Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 6, 1905.

LITTLE MYSELF-AS-1-USED-TO-BE Sometimes, when the work of day is done ;

When the ebbing light from the west is gon When the present loosens its fetters fast, And the freed heart leaps to its longed for past; When the twilight gathers, and shadows grow

Out from the silence will timidly creep. A dear little girl whom I clearly see: Little Myself-As-I Used-To-Be!

She talks of her school days, her lessons, he

toys; Her daily duties, her daily joys; Her holidays glad, when no work is done; Vacation-time with its frolic and fun; Thanksgiving and Easter; the Christmas-tide With stockings hung at the chimney side; Laughing aloud, as she stands by my knee-Little Myself-As-I-Used-To-Be!

Often she prattles of childish plays, And the little friends of those by-gone days. Some are wanderers, some grown old, With weariness, labor and sorrow untold; Some in life's joy, their youth yet keep; And some in the churchyard, are fast asleep. But she talks of them all, with childish gled Little Myself-As-I-Used-To-Be !

Oh, fair is the world in which she dwells, Where goblins and witches yet weave their spells;

Where mirth and laughter all clouds dispel, And troubles, like fairy tales, all end well; Her days are all bright ones; her skies eve

Her lovers are faithful, her friends all are true Never a care nor a sorrow knows she-Little Myself-As-I-Used-To-Be!

But sometimes—sometimes she lifts her eyes To my face, with a kind of puzzled surprise, "What have you done," she asks of me; "With my faith and my truth and my purity With the trustful love for God and your kind, That I gave to you when you left me behind? These are the questions she puts to me-Little Myself As-I-Used-To-Be

"Oh, dear little girl" I answer low; "I lost them all, long years ago. Amid life's bustle, its heat and its dust, I lost your innocence, truth and trust; And I found, at an hour when I needed the

That your faith and your love were also lost. Little remains that you gave to me-Little Myself-As-I-Used-To-Be!"

"But we'll both creep out of this life, some day; I-tired of work ; you-tired of play ; And perhaps we'll find on that other shore, Things we have mourned as lost, before Simplicity, innocence, love and truth, The trustful faith that belongs to youth, And, clothed in these, through eternity I'll be Myself-As-I-Used-To-Be."

-Mrs. Carrie Crosby Fulton.

ARBUTHNOT'S AMEN.

The back windows of the first floor of the Hotel Rockingham were exactly on a level with the back windows of the third floor of the tenement house behind it, down the hill. Mrs. Arbuthnot, by way of re-lief from the black radiator and the sewingmachine, which were salient points in the tenement furnishing, fell into the way of sitting in the dark when her day's work was over, and watching a certain sittingroom in the Hotel Rockingham, whose blinds were never down.

There was an open fire; a lamp, instead t; and more than that, on a writing-table stood candles. Mary Arbuthnot felt childishly that she could bear her unbearable life if only now and then she could afford a wax candle. Every evening the occupant of the room made coffee over a spirit lamp, and then settled to his work the table in the window. and bye he would light his pipe; toward ten o'clock clouds of blue smoke would blur the sharp picture of comfort and well-being, but not so thoroughly as the tears which filled the lonely watcher's eyes. She had been ashamed, at first, of spying on her aristocratic neighbor, but as the winter evenings darkened she forgot that. She sat boldly at her draughty window in the dark, and looked into the opposite room till it grew to be a spurious home to her. Incidentally, she looked upon its owner. Sometimes he had visitors. She was jealously glad when they left. She wanted no one in that room but the man

the night. Mrs. Arbuthnot had lived once in just such a room, and never would again. Her husband had dragged her with ease and rapidity down a hill she could never reascend. Hand to mouth and the third floor of a decent tenement was the best she could do for herself; even that was only just averaged tained, and she had not outgrown the gray.

"I know—let that alone," he muttered. do for herself; even that was only just atuncomfortable rocking-chair, and looked again at the luxury opposite, at the bent plack head and foreshortened face of which

ran through her as she looked. A stranger had entered her Periviewed paradise—a man in an overcoat. The owner of the room dropped his pen, and rose—sharply, as though he, too, had felt a disagreeable.

Business" thought Mrs. Arbuthnot, She wished the unwelcome visitor would go; she liked to watch the one quiet figure, which had a lonely look, not unlike her But suddenly she started bolt upright in her chair. There was surely a familiar something about the visitor over the way! Was it possible that he reminded her of—Bill? But it was nonrense. She him. She almost wavered. And he saw had not seen Bill for seven years; would not know him if she did see him.

