THE LAST OF NINE.

"Did you know that Tom Bailey had passed in his checks?" "Yes; heard it by telephone an hour

The speaker was John McWilliams, and we were sitting on the plazza of his home in Bradford.

'Do you know the particulars, John?" "Particulars? Well, I don't know as there are any. Same old story, you wagon went over a log, the load ex. his eyes into vacancy. ploded, and-and-that was all."

tion, for I could reason it all out clear. Dut here." ly enough, and could almost fancy l saw the ghastly remains of the ill-starof a well, and never came back. Bailey was an employee of the Roberts Torthe man with whom I was in conversation, was his division superintendent on the same "run" or district.

"Family, John?"

"What will they do?" "The rest?"

"Yes, there were nine of us, you am now the only one left—the last of

interest. It was a beautiful night, full liams. of soft moonlight, and drowsy with the hum of humanity in the city beneath shouted, accompanying his words with mind. our feet. A delicate, almost impercep- emphatic gestures. tible mist hung about the city, and Curiously wondering what Smol- Abednego, clawing at the bed clothes Mar down the valley, where the Tunung- ward him. Two or three men were "Laugh, false female, at the mortal The night. Over at Prospect Park, on his companions. Mount Raub, the light was flashing and "What's the trouble, Smolley?" and lurid pangs of dissolution Oh, my the strains of a Strauss walts. Away pained-looking face, and mutely point. consumes within me! The unquenchoff on another hill the sound of a labor- ed his finger in the direction of the able fire, the ing engine and the thud of a walking- men around the stump. could sink the hole. Down below, the ground in small pleces. In an instant your heart." city flashed up at us its countless lights it all came to me—there had been an the correctness of this theory. Uncle hum of business and pleasure. It was rick had been blown to atoms and scat. Abednego now takes it as an insult to a strangely beautiful night for a story tered far and wide; the ponderous bull. be asked the symptoms of heart diof oil. John spoke at last, slowly, and wheels were dismantled and broken in. sease.—New York Journal. , with evident hesitation.

us, and I'm the last one alive. It's a cerine can produce. The thought came, queer thing, and it makes me feel very strangely; perhaps more so now that poor Tom is—is—

word; he couldn't say that his friend forward. was dead. With a great effort he con-:j tinued:

"You doubtless know that I was in the army during the late war. I saw mome pretty tough fighting, too, and afeter Shiloh I was made a captain, and at the same time Tom Bailey, who was in the same company, was promoted to a .- lieutenantcy for bravery. He deserved edt, too, for there never was a better ∞or braver boy; a trifle reckless, you might say, but brave and generous to a

"At the close of the war we went home together, and with us went what was left of the company. There wasn't much, to be sure, for we had done some terrible fighting, and many of the boys had gone down through the valley of the shadow. Like the rest of "the returned soldiers, we went into the di country, which was just then turning the heads of the people, and after knocking around a while and losing what money we had, we concluded to go into the business of shooting wells. Tom and I went into the business for ourselves, and soon hired four of the men who had been in our company, and a friend of mine who had been wealthy, but was 'broke,' to work for us. Two fishermen came along, that we had known before, and we engaged them. That made nine of us, and we used to live in one room, and do all our own cooking, for women were scarce in the oil country at that time. Everything went along finely, and we made money hand over fist. Old Colonel Roberts hadn't got the monopoly of the nitro-glycerine business then, and any man could engage in it who cared to run the risk.

