

THREE WARNINGS.

Dr. Townly's lips twitched, but he controlled himself. It was a very serious case. And he knew that men and women had died of fright.

Everybody in Torbett township knew just what was the matter.

Miss Saline Jones, a very estimable lady in middle age, had lain down on her bed knowing that she would soon die. She had received three mysterious warnings. Wherever the case was discussed—and it was talked of now throughout the township and the greater portion of the county—nobody could be found who had ever heard of an instance where a person forewarned had ever received more than three warnings. One was the rule. Cases where two warnings were given the doomed were cited, but they were not so well authenticated.

Miss Jones had lain in bed now three days. Everybody could see her falling. She had a hunted look; her face was pale, sometimes clammy with perspiration. She had not slept now in three nights. Dr. Townly's first resolve was that she should sleep that night—but kept his own counsel.

He really feared the poor lady would die of fright.

After examining her carefully with a puzzled expression he entered the little parlor, which was darkened to keep the flies and the light out, and conversed with Miss Jones' niece, a bright and fairly well-educated girl. The niece had been sent for in haste. She had no patience with the story of the "warnings," but she admitted that she had not had much time to investigate the matter.

She had the forethought, however, to call in the neighbor who had telegraphed her that her presence was required in Torbett.

The neighbor was a member of the leading church in Torbett, who announced herself as the mother of a large family, therefore very conscientious. Miss Jones had not said anything to her until she had slept over the first warning.

"She told me it looked like an angel with wings. She could see the angel's head better than the wings. But the wings were there."

"The doctor knew the story, but he asked Mrs. Bennett gruffly: 'Where?'"

"They were on a melon—a water-melon. It was a melon grown in a patch just back of the henhouse—on the little bench of land very near the ravine."

"Well?" growled the doctor. "I did see the second warning myself."

"What was it like?"

"It was on a melon, too. It looked just like Miss Jones told me. It was just like the branches of a weeping willow."

"Did anybody else see it?"

"My son John saw it, and a half-dozen of the neighbors saw it."

"How big was the tree—the branches, I mean?"

"They covered the breadth of your hand, I am sure."

"Did Miss Jones say she regarded it as a sign she was going to die? Suppose the melon hadn't been pulled—or somebody else had picked it up?"

"That's just it. She didn't get the melons—her little nephew, Tommy—he's about 6 years old—he brought the melons in to her. There was an old patch back there once—she never goes into it. Tommy, he was chasing the hens—and run there and found the melons."

"Then she went to bed, did she?"

"No. She wondered what it meant—asked me what I thought. And I don't say what I thought. It was the first 'sign' I ever saw. And I hope I may never see another."

"Did she show any signs of fright—did she lose her appetite or cry? Was she nervous? Or did she talk much?"

"Neither of the three. She just sat down and rocked herself. If anybody spoke she just looked at us, as much as to say: 'You don't know anything about it. It can't be helped.' Wouldn't be coaxed to eat. We couldn't get her to swallow a cup of tea."

"Well—and then?"

"She got the third warning."

"What was it?"

"It was on another melon. It's not as plain as the others. But hundreds have seen it. It was an overripe melon. Kind of faded away now. She said when Tommy brought it in that she did not need such a plain warning, said she ought to be thankful she got three. And then she laid out her shroud and got into bed. Of course dozens of us were in and out."

"Yes," thought the doctor, "and hundreds more, bigger fools, were telling the story and adding to it."

"What was on the last melon?"

"Just an urn—the same as you see any place."

"Humph!"

"She came over to my house that afternoon. I'd just got the parlor closed and was going to lie down when she walked in without rapping. A thing she never did in her life. 'I am going to die soon,' she said, then she sat down. 'I want you to see that everything is right. You know the most about my things.' I expected then she had another warning, but I wanted to see what she would say—sure enough she had. So I went over with her. Then she showed me the melon. I declare, doctor, I almost fainted then. I had to sit down. And I had to help her into bed and send for the neighbors. That's all I can tell you."

The worst of it was it was all true. Deacon Pritchard had called repeatedly and prayed for her; old friends flocked to the house and filled it from the porch to the sickroom—or, rather, the dying-room, as it was now called.

The leading druggist pooh-poohed

the story. He had a theory. He imagined he could see somebody experimenting with chemicals. But if the experimenter was wise he'd "sing low." But he ought to write a letter confessing how the trick was done—it was nothing but a chemical trick of some sort.

