

Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 6, 1897.

# THE DISCUISE.

Sweet Cupid sat on a mossy bank With a tear in his round blue eye, His wings were draggled with silver dew, And his quiver and bow flung by. The butterflies came from the garden near And perched on his dimpled toes, And a honeybee sipped at his crimson lip And thought it an opening rose.

"Not an arrow went to its mark to-day, I wasted them all," he sighed. "My wings and my curls too well they know. So the men and the maidens hide. My mother must clip my pinions close, And must braid my locks of gold. And I'll borrow the frock of a damsel fair My roseate limbs to fold."

So now no more in the flowery field Or the wood where the thrushes sing, Do we hear the patter of naked feet. Or the sweep of an airy wing. He has stolen the gown of a pretty girl, And her hat with its drooping plume, And a cluster of velvety violets blue From his breast to shed perfume.

He has donned her veil with its broidered edge, And her gloves of the palest gray, And hides his bow in her fluffy fan Before he goes out to slay. He has clipped his wings and braided his curls, But beware of his roguish eyes, For sly little Cupid is still the sa In spite of his new disguis e. -Minna Irving in Penny Magazine.

THOUSANDS IN A LAUGH.

A veteran gallant in the first orchestra chair wearily adjusted his monocle. "Gad !" said he, "I would give my life

to laugh like the damsel in the box. Gad ! first-his prospects of succeeding to the title and the estates of the Lord-dear knows who ! I listened to her story of the What is there in those mounte-banks to put such joy in a laugh?" "Bandy," chuckled

"Bandy," chuckled his companion, "you've lived too long. The damsel in the box has just begun. There's no getting round it, my boy, it does make a difference.

But the girl in the box, forgetful of play and playhouse, laughed on. She was rev-eling in an elysium in which capricious editors, importunate landladies, and disappointed ambitions had no part. Suddenly conscious that her merriment did not fit in with the play on the boards, she turned a furtive glance to the orchestra. The curtains of the box parted.

woe?

cleared

the eleventh hour."

lifted incredulously.

"If this is not Miss Madeline Lycette, formerly of Terre Haute, Indiana, later of 234 Rue St. Jacques, Paris, Rolston Cham-berlain, of Lincoln's Inn Court, London, begs a thousand pardons." "You heard ?" gasped

"You heard ?" gasped the girl. "I did," said the young man. "Do you know the last act recalled the night you and Thorndyke disguised as gendarmes knocked at the madame's door and demanded in the name of the Prefecture of the Police my immediate arrest as an Anarchist spy, giving the number of the cab and the name of the place from which I had driven that day to interview Michel."

"Curious," said the young man. "I was thinking of the very same episode, when two old fellows down there in the orchestra called my attention to your laugh."

'Mental telegraphy !" "Royal good luck !"

"And it was ages ago," sighed Miss

"The madame, we all expected, would Lvcette.

With recklessness born of desperation "I was at Terre Haute last week." he Miss Lycette, reputed a successful woman said. "I wandered about several days beof letters-Miss Lycette, the envy of scores fore I found courage to inquire the whereof women with fat bank deposits-counted abouts of one Madeline Lycette."

To the last penny she had in the world. To the choicest box in one of the most fashionable theaters, an extravagance of The girl, tripping along cheerily at his side, listened as she had to Madame Thorndyke's "arrangements." which she had rarely if ever been guilty

"I fancied in every prepossessing hoosier I met a possible husband of the object of my search. Shall I tell you what I did when I discovered the truth? I threw up when fortune smiled, she suffered the usher to lead her. Reclining in a lux-urious chair she yielded, with the non-chalance of an habitue, to the seduction of my hat, and Hoosierdom reverberated with

the environment. The situation recalled Norilla-blued-eyed Norilla, of the Latin an Oxford yell !" "You haven't changed a bit," she smiled. quarter of this Lycette's not uneventful

Absurd as ever." girlhood. When Norilla's exchequer was "What's more," he continued, "I know every movement you have made up to reduced to 5 francs it was her wont to hail a cab, pick up one or two congenial spirits, date.