"Our crowd was extremely fortunate at first, and we were beginning to feel that nitro-glycerine wasn't such a terrible thing as some persons made out Well, we worked along about six months without an accident, when one day one of our men was killed while taking glycerine from a wagon. This gave us considerable of a shock, but we laid the blame on the man's carelemmess, and worked on as usual. Within a year three more of our men were blown to fragments at the same time, through pure recklessness. None of these men drank liquor to excess: so you couldn't attribute their death to intoxication. The rest of us were mighty careful after that, and only mayed in the business because we could make money faster than at anything We didn't have any more accidenta while we were doing business for ourselves, and we began to take cour-

When the Roberts Company gained monopolistic control of the torpedc musiness, the remaining five of our erows went to work. Everything went on swimmingly for some time, but at issat three of the crowd had some trou-ble was or mancies with the company, and the result was that the most quit

the law giving the Roberts Company the monopoly. Moonlighting is just about twice as dengerous as torpedoing in the lawful way, and it wasn't prised, for when a mangets down so low as to go into moonlighting when he can make good wages at a legitimate business, I naturally look to see his death announced before a great while in the

"Well, that just left two—Tom Bailey and I- of the original nine that went into the business only a few years ago. One by one our boys have dropped off, until to-day I helped to bury what remained of poor Tom. Poor old boy! 1 know it wasn't his fault, for he was the most careful man I ever saw. There were nine of us when we started—all gone but me, and I am—the—last—of

His unsmoked cigar slipped from his nerveless fingers and fell to the ground know. Did'nt pack the nitro-glycerine He trembled violently, as with ague, a in the wagon carefully, and when the nameless horror and fear looking out of

"John," said I, gently touching his There was no need of further explana. arm, "come into the house; it is chilly

"Yes, yes, let us go in. But stay-1 -feel-so strangely. I never thought red Tom Bailey, who went out one of it before, but if-my wife should-set morning to superintend the shooting me as I saw Tom Bailey to-day, it would-it would-would kill her!" and the strong man sank into a chair, compedo Company, and John McWilliams. pletely overpowered by the awful that fool doctor says," comtinued Uncle

Business called me away from Brad. know I'm dying!" ford and the oil country the next day, and I did not return for some weeks, asked Aunt Amy, prepared for any-"No-that is he hadn't a wife, but Having business at Smethport, the thing from getting him a drink to gohe had a widowed mother and a young county seat of McKean County, I pass. ing for the doctor and minister.

sister."

How the doctor and minister.

"Nothing. I'm beyond human help!" "Oh, the company won't see them Bordell, and Kinsua Railway. When groans and ejaculations. "All you can starve, and besides, I guess poor old within a few miles of Bradford an ac. do is to watch me pass away in this Tom didn't die a beggar. Poor old sident happened to the locomotive, frightful agony. Oh, my heart! A Thoy!" And the bearded man at my which would delay the train several hundred knives are cutting at it, a mide sobbed like a heart-broken child. hours. Being anxious to reach the city thousand pangs are piercing it, a mil gers, including myself, started over the find my will in my desk, and mind, know-but you don't know, for I have mountains afoot, hoping to reach our you get nothing if you marry again never told a living soul. This sudden destination by three o'clock in the af. Oh, oh, how it burns and scorches! death of Tom's quite unmans me, for 1 ternoon. We walked along quite brisk. Thank heaven I'm prepared, and don't ly, and, while following the ridge of a forget I've paid the pew rent yesterday, I waited a long time for John to gain I recognized as belonging to the torpe- receipt last night. Ugh! ugh! I'm on control of his feelings, for I knew he do superintendent having in charge the fire! I'm a holocaust! I'm a conflahad a story to tell of more than usual district adjoining that of John McWil- gration!"

from our hillside piazza we could see ley could want, we went to in an ectasy of fear, pain and rage. want stream faintly glimmered in the leaning against the stump of a tree, agonies of him you pretended to love! meonlight, and where the huge iron and merely nodded as we approached. Laukh, fiend, not female, laugh and tanks of oil loomed up gloomy and Smolley was searching on the ground gloat rafely, for in one moment I shall black against the mellow brightness of for something at some distance from lie dead, and no one can bear witness

flaring, while faintly to our ears came as I spoke the glycerine man raised a heart, my heart' How it burns and

to a thousand fragments. On every "Yes," he said, "there were nine of hand was ruin such as only nitro-gly-

> and I would have fallen had not one of feet." the men supported me.

