

Bellefonte, Pa., July 16, 1897.

THE COUNTRY ROAD.

From the busy haunts of folk-form  
It starts on its winding way  
Goes over the hill, and across the brook,  
Where the minnows love to play;  
Beside the mill with its water-wheel,  
And the pond so dark and deep,  
Then up to the tavern and village store,  
And the church, where the dead lie asleep.  
You would never think that the country road,  
From the hill to the town, could be  
So long to a boy with an errand to do  
And another boy to see,  
You can never dream how short it is  
From the farm to the frozen pond,  
Nor how very much further it always is  
To the schoolhouse just beyond.  
Oh, the country road! at the farther end  
It runs up and down,  
Away from the woods and the rippling brook,  
To the tolling, rustling town,  
But, best of all, when you're tired and sick  
Of the weary haunts of men,  
If you follow it you will find your home  
To the woods and fields again.  
—St. Nicholas.

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,  
and wandered about the house with  
cautious step, faint for her breakfast,  
and angry at the household of hearty sleepers.  
She seldom removed her night-cap till  
breakfast was announced, for reasons only  
known to herself; and the drowsing child-  
ren, hearing a noise in their room, would  
open languid eyes to see "grandma's" thin  
parchment-like face staring at them res-  
plendent from the white cap that belted it  
in like a graveloch.  
"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, mut-  
tering.  
When breakfast did come at last, and the  
easy-going servant had put the children up  
to their places, the old lady ate ravenously  
for a few moments, and then, with a sud-  
den disgust at food, would sit watching  
the others eat heartily, while they leisurely  
consumed the breakfast. Sometimes  
Elizabeth Bain was angry that no one  
spoke to her; at other times she was angry  
if she did; for she was so dull of hearing,  
and suffered such chagrin at her inability  
to understand and consequently to make a  
fitting answer, that she said to herself that  
in her pity they might leave her alone.  
Their way of eating annoyed her too—the  
slow dragging out of a meal, which at best  
she did not consider a very hearty one.  
Orange juice did not, for example, seem a  
very sensible thing to give growing child-  
ren; and the idea of a big family sitting  
down to quaff such a beverage was annoy-  
ing, indeed to her—so amusing that she could  
never conceal a sniff of disdain. That sniff  
brought a passing frown to her daughter-in-  
law's brow. But what of that?  
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. She  
had the largest bedroom in the house, and  
it was filled with the pictures and books  
and furniture which she liked best. No  
one entered there without her permission.  
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. Her stove, her reading-lamp, her  
day couch, her chair and stool, her clock  
and medicine-chest, were all where she  
wished them to be, and of the sort she pre-  
ferred. There was no fault to be found  
with the provision her daughter-in-law had  
made for her. There was certainly every  
reason to be grateful for the care she gave  
her when she was ill. And yet—  
"I'll get the lunch, Ella," said the old  
soul, hungry for a few 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 stood for a moment on set-  
tling 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'?"  
"Have you got that quilt all finished,  
mother?"  
"Yes; I sewed the last block three days  
ago. If you'll git 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 for 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 miser-  
able, it was by her apprehensions, and  
these she could feel in no way control. If  
the bell rang quickly, she started to her old  
feet with a trembling hand upon her heart.  
It was surely her son brought home dead!  
If the children cried out from some hurt at  
play, they had certainly broken a limb, or  
injured their skulls, or dislocated their  
spines! A telegram—and many came to the  
house—meant death, to her; and the  
often-recurring experience of finding them  
only invitations to dinner, or regrets for an  
evening festivity, or of a business nature,  
could not subdue the awful fear. The old  
woman would run in, wild-eyed, crying:  
"What is it—what is it, Ella? Who is  
dead?"  
"No one is dead, mother," the daugh-  
ter-in-law would say politely, but rather  
coldly. "The message is from the Crocker-  
ers, and they say they will go to the theatre  
with us to-night."  
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 inexpres-  
sibly ugly they were! And how many, many  
hours she had spent cutting out those  
senseless blocks, that the trembling old  
fingers might sew them together again!  
How Elizabeth Bain hated them herself!  
And yet, were they not better than the  
droning, droning hours? To be sure, there  
was the paper, and the Bible, and the met-  
rical psalms, and the endless other books,  
had she wanted them, but one cannot read  
forever when one's eyes water and blur.  
The children brought her in the art books  
to look at, but she could see no sense in  
most of the pictures. She could not under-  
stand what the magazines meant half the

time—the stories had such curious end-  
ings.