Meanwhile Miss Saline Jones was surely but certainly failing. She could not live a week, in the doctor's opinion, if she fell away at the rate he had reckoned. However, he would adhere to his original plan. He would give her enough to insure sleep for four or five hours. Meanwhile he would "overhaul his log." He had served before the mast when in his teens. The sailor lingo still found utterance when he was puzzled.

His thoughts turned toward the melon patch. As far as he could learn nobody had visited the melon patch, a circumstance that did not surprise a man who argued that not one man or woman in ten could see two inches beyond their noses.

On his way out to his buggy he asked for Tommy. Tommy had been taken in by a friendly neighbor. The doctor sat upright in his buggy when Tommy made his appearance.

He was very much alarmed when the doctor asked him to take a little ride with him—as far as the end of the lane.

"Can you show me near where you got the melons for your aunt, Tommy?" the doctor asked in a kindly voice. Tommy thought he could.

"I'll drive around the old back lot," said the doctor.

A heavy growth of locust screened the old back lot from Miss Jones'



SHE GOT THE THIRD WARNING.

house. The doctor lifted Tommy out of his buggy and entered the old melon patch. He remained in it ten minutes or more.

Had anybody passed that way he would have heard a gurgle like that made by water dropping into a brook. It was the doctor. His broad chest rose and fell, his head shook convulsively, his eyes were cast upward very much to Tommy's alarm. Then he wiped his eyes (Tommy said afterward, "The doctor cried"), and, placing Tommy carefully outside the dilapidated fence, drove rapidly away.

He returned later in the day, and, summoning the neighbors who had seen the last warnings, closeted himself with them in a room. There he displayed to their wondering eyes facsimiles of the picture they saw on the melons. The pictures the doctor exhibited were made on putty, curved to resemble the surface of a good-sized watermelon.

"Now," said the doctor in his briskest tone, "I want you all to come to the 'dying-room' with me."

The wish of skirts that Miss Jones said she was sure was the wings of the angels who would carry her to heaven proved to be the retinue that attended the doctor, fully resolved to carry out his somewhat vague instructions.

The pale face of the spinster flushed slightly as the room filled with her friends.

"Miss Jones," began the doctor in a hearty voice, "I've brought these ladies here for a purpose I am sure they will like. I am going to order them to make as much chicken soup, waffles, gravy and mashed potatoes as they can prepare in an hour's time. They are your guests—my guests also. I'll help foot the bill if it's permitted—in short, nothing would give me more pleasure. When they have everything prepared, I want you to get up and set them a good example by eating just as much as you can. You need it. It won't hurt you a bit. I'd advise you to give your shroud to the poor board—you won't have any more use for it than I have for a fifth wheel in my buggy."

Miss Jones craned her head—she was not sure she was not dreaming. But there were nearly a score of familiar faces. She sat up and gazed at the doctor. The doctor laid down a parcel where she could see it. Opening it, he lifted out three flat pieces of stone, saying:

"I have brought you these stones to show you where your three warnings came from. I found them in the old melon patch where they have been lying ever since Jabez Strong smashed his wagon and broke the headstone designed for his third wife into smithereens. He tossed them over the fence. There are enough left, I should judge, to make a dozen more warnings. Provided the melon lying on them is big enough to gather weight—"

The doctor never finished his remarks.

Of all the women present no two can be found who will agree as to the precise words Miss Jones used. She lifted one stone, smiled, sat up, demanded her clothes immediately, got up, selected two of her visitors to assist her, drove the others out of the room amid peals of laughter, and speedily repaired to her kitchen.

All the women agree upon one thing

—that she got up one of the best dinners they ever ate, and one and all aver that she violated all rules by the way she ate when she had served her visitors.

WISER THAN THE PROFESSOR.

Old Colored Woman Who Knows Something About Fossils.

A scientific gentleman of Washington, who is greatly interested in fossil remains, recently received a very fine specimen, purporting to be of the Devonian or some other old period. He was delighted, and he called in all his friends to decide on what manner of thing the animal was during its lifetime. They were not able to decide, and they were on the point of appealing to some of the government geologists. The great trouble was that the specimen had no head, and the absence of that member combined to make a mystery of the missing link variety. Meanwhile the skeleton was kept carefully guarded in a cabinet especially made for it. One day, after a short absence from the city, the scientist opened the cabinet and found that the fossil had been provided with a head. He was delighted. When he made inquiries his son told him that the friend who had sent him the trunk had found the head and forwarded it to him while he was away. The professor called in his friends, and they decided that the head fitted perfectly, and that it belonged to the fossil. When thus equipped it looked for all the world like one of the dogs one would imagine the cave men to have kept as their pets. The professor felt that he ought to write a treatise on the canines of the paleozoic ages. An old colored woman who takes care of the office came in one day and saw the fossil, with its recent addition. She went up to it and deliberately knocked the head off with her duster. "Fob de Lawd's sake, puffedah!" she exclaimed, "what yo' doin' wid a ol' chicken carcass on yo' skellington?" On minute investigation the professor found that the old woman was correct; but he does not speak to his son now.—Washington Post.

