

A WOMAN'S THOUGHT.

I am a woman—therefore I may not call to him, cry to him, Fly to him, Bid him delay not!

THE TERROR OF POVERTY GULCH.

Nearly half an hour later, when dusk had fallen upon the gulch, Chadburn, who had met McGruder at the little huddle of shanty stores and shops which constituted "the camp," and was speaking with him in the post office, heard a commotion in the street and saw a rush of shouting boys and men past.

"On'y a dawg-fight," he heard some one say as he stepped out to see what it meant. A little up the street, through the changing circle of the crowd that surrounded them, he caught glimpses of the infuriated yowling brutes rushing at each other fiercely and tumbling together about the road while the crowd swayed and scattered from this side to that to keep out of their way.

"The Terror" on deck this trip. There'll be a fine row," Chadburn heard one of the men say, as he rushed after the hostess of the recently arranged banquet to draw her away. The savage spirit of the entertainment had by this time communicated itself to the audience, who had taken sides generally with the dogs, shouting yells: "Get off that dog!" "Cuff that pup!" "Don't you dare!" "Pull that child away; she'll get killed!" "Let the Terror alone; she's all right. Go in, Flosy, and help the pup!"

Infuriated by the brutal stunts of the crowd towards the neglected child, Chadburn, who was but a step behind, pushed the people roughly out of his way to seize her, but reached the ring only in time to realize a swift whirl and tumble of dogs and rags, with the air filled with cakes and broken eggs and scattered candy. Before he could reach her she had struck on her feet again and dashed at the face of a boy, who, with a look of defiance on his aged, had, unseen, been standing on the rope that hung from the young dog's neck, thereby giving every advantage to the setter.

Some of the small boys rushed up to trip the girl, and some men, on discovering the foul play upon the pup, rushed up to cuff the lad, and, as usual, others to take his part. A general row light was in progress, but in a minute all was over with a laugh. The staying qualities of the young bulldog had given him the victory the instant he had fair play, and the badly punished setter shot out between the legs of the crowd, while the pugacious Tighe flew loyally to the rescue of his champion, and the boys hastily scattered to escape his teeth, followed by a volley of cobblestones which the girl fired after them.

Picking up her little ruin of a hat, Chadburn placed it on her head, blushing with mortification as he did so, for he had already secretly advised the child into his heart, and her shame or glory he felt must be now and henceforth his own.

devil raises a riot every time she comes into camp with that pup! And throw stones! But she's smart—the child's as smart as lightning! Everybody likes her, but the men plague her, and get the dawg into fights to see her throw stones at the boys.

This was what McGruder said when Chad asked to be excused from supper in order to take his little protégée home. Chadburn went down to the principal saloon, which was also the principal gambling-house, that evening, and during the previous days he had been sitting quietly with the pianist. It must have been serious and earnest conversation, for the wretched women drew a dirty handkerchief several times and wiped her eyes. She seemed to be giving a fearful but ready assent to Chadburn's proposition, and she was overheard to reiterate insistently, "One of the first of the old creole families of Baton Rouge." Chadburn shook hands with her when leaving, and there was in his manner an air of compassion and qualified respect.

"It's all right, Mr. Chadburn," said the motherly Mrs. McGruder. "I'll be a kind of a care and worry that will pay, for the girl's awful bright and smart, and I think she's real pretty when you come to get the dirt off'n her. She knows more'n you think, too, about cookin'." Now she jes stood there and turned, then she looked at McGruder and said, "Oh, it is all right! 'Ta'n't as if she'd been brought up finicky. She's used to knockin' around and lookin' out for herself. It'll do a young feller like you lots of good to have jes that care over a child—keep you from runnin' round to the saloons when you're idle, to have a little girl to look after, and she'll help you with your cookin' a good deal."

So when Chadburn left Poverty Gulch after completing the official survey of McGruder's claim, the Terror and her pugacious dog went with him. She was not down at the severing of old neighborhood ties as Chadburn had feared. Her temper was hopeful and brave, and besides she had fallen deeply in love with Chad and trusted him. The handsome fellow felt this trustfulness far more than if the Terror had been a "tame child," but he had misgivings about its lasting that made him take no heed. While waiting for the stage in front of the shanty store she bought a lot of candy and "gave a party" on the sidewalk to the boys and girls, overlooking any coolness that might have hitherto existed between herself and any of them.

There was an unexpected exhibition of sincere good feeling for the child in the last moments. Galbraith, who kept the general grocery and hardware store, brought out a gorgeous dog collar with a padlock, and gave it to her for Tighe. She was overcome and speechless by Galbraith's generosity, for the *entente cordiale* between herself and the Terror had been interrupted by the circumstances of her having thrown a stone through his window "for calling names" and kicking Tighe out of the store.

