

LEFT ALONE.

'Tis the loneliest house you ever saw. This big gray house where I stay, I don't call it 'lavin' at all, at all, since my mother went away. Four long weeks ago, and it seems a year; "Gone home," so the preacher said, An' I ache in my breast with wantin' her, An' my eyes are always red. I stay out-of-doors till I'm almost froze, "Cause every corner an' room seems empty enough to fri' ven a boy, An' I filled to the doors with 'loom. I hate them to call me in to my meals, Sometimes I think I can't bear, To swallow a mouthful of anything' An' her not sittin' 'up there A-pourin' the tea, an' passin' the things, An' laughin' to see me take Two big lumps of sugar instead of one, An' more than my share of cake. There's no one to go to when things go wrong; She was always so safe an' sure, Why, not a trouble could tackle a boy That she couldn't 'up an' cure. I'm too big to be kissed, I used to say, But somehow I don't feel right, Crawlin' in bed as still as a mouse, Nobody sayin' good-night, An' tuckin' the clothes up under my chin, An' pushin' my hair back, so; Things a boy makes fun of before his chums, But things that he likes, you know. I can't make it out for the life of me Why she should have to go, An' her boy left here in this old gray house, A needin' an' wantin' her so. There are lots of women, it seems to me, That wouldn't be missed so much, When women whose boys are about all grown up, An' old maid aunties, an' such. I tell you the very loneliest thing In this great big world to-day, Is a boy of ten whose heart is broke 'Cause his mother is gone away. —Toronto Globe.

TWO KNIGHTS OF THE GRIDIRON

We were sitting in a little room which Tom Furness called his study. Just why it would be hard to tell, unless a collection of pipes, hunting trophies, sporting prints, and an entire absence of anything like a book qualified. We were enjoying our last cigars before bed; tomorrow was Thanksgiving, and we were discussing the football game. Now this was, in Tom's mind, a much more important adjunct of the day than a thankful spirit, or even the turkey itself. "Yes," said Tom, "a battle royal it will be. I wouldn't miss it for a Congressional nomination. In the first place, Marshall and Ross are about the two best 'tacklers' that have shown since your humble servant illustrated just how the position should be played." This last with one of Tom's inimitable chuckles. "Besides the honor of their colleges, they have the question of personal superiority to settle. And then, again, you see, Brown, there's Madge."

Now, Miss Madge Willard was Tom's cousin, a stunning girl from California, and though I followed his meaning down to the last clause, enjoying greatly the modest way in which he alluded to his own game, I was a bit puzzled to connect her with the subject under discussion. "Well, Tom," said I, "what in the world has Madge to do with it? I should hardly think her the girl to care much for football, anyway. She spent half her time at dinner discussing with the Rev. Arthur Jones the difference between Browning's types of love in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the other half was divided between a rather hearty appreciation of her dinner and a decided criticism of the presentation of Tristram and Isolde at the Academy."

"Never you mind Madge," answered Tom, blowing a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling, and watching it rise with half-closed eyes. "She is like all girls, with a side to her nature. Indeed, I think I have discovered cases revealing even more than two." This last with the seriousness of one who has seen much of life, and philosophized deeply on its most difficult problems.

"The facts are," he continued, "in summer Madge frets all about books and Browning. She is an out-of-door girl, who plays tennis and golf, rides a little, and last season spent half her time in the water. Brad Marshall and Malcolm Ross were both at the 'Pier' the first for the whole summer, and the latter for several weeks. They were hard hit, as well as a dozen others, who found themselves out of the running against such good horses. Perhaps you haven't noticed those brown eyes of hers? Well, they are deadly at any range inside that of a Martini rifle. She treats both men alike in a *bonne camaraderie* sort of way, although Molly says she is perfectly certain that they have as good as offered themselves, and they are enormously polite to each other.

"Do you know, Brown?" Tom added, removing his eyes from the ceiling, and looking at me wisely, "this football match on Thanksgiving day is not between Yale and Princeton, to see which eleven will carry the pigskin over the most yards of mother earth—not at all. It is a just between Marshall and Ross, to show who is the better man, at least, better in the eyes of the queen of the tourney, pretty Mistress Madge Willard."

