Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 8, 1905.

MEETING OF THE SHADOWS. Shades of the past and shadows of the tuture Meet upon the threshold of today. Into the shades pass each days joys and sorro

But shadows of the future fall this way. From out the shades come to our sides th phantoms

That were parts of our lives so long ago. From out the shadows of the mystic future Come hopes upon the threshold of the now. Shades of the past come to us in our dreaming

Recall to us the times that are no more, While castles that are building in the future Cast their lengthened shadows on the floor. Shades of the past and shadows of the future Meet and mingle in our lives today.

Shades of the past forever will surround us And never will the shadows flee away. M. V. Thomas.

## WOMAN'S WANTS.

All she desires is love, you say? That shows how much you know. She wants to see the matinee And to the circus go; She wants a handsome diamond ring : She wants a rope of pearls: She wants a poodle on a string; She wants some extra curls;

She wants a bonnet twice a year She wants an Easter hat. She wants to read her title clear Into a stylish flat: She wants a four-seat motor-car: She wants a real Worth gown

She wants a trip to Europe, or, At least, to Newport town; She wants a cask of rare cologne; She wants a diamond pin; She wants a carriage of her own To go out calling in ; She wants the earth, the milky way And half the stars above,

And yet you have the nerve to say That all she wants is love! Panama Journal.

## HIS WORSHIP, THE CHIEF JUSTICE

The group about the blazing logs was enriched this afternoon by a new member. Lonnegan had brought bis dog, a big white and yellow St. Bernard, fluffy as a girl's muff, a huge, splendid fellow, who an-swered with great dignity and with considerable condescension to the name of "Chief," an abbreviation of "His Worship, the Chief Justice."

No other name would have suited him grave, dignified, wide-browed, with deep, thoughtful eyes, ponderous of form, slow in his movements, keeping perfectly still minutes at a time, he needed only a wig and a pair of big-bowed spectacles to make him the fitting occupant of any Bench.

Mac put his arm around Chief's neck before His Worship had fully made up his mind as to where he would place his august

The salution over, and the dog's soft, fur-tipped ears having been duly rubbed, and his finely modeled cheeks pressed close between Mac's two warm hands—their two noses were but an inch apart-His Worship stretched himself out at full length on the rug before the fire, his nose resting on his extended paws, his kindly eyes fixed

on the crackling logs.
"Lonnegan," said Mac in a thoughtful tone, "do you know, I think a good deal more of you since you got this dog? didn't know you were that human, Mac changed his seat so that he could rest

his hand on Chief's head. is always to keep one point ahead of the social game." Here Boggs got up and moved his chair to the other side of the

fireplace, so as to be out of reach of Lonnegan's long arms. "Let me explain-for I don't want to do

this distinguished gentleman any injustice. You and I, Mac, being common-sense peo ple, without any frills about us, wear just an ordinary plain scarfpin-a horseshoe, or a gold ball, or some trifle. Lonnegan must have a scarah, or a coin two thousand years old—same thing in his dress, if you study him. You will note that his collars are an inch higher than ours, his scarfs twice as puffy, his coat-tails longer, his trouserloons more shaggy, gentlemen," and he waved his hand to the coterie. "Perhaps more unique in cut, so to speak. It is the same with his dogs. This big St Bernard, hulk-ing along after the Great Architect when he takes his afternoon walk up and down the Avenue, is quite in conformity with Lonnegan's other frills. You and I would affect an inconspicuous canine—a poodle,

a terrier, or a bull-pup. Not so Lonnegan. He wants a dog as big as a mule. Its a better advertisement than two columns in a morning paper. 'My dear,' says a stout lady, built in two movements, to her husband at a theatre" (Boggs imitation of a society woman's drawl was now inimitable), "I saw such a magnificent St. Bernard coming up the Avenue. Belongs to Mr. Lonnegan, the architect. He certainly is a man of every exquisite taste; I think it would be a good idea for you to consult

him about the plans for our-Lonnegan sprang from his seat with a look in his eye as if he intended to throttle Boggs on the spot. At the same instant the great dog drew in his paws and rose to his feet, his eyes fixed on his master's movements-rose as an athlete rises, using the muscles of his knees and ankles to pull his body erect. If his master was in danger he was ready. Only smothered laughter, however, came from both Boggs and

