

Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 3, 1899.

MY MA, SHE KNOWS.

My Pa, he scolds me 's becuz He says I'm gittin' 'tough; He says my face is never clean, My hands are always rough; I'm not behavin' like I should, An' goin' wrong, I 'sposo, But Ma, she takes an' pats my hand An' smiles, becuz she knows! My Pa haint got no use for boys, He wants 'em always gone; I wonder if he's clean forgot The boy he must 'a' been; For Ma, she says they're all clothes 'Bout face an' hands an' alikes, An' says I'll learn to be a man; An' Ma, I guess she knows! My Pa, he says I ain't no good At doin' anything; I'd rather fool away the time An' whistle, play an' sing; But Ma, she smiles an' says I'm young, An' then she up an' goes An' kisses me an' shows me how; For Ma, you bet, she knows! My Pa, he says I'll never be A business man like him, Becuz I haint got any 'drive'; An' 'get up,' pluck' and 'vim.' But Ma, she says, so solemn like, A man's a boy that grows, An' boys must have their playin' spell; An' Ma's a trump, an' knows! My Pa, he shakes his head an' sighs, An' says he doesn't see Where I get all the careless ways, That seem jes' born in me; An' Ma, she laughs, an' laughs, an' laughs, Till Pa's face crimson grows, An' then she says, 'tis very queer; But somehow, Ma, she knows! My Ma, she knows most everything 'Bout boys an' what they like; She's never woidin' 'bout the miss I make with kites an' bike; She says she wants me to be good An' 'you'll bet' I'm goin' to be, 'Cuz my sweet Ma, she knows! —Birch Arnold, in Detroit Journal.

HER TUCKED SILK WAIST.

The woman appeared at the door of her friend's room with a roll of silk under her arm and in her hands a thimble, thread, needles, scissors and other things necessary for an all-day's sewing bee. "You promised to let me make my waist on your machine," she said. "Can I make it to-day?" Her friend looked a trifle startled, but she restrained her emotion with a heroic effort. "Why, yes," she gasped. "Certainly. Come on in." A light davered upon the other woman. She stood irresolutely in the doorway. "May be you are going down town," she said, "or out on your bike, or something." "Not at all," replied her friend, switching her bicycle costume off a chair into a closet. "Don't be silly. Come on in and make your waist." And she proceeded in a melancholy way to take off the top and drag the machine on into the middle of the room where the woman could see to sew. The woman triumphantly unrolled four yards of red taffeta and flourished it about like a flag. "Isn't it pretty?" she exclaimed. "And wait till you see how I am going to make it. I saw one down town yesterday that I am going to make it by. It was tucked all over." Her friend sank exhausted in a chair. "Tucked all over!" she repeated faintly. She was wondering how long it would take, how many days the woman would be in her room using her machine tucking that waist all over. "Yes," asserted the woman, "I am going to tuck it all over, crossways in the front and back. You don't think I am too broad to have the tucks run crossways instead of up and down, do you?" Her friend observed her critically. Then she coughed. "Oh, no," she murmured behind her hand. "Then," resumed the woman, "I am going to tuck the sleeves up and down. That will relieve the effect of the crossways tucks, you know, and I am going to run a lot of tiny little tucks along the collar and the cuffs. I wish you could have seen one I am going to make it by. It was a jim dandy waist. It was red like mine, and it had a straight piece of black taffeta tucked down the front and little tucked lapels on the collar and cuffs. Mine is going to be exactly like it. When you see me come out in it you won't know it from a bought waist. You just wait now and keep your eyes open." She sat down, threaded the machine and began to tuck the silk, while her friend wrapped herself in a crocheted slumber robe of so many different colors that she looked like a Conanche Indian, with the exception of her face, which was white and beautiful, and endeavored to the best of her ability to become reconciled to her fate. The woman sewed and sewed, drew the silk away from the needle, snipped off the thread with the scissors, creased another tuck and sewed again. The hum of the machine, filling up the silence, precluded any attempts at conversation. Presently she stopped sewing and looked up. "That's the rule works both ways," answered her friend. "People walking behind you will never know that the front of your waist is plain." The woman braided up and went on with her work. She started to hum another tune, but it fell through. She couldn't. It was now 12. No, she wouldn't go down to lunch even, she told her friend. She must keep straight on, working like a dog, if she wanted to finish the old thing, and then, she believed, she would never get it finished. She would probably be sitting there sewing when Gabriel blew his trumpet for all the dead to rise. Go on down without her. Her friend went on down without her. She left the iridescent slumber robe on the chair. It looked lonesomely empty there. The woman continued, nevertheless working steadily on, occasionally throwing a haunted glance back of her at the silk, which seemed to stretch and stretch instead of diminishing, until it covered the floor. She was growing tired, very tired. In all her life she believed she had never before been so tired. It was awfully sad anyhow to live a long way from people whose heart strings were all tangled up with yours. Even if she hadn't had a letter from the boy for several weeks, that was no sign that anything was the matter with him; no sign at all. He was possibly as well and strong as she was, maybe better and stronger. Then, if he had been taken ill, surely they would let her know—they would telegraph her. Finding it difficult to see, she shoved the machine nearer to the light. The tucks crooked. The thread broke. An awful suspicion clutched her brain. The bobbin was out. She investigated. Yes, that was the case. It was the catastrophe which invariably came when she was so tired she