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 if they  
were not here at the moment she was dis-  
tressed 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 some-  
times 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 daugh-  
ter-in-law.  
"No," would be the cold reply. "I do  
not."

Back to her room would fly the old crea-  
ture, 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, sharing their candy with her, or  
laughing with her at the wild old stories  
that she brought out of her own dim girl-  
hood. 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 dress-  
ed 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.  
The fires of her body burned so low.  
"I want you to stay in with me to-day,"  
she said once, authoritatively, to the child-  
ren. 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 child-  
ren to mind me?" She began to whimper  
piteously.  
"Run along, children," said their moth-  
er, in a low voice, and the little ones scur-  
ried 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  
bed high to let in as much sunshine as pos-  
sible, and left her.  
The old woman sat staring, staring.  
"The children must come in," she said.  
And still she stared and stared. "Come  
in, children—come in!" The voice was  
fearfully querulous. And presently every  
corner of the room, little children began  
to come. But they were not her dis-  
obedient 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 the poor Miss  
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 or awe!  
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gan to come. But they were not her dis-  
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laughing, hard-hearted children. No, no!  
They were her own—her own little boys  
and girls.

And yet how sweet! Ah, how fragrant  
was their breath—the breath of the child-  
ren—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 trouble-  
some. 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 seem-  
ed 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.  
The State Teachers' association decided at  
their last meeting to hold their next meet-  
ing in Bellefonte. The following officers  
were elected: President Dr. M. G. Brun-  
baugh, of the University of Pennsylvania;  
vice-presidents, Supt. Collins, of Cameron  
county; Prof. E. Mackey, of Reading,  
and Prof. L. S. Shimmell, of Harrisburg;  
secretary, J. P. McCaskey, of Lancaster;  
treasurer, D. S. Keck, of Kurtztown; ex-  
ecutive committee, Supt. Miller, of Brad-  
ford; Supt. Burns, of Erie; Prof. Richey,  
of New Brighton; D. Fortney, of Belle-  
fonte; Supt. J. W. Cannon, of New Castle;  
Prof. Loss, of Williamsport, and Prof.  
Messimer, of Erie.

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 Lon-  
don from the time of Queen Victoria's ac-  
cession to the throne. They have reason to  
feel gratified by the development of their  
metropolis in the three score years it has  
risen from a cluster of houses and shops shel-  
tering 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 inhabi-  
tants very much. Then there was one city  
in the country—New York with a popula-  
tion 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,  
against London's 300 in the same time,  
while Chicago has grown from nothing at all  
to a place nearly half as large as London.  
In 1830 Cleveland was a town of 1,076 per-  
sons. Pittsburg had grown as large as  
Butler is now. Besides Chicago, other  
towns then not in existence are Milwau-  
kee, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Omaha, St.  
Paul, St. Louis, Denver and Indian-  
apolis, all of these now having a popula-  
tion of more than 100,000.

In 1830 Ohio was out west and the north-  
west corner of the State was still unsettled.  
Illinois had fewer than two inhabitants to  
the square mile in fully half her territory,  
and not more than ten or twelve in the most  
populous portion. The Pottawatomie In-  
dians lived on the south end of Lake Michi-  
gan, and nobody cared enough for the  
swamp lands to dispute them their posses-  
ion. Where then the country had a settled  
area of 632,000 square miles it has now a set-  
tled area of almost 2,000,000, or a greater  
rate of progress, than the marvelous growth  
of London's population. Since 1850, which is  
as far as the census figures go back, the num-  
ber of farms have increased from 1,445,000  
to 4,564,000, or fully as rapidly as the in-  
crease of London in the longer period. Since 1840  
the cereal production has jumped up from  
615,000,000 bushels to 3,518,000,000 or 600  
per cent. Horses increased in numbers  
from 1850 4,336,000 to 15,000,000, and oc-  
cattle in the same time from 17,000,000 to 51-  
1,000,000.

