Democratic Hatchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., July 21, 1899.

THE GOOD OLD GIRLS.

There are no girls like the good old girls-Against the world I'd stake 'em! As buxom and smart and clean of heart As the Lord knew how to make 'em! They were rich in spirit and common sens A piety all supportin';

They could bake and brew, and had taught school, too, And they made the likeliest courtin'!

There are no boys like the good old boys

When we were boys together! When the grass was sweet to the brown ba

feet That dimpled the laughing heather: When the pewee sung to the summer dawn Or the bee in the billowy clover,

Or down by the mill the whip-or-will Echoed his night song over. There is no love like the good old love-

The love that mother gave us! We are old, old men, yet we pine again

For that precious grace-God save us! So dream and dream of the good old times,

And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder, As those dear old dreams bring soothi gleams

Of Heaven away off vonder. Eugene Field.

A GRAFT ON THE FAMILY TREE.

The house was old, even for Rosquesbury. To-night the windows blazed with light. Bonfires burned at the corners of the crooked old streets that wound about it and rockets cut sharply through the smoke that rose slowly from them. Beneath the wide, old roof that spread

above the twinkling windows, more than one of the signers of the Declaration of no, he was waiting for her ! American Independence had feasted and slept in the grand old time of long ago. For the first owner of the place had been a patriot-a rich generous man, proud and brave. In the long picture gallery hung blood girl?" his portrait, the grim, powder-burnt face looking sternly down from its frame. And on the pages of the histories down in the began to strike. library was his name in honorable place.

To night the great grandson of the brave old man had called his friends together and the ancient walls rung with merrymaking.

This great grandson was a man worthy of his sire. Proudly he traced his lineage "A fan please. On the table—get one for me." Slowly the heavy strokes beat through the music. When he brought the fan she was gone. On the rug lay a small slipper. Laughingly he tucked it in his back to the stern old warrior who looked down from the gallery wall. There were those who declared that in Philip Annesley the old man lived again.

But to-night when the great fires leaped pocket. and danced among the logs piled up in the old streets and the priceless chandeliers in the old halls and parlors twinkled and shone like new constellations and the music from many stringed instruments throbbed through the great rooms, nobody of all the gay company gave thought to a time so long gone. The present happiness was sufficient

Ladies in quaint costumes and men in quaint old clothes danced and chatted behind puzzling masks, for this was a masquerade, and from the ocean came a soft. caressing wind adding its sweetness to the beauty of it all.

In the yellow breeches and blue coat and diamond buckles of his illustrious ancestor Philip Annesley moved among his guests, and many a bright eye peeped slily out at him and many a white hand stayed his progress through the great rooms. He had made an oration in the town hall to-day that had brushed the ashes of indifference aside and set patriotism aglow. There was no mistaking the tall figure with its swing-

shelter that would enable her to live on and

grow old. Fifteen years ago Miss Annes-ley had gone on a journey and she had re-turned with a child, a little shy, quiet girl, with big brown eyes and close cut, reddish hair. And the child had made a place for Arthur Wylde. herself. Not friend, not servant, not any-

"But I want to, may I?" eagerly.

so unmeasurably far from all this."

world," she laughed.

find you here?

away!"

know her.'

of his mind.

ing at last !"

In her

Silently he followed her.

before ?

a man in this prosaic age fall in love after

such romantic fashion ? And yet-yes, I want to find my little Cinderella. I must

He turned the shoe over. Had he seen it

It was then that Hannah came to him

"Come sir, come quick ! Such a sight as is waiting. It is Miss Berta, sir, going,go-

"I find here the carefully written direc-

lost one of the shoes. I am sorry.

between them she whispered:

with me alone, last night. The new nurse

"Yes."

with tidings that put the merrymaking out

Artnur wylde. "That was my grandfather. When he and granny died Miss Annesley brought me here," Edith said wonderingly. Later, they stood beside the wee, ghastly thing but Edith. And the years had crept past them, bringing the changes that make

form in the rose-strewn gown. "Did she know you, Edith?" Philip ask-She raised the lace slightly and looked laughingly at him. "You wouldn't know me if the lace were quite gone," she said.

