New York Millionaire Offers Fortune in Search.

Miss Marian Ege, Relative of Wealthy Manufacturer, Disappears After Telling Uncle of Being Foilowed By a Strange Man.

New York.—With a declaration by Jacob Doll, millionaire manufacturer, that he will spend an unlimited amount of money to recover his fifteen-year-old niece, Marian Ege, who disappeared while walking near her home, police of New York and a score of private detective agencies began an exhaustive search of New York and neighboring cities for the missing beiress.

. Following the girl's disappearance, the police began a quiet search, but were unable to unearth a single clew except that the girl had spoken to a friend of being followed on the street by a strange middle-aged man.

After two days of fruitless efforts by the New York police, Mr. Doll ordered into the search a number of private detectives and made the statement that he believes that his niece had been kidnaped.

The statements of Miss Ege's friend that the young woman had told her of being followed have been corroborated by Mr. Doll. The aged miltionaire said that on numerous occa-sions reaching back over a period of several months his niege had remarked to him that a middle-aged man, whom the young woman could only hazily describe, had followed her while walking in the neighborhood of her home, and on one occasion had attempted to attract her at-

tention. Since the search was taken up Mr. Doll has kept in touch almost constantly with the police. As the search continues and no tangible trace of what has become of the young woman is discovered, the aged millionaire reiterates his determination that every power that can be controlled by his vast fortune will be turned toward finding the girl.

The police have carefully questioned many of the young woman's friends, but so far none has been able to give a hint that promises to clear up the mystery of Miss Ege's disappearance. Several possible explanations are being entertained by the police and every angle is being investigated.

It is thought that Miss Ege may have been taken ill and that she now ties, with her identity unknown, in some New York hospital. Friends of the young woman's family in neigh boring cities are being communicated with in the hope of ascertaining if Miss Ege, without knowledge of her own family, had gone to visit them.

The main energies of the search, however, are centered on learning the worth of the clew offered by the young woman's previous statements that she had been followed by a stranger.

It is well known that Miss Ege was a favorite niece of her wealthy uncle, and it is hinted by police officials at work on the case that the young woman is being held for ransom by some individual or gang in New York

OLD MANTEL FOR JOHN D., JR.

Bon of Magnate to Have One a Hundred Years Old in Hallway of His Mansion.

New York .-- A century old marble mantelpiece from one of the oldest colonial houses still standing in New York city is to be the feature of the entrance hall in the mansion which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is building. on West Fifty-fourth street. The mantel is of French workmanship and was brought to America by the Schermerhorns, a noted New York family, to adorn their home overlooking the East river, near where the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research now

stands. The house was later bought by Dewitt Clinton, then governor of New Work state, and has been used as a flay nursery since the Rockefellers acguired the property.

BUFFALO KILLS CAMERA MAN

French Court Sustains Widow's Claim offer Compensation for Loss of Husband.

Paris.--An important point of law was settled this week when the widow of Paul Fiere, a photographer for cinematograph pictures, sued for compensation, her husband having been killed in Central Africa while taking pictures of big game shooting.

Fiere was sent to Africa a year ago, joined a German mission and went out shooting with Lieut. Graetz. While he was operating the camera Graetz was charged by a wounded buffalo, whereupon Fiere left the apparatus and went to the rescue of the officer. again wounding the buffalo, which

then trampled him to death. The widow was awarded an annual income of \$124 for herself and \$216 for her three children.

\$15,720 is Paid for Bull. London.—For a shorthorn bull which he bought in the spring for \$680, George Campbell of Bieldshide, sear Aberdeen, has secured \$15,720 at a sale in Buenos Ayres. Mr. Campbell, who exports shorthorns to the Argentine, obtained an average of \$4.880 for eight bulls.

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GRUMBLER ALWAYS WITH US

Discontented Man Accomplishes Some Good, With Much Harm, Through His Eternal Wails.

We are all natural-born grumblers. From childhood to the grave we look for the few things that are wrong and forget the many that are right. When we are strong and healthy we offer no prayer of thanksgiving. But let us have an ache or a pain, a cut finger or a sore thumb and hear the wails of distress.

