

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 13, 1905.

VICTORY.

Hiram Fenner dragged himself up on the pillows and fixed his eyes upon the window at the side of the bed. The fields were already a vivid green in patches where the snow had lain, and the swoolen brook. touched here and there with foam, showed black through the sparse, shining leaves of the birches and alders that marked its course. The pleasant, hoarse murmur of the water reached his ears, broken from time to time by the impatient call of a calf and the answering low of her mother. A thin column of smoke rose from beyond the brook, drifting over the hillside, now pink with maple buds.

'Rans Creyton's burning a fallow," the sick man murmured, watching the blue wreaths. "I'd ought to clear up my hill lot, an' the north pasture wants breakin' up—it had ought to be done by rights last fall. Moving restlessly in the big four poster bed, his eyes fell on his outstretched hand; he lifted his arm against the light, stripping back the sleeves, and scanned it closely. It was the strong, knotted arm of a man who had been counted a great work er all the days of his fifty years, but it was thin now, and shrunken almost to the bone; the fingers were long and pale. He let it fall. "What was the use of planning work with an arm like that? Doctor had said 't wa'n't likely he'd live to see the crops

brought in. A figure moving across the meadow caught his eye; it was his neighbor, Rans Creyton, who had moved from Cohoes two or three years before and bought the ad-joining farm. He was a young man, strong-ly built and quicker in his motions than a farmer born and bred. Instead of leisurely climbing the fence that stood in his way, he put his hands on the top rail and vaulted over, then he hurried on to the Fenner barns, where he had done the heavier work

since Hiram had been laid up.

The sick man watched him swing past with a pang of envy. A moment later he heard a burst of laughter from the shed that sagged in an irregular line between the farmhouse and the barn. Drina must be out there, he thought, fussing with her chickens. "Rans laughs easy," he sighed, "Drina likes to laugh, too. That's the chickens. "Rans laughs easy," he sighed, "Drina likes to laugh, too. That's the kind of a man she ought to have married some one that can laugh easy, au' take a four-barred fence as nat'ral as a colt."

"The ain't any one left in her family to take care of her," he mused, "she's got to They won't let her alone longnot with such a farm in her hand, every stump pulled an' every piece of wet land drained. She'll be like a lamb before the shearers," he muttered, frowning. "Why, she might take that long, lazy, good-for nothing Jim Sears-he can eenamost talk me off my feet. If the's got to be some one,' he groaned, "seems to me, I'd liefer 'twould be a stranger like Rans than some one she'd known all her life. An' Rans is as good as the best."

In his excitement he had pushed down the bedclothes, leaving his gaunt shoulders and long arms uncovered; the chill air struck him and he began to cough. "I'm done for!" he gasped, when, the paroxysm over, he lay back exhausted: "I'm goin' to die. Doctor said wouldn't live to see the crops brought in-not unless I tried. An' I ain't a-goin' to try. I'm bound to die, an' I guess it's the best thing I can

He closed his eyes and lay still, but his thoughts ran on: "! wife," he told himself, "Drina's been a good "no one could ask for a better-she couldn't help bein' good. But it ain't in nature that she should like me as well as a young man her own age. I don't suppose she'd ever have married me if her gran'ther hadn't wanted it so much —an' he just dyin'. That's what folks said, an' I guess mebbe they was right; I've thought of it a good deal since. Well she'll have her chance now. It's only fair. I've took good care of her," he added, after a took good care of her," he added, after a moment, his throat swelling. He turned his head and let his eyes roam over the familiar objects about him. "It's all just as she wanted it," he thought, with a thrill of

