# Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 17, 1899.

A GOODNIGHT SONG.

Goodnight, dear heart! the twilight shadows darken And blur the light. Yet, from the distance-o'er the dim lands, harken To this goodnight.

I do not know the dear paths where you wander; I only know That every moment makes my sad heart fonder-Loving you so!

I miss you, dear! I miss your kind caresses-All joys above.

I miss the gold of your tumultuous tresses-Your lips-your love.

sew.

he?' she cries out.

From the bleak skies the Wintry snows are drifting; Veiled is their blue.

But Love the Springtime lilies still is lifting. Dear heart, to you.

The lilies that made life well worth living In those dear days, Breathing of love and tenderest forgiving,

And peace, and praise.

Goodnight, dear heart ! whatever sorrow meets

May Hope give gleams. God be with you when every morning greets you.

And with your dreams. -Atlanta "Constitution.

A PERFECTLY MODEL MAN.

She lay there alone in the dark.

It was near midnight. When the lights had been dimmed throughout the house, and stillness had settled upon everything. he had arisen in unbearable suffering and gone softly down stairs. It was her last night in the house, whose every chair and curtain seemed to thrill as he passed, and he must be nearer the room in which she lay asleep-forevermore asleep.

He was my nee of a percently model. He threw himself upon a couch in the husband," said Mrs. Gregg, sternly. I hall. He lay on his back with one arm don't see how anybody can find it in their thrown over his eyes. He was trembling like an old man-or like a dog that lies out in the cold and wet and hears a fire crackling within the house.

fine rain was beating ceaselessly against the windows and the doors. The climbing rose against the side of the house moved its arms as the wind bore down upon it. It had not been a month since she had asked him to tack it more securely, as the autumn winds were coming on; and he replied that he would do it some other -he had an engagement now. The time engagement had been to play billiards with a man for whom he cared nothing. tea on the gas stove." She was standing on the steps in her pale blue gown, with tacks and bits of leather and a long handled hammer in her hands. He recalled the cloud of disappointment minute-" that had drifted suddenly across her face. The following morning he had observed that the vine was tacked in place, and he had not thought of it again. Until now ! Why on earth should he think of it now? more---Was not his anguish deep enough? Why could he not remember rather the things could he not remember rather the things he had done to make her happy—the pleas-out here he had friend be an arrived the second ant home he had given her, the jewels, the pretty gowns, the carriage-ah, the car-riage! His heart opened, and closed sudseemed as if she just *couldn't* stay at home alone evenin's—'' denly. The carriage in which she had seemed to take no pleasure because he never went driving with her! He had told chair back with a rasping sound. She her that he was too busy! Good God! his went to the sideboard, ca-ha-ca-ha-ha-ing heart cried out roughly, why need he have noisily as she went. She came back bearlied to her? she must have known then ing a heavy solid silver cake-tray in both

#### Bending the Twig.

wa'n't domestic. He'd rather set down

the wishfullest eyes I ever looked into.

don't know tears when I see 'em!''

heart to utter a word agen him.'

hard all day he don't feel much like goin

town an' play some fool game or other than "As the twig's bent the tree's inclined" to set at home an' read or play cards with his wife. It ain't no sin, an' I ain't sayin' says one of those old adages for which the world has such a superstitious reverence it is; when a woman has that kind of Nothing could be truer than this, as a bald husband the whole neighborhood's ready to statement of fact. If you take an incipient scream out, 'My-O! What does gettin' tree you can bend it in almost any way lonesome amount to? She ain't got any and cause it to assume any sort of a fantascall fer complaint, 's I can see. She'd best tic shape, when it grows to be a tree. You be thankin' her stars she ain't got a huscan cause it to be dwarfed or crooked and band that comes home drunk an' abuses may evoke no end of admiration by the her, or gambles everything he earns away freakish shapes which you cause it to asin some old saloon or other!' An' I ain't the one to be claimin' they ain't right, an' sume. The Japanese are adepts in this bending of the twig and curiously inclinshe wa'n't the one to complain about anying of the tree, and are past masters in the thing. But what I see with my own eyes production of arboreal freaks. But if the I guess I know. One night she come over Japanese or anybody else want good wood or timber; if they want lumber to build to our house for somethin'. an' when she comes in—well, if I do say it myself, our little settin'-room did look bright an' cheerful, even if we ain't got much in it. houses and ships and bridges, or to manufacture articles of utility and beauty, they do not go to the freak trees to get it, but He always builds up a big fire 'n the fireobtain it from those that have grown up place in winter, an' pops a big pan o' cern an' gets up some apples from the cellar, an' then sets down an' reads an' talks while I unmolested.