Philip had come home now and then from She shook her head. "Not. I live so far his wanderings and his heart had gone out to this wee, old woman in the great cham-"Are you a little nun escaped from the ber. This living morsel of a long gone past. She told him stories of the men of long ago; and sometimes when he came afconvent over in the city, or a being from another world ?" he asked. "Because—" "That is it. I am a being from another ter the shadows had gathered in the big chamber and the fire burned in the tiled fireplace, she told him of the great and "Has some wrong wonderful love that had come into her life She was good to me." "And it is in my dreams that I have seen you," he said. "Really," with a pretty retrospective -a love that was immortal and could never

air, "I do not recollect appearing in any of die. It was in Florence and she was young "But would you know? Really, the and that world was fair to see. She point-People of your world are very provoking. And alas, that is true of the people of mine! I see the girl who wheedled me into asking for the next waltz looking this way. When I can get away from her, will you let me ed to the walls where hung quaintly beautiful pictures of the old city, as the story went on; but there was a picture across which hung a curtain of priceless tapestry, and this he was never permitted to see. He knew that the curtain hid the face of her

"But how shall I know ?" lov er. "Did he-die ?" Philip asked one night "The waltz you gave me-the waltz of waltzes it shall be to me forever-I will orwhen the red firelight gathered about the der that again. You know it? Ah, you remember too! When you hear it, come, wee witch-looking figure bringing to it the curves of youth. please." and then he left her.

"Die? Almost everybody has died in a way, Philip, but not really, you know. My lover is alive." The glow of the un-canny old eyes made Philip turn from her. What a dream of beauty it was. An hour ago she watched the rockets from her dormer window, all alone. And now she was in the very heart of the merrymaking. She "It was in Florence where my father was danced and chatted and laughed, a small Was it then? So long ago?" he born. bright thing with a film of rare old lace asked.

"It was then, but it is not so long when across her face and a quaint rose-strewn grown and small, high heeled slippers. And owen, the well-known real estate man, is you've measured it step by step. Yes, it was then. It began and ended—no, it hasn't ended. Alice died. She was your grandmother. She knew, but she died. She was frail, that was why we went to Ne was frail, that was why we ment to then she stole away to the alcove to wait-"You have come. I have been watching you for hours and hours. What are you? A picture stepped from its frame, the spirit of some fair dead dame, a real flesh and Florence. And Horace was gone. Certainly she would have died any way. Leave me now, Philip. My head is—yes, go "All three," she laughed, and then her now !"

Only to-night before the gay company had gathered he had been with her. He heart stood still. The clock on the stairs had come in all the bravery of his great-grandfather's uniform, and she had fondled 'It is twelve-the witches' hour. With the last stroke you must take the lace him with her claw-like fingers and watched She knew the old hall. At the back of

him with her burning eyes. His heart was full of pity for the wee, the alcove was a door. Could she reach it? worn creature propped in the great chair. "Not many women are so happy as I, Philip. I've had my lover through three generations, in spite of all that came be-tween." She said as if her bright eyes read the pity he could not conceal.

The house was dark. At the street cor-ners the fires were dying sullenly. Now and then a lonely rocket swept the sky. Once in a while a loud explosion rent the silence. The Fourth was again a thing of the next And Edith had come in, a quiet little body in her dark dress and white apron and Philip stood in his room. "'I wonder who she is? What a tiny foot. And the little shadows in the queer place. His visits home were short; his life belonged to the hand-surely I do know her, and yet-Does world beyond.

The house was athrob with the music tonight when Edith closed Miss Annesley's door and walked down the corridor and past the door that shut off the stairs leading to her own little room under the eaves, stopping at last before Miss Annesley's portrait at the end; evergreens and flowers were twisted about the grim old pictures of

"It is yourself, Philip" Edith whisper- voice, the hair-who is it that you are like?

There was another paper in which was recorded the death of Philip Brent and lat-er the marriage of his daughter, Edith, to heard in that dim chamber upstairs)—as

he took off his mask and looked eagerly at her. How handsome he was and to talk like this to him, to Philip. "The delusion is a pleasant one," she

said. "Yes, the very roses in your gown, and your hands-do take the lace away." He

leaned toward her in gentle pleading. "How can I tell?" No, surely not, else -What does it all mean, Philip? See the curtain is gone from the picture, and it is -why, Philip, it is like you ! What does it all mean ?"

"It means that there has been-a graft on the family tree," he said gravely, his eyes on the handsome picture. "Has some wrong been done, Philip?

He looked down into the troubled, puzzled face. "It can do no harm, now, Edith.

