

Bellefonte, Pa., July 16, 1897.

THE COUNTRY ROAD.

From the busy haunts of farmer-folk... It starts on its winding way... Goes over the hill, and across the brook...

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

When one is old, one awakens early; and when the joints are stiff, it is hard to lie. So old Elizabeth Bain arose at dawn...

"Go away, grandma," they would say, crossly; "we want to sleep." Then Elizabeth Bain would toss her proud old head in the air and go out, muttering.

When breakfast did come at last, and the easy-going servant had got the children up to their places, the old lady ate ravenously for a few moments, and then, with a sudden disgust at food, would sit watching the others eat, while they leisurely consumed the breakfast.

Not that she objected to her daughter-in-law. Indeed, she often said to herself that she had nothing of which to complain. There were more clothes in her closet than she could wear out in her lifetime.

Every morning the papers were brought to her. If she was indisposed, her meals were served there. When visitors called who knew her, they were brought to her, or she was taken to the parlor to meet them.

"I'll get the lunch, Ella," said the old soul, hungry for the domestic tasks. "You'll be havin' somethin' else to do. Let me get the lunch."

"No, thank you, mother. I would much rather get it myself. You go to your room and keep quiet to-day."

The old woman flung out of the room slamming the door behind her. The daughter-in-law went on setting the table. She considered herself very patient.

A few hours later the gaunt old exile crept back to her daughter's room again. "Hain't you got nothin' for me to do, Ella? Some sewin' or somethin'?"

"Yes; I sewed the last book three days ago. If you'll get some cotton and baste it on, I'll make that up."

"All right. In a few days. I haven't the time just now. And there's nothing else for you to do—thank you mother."

"Back again to the long hall. Back again to idleness. Back again to the stupor of the senses, to the dim, crowding memories, to the apprehension."

For if there was any one thing by which Elizabeth Bain's life was rendered miserable, it was by her apprehensions, and these she could not in any way control.

Then the old soul, shamed again, would go tottering out, and slam the door after her.

And the bedquits? How the daughter-in-law did loathe them! How inexpensively ugly they were! How many, many hours she had spent cutting out those senseless blocks, that the trembling old fingers might sew them together again!

time—the stories had such curious endings.

If only she could have stopped worrying, life might not have been so bad. But it was never possible for her to do that.

She knew the hour at which the children were due at home after school-hours, and as they were not here at the moment she was distressed until they came.

She knew the hour at which the milkman ought to call, and if he was not on time she worried for fear the children would have no milk for their porridge.

Above all, she knew the hours of her son's goings and comings, and a deeper feeling than worry oppressed her when he was not prompt.

She was always wanting the children to come in, though she could not have told why, and sometimes she walked the floor in misery of mind merely because they were out.

"Don't you think the children ought to come in now?" she would say to her daughter-in-law.

"No," would be the cold reply, "I do not."

Back to her room would fly the old creature, and when she had stood the condition as long as she could, she would open the window and shrill out merrily, calling in her frantic old voice to the children, who only answered:

"That will do, grandma. We'll come in when mamma calls us."

At night she wondered why they did not come to talk to her; and sometimes they did, bringing in their dolls to play beside her, or sharing their candy with her, or laughing with her at the wild old stories that she brought out of her own dim girlhood.

But they would not let her undress them, because her hands fumbled so, and then she went herself to sleep, saying they did not love her. She wept, too, because, according to her idea, they were not dressed warm enough.

She would have swathed them in mufflers and veils every day had she had her way, and done up their hands in mittens and their feet in arctic. It always seemed to be cold weather to her.

"I want you to stay in with me to-day," she said once, authoritatively, to the children. It was a beautiful day, made for out-of-door living, and the children only laughed.

"Kiss us good-by, grandma," they said: "we are going out."

A hot fire came in her faded old eyes. She stamped her foot.

"But I tell you I want you all to stay in! It is much too cold to go out—hain't it, Ella? Why don't you teach your children to mind me?" She began to whimper piteously.

"Run along, children," said their mother, in a low voice, and the little ones scurried out. "It is really a beautiful day," said the daughter-in-law; "but perhaps you are chilly. I will light your fire for you, mother."

She put the old creature down in her easy chair before the fire, and set a match to the kindlings. Then she went to her room high to let in as much sunshine as possible, and left her.

