minister should go and when he is old he will not go to Congress unless he has a chance.

Should go and when he is old he will not go to Congress unless he has a chance.

West Jersey. human life was ever packed with greater and give himself for others?

PLEASANT FIELDS OF HOLY WRIT. CHILD-STUDY AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL METH-

There is a fascinating witchery about the child-mind, the spell and power of which is felt by every one to a greater or less degree: a certain audacity of thought, luxuriance of imagination, grotesqueness of language, all quaint, artless, captivating to the last degree. Not to be sensitive to and appreciative of this characteristic is the greatest possible disqualification for teaching. It puts one out of touch and tune with the child. Such a one is beyond the child's horizon and speaking in an unknown tongue.

> A Wail From The Solitudes. The Adventures of M. Dolarr.

As I am sitting in the "Solitudes" ing through the eye of fancy at the long procession of fantastic characters that one ees on the midway of life -- just as fantastic as the real characters one meets from day to day. I am seemingly recalled from my reverie by the sound of a voice near me. A queer little creature appears before me. in a dusty looking garb of gray and green and a rueful expression of countenance. "Pardon me," he said, "I did not mean to intrude. I supposed this was the "Solitudes" and that I should be alone."

"Ah, welcome did you say? Thank you, I shall be glad to rest, for a short time, away from the rushing, buffetting throng. I am weary of being tossed hither and thither as relentlessly as a foot-ball or the hero of a season. With your permission I shall relieve my over-charged feelings by relating to you a few incidents from my somewhat checkered career. "There are many very pleasant scenes which I can recall, for I am glad to say that I have helped to bring happiness and prosperity to many. But I have unwittingly been the cause of so much misery. sorrow and dishonor that I sometimes feel that it out weighs the good that I have

done. "My family is a very ancient one. We can trace our ancestry back through many ages. Our relationship is as wide-spread as civilization. Though the family connection is not very generally recognized, owing to our time-honored custom of changing the family name to suit the language spoken in the country of our adoption.

"I do not hesitate to say that our family in its various positions wields a wider and greater influence than any family in the world. Through our influence deserts have been reclaimed and transformed into gardens of beauty; distant places have been brought into close communication. Empires have been formed, and thrones have toppled over. Through our influence the humblest of humanity have risen into power, an the great and honorable have een dragged to the lowest depths. (With his rising eloquence, the little creature seemed to expand to wonderful proportions, with the mere sense of his own importance and that of his family, but presently recalling himself he continued

more quietly.)
"But I promised to relate some of my own experiences only. During my whir in the maelstrom of business life, I chanced one day to find myself in the company of a banker. In a short time a muscular man in coarse clothes presented a check and I was sent to accompany him on his travels, when he very unceremoniously proceeded to place me in the bottom of his shoe under his foot. From there I found my way into the hands of a druggist from whom the man made a purchase. He in turn gave me into the keeping of a lady, who would have been horrified, had she known But not knowing she held me firmly in her delicate, white hand.

"This lady sent me into the home of a poverty stricken family, where I was retions, but should be endowed permanent-ceived with great rejoicing. But I was ly, as colleges are. soon sent back to the same drug store to me, the result was that one of the drug clerks was soon stricken with the same hands of an undertaker. He handed me over to his assistant, who used my influence to get him some cigarettes, and while carelessly smoking one of them, he caused a fire to start in a large building, in which a man lost his life and another was so badly injured that he will be a cripple for life. My next experience was a happier one, for I was sent to buy a pair of shoes for a poor little boy thereby gladdening his little heart as well as warming his little feet. But alas ! my happiness was of short duration for I soon found myself in the company of a man who took me directly to a rumshop and exchanged me for the magic fluid which transforms men into beasts. And in that condition he is even now ly ing in an alley. The rum seller sent me to a grocery from where, as soon as I got into congenial company, I made all baste to come to "The Solitudes." These adventures which I have mentioned have been crowded into one short week.' (Moved with compassion I say "stay here, spend your life time here in the solitudes, f you will, far from the mad rush.") replies "Alas! I cannot, without defeating the end for which I am in existence. Handing me a card on which was written live longer. 'M. Dolarr' he explained. In my morti fication at the many embarrassing positions in which I am placed I have been tempted to disguise myself. The name by which I am commonly known is 'Mighty Dollar.' Republic had gone to join his fallen com-Now I must bid you adieu, though I may panious and his wife. come again." With this promise he was gone. It is strange that I never could in- a week ago. duce any of that family to remain with me for any length of time. KENDRICK J. ARNOTTE.

Aged Couple Tortured.

Robbers Beat Their Feet to Make Them Give Up Hidden Wealth.

Breaking into the home of Benjamin Yea ly in Cook township, Westmoreland county, on a louely by-road at the foot of Chestnut Ridge, two masked robbers Tuesday night, subjected the aged couple, the only occupants of the house, to torture in an attempt to learn the hiding place of a hoard of mon ey they were supposed The robbers secured \$8. ed to have secreted.

The robbers bound Mr. and Mrs. Yealy, and beat them on the soles of their feet with bed-slats and otherwise abused them, notwithstanding their protests that they had only \$8 in the house. A thorough search of the house was made and many pieces of furniture were demolished. Threatening the couple with death if they attempted to rouse the neighborhood,

the robbers left and their visit was not learned by the neighbors until Thursday.