"Not a whit less impertinent." then with an authoritative wave of her hand, "Cocher, au Bois !" She called it Miss Lycette's heroine had by this time giving hard luck the laugh, and vigorousexpended a large portion of her heritage. ly maintained that it never failed to quick-Scarcely a woman encountered in the ave-nue had failed to suggest a toilet detail indispensable to the trousseau with which the heroine dreamed to conquer the hero's "I suppose that madame told you," said Miss Lycette, breaking in at length English cousins. Chamberlain rattled on in a melodiously seductive way, little suspecting that to his companion he was but "Oh, yes," said Mr. Chamberlain, senthe obligito to a romance bent on meeting tentiously, having drank in with approvthe requirements of "Every Day in the ing glances the changes ten years had wrought in the woman at his side. "I Year." With all his fancied skill in bend-

ing women to his will, this girl eluded him now as she had in the past. But there was one thing he had resolved to met her in Hyde Park the day she got Thorndyke's letter. 'A delightful family,' he wrote ; 'not a single outsider but one, know-his was a facial tenacity-before a jolly and deucedly pretty American girl.' " the day closed. When they had reached the stately old mansion in which Miss "Three hours later the madame was on Lycette found the freedom of a bachelor the Channel." Happily the bass-viol drowned Chamberlain's laugh. "You see," he continued, "it was the maid's apartment, together with the hospitable protection of a home, the moon had risen, and the woodvines, screening the very situation she was solicitous to avoid. portico like a portiere, coquetted with the Your indifference to the beloved heir won

moonlight. "How like the madame's halcony," said Chamberlain. her heart at first, then nearly broke it." "Absurd !" cried the girl. The English-beg your pardon-have such an ex-

"Often of a summer evening," said Miss traordinary way of arranging matters. At Lycette, "I have fancied it looked out on Rue St. Jacques !"

first it astounded, intimidated, then amused me. The dear old lady bored me "Then you have not forgotten ?" to death about the youth-stupid fellow at She turned uneasily from his ardent

gaze. "It is ever with me," he said. "And the moon it looks for all the world like the

town house, the country seat and the same old fellow that' shone that night-' number of pound sterling she intended to "The same," said the girl. "When I stole what I have come to

settle on the woman he married, as I listen to all unsolicited confidences. Do return." you know, Mr. Chamberlain," she said

The man in the moon decorously turned with sudden earnestness, "all my life I have been surfeited with the love affairs of his back on the swaying vines, while in the heart of the story-weaver truth at last an impersonal world, until it has come to belied fiction. pass that I never know whether I am the

\* \*

recipient or the object of a sentimental "I agree with you," said Chamberlain "Really ?" said the young man with next day, as they drove away from the offices of the American representatives of uickening interest, while his brown eyes Madame Thorndyke's English solicitors. "It's a capital story !" "It's embarrassing at times. I assure "All but the denouement," sighed Miss

you. It has got me into no end of trouble Lycette,-the ruling passion strong in and spoiled many a delightful friendship." prospective matrimony as in bachelor maidenhood. "It's so inartistic !"

"But you knew, certainly you suspect-ed, Thorndyke would bring matters to a "How so?" crisis that day at the Catacombs? I was Miss Lycette hid her blushes. "Conon hand-it was arranged,"-he laughed

ventional ending, you know." By Lida Rose McCabe, in Pittsburg Dispatch.

#### Big Deficit in Sight.

A Pittsburg Republican paper made quite a feature during the troublous fi-nancial times of the Cleveland administration of regularly printing tables showing how the revenues were falling off, and the big deficit between revenues and expen-ditures. It was all blamed on the Wilson ditures. It was all blamed on the witson bill and the Democracy. We hope that journal will continue this practice under the Dingley law. On July 20th, when the Dingley law. Din Dingley was clamoring for speed with his George Henry, Lewes and other prominent tariff to save the treasury from loss, the writers. receipts from customs were \$1,679,631 ; on July 21st, \$2,433,435 ; on July 22nd, \$1,-153,890. Mr. Dingley's first full day,

While we see the government revenues

vest. Secretary of the treasury Gage pointed

out, when he wanted a tax imposed on the

sugar in hand held by the trust-imported

meant a profit to the trust of \$16,000,000.