The old saw above mentioned does com paratively little harm when it is applied An' we was settin' there that night to trees, for usually there are so many of when she comes in with a blue dress on an them in the world that the man who goes a black lace scarf over her head, an' cries around bending twigs in order that he may out, 'Oh, how cozy you are! Why, is your incline the resulting tree to his liking can husband at home evenings?' An' she had change the ultimate destiny of but a few of them. The troubles, however, with this "Yes,' I says real quick, for I didn't adage is that it is not applied to trees at want to hurt her feelin's, 'he works so all, but usually to boys. What those who quote it really mean is. "As the boy's bent the man's inclined." They use it as out nights.' "'Why, he isn't home every night, is a text for a lecture on the art of bending the boy, and the boy is bent accordingly "'Yes, I be,' says he, before I could It frequently happens, too, that in the process of bending him many twigs that speak. 'W'y, ain't your nusband . '' 'No,' she says, an' she walked over an' would otherwise grow up into useful and stood lookin' down into the fire; an' then valuable trees are used up in the process. she says, very slow, 'I'd be the happiest woman on earth if he was.'

Now, really the best trees are not in-"" "Well," says he, lookin' at her close clined at all. They grow up straight. There is no sense in inclining them, and if 'he's home sometimes in the evenin', ain' he?' '' 'Don't you like pop-corn?' cries I, jumpin' up quick, for I knew he never was anybody would stop to reflect a moment it would be seen that it is absurd to apply such an adage to boys. We neither want crooked trees nor crooked boys. We want an' sure enough, her face was as red as fire -an' if there wa'n't tears in her eyes I them both to grow up straight. We give 'He was my idee of a perfectly model the tree a chance to do so, but for the most part we try to bend the boy. We beat him and lecture him, and pull him and haul him, and warp and twist him, and the result is that many of them grow up in odd "I ain't a-utterin' a word agen him, Mis' shapes. We bend them in the twig and Gregg. I'm just tellin' you that she was a turable lonesome woman, even if he did give her everything that heart could ask. they turn out more or less crooked men. There is one plan of training, the chief inferiority on every possible occasion.

pect the boy to be a man as soon as he steps out of the cradle. They frown at his boyish appetite, at his boyish interest in every "I've got my seam all done, Mis' Med thing, at his boyish pranks, at his disposi tion to turn everything into play. They want him to be a solemn sawlog when he "In two weeks more he was a-stavin is really only a a supple sapling, bending out just as late as ever. An' then it

> They hamper him with rules and regulations; they erect before him a formidable criminal code, so that it is impossible for him to live and move and have his being, or to enjoy his inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness without constant infrac-

Light on Great Poison Plot Cornish and Molineux Sharply Cross-Examined.

The inquest into the mysterious death by bisoning of Mrs. Kate J. Adams, who was killed by a drug sent in a "bromo-seltzer" bottle to Harry S. Cornish, physical instructor at the Knickerbocker Athletic club, N. Y. was continued Satuday. Cornish received the bottle in a silver holder through the mail, and took it to his home, where Mrs. Adams swallowed a dose of it to rewas made ill by taking a small quantity of For weeks the whole mathe mixture. chinery of the police and District Attor-ney's office has been engaged in trying to

solve the mystery, which is supposed to implicate several persons prominent in club circles. Harry S. Cornish and Roland Burnham Molineux were the witnesses Saturday. Cornish, as on the first day, showed an evasive disposition. He constantly fenced with assistant District Attorney Osborne. the great poison mystery is being slowly That Cornish has not yet made solved. belief of the officials of the District Attorney's office. It can, therefore, be truthfully said that he will not be allowed to article. leave the stand until he has told all that

District Attorney Gardner is inclined to think that he knows. After much parleying and the asking of questions. Cornish admitted that the the first suggestion as to a bungling chemist having prepared the poison was made to him by his own intimate friend, Mr. Yoeum, a chemist, who is also a friend of John D.

