Democratic Matchman

#### Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 22, 1905.

#### THE MINISTERS WIFE.

Oh, pity the lot of a minister's wife; t is sinful for her to be fair; She must not try to seem too sublime for life,

Yet must still have a heavenly air: She must never view others with critical eyes She is there that the rest may themsely criticise,

Whatever she does or may wear.

If she tries to be humble, her sisters will say She poses and isn't sincere; If she shows that she's proud of her prom

nence, they Cast looks at each other and sneer, And talk of the folly of one who believes

She's "too good for this world, while her hu band receives Only four or five thousand a year."

If she seems to be pleased with the serm

the rest Will think it is all for effect.

Yet she must not pretend to indifference, les They may talk of her lack of respect; They call her a frump if her costume is plain And accuse her of being extravagant, vain,

If she dares to be handsomely decked If she acts like a saint they will say it's for

show, If she doesn't there's scandal. Eeah day

She is under the gaze of the high and the low, And though she inspires him, they

Regard the poor preacher with pity, they sigh.

And, whispering sadly go wondering why He loves her so much, anyway.

-Chicago Record-Herald

## THE ANGELS OF SIX STARS

It was on a drowsy August morning that the angels came to Six Stars. We worthies were on our bench, our faces turned to the warm sunshine, smoking lazily, listening as much to the rumble of the mill as to the monotonous discourse of Andrew Binn, for the teacher was always talking. Andrew was like the mill. Had he stopped we would have looked around, wondering what the trouble was. But he was going that day, steadily, and his discourse would have de no more distinct impression than the thumping of the water wheel, had it not been for the strange events that followed.

As we recall it now, he was telling us of his new home, for he had just settled in Lucien Pulsifer's little house at the end of the village. He was dilating on the beauty of tradition. He was defending himself against the charge, as yet not made, that he was superstitions.

"Tray-dition is romance," he said. "It is the intellectual heritage of a people. Now, I suppose you uns, if you'd ' a' bought Pulsifer's place, would paint that Amish gate yeller or some other fancy col-or. But I say to myself: 'What is life or. But I say to myself: 'What is me without tradition?' The gate was bluethe blue of Heaven-a sign to passin' an-gels that here an Amishman lived-a call to them to come in and bless the home. Of course I'm a Methodist, but I have some artistic taste. I'm a bachelor and I say to myself-it was just a joke between me and myself-'Blue the gate shall stay,' I says, 'and mebbe an angel will come some day and-

Now it was that the strange things began

sat patiently on the long bench, smoking and thinking, awaiting the coming of the the interpreter. "Kansas, Ich sagt-Kansas. Martin took a heavy step forward to avoid pedagogue with a full report. He allowed as nearly a half hour of meditation. Now, Andrew Binn had always prided the waving instrument, and in a voice, now himself on being high-strung. He regard-ed himself as a delicate physical mechan-He regardtremulous with emotion, whether fear or merriment we could not tell, he said, "She ism, tuned to the highest possible pitch of intellectuality, and so when gently hand-led productive of much that was good and allows she's from Kansas-her sister is also from Kansas.' "Tell her about Pulsifer, "exclaimed Anbeautiful, but likely to become unstrung drew who had quickly recovered his hold on the trumpet and dragged the old man into range again. The interpreter strug-

by the slightest jar. It was evident that in that half hour something had gone askew with his intellectual stringing. He gled feebly to free himself. "See here, you," he expostulated, "give me time. You uns talk like German jest was badly out of tune. "Can any of you speak Dutch?" he ask-

cies or the aged and practical Holmes. He

ed, after he had mopped his face with his bandanna, dusted the back of his head with otter roll offen my tongue. Now if it was the regular high, I could tell her all about it, brushed the brim of his hat with it, rubbed up the buttons of his waistcoat with it, and closed by flicking the mud from his shoes. His old sprightliness of manner Why I could yell high German at her from now to next Christmas, an' it 'ud sound to was gone. The question came as a plea for her about as sensible as Latin-can't you "Mind here, Martin," retorted Andrew, aid, not as a demand. "I used to could—a leetle," spoke up Martin Holmes.