of a miracle if he had—she had paid for only four. She sewed another tuck and looked back over her shoulder again. Really that was the longest four yards of silk she had ever seen in all her born days. She heaved a tremendous sigh and looked from the silk to the clock. Ten. She had been sewing exactly an hour. She resumed her humming and sewed some more. The tune she hummed was "Yankee Doodle." She always hummed that when she sewed. She found that it had the effect of bracing her up. No wonder they played it on the battlefield. It was a good, all-around tune for the faint of heart. The noise of the machine again stopped. She drew out the thread and broke it off between her fingers. The scissors had dropped to the floor and she couldn't find them. Whenever she was so busy she didn't know what to do the scissors always began to lose themselves. "Do you think," she inquired, turning her head sideways as she ran her thumb nail along the creased tuck with a grating sound that set her friend's teeth on edge, "that waists are so awfully swell, tucked all over?" Her friend, suddenly perceiving a ray of light dawning upon the horizon, straightened herself up. "At some of the stores," she remarked vivaciously, her face beaming in a radiant smile, "you will find that they are not tucked at all." "I know," admitted the woman, with a nod. "I went into a store the other day and inquired the price of a waist. It was a beautiful thing. Thirty-five dollars. When I recovered from the shock of the price I took a good look at it, and bless you! it was the plainest thing I ever saw in my life. A child could have made it. And there wasn't the ghost of a tuck. Yes, I remember very distinctly there wasn't the ghost of a tuck." The machine hummed again, so also did the woman. She hummed very bravely, trying not to think. That was the trouble with sewing. It left your brain idle. She always fell to thinking when she sewed. Ghosts rose up before her and stalked. She knew what was the matter. She was getting tired, and invariably when she got very tired, these ghosts happened, but now they hid themselves away and laughed up their sleeves. The thread also was stubborn. She could not break it with her fingers. She stooped and bit it off. "How do you think it would look?" she asked casually, "to tuck the front of the waist and not the back?" "It would look lovely," answered her friend, who was growing almost cheerful now. "That's what I would do. Just put in a plain French back. What is the use anyway in tucking both sides? People never see the back and front of you at the same time; never." "But suppose you happen to be standing in the middle of the room, and you see the woman," "and they walk around you?" "What do you care for the opinion of people who are so curious as that? Besides, by the time they got to your back maybe they might forget that your waist was tucked in front." The woman continued to sew and also to think. She was getting weary almost too tired to live, and when she got too tired to live the ghost of the boy rose up before her. It did, invariably. The boy was not dead. No, no! She hoped he was not dead. Still, he was so far away he might be and she not know it. At the very thought she gave a shrill little scream. "What's the matter?" asked her friend, startled. The woman laughed. "I came pretty near running the machine needle through my thumb nail," she said. "Did you ever do that?" "No," replied her friend with a shriller. The woman laboriously began another tuck. Of course he was alive and well. Of course he was. She never would forget, though, that day she sent him out with invitations to her card party. He went on his pony and a blizzard caught him and he nearly froze to death before he could get home. Well, how could she tell that a blizzard was to come up? All sorts of sudden and unaccountable things happened in the west—cyclones and blizzards and sockless statesmen. Clearly it wasn't her fault, but whenever she thought of that party of hers the boy's poor little crimson face and his frosted ears and his cold hands that she had to rub and rub and rub before the blizzard would come back to them rose up before her and wiped out all the pleasure she had had in it—she dearly loved a little party, too—and made her heart ache so that—merciful heavens, would that piece of silk ever get any shorter! She stopped stitching, leaned her elbows on the machine and sighed. "What's the matter now?" asked her friend. "How do you think it would look," she asked, her voice quavering a very little, "to have the yoke tucked and not the front?" "The rule works both ways," answered her friend. "People walking behind you will never know that the front of your waist is plain." The woman braided up and went on with her work. She started to hum another tune, but it fell through. She couldn't. It was now 12. No, she wouldn't go down to lunch even, she told her friend. She must keep straight on, working like a dog, if she wanted to finish the old thing, and then, she believed, she would never get it finished. She would probably be sitting there sewing when Gabriel blew his trumpet for all the dead to rise. Go on down without her. Her friend went on down without her. She left the iridescent slumber robe on the chair. It looked lonesomely empty there. The woman continued, nevertheless working steadily on, occasionally throwing a haunted glance back of her at the silk, which seemed to stretch and stretch instead of diminishing, until it covered the floor. She was growing tired, very tired. In all her life she believed she had never before been so tired. It was awfully sad anyhow to live a long way from people whose heart strings were all tangled up with yours. Even if she hadn't had a letter from the boy for several weeks, that was no sign that anything was the matter with him; no sign at all. He was possibly as well and strong as she was, maybe better and stronger. Then, if he had been taken ill, surely they would let her know—they would telegraph her. Finding it difficult to see, she shoved the machine nearer to the light. The tucks crooked. The thread broke. An awful suspicion clutched her brain. The bobbin was out. She investigated. Yes, that was the case. It was the catastrophe which invariably came when she was so tired she

