

THE PERSISTENT EDITOR.

The editor knocked at the pearly gates (He was always good at knocking) And the man in charge, so the legend states, Indulged in a laugh that was mocking.

REUBEN COLE'S CHANGE.

"And roses, Reuben?" Leah Cole said, quietly. The seed catalogue lay open, and she could see the bunch of trifolium onions on the open page.

Leah could have helped him if she had only dared to suggest it; but to her simple vision there was something majestic and unapproachable about Reuben with pen gripped in his fingers. It required all her courage to mention her heart's desire—the roses.

But her heart failed her as she watched Reuben's slow pen trace "two packages of best onion seed," and then sign "Reuben Cole" in great quivery letters. It did not write "roses," and Leah Cole's plaintive face fell.

Reuben Cole was not deaf. None of the Coles had ever been, even in their eighties. It was a matter of family pride with them all. He had heard Leah's gentle reminder about the roses—oh, yes, but he had let it pass unheeded, just as he had the year before.

The Cole farm was a prosperous one. According to its place in the taxgatherer's books, it ranked as one of the wealthiest in the township. There were always the newest varieties of small fruits in its berry patch and the newest kind of garden same in its garden.

Leah Cole did her own front-yard mowing. It was not very successful. The day after the seed list was sent off, Leah took her sewing out into the yard. It was one of those surprisingly warm, summery days that come sometimes in early spring, that she could not resist the temptation of it.

"It's a nice shaped yard," murmured Leah. "It's got the possibilities in it. Mowin' an' dressin' an' fixin' up the bushes an' things—land alive! wouldn't that make it nice? I'd like to see it just once before I die."

There were a good many sites. They dotted the forlorn little place all over, and when Leah shut her eyes and made believe, transformed it into a lovely little place.

It wouldn't have been so bad with prints of little feet on its graceless sod. "I'm agoin' to run up to John's before the plantin' begins, Leah. There's some business I've got to do with him, an' I need a little change," Reuben said at supper time.

"Why, I would, Reuben. It's a pretty drive, an' they'll be tickled to death to see you. It'll do you good. An' Reuben—her voice faltered the least bit—"An' Reuben, if you don't mind askin'—John's wife for some slips—" "Slips?" "I s'pose you mean slips o' plants an' things, but I calc'late John's wife has all she can do makin' slips out o' dimity cloth"—for at John's there were little children.

The immediate prospect of a "change" made Reuben unwontedly jovial. He chuckled in pleasant appreciation of his little joke. But Leah was intent on her own thoughts and remained grave enough. If she could only have some of John's wife's slips and maybe—think of it! John's wife had roses all around the house.

Reuben Cole bent over his laboring pen, apparently deaf to the gentle, wistful voice. His hand was painfully cramped, and the parallel lines indented between his eyebrows told of his mental toiling. Plowing half a day, steady, on the windy side of Stone Scrabble hill was nothing to this.

John and John's wife were bending over a white redbush, and their hands and fingers came together now and then in the friendliest nudges. Both of them were laughing with their voices keyed to a spring music. It was very pleasant out in John's front yard.

"Why shouldn't I help?" went on John's voice. "Half this front yard's mine, an' I guess I want things to look flourishin' in it, too—hey, Lettie? What do you say about me folks not carin' for flowers? Take it back, ma'am—one, two, three."

"She's a great one for fixin' up the house," John remarked, proudly. "I leave the selectin' all to her; then I help set out and tend. There's nothin' like havin' things kind o' pretty around the house. I say that's as necessary as havin' good potatoes and thick hay crops. If you can't have both, have some of one and half a dozen of the other. You chop with the money can outshine us, of course, but we'll do the level best we can!"

All the way home Reuben Cole was revolving his new ideas. In the back of the wagon was a bulky bundle of shrubs done up in burlap. He had driven ten miles out of his way for these. John's wife's slips were in a moist packet under the seat. Halfway home the ideas said there was going to be a revolution in the front yard at home.

Four-fifths of the way home, five-sixths, almost home! Seven-eighths of the way; he was going to give the little woman a surprise an' see if she'd forgot to blush that little soft red color that used to set her off so.

Dr. Swallow Is Still After Thieves. Auditor general Mylin has but recently issued his report for the year ending November 30th, 1896. It should have made its appearance in March, 1897, but at that time a very interesting trial was in progress in the Dauphin county court house.

Governor Hastings, auditor general Mylin, state treasurer Haywood, and their scapegoat, John C. Delaney, together with a score or more of contractors, agents, clerks, etc., were terribly interested in that trial. If they could send the writer to the penitentiary they would be comparatively safe. If they failed there was trouble before them. They failed.

It would not do to publish the auditor general's report, having in it all the evidences of wrong doing that must appear, until after the trial was over, and until after the people were supposed to have lost interest in the exposures made during the trial; hence it has been deferred for over a year.