"I'll spoil their game," said I. "Not a bit," answered Tom; "I'll help Ross, who plays the best defensive game you have ever seen—barring, of course, my own in its palmy days. He lacks aggressiveness, however, and needs a bit more of the old boy in him to do perfect work. Of course Madge is an angel without wings, but will inspire Ross with just that evil spirit tomorrow. He is one of those light-haired, blue-eyed fellows who wishes well to all the world, and is not quite sure whether he wants himself or the other chap to win. This is spoiled man's good man, as you yourself well know. Ross needs a deal of stirring up to set him going, and this is where Madge will come in again."

"But how about Marshall?" I asked; "he is said to possess a useful elbow, and has the reputation of playing as rough a game as possible and keep within the law. Those black eyes of his show signs of temper, too, or they are a libel on their owner."

"Oh, Marshall will be all right; this is his fourth year; he played another four at Andover before he came to college, and he will simply go to the limit. By gad!" said Tom, jumping to his feet, "I'll bet I

know why Marshall changed over from left to right side this season; they said it was because the Yale right needed strengthening, but I believe it was simply to bring him up against Malcolm. I wonder if he's made a mistake, for, mark my words, he will find Ross a tough morsel enough, after he gets well waked up."

"Which does Miss Willard favor?" asked I, much interested.

"That's more than I know," answered Tom. "My wife says Madge hasn't made up her mind yet; that she is one of the girls that allow themselves to drift along till they strike the gulf stream, and then there is a sudden and severe thaw. She says that Madge has romantic ideas of a lover, who shall be at one and the same time the strongest, morally, mentally and physically, of all men on earth. This is a common mania at nineteen, very likely to give place to a more moderate ideal a little later, but held to most tenaciously for time. Molly says that she thinks to-morrow may bring the thaw. She may be right—who knows?"

"Well, may the best man win," said I, as I threw the end of my cigar away, and started for the door, candle in hand. "Which do you back?"

"I like Ross myself," answered Tom, "but Molly prefers Marshall, who is a stunningly handsome fellow, and has dollars to Malcolm's dimes. A nice girl like Madge is pretty safe to make a mess of it, however, and choose the wrong man, though either of the boys is a good enough match, as men go. Molly wanted to ask them both to dinner to-morrow, but Miss Madge demurred; I don't know why."

"Well, I can see them at the game at any rate," said I, "and it is a very pretty little romance you tell, whether it has any foundation on fact or not."

"There's fact enough, Brown, as you will easily discover to-morrow; it will be a good deal like that stag fight in the picture over the mantel. Landseer didn't need to put a young deer in the picture for you to know that there is one, somewhere near, which will be the reward of the winner of that elegant scrap."

"True enough," answered I, as I said good-night. The best fighting the world has ever seen, since Helen of Troy, has been over a pretty woman—God bless them all! Thanksgiving Day dawned with a faint tinge of color in the East, a thin, cold mist, and not enough wind to lift the smoke from the chimneys. I awoke from a dream in which Marshall and Ross figured, engaged in deadly combat, armed "cap-a-pie" with helmet and greaves, but their breasts protected only by canvas football jackets, and the lists were, strange to say, marked off with five-yard lines. Miss Madge sat in a high seat as queen of the tourney.

The morning I spent down town with some old friends, and took an early train for the grounds. After the usual experience of the crowded car, the crowd entrance, and the crowded aisle, I at last found my seat by myself, after being shown the wrong row entirely by one of those extremely amiable maniacs—an amateur college usher.

Our seats were in the centre of the middle section, on the Princeton side, and we could run our eyes straight along the fifty-yard line. On my left was Tom himself, on my right Miss Willard, and beyond her Mrs. Furness, who was looking forward to the experiment of a first game. She was cold and uncomfortable, considered the whole thing a bore, and was in a nervous state over certain painful injuries, if not untimely deaths, which she should be called upon to witness. Her sympathies were decidedly with Yale, on account of an older brother who had once sported the blue, and also, I imagine, because of her liking for Brad Marshall. Neither Tom nor I cared a pip about the game, as we saw a good game, and Miss Willard professed a like disinterestedness in the game.

