

IN ERUPTION.

People in the Vicinity of Mount Vesuvius Terror Stricken.

GREAT LAVA STREAM

Running Down on the Pompeii Side, and Cities of Twenty and Thirty

Thousand Inhabitants Threatened With Destruction by Eruption of Volcano.

A dispatch from Naples, Italy, says the inhabitants of the villages in the vicinity of Mount Vesuvius are in a condition bordering on a panic. Many homes have been abandoned for the open air, although there has been a thick fog all day and the atmosphere has been dense with volcanic ashes and the fumes of subterranean fires.

The main stream of lava proceeding from Vesuvius is 200 feet wide, and it advances at times at the rate of 21 feet in a minute, the intense heat destroying vegetation before the stream reaches it. The peasants of P.rioli, at the west foot of Vesuvius, cleared their grounds of vineyards and trees in the effort to lessen the danger from lava to their utmost.

The scene at night is one of mingled grandeur and horror, as from the summit of Vesuvius there leapt a column of fire, a thousand feet in height, the glare lighting the sky and sea for many miles. Occasionally great masses of molten stone, some weighing as much as a ton, are ejected from the crater. The village of Torre del Greco, which has been eight times destroyed and as often rebuilt, is again threatened and the inhabitants are in extreme terror.

Signor Matteucci, director of the observatory, is working indefatigably. He has had military engineers establish telephonic connection between the observatory and points within range of the volcano activity. The director said to the Associated Press Friday evening that although eruption presented a grave menace, he did not believe it would reach the villages. Indeed he said the present voice of activity was not altogether unaccompanied with good, for if it had not come to pass, a violent and sudden eruption, having a far wider radius, might have occurred.

The eruption of Mount Vesuvius is now most violent. On the Pompeii side the main stream of lava has divided into two, one traversing Ottajano, a community of 20,000 inhabitants, and the other threatening Torre del Greco, with a population of 30,000.

The danger is becoming serious and calls for the immediate evacuation of B.сотreccz, the nearest village to the crater, which has the population of 9,000 souls.

MONSTER INCUBATOR.

This One Does The Work Of A Thousand and Hens.

The largest incubator in the world with a capacity of 15,000 eggs, has just been completed by W. P. Hall of Pembroke, N. Y. It is 102 feet long and 4 feet 4 inches wide. Partitions divided it into 100 compartments, each accommodating two trays. The trays have wide bottoms and hold seventy five eggs each.

To fill the incubator a single time with common—not thoroughbred—eggs would require an expenditure of \$6,000, for eggs of the requisite freshness would cost 40 cents a dozen. As one hen covers fifteen eggs for hatching, the incubator does the work of 1,000 fowls, or has the capacity of one fowl nesting constantly for nearly ten years.

The incubator is heated by means of a coil of eight 8-inch pipes passing over the top of the egg chamber on one side and returning to the other. These pipes are connected at one end of the structure to a water tank and heater.

The water flowing through the pipes is heated to exactly the right temperature by a thermostat attached to the cover opening at the top of the machine to make this possible. The only attention required by the heater is supplying it with coal night and morning.

The thermostat is an expansion tank, ten by eighteen inches, which stands over the heater. The tank is filled with oil, in which is a float. As the heat of the furnace warms the water, the water in the jacket surrounding the heater expands, and the float in the oil rises. This movement closes a throttle attached to the heater, and shuts the draft of the heater another lever at the same time opens the cold air draft of the furnace. In this way the temperature is regulated automatically, with extremely little variation, the eggs being kept at 102 degrees Fahrenheit.

A second novel feature is that the heat of the eggs is regulated in raising or lowering them in the egg chamber, which is nearly a foot high inside, burlap separating it from the pipes. The egg trays rest on double frames hinged by galvanized arms of lever.

As the chicks develop the trays are lowered on these supports, the first drop being made in six days, and others at intervals, until, on the twenty-first day, the trays are resting on the bottoms of the chambers. All infertile eggs are tested out on the seventh day.

