

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 4, 1891.

THE MARCH OF COMPANY A.

"Forward, March!" was the captain's cry, As the tramp of a hundred men was heard...

Out of the shadow into the sun; A hundred men that moved as one; Out of the dawn into day...

Marching along to the rendezvous By grassy meadows the road ran through, By springing cornfields and orchards gay...

And the pink and white of the apple-trees Falling fast on the first breeze, Scattered its dewy, scented spray...

A breath like a sigh came through the ranks, Treading those odorous blossom banks, For the orchard hillsides far away...

Forward, march!—and the dream was sped; Out of the pine wood straight ahead Clattered a troop of the southern gray...

Fourth with a flash in the southern sun A hundred bayonets leaped like one, Sounded drum-beat and bugle play...

Half! What is here? A slumbering child, Roused by the blast of the bugle wild, Between the ranks of the blue and gray...

Nothing knowing of north or south, Her dimpled grin within her mouth, Her gathered apron with blossoms gay...

Straightway set for a sign of truce Wholly a handkerchief fluttered loose, As under the steel of the southern gray...

To his saddle-horn he swung the child, With a kiss on the baby lips that smiled, While the boys in blue and the boys in gray...

Out of the arms that held her safe He took with a smile the little wage, A grip of the hand 'twixt blue and gray...

Up there in the distant cottage door, A mother, clasping her child once more, Shuddered at sight of smoke-cloud gray...

A little later, and all was done— The battle over, the victory won, Nothing left of the pitiless fray...

Fallen together the gray and blue, Gone to the final rendezvous, A grave to cover, a prayer to say...

And—Forward, march! went Company A, Led by the captain of Company A, Led by the captain of Company A.

TAKEN UPON TRIAL. BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES. "It is true as taxes," said Deacon Prout.

"What's as true as taxes?" asked Ezra Elton, who lived on the farm across the creek.

"Why, that one-half the world is bound nilly-willy to bear the burdens of the other half!" sighed the deacon.

"Ezra shifted his tobacco from one side of his face to the other." "Well, as a gin'ral thing," said he, "I calculate you're right. But I don't see how it fits your particular case."

"Don't you?" the deacon gave a significant sniff. "Here have I lived a bachelor life all my days, because I was partial to peace and quietness, and didn't want no extra care nor trouble, and just when I want to be peaceablest there comes one o' these new-fangled telegraph dispatches from York city that my brother John and his wife are both dead, and that my three nieces would take it very kind if they could come out here and live with me."

"Praps they've got means to live on." "No, they hain't," said the deacon. "Not a red cent."

"Well, I swan!" ejaculated Mr. Elton. "Just what I think myself," said the deacon, merrily. "Ain't you to consent, be ye?"

that they did not seem to have much choice left. "If dear papa had only lived to see that last investment through," said Hester, "we should have been heirs-esses!"

Isabel shook her smooth, silky head. "Papa was always building castles in the air," she sighed. Deacon Prout received the three girls with stiff civility, told them that they were welcome, and put each of them in charge of some one particular department of Buckeye Farm.

Isabel was to be housekeeper, Hester dairymaid, and Nannie to take charge of the poultry. "But, uncle," protested Isabel, "we don't know anything about poultry raising nor cooking nor butter making."

"I want to know," said the deacon, "what sort o' way hev ye been bringin' up?" "If you have a piano," suggested Nannie, "I have particularly studied Chopin and Schumann."

"I can sketch quite accurately from nature," remarked Isabel. "And I," said Hester valiantly, "have had a poem accepted by the *Aboriginal Magazine*."

Deacon Prout rolled his cold gray eyes from one to another of the speakers. "All that ain't nothin' practical," said he. "I hain't no use here for music, nor picters, nor poetry."

And he stalked over to the barn, leaving his three nieces looking despairingly at one another. In the kitchen old Jimima Willett maliciously chuckled as she clattered among the pots and pans, for the factory engagement didn't begin until next week.

"I guess I shan't be out of a situation long," said she, to herself. "There ain't nothing solid nor substantial about these gals."

