



Pittsburg, Pa.—According to the statement of the prisoners and guards, murderers' row in the Allegheny county jail in this city is said to be haunted, and the fear of the supposed ghosts has so worked upon the nerves of the condemned prisoners that the cells of the entire row have been vacated and the prisoners removed to another section of the jail.



The ghost of W. A. Culp, who killed himself in his cell some time ago while awaiting trial for the murder of his brother, is held directly responsible for the orders issued by Warden Edward Lewis transferring the 14 men occupying cells in murderer's row.

Culp's ghost was haunting them, they declared. "It" had come back, they said, visiting cell after cell along the tier set apart for murderers, rehearsing the murder of Culp's brother and omitting none of its ghastly details. This happened night after night following Culp's suicide, and always between 12 and 1 o'clock in the morning.

Screams of terror from the fourth tier of cells on the south side of the old part of the jail, where murderer's row was situated, aroused the guards and all the prisoners, says the N. Y. World. Lights were turned on and a search made for the ghostly visitor, but of course "it" was never found. An hour or two always elapsed before the terrified prisoners could be calmed down and silence reigned once more throughout the big county jail.

Prisoner's Ghost Visits Cell. Only one prisoner, a condemned murderer occupying the cell adjoining the one in which Culp committed suicide, a man who is to be executed in October, saw the Culp ghost on the first night it came back. That was on the night following the one on which the suicide was committed. The condemned wretch, who had been convicted of a most cowardly crime, screamed for help and when the guards entered his cell a few moments later they found him cowering in a corner and shaking like a leaf.

He had seen Culp, he said. Culp or Culp's ghost had come into his cell and after warning him had started to rehearse the murder of his brother. "You have been dreaming, that's all," said one of the deputy wardens, reassuringly. "Don't you know that Culp is dead and buried and even if he were alive it would be impossible for him to have been in your cell? Besides, there are no such things as ghosts. You have been having a bad dream, so just lie down and go to sleep and don't be arousing the whole jail like this in the middle of the night."

But the next night Culp's ghost came back again. At least, three condemned criminals confined in cells along murderer's row declared that they saw "it" distinctly. When examined by the warden they all gave the same description of the ghost, the direction from which it came, and its antics in front of cells along murderer's row.

This went on for several nights, although extra guards were placed along the fourth tier. The guards themselves declared that they saw nothing, but this afforded little satisfaction to the prisoners, who were either too frightened to sleep or who were disturbed by the screams of their next-door neighbors.

Culp's ghost is not the only one said to be responsible for the haunting of the Allegheny county jail. For years the murderers' row there has been gradually accumulating the reputation of being haunted.

Did not Mike Ruminiski, the professional stranger, strangle himself to death in his cell in a most ingenious manner shortly before the date set for his execution, and did not he come back? That was during the time of Warden John McAlesse.

And did not the notorious Biddle brothers, Jack and Ed, escape from their cells in murderer's row with the assistance of Mrs. Kate Soffel, wife of Warden Peter Soffel, only to be run down and shot to death near Butler, Pa., 48 hours later, and did not they come back? That was during the time of Warden Soffel.

And did not Hill and Douglass and many another poor wretch who went to death from murderer's row by the gallows route come back?

There are many who stoutly maintain that they did, and that they haunted their cell and terrified their occupants for many nights.

Another mysterious happening that contributed to the spooky reputation of murderer's row was not explained away until it had been going on for weeks.

At nine o'clock every night it has been customary to switch the electric lights from one dynamo to another. This necessitated the changing of a belt and occupied from five to ten seconds. During that time the entire jail was in total darkness, except for a few isolated gas jets in the front office, at the gate and in the main corridor.