Facing us across the field was a long blue wave, from which came an occasional roar, like breakers on a stony beach. Before us stretched the gridiron. How peaceful it looked, with its gray turf and brown earth, over which the white chalk lines ran in bending straightness. A few policemen were the only living beings yet visible on its surface, and they skirted the sides, and decorated the corners. When one of them stepped on a side line, Mrs. Furness said she felt as if Katrina had dropped a piece of china. At this remark, Miss Willard smiled, and had been a common-place question from any other lips. I saw she was a bit dis-trait, and though she looked at me with the spoke, her big brown eyes had a decidedly far-away expression. I am not sure she heard my answer, although she smiled and nodded.

They were fairly lifted to our feet as the Princeton team streamed through the gate, and began to pass and fall on the ball, the backs exchanging punts meanwhile. A lot of tigers' whelps they were, with their striped stockings and jerseys. There was almost more than the eye could follow; umpire, referee and linesmen, reporters, boys with flags and score cards mixed up in unintelligible confusion. Above it all rang the cheers, "Kab, kab, kab, Yale," sounding like volleys of hot shot.

Suddenly the little knot of men around the referee and umpire broke up. The gridiron was cleared, as if a broom had been swept over it, of all but the two eleven and the officials. Heavy sweaters were pulled over shaggy heads as the men hastily stripped down to their greasy canvas jackets and stained and soiled jerseys, ready for the fray.

At the whistle the ball, and her Captain placed it carefully on the line, and his men gathered round him a moment as he gives them his last words of instruction. Then they face around with the big centre standing over the ball, and the men form behind him in a wedge of a good ton weight of bone and hard muscle.

In front of them the Princeton linesmen strain on the main line like leashes, and behind them the backs spread well out to guard against a breakthrough. It is at this moment that the great silence always falls. To-day, even Know-it-all forgets to speak. Most of the spectators discover a temporary valvular affection of the heart, and teeth chatter from excitement and castanets.

It is with a real sigh of relief we see the big centre suddenly stoop, lift the ball pass it quickly back, and the ponderous wedge starts down the field, with heads low, and shoulders welded together. The Princeton line spring forward as if the leash was broken by the lifted ball, their centre and guards strike the wedge in front, low and hard, while the tackle plunges into the side as if they would toss it safely to the mast toppers a moment or so and rolls over, having made a few yards' gain.

The pile breaks quickly, the men spring to their places, and now for the first time, we can see our knights, face to face. It hardly looks a fair match. Marshall is a big, ruddy, handsome fellow, with dark eyes and a thick mane of brown hair, his weight is well down, and he makes play with his arms and shoulders in a mighty suggestive fashion.

Ross is a bit taller, and not so strongly together. His shoulders are not so heavy, and his arms and legs look slender in comparison, good man though he is. His face is a little pale, too, and rather thin and drawn, as if training had been to him, and a bandage round his head and forehead does not add to his beauty, but a mighty fine looking lad he really is to one who can tell a good man when he sees him.

I have never known a "quitter" with a pair of blue eyes like that, with that broad forehead and jaw. He may be out-classed, but he will take his beating all right, and not know it without a long explanation and a diagram.

He plays a bit lower than Marshall, and more quietly. Sure enough, our friend was right; the first play is half-back, through opposing left guard and tackle. As the ball snaps back, I can see Marshall's broad back and his feet bite into the ground; he springs Ross so savagely that he forces him back just enough to make a beautiful hole through which the back plunges for a good five-yard gain.

"Did you see that?" asked Know-it-all. "What did I tell you? He'll play pussy with him." The teams line up again. There is a play again the left end with no gain, but the centre is bucked for three yards, and I know well enough where the next play will be, for Marshall is using his arms like a windmill. I think Madge's lip curls a little as Marshall swings his open hand against Ross' face, with a sound that can be heard over the whole field, and receives not the least return.

This is where he makes his little mistake, too, and receives his punishment immediately. The fraction of a second necessary for this last blow gives Malcolm his chance, and getting under his opponent's hip, he gives him a half toss, and swings through in time to tackle the big full-back, who is coming for the line like a centaur. It takes comes through so quick and clean that there is a loss of a couple of yards, which gives the ball to Princeton.

