# Democratic Hatchman.

of them.

all in good English.

the door after them.

"Waugh ! Waugh !"

dy's quick retort.

as a redskin !"

through my hand."

fairs-Affie was lost.

in as fast as you can !"

### Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 14, 1896.

#### WHO PLANTS A TREE.

He who plants a tree Plants a hope. Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope ; Leaves unfold into horizons free. So man's life must climb From the clods of time Unto heavens sublime. Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree, What the glory of thy boughs shall be.

He who plants a tree Plants a joy ; Plants a comfort that will never cloy. Every day a fresh reality, Beautiful and strong, To whose shelter throng Creatures blithe with song. If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree, Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee

He who plants a tree, He plants peace ; Under its green curtains jargons cease. Imaf and zephyr murmur soothingly : Shadows soft with sleep Down tired eyelids creep, Balm of slumber deep. Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree, Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree, He plants love ; • Tents of coolness spreading out above Wayfarers he may not live to see. Gifts that grow are best : Hands that bless are blest Plant-life does the rest. Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree And his work its own reward shall be.

## SANDY'S PLUCK.

-Lucy Larcom

Sandy MacFabin's parents, with a number of their companions, were murdered in the year 1766 by the Indians. The unforunate settlers were on their way from Connecticut to a new settlement in the Hampshire grants, where they had already pur-chased lands.

Only four of the party escaped-a Mr. Murkland and his wife, their infant daughter, Affie, and Sandy, whom Mr. Murkland found lying under a log, badly wounded and hugging tight in his arms his father's last gift, his puppy, Boone.

Though their stock was driven off, their goods were untouched, and a large sum of money belonging to Sandy's father was found undisturbed, leaving Sandy very rich-for those times.

Sandy, who was a boy of uncommon intelligence and bravery, lived with Mr. Murkland until 1771. He was then 15 ycars old, large, strong and well disposed, in spite of the fact that he had his time much as he pleased. Money then, as now, made a difference in the treatment of boys who had it. He roamed the woods all day with Boone and his gun, returning at night to pet and caress the little Affie, on whom he seemed to have bestowed the entire affection of his orphaned heart.

It became known that Sandy's money was kept in Mr. Murkland's cabin, and one night the cabin was broken into and an attempt was made to steal the gold. The worry that this gave Mr. Murkland determined Sandy to take care of his property himself, and though Mr. Murkland had al-This shows a shrinkage in values of larm ready allowed the boy to take up his fath-er's land and had helped to build his cab-in he objected to his taking the money, the new cabin being at a considerable distance

his gun, and he had bounded far in front suddenly abandoned cabins as the Indians moved about rummaging for spoils. "Stop him !" shouted one, and added Though some of the cabins were within

immediately after. "Don't shoot him !" easy range of the loopholes, Sandy com-manded "No firing !" for fear of bringing on the attack. It was better to watch and But scores of arrows chipped among the trees as Sandy fled for his cabin, intent on wait, for he well appreciated how fearfully inadequate his few old men, women and leading the chase away from the settlement, It was a race, swift and noiseless, children were to cope with their cruel foe. Sandy judged rightly that the door would be the principal point of attack, and but one befeathered wretch bounded into the cabin side by side with Sandy, saying in broken English as he shut and bolted when the fires were put out in the cabins, and silence reigned, he knew that the "You-my-prisoner ?" "Ho! Am I, Hub Hanson ?" was San-

enemy were coming. A sudden shuffling of stealthy feet was heard outside, and the boy fired. There was a stamble, a fall, and Sandy saw the white end of a log roll over in the path.