Right and love have prevailed." And he kissed the frightened face tenderly. "She said that last night. I don't un-

deistand, but oh. Philip, I was so alone, and now I am so glad, so happy, for I love you."—By Ellen Frizell Wyckoff.

A Bride's Fatal Ride.

Budden Death of Mrs. G. W. Owen of Williamsport. Ruptured a Blood Vessel. Supposed to be the Result of Over-Exertion While Bicycle Riding-Bride of But Three Weeks.

Mrs. Helen Owen, a bride of only three weeks, died suddenly at her home at 1023 Hepburn street, Williamsport, early Fri-day morning. It is supposed death re-sulted from a ruptured blood vessel in her stomach, caused by over-exertion while bicycle riding. Her husband, George W. gained the ascendant. Owen, the well-known real estate man,

port Sun. Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Owen and her husband were out on their wheels, returning home about 6 o'clock. Mrs. Owen was not used to bicycle riding, only having been out three or four times since she came here after her marriage at Yonhusband pulled up Hepburn street hill,

afterward found unconscious. She was soon seized with spasms, and Dr. W. H. Miller was summoned. Mrs. Owen suffered the most excruciating pain in the region of the heart, and one spasm follow-British and Russian war vessels if the ed another in rapid succession. Dr. Miller states they were the most violent convultroubles continue.

sions he ever saw, and that it took two men to hold the suffering woman. She was badly bruised from writhing in around dus badly bruised from writhing in agony dur-

rupture of a blood vessel there. Mrs. Owen was conscious at times, and then would suffer another spasm, afterward

The Korean Troubles.

have very important results. The empire. for that is the official designation of the country now, occupies such a geographical position that in case of serious internal troubles threatening the stability of its government and the independence of the people, it may become the theater of a con-flict for control by several powers. Japan has long had designs upon Korea. Three hundred years ago and more she possessed it for a while, but was finally driven out by the natives, and ever since she has felt that it laid within her sphere of influence. At the close of her recent war with China she would have taken up a position in Korea which would have practically given her control of the country, but she was thwarted by Russia and the other European powers and was forced to be content with exorting a recognition from China of the independence of Korea, China, of course, would like to re-extend her influence in Korea, which she had held as paramount lord, except during the period of Japan's occupancy, from the beginning of history until after her recent defeat by Japan. Russia, however, would be the most likely nation to profit by the collapse of the Korean government. Her territory now adjoins Korea on the north and west and if she could appropriate the Korean penin-sula and reach the sea her statesmen would be greatly pleased. Such an acquisition would bring Russia nearer to Japan, a result which the latter country would strenuously strive to prevent. Great Britain would also be loth to see Russia become

gained the ascendant.

On March 10th, 1898, began a great anti-Russian demonstration, which ended in the total withdrawl of the Russian influences from the peninsula. The Russian military commission and drill instructors soon after departed and the Russo-Korean bank was closed. The correspondence of the Russian minister showed that Russia henceforth considered Korea beyond her sphere of influence. It is difficult to bekers. N. Y. On her way home she and her | lieve, however, that Russia has really given up her hopes in Korea and it not at all improbable that the present internal trouband the exertion is supposed to have been too much tor her. It is thought that she les have been fostered by her emissaries. ruptured a blood vessel in her stomach in going up the steep incline. At any rate, should they become serious she will doubtless take a hand in the set-After supper Mrs. Owen went up stairs and laid down on the bed, where she was will have the excuse that they are calculated to affect the tranquillity of her adjoining possessions. Japanese gunboats, it is said, have already arrived at a Korean

almost wholly agricultural. The peddlers badly bruised from withing the second and butchers form large and poweries are At times she would vomit blood from the storage, showing that there must be a the storage into guilds. Above the great organized into guilds. Above the great mass of the people are the "Yang Ban" (civil and military class), who for the most then would suffer another spasm, afterward relapsing into a state bordering on exhaus-tion. She gradually grew weaker, and, in the middle mass are the seven degraded spite of all that could be done for her, passed away. Dr. Miller gives it as his opinion that the spasms were caused by the rupturing of a blood vessel by over exertion, and subsequent heart failure caused her death.

Cheerfulness at Home.

