

VERY SAD CASE.

Could Not Bear to See His Beloved Wife Go Out

TO WORK FOR OTHERS

Lost His Reason and Killed Her and Himself—The Couple Had Lived Happily Together Until the Husband Lost His Health and Spent His Savings in Doctor's Bills and Medicines in Trying to Get Well.

A pathetic case happened in New York on last Wednesday night, when Harry Dhernock awoke and found that in his sleep or in a trance he had stabbed his wife Mollie, four times, he leaped from a third-story window and crushed out his own life on the stone pavement.

Mrs. Dhernock, who is in Bellevue hospital, may not recover. The couple lived with the wife's mother, Lena Goodman, and their five-year-old child. They had been married six years and Wednesday was their wedding anniversary.

They came to this country from Russia five years ago. The couple were very happy until six months ago, when Dhernock was taken ill and had to give up his work. All the money they had saved went for physicians and medicine.

When the funds were exhausted, Mrs. Dhernock, 25 years old, and pretty, went out to work to earn a paltry sum to support the little family. The young husband brooded constantly over his ill health, and the fact that his wife had to work.

Dhernock was cheerful Wednesday and when his wife was about to start for her daily toil, he said: "Come home early today, Mollie; you know this is our wedding anniversary. We will have a little celebration; a dinner."

Mrs. Dhernock was home promptly and they had a merry little party. They retired early and shortly after 3 o'clock Wednesday morning the young wife was awakened by her husband.

His eyes were open but glazed. He appeared to look at her, but there was no gleam of intelligence in his eyes.

"Mollie," he said, in an unnatural voice, "I am going to kill you." "You wouldn't do that Harry," said the wife, terrified.

Without another word Dhernock got out of bed and went to the dresser. He took a pair of scissors from a drawer while his trembling wife watched him, too frightened to utter a word.

Returning to the side of the bed he plunged the scissors into her left breast, just over the heart.

Mrs. Dhernock gave one scream, which aroused her mother.

Dhernock, apparently unconscious of what he had done, walked calmly into the kitchen, sat in a chair and lit a cigarette.

He was smoking indifferently when neighbors, aroused by Mrs. Goodman, rushed into the flat. Then Dhernock was awakened by the noise.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "On your knees, Mollie!" shouted Mrs. Goodman.

Dhernock, dazed, walked into the bedroom. His wife, still conscious, lay dying on the floor, while their little girl was weeping beside her.

"What's the matter, Mollie?" asked Dhernock, his voice trembling.

"Don't you know Harry, you stabbed me," whispered his wife weakly. "But I know you didn't mean it. My God! Did I do that?" shrieked the husband.

Looking intently at his wife for a moment, Dhernock rushed to the window and leaped out. He landed on his head in the yard, four stories below. His skull, his legs and arms were broken and he received internal injuries.

Meanwhile somebody had telephoned to police headquarters and policemen from the East Twenty-second street station hurried to the house. Dr. Mears came in an ambulance from Bellevue hospital.

Mrs. Dhernock was carried down the stairs to the ambulance. Her husband was taken from the yard and placed beside her.

The young wife, with a great effort, placed her hand on his face and patted him affectionately.

"Oh Harry, you didn't mean to do it, did you? I know you didn't," she said softly.

But he did not answer. He was unconscious and never spoke again. At the hospital he died, and it is only a question of a few hours when she will follow him.

After the dying couple had been removed from the house the wife's mother became hysterical and she, too, was taken to Bellevue in an ambulance.

SPREAD BY MILK.

It Is Most Protent Agency in Transmission of Consumption.

Government Bureau Busy Studying Question of Infection of Cattle With Tuberculosis.

Twelve per cent of the deaths of persons of all ages in America are due to the 'white plague,' popularly known as consumption. In practically every instance the infection of tuberculosis is communicated to people through impure milk and not through the breathing of dried sputum, as generally is supposed. My belief is that the government could do no greater humanitarian work than in providing a fund for the eradication of tuberculosis from cattle. This work could be performed comparatively easily, and while the initial cost might be considerable, it would be well worth the money expended.

