

**Carnegie Trust Report Delayed.**  
Interest in the Carnegie Trust company's failure in New York city is centered in the forthcoming report of the state bank examiner, O. W. Cheney, as to the exact status of the bank's resources.

That the institution's affairs are in a more or less tangled condition was made evident by Mr. Cheney's attitude.

"It is impossible," said Mr. Cheney, "to give even approximate figures on the situation. It will be at least four days before the experts now going over the books will be able to complete gathering the information which is now awaited by the depositors."

Andrew Carnegie refused to break his silence regarding the company's affairs. "It is plain," said he, "that I cannot discuss the matter."

According to the latest statement given out, on Nov. 19, the trust company has total deposits of \$8,896,700, of which the preferred deposits were \$4,765,280.

The difference of \$4,191,000 was subject to the legal reserve law. Hence the 15 per cent reserve that should have been in the vaults would have amounted to \$600,000.

The company, which was organized some five years ago, has had such a precarious existence that it came to be known as "the stormy petrel" in the Wall street district.

The gentlemen who organized it used Mr. Carnegie's name without his consent, but in spite of this he came to its assistance thrice during critical moments, and his refusal to do so the fourth time was the final result of its downfall.

#### When the Danes Were Skinned.

In former times the Danes used to sail up the mouths of the English rivers to pillage the churches. When they were caught they were skinned and their skins nailed to the door of the church they attacked. In course of time all the exposed portions would peel off, but that covered by the nail would be protected and thus bear testimony to the cruelty of the ancient Englishmen. In the London College of Surgeons may be seen three specimens of human skin bearing labels such as this: "Portion of human skin said to be that of a Dane from the door of a church at Hadstock, in Essex." A second specimen is from Copford, in Essex, and a third from the north door of Worcester cathedral. Such fragments of sacrilegious Danish hide have been found on doors in Westminster abbey.

#### Were Kind to Him.

A West Philadelphia man who was severely injured some months ago when his horse took fright at an automobile and bolted, upsetting the carriage, has only recently been released from the hospital. He is well now and in the best of spirits notwithstanding the fact that severe operations were necessary in order to save his life.

A few days after he left the hospital a friend asked him if he had been kindly treated.

"Oh, yes!" he said. "Oh, yes, indeed! Considering the fact that they amputated both my feet, removed my collar bone, cut off my left thumb, trepanned my brain, took out a piece of my underjaw and sawed my left hip bone in two, I got along very nicely. They were most kind to what was left of me."—Philadelphia Press.

#### Beaconsfield the Dandy.

The dandyism Benjamin Disraeli affected in his dress is the subject of many pen pictures in Monypenny's "Life of Beaconsfield." At the age of nineteen he is described as wearing a black velvet suit with ruffles and black stockings with red clocks. A later portrait, in 1830, comes from a friend's diary, which has the following entry:

"March 29.—B. D. to dine with me. He came up Regent street when it was crowded in his blue surcoat, a pair of military light blue trousers, black stockings with red stripes and shoes. 'The people,' he said, 'quite made way for me as I passed. It was like the opening of the Red sea, which I now perfectly believe from experience. Even well dressed people stopped to look at me.'"

#### Haroun-al-Raschid to Charlemagne.

The only sovereign of the time who could compare with Charlemagne was the famous Haroun-al-Raschid who as the head of the Moslem world sent the keys of Jerusalem to the head of the Christian world, besides a striking clock, an ape and an elephant—things which impressed the imagination of those times as typifying that Charlemagne had been invested with the sovereignty of Jerusalem and the lordship of the world.—T. A. Cook in "Old Provence."

#### Where Once a Home Stood.

And what is more melancholy than the old apple trees that linger about the spot where once stood a homestead, but where there is now only a ruined chimney rising out of a grassy and weed grown cellar? They offer their fruit to the wayfarer—apples that are bitter-sweet with the moral of time's vicissitude.—Hawthorne.

#### Charity.

When thy brother has lost all that he ever had and lies languishing, and even gasping under the utmost extremities of poverty and distress, dost thou think to lick him whole again only with thy tongue?—South.