An Unearthly Shriek Was Heard. One night several years ago just before the lights had gone out as usual an unearthly shriek pierced the inky blackness of the big jail from somewhere in the neighborhood of murderer's row. It was a long, moaning kind of shriek, such as no mortal could make, and it seemed to sweep and circle down the main corridor before dying away. Everybody who heard it—deputy wardens, guards and prisoners alike—felt the marrow freezing in his bones. An investigation was made immediately the lights had been turned on again, but no solution to the mystery was found that night. The prisoners were questioned, and, as might have been expected, all denied knowing anything about it. Men in cells on the fourth tier thought the noise came from somewhere on the ground floor. Those on the ground floor thought it came from the roof.

Next night when the lights were switched off at nine o'clock the same unearthly scream resounded through the building, and once more the resultant investigation came to naught. Warden Lewis was puzzled and he determined to trace the noise to its source, so on the third night he secretly stationed guards in empty cells and along corridors, with instructions to make careful note of the direction from whence the yell came if it should be repeated. The yell was repeated without fail as soon as the jail was in darkness, but the warden's plan failed, for the guards had totally different ideas of where the sound came from.

By the time the uncanny yell had been heard for five nights in succession, with the mystery of its source as

deep as ever, many of the most superstitious prisoners were on the verge of nervous prostration. Nobody would ever tell them after that that the jail was not haunted. The warden was almost at his wits' end, but he tried one more scheme. He began to transfer the prisoners, a few at a time, from cell to cell, and guards were instructed to watch each batch of transferred men very closely.

In this way the noise was finally traced to a practical joker among the prisoners, who produced the diabolical yell with the aid of a hair comb and a newspaper. A piece of paper was folded across the comb and held as a mouthpiece at the small end of a megaphone made by rolling the newspaper up into a cone. Everybody knows what a fearful noise can be made by pressing the lips against a paper-covered comb and blowing hard. With the megaphone added the noise was great and magnified, and it made a calculated to give anybody cold chills in the pitchy darkness of a big prison. With the detection of the culprit the noises ceased, but the jail's reputation for being haunted spread amazingly, even beyond the granite walls of the prison, and still clings to it.

The Biddle Brothers. The two Biddle brothers did not die in murderer's row, but other prisoners confined there have often declared that they saw their ghosts on many nights since the two young desperadoes broke jail and fled with the warden's wife, only to be run down and killed a few hours later. The sensational case of the Biddle brothers is too well known and has been dramatized too much to need recalling to the memory of readers. It was merely one of many cases which have served to give the Allegheny county jail a spooky reputation and to make the old murderers' row no longer habitable.

The nerves of condemned prisoners occupying cells there were recently wrought up to such a pitch by hearing several months before he killed his wife he had strangled his own baby to death, but this was not known until the authorities made an investigation following the death of his wife.

On account of the threat of the condemned man that he would cheat the gallows, an extra close watch was kept on him in his cell, a guard being stationed outside the door day and night to prevent him from taking his own life.

One night Ruminiski went to bed as usual. The light outside his cell door shone directly on the cot, and the guard outside could see him quite plainly. But Ruminiski, while pretending to be asleep, reached down with his right hand between the edge of his iron cot and the wall and untied one of the thin cord laces fastened across the framework of his cot and supporting the mattress. Still working with one hand, he twisted the short length of cord, tied it and slipped it over his head and around his neck. The handle of a tin cup, which he managed to get possession of, was passed through the loop, and then Ruminiski carefully and quietly proceeded to choke himself to

death. So cautiously did he kill himself that the guard outside the door, although keeping close eye on Ruminiski all the time, imagined that the condemned man was sound asleep.

When Ruminiski had choked himself until he lost consciousness, his hand released the handle of the tin cup. It may be supposed that the tin handle would spin around a few times and fly from the loop and that the cord, being released, would enable Ruminiski to breathe again. But the crafty stranger had anticipated that very thing and

had made provision to guard against his plans being thwarted in that way. The handle of the tin cup had been straightened out and then hooked at the end in such a way that the moment Ruminiski's hand released it it caught in the collar of his shirt and held fast. Ruminiski had been dead several hours when the guard attempted to arouse him next morning.