He wanted a tax that would divert that

sum to the treasury, but the trust was too

strong with the Republican managers.

They had their campaign debts to pay. With the passage of the Dingley law the

trust commenced advancing its prices of

sugar so as to get the full benefit of the

anticipatory imports. On Monday the

the Dingley law. Uncle Sam's treasury is

paralyzed. Net results so far. All "evi-

Shot Three Times

and then with a pair of steel scales attempt-

to beat out the huckster's brain. Black al-

though severely wounded concentrated all

the strength he had upon his assailant, and

finally managed to force the beast to leave

comparatively easy. Whether it is thought

the wounds will prove fatal we were not in-

had evidently been made.

of the Dingley blessing-Post.

Black.

which Was

## About Anonymous Writers. Some Interesting Facts, and a Number of Real and

Fictitious Names.

Some good citizens never read or pay any attention to anonymous communica-tions, just as though they ought to be disregarded and totally ignored. It will be taken for granted that this utterance was made either inadvertently or with a large mental reservation, for anonymous writers are nearly as common as those who use

their real names. A reference to a few of these may possibly prove interesting to the readers. The "Junius" letters published in the

London Public Advertiser between Janu-ary 1769 and January 1772, are probably the most famous anonymous epistles of which there is any record. They were directed against the ministry and other leading characters, and contain some of the most effective specimens of invectives that can be found in literature anywhere. 'Their condensed and lucid diction, studied and epigrammatic sarcasm, dazzling metaphors, and haughty personal attacks. arrested the attention of the government and of the public. Not less startling was the immediate and minute knowledge which they evinced of court secrets, making it believed that the writer moved in the circle of the court, and was intimately acquainted not only with ministerial meas-ures and intrigues, but with every domestic incident." The name of the writer was never divulged, and his identity is in doubt to this day. Edmund Burke, Lord Chat-ham, Henry Grattan, Horace Walpole, Sir Philip Francis, and many other prominent men were at different times suspected, but the last named is the only one who at the present time is supposed to have been Junius.

"Boz" was the pseudonym under which the first literary productions of Charles Dickens appeared in the Old Monthly Magazine of London. Among his sketches was one entitled "Mrs. Joseph Porter over the way," followed some years later by Pickwick Papers, Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby, and his other well known novels

that have given him a world-wide fame. Michael Angelo Fitzmarsh and George Fitz-Boodle were the odd and affected names adopted by William M. Thackery when he commenced writing for Frazer's Magazine, and for papers in Punch he as-sumed the titles of The Fat Contributor, Jeames' Diary, and the Snob Papers.

Lan McClaren is the nom de plume of the famous Scotchman, Dr. Watson, who visited this country a few months ago, and whose Domsie, Highland Mystic, A Doctor of the Old School, and other stories in the collection entitled "Beside the Bonny Brier

Bush," are familiar to most readers. George Eliot is the singular name used by Marian C. Evans, whose Adam Bede, Mill on the Floss, Romola, Middlemarch. Daniel Deronda, Felix Holt, and other novels have probably been read by as many persons as any others that might be named. Miss Evans was a Warwickshire lass, the daughter of a poor country curate with a large family, and she was adopted and educated by another clergyman. At the age of 23 she went to London and took to literature as a vocation. She became a regular contributor to the Edinburg and Westminster reviews, and translated from the German Strauss' Life of Christ and Feverback's Essence of Christianity, At the age of 37 she began writing for Blackwood over the assumed name she now

Jonathan Oldstyle was the name under

# The Evangelists in Philadelphia.

Bellefonte and Centre county readers will be interested to hear of the success of Evan-

gelists Weaver and Weeden who have been traveling over the country with the tabernacle that was presented them by Bellefonte people. The Philadelphia Times, on Friday, had the following to say of them in that city :

Success in soul saving has for the past eight weeks crowned the efforts of Rev. Leonard Weaver, the evangelist, and W. S. Weeden, the evangelist singer, who, with united forces, have for that length of time

been earnestly laboring day and night in their gospel tabernacle at Broad and Tioga streets. At least one hundred persons have expressed themselves as being converted, nany others have formed intentions to pursue better lives, while many thousands have been given the opportunity and seized upon it of listening to the message of salva-

But the success, while it has not been small, can in no way compare with the results of the revival conducted by these same gentleman in Central Pennsylvania. Although loath to leave this rich field, Rev. Weaver desired to work in Philadelphia, his native city, for he thought that much good could be accomplished, so the big tabernacle was brought here and located where it is now standing.

