FULL DETAILS OF THE DEATH OF SCHLATTER

A California Man Finds His Grave in Sonora, Mexico---How the Healer Came to His End in the Desert.

San Francisco Examiner.

Sschlatter is dead. The "divine" fanatic is no more. Reliable information has come that he perished miserably on a lonely Mexican desert, unattended by any of the thousands who profess themselves cured by his miraculous touch.

Dr. H. F. Gray, of Los Angeles, has just feturned from Casas Grandes, state of Sonora, Mexico. While in Mexico, Dr. Gray came upon Schlatter's lonely grave. He saw all the paraphernalia and wearing apparel of the healer, which are now in possession of the Jeffepoliticia, or chief official, of Casas Grandes.

Dr. Gray says that there is absolutely no doubt that the strange healer came to his death in a lonely Mexican desert about 150 miles below the American line.

Thousands of people will remember Schlatter. His wonderful "cures" in Denver, his great following and the hundreds of all classes who thronged to his apartments, waiting eagerly in the street, in the long line that slowly filed by him in order that the garment might be kissed or the healing touch bestowed, spoke rather of the superstition and credulity of the middle ages than the matter-of-fact skepticism of nowadays.

Divers and many prophets have sprung up in modern times. Some have held popular attention for a month, a year; others have lasted but a day. But none have exerted so great a following as did this uncouth Norwegian shoemaker, who was besought by rich and poor, humble and great, with a strange, feverish intensity that amounted almost to religious fanaticism. For Schlatter, the healer, professed to be endowed with a divine touch.

His faith in himself approached sublimity. Without an apparent feeling of blasphemy he cultivated in his bearing a striking imitation of Christ. His long, flaxen hair, light brown beard, drooping garments, bare feet and an expression of unutterable weariness and ecstatic absorption through which in deeper undertone ran a mournful vein of religious fervor, might easily have betrayed the conscious charlatan had not his "healings" been attended by cures, apparently so thorough and testimony so sincere that his bitterest enemies and those most bent upon his exposure were dumbfounded.

No doubt the cures he effected were the result of suggestion. Before Schlatter's rise to notoriety he had been an humble, ignorant shoemaker, and conducted a little shoe shop in the slums. The man was open-eyed, vacant, superstitious. Intensely religious, his eyes far apart, his feverish, flushed, irregular features made one think of Zola's workers in the field or Millet's man with the hoe. It is not improbable that Schlatter's remarkable success was due to the fact that he thoroughly believed in himself and so made others believe.

In Denver the newspapers were much bent on exposing Schlatter. But they did not succeed. Great crowds of hundreds thronged about the healer—not alone the ignorant, the superstitious, the credulous, but persons apparently of almost every station in life, and the universal enthusiasm concerning the power of this simple shoemaker was marvelous.

Schlatter, after leaving Colorado, went to Las Vegas, then to Albuquerque, and the last sight of him was crossing the Southern Pacific railroad near Deming, N. M. He then passed into Mexico and through the desert to Casas Grandes, found food and shelter for himself and care for his burro with some lonely Mexican families who dwelt in the caves made in the abandoned Mexican mines.

Here the strange healer lived several months, and here he drew about himself a small following among the Mexican mine laborers and their families.

An opening in one of the caves led to a large interior cavern fitted up as an altar. Schlatter never commanded the following among the lonely cliff dwelling laborers of Casas Grandes that had thronged to touch the hem of his garment in Denver and Albuquerque.

Schlatter remained some three months in the cliffs of Casas Grandes. Then, mounting his burro, this strange man started forth into the desert to fast and pray, with the intention of ultimately returning to the United States. But it grew hot in the desert and he had taken little food and water. His Mexican followers grew uneasy. They followed Schlatter up and found him lying dead under a cactus bush.

Miles behind on his back trail the healer's famished burro was discovered, and still nearer was found the brass staff which Schlatter always carried. In one hand he clutched the Bible given by one of the most prominent women of Texas, who believed Schlatter had worked miracles upon the body of her sick son. In his pocket was found the watch given by a prominent Burlington official whose inherited infirmity had miraculously yielded to the divine touch.

The Jeffepolitica of Casas Grandes was informed that a body had been found. He learned that it was the body of Schlatter and gave it a decent burial in the old cemetery near Terrages.

So the healer was buried, having passed away, scarcely known, in an obscure Mexican hamlet, while the cities of the Rocky mountain region were still ringing with his name.

No healer in modern times has aroused so strong a belief in his powers or won as large a following. And still numerous Schlatters now traveling throughout the west are gaining the pecuniary benefit of the dead man's notoriety.

DIGGING UP THE ANCIENT DEAD

Work of the Archaeologists in Egypt This Winter—Mummies to Be X-Rayed to Discover What They Have on Their Persons.

London Daily Chronicle.