Mr. Hill built small incubators at first, but the oil bill for forty of his small incubators, with 8,000 eggs capacity, was \$150 for a season, while a large incubator was run three months at an expense of less than \$8 for coal.

DON'T WANT HIM

PEOPLE KICK AGAINST BARNES BEING THEIR POSTMASTER

And Senator Tillman is Picked to Prevent His Confirmation by The Senate.

As if by common consent, the people of Washington, the business people, officeholders, residents and others have turned to Senator Tillman protesting against the Senate confirming the nomination of B. F. Barnes, to be postmaster of that city. Their appeals could not have fallen into more willing ears, for it will be remembered that a short time ago when Mrs. Minor Morris was violently ejected from the White House under the direct orders of Mr. Barnes, Senator Tillman electrified the Senate with a thrilling narrative of the scene and centered his biggest shot against Barnes. He and he alone, according to what Senator Tillman said at that time, was responsible for the disgraceful scene that happened in the executive offices of the White House, and the Senator did not spare words in telling his fellow members of the upper house of Congress what he thought about the matter.

The appointment of Barnes to be postmaster of this city was no less a surprise to Senator Tillman than to the other 300,000 inhabitants of Washington. The manner of the appointment was out of the ordinary way that appointments are generally made and there were few people here who could at first understand the motives of the President in selecting for Washington's postmaster a man not identical in any way with the city's interests, and practically unknown to Washington residents and business men. The appointment was not an agreeable one and it has been surmised that it was made entirely from a standpoint of personal popularity with the President.

Ten thousand women, representing every section of the United States are said to be behind the fight that Senator Tillman will make against Barnes' confirmation by the Senate. As powerful as the hosts of the temperance cause, they are planning a vigorous fight against the man whom they believe guilty of a great infidelity toward one of their own. They have forgotten the White House affair, and although by direction of the President the matter has long since been considered a "closed incident," at least from an official standpoint, they say that it will never be "closed incident" as long as the women of the United States have a right to voice their sentiments and as long as there are men in the Senate who will stand up for them in the fight that they are making.

Senator Tillman has already given notice to his fellow members of the Senate that he will exercise his power to block Barnes' confirmation. He will be opposed by Senators Lodge and Hale and eight other members of the President, and while it is not thought that Senator Tillman will be able to keep the nomination from eventually going through, he will necessarily hold it up for a while through his efforts.

"There are many men in Washington more worthy of receiving the appointment as postmaster of that city than Barnes," the Senator says, "and the time has long since passed when fact officers were distributed among catfloggers." The fight will be a lively one while it lasts.

LEVER A BALL PLAYER.

Mr. Gaines of Tennessee Picks Him for His Team.

According to a Washington special to the Chicago Tribune, Chairman Tawney of the appropriation committee, and John Wesley Gaines of Tennessee were engaged in a heated discussion the other day in one of the capitol cloak rooms. It was not politics this time, but the national sport which was the subject, and Mr. Gaines demurred to the idea that the North and West were the best places for developing base ball teams, giving the idea that big leaguers come South every year to get into condition. A free for all discussion ensued and Mr. Tawney said he could get 13 Northern and Western men in Congress who could defeat a team picked by Mr. Gaines from the Southern Representatives.

One of the first men Mr. Gaines picked for his team was Representative A. F. Lever of this district. His other men were: John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, Morris Sheppard of Texas, Mrs. Minor's champion, Fred Taft of Baltimore, Mr. Representative Duvene of West Virginia, Judge Underwood of Alabama, Mr. Speaker of Florida, Virginia's solitary Republican, Mr. Sizem, who was paired with Mr. Blackburn, who enjoys the same distinction with North Carolina, Mr. Brecheer of Arkansas, with Mr. Meyer of Louisiana, as the thirteenth man.