Adams, secretary of the Knickerbocker Athletic club. He also admitted that the glass contain-

ing the remnant of the poison taken by Mrs. Adams and himself lay in the apartment untouched by the police for "seven or ten days after the death of Mrs. Adams." Also that Mr. Yocum visited the apartment on the evening after the death and examined the glass and its contents, while he (Cornish) lay sick at the club.

'Now, look here, Cornish," said the you of the crime, and I wish to give you every chance to tell all you know. Are you being perfectly candid?

"I am telling you all I know," Cornish Cornish was somewhat roughly handled

by Mr. Osborne, in the course of which he common motive against him and against Barnet, his mind closed upon the name of

Molineux when it was suggested. Mr. Molineux testified with apparent willingness, and seemed to be anxious to answer every question fully. He did not dodge or evade anything. Assistant District Attorney Osborne asked him if he was willing to say he was not guilty of the homicide. His reply was: "Yes; I am

innocent.'

# Flames Awful Work.

South Dakota State Insane Asylum Burned.-Seven teen of the Inmates Caught in the Building .-Weather was Intensely Cold.

One of the most horrifying fires in the history of the country occurred Sunday morning at 2 o'clock at the state insane asylum at Yankton, S. D., when one of the cottages took fire in the basement, com- he could to lessen their sufferings. When pletely gutting the building and causing the loss of the lives of seventeen inmates

Quinine Eaters.

# An Immense Amount of the Drug is Now Used.

It is estimated that during and since the war with Spain over 125,000,000 grains of ominine have been issued to American soldiers suffering from fever. In some cases men who were in the hospitals were dosed with as much as 300 grains per week, and almost every man in the army took the drug at some period of his service, either for its curative or preventive effect. Yet. lieve her headache and died, and Cornish as large as these figures are, they are hardly as surprising as those for the entire population of the United States.

We are a race of quinine eaters and the people of this country consume one-third of the quinine of the world, says the Scientific American. Although such doses as prevailed in Cuba and Porto Rico are seldom taken in the states, there are few people here who do not at some time during the year quinine in some form or other. The drug is used in the prepara-tion of many patent medicines, tonics, bit-From the answers to questions put to ters, cold cures, etc., even in hair tonics for Cornish by Mr. Osborne, many believe that external application. The official figures of the treasury department show that last public all he knows relative to the poison-ing of Barnet and Mrs. Adams, is the firm means a consumption of something like 20 there are practically no exports of this

For many years all the quinine of commerce came from the wild trees of Peru, but with the present great demand the refined product obtained from the wild trees of its native habitat would supply but a cover, a distinct advantage. In many small proportion of the world's require- places the jungle is so dense that the eye At the present time two-thirds of ments. the quinine used is produced in Java, an island of the East India archipelago, corresponding closely in size to Cuba, and having with it many features of soil and

is interesting. For thirty years the Dutch testifies to the precision of our fire. Last government, which owns Java, was urged week there was not a single day without to undertake in the island the introduction of this plant from Peru, and finally in 1852, it employed the botanist Hasshar to explore the cinchona forests of Peru. He procured a large number of varieties and to ten miles around Manila, the works betook them to Java, where plantations were ing the most distant point. assistant District Attorney. "you came to started, which have succeeded in the ex-my office this morning and told me that I tent already indicated. The government fully 2,500 killed, with wounded vastly in was not treating you fairly. I told you of India was not to be behind in the matthen, and I tell you now, I do not suspect ter, and the cinchona plantations and facto- held prisoners. All this has been achieved ries of that region produce now their share at the cost of sixty-five Americans killed of this important drug. The importance of sending trained explorers to find and cans missing and unaccounted for. import new and rare plants is shown in the early efforts of the Indian government to secure cinchona trees. Seven years of gov-eral have been destroyed because their houses harbored men, frequently disguised by Mr. Osborne, in the course of which he erumental correspondence failed to secure houses harbored men, frequently disguised said that, after searching for a man with a single living plant of this species, when in female attire, who shot from windows the government engaged Clement R. Markham to visit the mountains of Peru, at the risk of his life, and he succeeded in estab- been seized. There has been looting in lishing in the British East Indies in a single year 9,732 cinchona trees.