wished she was dead and buried and done with it all. With a groan she began to wind it. The thread stubbornly refused to remain on the bobbin. It wound itself into a knot on the outside. Everything was against her. Unless somebody came to her rescue she would presently shed tears. She knew she would. How was it possible to tell whether or not the boy was all right? Anything might happen to a boy 3,000 miles away and you know it. She looked at the knotted thread, then at the strip of silk. It had not diminished in length. On the contrary, it had expanded. As a rule she believed in expansion, but in the natural order things four yards of silk that are being tucked should contract. Her eyes took on a hunted look as she gazed upon the red strip stubbornly reaching back of her to the threshold of the closet door. By and by she sprang up, caught the thread off the machine, gripped up the silk and running to the door fell over her friend, who was coming back up-stairs from her luncheon. "What are you about?" the friend cried. "Aren't you going to finish your waist?" In spite of herself her voice contained an element of joy. It thrilled in fact. It was not too late after all to go on that bicycle ride. "You see," said the woman, "I concluded that I would make the waist plain all over, and use the tucking I have already done for the collar and cuffs. That will be pretty, don't you think?" "Very, very pretty," asserted her friend, with enthusiasm. "But the boy will have to make the waist this afternoon?" The question was polite but fearful. "No, no," hastily replied the woman. "I've got to go out now and send a telegram right away this minute. I can't wait." She went out and sent the telegram, received an answer that the boy was all right, put the waist away in the bureau drawer and left it there. And so ended the making of the waist.—From the New York Sun.

