

THE ROUND HOUSE.

You start at the door by the office and circle around to the right, Past the engines run in from their labors, at home in the red for the night.

MISS ANN'S VICTORY.

In the spring of '62 George Osborne was brought to Knobhill, the house of his grandmother, wounded. He was there for two months, and when he returned to the army the town agreed that he was engaged to Ann Miller.

Perhaps it was the walking side by side down the long straight path that made the observers think of the church aisle; maybe it was the white glory of the Easter lilies that made them think of a wedding; be that as it may, the town pronounced them engaged.

In the spring of '63 Jane Simmons went from Knobhill to pay her father a visit in camp, and then there she was married to George Osborne. Of course the town talked; but there were busy days, when all the men having gone to the front, the women had to manage not only their houses and children, but the plantations as well, so that the talk died very soon; if Ann Miller was stricken, she made no sign.

George Osborne lived through the war, lived to be Governor of his State, lived to receive a foreign appointment; but although the little town was bursting with pride because of his achievements, and longing to welcome him and to do honor, he somehow never came back to Knobhill.

When she became a widow, Mrs. Jane Simmons Osborne returned and opened once more the old Osborne home. It was in the spring that she came, and looking from the stage, she saw Ann Miller's lilies blooming just as they had bloomed on that day long ago when Ann Miller walked down to the gate with George Osborne.

Ann Miller was still Ann Miller, she found, living alone in the big old house that once had been so full. For the rest, she dressed in gray now instead of in white, and her brown hair had come to match her gowns and her eyes. She came at once to see Mrs. Osborne, stepping lightly down the path between the lilies, cutting them here and there, and bringing them with her.

Knobhill had shrunk, Mrs. Osborne complained—which was more than could be said for Mrs. Osborne—and so many whom she had known were missing, and all who were left seemed so poor.

But, in spite of her dissatisfaction, Mrs. Osborne had come to stay; and to Knobhill, grown so poor, she seemed a very rich person. Nobody knew what her financial resources were, nor what sacrifices she made, if any, to keep her only child away at expensive schools and colleges; but as time went on, one or two clear-sighted people observed that were Mrs. Osborne had begun with four servants she gradually came down to one, and instead of going to spend every summer holiday with her boy, she went once in two years, then once in three years, then stayed at home. Was she getting poorer? Had she ever been rich? Had she inherited everything, or not a life interest? And while these clear-sighted ones watched and wondered the years swept by, and one springlike February Knobhill waked up to find itself facing two excitements; young Osborne, having graduated, had the first time in his life come to Knobhill, and Miss Miller's niece had been selected to fill the position of schoolmistress.

It was a serene bright afternoon, and the Knobhill social circle, which always met at Osborne's, had gathered and was threading its first needles, when little Miss Wilson said, softly: "Ann Miller is waiting at home for her niece. How nice it will be for Ann to have some one with her, after all these years of loneliness!"

"I, for one, would look on it as a great trial," Mrs. Osborne answered, coldly. "This girl has grown up in a city, which means that she is worldly; she is young, which means that she is scatter-brained and will make a bad disciplinarian. I opposed her election; I wanted an older woman; but Ann Miller overpersuaded the trustees. I don't expect the girl to succeed, and I should not thank Providence for sending me any such company."

"Ah, dear Mrs. Osborne," said a third voice, "with such a son you can never have realized what loneliness means, even though alone; and you have no need of company." And Mrs. Snider, the young widow who had spoken, was smiling—smiling very much indeed.

"My son," Mrs. Osborne answered, curtly, "has seen the world; I took good care of that; I doubt if he will stay here long enough to be company for any one—not even for his poor old mother."

There was an ominous pause, for the circle felt that Mrs. Osborne had attacked

Knobhill. Several of the ladies cleared their throats, and one had her lips open to speak, when little Miss Wilson, the most timid of women, made a spasmodic remark that diverted the conversation and preserved the peace. Miss Wilson was always doing this kind of thing. Terrified at the sound of her own voice, she seemed to become still more terrified at the warlike silences that so frequently occurred in the circle; and with a noble bravery worthy of a better cause, she would throw herself recklessly into these breaches. And now she felt almost as anxious as Miss Miller did about the girl and the experiment of making her a school teacher. For in this matter Miss Wilson had followed up the trustees with a hesitating yet quiet persistence that had more effect perhaps than open persuasion; and many evenings, after candle-light she had slipped over to give her sympathy and encouragement to Miss Ann. All this had done because she loved her friend, and in her heart thought fitness for the position was a small matter compared with Miss Ann's happiness. But now that the girl was actually arriving, and Mrs. Osborne was predicting dire failure, Miss Wilson was terrified beyond expression.

