

If the possession of a million is "respectable poverty," as Colonel Higginson avers, what a lot of men would like to be poor!

Women collegians who get up and practice college cries will all be old maids. Any man worth having would rather marry a calliope than wed one of them.

Two-story turrets, having been proved successful, are to be adopted for five new battleships. They are another important American contribution to the art of naval warfare.

The city of Mobile, Ala., has a new municipal ordinance forbidding spitting upon the sidewalks as deleterious to good health, and the male inhabitants thereof, though all amused, are said to be obeying it with cheerful alacrity.

Dr. Chapin writing in a recent medical journal on the effect of summer heat upon the public health calls attention to the function of trees in alleviating the heat. As trees maintain a steady temperature of 54 degrees, the cooling effects of numbers of them upon the atmosphere ought greatly to modify our present summer time discomfort; also the constant giving off of watery vapor from trees enhances the cooling effect.

The time has gone by when the mother of grown-up sons wore cork-screw curls, white caps, spectacles, wrinkles and unattractive habiliments. The matron of today knows how to keep young and puts her knowledge in practice. She is only as "old as she looks," and she looks young, flatteringly remarks the New York World. The abiding youthfulness of the modern matron is not the least of the triumphs of an age whose mission is to correct the manifest mistakes of nature.

The right to construct an electric railway on the one rail principle between Manchester and Liverpool is asked by an English company which proposes to run its trains 110 miles an hour. A committee of the house of commons has been considering this petition with a view to determining whether the proposed rate of travel would be safe. The projectors of the line produced expert witnesses who declared that 130 and even 150 miles an hour would not only be practical but safe for passengers, though they admitted that a train going at the rate of 150 miles an hour could not be stopped within less than 900 yards, or considerably more than half a mile. The parliamentary committee very sensibly reported against the project.

Professor Abbe, in the Monthly Weather Review, takes to task a certain school text-book of geography because of its statement that "the warm winds known as the Chinook winds, from the Pacific, heated by the Japan current, may spring up even in the coldest weather." This view as to the source of warmth of the Chinook winds is entirely erroneous, according to Professor Abbe, just as is a similar view formerly commonly held in regard to the warmth of the Swiss "foehn," viz., that the wind, coming down warm and dry in the northern Alpine valleys, has its origin in the desert of Sahara. The warmth and dryness of "chinook" and "foehn" are the result of the warming by compression of the descending air, as was very fully explained by Hann, in the case of the "foehn" some years ago. Compilers of school text-books should make an effort to keep a little closer to the heels of the rapidly advancing savans than they sometimes do.

Elementary courses in agriculture are to be introduced into the public schools of Illinois at the beginning of the next school year. With the primary purpose of interesting country boys in what may be their life work, the course will be adapted especially to the country schools, but it will be introduced into town and city classes in a modified form. One hope of those who have been instrumental in securing the adoption of the study is that it may tend to stem the tide of migration of the boys from the country to the city. The aim of the course will be to make work interesting to the boy who is to be a farmer, and to give him a knowledge of surrounding which will remove his labor from the commonplace and open up to him possibilities for as great development as can be found in a city. As time advances the scope of the study will be broadened, so that finally the public schools of the state will offer almost as good a course in agriculture as the short courses in farming at the state university.

### THE GOOD-BYE KISS AT THE DOOR.

Her eyes were illumed with a glance of pride  
And her heart was love aglow,  
As she softly tripped to her husband's side  
When he opened the door to go.  
And there in her morning wrapper trim,  
While a smile her red lips wore,  
She stood on the steps and gave to him  
A good-bye kiss at the door.  
She turns to her duties with cheerful heart,  
For she has not now to learn  
That the wife and husband must often part  
When the daily bread's to earn;  
And there's peace and joy in her gentle breast  
As she sews or sweeps the floor,  
And every task is essayed with zest  
For the good-bye kiss at the door.

And the husband striving in life's rough race,  
Where there's little time for play,  
Has many a glimpse of her smiling face  
In his mind through the busy day.  
And his look is tender, his eyes are bright  
As he sees his ledger o'er,  
For he thinks of the welcome that waits  
At night,  
And the good-bye kiss at the door.  
O wives and husbands, the world is bright  
When the heart with love doth glow,  
And its path is smooth and its burden light,  
If you're willing to make them so,  
And the sun will shine through the darkest day  
And scatter the clouds that lower,  
And the roses bloom along life's way  
For the good-bye kiss at the door.  
—Pearson's Weekly.