#### He Was Generous.

Pallid Clerk—I'm not feeling very well, sir; do you mind if I take things a little easy today?  
Grouchy Employer—Not so long as they're not my things.—Lippincott's.

## HOME DRESSMAKING

By Mme. Joane.

### COMBINATION UNDERGARMENT.



Pattern No. 3245.—The combination garment is always a favorite, and the one here presented is of unusually attractive design, the corset cover having a "V" neck back and front, and the dart-fitted open drawers being trimmed with the umbrella ruffle.

The pattern is in 6 sizes—34 to 44 inches bust measure. For 36 bust the combination requires, as illustrated, 5 1/8 yards of flouncing 16 or more inches wide, with 1 1/4 yards of cambric 36 inches wide, or made of one material it requires 3 yards 36 inches wide.

### LADIES' SEVEN-GORED SKIRT.



Pattern No. 3221.—The pictured model presents a design which will give in the figure the long slender lines which are now so fashionable, this effect being gained by the close-fitting seven gores which continue without fullness save at the center back, where an inverted box plait is formed, to below the knees; then a plaited flounce is attached, giving a flare at the foot. The front gore forms an unbroken panel from belt to hem.

The pattern is in 5 sizes—22 to 26 inches waist measure. For 26 waist the skirt requires 5 1/4 yards of material 36 inches wide, with nap; or 4 3/4 yards 36 inches wide without nap. Width of lower edge about 4 yards.

**HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.**  
For each pattern desired, send 10c (in stamps only) to this paper. Give No. of pattern and size wanted.

#### The Flirting Widow.

Jock Anderson was industriously wooing a wealthy widow, who was fair, fat, and forty, with every prospect of a successful issue, for his affections were abundantly returned. But in an evil moment one of Jock's chums mentioned that a gentle hint, suggesting flirtation on the part of the lady, would constitute a piece of irresistible flattery. This idea Jock put immediately into practice by writing a long amorous letter which, no doubt, would have captured both the widow and her money had he punctuated properly.

This is the sentence that settled poor Jock's chance:  
"I consider you brutal and jealous though you may fancy me a little addicted to flirting."

On perusing the above sentence the widow immediately visited Jock; she stormed at him, swore at him, and eventually swooned. Jock explained, and punctuated the objectionable sentence with tadpoles, making it read:  
"I consider you, brutal and jealous though you may fancy me, a little addicted to flirting."  
But nothing could induce the widow to see aught but a slight on herself and her stoutness, punctuate as he would.

The widow is no longer a widow, but, alas! Jock is not her husband.

#### Chinese Insults.

The Chinese are curious folk. An educated Chinaman will take delight in using in conversation with a Western barbarian the adjective which is used only to qualify animals, though only his interpreter will discover the insult of which the person for whom it is intended remains supremely ignorant.

A China "boy" will enter your presence with his pigtail rolled round his head—a most intolerable rudeness—if he thinks the new arrival does not understand the insult intended.

## The Face In the Mirror

It was Caverley's intention to select a present for his ladylove's birthday—no ordinary, conventional little gift, but something which would show her that the selection had required time and search, something you couldn't see displayed in the windows or advertised in the magazines, something to bring the color to her cheeks and the sparkle to her eyes, and cause her to exclaim:

"You've searched all over the city for it, haven't you, dear old boy?"

To this end he spent many afternoons in queer places—pawnbrokers' shops, curio stores, art establishments, etc.; but his search was for a long time in vain. He could find nothing to suit his needs, for the things he found out of the ordinary would not gratify her taste, and the things which would suit her taste were too ordinary.

He had well-nigh given up further search and decided to go back to a little store on Broadway and purchase an hourglass of quaintly-carved ivory—he hadn't the faintest idea to what use she could put it—when a lucky chance changed his plans.

He was passing an auction room, where a notice board flaunted over the door and a shabby man with leather lungs bawled forth an announcement that the entire stock of treasures inside would be sacrificed at auction at 2.30 p. m., and in the same breath he invited the passers by to step in and inspect it.

More from idle curiosity than anything else, Caverley went inside. There was the usual array of vases and chinaware, statuettes and rather glaring lamps. He wandered about, every article before which Caverley made a momentary pause.