The reported insurrection in Korea may Life Made Easy by the Cultivation of a Happy Dis-

"Perhaps there is nothing that adds more to the happiness of a home than the habit of cheerfulness," writes Mrs. F. M. Colby in Woman's Home Companion. "It is a potent factor in the secret of housekeeping, and the housewife who has always a pleasant smile and a soothing word has already acquired one of the most valuable accom-plishments. As long ago as the days of the wise man a merry countenance had its recognized value. It is a duty to be pleasant. Yet how many neglect this important requirement. Some women are constitu-tionally cross and morose; others are weak and nervous, and are made fretful by the exactions of their houshold cares. But there is no excuse for much of the friction that exists in many households. I have been in some where the atmosphere seemed actually to bristle with hostilities. Everyone was in a fret, and frowns and cross words were the rule and not the exception. How uncomfortable life in such a home must be to the inmates, as well as to the passing guests. One learns to shun

such homes as one would a pest house. "All women can not be beautiful, but it is the duty of every woman to look as well as she can, and nothing adds more to a woman's good looks than a cheerful countenance. 'I have always,' said the good Vicar of Wakefield, 'been an admirer of happy human faces.' The sentiment is universal. The pleasure thus derived com-pensates for the absence of beauty and supplies the deficiency of symmetry and grace. "Cheerfulness can be cultivated and acquired as well as other qualities. If one's work is exacting and tiresome, it makes it no easier by being fretful. Form the habit of being cheerful under adverse circumstances. 'Our happiness,' observes a stand-

ard writer, 'is a sacred deposit for which we must give account. A serene and amiable temper is among its most efficient preservatives. It is a virtue not to be gain-said. Admiral Collingwood, one of England's great naval heroes, in his letters to his daughters, says, 'I never knew your his daugneers, says, 1 never knew your mother to utter a harsh or hasty word to any person in my life.' What loftier eulogy could a woman have than that? "Some women are naturally cheerful, but allow themselves to be put out by lit-

tle things. Suppose the servant has broken a dish, or the butter doesn't come, or your husband comes home to dinner late, does it mend matters by any impatient complaint? Perserve your equanimity. The world was not made in a day, nor was it made all flowers and rippling sunshine. Your work will go along much smoother, you will accomplish more, and you will make others happier by being cheerful.'

He Did Not Return.

Frank Gilbert, the young man who came from Joliet, Ill., on the 9th, and was to have married Miss Nellie Johnson of Du Bois last Thursday evening, but left early in the morning for Clearfield, presumable for the purpose of securing the license, has yet failed to put in his appearance, and the family is of the opinion that he will not. The affair was a very unfortunate one and is keenly felt by those deeply con-cerned. The father of the young girl went over to Clearfield Friday morning but learned that Mr. Gilbert had not been there. It is thought that he took a train

dead and gone Annesleys. At the end of the gallery hung the pic-ture of Miss Annesley and Edith stood en-tranced before it. She had been there not a few times and each time this picture had a few times and each time this picture had lars as the young man is undoubtedly gone and not at all likely to return.

ing walk and courteous bow and the kindly poise of the stately head. So he must stop and listen to low spoken words of praise, to pretty, daring compliments from lips that were safely hidden from his laughdown, crouching there, and I saw you with ing blue eves.

Upstairs, in a great luxurious chamber sat even so late as this, a wee, faded old woman. A woman so pale and so still that not sorry. Love has prevailed.' but for the great shining eyes one might have thought her dead. On her lips was a calm, unchanging smile and in her eves shone a soft light. The fire that burned even to-night in the quaintly tiled fireplace threw splashes of soft red light among the shadows that loved to cling to her. She was old-almost a hundred years old. Her in one of the small parlors. shining eyes had looked into the faces of more than one of the men whose names tions for the funeral. The clothes she wore were being honored to-night. when the portrait was painted-do you

As the music grew louder she leaned for know where they are?" He looked up and ward, her hands catching at each other like fleshless claws.

"I did it, I wonder if death is waiting for me to repent? I did it and I am not yet sorry nor afraid. It was best; she was but a puny thing. The stock was too old. There's nothing in blood. It is the soul. Blood, forsooth. Men are made in mould like diamonds or pearls or useless pebbles. eves. Each independent of all others. But the soul-the thing that lives; it is that and lace. I filled the place with the soul that I love. That is all. Filled it so long ago -so long ago that even Nature has forgot ten and people trace resemblance to-to-It was at twelve o'clock on a night like this and the next night Alice died. No wonder poor thing. But I am not sorry nor afraid. Is it you, Edith? Come." The last words were spoken in answer to a repeated knock at the door.

Through the soft wavering firelight a girl came and stood beside the great cushioned chair.

'Shall I help you to bed, now, Miss Annesley?"

