

Belleville, Pa., Nov. 4, 1898.

JOHN'S SUCCESS.

"You can't let me that rollin' round a-gettin' polish on, I better be a feller then ter be a hoein' corn. Now my son John's a case in p'int; he's done so well becuz Insid of roamin' round the world, he stayed jest where wuz.

BILLY'S ADVENTURE.

If there was anything under the sun Billy hated it was hauling water. Not that the work itself was hard, or in any way disagreeable, but because he loved the spring and the water, and his mother was sure to call after him as he started: "Hurry back, Billy! I am dying for a fresh drink!" or "Make haste, Billy. We can't do a thing, not even put on the puddin', until the water comes."

The spring came out half way to a tall bluff, and danced down over sheer rocks richly embroidered with lichen and moss and fern. Some part of the water was led into a trough hollowed from the ground, and logs, which was fixed in crocheted uprights some ten feet from the ground. The troughs went quite to the roadside. Billy drove his barrel underneath it, and let the spouting stream go plump into the squared bung-hole.

It was no load at all for merry Tom, the chunky pony. Going springward, Billy rode him; coming home he walked beside flourishing and cracking his plaited leather whip. Upon a certain October Wednesday the whip cracked so loudly as the outfit reached the spring anyone who knew Billy would have been certain he had a new and especially acute grievance. All the mile between spring and house he had more muttering, "Think they might a-let me stayed to hear the last," or "Reckon they think a boy, don't keep nothin' about hearin' nothin' in the world."

"Howdy, sonny! Dear bless my soul, but I'm glad to see you. I've been clean lost this half hour. It's good to find myself anywhere about Square Clark's." "Howdy, brother Amos!" It's funny—you gettin' lost! Thought you'd rode the circuit till you knew every pig track," Billy said, beamingly.

"Dear me! Why, we came from town! We heard nothing of all this!" brother Amos said, turning to his companion, who yawned and shook his head. Then suddenly he sat upright, and looked at Billy with a keen pair of eyes. The barrel was by this time underneath the spout, and filling very fast. The stranger got out of the buggy and went beside it, peering into its depths as though it were something out of the common.

man of means, traveling with me to learn the needs of my work."

"Din't he stay all night at the Franklin house, in Clearview, and leave there at daylight this morning?" the sheriff demanded. "Another man stayed there, too—a traveling man, with a packet of unset diamonds worth \$50,000. He had them last night—the man you call Bradley knew he had them, because he looked at some of them, and even spoke of buying. This was at 1 o'clock, at 8 the diamonds were missed. So was Bradley. Then it came out that he had been seen leaving so early. We searched the house until sure the lost stones were not there; then as the traveling man was sure he had been chloroformed and as Bradley's room had opened on the same porch—"

"I see! A strong case of circumstantial evidence," the man called Bradley said calmly, stepping from the buggy. "Mr. Sheriff, I do not blame you in the least. Your mistake is not merely natural—it is inevitable. Now, in justice, I ask to be searched at once. I am a total stranger. It had been arranged by letter that brother Amos should call for me at daylight. He met me at the steps of the Franklin house—unless I am mistaken anybody will accept his word for truth. We have been together ever since. Ask him, please, or in any way disposed of anything."

"Thank you," Bradley interrupted. "Now, if I took the diamonds, carried them off, and have not parted with them, I must have them still. Gentleman, I implore you to look for them. It seems to me I can hardly breathe until the charge is refuted."

Fifteen minutes later the sheriff was saying humbly, "Beg your pardon, Mr. Bradley—as you say you couldn't a-swallowed them stones—there were too many, even if it'd been an ostrich. And certain it is, I find no sign of 'em anywhere about your clothes. You say 'em—'you know they were there, and real diamonds, wrapped in tin foil inside a pocket case of metal. Now, if I should happen to light on 'em while you're in those parts, will you help identify 'em, to prove you bear no malice for the blunder?"

My dear sir, don't speak of it," Bradley murmured. "You forgot the interest I still have in the matter. It would give me the greatest pleasure to see these unlucky stones again in the right hands." Billy had never heard such stories as Bradley told that night on the porch after supper. Still, he did not like the man.