"Delft, sir, genuine Delft," the little man was saying, as he held up some hideous blue plates, when Caverley interrupted him with an exclamation of surprise.

His eye had fallen on a silver hand-mirror, and he picked it up and examined it carefully.

"The very thing," he said to himself; then, turning to his self-appointed guide, "How much?"

Everything was to be sold at the auction, the man explained. Still, if the gentleman desired it very much, and found it inconvenient to come in the afternoon—

"I do," said Caverley, shortly. "How much?"

How much did he think it was worth to him? Caverley named a price, and the other made haste to take it. A few moments later, with his purchase in his pocket, he was hurrying up the street.

It was a queer little mirror. The back was of oxidized silver, quaintly embossed—an impossible Cupid reaching out for a laurel wreath which completely surrounded him. Several sprays of laurel trailed from the ends of the wreath, and these were twisted round and round to form the handle. A unique idea and rather a good bit of work, Caverley thought, as he examined the mirror carefully at his apartment. Assuredly, it would bring the sparkle to her eyes, and assuredly she would tell him what a dear old boy he was to take so much trouble in her behalf. The Cupid was such a fat, contented-looking little god that he laughed aloud! Symbolical, too, it seemed to him, for theirs had been a contented affair of the heart. Surely, it was the very thing for a present to her.

For some time he sat turning the mirror about in his hands, making jocular comments now and then to the enraptured Cupid. Then, suddenly, he sat bolt upright, with a strange expression on his face.

He had glanced into the mirror, and the reflection he beheld was not that of his own features. He could scarcely believe his sight. He looked again. The face he beheld was one from which he shrank: a strong, firm face it might have been at some time, but now it was disfigured by hideous scars.

He laid the mirror on a near-by table, and sprang from his chair. He knew it was weakness, but for the life of him he could not help walking over to the glass on his shaving table and glancing into it. It was his own face that met his gaze, and he was heartily ashamed of the sigh of relief he gave as he saw it.

He returned to his chair and picked up the mirror. Again he glanced into it. This time it was his own square, clean-shaven face which looked back at him.

"Well, I am a fool," said he, and turned the mirror over.

The Cupid favored him with the smile which was its perpetual attribute, and at that Caverley laughed easily, and put the mirror in a drawer.

Some evenings later he again looked at the mirror. As he turned it about he was aware that the same face was looking back at him—the face with the scars, and the eyes which seemed to be half reproachful, half pleading.

"Good Heaven!" said he, and laid the mirror down rather suddenly. Then, thoroughly disgusted at his childishness, he picked it up again. This time, as he peered into it, he saw the reflection of his own face.

"This," he announced to the Cupid, "is a clear case of indigestion. Take Thimgummy's pills, you know."

Yet he was aware, with a strange feeling of awe, that he regarded the

mirror in a new and not altogether pleasing light.

"You're not quite so much the article I wanted as I took you to be," he observed, as he banged the drawer to.

But some sort of morbid fascination about the mirror caused him to take it often from the drawer. He came to look upon it with loathing, and each time that uncouth face peered back at him he felt creepy sensations of alternate warmth and chill; yet so strong was the spell it cast over his better senses that he was unable to keep his mind from it.

When her birthday came, Caverley took her the hourglass and made no mention of the mirror. Indeed, he spoke of it to no one, for he felt an intense disgust at his own actions regarding it. Yet every night he brought it out and turned it about until the face he had come to hate stared back at him. Then, with a curse, he would throw it into the drawer and paced the room until he was tired out.

In time he discovered that the mirror must be held in a certain position for the face to appear. Otherwise it gave normal reflections. His discovery gave him a certain courage. It took away some of the weirdness of the thing, and suggested the prosaic course of inquiring into the origin of the curio.

He sought the manager of the auction room, who, with a smile and a bow, professed entire ignorance of the source whence the mirror had come.

Caverley, taking out a ten-dollar note, clipped it in two with his pocket scissors, and handed one-half to the auctioneer.

"This half is now useless to me," he said, "but it will be worth ten dollars to you when you discover who sold you the mirror."

