# Democratic Matchman.

### Bellefonte, Pa., March 17, 1899.

### THE BOYLESS TOWN.

A cross old woman of long ago Declared that she hated noise: "The town would be so pleasant, you know, If only there were no boys." She scolded and fretted about it till Hereyes grew heavy as lead, And then, of a sudden, the town grew still, For all the boys had fled.

And all through the long and dusty street There wasn't a boy in view: The base-ball lot where they used to meet Was a sight to make one blue The grass was growing on every base And the paths that the runners made; For there wasn't a soul in all the place Who knew how the game was played.

as now, so he lay still.

and the tramp fell forward across the track,

the engine coming to a standstill within two feet of his body. Instantly a clamor of voices arose, the

engine puffed breathless, lights flashed through the darkness, the ties were ex-

amined, the lantern, coat and an empty

pistol were rescued from the gully, and the

tramp was lifted by a dozen pairs of hands. "He is dead!" they cried. "Shot dead!

A young doctor elbowed his way through

the crowd. He was of tall, commanding presence, and they fell back before his au-

He knelt down beside the tramp and

after a rapid examination said: "The man

isn't even seriously hurt. There is only a

flesh wound in the hip. He has fainted

Even as he spoke the tramp opened his

eyes. A young girl sat down and took his

shaggy head into her lap, where he moved

uneasily from time to time as he told his

"A brave, noble fellow, God bless him!"

A man held his brandy flask to the

tramp's lips and another shook his hand

heartily. The tramp seemed to hardly understand it all. He blinked at them

They carried him aboard the train and the engine backed slowly toward the town,

a mile away, and as the tramp reclined up-

on velvet cushions, surrounded by sym-

pathetic faces, for the first time in his life

treated as an equal, a man among men,

strange, new desires stirred vaguely in his

"I ain't been nothin' but a no 'count se

fur," he thought, "but I'm mighty glad I

"We will make up a suitable reward for that brave fellow," said an old gentleman,

"See here! That man is a fake! His

story is the thinnest I ever heard. I say

he took up those rails and waved the train

in the hope of a reward, shooting himself to give weight to the story. Do you think

but the young doctor spoke up suddenly:

could save 'em all, mighty glad.'

stupidly, but clung to the brandy flask.

"He's a real hero!" cried the girl.

Murdered by train wreckers!

"Make way, there!"

cried another woman.

horitative voice.

from fright."

storv

heart

The dogs were sleeping the livelong day-Why should they bark or leap? There wasn't a whistle or call to play, And so they could only sleep. And pony neighed from his lonely stall And longed for saddle and rein; And even the birds on the garden wall Chirped only a dull refrain.

The cherries rotted and went to waste-There was none to climb the trees; And nobody had a single taste. Save only the birds and bees. There wasn't a messenger boy-not one-To speed as such messenger can; If people wanted their errands done. They sent for a messenger man.

There was little, I ween, of frolic and noise, There was less of cheer and mirth; The sad old town, since it lacked its boys, Was the dreariest place on earth. The poor old woman began to weep-Then woke with a sudden scream; "Dear me!" she cried, "I have been asleep; And, oh! what a horrible dream!'

-St. Nicholas.

THE TRAMP.

He was a real, bona fide tramp. His coat was a marvel of grease and tatters, on one foot he wore a tolerably respectable boot, while the toes of the other protruded through a very ragged shoe, and his hat would never have been recognized for that article of headgear if it had not been for his head. Altogether he might have been the original of the funny papers' latest edition of Weary Willie.

At present he was resting. This was the chief occupation of his life, his profession, as it were, and after many years of experience he had succeeded in bringing it down to a very fine point, being able to pursue it under the most unfavorable conditions and in circumstances that would have daunted an ordinary mortal. Such is the result of practice!

Just now the conditions were extremely favorable, the day being warm and the fence corner grass grown and shady, so the tramp lay upon his back, with one leg thrown over the other and his hat pulled down over his forehead.

Over in the field opposite a farmer was plowing up stubble, pausing now and then to wipe his perspiring face, while his blue shirt clung in damp streaks to his skin.