We expect to be healthy, happy and well. We feel that that is an inheritance to which we are entitled. So we think nothing of it. But how we magnify our little troubles!

We forget that if we inherit health so we may also have an inheritance of suffering. If we have days of sunshine we must also have days of storm. If we expect to enjoy happiness we must also anticipate hours of pain. If we have joys we must also have sorrows.

We never soice contentment. We always proclaim our discontent. Hear the cries of unrest by those who magnify their grievances against the present order of things. This has much to do with the clamor in favor of upsetting our established form of government and trying experiments, costly, unnecessary and in many instances foolish.

The grumblers are responsible for the unreason, discontent and unbelief that so widely prevail. It has been so always from ancient biblical times to this so-called "new century of progress."—Leslie's.

Training . ANCIENT CRIME UNPAID FOR

Murder 700 Years Ago Still Causes Annual Tribute to Be Paid by · the Community.

Seven hundred years ago some shepherds of the Valley of Roncal in Navarra, were murdered by shepherds of the Valley of Bareton, in Bearn, the crime taking place on the high pasture

lands of Arles, in the Pyrenees. It would have been difficult to bring the murderers individually to justice. and the Spaniards were preparing to make war upon the valley from which the French murderers had come, when the French village proposed that peace be maintained at the price of a yearly tax or tribute, to endure for all time, and this proposition was accepted

without demur. The payment of this blood taxoriginally three white mares, but later three cows of a particular breed and color-has been made ever since, the custom-it is nothing more having survived even the great wars in which both France and Spain have engaged, and the storm of the French revolu-

Yearly the representative men of the two valleys meet on the frontier, at a certain stone, remote from any town, and go through the ceremony of presenting and receiving the cattle. The order of procedure, which is elaborate and impressive, is fixed by a document bearing the date 1375, though the tax was paid a hundred

Story of Clemenceau.

years prior to that time.

It is said that Monsieur Clemenceau who bears the pleasant sobriquet of "the tiger," is about to connect himself with a new journal to appear in the near future. This return to the limelight from which he had not withdrawn to any distance, gives occasion for some new stories concerning him. One of these is that a young man applied to him for a place. "Do you know anything about foreign affairs?" asked the tiger. "Yes, monsieur," was the answer to which he modestly added, "a little." Clemenceau appeared greatly astonished. "Ah, truly! Do you know what is the question of the Orient, the Austro-Hungarian problem, and pan-Slavic politics?" "Yes, monsieur." Then the tiger turned on him. "This is too wearisome. It would amuse me much more if you knew nothing at all."

Wisdom Worth Heeding. What is true of men can be true of women. The realm of achievement is sexless. The brain is not at its best until you are forty or past. A bishop in a play cried: "Oh, that we were born old and could die young!" You are fulfiling in business the bishop's wish. He longed to start the race with experience. That is what you can do, may do, must do. Start the real race. Count fourteen years ar the first half, as the learning time, as the warming up time. Begin again. Get your second wind. No man is whipped until he takes the count. No woman has failed until she tells her soul she will no longer try. Work and earn an old lady's home that shall not be the old ladies' home.—Ex-

Just the Place for Her. He bustled into his home and began

vigorously: "Now, wife, I want you to go out on a nice farm and rest for the summer. I have located a nice farm out in Elizabeth township, not too far from

Pittsburg for me to run out." "How can I go anywhere for the summer?" demanded his wife. "I have no clothes."

"That's just the point. You can wear old clothes on this farm. Everybody wears old clothes. Old clothes are the thing."

"Old clothes are the thing, eh? Then for once in my life I can make a splurge. If old clothes are the caper, I'll take along seven trunks of oldest clothes in Pennsylvania."— Pittsburg Post.

SAW FALL OF PAGAN ROME

Stones of the Colineum Immortaliza Today the Triumphs of a Christianity That Lives.