Lonnegan.
"I take it all back, Lonny," sputtered Boggs. "The woman's husband wanted two country houses, not one. Call off your dog; I can't fight two brutes at

Pitkin sprang to his feet, his partly bald head and forehead rose-pink in the excitement of the moment.

"Don't call your dog off, Lonny!" he cried. "Don't move. Choke Boggs again. Just look at the pose of that dog. Isn't that stunning? By Jove, fellows! Wouldn's he be a corker in bronze, life size? Just see the lines of the back and lift of the head!" And the soulptor, after the manner of his guide, held the edge of his hand against his eye as a guide by which to measure the proportions of the noble heast.

Lonnegan relaxed his hold, and Boggs, now purple in the face from loss of breath and laughter, shook himself free and rearranged his collar with his plump fingers. The attention of the whole fireside was now centred on the dog. His pose was less tense and his legs less rigid, but his paws had over. I could see him lying flat on the kept their original position on the rug. As he stood trying to comprehend the situa- omnibus and sprang out, and a crowd

tion, he had the bearing of a charger overlooking a battlefield.

"No, you're wrong, Pitkin!" said Marny. 'Chief would be lumpy and inexpressive in bronze. He's too woolly. You want clear-cut anatomy when you're going to put a dog or any other animal in bronze. Color is better for Chief. I'd use him as a foil to a half-nude, life-size scheme of brown, yellow and white; old Chinese jar on her left filled with chrysanthemums, some stuffs in the background-I can see it now---' and Marny picked up a bit of charcoal and blocked in on a fresh canvas resting on Mac's easel the position of the figure, the men watch the result. the men crowding about him to

"Won't do, old man!" broke in Woods, as soon as Marny's rapid outline became clear. "Out of scale—all dog and no girl.
I'd have him stretched out as he is now" -(Chief had regained his former position) -"with a fellow in a chair reading; lamplight on book for high light: dog in half shadow."

"You're quite right, Woods," remarked Mac, who was still caressing Chief's silky ears. "Marny's missed it this time—girl scheme won't do. This is a gentleman's dog, and he has always moved among his kind."

"Careful Mac, careful," drawled Boggs, in a reproving tone. "You said has moved." You don't mean to reflect on his

present owner, do you?" Mac waved Boggs away with the same gesture with which he would have brushed

off a fly, and continued: 'When I say that he has always lived among gentlemen I state the fact. You can see that in his manners, and in the way in which he retains not only his self-respect, but his courage and loyalty. You noticed, did you not, that it took him but an instant to get on his feet when Lcnnegan seized Boggs? You will also agree with me that no one has entered this room this winter more gracefully, nor with more ease and composure, nor one who has known better what to do with his arms and legs. And as for his well-bred reticence, he has yet to open his mouth—certainly a great rebuke to our garrulous Boggs, if he did but know it," and Mac nodded in the direction of the Chronic Interrupter. "Great study, these dogs. Chief has had a gentleman for a master, I tell you, and has lived in a gentleman's house, accustomed all his life to Oriental rugs, wood fires, four-in-hands, two-wheeled carts, golden-haired children in black velvet suits, servants in livery-regular thoroughbred. That is, bred thorough by somebody who never insulted him, who never misunderstood him, and who never mortified him. Offending a dog is as bad as offending a child, and ten times worse ent." than offending a woman. A dozen men would spring to a woman's assistance—no one ever interferes in a quarrel between a

take the master's side." Mac reached over, tapped the bowl of his pipe against the brick of the fireplace, emptied it of its ashes, and laying it on the mantel resumed his seat.