It was late—almost 12 o'clock—still Billy could not sleep when he was snug in bed. For an hour he thrashed about listening to the possum hunters, and wishing himself out with them. His own dog, Bose, answered spasmodically the barking from the woods. All at once Billy heard a low, sharp growl, then a violent yelp, as though Bose had been struck heavily. He flung up a window but could see nothing. Clouds lay thick over the moon; in another hour it would come on to rain.

In Our New Island.

Some Men with Lots of Cash Might Invest It to Advantage—No Chance for the Poor Man—And Not Very Good Prospects for a Man of Limited Means to Invest His Funds—Something About Land Titles—A Very Interesting Letter.

Although you may now make the circuit of Porto Rico by railway, and visit several interior towns in a parlor car, it is infinitely pleasanter, if time is not pressing, to travel over these tropical countries on horseback, or on camels wherever practicable. Nothing more delightful can be imagined than a saddle journey from San Juan to Ponce, the capital—a distance of thirty miles as the crow flies, but nearer fifty by the windings of the old canal, and nearly a hundred by the early Spanish roads. Porto Rico is extremely fertile and so well tilled that the entire island looks like one continuous garden. It is remarkably well supplied with towns and villages, there being no fewer than seventy three with upwards of 1,000 population, besides innumerable hamlets of grass-covered huts surrounding some of the chief churches or bodegas. All the towns are connected by good highways, with many traverse roads; and the railway, begun in 1853, follows the irregular shore line some 300 miles, and already sends several short branches into the interior. When fully completed—as it is likely soon to be under energetic American management—the Porto Rico railway system will include five lines, with twelve sections, about 500 miles all told; not a bad showing for the little three-cornered island which is only about one-third the size of the state of Michigan, and only about ninety-six miles long by thirty-six miles wide in its longest and widest part. Before the war there were 475 miles of telegraph in operation on Porto Rico and a deep sea cable connecting it with the United States, Europe and the other Antilles. It had also a well established banking institution, whose headquarters were in San Juan, and which in 1890 a charter was extended for another bank, with the exclusive privilege of a note issue, the original capital being 1,500,000 pesos. Though Porto Rico is only one-twelfth the size of Cuba, it contains fully half as many people, the larger island having the smaller is occupied by coffee groves, cotton, cane, rice and tobacco fields. Then comes a mass of irregular hills, apparently piled haphazard around the coast-capped Yunque, their upper heights yet covered with the magnificent forests which Columbus so much admired. Flourishing plantations extend a long way up the sloping hillsides and down into the green valleys that lie between, while in hundreds of narrow canyons grass grows and flocks and herds find rich pasturage. Porto Rico is famous for its excellent cattle and for a particularly fine breed of horses from its mountain districts. Though the methods of farming are generally primitive, and the L'zy people in the most part still live in a state of barbarism, the crops now raised by the present quarter of the island are needed for the support of the population. Never was there a smaller crop of better quality than that of Porto Rico. On the higher ground corn and vegetables are cultivated in perfection, and between the coffee, cotton and sugar plantations and the sturdy line of ancient trees, which stand out in the landscape like a ruff around the necks of the mountain peaks, rises a growth of a peculiar mountain variety of rubber tree, not require flooding, and constitutes the staff of life for the laboring classes. There are said to be something over 500 varieties of native trees on the island, and in the loftier altitudes apples, pears and other northern fruits might be successfully grown. Ever so many of the vines and shrubs are covered with natural fruit-bearing trees, such as are carefully tended in our northern conservatories, here springing in wild and odorous profusion. The discoverers named this island the Rio de la Plata, because they believed it to contain incalculable mineral riches, such as gold, iron, zinc, coal are known to exist in several places, but no serious attempt has been made to develop these resources. Possibly under American management they may come to the front in the near future, particularly the iron and coal, which in this case would be of great value. It is found in considerable quantities, than any other island in the West Indies. In this line which has been pursued to an extent here are the salt mines, at Salinas on the south coast, and at Cape Rojo, on the west. The sponge fields, too, are practically inexhaustible and have hardly been touched; and there are extensive quarries of beautiful white granite and marble, which have been entirely neglected for lack of capital, but in Yankee hands would pay well.