> The last of nine! I stood and looked tear. down into a little wooden box filled and face remained as noble and handsome as in life, but what remained of the body could have been placed in a silent sympathy.

after a long period of silence. in his hands, with the result you see she remembered all in her will. There never was a more careful man

than John." For years and years John McWilsprung upon him and avenged its wrongs. Sorrowfully we lifted the little box and carried it homeward. Alons the mountain ridge we moved, a melsummit of Mount Raub, we rested and looked down on the clustered buildings of Bradford. In the glory of the afternoon sun, even Bradford's homely buildings were beautiful, the city presenting the very picture of the loveliness of life, while over and beyond the hills, looking down in silent grandeur, were voiceless witnesses of God's im-

One of the passengers who had come with me from the train produced a powerful field-glass. Almost mechanically I turned and looked at John Me-William's hillside home. A door was standing wide open, a lace curtain streamed idly from a window. In through the open door I could see the tea-table set and waiting. On the lawn, a handsome, graceful woman romped with two children, frequently shading her eves with her hands and looking down the street long and earnestly. It was Mrs. McWilliams, and she was waiting and watching for the loving husband and father who would not come again on this earth, never, never

Slowly the sun crept behind the west ern hills, and, with aching hearts, we presume?" took up our burden again and prepared to descend into the city, my ears ringing with the words of the ill-fated John on that night many weeks before: "If my wife should—should see me as I saw Tom Bailey to-day, it would—it would-would kill her!"

shooting wells at night in defiance of HORRORS OF HEART DISEASE.

be Asked the Symptoms of It. He is a chronic complainer, is old long before these three fellows were Uncle Abelines, also an amateur hybiown skyward. I wasn't a bit surpochondriac. His fealth is, his god, and mever was a god more faithfully worshipped. . He came home one night inst winter convinced that he bad acguired pneumonia, and was a winning candidate for a bright immortality, but the heavenly prospect did not appear to please him, as evinced by his loud lamentations. Aunt Amy, his wife, and a wholesome, cheerful body, had had too much experience, however, with his active attacks of divers deady diseases—very acute, for they always disappear before morning-to be seriously alarmred. So she placidly combanded together to work for one snoth. er's interests and now they are all getting him to bed, applied it to his ohest. After grum bling himself tired, Uncle Abednego fell asleep, and his

wife followed suit, convinced that the crisis of the trouble had been passed. "Oh, oh, oh!" groaned Uncle Abednego, waking his wife in the early morning.

'What is it new?" demanded Aunt Amy, somewhat impatiently because of her disturbed slugsbers. "My heart, my neart!" gasped Uncle

A bednego. 'Have you low it?" asked Aunt Amy sleepily.

"I've always known that heart diseese would kill me, in spite of what Abednego bitterly. "Oh, I'm dying! I

"What can I do for you, Abby dear?"

Bradford, by the way of the Bradford, replied Uncle Abednego with many as soon as possible, four of the passen- lion flames are consuming it! You'll mountain, were halled by a voice which and Deacon Doust promised to mail the

Aunt Amy began to laugh as a dawn-"Hello! come over here!" the man ing idea of the real trouble rose in her

> "Laugh, woman!" shouted Uncle to the tortures you have added to the

"Tut. tut, Abby!" remonstrated Aunt beam told that the ponderous drill at a well was being lowered into the earth as first as men working night and day ascattered over the could sink the hole. Down below the

Resigned It. "Doctor, will the boy be very badly was anybody hurt? I glanced inquir- deformed?" asked the anxious parent. ingly at the three men. One of them "I am sorry to have to tell you," repointed silently at a small baking pow-plied the eminent physician, "but he He couldn't bring himself to say the der box lying at their feet. I stepped will always be misshapen. His legs will be crossed like a sawbuck and he "My God! John-John McWilliams?" will have to walk on his hands and

The stricken father wiped away a

"Well," he said, bravely trying to with ghastly flesh and blood and bones, smile, "I shall try to do my duty to--all that was mortal of noble-hearted ward him. No dime museum shall ev-John McWilliams. A side of the head or have him for less than \$75 a week."