The two men were talking, standing. The stranger had his back to her. He was a little bald, just as Bill might be hy this time; he gesticulated, just in Bill's way. The owner of the room was facing her; she could see his shaved lips move as he laconically answered the excited speeches of the other man. Presently he turned around, than back again, and stooped over a drawer in the writing-table, looking for something. The overcoated visitor faced round where he stood behind the owner.

Mrs. Arbuthuot leaped from her seat. In two minutes she was downstairs, out, and in the side door of the Rockingham, which was used by her, for she did mending for the grests. In three she was on the first floor, noiseless and unobserved.

Breathlessly she turned the handle of the room she had never expected to enter; with marvelons quiet set the door ajar; she meant to stand there and shriek for help while she stopped the way of anyone who tried to rush past her. But she did nothing of the kind. She stood dumb. Through the crack of the door she stared at the visitor, who had apparently changed occupa-

the same drawer, searching the same mass of papers in which the other had been fum-With thickish, shakish fingers he picked out a paper, and turned round with a grunt of relief—to see the door ajar.

Before he could spring to it Mrs. Arbuth-not had opened it boldly and was in the room. Before he could lay a hand on her she had called him by name.

"Bill!" she said. He had raised his arm to strike her, but he did not do it. He said something, in a

you!" I've come round to give you away." Mrs. Arbuthnot's eyes had never wavered from the face of the man who had once been her husband; a swollen, tired face, handsome still. He had been drinking, but he was sober now. "You fool!" she said. She looked for one flash at the man she would never watch again where he wrote in his fancied solitude. "I loved him; my God, I loved him!" she broke

For a year he had been her silent comrade, her unconscious comforter; and he lay dead under her eyes.
"He was your lover?" Arbuthnot's hand

clutched at her, and missed "No," she said heavily, "I was his. He

never spoke to me.' If she had seen his sneer he would have swung for it, but she did not look at

"Where did you come from?" he demanded.

She pointed to the window "I live behind there. I saw you!" she whispered. She was so faint and sick that she closed her eyes at his quick step toward her. She was hardly sensible of his hand on her shoulder. "Who else saw me? Who else? Any-

body?"
"I don't know." Arbuthnot turned to the prostrate body and cursed it. "I don't know why I did it," he finished sullenly, "only he drove me crazy. I'll get out of this now."

But she knew she would let him; she felt a guilty woman standing there, though she had never spoken to the dead man.

"You will let me, Mary," Arbuthnot spoke like a gentleman, as he had been used once to speak, "you'll help me, You must!" his eyes traveled slowly to the body at the table, comprehending it for the first time. "Take me home-with you-" he appealed, "till it-blows over."

me-to the room whence she had been wont to look on the living man, who was dead? She crossed the room and closed the

"That would run your neck into the rope, " she said. She felt pitiless. place is full of people; any of them may have seen you as well as I. Their rooms have windows." But she shivered as she said it. "Why did you-do it?" she ended faintly. She had not meant to shrink

from the word. "Because he'd ruined me. He'd made and when I saw it to-night I ... He was a pal of mine once, though you mightn't away?" think it! I came to borrow money from him, and all he did was to turn round and child.

drag out that cursed paper.'

Mrs. Arbuthnot did not answer him; she was looking at the dead. His head lay be a boat going out for a week." he looked uncomfortable. She had known | And her thought was how she hated him. ne was dead from the moment she entered the room, yet she could not leave him like that. She went to him and, with shaking fingers, closed his eyes. A soft sound at the door made her wheel. It was Bill, turning the handle to leave the room, and she looked at him triumphantly: the key was in her pocket.

"You can't do it! I'm going to give you up; have you arrested!"she said softly, and the blood beat in her head like a hammer.

Arbuthnot did not move. The doorknob was useless, and he dared not make the noise of bursting the lock.
"Do," he said. "Make a good headline

'Wife Hanging Her Own Husband," and once the word was out he thought it echoed round the room. But it was the other word that made the woman start away from him.