"That's more like," remarked Furness to me. "That is the way I used to do in my palmy days." "Oh, dear," cried Mrs. Furness, "it's the most dreadful thing I ever saw; do you suppose he is dead, Tom, or has he only broken something?" Before her fears can be put to rest in any other way, the candidate for the graveyard, having got his wind, jumps briskly to his feet and they are at it once more.

From this to the end of the first half it is a case of hammer-and-tongs all the way across the field. Marshall certainly plays the showier game and has the stronger team behind him, but though they make big gains, they do not find left tackle the weak place in the line by any manner of means. I kept my eyes on Madge pretty well in every full of the play, but not a sign could I discover of any preference one way or the other. When the field clears for the second half, and the men line up, we have our particular knights of the gridiron close to us. I notice that Marshall has the same confident look on his face, and even has time to sweep his eyes over the seats and smile up at Miss Willard just before the play. Ross appears to realize there is serious business before him; if he has any question about it, his opponent soon puts all doubts to rest.

The backs were not doing much, and a guard had been tried a few times with no result.

Quick as a flash he leaves his place, but none too quick, for Marshall is close after him, and not blocking off. With the ball close to his breast, Ross strikes the line, head low, and tears through the guard and tackle; and on pushes, unassisted, the line half missing him, and it seems as if he must have a clear field, barring the full back. Suddenly, however, Marshall comes up behind, having followed through, and tackling low, brings his team down as if shot by his tracks. The tackle is low, and the hand slides lower, so that it is as nifty as a fall as a man would wish to avoid. Ross strikes on the side of his face and head, lies where he falls for a few seconds, and then staggers to his feet. He has a deep gash over his left eye, from which the blood flows freely, but he has made a good ten yards, and there is a smile of satisfaction on his face.

His Captain notices that he staggers to his place, and with his shoulder under the boy's arm whispers something to him. I know well enough it is, "Cut out, old man; you're done." But Malcolm does not understand, even if he hears him, and takes his place in the line as before.

Two downs with no gain, a short punt, and then he is on the defensive again. Yes, I know it, 4-14-11; the play is against Ross. He knows it himself, too, and, crouching low, his right hand on the ground, he waits for it. Swiss gasser Marshall's arm against the gashed forehead. The blood runs into Malcolm's eye, but he brushes it away, and brings the runner down with a scant yard gain. Four, fourteen, eleven, came the signal; again Marshall pushes his elbow against the same spot, again the revolving wedge swings round.

Again Ross plunges through, and the wedge crumples and falls on him. The men crawl to their feet, as there are only a few more minutes to play, and they are all nearly spent; but Malcolm lies still and makes no sign to stir. There is the usual call for water, but the boy is done, and his feet drag after him as he is carefully carried off to his side line by the subs.

Mrs. Furness was almost in tears; Miss Madge said nothing, although I noticed she held her breath until Malcolm's eyes opened, and he made an effort to get back into the game. The boy was a bit queer, but when he struggled to his feet, it was all the subs could do to keep him off the field.

A moment later the game was over. I saw Marshall look up with a smile and wave his hand. We were all on our feet, but Madge did not notice him. She turned to Mrs. Furness, and with a funny little catch in her voice, said: "I want you to ask Malcolm Ross to dinner to-day."

"Why, Madge!" exclaimed Mrs. Furness, breathless with surprise. "How could we get him at this late hour? He could not possibly get ready to come." "I want you to ask Malcolm Ross to dinner," said Madge again, her lips white, and her eyes dark and liquid. "You, Tom, go and say that I sent for him."

There was no denying this, and Tom was off like a shot, leaving me to get the ladies home, which I succeeded in doing after a good hour, Madge scarcely speaking at all, and Mrs. Furness almost as quiet. As I was dressing for dinner, Tom came to my room and told me had found Ross in the dressing room at the grounds, stretched full length on a rubber couch, his face hidden on his arm. He was heart-broken over the defeat, and blamed himself for it all. Brad Marshall was standing in the doorway, accepting congratulations in his easy, matter-of-course way.