Isabel proceeded straight to the general store in the village, and bought a cookery book. Hester and Nannie went into the nearest house, and took counsel with the tutelary genius there upon the subject of cows and Braham Pootra fowls.

"You see," said they, to Mrs. Squire Sedley's great amusement, "we've got to vindicate ourselves." "What's this?" said the deacon, coming in to dinner the second day, and sniffing in a savory and unusual odor.

"Creamed chicken, uncle," said Isabel. "And spaghetti, smothered in tomato sauce."

"Jimima she generally fried the fowls in a pan," observed the deacon, "and cooked the macaroni without a furin dressin'! But I don't deny that this 'ere is proper good. A mince pie—this time o' year! I ain't asleep or dreamin', be I?"

Isabel laughed gleefully out. "Oh, uncle, how readily you fell in to the trap! It's made of crackers and raisins and vinegar. I got the recipe out of my new cook book. Isn't it delicious?"

Old Jimima sat by, frowning. "Ain't one to believe in new-fangled trash," said she. And nothing would induce her to take a piece of the deceitful pie.

The deacon was lighting his pipe for an after-dinner smoke on the back piazza, when the soft sound of an old fashioned ballad, accompanied by the piano, reached his ears.

"Well, I declare," said he, "if that ain't 'Annie Laurie!' Who's that singin'? And where did she get that pianny-forty?"

Isabel came out with a half-wiped tea saucer in her hand. "It's our Nan!" said she, triumphantly. "Hasn't she got a sweet soprano voice? The piano? Why Joe Sedley brought it over this morning. Nan is to play the organ in church and lead the choir, and of course she must have something to practice on. Mr. Sedley is quite enthusiastic about her musical abilities."

"Humph!" said the deacon. "How much do the trustees calculate to pay?" "A hundred and fifty dollar a year," Isabel answered. And Nan can clothe herself nicely out of that sum, seeing that we all out and make our own wardrobes."

"Humph!" again commented the deacon. "I wonder if she can play this erudite? My father used to sing it when I was a boy."

And he began to whistle, after a somewhat awkward fashion. "Oh," cried Isabel, "that's Brignal Banks! Of course she can play it—and sing it too!"

And within five minutes the deacon, leaving his forgotten pipe on the piazza rail, was listening to the old refrain of his youth, with a round tear-drop on either cheek.

"It does sound good!" said he. "I declare I can almost see father a-settin' by the harth of the old log cabin singin' it and stampin' his foot to keep time, and mother rockin' John's wooden cradle opposite."

The "New York girl's" reputation grew and spread. In a few days she came to the deacon. "Uncle," said she, "Jimima don't get along at the factory. She's too old to put up with new ways. Now I've thought of a plan. Do you object to my hiring her to look after the chickens and turkey pouls, while I give music lessons instead? I can afford to pay her, and make quite a margin of profits besides."

"Well, I do say for!" said Deacon Prout, "you seem to have a pretty fair idea o' business."

Isabel's cooking became daintier and more toothsome with every day. Hester distinguished herself in the dairy. Old Jimima toiled silently in the poultry yard, and acknowledged to herself that them "New York gals" had more ability than they had received credit for.

of the big north medder that Isabel painted and hung on the best room wall is more nateral than natur' itself. And the story that Hetty made up about my gran'ther's scrimmage with the Pequeetee Indians and had printed in the paper, it does excel everything!"

"Well, uncle," said Nannie, that same evening, "which of us is to stay?" "Uncle is going to draw lots," suggested Isabel. "See, he's got three slips of paper, and his old silk hat for a ballot box! Pretty soon we shall know our fate!"

Deacon Prout rose, balanced his spectacles on the top of his head, and knotted the old silk hat off the table. "I don't care," said he. "I ain't goin' to draw lots at all."

"Are we all to go away?" said Nannie. "No!" bawled the deacon. "You're all to stay—every one of ye. There ain't a gal in the lot as I can make up my mind to spare. And look here! 'In goin' to buy a new parlor organ for the north end of the house for the Nannie, and build a paintin' room on the south end of the house for Isabel, and Hetty she can have the big south chamber for a study, or what ever she like to call it, when she thinks up her stories."