The stage meanwhile was lumbering about the Knobhill pike, most unusually cumbered with baggage. A great lot of it seemed for the one lonely passenger within who from time to time sighed deeply and impatiently. It was Miss Miller's niece, Sylvia Willard, and she was rapidly losing heart. At the first sight of the old vehicle her courage had cooled, for a stage meant remoteness, and with every long joggling mile through the bare country, most of it cleared and divided into fields, she became more and more depressed. For many reasons she had been glad to agree to her aunt's proposal as to Knobhill, and had come with all sorts of happy resolutions and expectations. But this bare wintry landscape, this long white road winding in and out and up and down the rolling country, this farawayness of Knobhill, made her almost unhappy. Where was the town, and what kind of place could it be? How many people consented to live so far from everywhere, and could such people be so good? Her aunt had written of the society that it was very select, that Sylvia's mother had loved the place, and she hoped that in time Sylvia would love it also. The letters had been so gentle and so kindly that an enthusiasm had sprung up in the girl's heart for the writer, and she had determined to like everything; but now she began to wonder. Of course, in this last little spot in creation, the society must be "select," because there could not be many to select from. And would Mrs. Osborne and Miss Snider and Miss Wilson, the names made familiar to her in the letters—would they know anything but Knobhill? How awful!

"Hullo!" came from the roadside. "Hullo!" the driver answered, and the stage came to a standstill. Sylvia looked out eagerly. A young man in a golf suit was standing by a disabled wheel. "I've broken my wheel, he called. 'Can you give me a lift back to Knobhill?'"

A well-dressed young man and a wheel! Sylvia's opinion of Knobhill rose. "Yes," the driver answered; "there's plenty of room."

Sylvia heard the wheel being hoisted on top of the stage; then the young man came to the door. He took off his hat and stepped in. There was silence, until a lurch of the stage dislodged, for about the twentieth time, Sylvia's traveling-bag, which the young man caught.

"Thank you," she said. "No trouble," he answered, and each liked the other's voice. At last Sylvia asked, "How far is it to Knobhill?"

"Really," the young man answered, "I can't say. I have been there just one week, and I don't know the landmarks yet."

"Oh," cried the girl "then you must be Mrs. Osborne's son! My aunt wrote me that you were to come."

"And you must be Miss Miller's niece," Osborne returned. "My mother told me you were to come."

Then they laughed together and became friends. The ride seemed shorter after this, and great was Miss Miller's astonishment when young Osborne helped Sylvia out of the stage, and loaded down with all her traps walked her up to the door.

The ladies who were dispersing from the social circle saw the same sight, and were as much astonished as Miss Miller—more, indeed, for they were not favored with any explanation.

Miss Miller was immensely pleased, first with the tall niece who seemed so glad to see her, then with young Osborne, the present hero of Knobhill, who came in so pleasantly, quite like an old friend, as in way he was, and who consented so willingly to stop for a cup of tea. Then again with Sylvia who at once fell in love with the few pieces of old silver and old china remaining to Miss Miller, with the big old house, and the big old furniture and fire-places, calling it all "jolly" and " quaint."

And Cecil Osborne agreed with her. And when the girl ended by putting her arm around her aunt and saying, "But I'm awfully glad you're not as big as the furniture, aunt Ann," finishing with a squeeze, Miss Miller was completely vanquished. Nevertheless, she blushed, and looked deprecatingly at young Osborne. This was not the way in which she had been taught to behave before gentlemen, and especially not before gentlemen. But Cecil watched them, smiling, and when he reached home he told his mother that Miss Miller made him think of a spray of lavender.

"Ann Miller," Mrs. Osborne repeated, "then raising her eyebrows and smiling, as if to herself, she said, slowly, 'She has been told that she looked like a lily, poor soul, and now a spray of lavender! Humph!'"

"She doesn't look a bit of a poor soul," the young man retorted. "And what about the niece?" his mother went on.