Christianity is crystallized in the Coliseum and St. Peter's in the former by the triumphs of the martyrs; in the latter, by the dedication of art to the worship of God, writes Bishop Gilmour.

Come with me along the Via Sacra, past the Forum and the Arch of Titus. But a step, and we are at the Coliseum, pressed in between the Celian and Palatine hills, the Arch of Constantine and the Temple of Venus.

As we enter the moon has risen. giving a weird appearance to the scene, as we see its shadows fit, dissolve and lose themselves amid the arches of this might ruin. Amid broken arch and column and vaulted corridor, terrace rises upon terrace till the blood curdles and the hair stands on end. Memory is busy and hurries us back to when Christian martyr and gentle maid stood within the vast arena to die for Christ.

The emperor is there; the nobility of Rome is there; tier upon tier is densely packed; the wild beasts paw their cages, impatient for the feast; one hundred thousand voices shout, "The Christians to the Bons!" A spring, a growl, a quiver and another hero has gone to God. Every brick. and stone, and grain of sand in this mighty ruin has been sanctified by the blood shed there. Here a Felicitas and Perpetua, a Cyriacus and Pancras died; here Rome brutalized herself. and within these walls strove to crush out truth.

Here Pagan Rome fell and Christian Rome rose. The blood of the mar tyrs was the seed of the church.

GOOD WORD FOR THE OYSTER

London Lancet, Always Pessimistic. Comes Forward With a Surly Meed of Praise.

When the Lancet, representative of the medical profession of Great Britain, says anything good about anything, it is listened to with emotions of mingled surprise and respect. Some one has remarked that every time he picked up the Lancet he discovered he was doing something right along, or taking something that was surely killing him. It has a good word for the oyster just at the time when that apparently innocuous edible is exciting the scrutiny of our always feverish advisers, the bacteriologists. This distinguished, if usually alarmist, authority declares that the oyster is a "tonic of the first order, and a complete food, most beneficial to weakened patients and those in whom appetite is deficient." Clinical results a most favorable nature are reported where oysters are given to persons suffering from tuberculosis. If oysters are indicated for the diet of persons in the state described, they must be wholesome for the rest of us.

There was never any doubt about this, of course, before nervous bacteriologists sought to fill us full of fear instead of oysters. He was a brave man who first ate one raw, according to the philosopher of the breakfast table; and now the bacteriologists challenge our courage. The Lancet's commendation should help to sustain timid souls at this crisis.—Providence Journal.

The Angelus.

I've been reading a life of Mille. and was struck with his poverty at the time he painted "The Angelus." When one considers how the pictures may now be found in countless homes in this and every country, it seems incredible that Millet had trouble selling the original. All his clients hesitated, until at last a Belgian diplomat was persuaded into buying it. About this time Millet wrote, "We have wood only for one or two days. They will not give it to us without money." Better times were ahead, however, and the wonderful pictures eventually brought Millet at least a living. He is said to have named "The Angelus" in this way: A friend was looking at it for the first time. "What do you think of it?" said Millet. "I hear the bells ringing. It is the Angelus!" was the immediate answer. "It is indeed!" said Millet. "I am contented. You understood it."-New York Press

She Was Doing Press Work.

A young woman who was acting as newspaper correspondent at a fashionable hotel did not consider herself a reporter and never referred to herself as such. In talking with one of the women guests she spoke of doing "press work" for the hotel.

The woman hesitated a moment, then said: "Don't you find it hard?" The girl thinking how much help her little typewriter had been, replied:

"Oh, no, I have a machine." Another pause, then the bewildered guest put her question: "Do you do the work in your room or in the laundry?"

The young woman is trying now to make up her mind just what she had better call berself.

Heard Wrong.

"Bo Jessie Jejune is going to marry Billy Bibber?"

"Yes-what do you think of that?" "I hear that she and Billy had a lot of trouble getting her father's. consent."

"Then you heard wrong." Wasn't there some sort of objection

to the match?" "Yes. But it was Jessie and her father who had a lot of trouble getting Billy's cousent."