It is a monstrous affair. First there is a big skeleton structure resembling some what in appearance three sides of a truncated pyramid. Its length is 135 feet, its breadth 85 feet. In its construction 15,-000 feet of lumber was required.

Over this framework is spread yard after yard of tent canvas. Underneath are the eats, the lights and the pulpit. This is the famous Weaver Gospel tabernacle. Here every night and twice each Sunday the evangelists have preached and sung to 3,000 and often 4,000, people who have gathered to hear them. Scarcely has a service passed when the seats were not filled and many had to stand in the aisles or just outside the entrances, in order to be a part of the interested congregations.

Success has undoubtedly attended the evangelists' labors, but during the few days they are yet to be here, before going to Ocean City to take charge of the Methodist camp meeting there Mr. Weav-er and his associates have determined to pour forth every effort to bring about more fruitful results, to endeavor to gar ner well the field, so that no stray sheaf

shall be left. Hence there are to be several innovations instituted, which in the mind of their originators, will be a great help in the work of

soul-saving. First, and above all, Fanny J. Crosby, the distinguished blind hymn writer, will be at the tabernacle Sunday and Monday, and, according to Mr. Weaver, for many years her devoted friend, "to see the soul shining in her face is enough to make the sinner repent." During the Sunday evening service she will give a short talk. Monday evening will be known as "Fanny Crosby night.", Every hymn sung will be chosen from those written by Miss Crosby, and as each one is anounneed she will tell to the congregation the incident or thought which inspired it.

The revival will end two Sundays hence.

# Fees of Policemen.

The Provisions of the Recent Act of Assembly. The following act regulating the remuneration of policemen and constables was approved by Governor Hastings, July 14th, 1897:

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Sarah A. Wilson, of Lincoln, Neb., is the regularly nominated candidate of the Liberty, or Prohibition party, of that State for associate justice of the supreme court.

Women who wish to preserve the beauty and contour of their figure must begin by learning to stand well. That is explained to mean the throwing forward and upward of the chest, the flattening of the back, with the shoulder blades held in their proper places, and the definite curving in the small of the back, thus throwing the whole weight of the body upon the hips.

Light gray gowns are considered extremey smart, and are worn not only by young girls, but by married women. The favorite and most becoming shade is a light pearl gray, which, relieved by trimmings of white, has none of the trying qualities of the stone or purple gray. Canvas and etamine, poplin, gauze mousseline de soie, and several other thin materials are used. In a coarse canvas an exceedingly smart gown is made up over white taffeta silk.

The skirt is tucked over the hips in five rows of tucks, and the lower part of the waist is also tucked ; the upper part is a yoke of yellow guipure lace, which extends over the puffed sleeves in epaulettes. There are also deep cuffs of the same lace. A high collar with white lace ruche and a lace-trimmed white sash help to lighten the effect of the gray, and make the gown more than ever becoming.

A receipt for caramel custard let a cupful of brown suger melt and brown in a sauce pan over a moderate fire, stirring constantly to prevent burning; when well browned pour over it half a coffee cupful of boiling water. let it simmer slowly; beat four eggs, add a pinch of salt and a quart of new milk; when the caramel is melted add it to the milk and stir well, pour in custard cups and bake in a dripping pan of hot water in a quick oven half an hour ; serve cold.

The late Miss Rosalie Butler, of Stockbridge, Mass., left \$50,000 to the State Charities Aid Association.

Shepherd's check in both silk and gingham in lavender, pink and blue are the shirt-waists of the season to have.