Mr. Tawney chose for his side, Henry Clay Sulzer of New York, President Roosevelt's son-in-law, Nicholas Longworth of Ohio, Chairman Foss of Illinois, head of the naval affairs committee; Mr. Sullivan of Boston, Messrs. Bach and Townsend of Wisconsin and Michigan, respectively, Representative Kirkfield of Maine, O. Suloway of New Hampshire, the tallest man in the house; Jim Sherman of New York, the new chairman of the Republican congressional committee; Julius Kahn of San Francisco, and Charlie Landis of Indiana.

Buried The Wrong Man. Though the remains of a murdered negro, which had been buried in the potter's field at the Frederick county, Md., almshouse, were positively identified as his body, Edward Green is alive and well in Baltimore. This news came from Baltimore in the form of a dispatch to Green's relatives, telling them that a remarkable discovery had been made. The body of the murdered man was identified first by Green's brother and then by his father, who came from Baltimore to examine it. They declared that there was no doubt as to the identity of the dead negro. They had funeral services held at the grave when the body was reinterred Thursday, but the message from Baltimore states that the supposed murdered man has turned up at his home there.

Killed His Brother. John Miles killed his half brother J. G. Sapp with a fence rail near Baxley, Ga., on last Sunday. They were quarreling about renting a house.

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

Left Their Families and Were Running Away When Caught.

By clever detective work, says the Atlanta Journal, Police Officer Hood, of the Atlanta force, on Tuesday of last week nipped in the bud the elopement of Mrs. Sallie Clackum, a pretty young woman of Spartanburg, S. C., and C. E. Boyd, of the same city. At the time of their arrest the couple were strolling along Chestnut street enquiring plans for leaving Atlanta.

Both Mrs. Clackum and Boyd left families in Spartanburg, it is said. The former left behind a husband and three small children, the youngest a baby two years while Boyd has a wife and two children. For several months Boyd, who is a stone cutter, was employed at the same marble yard with Mrs. Clackum's husband, who is a stone polisher.

About a week ago Boyd disappeared from home and Monday night Mrs. Clackum quietly took her departure. A letter which the woman overlooked in her haste caused the couple's arrest. The mis-ive was from Boyd and it is stated in endeavoring terms requested the woman to meet him in Atlanta.

The Atlanta police department was furnished with a description of the pair and Officer Hood lost no time in accomplishing their arrest. The couple frankly confess that they were intending to go away together and admit that they spent Monday night in a hotel as man and wife.

Clackum, the woman's husband, arrived in Atlanta Wednesday morning and expresses a determination to leave his wife and her sweetheart prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Officers are expected to take them back to Spartanburg some time during Monday.

Since Mrs. Clackum left home her little baby and its arm broken. When she learned of the accident and asked if she did not want to see her children she would smile and remark: "Yes, I would like to see the children, but I wish we could have gotten away before the police found us. My husband has always mistreated me and it was this that caused me to leave him. Mr. Boyd has a wife twice his own age and they are not happy, so we thought we would start life together."

WILL TAKE A HAND.

The Labor Unions to Take Part in Congressional Elections.

Organized labor's role in the next congressional elections will be far reaching, the plans now being laid are all of a political bureau nature. The direction of the American Federation of Labor will soon be established in Washington, and will try to make its influence felt in every congressional district. Geo. H. Shibley, president of the People's Sovereignty league, has issued a statement bearing upon the authorized announcement of the American Federation of Labor that it will question every candidate on his attitude toward legislative questions affecting organized labor. Mr. Shibley says: "Realizing that the campaign for the people means the campaign for the immediate establishment of a system whereby voters in general may instruct by referendum vote. This system is the advisory initiative and advisory referendum, and can be installed by a mere majority vote in the national house and senate, and forced action by the United States senators can be secured through instructions.

"The great strategic feature of this programme is that it is for the immediate establishment of the people's sovereignty in place of machine rule in nation, state and city, to be accomplished in this year's campaign through the systematic questioning of candidates. Candidates, when forced to record pledges, almost invariably go for the people's cause.