It was a large, low-ceiled room. In the wide fireplace that almost filled one end, a great back-log glowed fitfully. Katrina van Diemen scorned the stoves that had already put out the light on many hearths; she liked best to hang the kettle and turn the spit as she had learned to do at her grandmother's elbow in the rambling, ruined, old house that had sheltered her childhood. The broad, low window, with its snowwhite curtains and the row of blossoming plants in front, might have looked out on a Rotterdam canal, but Hiram did not know this—to him it was just "Drina's The old, blue china ranged on the dresser gave him a pleasant glow; he re-membered the day he brought it back from Troy. She had seen it there in a store window, and hung over it fondly because it matched some they used to have at home. He wouldn't let her know how much it cost. Drina was careful, if she was young. And she was never one to sit and fold her hands; every chair and chest in the room, every pot and pan that hung against the wall, shone as if polished. There at the corner of the chimney was the spinning wheel. The Hoosick women had mostly put theirs up in the garret, to moulder there with other household goods. But Drina tossed her head contemptuously at "store yarn," and sat spinning in the long winter evenings by the firelight, as her grandmother had spun before her. Her husband seemed to see the little fig-

ure in the blue gown. The whir of the wheel mingled with the roaring of the brook. "It's all just as she wanted it."he brook. ''It's all just as and wanted '', repeated. ''I've took good care of her. An' I'll take good care of her yet!'' he muttered between his set teeth, ''for all I've got to leave her!" He stretched his long arm out of the bed as if reaching forth from some abvss.

The door opened suddenly; a young wo-man stood on the threshold, outlined against a soft white cloud, just flecked with green. "Look at the cherry tree, Hiram!" she cried, stepping in and throwing the door wide. "It's all come out to-day. Ain't it

pretty? "Yes," said her busband, "it's blowin" full as ever I see it. Why don's you pick

some?"
"I guess I will," she answered, "if you don't care. There'll be more cherries than I can use for cordial, an' that's all these wild ones are good for, anyway."

She stepped back, and in a minute rear

peared, her arms full of the delicate white 'My, ain't they pretty!" she exclaimed.

lifting down a blue pitcher from the dresser shelf, I always did love bloomies!" A tasping cough shook the sick man; she threw down the flowers and hurried to him. "You're cold!" she declared reproachfully. She drew up the covers, and then dropping fed it with dry they caught the flame.

"I oughtn't to have stayed out to the barn so long," she went on, "but the red calf was so cunning! Rans was trying to teach her to drink out of the pail. He couldn't make it out; she just bunted him. Did you hear us laughing?" She laughed, recalling it-a low, gurgling laugh.

"Yes, I heard you," said Hiram.
"I guess it'll have to wait for you to get
out and see to it," she continued. "The" ain't any one else got your way with dumb animals. Seems sometimes as if they was lonesome for you, an' was tryin' to ask me why you didn't come." She was hanging the kettle over the fire, which had burst into riotous blaze and cast ruddy gleams on the white curtains, the big bunch of cherry blossoms and Drina's braids of yellow hair. "I'm goin' to make you a cup of hair. "I'm goin' to tea," she announced. "Is Rans out there still?" her husband

asked. "Yes, I guess so; I haven't heard him bring the milk into the shed. Why?" she asked.

"I wish't you'd go an' ask him to come in here," he said hoarsely.

She went at once, and, left alone, he be-

gan to speak aloud flinging out his words defiantly as if at some unseen disputant: "I've got to do it!" he contended. "It's best! If I should say anythin' to her first, she'd say no. She wouldn't hear to it. But I won't try to do it behind her back—it wouldn't be fair. An' I've got to do it!" he reiterated. "The' ain't no one else." he reiterated. "The ain't no one else."
He turned his face to the window and watched until Drina and Rans came into sight on the grass-bordered path leading from the barn. She stepped briskly on from the barn. She stepped of sunset, her ahead, in the rosy afterglow of sunset, her ahead, in the breeze. "She blue gown fluttering in the breeze. "She looks like a girl," he thought with a jealous pang. When they reached the bars in

but the last one; she sprang over lightly and they came on together, side by side. "He's big," Hiram whispered, watching them. "I wouldn't 'a' wanted her to marthem. "I wouldn't 'a' wanted her to mar-ry a little whipper-snapper,"—he measur-ed his own six feet unconsciously—"an' he's strong,an' he can't be more than thir-ty. He'll likely live a long time." He groaned and turned sharply away from the window closing his eyes

pasture fence Rane took them down, all

vindow, closing his eyes. He was lying quite still when they came in. "Perhaps he's fell asleep," said his wife, approaching softly.