Sketch of the Lawsons.

The Man Who Gave \$30,000 for a Flower Which Bore His Wife's Name.

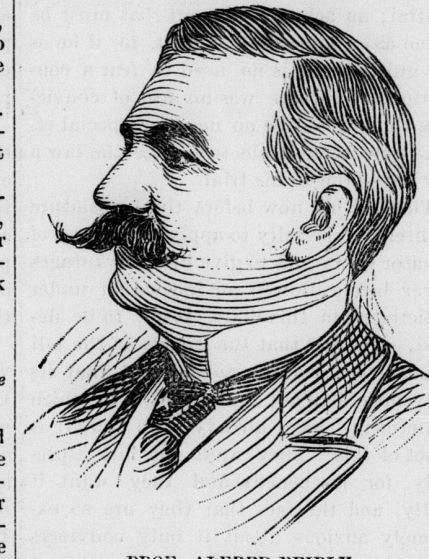
Last week Thomas W. Lawson, the noted Boston capitalist, gave \$30,000 for the sole right to a beautiful new species of carnation because a florist had named the flower "Mrs. Lawson," and the world got another glimpse of the tender, chivalrous love which this cool-headed speculator so constantly shows for his invalid wife. Mr. Lawson is one of the most romantic figures in the financial world. He is still a comparatively young man, six feet tall, strikingly handsome and of the athletic build that comes from being a fearless horseman, a skilled yachtsman and a crack shot. It was only eight years ago that he organized a base ball club of kindred spirits, who called themselves "The Gentlemen of Winchester," and drove a triumphant tally-ho to encounter rival teams of various country clubs in Massachusetts. Mr. Lawson drove the coach, played third base, and was a terror on the nerves of pitchers. All the daring and recklessness that he made his name for in the stock market, he showed in the smiling buoyancy of his face. He is famous as a jovial bon vivant, a judge of rare wines, a critic of a new dancer and a bold plunger at poker. His novel auction of the assets of Rand, Avery & Company, his land speculations in the south, his partnership with a duke in the Bay State Gas, and his recent fight in Wall street and State street to control the copper market are all noted financial events of recent years. Smiling and reckless, this tall, handsome man has lost two fortunes and made three; but through it all the peculiar tender loyalty to the invalid girl he married has been constantly manifested. Because of Mrs. Lawson's invalidism, Mr. Lawson has taken no part in Boston society, living in a charming country place at Winchester, a suburb of Boston. With his usual lavishness, however, he maintains, fully furnished, one of the most fashionable houses on Beacon street, ready for Mrs. Lawson's instant occupancy should she desire a change. Everything in his country place is fashioned to suit the taste and even the whims of his pale little wife. His flower beds are under the special care of a high-priced florist, his stables are magnificent and are full of imported horses, and his house itself is beautiful with costly paintings; for Mrs. Lawson has artistic tastes, and he will deny her nothing. Of late Mrs. Lawson has been improving in health, and she rides in a handsome landau especially built for her in London. Mr. Lawson is anxious that she shall ride, as well as drive. Several months ago he tempted her by securing through a Kentucky horseman a chestnut gelding, so dainty in his paces that a child could ride him. This was the horse that made such a sensation at the Horse Show. Mr. Lawson paid \$10,000 for him, and is sure that his wife has the best ladies' saddle horse in the world. Two years ago, when Fourth of July came around, Mrs. Lawson was critically ill. Mr. Lawson personally called on all the boys in the neighborhood and promised to make it up to them later if they would refrain from fire crackers and fire works for the present. Ten days later he astonished and delighted them by a pyrotechnic display that cost five thousand dollars, and repaid them for all the favors done his wife. A magnificent carved fire place, shaped like a horse shoe, was the outcome of a vaguely expressed wish of the invalid. With his usual impetuosity in pleasing her he telegraphed to New York for a celebrated designer, and turned him over to his wife, with instructions to carry out her ideas. The fire place cost \$6000. Mr. Lawson himself never attends church, but his wife is a devoted Episcopalian. To please her he spent \$40,000 last Christmas in charities under her direction. Mr. Lawson has three children, of whom he is very fond. One of the girls is old enough to attend celebrated private school in Boston. Mr. Lawson gallantly meets her with his coupe every afternoon and escorts her to the depot. It happened that he sent his secretary on this errand on the day when Boston was shocked by the fatal gas explosion on Boylston street. The coupe was caught in the explosion, and the secretary was killed while on his way to school. When the news was brought to the Stock Exchange Mr. Lawson supposed his child had been in the cab. Hatless, he ran to the scene of the explosion and tore at the wreckage with his bare hands. Now he has paid \$30,000 for a flower because it bore his wife's name, and because he wished her to have sole possession of the most beautiful carnation in the world.

