

HE LIVES LUXURIOSLY

But Has Asked the Court to Declare Him a Bankrupt.

ALBERT CROSBY'S STATEMENT.

He Declares He Is Entirely Dependent Upon the Bounty of His Wife, But Admits Having Given Her All of His Property.

New York, July 12.—Albert Crosby, of Brewster, Mass., and formerly rich and prominent in Chicago, where he owned Crosby's Opera House and the McAvoy Brewing company, was examined in bankruptcy proceedings here yesterday. In his petition he described his assets as consisting of a few old clothes. He lives in a handsome home on Cape Cod. Mrs. Crosby testified that she owns the estate at Brewster, has \$160,000 cash in bank, mortgages for \$160,000 more, real estate valued at \$50,000 and furniture and paintings valued at \$12,000, besides her claim for \$50,000 against Mr. Crosby for advances made by her to him from time to time.

Mr. Crosby said he had owned nothing since 1875, when he gave his all to his wife. Since then he has lived by borrowing from her, he asserts. They usually spent in Chicago and the summers at Brewster. The examination was conducted before Referee L. B. Crane. Julius Lehmann is trustee for the alleged bankrupt's property and creditors were represented by Judge M. Winfield, of Logansport, Ind., who is a state senator, and by Edgar Fellows, of this city.

Mr. Crosby was on the bond of David A. Gage, city treasurer of Chicago, who defaulted in a very large sum. By buying timber lands and making barrels in Indiana Mr. Crosby contracted debts of \$30,000 in that state. Judgments were obtained against him in Indiana, and the city of Chicago secured a judgment for \$500,000. Then it was found that he had no assets.

On examination he said yesterday he was very fond of his second wife and very grateful to her for saving many of his most valuable paintings at the time of the fire. The estate he gave her his property. Real estate, railway and brewing stocks were all turned over to her. He retained only his position as vice president of the McAvoy Brewing company, and in that capacity as an employee of a corporation in which he had no interest drew a salary of \$1,000 a month and traveled in Europe. He and his wife remained abroad several years, and were last sight of four years ago Judge Winfield, while spending the summer on Cape Cod, was taken to Brewster to see some of the show places there. Among others was the Crosby Art Gallery. The name of Crosby is common there, and did not attract his attention, but the chief picture in the gallery, Bierstadt's "In the Yosemite," is not common. Judge Winfield had seen it often in Chicago. Being the lawyer for the Jeroloman estate, one of the largest of the Indiana creditors, Judge Winfield immediately began suit in Massachusetts and secured judgments there against Mr. Crosby, which the supreme court of the state has recently affirmed.

Mr. Crosby then came to this city and, claiming residence here, filed a petition in bankruptcy. Philadelphia's Coming Exposition. Philadelphia, July 12.—Every mail brings to the headquarters of the National Export Exposition and International Congress, from foreign governments and trades bodies acceptances of the invitation sent out by the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, through the department of state, to send delegates to the exposition and congress, to be held here in the fall. A total of 26 governments have thus far named official envoys, the latest being Paraguay, Bermuda and the South African republic. The president of Paraguay has named as the official envoy Frank G. Carpenter, the famous newspaper correspondent, who arrived in this country from Paraguay last week.

Fatal Tenement Fire. New York, July 12.—Fire at 3 o'clock in the morning in a five story brick tenement house at 101 Monroe street caused the death of a little girl and injured a dozen other persons, none of whom will die. Fifteen families lived in the house and the loss of life would have been large but for the heroic efforts of the firemen. The dead child is Rachel Silver, 6 years old. Her body was badly burned. Samuel Lunden was badly burned about the head, hands, arms and body, and Mrs. Bessie Bossick, 35 years old, badly burned about the face and body. Ten others were overcome by smoke or are suffering from burns.

Steamer Paris Off the Rocks. London, July 12.—The salvagers have moved the American line steamer Paris astern for a distance of 150 yards and have shifted the vessel's position slightly to the eastward. They hope to be able to get the after stokehold fire alight. The Paris is now clear of the rocks. She still has a distinct list, however, to the starboard, and can not be assumed out of danger. The tugs are preparing to tow her to Falmouth harbor.