Then a few hours after the stranger's body had been removed to the morgue it disappeared most mysteriously and that night prisoners in murderer's row declared that they saw Ruminiski's ghost walking along the corridor and making ghastly faces at the occupants of the cells. Several months later the murderer's body was found in a stable on Carson street, South side, and buried in potter's field. The ears and fingers had been removed, presumably to be kept as souvenirs.

The Case of Ruminiski. Mike Ruminiski was one of the shrewdest prisoners ever placed in murderer's row. On the morning he was sentenced to death for strangling his wife, pouring kerosene over the body and setting fire to the house, he declared that the sheriff would never get a chance to hang him. The evidence produced against Ruminiski at his trial tended to show that he was a professional stranger and robber. Several months before he killed his wife he had strangled his own baby to death, but this was not known until the authorities made an investigation following the death of his wife.

On account of the threat of the condemned man that he would cheat the gallows, an extra close watch was kept on him in his cell, a guard being stationed outside the door day and night to prevent him from taking his own life.

One night Ruminiski went to bed as usual. The light outside his cell door shone directly on the cot, and the guard outside could see him quite plainly. But Ruminiski, while pretending to be asleep, reached down with his right hand between the edge of his iron cot and the wall and untied one of the thin cord laces fastened across the framework of his cot and supporting the mattress. Still working with one hand, he twisted the short length of cord, tied it and slipped it over his head and around his neck. The handle of a tin cup, which he managed to get possession of, was passed through the loop, and then Ruminiski carefully and quietly proceeded to choke himself to

death. So cautiously did he kill himself that the guard outside the door, although keeping close eye on Ruminiski all the time, imagined that the condemned man was sound asleep.

When Ruminiski had choked himself until he lost consciousness, his hand released the handle of the tin cup. It may be supposed that the tin handle would spin around a few times and fly from the loop and that the cord, being released, would enable Ruminiski to breathe again. But the crafty stranger had anticipated that very thing and

had made provision to guard against his plans being thwarted in that way. The handle of the tin cup had been straightened out and then hooked at the end in such a way that the moment Ruminiski's hand released it it caught in the collar of his shirt and held fast. Ruminiski had been dead several hours when the guard attempted to arouse him next morning.

Then a few hours after the stranger's body had been removed to the morgue it disappeared most mysteriously and that night prisoners in murderer's row declared that they saw Ruminiski's ghost walking along the corridor and making ghastly faces at the occupants of the cells. Several months later the murderer's body was found in a stable on Carson street, South side, and buried in potter's field. The ears and fingers had been removed, presumably to be kept as souvenirs.

The Case of Ruminiski. Mike Ruminiski was one of the shrewdest prisoners ever placed in murderer's row. On the morning he was sentenced to death for strangling his wife, pouring kerosene over the body and setting fire to the house, he declared that the sheriff would never get a chance to hang him. The evidence produced against Ruminiski at his trial tended to show that he was a professional stranger and robber. Several months before he killed his wife he had strangled his own baby to death, but this was not known until the authorities made an investigation following the death of his wife.

On account of the threat of the condemned man that he would cheat the gallows, an extra close watch was kept on him in his cell, a guard being stationed outside the door day and night to prevent him from taking his own life.

One night Ruminiski went to bed as usual. The light outside his cell door shone directly on the cot, and the guard outside could see him quite plainly. But Ruminiski, while pretending to be asleep, reached down with his right hand between the edge of his iron cot and the wall and untied one of the thin cord laces fastened across the framework of his cot and supporting the mattress. Still working with one hand, he twisted the short length of cord, tied it and slipped it over his head and around his neck. The handle of a tin cup, which he managed to get possession of, was passed through the loop, and then Ruminiski carefully and quietly proceeded to choke himself to

death. So cautiously did he kill himself that the guard outside the door, although keeping close eye on Ruminiski all the time, imagined that the condemned man was sound asleep.

