

Bellefonte, Pa., May 1, 1896.

A SONG OF SPRINGTIME.

A fellow feels like drowsin', for the air is full of dreams:
Far off the cowbells tinkle by the cool and shaded streams,
An' the morning winds invite you where the bees are on the wing,
An' the birds are makin' merry, an' the honey-suckles swing!

Sing a song of springtime
"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"
Cattle boys as-sleepin'
Where the honeysuckles swing!

A fellow feels like loafin', for the weather's fair and fine,
An' the fishin' roll's a-bobbin' to the throbbin' of the line:
An' the river banks invite you where a breezy chorus swells,
An' scenes of joy delight you where the cattle shake their bells.

Sing a song of springtime
"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"
Fisherman a-sleepin'
Where the honeysuckles swing!

It's good to be-a-livin' in this weather night and morn,
When you hear a song of plenty in the rustlin' of the corn:
When a picture of the harvest shines in every drop of dew,
An' the old world's rollin' happy 'neath a livin' head o' blue.

Sing a song of springtime
"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"
All the country's a-sleepin'
Where the honeysuckles swing!

—Frank L. Statton.

HER BOY.

BY ROBERT STEWART.

Miss Boughton was leaning against the shelves of a little, low-ceilinged, crowded, second-hand book-shop in Broadway, just above Thirty-sixth street, dipping into a volume of M. Ampere.

"Will you please do that up for me?" she said, holding it out. As she extended her arm, her large full sleeve happened to brush open the cover of one of those soft, leather-covered, old-fashioned Bibles, lying on a pile of school-books, and her eye caught the delicate faded traceries of an inscription on the yellow fly-leaf—"To my darling boy, from his loving mother."

"Oh!" she said, with a pained start, "how could any one—I'll take that too, please," and she closed the cover quickly, reverently. It seemed to her so shocking, so cruelly, needlessly cold-hearted, in any one to sell such a gift, to throw away such a sacred token of mother-love. The quaint, faded handwriting called up a hundred fancies of home and childhood and fondling care and starlit pleadings besides little beds. Who was the mother who prayed? and where was the boy who wandered and forgot? she wondered. Or, kinder thought, perhaps he had been dead too, and the book that he had wept over and found comfort in had so fallen into careless strangers' hands, and made its way at last to the old bookshop, and was in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length. He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught her over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dimly memory of a broken-down man of perhaps forty, that in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length.

pital the white-gowned nurse led her silently; opposite them the snow was molting the great high windows. The whole atmosphere was so tense with stillness and suffering and death that the young lady shivered among her wraps as she passed down the aisle. He had evidently been expecting her, for he had been cleanly shaved, and Miss Boughton was shocked and yet pleased by his appearance. He was terribly emaciated, and as he lay with closed eyes and his face half turned away, she noticed the fine delicate chiselling of his features, and the sensitive, almost feminine curves of his mouth under his mustache. One hand lay closed on the coverlid, bony and large. His malady seemed to have cleansed away all the weakness and dissipation and squalor, and left only the fine and beautiful. Life had clothed him in shame and wretchedness, death's mantle draped him in awful dignity. The nurse touched him lightly on the shoulder—the poor, sharp shoulder. "Here is some one to see you," she said.

He opened his eyes, which, bright with fever, were startling, brilliant, and beautiful, and feebly tried to turn himself, smiling, and looking at the bundle she held pressed against her coat with that quick eagerness she remembered so well. She understood and bending forward, pressed his hand and laid the book upon his arm. "Open it, please," he whispered. She did so, and catching it again in his hands, he looked at the inscription, and assured that it was his very own, with a force for which she was entirely unprepared he pressed it to his lips and hugged it to his breast.

"God bless you!" he said, with a look of the most grateful happiness. "Oh, my dear mother! my dear mother!"

For some moments he lay silent, with his eyes shut, but when she attempted gently to draw away her hand, he detained it feebly with his own.