Sandy's blood was up. His long famil-iarity with Hub Hanson had bred contempt "The idiots don't know that I can see for him, and now that he had caught him the white end of their log," muttered he, in a false position his anger and contempt as he dodged back to reload. The spatter to bury the dead and care for the wounded blazed above his fear. "You may 'waugh of bullets and arrows for a few minutes and got much needed provisions. waugh' and paint yourself as much as was fearful, and when he next dared to you're a mind to you sneaking tory," he look out, the white edge of the huge batcried, "but you'll never be half as decent tering ram was perilously near the door, being borne with a rush for the blow. Angered at the scathing denunciation,

Hanson threw off all attempt at disguise. white end, told with fearful effect. There "Well, then, as you know me so well," was a shriek in mingled voices, and the log swayed and fell, followed by the sound of he said coolly "perhaps you can tell what I want of you?" wounded were borne away.

"You want the money you failed to get when you broke into Mr. Murkland's The attack had now become general, the fellow. house, more than a year and a half ago !" bullets and arrows flying through every "Sho, now ! Then light up"-advancloophole, till no man dared take aim, but ing and kicking open the smouldering coals—"and get it. You'd better be spry if you want to beep your skin whole, for I Sandy, by poising his gun through the leophole at about the angle of his last aim, the woods all around her, and that in her about 80 yards apart, and yoked in the managed, for the whole hour of rapid firing first fright when she found herself alone she middle by the Braccio Nuovo of the musecan't keep those dandies out there waiting to prevent another attempt to break in the very long." "My skin isn't whole now," retorted

The withdrawal-after the manner of In-Sandy, possessing himself of his towel and dian warfare, to take counsel and arrange and had got back down into the hollow bewinding it around his hand to stanch the for a more effective attack-left the occu- tween the mountain and strawberry hill flow of blood there, "for an arrow nas gone pants of the blockhouse in a dazed silence when Boone bounded in among us. by its very suddenness, but Sandy, who was the first to recover, had commenced to call the names to find if any were killed or by its wa'n't many seconds before the torches were out and the shoe thrust into Decree worth Boundary and to-ward the city, a huge pile is erected, about two hundred yards long, very irregular, "Hae? That's bad. Then tell me where your pitch knots are, and I'll light one." That was just what Sandy wanted, and wounded, when he was interrupted by a Boone's mouth. Boone bounded off, leavwhile Hanson was rummaging for the knots sharp whisper of alarm from the women at ing us standing there like men of stone. he glided to the traphor. Leaping into the traphor, 'Sandy, there's somebody in But that trace of stunned misery saved us a deal of anxious worry, for we heard

him, and the next moment he was feeling his way rapidly through his "queer find." s way rapidly through his "queer find." his mouth close to the edge of the stone asked in a clear, ringing tone, "Who's to the open air, "you may hunt now, and there?" I'll get to the settlement without your "Mun

"Murkland, Sandy," came back help." When he reached Mr. Murkland's cabin Then the shrill voice of a child cried unmistakably : "Mother ! Mother, let me in!

Affie's comed back !" Instantly the heavy flat stone was removed, and the next moment Affie was sobbing out her fright and grief in her mother's

ble finish to the desperate condition of afarms Each man answered to his name as Sandy She had strayed from the other children helped him clamber up, and thank heaven, they were all there !

while they were up in the "stump piece" strawberrying, and the men had gone up the mountain with torches looking for her. There was not a moment to be lost. that meant mischief.

"Indians, Boone ?" asked Sandy in-The boy told them that the Indians were coming, adding, raising his voice above the stinctively reaching out his hand to the dog's bristling back. cries of alarm : "Get to the block-house ! Give the alarm to everybody, and then get

'Quick, men ! Put back the stone !'' A savage yell from the baffled Indians doom at the end of a rope for having led beneath told how narrow had been their the Indians on our settlement in '71. escape as the stone slid to its place. peared in the darkness, the poor boy stood

Without a moment's hesitation the stone was filled to its very edges by the women and older girls, for they knew that the attack was renewed and that the men must be left free to use the guns.