Pennsylvania has more legal holidays than any other State in the Union. The number is eleven. New York has ten. Three of these holidays occur in the short month of February. February, they are Lincoln's birthday, February 12th; election day, February 21st, and Washington's birthday, February 22nd.

A Famous Composer.

His Musical Publications A Noted and Continuous Stream of Popular Melodies.

There is nothing more charming and captivating to the average mind than a sweet melody. It provides a nourishment to the spirit that nothing else can give. Much as favorite old tunes are prized, the quality of freshness and originality is accorded always a special welcome. A choir that would do the most satisfactory and active service must give due weight to this important principle. It must please the mind with ever new forms of beauty in sound and expression. To do this is rendered easily possible by the diligent co-operation of some of the noted professors of music of this country. Beautiful additions to the number of excellent sacred and secular musical pieces suitable for popular use are continually being made through the medium of the publications of Prof. Alfred Beirly, which are issued in monthly series. The melodies therein produced for the first time and copyrighted are the composition of Prof. Beirly and a number of the ablest professors of music and composers throughout the country. Their general high quality is recognized by instructors in music everywhere. The circulation of the *Popular Choir* is alone about 30,000 a month. This serial, with its sixteen pages of bright, new music, is a much prized and welcome visitor. Prof. Beirly is the author and publisher of some twenty or more



Prof. Alfred Beirly.

books for Choirs, Schools, Singing Classes, Sunday Schools, etc. Among the latest of these are the National Singer, the Concert Master and Chapel Anthems. Professor Beirly is a native of Pennsylvania, received a thorough training in music and has been a composer and conductor for twenty years. He has written over 700 compositions, most of which are published in his own books. He is an industrious worker as well as a composer of remarkable fertility and capacity. His work stands alone in the city of Chicago in its kind and purpose. That it will fulfill its mission might be shown by the testimony of subscribers to his publications everywhere. For choirs, societies and all who are interested in popular music the regular installment of new and original compositions provided by Prof. Beirly is most desirable. Complete information can be obtained at his Music Rooms, The Woman's Temple, 184 La Salle street, Chicago.

Palms in the House.

The insect with which palms are most liable to be infested is the scale. It breeds rapidly on the plants when kept in a high temperature, and it is in the insects that attach themselves to the stems and the surface of the leaves, and are easily seen and can be removed separately by pushing them off. A plant may become badly infested in a dry air in a short time if neglected. In such a case one of the easiest means to clean the plant is to take some dilute alcohol, with a small brush dipped in the liquid, brush over all the infested parts, killing the insects. When this is done an old, soft toothbrush, or even a sponge, with soap and water, will enable one to clear away all the dead scales. The room where palms or any other plants are kept should have moisture supplied to the air by evaporating water at the register of a furnace, heated-room, or by means of the steam or hot-water pipes or by standing on the stove. A temperature of sixty degrees in winter will be sufficient for any palms, but they will bear a higher temperature; however, in a living room they should be placed in the coolest part, so that, if possible, the surrounding temperature may not be more at any time than seventy degrees. Once in two years is often enough to repot the plants, and if some of the top soil is replaced with some that is fresh, the repotting may be deferred even longer. —Vicks.