Dr. C. E. Schroeder, of the bureau of animal industry of the National Department of Agriculture, made this statement, after a very exhaustive investigation of the causes which lead to tuberculosis.

"If some man of the wealth of Andrew Carnegie could be induced to devote some of his riches to the eradication of the 'white plague' his name would go down to history as one of the greatest benefactors of his race. I have no doubt that consumption practically could be eradicated from the United States by the application of modern scientific methods in the handling of the disease. Every cow in the country ought to be tested for tuberculosis and, if found infested, the animal ought to be killed. Thousands of milk cows undoubtedly are infested with tuberculosis and the milk they furnish carries with it the germs of the disease into the human system.

"In a vast majority of cases, it has been demonstrated conclusively that the germs of the 'white plague' are introduced into the human system through the alimentary canal. Hence they are carried into the lungs or throat or bowels, where they increase enormously. The only way to prevent the introduction of consumption germs into the system through milk is to boil the milk and, of course, that is impracticable in a majority of instances.

"I am satisfied from the results of experiments made by the government, that the danger of tuberculosis from dried sputum is inconsequential. It is not comparable with the danger of impure milk. Experiments have shown that the germs of the disease must be taken into the system through food and milk is the food which is the most extensive conveyor of these germs. Therefore, if we purify the milk supply of a given community we practically eliminate the danger of the 'white plague.'"

So important are the investigations of the Agricultural Department and of independent scientists regarded that it is very probable Congress may take up the question precisely as it provided for the inspection of beef cattle after slaughter. Several members of Congress now are considering the subject with a view to the introduction of legislation providing for a careful inspection of the sources of the country's milk supply. The idea is to have an examination made of milk cows, in instances where the milk is furnished to the public, and to provide for the killing of such animals as may be found to be afflicted with tuberculosis, the government to make an allowance to the owner of the animal so killed. In this way only, it is urged, can the germs of the 'white plague' be eradicated from the United States.

SQUIRE VENGEANCE.

A Strange Proceeding in the City of New York.

Kneeling beside the body of Epifania Arcara, who was stabbed by a mysterious enemy, his father, mother two sisters, brother, wife and two sons swore to avenge his murder.

This weird ceremonial took place in the parlor of the Arcara apartments at No. 409 East 108th street, New York, with a small shrine of St. Rocco at the head of the bed and with the tall candles flickering about the dimmed room.

Little Pietro, the youngest son of the dead man, did not at first understand the oath, but his grand-father then for the first time explained to him the meaning of the vendetta, that he must not rest until he had avenged in blood the murder of his father.

The lad eagerly took the oath with the rest of the family, swearing to the stature of St. Rocco that he would never be content until he had slain the slayer of his father.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

Auto Drivers Must Stop or Pay for Damages.

An important decision of the State Supreme Court sustains the principle that the driver of an automobile in case of danger on any public road must bring his machine to a stop and, besides, shut off his motor, thus preventing noises that are likely to frighten horses or mules.

The decision grew out of the suit of Thomas S. and Caroline Rochester, who were awarded a verdict of \$475 against J. A. Bull, of Chick Springs, Greenville county.

Their horse ran away because of fright at a machine, and Mrs. Rochester was injured by being thrown out of the vehicle. The accident occurred in mid summer.

GIRL A HORSE THEIF.

Had Launched Into the Business on a Large Scale.

Although she is but 16 years of age, Lizzie Paschik, a German girl of Spokane, Wash., is a horse thief with a pretty bad record. When arrested at Marcus, where she recently stole a valuable team belonging to one, Peter Paul, the girl confessed. This girl thief drove the stolen team to Spokane, where she goes to school, and sold it for \$125. She had two other horses ready to take to Spokane when arrested.

IS DEATH THE END?

Or, 'If a Man Dies Shall He Live Again.

WHITE SUPREMACY

Vital to the Nation, Says an Eminent German Visitor.