Some weeks passed and Caverley studied the mirror in a practical way. He noted that it was of unusual thickness, and this aroused his suspicions.

"I'll take it to pieces," said he, and this he proceeded to do. It took considerable time and patience to work the back loose without damaging the glass; but, by dint of perseverance, he managed it. Back of the glass, he found a shallow metal pan. He attacked this, and in a few minutes had separated it from the mirror proper. The pan removed, the whole matter was plain. Set slantwise beneath the beveling on the right hand side was an ambrotype of the face he knew so well. The picture extended perhaps a third of the distance across the mirror, and was covered with a thick plate of glass, so that looking squarely into the mirror reflection was normal, but by sloping it to the right until the ambrotype was horizontal, the face with the scars appeared.

Caverley took the ambrotype to the light, and stood looking at it for some time.

"Whoever you are," said he, "you're not an attractive chap; but I'd double that ten-dollar note to find out about you."

The matter was rapidly slipping from his mind when one day the manager of the auction-room called on him and brought with him an elderly gentleman, whom Caverley judged rightly to be a lawyer.

"That mirror," the elderly gentleman said, when the matter on which they had called was broached, "was the property of a client of mine, a Miss Damon. It was sold, after her death, with a lot of other personal property not disposed of in her will. There's a queer story about it, but I don't know that I can tell it correctly, for it was told to me in fragments whenever my client cared to mention the subject, which, I can assure you, sir, was seldom indeed. As well as I can piece these bits together it was something like this:

"Many years ago her family lived in the South, and there she met a young physician, who became greatly attached to her. It seems an epidemic broke out, and the doctor risked his professional reputation in getting the Damons away, and through the 'quarantine' which had been established. He remained there, and eventually was struck down with the disease, which left him with a number of scars. Upon his recovery, he wrote Miss Damon telling her of this, and she replied in a letter filled with expressions of deepest sympathy; scars of the skin, she wrote, could not mar the soul, and bade him come to her, but, somehow, the letter miscarried, and he never received it. He waited for the answer through several months, and then wrote her saying he was going abroad to bury himself somewhere on the Continent. She was right, he said, to consider him dead. He sent the mirror at the same time. There wasn't much to tell, and I fear I have hardly done it justice," the lawyer concluded.

Caverley, with great patience, put the mirror together again, and that evening, he took it to the lady for whom he had bought it, and told her the story. And she, being a sympathetic little woman, wept.—R. B. SHELTON.

#### Egyptian Hieroglyphics.

The hieroglyphics of old Egypt consist of figures of objects animate and inanimate, men and animals, or parts of them; plants, the heavenly bodies, and an immense number of different weapons, tools and articles of the most general character. The figures are arranged in upright columns or horizontal bands, and are to be used in succession. It is now generally believed by the scholars that the Phoenician and Hebrew alphabets are both borrowed from these hieroglyphics, and that the wonderful people of the Nile were the first inventors of alphabetical writing.

#### He Worried the Judge.

A story was recently told of the elder Judge Peckham, father of the supreme court justice. In the early days of dentistry a hickory plug was put into the cavity to fill the space where a tooth ought to be. This plug had to be gently pounded into its desired position. The old judge was somewhat addicted to strong language, and when the dentist began his work the judge indulged in some classic comment. As the tapping of the plug continued he threw all dignity to the four winds of heaven, and his language became decidedly "more forcible than elegant." When, however, he arose from the chair after what seemed to him an interminable period of agony he pulled out all the stops in his vocabulary for a grand climax. The impression on his listener seems to have been deep and lasting. As the judge passed out the dentist grimly remarked to a waiting patient:

"Wasn't it beautiful? It wasn't really necessary to pound half so long, but I did so enjoy his inflection that I almost pounded the hickory plug into splinters. Wonderful command of language the judge has!"—Case and Comment.

