

Bellefonte, Pa., April 14, 1899.

WHICHEVER WAY.

Whichever way the wind doth blow... Some heart is glad to have it so...

STORY BY THE JUDGE.

While several of the old court benches were in the county court house in New York city, the other day, discussing a famous poisoning case...

Before a word was spoken by any of the curious benches the judge said, as though musing to himself, though in a tone loud enough for the others to hear...

"Tell us the story," exclaimed the one known as the proctor. "He was ruined," began the judge, "by his ambition."

"Ambition," suggested the solicitor, with a genial smile on his kindly, clean-shaven face, "is responsible for much good and much evil."

"The story," the judge said, "is that I entered the small courthouse in a small town in the western section of New York. Court was in session, and the hush that had fallen upon the crowd in the room was oppressive."

"I looked at the prisoner at the bar. He was a good looking young fellow of about 25 years of age. There was something in the expression of his pale face that convinced me of his guilt."

"While the trial judge turned over page after page of the law books I learned the details of the crime. 'I learned that in his house on the outskirts of the town, one morning two months before the day of the trial, John Peterkin, a wealthy old man who had been it was said, in the habit of keeping large sums of money in his house, was found murdered, slaying in the back. The murdered man had been seated when he was shot, for his chair was overturned just as he had fallen from it. Peterkin, who was about 67 years old, lived alone with his niece, a pretty girl about 18 years old. She it was discovered that the murder. When she had sufficiently recovered from her alarm, the niece, Mary Peterkin, aroused the neighbors."

"As first it was thought that the motive of the crime had been robbery, but when the police discovered that the door of which was unlocked and halfway open, contained \$1,750 and that the old man's watch had not been taken, that theory had to be abandoned. For several days the case was a mystery. Then it came to the knowledge of the chief of police that Harold Renider, the only son of a widow, whose father had been postmaster of the little town, had been seen around the house and had spoken unkindly of old Peterkin, Renider was arrested."

