### MAYOR PRO TEM.

The Work of the Twin Brother.

lar on the desk. The face of the fe-male that masquaredes as the goddess will do us up, but I guess they won't

attending a lawn party, for which on Dick whistled softly and thought. mild dissipation he had little taste. If | ate office door, "There are some letit had been a baseball game now, or ters," he began. a football match, or a boxing contest -anything with "go" in it-but a against," growled Dick, closing his tangle. desk with a bang. "You may shut up this morning," remarked the secreshop," he said to his Ganymede, "I'm | tary

going out to a Tuxedo giggle grind." Dick's twin brother, John Fowie, was his exact image, but mentally they were wholly unlike. In their boyhood the latter was called the tame Fowie, to distinguish him from Dick, the wild one; but the brothers had reached the parting of the ways long ago. It was written that John should be selected mayor of a thriving inland city, while Dick dabbled in stocks and enjoyed himself hugely on a small income, and if his way of life savored of the world, the flesh and the devil, there was, at

least, no canting hypocrisy in it. Since their paths had turned at right angles Dick rarely saw his good brother; which was just as well for the latter's peace of mind; therefore, the Honorable John was not at all delighted when he met his brother face to face at the garden party.
"Hello, Jack?" cried the wild one,
"when did you fly the coop?"

"I came to the city this morning, Richard," replied the mayor gravely, "and having some little time at my disposal I accepted an invitation to come

"All right," said Dick, taking his brother's unwilling arm, "come up to the house and have a joit."

Excuse me, but-"Well! Did you come out here to play lawn tennis?" Certainly not. But I have no de sire to mix with any rum-and-brandy

"So?" interrupted Dick. "When do you return to your bosky dell?"
"I start for home tomorrow night."
"Then you will be in town this even-

"I hardly think so. The fact is, Richard, I don't care to be where a wire can reach me." "The deuce you say. You haven't been looting a bank?"

"Richard!" "Or eloping with somebody's wife?" "No, I haven't!" snapped his honor. "The reason, if you must know, is that the aldermen vote tomorrow on a certain measure, and I thought best to be away on business at the time."

"Um!" mused Dick. "What is the measure?' "Oh," impatiently, "something you would not understand. It's a sort of And the honorable John moved away, leaving his brother in a brown study. "Crooked work," he thought, "and if Jack has a hand in

Suddenly an idea came to him. Either the adversary or John's guardian ange! was responsible for it-one can never be sure about such things—aided, perhaps, by the several "Manhattans" that Dick had imbibed. And that is why the wild Fowle boarded the Pacific Express at 9 o'clock that night and found himself

morning in the city where his eminent brother had sway. "I'll be mayor and run the street for shady, I'll bear the market and block

at a seasonable hour on the following

Dick experienced his first taste of power and position in the restaurant where he breakfasted. The proprietor himself bowed him to a seat, and his was served with refreshing

'Now for the city hall and trouble, thought Dick, as he sallied forth. But trouble came before he reached the mayor's office, for he had scarcely turned into the street when a large man, with a face suggestive of cloves and things, planted himself aggressively before him, saying: "How's this, eh? I thought you was goin' to stay out o' sight until—you understand?"

'Had to come back-private busi-"Oh, very well," said the big man, falling in step. "Course it's your own affair, but you seemed so blamed anxious to keep your own skirts clean; say," impatiently, "Sullivan's talking out loud!

Uh-huh-blast him! Blew off at a meetin' over on the West Side last night an Meech is shaky." 'Are you sure?" Dick was feeling

his way.
"Course I am. Sullivan made a regular to do: fed 'em a lot o' swoggle about unholy combinations, municipal robbery and all that. But I've got a grip on Meech, an' if he tries to bolt squeeze. Dick reflected, "It's a blind pool I'm

in on, but this big lobster is crooked for fair, all right." "'F course," continued the other,
"we can smash 'er through without
Meech, but his wobblin' may scare some others, so we've got to choke him

'All right. I'll see Meech myself," volunteered Dick. 'What!" His companion stared at him in wild-eyed amazement.