"if these weemen had settled in your house I allow you'd talk low German first rate as The crowd started and stared at him This was the first time he had ever admitted knowing a word of the language, for he had always boasted himself of the purest Scotch-Irish descent, but now he was no harm, and if you was in my place, and smiling blandly as though the confession your house was invaded, and you come to me and asted my help, and I knowd Ger-man, why I'd talk it, high, low or mejum, caused not the least pang. Noting the gen-eral astonishment, he added: "I learned it when I was a drove-yer. Every eddicated man should know German. In fact, if you whatever was needed-you know I would, wouldn't I?" are goin' to travel its a nee-cessity, for in some parts o' Pennsylwany, you'll hear nothin' else." this plea showed clearly that to the minds of the others, the matter had become one of village importance, and that the sympathy

"Can you speak it loud?" asked the teacher, laying a hand on the old man's arm as a sign to him to arise and follow.

"Can Ispeak it loud?" oried Martin a bit testily. can speak it." "Why, that's the only way I

'The Amish ladies are de-e-f," explained Andrew, tucking his arm lovingly under that of his ancient enemy.

Through the village our little company went, two and two, Andrew and Martin leading, a solemn procession, past the pub-lie pump, around the bend, through the blue gate at the house at the end of the street, and without the formality of a his predicament, but in his curiosity to see knock, into the living room where the strangers sat, one at either end of the stove. the angels that had come to bless the house with the blue gate. That blue gate had The visitors were evidently very nuch at home, for they had the fire going and were watching the kettle boil when the company shuffled in. With true earthly feminity each quickly adjusted her white cap and smoothed the wrinkles from her plain brown not retire in the face of his companions'disgown. Then they smiled pleasantly. "The Amish ladies," said Andrew, way-

ing his hand toward the strangers. "The angels," said Martin, solemnly.

And in a musing tone that all might hear, he added, "About seventy-no wingsblue tin trunk-uses ear-trumpets-likely to bless the house with a good long stay."

"Mind here, Martin," exclaimed An-drew with a revival of his old spirit, "can't you realize they haven't come to visit me. It's Pulsifer they come to see, and I've tried for half an hour to explain to them up and stared severely at Marrin. If he had anything to say, it fled from him then. "Wie-wie-wie-" He failed and angrihow as he moved to Ioway, and all they ly tore himself free of Andrew, and turned

how as ne moved to loway, and all they say is 'yah.' '' 'Meanin' yes,'' said Martin, gravely wagging his head. ''Meanin' nothin','' snapped the teach-

er. "I've been yellin' at them in English as loud as I can that they've made a mistake and there is no result. Watch the kettle boil! They'll be frying my ham next."

To relieve the embarsing silence that followed this one-sided coslloquy, the young-est of the angels arose and rattled the stove of the house, to the road, shutting the blue door. As she did so her skirt caught her ear trumpet and swept it to the floor. There he felt that his retreat was glorious and his

"Kansas-Kansas-Kansas," cried the cordin' to present prospects they are likely angel angrily, tearing her trumpet from the teacher's supporting hand and shaking it at to spend quite some time with us, too, and we'll have to git together an' study low German so we can make 'em understand Meantim-no wiolence-mud ve-no wiolence. Some of us might go up oncet in a while to keep them trumpets workin', but no more mobbin'. Let's be patient like and long sufferin'-board the teacher free and lodge him-stedy low German reg'lar, and then mebbe some day they'll fly away. Angels is angels, even if they is deef, and

they must be treated respectable. Ours is short on quality, but mebbe if we use 'em right the next uns that comes to bless us'll be younger and speak high German or reg-'lar Pennsylwanyan."