Various expeditions of German, English, American and French archaelogists have been at work as usual during the winter months in Egypt. All have been to some extent successful, but for the moment attention chiefly centers itself upon the completion of Professor Petrie's exploration of the first dynasty site at Abydos; and the discovery late in the season by J. Garstang, of some long-sought royal tombs of the third dynasty. The various results may best be considered in the order of their historical sequence.

At El Amrah, a few miles south of Abydos, Messrs. Wilkin and Randall-MacIyer showed how the types prevailing in the prehistoric times, whether in the forms of vessels or materials employed, or in the construction of tombs, merge gradually into those which are known to have existed in the first dynasty. They also found on a carved slate which is known as a type of the middle of the prehistoric age, an emblem in bas-relief so curiously resembling the general character of the hieroglyphs, though not identified with any particular one, that it is believed to be the earliest recorded example of the primitive writing.

At Abydos Professor Petrie has continued his work of identifying the royal tombs of the first and second dynasty, despoiled by his predecessor, and so arranging the chronology of that time. But his search has been even more fruitful. In the tomb of Zer, placed as Mena's successor, and therefore the second king of Egypt, was found a female arm wrapped in its original cloth, which on being unrolled yielded a unique and valuable set of jewelry, with designs in gold, turquoise, lazuli and amethyst. These were restrung as found, and remain at Gizeh, by far the oldest and most perfect set of the ancient Egyptian jewels. A further example of the art of that reign was two lions in ivory.

The handle of the royal land measuring cord of King Den and two large stones inscribed with the name of Perabsen are also relics of importance; but the richest find comes from the tomb of King Khasekhemui. Here were found the royal scepter in good preservation, seven stone vases with gold covers, two gold bracelets and twenty copper dishes.

A few years ago nothing was known of the beginning of Egyptian civilization; even the fourth dynasty, the age of the pyramids, was looked upon as so far in the dim past that we could only marvel at its monuments. Yet here is light upon a time much older. We have the unique picture of an indigenous people developing through the prehistoric stage under the influence of slow progressive change of nature. Their arts improve, their religion forms—they use pictures of familiar objects to represent their thoughts and eventually to express them. At this stage a great prince arises who gathers together all the people as a nation, and their civilization has begun. He is truly the founder of the monarchy and his name is handed down as such through thousands of years. It is obvious that nothing suggests an invasion and settling of conquerors; it may have been so, but it remains to be proved; had the prehistoric people been recognized as such from the outset, the title of new race would not have been given to it; and that name seems to have been the origin of the theory.

We have then before us an outline of Egyptian history down to the second dynasty. We note the changes of their arts, and are familiar with their forms and writings. Yet between this time and the pyramid age existed a gap; massive grandeur characterizes the latter, and delicate workmanship the former. Of the intervening third dynasty nothing was known until the past winter, and much depended on the nature of its monuments to decide whether or not there had been at this stage a break in the continuity of the country's history. Some years ago Professor Petrie had pointed out the likely importance of a site lying northward in the desert from Abydos; and for last year, as director of the Egyptian Research Account, advised its exploration by that fund. Mr. John Garstang was again intrusted with the expedition.

From El Alawniyeh, working slowly northward during the winter months, a prehistoric burial ground and two settlements of the same period were examined in turn. An undisturbed burying site of the old empire yielded some results of interest, including a number of the curious "button" seals, which the explorer believes may have been the real ancestor of the scarab that in later times became so popular; and a set of alabaster vessels of rare quality with a long gold necklet and jewels, which remain in the museum at Cairo.

Later in the season Mr. Garstang's attention was called to a large construction described as an ancient fort, high up in the desert from Beit Khaliaf, westward from Girga. The place had already been examined by a French archaeologist, so it appears, and pronounced to be Greek; but the necessary concession having been obtained its excavation was commenced. A secret stairway revealed itself, and soon the name of Neter Kha, impressed upon the seal of a wine jar, made clear the importance of the discovery. This name was already known as that of the builder of the famous pyramid at Saqquara, the oldest of those great monuments of early Egypt.

From an adjoining mastaba, built in imitation of the step pyramid, came also a name new to history, Hen Khet being the king apparently who succeeded the former. In the site around were large mastabas of the servants of these kings; the plans of their tombs at once supplied the missing link with those of the earlier times. Meanwhile, the excavation of the great tomb showed the stairway to descend under an arch—the earliest known—steeply into the sand, and to be protected at intervals, portcullis-wise, by massive doors of stone. Eventually, at a depth of ninety feet from the surface of the mastaba, were found eighteen underground chambers, disturbed and plundered, yet filled with relics.