the next instant Boone leaped through the open door to his master's shoulder. A There was no time to change leaders. even had any wished it, nor to inquire for the thankful cry that his dog was not killed, as he feared, a passionate kiss on the big, ugly face upturned to his, and Sandy had wounded-though it was known that none were yet killed-for the roof sentinel was already descending the ladder, shouting, "They're on the roof !" Turning to Mrs. Murkland, he said, shak-

ing her sharply by the shoulder. "Get up and get me something to write with !" "Pull down the ladder !" rang out San-

outer circle was formed with the remainder, himself among the latter. "Fire at the first sound," he said, "then 1895 as in 1891, so there must be a loss of jump back to load, and we'll take your at least \$500,000,000 to the American farplaces." The opening, not more than eight feet from the ground, was large enough to admit six or eight bodies, and the Indians' and foreign, we learn that nearly all the probable intention was to make a rush, but the rush was met by a concentrated fire from beneath with terrible effect. Following the terrible death screams which told of the awful work of the guns as the bodies fell, gasping their last on the stone floor, there came a deafening report foreign trade was \$250,000,000 greater last from the roof, and a score of bullets bat-tered and glanced upon the stones. The spending \$109,000,000 of this sum in battle men, recognizing the danger from the glancing bullets, bounded into a wider cir- ships have been busy all summer hauling cle, but returned with their deadly fire at gold out of the United States. (\$74,000,every attempt of the infuriated Indians to 000 in eleven months. make an entrance. Though the conflict Much complaint comes to us from all carried on there in the dark was short, it parts of this country of a great scarcity of was fearful. Many of the men were money; crops are abundant but prices wounded and were rapidly weakening from, very low : many of the exchanges of the the loss of blood. But even after the re-treat was sounded from the roof, they were trading eggs and butter for sugar and coffusion. No one-though every gun in the treat was sounded from the roof, they were left with the horrors of the conflict, in the fee, fruits and vegetables for boots and calheap of dead and dying Indians. No one icoes ; and it is a well-known fact that had the heart to fire into the groaning mass to dispatch, the sufferers. Nothing could be done with them but to watch and see that they did not crawl away, and this they did, the men taking turns in going to the women to have their wounds bandaged with strips torn from their gowns and

All firing had ceased, for the Indians, feeling sure of their victims, had withdrawn to a convenient distance to enjoy the torture they were inflicting.

But what was that ! Sandy raised his head, and an unmistakable spatter of rain struck his face.

"Will it come?" he gasped as his eves caught the distant flash of lightning. Ah, here it comes ! The dark rainclouds, pierced by swords of vivid lightning, emptied their velcome contents down upon the devoted little band.

They were saved. Aye, and better than they knew, for when the rain had passed they found that the superstitious savages had fled from the terrific storm, "fearing they had offended the Great Spirit. The settlers found their way to Bradford

in the morning, where they obtained help

The next year found their cabins re-built—the older boys taking the places of their slain fathers-and Sandy with his money establishing a trading post-the Sandy's next shot, aimed just above the first store in the township. white end, told with fearful effect. There None ever tired telling of the part Boone

took in saving them, and Mr. Murkland, though seriously wounded, lived to tell it retreating feet and dragging bodies, as the many times ,always assisted by Affie, who had the most unbounded love for the old

"You see," he would say, we went right up through those woods to the back stump piece thinking she had got bewildered with would just as quick go to the mountain. We'd been calling her name and waving our torches for an hour. I should think, "I knew the handkerchief, and I tell you

us a deal of anxious worry, for we heard Sandy hurried to the place, and placing Boone bark and the next minute Affie's scream.

"I haven't any idea how we got to them -though it wasn't more than forty rodsbut we did, and then we started, single file for the blockhouse. I had Affie in my arms, and I tell you it was awful, stumbling along there in the dark. Boone kept in front, and by dint of whining and brushing against the leading man's legs he kept us going straight. But the progress was slow, and we all got many a tumble, until once, when the leader went down, accidentally he caught hold of Boone's tail.

"The old fellow made no attempt to get The last to come up was Boone, the good away-and each man taking hold of his dog, who bounded in with an ugly growl neighbor we were led silently and swiftly to the trench.