"Uncle," cried the three in chorus, "you're a darling!" So thought Joe Sedley, when he came to practice church music with Nannie; so thought the editor of the *Aboriginal*, when he casually stopped over at Barnett's Corner, on his way to a copyright convention at Omaha; so thought Ezra Elton's nephew, one of the out-West academicians, when he saw the studio where Uncle Prout had put up such a grand north window. And so, most of all, thought old Jimima Willets.

"We're fixed real nice now," said she. "But I dunno how long it's goin' to last, with all these fellers comin' round here."

And Deacon Prout himself had his doubts on the subject.—Saturday Night.

The Watermelon. The Best Way to Eat It—Tell a Melon's Condition by Thumps.

Macon (Mo.) Telegraph. "What's the best way to eat a watermelon?" inquired a citizen.

"That depends," said another. "Henry Grady once gave his method and it was a good one for eatin' melons honestly obtained. But if you want to eat a melon to get the full flavor of it, imagine you're a boy again, and, after sneaking into a patch, crawl over the field until you get the one you want and then get over the fence with it and sit down in a corner."

"Then break it open and eat while watching through the cracks of the fence for the owner of the patch. Grady's idea was to go out in the cool of the morning before the sun dried the dew, thump the melons, and then with a short-bladed knife give a rattle all around it the long way. Throw away the knife and give the melon a whack on your knee. The melon parts and leaves all the heart on one half. Take that heart out with your fingers and eat it. But it can never taste as good as if stolen. Some people slice the melons the short way, and then put the slices on plates. To my mind that's a flincky way. The old fashioned long slice is one of the best ways, after all."

"How can you tell a ripe melon by thumping it? They all thump alike to me." This from a young man city raised.

"It's the easiest matter in the world," said a man who at some time of his life had risen with the lark and ploughed his task of furrows, "and any man who has over lived on a farm will never make a mistake. You are right about the thumping sound being nearly the same always, and unless a melon is real green, and an experienced eye can tell that without thumping it, there is but the very slightest difference in the sound—that is, apparently. But to the man of experience there is a big difference. I can tell exactly by a couple of thumps whether a melon is partly ripe, ripe, or overripe."

But a mastered the art of thumping is to scratch the rind the least bit. The rind of a ripe melon is tender and easily scratched, and turns dark immediately. The rind on a green melon is tough and requires several minutes to turn dark.

"Talking about melons, do you know that a fire of last year came very near wiping out of existence the finest cantaloupe that was ever eaten in Macon?" said a man whose paunch showed plainly that along with his breakfast he had all the good things of life, including a cantaloupe. "You know that," said Mr. Price first introduced a buff-meat cantaloupe that was not only very sweet, but had an unusually thick rind and a very few seed. Everybody wanted a Bob Price cantaloupe, and he and his Harry could have sold thousands had they raised them for the general market. By reason of their being almost seedless, it promised to be a long time before this cantaloupe could be generally raised, but Mr. Price managed by close saving to accumulate five pounds of seed. Then you know his home was destroyed by fire and the bag of seed. This season he borrowed a few of the seed from a friend to whom he gave some last season, and will raise about one hundred, when he promised to raise thousands."

The Wine Expert.—The wine expert is a man born with such a keen sense of smell and taste that he is able to take different wines and find in one a tinge too much acid, another is too thick, still another is too thin, and so on. After looking them all over he is able to blend them together and make a clean, full bodied, palatable wine. Almost any ordinary man with good "horse sense" can learn the mechanical part of winemaking, but when it comes to getting wines through their fermentation without disease preparing them for the bottle—that we call "finishing"—an expert wine taster is required. Such men, abroad, earn from \$5,000 to \$6,000 a year, and some of them even larger salaries; in this country they receive from \$1,200 to \$3,500 per annum.

Cocoon Culture. How the Tree is Started and the Valuable Fruit Produced.