The tramp watched him meditatively. "I wonder why people like to work?" he soliloquized. "Queer! They're al-ways a-doin' somethin.' Now, I ain't never done anythin,' and I git along just the same. I bet that chap owns this whole place all round here, but he ain't havin' as good a time as I am, and I ain't got a red of five shots aimed straight at a man only cent. I wonder what people want to be one would hit him and inflict a slight flesh workin' for when they might be takin' it wound? And if he feared the wreckers why

#### The Samoan Situation.

through the flying rack. The tramp had reached the head of the gully. It was not very deep, but sufficient to cause a terri-What May Yet Come Out of the Present Difficul ties.-So me Facts About the People-The Condible disaster. The track sloped around a curve a few yards beyond and just here ran tions Existing in the Islands are Favorable t the Development of the Highest Civilization .over a narrow bank of earth slanting ab-The English Language in Favor. ruptly down on either side. The tramp lit his lantern, and, taking

The eyes of the world are turned upon off his coat, wrapped it carefully around Samoa, the beautiful isles of the Southern Pacific and their triple government, by the Then he lay down on the ties, flat on his face, and began to creep slowly along, squirming and crawling like a worm. representatives of England, Germany and the United States. Since long ago, Ger-many, it is commonly reported, has cher-After a seemingly endless time of creeping and feeling carefully with his hands he felt the smooth, cold steel of the track end ished a desire to acquire a control of these islands as a colony of the empire, but the treaty made at the Berlin conference of abruptly. The rail had been removed just at the highest point in the gully. Now he had nothing more to do but wait. And be killed. He wondered how 1889 by Germany, Great Britain and America by which neutrality was guaranteed to the islands and rights of citizens to the natives in equal respect to trade, resi-

it felt to be shot. A strong desire to get up and run took possession of him, but he might just as well be shot saving the train dence and protection, was generally supposed to have quenched her ardor in at tempting to gain the coveted control. Re-"Maybe I won't be killed. I might git cent reports from the islands, however, inthrough some way. An old no 'count like dicate that the treaty has been violated me 'u'd be likely to git through with a and the right which it recognizes for the whole hide. Anyway, 'twon't be much lost. If 'twould only come!'' natives to elect their own chief or king was repudiated by Germany's refusal, in per-It seemed an hour since he had lain there; then he heard the rumbling and the their recent selection of Malietoa Tanus as distant "whoo-o-whoo-o-," and in a king. At home the German empire is takminute the train rounded the curve. The ing an amicable attitude and showing herself superior to allowing the Samoan mattramp flung his coat into the gully and spring to his feet, waving the lantern up ter to interfere with more important interand down over his head. Five pistol shots ests. rang out sharply above the noise of the train, the lantern tumbled into the gully

"It would be a crime, to turn the Samoans over to the egotistical brutal Ger-man militarism." Mr. Ireland has just returned from a delightful peep at the islands in question, and sings praises of their beauty and fair climate, and their merry and comely inhabitants, and, in view of the present interest in the islands, his views are particularly interesting. "Rob-ert Louis Stevenson," he continued, "was wise in speaking of Samoa as the 'Paradise of the South Seas,' and in selecting it for his home. In my journey over the world I saw no place that pleased me so much "The approach to it is full of beauty.

A coral reef, dashed with surf, projects a long way out into the harbor, and, back of Apia, the harbor town, rises gradually a chain of hills which develop into a mountain, 800 feet in height. The climate is one

of the finest and most healthful in the Southern Pacific. It is impossible to hurry or worry there, even if one receives the news of the death of a friend, he might think he ought to go to the funeral some time, but not immediately. It is impossible to worry and it is impossible to be energetic. One can't do anything. The native character shows the influence of this languor of the climate. The people cannot be induced to work. The lad I engaged as a 'boy,' the Oriental name for all body servants, was asked whether he was a Christian. 'No,' he said; 'if I would go a Christian. to the Christians they would make me work, so I stay away.' The same boy, when we gave him a basket of fruit to carry for us into the interior to distribute to the tribes we visited, insisted upon resting every fifteen minutes and after each of his numerous intermittent recuperations could scarcely be induced to move on.