British Lords as Labor Reformers. London, July 12.—The house of lords last evening passed the second reading of the bill requiring shopkeepers to provide seats for their assistants. The Marquis of Salisbury, prime minister and secretary of state for foreign affairs, spoke and voted against the measure.

Pardon For Mme. Bianchini. Paris, July 12.—The national fete day pardons, on July 14, will include Mme. Charles Bianchini, wife of the famous scenic artist. She was sentenced last March to five years penal servitude for attempting to poison her husband.

Death of a French Senator. Paris, July 12.—Julius Philippe Louis Albert Grey, life senator and former governor general of Algeria, died yesterday in his 75th year. He was a brother of the late Jules Grey, former president of the republic.

AT A CHINESE BANQUET.

Many Courses Served in a Mysterious Way—Dishes That Will Ever Be a Secret.

I had a novel experience the other night, says the Star's Yokohama correspondent, in being the sole European guest at a dinner party attended by some 600 progressive Chinamen. The occasion was the birthday of Confucius. That sage, according to Chinese calendars, was born 2,449 years ago. Confucius has still a strong hold on the educated Chinese, and the party of reform, of which the unfortunate Kang-Yin-Wei was the leader, are particularly attached to his teachings. The reformers, indeed, have lately been making strenuous efforts to revive the cult of Confucius, and this was the first time for many years that his birthday has been celebrated in style. Probably in China the victorious conservatives did their best to crush the movement, but here in Yokohama it was a great success. Nearly all the Chinese of the place, except the legation people and the employees of the Russo-Turkish bank—who are Manchus—joined in.

The dinner was held at the joshhouse, which was a perfect blaze of Chinese lanterns, electric light and grand dragon flags, and crowded with Chinese in their most brilliant silks—reds and greens and blues of the liveliest possible shades. Seats were provided for everyone—an improvement on the Japanese custom of sitting on one's knees—and the meal was served on small tables to accommodate four. The dinner commenced at 6:30 o'clock, and it ended at 11 o'clock, and there was eating and drinking the whole time, with no laborious speeches to distract the attention, no music to divert one from the main object, and no irritating humorist to waste time. Your Chinese may be effete, but he can eat and drink like a Gothic hero.

The method of serving was peculiar. Before each guest was placed a little cup, not much bigger than a thimble, to contain the hot liquor beloved of the Celestial; a plate about two inches in diameter, a porcelain spoon, and some ivory chopsticks. Each course was brought on in a large basin, placed in the center of the table, and the guests helped themselves as they pleased. The plate was so small as to be quite useless, and so the chop sticks moved from the guests' lips to the basin direct, in a manner which was a little repellant to European ideas. The plate and cup, I should add, had to serve for about 20 courses.

The first course was of trifles—parched almonds, melon seeds, a kind of radish, and field bananas. Fancy any one but a Chinese beginning a dinner in that dry way. Melon seeds in particular strike one as impossible as part of a menu. After toying with these for a few minutes the next course arrived. It was no other than the famous bird's nest soup. Like Huckleberry Finn's dream of being rich, it's "not what it is cracked up to be," but I can imagine it being quite edible if one is hungry. Then came shark's fin, which my palate told me was not at all bad, though my reason rebelled against the verdict. Then there was a pigeon done in mysterious fashion, chicken and some unknown fungus, translated to me as mushroom (which it was not); salmon stewed in mysterious sauces; and fried chicken and bamboo.