Philosophy.

The sign is bad when folks commence A findin' fault with Providence, And balkin' cause the earth don't shake At every prancin' step they take. No man is great 'til he can see How less than little he be. Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare He hung his sign out anywhere. My doctern is to lay aside Contentions and be satisfied. Jest do your best, and praise er blame That follows, that counts jest the same. If you've noticed great success Is mixed with troubles more or less, And it's the man who does the best, That gets more kicks than all the rest. —James Whitcomb Riley.

Another Great Triumph.

The Pittsburg Sunday Post leads, as usual. After experimenting for two months reproducing half-tone pictures on press-papers, a complete half-tone art supplement was issued last Sunday. The pictures are very fine and equal to any of the high-class magazines. The Sunday Post is certainly Pittsburg's best newspaper and worthy all the appreciation bestowed upon it. No person should fail to buy it.

Overdid It.

I understand she married him to reform him. That was it. And she did the job so thoroughly that now he doesn't like the kind of women he liked when he married her and is trying to get a divorce.

While unharnessing a horse, farmer Edward Reilly, of Millbrook, Franklin county, was kicked on the head and his skull was fractured.

The little bird who can sing and won't sing, is a great contrast to the human being who can't sing but will sing.

You ought to take the WATCHMAN.

Gold Seekers Frozen.

Copper River Prospectors Perish in the Valdez Glacier. Terrible Struggles for Life. Heroic Self-Sacrifice of a Son, Who Laid Down to Die After Prolonging the Life of His Father, Who is Dying at Twelve Mile Camp.

The steamer Cottage City, from Alaska, brings news that a number of Copper river prospectors perished in Valdez glacier. The following are known to have been lost: Charles Khron, New York city; D. P. Smith, Chicago; Ole Evjen, Baldwin, Wis.; —Henderson, Wisconsin; Geo. Sweesey, New York. Among the many badly frozen miners are: George Poolowitz, New York city; Sylvester Grog, St. Joseph, Mo.; Holven Evjens, Baldwin, Wis. There are six men at Valdez suffering from frozen feet, hands and face. A hospital has been established at Twelve Mile camp, on the other side of the glacier, and 15 men are suffering there from the same cause. All were frozen trying to cross the glacier, but managed to get back to camp. The freezing of the Evjens, father and son is particularly sad. They started for Valdez, but on getting well toward the summit of the glacier found their feet freezing. Both started back. The son gave his father extra trapping for his feet, and as a result both the son's legs were frozen in a few minutes, and he was unable to proceed. He had his father good bye and compelled him to go on without him. Then the boy lay down in the snow to die. The body will probably never be recovered. The father reached Twelve Mile camp, but is not expected to live.

Smith and Khron were members of the same party. In company with George Poolowitz, Sylvester Grog and several others they started across the glacier early in December. Smith was the first to freeze his feet. After they had crossed the summit and were going down the long stretch toward Valdez his strength began to fail him. At last he could keep up no longer. Calling his companions around him he told them he was doomed, even if they got him into camp, and that they must try and save themselves. Then he lay down in the snow and was lulled into a last sleep by the deadly frost.

Khron wanted to lie down and die when the trip was almost at an end. His comrades kept him moving, in spite of the pain of his badly frozen feet, and at last got him into Valdez. His toes were so badly frozen that they fell off when his boots were cut away. Blood poisoning set in soon after, and in ten days he was dead. He was a member of the Manhattan Mining company, of New York, a German, and leaves a widow and family in that city.

The third man of the party to lose his life was a miner named Henderson, from some small town in Wisconsin. He started out with the party, but was frozen before they reached the summit of the glacier. He decided that his only hope was to turn back. Soon after he left the party a blizzard swept over the glacier, obliterating all trails and making travel impossible. He probably lost his way then and perished.