"The world is full of kindness," he said, with his faint smile. "Ever so many people have been nice to me, all in all. That is why I thought it so sweet of you to come. I like to think, don't you know, that the last thing which happened to me was a kindness. It's a pleasant thought to take away with one. My mother will be so grateful to you."

Miss Boughton felt the tears coming; he was such a gentleman, and he must have suffered so. "Ah, it is pitifully little," she said. "I might have done so much if I had only known."

He looked down at the counterpane idly, spreading out his skinny hand.

"You have done what you could," he said presently, smiling into her face. "I want you to remember that always as a great happiness—that you have done what you could. It's a beautiful thing to be a good woman," he added softly, as if to himself. "I haven't been a very good man. I was weak and emotional, and then she died, and then I lost my money, and then I borrowed from my friends, and then I got to drinking—oh it's the old story. There are hundreds like me. But I want you to know, because you have been so very good to me, and because there isn't one soul in all this world who cares whether I die here or drop by the way-side, that I have always tried to be good, and to do as she wanted me, and that every night I have read here, and thought of her and longed for her."

Miss Boughton hesitated. "Would you like me to—read to you?" she asked. "Thank you very much," he said, shaking his head, "but I'd rather say to myself if you don't mind, I remember so well every tone, every inflection, of her voice. I can quite hear her. She was a beautiful reader."

He closed his eyes again, and a little contented sigh escaped him. She could see his lips moving, murmuring, the book still pressed tightly to his breast. Miss Boughton leaned over him, and could just catch the words, "—and—take—me—to—heaven—when—I—die. Amen!"

It was a prayer learned at his mother's knee, and as he breathed it, a smile as trustful and innocent as a little child's played over his face.

His friend the nurse came presently and stopped beside the bed. "Your mission," she whispered gently, "is fulfilled."—In Harper's Magazine for February.

Cause of Decay.

There are towns that once were flourishing, progressive places, with large stores doing a good business, cosy and attractive homes, the streets well taken care of, and plenty of people to be seen upon them, which are surely falling into a state of stagnation and decay. The cause of this is very often to be found in the two fierce competition between rivals in business, says Shoe and Leather Facts. They are too jealous of one another to give any thought to the interests of the town, and the fear that some rival in business may be on the make prevents them from effecting an organization of any kind. And, as it needs a hard tussle in unison to produce effective results, where there is wanting it is but a question of time when innocuous desuetude follows as a natural consequence.

It takes something besides natural advantages to make a town. While these certainly are desirable, the things are alive, progressive, wide awake citizens, and when such work with a long pull, a hard pull, and a pull altogether, prosperity is bound to ensue. Mean spirited business men are an incubus upon any town's growth.

Practical, brainy men are essential to the welfare of a town. Merchants should bear in mind that the prosperity of all its people depends upon the town's progress, and should, therefore, lay aside all petty tricks in trade and combine for the benefit of the whole population.

What has he Done.

The Republicans of this county have our deepest sympathy in their dilemma in trying to find out anything that the Hon. W. C. Arnold has done for the congressional district. It's no wonder. The task was as difficult as the one Demosthenes undertook when he staked out with his lantern at noonday. After much labor the following was brought forth and adopted by the convention:

We endorse the course of W. C. Arnold, our representative in Congress, and especially his effort to secure justice for the soldiers who fought in defence of the Union, his stand for honest money, and for the recognition of the brave people of Cuba, now struggling for their liberties."

The question "what has he accomplished?" still remains unanswered. Don't try to solve it however unless you court an acute attack of neurasthenia.—DuBoise Express.

Perseverance.

"Haven't had a peanut thrown into my trunk for more than an hour," complained the elephant.

"Well," said the monkey, "I wouldn't despair. I'd just keep on sticking it out, old man."

Six Deaths at a Maniac's Door.