## The Fate of Magruder.

BY CLARENCE FULLEN.

"This is a bad piece of business. First our dog killed, then our mule. What next?" said my partner, Bill Magruder. He and I stood looking ruefully at our pack-mule, Andy, lying dead on the open grassy space in which our cabin stood.  
The mule had been feeding quietly about his picket-pin in the morning, when we started out to visit our traps, and the picket-pin was driven beneath the great sycamore in front of the cabin. Now we had come back at night to find Andy killed, his throat torn, his haunch partly devoured by some beast of prey. Deep claw-marks were on his back and shoulders; his neck had been broken at its juncture with the spine by a terrible bite.  
The loss of the mule was a serious one to us, Magruder and I, an ex-army scout, had been with General Crook in his campaign against the Tonto Apaches of Arizona, and so we had found out the natural advantages of the sheltered Tonto Basin with its extensive timber forests, numerous streams and soft, equable climate.  
Now that this vast valley was clear of Apaches, Magruder and I had entered it in September, built a permanent camp on Tonto Creek near the foot of the Mogollon mesa, and prepared to pass the autumn and winter there, hunting and trapping.  
In the middle of October we had our lines of traps out and were getting a fair amount of fur, when our first stroke of bad luck came—our dog, Hector, had been carried away. He had been useful in our hunting, and we had relied on him to give us timely notice of any person or dangerous beast that should approach the camp. Hector's disappearance had not seemed mysterious. One dark night he ran out of the cabin with a growl—the mule had previously been uneasy. Half waking, I heard the dog bark loudly. Then I heard a growl, deeper and more savage than any dog could give, mingling with one shriek and strangled moan from Hector.  
Magruder and I jumped to our feet, caught up our rifles, and threw open the door. The mule was snorting and stamping with fear at the end of his picket-ropes, but of the dog there was no sight or sound. We heard some large, soft-footed animal bounding away in the darkness in long leaps. We made no doubt it was a mountain-lion, although rain later in the night blotted out all tracks.  
A week went by and here was our mule killed probably by the same creature that killed Hector. It could not be a grizzly, for there were no tracks to be seen such as a bear's great feet and protruding claws would have made. We decided that the mule, too, had been killed by a mountain-lion—a lion of uncommon size and strength, else it could not so easily have carried off a large dog and killed a powerful mule. "Hunt the varmint down!" I said, in answer to Magruder, as we stood by the dead mule. "I'm afraid we can't do much at that without dogs."  
"Well, it is rather late to be going after him now. He's got everything we had to lose—unless he comes for one of us next time." My partner spoke with seriousness so unusual in him that I looked hard at him, and then he laughed the thing away and mentioned no other foreboding.  
That night we had made our preparations to receive the lion if he came back to the dead mule. We took turns in watching, but no lion came. So we dragged the festering carcass away from the camp the next day, and left it to the wolves and foxes.  
Magruder, usually one of the cheeriest and most indomitable of men, was evidently greatly disheartened by our bad luck; and he even proposed that we pull up stakes forthwith, and go back to white settlements.  
But I said, "We're here, Bill, and we're doing well. We're trapping lots of fur, and we can kill all the meat we want to eat. It will be no more of a tramp to foot it out to the settlements next spring than to do it now. Let's try it a month or two longer, anyway. We can catch our furs when we go, and come back for them afterward with an outfit of pack-mules."  
"All right," he said. "Stay it is."  
As the week wore on, Magruder's depression seemed to vanish, and he resumed his old-time cheerfulness. But one night in camp, just as I was dropping off to sleep, Magruder started and said to me, "Do you hear that sound?"  
I listened. Presently from somewhere up the canyon side came a wailing, deep-throated cry, which was repeated at intervals.  
"Yes, I hear it," I said. "It's a mountain-lion—if it isn't an owl. Pity