When Ruminiski had choked himself until he lost consciousness, his hand released the handle of the tin cup. It may be supposed that the tin handle would spin around a few times and fly from the loop and that the cord, being released, would enable Ruminiski to breathe again. But the crafty stranger had anticipated that very thing and

had made provision to guard against his plans being thwarted in that way. The handle of the tin cup had been straightened out and then hooked at the end in such a way that the moment Ruminiski's hand released it it caught in the collar of his shirt and held fast. Ruminiski had been dead several hours when the guard attempted to arouse him next morning.

MELODRAMA ON GOTHAM STREETS

HERO RESCUES YOUNG ACTRESS FROM NEGRO VILLAINS IN "LITTLE AFRICA."

GIRL FAILS TO THANK SAVIOUR

Beats Quick Retreat, But Is Captured and Taken to Station—Her Objection to Whipping Cause of Play.

New York.—Bessie Thrall was a sad repentant little girl when she was arraigned in the children's court here the other day. For although she is 15 and works for a living, she is little. She has large blue eyes and golden hair—just the color of the beautiful heroine in the play in which Little Miss Bessie has a small speaking part.

It all happened in such a simple way. But its dire consequences proved to Bessie it is often dangerous to attempt melo-drama in real life in New York.

She lives with her parents on East Forty-third street. She dallied after the performance in which she takes part and it was later than usual when she reached home. She found her anxious mother waiting for her with the traditional slipper. There was a stormy session, a few little shrieks, and Miss Bessie had been reduced to tears.

"The very idea," she sobbed. "And me a grown young lady! Never did I think that I should have this awful thing to bear. Oh, but they shall live to rue the day!"

So instead of crying herself to sleep, she quietly slipped on her clothes again and stealthily crept out of the house just as the girl does in the play. She started to the home of a friend on Twentieth street, who she knew would sympathize with her.

In her fearful, excited condition she got off at Thirtieth street instead of Twentieth street and walked through to Seventh avenue. She was still burning with indignation, and hadn't the slightest idea that she was in "Little Africa," a good place for any one to keep away from.

Enter villains. When she saw two negroes following her she increased her pace. She was afraid to run, and the two negroes soon caught up with her. One seized her and she screamed. He attempted to drag her into a hallway,

but her shrieks aroused the neighborhood. Then came the hero. He was Albert Kelley. As villains usually do when felled by the hero, the negroes hiked for the tall timbers. But instead of a weeping, clinging, grateful heroine, the rescuer saw of blonde vision still making lots of noise heading it down Seventh avenue. He gave chase and overtook her. Then he led her to the West Twentieth Street station.

When she saw the big, blue uniformed policemen her fright increased and she collapsed on the station house floor and went into convulsions. Dr. Forsour came from New York hospital, fixed her up and took her to the hospital.

Her mother came early in response to a telegram from the hospital.



Then came the hero. He was Albert Kelley. As villains usually do when felled by the hero, the negroes hiked for the tall timbers. But instead of a weeping, clinging, grateful heroine, the rescuer saw of blonde vision still making lots of noise heading it down Seventh avenue. He gave chase and overtook her. Then he led her to the West Twentieth Street station.

When she saw the big, blue uniformed policemen her fright increased and she collapsed on the station house floor and went into convulsions. Dr. Forsour came from New York hospital, fixed her up and took her to the hospital.

Her mother came early in response to a telegram from the hospital.

She lives with her parents on East Forty-third street. She dallied after the performance in which she takes part and it was later than usual when she reached home. She found her anxious mother waiting for her with the traditional slipper. There was a stormy session, a few little shrieks, and Miss Bessie had been reduced to tears.

"The very idea," she sobbed. "And me a grown young lady! Never did I think that I should have this awful thing to bear. Oh, but they shall live to rue the day!"

So instead of crying herself to sleep, she quietly slipped on her clothes again and stealthily crept out of the house just as the girl does in the play. She started to the home of a friend on Twentieth street, who she knew would sympathize with her.