A number of little gifts from others, and of dimes and quarters from the mining men who had been in the gulch, tested and completely the poor little hound had filled the public eye of the gulch. The baker brought her a bag of molasses cakes to cheer her journey; the butcher came out laughing with some chuck meat in a brown paper for the dog. This attention was the more unexpected and embarrassing to the Terror because she had so recently declined to recognize the existence of the butcher since he had threatened to cut Tighe's head off with his cleaver for sneaking meat from the shop. But her good fortunes had softened the asperity of her feelings, and she had the generosity to ignore the past and receive the gift in the spirit in which it was tendered. The little milliner, who had been camp rushed back to her shop and out of a piece of blue veil stuff for the traveller to wear over her face. It probably seemed to her a pity, now that it was washed, to have it get chapped by the raw fall wind. Women are thoughtful about little things that way.

Poor Lil herself, looking too wretched for tears, had brought her a clean pocket-handkerchief, and after showing her how to use it, with an amiable caution to "be a lady" and not wipe her nose any more with her fist, drew her aside and embraced the final opportunity to inculcate, in a low tone of voice, some moral precepts upon the child's neglected mind. "I hope you'll think of me, Flosy. We've seen hard times together these last few years, but I've always tried to do the best I could for you. I've shared what I had, if it wasn't much, just as I promised your poor dyin' maw I would, and I don't want you to blame me when you grow up, and know things. I've had bad luck, Flosy. You don't know things yet, but you will. I 'a'n't had any real health in the West, and I don't feel as if I should live very long—and I don't want to," she added, desperately.

"Florence"—the solemnity of her emotions betrayed her into calling the child by her right name—she wanted to remember always you come of good family, and never let yourself down to anything low; now remember that. Be a lady always, like your mother was—a perfect lady. Your paw used to be a real elegant gentleman, too, before he ran through with his money and got her down, it changed him; it changes him, oh, Florence, to get down and not have money. But I think you're going to have good luck and as easy life, thank Gawd. I think that's a real elegant gentleman. Now, Florence, oh, do mind him good, like a real little lady, so's he'll love you and you'll have good luck."

"Gawd knows I've done the best I could for you, but, Florence, you'll never know till you grow up and know things how much bad luck I've had since Mr. Barclay and me was divorced. But don't you ever tell anything, if you should ever get back to the old home where your maw and I were girls. Just tell 'em I got down poor and had to teach music for my living." Kissing the child as she would have kissed her in her coffin, the miserable woman, less wretched than weak, the victim of false notions of the nature of luck, pressed the corner of her shawl over her mouth to conceal her sobs, and hurried away. Chadburn shook hands with her kindly as she passed him, but neither of them spoke. Though the Terror shed no tears, she was dumb with the pity and pain of the scene, and was profoundly impressed. Galbraith kissed her as he picked her up and swung her into the coach. She clung to his hand hesitatingly an instant, and then pulled him over and whispered in his ear, "I'm sorry I throwed the stone." There was a husky, hysterical quaver in his voice as he said to Chad, "We'll miss the little thing here," and hurried into the store. After the coach had gone, there was a general movement among the miners and others standing about to shake hands with Chad. None of them felt able to say anything that would adequately express the emotions of the moment, but they wrung his hand with a silent eloquence of sym-

pathy. Their souls applauded though their lips were dumb. There was the pride of brotherhood in the admiration with which they looked at him.

It was a sublime and deep-pulsating moment, the heart experiences of the little camp. Along the sordid, surging current of common life such eddies of pure and tender feeling, of sublimated sympathy, of loving brotherly pride of man in man, are rare, but they do occur, and they keep alive the divinity within us.

When he overtook the stage-coach that day, which, fortunately, Tighe and the Terror had entirely to themselves down as far as Crested Butte, he found his interesting protégée with her body projected through the window, beckoning him furiously to hurry up. Wearing of the monotonous gray of the scenery, she had divested herself of such incumbrances as hood and shawl, and having tied her veil over Tighe's head, had been indulging herself in the perilous amusement of seeing how far she could hang out of the window without falling under the wheels. She was enjoying the ride immensely, and felt that a Concord stage-coach was a vehicle not to be improved upon, except by the addition of a cross-bar on which a weary passenger like herself might occasionally relax her cramped muscles by the invigorating exercise of "skinning the cat."

When Chadburn rode alongside, she called out to him to have a little girl to look after, and she'll help you with your cookin' a good deal." So when Chadburn left Poverty Gulch after completing the official survey of McGruder's claim, the Terror and her pugacious dog went with him. She was not down at the severing of old neighborhood ties as Chadburn had feared. Her temper was hopeful and brave, and besides she had fallen deeply in love with Chad and trusted him. The handsome fellow felt this trustfulness far more than if the Terror had been a "tame child," but he had misgivings about its lasting that made him take no heed. While waiting for the stage in front of the shanty store she bought a lot of candy and "gave a party" on the sidewalk to the boys and girls, overlooking any coolness that might have hitherto existed between herself and any of them.