"Husband! You're no husband of mine; you deserted me. It's seven years.' who sat and smoked and wrote so far into "All the same, I'm your husband." If he were afraid, be did not show it; he went on speaking quietly, mindful that in a hotel the walls are parchment. "You

swore once," he said, "to love me."
"And what did you swear, you—?" somewhere in the corridor there was noise that took the words out of her mouth. Arbuthnot's sodden face went

"Only the child-think of the child! Don't to the depths with him. To get rid of it go back on me." And the steps outside now she tried to huddle comfortably in her passed as he waited for her to answer. "The child!" It was her last, worst

count against him; the thought that she fought off night and day. To have her she knew every line; an unpleasant thrill child again, even to know it was safe and well, she could almost-"Where is she?" She had her work out

out not to scream it, and he saw his advant-"At mother's. She's doing well. She's so pretty, Mary, and if-" even Arbuthnot

had not the nerve to finish. His wife stood silent. Ever since the day he had vanished with her two-year-old obild a terror had maddened the woman he had deserted. What would become of her haby, at the tender mercies of a man like him? And he had had tender mercies, after

it. "It will all come out," he said thickly, 'my record and yours. With that kind of a father and mother, who will have any-thing to do with her? But give me up if you are a woman, but," he swore, "I

you like. I'm a worse man, I suppose, than couldn't do this by you!" In the silence the dead man's watch ticked loudly in his pocket.

Nerveless. limp, the woman leaned against the door for support. Fifty hangings, fifty lives like Bill's, could not make the man she loved breathe or move again. It was all the ,same since he was dead; all the same to him. The threat about her own past had no terror for her; it was a past of poverty, not sin—Bill had made a bad shot there—but it had deadened, numbed her. Right and wrong and expediency had all grown one indistinguishable blur. Who had made her a judge to send a man to the gallows, and stamp with that ineradicable

die the child who called him father? "Come, then," she said heavily, "I'll help you. But it's for her sake not yours; I'd not stir one finger for you." were steps again past the door, and Arbuthnot knew they would stop there. His heart echoed them long after they had died away.

"Come," she repeated. It was no matter to her how many people went by; she knew they never came in. "That's no one!

"The knife! It's mine." He went over and took it from the close-lipped wound with a sound that turned her faint even before he wiped it on the tablecloth. No, no!
She would not save him. He could hang.
"You promised," he cried quickly.
She could not answer him. With sudden

terror she feared the dead man who could fierce, astonished whisper.

"Yes, it's I," she spoke more low, more fiercely; and locked the door behind her fiercely; and locked the door behind her her better the dead man who could not trust her. She took the doorkey out of her pocket, and it fell on the floor. It was Arbuthnot who fitted it in the lock, and without taking her eyes from him. The turned it again when they were outside. But owner of the room said nothing; he was lying once away from that silent, accusing presowner of the room said nothing; he was lying sprawled across the writing-table, over a litter of written and virgin pages. "I saw ed hall, and out the little side entrance of She had twelve cents, and she went to a the building. They met no one. In five minutes they had turndd into the dark alley that led to the tenement, but once in it she stopped.

"Have you no where to go?" she asked, oathing him.

took her stand among the ragged women and children hanging about the door. They loathing him. of the place."

"Money," she thought. He would want money and she had none. By the time she received her week's wages every train and steamer would be watched. Like lightning she remembered a place where a murderer-the word had come to her mind in-

"You're her father or I would," she sobbed fiercely. She broke from him and ran down the alley. He waited. He did not trust her, but he waited, chiefly because he could not run; his legs had begun to shake the instant he was left alone. He felt a kind of dull surprise when she returned alone,

with a bundle. "You must be quick," she said. She led the way through al abyrinth of dark lanes, carefully avoiding the electric lights that mark out the thoroughfares. Gradually they drew out into the open country, having met no one all the way. It was very cold; the ground was like tone, as after a couple of miles of walking they came out on a bare field. Beyond it the sea rolled thick with cold under the cloudveiled sky; in the midst of it, grim and hulking, loomed the deserted prison, left to the bats and the four winds these

thirty years. The woman drew a breath of relief. Nearby was a fishing village; every day boats came and went. It was not a scrupulous village; it would be easy, compara-tively, to get Bill safely away. The man recoiled at the sight of the black pile.

"Here," he cried; "it's a prison! You-"
"It's the only safe place I know," she
answered, unmoved by the epithet. "I
found it out by chance. No one ever comes here, and-it's a prison without a door: she pointed significantly to a black and empty archway.