"Thoroughly nice, and—well, she's tall and rather striking. I'm sure you'll like her, mother—like her immensely."

The very next afternoon, when Mrs. Snider and Miss Wilson called at Miss Miller's, they were greeted with sounds of uncontrollable mirth, mingled with the notes of a violin and a piano. Miss Miller let them in herself.

"Sylvia and Mr. Osborne," she said, "are trying to make music on my dreadful old piano."

Mrs. Snider raised her eyebrows. "How very nice!" she said. "Just the thing!" Miss Wilson exclaimed, under her breath, and squeezed Miss Ann's hand.

Sylvia put down her violin and came forward slowly, Cecil Osborne following her. She was taller than either one of the ladies, and so seemed to have them at a disadvantage. At least, Mrs. Snider said later that Miss Willard had a very commanding air, and that she treated young Osborne as if she owned him.

"And it does seem queer," she went on, "that Miss Ann should have sent for her niece just at this time.

Of course this talk reached Mrs. Osborne, and Mrs. Miller also, and while Miss Ann smiled and seemed not to hear, Mrs. Osborne began to cast about for reasons why her son should leave Knobhill.

As the day approached on which Sylvia was to meet the trustees and be installed in the school, Miss Miller became seriously nervous, but the girl tried to laugh away all fears.

"I'll put on my best frock," she said blithely, "and the most becoming hat and smile, and you'll see how nice everybody will be. To look well is a woman's best card."

"Sylvia, Sylvia," Miss Ann cried, "how can you talk so?" "It's quite dear," the girl went on, laughing. "I shall eat a hearty breakfast to keep me strong, look my best, and be quiet and dignified and sweet—oh, so sweet—and you will see that all will be as you wish."

But Miss Miller was not comforted. Two ministers, two farmers, and a lawyer consulted the board, and before a half hour was over Miss Ann saw that they were not only satisfied, but delighted, and they then did the unprecedented thing of going in a body to the school house to introduce the girl to her scholars. After this things went very smoothly, for the children were willing victims to Sylvia's youth and brightness, and that evening after tea the girl retailed it all to Cecil Osborne, and they went off into fits of amiable laughter over the quick capitulation.

Young Osborne did not feel impelled, however, to tell his mother of Sylvia's success; but the next day, when she made ready for the position, that old man went foaming over a pretty face, and that new brooms swept clean, her son answered briskly that Miss Willard was much too fine a broom for the job, and that the only really good feature in the whole arrangement was that Sylvia lightened life for that dear Miss Ann. And now that you speak of it, mother," he went on, "Miss Ann must have looked like a lily when she was young, she is still so fair and fresh."

And again Mrs. Osborne said: "Ann Miller! Poor soul!" And the young man began to wonder about his mother's attitude toward Miss Ann.

At the spring draw on, Sylvia developed an enthusiasm for the work among the flowers, and after school each afternoon she would potter about after Miss Ann, digging where she should have raked, and raking where she should have dug. And as Cecil Osborne assisted her vigorously, Miss Ann declared that unless she gave them a plot to themselves she would not have a flower in her garden. The society must be the young people should be balked of their pleasure. "They are flowers enough in themselves," she added, romantically; then looked over her shoulder in a terrified way, fearing that her neighbor, Mrs. Snider, might have heard her. But instead, Miss Ann gave Sylvia a bed which she could plant and replant and overwater to her heart's content, stipulating only that she should not cross the line into the long border where the Easter lilies grew. These were quite tall now, shooting up day by day, making ready to bloom; and Miss Ann's stipulation drawing attention to them.

"How beautiful they will be, Miss Ann, and how many you have! You are very fond of them?"

"Very," Miss Ann answered. "We have always had these borders filled with them."

"Have you a lavender bed?" the young man went on. "You should have one. May I make it? Will you give me a plot too?"

And Mrs. Snider from the opposite side of the street, and Mrs. Osborne further down, could watch it all, and by the time the lavender bed was planted Mrs. Osborne's patience was exhausted.

"I have heard from Mr. Lenox," she said to her son one day, and he thinks, if you want a position, you'd better come on at once and watch for an opening."

"Why, mother," and the young fellow looked up in astonishment. "Can't I play a little while? Are we so poor that I must go to work at once?"