There Can Be No Equality of the Races, and the Negro Question Will Give Us Trouble.

"Supremacy of the white race must be maintained. Otherwise the American Republic will go on the rocks." This opinion was expressed by Dr. H. Schaunslund, one of the most eminent German scientists who is now making a tour of this country. He is in Washington making a study of the scientific departments of the Government, on which he will make a report to his government when he shall return to his home in Bremen.

"It is my belief," continued Dr. Schaunslund, "that much trouble is in store for your people in the handling of the negro question. Equality of the races does not exist, except in theory. You may as well understand now that the Anglo-Saxon and Ethiopian will not work in common. Their differences in constitution, in customs, in habits, in education—and merely in color—make them substantially incompatible. In the whole history of the world there is no instance of the domination of the superior, by an inferior race. I use the term 'superior' and 'inferior' advisedly, but in no offensive way. The time will come when a definite line of demarcation will be drawn between the white and black races in America. It is possible, although not certain, that before that line is drawn it will be necessary for the whites to demonstrate their physical as well as their mental superiority. To my mind, this is a problem pregnant with serious possibilities for Americans. In the end, of course, the result will be the triumph of the white race. The blacks necessarily will have to take a subordinate position. That will be as it should be and will make for the best in all respects and for all peoples.

"I have been most impressed in this country by your marvelous educational facilities. They have a wealth of material to work upon and about as well as their mental, physical, and moral, to carry on your experiments and to make original investigations. Already America, in some respects, has surpassed Europe and now we are forced to come to you for new great works of original research. The scientific, literary and industrial successes achieved by America are forming a new class in this country—a class of brains—from which nothing but good can come to all the world.

"The thing I hesitate to speak frankly lest I may be misunderstood is that I fear many of your newspapers are giving too much to the publication of sensational matters—matters that appeal rather to the emotions than to the reasoning power of readers. In America, the newspapers are more widely read than in other countries on the globe. They are, therefore, the most powerful educators. In making all sorts of purely sensational subjects of no permanent value they not only are adding nothing to the total of human knowledge, but are, in fact, detracting from the moral power of the press."

Dr. Schaunslund, who is accompanied by his daughter, is making a tour of the world in the interest of the German Government, as well as of the great educational institution in Bremen, of which he is the director.

EXPLOSION PLAYS HAVOC.

Gas Accident Wrecks a Block and Kills Several Persons.

Two men are missing, several more are in the hospital, half a score are suffering from injuries and a whole block is wrecked as the result of an explosion of gas in the cellar of No. 148 Delancey street Thursday at New York.

The building was occupied by Simon Weisberger as a liquor store. Next door on Delancey street is a big five-story tenement house. The walls of the latter are made of brick and rest on a concrete foundation. The explosion occurred in the cellar, which was used for the storage of gas. The cause of the explosion is not yet known. Several persons were killed and many injured. The damage to the building was considerable.

How to Hear Yourself Shore.

Most people who snore have an idea that they don't, and many a man has kept awake half the night trying to catch himself in the act and then triumphantly conclude that he wasn't addicted to the pernicious habit. To find out whether you snore or whether you don't is no longer necessary to lose sleep over it, and the finding is likely to be accurate. Get a phonograph and sleep with your nose poked close into the horn. The next day start the machine running. If you have snored during the night the machine will reproduce the noise with a monotony that will appall you and you will no longer wonder why your wife can't sleep at night.

WANTS AN EDITOR.

Professor Asher E. Gluck of Chicago wants an editor for his monthly periodical, the Simple Life. He says there are a number of people ready to join him in his colony, but he needs a newspaper to make known his views. He has a great mass of matter ready for print, but he is so busy with other simple life work that he cannot attend to it himself. Therefore he wants an editor. Perhaps it will be better to let Mr. Gluck himself tell just what he wants. Here it is:

"I want a man to come in with us on the simple life system. No man can properly edit a simple life publication if he is not living the simple life. He may think he can, but it stands to reason that if he lives the life he will be a better editor.