"When I had learned this much," said the judge, "the trial judge, whom we will call Blank, looked up from the legal books and said: 'I will admit the testimony objected to.' 'While Judge Blank was reviewing the law questions I looked at Mary Peterkin. She was seated in the rear of the courtroom and was an exceedingly pretty young woman, the pallor of her refined face illuminated by large blue eyes. She was in deep mourning, which but enhanced her beauty. 'Proceed,' exclaimed Judge Blank. 'The witness on the stand—a police officer—then testified that he had found a small revolver with an ivory handle in some bushes just outside of the window of the room where the crime had been committed. 'Were there any marks on that revolver?' asked Horace Dash, counsel for the prisoner—then I just pointed out to you. 'Yes,' replied the witness. 'What were the marks?' 'The initials M. P.," replied the witness. 'Did you ascertain who owned that pistol?' asked Lawyer Dash. 'Yes—Mary Peterkin. 'An exclamation of surprise went around that little courtroom. Mary Peterkin started up in bewilderment and then fell back into her chair. 'Silence in the courtroom!' exclaimed Judge Blank. 'With a face paler than that of either the prisoner or the niece of the murdered man, Lawyer Horace Dash, counsel for the prisoner, said to the witness, 'Step down.' The next witness called was a woman who had formerly been employed by old Peterkin as a housekeeper. She was exceedingly nervous, and her voice trembled when she swore to tell the truth. There was a malignant expression on the face of the counsel for the prisoner when he asked the witness: 'Do you know Mary Peterkin?' 'I do,' was the reply. 'She is the niece of the murdered man?' 'She is," replied the woman in a whisper. 'You once lived with the dead man and his niece?' 'I did.' 'Did uncle and niece ever quarrel?' 'Must I answer that?' asked the old woman, turning to Judge Blank. 'You must," sternly replied the judge. 'You quarrelled,' faltered the witness. 'What about?' asked the counsel for the prisoner. 'She—Mary—wanted to marry a man her uncle did not approve of.' 'All eyes were turned toward Mary Peterkin, who with an expression of horror on her face, sat crouched up in her chair. Everyone in that courtroom seemed to realize that the testimony already adduced against the prisoner at the bar was as nothing compared with that which brought out against the girl. The prisoner at the bar was pale and trembling, and I thought an object of abject misery. Then the thought flashed across my mind that he might be innocent. It was evident that Lawyer Dash was struggling with himself when he asked the next question. 'Did you ever hear Miss Peterkin threaten her uncle?' 'I heard her say once that she wished he was dead," replied the witness. 'With a moan of anguish Mary Peterkin fainting. The prisoner started forward and, despite the efforts of the bailiffs to restrain him, exclaimed: 'This is a shame. I am guilty, and that man—pointing his finger at Lawyer Horace Dash—knows that I am.' 'What does this mean?' asked Judge Blank, addressing the prisoner's counsel, who was leaning on the table and seemed about to faint. 'I don't know, your honor," replied the lawyer, who was seen to press his hand to his heart. 'Let the trial proceed," said Judge Blank, "and don't let that woman," indicating Mary Peterkin, "leave this room." 'Stop!" exclaimed the prisoner. 'I withdraw my plea of not guilty. I am guilty.' 'For a moment silence, oppressive silence, reigned supreme. Finally the judge said: 'Do you appreciate your position? That I can pass sentence of death on you?' 'I do," replied the prisoner, with a defiant look at his counsel, "but I would like to say a few words." 'Proceed, sir," said Judge Blank. 'I committed the crime, your honor, but not from desire for gain. It was done in a moment of anger, just anger, and for the sake of my dear old mother. Years ago my mother, so that she might pay some debts contracted while in college, mortgaged her farm—the home where she was born, the home that she went to as a happy wife, the home where I was born—to old Peterkin. Each year since then she paid him usurious interest. Finally there came a day when she would not renew the mortgage. That was the day I killed her. I pleaded with him, but in vain. He insisted he would foreclose the mortgage. He called my mother a vile name. I saw the revolver on his desk, picked it up and aimed at him. He whirled around in his chair toward his desk, and the bullet entered his back. 'While he was telling this story the prisoner several times pressed his hand to his left side and moaned as if in pain. 'Have you anything else to say?" asked Judge Blank. 'Yes. I want to say," explained the prisoner in gasping tones, "that after I retained that lawyer"—pointing to Horace Dash—"I told him I was guilty; that I wanted to plead guilty. He forbade my doing so—said it was a splendid case. He would acquit me and cover himself with glory. He said he would ask no fee. I urged that I was guilty, but he said he could clear me. I consented to the plea of not guilty." 'What the prisoner placed his hand to his heart and with an effort said: 'I could not save my life at the expense of an innocent person, and that person a woman. I am guilty.' 'He sank back into a chair, and Judge Blank turned to Horace Dash, the prisoner's counsel and asked: 'What have you to say for yourself?' 'I did my duty—my plain duty," said the lawyer. "As I understand it, the lawyer's duty to defend his client and to acquit him as best he can." 'Not at the expense of an innocent person," remarked Judge Blank. 'Although a prisoner may confess guilt he may be innocent. He might be actuated by a desire to save, at the expense of his life, a guilty person. He might—" 'I am guilty," shouted the prisoner. 'I did it. I did it. 'He fell backward on the counsel's table gasped and after a few convulsive movements, attempted to rise, fell back, twisted half around, and his soul passed to a higher tribunal. Judge Blank, after ascertaining that the prisoner at the bar was dead, said: 'I accept his plea of guilty.' The teller of this story then added: 'The man who so strangely pleased before me to-day was the prisoner's lawyer. He never prospered at the bar. His career was ruined with the case which he hoped would earn him fame.'—L. C. P. in New York Evening Sun.

"In Forest county there is a 2 year old child—a 16 year old mother, a grand mother who is 34 years old, grand parents who are 60 and 59 years old respectively, and great-grand parents who are 93 and 74 years old respectively. The child mentioned is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Eminger and lives near Marionville. The grandmother's name is Mrs. Estella Silvis. 'Can you tell me what kind of weather we may expect to find next month?' wrote a subscriber to the editor of a paper, and the editor replied as follows: 'It is my belief that the weather next month will be very much like your subscription.' An inquirer wondered for an hour what the editor was driving at, when he happened to think of the word 'unsettled.' He sent the required amount the next day.

A Cruise in the West Indian Islands.