"Mrs. Osborne has been very great," the shrill voice of Mrs. Osborne said from the window, "and your education has been very expensive; and what may be play to you, Cecil," she went on, "may be deadly earnest to others."

She might have meant herself; she might have meant Sylvia. Cecil thought the latter was right in his feet. "I would to Heaven it were as earnest with her as it is with me!" he said.

For a day or two nothing happened; then Cecil asked to know about the property, and, being well over age, he could not be denied. It was not a pleasant investigation. But he said nothing that he would regret, nor did he write privately to his father's friend, Mr. Lenox, then mentioned to Miss Ann that soon he would have to go away to work.

"I'll give you the primary department in the school," Sylvia said, laughing, and Miss Ann said that work was good for everyone.

They were in the garden, looking at the first lily that had opened, and Cecil went on in a depressed way.

"If my father had lived it would have been different," he said; "and these lilies," he continued hurriedly, as he stooped to smell the half-opened flower—"these lilies always bring him back to me. For in his last illness—twas in the spring-time—he sent me day after day to buy them for him. They took him home, he said. I put some in his coffin." A faint color was rising in Miss Ann's cheeks, and her eyes were fixed on the young man. "And at home," he went on, "there are no lilies. Could he have remembered these, Miss Ann?"

Miss Ann shook her head. The house you live in was your great grandfather's house," she said. "Your father came, and once—when he was wounded," the young man persisted.

"Yes," she answered, "they were blooming." Then went away to the house. Before the lilies had opened to their full glory young Osborne left Knobhill; but before he went he had a long, long talk with Miss Ann, and afterwards he kept up steady correspondence with both ladies, but Miss Ann's letters were the thickest and most frequent. Things seemed to move rather heavily after this, and Sylvia wived a little, as the flowers did, with the summer heat. The circle, however, met restlessly every week, and she and Miss Ann felt bound to be regular attendants.

One afternoon in September Mrs. Osborne had on a most triumphant expression. She had heard that very day, she said, that her son had been appointed to a sub-professorship in a college. Congratulations poured in, and Miss Ann smiled, and did not say that the news had reached her the day before. She had not told Sylvia even, and now the girl remembering the recent letter,

looked at her questioningly. Why had not her aunt told her, she wondered. "I don't if he ever comes here again," Mrs. Osborne went on, "unless to take me away to keep house for him." She smiled meaningly. Mrs. Snider smiled too, but Miss Wilson cried, quickly: "Oh, yes, he will! He told me he would—he is devoted to Knobhill."

"Really, Eliza," Mrs. Osborne answered, "one would think that I did not know my own child!"

Miss Wilson's face was very red, and her breath came quickly. "Well," she gasped, "perhaps you don't know, but—well, not in this particular."

The circle stood aghast, and there was a dead silence, until Miss Ann asked, quietly, "Have you had any instruction about the next mission box, Jane?" then the company once more breathed freely.

Sylvia did not question her aunt as to her silence—a silence which had seemed strange when there had been such importance to communicate; it must mean something; and if it must have been an agreeable something, Miss Ann would surely have told her. So she only said how nice the appointment was, and laughed a little bit over Miss Wilson's daring.

"She fights when it comes to Knobhill," Sylvia said. "Yes," Miss Ann answered, "she is devoted to Knobhill." And both knew that the fight had been partly on Sylvia's account.

A few days later Sylvia received a very thick letter, and though some of the thickness was due to an enclosure for Miss Ann, she carried it in her pocket all day, saying nothing about it until in the evening after tea, when, turning very red, she approached her aunt.

"Mr. Osborne sent you this, Aunt Ann," she said. Miss Ann looked up. "So he has told you," she said, quietly. "He has my full consent, dear."

After this Sylvia took her violin, and played softly until just before bedtime, when she came and stood beside Miss Ann's chair.

"I shall tell him not to come at Christmas," she said, abruptly, "and shall charge him not to tell any one until he comes at Easter."

"Not even his own mother," Miss Ann remonstrated. "Not even his own mother," Sylvia repeated. "I will not submit to persecution."

"You cannot tell him that." "He will understand without telling." Then, laughing a little: "He writes in the most confident manner, Aunt Ann; it is almost impertinent. What have you been telling him?"

