

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little boy dog is covered with dust, But sturdy and staunch he stands;

THE FLOWER THAT GREW IN THE SAND.

Demaris opened the gate and walked up the narrow path. There was a low hedge of pink and purple candytuft on each side.

Demaris watched it sinking lower, and thought how slowly the sun was setting behind the straight pines on the crests of the blue mountains.

Demaris stood upright with a tortured look. "Oh, ma!" she exclaimed. Her voice was harsh with pain.

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her mother. "Everything upsets on it so! Get one from the kitchen—the one that's got cherries painted on the back of it.

The chair was brought. The bottles were placed upon it. Demaris stood waiting.

"Now rub my head with the camfure, or I'll go crazy. I can't think where 't comes from!"

"For a long time there was silence in the room. Mrs. Ferguson lay with her eyes closed. Her face wore a look of mingled injury and reproach.

"Nelly," said Demaris, after a while, "could you make a fire 'n the kitchen stove? Or would you rather try to do this while I build it?"

"Huh-nuh," said the child, shaking her head with emphasis. "I'd rather build a fire any time."

"All right. Put two dippers of water 'n the tea-kettle. Be sure you get your dampers right. An' I guess you might wash some potatoes an' put 'em in to bake.

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brought the color beating into her cheeks. "What!" he said. "Ain't you ready?"

"Why, the boat leaves in an hour, an' it's a good long walk to the wharf. You'll have to hurry up, Demaris."

"You can't go? Why can't you?" "I can't go," she lifted her eyes bravely. Then tears swelled into them slowly until they were full.

"Why can't you, Demaris?" "My mother's sick. Just hear her moanin' clear in her face.

Young Viker's face was a study. "Why, she was sick last time I wanted to take you somers—to a dance, wa'n't it?"

"Yes—I know." "An' time before that when I wanted you to go to a church sociable up 'n String Town."

"Why, she must be sick near onto all the time, accordin' to that." "She is—pretty near." She withdrew her hand. There was a stiff-looking lounge in one corner of the room.

The young man followed and sat down beside her. "Why, my dear," he said, very quietly; "you can't stand this sort of thing. It's wearin' you out. You never did look light an' happy, like other girls o' your age; an' lately you're gettin' a real pinched look. I feel 's if 't was time fer me to inter-

It was dim twilight in the room now. Demaris turned her head aside. The tears brimmed over and fell fast and silently. "Interferin' won't do any good," she said, resolutely. There's just two things about it. My mother's sick all the time behind the straight pines on the crests of the blue mountains.

"Well, 's long 's you stay at home it'll all come onto you. You ain't able to carry 's a load."

"Demaris, you'll just have to leave." "What?" said the girl. She turned to look at him in a startled way. "Leave home? I couldn't think o' doin' that."

He leaned toward her and put his arm around her, trembling strongly. "Not even to come to my home, Demaris? I want you, dear; an' I won't let you kill yourself workin', either. I ain't rich, but I'm well enough off to give you a comfortable home an' some 'n to do your work fer."

There was deep silence. Each felt the full beating of each other's heart. There was a rose bush under the window, an old-fashioned one. Its blooms were not beautiful, but they were very sweet. It had flung a slim, white spray of them into the room. Demaris never smelled their fragrance afterward without a keen, exquisite thrill of passion, as brief as it was delicious.

"I can't, Frank." Her tone was low and uncertain. "I can't leave my mother. She's sick an' gettin' old, I can't." "Oh, Demaris! That's rank foolishness."

"Well, I guess it's the right kind o' foolishness." He drew away and sat looking at his one. His brows were pressed together in her lap.

"Why, it ain't expected that a girl 'ad ought to stay and take care o' her mother, forever, is it? It ain't expected that she'd ought to turn herself into a hospital nurse, is it?"

"Don't talk that way, Frank. That ain't respectful to my mother. She's had a hard life, an' so's my father. You know I want to come, but I can't. It's my place to stay an' take care of her. I'm goin' to do it—hard 's it is. My leavin' 'em u'd just take the heart out o' both o' 'em."

's so terrible rough! Is that girl goin' to stay in there forever?" Demaris lifted her head and walked steadily into the little poor parlor. "I'll have to ask you to go now, Frank; my mother needs me."

"Well, dear." He reached his strong arms to her. She stood back, moving her head from side to side. "No Frank, I can't marry you, now nor ever. My mother comes first."

"But you ain't taken time to make up your mind, Demaris, I'll wait fer an answer."

"It's no use. I made up my mind out 'n the hall. You might as well go. When I make up my mind it's no use in tryin' to get me to change it. I hadn't made 't up before."