"You heard me," calmly.
"Yes, I heard," retorted the other,
"but hang me if I understand. Just afore you left you says: "Burke," Burke, must remember thought Dick) "Burke," you says, "I'm goin' away until the thing is settled

where none o' the opposition can find An' now---"And now," interrupted Dick, "I see I'm needed here."
Burke seemed puzzled. "I s'pose you're goin' to your office"-they were opposite the city hall—"but say," he added in an undertone, "you don't look just right. Must have had a regular old

regular down there, eh?" 'Keep mum," said Dick with a know-"Oh, I'm fly," answered Burke.
"Been there myself a few, so don't

think none the worse o' you. Now don't forget-the thing goes through this afternoon. So long. Ho! Ho! Ho! You're all right." And Burke lumbered

"Jack will have a reputation as a rounder, anyhow," thought Dick, with a wicked grin as he mounted the stairs, 'and I'll just keep up that 'day after' It will account for my apparent forgetfulness.

There was a door signed "Mayor's Office" across the hall. Office" across the hall. "The throne room," commented Dick. "Enter the

A freckled-faced office boy was expounding facts to a messenger.
"I'm tellin' you his nibs ain't here," he was saying. Then, catching a sight of Dick, he ejaculated: "Hully gee!" and dove into an adjoining room.

"A letter for you, sir," said the messenger. It was a brief note informing "Dear Mr. Fowle" that "mamma tells andum of everything, so you won't get twisted. All's off with Burke's girl, am delighted to hear it. Some of those

"If heads, I go." And he spun a dol- | precious reformers (?) headed by that male that masquerades as the goddess came up.

Dick was gambling with himself over gagement for this evening." Whereupon Dick whistled softly and thought A young man appeared at the priv-

"All right," responded Dick, cheer-ally. "We'll attend to them." Which fully. he did with a rapidity that made the lawn party! "Just the sort of dopy secretary gasp, and would give Brothaffair that Jack likes to snuggle up er John some bad quarter hours to un-

"What show?" incautiously. The secretary looked surprised. "The show in which children take part," he replied. "The agent of the Gerry Society objected, you know."
"Oh, he did, did he?" observed Dick.
"Wonder if he thinks he's mayor of this burg?'

"That so? Well, they shall appear and that society may go to the dick-

"But you told him the children should

"Couple o' men to see you, sir," grinned the office boy. 'Who are they?"

"Meech and Sullivan." "Show them in." "Eh? All right, sir." The boy retreated, followed by the secretary, to whom he whispered: "Say, his nobs must be goin' daffy. Tought he'd a

said to trun 'em out!'

Dick received his visitors cautiously and sent the boy after a box of cigars. "Good ones, mind you, or there'll be a vivisected kid in your family," and the freckled urchin fled in amaze. John never smoked during business hours. "He's off his line for keeps," com-mented the youth as he looked at the "scale" which he received on his re-turn. John never tipped anybody. turn. John never tipped anybody. "Now, gentlemen, let's have it," said

"Well, sor," began Sullivan, fingering his cigar awkwardly, "ye've received us wit much cordialness, an' we're beholdin' t' ye for it. Now here's Meech, an honest mon, as ye know, who wants t' do what's right. An' a belave ye're honest, too, in th' main.'

"Thank you," dryly.
"Wall, I wouldn't be sayin' th' same t' Burke.' "Then you doubt Burke's honesty?" "Mebbe. That's as may be. Any-how, that franchise bill iv his is a

dom stale. Dick glanced at Meech, who sat with bowed head, nervously rubbing his hands together. Sullivan grasped the situation. "Perhaps ye'd talk more also in private," he remarked discreety, and without waiting for a reply he

tip-toed from the room.

There was silence for a little time, then Meech said slowly: "I came to see you today, John, because Nellie insisted that I should do so. I had already decided to vote against the bill in spite of Burke's threats."
"What does he threaten?"