"Nothing detrimental, my dear. You agree to his plans for Easter?" Sylvia turned to put up her violin. "I shall not allude to that part of his letter," she said; "that is really too presumptuous."

After this the thickest letters came to Sylvia, and a great many of them, and the postmistress being a younger sister of Miss Wilson's, no word of the correspondence was whispered even to the birds.

Just before Christmas Mrs. Osborne announced to the ever attentive circle that her son would not come to Knobhill for his holidays, and she looked at Miss Wilson meaningly.

"Of course," chimed in Miss Snider, "Knobhill cannot have any attractions for a young and handsome man."

But this was the only response, for Miss Wilson was trying in vain to find her self. She asked out her living with sewing, and someone before she had moved her machine over to Miss Miller's, explaining that Sylvia Willard was coming out of mourning, and that as she was teaching all day long, she had no time for sewing. So now Miss Wilson did not answer Mrs. Osborne's challenge nor Mrs. Snider's sneer, instead she bent lower over her work, smiling a little to herself.

It was an early spring that year, and an exquisite one. Everything seemed to be rejoicing, and everyone at Knobhill seemed to be contented, as usual, when one day, about a week before Easter, a notice was sent round by Mrs. Osborne to say that there would be no meeting of the circle that week.

Knobhill was astounded. It was the very first stoppage since the organization of the society, and no one could understand it. Mrs. Snider rushed over to see if "dear Mrs. Osborne" was ill, and other ladies followed suit. Miss Wilson, however, ran over to Miss Ann's actually ran—she was chuckling audibly.

Miss Ann met her in the hall, and the ladies clasped hands. "Oh, Ann, she knows!" Miss Wilson cried. "Miss Ann nodded."

"And I'm sure she's nearly dead," Miss Wilson went on. "Miss Ann nodded again, and this time her eyes were flashing."

"I should like to sing the Nunc Dimittis, Ann," and the tears came to Miss Wilson's eyes. "It's all right now; Jane cannot sway this boy. He is quite as capable of coming here and fighting for Sylvia as she is going to camp and capturing George Osborne by maligning you. Poor George!"

"Eliza," and Miss Ann's voice was very low, "when George was dying his room was filled with Easter lilies, and they were buried with him in his coffin."

Panay and Iloilo.

Just at present the American people will be interested in the information concerning the city of Iloilo and the island of Panay, upon which it is situated, and of which it is the capital. Panay, according to some authorities, is the third largest of the Philippines, being exceeded in area only by the great island of Luzon to the north and the second largest island of Mindanao to the south. Between these two great islands lie a group of smaller ones known as the Visayas. Several of these are of considerable size, including Negros, Cebu, Samar, Leyte and Mindoro, some of them by some authorities being credited with being slightly larger than Panay. The island of Palawan, which lies west of the Visayas, is also about as large as Panay. But the latter, however its precedence in the matter of size may be disputed over those named in its competitors, exceeds them all and all of Mindanao in population, ranking after Luzon in this respect. Panay, according to some authorities, contains 4,540 square miles, while others give it 4,633 square miles. Its population is estimated at from 800,000 to 1,000,000. Iloilo is next to Manila, the principal seaport of the Philippines, and its reduction and that of the island and of Panay to American control, coupled with the occupation of Luzon, must be followed by the surrender of the whole of the islands to the authority of the United States.

Panay is triangular in form. Its northern coast is about 75 miles long, the western one about 100 miles, and the third side, the island, the southeastern, about 125 miles in length. Iloilo is situated along the last mentioned coast near its center. The island is divided into three provinces—Antique, which lies along the west coast; Capiz, in the north, and Iloilo in the southeast. In general the island is wild with very high coasts, except in the northeastern part, where the coasts are somewhat flatter. A mountain chain crosses the island, and from Point Panajun on the south, as far as Point Putrajun on the north, following a direction almost parallel with the west coast. Large groups of sierras branch out to the right and left of the central chain; on the eastern slope begins another chain running northeast to the extreme northeastern point of the island. Owing to its craggyness the island has a great number of streams running in different directions, the valleys of which are very fertile. The mountains are also covered with luxuriant vegetation. There are gold and copper mines and much tobacco, sugar, rice and abaca is raised. There is good pasture for cattle and horses, and large herds are raised. The largest class of herds and principal industries are in the province of Iloilo, in which the operations of the American troops are now being conducted. In that province about 30,000 looms are employed manufacturing fabrics of sinamay, pina, just, etc.