# Her Feet Frozen.

The Freezing Experience of a Father and Daughter An Italian, named Panquatto, and his

daughter had been visiting relatives at they boarded a Beech Creek passenger train woman was overcome by the extreme cold and sat down. Here they were found by Road Foreman Welsh, who took the father and daughter into his house and did what

Quiet at Manila

All Quiet Along the Entire Line Saturday.-After Six Days' Fighting.—Insurgents Known to Have Lost 2,500 in Killed.—They Fought to the Last. -Our Loss Placed at Sixty-five Dead and 257 Wounded-Twenty Villages Have Been Captured or Surrendered.-Cablegrams From General Otis

MANILA, February 12.-4.50 p. m.-In Manila the inhabitants have generally recovered from the alarm occasioned by the fear of a native uprising and are resuming their ordinary business. The shipping in-terests are naturally suffering, since there have been no clearances for Philippine ports within a week, but on the other hand foreign shipping has increased, especially for Hong Kong, every steamer bound thither being crowded with timid refugees. Despite, however, this quietude, many are asking whether the problem is not still far from solution. A week ago those who took an optimistic view predicted that the terrible lesson just administered to the rebels would settle the question of Filipino independence in short order. But this pre-diction has not been fulfilled. As a matter of fact the rebels are now scattered year there were imported into the United throughout the country, bush-whacking, except at Malabon, where they are gath ered in force. Even there their methods grains for every man, woman and child, as savor more of guerrilla than of civilized warfare, every bush, clump of trees and tree furnishing a cover for their sharpshooters.

Unfortunately for miles around the land is covered with bamboo jungle and open spaces are few and far between. This affords the natives, who fight better under cannot penetrate it, and only by the flashes of their rifles is the whereabouts of the enemy indicated.

Under such conditions, it is remarkable that the American casualties should be so climate in common. The history of cinchona culture in Java found in the brush after every skirmish fighting, but the Americans steadily advanced, carrying everything before them and gradually increasing their semi-circle, until now it spreads fan-shaped from four

> excess of that number, and thousands are and 267 wounded. There are two Ameri-

> No fewer than twenty native villages have surrendered or been captured. Sevand roof tops at the American troops. Many rifles and a ton of ammunition have the outskirts and this has been in direct violation of the laws.

The only incident that has broken the quiet of the day followed the arrival of the German first-class cruiser Kaiserin Augusta. When she saluted Admiral Dewey's flagship a report spread rapidly that the American warships were bombarding Maloban. Crowds have visited the scenes of Jersey Shore. Desiring to go to Renovo last week's fighting. All the roads from the city were thronged with vehicles. Saturday morning, with the intention of going to Castanea. By mistake they alighted mounds in the fields there was little to be from the train at Youngdale and started to seen. A close inspection showed that most walk to the city. When they arrived at the water tank, below Lock Haven, the young posts to the last as the bodies were usually surrounded by empty cartridges, while in the trenches, wherever there was no dead there was little and often no ammunition. Among the distinguished prisoners captured in Manila since the outbreak of hos the coal train came along, Panquatto and his daughter were put into the cabin and uinaldo's private secretary, Captain E. P. and Senor Tomas del Rosario, a member of are also in custody.