"He owns the house next to mine, John, and he swears that if I go against him he'll put a crowd in there that will drive us out."
"He does, eh?" "He's capable of it. But, there-I've

done just what Nellie said I must not

"What was that?" asked Dick curig ously, "Well," Meech hesitated a little, then effort. "Since you went on with an effort. "Since you were elected mayor you haven't been to see Nellie. Now I don't know how matters stood between you and my lita few hours, anyhow," he thought, the girl, John, for I'm not one to ask and if Jack is mixed up in anything questions. I've seen her cry some, but questions. I've seen her cry some, but she has never said anything, and if you prefer Stella Burke—I've seen you with her now and then-why, you're your own master, and we have some pride. But today Nellie asked me to see you—for the memory of the past, she said—and to ask you for the sake of your own good name to oppose the

bill. "I'll do it!" with sudden fervor, "And I'll smash it so thoroughly that—but, I say," he went on doubtfully, "do you think they are strong enough to pass it over my veto?

"I doubt it. There are a couple of others—Jones and Davis—who could not be bought, yet may be bullied into voting for it. Now, if they think that you will back them up—"
"Won't I, though?" interrupted Dick.

"I'll wipe Burke and his whole little corner clean off the board." "You won't lose by it, John," said Meech, earnestly, "for when the people see what you are, nobody can hold them in."
"Never mind that. You tell Jones

and Davis that I'll ack them up if they vote against the grab. And an-other thing. Tell Nellie I haven't changed in the least-that I don't care the weight of a fly's wing for Miss Burke—and that I shall call tomorrow night, if nothing happens."

"All right, John, and it's a pleasant message to carry. God bless you."
There was a happy look on Meech's face as he left the room. "Send after Burke," said Dick to the secretary, "and tell him to come here

at once. When the big fellow strode in a few minutes later, with an air of owning the whole city, Dick wasted no time over preliminaries, "Look here, Burke," he said, "that franchise scheme of yours is a plain, old-fashioned steal, and it doesn't go. Burke glared with fierce amazement.

Then he blurted out: "What the dickens do you mean?" "I mean that I've cornered the market, and the deal's off."

"Meech has been whining, eh? Well, hang him, I'll-" "No you won't," returned Dick.
"You'll let him alone, and you'll let
Jones and Davis alone; and you'll talk
oft and he wishten soft and be mighty respectful, or I'll ventilate the whole thing in court! Then, understand, somebody will wear stripes!

Burke was paralyzed, limp, broken up. "Why, your honor, I-I thought-" Exactly. You thought that I was a confounded rascal, too; but for once you were mistaken!" "Well-er-what am I to do?" Burke had collapsed utterly. He looked about

half his usual size. "Do? Drop it—drop it like a hot poker! Tell them I'm against it that Tell them I'm against it-that crooked work is below par, off the board entirely, in this town hereafter." The next morning, as Brother John stepped off the train at the station where he was to change cars for home, he was surprised to find Dick awaiting him. "What are you doing here?"

"Pay attention and I'll tell you," answered Dick calmly. "I've kept you straight, Jack. I was mayor pro tem yesterday, when I sat down on Burke and killed his steal!

John was livid. "Why, you impertin-ent rascal! I'll-" ent rascal! "Shut up! I've made you solid with the people down there, you duffer, and they're going to send you to the legislature this fall. There's a box of good cigars on your desk. Smoke 'em, and he a man after this. Here's a memor-

Meech, who thinks you're a little tin god, or I'll come up and give every-thing away, and punch your head in the bargain! There's my train! Good-

A few weeks later the wild Fowle received the following laconic letter:
"Dear Richard: Nomin ted yesterday for assembly by acclamation. Married Nellie today. Much obliged to

## HAVE TASTED SALT OF BATTLE

Lord Kitchener's Speech to the Marvelous Incident of American Johannesburg Volunteers.

The Salt of Battle a Fine Thing, But Darkey, Blown Hundreds of Feet by It Should Not Be Exalted Unduly.

Every man who is in love with his profession naturally glorifies it. Consequently, Lord Kitchener excites no surprise when he tells the Johannesburg volunteers in an after-dinner speech that they have tasted the salt of life and its savor will last them a lifetime. There spoke the great general, the keen soldier, exulting in danger and 'deeds of derring-do, and no one would chasten the spirit which has saved an empire.