At Naga Der, on the opposite side of the river, Dr. G. A. Reisner has also achieved important results for the University of California. The period of his finds embraces all those considered above with which his results work out in striking analogy and confirmation. In addition to a large set of vessels, of alabaster, slate, diorite, and other stones, he has nearly twenty of the early stone cylinder seals, which are now attracting much attention; a gold seal with the name of Mena, and a gold pendant bearing the name sign of This. His gold jewels form a remarkable collection.

At Abu Sir, still bearing on the old empire, Dr. H. Schaefer and Dr. L. Borchardt for the Germans, have continued their work on the site of the temples of Ra and of the obelisk. The startling find is a great brick built boat of Ra, on the south side of the temple; but of equal importance is their uncovering of traces of the inclined planes by which the buildings were constructed—confirming at last a much abused theory.

At Abu Roash the director of the French institute, M. Chassinat, has unearthed parts of statues of King Ra-ded-ef.

At Thebes Percy Newberry continues his untiring labors among the private rock tombs. The burying place of Rekhmara has not been found, but much valuable copying and exploration has been done. In the debris before one tomb were found three bronze dishes, perfect specimens of the are of their time, in each of which is an ox in the center, so that when the bowl is filled the animal appears to be standing in the fluid and drinking from it.

In the Fayoum Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt have also continued their regular labors. They have again been fortunate in the number of papyri found, but unhappily many will be unserviceable on account of the damp. With a view to escaping from this constant danger they have been inspecting a site in upper Egypt for next year's work.

The official work of the department has been continued with conspicuous energy. At Karnak the fallen columns and those in danger have been removed and numbered, with a view to being rebuilt. At Thebes Mr. Carter has prepared for public view the three royal tombs of Thothmes I. and III., and of Amenhetep II. Mr. Carter's scheme for the lighting of the tombs by electricity and the application of X-rays to the examination of valuable mummies are commendable and opportune.

With regard to Philae and the effect of the new dam, it is to be feared that the islands beauties and relics are doomed. The system of pinning and underpinning which is being carried out will save it for a time, but as surely as the water rises up its courtyard, so surely must the structure sooner or later collapse like a pack of cards. At the museum itself a late acquisition, in addition to the share of excavation finds, is a large statue of Marenptah from Eshmunen. Of the catalogue the following sections are now completed: Bronze Vessels, Alabasters, Pottery, by Von Bissing; Egyptian Ostraka, by Daressy; Coptic MSS., by Cram; Coptic and Byzantine Art, by Strygowski, and the Archaic Relics by Quibell.

Next year will probably see the removal of the whole museum, a priceless collection, to the new building on the Cairo side of the Nile, near the older site. For students and officials there is as yet little provision, but the lighting and preserving of the relics has been the object of much care. The design includes two rooms in the form of a T, each more than 100 yards long.

A WRECKING CREW STOLE A JAIL

How It Was Carried Away on a Train in Order to Rescue an Imprisoned Comrade—War of Town vs. Railroad.

Chicago Tribune.

There was always a cruel and relentless war waging between the C. J. and F. K. Railroad company and the Town of Manikee. Manikee was a small town, but it didn't know it. In its own estimation Manikee was a metropolis, and it pained Manikee that the C. J. and F. K. railroad had not recognized that fact.

Manikee felt certain that the C. J. and F. K. railroad owed most of its prosperity to the fact that Manikee was on the line. Yet the railroad seemed singularly unmindful of all that it owed to Manikee. Several things had happened to widen the growing breach between the town and the railroad. One of the things that hurt Manikee most was the running of the St. Louis cannon ball express through the town at the rate of about a mile a minute. If the people of Manikee wanted to go to St. Louis on this particular train they had to drive six miles south to a town named Hamptonville, the hated rival of Manikee.

Manikee had wailed loudly over what it called the unjust discrimination of the railroad company, and the company had sent a man all the way from St. Louis to explain to Manikee that the reason the train stopped at Hamptonville was because there was another railroad there which crossed the C. J. and F. K. at grade, and therefore both roads were compelled by the state law to bring their trains to a dead stop at the junction. But Manikee refused to accept the apology. The express stopped at Hamptonville, and, therefore, it ought to stop at Manikee.

To be sure, there were hardly three persons a week who would have boarded the train at Manikee if it had stopped there, and one of these was old Mrs. Pierson, who would only have to go as far as Hamptonville to see her sick sister, while the other two would probably have been a stray drummer for a grocery house and old Squire Leonard, who used to be in congress and who was the great man of Manikee. But just the same the fact that the cannon ball express did not stop at Manikee made a deadly enemy of the town against the railroad.

The town council passed the most strict laws against the railroad running trains through the town at a greater speed than thirty-five miles an hour, and the town marshall, Jake Salters, used to stall the freight trains like a deer-hunter and arrest them every time they left a freight train lying over a crossing for one second over three minutes. Jake had a watch about as big as a saucer and a star like a tin plate. He would sneak down behind the old mill and peek out at the freight crew switching cars about in the yard. When a box car would be left blockading the street longer than the time fixed by the town council of Manikee, Jake would converge on the scene, waving his cane and holding his watch as high as his head. "Surrender, surrender, gul darn ye," the town marshal would command. "Surrender, b'gosh. Ye've kept that ther' crossin' clused for four minits, and th' law says ye shall only clus if fer three minutes. Come on, darn ye, to jail."