Compared With London.

What America Has Done in the Sixty Years of the Queen's Long Reign.

Englishmen are pointing with a good deal of pride to the remarkable growth of London from the time of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne. They have reason to feel gratified by the development of their metropolis in the three score years that has risen from a cluster of houses and shops sheltering 1,000,000 people to a well built city of four times that number of inhabitants.

But while London has grown 300 per cent, in 60 years, it is interesting to note what has been done here with 12,000,000 souls. It has increased 600 per cent in 60 years, or twice as rapidly as the one rapidly growing English city. With us the whole nation has made unprecedented growth, not merely one favored section of it.

In 1830 the entire population of all the American cities was less than 2,000,000. Now we have four cities with more than a million each, while England has but one, and but one that exceeds 500,000 inhabitants very much. Then there was one city in the country—New York with a population exceeding 100,000. Philadelphia and Baltimore had 80,000, Boston 61,000 and Charleston, which ranked fifth, contained 30,000. New York has increased three times as fast as London, Brooklyn has increased more than 1,000 per cent.

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The old woman sat staring, staring. "The childer must come in," she said. And still she stared and stared. "Come in, childer—come in!" The voice was fearfully querulous. And indeed, every corner of the room, little children began to come. But they were not her disobedient grandchildren; not those wary, laughing, hard-hearted children. No, no! They were her own—her own little boys and girls.

Then James did not die in Texas, and Conway was not shot, and a poor maid did not perish of homesickness and privation up in the mining-camp, and Olive had not been dead since she was a child! And there was Samuel—her dearest little boy, her youngest—and he was not married to that woman with the cold smile who would not teach her children respect for age!

And there were the three other whom she had thought died in their babyhood! But no, no! They were all there! The pretty things—the pretty things! They came running to her. Their arms were about her neck. She smoothed their hair—brown, yellow, black. She braided up Olive's tresses, which were loose. She pulled up Samuel's stockings—he never would keep his stockings up. They took the things out of her pockets to show her. She looked at them all. She laughed and cried over the trumpery—the marbles and stones, the string and orange-peel and bits of paper and tattered pictures. She worked the holes in the knees of their stockings, and said to herself that she must set at once to the knitting of some more; and she sighed at the patches on their clothes. It was work, work, work!

And yet how sweet! Ah, how fragrant was their breath—the breath of the children—like that of the little calves who have fed only on mother's milk! How strong were their arms and legs! And they were all hers—all her own, her own! Perhaps they were hungry. She must go to the patch for potatoes. It must be nearly time for the men to come in from the field. And the baby, as like as not, was hungry too! She sat still, musing, dreaming, back again in the long ago, when she was young and life was full of joy and grief too, and people needed her. Nobody, nobody had any need of her now.

"Mother," said the cold clear voice she knew, "what are you doing? Why are you staring like that? Here's a cup of hot tea for you."

The old creature struggled to her feet and pointed a bony finger at her. "Then you married Samuel!" she cried. "After all, you married Samuel!" She burst into angry sobs.

The daughter-in-law undressed her and put her in bed.

"I think," she said that night to her husband, "that we will really have to get a nurse for mother. She is very troublesome. I think she must be losing her mind."

"You are an angel of patience to put up with what you do," said her husband. The wife did not answer; indeed, she looked confused. Something strange seemed struggling within her heart. But she did not speak.—ELIA W. PEATTIE, in Harper's Bazar.

State Teachers' Officers. Will Meet Next Year in Bellefonte. Burned Portraits to Be Replaced in the Capitol.

he has commenced to come to the United States to get tools to build them with. London has made a marked and creditable growth since Queen Victoria ascended the throne, but when it is compared to real growth like that which has characterized the foremost nation of the world, London or any other place cannot stand up and be counted.

A Synopsis of the New Road Law.

The Features of the Hamilton Road Law that Will Affect Our Farmers.—The Measure has been Signed by the Governor and is now a Law.

Following is a synopsis of the Hamilton road law, a measure which passed the recent session of the Legislature and has been signed by the Governor.

First. That at the February election in 1898 three supervisors shall be elected, one for three years, and one for two years and one for one year and one shall be elected for three years each succeeding year thereafter.