But are danger and courage on the field of battle the only salt of life? The history of the British empire is plentifully besprinkled with such salt, and the British bones that whiten every shore testify that many thousands were of the great general's way of thinking. The salt of battle has a wild and riotous flavor; it tunes men up to do in hot blood splendid things which amaze the world when set down in cold print; it is indeed a wonderful, world-compelling elixir. The salt of battle is a fine thing, and may we never lack the men who will upon occasion place it beyond all other savors, but let us not exalt it unduly. Leave that to the generals, whose business it is, and let even the generals remember that the salt of battle is nothing unless it has the savor of righteousness to keep it company. In the flush of warlike triumph let us call to mind that he who conquers his own heart is greater than he who takes a city. There are thousands of brave men, quiet, everyday folk, in our midst who have never shouldered a musket or faced a foe in the field. Many thousands who have sacrificed themselves on the altar of responsibility to those dependent on them. Many thousand men who go out into the world every day to face with cheerful eye and dauntless heart the labors, the marches, and the defeats of life. The Salt of Battle—yes. But there are other and more prosaic struggles—the struggle to do the right-struggles that end only with the close of life itself, struggles that always mean a measure of defeat. Give the soldier all the honor that is his due, but crown him, too, wherever he may be, who does his duty faithfully constantly, modestly, without parade of banners and fanfare of trumpets. And let us hope and give thanks we believe it true that the salt of pattle which our Canadian citizen soldiers shared to the full in South Africa has

### EMINENT AUTHORITY FINDS NEW DANGER

not spoiled their taste for those bat-

tles of peace which know no armistice.

London Lancet Unearths a New Worry for Mankind.

The London Lancet, which is one of the most alert and enterprising of all medical journals in the gentle art of medical journals in the gentle art of was probably to blow most of this making life unpleasant for mankind, particular fort out of existence. It or that large portion of it which still believes in doctors, has now discovered a new source of apprehension, if not of danger, and announces it with a violence of protest which is startling. It has found a new and deadly herd of microbes, and they are lying in wait for their prey in the place least suspected-namely: in the breakfast table letter. According to this eminent authority, when materfamilias-for it is to be presumed paterfamilias gets his mail at the officeopens her letter out swarms multitudes of microbes, like Wordsworth's daffodils, "continuous as the stars that shine," and spread themselves over the bacon and eggs and granulated excelsior, ending their grand rush with an onslaught upon the flapjacks. As the letter has not been disinfected and materfamilias, at that hour of the day, may have neglected to render her fingers immune by some antiseptic, she not only exposes herself but all the rest of the family to attacks from these unwelcome visitors.

Fortunately the danger from the breakfast table letter microbe is not as widespread in this country as in England, where late breakfasts are the rule. The majority of people in this country eat their breakfasts long before the letter carrier gets round for his first delivery. Hence the Hence microbes which he brings with him may swarm over the furniture or settle in the draperies of the sittingroom, whence they are not so likely to get into the internal economy and play havoc as they are from the vantage ground of steaks and rolls. Thus there is a great advantage in early breakfasts. People who are so lazy or who have so little to do that they need not eat breakfast before 9 or 10 o'clock do not deserve any sympathy, however thickly the menu may be crowded with microbes.

But if this quest for microbes goes on much longer what will become of the human race? Already we have been told that we breathe, and eat, and drink them in air, food and water by millions. Millions more, it is found. are lying in wait for us in the clothes we wear, the books we read, the money we handle, the letters we open, the dust we breathe, the smoke we inhale, the flowers whose perfume delights us and the hands we shake. It is microbes everywhere. Is it not time that the savants quit hunting up new varieties of microbes and try to find out some way of killing off those they have already found? Is it kind to tell us that we are infested with microbes and menaced by fresh myriads on every hand and then leave us defenseless? Is it any wonder humanity grows pessimistic, and dyspeptic, and bad tempered?

Lockjaw Follows a Burn.