A good many Americans are already here to look up the prospects for investment of capital and the business chances for men of smaller means. They represent every class of professional, commercial, manufacturing and industrial life; and it is safe to say that they are a shrewd lot who will make searching and conclusive investigations. I have talked with several of them, and in every case they express disappointment. They did not realize at a distance that Porto Rico is not in the least like our western states and territories, with extensive tracts of unoccupied and unclaimed lands, or even like New England and our southern states with abandoned farms and broken-down plantations; but here every inch of land is owned by somebody and can only be acquired by the payment of a good round sum. Since Americans have an abundant extent of land, they have advanced generally understood that when a wealthy person or liberally inclined. Even the ignorant market people, spying an American afar off, immediately jump up on their prices for the simplest things a hundred per cent. or more. They seem to think that a nation we are literally "made out of money" and have come to disburse it.

There is no doubt that certain industries would do well in Porto Rico, such as a paper mill, for instance, an ice-making plant, and others of similar nature to supply the needs of the island. There are a few good openings for well-conducted American hotels, restaurants, barber-shops, laundries, tailoring establishments, stables, hack and express lines, and in the professional lines American doctors, dentists and photographers will doubtless soon absorb most business of that nature; while the native lawyers—who, like other Spaniards, are born limbs of the law, will continue to monopolize the legal business. When the budding era begins, as it is bound to do by next year at farthest, there will be work for a while for mechanics of all sorts. Probably in time the agricultural lands will pass into the hands of Americans, their superior methods and usually absorb the holdings of a race so ill-fitted to compete with them as the Porto Ricans. To-day, in spite of adverse circumstances, coffee growing in this island is about the most profitable industry in the world. Under ordinarily favorable circumstances it never fails to pay from 30 to 40 per cent. on the investment, years in and out. Where the bounties of nature are so lavishly bestowed as in Porto Rico, there must be many new industries within the reach of far seeing Americans—such as chocolate and cocoa factories; utilizing the palm oil nuts, castor and vanilla beans, with which the island abounds, as well as the spice and dye plants; fruit packing establishments, raising chickens and eggs with incubators (a thing yet unheard of here); and especially breweries. In the last named line there is certainly a most excellent opening. The people consume a vast amount of beer, which is all brought from the United States and Germany at great expense. The fish here is to serve it with broken ice in the glass, which of course renders it disagreeably flat and tasteless.

Porto Rico is not so very hot—not a circumscribed to New York or Washington in mid summer—the average daily temperature being eighty degrees; but the fact remains that it is extremely trying to foreigners. It stands to reason that a climate in which iron corrodes in six weeks and paper is in a short time reduced to powder, must be hard on the human frame. While the natives sometime live to good old age, a mere past 100 years, people from the north are sure of having serious time for a year or two; and if they survive the acclimating process, are generally cut off long before the natural three score years and ten. In talking with a Chicago real estate man whom I met in Ponce, the gist of what he told me is as follows: "I left home with the idea that Porto Rico would offer some splendid openings for men of small means, and came here expressly to seek information in that respect. And I have been disappointed, not to say grievously disappointed. You know how it is in the United States—that a man who has a few thousands at command is quite lost sight of in this age of pools and trusts and combines syndicated department stores; and I suppose that here was one of our new suggestions to which he might come and with his limited means begin life under more hopeful conditions. I was altogether mistaken. I find that the coffee, sugar and tobacco plantations are of great extent, and although their owners are willing to part with them, they want anywhere from \$50,000 up to half a million.

"Fruit farming, being a new venture, is uncertain and reliable data upon which to base estimates are impossible to obtain. After investigating all these, I turned my attention to dairying and minor industries; but there are unworkable circumstances surrounding each of them, more or less insurmountable; and on the whole I concluded to go home and be contented. It is an undoubted fact that nowhere on God's green earth does the poor man stand so good a chance as in the United States. As an indication of what is already going on, it may be stated that there are seven bids before the committee of the street railroad franchise, between the city and the port—a distance of two and a half miles. The bid offers \$10,000 outright, with forfeitures at the end of two years. The plans include every known form of motor, and one provides for a swinging car to be run on a single rail.