AVOID SPREADERS OF GLOOM

Chronic Grumblers and Avowed Discontented Persons Are Never the Best of Companions in Life.

The chronic grumbler is not a good companion nor in any way an admirable person. We fly from her as from a contagious disease. Nothing so certainly affects one's spirits as being in the constant company of a person who has a grievance.

The cherishing of discontent with our circumstances, business, dress, or any other thing in life soon robs us of beauty and marks the countenance with the lines of worry and ill temper that tell their own unhappy story.

Why anybody who is young should indulge in grumbling as a pastime is one of the puzzles that never is solved, yet such people there are, and we meet them to our sorrow almost every day. If they happen to be passengers on

a railway train they pile their bags and bundles on an extra seat for which they have not paid, are conveniently blind to the weariness of other passengers who are standing, and assume the aspect of martyrs when the conductor courteously but peremptorily informs them that they must make room.

They object to having the windows open, although the air may be loaded with impurities from the congestion of the crowd; they scold and fret at the throng or the conductor and rail at Providence in general because everything in life is not arranged with a view to their comfort.

RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SLUM

Society Can Not Ignore its Share of Blame When the Facts Are Brought to Light of Day.

Children work out their destiny along the lines of environment. If two infants, one born in a slum hovel and the other in a palace, were exchanged on the day of birth, each would work out his destiny in accordance with his surroundings. The child of the hovel would grow up to the palace. The child of the palace would remain on the level of the slum

bovel While a noted physician was making these statements before a body of learned colleagues, a jury in Chicago found three boys, aged consecutively seventeen, eighteen and nineteen years, guilty of murder and convicted them to long terms in prison. The slayers were all slum products. Their youth saved them from hanging.

Society cannot afford to wax sentimental over a murderer because of his youth. Its duty, in self-preservation, is to inflict punishment. A part of this self-preservation duty, however, is to prevent the growth of murderers. In so far as society allows slums to: exist and other degrading influences to be fostered, it is not without responsibility for the criminal.

Wanted-Woman.

For a good many years now all civilized nations have had the census, in order to determine scientifically the approximate conditions of population at home and throughout the world. Some of the statistics relating to the porportions of the sexes in different parts are interesting.

The total population of the world is estimated to be 1,700,000,000, and the proportion is said to be 1,000 men and 990 women.

The proportion varies considerably according to the region. In Europe there are, for each 1,000 men, 1,027 women; in Africa, 1,045; in America, 964; in Asia, 961; in Australia, 937. The maximum feminine population

is in Uganda, where there are 1,467 women to each 1,000 men, and the minimum in the gold countries of Alaska and in Malaysia, where there are found only 391 and 589 women, respectively to each 1,000 men.-Harpers Weekly.

Encouraging Generosity. One of the cleverest of Cleveland's blind newspaper merchants takes his stand daily at one of the corners of the public square. He's got a sarcastic little sign that reads:

"Don't be ashamed to give me a penny-I'm blind." The other day a friend of ours

dropped a nickel in front of this chap, just to see if he was faking. The blind never shifted his blank gaze, but he said:

"Make it a quarter, boss, and I'm likely to forget myself."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One Can Write in the Dark.

A novelty is a penholder permitting one to write in the dark, since it is provided with an electric light. The tube through which the point of the pencil goes is fitted with a small accumulator and an electric lamp. The latter throws a disk of light over the point where the writing is being done. This luminous pencil has been invented for the use of doctors, reporters, detectives, etc., whose work necessitates the taking of notes in the stree's and in darkness.—Harper's Weekly.

Was Misquoted. The king of the hobos slouched into

the office of The Daily Bread to make complaint "You th' editor?" he asked.

"Yes."

"In yore paper this mornin' you said I made a talk to th' boys last night on 'How to Be at Work All th' Time.' -Well?

"You got it wrong. Th' subject of my little talk was 'How to Beat Work All th' Time.' I want it c'rected, mister. That's all."

"Atto- sebdemedatr. S.10 P.