Jake would arrest the conductor of the train and a brakeman or two if he could find them and march them down to the office of Squire Rubens, where they would be perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes before the station agent could get them released.

The trainmen on the C. J. & F. K. finally became so angry at the town of Manikee they would have cheerfully burned the place off the map if they could have done so without taking any chances of going to the penitentiary. They resorted to all the small tricks they knew of in the way of revenge. The engineers opened their whistles wide when they went through the town, and every engine went screaming through the silent watches of the night at Manikee like insane demons. The freight crews threw coal at the dogs of Manikee in the day time and at night they pelted the houses along the track.

Manikee got even by increasing its police force by one man and vigorously enforcing all the blue laws against the railroad that the town council could think of. It was a favorite pleasantry of the town marshal and his force to arrest a brakeman or conductor at a time when the justice of the peace could not be found at his office or in his house, so that the railroad men would have to be confined in the calaboose until the magistrate returned.

One night three brakemen were arrested for keeping a crossing closed for four minutes. The agent piteously protested that the freight train could not be delayed, but the president of the town board was relentless and the three men were locked up, and the freight train had to wait on the side track until a crew could be sent down from Hillton to take the places of the men being held in durance vile. The three brakemen did not remain in jail quite as long as the jubilant citizens of Manikee thought they would. The brakemen got tired of staying in the calaboose about midnight, so they broke down the door and went away on the midnight passenger train. After that it was hard to keep the railroad men in the calaboose. They had a way of breaking down the door or tearing the bars out of the chimney that was discouraging.

Finally the town of Manikee voted money to build a new calaboose with. It wasn't to be large, but it was to be tighter than a drum, and so constructed that there would be no breaking out of it. It was built within a couple of weeks, as it was not more than twelve feet long by about ten wide. But it was made of heavy timber, and the door was of oak that would have defied an ax to chop down. There was one little window near the roof not more than six inches wide and about two feet long, so that even if the iron bars were pulled out it would be impossible for the slimmest brakeman on the C. J. & F. K. railroad to squeeze himself through.

"Now, gul darn ye," said Marshal Salters, as he shoved Conductor Tom Donovan and Brakeman Jim Rodgeds into the hot little hole. "I guess ye won't break out of that in a hurry."

"Good heavens," said Jim, as he sat perspiring in the mean little calaboose. "I would sooner be shut up in a smokehouse. If this is what we're going to get as a regular thing in this town, I think I'll hunt another job."

"It's pretty tough," said the conductor, "but the worst part of it is that we will both be fined about $20 apiece to-morrow and we'll have to pay it. The company has had so much to pay out in this town and has had so much trouble with these people that strict orders have been given the train crews to avoid any unnecessary collision with their blue laws here, and the old man further says that when any of us are clearly proven to have kept that blessed crossing closed longer than the time allowed, why we'll have to pay the fine ourselves, that's all. And you know I did keep that crossing closed about six minutes to-night. I thought that old tin-starred marshal was at his supper, where he belonged."

"Well," said the brakeman, "I guess we're up against it, but the worst part of this business is to think of the boys sweltering in this bake oven in summer. What train is that whistling? Guess it must be the wrecking train that's been up to Cerro to put those box cars on the track."

"Jim," said the conductor suddenly, "if that train stops here whistle or something and see if you can get Pat Harris, the boss of the wrecking crew, to come over here. I want to talk to him."

The train stopped and the brakeman blew a siren-like note that lured Mr. Harris to the calaboose window, where he had a long talk with the gentleman behind the bars. Mr. Harris seemed quite taken with the proposition advanced by the conductor.

"It's a go, Tommy," said the boss. "The kellyboose is only about tin feet from the track an' 'twill be aisy. We're a goin' now ten miles beyant an we'll come back about midnight an' do the trick thin."

At about 12:30 o'clock the wreck train came quietly back to Manikee. The car on which is placed the big crane stood on the track nearest the calaboose.

A jail delivery had been planned, but a jail delivery on a scale that would have alarmed a hardened jail breaker. The door of the calaboose was too heavy to be readily beaten in with an ax, and besides a few blows would have awakened the town marshal and his vigilant staff, who were quietly sleeping in their homes a short distance down the street. The wrecking boss had a much better plan. The great crane was swung outward by the crew and the heavy chains dropped down around the calaboose. Then with much squeaking and groaning the calaboose was lifted bodily into the air and deposited on the freight car.