He went to her and took her hands. "Demaris," he said, and all his heart-break was in his voice, "do you mean it? Oh, my dear, I'll go if you send me; but I'll never come back again—never!"

She hesitated but for a second. Then she said very coldly, without knowing you're here. You've been good to me, but—it's all over. Goodby."

He dropped her hands without a word, and went. She did not look after him, or listen to his footsteps. She went to the cellar with Nelly to get the kindling wood, which she arranged in the stove for the match in the morning.

Then she went into her mother's room. She looked pale in the flickering candle light. "Take care o' ma now, pa," she said. "You got to bed and rest. I know you're all tired out—ploughin' 'er since sun-n-I ain't a bit sleepy. I couldn't sleep if I went to bed."

She moistened her fingers with camphor and commenced bathing her mother's hair.—Ellen Higginson in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Troops Wanted: Larger Army is Desired in the Philippines—Too Small Number There—What the Inadequacy is Said to Have Led Up to—Cannot Hold Territory.

The events of the past week have emphasized the need of a much larger army, without which according to the best authorities in Manila, it would be attempting the impossible to expect to establish American supremacy in the Philippine Islands.

The inadequacy of the American forces is said to be responsible for the large total loss in the number of small encounters without material results as a compensation. Most of the fighting has been in territory which the Americans had swept, but have been compelled to abandon, because they could not spare troops to hold it.

The forces commanded by Generals MacArthur and Lawton hold two important lines of communication and communication—the railroad to San Fernando and the Rio Grande river. But much of the country they have swept, including scores of the smaller towns and some of the larger ones have been left unoccupied simply for want of men to hold them.

The insurgents have returned and are occupying the towns the Americans abandoned and are camping in the jungles and woods outside. Others are on the watch for chances to harass the garrisons and attack scattered parties or detached companies with greater forces. This is the kind of warfare they prefer to general battles.

The secretary of war has ordered 2,000 recruits now at San Francisco for regular regiments in the Philippines to sail on the transport Sheridan June 7 for Manila. This ship will be utilized to bring home volunteers to the Philippines.

The minister of war, General Polavieja, has received a dispatch announcing the evacuation of Zamboanga, Island of Mindanao, by the Spanish garrison. The dispatch further said that as the Spaniards had declined to assist to the Filipinos' demands that the arms and munitions of war should be surrendered with the city, fighting ensued, the Spaniards suffering some loss. The dispatch adds that the natives continue bitterly opposed to the idea of American annexation and that the conquest of Mindinao will prove to be a tough task.

Still Snow Bound. Colorado Railroad Buried Under the Heavy Drifts. The South Park Line May not be Open for Summer. Heavy Losses in Cash to Companies.

Rosa Bonheur the Artist Dead. Famous Painter of Animals Succumbs to Disease. Her Work won Favor Everywhere. The First Great Picture Wrought was the Horse Fair, Which is now Owned in This Country—An Industrious Career Marked With Many Successes. How She Gained Renown.

FONTAINEBLEAU, FRANCE, May 26.—Rosa Bonheur, the famous animal painter, died at 11 o'clock to day of congestion of the lungs.

Of the celebrated paintings which have been produced in the present century, one of the best known is the Horse Fair. This picture, which now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, to which it was presented by Cornelius Vanderbilt, the purchaser at the Stewart sale, made Rosa Bonheur world known, and although it is among the earliest of her productions, having been exhibited in the Salon fifty-three years ago, it is the one, above all others, with which her name is most frequently associated, and by which she will be best remembered.

The Horse Fair inspired Horace Vernet to proclaim Rosa Bonheur the first female artist that France had produced. Hamerton calls her "the most accomplished female painter who ever lived."

Victor Hugo characterized the boldness of her conception as sublime. "As a creative artist," he said, "I place her first among women, living or dead. And if you ask me why she thus towers above her fellows, by the majesty of her work silencing every detractor, I will say it is because she listens to God, and not to man. She is true to self."

Nature predestined Rosa Bonheur for a painter. She did not become one without remembrance, and even opposition. Her mother, it is true, perceived the dawn of great ability in her child. As early as 1823, the little girl was then 7, Madame Bonheur wrote to her husband, "I cannot say what Rosa will be, but of this I am sure, she will be no ordinary woman."