"Yes,,' he would finish, "when the struggle for freedom came, Sandy went into the continental army, and it was there of St. Peter's is only a small part of the that he saw Hub Hanson suffer his just doom at the end of a rope for having led -Emile Egan in Romance.

#### A Lesson from Statistics.

Figures which Show a Loss of \$500,000,000 to the American Farmer within four years.-Who Has that Money ?

The total value of all cereals, tobacco and cotton grown in the United states in 1891 was \$2,539,434,676. The total value of these same products

grown in 1895 was \$1,810,712,527. This shows a shrinkage in values of farm The Vatican.

Marion Crawford Describes the Great Papal Palace -The Visitor Comes Out of It with a Sense of Having Been Walking in a Labyrinth-The Atmosphere of the Place

To the average stranger "the Vatican" suggests only the museum of sculpture, the This she did to ensure a dazzling red and picture-galleries, the Loggie. He re-members besides the objects of art which he has seen, the fact of having walked a great distance through straight corridors, up and down short flights of marble steps,

and through irregularly shaped halls. If he had any idea of the points of the compass when he entered, he is completely confused in five minutes, and comes out at last with the sensation of having been walking in a labyrinth. He will find it hard to give any one an impression of the

sort of building in which he has been, and certainly he cannot have any knowledge of the topographical relations of its parts. Yet in his passage through the museums and galleries he has seen but a very small part of the whole, and, excepting when in the Loggie, he probably could not once have stood still and pointed in the direction of the main part of the palace.

In order to speak even superfically of it all, it is indispensable to classify its parts in some way. Vast and irregular it is at two ends, toward the colonnade and toward the bastions of the city, but the intervening stretch consists of two perfectly parallel buildings, each over 350 yards long, um and a part of the library, so as to inclose two vast courts, the one known as the Belvedere,-not to be confused with the Belvedere in the museum,-and the other called the Garden of the Pigna, from the bronze pine cone which stands at one end of it.

ward the city, a huge pile is erected, about and containing the papal residence and the apartments of several cardinals, the Sistine Chapel, the Pauline Chapel, the Borgia Tower, the Stanze and Loggie of Raphael, and the courts of St Damascus. At the other end of the paralellogram are grouped the equally irregular but more beautiful buildings of the old museum, of which the windows look out over the walls of the city, and which originally received the name of Belvedere on account of the lovely view. This is said to have been a sort of summerhouse of the Borgia, not then connected

with the palace by the long galleries. It would be a hopeless and a weary task to attempt to trace the history of the buildings. The Pope's private apartments occupy the eastern wing of the part built round the court of St. Damascus ; that is to say, they are at the extreme end of the Vatican, nearest the city, and over the colonade, and the windows of the Pope's rooms are visible from the square. The vast mass which rises above the columns to the right by any means. It contains, for iustance, the Sistine Chapel, which is considerably older than the present church, having been built by Sistus IV, whose beautiful bronze monument is in the Chapel of the Sacrament. It contains, too, Raphael's Stanze, or halls, and Bramante's famous Loggie, the beautiful architecture of which is a frame for some of Raphael's best work.

But any good guide-book will furnish all such information, which it would be fruitless to give in such a paper as this. In the pages of Murray the traveler will find, set down in order and accurately, the ages, the dimensions, and the exact positions of all the part of the building, with the names of the famous artists who decorated each. He will not find set down there,

#### FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Many women believe that the fine complexions which Irish girls are noted for are due to the potato and milk diet on which they thrive in the Emerald Isle. A recent bride lived for some months before the wedding day on milk and potatoes alone. He re- white complexion for the momentous church ceremony. The end was accomplished ; she was really radiant in her white satin and lace veil.

For women desiring to get a gown on their return from their summer's stay they will find they have made no mistake in getting tweed, cheviot, shepherd's plaid or a silk and wool mixture.

New skirts for autumn wear have their fullness flowing farther to the back and sides and the front less flaring.