Ours is a blessed valley. Leave behind you the rolling fields of Kisikoquillas, Polsifer, but she speaks low. Her 'an me where rest is broken by the runble of the have come to the dividin' line of language. railroad, distant but eterval, cross the where rest is broken by the rumble of the mountain and you will reach a land where peace is, if the world has not racked your heart past mending, and plenty of ambition has not made a glutton of you. Well might angels tarry here—especially if they have come from Kansas! Out there you see the world rolling away forever; earth long as they were boilin' your kittle and and sky are boundless and you so little. We fryin' your ham." His voice sank into an argumentative tone. "I haven't done you ness, and fewer of us seem to share the sunshine. Our part of life is bigger. So when you have a pleasant house, with a weedless garden at whose foot a broad creek chatters all day long; when a wide spreading tree drops yellow apples in your very lap; and from the benches on the porch you can watch the sun and clouds make strange shaddow puzzles on the hillsides, you prob

ably will stay-at least till frost comes. Our angels staved. They made themselve thoroughly comfortable against the re-turn of Pulsifer. Long we debated how to set them right again, and start them their way, but the counsel of Martin Holmes always prevailed. His advice was reasonable and so easy for all but the teach er to follow, that we began to accept if without question. But Andrew wearied of his banishment from his own roof after a day or two, and began to clamor for an eviction. It was easy enough, he argued, for the others to allow the angels to stay so complacently in his house and live on his larder. Were it only for a day or week he would not object, but he might have to wait for them to die before he could return to enjoy the home he had won by years of intellectual labor of the hardest and most trying kind. Six Stars admitted this. But where was the remedy except to wait? He could not shoot them. To turn them out he would have to use force, and the village would not see a hand laid on the two deaf old women who were hurting no one. It was proper that Andrew should argue with them. It was all right for him to visit them daily to enact a pantomime intended to con-vey to them the idea of their nephew packpleaded Andrew. "Wie-Wie-Wie," the old man began. "Go ahead," commanded Andrew, giving he sat on the store porch and fumed. ing his trunk and departing for Iowa. More than that Six Stars would not allow. So

The pantomime was in vain. Day after day the teacher visited his house and went through the mute performance, but seeing a gaunt, sallow man enter their little kitchen, uppack a carpet hag on the floor, replace it, and then walk out of the door and through the gate, pointing off in the blue, presumably toward Iowa, conveyed no idea to the angels except that this was the vil-Every performance made this lage idiot. conviction firmer, and they smiled with nity on what little of the dumb play their nearsightedness permitted them to see. Six Stars was patient; Andrew Binn rest

There was no appeal. With a defiant wave of his stick, the old man strutted out And the old man was right. A letter came one day addressed to the Mayor, and there er in the village. Ned

Contributed to Campaign Fund. New York Life Gave \$48,702 to National Republi can Committee. Some Interesting Testimony.

New York, Sept. 16. - George W. Perkins, member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and first vice president of the New York Life Insurance company, was the star witness at the session of the special legislative committee probing life insurance companies' methods, and his testimony was replete with revelations in the development of finance as applied by insurance companies.

The climax of the day came when Mr. Perkins was asked concerning an entry of \$48,702 in a ledger, marked "ordered paid by the president." The check was made out payable to J. P. Morgan & Co., and Mr. Perkins frankly stated it was a contribution to the national Republican campaign committee, and had been paid to Cornelius N. Bliss. Mr. Perkins said:

"This payment was made after very careful deliberation. It must not be considered an ordinary contribution to the campaign fund. It was paid because we felt the assets of the New York Life Insurance company would be jeopardized by a Democratic success.

Mr. Perkins said contributions were also made in 1900 and in 1896. As an illustration, witness said the first contribution made was in 1896, by President McCall, who is a Democrat. "He contributed to the McKinley campaign fund and voted for McKinley because he felt it was in the best interests of the policyholders of his company."

This bomb caused a murmur of conversation about the room, which had become packed with spectators.

"What other contributions to political campaign funds have been made by the New York Life?"