The wonder and consternation in Manikee the next day was something startling. Who had stolen the jail? Of course the railroad company was under suspicion, but nothing could be proved. The town council offered $25 reward for the return "of the Manikee town calaboose, stolen by unknown parties on the night of May 8," but nobody appeared to claim the reward.

The disappearance of the calaboose seemed to take the nerve out of Manikee. The town was never quite the same after that. The other towns all about guyed the place until some of the leading citizens moved away. The town council withdrew the blue laws against the railroad, and now the road keeps their trains on the crossing for half an hour if they're so inclined, and the fireman throws coal at Marshal Salters if he so much as opens his mouth. And Brakeman Rodgers, who lived near the yards in St. Louis, suddenly added in a few hours' time quite a snug little kitchen to his house. And one window in the kitchen has bars across it.

INDIAN SQUAW OF ROYAL BIRTH

She Traces Her Descent to King Philip, and Has Lived a Long and Eventful Life.

Evening Wisconsin.

Chilton has the distinction of harboring within its limits the oldest resident of Calumet county and a direct descendant of King Philip of colonial fame. The person who lays claim to this royal prerogative is Mrs. Catherine Stanton, a full-blooded Nyantic Indian woman. She is of very great age, probably about 90 years, although some declare that she has passed the century mark. She is certainly what she claims, a descendant of the great Indian sachem, and a genealogy of her family from the time of Ninegret, the chief of the Nyantics, and son-in-law of Philip, corroborates her assertion. In her own words it is thus:

"Ninegret had, among other children, a son named Charles Augustus, who in turn had a son styled by his people as Great Harry. Great Harry had a son named Christopher, who was the father of a second Christopher and a daughter named Catherine, who was my grandmother. Catherine was my father's mother, and her brother Christopher had two children, Augustus and Mary, the latter being my mother. So I am a descendant of Ninegret, the son-in-law of Philip, on both my father's and my mother's side, and consequently I claim an undoubted relationship to Ninegret." It will be observed that she is descended not from a son of Philip, but from his daugther.

As the descendant of Ninegret, she is one of the few claimants to a large tract of land reserved by him about the time of King Philip's war. One portion of this reservation was thirty miles of water frontage, ten rods above high water mark. There his people might fish undisturbed, and that Ninegret exercised wisdom and foresight in the selection of his reservation is apparent from the fact that the site is now occupied by one of the largest and most fashionable summer resorts in the east. King Philip's war, so destructive to the Narragansetts, left the remaining few of the tribe homeless and destitute, and Ninegret, seeing the distress of his kinsmen, allowed them to settle upon his land. Here, undisturbed, the remnant of Philip's people increased to such an extent that, in sheer selfdefense, Ninegret was forced to invoke the aid of the state in removing them. Soon, however, Ninegret died; and his followers left the reservation. Thus the Narragansetts, returning, took complete possession, and eventually sold the land. Still, the descendants of Ninegret were the real claimants, and Mrs. Stanton, believing herself to be the sole heir, communicated with the Rhode Island authorities, with the result that she was offered the sum of $100,000,000 on condition that she relinquish all claims to the land. As it chanced, however other and nearer heirs sprang up, and they, objecting to such a disposition of the property, appealed to the national government. If their claim is allowed, as in all probability it will be, the old lady will come into possession of a fortune befitting her royal lineage.

From infancy to the age of 32 years she lived with her family on the reservation, receiving not only the common school education or its equivalent, but entering a New York high school for Indians as well.

In her youthful days, among her people, they had already felt the touch of civilization. Missionaries had come among them, churches, singing schools, prayer meetings and social functions of various kinds were common. The day of the wild, utterly untaught savage had passed, and, although many of the customs were still extant, the native language and dress had practically disappeared.

After leaving school Mrs. Stanton, or Catherine Ross, as her name then was, entered the service of a daughter of Senator Dickson as housekeeper, in which capacity she remained until her employer left for Europe.

Returning to her home among the Indians, she married Cato Stanton in 1844, emigrating the following year to what is now the city of Canton, in Wisconsin. It was in January, 1845, that they arrived at their new home and erected a rude dwelling of logs close to the north bank of the Manitowoc river. There, alone in the barren, desolate waste of forest, miles away from any settlement, and not even the rudiments of a path to guide them, they lived through that first winter, subsisting mainly upon unground corn and potatoes, for no mill was anywhere near.

In the spring Mr. Stanton, with the help of men brought from Brotherton, erected a small gristmill, a temporary and indifferent affair, though it enabled them to supply flour for themselves and settlers that came in the next few years.

For some time their log cabin was the only dwelling between Manitowoc and Brotherton, and often parties going through would stop there, and to the eternal credit of these two members of an outcast and despised race be it said that never was a man turned from their door, whether he was rich or poor, good or bad.

Mrs. Stanton is remarkably keen and alert for one of her advanced age. She is possessed of more than the average intelligence, and that her education was not neglected her conversation amply attests.

