

THE NEW BABY.

Yes, I've got a little brother, Never asked to have him, neither...

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.

Decidedly a propos of the recent transfer of a number of very valuable trophies of the hunt to the science department of Franklin and Marshall college at Lancaster by Col. A. C. Kepler...

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THE HUNT.

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ROUGH ROADS.

The first day the road was fairly good, as highways through mountain and woodland districts go. It was constructed by lumbermen...

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...

Leaving camp at 4 o'clock in the morning, 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...

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 center of the morass was a bog back of a hump of ground higher than the surrounding swamp...

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...

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...

A FINE SPECIMEN SHOT.

With the advent of clear weather the calling was resumed. This was in the beginning of October. Several mornings were spent on the calling ground with the result that they came another, with weather conditions made to the order of the moose hunter...

LOTS OF HARD WORK.

The shooting of the moose was the least of the contract of the hunter to furnish a mounted animal. It had to be skinned and the hide and bones treated so that they would not spoil, a task that required the best part of a week's work...

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 fresh side up and half a bushel of salt rubbed on it...

YOUNG AND RECKLESS MOOSE.

Another moose was killed a few days later by the guide, who wanted the meat. It was a two-year-old bull, which had not yet reached the age of discretion and showed in his love-making more energy and judgment...

The Lead Cremated.

An incendiary's foul work. Logs Piled Under and Around One End of the Building. Match Was Applied. The Tragic Affair is a Mystery.

The 9-year-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 weird 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. Seldom has there ever been recorded a sadder death than that which has clouded the lives of the Tritt family...

"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 bed 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. All this time the other members of the family were vainly making an effort to stay the advance of the fire down the stairs. The flames 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 son 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 resuscitated. For about thirty minutes the flames ate their way through the house and after the timbers had fallen and the mantle of lead had come over the land, a search was made for the body of the son, but not a semblance of a bone 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 cremated...

"Not a piece of household furniture was saved, and about \$50 in money was burned up. An excellent opportunity was afforded the incendiary in the work for the house in 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...

PLEASANT FIELDS OF HOLY WRIT.

Save for my daily range Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ, I 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 anecdote had gathered in the marble synagogue which love had prompted a worthy centurion preselye to build. The glittering fragments of that house of prayer, with the conventional twisted foliage ornamentation, greet the eye of the modern traveler, and remind him of the doom which Jesus pronounced on account of the spiritual obstinacy of his population Mark's spirited narrative describes Jesus going to the synagogue as soon as the doors were open. By common consent, he takes the speaker's stand, and utters words that have a principle of life in them...

"He speaks the prophet's words, but with an air as if himself had been foredoomed in them. The most eminent scribe that ever occupied that desk never approximated to the self-assertiveness of the speaker. Hear his Master: 'Ah! 'Woe is me!' 'Mine door' the vine, the shepherd, truth, life, resurrection!' 'Before Abraham was, I am!' No wonder that audience was dumbfounded. Moses and the prophets were not authorities to be appealed to, but servants to deck the speaker's bow 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 falls not to avail himself of it. He will not acknowledge the claims of his malevolent ferocity by giving his unhappy victim '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 triumph is there adumbrated. No wonder that the fame of it flew with winged feet. The scene of the miracle is so vividly 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, consummating, 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 valeance succeeds the breaking of the fever. As a token of gratitude the sick woman instantly rises from her couch and prepares a savory meal. All unconsciously she gives convincing evidence of the perfection of her cure; at the same time she refreshes the 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 ball 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 overstrained 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-erected lazaret-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 diseased person was made every whole, the sun that went down upon a sick and suffering city rose one healed and happy. Yet see once more the inveterate power of sin. Those mighty works produced no general or lasting faith in Jesus as the Messiah. Capernaum's doom was deserved. One fairly hears the Master's stern words, still making the echoes of her desolation: 'Thou shalt be brought down to hell.'

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Demonic 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 dominion of evil (Satan) or that it was an accommodation of the part of Jesus to ideas then prevalent Trench affirms that demonic 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 is an assembly of arrows pointing 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 thank.

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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:

A Wall From The Solitudes.

The Adventures of M. Dolarr.

As I am sitting in the 'Solitudes' gazing through the eye of fancy at the long procession of fantastic characters that one sees 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, buffeting 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 yields 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 been applied over. Through our influence the humblest of humanity have risen into power, and the great and honorable have been 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 am content to relate some of my own experiences only. During my whirl 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 where I had spent the previous few hours. 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 received with great rejoicing. But I was soon sent back to the same drug store to procure medicine for a sick child, and, carrying some germs of the disease about me, the result was that one of the drug clerks was soon stricken with the same malady, which caused his death. The result in my shortly finding myself in the 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. I was sent to buy a pair of shoes for a poor little boy thereby gladdening his little heart as well as warning 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 runshop and exchanged me for the magic fluid which transforms men into beasts. And in that condition he is even now lying in an alley. The rum seller sent me to a grocery from where, as soon as I got into congenial company, I made all haste 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 solitude, if you will, far from the mad rush.') He replies 'Alas! I cannot, without defeating the end for which I am in existence.' Handing me a card on which was written 'M. Dolarr' he explained, in my mortification 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 Dolarr.' Now I must bid you adieu, though I may come again.' With this promise he was gone. It is strange that I never could induce any of that family to remain with me for any length of time.

Democrat to Endow Party With \$75,000.

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 Democratic party a large sum of money to be held as a permanent fund for the use 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 Democratic party is to be permanently the exponent of the principles announced by Thomas Jefferson and that it should be dependent upon mere temporary contributions, but should be endowed permanently, as colleges are. He thinks the disciples of Jefferson who have means should provide the party with a perpetual fund. Colonel Wetmore's desire, supposed to be incorporated in the will, is that the fund should be invested for a hundred years and then devoted to building a memorial to Thomas Jefferson. 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 50 years pressing heavily on his whitened head, his steps feeble, his passion for outdoor life gone, the man, who brought Great Britain to her knees and staggered mankind in South Africa cannot live longer. His friends are fearing and prepared for the worst and would not be surprised at any moment by the announcement that the Republic had gone to join his fallen companions and his wife. The change in his condition began about a week ago. 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 now existing four times past the age of anything like its old place in the world has plunged him into the blackest melancholy. —The Rev. E. H. Mater, 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 Huntington to dissolve the pastoral relation now existing between them at the close of the twentieth year of his pastorate. Mr. Mater received a call in December from the Pittsgrove church, of Daretown, of the presbytery of West Jersey.

Robbers Beat Their Feet To Make Them Glow Up Hidden Wealth.

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THE REV. E. H. MATER, 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 HUNTINGTON TO DISSOLVE THE PASTORAL RELATION NOW EXISTING BETWEEN THEM AT THE CLOSE OF THE TWENTIETH YEAR OF HIS PASTORATE. MR. MATER RECEIVED A CALL IN DECEMBER FROM THE PITTSGROVE CHURCH, OF DARETOWN, OF THE PRESBYTERY OF WEST JERSEY.

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