"No, I ain't asleep," he said. "Rans,"

he added, "I've got somethin' I want to say to you."

Rans made no answer, but hitched his chair nearer the bed and fixed his narrow, near-set, dark eyes on the sick man. Drina stepped half-way to the fire and stood lis

"I'm goin' to die." said Hiram softly. Rans thought it probable, no doubt, for he made no answer, only shuffled his feet a little on the bare floor and waited. Drina started for ward, but meeting her husband's eves, which seemed to look at her and yet not see her, she sank frightened into the nearest seat and waited, too.
"I'm goin' to die," Hiram repeated,

'an' my wife is goin' to be left alone. She ain't any kith ner kin; an' I ain't any eithan' then me."

Drina's head drooped and she gave a him," he urged.
rightened sob, but Hiram went on in the "They don't like him to the barn," she frightened sob, but Hiram went on in the same strained, steady tone:

"She'll have this house an' farm, an' all the live stock an' every penny I have in the bank. Such bein' the case, of course she'll marry ag'in. I know how many rasin' better'n to get hold of a farm like this, an' trade it off for drink or cussedness-let alone breakin' her heart!" his voice angrily, as if it were a relief to him, or, perhaps, to drown the sound of Drina's weeping. "An' layin here," he went on more gently, "I've made up my mind that I'd have it settled before I go. You can trust me, can't you, Drina?" he asked, but without looking toward her: "you allays have."

'Yes, Hiram," she stammered between "I've thought it all over careful," he resumed, "an' I believe, Rans, you'd be the best of any one I know. I've allays found

you honest an' keepin' of your word. An' the farms lyin' so clost to each other would make it seem nat'ral. I allays thought the two south medders ought to be j'ined, then the brook could water 'em both. "He waited, catching his breath.

"Yes," Rans said, nodding his head, "the course could be changed a little at the bend by the stone wall; the's a fall there.' He stopped, but Hiram had turned from him abruptly, and lay with his eyes fixed on the fast darkening window. He seemed to have accepted the young man's answer as consent. Neither of the men had looked at the woman who seemed withdrawn into a world apart where she sat silent but for an occasional sob that shook her averted

shoulders. "Well," said Raus, at last rising in some embarrassment, "I guess I'd better be goin'.'

Hiram nodded. "Drina!" he called The young man started and cast a search

ing glance at the woman as she faced her husband.

"Drina," Hiram said, "will you go an' show Rans where I want him to begin to break up the pasture to-morrow? You know where it is."

She made no answer, but rose and led the way. As the door closed on them, Hiram threw up his arms and groaned aloud. "It seems most more than I can bear," he gasped. "I thought I could, but I dunno as I can." His thick grizzled hair was matted on his temples where the sweat stood in drops; his fingers worked nervous-ly. "He's lookin' at her now to see how he likes her-I see him just now! Lookin at her!" He strained forward, listening. He could hear their voices faintly; they

were on the stoop still. "If he dared!" he thought. "Yes. Drina!" he cried in a hoarse whisper, "I'm comin'!" He half rose and then sank back and turned his face resolutely to the wall.
"It's my own doin'," he whispered fiercely, "an' by God, I'll stan' by it!"
Outside Drina stood flushed and wrathful on the lower step of the stoop; the light

of the moon just climbing over the hill caught the tears that still trembled on her Watching her under lowered eyelids, Rans said to himself that she was pretty, prettier than he had ever thought her, but there was no denying that she in a rage. He reached up for some blossoms of the cherry tree, picked them, and threw them away. "You needn't be so hard on a fellow," he grumbled, "I was only just sayin' what he said." he nodded

toward the house.
"Never you mind what he said; youv'e no right to say what he says," she blazed.
"He can say what he likes. He's took — The oftener a neare of me all my life—long before grand-the more he bas of it.