Let us look at a few of the items. PUBLIC GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS. John C. Delaney, salary, \$3,000. Salaries of watchman and employees, \$12,499.92. CONTINGENT EXPENSES \$12,500.

Look at it. Contingent expenses, what did it cover? What was done with the money? One would suppose that there would be little or no expense; but read on and observe that many of these amounts are not described. They are not itemized. They do not indicate what the enormous expense was for. Look at it carefully.

This occurred at a time when the people of the State were asleep to the wrongs being committed. Here is the official evidence of the wrong in black and white. CONTRACTS AND SCHEDULES. Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict, \$1,633.58.

What was this for? Arthur A. Hodges, decorations, \$31,998.33. This must have been for the beautiful pictures on the walls of the hall of the house and the corridors. David Montgomery (for what?) \$63.35. Morse, Williams & Co., alterations to elevator, \$388.

Joseph Goldsmith, repairs to furniture, \$1,648.21. Now sixteen hundred dollars would do a lot of repairing. Mr. Goldsmith does business on Walnut street. This was doubtless the most profitable part of his business for that year. Did Mr. Goldsmith get and keep all that money? P. H. Vaughn, \$8,382.55.

This gentleman is probably a plumber. This amount would do a large amount of that kind of work. Thousands of dollars had been spent two years before. It was difficult to see where such a bill could get in.

for coal, yet when one looks at the steam heat bill, he is led to wonder what use could be made of coal. Harrisburg steam heat and power company, heat furnished several departments, \$10,394.40.

Harrisburg electric light company, light furnished for several departments, \$24,344.74. Water department city of Harrisburg, \$1,000. Harrisburg cycle and typewriter company, \$1,303.72.

But here is the item to which we refer as it appears in this long over-due auditor general's report: Joseph Pyne, clock, \$1,924.55. Did this cover the three clocks, or was there but one clock. It must have been a beauty. Nearly \$2,000 for one clock. We presume that the columns of The Commonwealth will be open to the Governor, the auditor general, the treasurer, Mr. Delaney, or Mr. Pyne to describe this valuable clock.

We must defer a further examination of this report for a few days. In the mean time the people should exercise the powers of the imperative mandate by arising, and in the name of a State defrauded, a tax-paying constituency outraged, and of justice long trodden under foot, demand the immediate resignation of the whole gang. S. C. SWALLOW.

Swallow Says He Will Kill Off The Arch Enemy of Pennsylvania. He'll Run for Governor—Accepts the Nomination in a Letter Against Ring Rule—Says is the Preacher That John Wanamaker Has Made Himself Unacceptable as a Candidate.

Rev. Dr. Silas C. Swallow, of Harrisburg, addressed a letter last week to the Philadelphia notification committee of the honest government party, accepting its nomination for Governor. After making a brief allusion personal to himself, and referring to corruption in Pennsylvania politics, due, as he sees it, to the manipula-

tions of one man, he says in part: "The only hope of our State is to cut off with the cimeter of a conscientious ballot, the political head of its great arch conspirator with the helmet of the machine upon it, for it has been worn so long that head and helmet have grown into one."

"It has been demonstrated again and again that he holds in leash a vast majority of Republican leaders. That his machine reaches its iron grasp to every precinct of the State. That voters are bought at every election if necessary to win, and that the consciences of vast masses of our fellow-citizens have been, almost unconsciously to their owners, gradually but surely debauched, till having gone to their knees in blood, they find it easier to go over than turn back; and now stand erect with brazen-faced effrontery and excuse, apologize for, defend and even applaud deeds of darkness in their tyrant chieftain that in the innocence of their integrity they would not only have denounced as a criminal but would have given time and money to punish."

"Promises of political promotion and of the spoils of office have been made by the great manager of the machine to fathers for their sons, now in their minority, that mortgage at least a quarter of a century of the future, and render our State a very Gibraltar of corruption compared with which the England of Charles I, was the embodiment of virtue."

An Appropriate Death. W. C. Brann, of Waco, Tex., met an appropriate end on April 2nd, as the result of a meeting with Captain M. T. Davis. Both men used pistols, and Captain Davis was wounded, perhaps fatally. Brann was a remarkable character. He was born in Kentucky about thirty-five years ago, was educated for a preacher and entered the Baptist ministry, where the boldness of his attacks on accepted ideas made him conspicuous. He was too progressive, however, for his ministerial brethren, and was expelled from the Baptist church. Then he turned newspaper man, practicing that profession first in Kansas and later in Texas.

After feeling the pulse of the public at Houston, he went to San Antonio, and there started the Iconoclast, but the vigor of his strictures on men and matters there caused him to be mobbed, and then he went to Waco. There he followed the same methods, but with better success, and was able to enlist popular sentiment on his side. His death was a consequence of a series of attacks which he made on the faculty of the Baptist university at Waco.