Platonic friendship can never exist where the woman is anxious for the admiration of the man.

#### Lawns and batistes are almost a dog day madness. They are considered elegant enough for any wear. At the same time it may be observed that their part is rather that of a transparency through which the color of a taffeta is intended to shimmer and cool.

For the summer girl who elects for simple styles, the open tailor-made jacket, double-breasted pique vest, and five-yard untrimmed skirt are selected as being close to the regulation masculine severity of style. The inevitably plainly banded sailor hat is then en suite.

An invalid's room should be neat and nicely appointed, but for obvious reasons it ought not to be clustered up with a superfluity of trifles. The collection of vases and small objects which need constant dusting is not appropriate in a room where fuss and fidget must be avoided. Vials and bottles, glasses, cups and spoons and the imposing paraphernalia of illness should equally be kept out of sight in the invalid's apartment. A few flowers, a book or two, an easy chair and the atmosphere of use, of comfort and of tranquility should pervade the chamber where pain indeed must be borne, but where patience often reigns, and which is to be regarded, not as the prison cell of illness, but as a way station on the highroad to health.

Many of the most fashionable sleeves are now tight from the wrist to at least a couple of inches above the elbow. Above this point the arrangement of drapery seems to be optional.

Eighteen new young women law students whole palace, but is not the most modern of New York have been admitted to the bar. Of these Mrs. Julia A. Wilson and Miss Ruth N. White have very promising careers.

> A dentist, who was doing some work upon a woman's teeth the other day, was complained to by her about the peculiar sensitiveness she felt in them of late. "It is always so," he replied, "during the Summer months, when one is eating more acids in fruits and salads. The teeth are continually 'on edge' as it were. It is a good thing to clean them frequently with powdered chalk, and to rinse out the mouth with lime water. I know of no better way of counteracting the action of the acids upon the lime of the teeth. And unless you do something of this sort you will find that

from the older settlement.

"You needn't worry about it," was Sandy's sturdy reply. "I'm not going to keep my money in the cabin. I have got a place for it that no living man can find." This ended Mr. Murkland's objections,

and Sandy was moved with all his belongings to his own cabin. About the time of the breaking in of Mr.

Murkland's cabin there came to the place one Hub Hanson, who immediately attached himself to Sandy, hunting and trapping constantly with him. He had do family, but he had a numerous following of both English and Indians, which drew great prejudice upon him.

People grew suspicious of him and expressed their suspicions to Sandy, but all that the boy said was, "If Hanson is after that money, he'll have to hunt for it."

Contrary to Mr. Murkland's hopes, Sandy made little progress in clearing up his land. Most of his time was spent in hunting and trapping : yet he had some notion of improvements, for during the winter he had busied himself evenings in scooping out a cellar underneath his cabin floor. While thus occupied he discovered by the falling in of some loose stones and dirt a small natural cave

course for what seemed to him a long distance, coming suddenly out, much to his astonishment, between two immense bould-

"My, but this is a queer find !" he eiaculated, hastily backing in to conceal his torch, for bubbling from between the rocks not more than two feet from where he had come out was the very spring into whose friendly mud he had consigned the box containing his money.

"Faith !" muttered the boy as he hurried back to remove all traces of his work, "I'll take precious, care that Hanson don't find out that I've been digging a cellar.

As spring opened rumors of Indian depredations reached the settlement, and the blockhouse in the middle of it became the scene of many an anxious discussion among the inhabitants for their mutual safety. It was whispered that renegade Englishmen usually led these attacks, and Sandy, though he said nothing to his mates about it, took it upon himself to watch Hub Hanson. In spite of the watching, however, he and all his followers suddenly disappeared.

This happened about the middle of June The next day after their mysterious flight Sandy returned from a long tramp over the common hunting and trapping ground. His usually impassive face was clothed and anxious, for not a trace of the man's whereabouts could be found.

