

Bellefonte, Pa., April 13, 1894.

BURY THE PAST.

Bury the past with all that is dreary. Cover the errors of yesterday's day. Do not revive it sad heart, thou art weary of days that are never to visit us more.

THE STORY OF THE BONES.

An Army Tragedy.

BY JOSEPH SMITH.

Where the New Mexican Sierras look down upon a narrow trail that winds out a grayish-green plain into the scarred and torn foothills that form the outer barriers of the Tulerosa range, a spur of the hills pushes forward like an earth-work to dominate the desolate valley. Crowning this spur was a tall pine-tree, a grim and solitary sentinel standing in the midst of a scrubby growth.

The habit of caution impelled them to climb the trail to the pine before cooking their frugal supper, to assure themselves that plain and pass were free from danger. As they clambered up the hill the angry snorting of the horses made them turn and shrink behind the rocks. Their hearts stood still for the phillistines were upon them.

Franklin caught a glimpse of the Indians, but only a glimpse, for their own safety was of more importance than time. The corporal joined the private above, and then both started on a run for the pine, amid the yelling and firing of the Indians, who had gained the summit further down. Just a few paces from their shelter Maguire staggered, and as he caught him Franklin saw the blood gushing from his breast over his gray shirt.

These were the mute records of an unrecorded tragedy, the relics of some untimely hero; the evidences of a crime the lonely soldier buried in death had witnessed, and for whose consummation the keen-eyed buzzards had waited, floating in the hot heavens above the Sierras.

Poor unremembered bones! Bleaching in solitude and neglect, crumbling slowly to the oblivion of dust, they were the only mementoes of the brave white-faced trooper who died in the desert for duty; and had been forgotten.

The two soldiers were well armed, mounted on hardy tireless, California horses, and were inspired with that superb self-confidence and fearlessness of danger that are characteristic of American cavalrymen; and they rode out of camp as gayly as knights ever galloped to their joust, waving careless farewell to their envious companions in arms.

welcome pool among the rocks in the San Blas pass. They rode cautiously up the narrow trail, and carefully scanned the approaches to the spring; but no living thing was astir, and there were no telltale marks in the trail to indicate the presence of evil and aggression in the silent oasis.

But they had not seen the hawks of the hills, whose keen eyes had watched their approach for many a mile, and who were hiding in the pass below for the hour to come when they could pounce upon their unguarded foes. A dozen Apaches were in the rocks, patient, tireless, cruel, who reckoned upon the savage pleasure of capturing their prey alive, that they might joy their pitiless souls in an exquisite ingenuity of torture.

The soldiers rode boldly to the spring, into which the whinnying horses thrust their thirsty mouths and hot noses luxuriously. The soldiers unsaddled and unbridled the horses, and after spreading the moist saddle-blankets on the rocks to dry, they picketed the animals where the scant grasses grew thick.

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All through the hot July day they rode over the parched plain, keenly alert to the possible dangers of the country, and towards evening they saw the lone pine that marked the cool and

how sore and dizzy his wounded cheek made him! But he trudged along steadily over the dusty, blistered, sun-cracked earth, keeping a sharp eye for danger, and vainly searching among the arroyos and sun-baked rocks for water. On and on he walked, up and down the mountains, across the valleys and hugging the woods again, in a country that seemed at once familiar and strange to him. Night overtook him weary and hungry, with a swollen face, a terrible thirst, and completely worn out. Tightening his belt to stay his craving stomach, he lay down among the bowlders on the summit of the range to sleep; but sleep brought him oblivion without rest, for thirst and his wound tortured him through the weary night. The stars faded out at last, and the burning tyrant of the day came once more, and the tired, bloody-faced man started wearily down the mountain towards the valley below.

Surely there must be water down there cool, blessed water to moisten his swollen tongue and ease the pain of his wounded face, that throbbled like a pulse. The glaring, staring hot sun beat down on him with fierce intensity and his hot eyes saw everything in a haze. He rested at the foot of the mountain, feeling in a vague way that he must pull himself together, and then he started wearily across the scorched and tortured plain where the earth seemed to swim in the white glitter of bitter alkali, whose hot dust burned into his cracked and swollen lips. God! How that sun did blaze and glare! Was there any water in the world? any cool spot under these copper skies?

Now Franklin began to speak aloud in a strangely husky cracked voice as he staggered along over blistered plain, and his head began to glow light, and his eyes to see things that were not, and the buzzards in the air aloft followed him with awful instinct as one doomed to aid his contribution to the bleaching bones of the desert.

Night came at last, and the worn-out, tortured creature dropped to the ground, to roll and moan like a wounded beast, and to dream dreams of the cool springs and brooks back in the hills of New England. The prowling skulkers of the night came near and sniffed at him, only to fly at the sound of his strange husky moanings.