Mr. Stanton died many years ago, and not long ago her sole remaining child, a son, died, leaving her alone, one of the remnant of a people that once ruled the great land of the west.

Pulpit and Pew

THE S. S. LIBRARY

First Thing to Consider Is the Child, Not the Books.

HOME TRAINING IS A FACTOR

Paper by Miss Lawrence Before the Summer School—Reasons for Attending Sunday School.

"I make no attack upon the novel," said Miss Lawrence at the opening of her paper read before a meeting of the summer school at the university Thursday afternoon. Miss Lawrence's paper was upon "The Sunday School Library."

The first thing to be considered is not the books. The child should be the main thought, and, after all, it is not so much of a question as to the style of book which enters into the Sunday school library as the proper preparation of the mind of the child for the reading with which it is provided. A taste for good reading may be cultivated just as surely as the taste for music. There are good novels and bad novels, just as there are good and bad Sunday school books, and it will be found that the child's surroundings and home training have much to do with his or her inclination for the best class of literature.

Incidentally much favorable comment was made upon Bart's recent cartoon in The Journal calling attention to the statement of Professor Triggs of Chicago University, that the average Sunday school book of the present day was worse than the dime novel; but discussion of this phase of the matter was not indulged in.

Attendance at Sunday School.

Mrs. C. L. Place, formerly of the St. Paul public schools, read a very interesting and instructive paper, taking for her topic: "Do you go to Sunday School? If so, Why?" Mrs. Place based her conclusions upon personal replies received from 1,500 children between the ages of 6 and 16 years to whom the question was propounded, and found that about 82 per cent of that number were regular attendants between the ages of 6 and 8 years, but that the ratio rapidly decreased in later years, until between the ages of 12 and 16 the percentage of attendance was but 54 of the girls and 42 of the boys.

Eight reasons were assigned for attending Sunday school, chief among which were a desire for religious and moral training and for general knowledge. Music, the teacher and the library showed the smallest percentages.

The meeting was under the auspices of the state library board, and was tendered the summer school through the courtesy of Miss Countryman, assistant librarian of the public library.

CHURCH SERVICES TO-MORROW

Congregational.

Bethany—Maurice B. Morris, morning and evening.

Como Avenue—Morning, J. M. Hulbert; 6:30, evening service, led by Y. P. S. C. E.

Vine—John S. Rood; morning, "Bearing Our Own Burdens"; evening, "How God Calls Us and to What."

Park Avenue—Morning, Rev. J. E. McConnell, of Northfield, Minn; 6:15 p. m., Christian Endeavor meeting; no evening service.

Forest Heights—Adam Murrman; morning, "The Church, a Spiritual Hospital"; 7 p. m., "What, Why and When?" (Both services to be held in grove near church.)

Oak Park—Morning, "The Struggle for the Life of Others."

Lyndale—Rev. C. E. Burton; morning, "Jesus Sitting by the Wells of Life"; evening, "God in Zoology; Lessons from Spiders."

First—Morning, Rev. E. W. Shurtleff; evening, union service, Rev. William Love, Ph. D.

Lowry Hill—Morning, Pastor Seeby, "The Hero of a Stormy Voyage."

Plymouth—Morning, Rev. George R. Merrill, D. D., "The Daily Burden"; 6:50 p. m., joint service, church and Endeavor societies.

Pilgrim—Rev. Samuel J. Rogers; morning, "The Twentieth Century Church"; evening, "The Rainbow, the Sign of God's Grace."

Methodist.

North—Morning, Rev. David Morgan. No evening service.

Broadway—Rev. Donald McKenzie; morning, "Believing in That Which He Cannot See"; evening, "The Sin of Covetousness."

Thirteenth Avenue—Rev. T. F. Allen; morning, "Captivity Led Captive"; evening, "Samson and His Hair."

Franklin Avenue—Rev. J. G. Morrison; morning, "Wide Versus Straight—Broad Versus Narrow"; evening, "God's Logical Chain."

St. Louis Park—Evening, Rev. W. Burns, Ph. D., "En Route to Rome."

Richfield—Morning, Rev. W. Burns, Ph. D., "Paul's Shipwreck." No evening service.

Fowler—Rev. A. R. Lambert, D. D.; morning, "In the Lap of Nature." No evening service.

Central German—Rev. C. L. Lehnert; morning, "The Great Commission"; evening, "The Tragedy of a Thief."

Forest Heights—Morning, E. P. Overmire. Evening, Rev. M. B. Smith.

Bloomington Avenue—Morning, Rev. C. H. Sweatt. Evening, Rev. Charles Fox Davis, "Searching for God."

First—Rev. Wm. Love, Ph. D.; morning, reception of members and communion service; evening, union service at First Congregational. Dr. Love will preach.