Instead of being dissatisfied with their lot, women with red hair should study how to use it becomingly, and be proud of the distinction of having it. There appears to be an impression among women with red hair that almost any shade of blue can be worn by them, because as a usual thing thing they have fair and delicate complexions, but, as a matter of fact, blue is the one color above all others that they ought to avoid. The contrast is too violent and the combination is not harmonious. The shades most suitable to be worn with red hair are bright, sunny brown and all autumn leaf tints. After these may be selected pale or very dark green--but never a bright green, pale yellow and black un-mixed with any other color. Mixed colors are not becoming to red-haired people, as they nearly always give them a more on less dowdy appearance. In fact, red hair is usually so brilliant and decided that it must be met on its own ground, and no vague, undecided sort of things should be worn with it.

Very fit, especially in the sailor model. are the linens and ducks used for whole gowns as well as for jacket suits. One of bright navy is trimmed about the skirt at Section 1. That from and after the pas-braid, each band ending on each side of the front breadth with a gilt button. The blouse is banded just under the arms with five rows of braid, ending with buttons on under collar a bit wider of white. The vest inside the blouse is of white linen buttons, this vest flat and plain. but pouching with the blouse above it. A linen collar is worn, and a sailor four-in hand of blue and white foulard, the belt being of white kid with a gold harness buckle.

Fully a century," acquiesced Mr. Chamberlain.

"And you're not yet Lord Chancellor ?" "And you have yet to write the long expected American novel ?"

They had drawn their chairs within the seclusion of the box, while ten years were

thus glibly stricken off the calendar. Do tell me of the Thorndykes." 'The madame's dead."

"Dead ? Poor soul !"

"Don't say that. Were she alive, I, in all probability, would not be here." Nonsense ! Everything drifts here

sooner or later " "It's in the interest of her estate-"

'Oh, I see, the heir married an American wife. He always said he intended

"And he did intend to-until he fell in love with you."

'That settled it," smiled the girl. 'You see, you were the first American

he met, and he concluded—he con-cluded—" "After the catacomb fiasco-

'Exactly-that if all les belles Americains were like Madeline Lycette he would have none of them."

"Wisdom one would never have credited him."

Again their laughter failed to fit in with the play. \* \* \* \* \* \*

It was a radiantly sunshiny day in early spring-the spring that engenders dissatisfaction, revolt, indefinable yearning. Miss Lycette had sped along, jostled hither and thither, ubmindful whither she was going. Anything, anywhere, for a brief forgetting. A rejected manuscript upon the acceptance of which literally depended, for the nonce, her bodily sustenance, weighed her pocket. 'Too sad ! Our readers won't have it,'

was the verdict of the optimistic editor of "Every Day in the Year." "Give us the gay, the sprightly. You can do it."

'Too sad ! too sad !'' It seemed to the girl's over-wrought, self-questioning soul that the editors of Gotham had conspired of late to execute every offspring of her fancy on the same verdict-"Too sad !" How could one write otherwise in the face of continued failure ?-failure that forced one to question the raison d'etre of the gayety, the sprightliness of which the Old World never wearies. "There's lots of romance and adventure in the hard work-a-day world !" Had not the editor said it?

afternoon Broadway festivity. "to take oneself-the world-anything-too serious-ly. To creep into one's hole and mope when the gods cease to smile is arrant cowardice. If romance, adventure, cease to come one's way, and they are still the elixir the world craves, then it behooves one, in behalf of bread if not art, to sally forth to meet them on their own happy hunting ground."

"Beg pardon, madame, it's my turn." millinery, the rustle of silk, and the odor of violets surging into an uptown theater, Miss Lycette was swept along until unwittingly she usurped the place of an irate dame at the box office.

It was too late to retreat. 'What will you have ?" "What have you got ?" . Lower box. "Nothing else?" Standing room."

ess the announcement of 'the arrange ment, ' '' "I can see her now," she continued, ignoring the interpolation,-"a necklace

that night at Thorndyke's expense-

en good fortune's return.

upon an orchestral interlude.