"It's pathetic to me," he continued, "to see how hard some dogs try to understand their master. All they can do is to take their cue from the men who own them. It isn't astonishing, really, that they should sometimes copy them. It only takes a few months for a butcher to make his dog as bloody and as brutal as the toughest hand in his shop."

"What a responsibility," sighed Boggs, turning toward Lonnegan. "You won't corrupt His Worship with any of your Murray Hill swaggerdoms, will you, Lonny?"

Lonnegan closed one eye at Boggs and wagged his chin in denial. Mac went

"Dogs can just as well be educated up about him," broke in Boggs; tugging at his collar to give his fat throat the more room—'not in your sense, Mac. If you will study the Great Architect as closely as I have done you will see that his humanity Colonel to tell you about those two dogs he saw in Constantinople some two years ago," and he turned to me.
"It wasn't in Constantinople, Mac," I

answered; "it was in Stamboul, on the Plaza of the Hippodrome." 'Near where I was murdered, and where I still lie buried?" Boggs asked gravely,

wite a sly wink at Marny. "Yes, within a stone's throw of your present sacred tomb, old man, up near the Obelisk. That Plaza is the home of four or five packs of street curs, who divide up the territory among themselves, and no dog dares cross the imaginary line without getting into trouble. Every day or so there is a pitched battle directed by their leaders-always the biggest dog in the pack. What Mac refers to occurred some years ago, when I was looking over my easel and saw a lame dog skulking along by a low wall that forms the boundary o one side of the Plaza. He was on three legs, the other held up in the air. A big shabby brute, the leader of another pack, made straight for him, followed by three others. The cripple saw them coming, and at once lay down on his back, his injured paw thrust up. The big dog stood over him, and heard what he bad to say; I was not ten feet away from them, and I understood every word.

side of the Plaza where I belong, and I a lot of fun the two are going to have. therefore humbly beg your permission to cross this small part of your territory.'

"The big leader listened, snarled at his back to their quarters with a commanding toss of his head, and walked by the side of the cripple until he had cleared the corner; then he slowly returned to his pack. There was no question about it; if the cripple had spoken English I could not have understood better."

"That's nothing," broke in Pitkin. "I watched a dog once in Granada tormented by fleas. He could get every one of them with his teeth except a bunch that were tucked under his lower jaw-these drove him nearly crazy. Up comes another dog, hears his tail of woe, goes for the fleas, the first dog standing perfectly still while he bit them. That I saw myself—saw the dog ask the other dog's help to bite for him, and watched the infinite peace that came into his face over the relief."

"I can beat that yarn," chimed in Woods, "so far as sympathy is concerned. I was in an omnibus once going up the Boulevard des Italienne, when a man on the seat opposite me whistled out of the end window; his two dogs were following behind the 'bus. One was a white bullterrier, the other a Canische poodle, black as ink. Whenever anything got in the way and it is pretty crowded along therethe dogs fell behind. When they appeared again the owner would whistle to let them know where he was. All of a sudden I beard a yell. The poodle had been run

sympathy of dogs for each other ever

"My turn now," said Boggs. "My uncle's got a poodle, answers to the name of Mirza. Got more common-sense than anything that walks on four legs. They keep a bowl in one corner of the dining-room which is always filled with water so the dog can get a drink when she wants it. My uncle says that's one thing half the people who own dogs never think of—dogs not being able to turn faucets. Well, they shifted servants one day and forgot to tell the new one about the bowl. Mirza did her best to make the maid understandpulled her dress, and sniffed around the empty teacups. No use. Then an idea struck the dog. She made a spring for the empty bowl and rolled it over with her forepaws from the dining-room into the butler's pantry. By that time the woodenheaded idiot understood, and Mirza got her