"Funds for the work will be forthcoming. The general funds of the American Federation of Labor and of other unions are at the disposal of the political movement.

"Of great importance is the fact that the campaign is now open. Heretofore the campaign has not been opened until August or September, but this year the candidates are being questioned early and their replies published. In most cases the questions will be asked before the primaries are held."

Died For Her Child. A terrible tragedy occurred at Thomasville, Ga., Thursday night, when Mrs. S. J. Kingsley laid down her own life to save that of her child. Mrs. Kingsley was sitting quietly in her chair at home, with her little infant playing about the room, when the latter drew near a table on which stood a lighted kerosene lamp, and pulled the tablecloth to the floor, precipitating the flaming lamp with it, and carrying the baby off its feet right into the fire.

The living mother, buried the child from danger, but succeeded in saving it only at the price of her own life. The lamp exploded and the blazing oil enveloped her in a sheet of living flame. Assistance was immediate, but in vain. The heroic woman lingered in horrible agony for hours. Mrs. Kingsley was a daughter of Sheriff Hight of Thomas county.

After Society Gamblers. Judge A. W. Fite caused consternation in society circles at Dalton, Ga., when he charged the Watfield county grand jury to indict all persons who play bridge and coebre for prizes or money. The judge was very caustic in his remarks in regard to what he called "society gambling," and peculiarly ordered the grand jury to return indictment. "Negroes are constantly being indicted," said Judge Fite, "for shooting craps, but ladies and gentlemen who play for high stakes at social functions escape. I want every one of you to be indicted. It is supposed that stories of recent heavy losses at card parties here are responsible for the judge's charge.

An Old Man Succeeded. In the United States circuit court at Charleston Thursday Judge Carter, 60 years of age, of Mullins, S. C., was ordered to serve one year at hard labor in the prison at Atlanta, on the charge of forgery, in the prevention of a pension claim. He was a member of a company of the First South Carolina regiment in the Spanish American war, and he forged the names of six of his comrades. After indictment he confessed to the crime and was given the minimum penalty of the act. His hair and beard were white and he is bent with age, but the law is no respecter of persons.

HE GIVES UP.

NEGRO WHO KILLED MR. WOODWARD AT MONTGOMERY

Ward at Montgomery Goes to Columbia and Surrenders to the Governor Who Has Him Locked Up.

The Columbia State says a man charged with murder was put under arrest at the door to the governor's office Monday. The fugitive is Luke Gray, who is accused of having killed Mr. Clifford Woodward at Montgomery, Alkon county, on the night of the 2nd of February. Gov. Hayward last Friday offered a reward of \$100 for the capture and conviction of this negro. The family of the deceased had offered a reward of \$50.

Luke Gray appears to have been bewildered when he came to Columbia. He is a negro of low mentality, and what he has had been impaired by a terrific blow on the skull when he was run over by a train on the Southern railway last summer. There is a terrible scar on the left side of his head, and he says that the doctors have told him that it will end his life this summer if he goes out in the sun.

Just exactly what he was intending to do when he went to the State capitol is difficult to learn, but the negro says that he came here to "give himself up." Caesar Osholm, the wise old messenger of the governor's office, who has learned much in his time, espied a negro hanging around the capitol, and thought there was something suspicious in his behavior.

"The man looked like a vagabond," said Caesar, "and I began to question him." He said to me that he was afraid to go to Alkon, and I thought that he was running from the lynchers. I told him this was the place if he wanted protection, and I got him to come inside."

About that time Caesar was sent up street on some errand by the governor and the negro remained in the corridor of the State capitol, where his appearance attracted the attention of some of the attaches of the offices, but they said nothing about it at the time. He started to come back to the questioned by the press closely. Luke Gray made no attempt to conceal his name or identity from the beginning. He said that he had had a difficulty with a white man and was afraid to go back to Alkon.