"I want such a man to live like us, dress like us and act like us. Everybody must work eight hours a day. His eight hours of editing will be equivalent to eight hours of labor scrubbing or any other task of the simple life colony.

"You see, I wear no socks. I go around barefooted. I wear no underclothes. My street suit is of linen and costs \$2.50 complete. I'm a vegetarian.

"My wife and I live on \$3 a week in summer and \$2 in winter, and we have the best. The editor's employment must get into our way of living, and then he'll make a grand success. I have told those who want wages that I'm after another kind of a man.

"I think a man editing a paper in his bare feet will be more comfortable than he'll be in his shoes. I'm after the simple life editor."

Here is a golden opportunity for some fellow who feels that he has a call to the editorial chair. Some of the requirements are somewhat exacting. Mr. Gluck claims that the simple life will more than compensate for all the hardships.

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FATAL ACCIDENT.

Tipped Foul Ball Kills Young Man at Base Ball Game.

While standing directly behind the catcher, witnessing a game of ball at his home at Walnut Grove, N. C. C. T. Willis was struck on the temple just above his right ear by a foul which escaped from the catcher's mitt and received a blow from which he died later.

A postmortem examination showed that his skull had not been broken, but an examination of his brains showed that he had several hemorrhages from them. He was 32 years old and is survived by a wife and four little children.

for its realization. Lowell nobly says in his elegy on the death of Channing:

"Thou art not dead; in thy higher sphere Thy spirit bends itself to loving tasks. And strength to perfect what it dreamed of here."

Is all the crown and glory it asks." Theodore Parker on his death-bed said to a friend, "I am not afraid to die, but I might wish to carry on my work. I have only half used the powers God gave me." Emmanuel Kant argued from the existence of a moral law unrealizable here the necessity of some after-life. Perfection is the heritage with which God has endowed me, and since this short life does not give completeness, I must have the immortal life in which to find it. This yearning after perfection and completeness is the soul's qualification for life and property of an immortal being. It is no viewpoint from which the grandeur of life is more impressive. The high aspirations of the soul are no longer blasting meekeries. The problem of life is solved. It is the precursor of a possible perfection which to be realized will lay all eternity under tribute.

The vast strides man has made during the short compass of his present earth-life in his march toward civilization are a prophecy of the infinite possibilities before him in the future, and death is only a stage in man's evolution upward, only another name for birth, introducing him into another grander sphere of the eternal process moving on.

Your past life has been down hill and toward gloom; your future is up hill toward the glorious sunrise. Dying is throwing open the door that the bird may fly out of its netted cage and be heard singing in higher flights and in diviner realms.

Although there are only eighteen signs used in the international code of signals, which is used by warships and merchant ships all over the world, they can be made to represent no fewer than 20,000 distinct signals, and by use of the code's something like 50,000 ships can be designated.

"I know this earth is not my sphere. For I cannot so narrow me, but that I shall not exceed it."

This high ideal which is not reached on earth intimates an immortal life, which may afford time and scope

DASHED IN SIDING.

Eight Killed in Wreck on Baltimore and Ohio.

HOLD THE COTTON.

Clear Presentation of Case as Seen in the West by President Smith of Cotton Association.

The State says Mr. E. D. Smith, president of the South Carolina Cotton association, has returned to Columbia and found hundreds of letters awaiting him asking for advice as to the disposing of cotton. To all of these Mr. Smith replied, "Hold your cotton." Other letters asked him to issue an address to the people and accordingly the following was given to The State Friday:

"After a trip through the West, I find on my return numerous requests from different parts of the State asking me to urge the people to hold their cotton from the market until the price set by the Southern Cotton association and the Farmers' union is reached.