### "None to my knowledge." PARKER INTERVIEWED

#### Denounces Insurance Co.'s Contribution to Republican Campaign.

Esopus, N. Y., Sept. 18.-Former Chief Judge Alton B. Parker, last year the Democratic candidate for president of the United States, referred to the charges made by him in the presidential campaign last fall, that corporation funds were being used in aid of the Republican campaign. To a correspondent who called at Rosemount, Judge Parker's home, and asked him if he had anything to say relative to the statement made by Vice President G. W. Perkins, said: "Yes, I believe I ought to say, now that there is no political excitement to distract the public attention, that the president of the New York Life was not the only such contributor. The officers of other great life insurance companies, such as the Equitable and the Mutual, also contributed from the policy holders' funds for campaign purposes last year.

"Were there an investigation of railroad, manufacturing and other corporations, it would be found that these life insurance officers were no

help secure a partisan triumph.

"That their acts were unlawful and

their purposes corrupt goes without

saying. They intended to have the

the electorate. Mr. Perkins makes the

president of the New York Life, is a

Democrat. Apparently he would have

-the company's share probably as a

member of t he underwriting syndicate

-it was evidence of political virtue,

"The officers responsible for these

porations violating the laws; and in

statutory permission to manufacturing

"There can be no hope of checking

Found Murderer Insane In Cell.

Snow In Colorado.

people.

## CZAR A PROMOTER OF PEACE Issues Invitations to Second Confer

ence at The Hague. St. Petersburg, Sept. 19.-Emperor Nicholas again appears before the world as a promoter of universal peace. No sooner is the Russo-Japanese war over, and even before the peace treaty has been ratified, than

his majesty issues invitations to a

second peace conference at The

Hague. That the emperor has done so was learned from a source which leaves no shadow of doubt as to its authenticity. The announcement created the greatest surprise here, and that Russia should plan a second conference, despite the steps already taken by President Roosevelt, was also heard with amazement. It is clear that the step could not be taken by Russia without first reaching a complete understanding with President Roosevelt. The fact that President Roosevelt is reported as being entirely in sympathy with the proposal, and that he is said to believe that to the initiator of the first Hague conference should belong the honor of convoking the second, and readily and even gladly acceded to the Russian proposal, is clear proof that the conference has already been called, and that President Roosevelt relinquished his part in it to the emperor.

It was impossible to learn the proposed date of the second conference or to gain even an approximate idea regarding it, but it probably will not be greatly delayed. Russia as the power convoking the conference will probably submit an official program, the other powers submitting suggestions.

# ARMISTICE SIGNED

#### Hostilities Formally Suspended Between Russia and Japan.

Gunshu Pass, Manchuria, Sept. 16-Owing to the variance between Russian and Japanese time and also the fact that the exact spot for the meeting of the Russian and Japanese representatives had not been defined, Major General Ovanovsky, representing General Linevitch, was the last to arrive at the place for the armistice conference. General Fukushima, representing Field Marshal Oyama, with Colonel Tanaka and Captain Tanaka; two professors of international law, Ariga and Soyzi, and a guard of 50 men had already arrived under a flag of truce.

After nine consecutive hours of negotiations the armistice was signed. It takes effect today, agrees to the abolition of all hostile or inimical acts. establishes a neutral zone of four kilometres between the two armies, of which Shahotzu on the railway is the center. Maps showing the zone are to be exchanged. Only civilians will be allowed within the territory, and communication between the two armies is to be only by the Shahotzu road.

out of breath from hard running. Piney is generally a harbinger of evil.

Teacher-Teacher-Teacher," he oried. Andrew never liked to be interrupted, and the frown on his face checked the lad. who clasped a hand to his throat and

gasped. "Well, Piney," said the pedagogue, when Weil, Piney," said the pedagogue, when he had gazed the intruder into a proper humility, "what can I do for you?" "Nothin'," answered the boy, backing away fearfully. "Nothin' but—"" "But what?" Andrew Binn's tone was

fatherly and encouraging.

"Nothin', but I just seen two Amish ladies go into your house," faltered Piney. Andrew sprang to his feet. "You see what?" he oried.