HAVE NO NEED OF THOUGHT

All That Troubles Eskimo is That They Shall Be Sure of Getting Enough to Eat

Where the physical struggle for life is at its keenest, as it is among the Eskimos, the years glide by free from the more subtle cares and worries of the civilized man. The Eskimo does not count the days and keeps no record of time. All his thoughts are cen-

tered on hunting. Once I asked an Eskimo who seemed to be plunged in reflection, "What are

you thinking about?" He laughed at my question, and said. "Oh, it is only you white men who go in so much for thinking! Up here we only think of our flesh-pits. and whether we have enough for the long dark of the winter. If we have meat enough, then there is no need to think. I have meat and to spare!" I saw that I had insulted him by

crediting him with thought. On another occasion I asked an unusually intelligent Eskimo, Panigpak, who had taken part in Peary's last North Polar expedition: "Tell me, what did you suppose was

the object of all your exertions? What did you think when you saw the land disappear behind you and you found yourself out on the drifting ice-floes?"

"Think?" said Panigpak, astonished. "I did not need to think. Peary did that!" ---

Eating becomes the great thing with the Eskimos. I once excused myself, when paying a visit, with the plea that I had already eaten and had had enough. I was laughed at, and the answer I received was:

"There thou talkest like a dog! Dogs can be stuffed till they are satisfied and can eat no more; but people -people can always eat!"-Knud Rasmussen, in The People of the Polar

MEETING WITH ROBERT BARR

Journey of a Couple to Cologne Was Materially Enlivened by the Novelist.

I have a pleasant recollection of Robert Barr, the popular novelist, whose death was recently announced, writes a woman correspondent of the London Chronicle. A relative and I were traveling some years since in Germany, and took the water way to Cologne. Among the numbers of brodchen devouring and beer drinking passengers on the little steamer I noticed one, a man with an eager expression, who was distinguished by his abstinence and by his absorption in the passing scenery of the Rhine. I got into conversation by chance with the observer, and the whole route to Cologne was from that moment made a living reality to me by the man's comment.

The following day we decided to continue our journey, and again we chose the transit steamer, and again we met the man of recollection and observation. I tried, by conversational openings, to discover his identity, but he heeded none, continuing to pour out a flood of history and legend of the Rhine. At length the time of parting came. With a sweep of the arm, which included my companion and myself, he said: "I shall hope to see you when you return from this, the journey of your lives," and handed me a card, on which was inscribed the name of Robert Barr. "I don't think we can call together," I replied, for while I live in London, my brother's home is in the north, and I seldom catch sight of him on his day trips to town." "Your brother," replied the editor of the Idler, "then why the deuce do you both have new

Ninety Miles Somewhar'.

A traveler waiting for a train in Greenville, S. C., observed a venerable, white bearded gentleman sauntering along the platform, whose appearance invited conversation. He approached the dignified, kind faced southerner with the customary salutation of "Good morning, colonel, do you live here?" "Yes, sah." "Engaged in growing cotton?" "No, sah, I am a statistician." After harvesting his crop of local statistics, I asked him how far it was to Atlanta. He replied that it was about ninety miles, when a young man who was standing near interposed: "Oh, no, uncle, it is more 'an ninety miles." The old gentleman stroked his beard meditatively for a moment, shifted his quid and said: "Waal, Jack, it's ninety miles somewhar'-whar's that place anyway.

English "Society."

There are three classes of society in England—the aristocrats, who are barbarians; the middle class, who are philistines, and the dregs of society, who are nothing at all. It is a funny thing that the late King Edward, who had all the vices of the aristocrats, was beloved by the middle class, and that his son, King George, who has all the virtues of the middle class. in despised by the aristocrats. He and the queen are always spoken of as George and the Dragon.

His Chops.

"Here, waiter, I ordered two lamb chops and can't find but one." "Let me see, sir. Quite true. Ah. I remember now. I passed the open door an' th' drawft must have blowed

it away, sir." "Bring me another waiter, and this time don't forget the windshield and the safety net."—Cleveland Plain Dealar.

LOOK ON THE CHEERFUL SIDE

After All, What Is the Use of Letting Worry Get the Upper Hand in the Journey Through Life?