to her knees in front of the hearth, blew father died. I'm his little girl-I guess the smouldering fire until it glowed, and I'll always be his little girl to him, no mat fed it with dry branches that crackled as ter how old I get to be." Her voice soft Her voice soft ened, but it grew hard again as she met Ran's gaze. "You ought to have known

ened, but it grew hard again as she met Ran's gaze. "You ought to have known better," she said resentfully.
"Well, there ain't any harm done," he answered, "of course, you've got the say so, only you were so quiet in there."
"He was doin' is for me," she faltered.
"Yes, yes," he broke in, afraid she was going to cry again. "I s'pose you don't want to go an' show me where that piece of pasture is."

"You know well enough where it is," she reforted, "an' you needn't stop to look at the meadow again, either; you'll never have a chance to change the course of that

'Dang it all! who'd 'a' thought she was such a little vixen? I guess I ain't losin much," he muttered, walking of briskly. as she turned and went into the house. It had seemed a long time to Hiram, but

he did not look up as she entered. She went to the fire, set one foot on the and-irons and stood gazing into the glowing bed of coals. He turned his head stealthily to watch her; the red light caught the little curls that the wind had blown about her ears and turned them to gold. wanted to see her face, and impatience at last overcame his dread of speaking. Well?" he said painfully, wetting his lips with his tongue, "did Rans look at the south medder to see how the brook runs?"

"Yes," she answered, resentment in her He frowned, his long arm stiffened as it

lay stretched across the bed.
''Of course he looked at it,'' he mutter-"The man ain't born that wouldn't like to own that medder; every stump pulled, and the spring a bubblin' up in the midst of the vi'lets an' the strawberry blows—" he paused, smiling vaguely; then be looked at his wife and the smile faded. "He's young and strong," he went on, following his thought; he's a worker; he can keep it up a good many years yet. He's a good lookin' young feller, Drina,'' be adgood lookin' young ded, hesitating. "You hadn't ought to talk so!"she burst it.

"I thought you'd see how I meant it. Drina," he said, speaking slowly, his emo-tion wrung from him word by word. "I've allays took as good care of you as I knew how; I ain't been much use for anything else, perhaps, an' old feller like me; but I've allays took good care of you, an' seems

as if I couldn't leave 'thout knowin'-how 'twas goin' to be. An' Rans is about the best the' is." "I don't care!" she broke in vehement

ly, her face still averted.
"You don't care?" he questioned anxiously, "don't care for what?"
"I don't care anythin' about Rans Creyton! I don't care about bein' took care of I don't care about the farm!" and, turning her tear stained face upon him, she crossed the room, and, falling upon her knees b side the bed, buried her head in the folds of the bedclothes.

This was a new Drina; Hiram had never seen her like this. It stirred his blood, yet he went on in the same carefully steadied tone. His hands, stretched rigidly in front of him, trembled a little.

'But you want to see the farm kep' up, left alone; she's allays had some one to take care of her; first old man Van Diemen an' then ma'. his mother's side. Most every one likes

broke in-"Old Sukey, an' Dandy an'True -an' I guess they know better than folks, p'raps. But, there!" she added scornfully, "what's it to me whether every one likes

him or not? petter'n Rans," her husband stam-mered. "Speak up, Drina, it's all right. You ain't afraid of me. 'Twouldn't be anythin' but nat'ral, the Lord knows!" he

added with a sigh.

Drina raised her head, and throwing it back looked him straight in the eyes. "You hadn't ought to say such things to me, Hiram Fenner!" she flamed, "you haven't any right! Oh! can't you understand?" she wailed, breaking down, "I don't want any one—never! I don't want the farm. Oh, Hiram! Hiram! if you'd only vast—" she broke off, caught in a storm of tears.