Arbuthnot flinched in front of it like a it so I couldn't show my face anywhere. He had a paper of mine he held over me, swore nervously. "Do you mean to keep me there forever? How'm I to get

She told him, slowly, as one tells a "Why not now-tonight?" he demand ed. And she told him all over again.

"Because it's winter, and there mayn't

and that she had better finish before she repented.

She went before him into the dark arch. way. The winter moon crept out from the clouds, and sent a piercing shaft after them as they disappeared; sent another through the narrow-slit windows of the prison, and found them, husband and wife. standing in the corridor enciroling the whitewashed square of black-doored cells which rose tier on tier to the roof. At each corner a stout stair wound to the four iron galleries that surmounted one another.

e moon's rays fell on the nearest stair. "We must go up to the highest row; it's 'most out the way,''said the black shadow of the woman to the black shadow of the man, in the chill silence of the vaulty

Once more she led the way, carrying her bundle. Arbuthuot's steps rang on the granite as he followed her, and she stopped in terror, though there were no ears within a mile.

"Walk quietly," she snapped, and went on like a cat up the icy stone steps. She felt her way in utter darkness, because the moon had vanished; and the murderer

clung to ber skirts. Into the first cell on the highest gallery they turned, and she struck a match from her bundle. There was the wooden shelf which had held the convict's bed; she spread her shawl on it, put on the slab that stood for a table the loaf of bread that had been meant for her own breakfast, and turned But to be alone was beyond Bill Arbuthnot, and he said so. To his surprise she gave in without a struggle. Side by side the two who had not met for seven years sat through the long hours till dawn. their intolerable burden between them.

Once he huddled close to her for warmth, and she pushed him off, violently. When day broke she rose shivering, though their bodies and breaths had warmed and made

close the narrow cell. "Where are you going?" Arbuthnot

alntched her dress. "Home; to my work."
"Why couldn't you have kept me in
our room where you work, instead of this

beastly place?" "Because I've a girl there working with ne. And because there isn't even a cup board there where I could put you. "When will you be back?" He kept

old of her, like a child. "After dark." "I suppose you've got to go!" "Or you starve," she retorted harshly. "There's bread for today; you can walk up

and down to keep warm. Arbuthnot made no answer, except to let go her dress, till she was halfway down the stair. Then he called her, and she went

"Find out-you know-" be said, "and oring me something to smoke." Mrs. Arbuthnot staggered against the railing of the gallery. She had forgotten the horror of talk she would have to face. She could not do it; she turned on him frantically.

"I can't go! I'll get you things some

other way. I can't go—home."

"Then they'll suspect you!" angrily.

"No. I often go over to Northway for a reek's upholstering without telling the girl. I was there yesterday. I left word for her last night that I might go there today for a week; I won't be missed." And her hard mouth shook on it. It had always been a wrench to go away, even for a week, from her unconscious comrade, and now he had gone away from her forever. She could

wailed uninterruptedly that he had no to-bacco; when evening fell he said he was starving and had as soon hang and he done with it. When at last she rose he acquiesced with a word to her leaving, since she was going for food. He never even asked where; but she had had all day to ask herself

On the outskirts of the town stood a house where every evening bread and soup were given to all comers. It had the high-sounding name of The House of the Guardian Angel. Frequenters knew it as "the Angel," a restaurant where there was to go back empty-handed?

But the dole had not begun when sh

train tonight. I haven't a cent to get out stared at her indifferently, as she had known they would stare; and the sister in charge, when at last the door opened, never looked at her at all. It was perfectly safe she had only to hold out her new pail and turn away, bread in hand.

For three nights she came, took her portion and fled. The fourth night there was advertently; she staggered as she remem-bered it was the right one—might lie hid-eight o'clock. As she stood, someone, not den for weeks.

"Wait here," she said; and wiped the damp of horror from her lips.

"Wait here," she said; and wiped the damp of horror from her lips.

"Wait here," she said; and wiped the damp of horror from her lips. Arbuthnot grasped her arm. "You're she did not turn. The girl stared astound-playing fair with me? You won't give me watched in amazement. Mrs. Arbuthnot was in Northway! Yet here she was among

"What on earth !" the girl ejaculated. She saw her companion of every day go away with her provisions, and followed her with cheerful curiosity till she turned off into the country. As Mrs. Arbuthnot crossed the bare field to the deserted prison she was in clear sight against the skyline, a black shape against the winter stars. The girl went back to the tenement, and talked -without malice, but for conversation. Somehow her talk ran like wildfire through the ward.