A Small Indiana Town Startled by Most Horrible Butcheries—Mother and Two Children Killed. The Murderer Pursued by Officers, Whom He Also Shot to Death. When Cornered He Took His Own Life. Alfred Egbert, Laboring Under a Fit of Temporary Insanity, Entered a House in Rockville, Park county, when Alfred Egbert, laboring under a fit of temporary insanity, murdered two children, then coming out he encountered the mother and beat her to death with the butt of his gun.

One of the most horrible tragedies that ever disgraced Indiana occurred at an early hour last Saturday at Rockville, Park county, when Alfred Egbert, laboring under a fit of temporary insanity, murdered five persons and then killed himself.

Mrs. Herman Haschke was milking her cow in the rear of the house, when Egbert came out into the yard next door and began to cut wood. She saw him leave the wood pile and a moment later appear in the yard with a breech-loading shotgun in his hand. Without passing a word with her he entered her house and murdered her two children, Herman, 8 years old, and Agnes, aged 10.

Coming out of the house, he approached the mother, who fled from him, but he pursued her down the alley, and clubbed her to death with the butt of the gun. A bystander saw the murder of Mrs. Haschke and reported at once to Sheriff Mull, who summoned Deputy Sween, and the two started to arrest the murderer. They had proceeded but a short distance when Egbert appeared on the street carrying the gun, as if ready to shoot at a moment's notice. He spied the Sheriff and his deputy and warned them not to attempt his arrest.

Mull and Sween turned away from him and entered a stairway leading to the street, when Egbert slipped up one side and suddenly stood before them. An instant later he sent a load of buckshot into Sheriff Mull's body, killing him instantly, and a second shot pierced Sween's heart, and he fell across the body of the Sheriff. The murderer reloaded his gun and walked up the street as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

By this time the people were terribly excited, and men began to gather upon the street in all directions. As the full knowledge of the murders became known the greatest excitement prevailed, and men gathered guns, pistols, revolvers and ropes and started after Egbert, who was still upon the street.

Seeing the crowd coming and hearing their imprecations as they advanced, he turned and fled like a deer in the direction of the fair grounds. The crowd gathered as the pursuit continued and joined in the race, and shot after shot was fired at the fleeing murderer, but apparently without effect, as he attempted to scale the fair grounds fence a shot took effect in his leg and crippled him.

THE MANIAC'S END.

His pursuers gained rapidly upon him, and he slipped into one of the cattle sheds as though to conceal himself. The crowd approached cautiously, but a shot was heard in the shed, and when they reached it they found that Egbert had shot himself through the heart.

Egbert was 21 years of age and a quiet, inoffensive man. He was certainly insane, as insanity is in the family. Sheriff Mull was widely known, and was a member of the staff of Commander-in-Chief Walker, of the Grand Army. He leaves two children. Sween leaves a wife and six children. Mr. Haschke is a baker, and the tragedy robs him of his entire family except one son.

The sister of Egbert, Florence, who has been ill with typhoid fever for some time, became frantic at the news of her brother's bloody deed of her brother. She was in bed at the time, and although prompt medical attention was given, and every effort made to quiet her, she died from the shock caused by the tragedy.

Women as Lay Delegates.

They Lack Only 18 of a Three-fourths Vote in Their Favor.

The proposition to admit women as lay delegates to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church has been defeated by a narrow margin. The vote of the North Dakota conference, which has just been received, was the last vote taken on the proposition. With that vote included in the table the vote is 7,515 for the admission of women and 2,529 against. According to a provision of the discipline it is necessary for a proposition to change any of the restrictive rules of the church to the support of three-fourths of the members of the annual conferences voting on the proposition and two-thirds of the members of the General Conference.

As the total vote was 10,044, it would have been necessary for the supporters of the amendment to have cast 7,533 to win. They lost by 18 votes. A complication of the question will be caused by the presence of the women at the next Methodist Episcopal general conference who will be elected as lay delegates and who will apply for admission to the conference. One of these is the wife of President Bashford of the Ohio Wesleyan University of Delaware, O. The women may be admitted on a simple majority vote, it is said, and if they do it will settle the question in their favor. There will be a large majority in the conference in favor of the admission of women.