Park Avenue—Rev. G. G. Vallentyne, morning and evening.

Foss—Morning, Rev. David Tice.

Baptist.

Immanuel—Rev. George A. Cleaveland; morning, "Baptism" (by special request), "What Is the Ordinance?" evening, "Why Was It Instituted?"

Tabernacle—Rev. G. H. Gamble, morning, "The Christian Race"; evening, "Water into Wine, or Whatsoever He Saith unto You, Do It."

Norwegian-Danish—Rev. H. A. Sather; morning, "Eternal Life"; evening, "Reflecting as a Mirror."

Olivet—Morning, Rev. Frank H. Cooper, "The Brogue of Ashdod"; evening, union service at First Congregational.

Central—Morning, Rev. W. W. Dawley, D. D., "Applauding the Wicked"; no evening service.

First—Rev. W. B. Riley, morning and evening; evening, "The Antichrist and His Associates," a fifth study in Revelation.

Berean Branch—Evening, Rev. A. E. Peterson, missionary service under the auspices of the B. Y. P. U.

Calvary—Rev. H. G. De Witt, D. D., of Fresno, Cal.; morning, "Leaving Home, or Abraham's Guide to a New Country"; evening, "The Web of Life and How We Weave It."

Presbyterian.

First—Rev. J. B. Helwig, D. D.; morning, "Christ the True Priest for the People"; no evening service.

Shiloh—Rev. Willard S. Ward; morning, "Following after God," reception of new members; evening, "One Thing Thou Lackest" (open air service on church lawn).

House of Faith—Rev. Charles Scanlan; morning, "The Power of Personal Life"; evening, "Each Life a Plan of God" (union service, Open Door Congregational church).

Oliver—Rev. H. M. Pressly; morning, "Three Bible Pictures, Gen. xi., Acts ii. and Rev. vii."; evening, "True Philanthropy."

Stewart Memorial—Rev. R. K. Porter, morning and evening.

Westeminster—Rev. Wm. C. Covert of Saginaw, Mich.; morning, "Feelings and Character"; evening, "God's Method in Widening Life."

Franklin Avenue—Rev. W. O. Wallace; morning, "Thoughts of Comfort"; evening, the service will be held on the lawn.

Universalist.

Tuttle—Morning, Rev. R. H. Aldrich, "Stories in Life."

Episcopal.

Transfiguration — Rev. Isaac Houlgate; morning service, 10:30; Sunday school at noon.

Christian Science.

First (Fifteenth street, between Park and Portland avenues)—Morning, "Love."

Second (Lyceum theater) — Morning, "Love."

Adventist.

Advent Christian—Rev. O. M. Owen; morning, "Progressive Steps in the Work of Christ"; evening, "The Hope of Which None Should Be Ashamed."

Spiritualists.

Christian Spiritualists (Labor Temple)—3 p. m., E. Swenson; 8 p. m., lecture by Professor J. Zeno.

Band of Light—Mrs. Elizabeth Holmes, afternoon, grove meeting at Excelsior avenue and Lake street.

Miscellaneous.

People's Mission—4 p. m., gospel temperance meeting. Evening, revival service.

Church Notes.

"Putting Away Childish Things" will be the subject of a practical, twenty-minute talk to young men, at the Y. M. C. A., Sunday afternoon, at 3:30 o'clock. Rev. W. S. Ward will be the speaker.

Rev. L. A. Clevenger, pastor of Calvary Baptist church, is attending the meetings of the Baptist Young People's Union in Chicago. His pulpit will be occupied to-morrow by Rev. H. G. De Witt of Fresno, Cal.

Rev. W. Whitney, former superintendent of missions in Minnesota, and for several years pastor of the Baptist church at Mankato, will preach at the Fourth Baptist church to-morrow, in the absence of Rev. Mr. Holt.

The Chicago Avenue Baptist Christian Endeavor Society, which held its annual picnic at Lake Harriet Friday evening, will conduct the evening service at the church to-morrow evening. This is one of the most progressive and enterprising societies in the city.

The all-day Pentecostal meeting for July will be held Tuesday, in the Methodist Episcopal church at Richfield. Take Washburn Park car to the end of the line. Carriages will meet cars at following hours: 10 to 11:30 a. m., 2 to 3 and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m. Preaching at 10:30, 2:30 and 7:30.

At the First Baptist church, Sunday evening, Rev. W. B. Riley will preach his fifth sermon in the series on "Revelations"; subject, "The Antichrist and His Asosciates." After to-morrow, the chorus will take a vacation of a month. The music for the day is as follows: Morning—"Jerusalem (Parker), chorus, with solo by Mr. Woodward; "Art Thou Weary?" (Holden), quartet. Evening—"Hark, Hark, My Soul" (Buck), chorus; "Savior, Source of Every Blessing" (Abt), quartet.