There were no women artists at that time. They were not to be tolerated; and when Rosa, the daughter of a painter of recognized ability, and surrounded with works of art to which her youthful mind was readily impressed, had quite naturally developed a taste for drawing, M. Bonheur at first determined to check it. But the passion in Rosa for drawing interfered very much with her other studies. At school her principal amusement was to copy her father's sketches of sheep, shepherds and shepherdesses, and animals of all kinds. At 12 years of age her father thought that the time had come for her to learn an occupation.

HER EARLY EXPERIENCES. He apprenticed her to a country. In a very little while Rosa rebelled. Needlework proved as little suited to her taste as book-learning. The father, who was an accomplished draftsman, at last decided to foster her artistic inclinations. He began to give her lessons, and soon father and daughter worked together in the Louvre, copying pictures. The appearance of the little girl with a yellow braid, tied with a bit of blue string, mixing paints and helping her father in the Louvre, was a source of amusement to some; of censure from others. On every hand indignation was expressed and M. Bonheur was severely remonstrated with.

"Let's cut off the braid, and I'll wear boy's clothes and be a boy," said Rosa. The next day Raymond Bonheur had developed a taste for drawing, M. Bonheur at first determined to check it. But the passion in Rosa for drawing interfered very much with her other studies. At school her principal amusement was to copy her father's sketches of sheep, shepherds and shepherdesses, and animals of all kinds. At 12 years of age her father thought that the time had come for her to learn an occupation.

While she soon distinguished herself by her copies of the most beautiful works of the old painters, it was not long before she began to paint original pictures. Her father, which she later attained such high excellence, when the Museum of the Louvre was closed she would take her sketching materials into the environs of Paris, where she imbibed the love of verdure, of sky, of space and of air, which are as much of the features of her pictures as are the animals they surround.

When eighteen years old she painted her first contributions for the Salon, a picture of two pet rabbits, and another representing sheep and goats.

AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL. When she was twenty-three the Salon awarded her a gold medal of the third class. Three years later the jury awarded her the premiere medaille. She began The Horse Fair when twenty-eight. It was the largest canvas ever attempted by an animal painter. It was exhibited at the Salon of 1855. The picture became the rage of Paris. It was engraved by Thomas Landseer, then the finest line engraver in England. The price it brought at the Stewart sale was \$53,000, \$20,000 more than Mr. Stewart paid for it.

All the honors of the Salon were heaped upon the young woman painter. By special decision all of her work henceforth was declared exempt from examination by the jury of admission. Her fame hitherto had been confined to France, but it now crossed the Channel and through England became world-wide.

The Horse Fair was sent some time after to the exhibition at Ghent, where it proved no less successful than it had been at Paris. The citizens of Ghent, wishing to show their gratitude to the artist for the loan of her work, made her a present of a magnificent canvas, engraved after the picture itself. Subsequently The Horse Fair was sold to M. Gambart, a picture dealer, who first took it to England and then to America, it finally passing into the possession of Mr. Stewart and at his death to the Metropolitan Museum. Rosa Bonheur painted two replicas of the picture, one of which is at the present time in the National Gallery at London.

In 1860 she bought a fine old house and park near Fontainebleau. Here she has since resided. She built a large atelier, and in the park and grounds of the chateau were to be found at different times the animals which the artist used as models. She has kept her dogs of all kinds, sheep and goats, cows of many breeds, lions and wild boars and deer.

HER MANY PAINTINGS. While Rosa Bonheur publicly displayed few pictures in Paris since the exhibition of The Horse Fair, she painted many. Bulls, beasts, and sheep, horses and oxen equally served her as models. Her painting was strong, simple and sincere. She was in thorough sympathy with nature and her knowledge of animal forms is manifest in the vigor of drawing, action and temperament in her delineation of them. The weak point in her technical equipment was her color; her pictures were not always harmonious in combination and tone.

Rosa Bonheur was possessed of a strong, earnest and interesting personality. Her honest did not make her arrogant, and she was beloved by all who knew her. When the Empress Eugenie planned the Cross of the Legion of Honor on Rosa Bonheur's homely blue blouse, she kissed her and said that "she was happy to be able herself to thus recompense her talent, for

which, as a woman, she felt a great pride, and that she honored in her the woman as much as the artist."

Desperate Struggle With a Bull. Levi Hainley, of Peck Station, Blair County, has an interesting story to tell about his escape from a savage bull. The animal in question, a two-year-old Holstein, was turned out of the barn and allowed to go to the watering trough. When Mr. Hainley noticed that the beast did not go back to the barn he attempted to drive it back, when to his surprise it turned and with lowered head came down upon him. He grasped a heavy club and struck the animal on the head which caused it to wheel about and start for the stable. Still holding his club in his hand he followed it up the lane when to his utter surprise just before it reached the barn it turned again and with a hoarse bellow dashed upon him. He had his club upraised to strike, but before he could administer the blow the bull had him on his horns.