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Walter Wellman's Trip.

He Made Several Discoveries. When in Expectation of Reaching the Pole Various Unexpected and Severe Accidents Occurred.

Walter Wellman and the survivors of the polar expedition led by him, arrived at Tromsø, Island of Tromsø, Norway, last week on the steamer Capel, having successfully completed their explorations in Franz Josefland. Mr. Wellman has discovered important new lands and many islands.

The expedition brings a grim story of Arctic tragedy. In the autumn of 1898 an outpost called Fort McKinley was established in latitude 81. It was a house built of rocks and roofed over with walrus hide. Two Norwegians, Paul Bjoerqvig and Bert Bentzen, who were with Nansen on the Fram, remained there. The main party wintered in a canvas covered hut called Harnsworth house, at Cape Tegethoff, on the southern point of Halls Island, latitude 80.

About the middle of February, before the rise of the sun to its winter height, Mr. Wellman, with three Norwegians and forty-five dogs, started north. It was the earliest sled journey on record on that high latitude. On reaching Fort McKinley, Mr. Wellman found Bentzen dead, but Bjoerqvig, according to promise, had kept the body in the house sleeping beside it through two months of Arctic darkness. Notwithstanding his terrible experience the survivor was safe and cheerful. Pushing northward through rough ice and severe storms, with a continuous temperature for ten days between 40 and 50 degrees below zero, the party found new lands north of Freedom Island, where Nansen landed in 1895.

In the middle of March all hands were confident of reaching latitude 87 or 88, if not the pole itself. Then began a succession of disasters. Mr. Wellman, while leading the party, fell into a snow covered crevasse, seriously injuring one of his legs and maiming the provisions. On two days later the party was aroused at midnight by an earthquake under them, due to pressure. In a few minutes many dogs were crushed and the sledges destroyed. The members of the expedition narrowly escaped with their lives, though they managed to save their precious sleeping bags and some dogs and provisions. On Mr. Wellman's condition becoming alarming, as inflammation set in, the brave Norwegians dragged him on a sledge, by forced marches, nearly two hundred miles to headquarters, arriving there early last April. Mr. Wellman is still unable to walk, and will probably be confined to bed.

After reaching headquarters other members of the expedition explored regions hitherto unknown, and important scientific work was done by Lieutenant Evelyn B. Baldwin, of the United States weather bureau, Dr. Edward Hofma, of Grand Haven, Mich., and A. Harlan, of the United States coast guard. The expedition killed forty-seven bears and many walrus.

The Capella arrived at Cape Tegethoff, in search of the expedition, on July 27th last. On Aug. 9th she met the Stella Aolar, bearing the expedition headed by Luigi, Italian, and Luigi, which had sailed from Archangel to reconnoitre the west Franz Josefland and to meet, if possible, the Wellman expedition. Mr. Wellman and his companions found no trace in Franz Josefland of the missing aeronaut, Professor Andree.

An Elegant Time. A Housewife's Inference from the Value of an Unexpected Present.

The Anti-Jewish Prejudice.

Hatred of the Jew is at the bottom of the unreasoning, ferocious anti-Dreyfus spirit that is abroad in France. Anti-Semitism is world-wide, though its manifestations are affected by geography. In Russia it is religious and commercial, in France political, in England and the United States social. The fundamental cause is the same everywhere—the Jews are a people apart. They have their own religion, and they do not intermarry with the people among whom they live. Therefore there is directed against them that suspicion and ill will which ignorance ever holds in reserve for the foreigner.

"Hi, Bill!" cried one of Mr. Panch's manufacturing-town roughs, "here's stranger comin' down the road." "It'im with 'arf a brick!" responded Bill. Bill had the mind and soul of an anti-Semite.

The kind of people who are incapable of achieving personally anything of which to be proud are ever happy at having somebody to look down upon. The more shiftless and worthless the Southerner, the surer he is to be vain of his white skin—vain of it by a good deal than if he had earned it. In California the lower you go the stronger becomes the detestation of the Chinaman. The stupider the American soldier is, and the less important he was as a civilian, the intenser is his scorn for the Cuban and the Filipino. Educated men do not often despise people of other nations; that luxury is nearly monopolized by the masses, who know least about them. "Gentlemen," said Josh Billings, "are the same all the world over; it's only the toughs that differ." "What makes me down on a nigger," said the enlightened Southerner, "is that he's so infernally like a white man." Our pioneers have always nathed the Indian. It has made it less distriubing to the conscience to rob him.