After finishing his supper and raking up his fire he said, taking down his gun, 'Boone, we've got to go over to the settlement, for Hanson has gone off for no good, and the folks must be told." As he closed the door after him he murmured, "there ought to be scouts out, and I'll offer myself to go as one to hunt the wretches away from here."

Sandy had gone no more than 50 rods in the now rapidly darkening woods when he was suddenly surrounded by the very wretches of whom he had been speaking.

'They're bound for the settlement !" flashed immediately through his mind.

"Now get me Mr. Murkland's red silk handkerchief and a shoe of Affie's.'

he was surprised to find it filled with women and children, and amid sobs, ejacu-

lations of pity and incoherent explanations

he learned to his dismay what put a terri-

For a moment, as the last figure disap-

as if stunned listening to the sobs of Mrs.

Murkland, still crouched upon the floor too

A sudden swish was heard outside, and

overcome by her loss to heed aught else.

recovered from his boyish panic.

She obeyed, the energy in his tone compelling her, without question, and Sandy knelt before the fire, resting the coarse pa-per on the towel bandage of his wounded left hand and making with a goosequill pen the tortured pothooks that had cost Mrs. Murkland so much teaching :

Indians! Put on your torches! All in the blockhouse. Give Boone Affie's shoe. Come to the trench trapdoor. SANDY.

Giving the handkerchief a rub across Boone's nose, Sandy proceeded to secure the note and shoe in its folds, talking to the intelligent old fellow the while, and at the word "Go !" he bounded out into the darkness

The blockhouse was built by the first settlers who came to the place, and their cabins were clustered around it. Sandy was relieved to find that Mrs. Murkland and himself were the last to enter it. Even those living farthest had come in.

Everything was in the most pitiable conplace was brought in-had thought of making any defense, "This won't do !" thought the brave

Taking a torch, he followed its zigzag and his voice presently rang out over the boy who was trying to save the settlement, din, "Every man and boy that can bear a gun, come to the roof with me !" As he reached the roof he saw a light

which he knew was that of his burning cabin, and though he at first intended to consult with the few old men, that sight put everything out of his mind, except the rotection of the women and children and the immediate steps to be taken.

He assigned every man, gun and boy to a special place until every loophole was manned. Then, leaving the old men on the roof, Sandy appealed to the women for help.

"There," said he as he ranged them on the wide, flat stone covering the mouth of the trench, which, as in most of the blockhouses of that period, led undergound to a secret opening within the settlement out-side. "You must keep a sharp lookout that none but our friends get in, for the Indians will surely find the trench."

The boy realizing the great necessity for silence, muttered hopefully to himself as prevent their setting it afire." he made his way to the loophole in a large plank door, "Now, the poor things can't

cry for listening.' There followed half an hour of the most horrible waiting. This was the first time since the alarm that Sandy had had to think. All of the ablebodied men were gone. They and his dear little Affie were probably murdered ere now.

The cold sweat broke over his trembling body as he thought of the responsibility resting upon him, and smothering in the bandage of his wounded hand his mortal cry for help, he sank upon the stone floor, where he prayed as one prays seldom in a life time

Sandy arose, calmed and strengthened, and it was well that he was so, for almost immediately the man on the roof announced in a hoarse, shaking whisper as he leaned over the opening, "Indians among

the cabins !" The only way by which their presence The next instant the half circle of men and could be detected was by the alternate shinboys in front of him was knocked into con- ing and darkening though the open doors fusion by a powerful blow from the butt of and windows of the hearth fires of the roof-to pray and to wait.

aprons. They had not long, however, to work in the dark, for a light suddenly streaked up, which was immediately followed by the

the immediate steps to be taken. By tacit consent, though he was one of the youngest there, Sandy took command. He assigned avery man and here to wounded right arm, "they're going to burn us !'

Through the commotion that followed his alarmed cry he saw his error in thus raising a panic, and like the brave heart that he was he commanded kindly but firmly, "Each keep his place."