New York, June 27.—Bertha Israel, 4 years old, the daughter of Isidor Is-rael, a jeweler, who is stopping in a

hotel at Bay Seventeeth street, Bath Beach, for the summer, died in Mount Sinai Hospital, from lockjaw. A week or so ago, while playing in front of the hotel, she picked up the end of a live electric light wire, which had broken and fallen from a pole. She could not let go of the wire until a man came along and knocked it from her hand with a whip. She was treated by a doctor and was sent to the hospital.

# LIKE A HUMAN CANNON BALL

Civil War.

the Explosion of a Mine, Rose

and Walked Away. Before accepting the story (which appears in the July St. Nicholas) about the negro who was "emancipated" by the explosion of a mine at Vicksburg, careful inquiry was made as to the truth of that incident. The inquiry resulted in finding out that the late Theodore R. Davis, well known as artist and war correspondent during

the civil war, was present at the explosion and saw the negro fall to the ground. The incident is referred to in the novel, "The Crisis," by Winston Churchill. Mr. Davis' letter follows: Dear St. Nicholas,-Yes, it is true that a colored slave escaped unhurt and became a freeman when a ton of gunpowder was exploded under one of the forts built by the Confederate soldiers for the defense of Vicksburg,

and after a short explanation of the situation I will tell you exactly how it The city of Vicksburg is built on very hilly ground on the east side of the Mississippi River, and when it became Gen. Grant's task to capture this strongly fortified city, Grant's army was camped in Louisiana on the west side of the Mississippi. After much planning Gen. Grant managed to move his army across the river in steam-boats, and then to be successful in the hard battles fought against Gen Pemberton's army, which tried hard to drive Gen. Grant's men back. Unable to do this Gen. Pemberton's men hurried back to their strong fortifications about Vicksburg, followed by Grant's army, which, after unsuccessfully trying to fight its way into Vicksburg, went to work building earth forts and trenches cailed rifle pits. The soldiers of each army were busy shooting cannon-balls, rifle-bullets and mortar-shells at one another, and these dangerous things came so thick and fast that a soldier on either side ran a great risk whenever he showed his hands above the protecting earth-works. The digging and shoveling and shooting went on, and Grant's men steadily pushed ahead with their zigzag roads, which were sunk deep enough in the earth to screen the toiling soldiers from the sharp eyes and whizzing bullets of Pemberton's men, who could not safely reach up to look over to see exactly what was going on, although they knew that Grant's

men had dug away on their approaches, or saps, as the zigzags are called until they could walk into the ditch of the fort, and they also knew was exactly what they had done-for long, narrow tunnel had been dug at the end of which a cave or chamber was scooped out large enough to hold, in several distinct piles, nearly 3,000 pounds of gunpowder—each pile connected to the others by trains of loose powder and fuses. The tunnel had been tamped, or filled, and at 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon, June 26, 1863, the fuse which led out into the ditch of the fort was lighted, and Gen. Logan, commanding the division of Gen. Grant's forces at this point ordered everybody back a safe distance from the expected explosion, which was my duty and wish as war correspondent to see precisely what happened, and to be present at the attack which was to follow, so I did not go back far. Boom! Two more booms nearly together. A great round cloud of snowy-white smoke broke from the crest and side of the fort, followed instantly by a vast cloud of earth and dust. was like a tornado, and out of it something whilled eastward over of the trenches, and presently struck on the side of a sap between two gabions (fortification baskets), then fell into the sap. It was a man's body. "Poor fellow," I thought, "another of war's victims." I turned to look again, when, starting to follow the attacking party, now rushing forward to gain the crater made by the explosion, I saw the supposed

traveling with surprising rapidity-his luck again—toward a safer localthan his landing-place. explosion had fallen, a barrier. The fort was not destroyed, but a lodgment had been gained towards the The Stars and Stripes Stars and Bars waved with only the separating space of a few yards of earth. It was at a point directly between the two flags, as I learned later, that the flying man

had been digging when the mine was The incident of the afternoon was over, so I started back through the heat and dust of the hither and thither going saps to the navy battery, whose big gun thundered away, hurling shortfused shells over the saps into the fortifications beyond and above them. Finding Gen. Logan at his headquarters near by, I asked concerning the sky-rocket man.