During the discussion Mac sat with the great head of the St. Bernard resting on his knee. It is evident that His Worship had found an acquaintance whom he could trust, one whom he considered his equal. For some minutes the painter looked into the dog's face, his hands smoothing the dog's ears, the St. Bernard's eyes growing sleepy under the caress. Then Mac said in a half-audible tone, speaking to the dog, not to us:

"You've got a great head, old fellow, full of sense. All your bumps are in the right place. You know a lot of things that are too much for us humans. I wish you'd tell me one thing. You know what we all think of you, but what do you think of us—of your master, Lonnegan—of this crowd—this fireplace? Speak out, old man; I'd like to know."

Boggs shifted his fat body in his chair, jerked his head over his shoulder, and winking meaningly at Lonnegan, said in a low voice:
"Mac is going to give us one of his remi-

nuisances-I know the sign." "Make the dog begin on Boggs, Mac!" cried Woods.

"No, Chief's too much of a gentleman.
He knows all about Boggs, but he won't tell-not when there are gentleman pres-

"Get him to whisper it then in your off ear," suggested Boggs. "He'll surprise you with his estimate of one of Nature's dog and his master. When they do genernoblemen," and he thrust his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat.

"No, you'll keep it to yourself, won't you, Chief?" continued Mac. "But I'm not joking; I'm in dead earnest. Anybody can find out what a man thinks of a dog, but what does a dog think of a man, especially some of those two-legged bruits, by right of dollars, claim to own him? took the measure of a man once who-Boggs sprang from his seat and struck

one of his ringmaster attitudes.
"What did I tell you, gentlemen? Just as I expected, the remi-nuisance has arrived. Give him room! The great landscape painter is about to explode with another tale of his youth. You took the measure of a man once, I think you said, Mac. Was it for a suit of clothes or a coffin? No, don't explain; keep right on."

"Yes, I did," said Mac in a low, earnest

tone, ignoring Boggs' aside, "and I've never taken any stock in him since. I don't think any of you know him, and it's as educated down. There is no question of don't think any of you know him, and it's their ability to learn—not the slightest. I just as well that you don't. I may be a heavily-built young fellow-weighed about two hundred pounds—rather good looking; wore the best of English shooting togs; carrying English leather cases bound in brass, with his nameplate on them-a regular out-and-out sport of the better type, I thought, when I first saw him. He had with him one of the most beautiful, reddish-brown setters I ever laid my eyes on-what you'd get with burnt sienna and madder-with a coat as fine and silky as a camel's-hair brush-one of those cleanmouthed, clean-toothed, agate-eyed, sweetbreathed dogs that every girl loves at first sight, and can no more help putting her hands on than she can help coddling a roly-poly kitten just out of a basket. He had the same well-bred manners that Chief has; the same grace of movement: same repose, only more gentle and more confid-The only thing that struck me as peculiar about him was the way he watched his master. He seemed to love him, and yet to be afraid of him; always ready to bound out of his way, and yet equally ready to come when he was called—a manner which he never showed to any stranger who tried to make friends with him.

"I saw Quarterman that morning when he started out alone, quail-shooting, the setter bounding before him, running up stood every word.

"I am lame gentlemen, as you see,' he pleaded, 'and I am on my way home. I pleaded, 'and I am on my way home. I man how happy he is to go along, and what

-"About six o'clock that night the two returned. I was sitting by the wood firea good deal bigger one than this, the logs companions who were standing by ready to nearly six feet long— when the outer door help tear the intruder to pieces, sent them was swung back and Quarterman came in, his boots covered with mud, his bird-bag over his shoulder. The setter followed close at his beels, his beautiful brown coat covered with burrs and dirt. Both man and dog had had a hard days work and a poor one, judging from the bird-bag which hung almost flat against Quarterman's