The illness of ex-Secretary of the State John Sherman and the American liner Paris, which was making a cruise among the West Indies, has attracted the attention of the entire country to the progress of the vessel. The Paris cleared March 4th from New York for a voyage to the West Indies. The plan of the steamship company had been to give its patrons a cruise to and among those islands which the late war had brought to public attention and interest. Their magnificent steamer served, less than a year ago, as one of the swift auxiliary cruising scouts of the government, and it was justly thought that the voyage would be of peculiar interest on that account.

She carried many first-class passengers for two days and nights steamed south from Sandy Hook, on her holiday trip. And with the delightfully speeding hours the wind grew balmy, and the sea bluer, and the pale grays and far, faint skies of the north gave place to the wonderful coloric luminosities of the Antilles, and the white sails of the windward islands, one of the bulk of Hayti lifted itself out of the turquoise sea. Mole St. Nicholas was sighted. This is the cable telegraph station where the auxiliary cruisers so often called to take the admiral's dispatches passing between the department, in those days when the country was in a fever heat of expectancy.

The magnificent steamer made no stop here, but kept her course, to drop anchor next day at the harbor of San Juan de Porto Rico, where Gen. Miles landed his troops to commence his northward march across the fertile island, now sleeping so peacefully under the stars and stripes. For thirty-eight hours the ocean greyed, and the white sails of the passengers visited the quaint towns and the ruins, and then, speeding southward, touched at Danish St. Thomas, once the most prosperous of the Windward Islands, now lying half ruined and prostrate, but still a beautiful and interesting place, and the centre of a huge trade and shipping.

Charlotte Amalie, the only town on the island of St. Thomas, is a pretty place, with an almost entirely land-locked harbor. It has paved streets, neat, white houses, and about one-tenth of its population of 12,000 is white. All wear cotton suitings, and broad-brimmed straw hats. The island lies steep in that ineffable blue sea, and the Venetian picture galleries. Luxuriant foliage climbs its mountain heights. Capt. Mahan thinks this island has immense strategic importance, and on two separate occasions the United States government has been obliged to send a naval force to it. It belongs to Denmark, and is a kind of English merchant here, who talked to me of the island's changeable fortunes. Years ago, when slavery prevailed and sugar was the best paying staple raised on the island, the Danish government was very wealthy. Its trade at the beginning of the century was greater than that of New York at that time. Now, it costs Denmark \$150,000 a year. She would like to be rid of it. Indeed, all the Lesser Antilles are being abandoned by the governments, except some of the British isles. The plantations yielded a crop that sold for \$500,000. Think of the ruin this change has wrought! Magnificent country places have become desolate, and the gardens choked with rank tropical growths, the fields run to waste, fruit groves strangled by the huge, creeping, twining vines, walls overturned, everything crumbling. The ruin is much the same in many of these islands.

Just as in our South they used to talk, and still do, of "befo" and "wah," so here they talk of "when sugar was selling at 52." How much sugar was sold and what price it brought, they do not know. But the Lesser Antilles are none the less beautiful to the tourist, for all the ruin. There is still the matchless coral; still the magnificent forests; still the wrinkled up heaves, the groves of broad-leaved bananas, the royal palms, the drooping palms, and the ruins of man's work seem, somehow, strangely fitting.

The population of most of the islands is very dense. Martinique is said to have more people to the square mile than Belgium, and Barbadoes is not far behind. Southward still, to the English Barbados, now the busiest, and with Bridgetown, its capital, so full of modern signs and buildings, seeming the least exotic and to me the least interesting of this beautiful chain of islands.

Southward yet, to old Trinidad, with its mixed population of English, French and Spanish, Creoles, negroes of every tint, Hindoos and Chinese coolies; and then, Bonanza, where the length of a day, the great ship hauled northward and at sunset eleven days out from New York, touched at that fairest and most fascinating bit of earth, that island Paradise, affectionately called, because of its resident fascination for the comers who have lived there, the land of the "come back"—Martinique.