"Come see him," said the general. "Belle has him-a hungry contra-"Where's your contraband?" I ask-

ed Isabella, Gen. Logan's courageous

colored cook. "Dar in dat shell-hole, loading his-Dat nigger's nuffin but feathers -at 's w'at saved him, shua. I's gwine ter keep him, too, fer de luck he's boun' to bring headqua'ters." And she did. The darky was a droll fellow, and quite unhurt from the quick-transit experience, when he left the shovel in the Confederate fort, and landed unhurt some hundreds of feet away among the labyrinth of rifle-pits, at a point a few days later

I pointed out to Gen. Grant, who re-

marked the escape as most wonder-

THE WORLD IS FULL OF PAINS .-The aches and pains that afflict humanity are many and constant arising from a multitude of indistinguishable causes, but in the main owing to man's negligence in taking care of his health. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil was the outcome of a universal cry for some specific which would speedily relieve pain, and it has filled its mission to a remarkable degree.

Monsignor R. Sanz De Samper, who was sent to Mexico three months ago with instructions to endeavor to reestablish diplomatic relations between that republic and the Vatican, reported that he has been successful.

## Back Platform Talks.

Concerning Cupid and His Work.

The philosopher of the Broadway car wore an unusually pleasant smile as he braced himself against his favorite section of the back platform

"Vell," he said, "I see our oldt friendt Coopid has chust finished anodder chob in de usual habby vay.' "Coopid?" repeated the Miles aven-

ue man.
"De god of lofe," said the philosopher. "De leetle poy mit de bow und
de arrows, und no cloding vorth men-

tioning." "Ah, yes," smiled the Miles avenue man. "I've heard of the scamp. What about him?" The philosopher pointed to the floor

of the platform with one chubby fore-finger and chuckled. "In de vorts of my late friendt, Sherlog Holmes," he said, "Pehold de glue!'

"Why, it's rice," said the Miles avenue man. "Funny place for a wedding journey to begin." "Maybe de habby pair vas trying to escape from de tormendors," suggested the philosopher. "Anyway, de rice is dere und it can haf but vun meaning. Und who effer it vas aimed at, may dey findt all de habbiness dey expect, und may it chointly abide mit dem till de last gootby is vispered.' To the unknown happy pair," said the Miles avenue man gravely. "We

will drink that in sience, gentlemen." There was a little pause.
"Chune," said the philosopher thoughtfully, 'is de month of rice, und oldt shoes, und dressmakers, und breachers fees. Chune is de month ven de society reborter cuts loose, und gets tangled oop, und ends by vishing marriage vas an unknown sacrament. I vas married in Chune myself."

"No," said the Miles avenue man.
"Yes," said the philospher. "I feel
I am gwite justified in being sure apout it, pecause I vas dere. It vould haf peen a pooty small vedding mitout me. Chust vun of dese gwiet home affairs dot de society reporter likes to write apout. Dere vasn't any crate brofusion of flowers, und no pridal canopy, und de elegant vedding sooper vasn't served unter a tent, und de Louis Quince drawing-room didn't show a prewailing tone of vasn't served unter a laventer. It wasn't necessary borrow any bing-bong tables "Public display de vedding bresents, ductor."

Back Blatform Talk-Display bee und if I hat looked from Chune to edernity I voodn't haf found no \$50,-000 check from Lena's papa nestling behind de costly bricky-bracks."