So the night went, and the relentless sun rose up once more to torture man and earth. In a dim way, like a man dragged, he seemed to know he must push on, and he moved out into the white heat of the plain, staggering weakly, and waving the gun he still clung to, until his feet walked mechanically into a beaten trail that his eyes did not see nor his mind grasp. On and on he staggered, growing weaker and more indecisive, and then he dropped in the hot plain with a faint sighing gasp, and the world slipped away from him.

And when the snows had whitened the Sierras and had thrown the mantle of their white charity over plain and mesa, canon and arroyo, they fell like a benediction upon the pile of whitening bones that lay in the trail in the Tulerosa Valley, adding another mystery to the desert, and indicating that another man had passed on in death to oblivion.

Republicans are not ungrateful; they are busy. Ours is a businesslike republic, run on business principles; and they who follow the drum and fight the battles of the country learn sooner or later that the glory of an achievement must not obscure its business side, its debit and credit account with the auditor in Washington.

When Corporal Franklin and Private Maguire rode into the desert they carried with them certain government property borne on the accounts of Captain Bancroft, to wit: two troop-horses, two saddles, two carbines, two bridles, and reins, two pairs of leather saddle-bags, two lariats, two pocket-pins, two nose-bags, two horse-blankets, two Sharps carbines, two Remington revolving pistols, and other accoutrements. These properties must be accounted for satisfactorily, or the sleepless priest of Red Tape in Washington would stop the Captain's pay until satisfaction was given, and then the Captain's wife and babies must suffer.

DREAMS.

And what are dreams? Nothing to have or hold. A strange transmission from the body of the soul. To unknown spheres—to lands that we have trod. The same soul travels that will journey home to God.

For that last sleep in all is but a dream. We fall asleep, to wake, and find a stream, Is eroot, the river they call life, But we know only of a death, the end of strife.

For such is death, but like a dream in whole, only the life at last is transmitted with the soul. Into the dream, more glorious than ere the midnight nod. The dream called death is living, and the journey is to God.

—Gladys Dudley Hamilton.

Great Men's Nicknames.

Titles Bestowed Upon Leaders by Friend and Foe for Years.

Alexander the Great, even in his own time, was Macedonia's Madman; Thomas Aquinas was the Dumb Ox; Pietro Aretino was the Scourge of Princes; Attila delighted in the nickname given by his soldiers, the Scourge of God; Beauregard was the Little Napoleon; Boswell was the Bear Leader, in allusion to his familiarity with Johnson; Lord Brougham was the Foaming Fudge; Brummel, the Dandy King; Wordsworth, Old Puffer and the Great God Pan.

Cardinal Wolsey's enemies did not scruple to denigrate him the Butcher's Dog; the Duke of Wellington was the Iron Duke, and William Warburton the Literary Balloon; Voltaire had a host of nicknames, among the least complimentary being the Literary Ape; and Swift was proud of being called the English Rabelais; James II. is better known as the Old, and his son Charles is always mentioned as the Young Pretender. Edmund Spenser, the poet, was called Mother Hubbard, and Southey's name was horribly punned into Mounty.

Richelieu was called innumerable names by his enemies, who went so far as to style him the Pope of the Huguenots, and Alexander Pope was the Wasop of Twickenham. Pericles was called Onion Head by his political enemies, and Napoleon III. Rantipole. Moore was the Bard of Erin, Mirabeau the Hurricane and Milton the British Homer. Martin Luther could not escape the title of Hotheaded Monk, nor Louis XIV. that of Louis Batooon. Even in his own country John Knox was the Religious Machiavelli, and Ben Johnson was affectionately denominated Rare Old Ben. Hogarth, the painter, was Painter Pay, and Henry VIII. was Buff King Hal. Among his enemies Gustavus Adolphus was the Antichrist, among his friends the Lion of the North. Oliver Cromwell was the Inspired Idiot, Guetche, the Prince of Poets, and George IV., the Beau of Princes.

To his friends Garrick was Little Davy, to his foes the Cuckoo, and Frederick the Great was Der Alte Fritz, Alaric Cottin, or the Philosopher of the Sans Souci, according to the view taken of his character. Franklin was the American Socrates, Charles Fox the Man of the People, Queen Anne, of England was Brandy Nan, Elizabeth was Good Queen Bess, the Glibert of Her Sex, or the Untamed Hecker, according to the opinion of the speaker. Diaroli was Dizz, Gladstone is still the Grand Old Man. The vocabulary of hatred was exhausted, however, in the case of Oliver Cromwell. He was the almighty Nose, the Blasphemer, the Brewer, the Copper Nosed Saint, Glorious Villian, Great Leviathan, his Horshipp, the Immortal Rebel, the Impious, the Impositor, King Oliver, Man of Sin, Old Noil, Old Saul, the English Town Bull, the Wise Usurper, and many others, some unfit for repetition. If a man's greatness is to be judged by the number and variety of nicknames given him, Oliver must have been one of the greatest men who ever ruled a nation.