It was only after Tom had told Ross that it was Miss Willard's own request, that he prevailed upon him to accept, and even then the boy could not at all understand what it really meant. Whatever his doubts may have been, they must have been set at rest at the dinner table, for when Tom bent his head over the table to ask a blessing, I was not too reverent to look to the end of the table, where I distinctly saw our "Lady of the Eyes" put her hand in Malcolm's, under the table, in a perfectly shameless fashion.—Saturday Evening Post.

16,000,000 School Pupils.

Washington, D. C.—The report of the Commissioner of Education for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1904, makes public the fact that the Secretary of the Interior, shows that 16,009,381 pupils, or twenty per cent of the entire population of the country, attended the public schools during that year.

As compared with the previous six years this shows a slight decrease in percentage. The total cost of the public school system is given as \$251,457,025. This is an increase of \$16,000,000 over the previous year. It amounts to \$25 per capita of the total population and \$22.75 per capita per pupil.

Since 1870 the proportion of men teachers has decreased from thirty-nine per cent of the entire number to twenty-six per cent last year. The average compensation for men teachers last year was \$49.98 and that for women \$40.51. By the addition of pupils in elementary schools, academies, institutions for higher education, evening schools, business schools, private kindergartens, Indian schools, State schools and schools for defectives and orphans the grand total of 18,187,918 pupils is reached.

Sing While at Work.

"They say the man whose soul wakes not to music is dead indeed," said the man on the lookout for odd things, "and the average working negro in this great southland of ours seems to be a pretty fair example of those who have 'waked' if his fondness for venting his feelings in music is to be taken as a criterion. Did you ever see a gang of street laborers at work that some one or more of them were not calling out to an original theme a story about the things good to a dorky's eyes? They seem to fit the very measure of motion, whether it be the swing of a hammer or pick or the heaving of some weighty object. I saw a gang at their labor the other day, and the ditty they enunciated held me interested until I had learned the very rhythm, if not the dialect, myself. These two fellows told their trouble and desire along this line: "Say, old man, augh!" (with a swing of the pick). "Have yer got a good dog?" "Can he catch any coon?" "Just take him and try him." "Repeating the grunt with every stroke. To the white man this might look like wasting energy, but somehow the negro seems to do more and do it better with a musical incentive."

Some Old Occupations.

The sailor walked to the door and threw away the cigarette he had been smoking. Instantly a lad picked up the cigarette, put it in a canvas bag that hung at his side and hurried toward a man who had just finished his cigar.

"It's a queer trade, that boy's," said the sailor. "I wonder if he makes much money."

"He can't!" said the druggist. "His trade is queer," continued the sailor, "but I've seen queerer trades. I used to know in Eastern Asia a tooth stainer. In that country black teeth are preferred to the white sort. The people give as much time to darkening their teeth over there as we give to whitening ours here. If the Eastern Asians were false to their teeth, they'd wear black, not white ones."

"This tooth stainer goes among the people with his little chest of brushes and pigments like a doctor. He has a regular set of patrons, and he visits them once a week. It takes him about twelve minutes to give a set of teeth the brilliant black appearance of a patent leather boot. The pigment, or polish, that he uses is tasteless and harmless—a vegetable compound."

"In Arabia there are people who ply a trade called gossiping. These people gather together all the latest news and all the best jokes and stories, and go from house to house, spinning the yarns they have gathered at so much per hour. Gossips they are called, and they make good money."

"The snake charmers of India go about with amulets supposed to be magical. They make more money through the sale of these amulets than through straight, legitimate snake charming."

"In Africa the trade of the witch is popular and profitable. A witch, for a small sum, sends bad luck to your enemies and good luck to your friends."

Turkeys Scarce and High.

There is again a scarcity of turkeys throughout the land, and lovers of high-priced prosperity will certainly be happy when they start in to buy their Thanksgiving day dinner. It is admitted that for ten years has there been such a scarcity of gobblers, and prices may be even higher than last year, when they ranged from 25 to 30 cents a pound.

Sickness among the fowls and the efforts of the big factors to corner the supply are blamed for present conditions. One Dock street merchant said yesterday: "Our agents have been scouring the country to secure an adequate supply, but they are unable to get more than three carloads altogether. For every barrel of turkeys we get 600 barrels of chickens are obtainable. Unless something unforeseen happens this state of affairs will continue until after Christmas."