The Leeward and Windward Islands are but the higher levels of a submarine mountain chain, which sweeps from the Greater Antilles to the South American coast—great, wrinkled upheavals, often with the narrowest coast lines. Sometimes the slopes are barren, but even then the brilliant light of the blinding tropics, can often break upon them through an atmosphere so humid that, to the sea-voyager, looking across violet water, they are witcheries of colorific radiance. Often the blazings of the tropical woods cover vast spaces and everywhere tall, drooping palms lift their spreading heads. The little towns of low buildings, with red and yellow roofs, and tinted walls, frequently seem to be clinging precariously to the mountain declivities. From the vessel's deck they appear more beautiful than any fancy can conceive. Colors of sea and sky, forest and peak surpass language—surpass the dreams of any who have not voyaged among the islands of a tropical sea.

Approaching Martinique from the south, the island lifts on the purple horizon to the northeast, like a vapory cloud; then, as we race on, streakings of ghost blue appear where valleys are; then dim green outlines shape themselves, and suddenly the strong contour of the mountain rises above the plain, million-tinted, is before us, the peak of Montagne Pelee, with its aureole of cloud, dominating all. Martinique is a French possession, and as it is the largest and most picturesque of the Leeward and Windward islands, one cannot refrain from lingering over its charms. It typifies best the matchless loveliness of its sister island, and is far the fairest of all. Its inhabitants, too, are to the casual observer, at least, superior to the people of the rest of the archipelago—handsome, obliging, and outwardly courteous.

III. Northward bound, one sights first Fort de France, the capital of the island, and then after a brief stop, on to St. Pierre, but fifteen knots away—beyond doubt the most fascinating, the quaintest of all West Indian towns. The harbors of nearly all the islands are crossed with bars, and hide dangerous reefs. At St. Pierre, as elsewhere, the bar lies at anchor a long distance from the beach. The coils of the steamer as though it might slip into the sea, so steep is its site. Above and around, the high slopes are clothed with the dense, shimmering palms shoot up above the roofs, some high-er, even, than the towers of the cathedral, and so dizzy the angle of streets that climb from the harbor, that some one ventured the fear that a sneeze might tumble him into the sea.

Here, as in the other island ports, a fleet of tiny boats soon swarms around the ship, in which sit naked boys, of every color dice for the tint of ripe bananas, to give for coins that passengers throw into the water. Wontful swimmers and divers these little colored boys are. They seldom fail to bring the coins to the surface. We are soon on shore in this most enchanting of West Indian cities. Narrow streets, or brick and stone, with tiled, thick walls, and windows without glass. The walks, even in the principal streets, are scarcely two feet wide. Mounting from the shore, the acclivity is so great that steps are cut every little way, and even the thoroughfares, running across the steeper streets, are not level, but billow away in either direction. The population is of all shades. A white face is a rarity. One hears only the music of French patois spoken, and the costumes of the women are often scanty—a Madras handkerchief about the head, and a simple, loosely-flowing gown of crimson, yellow, purple, blue or green. Many of the girls are remarkably pretty. Some are bearing burdens of some sort on their heads, and all walk as one fancy-princesses should. Some of them wear costly jewelry of Oriental pattern. What eyes! What sinewy grace. Naked little boys play here and there in the streets. Powerful, muscular forms the colored men and blacks have. It is said that four or five of them will carry a grand piano on their heads—the usual way of bearing burdens. Women coal the ocean steamers, with baskets carried, and young girl peddlers, with trays upon their heads, climb the steep streets, and even walk the mountain roads into the interior, bearing often fifty pounds, a distance of twenty or thirty miles in a day. Streams of bright running water flow in gutters along the streets, adding to the cleanliness and salubrity of the town, and keeping it—so it is said—absolutely free from the pest of mosquitoes. At these cold streams the poorer classes may be seen making their morning ablutions, sometimes forgetful of circumspect modesty. Bits of artistic, goodly architecture are seen, and every little while, a fountain for public drinking. In some quarters of the town you will find little angles filled with palms, where you may loiter and rest. How lovely everything is! The shops are small, but bright and attractive, and drinking places abound, yet there is little drunkenness. The few whites wear white duck, or cream colored linen suits, and Panama hats. The weather here in March is like August at home.