"I seen two Amish ladies-two old Amish ladies-go into your house," was the whimpering reply. "Angels," oried old Martin Holmes, sud-

denly awakening. "Mebbe they is angels." He, too, was on his feet, and he made a feint at the boy with his stick. "Tell the truth -cicss your fingers, sonny-honest Injun -had they wings?"

"No, sir. They came in a livery riggin."

"They came how?" cried Andrew, mov-

ing to seize his pupil by the collar. The boy dodged and sprang from the porch. "They came in a livery riggin'." he answered from the road. "The man he answered from the road. "The man who was drivin', he asts me, 'Is this Lu-cien Pulsifer's place? These ladies has come from Kansas to wisit him,' he When I forgot and told him it was savs. Lucien's house, he set them down there

and \_\_\_\_\_ "Where is he now?" Andrew shouted, diving at the boy. But Piney shot away. "He's gone, Teach-

er, gone down the big walley agin," he cried as he tore along, making for a refuge behind the mill.

Andrew Binn stood mopping his brow and looking up the road to the turn, as if he would bend his gaze there and see his little house at the end of the village.

"Don't git he't up, "said Martin Holmes soothingly. "It's only a tray-dition, and you must devote yourself to fixin' 'em mfortable. You must make your home a Heaven for 'em. S'pose we goes up there now and sees about carryn' in their trunk

"Don't trouble yourself," snapped the teacher. "I am able to take care of my own affairs. When I need your aid, rest assured, I'll ask it."

He swung away toward home. Martin Holmes sat down on the porch, threw back his head and pushed his beard up over his face. This was a precaution the old man always took when suffering an extreme attack of merriment. Seven of his family had died of apoplexy and six of heart disease, and since his seventieth birthday he had been in constant fear of "explodin"" if he allowed himself the full Pulsifer." enjoyment of his mirth. Moses Pole could not see what the trouble was about. His wife's sister was Amish, and frequently made his family long visits which they really enjoyed, and because old Holmes was not religious was no excuse for his laugh-ing at folks who were so pious that they wore no buttons. Aaron Jones agreed ful-ly with the bark peeler, and if by any chance the teacher was in need of a rigging to send the Amish ladies back to the big not religious was no excuse for his laughvalley, there was his white mule standing idle in the stable. The rest of the store was non-committal. We had too few facts ing a warning finger to still the muttae of

was a scramble for it, and Andrew, being the nearest, secured it.

"Now explain," he commanded of Martin, waving his prize at the angel, who had resumed her place and was groping about the chair in a vain search which gave evidence that beside being very deaf she was exceedingly near-sighted.

"You hold it and I'll try," said Martin with a sigh of resignation. "You uns all knows I never blowed about my German, "You uns all but mebbe I can find a word or two that will help."

Andrew placed the end of the trumpet in the angel's hand, still retaining his hold on it. Then he drew the old man towards him by the sleeve and said, "Begin!"

The angel, understanding that her visit-ors were about to establish a line of communication, smiled encouragingly and pretended to listen.

Martin handed his cane to one of the group that pressed about him, and leaning well over, with a hand on each knee and his mouth close to the trumpet he shouted, "Wie gehts?"

"Goot," the angel answered.

"She says she is well, and so is her sis ter," the interpreter explained gravely,

turning to the company. "It ain't her health as is bothering us, snapped the teacher. "Tell her about Pulsifer."

"Give me time to think," returned the old man angrily." "German ain't so easy as it looks-perticler when you have to talk it into a machine."

He pulled his beard violently, closed one eye, and gazed at the sister behind the stove, seeking there an inspiration. It came at last, and he took a long breath and shouted into the trumpet, "Wie bist du?"

"Goot!" The angel had raised her voice until there was a sharp ring in it. The complacent smile had disappeared, and she frowned at her inquisitor. "She says her sister is exceedingly well

-exceptional well, I should jedge from the way she sayd it," Martin explained. "I could have found that out be lookin"

at 'em," broke in Aaron Jones. "Tell her about Pulsifer," oried the

teacher, stamping his foot. "I was leadin" up to that," returned Martin blandly. "Give me time, Andrew. We musn't break it to 'em sudden." He resumed his crouching attitude over the trampet, and after moment's pause, shout-ed: "Wo kommst du hier?"