"At another time, when he performed the same office for us, we found at our journey's end that our fruit had all disappeared When we asked him about it, he replied with the greatest irresponsibility, 'I gave them all to the ladies we passed Couldn't help that.' He had made a present of some of our fruit to every native woman we had met. No amount of money is of any value to these people and cannot be used as a bribe to set them to work. All the work of the islands is left to the cannibals, the Maori, a dark-skinned, thickly-built race, who share the islands with the native Samoans.

"The Samoans, by the way,

beauty, too, a very fair skin of an olive

ing. The men especially tattoo themselves

There is nothing gaudy about the designs.

dull colors of oriental draperies. The

"They are innocent, uncorrupted, child-

ly, law-abiding and moral. Our civilized

"Any one who attempts to sell intoxi-

tains as the essential ingredient a root

known as taro, and has peculiar narcotic

qualities, which produce, even when it is

imbibed in very small quantities, unsteadi-

ness of the legs without any clouding of

fact."

2,000 men.

and Ohio rivers.

thusiastic pedestrians.

The houses require almost as little labor for their erection as the vegetation requires for the growth. In reality they are no more than huts, consisting simply of six upright posts thatched with leaves of sugar cane or cocoanut and neatly paved below with gravel. There is nothing private about them and there is scarcely any furniture in them, the sleeping apartments be-ing distinguished by the mats laid upon the floor. But they are better than elegant. they are scrupulously tidy. "I had a very delightful visit in one of

these huts. It was the home of Maliteoa Tanus, one of the sons of Maliteoa, and just elected king. He had no idea of be-coming heir to the throne when I left the islands a few weeks ago. He came up to us at the American hotel and commenced talking to us in quite a friendly manner in a foreign tongue.

"Why, that sounds like French,' I said, 'It is French,' he replied. He then stated that he could speak French, German, Italian and English, having received a thoroughly liberal education in London. He was a good friend of Robert Louis Stevenson and finds genuine congeniality in European and American society. When I asked him why he had lapsed into barbar-ism he replied that he had not, except that he had taken his clothes off. He is a handsome fellow, six feet tall, of superb build, with pleasing manners and natural ability.

"I had quite a long talk with him re garding the affairs of the islands, and he impressed me as being well posted and having an excellent grasp of the situation. At the same time his European training had not done away with the childlike simplicity of his race, while the characteristic indolence of the inhabitants of the islands has taken a firm hold upon him. In my private opinion I do not think he would walk across the street to accept a kingly crown, at any rate to-day, although he might make up his mind to do so by tomorrow afternoon. However, with all he is an exceedingly bright and intelligent man, and of course far above the average of his subjects in training and education and force of character, and I think his choice as ruler of the island is a particularly happy one, and will no doubt prove a benefit not only to his subjects, but also to the foreign

nations most interested. At the present time the natives, without exception, speak the English language. They do not pay the same compliment to the mother tongue of the Germans who live among them. They detest the Germans and do not permit their officials, as some of the native officials, with whom I dined informed me, to resist the German officers in any way or form, no matter how serious the provocation may appear. The German naval officers at Samoa are the same class of people as the German officials at home, arrogant and unsympathetic. As our ship, the Pacific mail steamer Mariposa, sailed into the bay of Apia her Stars and Stripes were saluted by the two British gunboats stationed there, but was blankly unrecognized by the German gunboat. I predict that, as soon as a United States man-of-war is anchored in the harbor and the 'Jackies' get shore leave there will be an immediate fight between the German tars and themselves, for they will not brook interference nor put up with any nonsense. "At present, with three foreign powers exercising a control over the island, the 3,-000 square miles included in Samoa are better governed than any other land in the

South Seas, and if a good government will be continued prosperous days for her will dawn. Her resources in coffee, fruits, cocoanut and copia, the dried meat of the cocoanut, have scarcely been touched, since no one lives more than three or four miles inland, and her population has the distinction of being the only island in the South Seas which is not decreasing, but increa

Emilio Aguinaldo.