Where there are so few whites (less than five per centum, and the proportion growing less and less with years), the merchants and public officers are mostly colored gentlemen—courteous and intelligent, too. The negroes are cheerful and polite, also. This fine race of blacks seemed to me to be between the colored element, and the mixed negro citizens, the social lines are strictly drawn. Miscegenation has always been the rule in the French colonies, and by the natural selection of such unions, a class has arisen, offspring of such unions, a class has arisen, very fascinating—from the purely physical point of view. The state of morals in Martinique is not edifying. Official returns show as high as 80 per cent. of the births to be illegitimate. There is much superstition among the colored and black populations. Crosses, shrines and chapels are scattered everywhere along the mountain roads, and on the heights overlooking the city there stands a statue of the Blessed Virgin, of heroic size, with white robes—the imposing, protecting guardian of this charming city of the tropic steeps. In the markets, busy and interesting places, there are piles of tropical fruits—oranges, mangoes, marmin, guava, tamarind, custard apple, granocidia, figs, dates, bananas, sapodilla, and the list runs on past recollection. Many of them are most delicious. And there are as many varieties of fish brought in from the harbor every morning—fish of every size and color, but not to be compared with fish of northern waters or edible qualities. The city washing seems to be done in a mountain stream, shallow, but rapid, that runs through the city. Here the black blanchisseuses stand, with naked limbs, beating linen upon the rocks from morning till night—a most novel and picturesque sight. There is a club, and a large handsome theatre, and there are not a few pretentious and elegant houses high up the mountain slopes. The Creoles live here, much as elsewhere in the tropics. A glass of some stimulant on arising, breakfast at about 11—then mid-day siesta—dinner at nightfall. This seems to be the rule.—Pittsburg Post.

Olives in History. When the dove flew out from the ark it brought back to Noah an olive leaf. When King Solomon was settling accounts with the workmen who built his temple he gave 100,000 gallons of olive oil as wages. In Southern Europe for hundreds of years the olive groves have been the fortunes of the owners. It is said that the gnarled and knotted olive trees in Gethsemane are the same trees under whose branches Christ prayed. It is said Italy's olive crop is worth \$125,000,000 a year. In one year there are not a few pretentious gallons of olives and they sell from 50 to 75 cents a gallon. A young tree gives \$5 profit a year, and in California, where the olive tree has been transplanted, it begins to yield fruit much sooner than in its original home. One county in California has a grove of 300,000 trees. Names for Battleships and Cruisers. The President has selected the following names for three new battleships and three new armored cruisers: Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, West Virginia, Nebraska and California. The new cruisers will be named Denver, Des Moines, Chattanooga, Galveston, Tacoma and Cleveland.

—You ought to take the WATCHMAN

A Matter of Encouragement.

The Widow Said She Was Willing to Meet them Half Way. It was a balmy day in the springtime, with the buds bursting into bloom and the bluebirds bursting into song, as I rode down off of a spur of the Cumberland mountains and stopped at the gate of a hewed log farmhouse, much better than its congeners of the mountains. A good looking woman was bending over a bed of flowers in the front yard, and to her I addressed myself. "Good morning," I said, "Will you be kind enough to tell me how far it is to Hill's store?" "Two miles, or so, a matter," she replied, as she moved down toward the gate and me. "Is it a straight road?" "No, it ain't. It's crookeder n'er a dog's hind leg, but you can't git off'n it unless you foller some pig path or other."

"I thanked her and was about to pass on when she stopped me. "Are you goin' right thar from here?" she asked. "I am if I can get there." "Well, mebbe tain't jist perille to ax a stranger, but I'd be poverful oblige to you if you'd do an errand for me down thar." "I'm sure I'll be only to glad to serve a lady," I responded, with my equestrian bow. "Hold on a minute," she added and went into the house, to return very shortly. "Here's a bundle I wisht you'd give to the storekeeper," she said, handing me what seemed to be a roll of dry goods of some sort. "I was too polite to ask her any questions but I must have looked one, for she proceeded to explain. "I told him 'I told him 'other day when I was down thar when 'his new goods come he was to send me a pattern of somethin' I'd like, an' he sent me that. It's black goods, fer I am a widder, but it ain't what I want. My old man has been dead for 14 months an' Sam Mathers has been coming to see me for the last six weeks, and Sam says that mournin' ain't so almighty incouragin' to a courtin' man ez it might be, an' I ought to wear somethin' else."