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of yellow topaz playing hide and seek with the rolls of fat in her bovine neck; the conquering hero air of the aigrette in her towering yellow coiffure."

three days when he was shouting that every day's delay cost the government \$100,000. The deficit for July up to date "I bear that feather a grudge to this is \$10,700,000, and would be much larger day," said the young man. "It persisted but for the extraordinary receipts under in cutting off my view of a certain noble the Wilson bill. When the unaided Dingcoleur de rose.

maliciously-"to pass upon your fitness to be the wife of the 'heir to a hundred earls."

And when you failed to materialize,-well

I had to have my inning, so I fell to twit-ting him unmercifully."

Miss Lycette's brows knitted, then

"Come to think of it, I believe I did

promise to join Thorndyke that day at the

Catacombs. It threatened rain. I was

fearful of dampening a Virot. Something

fully as important changed my mind at

"Oh, yes," laughed the girl—"The din-ner ! What a droll affair !"

"And when you joined in our raillery

ley bill gets to work we shall have some "What a memory for detail !" cried magnificent monthly deficits to show up Miss Lycette, unconsciously reflecting the tint. "Methinks I snuff now the refreshthe wisdom of that law and demonstrate once again how high taxes encourage iming breeze a certain youth brought into ports with their resulting revenues. that stuffy dining room. It didn't require the heir's whispering hints to inform me that he was born in the Bosphorus of an dwindling to an insignificant sum the first days of the new tariff, the sugar trust, English father and a French mother, that under the operation and advantages of the his boyhood passed at Eton and Oxford. same law, has commenced to reap its har-

and that it was expected that he would carry off all the honors at L'Ecole du Droit. After a winter of unadulterated Anglo-Saxon the whiff of Gallicism was in anticipation of higher duties-that it

'But Thorndyke-" "Of what consequence ?"

"He never forgave us. He went to India and married the daughter of an officer in Bengal. Madame wept when she told me. 'If it had only been Madeline,' she sighed. Truly fond of you was the

madame," said Chamberlain. "I seemed to amuse her," laughed the girl. "She was given to paroxysms, you The sugar trust treasury is booming under know. I recall one in which she solemnly

avowed she would remember me in her will.' "And she did," cried Chamberlain. "Jesting aside, Miss Lycette. This time I am gendarme in earnest, and I have been

on your trail a fortnight." He had risen. He took from his pocket a much besealed document.

"Read," he commanded.

Disciplined, as she had truly confessed, to look upon "men and things" impersonally, Miss Lycette perused, without an emotion, the closely written sheet. "I, Caroline Criquett Thorndyke, in full possession of my mental faculties, do give and bequeath to one Madeline Lycette, a native of Terre Haute, Indiana, United States of America, in memory of three of the heartiest laughs ever given me to enjoy in mortal life, three thousand pounds sterling. If said Madeline Lycette be not living at the time of the execution of this will, or the executors fail to discover her where-"It's a grand mistake," concluded Miss Lycette, catching the reflex of Saturday said three thousand pounds sterling shall revert to my beloved friend and counselor, Ralston Chamberlain, Esq.<sup>3</sup>

Their eyes met. "'Twill make a capital story," said Miss Lycette. The curtain had fallen on the last act.

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He was so big, so strong, so wholesome. The crowded thoroughfare gave way to his masterful stride. She saw it all, she felt Lost in the phantasmagoria of spring it all. How refreshing, how restful to be led ! It seemed that they had always known each other. The girlish delight with which she was wont to look forward

schools in Altoona. to his coming, after the Madame's dinner,

was upon her now to give shape to the story her fertile fancy had begun to weave -The 1897 wheat crop in Kansas having been estimated at 60,000,000 it is apfor "Every Day in the Year." The heroine parent that bleeding Kansas will bleed was yet a little vague, but there was no doubt about the hero. While the romance again, and like a dropsical patient dying of took form and substance. Chamberlain continued the story of his migrations. that ansas seems doomed to suffer. the case of statesmen we frequently mean that they are rich because they are influen-tial."—Brooklyn Life. who perished from either cold, heat, mala-ria or starvation while trying to reach the golden region

wrote a series of papers for the morning Chronicle, and July 26th, brought in \$674,521, and July as Diedrich Knickerbocker he published 27th, his second day, \$195,585-in other his burlesque history of New York, from words, a loss to the treasury of over \$1,the beginning of the world to the end of 000,000 a day, taking the average of the

the Dutch Dynasty. Hosea Bigelow is James Russel Lowell.