Young bamboo roots are a common dish with both Chinese and Japanese, and are almost as succulent and nourishing as deal chips. Then there was the brain of the wong fish, which appears to be quite an intellectual fish, for there was more than enough brain for the 600 present. What the wong fish is, its size, shape, habits and moral character, I have no idea. Then followed a duck which had been cleverly boned and boiled in its own skin. Then came the awabi shellfish (of which again I am ashamed to confess ignorance), a preparation of pork as fat as an alderman and as rich as Rockefeller; more mushrooms and bamboo in cryptic sauces, chicken and ham, and one or two other things, the component parts of which not even Lord Rayleigh could have determined. Finally—a blessed relief!—cakes, tea and fruits. A cigarette was smoked religiously after each course, and at the end of it all each guest was given a little box of outlandish confectionery.

The Chinaman makes a jolly host, and, when well educated, is by no means an uninteresting person. I was speaking with one who could talk English like a professor, who had enlightened ideas on the necessity of a free press and the advantages of railways and telegraphs for China. He had passed a stiff English examination in mathematics and ancient and modern languages. A Japanese of similar attainments would have made of himself a greasy frock-coated horror, with a napless pot hat and brown boots. But this man stuck manfully to every detail of his national costume. He had a most pronounced pigtail, a yellow silk tunic and blue satin breeches. One respected him for it.—London Star.

Cheap. "Why is it that your melancholy-looking neighbor always has so many troubles?" asked a suburban resident of another.

"Because he can borrow them. There's a man that will borrow your paper every day before you are through reading it, and then get grumpy on your hands if you quit taking it. You can bet your life that if he had to buy trouble he wouldn't have any."—Detroit Free Press.

Kindness vs. Money. "Haven't I always been kind to you?" said a fond but penniless husband to his loving wife.

"You have," was the reply, "but I am not so sure but what I would prefer, in place of kindness and no money, unkindness and plenty of money."—N. Y. Sun.

DRESS NOTES.

Uses and Ends of Useful Information for the Busy Housewife.

Silk and percale linings are the lightest in weight and the most desirable.

Silk and cotton rep may be dyed black, but it will only be fit for a lining afterward.

Basque pieces this season do not extend beyond the hips, and the few princesse gowns seem to have a belt to give a two-piece effect.

A skating dress requires a shorter, narrower skirt for safety and convenience. Any fur trimming may be used. Have an outside wrap to put on over your skating costume when resting, as it is then that so many women take cold.

Length of Suits.—I am sorry to say that street dresses are made to touch and some even have a suspicion of a train, but I trust that we will soon witness the disappearance of this fashion, at least for shopping and traveling suits.

Cotton waists may be made now, as the new ones will all have small sleeves, cuffs for link buttons, moderately full bodies, square or pointed yokes, removable linen collars and the fronts in any and all kinds of tecks. Shirt waists of pique and Madras goods will be more worn than last summer.

The latest skirts are fitted like a sheath around the top, some not even having plaits at the centre back; each gore within 1/2 inches of the edge flares out, making them difficult garments to fit, so that the vast majority of women have not adopted them as yet, though many prominent dressmakers are making them for their customers.

Perspiration stains are very difficult to remove from any fabric, and an ordinary method of removing them, if tried on light blue silk, would probably do more harm than good. You might try naphtha, remembering always that it is explosive if used near fire or artificial light. If it does not remove the stain it will at least not injure the silk.

Stone Marten Collarettes cost from \$15 up, and are really only neck scarfs. Black marten, a darker brown, is not as expensive. A muff and neck scarf trimmed with marten tails would cost from \$20 up. Furs are always lower in price after the holiday and midwinter sales; when buying them it pays to get the best that one can afford.

Half-worn waists are easily made over nowadays, as a yoke or vest of silk in fine tucks may be inserted, and small revers, belt and collar of velvet added. If the waist is rubbed under the arms cover the worn places with a short, round, pointed or square jacket of velvet or silk braid. If the waist is pointed cut it round and wear a belt with a steel, jet or dull silver buckle.

Small girls' coats are very similar in shape to those of last spring. In making over one cut the sleeves smaller, and after cleaning the cape cover it with heavy gaulpore lace laid on smoothly, finishing the edge with an inch ruffle of satin ribbon the color of the blue cashmere. Have a little blue silk bonnet to match made of bengaline or taffeta, with ribbon bows and strings, and a lace ruche in the brim.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A SHREWD THEORY.