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CITY MAKES THE PROFIT.

How Ownership of Street Railways Operates in Glasgow.

From the beginning Glasgow owned its own street railway lines. It was too careful of its streets to allow any company to control them. Though the conditions under which a company leased the lines for 21 years were highly favorable to the city, at the expiration of the lease it was decided not to renew it. An offer was made to take over the company's rolling stock, stables, etc., on an arbitrator's valuation, on condition that the company should not put on a rival line of buses. As this was declined the council started car shops and equipped the line with new material entirely. On the day of the transfer the competing omnibuses appeared, but the citizens had long experienced the advantages of loyal support of their own government. All the blandishments of the omnibus conductors were unavailing; the omnibuses ran empty, while the street cars were crowded, and soon the chagrined rivals withdrew from the uneven contest. Scotch shrewdness has been justified of her children. For short distances a system of 1-cent fares has been introduced; the cars have been made more elegant and comfortable; electric traction is being installed. In one year the number of passengers was doubled; and after paying interest on the capital and providing an adequate reserve fund, a surplus of \$200,000 is left to pay for open spaces, baths and wash houses, river ferries, art exhibitions, music and improved sanitation.—Harper's Magazine.

The Australian Bunyip.

Legends of a weird creature called the bunyip, said to have once inhabited the Australian lakes and rivers, still survive at the Antipodes. Whether it was an aboriginal myth or a vanished reality continues to be a debatable point. Some are inclined to think that it was the former, as not a bone or vestige of the bunyip is to be found in any museum or scientific collection. If, however, we are to believe Buckley, the most renowned and remarkable of the wild white men of Australia, the bunyip had a real existence. He alleges that he actually saw one in Lake Modewara, a few miles to the south of Geelong. "The waters of the lake are perfectly fresh, abounding in large eels, which we caught in great abundance. In this lake, as well as in most of the others inland, and in the deep water rivers, is a very extraordinary amphibious animal, which the natives call the bunyip, of which I could never see any part except the back, which appeared to be covered with feathers of a dusky gray color. It seemed to be about the color of a full-grown calf and sometimes larger. The creature only appears when the weather is very calm and the water smooth. I could never learn from any of the natives that they had seen either the head or the tail, so that I could not form a correct idea of its size, or what it was like."

A Bad Break.

Philadelphia Bulletin: Riva—Did you say, "This is so sudden!" when Jack finally proposed? Nita—No; I intended to, you know, but I was so flustered that I forgot and cried "At last!" instead.

Hot Scotch Wins.

"It's a cold day when I get left," said the proud pink lemonade. "I never get left on a cold day," replied the haughty hot Scotch.

IS HER MONUMENT.

BRAVE CAPTAIN MOLLIE PITCHER'S WELL.

Memento of the Heroine of the Battle of Monmouth is Still in Use and May Be Seen from Passing Trains—Her Heroism.

(Freeland, N. J. Letter.)

Few Americans, perhaps, have noticed as they were whirled across the battlefield of Monmouth in a railroad express train the two upright posts along the tracks near Freeland marking the well of Captain Mollie Pitcher, the heroine of the battle of Monmouth, who long since was buried in the old cemetery at Carlisle, Pa. The well is situated very close to the tracks and can be seen from the rear of the train. It is one of the points of interest on this historic battlefield and is in sight of the old Tenth Church, which was used as a hospital during the fight and in which the blood-stained seats, where the British soldiers were carried from the conflict to die, can still be seen. It may be surprising, but it is nevertheless true, that this famous old well is still in use. The farm of William Augustus Thompson, which is nearby, gets its entire supply of water from this well, water pipes being laid from the farm to the well. The water is said to be as clear and sparkling as spring water and very cool.

Captain Mollie Pitcher was the heroine of the battle of Monmouth, which was fought on the morning of Sunday, June 29, 1778. Tradition says it was in this conquest that General Lee's action in making a retreat caused Washington to utter the only profanity he ever spoke during his life. During the fierce fight Mollie Pitcher, an Irish woman and the wife of a member of one of the New Jersey artillery companies, with her bucket of cool water drawn from this well, quenched the thirst of the heated Yankee soldiers.