"Everybody pushed back their chairs to make room for the tired-out sportsman. ""What luck?' cried out half a dozen

men at once. 'Quarterman, without answering, stopped in the middle of the room some distance from the fire, laid his gun on the table, reached around for his bird-bag, thrust in his hand, drew out a small quail -all he had shot-and threw it with all his might against the wall of the fireplace, where it dropped into the ashes—threw it as a boy would throw a brick against a Then, with a vicious thrust of his boot, he kicked the setter in his face! The dog gave a cry of pain and crawled under

the table and out of the room. "Then Quarterman found his voice. 'Luck!' he growled. 'Footed it fifteen miles clear over to Pottsburg, and that d—d dog scared up every bird before I could get a shot at it!' And without another word he mounted the stairs to his room.

"His opinion of the dog was now com mon property. I had heard it; we'd all heard it. If any man disagreed with him he kept his opinion to himself, I included. But what did the setter think of Quarter-

gathered. In that short space of time the man? He had followed him all day terrier had fastened his teeth in poodle's through swamps and briers, had run, jump-collar, had dragged him clear of the traffic ed, crept on his belly, sniffed, scented and to the sidewalk, and was bending over him nosed into every tuft of grass and brushlicking the hurt. Four or five people got heap where a quail could hide itself; had out of the stage—I among them—and a cheer went up for the owner when he picked up the injured dog in his arms and took him clear of the crowd, the terrier following behind as anxious as a mother over her child. I have believed in the get a warm corner and a hot supper-his right, as well as Quarterman's-and in-

"I ask you now, what did the dog think of him? Dirty brute! If I knew where he was I think I'd go and thush him now." The coterie broke out into a laugh over Mae's indignation, but a laugh in which there was more love than ridicule.

"Yes, I would ! I feel like it this minute, but I tell you the setter got his revenge, a revenge that showed his blood and breed-

ing—the revenge of a gentleman.

"Back of the club house was a swampy place where some cranberry raisers had dog holes and squares trying to get something to grow, and back of this was another swamp perhaps a mile or two wide where nothing would grow. Ugly place, full of suck-holes, twisted briers and vines, where they told Quarterman he could get some woodcock or snipe, or whatever you do get in a marsh. The setter rose to his feet to accompany him (this was two days later) but was mes with : 'Go back, d followed by an aside: 'What that fool dog wants is a dose of buckshot, and he'll get it if he ain't careful !'

"When dinner was served that evening the steward went upstairs expecting to find Quarterman asleep on his bed. No Quarterman! At ten o'clock we got uneasy and started out to look for him, a party of three, the two servants carrying stable lanterns The setter again rose to his feet, wondering what was up, and was again rebuffed, this time by the steward.

"We soon found that fooling around a swamp of a dark night, with your eyes blinded by a lantern, was no joke. Every other step we took we fell into holes or go tripped up by briers. We stumbled on, skirting by the edge of the cranberry patch, hollering as loud as we could, stopping to listen, then going on again. We tried the other big swamp, but that was impossible in the dark. Then an idea popped into my head. I gave the lantern I was carrying to one of the men, hollered to the others to stay where they were till I got back, cleared the cranberry patch, struck out for the club house on a run, sprang upstairs, grabbed Quarterman's coat hanging in the ran downstairs again, and shoved it under the nose of the setter. Then I told him all about it, just as I'd tell you. Quarterman was lost—he was in the swamp, perhaps, we didn't know where—and the dog was the only one who could find him. Would he go? Go! You just ought to have seen him! He threw his nose up in the air, sniffed around, made a spring from the porch and began circling the lawn, his nose to the ground and sand-then he made a bound over the fence and disappeared.