Rev. William C. Covert, of Saginaw, Mich., will occupy the pulpit at Westminster to-morrow, both morning and evening. Mr. Covert will have for his theme in the morning, "Feelings and Character." In the evening, the order of service will be as follows: Organ prelude, Andante (King Hall); anthem, "Sweet Is Thy Mercy" (Barnby); responsive reading; Gloria; Scripture lesson; hymn; prayer; offertory, "In Heavenly Love Abiding" (Lassen); hymn; sermon, "God's Method in Widening Life"; hymn; benediction.

A JUDGESHIP MIX-UP

A Mistake Nearly Caused the Wrong Man's Confirmation.

Saturday Evening Post.

Late in the year 1900 it was decided by the powers that be that Daniel H. McMillan, ex-state senator of New York, and for many years general counsel, in the city of Buffalo, for the Vanderbilt system of railroads, was to be appointed associate justice of the supreme court of New Mexico.

This appointment had been urged not only by those who knew Mr. McMillan in the state of New York, but by lawyers of Santa Fe and of other cities in New Mexico, who knew of him and desired to see him obtain the place.

Toward the close of 1900 with Governor Otero of the territory, Mr. McMillan was on a Lake Shore train speeding toward Washington. When the train stopped at Painesville, Ohio, newsboys boarded it. The governor of the territory and Mr. McMillan bought a paper; and in that paper they reas in glaring heanlines that Silas Alexander of Santa Fe, had received the appointment to the vacant judgeship.

Mr. McMillan, the morning of his arrival in the capital, went at once to the office of the secretary of war.

"How did it happen I was not appointed?" he asked.

"Why," said Mr. Root, "you are appointed!"

"Why," said Mr. McMillan, "you are mistaken;" and he drew from his pocket the Cleveland newspaper of the day before. Secretary Root turned all colors.

"This is a mistake," he said; "an absurd, strange mistake, for I have it from the president's own lips, corroborated by Mr. Griggs, attorney general, that your name was sent yesterday to the senate for action and that the recommendation was duly signed by President McKinley."

Then the men went to the state, war and navy building and found Attorney General Griggs.

"But you have been given the appointment," said Mr. Griggs.

"Then what does this newspaper report mean?" was the reply.

The attorney general was dumbfounded. "I cannot conceive what it means," he said. He tapped his bell, and when a messenger came in response he requested the attendance of the clerk, in confidential relations with him, whose duty it is to fill in, pon appointment blanks, the names of those who are designed for appointments by the executive.

The clerk appeared, "Mr. Blank," said the attorney general, "find out at once whose name was sent yesterday to the senate with the recommendation by the president that he be appointed associate justice of the supreme court of New Mexico."

"I will look," said the clerk. He soon returned with a memorandum slip in his hand.

"Mr. Alexander," he said; "the man from Buffalo."

Then a glimmering of the truth dawned upon the group. "Are you sure," said Attorney General Griggs, "that the name was not McMillan?"

"Certainly," was the feply; "the name was Silas Alexander."

The situation was remarkable and time was important.

The president of the United States had, inadvertently, by the error of a subordinate, been made to set aside the man whom he had intended to name.

There came a pause. Mr. Griggs broke the silence.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "the fat is in the fire, but we must get it out. My subordinate has made this mistake, and I must do my best to get it rectified, and perhaps the fault is partly mine, for I told him to fill in the name of 'the Buffalo man,' and he, probably, seeing the name Alexander and identifying it with the representative of the same name, prominently known in Washington as coming from Buffalo, thought that he was to be the appointee."

And so the three men went to the president and explained matters and as a consequence a messenger, preceded by a telephone message, sped rapidly toward the capitol with instruction to seek immediately the leader of the senate and prevent any action on the mistaken nomination, and to make the statement to that leader that it was withdrawn.

The messenger arrived just as the senate was about to take action, and if the telephone had been relied upon the nomination of Silas Alexander would have been confirmed by the United States senate and the will of the president of the republic would have been defeated.

NATURAL ENOUGH, TOO.

Brooklyn Life.

She—Why, no. The stolen Gainsborough was not a hat; it was a picture.

Her Husband—Oh, I thought from the value it was a hat.

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WOMEN'S FACES

SOME HAVE THE GLOW OF HEALTH AND SOME ARE SICKLY PALE.

A Physician Talks Entertainingly on This Subject—Some Useful Hints to Mothers of Growing Girls.

"A woman's face," said a well known physician, "is a mirror which reflects unfailingly the condition of her health.

"One can tell at a glance if she is well or not and usually one can tell what the trouble is. It so often happens that instead of bright eyes, glowing, rosy cheeks and an elastic step, there are dull eyes, pale, sallow or greenish complexion, and a languidness of step that bespeaks disease and an early death if proper treatment is not properly resorted to and persisted in, until the impoverished blood is enri