"What did you do to him?" asked Caesar. "Shot him," was the laconic answer. "And what became of him?" asked Caesar. "I been told that he is dead," said the negro in reply.

Caesar thought it was then about time to look into the matter from the standpoint of the governor's office, and reward had been offered for this fugitive, and to see if there was on file any information as to the commission of the crime.

Before going to the governor with the information, however, Caesar saw Mr. Hiers, the State house officer, and called him to take charge of the fugitive. Mr. Hiers officially put the negro under arrest after conferring with Gov. Hayward as to the crime in which the negro admitted his participation. Mr. Hiers took the negro over to the police station and put him in a cell for safe-keeping until he could confer with the sheriff of Alkon county.

Luke Gray tells a strange story. He declares that he did not attempt to kill Mr. Woodward, but shot in self-defense. According to his story, he had gone to the depot to see about a freight car being placed for some wood, and while at Montgomery he went to Mr. Woodward's store and taxed the latter with having annoyed the negro's wife that afternoon. Mr. Woodward pulled a knife out of his pocket, so the negro says, and advanced, Luke backed out of the store and down toward the railroad station, where Mr. Woodward caught up with him and made a stab at the negro. The latter threw up his left hand and caught the blow, but a deep cut was made. Mr. Woodward then made another lunge and the negro threw up his left arm again. He states that he felt sure that Mr. Woodward meant to kill him, so he deliberately shot Mr. Woodward with a shotgun. The shot took effect in the wounded man's left side and he lingered for a month.

The negro claims that he had been carrying the gun constantly, for he was employed by Mr. J. H. Chapman to cut wood and in the walk of five miles to and from his house every day he managed to kill some game occasionally. Mr. Chapman had expected a car to be placed that day for some wood that he was going to ship and he told the negro to go by and see if the car had been placed. It was at that time that he proceeded to take Mr. Woodward to task.

Gray is 33 years old. He says that Mr. Woodward was a young man and unmarried and that he had a reputation in that country for being a hard and cold blooded chiseler. He also declares that the place of business that Mr. Woodward kept was not such a place as was above suspicion from the dispensary authorities and for that reason there was always somewhat of a crowd hanging around and he was afraid to give himself up that night, for fear that he would be harmed.

The negro's story was heard by a number of white people and they seemed impressed with the fact that he was trying to tell the truth. He gave particulars to show his cause of grievance with the deceased, but declared that he did more than to go to Mr. Woodward to renege.

After the shooting Gray fled down into Barnwell county, to Barton's mill the same place where young Edwards was a refuge after the Eutawville lynching, which excited so much of a stir last year. Here Gray has remained at work in the saw mill owned by Mr. Gifford, and evidently has been kept advised by his "own color."

He had started to Alkon to surrender when he heard of Mr. Woodward's death, but when he got to Williston, Barton, he learned that there was considerable feeling against him and it was not advisable for him to go there. Consequently, he came on to Columbia, and as has been stated, he appeared to be somewhat bewildered after he got here, although he declared it to have been his deliberate purpose to surrender. The negro does not deny that he shot with the intention of killing, but denies that he carried the gun there for that purpose. He says that Bob Corley and another negro were eye witness. He does not know whether or not any others saw the shooting.

WHEN JOE LIGON RESIGNED.

The Unique Report of a Confederate Commissary at Laurens.

Towards the close of the war the patriots of the south were called on to pay a tax in kind, or a tenth of all the land had yielded. This was one way of feeding a famished army. These stores were collected at and dispensed from designated points in each county.

At a little railroad station in Laurens county, Capt. Davis had detailed a trusted friend, J. E. Ligon, to receive and disbursing officer. Formal orders from the proper authorities were required to secure the provision; but always of a kindly nature, Joe Ligon could never refuse a ragged, hungry fellow soldier, order or no order. These were passing fairly, so the scanty hoard was soon gone.