George Poolowitz, of the Manhattan Mining company, of New York, was the fourth member to be badly frozen. He returned on the Cottage City. He will lose the greater part of both feet, and is in danger of losing his life from blood poisoning. He would not let Dr. Lewis amputate his feet in the north.

George Sweesey, also of New York, was a blacksmith at Valdez for a long time. He started across the glacier early in the winter, drawing a heavy sled. The details of his death are unknown, for he was alone. The miners who arrived on the Cottage City say that many others perished like Sweesey. They are unable to give names. The men starting out in pairs or singly were never heard of again.

Captain John Mason, of a large Philadelphia party bound for the gold fields, was accidentally drowned in the Nelson river, three miles above its mouth, on the afternoon of August 24.

Opium.

Like most of nature's products opium is classified in grades. The growers of India, in white turbans and gowns, sit in the blazing sun waiting for their opium to be sorted when they go to market. The unripe poppy seed pod has been cut into five times and the milky sap dried in the sun and kneaded into cakes, the best of which are covered with dried leaves, and thus brought to market. Opium of the first class must be tough, smooth and a rich brown shade, bitter to taste and strong of scent.

In 1892 54 per cent of the suicides in India were from the use of opium, and one statistician credits 90 per cent of the women suicides to the same drug. Nelson, ever, twelve-thirteenth of the opium of India is sent to China for smoking. During Victoria's reign the Chinese have paid into the British treasury for Indian opium \$1,250,000,000.

The Chinese government does all in its power to check the opium habit, the punishments common in the Chinese army for this habit being extreme. For the first offense a man may have his upper lip cut, for the second he may be decapitated. For the last 60 years on an average a half ton of opium has been sent to China from India every hour.—Atlanta Constitution.

Swallowed a Safety Pin.

A nine weeks' old child of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Wertz, of Muncy station, swallowed an open safety pin about one inch long on Wednesday last week. Mrs. Wertz took the child to Williamsport and had the X-rays applied by Dr. Nutt to locate it. The effort was a failure, however. It was thought the pin passed into the stomach. The child suffered terribly after swallowing the pin. On Tuesday last the child passed the pin from the bowels. The pin was about one inch long and was open three-fourths of an inch. It was a narrow escape for the child.

Fault-Finding.

Fault-finding is one of the ways in which men seek to appear wiser than they are. It seems to invest them with a degree of authority in the eyes of those who do not realize that it is one of the easiest of all things to find fault. To expose errors, to foretell difficulties, to criticize methods, to make objections, may all be done volubly by persons who have no power to originate better ways or to overcome the obstacles which they speak forth and who are in every way inferior to those whom they criticize or contradict or interrogate.

Cause and Effect.

"Well, suh, I reckon I walked five miles to get this drink, suh!" "What made you so thirsty, Kuhndel?" "Reckon it must have been the walk, suh!"

Moving to Save Forests.

American Newspaper Publishers' Plea for Action.

With the purpose of stimulating the movement for the preservation of forests, the American newspaper publishing association has presented the following brief to the joint high commission for adjustment of the questions between United States and Canada.

We desire to direct the attention of the American members of the joint high commission to the urgency of a provident policy which shall protect and preserve our forests. The best authority in the United States on this subject says that the denudation of our forests by pulp mills and saw mills in the four States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and New York is progressing at the rate of 1700 square miles per annum. The chief of the bureau of forestry of the department of agriculture calculates that forest fires are causing an annual loss of \$20,000,000. The latest records of the geographical survey show that the low water level of our important lakes and rivers has been declining steadily for the last ten years, reaching its lowest point in the year 1896, and that the decline of the water level on Lakes Huron and Michigan is especially noticeable. Many lakes in the north-west have entirely disappeared.