"Only just-what?" he whispered, lift ing his head and bending forward to catch her words.
"Only just get well!" she panted be

tween her sobs. "You want me so much? You want me. Drina?" be stammered, his hand crept toward her and touched her timidly. She took it in both hers and laid it under her wet and burning cheek. 'You want me to get well? You won't

have no one else!" he cried, his voice ris ing triumphant. He lifted his arm, clinch ing his sinewy hand. "You want me to get well, Drina? Then, by the Lord God, "You want me to I will!"-By Helen Palmer in Collier's Weekly.

Retrospective.

"There are no birds in last year's nests," No dollar bills in last year's vests; And 'tisn't wise to hope that "scads" Will still flow in from last year's "ads." Overconfidence.

It is a dangerous point in any man's career when he feels sure of his position or his fame. Overconfidence is the first sign of a decline, the first symptoms of deterioration. We do our best work when we are struggling for our position, when we are trying with all our might to gain our ambition, to attain that which the heart longs for.—Success Magazine.

10 to Vile Commercialisming stafe

They stood in the shadow of the pyr-

"Oh, what," murmured the romantic maiden, "will the sphinx say, when, after centuries of silence, it finally speaks?" "I don't know," responded the prac-tical young business man. "But I'd be willing to pay big money to have it holler: 'Use Dingbat's Tooth Soap. It does not bite the tongue."

Jinks' Joke.

Jinks-Today I pleased a pretty woman by telling her that a certain red-faced, snub-nosed, bald-headed mortal looked like ber.

Winks-Get out! Jinks-The red-faced, spub-nosed, baldheaded mortal was her first haby

In Doubt.

"So you are really in society?" said the friend of earlier years.

'I wouldn't say for sure,' answered Mr.
Cumrox. 'Nobody has ever approached me with any propositions to write up my past unless I paid to stop 'em."

-The oftener a man loses his temper

Look to Your Trees.

Do you own or are you responsible for even one tree? If so, now is the time to look to its future welfare. To let it die or even pine through neglect is deplorable (criminal, as one enthusiast declared), when a little knowledge and some hard work can prevent it.

The deterioration of many of our native American trees is awakening alarm. Not long ago a noted tree raiser said that there was scarcely a healthy tree in the capital city of one of the Middle States. The causes for this are many, and the remedy difficult to achieve, apparently.

Man is the enemy of the tree. The ignorant pruner, the raiser of unnecessary overhead wires, the layer of closely paved streets with no provision for the growth of the city shade tree, should be reached through legislation and aroused by public sentiment. For that arch enemy to the tree, the insect, whatever his variety, there is but one sure means of protection-vigilauce, prompt, unceasing and laborious.

Right now is the time, if it was not done

the borers, whose young have probably be gun their baneful operations on the base of your tree without your knowledge. The sudden wilting of the twigs or the unusual lifelessness of the leaves, which is quite apart from the natural sere and yel-

in September, to carefully examine all trees

and shrubs for those unmerciful little nests

low tone of early antumn, should be a signal for radical methods of investigation and eradication. The young caterpillars or the leopard moth, which have proved a most serious

menace to many trees in our eastern States,

twigs. When found the tips should be immediately removed and destroyed. Though a few horers who have not yet gained a headway may have the grub destroyed by pushing a hooked wire as far as it will go into the hole made, there is but one sure cure, namely, the knife. Cut out the borers even at the risk of injuring the tree. It cannot possibly be as injurious as

the grabs. When the holes can be reached by the spout of an oil can, bisulphide of carbon bas been used successfully. Poison squirted into the bole, which is then sealed with moist clay, has also proved an effective remedy. The knife, however, is the real and only destroyer-stick to it even with

fear of the consequences. Another enemy of the tree is the fem lackey moth, which in the late summer deposits her egg, and there in a web of branches and leaves whole colonies of larræ or social caterpillars will remain as injurious inhabitants until the following spring, to feed on the tender green leaves.