One That Was Evolved by a "Foxy Quiller," of the London Detective Force.

Slater, the detective, was in his element the other afternoon. Now, quite as the sailor man's particular element is the briny deep, is mystery the element of the professional detective. He revels in mystery, he lives in mystery, he glances to left and right in mystery, he knits his brow in mystery, and he envelops himself with mystery as with a mackintosh. That is what Slater, the detective, did the other afternoon. Some bold burglars, some audacious sneak thieves, had taken £50,000 in bank notes from Parr's bank in broad daylight, right under the shadow of the Bank of England. Everyone was speaking of that robbery, speculating as to how the job had been done, and whether the big bank notes had vanished. The notes were almost all of big denominations. There were 36 £1,000 notes, 22 £500 notes, and these naturally would be most difficult to pass. The bank officials, the police and the detective force issued the numbers of the notes and telegraphed all over the world about them. Of course, Slater was about as much excited as anyone else, but he expressed himself more sagely, more enigmatically, than many of his colleagues of smaller fry.

"This robbery," said he, slowly, impressively, like a hack politician prophesying all about a campaign, "this robbery was committed in one of three ways."

Slater drew, took out a pocket pen, and with it drew a schedule on his blotting pad.

"It was committed," he continued, "first, by some one on the outside, or second, by someone on the inside, or third, by someone on the outside in collusion with someone on the inside."

Then Slater looked up for approbation a moment, and was about to proceed, when the office boy announced a visitor on urgent business. The interview terminated then and there, but I shall never forget the detective's artistic air of mystery as he sagely unfolded his theory of the £60,000 robbery at Parr's bank.—Washington Post.

Prune Butter. Stew until tender one pound of prunes, remove stones with a fork, put back on stove with a small cup of sugar, cook and stir until thick as jam. When cool stir in the beaten whites of two eggs, sift powdered sugar over the dish of fruit, and serve with a plate of old crackers.—Boston Globe.

HUMOROUS.

It is quite natural for a pretty girl to dress to kill when she goes out sleighing.—Philadelphia North American.

Encouraging Probit.—Lady of the House—"Here's a fish in this milk." Milkman—"Keep it for your honesty."—Puck.

The New Version.—Maxim—"Only the good die young, you know." Brattle—"Oh, no. Only the young die good."—Philadelphia North American.

Grimshy—"So you are going to make a pianist of your son? Has he an ear for music?" Filmsby—"I don't know anything about his ear; but see what a head of hair he's got."—Boston Transcript.

Little Boy—"Isn't fathers queer?" Auntie—"In what way?" Little Boy—"When a boy does anything for his pa he doesn't get anything, but if another man's boy does it he gets a nickel."—Boston Transcript.

"Yes, sah, de Ciceronian Debatin' club will hold a very fruitful session this evening, sah." "What's the subject of your debate?" "One of de rash'nal questions of de hounah, sah. It am, 'Resolved, Dat territorial expansion am opposed to all de highest principles of constitutional contraction!' It's a fruitful subject, sah."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Arthur could not understand grammar, so during recitations sat and stared into vacancy. One day he rallied so far as to make an attempt to correct the sentence: "Neither John nor James has eaten their breakfast." "Wrong," said Arthur; "it should be 'neither John nor James has eaten breakfast,' because it is not their breakfast until they have eaten it."—Unity.

A recently arrived Frenchman, who visited a well-known Boston establishment one day to fit himself out for a long journey to the west, was complaining bitterly of the cold. "Don't you have cold weather in France?" asked the salesman who waited on him. "Why, certainly, we have cold weather in France," was the reply, "but we do not have it all four seasons in one day in France."—Syracuse Standard.

WORE HIS NIGHT SHIRT.

That Was Why the Big Post Office Man Felt So "Blame Stuffy" All Day.