Well Paid for Being Jolly.

A jovial old lady of Paris, after proten quart pail. Smolley came and viding liberally for some distant relaleaned his arm against my shoulder in tives, left by will \$400,000 in small sums to a large number of casual ac-"How did it happen, Smolley?" This quaintances that she picked up in the streets. She was an invalid and had "The well made a heavy flow of gas been left without near relatives or conand oil as John was lowering the tor- nections, but, being determined to pedo, and when the shell came to the have jolly people about her, she gave top of the hole John stood there and balls and parties to which she invited caught it in his hands, and as he turn- any person whose face attracted her in ed to take the thing away it exploded omnibuses or shops. When she died

Not Properly Fixed.

General Gomez (angrily)-Colonel, liams had laughd at nitro-glycerine, why did not your command attack and and had toyed with it as with a capture that large Spanish wagon shackled monster, but at last the mon- train last night? It was almost entirester, waiting patiently for years, had ly unguarded, and camped in the open field right in your front.

Colonel-Well, sir, you see, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who belongs to my command, did not have his dress ancholy procession, and when on the suit and white tie along, and said he could not think of going out in the evening in business costume.

> As It Seemed to Her. Mrs. Mary Lizzie Lease-Do you know, I think that woman over there must be insane. Mrs. Helen Morse Gougar-Do you?

Mrs. Mary Lizzie Lease-Why, I heard her singing to herself a while ago, and the words sounded something like 'Home, home, home, sweet home, There's no place like home!—Somerville Journal.

Chicago Whisky. Watts-Did you know they could make whisky out of sawdust? Potts-H'm! Last time I was in Chicago I got hold of some that I think;

must have been made from the buzz

saw itself.-Indianapolis Journal.

"I am afraid it is all up between ones and the rich widow."

"Made one of his ridiculous breaks, I "Yes. He asked her if he was the only man she over loved."

It a point to tell my wife everything Old Sport-Pook! That's nothing. I flows of marrying a pleasisy of wive

A More Beginner.

Mis Fear Was That the Metal Me Wm Patronising Would Take Pire.

"Do you believe that we are some times forewarmed of great dangers?" asked the commercial traveler. "Did you ever have what you call it?— premonitions? Well, I was premonish-ed the other night. I had to put up at junction hotel, and they sent me clear up to the top of the building tato one of those rooms with a slanted coll-

"There was one window. I looked out of the window, and it seemed to be at least girty feet down to the ground. It was a wooden building, and an old one, understand? While I was looking out of the window a freight train went by, and the exigine threw out a militon sparks.

ing. You know the kind. You pay

for the room and the roof occupies it.

"Weil," I says to myself, 'I can see my finish right now. There'll be forty trains going by on these two roads tonight, and it's a i to I shot that this hotel's going to catch fire. I looked out again. There wasn't any fire-escape, and they didn't have any rope in the room. You see, in a good many places like that they have a big coil of rope in one corner and a sign that says: 'In case of fire, take hold of the rope and jump.' A man reads that sign and then he cam't sloop all night. 'Well, I looked out of the window

again, and a switch engine pulled past and shot out a lot of line cinders as big as your flat. That entiled it. I went over to the bed and found it had two sheets. I took out may pencil and figured that I could tour each sheet into four strips, and, allowing for the knots, each sheet would make about twentyfour fest of fire escape, although, of course, there would be some waste where I would have to tie it to the bed. I figured that I should push the bed over to the window, fasten one end of my rope to the head board and play out about forty-five feet. I had it all fixed-some water all ready in the bowl, so as to dampen the knots and pull them hard. Of course, I still had some distance to fall after I got to the end of my rope, but that was all right. You know, as soon as I had my rope fixed I was going to drop the mattress sec as to have something to fall on, and then I woke up.-Chicago Record.