"Oh," I laughed, "you want to encourage Mr. Mathers, do you?" "No, not petic'er, Sam, she hesitated and blushed and smiled, "but thar's a few other likely one's that seems to be a-hangin' 'bout an' I thought if I could git somethin' kinder mournin' sorter betwixt an' between, with a yaller posy in it er a pink speck, mebbe it would be a kind uv a sign that I wuz willin' to meet 'em half way. In course," she added apologetically, "I ain't in no hurry, but thar ain't no use puttin' things off, is thar?" and I hastened to assure her there was not.

Why the Klondike Became Famous. Among the first to hear of the strike were four men who came from above—Dan McGilvray, Dave McKay, Dave Edwards, and Harry Waugh—and they located Nee, 3, 14, 15, and 16 below Discovery. These men did the first sluicing that was done on the creek, and they made the first clean up with five boxes set. The figures are lacking for their first shovelling, but on the second they cleaned up thirteen and a half ounces of gold (\$329.50), being five hours' work of one man shovelling. The gold was from the size of pin heads to nuggets, one of \$12 being found. Now the Klondike magnifier began his work, with this curious result, that the lies of to-day were surpassed by the truth of to-morrow, until it came to be accepted that, "You can't tell no lies about Klondike." McGilvray and the rest have since made a hundred dollars, surely a large sum in that country and for the time they had worked. Ladue weighed the gold, and as he came out of the store he said to some assembled miners, "How's that for two and a half days' shovelling in—\$4000? Next time it was an even \$4000, two days' shovelling. The liability to exaggeration about a mining camp is so great that it is impossible for any one to escape who writes or speaks in the midst of affairs concerning any specific locality. A man with a town site must also be allowed a great deal of latitude in such matters. But soon the joke was on the other side.

There were a few old-timers in the procession up from Forty Mile. They knew about Klondike. It was nothing but a moose pasture. It was not like some other place where they had seen gold, and so there could be none there. They climbed the hills and walked along the divide until they could look down into the valley of Bonanza. Here many of them stopped and threw up their hands in disgust. Others went the round of the creek, cursing and swearing at those who told them to come there. One old-timer got up as far as 20 above, where the last stakes were. He surveyed the prospect, and as he turned away remarked, "I'll leave it to the Swedes." (The Swedes were supposed to be willing to work the poorest ground.) Another, or it may have been the same, is said to have written on the stakes of 21, not the usual "claim," etc., but "This moose pasture is reserved for the Swedes and Cheechakoos" (new-comers). Louis Rhodes staked it right afterwards. When he had written his name, he said to his companions, being ignorant of staking in such a place, that he "would cut his name off for 'em" (his) (twenty-five cents).—Harper's Weekly.

The losses of our troops in the Philippines since August 6th are officially reported as follows: Killed in battle and died of wounds, 214; died of disease, 254. Total deaths, 468. Wounded, 1,020, or a total of casualties, 1,489. The Tenth of Pennsylvania has lost 15 killed in action or died of wounds and six dead of disease; twenty-five are reported wounded and one missing. The usual proportion of wounded to killed is five to one, but the Tenth had 15 killed to 25 wounded, while in the entire army in the Philippines the loss was 214 killed to 1,020 wounded. A correspondent writes: At present we know that about 400 American soldiers have perished in the Philippines, since fighting with the Spaniards ended, who would have not died in the course of nature at home. At the modest estimate placed upon the money value of men by our courts this is a loss of \$2,000,000 in dead soldiers alone. As the total gross value of Philippine imports from the United States used to be less than \$170,000 a year in time of peace, in how many decades will the natural profits of Philippine trade, with an open door policy in force, amount to \$2,000,000? In how many centuries can such trade be expected to balance the other items in the debit account of imperial America?

How Silk is Made. The Trees Come from and How the Worm is Cared for. Never has silk been so popular as it is today. It would be impossible for woman to get along without it. The silk worm and the mulberry tree upon which it feeds are natives of East Asia, and silk has been made from time forever. Nearly 3000 years before Christ a Chinese empress is said to have raised silk worms, and from the earliest ages webs of the shimmering substance woven from the cocoons were imported articles of commerce. To-day the silk trade of China and Japan is the largest and most important of all their branches of commerce. The white mulberry, upon which silk worms feed, can be easily raised. In April the leaves appear, and then the silk worm grower takes down his cards of silk worm eggs, which he has kept from the preceding Summer and hangs them in some airy place. In a few hours the tiny silk worms appear and are fed with chopped mulberry leaves. They grow for over a month and eat enormous quantities of the big leaves. When ready to spin the worm is 6000 times as large as when it emerged from the egg and is almost transparent. A cocoon consists of a single thread from 300 to 425 feet long, and it takes a week to finish. Out of every 100 only about forty are perfect. The rest, however, are worked up into coarse floss silk. Perfect cocoons which are to be reeled off into the thread for weaving are placed in the sun and steamed to kill the silk worm inside. Japanese raw silk ranks next to that of France and Italy.