In considering the timber problem of the country, spruce wood constitutes a most important factor. There is no available spruce in the United States west of New York, except a limited amount in West Virginia, a patch of 50,000 acres in Michigan, owned by the Niagara paper mills, and a similar area in Wisconsin. It is, therefore, fair to consider the question of preserving the spruce forests as applying mainly to New England and New York. In the State of Maine there were 420 timber townships, but all of the townships accessible to large rivers are entirely devoid of their valuable timber. In New Hampshire, at the present rate of cutting, the state forestry commission has said that the entire forest resources of the State would be exhausted in twelve years; others have fixed eight years. Lumbermen in that State cut everything down to six inches at the stump, so that there is no reproduction by growth.

Vermont has already reached a point where it can barely supply its home demand. The State of New York by constitutional amendment has prohibited the cutting of timber of any kind in a territory covering 4000 square miles, setting aside the Adirondack Park, which contains 2,807,700 out of 3,588,803 acres of available spruce area in the State. An appropriation of \$1,500,000 has been made recently for the acquisitions of additional forests.

Forestry associations have been organized in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Colorado, Utah, Ohio, Kentucky, Minnesota, Texas, North Dakota, Wisconsin and South Carolina, and forestry commissions have been established in Maine, New Hampshire, New York, Colorado, California and Wisconsin. There are now thirty forest reservations, embracing an area of 62,000 square miles, and extending over large portions of 13 States and Territories.

Three commissions in New Hampshire have reported that the present methods of lumbering, if continued, will entail baleful scenic, climatic and economical results, injuring health, property and occupations of all citizens, impairing the industrial development of the State and rendering interminable the flow of the rivers which are most important to agriculture and manufacture.

The interests of the public generally as distinguished from those of a class—lumbermen—require the conservation of the forest resources. In view of these serious aspects of the situation, we are confident that an enlightened self-interest will impel the treatment of the mountains and ada to follow that provident policy which shall keep our future wants in view, and which shall not put a premium upon the destruction of great national treasures.

The present wasteful methods will inflict upon the agricultural interests of the country an injury which will be felt in every part, and which the mountainous regions threaten to become disastrous and irremediable.

Two Are Killed and 17 Injured in Pennsylvania Tunnel.

Engine Dashes into a Gang of Workmen Near Gallitzin.—A Scramble for Life.—Accident is Believed to be Due to the Negligence of Some One.—Coroner Investigating.

A frightful accident happened in the Gallitzin tunnel, on the Pennsylvania railroad 12 miles west of this city, Sunday afternoon. An engine running at a high rate of speed dashed into a gang of 26 repairmen. Two were killed and 17 were injured, some of them seriously. The dead are: David Will, 25 years of age; skull crushed; instantly killed. Thomas W. Sanker, 25 years of age; legs and skull crushed; died in the hospital in Altoona.

The most seriously injured are: George Smith, leg broken and injured about the head. George Gray, arm and nose broken. H. E. Hill, foreman of the gang; both legs broken. John Seyor, arm and nose broken and internally injured. Henry Burken arm broken and contused about the body.

James Strue, internally injured and leg broken. Christ Yeckley, both legs broken. James Laughman, arm and leg broken. Simon Castlow, ribs fractured and internally injured.

Eight others, whose names are not obtainable, were injured. All the men lived at Gallitzin and in the neighborhood, and most of them were taken to their homes, only a few being taken to the hospital in Altoona. The accident was evidently due to negligence on the part of someone, who allowed the westbound engine to pass into the tunnel on the eastbound track. Before entering the tunnel the men were instructed when necessary to get on the east track to avoid danger.

The workmen saw the engine coming, and they all huddled on the eastbound track like a pack of sheep, and the locomotive was upon them before they could make their escape. A few succeeded in jumping, but most of them were injured, and it is regarded as miraculous that more were not killed.

Man's Scalp Laid Open.

In a runaway accident at Williamsport Friday, Samuel Tate, a Nippenose valley farmer, was thrown out of the vehicle, landing on his head. His scalp was laid open from his left eye to the back of his head. His skull may also be fractured. He was removed to the hospital. A young man named John Dunninger, who was also in the wagon, received a sprained wrist and several bruises on the head.