Philadelphia's supply is drawn mainly from Delaware. A few turkeys are brought from the West, but they are mostly of the scrawny sort. Chickens, while plentiful are also dear, near-by fowls stock retailing at from 25 to 28 cents, while the Western fowls may be had at from 15 to 18 cents per pound. On many tables will be found the duck, which may be bought for from 20 to 25 cents for those from Delaware, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and from 15 to 18 cents for the Western waddlers. Some people will invest in partridges, which cost \$3 a pair, or about \$1 a pound, while others will substitute for their turkey quail at 85 cents a dozen. All other varieties of game are correspondingly dear, the prices ranging from 15 to 20 per cent higher than last year. This increase is due to the rigid enforcement of the stringent game laws which have been passed in many States.

The Curfew Bell.

The story of the curfew was but the unsupported assertion of one historian of the sixteenth century, which was repeated in prose and poetry till it was woven into the language. Like many other legends, there is said to be a grain of truth in it, but its suggested origin is false, the derivation of curfew is erroneous, and the scuttle-shaped instruments which supported the theory were quite different articles of household use.

Probably the word is derived not from curfew, cover fire, but from curfew, in old French spelling curfew, from the Latin for crossroads, and is the name of the morning and evening bell, which originally sounded from the crossroads or market places both in France and England simply to give the time of day. It was and is rung at 4 or 6 o'clock in the morning and at 8 o'clock in the evening. One inscription on an old bell runs thus: "I am called ye Curfew bell, I ringen at VIII or more, To send ye alle to bedde, And wake ye up at IV."

Where the Bad Eggs Go.

A poultry farm, whether ducks, geese, chickens or turkeys be the specialties, accumulates a large and malodorous surplus of eggs that refuse to develop into fowl. The average person would suppose that if there is anything on earth that is utterly worthless it is a rotten egg. Millions of stale eggs are used every year in preparing leather dressing for gloves and bookbinding languages. Like many other legends, there is said to be a grain of truth in it, but its suggested origin is false, the derivation of curfew is erroneous, and the scuttle-shaped instruments which supported the theory were quite different articles of household use.

Japanese Close Fortress Attack.

LONDON, Nov. 9.—The Chefoo correspondent of the "Daily Mail" says that the assault on Port Arthur has been discontinued. The Japanese have been unable to hold the captured guns and forts owing to the Russian crossfire.

Russians Reinforced.

LONDON, Nov. 9.—A Shanghai dispatch to the "Morning Post" states that the Russians on the Sha River have been reinforced and now number 300,000, with 1,200 guns.

Russia Takes the Fulton.

PARIS, Nov. 9.—A dispatch from St. Petersburg to the "Paris Free Press" states that the trials of the American submarine boat Fulton, at Cronstadt, have given complete satisfaction to the Russian Admiralty and that she has been forwarded to Vladivostok.

To Renounce Citizenship.

GERMAN, Once Naturalized, Wishes to Become Subject of Wurttemberg King. WILKESBARRE, Nov. 13.—Secretary of State Hay has requested Prothonotary Templeton to furnish data concerning the naturalization of Emile Herza, a German, in this city in 1892, in order that the State Department may pass upon his application for permission to renounce his American citizenship and again become a subject of the King of Wurttemberg. Herza was for many years a resident of this country, then he returned to Germany, and is now a prosperous merchant there, and desires to spend the rest of his days in Wurttemberg. There is much red tape about the rebanching of citizenship; the papers already contain the signature of an official of Wurttemberg court, the German Ambassador, John Hay and Governor Pennypacker, and Prothonotary Templeton is to attach his affidavit tomorrow.