There is a great, big, jolly man of high authority in the Chicago post office who always looks sober when jokes are told on absent-minded people. Not that absent-mindedness is particularly characteristic of the official in question, but he has been known to be guilty of this weakness. The post office man lives in one of the suburban towns around Chicago, and one night recently he returned home in a cross mood, quite unusual with him. He had been having a hard day at the office, and was out of sorts.

"I'm going to bed," he announced in megaphone tones, as the clock struck eight. No one denying his right to go to bed when he chose, and the family appearing rather relieved than otherwise, he mounted the stairs and ascended to his chamber. Arrived there he charged into the clothes press for his night shirt. His next door neighbor overheard him in the expression of a few muttered swear words before he went to the head of the stairs and shouted: "I say, Mary, where in thunder did you put my night shirt?"

"It's in the closet, I suppose, where it usually hangs," called back the mild voice of his wife. The official strode back to his room and, after an interval of silence, the neighbor heard the sound of boxes, shoes and other articles whizzing through the air and striking on the wall as the post office man continued his mad search for his night shirt. Mrs. Official also heard the tacket, and anticipating the destruction of property that would ensue if her husband was not speedily soothed, she called upstairs sweetly: "Why don't you get one of your clean night shirts from the drawer if you can't find the one you have been wearing?"

"Don't you suppose I've thought of that?" snarled the head of the house, and simultaneously with the snarl his wife and the neighbor heard a drawer whacked out of its place in the chiffonier. Arriving upstairs she was met with a volley of flying linen, which her husband was slinging out backward.

"This is a beautifully run household, I must say," growled the official, "when a man with as many night shirts as I have can't get one to put on." Then Mrs. Official remembered that two of the articles in question were away at the laundry and the others in the mending basket, where she had the day before placed them, after sewing on a button or two that had come off. She went downstairs to get one, and when she returned she found her lord arrayed in the very night shirt he had sought so vigorously.

"Where did you find it?" she queried.

"On me," responded the post office man, shortly.

"On you," gasped his wife, "you don't mean to say—"

"Yes, I mean to say that I forgot to take it off when I got up this morning, and have been wearing it all day. I thought I felt blame stuffy." Then there was a silence, broken only by the roar of laughter that went up from the neighbor, and in which the post office man joined.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Length of the Ideal Foot. A London anatomist is authority for the statement that the ideal foot should be the length of the ulna, a bone in the forearm, which extends from a protuberance in the outer portion of the wrist to the elbow. Of course, the ulna is longer in tall people, and to be graceful the foot should be also. Many people may be surprised that the foot should be as long as the forearm, and might be inclined to dispute the fact unless proved by demonstration. But so it is in the perfectly formed woman.—N. Y. World.

HOME CURE FOR BLOOD POISON.

Beware of the Doctors' Patchwork; You Can Cure Yourself at Home.

There is not the slightest doubt that the doctors do more harm than good in treating Contagious Blood Poison; many victims of this loathsome disease would be much better off to-day if they had never allowed themselves to be dosed on mercury and potash, the only remedies which the doctors ever give for blood poison.

The doctors are wholly unable to get rid of the outward appearance of the disease—the sores and eruptions. This they do by driving the poison into the system, and endeavor to keep it shut in with their constant doses of potash and mercury. The mouth and throat and other delicate parts then break out into sores, and the fight is continued indefinitely, the drugs doing the system more damage than the disease itself.

Mr. H. L. Myers, 100 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J., says: "I had spent a hundred dollars with the doctors, when I realized that they could do me no good. I had large spots all over my body, and these soon broke out into running sores, and I endured all the suffering which this vile disease produces. I decided to try S. S. S. as a last resort, and was soon greatly improved. I followed closely your 'Directions for Self-Treatment,' and the large blotches on my chest began to grow paler and smaller, and before long disappeared entirely. I was soon cured perfectly and my skin has been as clear as glass ever since. I cured myself at home, after the doctors had failed completely." It is valuable time thrown away to expect the doctors to cure Contagious Blood Poison, for the disease is beyond their skill. Swifts Specific—



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