In her fearful, excited condition she got off at Thirtieth street instead of Twentieth street and walked through to Seventh avenue. She was still burning with indignation, and hadn't the slightest idea that she was in "Little Africa," a good place for any one to keep away from.

Enter villains. When she saw two negroes following her she increased her pace. She was afraid to run, and the two negroes soon caught up with her. One seized her and she screamed. He attempted to drag her into a hallway,

but her shrieks aroused the neighborhood. Then came the hero. He was Albert Kelley. As villains usually do when felled by the hero, the negroes hiked for the tall timbers. But instead of a weeping, clinging, grateful heroine, the rescuer saw of blonde vision still making lots of noise heading it down Seventh avenue. He gave chase and overtook her. Then he led her to the West Twentieth Street station.

When she saw the big, blue uniformed policemen her fright increased and she collapsed on the station house floor and went into convulsions. Dr. Forsour came from New York hospital, fixed her up and took her to the hospital.

Her mother came early in response to a telegram from the hospital.

She lives with her parents on East Forty-third street. She dallied after the performance in which she takes part and it was later than usual when she reached home. She found her anxious mother waiting for her with the traditional slipper. There was a stormy session, a few little shrieks, and Miss Bessie had been reduced to tears.

"The very idea," she sobbed. "And me a grown young lady! Never did I think that I should have this awful thing to bear. Oh, but they shall live to rue the day!"

GATHERED SMILES

COULDN'T AFFORD IT.

"Papa, I will marry George!" "Never!" "The young girl's eyes flashed, and the hot passionate blood of her forefathers, to say nothing of her own, mantled her cheek with an angry flush. The old man was excited, too. Parent and child confronted each other, and neither quailed.

"Do you refuse me that alone which will make me happy?" "Your happiness is very dear to me, my daughter."

The old man assumed a lugubrious tone and bowed his head sadly. But the girl, although she was just turned 18, had read a few books and divined the situation at once or sooner.

"Do not seek to deceive me, papa." "Child, child, it is for your good that I deny your request."

The beautiful woman shivered. Her lips curled scornfully or thereabouts. "What wouldst have me do, sir?" With infinite grace he led her to a seat. He considered it a great endorsement to have things come his way thus.

"My child, you said marry." She nodded. "I say elope." She started. "Then I may marry George?" "Most assuredly. But no wedding at home, if you please."

He looked at his watch. "Bless you, my daughter. I am willing to pay for a very stylish elopement, but a wedding at home—no, indeed." Tell George not to stint himself on carriage hire and hotel bills. I will cheerfully meet the expense. You may elope sumptuously and I'll furnish the cash, but I can't possibly afford a wedding at home."

Like the sensible girl that she was, she consented to the sacrifice after a good long cry.

BAD OVERSIGHT.

A horseless rig on a moonless night Down a dustless road to whither; But don't mistake and invite for such A ride a hudson's girl.—Houston Post.

Rolling Passion.

The wealthy plumber stood on the deck of the big ocean liner watching a distant whale. "There she blows!" shouted the sailor in stentorian tones. And the plumber was silent and thoughtful.

"Ah," he mused to himself, after a long while, "what a dandy bill I could send in for stopping a leak like that!"—Chicago News.

A Palpable Hit.

"That fighting porter of ours that we are always laying off and taking back, reminds me of a gun."

"In what way?" "It is only when he is loaded that we discharged him, and he always kicks hard when he's fired."—Baltimore American.

Tim's Joke.

"Did yez notice about th' joke me brother Tim played on wan av thim chauffeurs?" "I heard a turrible thing happened to him. Poor Tim!" "Poor Tim, th' divvie! He had a stick av dynamite in his pocket whin he wor run over."—Judge.

NAUTICAL FINANCE.

A college gift may sometimes be the most uncertain thing on earth; for wisdom it is hard to see Just when you've got your money's worth.—Washington Star.

He Saw One.