Although the true and original home of the cocoon is India and the South Sea islands, it has become so widely diffused by the hands of man and the waves of the ocean that it is now a prominent feature in almost every tropical portion of the globe, covering between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 acres with its beautiful palms, and numbering 250,000,000 trees, yielding annually 10,000,000,000 of cocoanuts.

A recent approximate estimate of the area cultivated with the cocoon palm gave the following result: British India and dependencies, 300,000; Central America, 250,000; Ceylon, 300,000; Eastern Archipelago and colonies, 350,000; Java and Sumatra, 220,000; Mauritius, Madagascar, Seychelles, and African coast, 100,000; Pacific islands including Fiji, New Caledonia, etc., 350,000; Siam and Cochinchina, 100,000; and West Indies, 35,000.

And when Florida shall add her 10,000 acres lying south of the twenty-seventh parallel of north latitude, capable of growing 1,000,000 trees, we may see at no distant day the North American cocoonist demanding no mean share of commercial attention.

For many years cocoanuts have grown on the coast of southern Florida, but owing to an extreme fondness for the green nuts manifested by those engaged in the sponge fishing along the coast, few nuts have been allowed to ripen, only sufficient to demonstrate that cocoanuts can be raised for several hundred miles along the coast of Florida, where the Gulf stream flows so close to the shore. The cocoonist industry in that vicinity has received an impetus of late. Several northern capitalists have gone to Florida and embarked in this industry, seeking (like Col. Sellers) millions in it. Within the past four years over 300,000 nuts were planted on the coast of Florida.

Such nuts as are wanted for planting are gathered into heaps, or placed under sheds, where they are allowed to remain until the sprout shows itself through the husk. When planted in regular order, from fifteen to thirty feet deep, and from fifteen to thirty feet apart, are dug. In the hole the nut is planted with care, and covered with one foot of soil. The hole is filled gradually as the sprout grows, until it reaches the surface, when it is left to itself, requiring no further attention.

Should the place where the cocoonist is planted be any great distance from the seashore a quantity of salt is sometimes placed in the hole, and sometimes scraps of iron are being fixed in the water loving tree, which will thrive but a short distance from the seashore, nearness to salt water being absolutely essential to its welfare. In fact, it is said no magnet is truer to the pole than this root of the cocoon tree to the ocean; for when the root breaks through the husk it points directly toward the sea, no matter in what position the nut is placed in the ground.

Boring its way downward the root fastens itself so deep and firmly in the ground that no tornado, no matter how severe, has ever been known to wrench it from its moorings; but the hurricane, so frequent in the tropics, will often twist the trunks and carry the broken portions a long distance, thus ending that cocoonist palm, as it will not sprout a second time. Could you examine a coconut when it is in the process of sprouting you will find directly beneath the sprouting eye a small, white, much cupper one evening and left his house to go to a service in his church. He never appeared at the church, and was never seen in Savannah again. Detectives were employed to search for him and a large amount of money was expended on the investigation but all to no avail.

It was six months the conclusion was reached that he had either committed suicide or had been murdered. A year or so later a young physician from Savannah who had been an attendant upon this clergyman's ministrations, was in Paris and was making the rounds of the city with some friends. They went into one of the swell gambling houses, and had not entered there many minutes before a man entered whom the Savannah doctor immediately recognized as his fugitive preacher. The physician accosted him by name, whereupon the clergyman drew him into a corner and begged him to be silent and discreet. "I am," he said, "one of the proprietors of this house, and I am making money here. The profession of the ministry grew utterly abhorrent to me. I could do nothing but abscond from the town in which you knew me. I rely upon you not to expose me."

"The facts," continued Capt. Nelson, "were told to me by a physician, who is now one of the most eminent and successful members of his profession in Savannah."

From a Pulpit to a Gambling House. "Speaking of mysterious disappearances," said Captain Nelson, the racing man, at the Grand House last night, "a case of that kind tore up Savannah society a few years ago. One of the most popular clergymen in the city kissed his wife and children after supper one evening and left his house to go to a service in his church. He never appeared at the church, and was never seen in Savannah again. Detectives were employed to search for him and a large amount of money was expended on the investigation but all to no avail."