In 1830 there were not quite 40 miles of  
railroad in the United States. At present  
the steam and street railroads run close to  
200,000 miles employing an army of more  
than three quarters of a million people,  
and paying in wages annually directly or  
indirectly \$1,000,000,000. The railroad  
not in existence when Victoria was a girl,  
pay now in interest and taxes half as much  
as the cost of running the Federal govern-  
ment annually, and their debt is five  
times as much as that of the United States.  
It is apparent that in manufacturing and  
commerce we have advanced to occupy the  
rapid than in other lines; for these are  
comparatively new industries in a new  
country, when in its early days depended  
more on the farm than on the factory for a  
livelihood for its people. Yet so pronounced  
has been the growth of the manufacturing  
interests, that from nothing at all the  
United States has now become the first  
place among the nations of the world, as  
well as in the production of minerals. In  
iron, petroleum, copper, gold, silver, hard  
coal and (except England alone, to which  
we are a close second) soft coal, and in  
many other things not of so much impor-  
tance, we have taken the lead. There is  
nothing that the British Empire show such  
marvelous development as in the iron and  
steel manufacture of this country, which  
taking up the thread where the old world  
left it, has climbed to a first place,  
and is now disputing with the nations of  
Europe the actual dominations of the man-  
ufacturing world. In the precious metals of  
the West have made a history for the  
United States in the way of gold, silver and  
copper production that stands alone. The  
\$1,000,000,000 worth of oil produced by the  
wells of this country reads like a story of  
Aladdin and his lamp to those not familiar  
with the uses of this precious metal. It is un-  
paralleled by anything England has to show.

When it comes to fine streets, comforts  
of city life, public or private buildings, or  
any of those things that go to moderate or  
improve the lot of man or country, the old  
world is sadly behind. The great, bold,  
audacious hustler of the Western hemi-  
sphere. London has some fine buildings,  
though they date far back to the  
Queen's reign. But London has nothing to  
surpass the buildings of this country.  
Our national capitol, built and rebuilt  
twice, is the possible the greatest building  
the superior of anything built in London  
in the same time, if the same is not also  
true of the City hall in Philadelphia, the  
capitol at Albany, and that in Austin, Tex.  
And so far as business places and the  
homes of the people are concerned, no  
city can compare with America, so many  
comfortable, commodious, and modern  
buildings as nearly any prominent city  
of the United States. London, with its nar-  
row, crooked streets, must depend on the  
one-horse cabs for her rapid transit. A  
crowd that travels on Pittsburg's trolly  
cars in five or six minutes, would fill  
London, if put in cabs, in a jam from Trafal-  
gar square to the Bank of England. The  
dingy streets, the crooked and narrow lanes,  
the ill-lit hallways and the stuffy little  
rooms in which the men have offices  
would not be tolerated in any American  
city of 10,000 people, let alone a big place  
that prides itself on its sky-scrapers, with  
elevators and all sorts of Yankee modern  
convenience.

Of course America can lay no credit to  
augmenting the growth of London through  
the centuries, but she can add to it. The  
added inhabitants. For the tide of immi-  
grations has been generally the same way.  
Many of our best alien population have  
come from London as well as from other  
parts of the British empire. But to the in-  
ventive genius of the American, which has  
made progress possible wherever civilization  
has obtained foothold, London owes her  
gradual increase in the British capital,  
but they are there now in abundance. The  
Londoner eats American wheat, American  
beef, American fruit, rides an American  
cycle, uses American typewriters,  
American sewing machines, and even  
building machines of any sort for himself

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.  
—BIOX H. BUTLER.

A Synopsis of the New Road Law.

The Features of the Hamilton Road Law that Will  
Effect Our Farmers.—The Measure has Been Sigh-  
ned by the Governor and is now a Law.

Following is a synopsis of the Hamilton  
road law, a measure which passed the re-  
cent 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 all shall be elected for  
three years each succeeding year there-  
after.

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; bal-  
ance in work.

Fourth. Townships must be divided in-  
to 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 town-  
ships.

Seventh. Treasurer of road fund shall  
give sufficient surety.

Eighth. Rebates allowed for prompt  
payment of tax. Penalties for non-pay-  
ment of tax. Treasurer's salary to be  
fixed by board of supervisors.

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 sessions.

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

Fifteenth. The board shall keep ac-  
curate minutes of the proceedings.

Sixteenth. Supervisor shall not be  
interested financially in any contracts let,  
work done or purchase made. Heavy pen-  
alties upon conviction.

Seventeenth. Penalties for violations of  
any of the provisions of this act.