Captain Mollie was of masculine build and dressed in a mongrel suit with the petticoats of her own sex and an artilleryman's coat, cocked hat and feathers. She was a sturdy camp-follower, only 22 years of age, and in devotion to her husband, who was a

the enemy scaled the ramparts, her husband, who served the cannon, dropped his match as he was about to touch off the gun and fled. Mollie caught it up, touched off the piece and then scampered off. It was the last gun fired from the fort.

ELIZABETH WINDLE EWING.

(Phoenixville, Pa., Letter.)

Mrs. Elizabeth Windle Ewing, president of the National Association of Army Nurses and a resident of this place, was one of the conspicuous persons at the Grand Army encampment.

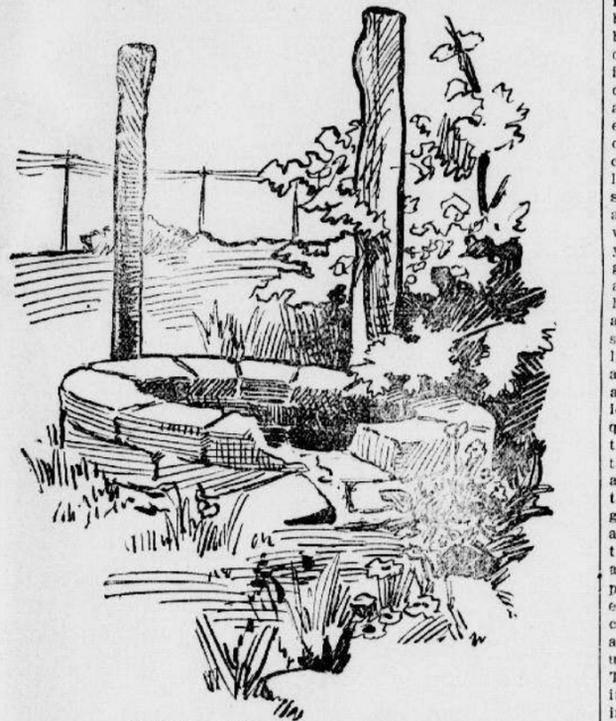
Mrs. Ewing was born in the historic village of Valley Forge, about fifty-eight years ago, and grew to womanhood among the valley hills where Washington and his half-starved army lay encamped that memorable winter of '77 and '78. When a child she heard



ELIZABETH EWING.

the stories of the sufferings of the patriot army, and she knew every foot of the ground, every nook and corner of the historic region, and no doubt her environment had much to do with shaping her future life. She married just before the war, and when her first baby was three days old her husband, Emanuel Ewing, a member of an old Chester county family, kissed her goodbye, shouldered his musket and went to the front with Captain John R. Dobson's company.

It was a hard blow to the young wife and mother, but her husband was as loyal as she and felt that he must do



MOLLIE PITCHER'S FAMOUS WELL.

gannier, she illustrated the character of her countrywomen of the Emerald Isle. In the action, while her husband was managing a field piece, she constantly brought him water from a spring nearby. A shot from the enemy killed him at his post and the officer of the day, having no one competent to fill the place, ordered the piece removed from the field.

Mollie saw her husband fall as she came from the well with her bucket of fresh water, and also heard the order of the officer of the day for the removal of the piece. She dropped the bucket, seized the rammer and vowed that she would fill the place of her dead husband at the gun and avenge his death.

She performed the duty with a skill and courage which attracted the attention of all who saw her. On the following morning, while she was still covered with dirt and blood, General Greene presented her to General Washington, who, admiring her bravery, conferred upon her the commission of sergeant. By his recommendation her name was placed upon the list of half-pay officer for life.

She left the army soon after the battle of Monmouth and died near Fort Montgomery, among the Hudson Highlands, soon after the close of the war. She was buried at Carlisle, Pa., where a handsome monument has been erected over her grave by the patriotic citizens in the town.

The widow of General Hamilton, who died in 1854, stated she had often seen Captain Mollie and described her as a stout, red-haired, freckle-faced young Irish woman, with a handsome pair of piercing eyes. Old residents of Fort Montgomery say she generally dressed in the petticoats of her sex with an artilleryman's coat over. She was in Fort Clinton with her husband when it was attacked in 1777. When the Americans fled from the fort as

She asked for Miss Dorothy Dix, who had charge of all the nurses in the hospitals there, and at last had an audience with her. She told Miss Dix that she came to Baltimore to be an army nurse. Miss Dix looked at her for a moment, and then said: "My dear child, you are too young and inexperienced to engage in such work. The awful scenes of suffering and death would chill your young heart. You had better take that baby back home."