The tree business has another bearing. I refer to city trees as relative to city health and morals. The city of the future will be treeless and shadeless. When a city has practically all outdoors to lay its new streets on, these should be wide enough to allow a row or more of trees in the middle, with green grass and comfortable seats, and open spaces where roots can find air and receive water. When we come to city trees, as related to city morals, we open a wide subject. We have denounced the saloon all too fast, but just here let us halt a moment. Are all those who frequent the saloon so inherently bad and be-quest the saloon to the future because they prefer it to anything else it is possible to offer them? I do not believe it. If a man has no other resting place when weary than a crowded, overheated, untidy home on the one hand, or an open, more comfortable saloon on the other hand, it is strange he takes the latter. I do not justify the tendency. But I do suggest that more open air parks in your cities would save many a man and woman, who is not already depraved. Those who bring about betterment of tenement houses and those who secure small parks within a desert of brick walls deserve and will receive the gratitude of their fellow men. Don't put a premium on vice and temperance by any lack of public comfort. A distinguished philosopher once said that "a nature which had lost its fondness for the woods had lost its manhood."—Forestry Commissioner Rothrock.

Flower Guessing Game.

Directions Concerning a Novel Entertainment Interesting to All.

A bright and novel entertainment may be given with the aid of the flower guessing game. A description of one of those entertainments is here reproduced, from the Ladies Home Journal.

When the guests had assembled, all were surprised by a most novel sight. On the picture frames, etc., were hung white grams, similar in size to dance programs, tied with ribbons, each card having a number and question written upon it. The ladies were to guess the answers, which were the names of flowers. Each guest was handed a card on which were numbers in rotation from 1 to 30. A narrow ribbon held the pencil to the card. This beautiful flower guessing game, seemingly difficult at first, after being thoroughly explained became very easily understood. The hostess explained by reading from card No. 1, on which the following was written: "My first wears my second on her foot." The answer, of course, "Lady's slipper," our hostess then told us to write on our cards opposite No. 1. Then reading card No. 2, "A Roman numeral," the answer being "Ivy" (IV), she asked us to put ivy opposite No. 2 on our cards.

At the close of the game the cards were collected and correct answers counted on each card, and the prizes, four in number, awarded to the most successful ones. The prizes in this instance were flower bowls, vases and the like. The questions asked were simple and the answers familiar flowers. Below is a finished list of those used:

1. The hour before my English cousin's tea—Four o'clock.
2. Good markings—Butter and eggs.
3. A very gay and ferocious animal—Dandelion.
4. My first is often sought for my second—Marigold.
5. A young man's farewell to his sweetheart—"Forget-me-not."
6. Her reply to him—"Sweet William."
7. The gentler sex of the Friend persuasion—Quaker ladies.
8. Its own doctor—Self heal.
9. My first is as sharp as needles; my second is as soft as down—Thistle down.
10. My first is a country in Asia; my second is the name of a prominent New York family—China aster.
11. My first is the name of a bird; my second is worn by cavaliers—Larkspur.
12. A church official—Elder.
13. A very precise lady—Primrose.
14. A tattered songster—Ragged robin.
15. My first is sly, but cannot wear my second—Foxglove.
16. The color of a horse—Sorrel.
17. A craze in Holland in the seventeenth century—Tulip.
18. My first is an implement of war; my second is a place where money is coined—Spearpoint.
19. A disrespectful name for a physician—Doc.
20. Fragrant letters—Sweet peas.
21. My first is a white wood; my second is the name of a yellowish Rhenish wine—Hollyhock.
22. What the father said to his son in the morning—"Johnny jump up!"
23. My first is a facial expression of pleasure; my second a woodsman's means of killing—Smile.
24. An animal of the jungle is my first; my second is the name of a tall, fair lady—Tiger lily.
25. My first is made in a dairy; but is seldom served in my second—Buttercup.
26. My first wears my second on his head—C