"If ever there was a time when the conditions were clear and unmistakable, without there being any complications, it is now. It is a clear case of pure speculation against real conditions. To put the case as it is, so that any one may see what we are paying to gamblers because we are not organized to withstand them, the facts are these: The mills have sold their output for months ahead on a basis of 15 cents per pound; the demand for goods at these prices increasing; the price of the manufactured article actually advancing; the supply of cotton in sight, the present crop unquestionably short, probably 2,000,000 bales less than the supply of cotton for the current year; in excess of the supply; the condition of the crop steadily deteriorating; the mills running full time eager for cotton; no alarming conditions in the money market; no complications at home or abroad, particularly with the spinners 30 days ago buying cotton cheerfully and profitably at 14 cents and 14-1/2 cents per pound. Yet in the face of all these favorable conditions the price has dropped from 21-1/2 cents to 3 cents per pound. Why? Because a few speculators, who neither grow nor spin cotton, please to have it so. The question is squarely up to the South, the whole South, the merchant, the banker, farmer, lawyer, doctor, preacher and laborer in any and every vocation, avocation or profession, whether they will tamely submit to this outrage, whether they will allow these gentry to exact a toll from us, at their pleasure, of from \$10 to \$25 per bale or whether they will put their price on their property and so accept any other. The only answer to this absurd decline is to refuse to take the prices offered.

"In the West they are making a brave stand. They are complaining bitterly that the Atlantic States are not standing for the price agreed upon. How true this is, I am not able to say. Let every man in South Carolina who has cotton to sell drop me a postal card saying how many bales he has and how many he will hold. I will compile the number and give it to the public, so that we may know what to depend upon. If we would absolutely refuse to sell a bale of cotton now, stop receipts, then reaction would be immediate.

"The only possible way to remedy this outrageous condition is to refuse to submit to it.

"With present conditions warranting 15-cents cotton, acknowledged by all parties to be worth 15 cents, if the present put it on the market at present prices, then we acknowledge that neither the supply and demand, the condition of trade and finance, or the cost of production have anything to do with the price or value of cotton, but simply the caprice of a few millionaire gamblers. Surely we are paying dearly for the privilege of being disorganized, for being without warehouses, without organized capital to hold our cotton.

"Can not each community meet at once and devise means, where there are none, to help each other to hold cotton. It will take organized cooperation to accomplish our purpose.

"Every bale sold at the present prices means a gift of \$15 to \$20 per bale to the gambling bunch to enable them to take a like or a greater amount from your next bale.

"Ex-Gov. D. C. Heyward, who is president of a warehouse company in this State, informed me that he is doing all in his power to secure funds and to provide warehouse facilities for the farmers in this emergency. So that all parties interested can communicate with Ex-Gov. D. C. Heyward in reference to the matter." "E. D. Smith."

CRUSHED BENEATH WHEELS

Two Lady Delegates to Bible Convention Killed by Railroad.

Mrs. Henry Holmes and Mrs. U. G. Munsell of Springfield, Mass., delegates to the convention of Bible Students of America, in session at Norfolk, Va., were run down by a Norfolk & Western switch engine in that city Saturday night almost within sight of their husbands and instantly killed.

No headlight was on the tender of the engine nor was there a flagman on the running board as the train backed out the Merchants' and Miners' warehouse across Main street.

The crew declared they heard no screams and saw no one, although eye witnesses say that the women shrieked at the top of their voices.

Caught by the brake beam of the tender their clothing became entangled in the rods and they were dragged for several hundred yards. Their bodies were found a few feet apart.

SIX HUNDRED DROWN.

Great Loss of Life in Prevailing Floods in Japan.

Japanese advices just received tell of great loss of life due to the prevailing floods in Japan. The river Otanishiga, overflowed its banks and caused the destruction of the town of Fukucheyama, near Violo. Six hundred of the inhabitants were drowned, being unable to escape to higher ground, owing to the sudden rise of the river, which rose over fifty feet.

ELEVEN KILLED.

Cage Plunged Down Shaft Causing Death to Occupants.

IN A MICHIGAN MINE

Seven Were Fatally Injured—Some Pathetic Scenes—Broke Gave Way As Cage Was Descending, and It Shot to the Bottom of the Shaft With the Speed of a Bullet, Killing Dead and Injured in a Mass.