Arbuthnot met his wife as she climbed the weary stair, but he did not snatch, as at first, at the food she carried. Instead he sat down beside her on the plank bed.

"Did you hear—anything?" he said. She shook her head listlessly. "I was kept; the sister was late. Eat your soup while it's hot. There's no schooner in the bay yet."
With a sharp gestare he thrust away the

"I wish I'd never done it," he startled "I wish I'd been dead first."

In the dark his wife stared at him. repentance here did not mean much.
"Oh, you don't understand," he cried out. "I know what you're thinking. But farm. it's not this place nor the cold that makes me sorry. Somehow it's you!'

He nodded. "You've put yourself out a good deal for me," he said, and the ludicrously inappropriate phrase struck neither "You can put me out of it," she turned

on him savagely. "I don't believe you care a straw what you've done; I don't believe you realize it. Oh, I'm not a praying woman, but if I could say a prayer that would undo your work I'd say it, if I had to give my life for an Amen !"

"I don't know," she could hardly speak for crying; "but don't you know that when you've once done a thing you can never get away from it? If there were only some—some expiation! Bill," she leaned to him suddenly; her thin face was distorted as she clasped the knees of the man whom three days ago she hated, whom she had not seen for seven years, "Bill, can't you pray? Can't you do something? Do you

even, truly, care?" He did not answer the question; in the ark his face hardened. "Why are you rying?" he asked roughly. "Is it for dark his face hardened. orying?" he asked roughly. him? It can't be for me."

"I-I-" she could get no further a first, "I swear I never spoke to him, Bill! But I used to sit and look at him. The room was so lovely. He looked kind. I badn't anyone else."

"I don't see, then, why you didn't give me away! "I couldn't. I don't know why. Bill," sharply, "we're a pretty bad pair to have had a child! What if—?" the words stuck in her throat.

"Hold your tongue !" he said harshly, sweating in the icy cell. It was getting late, and so pitch-dark that he could not even see the dim outline of her, but he could whisper. "Mary," he set his teeth,
"if you like I'll—give myself up!"
"You sha'n't," she sobbed, "you must

"You sha'n't," she sobbed, "you must get away. Think of the child up there in the country, with all the papers calling you a murderer—her own father!" and at the word the two who had not met for seven years locked fast in each other's arms black dark.

"God forgive you, oh, God forgive you!" she sobbed. "Bill, can't you-can't you say Amen ?"

Downstairs in the corridor round the tiers of cells there was a soft sound. It floated upward unbeeded; came again, like a rustling sigh, and entered the cell through the inch-opened door.

"What was that?" said Arbuthnot. He listened. He kept his arms round her. "Nothing ! The wind." For a long moment she spoke the truth. Then the sound came again, cautious, unmistakable. There

were feet on the stair. 'Keep still," she breathed. "It's som one!" She opened the door and peered into the dark gulf below the gallery. Down-stairs, far down still, there shone for one second a white flash, that made her spring like a cat to Arbuthnot. "Police," said, "don't run! Come slow." It was side by side they crept along the gallery to the furthest stair : there was a door halfway down it that opened on a ladder to the yard; they might reach it yet. "Go on,

Bill; quick ! gave him a little push; she could hear feet distinctly in the whispering gal-lery of the place. But he did not answer

Out of the darkness at her elbow started a shadow. It touched her, let her go, tried to spring past her—and she knew she had it in the clutch of the strength that comes to women once in their lives.
"Go on!" she screamed, holding fast to
a heavy coat, "don't be taken! The child

-" and then all she knew was that she was holding on still, fighting like a cat. This man should never pass her. Arbuthnot went on. But halfway down

two more men were posted. The full light of a lautern glared on him and confused him; he had been used to the dark. He stopped; and the men stood. They were ten steps below him on the slippery stair,

She sat that day in silence. Arbuthnot and Arbuthnot knew it; but he made no rush. He was thinking in that blinding shaft of light as he had never thought in his life; thinking of the child-of hanging -with a dead stoppage of his heart, of Mary. And at the thoughts he made his rush, but it was not at the stair.