"To bed? To-night? Ah, no. Go away, child ! The music, don't you hear it? That is rest for me. They are doing him honor. He is a king among them, my Philip."

"How you love him !"

"Love him? I have loved him through three generations. And at last he loves me and is grateful. It is coming, the happines at last.'

"All this is too much for you. Shall I not close the doors and help you to bed ?" "No; not one door must you close. Not

Philip untied it and together they read: "Florence, June 30th, 18—. Our baby is a girl. Horace will be disappointed; one. Open them wide, wider. Let me hear more. It was this night sixty years ago and we were in Florence. I met Philip Berta is. The Brents have a there, but it was too late ! He painted my born the same night as ours. They are picture and-and-You know it, the one at the end of the gallery that is priceless because of the signature it bears. But ah, the wife and boy ! Poor Berta. "July 5th. My head is queer. Berta fame as well as love may come too late. He was dead when the world knew that a genius had lived ! He painted my picture. I was like it sixty years ago in fair Florence and I—You are right Edith, the music has tells me that my baby is a boy. I wish Horace was here. I am strangely weak. It is the Brent baby that is a girl and gone to my head. Send Hannah. At twelve come back to me. I want you, then."

The girl went reluctantly away. Not one of the fair faces behind the dainty masks down stairs was fairer than hers. Not a voice was softer, nor a form more show it to you now." graceful. But she was not of these. Fate or chances or providence, or whatever unseen power it is that directs or decrees the ed the names, Philip Brent and Berta Andestinies of mortals had drifted her life alongside Miss Annesley's and she was giv-ing her youth and strength for the food and and the other —

an her face ghastly, her eyes glazed, her hands clutching some yellowed papers. "Philip, I saw my spirit, to-night. brown hair. "Beautiful, beautiful. Is there a likecrept all alone to the stair and I looked

my spirit, and there was the light of love ness even now? In my dreams of mother in your eyes, and now there is no longer -surely I know the face. The hair, the any reason why this old body should live eyes, the smiling lips-ah, the taunting memory that fades as I grasp it! It is on. I am satisfied, but not sorry, Philip, like-"Paler, and with hands suddenly The voice ceased, the eyes closed, and cold, she took from the bosom of her dress that was all. Philip raised the wee form a little flat locket. Looking around cautionsly she held it to her lips. "Only this and laid it tenderly on the canopied bed. Granny; nobody will ever know," Hannah gathered up the papers and gave once, them to Edith. In the morning when a she whispered, and then carefully opened the few friends were gathered in the old house the case. "It is like the one of the picture, she carried them to Philip. He sat alone and-and" Edith shivered and turned on the face of the earth is Great Britain and way.

> "It is like the picture and I-ves I, am like it! Not a woman down there in the hall is prettier. Not one." She tiptoed part way down a broad stair and stood ooking at the gay scene below her.

started slightly. "Yes—I will bring them." She came "I might do it, just this once. It is two back with the folded linen and laid it belong hours before twelve. Such long hours when the music is throbbing and the others are dancing. There are gowns, lovely His face flushed a little and he looked up gowns in those old trunks. I saw them at her, a quiet little woman with a white when I went to get Philip's costume. I ruffled cap pulled low over her hair and might-"

The attic was not far from her own small is legally and morally wrong. "Have these been disturbed ?" he asked. corner in the great house. Bending over She threw up her head and seemed tallthe deep cedar chest she drew out a pack er. "Yes. I wore them last night and I age carefully done up in white linen. There vas a faint perfume of lavender that was He took the lost slipper from the pocke of his coat and laid it beside the other.

like a dim memory of long ago. "This is it—the costume in the picture, "I have found you," he said quietly. the white and pink brocade! And the "This sad event will necessitate some change in your life," he began, formally, but glancing at the ashamed, reddened face mitts and ribbons and lace and even the tiny white slippers-all but the locket." With flushed cheeks Edith gathered up the later he was dead. He was returning from an entertainment in the Presbyterian he went on hurriedly: "This is not a fitting oundle and ran to her room. Before her eason, but I shall not see you for awhile small mirror she dressed herself and laughalone—not before I go away. And I want to say it all now, please. I love you. Will you give me the right to take care of you? ed aloud at the sound of the high heels of the tiny slippers on the bare floor.