Two of a Kind.



Wilhe Winks-Could you show me the way to Smith's farm? Sally Ann-Sure Just follow me; this one got lost, too.

Good Example to Follow. There's a man," said Brown, as we

were crossing North River the other day, "who made a failure of everything he undertook from the time he left college until a year ago, and now he's

"That so?" asked I. "What did he do and what is he doing?" "Well, first he tried being a poet, and he made a miserable failure of that. Even the magazines wouldn't take his stuff. Then he tried in turn the law, medicine, theology and the stage, and he was as bad as could be in them all: hadn't a single qualification for any

one of them. "Well, I should have given it up as a "York State Folks," which will be bad job and entered a home for the most pleasantly remembered by theatre feeble minded."

"No, there was one calling he had never attempted." "What was that?"

"Man of business. A friend advised it, he had a little capital, put it into a business and found that he was just cut out for that sort of thing, and today he's rich."

Bitter Disappointment. "Yes." she said, bitterly, "I must confess that he deceived me as to his habita.

"Does he drink, or gamble, or anything of that kind?" inquired the oth-

"No. Before we were wed, he led me to believe that he had a habit of talking in his sleep about all his doings And he does not."-Indianapolis Jour

No Hope. Family Doctor-Nothing more can be done for you, sir. I have exhausted my resources, and I advise you to make

your will." Patient-But I have been told that Dr. Blank says he can cure me." Family Doctor—Huh! I'd just like to see him try it. I'd have him ejected from the society for breach of eliquette.

Not the Desired Answer. "Do I look like a man who would try to cheat your confounded corporation out of five cents?" asked the man who was angry because he was asked if he had paid his fare; and he looked like a boiled lobster when the conductor surveyed him calmly, and replied: "Well, yes; I must say I think you

After the Amateur Drama. "I know we ought to have had a dress rebearsal." 'What's the trouble?'

"Why, when I said to Tom Skinner, "Kneel, sirrah, and on bended knee pay homage to your lady queen, he spoke right out and said: your life—in these tights."

A Definition. Little Nicce-What is polygamy, Newlywed (proudly)—I always make sunty?

Aunty (Mrs. Maleprop)-Polygamy is where men have an ad libertine priv-Last year 511 vessels were launched feel my wife bets of things that mores when they can't take care of one at in British shipparis.

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ITHACA

A meeting of the Ladies Aid society was held at the Knights of Columbus hall Tuesday evening at 8:80 o'clock Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock an anniversary high mass was celebrated for the deceased members of the Ladies

Saturday morning at 8 o'clock a requiem high mass will be celebrated for the deceased priests of the parish.

BAKER THEATRE.

"A Hidden Crime" a sensational melodrama of . \cellent reputation in all the large citi : will be the offering at the Baker Theatre Monday; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 16, 17, 18 with basgain matinee daily. It is an especially strong heroic production. A big advantage in attending a per-

formance of "Trinity Chimes", which will be seen at the Baker Theatre, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Nov. 19.20,21 with bargain matiness daily, is that one may see all the principal points of interest in Greater New York without leaving the city.

COOR OPERA HOUSE.

An excellent bill of vandeville is pre sented next week at the Cook Opera House. Callahan and Mack, the famous Irish character comedians will present their delightful sketch, "The Ould Neighborhood"in which they pleased so last season. Fanny Rice the brilliant comedienne will appear in "Jolly Surprises;" Adolph Zink will give impersonations, assisted by moving pictures; Synder and Buckley with their clever 6 MainSt. Easi, 18al State— German musical comedy 'Blatz Wants a Drink." A. D. Robbins, cyclist; Louise Brehany, Davis and Walker and others will appear. Matinee performance is

National Theatre.

novelty in store for its patrons the early part of next week, when the most successful comedy drama, "The Fatal Wedding," will be the attraction.

goers of this city by reason of the big hit it scored when presented here last at the National Theatre the latter part of the week.

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