#### That time after her baby died he stayed doctrine of which is that the boy should be continually sat down upon. He must be home with her every evenin'--he didn't go flattened out and made to feel his boyish down town a-once, not a-once—" "You got that seam most finished ?" demanded Mrs. Gregg, in a tone of extreme he shows any ambition or forwardness in any direction, if he makes any proposition, he must at once be overwhelmed with the irritation. "After you get it all finished we'll go out in the breakfast room an' get superior wisdom of his elders. somethin' to eat. There's a nice lunch all It must be made manifest to him that he laid out on the table. We'll make some knows nothing, and the vast extent of ig-norance must be so magnified that he will "But it didn't last long," went on Mrs. be discouraged and despair of ever arriving Medcalf, unmoved. "In less 'n two weeks he had to run down town just for a at the exalted knowledge that his parents or teachers possess. Unless he is a very hardy twig, indeed, this dwarfs his intel-"You like tea or coffee best, Mis' Medlect and smothers his desire for knowledge. ca'f? We can boil one as easy's the other.' "Tea. An' his minutes kep' gettin' There are many, too, who unreasonably exlonger an' longer, an' in less ,n two weeks

to every breeze.

Presently he became aware that two women had entered an adjoining room. They drew their chairs to the fire and sewed and talked. The door leading into the dark hall was open. It seemed good to him--less lonely-that they should be sad.' there. They spoke in unhushed voices, as

that he was lying to her; surely she knew | hands.

"Well," said one, after they had talked of other things, biting a thread and rolling the end between her thumb and forefinger. "she had everything that heart could want. He's a good man, an' he was mighty good She bent toward the lamp to to her. thread her needle. Her eyelids flickered her eyes. The other woman was silent.

it now.

all furnished up nice—w'y, that sideboard alone cost two hundred dollars if it cost a cent! She had a cook an' a secon' girl-I never could see why they call 'em secon' girls—an' a kerriage, an' fine jeweny, an dresses. She had a plenty o' spendin' them. "'Specially on windy nights, when doors

she not speak? He lifted his head and looked at her. She rocked back and forth as she sewed. Her eyes were on her work. whom his wife had given much sewing and of whom she had always been fond. Only a few hours before her death she had spoken to him of this woman. "You'll do and leisurely and laid it on the table ficult thing for her. "Do little things for her and the children-and do them delicately-no you will not-hurt her-" She had sunk back in his arms, exhausted, and finished the sentence with a smile.

"Look at her front door," went on Mrs. "She wanted a fine one an' she got Gregg. She got every blessed thing she took a notion for, from a burgeler-proof closet for her silverware to a Poppa Gonteer rosebush. You got that seam done, Mis' Med-ca'f?"

Mrs. Medcalf held up the seam to show that it lacked several inches of being finished

'Oh, you'll soon have it done. It's a pity she ain't got any children. He'll be much more lonesome, a-comin' home at night an' not a-findin' anybody here."

Then of a sudden the other woman spoke. reckon he won't be any lonesomer'n she's been all these years, a-settin' here alone, night after night, till eleven o'clock.

No knife ever sent a more sickening pain through a heart than those words sent strong pro-Chinese speech, winding through the heart of the man who lay there something like this: "The Chinaman in the dark and heard.

"Hum-er hum," said Mrs. Gregg. "I expect it did get kind of lonesome for her. He-he-that is, I guess he did have to stay down town most of the time. But he didn't have any bad habits-didn't drink

or gamble or look at other women. He was a perfectly model husband.'

There was no reply to this, and presently Mrs. Gregg continued, "I never'd thought

she'd up and utter a word of complaint agen such a husband." 'She never did," said Mrs. Medcalf. "Never'n in her life, so far's I know. She

worshipped the land he walked on. You could see that with ha'f an eye. But she led a mighty lonesome life, model husband or no model husband. He didn't have any bad habits. I know that. He just simply

"Just heft it." Mrs. Medcalf hefted it. "Unh-hunh-solid," she said, briefly, unimpressed. "So she took to comin' over to my house to set a little while, with her white face an' her black dress, lookin' as

Mrs. Gregg arose suddenly, scraping her

"Heft that," she said, sternly.