The little audience laughed. "Of course you didn't miss it," said

the Miles avenue man. "I vas young, und proud, und werry much in lofe," said the philosopher, "und I ton't pelieve I missed anyding.
To me Lena could not haf seemed more peautiful if she hat vorn a dress dot looked like a dress made in Paris. Und ven I handet de oldt minister dree dollars und thanked him kindly, his 'Gott guard you' vas chust as earnest as though I hat shoved a hun-dert dollar bill into his trembling

The philosopher paused and puffed heavily at his pipe. "Ve vere chust plain und simple folks," he said, "and dere is no doubt ve showed our feelings in a vay dot might not be gonsidered gwite de fashionable sort of ting nowadays. Maybe de vedding seemed more serious to us pecause ve hat nodding else to distract our addention. Ven de time came for me to take Lena avay, und Lena's mutter cried, und Lena cried, und Lena's leedle sister made gwite a scene, und Lena's stern oldt fader hat tears in his eyes, I felt chust like vun of dose sookcessful robber parons, und I gloried in it-although I tink it werry likely I vas a leetle damp aroundt de eyevinkers meyselluf."

The philosopher paused again. "And you went away on a wedding tour?" said the Miles avenue man. "Ve vent to lock at oldt Niagara," laughed the philosopher. "I hat peen dare vonce pefore und vas werry proud to show Lena aroundt. Und I guess likely dot it vas pecause ve vere sooch a modest und gwite incignificant coople dot nopody noticed dot ve vere chust married—und ve vouldn't haf noticed it if dey hat noticed it."

The philosopher looked around with a quick smile. "Dot habby day in Chune vas de werry luckiest day I haf effer known," he said and nodded solemnly as if emphasizing the statement.

As he turned his head his eyes rested on the dyspeptic conductor.

"Are you familiar mit married life, my friendt?" he asked. The conductor shook his head.
"Try it," said the philosopher. "It

vill make a new man of you." "Public square," shouted the con-

# GOLD FILLING CAUSED HANGING

A Peculiar Case in Which Teeth Played Unusual Part.

Inspector Shea's Testimony Led to Conviction of Murderer in Pennsylvania.

Anthony Daily was a farmer on a that Grant's men were probably bur-small piece of land near Norristown, rowing away under the fort, which Pa. He was a bachelor, living in a small house four miles from anybody else, and more money than he had ever possessed was invested in the cattle with which the little farm was stocked. His promissory notes were in the hands of a number of other small farmers who were scarcely better off than he, and it was this fact, almost as much as any other, that led, years ago, to bring about the hanging of

the man who killed Daily. Daily had arranged one cold winter day to butcher his hogs. A queer neighborhood character was to be one of his assistants, and this man had gone to get further help from a neighbor. The neighbor came, the hogs were killed and dressed and laid out to cool before Daily should start with them the next morning for Norristown. The neighbor went home at dark, and Daily and the man Wilson lay down in their clothes and slept, Daily himself sleeping on an old spring couch of peculiar pattern.

There, as he slept, Wilson came with a cleaver and cut Daily's head off at a blow. Then he cut the legs off at the trunk, and, packing the body into three runnysacks, drove down to the river in early morning, cut a hole in the ice, and dropped the sacks into the swift current below. With the body disposed of, Wilson drove back to the house, loaded the hogs into a sleigh, drove to Norristown, and sold them. Going back to the Daily farm he loaded everything portable into the sleigh, set fire to the house, drove to Phila-Most of the earth thrown out by the delphia, and, selling everything for explosion had fallen, a barrier. The sish, disappeared.

Daily was missed, naturally, but he d been owing nearly every man in the neighborhood for cattle, and as his farm was only rented and as his bones had not been found in the ruins of the house, gossip settled with the creditors at nothing on the dollar.

SECOND MYSTERIOUS DISAP-PEARANCE.

Early the next spring Norristown became excited over a mysterious disap-pearance. A butcher's helper was missing, and the butcher was arrested. arcely was he locked up before some fishermen found a gunnysack in the river containing a dismembered head. The search revealed the rest of the body, still in gunnysacks; it was identified as that of the German butcher, and was buried in a German grave yard, with a stone marked as sacred to the memory of Hans Something or other. But the courts could not convict the butcher. They tried hard enough, but failed, and the result was that the county simply "was out" two

fairly good citizens.
Several years went by, when one summer afternoon, sitting in the office in the Central station, Chicago, Chief Shea looked up from his desk to see a peculiar figure of a man before him.
"I'm a murderer," the fellow said: "take me back to Norristown, and hang me.