Second. These supervisors shall levy the road tax for their respective townships. It shall not exceed ten mills.

Third. Not less than one-fourth nor more than one-half shall be paid in money; balance in work.

Fourth. Townships must be divided into road districts of not less than five miles to the district. A road master shall have charge of each district. He must give bond for performance of duties. Board of supervisors shall fix wages paid road master and laborers.

Fifth. The board of supervisors shall purchase all materials and let all contracts. Notice of contract lettings to be published in town newspapers, or by twenty hand bills posted up.

Sixth. Stone crushers and other road machinery may be owned jointly by townships.

Seventh. Treasurer of road fund shall give sufficient surety.

Eighth. Rebates allowed for prompt payment of tax. Penalties for non-payment of tax. Treasurer's salary fixed by law.

Ninth. Five days' notice to be given all who may wish to work part of their tax.

Tenth. Failure to respond after five days' notice forfeits the right to work out the tax. The whole amount then to be collected in cash.

Eleventh. No public road hereafter made shall have a higher grade than three degrees.

Twelfth. Board of supervisors to receive \$1.50 per day each, for attending meetings of the board.

Thirteenth. Vacancies in boards to be filled by appointment by the judge of court of superior session.

Fourteenth. Reports to be made by board of supervisors in March each year to the secretary of the department of agriculture, of tax levied and money expended.

Flight of Jerome.

The Lion Was There and Jerome Was Evidently in Hiding.

Mr. Hiram Bradish and his good wife came up from Chagrin Falls recently, and while strolling around found their way into Natt's art rooms. Mr. Bradish was very much interested in a number of life class sketches that Mr. Natt was kind enough to show him, but the lady blushed at the sight of the first and refused to look at any of the others although they were all modest enough from an artistic standpoint, and certainly unobjectionable, even in the most conservative person's parlor.

Finally Mr. Bradish stopped before a large canvass labeled "Lion after Jerome." He looked at it very intently for five minutes, first from one standpoint and then another. He stood back ten or fifteen feet and gazed, and then he moved so that his nose almost touched the picture, and scrutinized it, as if he were hunting for something.

"Well," said Mr. Natt, after awhile, "that picture seems to strike your fancy." "Why," the old gentleman replied, "I do not see it. That's a powerful ugly looking beast that, and I swan I don't know's I blame Jerome very much for getting out o' the way."

"Getting out of the way?" repeated Natt. "What do you mean by that?" "Why," Mr. Bradish explained, "it says 'Lion after Jerome,' don't it? Well, 'Get out o' the way' to be seen, so I spose he must be hidin' behind one o' them stuns."

"Here," said Natt, handing the old gentleman a pretty chromo, as he and his fond wife departed, "take this back home with you, and hang it in your parlor. I don't want any pay for it. I feel that I owe it to you. Good-by. The next time you come to town be sure to call on me, and in the meantime I'll try to find out which rock Jerome is concealed behind."

After the wondering couple had gone, Mr. Natt said: "I always feel I owe something to every man who can say or do anything that will give me a new laugh. That's the reason he got the chromo."

Farmers' Congress Delegates.

Gov. Hastings Appoints Representatives from Pennsylvania.

Gov. Hastings has appointed the following Pennsylvania delegates to the Farmers' National congress, to be held in St. Paul August 31 to September 6:

A. Broadhead, Kittanning; T. E. Orr, Pittsburg; George A. McWilliams, Natrona; Henry H. Mory, Upper St. Clair; William Kuebler, Dixmont; Samuel S. Steel, Green Tree; F. Leonard Heber, Shoemakerville; G. W. Oster, Christian P. Moyer, Blooming Glen; John Hamilton, State College; Leonard Rhone, Centre Hall; Thomas J. Phillips, Arden; Hiram L. Buckwalter, Spring City; Joseph C. Henderson, Titusville; Jacob Holtzapple, Gettysburg; L. M. Merkel, Shiremanstown; R. H. Thomas, Mechanicsburg; Thomas J. Edge, Harrisburg; S. Cameron Young, Middletown; Charles W. Mathews, Ward; Thomas Calhoun, Rockport; James A. Moorhead, Moorhead; Sigel Ashman, Three Springs; McCurdy Hunter, Coal Glen; A. L. Martin, Enos Valley; Samuel McCreary, New Castle; Isaac S. Long, Richland; Walter Esley, Briggsville; J. Madison Rhodes, Elmhurst; W. Kahler, Hugobville; Wilson J. Hartzell, Allentown; Christian L. Nissley, Monnt Joy; William H. Brosius, Fern Glen; Levi Morrison, Greenville; Jason Sexton, Springhouse; H. H. Porteroff, Collegeville; John D. Miller, Newton Hamilton; David W. Cooper, Sunbury; B. B. McClure, Bath; Addison Kinker, W. A. Gardner, Andrews Settlement; Lafayette Rowland, Rowland; Mrs. E. S. Starr, Philadelphia; William L. Elkin, Philadelphia; J. Harry Scott, Philadelphia; John C. Grady, Philadelphia; Charles B. Barton, Byberry; John Sink, Philadelphia; N. B. Critchfield, Jenner; Dr. F. W. Boyer, Pittsburg; Charles Wesley Smith, Mahanoy City; Frank A. Spencer, Millerton; Thomas C. Madden, Newfoundland; Dr. M. E. Griffith, York Station, and Gerard C. Brown, Yorkana.

The Heart's Work.

Daily It Pumps Over Seven Tons of Blood.

The human heart is practically a force pump about 6 inches in length and 4 inches in diameter. It beats 70 times per minute or 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day and 38,792,000 times per year, and 2,575,440,000 times in 70 years, which is "man's appointed three score years and ten." At each of these beats it forces 2 1/2 ounces of blood through the system, 175 ounces per minute, 6,561 pounds per hour, or 7,700 tons per day. All the blood in the body, which is about 30 pounds, passes through the heart every three minutes.

This little organ pumps every day what is equal to lifting 122 tons 1 foot high or 1 ton 122 feet high—that is 1 ton to the top of a 40-yard mill chimney, or 16 persons 7 score each to the same height. During the 70 years of a man's life this marvelous little pump, without a single moment's rest day or night, discharges the enormous quantity of 178,850 tons of human blood.

The Peacock at Home.

The real home of the peacock or peafowl is in India. There they were and are hunted, and their flesh is used for food. As these birds live in the same region as the tiger, peacock hunting is a very dangerous sport. The long train of the peacock is not its tail, as many suppose, but is composed of feathers which grow out just above the tail, and are called the tail-coverts. Peacocks have been known for many hundred years. They are mentioned in the Bible; Job mentions them, and they are mentioned too in I. Kings, 10. Hundreds of years ago in Rome many thousand peacocks were killed for the great feasts which the emperors made. The brains of the peacock were considered a great treat, and many had to be killed for a single feast.

Bed His Funeral Pyre.

William Morris Sets Fire to His Bed, Then Lies Upon It and Burns to a Death.

William A. Morris, aged 28 years, a junk dealer, residing in Williamsport, while quarreling with his wife, early this morning, picked up a lighted lamp and threw it at her. It broke and the oil spilled over the bed, setting fire to it. He lay down on the smoldering bed and refused to move. While his wife went for help his body burned to a crisp.

Not Likely. "See here. That horse you sold me runs away, kicks, strikes and tries to tear down the stable at night. You told me that if I got him once I wouldn't part with him for \$1,000." "Well, you won't."—Detroit Free Press.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Cora Curran, of Concord, Ky., is a paper hanger of such skill that she has won the praise of the township.

Most of the expensive toilet luxuries will be found to contain cucumber juice. These hold a very important and expensive place and just now is the time for the wise housekeeper to preserve their cooling and healing powers, not only for her own and children's use, but for the comfort of the pater also.

To make cucumber cream, which not only cleans and cleanses the complexion, but is also very healing, proceed as follows: Remove the soft part from two or three cucumbers, warm sufficiently to make it squeeze through a colander, then squeeze through a hair sieve; to half a teacupful of this add a teacupful of glycerine and five drops of salicylic acid; both the latter are preservatives, and if the glycerine does not agree with the skin the salicylate alone will be sufficient. Add a few drops of any perfume liked, and the ointment is ready for use.