In the nineteenth century there has not been a more unique figure among the na-tive races of the earth than this Tagalo patriot-or rebel; call him what you will. Philosophers call silent men wise; superficial people call them ignorant. Aguinal-do is wise among his people, ignorant among Europeans. A man must be judged by his environments, his compatriots, his race. Aguinaldo is not a Napoleon nor a Washington; neither is he a Tecumseh or a Sitting bull. He is Aguinaldo, and his name stands for no metaphor. He has the astuteness of his race, the fearless bravery of the savage warrior, the sphinxlike imperturbability of the Indian, the straightforwardness of childhood, and the innate sense of justice that characterizes all aboriginal races. It may be premature to sum up a man's character while his career is at the zenith. Some trick of circumstance or expediency may shift the kaleidoscope, for no man can stand under the microscope of the historian until the last page of evidence has been turned in; but Aguinaldo, as he is to-day, commands the consideration and respect of all who have taken the trouble to study his character and watch the trend of events of which he is the central fig-

That he loves pomp and opera-bouffe, ludicrous though it seems to the European, cannot condemn him to the showy nobility of the kingdom that taugh his people to reverence gold braid and plumed cockades, nor to the gaudy monarchies of the old world, nor to be our own bemedalled, brass-buttoned, and gold-chevroned army and navy. Aguinaldo is but a feeble imitator of a civilization a thousand years his senior. The cost of all the insignias of his three hundred officers would not equal the expenditure for the full dress regalia I have seen worn by the English colonial governor at Hong-kong. His much advertised gold collar pales into insignificance in comparison with the ones worn by the British dig-

ure.

nitary. Aguinaldo takes himself seriously. It is primitive old-fashioned idea, and never fails to arouse the amused smile of a foreigner. If we set the same representative of a higher civilization down in the presence of the Tagalo chieftain at Malolos headquarters, the smile will vanish from his face, and he will begin to ask himself why he feels ashamed of his thoughts. I confess I had to exercise my will-power to withhold an expression of my amusement when I first gazed upon the Filipino soldiery. I first gazed upon the Filipino soldiery. Aguinaldo's generalship shows itself in his resolute chin and overshot jaw. If he were a bull dog a fancier would call him a thoroughbred. In Malolos the natives told me that Aguinaldo never slept. While the Filipino takes his siesta from 12 until 3:30, the priest from 12 until 5. Aguinaldo grapples with the problems of war and peace. Over a thousand miles of telegraph wires (captured from the Spanish) terminate at his desk. All parts of Luzon, and even beyond, are within his ready reach, and every regiment receives its orders daily. He is an enigma to his people, and to the foreiguer who would probe his thoughts. Among the natives he is held as a demi-god who leads a charmed lifeeven far back among the hills and yet untamed Negrito tribes fear his name. He knows every inch of the Filipino soil, and can hold the outlying districts loyal, for his purpose is never questioned, and the ethics of right and wrong are not discussed. ethics of right and wrong are not discussed. His flag flies over every group of huts, every petty pueblo, and every junk and barge that plies the rivers and bays of Lu-zon, and it is not a stranger among the southern islands. His people, in the gen-eral acceptance of the word, are Indians; but they must not be confraed with the but they must not be confused with the North American product. They are ad-vanced in the arts of civilization far beyond

About Amber.

Interesting Facts Concerning This Beautiful and Precious Metal.

Although amber is not a precious stone, or anything of that sort, it is nevertheless a precious metal, one full of picturesque in-terest, and very beautiful to boot. Most of the amber of the world has been found thrown up on the shores of the Baltic sea, and is supposed to be the residuum of old and huge forests of a period before the civilization of the world began. A little is found in this country, a little in England, a little in the far Orient; a little of it is mined, and there the fossil trees, whose gum it was, are still in evidence in the strata with the gum extending from them; the most of the world's amber comes from the Prussian coast.

Originally the appropriation of any piece of the amber found along the shore was punished with death. At present the region is let out to contractors, and the coast is patrolled for trespassers. Quantities of the precious substance are thrown out on the beach after great storms; and in winter the amber fishers break through the ice and gather it by hauling up the sea-weed into which it has become imbeded, or go into deep water and spear up the masses of sea-weed that carry it.