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Rock Crystal. Rock crystal is plentiful in various localities of the United States. A mass of it weighing fifty-one pounds from North Carolina was sent four years ago to New York. The original crystal, which must have weighed 300 pounds, was unfortunately broken in pieces by the ignorant mountaineer who discovered it. One very useful purpose to which this mineral substance is put is the manufacture of mirrors, when it can be found in big enough blocks to be sawed into slabs of sufficient size. Its superiority over glass lies in the fact that it does not, like glass, detract from the rosinness of the complexion. Every pretty woman should surely have a hand glass of rock crystal.—Washington Star.

Fastest Trains in the World. The Royal Blue Line Trains between Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, via B. & O. R. R., are not only the fastest trains in the world, but their equipment is the fastest and safest ever built, embracing all devices and appliances to secure safety and comfort that are known to the car builder's art. Vestibule cars protected by Pullman's anti-telescoping device, heated by steam and lighted by Pintsch gas.

"Why, now I cannot get enough to eat," says a lady who formerly had no appetite, but took Hood's Sarsaparilla. This year only seven have been offered.

Evolution of the Bicycle. Development from the First Ride "Wheel Made by a French Nobleman."

The first rudimentary bicycle was mounted by Baron von Drais, a Frenchman, living in Germany, who early in this century invented a combination of two wheels, a seat and handles, which he called "celerifere," to aid him in his work of overreaching large estates. The old out of this odd machine, called after the inventor, the "Draisine," show it to be in its general features the direct forerunner of the hobby-horse. "Draisines" were introduced into England in 1818, and a year later they were seen in America, on the streets of New York.

In both countries they met with great favor, and one historian relates that in New York "people rode them up and down the bowery, and in the park, a favorite place for speed being the town grade from Chatham street to the City Hall Park." Clumsy machines they seem to our eyes, says the *St. Nicholas*—two heavy wheels connected by a cross-bar, to which was attached midway the cushioned seat for the rider. In front of the seat was a raised cushion upon which, handle in hand, the rider rests his forearms, guiding the machine. He propelled it by pushing alternately with his feet on the ground until the speed was sufficient to maintain an equilibrium, when he would raise his feet and in the words of a rider to-day, "coast."

The rage for the "Draisines," and "pedestrian curricles," or "dandy-horses" and "hobby-horses," as the latter "improved" machines were called, subsided rapidly because of the difficulty of making them practically useful, and because of the ridicule always excited by the riders.

This curious sport of riding two wheels, joined, and running in the same perpendicular plane, therefore languished in obscurity until after a lapse of more than forty years it again attracted public attention in a new form. It was in 1865 that a French mechanic, Pierre Lallement, conceived the notion of attaching spokes to the front wheel of the old fashioned hobby-horse. He made a machine embodying this idea, learned to ride, and exhibited it at the Paris exposition in 1867.

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It immediately became popular in England and America. A great many changes were necessary, of course, before the crude machine of Lallement, "velociped" of thirty years ago—became the finished bicycle of to-day; but energetic business men in England, and later in America, saw the possibilities and began the manufacture of the machines.

Improvement has followed improvement, until there is little resemblance left to the old velociped, or "boneshaker," as it was flippantly called, and it is difficult to imagine in what way a modern bicycle may be improved.

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A Boy Revolutionary Hero. He Led Ethan Allen and His Gallant Men to a British Stronghold.

Of the boy heroes of the revolution the first and almost forgotten one was Nathan Beman. In the spring of 1775 he lived with his father, a farmer, near the village of Shoreham, which was opposite Fort Ticonderoga. Farmer Beman was an American devoted to the cause. Being of a roving disposition and fond of play, Nathan had often crossed the lake and formed the acquaintance of the boys whose fathers composed the garrison. The little fellows had fine times under the walls of fort, and every now and then Nathan went inside and saw how things were moving along there. In the month of May Ethan Allen, at the head of the famous Green Mountain boys, came up through the forest to surprise and capture, if possible, the fort and its garrison. The expedition, with which Benedict Arnold was connected, was composed of three divisions, one of which was to capture some boats at Skenesborough and send them down the lake to Allen and his men, who were to get them at Shoreham. But when the renowned Green Mountain leader reached the latter village, in the night time, not a single boat was to be seen. This was a bitter disappointment for Allen had but eighty-three men with him, and his position was one of great hazard. It looked like madness to assail, with his small force, an armed place like Ticonderoga, yet it was still more dangerous to remain idle.