Josh Billings is Henry W. Shaw. Artemus Ward is Charles F. Browne. Bill Arp is Charles H. Smith. Gath is George Alfred Townsend. Howadjii is George William Curtis. Ike Marvel is Donald G. Mitchell. John Phœnix is Capt G. H. Derby. Mark Twain is Samuel L. Clemens. Max Adler is Charles H. Clark Eli Perkins is Mellville D. Landon Petroleum V. Nasby is David Locke. Nym Crynkle is Andrew C. Wheeler. Old Si is Samuel W. Small. Orpheus C. Kerr is Robt. H. Newel. Mrs. Partington is Benj. P. Shellaber. Spoopendyke is Stanley Huntley. Uncle Remus is Joel Chandler Harris. Fanny Fern is Sarah Payson Will s.

M. Quad is Charles H. Lewis. More names could be added, but these will suffice to show how large is the number of anonymous writers, and it goes for the saying that their communications have always been read and received considerable attention.

### Rest for the President.

trust advanced refined sugar | cent a pound. He and Mrs. McKinley Comfortably Established on the Shore of Lake Champlain.

The President and Mrs. McKinley up at nces of prosperity," of course, because Plattsburg, N. Y., occupy a suite of seven rooms on the second floor in the southwest corner of the Hotel Champlain annex, confered no material fatigue from the journey. The President has appeared in public only once, coming into the hotel lobby for a short time, and visiting the weighing ma-

> women of the Presidential party. Gen. Peck extracted a promise that the President would visit Burlington next Wednesday and review the cavalry troops at Fort Ethan Allen and attend a reception in his honor. The only other plans so far made by the President are a review of the Iwenty-first regiment, United States inguest of Senator Proctor and of the Vermont game and forestry commission. All the Cabinet officers will be here more or less during August, and there will be in- road tracks. formal cabinet meetings as occasion re-

quires. Vice-president Hobart is expected

# Distinction With a Difference.

"Not always,,' said the native. "In

tial."-Brooklyn Life.

sage of this act all municipalities or corpo-rations, employing policemen within the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, shall pay to all such policemen a fixed or stipulated salary, and that hereafter it shall not be lawful for such policemen to charge or accept any fee or compensation, in addition to his salary, for any service rendered or performed by him of any kind or nature fastened up to the throat with small brass whatsoever pertaining to his office or duties as a policeman, except public rewards and the legal mileage allowed for traveling expenses.

Section 2. That from and after the passage of this act it shall not be lawful for any high, ward, township or other constable, who is at the same time employed as a policeman in any city, borough or other part of this commonwealth, to charge or accept any fee or other compensation, in addition to the salary paid to him pertaining to his office or duties, either as a policeman, or as such high, ward, or other constable, except public rewards and the legal mileage allowed to constables for

traveling expenses. Section 3. Any policeman or constable employed as a policeman as aforesaid violating any of the provisions of the several sections of this act, shall be deemed guilty

of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction of linen crash, with an embroidered polka thereof, shall be sentenced to pay a fine not dot of black. The skirt was plain and full exceeding fifty dollars and costs, or undergo imprisonment in the jail of the proper county, not exceeding thirty days, or, both at the discretion of the court.

Section 4. That all acts or parts of acts in force at the date of the passage of this act, inconsistent with its provisions, are hereby repealed.