Did you ever cross a room while you were busy and worried and catch a sight of your face in the glass or win-

dow. Nine times out of ten your jaws are set, your eyes are hard, and the expression of your face would discourage the most enthusiastic optimist in

the world The next time you catch yourself looking like that, stop and ask yourself what under the shining sun are you sulking about.

Everybody has a sense of humor, or if they have not they should have; so call it into play at once and talk to yourself, and keep on talking until you begin to laugh at yourself and the great big trouble that made you look like a scowling dog. What will you talk to yourself about?

Oh, any merry little thing that once occurred in your life-some pleasant surprise, some happy day—anything will do.

This is no foolish advice I am giving you, for, seriously, there is more in this looking cheerful than you can dream of. It is not half as feeble minded as it sounds. Try it for a few weeks and prove it for yourself.

Don't overdo it, of course, but let your face express good will and cheer and comfort, and the first thing you know you will feel it.

You cannot entirely forget your cares; nor would it be right to do so. Every one has cares; they are good for us. The real God sent cares that test the strength of our souls-all of us have those, too; but let us meet them like real women.—Chicago Tribune.

UMBRELLA ALWAYS AT HAND

For Small Sum, Subscriber Is Guaranteed Protection From the Sudden Shower.

The Belgians have just founded a company whose originality will be hard to beat. This is the Umbreils. Lending society.

The company has a capital of several million francs, and half as many umbrellas and its object is to save people from the trouble of buying and carrying these occasionally useful but cumbersome articles about when not in actual employ. Subscribers pay \$1 a year, and are given an aluminum counter with a

number. It is much easier evidently to carry a counter than an umbrella. If the subscriber is caught in the rain all that he has to do is to go into the nearest restaurant, tobacco shop, or big store, and in return for his ticket he is immediately furnished with a respectable umbreila.

When the sun comes out again he enters the first similar establishment and deposits his umbrella in exchange for another counter.—Stray Stories.

Concerning Apple Ples. If you ask a man what sort of pie he will take, and he hesitates a moment, he is pretty sure to blurt out apple. That is always a sure thing. Custard, lemon, peach, blackberry, mince, all depend; there is always some doubt as to their manufacture and the quality of the concomitants: but with apple pie it is not so. Apple pie is itself; it reigns in its own right; it suggests no doubts; it is always safe. Therefore it will be gratifying news that the apple crop this year is a bumper. There will be a yield of 105,000,000 bushels. That will make about sixty pies to every man, woman and child in the country; and this will give an ordinary piece of pie to every inhabitant every day in the year. Was there ever a nation so highly favored that it could have apple pie for every person every day? Thus nature and enterprise kindly and bountifully minister to the taste of all

The Going of Ulysses.

the people.—Ohio State Journal.

A Kansas City man said he always preferred red-headed office boys to any other kind, as he had found them to be unusually sagacious and alert; but he discovered recently that some of them are too much so. One day, returning from a short out of town trip, he went to his office and mentioned interrogatively that Ulysses, his promising assistant, was nowhere in sight, and the stenographer replied that he had not

shown up. Lifting up the last mail on his desk he found a note addressed to him in a very familiar, broad, vertical hand-

"Dear Mr. Cross." he said. "please accept my resignation to take effect. yesterday. I got a better place with less work and more pay. Respectively "ULYSSES S. G. PARKER."

Dickens in Australia. It is said that when a Scotsman

leaves old Scotia to make his home in some other land he solaces his exile with the book of Robert Burns' poems, and that the Scot abroad comes to be even better versed in the rhymes of the peasant poet than the Scot who has remained at home. It has been remarked that the same is true as regards the Englishman and Charles Dickens. W. M. Hughes, acting prime minister of Australia, goes further than this and asserts that Dickens had an important influence on Australian democracy, and through men who read him and loved him, men imbibed his hatred of shams and humbugs, who wanted freer and better conditions, to have some other place to look to than the workhouse, had made Austra-He what it is today.

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