"We'll have to go to the roof, men," he added, "all but those at the loopholes." "Probably said Sandy, as they reached the roof and were crouching behind the low breastwork, "while we were fighting the wretches on the roof others were piling brush around the blockhouse, and we must

It was an awful thing to do, plainly visible to the Indians as they would be from the lights of the burning cabins, but the dread alternative braced each man to his duty. For it was found to be as Sandy had said, and worse, since the trenches had been filled with straw, from the beds. "Going to smoke us out !" muttered

Sandy as he made this discovery.

The men fought with the madness of despair. Many fell mortally wounded, and yet those who still stood rallied again and again to repel the attempts from different directions to set fire to the brush.

But all was to no purpose against so many foes. Presently the brush was burning in a dozen places. To add if possible to the horror of the situation, the women and children at the first sight of the flames came screaming to the roof.

The scene was awful. Screams of anguish rose incessantly as one after another discovered father, son or brother dead, wounded or dying. Then a voice rose in prayer, and they all sank down, subduing their sobs and cries and bowing to the very

The cost of labor, taxes insurance, interest, repairs, etc., were nearly as great in mer in the year 1895. Now, we want to know who has that money ?

By a careful study of statistics, native governments, and national and private banks of Europe, have been increasing their stock of gold, in the aggregate a sum not less than \$250,000,000; that the English exchequer is full and running over, that the profits of Great Britian alone from her ships and naval armaments, and that steam-

there was withdrawn from circulation during the first six months of the present year \$85,000,000, and since June 1st, 1895, no less a sum than \$154,000,000. Therefore, in behalf of the farmers of the

United States, who are great suffers of the above conditions, we demand to know WHO HAS THAT MONEY ?

We want those \$500,000,000 accounted for, and we want Our Folks to help us find out what has become of them and how they may be recovered.

Possibly the Corner in Gold has something to do with it ! If the farmer's crops, when they came to be sold were measured by the gold London Shylock owns, might this not be the reason the price is so low? The dollar now seems to be able to buy two bushels of wheat instead of one ; soon it will buy three bushels. As Shylock tightens his grip on gold, which measures property, down goes the price of crops, and Down goes the Farm.

Down goes the Farmer, Down goes the Merchant, Down goes the Manufacturer, Down goes the Laborer, Down goes the Doctor. Down goes the Carpenter, Down goes the Blacksmith. Down goes the poor Debtor. Down goes Independence. Down goes Liberty, Down goes the Flag,

Shylock. Once more, we demand to know

who was aching to talk about the coming election, "the voice of the people is the voice of God."

"Beg pardon ?"

then you will know how much ice the

vever, what one may call the atmosphere of the place which is something as peculiar into.' and unforgetable, though in a different

way, as that of St. Peter's. It is quite unlike anything else, for it is a part of the development of churchmen's administration to an ultimate limit in the high centre of ent, and this style, being simple, and pullchurchmanism. No doubt there was much ed back from the face, is certainly as comof that sort of thing in various parts of Europe long ago, and in England before Henry VIII, and it is to be found in a small degree in Vienna to this day, where the tra- over the head, about a span from the fore ditions of the Holy Roman Empire are not quite dead. It is hard to define it, but it and all this hair-nearly half the head-is is in everything; in the uniforms of the attendants, in their old-fashioned faces, in twice a week, though the rest need only be the spotless cleanliness of all the Vatican- washed once a month. It is all combed though no one is ever seen handling a down over the face in manipulating; broom-in the noiselessly methodical manner of doing everything that is to be done, in the scholarly rather than scientific arrangement of the objects in the museum till dry, and then fluffed more. The fluffand galleries-above all, in the visitor's own sensations.

of the Vaticon, and there is a feeling of being in church, so that one is disagreeably shocked when a guide conducting a party of tourists, occasionally raises his voice in order to be heard. It is all very hard to define, while it is quite impossible to escape feeling it, and it must ultimately be due to the dominating influence of the churchmen, who arrange the whole place as though it were a church. An American and bringing the forehead line in harlady, on hearing that the Vatican contains eleven thousand rooms, threw up her hands and laughingly exclaimed, "Think of the housemaids !" But there are no housemaids in the Vatican, and perhaps the total absence of even the humblest feminine influ- view the outlining the hair makes to the ence has something to do with the austere ears, and some modifications of the stock impression which everything produces .-'The Vatican,' by F. Marion Crawford, in

the August Century.