we haven't another mule for him to chew up!"  
"It's a different note from a lion's cry," said Magruder. "The beast that's making that sound is the one that killed our dog and mule."  
"Something has just come into my mind that the Apache scouts told me once," he continued. "It's about jaguars. They said that these animals sometimes wander up into Arizona from Sonora, and when they do, they always come to the Tonto Basin. The forests and climate here suit them. I suppose, the Indians are superstitious about these beasts. They say they are always man-eaters."  
"All right; jaguar or lion, I'd like a fair shot at him," I remarked, and settled myself again to my slumbers. But before I went quite to sleep I heard my partner moving restlessly in his blankets and muttering.  
He was in good spirits the next morning when we started out to make the round of our traps. It was one of those exquisite autumn days which, in the higher levels of Arizona, open with frost and are sunny and warm at noon. We separated at the forks of the creek, Magruder taking the south and I the north branch.  
I had the longer route, and I found two minks and an otter to skin; so when I got back to the forks, near the end of the day, Magruder had bent some twigs in the direction of the camp to show me that he had gone on down the creek toward the camp. I went on, following the route he had taken.  
Presently, in a place where the ground was soft, I came upon Magruder's tracks and something more. A line of tracks followed Magruder's; they resembled the tracks of a mountain-lion, and the breadth and depth of the imprints showed the creature to be of uncommon size. Step by step it had crept along, cat-fashion, until it had crossed a marshy place in two or three enormous bounds, when it had resumed its stealthy gait.  
I had got to hard ground, where the tracks were faint, when I caught sight of a man in Mexican costume crossing the valley a short distance ahead of me. It was Jose Bonifacio, a Mexican Indian who had served as scout and trapper in Indian campaigns with me, and he recognized me. I motioned for him to come to me, and showed him the tracks in the soft ground. He examined them carefully. This man was not to be easily frightened, but there was something like fear in his face as he spoke in his broken English.  
"You go 'way," he said. "Go 'way from Tonto. No lion make them tracks. You know what?" His voice lowered, and he put his hand on my arm, looking around as if fearful of being overheard. "I know that fellow heap in Sonora. He very bad. El diablo, we call him. He follow that man all day, never touch him. When dark come, he kill him. That man your partner? You hurry 'long find him. Then you two stay together. Go 'way!" his voice sinking into a whisper. "Go 'way, quick!"  
"What do you mean, Bonifacio?" I asked, impressed by the seriousness of his manner. "Do you mean to tell me that these are not a mountain-lion's tracks?"  
The half-breed had the savage's common superstition against pronouncing the name of a creature that is greatly feared, lest it overhear and avenge the familiarity.  
"He no lion," he said. "Lion kill deer, calf, sheep—but the man he run from. This fellow," here his voice fell again to a whisper, "he kill man. You hurry 'long, find Bill." Then warningly again, "Go 'way from Tonto! Go quick!"  
He started on his way over the hills. "Come down to the cabin and spend the night," I said; but the half-breed shook his head.  
The shadows of night were falling as I hurried down the valley. After what Bonifacio had said, I was naturally anxious about Magruder, although I knew he had plenty of time to get to the camp before dark. Moreover, my partner was well-armed and little likely to be caught off his guard by an enemy, man or beast.  
I came into the open space before the camp in the last light from the western sky. Before me the sycamore, with half its leaves still upon it, towered above the shadow beneath its wide-spreading branches. The cabin door was open, so Magruder had returned. But where was he? Ah! What is that under the sycamore, lying outstretched and still in the deepest shadow? Certainly the form of a man, and he lay as lie the dead.