There is but one thing to do-clear them off right now. This can be done by hand picking (creepy, but essential), or by shaking them on to paper spread beneath the trees.

The eggs deposited spirally in clusters around the twigs are easily noticed in the fall, and should be scraped off on paper and burned, as the caterpillars when neary full grown creep into the bark or under piles of rubbish to multiply woes for the tree owner.

A thorough spraying with soft soap and quassia, or a little petroleum mixed with hot water, is good to destroy the caterpillar. A rainy day, when the caterpillars usually seek shelter in their webs, is the time for a raid. A mixture of lime and soot sprinkled on branches of dwarf bushes is excellent for the wet weather caterpillar

-May-I believe that Miss Passey had a proposal when she was sixteen. Blanche—Indeed? And the poor thing was

An Ad-Vantage.

He who would add unto his trade Should have an "ad.," and well displayed. For "ads" if one knows how to write 'em, Add to one's trade ad infinitum.

Uncertainty.

"What time does this train arrive at Swamp Centre?" asking the traveling "My friend," was the answer, "I'm only a conductor. I'm not a fortune teller."- Washington.

"There goes Miss Letters. I understand she is quite literary." "Who told you so?" "She did."

"Ab, well, don't wake her up."

ONCE WEALTHY NOW A PAUPER Jefferson Raplee, Associate of Jay Gould, Goes to Poorhouse.

New York, Oct. 10. - Jefferson P Raplee, once a wealthy New York banker and business associate of Jay Gould, Commodore Vanderbilt and John P. Blair, went to the poorhouse

Raplee was one of the best-known men along Broadway in his day. His father, who was Judge Raplee, of Yates county, N. Y., left him a large fortune. In 1856 he opened a banking house at 137 Broadway, which was capitalized at \$200,000, and did a yearly business of \$500,000, which was a large sum at that time. Since 1867, when this bank made an assignment after some unfortunate speculation Mr. Raplee's fortune, although invested in a new banking venture, steadily diminished. Three years ago he closed his last offices and began to live on the remnants of his former wealth. He was unmarried.

TRIPLE CRIME UNSOLVED

All Attempts to Clear Middletown, N. Y., Mystery Fails. Middletown, N. Y., Oct. 9.-All at tempts of the county and local police

officials to clear up the mystery of the murder of Willis and Fred Olney and that some clue to the murder had been found when Alanzon Graham, an old man, living near the Olney place, was arrested on information furnished by Mrs. Ingerick, the only member of the Olney household who escaped death, but who was found terribly injurel and unconscious in the barn. After being kept in custody all day and closely examined Graham conclusively proved his innocence and was discharged from McCurdy Gets \$150,000 a Year

Pay Roll of Mutual Life Insurance Company Shows Big Salaries. Paid \$3,000,000 in C

New York, Oct. 7.—Closing a week, every day of which has produced a sensation that has stirred the country, the special legislative committee investigating the methods of insurance companies adjourned until Tuesday of next week. While other weeks of the hearing have had sensations, no previous week has had a sensation every day as the one that just concluded.

On Wednesday, when President Mc-Call, of the New York Life Insurance company, was on the stand, he heatedly declared that three-quarters of the bills introduced into the legislatiures of the states of the Union were blackmailing measures, and on that ground he explained the necessity of maintaining the corps of attorneys. On Thursday counsel for the committee. Mr. Hughes. took another tack and called Robert H. McCurdy, general manager of the Mutual Life Insurance company, and son of Richard A. McCurdy, president of that company, to testify as to the agency system of the company, this feature of the business being under his control. While Mr. McCurdy was on the stand counsel for the committee brought out facts that changed the prearranged course, and the result was the disclosure of the immense profits (nearly \$3,000,000) derived from the commissions of the insurance business,

In the last day's testimony the sensational development was when Mr. Hughes demanded the pay roll of the executive officers of the company. This was produced and showed the salaries of these officers since 1877. For the year 1904 President McCurdy received \$150,000; two vice presidents were paid \$50,000 each; a second vice president \$17,500; the third vice president, \$10, 000, and the general manager \$25,000, who this year will receive \$30,000, and the treasurer \$50,000.