The frown left the angel's face, and she smiled and nodded.

'Kansas," she replied.

"She says she comes from Kansas, "cried Martin in triumph, straightening up and smiling gleefully at the company. "She tells me that the other Amish lady is her sister, an'that she also comes from Kansas, an' that they are here to wisit Lucien

"Explain about Pulsifer." Binn laid an angry hand on the old man's shoulder, and spun him around and pushed him down toward the trumpet.

"Can't you give me time," Martin plead-

its embarrassment, the sister behind the stove arose and rattled the iron door. Mar-

conduct ungracious, for we did not see him at the store all that afternoon, but when evening came bringing with it his old ally, the darkness, he sidled up on the porch, and took his old place at the end of the bench. For a long time he was unusually silent, leaning forward and resting his chin on his cane, apparently drinking in the music of the frogs.

The murmur of approval that followed

was with the pedagogue in his efforts to drive the invaders from his hearthstone. As

old Holmes scanned the faces behind him,

he noted the hostile wagging of heads and

realized that the time had come for him to

make a serious effort to succor the teacher.

would have screamed a volume of German

into the trumpet, but when he declared

that the angel and he had come to a parting

of the ways of language, he had spoken true. His first effort to act as interpreter had had its rise not in any desire to help Andrew in

been closed to him until the teacher's need

of an interpreter compelled him to call in

the store for assistance. Then he made the

best of his opportunity, and now he was at his rope's end. He knew it but he could

approving scowls. So he bent over once

more and opened his mouth at the trumpet.

He closed it again and pulled at his beard,

as though surprised that no word had come

"Tell 'em about Pulsifer, do Martin,'

"Wie, wie---" The augel straightened

on him. "See here," he cried, "I'm not

goin' to mix in no more with my German.

She can't understand—can't you see that?

This here is a perilous language and there's

no tellin' what they might think I was say-

ing if I spoke high and they thought it was

low. No, sir, Andrew Binn, you painted

that gate blue and now you can lay on it.'

forth.

him a gentle shake.

If the mere wish would have done it, he

Suddenly he turned to the teacher and nquired. "Gone vit?" "Who?" asked the other sharply.

"Them Amish angels," said the old man olemnly.

The only reply was a low growl

"Andrew has moved down to my place," ame from the end of the bench, where in the darkness Moses Pole's cigar was glow-"It's an aggerwatin' situation, "but ing. what can a feller do?"

"Why didn't you uns explain after I left?'' said Martin in an injured tone. "You was so mad at me fer mixin' my German, an' yet not a hate would you do for yourselves. The Lord helps them as helps them-selves, an' them that helps others need no

"Didn't who explain," cried Andrew. "Humph? Why they was in hysterics agin you got through with 'em." act at once to insure the safety of these re-

"They dropped their trumpets," Moses Pole put in.

"An' they jest wouldn't tech 'em agin. They wanted to hear no more," added Aaron Jones. "The harder we tried to explain the highstericaller they got."

"Poor old weemen." Martin's voice wa mouinful, but he pounded the floor viciously with the cane. "Poor old angels-fur from home-nephew gone-most a'mighty sad."

"Sad," snapped Binn, poking his aged neighbor with his elbow."Sad? How about me, I'd like to know. I goes home to night allowin' I'd slip inter bed early—door half open-kitchen olear-sneaks into my room an' lights a can'le, an' there them Amish weemen was, the two of 'em in my bed a sleepin' away as peaceful as lambs. He about me, Martin-that's the sad part." How

"You otter a woke 'em up an' explain d," the old man retorted blandly. "The ed," the old man retorted blandly. "The hull thing was scan'alous—you a standin' there in them poor Amish ladies' room— them a sleepin' so ca'am, an' peaceful an' innercent. Why didn't ye yell?" "I did,'' was the teacher's weary answer.