"I hollered for the others, and we kept after the setter as best we could. Every now and then he would give a short barksometimes far away, sometimes nearer. All we could do was to skirt along the edge of the cranberry patch, swinging the lanterns, and hollering : 'Quarterman ! Quarterman!

until our throats gave out. "Then I heard a quick, sharp bark, followed by a series of short yelps not fifty yards away. Next there came a faint hello -a man's voice. We pushed on, and there, about ten yards from hard ground, we found Quarterman stretched out, the setter squatting beside him. He had slipped into a hole some hours before, had broken his ankle, and had made up his mind to wait until daylight, the pain, every time he moved, almost making him faint. He was soaked to the skin and shivering with cold. We helped him up on one foot, carried him to dry land, and finally got him home; the

Next morning the dog was missing. Quarterman raised himself up on his elbow when he heard the news and said he must be found at any cost; he was worth \$500. The men started out, of course, searched the stables, boathouses, swamp and fields clear down to the water's edge, whistled and called-did all the things you do when a dog is lost, but no setter. Everybody wondered why he ran away; some said one thing, some another. I knew why. He had gone off in search of a gentleman."
"Did Quarterman's leg get well?" ven-

"I don't know, and I don't care. I left

the next morning. "Did he get his dog back ?" asked Boggs. "Not while I was there. I could have told him where to look for him, but I didn't. I saw him on a porch with some children about a week after that, when I was driving through a neighboring village, but I didn't send word to Quarterman. I

had too much respect for the dog. "Come here, old fellow, and let me hug ou," and Mac took the great head of the St. Bernard between his warm hands, and the two snuggled their cheeks together. -By F. Hopkinson Smith, in the Saturday

THE RENEWAL A STRAIN .-- Vacation is over. Again the school bell rings at morning and at noon, again with tens of thous-ands the hardest kind of work has begun, the renewal of which is a meutal and physical strain to all except the most rugged. The little girl that a few days ago had roses in her cheeks, and the little boy whose lips were then so red you would have insisted that they had been "kissed by strawberries," have already lost some-thing of the appearance of health. Now is a time when my children should be given a tonic, which may avert much serious trouble, and we know of no other so highly to be recommended as Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strengthens the nerves, perfects digestion and assimilation, and aids mental development by building up the whole system.

A Queer Case of Friendship.

Friendship and possibly affection have prung up between a cat and a large wild accoon at Avery's logging camp, in Thurs-

ton county, Wash.
One morning recently the camp cook heard the cat mewing at the open kitchen door and purring in an inviting way. Investigation showed the coon with his front feet on the doorstep in apparent indecision as to whether freedom was worth giving up for his new partner. Every day since the coon bas come to the cook's tent to play with the cat, and present indications are that he will soon become entirely do-

"Say, ma, haby out his teeth, didn't "Yes, dear," and a hooved tal gold "Why can't he cut his hair, then?"

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Envoys Sign Peace Treaty. Final Ceremony of Portsmouth Conference Was Brief.

Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 5. - The Treaty of Portsmouth" was signed today. The treaty was engrossed in French and English, and consists of 17 articles, preceded by a short preamble. The ceremony of signing was brief. M. Witte and Baron Rosen acted for Russia and Baron Komura and Mr. Takahira for Japan.

Besides the plenipotentiaries only Assistant Secretary Peirce, representing the president: Governor McLane. the mayor of Portsmouth, Admiral Mead and Commander Winslow were present.

The articles relating to the non-fortification of the island of Sakhalin and La Perouse Straits, and the evacuation of Manchuria were settled. Both parties bind themselves not to fortify the island. La Perouse is to be "open" and Japan agrees not to

erect works to command the strait. The article relating to the evacuation of Manchuria provides that the troops, immediately upon the exchange of final ratifications, are to be withdrawn respectively to the lines of Mukden and Harbin. The number of "railroad guards" in ordinary times is limited, but provision is made for the dispatch of troops for the protection of the line in case of disorders upon condition that they are immediately withdrawn when their mission is finished.