Robert McCurdy said he never knew the salary of his father until he heard it read in the committee room. He thought, however, that there should be no limit to the salary of such positions. because they should be in accordance with the accumulations of the company

When asked if it was any benefit to tte policyholder to increase the president's salary, Mr. McCurdy said he thought the trustees had considered that when they increased the president's salary. No increase, however, had ever been considered when he was present at the trustees' meetings.

Earlier in the day when Mr. McCurdy was on the stand Mr. Hughes tried to bring out why C. H. Raymond & Co. and the partners in that firm received larger emoluments from the business

than any other agency. At one point in the day's testimony much interest was manifested when the expenditures of the company were taken up. An auditor of the Mutual Life, Mr. Prillah, was on the stand, and he was asked as to the method of recording the expenditures. It was gathered that these were passed upon by an expenditure committee of which Robert Oliphant was chairman. Three entries on the books of payments to Mr. Oliphant of \$25,000 each were looked into, but no information could be gleaned. Mr. Prillah was asked about the \$2500 campaign contribution to the Republican congressional committee which was disclosed, but he said none had come under his observation.

HUGHES HAS DECLINED

New York Republicans Are Now Without a Candidate For Mayor. New York, Oct. 10. - Charles E. Hughes, counsel for the insurance investigating committee, declined the Republican nomination as candidate for mayor of New York, giving as his reason that he could not spare the time from the insurance inquiry now

under way. Mr. Hughes said: "In this dilemma I have simply to do my duty as I see it. In my judgment I have no right to accept the nomination. A paramount public duty forbids it. The non-political character of the insurance investigation and its freedom from bias, either of fear or favor, not only must exist they must be recognized. I cannot permit them, by any action of mine, to become matters of debate."

Negro Lynched By Negroes. Bainbridge, Ga., Oct. 9 .- A negro whose home is not known, was lynched eight miles west of here by a mob of his own race. The negro had criminally asssaulted a negro girl, and had attempted to assault another, who cut him in the breast. He was arrested by Deputy Sheriffs Ivy and Murkerson, who were bringing him to Bainbridge. when they were stopped by a mob of negroes. The latter demanded the negro. They took him from the sheriffs and forced those officers to go away on another road. The negro was strung up to a tree and riddled with bullets. None of the mob were apprehended.

97 Indictments Against Dougherty. Peoria, Oct. 10.-The grand jury reported 84 indictments against Newton C. Dougherty in addition to the 13 little Alice Ingerick at the Olney farm already found. Forty-five of these are near here, and the murderous assault for forgery, each containing eight on Mrs. Ingerick on Friday night have counts. The amounts involved are so far been fruitless. It was believed from \$14.40 to \$600. Bonds are fixed in the sum of \$1000 on each indictment for forgery and for \$500 on each for embezzlement, making a total bail of \$64 500

Not Too Hard.

"Rather hard to lose your daughter, eh?" said the gnest at the wedding.
"No." replied the bride's father. did look as if it were going to be hard at one time, but she finally landed this fellow just as we were giving up all hope."