October he was set upon and beaten last by students of the university; but he continued to give offense, and was presently again assaulted and beaten by one of the trustees, assisted by two students. That led to a fight with pistols between Brann's friend, Judge Gerald, of Waco, and W. A. Harris, editor of a Waco paper. Harris was killed, Gerald dangerously wounded. Brann went right on expressing his views with entire candor, until, as stated, Captain Davis intervened, and pacification has followed.

Brann was a very vigorous writer, with much humor, and was, as may be conjectured, thoroughly earnest in what he undertook. It is told to his credit that he was kind, brave and sincere, loved his friends and hated his foes, and fought for the side he believed to be right. The trouble that his disconcertment of right and wrong was not clear.

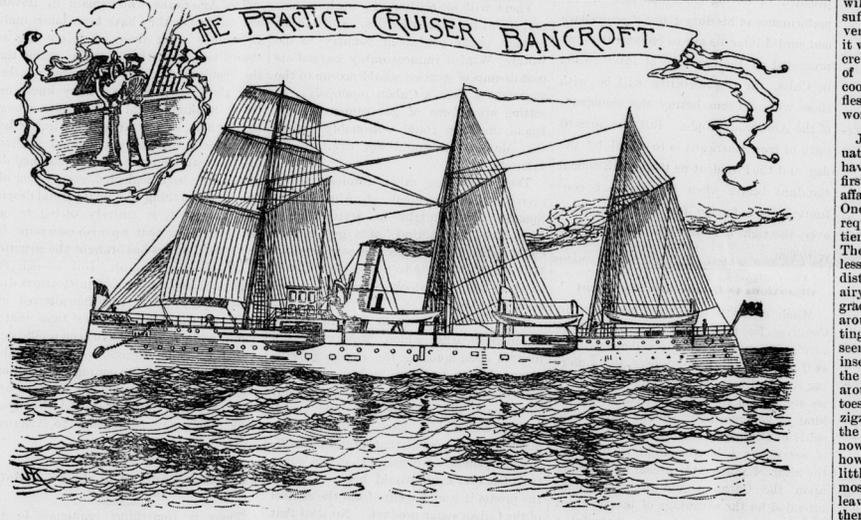
Miss Willard's Ashes Buried. The remains of Frances E. Willard were buried at Rose Hill cemetery April 10th. They had been cremated Saturday, and previous to the ceremony a small metal box, wrapped in white and containing the ashes, was placed deep in the grave of Miss Willard's mother.

Never Know a Good Thing. One of the strangest things about the female character is the tendency which the prettiest girls always have to fall in love with our inferiors.

Bicycle Heart. Several well-known French cyclists have lately, it is said, been rejected as unfit for military service by reason of hypertrophy and other diseases of the heart. Medical men will be rather surprised that the members are so small. There must be few of us who have not seen the ill-effects of over-exertion on a bicycle. The commonest is palpitation and temporary dilation; but even this is sometimes very difficult to cure.

In a case which occurred recently a lady, in a case which occurred recently a lady, ordered for a fortnight's change of air after influenza, chose to spend it in bicycling about fifty miles a day. As a result she has had, ever since that time—now nine months ago—a pulse which on the least exertion rises to 120, though she has never ridden again. That temporary dilation occurs is enough to show the great strain put on the heart, and it is an added danger that the sense of fatigue in the limbs is so slight. The rider is thus robbed of the warning to which he is accustomed to attend, and repeats or continues the strain upon the heart. As in other similar cases, the effect is to render that dilation permanent, which was at first but temporary, and to cause an increase in the muscle of the heart by repeated exertion. The heart produced is of large dimensions and of thick walls—a condition which may, perhaps, give little uneasiness to its owner, but which a medical man will view with considerable distrust and apprehension.

Weekly and elderly people cannot be too often told that no exercise is more easily abused, though if taken in sensible measure few are more healthful or enjoyable.—British Medical Journal.



THE FRACICE CRUISER BANCROFT

Another Death in the Demco Family.

Over at Three Springs, in Huntingdon county, another mysterious death has taken place in the Demco family. This time it was Joseph, the father, he died on Saturday and was buried Sunday afternoon at Jordan's cemetery near Beersville. He died in the same manner and apparently from the same cause as the balance of the family, he being the fourth one that has died in the past few weeks, leaving but one member of the family to survive, a little girl about seven or eight years of age. She is reported to be sick at this writing. The cause of the deaths still remains a mystery. Prof. Pond, of State College, analyzed the contents of the stomach of the first victim who died, and found no trace of poison as suspected. The story of the sick pig which they are said to have killed last fall for their winter meat has never been corroborated.

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