The postal department has recently established stations all over the island, and bids for carrying the mails to various points have been called for. It is said that a Philadelphia went by the last steamer to the United States to purchase a town called Mayaguez; and rumors are afloat of large deals by American syndicates in Porto Rican tobacco and coffee lands. Ponce is the largest city of the island, with a population in normal times of perhaps 38,000. It is a rich old town, exceptionally clean for Spanish-America, and well built. Its dwellings are mostly of wood, with iron balconies, green jalousies and windows without glass, while the public buildings are of brick and stone. The latter are grouped around a palm-shaded plaza and include a Roman Catholic cathedral and an Episcopal church, besides the usual "palacio," theatre and casinos. There are half a dozen other churches, of course all Roman, a well-kept hospital, public library and reading room, two colleges and a military school. The wide, well-paved streets are lighted, with a by an English company. The next town in point of population is San German, which has about 30,000, according to the latest census. A very interesting place to visit is Mayaguez on the west coast, with a population of 12,000. It is a garrison town with clubs and gas works and the best hotel on the island. A fine iron bridge, completed some six years ago, connects the town with its port; but, unfortunately, the harbor is accessible only to vessels drawing not more than sixteen feet.—Fannie Brigham Young.

A Geographical Game.

A Trip About the Country Answering Questions With Name.

One day my cousin (a city in Maine) said to me, "Let us go fishing for (a cape in Massachusetts)."

"That will be fine," I answered, laying down her new (city in Italy) that I had been admiring, and upsetting a bottle of (city in Germany) in my haste.

"But I am afraid to go without a (island near England)," said my cousin. "Let's ask—and—(two capes in Virginia)," I answered.

So I ran across the street for the two who were to accompany us, while my cousin fixed up a small lunch, consisting of (Islands in the Pacific Ocean), a large piece of (a country in Europe), and a (town in New Jersey) for each of us; and, for a joke, she put in a large (river in Vermont).

It was a beautiful day in (a cape in New Jersey), and we expected to have a fine coast of Africa), and we started. To save time, we thought we would go through the barnyard, and across lots, but sticking out from behind the barn, and refused to go near old Brindle; so we went another way.

As we were passing through the woods all of a sudden my cousin cried out "a (cape in North Carolina)!" there is a big (river in Washington)!"

Wooden Meat Skewers.

Made in Great Variety and Used in Enormous Numbers.

Wooden meat skewers are made almost exclusively of hickory, and, like many other manufactures of wood, they are made in factories located in proximity to forests whence the wood of which they are made is taken. Wooden skewers are made mostly in the west. They are produced in great numbers in Tennessee and Ohio.

Hickory skewers are made in various lengths—4, 5, 6 and 7 inches and up to giant skewers 16 inches long, and all but the 4 1/2 inch skewer, which is made of a gauge or diameter of five-thirds-seconds of an inch, are made in two or more gauges. Thus the 6 inch skewer is made in gauges of seven-thirds-seconds, fifteen-sixths-fourths and four-sixteenths of an inch. So that, simple as a thing as a meat skewer may seem to be, it is in reality an article that is made in large varieties.

The skewers are made wholly by machinery and are sold very cheap. They are put up in bundles that vary in the number of the skewers, and they are packed in cases that vary like wise. Thus the smallest skewers are put up 250 in a bundle and 80,000 in a case. Of 8 inch skewers, six-sixteenths gauge, there are packed 9,600 in a case and so on. Skewers are used for other purposes than skewering meat together. Great numbers of the smallest size are used in markets in tagging meat for delivery. Many larger skewers are used in securing bagging put around quarters of beef for transportation.

Skewers of the smaller sizes are those most used. The total consumption of skewers in this country amounts to billions annually. Large numbers of American skewers are exported, the greater number of those exported being of the larger sizes. We send hickory skewers to England, South Africa, South America and Australia.

That Rose House.

Auditor General Mullin's Report Says It Cost \$8,253.01.

Governor Hastings said in his Philadelphia speech: "The statement, therefore, that this building (the 'rose propagating house') cost over \$8,000 is utterly and unqualifiedly false, and I challenge any practical builder who understands the value of material and labor to construct a duplicate of this building for any smaller sum than was paid for this rose propagating house, or board of public buildings and grounds of the Commonwealth, and I also challenge any man to show that the building in question cost any more than \$1,800."