To the men below him there was a quick spring, and a silence. After the silence a thud, far below. But no cry, no whisper where Bill Arbuthnot lay unrecognizable on the stones of the great corridor. He had said his Amen .- By S. Carleton, in

## Keep A-Pushing

One step won't take you very far ; You've got to keep on walking. One word won't tell folks all you are ; You've got to keep on talking. One inch won't make you very tall; You've got to keep on growing. One little "ad." won't do it all; You've got to keep 'em going.

Renewing Lost Forests.

Indiana is entering actively upon the work of compensating for that improvident waste of timber which went up in smoke from thousands of log heaps in the early stages of the State's development, and the officials feel greatly encouraged by a recent statement of Fred Doulap, an expert from the United States Bureau of Forestry, to the effect that the work in Indiana only real forestry work of a practical kind being done in the country." This statement was made after a careful investigation near Henryville, Clark county, where thousands of hardwood trees have been planted and where at least 1,000,000 will

e under cultivation by next spring. The State Board of Forestry entered up on the work two years ago and the first season 23 acres were planted. This was increased to 187 acres last year and spring there will be 500 acres planted hard wood seeds. This is to be the hardwood nursery of Indiana. These trees representing every species of hardwood that will grow in the State, are to be given away, and as fast as they are removed and set out other seeds will be planted and thus the supply continued till there is some-thing like a restoration of hardwood timber to the denuded lands of the State.

FARMERS HERE LEARNED A LESSON. Indiana farmers have received some very pointed object lessons in the past few years in respect to the value of timber and now see they might have reaped a harvest that will come to them now only through years of effort.

One year ago a Johnson county farmer sold two black walnut trees for \$350. They were the last of a grove of hundreds which he had cut down from time to time for firewood, fence rails and the like. At the lowest estimate his grove would be worth \$25,-000, or three times as much as his entire

The same thing is true, but in a less degree, of the oak timber that has become so popular in recent years for making furniture, for the inside finish of houses and for making hardwood floors. Indiana oak has a reputation East and West for its beautiful grain, and in New York, Phila., Boston and other seabord cities it ranks along with imported woods for that purpose Twenty-five years ago there were thousands of acres of land covered with this growth.

VALUABLE TIMBER WASTED. It was ruthlessly cut down, piled into "Why do you say that?" A long shiver interrupted him, till he felt his flesh must come off his bones. "What's life got to do the land been denuded of this product that great heaps and burned and the farmer turned to the cultivation of the land in the land been denuded of this product that the price has doubled, then tripled, then quadrupled in the past ten years. To-day narter-sawed Indiana oak is worth from I0 to 12 cents a foot at the mills. lumber in the rough is worth from 5 to 7 cents and an average white oak tree, relatively free from knots, is worth to the far-

mer from \$50 to \$65. The State is now making an effort to compensate in part for the waste of the last 50 or 60 years, and farmers everywhere are putting out trees where Nature once planted them in such abundance.

A Case of Want.

A prison visitor recently asked one of the risoners how he came to be there.

"Want," was the answer. "How was that, pray ?" 'Well, I wanted another man's watch He wasn't willing I should have it, and the judge wants me to stay here five years."

Lawyer-You say you know this man to be an absolutely honest and reliable

friend? Witness-Yes, sir. I'd stake my life or him! He's the kind of fellow that would lie like a pickpocket to get a friend out of a tight place!—Detroit Free Press.

Business is Business

THEIR TRUE MISSION "Heaven first taught letters for some Some banished lover, or some captive maid." But now we know they're handy for devising

Good, up-to-date, effective advertising. The Real Tests.

"Is he a thoroughly bonest man?" "I don't know," answered the man from Missouri. "I have trusted him with hundreds of thousands of dollars, but I never tried him with a book or an umbrella."

FEVER CAN'T STOP PRESIDENT Will Go to New Orleans October 26 Despite Epidemic There.

Washington, Oct. 3. - President Roosevelt will go to New Orleans despite the yellow fever epidemic. This official announcement was made at the White House by Mr. Loeb, after a conference with the president, at which the arrangements for Mr. Roosevelt's trip through the south were arranged finally.

In order to avoid any complications over the quarantine regulations of the various states in the south, the president has decided to make New Orleans the final stop on his trip. He will be in New Orleans on the 26th instant. After the ceremonies in that city he will go aboard a cruiser of the Cleve land type and make the journey from New Orleans to Washington by water, He is expected to arrive here either on the 30th or 31st instant.

Yellow Fever Report. New Orleans, Oct. 3.-Yellow fever report up to last night: New cases, 19 total to date, 3042; deaths, 2: total 394; new foci, 6; under treatment, 204; discharged, 2444.