She paused and bent sidewise to pick up if to make it more cheerful for themselves. her thimble, which had fallen. But Mrs. Gregg did not speak. She set the caketray in its place on the two hundred dollar sideboard. She brushed some imaginary dust off the embroidered cover with her hand. He, lying in the dark hall, observed her movements with that unconscious interest in trivial things which takes close together. Tiny wrinkles ran around hold of one powerfully in great moments. She shook out the folds of her apron and

stood for a second irresolute. Then she re-"Yes," continued Mrs. Gregg, beginning to sew, "there ain't many men as good to a woman's he was. She had a nice home, continued her story with irritating complacence. Mrs. Medcalf turned her face entirely away, and leaning her head against the back of the chair, closed her eyes and sat motionless, as if asleep. Mrs. Medcalf girls-an' a kerriage, an' fine jewelry, an' had her innings, and she made the most of

rattled an' latches lifted up, she couldn't stay alone. So she used to come over an' set there till bedtime, an' then go home in the rain an' dark an' go into that lonesome He knew her well-a poor neighbor to house all alone-an' him down town without a habit!"

Mrs. Medcalf had finished; she arose triumphant. She folded her work neatly something for her sometimes, dearest," she had whispered even after speech was a dif-her thimble on top of it—balancing it so it would not roll off. "He was a perfectly model husband," she said then. imitating Mrs. Gregg's tone; "but I reckon she'll never be any lonesomer up in that windy graveyard than she was here. Shall we go

out now an' get sometin' to eat?" She went slowly out of the room. Mrs. Gregg arose with her lips set together grimly and followed.

And he-he lay there alone in the dark!-Ella Higginson in Woman's Home Compan-

# "Sunset" Cox's Repartee.

A life of "Sunset" Cox, the famous Congressman from Ohio and New York, has been published by his nephew, the wellknown scientist of the Smithsonian Institute. One anecdote, not new in its point, but memory-refreshing in the location of the phrase. His colleague in the House, the late General Rosecrans, tells it: "I re

member one day some one on the other side, I forget his name, was making a up

clean, he is temperate, he is frugal: what fault have you to find with him? piped out, 'he wears his shirt outside of his breeches.' The House was crowded, and that was the last of that orator and his Chinese speech.'

In All Probability She Is.

Johnnie, whose mamma has a headache "Am I really so bad mamma?" Mamma-"Yes Johnnie, you are a very

bad boy. Johnnie, reflectively-"Well, anyhow ou ought to be glad I'm not twins."-

Harlem Life.

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e him about with tions, which if they were prescribed for in- confined there.

mates of the penitentiary, would cause a wave of indignation to sweep over the community. They expect the boy to be 10 for laundry purposes, but owing to the times as correct in his deportment as they crowded condition of the main building are themselves. In most cases, too, they fall in with the idea of Solomon's about the rod. They think that a boy is like a piece of iron, to be improved by hammering. It often happens that people will strike and beat a boy, just because they feel a sort of necessity of working off their ill-temper by torturing some one, and they are too cowardly to attack anyone who is a match for them in the game of inflicting blows.

Of course, the boy must be trained; but, coming back to the simile of the tree and the twig, it might be well to inquire how it is that the tree grows straight. If you will go out into the woods you will see that it grows straight because all the other trees surrounding it are straight. The twig follows the lines that are set for it by its surroundings. The boy learns by imitation. He follows the direction of his environment. If those who are charged with his training are honest and straightforward. correct in their deportment and in their

pearing toward one another, the boy will be likewise. The great secret is to know when to let the boy alone, and not to be eternally bending him when you really want him to grow into a healthy and normal man. - Pittsburg Times.

### Patti's Third Husband.

It is a great tribute that Madame Adelina Patti has paid to matrimony in leading to the altar a third consort. Her first husband, the Marquis de Caux, whom she married in 1868, had the indelicacy to get a divorce from her on account of her attachment to Signor Nicolini. This attachment survived her marriage to Nicolini in 1886, and continued until his death on January 18, 1898. If it had been her sole attachment, possibly she would have felt indisposed to form another, but while one sainted memory may do to cherish for aye, two sainted memories make a good pair to draw to, and very possibly Madame Nicolini has done well in emphasizing the close of her year of widowhood by a new alliance. Her new husband, Baron Cederstrom, is a Swede, and has lately been engaged in the health-gymnastic business in London. His age is thirty; hers, fifty-six-giving an average for both of forty-three: a time of life which the blending of experience with expectation makes particularly suitable for the undertaking of new enterprises.-E. S. Martin in Harper's Weekly.