It was easy to pull the soft red brown curls about her ears in the fashion of the After all, we know each other better than I thought. Will you be my wife, Edith?" picture and then she stood the living image It was not the wooing she had dreamed f the portrait of Miss Annesley at the end of, but the voice was low and tender, and of the gallery. the eyes full of entreaty. So, very slowly, with the slippers and the rose-strewn gown

A piece of the filmy lace pulled across her ushed face answered for a mask, half rehim they found him uncons

vealing her happy eyes and smiling lips. Again she crept down the gallery stairs, Slowly farther and farther, timidly at last he was stricken with apoplexy from the ex-Together they unfolded the papers-old love letters, some of them were-and then for at the foot Philip stood amid a group of a little scarlet bound diary, dated sixty laughing girls. One step more and unno-ticed she had become one of them. Philip's years ago. In guilt letters was the name, "Alice Annesley." Several leaves were tied together with a bit of faded ribbon. eyes found her, a demure little figure in a quaint rose-strewn gown.

"Where shall I seek a partner, fair ladies. Who is willing to dance with so clumsy a man as I on a night so warm? Will you?" He bowed low before Edith. "Yes," she whispered, wondering if one of her shy little dreams had come true. fine boy

miserably poor. Berta says Philip is a genius, but she loves him still, in spite of Edith had not been taught to dance, but

she had watched the merrymaking here in the old hall many a time and her heart was says so. She dismissed the nurse and sat light and the place athrob with music, and with Philip's strong arm about her she

floated through the sea of melody like a thistle down in a summer wind. "You dance like a fairy," Philip said. "That is because I have never been taught

Here the faint scrawl broke off. "Brent?" Edith drew out the locket. to dance like a woman," she laughed. "Have you not?" She shook her head. He drew her into a "It is here, the name, you know, and I can

retty alcove where the sea breeze swayed Philip opened it. On one lid was engravthe curtains softly. "Won't you take that provoking bit of

lace away? I'm sorely tormented because of it. I know you, and yet I do not. The gown, the poise of the head, a tone of the robbery.

20th, and in just three weeks from that the capital, and Chemulpo, the chief seatime she was stricken with her fatal illport, begun under American auspices, but sold to Japanese capitalists, is nearly finishness. The couple had only had been back from their wedding tour about two weeks.

ed, and a long steel bridge across the Han river is under way. A French syndicate

has obtained the concession to build a rail-road from Seoul northward to the Chinese -The Boers in South Africa deserve the sympathy of the people of the whole frontier at Wiju, on the Yalu river, with world. Their country is an object for the also the right to open mines. This road is to be 500 miles long, run through the min-British cupidity, and the avarice of the Briton causes him to look with longing ing region, and connect with the Russian eyes upon it. The case is a simple one and road to be built in Manchuria, while the is an example of a powerful nation trying Japanese are making their preparations to to oppose a weak one. The greatest robber build from Seoul to Fu-San. The American Oritental Construction company has she is possessed with a land hunger that is begun the building of the Seoul electric street railroad, which will be six miles long, operated by the overhead trolley system, with cars half open and half closed to accommodate two classes of passengers. A Korean company has been formed to light the city with electric light, using the trolley company's power. From this it will be seen that the Koreans have been getting rapidly imbued with the ideas of modern civilization and changing from the exclusive creatures they were when only a contention that they have a right to control few years ago the United States was com-

> to punish them for barbarities inflicted upon our shipwrecked sailors. As the insurgents are said to describe themselves as 'the English learning party," it may be

of new ideas working more rapidly among the masses than the officials are willing to permit.

church in that villiage, and bantering chal-"I was traveling through a thinly settled lenged the young women in his party to a district up the country some time ago,' said a drummer who can't tell a lie when race. The conditions were that he should he sees one, "and had occasion to stop at a small town off the line of the road. The run backward while they ran forward, and he laughingingly declared that he could The only vehicle I could get at the station was

a ramshackle buggy driven by an old darky, The race started, but young Powel had covered but little ground when he fell and as we snailed up the road I amused heavily on his back. He did not move, and when his companions gathered around things. Finally it occurred to me to get some pointers on the best place to lodge. "'Look here, uncle,' I said, 'where do The doctors think that it was not the

Orleans Times-Denocrat.

you folks generally hang out here?' "The old man gave a sudden start and

glared at me with evident apprehension. 'Well, boss,' he replied in a hoarse whisper, 'they mos' gener'ly hangs out on that thar big ches'nut tree yonder, second lim' from th' bottom.' ''-From the New

Three Daughters; no Son.