William H. Berry.

Brief Sketch of the Life and Achievements of the People's Candidate For State Treasurer.

The biography of William H. Berry, Democratic nominee for state treasurer can be briefly written. His life has been one of endeavor and achievement. He has been a worker from earliest manhood and whatever of success he has attained has been the fruit of his own effort.

Mr. Berry was born in Edwardsville, Illinois, September 9, 1852, and was educated in the public schools of that village. He served an apprenticeship as a machinist in Buffalo, New York, where he acquired a technical education in the night schools, giving his evenings to study after his days of labor. Upon the completion of his apprenticeship he served seven years as a journeyman machinist at the

bench In 1874 Mr. Berry located in Chester, where he had obtained employment as a machinist. Subsequently he worked there as journeyman, assistant foreman and foreman for 17 years, during which time he invented several labor-saving devices, some of which have proved profitable as well as useful

In 1902 Mr. Berry established a plant of his own in Chester for the manufacture of steam specialties, under the title of the Berry Engineering company. He became president and general manager of that company, and incidentally, as its title invited, became consulting engineer of several large manufacturing plants in Chester and adjacent cities and towns.

Mr. Berry is essentially a self-made man. From the proceeds of his labor and the fruits of his inventive achievements he has enjoyed during recent years sufficient income to properly educate his children and create for his family a comfortable home. One of his sons has been schooled in the sciences sufficiently to take his place in the factory and another is serving honorably as a lieutenant in the Marine Corps of the United States navy.

Mr. Berry joined the Methodist church in 1876 and was made a local preacher in 1879. He has preached acceptably and with advantage to the church in all the churches in the vicinity of his home. He lectures frequently on scientific and economic subjects and is actively identified with all the charitable and philanthropic move-

ments in the city in which he lives. In politics Mr. Berry is a disciple of Thomas Jefferson, and though adverse to holding office has always been faithful to civic obligations and active in public affairs. He has served in the Councils and School Board of his adopted home with great satisfaction

to the people. The first political office ever held by Mr. Berry was that in which he is now in commission. The city of Chester had been ring ridden far beyond the limit of peaceful endurance for many years. and public protests were literally laughed down. Last spring, however, the people determined to make one great effort at rescue, and the Democrats nominated Mr. Berry for Mayor. The prospect of sucess was not promising when he was notified that the

honor had been bestowed upon him. At the November election prevoiusly, Roosevelt had nearly 6000 majority out of a total vote of a little more than 10,000, and in order to win, therefore, it was necessary that he should get all the Democrats, every Prohibitionist in the city and nearly half the Republicans. Most men would have been' appalled at such a condition, but it didn't frighten him. He accepted the nomination, and promptly set about to secure the election. After the most exciting contest in the history of the city, the vote resulted in a substantial majority for Mr. Berry.

And he has "made good." During the campaign Mr. Berry declared that in the event of his election the iniquities which were disgracing the city should cease. Just as he asserts now, that if he is elected State Treasurer the graft in the finances of the state will be stopped, so he said then that if elected Mayor the gambling dens, speak-easies and vice resorts should be eliminated from the life of the city. That pledge has been fulfilled, moreover. The moment he entered upon the duties of the office he set himself to the task of fulfilling his promise and found it exceedingly easy of achievement.

Probably no man in Pennsylvania had less thought of the Democratic nomination for State Treasurer on the day of the Democratic State Convention met than Mr. Berry. But the revolt against civic uprighteousness had just begun in Philadelphia, and all minds were turning toward reform and reformers.

In this state of public opinion the name of William H. Berry, the reformer who "does things," was mentioned, and it ran through the body like "fire in an August clearing," and he was unanimously nominated. As he declared in his speech of acceptance, he had nothing to do with the matter up to that time, but he has taken a hand since, and is now leading a triumphant army to certain victory.

Mr. Berry has always been peculiarly fortunate in his relations with workingmen and organized labor. Indeed, he freely ascribes his success in the mayoralty campaign to the cordial and earnest support of the artisans in the community. He has been an employer of labor for many years, and during recent years extensively so. But he has never had a labor strike or serious difficulty with his employes on account of wages or differences of any kind.

The Client .- You seem to keep the cording angel pretty husy. The Lawyer-Recording angel?

The Client-Yes; your typewriter.