#### To Sit Forever in a Chair.

Entombment Extraordinary Reported From Massa chusetts.

Genial Reuben J. Smith, paperhanger by trade and the most inveterate checker player in New England, has been jumped by death. He was entombed at Amesbury Mass., on the 25th inst. He had always bury, dreaded burial in the cold, cold ground; so by his own direction his body was placed a chair in an upright sarcophagus in Amesbury cemetery. The sarcophagus is on the brow of the cemetery hill. A solid rock foundation was first built. Upon this erected an arched house-like tomb of brick laid in cement, the walls of which are one foot thick. The brick structure is encased in marble of three-inch thickness, the roof being pitched.

The cottage was of stone and granite walls with wooden interior and intended forty of the female patients were placed there and the laundry was operated in the basement. The exact cause of the fire is not known except that it originated in the dry room of the laundry. The burned cottage stands some 300 feet

in the rear of the main building, the water tank for fire protection being 100 feet in the rear of the cottage. The steam pipes used for pumping ran from the boilers to the main building through the cottage for heating and then to the artesian well or tank. The intense heat in the burning building caused the pipes to burst shortly after the fire began, leaving the fire hose with only direct pressure from the tank, which was in no way sufficient to quench the flames. Two streams of water were thrown on the building, but did little good. With the thermometer standing at 23 below zero, the inmates who could escape came down the narrow flight of stairs in their night clothing and bare feet into

the bitter cold and had it not been for the nearness of shelter, the suffering and probable loss of life from freezing would have been terrible.

Fifty-two persons were in the burning building, forty patients and twelve attendants. The attendants escaped as did the others who were saved, with none of their personal effects, many losing all that they possessed.

Portions of charred remains can be seen in the debris at the bottom of the basement. In 1882, the asylum, then a frame building, was destroyed by fire and six strongly impregnated with salt. lives were lost.

#### Irrigation on a Great Scale.

England is preparing to spend \$800,000 a year for thirty years for the great lake for irrigating purposes, to be made by damming the Nile. Of the results of this dambuilding, Mr. F. C. Penfield speaks thus in the February Century : The Egypt of the map shows more than

400,000 square miles, an expanse nearly seven times as great as New England ; but the practical Egypt—that which produces crops and sustains life—is barely as large as the States of Vermont and Rhode Island taken together. This is the ribbon-like strip of alluvial land bordering the Nile, a few miles wide on each side, and measur ing not more than 10,500 square miles The extension planned, and to be complet ed in the next six or eight years, wholly by irrigation, is no less magnificent in conception than rescuing from the Libyan and Arabian deserts of 2,500 square miles, or

twice the area of Rhode Island. This will be exploitation in its truest sense, and its accomplishment will be a verification of the ancient saying that "Egypt is the Nile and

the Nile is Egypt." As an object-lesson this Egyptain enter-prise should have no more interested observers than in America, especially in Colorado, Nevada, California, and other States of the West, were the irrigation expert is succeeding the railway-builder as a developer.

-If you want fine work done of every description the WATCHMAN is the place te have it done.

taken to Lock Haven. By this time Veraguth, Colonel Martin de Los Reyes the girl began complaining terribly with her feet, and she was carried into the con- the so-called Filipino Congress in session at fectionery store of Frank Tomaino, where Malolos. A few minor Filipino officials certain remedies were applied. An examination revealed that the young woman's feet were badly frozen. The father's one hand was also frozen.

# As to the Postoffice.

What is the first, second, third and fourth quently asked. A first class postoffice is one where the gross receipts are \$40,000 and upwards; a second class office is one where e receipts run from \$8,000 to \$40,000; a are fourth class. Before an office can have a free delivery the receipts must be \$10,-000 or more. The President appoints the although he usually sublets the job to the fourth assistant postmaster general.