Although he was a strong man he was lifted from his feet as if he had been a little child. The enraged beast carried him fully seventy-five yards and threw him against a woven wire fence. A desperate struggle ensued. The bull attempted to throw him again to gore the man, who could not escape. Mr. Hainley grasped the horns that were tossing him about, but could no more hold on to them then he could with his hands have stayed a moving locomotive. He managed, however, to keep between the horns, at the same time crying out loudly for help. His son, who was working in the barn, finally heard the shouts of his father and quickly ran to his assistance. The young man who was accustomed to take care of the bull was able to drive the animal away. It went to its stall quietly and submitted to being tied up without any show of resistance.

Mr. Hainley was badly bruised about the body and had a scar on the side of his head where the bull had struck him with one of his horns. Arrangements were made immediately to get rid of the animal and the next day he was sold to a butcher at Newry. The latter had considerable difficulty in driving the animal to the slaughter house, but finally succeeded in doing so without serious mishap.

An Awful Tornado. Buildings Carried Away as if They Were Straws. Farmers Hurried to Their Cattle Cells and Many Miraculous Escapes Made—Several Houses Destroyed Completely.

OMAHA, May 27.—A tornado swept Kearney county early this morning. Every building in its circuitous path was wrecked and much livestock perished. Houses were picked up, carried some distance and then dashed to splinters.

Fortunately the storm moved slowly, giving the people time to reach their cellars. One mile north of Minden the cyclone struck the farm of Joseph T. Newman. The latter saw it coming and with his wife and son ran to a plowed field, where they buried themselves in a furrow. Their house was wrecked and they escaped injury.

It also struck the farm occupied by Joseph Bayer and completely ripped everything from the premises. Mr. Bayer saw the storm coming. He seized his infant child in his arms, together with a heavy quilt, and calling to his wife to follow, made his way to a thick clump of trees. One end of the quilt was fastened to the bottom of a massive tree, and Mr. Bayer and family crawled under it and lay flat on the ground till the storm had passed. The tree under which Mr. Bayer and family were lying was twisted and broken and almost tied into knots.

Mr. Bilsbach, with his family of eight had just succeeded in entering the barn, when the cyclone crossed the road with a roar and landed in the front yard. When the family ventured from their place of safety they were in the midst of a lot of debris. Not a building was to be seen upon their farms.

Sioux City, Ia., May 27.—Severe rain-storms which have been almost continuous for three days culminated to-night in a terrific downpour, with hail. Reports of damage to small grain, fruit and garden truck are coming in from North-western Iowa, Nebraska and South Dakota.

Wanted to Get the News. A young man with a monster bouquet of violets on the lapel of his light overcoat rushed up to the hotel news stand and exclaimed: "Give me a copy of all the morning papers. I want to read about the election."

"Yes, sir. All of them have full accounts of the election." "I don't care about the election. I want to read about the wedding."

"Was there a wedding yesterday?" asked the boy in charge, who had freckles and a turn-of-mind that did not appear to care whether he lost his place or not. "Of course there was."

"Sure?" "Certainly; I was there." "Was it a fine wedding?" asked the boy. "How do I know? That's what I want to read about."

"But you were there." "Yes. But I don't know who else was, except in one or two instances." "Couldn't you ask questions?"

"No. Everybody was too busy to pay attention to me. I tried to blow my way into the occasion once or twice, but it wasn't any use. All that was expected of me was to stand around and do what I was told and speak till I was spoken to. I wasn't anybody of any consequence at all. I was merely the bridegroom."

Rev. David Conway's Will. He Leaves \$5,000 to the Mt. Joy Presbyterian Church. The will of Rev. David Conway, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Mt. Joy, who was a great friend of Rev. Dr. Laurie of this place, and who has visited here many times was admitted to probate recently. He was injured in a runaway accident several weeks ago and died at the General Hospital in Lancaster. A few hours before his death he made his will. He bequeathed \$5,000 to the Mt. Joy Presbyterian church, \$2,500 to his nephew, David A. Sharkey, of Oswego, New York, and \$3,000 to his sister, Margaret Hunter, of Garvey, Ireland. The balance of his estate is to be divided between the church, his nephew and his sister. As the will was made within thirty days of his death the bequest to the church falls, if there is any objection on the part of the heirs of the dead preacher. M. S. Bowman, of Mt. Joy, was made executor of the will.

You ought to take the WATCHMAN.