As the time for rendering his report of "stores on hand" drew near, he realized that his stewardship could not fall to fall in the class known as "unprofitable," so he took time by the forelock and addressed the following official communication to his superior: My Dear Capt.: I please to your instructions I have stayed by the staff here until the returning soldiers have exhausted me out of every damn thing in sight except the boards on the commissary.

I herewith hand you my resignation in disgrace and disgust. By the time this reaches you your former commissary officer will be in full retreat upon the peaceful village of Cross Hill, S. C., in good order—Afoot. Always your obedient servant, Joe T. Ligon. Capt. Davis has joined the majority but his big hearted subordinate is still a respected citizen of Greenwood, S. C. Hugh K. Aiken.

IN DEMAND.

Additional Instances Where Railroads Shut On Individuals.

A dispatch from Washington to the Spartanburg Journal says Senator Tillman is receiving all sorts of appeals on the railroad question. These communications are coming from every state in the Union. John L. Williams & Son the bankers of Richmond, recently wrote him a letter calling his attention to discrimination in rate matters against Richmond. They did not write to their own senators but to the South Carolina. Now comes a letter from C. W. Eddis, of Ralston Spar, N. Y., asking Senator Tillman to help him before his business is ruined. A part of the letter is as follows: "I appeal to you for sympathy and help. My coal that I have been using for 12 years I have made a comfortable living for myself, invalid wife and our children, now four in number. I have done this in the retail coal business. The D. & H. Railroad Company over whose road I have received all my coal since I have been in the business, now claim they have the right to retail their coal and then they bring me no coal. Now and then they bring me a car load, but it is not enough for my customers. When I complain they merely say, 'take this or that.' Now what am I to do? They take the right to retail the coal, and if I cannot force them to haul the coal that road will not haul coal cars where they can sell coal cars where they can sell coal themselves, mean time almost breaking up the business that I have taken so many long years to build up. I appeal to you to right the wrong the road is doing me."

To Make Them Marry.

Miss Rosa Rudspeth, of Stuart, Nebraska, who owns, sets up, prints and edits her own newspaper, is trying to lure the bachelors of her State by compelling them to get married. On the other hand the men of Stuart, who are for the most part bachelors are trying to induce Miss Rudspeth to get married and cease her attacks on them which appears in her paper each week, in a recent editorial in her paper, The Ledger, she says: "Stuart business interests are dominated to a large extent by bachelors. The bankers are each and all unmarried. The real estate man and the oil lawyer is a single. The telephone man is a dandy. The big merchant has not been halted. At every turn, in search of news or business, an unmarried bachelors confronts the editor. At long range one would suppose that a woman so situated would have a picnic, a gala day and Fourth of July celebration every day in the week. Nay, the editor does not stand in with these gallant knights of the cup who prefer bracing drinks to sweet children and domestic joys. They have all had the opportunity to make her either scarce or get married. It looks ungalla to the world, but they mean it in great kindness. When the pesky writer of fables is out of the way there will be no fly in society's ointment at Stuart. A woman has no place in business. She keeps things flying galley west and crooked. Crowd her to the wall. Don't give her a chance. Bravo! "It makes all the difference which side of the bar a man is on. If he stands behind it and fills the glasses he fills his stomach he is all right. Your special position, my dear sir, depends upon your stomach facing the right side of the bar."

Miss Rudspeth has been in Stuart five years. She owns the paper, gathers its news notes, writes them, sets the type, makes up the paper, lifts the heavy forms, runs the press and feeds it, starts and stops the gallop-line engine, and does all her fighting. She also owns her home, the finest in town, and a large farm near town, acquired by uniting work. She declares she will make marriages of the best kind. She has all her own money and she has all her own money. She is a woman of the world, but they mean it in great kindness. When the pesky writer of fables is out of the way there will be no fly in society's ointment at Stuart. A woman has no place in business. She keeps things flying galley west and crooked. Crowd her to the wall. Don't give her a chance. Bravo! "It makes all the difference which side of the bar a man is on. If he stands behind it and fills the glasses he fills his stomach he is all right. Your special position, my dear sir, depends upon your stomach facing the right side of the bar."