The great entrepot for the sale of amber is in Vienna, where it is cut and carved in-to faceted beads and fanciful shapes. This is very delicate work, owing to the brittle nature of the article, and requires an unusual skill and artistry. Sometimes an insect is found sealed into the gum, the chief interest of which is that it is an extinct insect of a long vanished past. When any modern insect is found in what purports to be amber, it is known not to be amber, but merely gum-copal. Amber can be told from copal by the fact that the flame of burning copal is steady, while that of amber snaps and sparkles. It is distinguished from its imitation in glass by biting it, the glass resisting the teeth stoutly, the amber seeming to yield to the bite. True amber, moreover, is electrical; indeed, electricity takes its name from the old Greek name for amber, and none of its imitations has any power of that nature. The best amber will attract to itself various articles with great celerity; if warmed by rubbing, the second quality will attract with much less force: and with every less fineness of grade resulting usually from melting and remelting, the power diminishes, till after the fourth quality has been reached there is no

electrical power left at all. When the best amber is carved the morsels left from the carving are melted, molded and then recut, and the result is considered of the second quality. This process can be repeated four or five times, but each time the grade is of less value than that of the time before.

The great purchasers of amber are among the Mohammedams; and wonderful specimens are to be found in the Turkish markets. The women are very fond of it, both for its color and its fragrance, to illumine their toilets, and the men use it for mouth pieces to their pipes; as the friendly pipe is passed from mouth to mouth, and wip-ing it would be a great solecism, it is made of amber, which is supposed by the Turks to resist infection. We will see mothers even in this enlightened country who secure a string of amber beads around their child's throat with a no wiser purpose and belief.

While this brilliant and beautiful substance has no power of separating and refracting the rays of light as a crystal has it has the power of holding the rays in it-self till it looks like solidified sunshine. There is a soft radiance, like that of yellow harvest moons, in the cloudy and milky amber-the most valuable sort; and both that and the kind of a clear golden transparence is beautiful enough for queens to They wear and kings to have their favorites. are industrious; they make the soil pro-No wonder that it has again become at-tractive to the butterflies of fashion, who ductive; they understand the method of developing to their best maturity the native may tire of their pretty playthings, but will always return to them in due time, as a child returns with new joy to a long-for-gotten toy.—From Harper's Bazar.

It's a funny world. Wisht I had a chaw of terbaccer."

By and by the tramp climbed the fence and began to investigate a hay stack standing a short distance from the road.

Might's well fix my bed for to-night," he said and squirmed into the heart of the stack. Presently he heard the sound of

'Of course 9:30 is a little early for our biz, but that is a through train and bound to be worth more than either of the other two."

"But there will be more people on it." "What's the odds? A dozen more or less. They won't sit heavy on our consciences."

"It's a dead easy thing, too. All it takes We'll be pretty sure to strike a is grit. gold lined pocket or two before they can make out what's happened. And if any-one turns up beforehand?"

"Shoot him dead. We don't stand no gully; ain't likely to be a soul walk that track, but if there is crack him dead without a word. I'll take care of my part. I tell you, I'm desperate, and if—Look, there's a man over in that field. Get us. Make a bee line for that hedge. We during the night of heart disease, from the can"-

The voices died away. The tramp turned over on his side.

'Train wreckers! Well, it ain't no busi- there. ness of mine," he grunted.

Nevertheless the vision of a wrecked train disturbed his nap, and he crawled Daily News. out of his hole. He sat on the fence and nursed his ragged foot, watching the sun-

set. "It's a pity for so many people. I guess too: maybe some of 'em would he young, too; maybe some little babies; maybe a feller about my age. They're all a-lookin' at the sun for the last time if they only knew it.'

What kind of a queer feeling was this? He tried to whistle it off, but it only came back the stronger. The frogs' singing had never disturbed him before, but to-night it sounded weird and sad, and after awhile the very stars came out and looked at him as if they knew something about it.

"What a str. nge thing it must be to die! Maybe somebody 'll be waitin' and waitin' for some of those people to come home."