While cucumbers are plentiful it is well to have thick slices of the softest with the soap on the washstand, and to use after the former to rub face, hands and throat, rinsing afterwards. The clean, soft feeling of the skin will answer for its future use. While tomatoes are ripe and plentiful, they are excellent to remove freckles and muddiness from the skin. A woman with peach-like bloom on her skin declares she has used nothing else besides wash her girlhood. A thorough rubbing of the skin once or twice daily while the season lasts with a ripe tomato will work wonders, and if this be found to be the very thing for certain complexions, the canned may be used occasionally through the winter; those canned in alcohol must be chosen, as they are the least cooked.

For the girl who travels, all sorts and conditions of gowns are in vogue to suit each wearer's taste. There is the severely-tailor made kind, with jacket and skirt suit, shirt waist, standing collar, bow tie, sailor hat, pique gloves and calf-skin shoes, and certainly this is very chic and much worn. Then, too, following the dictates of comfort, linen duck and pique have been adopted these last two seasons, and when prettily made they make a most cool, pretty looking traveling suit. They are almost always trimmed with novelty wash braid, and a short-backed sailor hat finishes the costume. When an entire woman costume is desired a cheviot, in a small check, is exceedingly stylish.

To make French dressing, put a half teacupful of salt and a quarter of a teacupful of white pepper into a bowl; add gradually six tablespoonfuls of olive oil. Rub until the salt is dissolved, and then add one tablespoonful of vinegar or lemon juice. Beat well for a moment and it is ready to use. It is much better than once. Cream dressing is made by heating a gill of good cream. Moisten a tablespoonful of cornstarch with a little cold milk; add it to the hot cream, cook a moment, then stir in the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Take from the fire; add a half teacupful of salt, and a quarter of a teacupful of vinegar or lemon juice.

Put the uncooked yolks of two eggs into a clean, cold soup dish, then add a quarter of a teacupful of salt and a dash of cayenne pepper; work these well together, and then add, drop by drop, half a pint or more of olive oil, mix stir rapidly and steadily while adding the oil. After adding one gill of oil, alternate occasionally with a few drops of lemon juice or vinegar. The more oil you use the thicker the dressing. If too thick add a half teacupful or more of vinegar until the proper consistency. More or less oil may be added according to the quantity of dressing desired.

The faces of women one passes in the street form a curious story, says the "Framingham Herald." One woman purses up her lips, another screws her eyes into unnaturalness, while a third will wrinkle up her forehead and eyebrows until she looks absolutely ugly. The trick is an unconscious one, but is none the less a trick and a bad one.

There is no reason why any woman should look forbidding and bad-tempered just because she is annoyed about something. Deep-seated trouble has a way of writing itself upon the face whether we will or not. Sickness, too, has its handwriting, and will not be concealed by art. But to be annoyed by superficial troubles should not be entertained by the face for an instant.

We should strive to look as pleasant as possible for the sake of others; a corresponding cheerfulness of temperament will inevitably result, and always to the sweetening of our nature.

We cannot afford to go about with gloomy faces. To depress others is not for us; our work is to cheer, to raise up, to comfort, but we shall never do this unless we cultivate a pleasant demeanor, and the cheerful temper inseparable from it. This brings us to that question of worry.

Can we put it more strongly than to say that it is a duty to put care, worry, fretfulness behind one? The habit must be learned, or we shall not "grab straight in the strength of our spirit, and live out our life as the light," as Swinburne so well puts it. "It is difficult to do that," says some one.

We all know that it is very hard, but women are not afraid of difficulties, they are more difficult the right thing is to do, the greater reason for doing it. All we need is to make the first effort—strength will be born which will increase at each subsequent attempt, and we shall conquer it in the end. Satisfaction for women lies in this—not to be overcome by troubles, but to overcome them.

If your holiday is still before you look about the shops and try to get a ponce shirt-waist. They are the very latest word in this useful article. Canton silk will serve if you cannot get ponce, and then you will not go about looking as if you wore the uniform of the summer girl—namely gingham shirt-waist and serge skirt.

The most comfortable looking girl you see wears a white duck skirt, white lawn shirt-waist, Nile green belt and tie, white sailor hat with a green band, white silk gloves and black oxford ties.

A word as to the care of clothing. The band of the skirt should always have three loops or hangers instead of two, as usually seen, and all three should be placed on one hook in the wardrobe to prevent the ugly sagging often seen in otherwise handsome dresses.