Rumor Denied.

A special from Columbia says that a rumor has been current throughout the city for several days to the effect that the state board of dispensary directors, at the recent quarterly meeting, did not faithfully regard the black list the investigating committee sent in of whiskey concerns not to be patronized until a more thorough investigation is made of their past dealings with the dispensary and that the Richard D. Dillingham company, among other concerns whose names didn't appear on the published list of purchases was given a large order of 1,200 barrels. This rumor is denied.

Barred Here.

At Louisville, Tex., Mr. W. H. Claiborne, widow of late W. H. Claiborne, Thursday night saturated the clothing with turpentine and went into the lot, climbed into a box car for her clothing and was burned to death. Her remains were not found until Thursday.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

HELD PRISONER NINE MONTHS BY BRUTE HUSBAND.

She and Child Cruelly Beaten, Yet When Rescued the Clings to the Scoundrel.

For nine months in the city of Washington, the center of government, where security to life and liberty should be great, a simple and ordinary country girl has been held a prisoner by her master, lover and husband. Her imprisonment has been continuous and attended by such circumstances of brutality and cruelty as to shock and horrify the unaccustomed ear.

The victim is Fannie Smith, of Florida. She was in the abandon of her love she thought at first she had a right to be called "Mrs. J. J. Smith." Fannie's husband, a bricklayer, to whom she had confided her life and who is now himself a prisoner in the district jail.

The escape of the woman from the locked doors in the house at 911 E. 24th street north-west; the charge against her husband made to the police; his capture and preliminary trial in the police court were described in the Times Thursday. There were the full details of the life tragedy, a "living hell," in all truth. By the Times' reporter she has told her story of her sufferings.

She told it Thursday afternoon sitting in the room in which most recently she had been held a prisoner. Her little daughter, Adele Smith, two and one half years old, played around the mother's knee while the simple sentences were spoken. But mother and child gave visible evidence of the brutal blows that had been showered upon them by DeWitt Jones.

She did not rant nor use the language of abuse. She calmly indulged hers if in the terms of complaint. The lists of her wrongs fall without emphasis from her lips. When she should have seemed to be trying to find an excuse for or a palliation of the brutalities of which she had been the hapless and helpless victim.

Almost, it appeared, she had become immune to misery and suffering. The friends she had found since her release sought to be kind and good to her, she received their advances with bland and uncomprehending gratitude. She hardly knew what it did with her new-found liberty.

"I don't love him—I don't—I don't," she declared, as though, with some vehemence of utterance, she sought to support her own flagging dithering nation.

But everybody who heard and saw her believed she does still love DeWitt—despite every cruelty he has practiced—and that a smile and word from him would draw her, in a moment of gratitude and affection back to his feet. It sound incredible and absurd, but within five minutes of the passionate avowal of the death of her love, she was prattling of DeWitt's "big brown eyes, when he turned them upon me," and smiling thoughtfully and tenderly, over his "loveliness."

And yet for nine months' with it few occasional and trifling exceptions she has been held in a captivity that would have been also no conversation with any person other than DeWitt and her child. For all that he kept her under lock and key, not permitted to stray from her room, save under his eye. In four different houses in different sections of the city she has been a prisoner, treated with what would appear to be brutality. When she has been moved from one house to another it has been in the darkness of the night.

She has seen her child inhumanly beaten, time and time again. At times she has been a witness. The result was only a beating for herself and more severely meted out to the little girl. At the last she has kept her peace and watched while her mother wept for the sufferings of her child.

Refused to be a Scapgoat.