"We can't wait for the boats, my boys!" exclaimed the intrepid Allen. "We must assault the fortress."

"In looking for a guide the Vermonters found Farmer Beman, who, as soon as he understood what was intended, said: "Why not take my boy? Nathan knows all about the fort. He's been all over it, and knows the location of every rat hole, inside and out."

This suggestion delighted Allen, and little Nathan was called and questioned. "I'll go, sir," he said at once. "I know the way to Delaplace's quarters, if you should want to find him."

Delaplace was the commandant and, of course, the very person whom Allen wanted. The little party crossed the lake in such boats as they had at hand. The cars were dipped silently in the still water, no one spoke above a whisper. Morning was near at hand, and so precious time had been lost that every moment had to be put to use. When the commandant turned to Nathan Beman, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, said quickly:

"We're ready now. Show us the way to the sally port."

Guided by the farmer's son, the mountaineers moved toward the fort, and, coming suddenly upon a sentry, heard the snapping of his fuse lock and saw him run through a covered way within the walls.

"Quick!" cried the boy, looking up at Allen, and the soldiers sprang after the guide and made their way to the parade ground unopposed. The enthusiasm of the patriots now broke forth into shouts of victory which, reaching the ears of the British soldiers, caused them to spring from their pallets and rush from their barracks, only to be made prisoners as they appeared. Never was a surprise more complete—thanks to Nathan Beman. When Allen had secured most of the garrison he asked the boy to show way to the commander's room, and the two were soon running up the steps leading to it.

Bang! bang! went Allen's sword against the colonel's door, and the British officer hurried out of bed to answer the demand. It happened that Allen and Delaplace were old acquaintances, and the reader can imagine the latter's astonishment when he saw who was hammering at the door. Of course there was nothing for him to do but to surrender. The spoils that fell into the hands of the victors amply repaid them for all the dangers they had faced, and the fort remained in the hands of the Americans for many months later, when it was abandoned and dismantled by Gen. St. Clair. Amid the general rejoicings that followed this exploit the part played by Nathan Beman was not forgotten. His name was on many tongues and his services were embalmed in the poetry of the day. Without him Allen's heroic expedition would in all probability have resulted in failure.

Nathan grew to manhood and ended his days in peace in the year 1856, dying then in Franklin county, N. Y., at the age of 89 years. "He lived," says Lossing, the historian, "to see our confederacy" increase from thirteen to thirty stars, and from three million of people to twenty million.—The Advance.

She Shot to Kill. PLEASANTVILLE, N. J., Aug. 21. Mrs. Williams, of Hammonton, was awakened early this morning by a movement of the bedclothes covering her daughter and herself. As she started up she caught sight of a man at the side of the bed pulling at the clothes. Mrs. Williams screamed and the fellow hissed.

"Shut up your mouth, or I'll fill you full of holes!" The intruder held a revolver threateningly near Mrs. Williams' head. The commotion awakened Miss Williams, and quick as a flash she seized a pistol from beneath her pillow and fired at the intruder. With a cry of pain the fellow sprang from the room and escaped.

Miss Williams is certain that she hit the man, and she is being warmly congratulated for her bravery.

Potatoes are Rotting. HARRISBURG, August 24.—Reports have been received from three counties at the office of the State Board of Agriculture showing the prevalence of a rot among potatoes. Secretary Edge thinks the trouble may increase if the recent warm rains and hot sun conditions continue, and he suggests the lifting of the crop from the ground as soon as the presence of the rot is detected. When this is not practicable, he suggests the topping off of the tops of the afflicted section of the patch.

A tunnel must be completed before it can be called under way.