Chief Shea's answer was a not-soft invitation to the fellow to walk back to Norristown, that he was not giving free transportation to hoboes. fellow insisted with so much earnestness that he finally was locked up, and his story, as it has been outlined, was accepted as fact. The chief of detectives wrote to the Norristown authorities, and a man was sent on to take the fellow back. Going back, however, man Wilson reconsidered, and to the authorities denied that he ever had confessed. He was put en trial how-

SHEA SUGGESTS A GOOD CLUE. Pending the trial, Shea wrote to the sheriff of the county, suggesting that if there was truth in the man's story, it

to find the cleaver and the springs of the old couch. And the sheriff raked and found both evidences of the crime. Quite unknown to the defense, this was some of the material evidences of the prosecution when Detective Shea was summoned to Norristown as a witness in the case.

In the meantime the butcher had beer rearrested. Some of the German friends of the butcher's missing assistant insisted on having the body of the victim taken from under the stone "sacred to the memory of Hans Something or other." A brother of Hans was present, and by the evidence of this man the body was not that of Hans. Again the butcher was free and the case wa Wilson's again.

The prosecution, at the suggestion of Shea, called a brother of Daily's to view the body. He suggested, as a certain mark of identification, three teeth in the left upper jaw that had been filled gold in a peculiar manner. The teeth were there. The brother remem-bered the name of the dentist who filled them. The dentist was summoned and recognized his work at a glance. Then it was that Detective Shea went into court, facing a pair of noted lawyers, whose whole line of de fense was to shut out the testimony of the Chicago detective. It was a confession "obtained under duress," stacks of authorities were quoted to show that the testimony was not admissible. While the argument went on Shea beckoned to the prosecution and asked that he propose to the judge to empty the court room of all but the attorneys, hear Shea's testimony, and then decide if it be admissible as evidence. The judge granted the request The story told by Wilson was repeated, and then the incident of raking out the cleaver from the ashes of the

house was told. RESULT WAS A HANGING. The effect was overwhelming. The defense retired to the room in which the prisoner sat and returned in three minutes to withdraw the plea of not guilty, and asking the mercy of the court. "And the judge hanged him higher than Haman,"is Inspector Shea's windup of the story. "I don't know what they did with the hole in the German graveyard where an Irishman had lain

#### NEVER TOO OLD

so long.'

Years No Barrier to a Perfect Cure of Any Disease.

Plattsville, Ont., June 23rd .--(Special.)-Mr. Thomas Lake, an aged gentleman of this village, was convinced that he was too old to hope for a perfect cure of a disease of the Kidneys, which made his back so sore that he could hardly sit up. However, he decided that he would

try a treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and he purchased one box. Before this first box was finished the pain was entirely gone, and he was a well man.

His general health is better than it has been for years, and he says: "One box cured me, and I have no pain in my Kidneys since. "I thank God for Dodd's Kidney Pills.

It is reported that the steamship Indiana is ashore at Anticosti.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup' Hrs. Winslows Sootning Syrup

Has been used for over FIFTY YEARS
by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their
CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with
PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the
CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS
all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is
the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold
by Druggists in every part of the world.
Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow""
Soothing Syrup. Soothing Syrup.

The 2nd Mounted Rifles now in South Africa, are expected to come home soon.

A PLEASANT MEDICINE.-There are some pills which have no other purpose than to beget painful internal disturbances in the patient, adding to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them. One might as well swallow shing them. One might as volumelee's some corrosive material. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have not this disagreeable and injurious property. They are able and injurious property. They are easy to take, are not unpleasant to the taste, and their action is mild and soothing. A trial of them will, prove this. They offer peace to the dyspeptic.

THE SUPERIORITY of Mother Graves'

Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial. Consumption, it it said, is mainly due to insufficiency of fat in our daily food.

Lever's Y-Z(Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap might be discovered, if he would only Powder dusted in the bath softens the rake about in the ashes of the house water at the same time that it disinfects. Powder dusted in the bath softens the