"I done it in half a dozen languages-I

"Of course you forgot to put in their ear trumpets-of course -of course,"Martin oried. "It's easier to wake the dead than the deef without a trumpet. This thing is gittin' scan'alouser an' scan'alouser. I'm out of it. Next you'll be after me to go up there to try to wake 'em up in German-but I won't, boys, mind that-I won't. You don't git me fussin' no more with angels." He closed his speech with a bang of his cane. There was silence on the porch, for a long time, till at last Martin suddenly arose, and pointed away to the ridge, where a tiny red coal was blazing among the trees. "It's the moon, boys," he said, lifting his cane. "Mind how nice she looks! It's

jest the night fer the angels to be with us,. and the whole walley seems to be Iullin 'em to sleep. Do ye catch the light yander on the hill—that's Harvey Hoomer, he's settin' late readin' the Good Book, and I allow mebbe be's wonderin' if they is sich carry out that resolution. things as angels. That's a good nn on him, ain't it settin' up there so ignorant and in-nercent, while down here, right among us,

was non-committal. We had too few facts to announce ourselves in sympathy with either Andrew Binn and his romantic fan-behind him he shouted: "Vom wo bist du?"

Smith, by order of his postmastership, open-ed it. Then he quickly dispatched Piney Kallaberger from house to house, to assemble the male populace. To this solemn company he read from the long sheet of foolscap a communication from his Honor. the Mayor of Keoria, Kansas.

"Sir:—I am requested by Mr. Fritz Kal-karp, a respected Amish gentleman resid-ing in this vicinity, to demand that you point that Mr. John A. McCall, the take immediate steps for the protection of his sisters, the Misses Kalkarp, who are now in your midst, heing daily subjected to untold indignities. Going to your town the public assume that when Mr. Mcto visit their nephew, one Pulsifer, they Call unlawfully contributed these funds found him missing, and being the nearest of his kin settled on his property. They have written to Mr. Kalkarp that an effort They has been made to drive them from their rather than misconduct. home, a riotous crowd of men have visited them almost daily, greatly disturbing their peace of mind by making light of their un-fortunate physical affliction of deafness. raids upon the treasuries of corporations have received their reward in Their sleep has even been disturbed by a lunatio who has ruthlessly entered their room at night. This said person has causunfettered management of life insurance corporations; in unembarrassed ed them the greatest trouble. They say he seems to labor under the balluncination raids upon the public through trusts-They say condemned by both common and statute law; in refusal to punish criminally that he owns the house. I appeal to you, sir, in the name of decency and justice to the officers of railroad and other cor-

spected Amish ladies. "I am sir, your obedient servant, corporations to levy tribute on the ARCHIBALD MASTERS, Mayor.

Andrew Binn crumpled the county pa-er into a ball and hurled it violently at the the unlawful aggressions of officers of stove, as if he saw there his Honor of Keoria. Before he could speak Martin Holmes placed one hand on his shoulder, and gentgreat corporations so long as they may form a quasi partnership with the orv tapped him with the head of his cane. ganization of the dominant political "You have been long-sufferin', Andrew," the old man said in a more gentle tone than party. For in the hour when the administrative official seeks to punish the he usually used toward the teacher, "you have been noble—but you insisted in beoffenders he is reminded by the head of the organization of the magnitude lievin' in blue gates and you reaped your of the contributions of the corporation. reward. We all sayd wait, for there was nothin' else to do, but now the end's come. It's a long way to Kansas, but jest you buy There is, however, something worse, if possible, than the escape of such ofa sheet o' paper, an envelup and a stamp, and we'll explain to this here mayor of Keoria about Pulsifer. He'll tell Kalkarp an' I allow that these Amish gentlemen fenders from justice. It is the gradual demoralization of voters and the dulling of the public conscience caused by the efforts to make these vast sums of won't mix high and low German, or tangle money procure the ballots they were 'em up in their ear-trumpets."