While a full synopsis of the treaty will be cabled to the governments of the two countries, the actual text will not be known at Tokio or St. Petersburg until the plenipotentiaries arrive. Mr. Witte will personally convey the text to St. Petersburg and Baron Komura to Tokio. This is the real reason why both are anxious to get home as soon as possible, as the treaty does not go into force until the two emperors have signed. To avoid the delay exchange of documents, which would involve six weeks at least, official notification of the final approval by the emperors will be made through neutrals, the United States in the case of Japan, and France in the case of Russia. The text of the treaty will not be made public at Portsmouth. If it ever is it will be after it has received the approval of the two emperors.

A messenger from the state depart. ment at Washington arrived with the cases in which the copies of the treaty are to be forwarded to the czar and the mikado. These cases are of blue leathed ehbossed with gold. They are protected by an outer case of rough leather.

The Russian copy is in parallel columns of French and English. The French column is on the left of the pages. On the Japanese copy the order is reversed, the English column being on the left of the page.

The greatest secrecy has surrounded the preparation of the treaty from first to last. There has been no possibility of a leak of the actual terms.

MIKADO THANKS THE PRESIDENT Cablegram Puts An End to Rumoi

That Japan is Dissatisfied. Oyster Bay, Sept. 4.—President Roosevelt received from the emperor of Japan warm thanks for his "disinterest ed and unremitting efforts in the interests of peace and hunmanity," and an expression of the Japanese emperor's "grateful appreciation of the distinguished part" the President has taken in the establishment of peace in the Far East.

The cablegram, which was received from the emperor personally, follows:

"Tokio, Sept. 3, 1905. "The President-I have received with gratification your message of congratulations conveyed through our pleningtentiaries, and thank you warmly for it. To your disinterested and unremitting efforts in the interest of peace and humanity I attach the high value which is their due, and assure you of my grateful appreciation of the distinguished part you have taken in the establishment of peace based upon principles essential to the permanent welfare and tranquility of the Far East.

(Signed)

The cablegram from the Japanese emperor puts an end to the rumors that the emperor was dissatisfied with the terms finally concluded by his plenipotentiaries with those of the emperor of Russia. He accords President Roosevelt full credit for the part he took in bringing about peace "upon principles essential to the permanent welfare and tranquility of the Far East." The concluding sentence of the cablegram is especially significant. It evidently voices the belief of the Japanese emperor that the treaty about to be concluded at Portsmouth will be for a permanent peace.

"MUTSUHITO."

The Russian emperor has thanked President Roosevelt for his efforts to secure peace. The dispatch is regarded as one of the most remarkable of its kind ever sent by the head of one nation to that of another. The cablegram follows:

'Peterhof Alexandria Aug. 31.-President Roosevelt: Accept my congratulations and warmest thanks for having brought the peace negotiations to a successful conclusion, owing to your personal energetic efforts. My country will gratefully recognize the great part you have played in the Portsmouth peace conference. "NICHOLAS." (Signed)

Adrianople Fire Loss \$5,000,000. Constantinople, Sept. 5.—The fire which broke out at Adrianople Saturday raged until Sunday owing to lack of water. The greater part of each of the six quarters of the city was destroyed and the damage is estimated at \$5,000,000, only about one-fourth of which is covered by insurance. Thousands of persons are homeless. Seven thousand houses were destroyed.

STORM ON LAKE SUPERIOR Several Vessels and More Than a Score

of Lives Lost. Ashland, Wis., Sept. 5.-More than a score of lives were lost and property valued at \$500,000 was destroyed in a furious storm that swept over Lake Superior from Friday night to Sunday night, according to reports received here. The gale was the most destructive to lake shipping that has been ex-

perienced in many years. Besides the wreck of the steel steamer Sevona, which broke in two on Sand Island Reef, seven of the crew, including the captain, losing their lives, the barge Pretoria, of Bay City, Mich., carrying a crew of 10 men, sank, five sailors drowning.

The schooner Alive Jeanette, which carried a crew of seven men, is also thought to be lost. The Olive Jeanette, it is believed, went to the bottom about 10 miles from Portage entry.