-Train up a child in the way he

A Cyclone Destroys Town :

Thirty-seven Persons Killed and Over One Hundred Injured. The Path of the Storm was one Quarter of a Mile Wide and Passed Through the Town. Persons Were Blown Many Feet.

The most disastrous cyclone that has ever swept over Alabama visited Moundsville, a town of three hundred inhabitants fifteen miles south of Tuscaloosa, at 1 o'clock Thursday morning and as a result thirty-seven persons were killed, five whites and thirty-two negroes, and more than one hundred injured and every business house in the town, with the exception of a small

drug store, was completely destroyed.

The cyclone struck the town from the southwest. Its path was a quarter of a mile wide right through the town. The following is a list of the white persons killed : E. P. Seymour, of Nashville, Tenn .:

railroad telegraph operator. A. H. W. Warren, of Birmingham; employed by the Alabama Grocery Company. J. H. Redmond, superintendent pump

ing station; from Nashville. Robert Powers, of Tuscaloosa. Miss Nettie Farley.

The negroes dead are:
W. N. Miles, wife and six children. Elbert Holston, wife and three chil-Ike Holston, wife and three children. Thirteen other negroes yet unidentified.

Surgeons were rushed to Moundsville from Greensboro and Tuscaloosa. By the force of the storm persons were blown hundreds of feet from their beds in the blackness of night. Through the terror a father, mother and three children fled from their home to see refuge and in their excitement left a 5-year-old boy in bed. That morning he was pulled from beneath

some timber and thus far it is impossible to find any other member of the family. Bedding, carpets and wearing apparel are scattered a distance of ten throughout what was a forest and which is now as clear as if it had been cut by the woodman's ax.

Freight cars were torn to splinters, the trucks under them being hurled hundreds of feet from the track.

The depot, the hotel, warehouses, gins, thirty homes, the store houses occupied by R. T. Griffin, A. W. Wiggins & Son, W. J. Dominick, A. D. Griffin and W. H. Phifer, together with their stocks, were completely destroyed. Where they stood it is impossible to find even the pillars on which these structures rested.

Bales of cotton stored in warehouses, were blown to atoms, the fragments of line. together with the debris, lodging in trees, making it appear as if that section had been visited by a snow storm. Heavy iron safes were carried away by the storm and the doors from their hibges.

A young clerk employed by W. P. Phifer, hearing the terrible roaring of the approaching cyclone, let himself down into a well in the centre of the store. He no sooner had found his place of safety when the store was completely demolished. He was drawn out uninjured.

Democrat to Endow Party With \$75,-

Colonel Wetmore, of St. Louis, Provides in His Will for Standing Fund. To Spread Principles. Colonel Moses C. Wetmore, of St. Louis,

has provided in his will to leave to the cratic party a large sum of money to be held as a permanent fund for the uses of the party. What the amount is neither he nor Senator Stone will say. It can be said positively that the figure is not far from \$75,000.

Colonel Wetmore's idea is that the where I had spent the previous few hours. Democratic party is to be permanently the exponent of the principles announced by Thomas Jefferson and that it should not be dependent upon mere temporary contribu-

He thinks the disciples of Jefferson who procure medicine for a sick child, and, have means should provide the party with carrying some germs of the disease about a perpetual fund. Colonel Wetmore's dehave means should provide the party with sire, supposed to be incorporated in the will, is that the fund should be invested malady, which caused his death. This resulted in my shortly finding myself in the building a memorial to Thomas Jefferson. for a hundred years and then devoted to

Meanwhile the income is to be divided every four years into two parts, one for the national Democratic committee and the other for the organization in Missouri. The St. Louis Trust Company is to be the custodian

For years Colonel Wetmore has been a regular and liberal contributor to Democratic campaign funds and has taken an active interest in politics. He was a friend of Richard P. Bland, and is a particular friend of William J. Bryan.

As general manager of the Liggett & Myer Tobacco Company he was for many years a conspicuous figure in the business life of St. Louis. He was born in Illinois and served in the Union army. He has never married.

Paul Kruger's Days Now are Numbered.

Oom Paul Kruger is dying. His memory gone, his 80 years pressing heavily on his whitened head, his steps feeble, his pas-He sion for outdoor life gone, the man who brought Great Britain to her knees and staggered mankind in South Africa cannot

His friends are fearing and prepared for the worst and would not be surprised at any moment to hear that the man who was four times president of the South African

The change in his condition began about His friends and physicians, however, fearing the effect that the news might have on certain enterprises, kept quiet. He became worse so rapidly that the news leaked out.

Oom Paul now has somebody with him every hour of the day and night. He is tired of life, it would seem, and does not, apparently, care to do anything to combat the effects of age and disease. To add to all, the climate, which never agreed with him, is making things far more unpleasant

than ever before.

There are several matters of importance, however, which he wanted and still wants to see done before his death. For one thing, the unhappy condition of his country and its people has been a constant thorn in his side. He cannot talk of the outcome of the war with anything but bitterness. The impossibility of the Transvaal assuming ever again anything like its old place in the world has plunged him into the blackest melancholy.

The Rev. E. H. Mateer, pastor of the Presbyterian church at McVeytown, gave notice last Sunday that he would ask the congregation to unite with him in asking the presbytery of Huntingdon to dissolve the pastoral relation now existing between them at the close of the twentieth year of his pastorate. Mr. Mateer received a call in December from the Pittsgrove