Not in his remotest past could he remember any love, but somehow he understood this waiting.

The frogs sang on, the young moon sailed slowly down the heavens, and by and by the tramp climbed off the fence and slouched away down the road. Hanging beside a stable door he had seen a lantern when he passed that afternoon, and he crept up, hooked it off the nail and went on his way. He had no definite purpose in view

feels to die!" He shuddered a little and seemed to hear until 6 p. m.

the voice again, "Shoot him dead!" He sat down by the roadside and said

sullenly: "It ain't none of my business. I ain't got nothin' to do with it. It don't concern me any."

only a few stars glittered at intervals gat.

didn't he wave the train on the other side nibals and never were. They never slew of the curve? Any sane man would have their friends or foes for the purpose of feeddone that." ing on their bodies, but they would, in the This was an indisputable fact, and the case of a man they hated, roast the corpse

passengers began to comprehend the whole and eat of it in small bits, which were matter. afterward ejected from the mouth. "He says he heard the two men at 6 "Another striking characteristic of the

o'clock," the young doctor went on. "Why, Samoan is their great good nature. They voices. It was probably the farmer, and he lay still in his hiding place. below, he young doctor whit on. Why, he could have gone to Fordsville and got a posse to capture them in that time! And are as merry and pleasant as children The mirth and charm of the Japanese Geihe says he took the lantern from a farm sha girl cannot be compared to the fascinahouse stable. Why, he could have gone in tions of the laughing Samoan maiden. She is always merry, she laughs all the time, and over everything. She has exceptional and informed the farmer. Pshaw! The

thing couldn't be plainer. He was after the reward. You will be lucky if you are not sent up for this, old fellow.' The passengers laughed or were angry,

hue, lighter than the Spanish complexion, and much finer color in her cheeks. Her according to their various temperaments hair is genuine Mrs. Potter red. This while the tramp tried to understand the comes from dyeing. All the Samoans dye meaning of the change in their manner, their hair-men and women. They take a lime made from burnt coral and apply it to their hair with the result that they have for months a perfectly white head. After but could not exactly comprehend. Hadn't he saved the train? They took him to the hospital at Fords-

ville, and later on the men whom they had that it is transformed into the really beautrifling. You stand at the bottom of the left behind came in to report that they tiful shade of auburn for which they were could not find the slightest trace of the aiming. "Another personal decoration which is fancied by both men and women is tattoowreckers or any evidence to prove the truth

gorgeously from the knees to the waist. around on the other side. He didn't see him said: "The man is dead. He died They are in dull blues and reds, like the fright, I suppose " She showed him the bed, and they both

women tattoo only around the wrist in the stood looking down on the still form lying form of a bracelet. "Well, he's gone to his reward," said like people with irritable, not savage temthe doctor jocularly .- From the Chicago pers, being easily appeased. They are quiet and kind, truthful, respectful to women and affectionate to children, clean-

For a Fainting Fit.

#### vices are practically unknown among them. Inebrity, which is the common vice of the South Sea Islands, is unheard of. This is The patient should be laid full length on the floor, face upward, without pillow or prop for the head, all fastenings, buttons and bands about the neck, chest, waist and largely due to the strict watch that is kept over the sailors of incoming vessels, not legs loosened, the free ingress of pure, cold permitting them to land in great numbers. air insured by open windows and doors. If in a few minutes consciousness does not cants is sentenced for six months in prison. The nearest approach to alcoholic drinks is the kava-kava, one trial of which com-pletely quenched my thirst for it. It con-

return, a few drops of cold water may be dropped over the face from the fingers held high above it, "smelling salts," aromatic vinegar, etc., passed to and fro under the nose, and the face, neck, chest, arms and backs of the hands sharply flipped with the

wet corner of a towel.

Hard Luck.

### "Well, how are you getting along with that fund you began saving some time ago for your trip to the Paris exposition?"