I cocked my rifle and looked around me. Nothing threatened from the ground. I gazed into the tree, but could detect there nothing unusual or suspicious. Slowly I walked toward the outstretched form until I came to the edge of the shadow beneath the sycamore.  
There I paused at a slight sound that came from among the branches—a soft, brushing flip-flip, flip-flip. It came from a great forked branch that overhung the path. Now that my attention was drawn to this limb, I thought it looked unusual near the fork. There it seemed to be much thicker than elsewhere in its length; but looking closely, I could see nothing that indicated danger.  
"It is nothing," I said to myself, and made another step forward.  
Then I saw it! The formless thickness of the bough all at once shaped itself to my eyes in its true appearance—the bough and the thing upon it. I saw two phosphorescent spots, not easily to be discerned among the yellow leaves. I saw these were living eyes in a huge, catlike head resting upon the forks of the branch. Behind, flattened upon the bough, so that it seemed a part of it, was a long body whose mottled colors merged in those of the spotted bark and the leaves and their shadows. The soft flip-flipping noise was the curling in and out of the tip of a supple tail among the leaves. The beast that had killed my partner was waiting for me.  
There was not a moment to lose. As I threw my rifle-breech to my shoulder I saw the great head lift, the ears draw sharply back, the phosphorescent eyes reddened to burning flame. Twice I fired, first at the shoulder, then, without aiming, at the living thunderbolt that came through the air upon me, crushing me to the earth. A frightful growl filled my ears as something bit and tore me—the rest was darkness.  
I came to my senses lying on my back on the ground in the coolness of the autumn night. Through the leafy branches overhead the moon and stars were shining. My rifle was clutched in my hand as I lifted my head and looked around, not realizing at first where I was or what had happened.  
It all came back to me as I gazed upon the form of a savage beauty, the splendid markings in black and yellow of the jaguar that lay near me. Just beyond the beast I saw the form of my partner, his white face upturned to the moon.  
You can see the scars made by the jaguar's five claws down the side of my face, and there are other marks of his claws on my arm and chest. I have not been able to lift my left hand to the top of my head since he crushed my shoulder that night—and these wounds he gave me in his dying struggle, after my second shot had pierced his brain. If Bonifacio had not come in time I should have been lying under the sycamore now with Magruder.—Youth's Companion.

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A Milwaukee florist thinks he has succeeded in producing green carnations by the use of chemicals while the plants are growing.

A number of living specimens of the curious blind fish from the Kentucky caves have been deposited in the fish house of the London Zoological gardens.

Fine jewels are registered, like fine dogs. Their history, or pedigree, can be got at the registry office, with their description, value, owner and so forth, all detailed very accurately. The registry tends to prevent stealing.

British Guiana has a cannon-ball tree that grows to a height of 100 feet, its straight, unbranching stem being only 18 inches thick. When the cannon balls are ready to drop the tree is avoided as a battery might be that was about to engage in a bombardment.

There are few bearded men in China. Men who have grandchildren may wear a mustache, and many take advantage of the privilege and are called "old hair men." The foreigners with mustaches, when they came to China excited much curiosity, and the unusual sight justified them in asking the ages of the bearded men.

A few days ago Upper Sandusky, Ohio, was visited with an immense swarm of flying ants, which had the effect of compelling merchants in certain districts to discontinue business. The merchants had no time to prepare for the onslaught, and had trouble to get the insects from their stores that they might be closed. The ants were supplied with long, transparent wings, and only remained for a couple of hours.

Among the curiosities in deeds attention is called to one in Belfast, which gives the course and distance to a hole in the roof of the shed of the blacksmith shop. This, H. P. Farrow, the Belfast Me. civil engineer, says, should be considered an "indestructible monument," as the hole still remains, although the shed was burned many years ago. Another queer deed is of a shipyard in Rockport, and one course is described as "in line with the bow of two vessels now building at said shipyard."

Angolina, you are spending a big lot of money on artistic dies for your stationery.

Well, what of it? If I ever get to the postoffice I'll have something to prove that I've seen better days.

—Chicago Record.