As to the city of Iloilo itself, there are very conflicting accounts concerning its population, the figures ranging from 10,000 to 30,000. It is 335 miles from Manila, on a low, sandy flat on the right bank of a small river, which is navigable to the city's wharves by the vessels drawing not over 15 feet. At the end of the flat on which the city is situated is a spit on which there is a fort, close to which there is a deep water. It is a town of great commercial importance and a brisk coasting trade is carried on from it. The better class of houses are built on strong wooden posts, two or three feet in diameter, that reach to the roof; stone walls to the first floor, with wooden windows above and an iron roof. The poorer class of dwellings are flimsy erections of nipa, built on four strong posts. It is these latter houses which are reported destroyed by the insurgents, and they can doubtless be easily replaced, while their owners, because of the mildness of the climate, will probably suffer but slight discomfort. The whole island of Panay is about one-third larger than Porto Rico, and its reduction to American authority is not likely to prove a very serious task. The possession of Iloilo gives the American forces a commanding position in the whole Visayas group, and they are likely to meet with little trouble in securing the submission of the other islands belonging to it. The Filipino population in the great island of Mindanao, to the south of the Visayas, is small and scattered in towns along the coast, where our naval vessels can enforce our authority. The bulk of the population of this island is in the interior and of a savage or semi-civilized character.

A School Teacher's Victory.

Miss Mabel Heichel, a school teacher at Hastings, was acquitted this week in the Cambria county court of the charge of assault and battery. Having punished a boy named Sheehan for unruly conduct, the boy's father had the young woman arrested. The teacher gave bail for court. The Clearfield Spirit says that the case provoked much attention of a favorable kind toward Miss Heichel, as the testimony of Dr. Rice, a prominent Hastings physician, made it plain that the boy had not been cruelly whipped. It was said that Miss Heichel had used good judgment in administering to the boy just enough "hickory" thus "satisfying the punishment for the crime" with admirable effect. Judge Love tried the case. The jury acquitted Miss Heichel and complimented her efficiency by dividing the costs equally between the prosecutor and the county. Miss Heichel is from Karthaus, Pa.

Dead List is Now 23.

Four more corpses taken from the Windsor Ruins—Hope for the Missing Abandoned.

Four more bodies were recovered from the ruins of the Windsor hotel, N. Y., Saturday. The record is 23 dead, 40 or more missing, and a large collection of small bones. The injured in hospitals and other places are recovering. Anxiety on the part of friends of persons reported missing has increased to a certainty almost that they perished in the fire. From the condition of the bodies so far recovered there is but little hope that they or any of the bodies that may be found hereafter can be identified. Among the articles found to-night were a woman's gold watch marked "J. W." a metal top of a purse marked "N. P. J." and some wearing apparel marked "H. H. S."

Formerly Resided in Beech Creek.

Dr. W. P. Rothrock, who years ago resided in Beech Creek, but who is now located at Floral, Kan., was injured recently. In getting out of his carriage to visit a patient, he missed the step fell on the front wheel and the tongue, which caused the horses to run off. The wheels of the vehicle passed over the physician, breaking several ribs and his collar bone and bruising his head. When picked up he was unconscious. He is now improving. Dr. Rothrock is over 60 years old.

Hard to Make Ends Meet.

Chairman Marshall, of the Appropriations Committee, made a statement in the House last Friday that the committee had reported all bills for State and semi-State institutions, amounting to \$5,739,000, and that the general appropriation bill, which would be reported by April 4th, would carry about \$16,000,000 more. This would amount to more than the revenue in sight, and Mr. Marshall suggested that the committee be not required to report private appropriation bills until more revenue is provided.

A motion was made by Mr. Bliss, of Delaware, and adopted, rescinding that part of a resolution which required immediate report on private bills.

The appropriations favorably reported show an increase of more than \$800,000 over the aggregate for the same purposes two years ago. The biggest increases are for the indigent insane and the National Guard.

THE NEARLY \$22,000,000 income assured for the next two years falls more than \$8,000,000 short of the aggregate demands on the State Treasury. In making his calculations Mr. Marshall allows for Governor Stone's declaration that at least one-fourth of the \$3,500,000 deficiency caused by floating debts must be paid off within a year, and the remainder before the end of his term.