"I've had bad luck with it. I had \$1.40 laid away, but my wife happened to find it one day just before a man with a newly patented egg beater came around."

except that he was going toward the gully, and it might be useful. "I never did do York, is a hard worker and a man of regu--Ex-Governor R. P. Flower, of New anything, and I always got along. But it's a pity to let them all die. Better to every morning at 8, allows himself just 15 have one old feller go. I wonder how it minutes for a light lunch at noon, and does not consider the working day at an end

> "Madam," said the smooth spoken tramp, "I am not an ordinary hobo! "Oh, I don't know," said the lynxeyed

ing."-From the Philadelphia Times.

Peanut Growing.

## It is a Vast and Rapidly Increasing Business.

fruits, the cocoanut, the betel nut, the ba-A fruit and nut dealer talking to a renana, the mango, and even raising potatoes and apples of an inferior quality. They build substantial houses; they make and porter for the New York Times says: "A friend of mine who handles peanuts by the thousands of bushels, says that the people mix paints; they carve in wood; they work in iron; they make skillful machinists, good-mill hands, servants and day-laborers, of the United States eat 4,000,000 bushels annually against the 500,000 bushels they and they worship God.-Harper's Weekly. consumed before the civil war. They used to have peanuts only on 'trainin' day' in the days of our grandfathers. They had them on the Fourth of July and circus days Collecting Resin. before the war, and now we have them all

The French Take Great Care of the Trees. In the days of the poet Ausonius the the time. The civil war had a lot to do with making the "goober," as the Virgin-ians call it, popular in the North. The Boii of Arcachon were already famous for their Groves whose rich trees wept odorous

the native races of our continent.

soldiers of the army operating in Virginia and North Carolina acquired the peanut habit and brought it North with them, and gums," and the fresh forests planted since their time have given renewed stimulus to what now it is a greater favorite north of Mason's night, with proper organization, become a that he began and in that he ended, devotline than it is south of it. The North now very profitable industry. As it is, the methods might hardly have been changed consumes two-thirds of the crop sold in this country, but Europe takes fully one-half of all the peanuts grown. They use since the days of the Gauls.

them for their oil on the other side, the the forests, perched upon his long pole, fitted with its little steps, that seems at first to be leaning against nothing. He Frenchmen pressing it out and sending it back here as olive oil, after mixing it with first to be leaning against nothing. He society and remained unmarried. But ac-rests it partly upon one knee, partly on the cording to his lights he had fun. His fun a little of the real stuff. People generally have little idea of the vast amount of capipine in which the scar is to be made, some 30 inches long by 4 in width. At the bottal there is interested in the peanut business in this country. It runs well up into the millions, and the pennies accumulated tom the resin is caught in a little earthen pot, which takes about three weeks to bein it by the Italians on the street corners come full. It is then emptied into buckets, are the foundations for many a snug little fortune that cuts a big dash among the simple peasantry of sunny Italy. But the and the buckets into vats, the contents of which are in turn distributed into barrels and carried by mule carts to the manupecan is the nut that is to bring big money to dealers in the future. Texas, Georgia

factory. The foresight and economy employed by Alabama and Louisiana have followed their the French in their development of this insuccessful propagation in California, and in ten years from now we shall be raising dustry stand in glaring contrast to the improvident waste of present and future ma-terial in the forests of Georgia and Florida. enough pecans to supply the whole world. And that is no dream, but a hard, stern The trees of Arcachon are not scarred until they are some 25 summers old, and only three or four cuts are made each year,

-The new mining town of Florence, which may reach from the bottom as far as 15 feet up the trunk. For 20 years this process may continue, and in some cases for far longer, the older trees bulging out to a great size and producing timber of a much closer grain than those which have

### The President's Trip South.

President McKinley held his last cabinet -Few Pennsylvanians realize that in one of the State's counties. Allegheny, the capital, surplus and deposits of the varneeting for several weeks last Friday, as he left for Thomasville, Ga., on Monday, ious banks exceed the combined banking at 6 p. m., by way of the Atlantic coast capital, surplus and deposits, of eight Southern States. This was the claim of line. The party consisted of the President and Mrs. McKinley, vice President and Congressman Graham in his recent appeal Mrs. Hobart, Senator and Mrs. Hobart, Senator and Mrs. Hanna and assistant sec

could be no doubt of its genuine merit. It is the best medicine money can buy.