Eighteenth. Existing laws to receive  
more effect until a state appropriation of  
\$1,000,000 has been made to be expended  
on the roads. Said appropriation to be  
apportioned among the townships in pro-  
portion to the number of miles in each  
township. No township will receive more  
of said appropriation than is raised in the  
township by local taxation, including money  
and work tax.

Nineteenth. The provisions of the act are not to  
go into effect until a state appropriation of  
\$1,000,000 has been made to be expended  
on the roads. Said appropriation to be  
apportioned among the townships in pro-  
portion to the number of miles in each  
township. No township will receive more  
of said appropriation than is raised in the  
township by local taxation, including money  
and work tax.

Twentieth. The provisions of the act are not to  
go into effect until a state appropriation of  
\$1,000,000 has been made to be expended  
on the roads. Said appropriation to be  
apportioned among the townships in pro-  
portion to the number of miles in each  
township. No township will receive more  
of said appropriation than is raised in the  
township by local taxation, including money  
and work tax.

Twenty-first. The provisions of the act are not to  
go into effect until a state appropriation of  
\$1,000,000 has been made to be expended  
on the roads. Said appropriation to be  
apportioned among the townships in pro-  
portion to the number of miles in each  
township. No township will receive more  
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township by local taxation, including money  
and work tax.

Twenty-second. The provisions of the act are not to  
go into effect until a state appropriation of  
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on the roads. Said appropriation to be  
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portion to the number of miles in each  
township. No township will receive more  
of said appropriation than is raised in the  
township by local taxation, including money  
and work tax.

Twenty-third. The provisions of the act are not to  
go into effect until a state appropriation of  
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Twenty-fourth. The provisions of the act are not to  
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and work tax.

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portion to the number of miles in each  
township. No township will receive more  
of said appropriation than is raised in the  
township by local taxation, including money  
and work tax.

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  
models 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 scruti-  
nized it, as if he were hunting for some-  
thing.

"Well," said Mr. Natt, after awhile,  
"that picture seems to strike your fancy."  
"Yes," the old gentleman replied, "I do  
not see how it could be otherwise. Well, get  
some ain't now?" he said, and I swan I don't  
know's I blame Jerome very much for gittin'  
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  
some ain't now?" he said, and I swan I don't  
know's I blame Jerome very much for gittin'  
out o' the way."

"Here," said Natt, handing the old  
gentleman a pretty chromo, as he and his  
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."

Gov. Hastings Appoints Representatives from Penn-  
sylvania.

Gov. Hastings has appointed the follow-  
ing 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 Kueder, Dixmont; Samuel S. Steel, Green Tree; F. Leonard Leber, Shoemakersville; G. W. Oster; Christian P. Moyer, Blooming Glen; John Hamilton, State College; Leonard Rhone, Centre Hall; Thomas J. Phillips, Arglen; Hiram L. Buckwalter, Spring City; Joseph C. Henderson, Titusville; Jacob Holzapple, Getstown; L. M. Merkel, Shiremanstown; R. H. Thomas, Mechanisberg; 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 McCreeay, New Castle; Isaac S. Long, Richland; Walter Esley, Briggsville; J. Madison Rhodes, Elmhurst; W. Kehler, Hugobville; Wilson J. Hartzell, Allentown; Christian L. Nissley, Monnt Joy; William H. Brosius, Fern Glen; Levi Morrison, Greenville; Jason Sexton, Springhouse; H. H. Portoroff, Collegetown; 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, Jeners; Dr. F. W. Boyer, Pittsburgh; 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 2½ ounces of blood through the system, 175 ounces per minute, 6660 pounds per hour, or 7,000 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 38 years, a junk dealer, of Williamsport, while quar-  
reling 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 patient 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 tea-cupful of this add a tea-spoonful 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 the 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 modern worn. Then, too, following the dictates of comfort, linen duck and pique have been adopted these last two seasons, and when pretty made they make a most cool, prettily looking traveling suit. They are almost always trimmed with novelty wash braid, and a short-backed sailor hat finishes the costume. When an entire womanly costume is desired a cheviot, in a small check, is exceedingly stylish.

To make French dressing, put a half tea-spoonful of salt and a quarter of a tea-spoonful of white pepper into a bowl; add gradually six table-spoonfuls of olive oil. Rub until the salt is dissolved, and then add one table-spoonful of vinegar or lemon juice. Beat well for a moment and it is ready to use. It is much