LAWYER ARRESTED FOR BRIBERY Tampered With Witnesses Against

Storey Cotton Company Promoter. Philadelphia, Oct. 10.—Shortly after the jury had been selected to try Stanley Francis, alleged partner in the Storey Cotton company, United States postal inspectors placed William C. Byram, a lawyer, of Bradley Beach, N. J., with offices at Belmar, under arrest on the charge of attempting to unlawfully influence witnesses summoned to appear at the trial. Byram was in the court room when taken into custody and was given a hearing. The principal witnesses against Byram were Gertrude Sundheim and Margaret Hoke, who were formerly em ployed as bookkeepers by the Storey Cotton company. They testified that Byram attempted to have them eliminate "local color" from their testimony and make it as mild as possible without telling an untruth. They were to be rewarded, they said, by being given lucrative positions in other cities. He told them he came in the interests of a Mr. Harper who, Miss Sundheim explained, was no other than Franklin Stone or Marin, a fugitive from justice. He believed Francis

Harper could return to this country. Byram made a statement in his own defense, in which he said he meant to do nothing wrong, that he only wanted the witnesses to eliminate hiased tes timony. Byram was held in \$1500 bail for court.

to be an innocent man, and all he

wanted was to see him free, so that

HAS CONSUMPTION CURE

Professor Von Behring Confident He Has True Remedy at Last.

Paris, Oct. 9 .- At the closing session of the International Congress, Professor von Behring made a statement relative to his new curative principle for tuberculosis. It was also decided to hold the next congress at Washington,

Professor Behring's statement attracted much attention. Distinguished medical men from many countries occupied the platform and filled the salor of the Grand Palace. The professor said:

"Investigations in the last two years have brought a vast majority of the best-equipped authorities to the belief that the most efficacious means of checking the disease, which is so ravaging the population everywhere, lies in the sterilization of milk before feeding young children, isolation of the tulosis patient even in the earliest

the development of sanatorial 'th more attention to ultimat. to temporary care: insistence points is the very keynote of ... congress, which realizes the truth that tuberculosis is not hereditary, in thousands of cases being due to the indifference with which one affected member of a family is allowed to contaminate others.

"I believe that from the date of this meeting the dread disease will be fought with more practical common-sense measures than ever before."

CONFERRED ON FOOTBALL

President Tries to Eliminate Much of Its Brutality. Washington, Oct. 10. - President Roosevelt entertained at luncheon Dr. D. H. Nichols and W. T. Reid, of Har vard: Arthur T. Hillebrand and John B. Fine, of Princeton, and Walter Camp and Mr. Owsley, of Yale. The six guests of the president constitute the athletic advisors of the respective colleges named. The president desired to consider with them particularly the morale of the game of football, with a view to eliminating much of its bru tality if possible. A general discussion of college athletics was had, but the talk centered around the game of foot ball. It is hoped by the president that with the co-operation of the college authorities and the athletic advisors the rules of the game may be so

amended as practically to do away

with much of the brutality which

makes the game objectionable to

many people. It is understood that no

definite conclusions were reached. In-

deed, none was expected, the idea of

the president being simply to start the

ball rolling in the direction of a modi-

fication of the rules of the game. General Grant's Chief of Staff Dying. New York, Oct. 9.—General William Thomas Clark, only surviving adjutant general and chief of staff of General Grant's Army of the Tennessee, is dying from cancer in St. Luke's hospital He was brought from his home in Washington, D. C., to this city two weeks ago in the hope that an operation would save his life. Dr. B. Farquhar Curtis performed the operation, but the advanced age of General Clark, who is 75 years old, and the extent of the malady prevented him from rally.

Bought Interest In Washington Post. Washington, Oct. 10.-John R. Mc-Lean, owner of the Cincinnati Enquirer, purchased from the Wilkins estate an even half interest in the Washington Post. The amount of the purchase money is not stated, but it is understood to be in the neighborhood of \$600,000. Mr. McLean will be made president of the Post company, and will take an active part, in connection with John F. Wilkins, in the management of the paper.

J. K. P. Hall Much Improved. Harrisburg, Pa., Oct. 10.-Word was received at the Democratic state headquarters here from Ridgway that the condition of State Chairman J. K. P. Hall is very muck improved.

Editor of the Welt Bote Dead. Allentown, Pa., Oct. 10. - John Weelchi, editor of the Welt Bote since 1869, died as a result of a paralytic stroke. He was 74 years old and left a widow and eight children.