So the angels left us. A livery rigging came from the big valley for them not many days later, and as they drove away we stood by the blue gate and watched them intended to procure, corruptly and otherwise." them.

Roanoke, Va., Sept. 18.-At Rocky "They has flew away, boys," Martin Mount, Franklin county, when the sher-Holmes said, pointing to a cloud of dust on the hill by the peach orohard. "They've iff went to the jail to carry Chap Ramsey, who on September 3 shot and killed gone like Elijy, takin' their blue tin trunk and their ear-trumpets with 'em. They've left the house and-and-What's you have in your hand, Andrew? W White paint-a can of it? Mighty souls, man, don't git discouraged by jest the one catch. Mind the tradition of the angels and the blue gate.—By Nelson Lloyd in the Metro-

> Cripple Creek, Colo., Sept. 19 .- Several inches of snow fell here. The snowfall was preceded by a high wind that blew down several buildings, including a large icehouse. Yellow Fever Report.

New Orleans, La., Sept. 19.-Report of yellow fever up to last night: New cases, 34; total to date, 2605; deaths, 6; total to date, 341; new foci, 9; cases under treatment, 311; discharged, 1395.

CONSTITUTION LEAKING BADLY corporation officers who put their hands into the treasury and took out mone 's

First Ship of American Navy In Danbelonging to widows and orphans to ger of Turning Turtle.

Boston, Sept. 18 .- The ancient frigate Constitution, familiarly known as "the first ship of the American navy," which has for many years been one of money used, as it was, in corrupting the most valued possessions of the Charlestown navy, is in danger of turning turtle, and it is learned that the good ship cannot last many years in its present state.

The frigate is leaking badly and the hold fills so rapidly that it is necessary to use a power pump frequently. One of the attaches of the yard said that the officials did not care to risk placing the ship in dry dock to make repairs, as the vessel would crush with its own weight.

HARMONY FOR DELAWARE

Call Issued For Meeting of Warring Republicans.

Wilmington, Del., Sept. 19.-After a conference here between former United States Senator L. H. Ball, Colonel Henry A. Dupont and others, it was decided to issue a call for a meeting of the Regular Republican state committee on either Friday or Saturday for the purpose of bringing harmony among the warring factions of the state. Ever since United States Senator Allee repudiated J. Edward Addicks about two weeks ago efforts have been making to bring the Regulars and the Union Republicans together.

GOING TO NEW ORLEANS

President Roosevelt Will Visit City Stricken With Yellow Fever.

New York, Sept. 19. - President Roosevelt sent a message to Mayor Behrman, of New Orleans, in which he said that he had expected to arrive in that city on October 24, and that he should do so if the people wanted him to come then. If they wanted him to come later he would make a second trip to visit Louisiana and Arkansas. He intended to do whatever the people of New Orleans and Louisiana wished, subject to the quarantine regulations of other states through which he would afterward pass.

Reading Orders 1100 Freight Cars. Philadelphia, Sept. 16. - President Baer, of the Reading and Jersey Central railroads, announced that he had placed an order for 1100 freight cars for the Reading road with the Standard Steel Car company, at Butler, Pa. One thousand of the cars will be steel hopper coal cars and the remaining 100 steel flat cars. They will have a rapacity of 100,000 pounds each.

President Diaz is 75. Mexico City, Sept. 16. - President Diaz celebrated his 75th birthday, which was observed as a national holiday. He was in excellent health and enjoyed the many manifestations of public good will.

politan Magazine.

-There is a 14-month-old girl baby in Binghampton which has never been kissed on the face. Her parents declare that she shall never be kissed until her engagement is announced when she grows to womanhood. Any old time ! The parents of that

kid will be the busiest people in Bing-hampton 16 years from now if they try to

his nephew, Willard Ramsey, before Judge Saunders for arraignment, he found the accused man almost a raving maniac. Ramsey escaped on the day of the killing and surrendered himself last Thursday night.