-It is interesting to observe the sympathy of Wall street for the workingman. Wall street is awfully afraid the restoration of silver will greatly benefit the monyed people by cutting down the wages of labor, and Wall street is so considerate of the poor workingman who under the gold standard is loaded down with the gold he receives in payment of his high wages, that it is doing its level best to keep him from rushing off with the "silver craze," Wall street's heart bleeds when it looks and sees the working people sacrificing themselves to the money power-in advocating a double standard even after being warned by Wall street that silver is not for the interest of the poor but of the rich.

-A good deal has been said about the abject condition of Mexico under the silver basis, which is really equal to a protective tariff against English importations of 100 per cent; how about Egypt? Egypt is under the single gold standard, and if the logic is correct, Egypt ought to be a pros-perous country in which the working people go about loaded down with the gold they get for wages. But do they ?

-Thomas Jefferson was denounced as the most notorious anarchist of his time, tive. The great impetus given to the study "Rats, I said ; r-a-t-s, rats. Just wait and Andrew Jackson was hated by the

> Now see that your blood is pure. Good health follows the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla which is the one great blood puri

the teeth will be very perceptibly eaten

Undoubtedly the pompadour is the fashionable mode of dressing the hair at presfortable looking as it is pretty. To pro-perly dress the hair a la pompadour make a part from behind the tip of the ear up head at the top to the tip of the other ear, every morning it is soaked with colagne, bay rum or any perfume that is not sticky when drying ; it is fluffed with the comb ing is done in the sunshine if possible; if not, by fire heat. The back knot i

No one talks loudly among the statutes made, then the pompadour is combed the Vaticon, and there is a feeling of be-This makes a soft loose roll; the comb adjusts it so the forward combing of the under part does not show ; part of the central lock is allowed to fall loosely on the forehead in its turn back, or this one lock may be cut.

> The result is becoming to the oldest and the youngest face, emphasizing the eyes mony. This style of hair best suits a certain simplicity of gowning, and positively must take high collaring of the throat. The entire oval of the face should be outlined, the collar line completing in front and fall of lace at the neck is the most suitable. A properly cared for pompadour should need no curling or crimping, should be silky, gleaming and soft, and show all the best points of the hair for color and texture.

> Is the American woman getting taller? This question, always interesting, is being put again upon the carpet at seaside places, where fair Summer girls are vieing with each other to be considered athletic-that attribute upon which their grandmothers looked with undisguised horror in "her young days."

> Everything tends to show that the really up-to-date girl is mightily interested in her fine physique. Witness the myriads of machines of all makes and descriptions to be found where the ocean wave rolls in, all of which propose to tell the American girl how tall she stands in her stockings; how much to a fraction she weighs before breakfast, before lunch and before dinner; how much she has gained and lost to the minutest part of an inch when she donned her natty bathing suit and entered the brine.

> "Whether women are growing taller or not," "is of minor importance. The real question is, Are they growing stronger ? Do they hold themselves better than they did in the good old times ?"

Luckily for the American girl this question can easily be answered in the affirmaof physical training for girls has really opened the way for a deep reform, and actually set hosts of young women in search for the perfect beauty of development which is more pleasing to the eye than any amount of mere charm of face

Down goes everybody else and everything else but the Dollar and-London

WHO HAS THAT MONEY ?- From the Philadelphia Farm Journal.

"The voice of the people," said the man

until you have been compelled to decide a home player out at third a few times and

voice of the people cuts. Yes."

-Jerusalem has 60,000 Jows.

A Dissenter.

"Rats !" said the man he had cornered.

money power