#### Too Much Salt.

A medical journal advises against the excessive use of salt. It is first of all a perversion of taste the condiment destroying the flavor of delicate dishes if too pronounced. Furthermore, it is asserted that an excessive use of salt seriously overtaxes the kidneys to remove it, and that many cases of derangement and disease are due to this excessive use. The salt habit, it is added, is easily acquired, and persons indulging themselves soon reach a point where nothing is palatable that is not

-James McCready, a fireman on the Pittsburg and Eastern railroad, who, with his wife and two children, lived at Mahaffey, Clearfield county, met a frightful death near that place last Friday. Mc-Cready's engine was crossing the bridge over the West Branch of the Susquehanna and he went out on the tender to get ready to take water at the tank at the end of the bridge, when he slipped and plunged headlong to the solid ice below a distance of seventy feet. He only lived a short time after his awful drop. He was aged 28 years.

# Back to Klondike for More Gold.

Not satisfied with claims worth over quarter of a million dollars, Nathan Kresky, a returned Klondiker, of Stroudsburg, has packed up his clothes and left for the gold regions. Kresky's success at gold digging has been most remarkable. He arrived at Dawson City on May 20th, 1897, and a year later was back home with a fortune.

# Another of the Meanest Men.

The meanest man on earth has been found. He sold his son-in-law a half interest in a cow, and insisted it was the front half sold, calmly appropriating all milk, while he forces the young man to feed and water the cow twice a day. The cow recently hooked the old man and he is now suing the son-in-law for damages.

When the rising bell is ringing, Though the world is wrapped in frost, Plunge at once from 'neath the covers— He who hesitates is lost. —Chicago Record.

Killed by their Friends.

Spanish Shells Aimed at the Merrimac Fell on Morro Castle.

Lieut. Hobson tells in the February Century why it was that the Spanish officers at class postoffice? is the question that is fre- Morro Castle believed the collier "Merrimae'' to be an armored man-of-war:

It was not long before the governor of the Morro came, making me a most cordial visit. He was followed by the colonel third class office is one in which the receipts run from \$1,000 to \$8,000; all other offices ter kind salutations, referred to the heavy fire we had withstood so long, and to the - gallantry of our fire in return. When I informed him that we had no guns on first, second and third class postmasters, board, he was utterly incredulous, and seemed to conclude that I was deceiving him, for he replied: "But I know you must have fired, for I was struck myself on the foot, though I was standing away up above." I replied that it must have a fragment resulting from their own fire; at which the colonel became serious, as though a new and unwelcome thought was passing through his mind. He too had taken us for an armored vessel forcing our way through, and what he said about our fire puzzled me. The next time Charette came n, he told me that wounded men were being operated on in the room just above the men's cell, and that the blood was running down the wall, and had run down the clues of his hammock, so that he had had to change its position. When I had a chance to speak to him and to the others afterward. they said that both a Spanish sergeant and a Spanish private had told them that the blood came from the men we had wounded -that we had killed fourteen and wounded thirty-seven!

In a visit to the Morro after the surrender, I was very much puzzled to find fresh gashes and imprints of various sizes in the rear walls, as though it had been attacked only from the sea. Every indication seems to point to the conclusion that the Spaniards firing at the Merrimac had struck their own men across the channel. This was the more to be expected from the horizontal fire. Morro, though elevated, was in the line of fire from the Reina Mercedes whose projectiles, exploding on the Merrimac, doubtless showed the banks and the rear of Morro beyond. No wonder, then, that they took us for an armored man-ofwar.

Pater-Do you think you can support a wife?

He--With the help of Providence I hope

Pater - Providence has no rating in Bradstreet's

- "I didn't know you were so sarcastic when I married you.'' 'Did you not? Possibly you have for-gotten I said, 'This is so sudden' when you

proposed after four years courtship."

-The "Buffalo" has reached Manila and joined Dewey's fleet. She made the trip in 54 days.

Jack-I'm in an awful dilemma. Dick-Engaged to two girls, I suppose? Jack-No; to one.