### Bicyclists Should Dismount.

The Supreme court has laid down two rules which makes it very difficult for bicyclists to recover damages from a railroad company for accidents at crossings. The first is that no recovery of damages can be had if there is any contributory negligence on the part of the persons injured, and

again, everybody must stop, look and listen before crossing the tracks. Some time ago a bicyclist at Philadelphia was killed on a crossing and his widow sued for damages. But although it was shown that the company was negligent in not giving any warning of an approaching train and although the bicyclist looked and listened and made a circle with his wheel before crossing the tracks still the Supreme court decided against the widow, because the fantry, and a reception by the officers at man did not dismount. The case was that of Robertson vs Pennsylvania railroad which is reported in 180 Penna. Reports, page 43, in which the Supreme court held that the bicycle stop, circling about, is not the legal stop, but bicyclists must dismount, look and listen before crossing rail-

Artic explorer, has been interviewed concerning the Klondyke gold fields which says that the mountain passes are strewn with the skeletons of unfortunate miners thirst amid his watery store, will suffer the case of statesmen we frequently mean who perished from either cold, heat, malagolden region.

The skirt or costume of black taffeta is, according to Modes, the latest addition to the up-to-date wardrobe, and once its comfort, as well as elegance, is realized, the demand is certain to be extensive. The silk is light in weight, sheds dust with ease, and is altogether delightful for summer wear. Some few skirts are frilled from foot to waist, and each frill has a pinked edge, but the greatest number allows a group of narrow ruffles at the hem.

A stylish gown seen a few days ago was with a medium hem. Beginning about 10 inches below the waist five bias bands of black satin, each half an inch wide, were stitched on, going entirely around the skirt and curving slightly downward as they ran around the side and back widths. An Eton jacket fitted perfectly just to the belt which was a pleated band of black satin. A full front of black satin was covered over with linen open-work embroidery, and the whole effect was at only stylish, cool and eminently becoming.

Although sleeves are small now, the wide collar or fussy epaulettes give width and breadth, and are infinitely more be-coming than huge, unwieldly puffs or sleeves distended by haircloth.

The surplus waist is popular for the simply-made gown of white or tinted muslin.

Strikingly handsome oval gilt belt buckles with two prongs for a centre. Some in Russian enamel ; some silver and gilt are now the rage.

Mothers will be glad to learn that curls and ruffled shirt waists for this summer have been relegated to obscurity and are only worn by very little fellows upon dress occasions. Boys over 2½ years old have their hair clipped in short locks, and the suit for them is the sailor suit, with wide collar and shield, either in wool or duck. Those for dress occasions may be made as ornamental as desired, with numerous embroudered stars and anchors. Mixtures, navy blue and white, the last in the duck particularly, are much affected by mothers for their boys are very pretty. One youngster in cadet blue, with crimson stripes on the shield and broad band around his sailor collar, looked sweet enough to eat.

-It is said that California alone is now sending migrants to the Klondyde fields at the rate of 2000 a month.

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Wants to Call a Halt. The widow of Lieutenant Schwatka, the "I think you pay too much attention to country she has repeatedly visited with her wealth in America," said the visiting for-eigner. "You say a man is rich and in-fluential. Do you mean that he is influ-ticl because he is the attention to country she has repeatedly visited with her husband, and declared that the government should stop the tide of immigration pour-ing into the gold fields in Alaska. She

formed. The man made his escape in the woods. The Sheriff and a posse of men are now searching for him. Crawford Black's home is in the country near Claysberg in Greenfield township. He is in the brother of Prof. Black, principal of the sixth ward this week.

him without booty, for which the attack Black was driven to Hollidaysburg and at the office of Dr. Brotherline two of the Plattsburg post, to take place probably next Tuesday ; then some time next week bullets were extracted from his head. He a trip by steamer to Isle La Motte as the afterward walked to the Kellerman house in Gaysport where he is said to be resting

#### nected with the main building by corridors. The President is delighted with the A Dastardly Attempt to Kill Huckster Crawford magnificent lake and mountain scenery. Mrs. McKinley is a good traveler and suf-On last Thursday a huckster named

chine, where he tipped the scales at 191 pounds. The President has had few callers. Gen. of a ride which was given him. When at the ant hill woods some distance out of Peck, adjutant general of Vermont, came Hollidaysburg the stranger drew a revolwith handsome offerings of flowers for the ver and shot Black in the head three times,

# Crawford Black was driving along the public road from Altoona parallel with the Logan valley electric railway and overtaking a man who was walking the stranger asked the huckster for a lift in the way