"When I was in New York recently I took a ride out Riverside drive. "Beautiful, isn't it?" "Yes. I was greatly astonished." "At the evidence of great wealth?" "No. One of the houses was not for sale."—Chicago Record-Herald.

She Remembered.

"Jack, do you love me as much as ever?" "Dearest, I love you more than ever." "Wretch! The first time you told me you loved me you said it was impossible to love me more than you did."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Past Tense.

"These deceitful women are so ridiculous," said Miss Fanny. "As for me, I was never afraid to tell what my age was." "No woman," replied Miss Wise, "ever minds telling what her age was."

Safe.

"I called a prize-fighter a liar today." "Go whiz! What did he do?" "I don't know—I hung up the receiver."—Cleveland Leader.

Got Exercise.

The Vicar—Do you give your dog any exercise, Mrs. Hodges? Farmer Hodges—Oh, yes; he goes for a tramp nearly every day.

THINGS BETTER LEFT UNSAID.

Willing to Replace. Only last night I stole a kiss, Now my conscience pricks, aisk! Therefore I think I'll go around To-night and put it back.—Chicago Daily News.

A Sardonic Satisfaction.

"You enjoy going to the theater?" "Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "But you don't care much for musical plays." "No. What I enjoy is to take Henrietta where there is a whole lot of conversation going on in which she can't say a word."—Washington Star.

Curiosities.

Mr. Stubbs (reading)—Maria, I see there is a place at the Jamestown exposition where they check babies. Mrs. Stubbs—Really, John! My! How funny a checked baby must look.—Chicago Daily News.

Too Lazy to Work.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what's enuff? Pa—Enuff, my son, is the feeling that comes over a man when he gets too lazy to work.—Chicago News.

BATTLE FOR LIFE ON LONELY BARREN ISLE

Vessel Wrecked in Storm on Rocky Shore and Four of Crew Perish.

New York.—Six members of the American bark Prussia, wrecked on Staten Island, Terro del Fuego, were landed here the other day by the

Every man jumped overboard, and 11 of the 13 reached a strip of sand which was sheltered by overhanging rocks. They kept warm as best they could throughout the night.

At dawn Sabata, the cook and Hammond, a sailor, were missing. The Prussia was gone. The strip of sand was not more than 311 feet long, and impassable cliffs kept the men from escaping across the island. The captain was so exhausted that he died and was buried on the beach.

HANGED, BUT LIVES TO TELL IT.

Detective, Mistaken for Non-Union Man, Cut Down Just in Time.

Pittsburg, Pa.—In a fight between union and non-union workmen in the Lawrenceville mill district County Detective J. K. McCollough was mistaken for a non-union man by a crowd, which secured a rope, placed it about his neck, threw the other end over the cross-arm of a lamp post and had the detective dangling in the air before the mistake was discovered and he was lowered to the ground.

Employees in a number of machine shops are on strike. John Anderson, a non-union man, met John Manning, a striker, and both opened fire. Manning was so seriously wounded that he may not recover.

Detective McCollough and Anderson engaged in a running pistol fight, in which almost 50 shots were exchanged. The crowd closed in and mistook McCollough for Anderson. The detective was almost dead when some one noticed his badge. After being lowered he was soon revived.

His only injury is an ugly welt around his neck from the rope. Anderson was captured.

Wrong Kind of a Laugh.

The jokemist was in high rage. "What now?" asked the sympathizing friend. "Enough," exclaimed the jokemist with a disgusted look. "That last editor I took my jokes to actually had the nerve to laugh at them."—Milwaukee Sentinel.



Wrecked on Staten Island.

steamer Tennyson, which brought them from Montevideo.

Four members of the crew perished and three are still in the hospital at Punta Arenas.

Capt. Johnson died on Staten Island. Sabata, a Japanese cook, and Harry Hammond are supposed to have perished in the wreck. Joseph Hosteth, a Norwegian, died in trying to get to the lighthouse on New Years island for help.