Andrew Hamilton, the notorious New York insurance lobbyist, refused to be made a scapgoat by the Republican rascals, and is making all sorts of trouble for them. He has sought to leak out that aside from the \$50,000 contribution made to the republican campaign in 1896 by the New York Life, that company made an additional contribution during that campaign amounting to \$75,000, which the contributions of that one company \$125,000 during one campaign. Cornelius N. Bliss, treasurer of the republican committee, has denied that he ever received the \$75,000, referring to this denial, the New York World says: "Man familiar with the confidential evidence in the possession of Hamilton can not understand the denial of Cornelius N. Bliss that he ever received from Hamilton a political contribution amounting to \$75,000. The \$75,000 was paid to Mr. Bliss by Mr. Hamilton in the first McKinley-Brown campaign, according to Hamilton's friends. As this was ten years ago it may have slipped out of the mind of Mr. Bliss. But Mr. Bliss has not cleared his denial by saying that the best of his collection, he never has declared flatly that he never received the money. A single contribution of \$75,000 is so exceptional in size that politicians can understand the failure of Mr. Bliss to remember it. This \$75,000 plus the total of known political contributions by the New York Life up to \$223,000. The 223 trustees of the company who agreed last Saturday personally to reimburse the campaign for its political contributions, will have to dig much deeper into their pockets than they originally counted upon, and before Judge Hamilton is through with that subject the final total may be far in excess of \$223,000."

How To Do Our Duty.

Let us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen, the school, the street, the office, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle and we knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength and skill. When we do that the humblest of us will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world.—Theodore Parker.

Progressing.

"How is your daughter getting along in physical culture?" inquired the visitor of Mrs. Goldrox. "Fine!" replied Mrs. Goldrox. "She's got so she can read a write it now, and the professor says he's going to give her Latin an' chiropody next month. I think them foreign languages are fine, don't you?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Long Evening.

"It's hard on the people of Greenland to have night six months long." "Yes. Just think of the feelings of the poor man whose mother-in-law drops in to spend an evening!"

A Case of Must.

The Clergman—My little man, do you go to church every Sunday? Bob—Yes, sir. I'm not old enough yet to stay away.

Shot Himself.

Mrs. Edith Cooper, whose address is given as 2330 Germantown avenue, Philadelphia, committed suicide Thursday in the Palmer House Chicago by shooting herself through the head. She went to the Palmer House early Thursday with a man about 65 years of age, who registered as Emon Bardeleben, of New York. The woman registered as Mrs. Bardeleben. They were assigned to a room and Bardeleben left the hotel. He returned three hours later and found the room locked. The door was forced open. The woman was dead on the floor, with a revolver on the carpet beside her.

Crushed to Death.

A dispatch from Gainesville, Ga., says: "Ab London, well known in Hall and Lumpkin, met death in a horrible manner between this place and Dahlonega. He was unloading a wagon of a heavy telegraph pole when it fell on him and crushed his skull to pieces and broke his neck. He lay pinned down until a helper could get several miles for assistance."

ABOUT PUSH BALL.

How This Very Interesting Game Is Played.

Push ball is played on a gridiron field or floor 120 yards long by fifty wide, with goal posts at either end twenty feet apart and connected by a cross bar seven feet from the ground. The mammoth ball, almost globular in shape, should measure six feet in diameter and weigh between forty-eight and fifty pounds. It is usually inflated with compressed air.

The ball is placed in the middle of the field, and the teams line up as follows: Five forwards on the forty yard line, two left and two right wings on the twenty yard line and two goal keepers on the goal line, eleven men each. At the sound of the referee's whistle both sides plunge at full speed upon the ball, and then the full begins. If the ball is caught fairly between the two human battering rams there is a rebound from its elastic sides that sends the players sprawling like tenpins.

It does not take long, however, for the entire twenty-two men to get around the sphere, put their shoulders to the wheel, so to speak, and push for every ounce of energy in them. The heavier, stronger team will, of course, have the advantage, but some trick plays have been invented which lead variety to the game and redeem it from being a featureless contest of mere brawn and muscle.—National Magazine.

WHEN YOU ARE SICK.

An English Literary Prescription to Be Taken During Convalescence.