Amos H. Mylin, auditor General of Pennsylvania under the administration of Governor Hastings, says in his report for 1896 on page 210, that "\$8,253.01 were paid Charles H. Miller & Co., carpenter work, rose propagating house." These statements cannot be reconciled. If one traces the other must be false. The Governor says the rose propagating house was built under the authority of the act of assembly of 1892, by Charles H. Miller. The auditor general's report was for the following year, and the payment for which credit is claimed is for \$8,253.01 to Charles H. Miller & Co., rose propagating house and for "carpenter work" alone. Were there two "rose propagating houses," the one built in 1895 for \$1,800, the other built about the same time costing \$8,253.01 more, and both built by Charles H. Miller? Only on that assumption can the Governor and his auditor general both be telling the truth, or at least a part of it. How does the Governor reconcile his statement with that of Amos H. Mylin, his claimant to have been libelled by Dr. Swallow? Which is telling the truth?

How to Drink Water.

There are few people, we think, who thoroughly realize the value of water as a beverage or who know how to obtain the greatest advantage from it. The effects produced by the drinking of water, as pointed out by our excellent contemporary, Health, vary with the manner in which it is drunk. If, for instance, a pint of cold water be swallowed as a large draft, or if it be taken in two portions, with a short interval between, certain definite results follow—effects which differ from those which would have resulted from the same quantity taken by sipping. Sipping is a powerful stimulant to the circulation, a thing which ordinary drinking is not.

Ham Croquettes.

Chop fine one cup of cold boiled ham, mash it till like meal and mix with it the yoke of one hard boiled egg. Season to taste with lemon juice, chopped parsley, cayenne and onion juice. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a small saucepan, stir into it one heaping tablespoonful of cornstarch, one tablespoonful of salt, and add a tablespoonful of white pepper. Add gradually one cup of hot milk and when thick and smooth stir it into the ham. Let it become quite cold, then shape into small cylinders, roll in fine dried bread crumbs, then in beaten egg, then in crumbs again, and fry one minute in smoking hot oil. Drain on paper and serve as a border round a bed of boiled spinach.

North Carolina, which pays a pension to needy Confederate veterans, finds that but one in fifteen of the known survivors in the State are on the pension list. The number of applicants is growing small, as in the case with Federal pensioners. At a special election next month Texas will vote on a constitutional amendment to permit the State to pay a similar pension to Confederates.

His System.

Shipping Clerk (to his employer, leaving the office)—Oh, Mr. System, haven't you forgotten your umbrella? It's raining.

Mr. System—Can't help it. I have made a resolution to have one here and one at home, to provide for all emergencies. Now if I take this one, they'll both be at home.

The Lumber Resources of Pennsylvania are fast passing away. There are said to remain only a few unbroken tracts in the Clearfield region, and next spring the last "drive" is expected to be made from above the mouth of the Sinnemahoning, to consist of 30,000,000 feet of logs. In all 60,000,000 feet of timber are expected to pass Log Haven.

A Favored Class.

Inate passenger (who has managed to board a trolley car that didn't stop)—Suppose I had slipped and lost a leg—what then?

Conductor—You wouldn't have to do any more running then. We always stop for a man with a crutch.

The heron seldom flaps his wings at a rate of less than 120 to 150 times a minute. This is counting the downward strokes only, so that the bird's wings really make from 240 to 300 distinct movements in a minute.

Brown—I'd join the church if it wasn't so full of hypocrites.

Towne—"That needn't deter you. There's always room for one more.

After serious illness, like typhoid fever, pneumonia, or the grip. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful strength-giving power.

Where the Ocean Is Deepest.

A little more than thirty miles from the coast of Japan the Pacific Ocean has been found to be more than 4643 fathoms deep. Some of the cables that were surveying for this depth without reaching the bottom. This is said to be the deepest sounding ever made, and is so deep, that the two highest mountains in Japan, placed one over the other in this abyss, would leave the summit of the upper one two-thirds of a mile below the surface of the water.