#### Crossed by the Corpse.

Most of Walthamstow is too modern to have much mystery about it, but the Walthamstow strip" of Leyton preserves the memory of a curious old rule. Barely a hundred yards broad, this strip of land, belonging to Walthamstow parish, ran right across Leyton from the sea to Snarebrook, parallel with the southern border of Walthamstow. How came Leyton to be crossed by this alien strip? Leyton, it was said, had once refused to bury a body found in the sea; Walthamstow came forward to do it. And in such cases it was the rule that the volunteering parish might take from the other as much land right through to the other side as the men who carried the corpse could cover walking in line hand in hand arms extended. The inconvenient result worried both parishes until the growth of population made new parishes necessary.—London Chronicle.

#### Wasted on Him.

"Occasionally," remarked the visiting Londoner, "I see in some American paper a supposititious colloquy referring to an aeroplane line to Mars. Do you know, that strikes me as being exceedingly funny. Evidently the writer is ignorant of the fact that our atmosphere does not extend upward more than fifty or a hundred miles and becomes more and more tenuous as it nears the limit. He does not seem to know that the air is absolutely necessary in flying an aeroplane. It is highly probable that no aviator ever will ascend to a higher elevation than ten or fifteen miles even if he can endure the excessive cold he will encounter at that altitude. The idea of sailing an aeroplane through the imponderable ether is ineffably absurd."—Chicago Tribune.

#### Help the Children.

"There is nothing in all the world so important as children, nothing so interesting. If you ever wish to go in for some philanthropy, if you ever wish to be of any real use in the world, do something for children. If you ever yearn to be truly wise, study children. We can dress the sore, bandage the wounded, imprison the criminal, heal the sick and bury the dead, but there is always a chance that we can save a child. If the great army of philanthropists ever exterminate sin and pestilence, ever work out our race's salvation, it will be because a little child has led them."—David Starr Jordan.

#### Strange Storehouses.

In the old birds' nests that are placed near the ground in shrubs and small trees close to hazelnut bushes and bittersweet vines one will often find a handful of hazelnuts or bittersweet berries. They were put there by the white footed mice and the meadow mice, which visit these storehouses regularly. Very often a white footed mouse will cover a bird's nest with fine dried grass and inner bark and make a nest for itself.—New York Tribune.

#### Three Inscriptions.

On the doorways of Milan cathedral are three inscriptions. The first, placed under a carved rose wreath, runs, "All that which pleases is only for a moment." The second, under a cross, reads, "All that which troubles is but for a moment," and under the central arch is the inscription, "That only which is eternal."

#### A Popular Game.

"Many games originated from ancient forms of worship, human sacrifice, marriage, burial and other ceremonies," Dr. A. O. Haddon remarked in an address at the Royal Sanitary Institute. "Leapfrog is a game common to almost every country, including New Guinea and Japan."—London Standard.

#### Dying of Love.

"Och!" said a love sick Hibernian. "What a recreation it is to be dying of love! It sets the heart aching so delicately there's no taking a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain."—London Telegraph.

#### Not Jealous.

Mrs. Jawback—John, I do believe you are jealous of my first husband.  
Mr. Jawback—Well, no; I don't believe I'd call it jealousy. Envy is the word.—Cleveland Leader.

#### Yet.

He—Is Maud thirty yet? She—Yes, yet.—Boston Transcript.

#### Asphyxiated by Auto.

Gas emanating from an engine of an automobile caused the death of Dr. John Aloysius Hemsteger, aged fifty-six years, of Chicago.

The doctor died from the effects of carbon dioxide which he inhaled while cleaning his machine. The death is said to be the first of its kind on record.

According to Edward Hemsteger, his son, the physician found that a quantity of carbon had accumulated in the muffler and engine cylinders and poured a mixture of wood alcohol and kerosene into them to clean them out. He then started the engine and opened the cut-off valve in the muffler. The garage door was closed and there was no outlet for the gas.

The physician was almost overcome, but he managed to open the door of the garage. He was taken to his residence, where he died the next day. Physicians held an autopsy and declared that death was due directly to poisoning of the heart by the carbon dioxide gas.

#### No Pardon in Peonage Case.

President Taft has refused to commute the sentence of imprisonment of W. S. Harlan, manager of a great lumber and turpentine company doing business in Florida and Alabama, convicted of conspiracy to violate the peonage statute of Florida.