Stanislav Portnan, a sailor, and Herman Harko are at Punta Arenas. The Prussia was owned at San Francisco and sailed from Norfolk on March 17 with a cargo of coal. On June 19 it was off Staten Island. It

was bitterly cold. Capt. Johnson was trying to make New Years island light. A storm came up in the night, and the bark was ashore a wreck before the danger was realized. It broke up at once.

Every man jumped overboard, and 11 of the 13 reached a strip of sand which was sheltered by overhanging rocks. They kept warm as best they could throughout the night.

At dawn Sabata, the cook and Hammond, a sailor, were missing. The Prussia was gone. The strip of sand was not more than 311 feet long, and impassable cliffs kept the men from escaping across the island. The captain was so exhausted that he died and was buried on the beach.

HANGED, BUT LIVES TO TELL IT.

Detective, Mistaken for Non-Union Man, Cut Down Just in Time.

Pittsburg, Pa.—In a fight between union and non-union workmen in the Lawrenceville mill district County Detective J. K. McCollough was mistaken for a non-union man by a crowd, which secured a rope, placed it about his neck, threw the other end over the cross-arm of a lamp post and had the detective dangling in the air before the mistake was discovered and he was lowered to the ground.

Employees in a number of machine shops are on strike. John Anderson, a non-union man, met John Manning, a striker, and both opened fire. Manning was so seriously wounded that he may not recover.

Detective McCollough and Anderson engaged in a running pistol fight, in which almost 50 shots were exchanged. The crowd closed in and mistook McCollough for Anderson. The detective was almost dead when some one noticed his badge. After being lowered he was soon revived.

His only injury is an ugly welt around his neck from the rope. Anderson was captured.

Wrong Kind of a Laugh.

The jokemist was in high rage. "What now?" asked the sympathizing friend. "Enough," exclaimed the jokemist with a disgusted look. "That last editor I took my jokes to actually had the nerve to laugh at them."—Milwaukee Sentinel.



EDWARD BIDDLE. JACK BIDDLE.

Wrecked on Staten Island.

steamer Tennyson, which brought them from Montevideo.

Four members of the crew perished and three are still in the hospital at Punta Arenas.

Capt. Johnson died on Staten Island. Sabata, a Japanese cook, and Harry Hammond are supposed to have perished in the wreck. Joseph Hosteth, a Norwegian, died in trying to get to the lighthouse on New Years island for help.

Stanislav Portnan, a sailor, and Herman Harko are at Punta Arenas. The Prussia was owned at San Francisco and sailed from Norfolk on March 17 with a cargo of coal. On June 19 it was off Staten Island. It

was bitterly cold. Capt. Johnson was trying to make New Years island light. A storm came up in the night, and the bark was ashore a wreck before the danger was realized. It broke up at once.

Every man jumped overboard, and 11 of the 13 reached a strip of sand which was sheltered by overhanging rocks. They kept warm as best they could throughout the night.

At dawn Sabata, the cook and Hammond, a sailor, were missing. The Prussia was gone. The strip of sand was not more than 311 feet long, and impassable cliffs kept the men from escaping across the island. The captain was so exhausted that he died and was buried on the beach.

DYSPEPTIC PHILOSOPHY.

A delicate situation is often really an indelicate one. It is never too late to mend, but it is sometimes too late to realize it. Lots of reform is wasted on the world that might better be used at home. It seems a universal misfortune that our close friends are not close-mouthed. That half the world that doesn't know how the other half lives is happier for it. The man who has too little confidence in himself is apt to have too much in other people. The summer girl may have a liquid glance, but in winter it is apt to become an icy stare. The original rib roast occurred when Eve first told Adam just what she thought of him. Time is surely money with John D. Rockefeller—to be exact, just \$21.25 a minute. How he must enjoy watching it fly!

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Hidden sins are hard to heal. Cursing yesterday does not correct today. The selfish heart always is short-sighted. Only a dead faith lies wrapped in formalities. No language is more eloquent than a life of love. The beautiful life loses no time looking for a mirror. They who never