### THE MYSTERIOUS CHINESE.

No Occidental Can Understand the Workings of the Yellow Brain.  
The Century Company have got out, "China, the Long-Lived Empire," by Eliza R. Seligman. A couple of citations from the first chapter will show the author's point of view:  
No Occidental ever saw within or understood the working of the yellow brain, which starts from and arrives at a different point by reverse and inverse processes we can neither follow nor comprehend. No one knows, or ever will really know the Chinese—the heart, and soul, and springs of thought of the most incomprehensible, unfathomable, inscrutable, contradictory, logical, and illogical people on earth. Of all Orientals, no race is so alien. Not a memory nor a custom, not a tradition nor an idea, not a root-word nor a symbol of any kind associates our past with their past. There is little sympathy, no kinship nor common feeling, and never affection possible between the Anglo-Saxon and the Chinese. Nothing in Chinese character or traits appeals warmly to our hearts or imagination, nothing touches; and of all the people of earth they most entirely lack "soul," charm, magnetism, attractiveness. We may yield them an intellectual admiration on some grounds, but no warmer pulse beats for them. There are chiefly points of contradiction between them and ourselves.  
I gave up the conundrum of this people, abjured "that oilskin mystery, the Chinaman," more devoutly each day of six visits to China, and on the seventh visit the questions were that many times the more baffling. One can both agree and disagree with the four-day tourist, who sums up the Chinese convincingly, with brutal, practical, skeptical common sense, and can echo his irreverent and wholesale condemnation and contempt when he has once seen the land and the revolting conditions in which the people live. One agrees and disagrees, too, with the sinologists, who are usually sinophiles, that the Chinese are the one great race and the flower of all Asia, a superior people the world's greatest and earliest teachers, its future leaders and rulers, the chosen people; China a vast reserve reservoir of humanity to repeople and revive decadent, dying Europe; the Chinese destined to underlie, override, and outdo all the pale races; the whole hope of humanity bound up in this yellow people.  
Everything seems dead, dying, ruined, or going to decay in this greatest empire of one race and people. There seems no living spring nor beating heart left in the inert mass. Religion, morality, literature, the arts, and finer industries are all at least comatose. Their three great religions are dead; two systems of ignoble superstitions live. Literature is a fossil thing, all hollow form and artifice, the empty shell of dead conventions. The arts have died, the genius of the race has fled. They have lost the powers they once commanded, and have acquired no new ones. There is little joy, light-heartedness, or laughter in the race, and their greatest virtue, filial piety, is demoralized, degraded by the soulless craven cult of ancestor-worship. China in its present stage, with the desperate problems it presents, is a melancholy and depressing place, intensely interesting, full of "questions," but not enjoyable in enjoyment's literal sense.  
Exploit of a Fire Ladder.  
A remarkable exhibition of nerve was given the other day by a fireman on his way to answer a fire alarm. He was sitting calmly on the hose cart, which was just about to turn into Broad street from Walnut, when a spirited horse, attached to a stylish Gladstone wagon, started to dash away on a mad rush down Broad street.  
There was no restraining hand near at the time, and for a moment the situation took on a very serious look. Just as the horse got well under way and was straightening out for a mad dash the fireman leaped from the hose cart and ran rapidly toward the frightened steed. He made two or three wild clutches for the bridle, but missed each time. Then the horse was running at a frightful rate of speed, and the fireman held on to the shaft and sprinted alongside. Slowly he worked his way up to the head of the wild animal, and just as a collision was imminent with an automobile in front of the Bellevue the plucky fireman gained the ascendancy and brought the would-be runaway to a sudden standstill.  
It was an exciting episode, and while the startled spectators were cheering the fireman darted away in full chase after the hose cart he had abandoned.—New York Mail and Express.

### THE VITALITY OF SNAILS.

The snail is blessed with great powers of vitality. A case is recorded of an Egyptian desert snail which came to life upon being immersed in warm water after having passed four years glued to a card in the English museum. Some species, in the collection of a certain naturalist, revived after they had apparently been dead for 15 years; and snails, having been frozen for weeks in solid blocks of ice, have recovered upon being thawed out. The eggs are hard to destroy as the snail itself. They seem perfectly indifferent to freezing, and have been known to prove productive after having been shrivelled up in an oven to the semblance of grains of sand.

About 805 tons of gold are estimated to be in actual circulation as money in England, that being approximately the weight of \$500,000,000.

### KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED.

PENSIONS GRANTED.  
New Glass Works for Kittingann—To Preserve a Historic Cabin in Fayette County.  
Eunco Game Worked.  
Pensions granted last week: Isaac McGowan, Elizabeth, \$8; Mary Given, Bennett, \$8; Elizabeth A. Eaton, New Haven, \$8; Catharine H. Shriver, Dickinson, \$8; John Bolinger, Latrobe, \$12; William Yoder, Mattawana, \$10; William R. McComb, London, \$10; Emanuel Evans, New Brighton, \$8; Frank Saxton, Granville Center, \$17; William Barr, Beaver Falls, \$6; Cecelia Knipple, Scotland, \$12; Marie Kuehne, mother, Allegheny, \$12.  
The new plate glass works will be erected at Nealeton, a suburb of Kittingann. Those in the company are V. Neubert, banker; Rev. Robert Barnes, principal of Kittingann academy; J. A. Gault, merchant; Heilman Bros., and other prominent business men of this place. Robert Naysmith, who has resigned his position in the Pittsburgh plate glass works, will be general manager.  
A. P. Sharp has entered suit against John P. Levan, president of the Altoona Second National bank, to recover \$10,540. The suit is an echo of the footing of the bank by Cashier Gardner. James Sharp, father of the prosecutor, owned 62 shares in the bank, which were bequeathed to his son. Sharp alleges that he was frozen out in the reorganization of the bank.  
The summer Bible school of Grove City College opened Thursday night, nearly 1,000 persons attending. Rev. R. A. Torrey, D. D., of the Bible Institute, Chicago, delivered the opening lecture, while the praise and prayer service was conducted by Rev. J. A. Parsons, D. D., of New Castle, assisted by local ministers.  
The new ice company being formed at Altoona to oppose the trust reports that \$50,000 worth of stock has been sold.  
During the past five weeks Postoffice Inspector Stone, of Altoona, has arrested three persons in Bedford county, charged with sending obscene and anonymous matter through the mails.  
Soe Mee, the alleged leprous Chinese laundryman of Olyphant, Monday, packed up and left for Boston, where he has a wealthy brother. The borough authorities made no effort to restrain him. Three reputable physicians have declared the Chinaman a leper, but Health Officer Terara contends that Kee's complaint is nothing more than eczema.  
Charles Tine and Edward Spangler, colored employees of the American Coke Company, Uniontown, fought with pistols Tuesday night at the Edenborn works of the company. Tine was shot to death and Spangler and another man injured. The trouble arose over a crap game. Spangler escaped and cannot be located.  
At Pittsburgh Saturday, Washington people who own a gas plant at Marion, Ind., sold out to a new corporation known as the Marion Gas Co. The price paid was \$400,000. Twelve years ago the Washington capitalists bought the plant for \$100,000. The transfer made includes leases on 15,000 acres of land, about 90 of pipe and gas plant.  
Samuel P. Langdon, of Philadelphia, president of the Pittsburgh, Johnstown, Ebensburg & Eastern Railroad Company, was rolled down a rocky embankment 60 feet by the wrecking of a hand-car on which he had taken passage from Wopononock to Altoona Monday evening. He was badly cut and bruised in descending the rocky slope.  
A jail delivery occurred Thursday night from the Susquehanna county prison at Montrose. Eight prisoners who were awaiting trial escaped to the woods. The men are all professional tramps and were recently arrested on burglary charges.  
A movement is on foot to preserve the old cabin in Washington township Fayette county, which was built for a slave of George Washington. The cabin is located at the head of Simon hollow which takes its name from the old slave himself, Simon Funtz Muntz.  
Mine Inspector Henry Louttit, of Monongahela, charged 12 foreign miners employed at the Arnold mines, near Fayette City, with violating the mining laws in passing danger signals in the mine with naked lamps, and eight of them were lodged in jail.  
James R. Mellon, of Pittsburgh, purchased a 200-acre tract, a few miles south of New Florence, Westmoreland county, and is receiving bids for the erection of a stone mansion, which will cost about \$50,000, to be his summer home.  
William Yokes, of Sharon, an old soldier with a pension, had his wife arrested for furnishing him with intoxicants when she knew he was of intemperate habits. "Squire Carr held her for court in \$150 bail.  
Pittsburg men have purchased 10 acres of sandstone near Mineral Ridge and will erect a factory to crush the stone for glass making. Later a glass factory will be built.  
By the explosion of an oil can Tuesday evening Mrs. William Dodds, of Latrobe, was so badly burned that she will probably die.  
When Hop Lee, a New Castle Chinese laundryman, raised the price of chop suey two colored female customers rebelled, attacked the proprietor and drove him from the place, for which they were arrested.  
Elmer Shaffer, tax collector of the borough of Westmont, a Johnstown suburb, has been missing for a week or more. It is claimed by the auditors, who have examined his books, that he is \$1,700 short in his accounts.  
Rev. Kennedy C. Hayes, of Meadville, chaplain of the old Fifteenth regiment, N. G. P., has been appointed chaplain of the Sixteenth.  
Auditors began work Monday at Meadville, on the books of the city treasurer and controller. There is alleged to be a shortage.  
While Thomas Graham and John Rorer, employed at the Monongahela blast furnaces, McKeesport, were at work underneath a ladle filled with boiling water and suspended by a chain, the chain broke and the men were badly scalded. Roller may die.  
Michael Nermile, a molder, has been arrested in Washington on a charge of bigamy. He is alleged to have wives in Cleveland and Mt. Vernon, O.