"I must and will be a nurse," said Mrs. Ewing. "I'm old enough; I am a wife and a mother. Here is my marriage certificate and here in my arms is my baby boy, a token of motherhood, and, furthermore, my dear husband is here, perhaps dying, and I must nurse him and his comrades who fell with him."

Miss Dix, however, was inexorable and refused to allow Mrs. Ewing to add her name to the roll of army nurses. She left Miss Dix with a heavy heart and again sought Dr. Quick, her old physician at home, and through him she met Dr. George Rex, the surgeon in charge of the Baltimore hospitals. She told her story to him, and after listening to her he said that such devotion should not be thwarted, and on October 3, 1862, Mrs. Ewing, then less than 20 years of age, signed the roll of nurses and entered on her duties. She made an excellent nurse, and many a battle-scarred veteran will never forget how kindly she ministered to him as he lay wounded and suffering in the general hospital.

When her husband saw his wife and baby enter the ward where he lay he was amazed and thought he was dreaming. He chided her for leaving home and begged and coaxed her to return, but in vain, for she told him that she felt she was doing her duty to her God, her country and to her fellow-man, and that nothing but death could deter her from doing her duty.

FRENCH WOMEN AND AGE.

Art Is Made to Conceal Evidences of Advancing Age.

It is doubtless true that the Parisienne manages more successfully than her sisters of any other nation the first traces of advancing years. By the aid of their consummate art wrinkles, those tell-tale finger marks of time are smoothed out successfully; the fat are made slender; the thin have their bones covered; gray and scanty locks become seemingly thick, while their color is optional and a natural bloom is imparted to the skin. In short, the old are made to look young without appearing to be "made up," which everyone concedes is vulgar. Nowhere can this be done successfully, it is claimed, except in Paris. At a woman's luncheon in "gay Comely" last spring a silver-haired but comely society woman, who had the courage of her convictions, exploded a bombshell. "Do you know," she remarked during a general pause, "I am the only woman at this table who does not dye her hair." She was with her intimates and contemporaries and felt she could say what she liked. There immediately arose a general storm of protests and laughter, which ended by everyone admitting that he or she used a "tonic" which had peculiar "restorative qualities," but as for dyeing the hair—that was altogether a mistake! But there comes a time, alas! when art fails and nature resumes her rights. Then the result of Parisian art is veritably ghastly. Suddenly there is a collapse, as it were, of the superstructure, when the skin no longer yields to treatment, and the bloom and bleaches show plainly their application on the withered cuticle, when the false hair only accentuates the lack of age in the face, and the bones of the neck show in an ugly fashion under the ropes of jewels. Therefore, begin to grow old before it is too late. Keep young and charming as long as possible, but do not wait for efforts in that direction to become painful. Try to realize that age has its beauties and attractions as well as youth and endeavor to grow old as gracefully as possible, since to grow old is inevitable.

Can You Say It?

"The first symptoms of insanity," said the head of one of the big asylums, "are generally apparent to a specialist some two or three years before the sufferer becomes actually insane. Again, many thousands of people who die sane are mentally balanced on the verge of madness all their lives. There is only wanting some terrible shock to unhinge their brains."

"Now, every specialist has his own methods of testing the sanity of every person he meets. You see, so accustomed do we become to looking behind a man's brain, we get a mania for so doing. One of the commonest methods is that of giving some sentence generally full of 'r's,' or 's's,' such as 'round the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran,' to be repeated, apparently only for a joke. In reality this is one of the surest tests as to the condition of a man's brain. If he fails to be able to repeat it without getting hopelessly muddled, we, if possible, keep our eye on him."

Disappointed in the Battleship.

A Kansas man who recently visited Puget sound says he was sadly disappointed in the battleship Iowa. "I expected," said he, "to see a vast mountain of iron and steel, with great guns sticking out in every direction, while from her bowels would come continuously a deep, hoarse growl like a bulldog baffled of its prey. Instead it looked more like a raft with little houses and cheese boxes set on it and the only growling we heard was from the non-commissioned officer who said we couldn't come aboard."

The leaps of impulse are considerably farther than the bounds of reason.