The legislature is confronted with the task of finding new revenues somewhere before any money will be in sight for the charities, such as hospitals, which do not come under the head of State or semi-State institutions. In addition to the crying needs of the charities, including the hospitals that took in soldiers of the war with Spain, there is nothing but anticipation of the passage of some of the revenue bills upon which to make either a partial payment of the floating debt or an appropriation for the new Capitol.

FRIENDLY TO CHARITIES. Leading legislators feel that either by additional revenue or slashing in the General Appropriation bill, or both, the hospital and homes should be saved from much, if any, cutting below the aggregate of about \$1,500,000 appropriated to them two years ago. Neither chairman Marshall nor the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, Mr. Hosack, however, seems hopeful that this Legislature can do enough cutting in governmental expenses or bring in sufficient new revenue to be as liberal to the charities as was its predecessor.

The reform axes will not get a chance at the General Appropriation bill until April 4. Meanwhile the revenue hunters, although somewhat discouraged by the killing of the Direct Inheritance and Manufacturing Corporation Tax bills, and by the prospect of an overwhelming majority against either reducing the \$11,000,000 appropriation to the public schools or keeping all the personal property taxes on the counties, will do what they can to send to the Governor the Beer Tax bill, the Baldwin Mercantile Tax measure, the Hosack Corporation and other revenue schemes.

Mr. Hanson, of Venango, proposed to ask the House for special orders for his bill to have \$4,000,000 expended on the Capitol under a new commission, but refrained on being reminded by Mr. Marshall that as this is an appropriation bill it will go on the special calendar of such bills, and, therefore, is in no danger of not being disposed of.

TO BAR LIQUOR FROM GROCERIES. Earlier in the legislative term, when a new bill had some chance, an influential delegation of prominent grocers from Philadelphia and elsewhere might have been expected here in opposition to a bill which Elias Abrams, of Philadelphia, introduced in the House to-day to prohibit the sale of spirituous, vinous or malt liquors at places where groceries or food are sold. The new rules presented by Mr. Abrams' Sixteenth district colleague, Mr. Stewart, Thursday, and adopted, to expedite revenue and appropriation bills, practically kill all belated measures on the calendar except those of urgent importance.

LICENSES AS PERSONAL PROPERTY. Representative Fow, of Philadelphia, introduced a bill making liquor licenses, wholesale or retail, personal property and subject to levy and sale, and providing for the transfer thereof to the purchaser. Transfers would be under the usual restrictions.

THE PAY ROLL TO GROW. The fact that one of Senator Martin's staunchest friends in the House, Elias Abrams, made a successful motion to-day providing special orders on Monday and Wednesday for the Senate bill increasing the number of legislative employes is additional evidence that enactment of the measure is expected, through Martin men's aid. Mr. Martin voted for it when it passed the Senate finally. The Democratic Representatives will all stand against the bill, but the Quaries hope for its success through Mr. Martin's support.

In the Senate Mr. Brown, of Philadelphia, introduced a bill to repeal the local option laws in the Fifteenth and Twenty-ninth wards of that city.

The House took a recess during the morning and listened to an anti-expansion address from Senator Wm. E. Mason, of Illinois. He said he was confident the American liberty should not be injected hypocritically into the people of other countries with 13-inch guns.

Father's Sad Discovery.

Found His Boy Dead After Returning from an Errand. Last Friday afternoon the 10-year-old son of George Woodhead, of Estella, Sullivan county, was assisting his father to boil maple sugar. His father went away for a short time and when he returned he found his son dead a short distance from one of the kettles. All his clothes were burned off and his body was badly blistered. The boy was subject to epileptic fits and it is supposed that during one of these spells he fell into the fire and afterwards crawled away to the spot where he was found.

Anecdote of Kipling.

Seldom one tells a joke on one's self; not so, however, with Mr. Kipling, who relates an amusing story at his own expense. During his stay at Wiltshire one summer he met little Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's granddaughter, and, being very fond of children, took her to the grounds and told her stories. After a time Mrs. Drew, knowing that Mr. Kipling must be tired of the child, called her and said: "Now Dorothy, I hope you have not been wearying Mr. Kipling." "Oh, not a bit, mother," replied the small celebrity, "but he has been wearying me."