A California Canal.

A Great Body of Water to Parallel the Coast Line.

An ambitious scheme for a canal in the interior of California has just been set afoot, says Electrical Power. It is to run parallel to the coast, and is to cost \$10,000,000, which has yet to be raised, and the projector expects to see steamers running up as far as Brinkersville, 220 miles from the coast, in the not far distant future.

"The man canal," he says, "will be 175 miles long, from Suisun Bay to Tulare Lake. It will be extended to Bakerville, and there will be branch canals running out to various important towns. It will be large enough to carry vessels of heavy draught, and will be just what its name implies—a ship canal. A system of immense locks will be necessary and thereby we will obtain another great value from the canal. The surplus water in the locks will be distributed through the lower adjoining country for irrigation, and the elevation at each lock will give great facilities for water power. Motors operated by water would furnish electric lights for all the towns on our line. From Suisun Bay the canal will extend down the San Joaquin Valley, the river being utilized most of the way. Tulare, Buena Vista and Kern Lakes and the Kern River will be included in construction. The water will be obtained from these lakes and rivers and from the natural drainage. The drainage is an important factor, and we will annually save whole lakes of water that is now lost. The water that flows down from one section of the canal will be saved in the lower locks. It will be a large volume of water, for the canal will be at least 50 feet wide in its general portion, and the locks will be huge reservoirs."

The largest standing army is that of Russia, 800,000 men; the next in size, that of Germany, 595,000; the third, that of France, 555,000; the fourth, Austria, 323,000; after which comes Italy, with 255,000; England with 210,000; Turkey, 160,000; Spain, with 145,000.

The Tariff Bill.

Democrats of the Senate Finance Committee Discussing the Amendments.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—For several days the democratic senators of the senate finance committee have been going over the tariff bill in order to agree upon the amendments they will offer to the bill when that stage of the debate is reached. They came to a conclusion to-day and their action was subsequently known, when in the senate this afternoon Mr. Vest gave notice of a number of amendments, which, at the proper time he said, he would submit to the senate for action. Being amendments agreed upon by the majority and submitted to the full committee this morning, and as much importance attaches to them as if they had formed a part of the bill as reported, they are, therefore, given in full:

They are mostly reductions from rates as previously reported. Some of the amendments are important, especially the glove schedule, which is reconstructed into a single sentence, putting all gloves at 40 per centum valorem. Other amendments are: Insert the word "not" in paragraph 20, after the word "crude" so as to make the schedule read: "Glycerine, crude, not purified, one cent per pound." Change castor oil from thirty-five cents a gallon to 30 per centum valorem. Upon all compounds or preparations containing alcohol there shall be levied the duty at the rate of \$1.80 proof gallon upon the distilled spirits contained therein in addition to the duty provided by law upon the other ingredients contained in such compounds or preparations, as struck out, and the following provision of the house bill substituted: "On all compounds or preparations of which distilled spirits are a part of great value, not specially provided for in this act, there shall be levied a duty not less than that imposed upon distilled spirits."

The paragraph placing coal, slack or cumin on the dutiable list at 15 cents per ton has been modified by the insertion after the word "cumin" or "Such as will pass through a half-inch screen." To section 61, covering a portion of the income tax provision, has been added this new proviso: "That all non-resident corporations shall be subject to a tax of 2 per cent upon all undistributed sums sent abroad, which sums, for the purposes of this act, shall be held to be dividends to foreign stockholders, or policy holders, and the resident manager or agent of such foreign corporation shall withhold said tax of 2 per cent from all such undistributed sums and make return of the same and pay the tax thereon."

Enormous Cave-In.

Twelve Acres in Scranton Settled Several Feet on Saturday Night.

SCRANTON, Pa., April 8.—Residents of Margaret and William streets and Warner avenue, in the westerly portion of this city, were greatly startled during last night by a rumble and a quake of the earth that resembled an earthquake, and when they arose from their beds this morning they were startled to discover that there were huge cracks in the surface near their homes. An investigation revealed the fact that about twelve acres of the closely built up part of the town had settled several feet by reason of an enormous cave-in of the abandoned workings of the Leggett's Creek mine.

Many doors were crushed together so tightly that it was impossible to open them, and the magnificent new No. 25 school building recently erected at a cost of \$40,000 is in imminent danger of destruction. The house of the Good Shepherd, erected at a cost of \$60,000, is also in the vicinity of the cave-in and will be affected if the crush becomes more serious.