Emperor Nicholas II of Russia has no male heir. Besides the infant Marie, just born, he has two daughters, as follows: Olga, born November 23rd, 1895.

Tatiana, born May 22nd, 1897. The Czarina before her marriage was Princess Alexandria Alix, daughter of Ludwig IV, Grand Duke of Hesse. She was married to the Czar, November 14th, 1894. The Czar is 31 years old and the Czarina

-The Pennsylvania State Game Comission has decided to place in the hands of every constable a copy of the act making constables of the state, game, fish and for-estry wardens and imposing a penalty of

\$50 or two months' imprisonment upon the official when he neglects or refuses to perfrom his duty.

Lincoln's Promise.

While drinking whisky was the fashion all about him. Abraham Lincoln never forgot his dead mother's request to close his lips against intoxicants. Once when he was a member of Congress, a friend criticised him for his seeming rudeness in declining to test the rare wines provided by their host, urging as reason for the reproof:

"There is certainly no danger of a man of your years and habits becoming addicted to its use."

"I meant no disrespect, John," answered Mr. Lincoln, "but I promised my precious mother only a few days before she died that I would never use anything intoxicating as a beverage, and I consider that promise as binding today as it was the day I gave it."

"There is a great difference between a child surrounded by a rough class of drink-ers, and a man in a home of refinement," insisted the friend.

"But a promise is a promise forever, John, and when made to a mother it is doubly binding," replied Mr. Lincoln.

-Miss Elizabeth Cogley, probably the oldest lady telegrapher in the world in point of service, has abandoned the key and will hereafter superintend the force of seven messengers in Union Station, remarks the Harrisburg Telegraph. She entered upon her new and easier duties this morning, having her desk in the telegrapher's office, where she has sent and received messages for about thirty-five years. Miss Cogley has not been physically strong of late years, and the company, in recognition of her long and faithful service, gave her the less wearing position she now holds. Miss Cogley began her career as a telegraph operator at Lewistown, her home, in 1856, and she received the first message calling out the Logan Guards of that place in response to President Lincoln's first call for volunteers at the outbreak of the civil war. Since the outbreak of the civil war she has been located at Union Station. Her place at the key is being filled by operator Harry Toomey.

-The bill requiring retail transient merchants to pay license was signed by Gov. Stone. The act imposes a license of not less than \$25.00 nor more than \$200.00 per month, the amount to be taxed by borough councils. In townships the license for such dealings is \$25.00 a month and is made payable to the county treasurer for use of township school fund. Licenses must be renewed monthly. A fine of not less than \$100.00 nor more than \$200.00 is imposed for neglect to obtain the license.

-The men who neglect their own busiless to take an interest in the affairs of others never get along very well. If a man's affairs amount to anything, he has enough to keep him busy.

-Dr. Leonard Pearson, State veterinarian, reports that during the last year 1,000 cattle were condemned as tubercu losis, and appraised at \$25,519.

be a failure (so far as conquest is concerned) unless our military force there shall be

These howling dervishes of war should at

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a very popular man, and an upright and able jurist.

Wealthy Young Man's Sad End.

easily beat them.

McKinley's policy of benevolent assimila-tion in the Philippine islands threatens to

once form themselves into regiments and

doubled, tripled or quadrupled, nobody now can tell which it will need to be.

5. Judge Pershing has for years past been physically incapable of fully performing the duties of his office. His term would have expired in 1903. His resignation, in that it is a final announcement of his own conviction of his serious disability, will give unfeigned regret to his friends. He is

fall which caused Powell's death, but that ertion in running in that unnsual way. -President Judge Cyrus L. Pershing, of Schuylkill county, has sent his resigna-tion to Governor Stone, to take effect Aug.

never satisfied. As may be supposed, she is not wanting for excuses to attempt to justify her meddling with the Boers' affairs. But history is full of such duplicity and the shrewd robber is never without an excuse to offer for his conduct. The British have no reason whatever to meddle in the affairs of the South African republic. They have long been plotting against it, however,

and committed an over act in the Jamison raid of several years ago. The English

that the disturbances are due to the leaven

the domestic affairs of the Boers' country pelled to send an expedition against them

In trying to show some girls haw fast he could run backward, on Thursday night,

Edward F. Powel, a young man worth a quarter of a million dollars, fell in the street at Port Kennedy, and a few minutes

Where They "Hang Out."