By the plunging of a cage 675 feet down the shaft of the Jones and Laughlin Steel company at Negaunee, Mich., Saturday, eleven men were killed and seven fatally injured.

The cage was making its first descent for the day when the brake on the hoisting drum gave way. Two other men sprang to the assistance of the one at the brake wheel but their combined efforts did not avail and the wire cable continued to unroll from the drum like a weighted thread from a lubricated bobbin. The cage shot down 200 feet before a kink in the rushing cable caused it to part. Then the cage dropped with a thud to the bottom of the shaft, the safety catches failing to operate. The surging of the cable in its mad fight tore out part of the side of the engine house and ripped out several sheaves about the shaft house.

The machinery installed is not entirely new, but it had been thoroughly overhauled. Workers at the bottom of the mine immediately set about removing the dead. The fall had hurled the bodies together and they lay in one mass, from which several still breathing were taken. They are fatally hurt.

Thousands of persons soon congregated about the mine shaft. In the crowd were the wives and children of the two hundred men employed in the mine. Each thought that her loved one was in the cage. It was fully two hours before the cable was adjusted so that the cage could be raised to the surface and the dead turned over to relatives.

When the miners came from underground and many anxious wives and mothers were relieved of suspense, their joy added to the sorrow of those bereaved, made the scene awful. Priests and preachers moved among the people consoling them and begging them to be calm, but it was hours before a semblance of quiet came to the excited miners and their families.

ELECTROCUTED IN GARAGE

A Machinist Meets Strange Death From Visit to Cellar.

At New York a machinist, Pierre Pollum, met a terrible and strange death in a garage in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, in which he was employed. He went to the cellar to get a piece of shafting, and presently Charles Reilly, the proprietor of the garage, and John Foley and another employee heard him screaming in agony. They ran down the cellar stairs, which are wood, to find him writhing about in four inches of water which covered the cellar floor.

Foley leaped into the water to aid Pollum, but suffered a severe shock, the water being heavily charged with electricity. He regained the steps, however, and quickly got a pair of rubber gloves. By means of these and a plank Pollum was taken from the water but he soon died.

An electric cable runs into the garage cellar and from it the batteries of automobiles are charged. In some cases the insulation on part of this cable had been scraped off, which permitted the current to escape into the water which had leaked into the cellar.

FARMERS COMBINE.

The Grain Growers in the Northwest Will Fight Harriman.

Wheat growers in the Palouse belt, south of Spokane, Wash., where several counties will each yield more than 9,000,000 bushels of grain, this season, have organized a farmers' union for the purpose of handling their product and establishing independent warehouses to combat the Oregon Railroad and Navigation company, operated in Washington and Oregon as part of the Harriman system.

James Walters, a bonanza rancher of Garfield, is at the head of the organization. It has already shipped 500,000 bushels of wheat to the Pacific coast over an opposition road, which, it is given out, will get the rest of the business. He says that as soon as the crop is harvested the union will organize the farmers in every town and hamlet in the inland empire, embracing 150,000 square miles.

FOUR PERSONS KILLED.

Collision Between Freight and Work Train Near Alamo, Ga.

Four persons were killed early on Sunday in a collision between a freight train on the Seaboard Air Line railroad near Alamo, Ga. The bodies of the four men killed were taken to Americus aboard a special train. The dead are: Engineer Charles Hines of Americus. The colored fireman and colored brakeman. An unknown white man, supposed to be a tramp. The conductor escaped injury, as the caboose was not derailed. The wreck was caused by a washout. Little information regarding the wreck has been received.

"But" asked the proprietor of the Bontong apartments, "you think this man is the best one for the job for janitor?" "The best ever!" replied the manager. "He has been an ice-man, a coal-man and a street car conductor. He's as sassy and impudent as he can be."—Philadelphia Press.

It is a great pity that Carrie Nation can't stumle on her "affinity" and settle down.