N. R. Bagley, a prominent business man of Mexico, was extolling the beauties of that tropical country and in speaking of the even temperature of the central parts of Mexico, during the entire year, he said:—"The City of Mexico will soon become the most noted and popular winter resort on this Continent. Luxurious flowers and tropical fruits are as plentiful in winter as at any other season of the year, and at Christmas tide it is a common sight to find roses in full bloom in the gardens of the residents."

The Bible.

There ought to be Bibles enough in the world to reach every one of its inhabitants who is able to read. The British and Foreign Bible society is 90 years old and is publishing Bibles at the rate of 13,000 a day, or about 4,000,000 a year. Between March, 1804, and March, 1893, this society alone distributed throughout the world nearly 137,000,000 copies of the Bible. The sacred book is published in almost every written language.

—Madam," said the conductor politely, "this is the smoking car."

For and About Women.

Miss Arabella A. Mansfield, of Mount Pleasant, Ia., is said to have been the first woman to practice law in the Courts of this country. She was admitted to the bar in 1869.

Cultivate amiability of manner. "An amiable woman says someone 'can never grow old.' In regard to sulky people this same woman remarks: "They always appear to be 10 years older than they really are. The face grows wrinkled from contracting the brows; the mouth projects disagreeably when sulking."

The shirt waist of 1894 surely deserves its name, being an exact reproduction of a man's shirt, with the exception that it is fitted in at the waist and worn with a belt. Even the cuff has borrowed the true shirt finish, for it is set on the sleeves with a staying piece uppermost, opening on the top exactly like a shirt cuff; then there is also the shield-shaped bosom, the high, straight collar, with points which turn slightly, all of which is very mannish.

The only saving grace of this costume is the large, full sleeves, which, at least, give it a slight touch of femininity. The bosom fronts are made in white and delicate shades of blue, pink, gray and heliotrope and also have fine stripes of white. Lined in pale buff and tan is often used black and white striped and dotted material, chambray, percale and chevot.

The "shield collar" waist is more truly feminine, with a turn down collar all around and with cuffs which lack the genuine "shirt" effect. These are most becoming to slender figures and are much easier kept in good condition than the designs which demand polished stiffness.

Then there is still another variety, with fine tucks at each side and down the front, with a roll collar quite different from the others. Generally the backs of these waists are the yoke and fullness gathered into the belt, which seems to be most satisfactory. Tucks and gauged backs are also worn, but the yoke is the most popular.

The butterfly back is the latest thing. The back of the skirt is made quite long and raised in the centre, the fullness forming wing-like puffs just below the waist, simulating the outspread wings of a butterfly, hence the name.

The newest skirts should not be cut too much on the circular order, but still they should not be severely plain. The trimming should be perpendicular and not horizontal, both on skirt and bodice. The fullness of the sleeves should be moderate and drop down. Draped skirts can be arranged to disguise stoutness more than plain ones. Skirts draped slightly on the hips are to be the prevailing mode for spring.

Lady Henry Somerset, during a recent trip of nine days, addressed over 22,000 people on interdependence and had presented to her 27 public addresses.

—Another half season fashion is vertical skirt trimmings.

—A jaunty costume worn on the street yesterday was of a dark blue cloth, with a perfectly plain skirt. The wearer was tall, so the bodice was in the form of a coat, cut three-quarter length. The vest of chambray was in exact imitation of a man's vest; a white chemise and black satin four-in-hand finished the costume. The hat was a large black one trimmed with satin ribbon and two black tips.

Dandruff can be removed by shampooing the scalp with borax and water, using a piece of borax about as big as a marble to a quart of water.

The bow knot is the latest thing in hair dressing; it is set up high on the top of the head and struck through with a tortoise-shell dagger; the front hair is parted in somewhat demure fashion and brought rather low down on the forehead.

The Irish cavalier hat is one of the smart things of the between season, before straws are due. It comes in black and green, is trimmed with a flat band bow and buckle, a loose torsade and occasionally with a long ostrich plume. Worn with one of the new scarfs of black fish net wound around the neck like the old-fashioned stock and tied in a broad bow, this hat goes well with tailor-made costumes. It is eminently suited for a riding hat. Severe as it looks it is generally becoming.

Overskirts and pelium drappings are a sure go for the summer, and there is no risk in cutting up material.

Speaking of hats, milliners appear to have gone wild on the subject of English waiting and cavalier styles. One of the latter was worn on a coach the other morning. It was all black save for an immense jeweled buckle that passed through the velvet ribbon trimming just in front. At the side three upright tips and one drooping plume were used as decoration.

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