TRIAL LIST.—The trial list for the November term of court is as follows:

- FIRST WEEK. Executors of J. D. Shugert vs Louis Rosenthal. J. H. Lingle vs Louis Rosenthal. J. H. Weber vs Geo. Gentzel. Harrisburg Grocery Produce Co. vs C. P. Long. Wm. G. Frantz vs Rush Twp. Dr. J. L. Siebert vs Wm. Bartley. City Mut. Fire Ins. Co. vs Mrs. Catharine Symmonds. H. B. Wright vs Joseph Diel. Quaker City Mut. Fire Ins. Co. vs Mrs. Ada Flick. Same vs B. F. Morgan. Same vs J. W. Mistingler. Same vs S. C. Andrews. Same vs S. M. Bell. Same vs Gustave Lyon. Same vs Sarah Hooke. Same vs Robert Cooke, Jr. Same vs Harriet Wantz. Same vs Wm. Steele. Same vs Grafius Weston. Same vs Mrs. Louisa Bush. Same vs Lewis C. Brown. Same vs Warren S. Ward. Same vs Jackson Kline. Same vs Wm. R. Bartlet. Thomas E. Pickets & Son vs T. M. Meyers. Montgomery & Co vs M. W. Cowdriek. Joseph Bros. & Co vs M. W. Cowdriek. Hosterman & Stover vs Jon. Harter.

SECOND WEEK.

- W. H. Pifer vs Champion Drill Co. Amanda C. Musser vs W. A. Pifer. Martin Daley vs German American Ins. Co. Curtin heirs vs E. M. Huyett, A. R. McNitt and D. S. McNitt. Frank Parker vs P. R. R. Co. B. F. Harris vs Huston Twp. Davidson vs Orvis Peters. Wm. D. Rider vs Bellefonte Window Glass Co. Charles Gusewhite vs same. Adms. of Oscar W. Hunter vs same.

Has 24 Fingers and Toes.

A colored girl baby was born at the Maryland General hospital last Saturday night which has six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot. The mother of the infant is Agnes Garner. The fact that the child has 12 fingers and 12 toes is especially remarkable, because there is no malformation on either hand or foot. The fingers and toes are so symmetrical and perfectly formed that one would not notice the oddity at first glance. The two middle fingers and toes are, respectively, uniform in length, and this makes the peculiarity all the more deceptive. Monday the X-ray was applied to the hands and feet, and it was found that the bones were perfectly formed and well developed. The hands and feet are larger than in newly-born children, but they do not appear so on account of the remarkable proportion between all the fingers and toes. Usually when a child is born with extra digits the odd ones are removed. In this case if the sixth finger or toe were removed the result would be a lesion and not a benefit to the symmetry of the hand or foot.

An Irishman's Suicide.

"Do you know of the only Irishman who ever committed suicide?" asked W. B. Pollard, of Jersey City, who was at the Fifth avenue hotel last night, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. "You know it is said that Irishmen never commit suicide, and when the argument was advanced in a crowd of that nationality he was so unstrung that he decided to show his opponents that Irishmen do sometimes commit a rash act. He accordingly disappeared, and the man who employed him started a search. When he got to the barn he looked up toward the rafters and saw his man hanging with a rope around his waist. "What are you up to, Pat?" he asked. "O'm hanging meself, begobs," the Irishman replied. "Why don't you put it around your neck?" "Faith Oi did, but Oi couldn't braythe," was the unsmiling reply of the man from the Emerald Isle."

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PARIS, Nov. 9.—A dispatch from St. Petersburg to the "Paris Free Press" states that the trials of the American submarine boat Fulton, at Cronstadt, have given complete satisfaction to the Russian Admiralty and that she has been forwarded to Vladivostok.

To Renounce Citizenship.

GERMAN, Once Naturalized, Wishes to Become Subject of Wurttemberg King. WILKESBARRE, Nov. 13.—Secretary of State Hay has requested Prothonotary Templeton to furnish data concerning the naturalization of Emile Herza, a German, in this city in 1892, in order that the State Department may pass upon his application for permission to renounce his American citizenship and again become a subject of the King of Wurttemberg. Herza was for many years a resident of this country, then he returned to Germany, and is now a prosperous merchant there, and desires to spend the rest of his days in Wurttemberg. There is much red tape about the rebanching of citizenship; the papers already contain the signature of an official of Wurttemberg court, the German Ambassador, John Hay and Governor Pennypacker, and Prothonotary Templeton is to attach his affidavit tomorrow.

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