Harlan must serve a term of eight-months imprisonment and pay a fine of \$5000.

In his comments, speaking of peonage, the president says:

"It is a kind of offense that is regarded lightly in some communities. If permitted to live at all, it will spread rapidly its demoralizing influence.

"When, therefore, a man of high business standing and large enterprises is convicted of the offense the punishment should be such as to deter others from the practice. Fines are not effective against men of wealth. Imprisonment is necessary."

#### \$50,000 Mail Bags Stolen.

Three bags of registered mail, valued at \$50,000, have been stolen during the last few days in San Francisco or on the journey across the harbor to Oakland.

The stolen sacks contained late Christmas shipments and money orders, drafts, checks and currency forwarded by local banks to close their year's accounts in the east and northwest. The loss will fall most heavily on the banks.

#### Frozen to Death in Sleigh.

The extreme cold weather is held responsible for the death of Elmer C. Campbell, a freight hauler, whose dead body was found lying in the bottom of his sleigh in the business section of Utica, N. Y., Thursday. Campbell, who was about fifty years old, lived at Stittville, a dozen miles north of Utica, and it is assumed that he was overcome by the cold while driving to this city.

#### Maine's New Senator.

Charles F. Johnson, of Waterville, was nominated as the Democratic candidate for United States senator to succeed Eugene Hale in the party caucus at Augusta, Me.

This action insures his election by the legislature on Jan. 17, as both branches are strongly Democratic. Johnson received 67 votes on the first ballot, Obediah Gardner, of Rockland, 21, and William M. Pennell, of Portland, 17.

#### Fire and Panic in Church.

Twenty-one persons are dead and many others may die as the result of a fire and panic in the chapel of the Hacienda Cardenas, at San Luis Potosi, Mex.

The fire was caused by the candles on the altar and most of the deaths occurred in the panic-stricken rush of the worshippers to get out of the small church.

#### Quakes Raise Lake on Town Site.

Messages received in St. Petersburg from Tashkent, Russian Turkistan, say there are confirmed rumors that the towns of Przhvealsk and Pishpek, in the territory of Semirychensk, were destroyed by an earthquake and that a lake has formed on the site of the former place.

## GENERAL MARKETS

**PHILADELPHIA** — FLOUR firm; winter, clear, \$3.65@3.90; city mills, fancy, \$5.75@6.00.  
**RYE FLOUR** quiet, at \$4@4.15 per barrel.  
**WHEAT** firm; No. 2 red, new, 97½¢@98½¢.  
**CORN** quiet; No. 2, 51½¢@51¾¢.  
**QUATS** steady; No. 2 white, 38½¢@39¢; lower grades, 27½¢.  
**POULTRY**: Live steady; hens, 16¢@16½¢; old roosters, 11¢@11½¢. Dressed steady; turkeys, choice, 24¢@25¢; choice fowls, 16¢; old roosters, 11½¢.  
**BUTTER** steady; extra creamery, 30½¢ per lb.  
**EGGS** steady; selected, 40¢@42¢; nearby, 35¢; western, 35¢.  
**POTATOES** steady, at 65¢@70¢ per bushel.

#### Live Stock Markets.

**PITTSBURG** (Union Stock Yards)—**CATTLE** lower; choice, \$6.60@6.70; prime, \$6.40@6.50.  
**SHEEP** lower; prime wethers, \$4@4.35; culls and common, \$2@3; lambs, \$5@6.50; veal calves, \$10@11.  
**HOGS** lower; prime heavies, \$8.20; mediums, \$8.35@8.40; heavy Yorkers, \$8.40@8.45; light Yorkers, \$8.50@8.55; pigs, \$8.60@8.70; roughs, \$7@7.50.

#### QUAY'S WIDOW DIES

Late Senator's Widow Victim of Apoplexy at Home.

Mrs. Agnes B. Quay, widow of Senator Matthew Stanley Quay, died at her home, Oak Spur road, Shields, station, near Pittsburg, Pa.

Mrs. Quay's death was the direct result of a stroke of apoplexy suffered on Sunday night last. She was sixty-six years old.