The Sevona was ore laden from Allouez to Erie, Pa., and ran ashore on York Island in a heavy storm, afterward breaking in two at the fourth hatch and sinking.

Two boats were put off. One boat was in charge of the first engineer and contained besides him Miss Jones and Mrs. S. F. Spencer, of Erie, Pa.; Mrs. Cluckey, of West Bay City, Mich.; Mrs. William Phillips, Adam Fiden, Nick Fiden and C. H. Cluckey, two fishermen, and one deck hand.

Battling with waves all night, the occupants of the boat suffered terribly from cold and exposure, and several times the crew was almost forced to give up the struggle. When day broke, with land in sight, the party was in an exhausted condition, but reached shore after several attempts to land at Little Sand Bay, where homesteaders took them to a farmhouse two miles away.

CHILD BRUTALLY MURDERED Mother Arrested For Killing Baby Be-

cause It "Was in the Way." New York, Sept. 5.-A confessed accomplice in the murder of her 2year-old daughter, whose mutilated body was subsequently bathed and neatly clad in its best clothes and then tossed into the open doorway of a West Side tenement house, Agnes Hyland, aged 23 years, was locked up

by the police. Gustave Denser, a plumber, with whom the woman lived as a housekeeper, is also under arrest. The mother told the police that Denser killed her baby girl Gertrude because it "was in the way," and that she helped to dispose of the body.

The janitor of the tenement stumbled over the body, which was wrapped in a newspaper and lay in a corner of the dark stairway. Physicians found a mortal wound on the temple, while the face bore nine stab wounds, apparently made by a penknife.

According to the mother, the child, who was an attractive and robust youngster, with a profusion of light curly hair and blue eyes, was beaten to death the previous night, because Denser, who has three children of his own, objected to her presence in the home. Later the mother washed the body to remove bloodstains and, dressing it in a petticoat, white dress. white cloak held at the waist with a leather belt and patent leather carried it to the doorway where it was found.

KILLED BY BURSTING FLYWHEEL Accident In McKeesport Tube Works

Causes Death of Five. Pittsburg, Sept. 2.—Four men were killed, another is missing and is supposed to have beeen blown to pieces, and three more were seriously injured by the bursting of a flywheel at the National Tube Company, McKeesport, Pa. Two of the dead were skilled workmen and Americans. The names were John Farman and John Massung. The others were foreigners.

The explosion occurred while over four hundred men were at work in the mill. The wheel was 55 feet in diameter, and it went to pieces with a loud report, tearing a big hole in the side of the mill, and wrecking thousands of dollars' worth of machinery. The explosion caused much excitement, and hundreds of people were attracted to the plant.

BIG CROWD TO SEE AUTO RACES Downpour of Rain Interfered With Sport at Atlantic City.

Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 5.-Forty thousand people gathered on the beach here to witness the automobile races. After three unimportant events had been decided the races were declared off for the day be ause of a downpour of rain. Ford refused to ride in the one-mile race against time because the crowd overran the beach and he was afraid of an accident. Christie and Campbell did not attempt to start their racing machines. The postponed events will be run today, including the big races in which Christie, Ford and Camubell are entered.

Wife Dead, Husband Dying. Lynchburg, Va., Sept. 5. — Mrs. George W. Arnold was found dead and her husband dying at their home a short distance south of the city. Arnold died before medical aid reached him. A box of poison was found in the room and it is believed the case is one of murder and suicide, the police theory being that Arnold poisoned bis wife and then committed suicide.

Shot Wife In Mistake For Animal. Livingston, Mont., Sept. 5.-Dr. Coventry, known as Dr. Abbo, a traveling eye specialist, of Deadwood, S. D., while hunting bobcats near Clyde Park, accidentally shot and killed his wife. Mrs. Coventry had followed her husband unknown to him and was approaching in the brush, when he mistook her for an animal and fired. A bullet pierced her brain.