### A Pacific King.

### Tyson is the Richest Man in All Australia

Many newspapers have lately quoted rom the London Times its narrative of the from th life of James Tyson, the richest man in Australia, who lately died and left a fort-une of £5,000,000. That is not very much for an American, but in Australia it is considered to be positive affluence. Tyson was an Australian by birth, who began life in poverty, and made all his money in buying and selling cattle and sheep. ing himself to it to the absolute exclusion

nethods might hardly have been changed ince the days of the Gauls. At any time the Resinier can be seen in was as indifferent to the luxuries of life as our own Russell Sage. He wore cheap ready-made clothes, lived frugally, avoided was the cattle business, and what he called "fighting the desert." His money did not seem to interest him. Once he said: "The money is nothing; it is the little game that was the fun." And being asked what the

little game was, he answered :--"Fighting the desert. That has been my work. I have been fighting the desert all my life and I have won ! I have put water where there was no water, and beef where there was no beef. I have put fences where there was no fences, and roads where there were no roads. Nothing can undo what I have done, and millions will be happier for it after I am long dead and forgotten."

Tyson seems to nave been the modern millionaire reduced to his simplest terms. The chief end of millionaires, after they get the few millions which they require to make them comfortable, is to bestow their surplus in such a manner that it will grow. It seems hard to do that successfully with-

out incidentally promoting the comfort and well-being of one's fellows. The "little game" is a good game; so good, indeed, that the players are always in some danger of getting over-interested in it and forming too many of the combinations called "trusts." It may be necessary presently to put a limit to it. How would it do to proclaim that when a man has played it till he has won five hundred millions he shall keep 5 per cent. of his winnings, and the rest shall be put back into the general pool and the cards reshuffled ?-E. S. Martin in Harper's Weekly.

----Richard Suydam Palmer, the wealthy young yachtman, who died the first of this month as a result of hardships suffered and disease contracted during the Cuban campaign, has willed \$10,000 to Captain Casper F. Goodrich, of the United States navy, under whom he served as an ensign on the auxiliary cruiser St. Louis. The will also leaves \$20,000 to charity. Mr. Palmer owned at one time the steel cruising schooner yacht Yampa, which he subsequently sold to the emperor of Germany.

the brain. "This drink is regarded as an expression of the native hospitality and is prepared by the beauties of the village to offer their visitors. Every community has its guest house, where the stranger is welcomed cor-dially, lodged, fed and entertained. The dancing which they provide for the visitors is quite unlike the usual offensive and disgusting performances common to the South Seas. It is graceful and attractive. Be-

sides being hospitable to outsiders, the Sa-moans are charitable to those who custo-provement of the Allegheny, Monongahela sides being hospitable to outsiders, the Samarily dwell within their gates. Here in the United States we have orphanages for children, but there they look out for the interest of little orphan animals. I saw

some Samoan women who were tenderly raising some little pigs who had lost their mother. These pigs are of a species like the razor back. They are used as food, together with an abundance of bananas and busekeeper, as she leisurely took down ber husband's gun from the wall "you're about the same as the rest of 'em. You The night had grown dark and cloudy;

mild and warm climate.

-In a new jackscrew for raising heavy bodies the spiral ribs inside the frame are replaced by a series of steel balls which mesh in the grooves on the threaded shaft and decrease the friction as the shaft is turned. -Both the Czar and Czarina are en-

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

THE WHOLE FAMILY-Hawk Run, Pa.,

March 8th. 1899.—Hannah Lupton of this place states that her entire family have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for several years and have found it an excellent remedy for headaches and nervousness and for impure blood. So many people testify to the bene-fit derived from this medicine that there

retary Cortelyou. The party will remain at Thomasville for a couple of weeks or longer, if the public business will permit, as the guests of Senator and Mrs. Hanna.

near Punxsutawney, which will be built next summer, will be the largest mining town in this part of the state, and the mine will employ more men than any other single bituminous mine in the United States. A vast coal territory will be tapped by this been but lightly wounded. opening, and when the heading are driven it is expected to give employment to over He Started Monday to be Gone a Fortnight.