A Giant at His Winter Home. Eleanor, above Punksutaway, probably has the largest giant in the United States, in the person of "Col." Cooper. His height is eight feet four inches, and he weighs over 300 pounds. He is a foreigner, but became a citizen of the United States by taking out papers at Brookville a few days ago. Cooper travels with a show in the summer and makes his home at Eleanor in the winter. —One of our school girls asked her teacher this question the other day: What three noted men had trouble growing out of their connection with fruit trees? He couldn't tell, and she enlightened him by saying, "Adam, with the apple tree; Washington, with the cherry tree and Quay with the plum tree. —Pimples, boils and humors show that the blood is impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier that medicine can buy.

Doves of Florence.

I was passing the winter in the city of Florence. On a Sunday morning as I was entering the colonnade of the Uffizi Gallery the doves that haunt this classic porch were collected in two little flocks in the street, and were being fed with bread from the hands of the tourists, says Our Animal Friends. The old pensioner who sells corn (done up in newspaper cornucopias) looked on ruefully while the doves contented themselves with crumbs instead of grain. To "treat" the doves and to lighten the spirits of the little old corn merchant by making her pocket the heavier by a copper soldo I bought one small package of her merchandise. Pausing at the entrance of the colonnade, as I did so, I had not time even to invert my paper horn-of-plenty before the benediction of wings fell upon me. The blessed birds, with a swift and sweet susurrus, rose from their mean meal of crumbs, circled and settled around me and the prize. Some lighted on the railing; but as many as could find a foothold there, chose my outstretched arms and hands. Crowding each other until they made a feathery shield, they swept down and took possession. To make an equal division, I tried to scatter some of the corn for those below. It was gone almost instantly, and so too, was another and another paper bag of grain; and the astonished almoners of bread saw themselves quite deserted for the impromptu bounty of Ceres lavished on my equally astonished self. A little crowd of Italians—of children and the childlike—gathered around, glad to have the city's pets appreciated, and no less glad, perhaps, to see the pleasure which the foresters had in feeding them. I touched with my face the shield of wings.

One small white dove, tamer than the rest, lingered on my arm even after all the corn was exhausted, and did not seem averse to caresses. I am told that this dove, which had in some way been injured, was a particular pet; and, also, that my lovely experience might occur to any one who would invest a soldo in corn for feeding with the public's generosity.

A 30 Year's Sulk. Living 10 miles east of Bardonia, Ky., is one of the most singular characters in the State. Now in his 75th year, he has not touched his foot to the earth for over 30 years. Living in a comfortable residence, surrounded by many acres of the best land in the county, he is spending his declining years in solitude. Basil Hayden is one of the wealthiest farmers in a district composed of half a dozen counties, and he descended from a family well-known in the pioneer annals of the State. Many of his forefathers also been distinguished in the different lines of life, says the Philadelphia Times.

Basil Hayden, or the "Hermit," as he is known throughout the section in which he lives, in his youth was a social leader and very popular among his friends. When the war broke out he entered the Confederate army and made a good soldier to the end. When he returned home he found his slaves free and his property greatly damaged. The emancipation of his negroes affected him seriously and he brooded over it constantly. He became silent and morose, declining all overtures of friendliness on the part of his neighbors. He declared the Lord had dealt harshly and unjustly with him in depriving him of his slaves, and out of revenge he refused to set his foot on the Lord's ground. And so far he has kept his vow.

Never since registration has he appeared without his door, nor will he converse with any save two, and then his words are of the briefest possible character. His lauded interests are extensive, and, under the management of a competent overseer, yield him a handsome income. The former makes his reports to the overseer of his slaves, and out of revenge he refused to set his foot on the Lord's ground. And so far he has kept his vow.

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