The anti-Jewish prejudice in this country seeks to justify itself by picturing the Israelite as sordid, as a being wholly commercial. Business men whose waking hours are given up to an exclusive passion for money making, when they speak of the Jew project their own portrait, and revile it. Their tone would be suited to a sword-carrier, feather-wearing, devil-may-care cavalier. They are as far from being of that type as an old-clothes dealer or pawnbroker of their acquaintance. If they have been overmatched in business by a Jew, the chances are ninety-nine in a hundred that they were defeated in trying to overmatch him.

The Hon. Joseph Choate, American Ambassador to Great Britain, had a Jewish law partner in New York. "Give it to me," said Mr. Choate when this partner was making out a bill for \$1500 on a corporation for legal services rendered. Three days later Mr. Choate tossed him a check for \$1500. "There's your share," he explained. "I doubled the bill. What do you think of that?" "Almost," said the Jew, looking up, "almost thou persuaded me to be a Christian."

It may be mean and irrational for the European noble or soldier, heir to the military tradition, to despise the Jew because he typifies trade. But in America a nation of shopkeepers, and proud of it, this borrowed prejudice is grotesque. Among the Jews do not consciously excel in business. They do not own the great fortunes. One of the Bonanza Kings were Jews. Rockefeller of the Standard Oil Company is not a Jew. Neither is Havemeyer of the Sugar Trust. Vanderbilt and Huntington, the railroad monarchs, are not Jews. The famous merchants of the United States are not Jews. No more are the great speculators. Jay Gould was a Gentile; so is J. Pierpont Morgan. The large estates are not owned by Jews. William Waldorf Astor, with a hundred millions of real property, is a Christian Englishman. As for close-parring millionaires, are there any Jews among them? Russell Sage is not a Hebrew, though he has all the characteristics which are popularly ascribed to the people who have given us our religion and who kept alight the lamp of knowledge when through more than ten centuries it had been extinguished by Christian Europe.

The truth is that anti-Semitism is partly an inheritance from semi-civilized persecuting ancestors and partly due to the desire of the average incapable to feed his egotism by selecting somebody to whom he can feel superior. It is a prejudice most unworthy of Christians, and most prevalent among them. The Jews of the United States are exceptionally good citizens—industrious, sober, law-abiding and patriotic. They are home-makers, and notably fond of family life. The number of their charitable institutions prove how well they care for their poor. The ordinary Jew, if not a Jew, would be ranked by his neighbors as a specially competent, decent and deserving man.

Nevertheless it will be long ere the anti-Semitic spirit dies out. Prejudice, being belief without reason, has the vitality of a cat. It will not disappear wholly while the Jews set on one side for more than fifteen centuries by Christian hatred, and condemned to ghetto distinctiveness, remain a peculiar people. Where caste lines are not strictly drawn, as in the newer West, social intercourse between Jews and Gentiles is free and intermarriage frequent. That is the policy of intermarriage. Jews will be Jews and Gentiles Gentiles until this barrier has been broken down. The Jews understand this. The prejudice against them in the United States is the price they pay for their exclusiveness. They argue that to intermarry would be to lose their identity as a race. True; but why not? Race is one thing, religion another. And this is the nineteenth century.—North American.

Two Thousand Dead.

And Many Dying Daily From Injuries and Privations.—General Davis Reports Appalling Conditions in Porto Rico.—Food on the Way to Interior of the Island.

The appalling conditions existing in Porto Rico have been made more fully known to the war department by General Davis in a dispatch which says the deaths outright in the island will reach 2,000, while more are dying daily from injuries and privations. General Davis adds: "Dry split peas very acceptable. Canned peas involve too much transportation in proportion to nutriment, but can be used near sea coast, although there is much destruction in the interior and deaths are occurring from lack of food. Will not be possible to reach those points with packs before week, for in many cases the roads and trails are so destroyed that only men on foot can get to and from those districts. The stores coming to the McPherson will be in time for immediately supplying most pressing needs at all accessible points with stores now on hand. So great is destruction of roads that there is no communication yet with one-third of island. The commanding officer at each of the twelve posts is inspector of relief, and has had detailed in every municipality aid collecting data and relieving most pressing needs. I have furnished each inspector with similar funds and given authority to issue food from army supplies. One soldier died of injuries; others injured will recover. A great many wagons overturned and broken, but all being repaired. Many thousands private cattle and horses drowned. Larger part of death of natives from drowning."

GRIM FACTS FROM PORTO RICO. A Herald dispatch from San Juan, Porto Rico, via Hayti, of August 15th, says: "I have already visited the Bayamon and Arecibo districts of the island, and shall start for Ponce this morning. With all the extra facilities afforded by General Davis, communication with the distressed districts is still only partly open. Arecibo was devastated by the hurricanes and later was flooded by the Arecibo and Manuza rivers. Two hundred bodies have already been recovered and hundreds more are missing. It is thought they were swept into the sea. The town was inundated to a depth of six feet. After the water subsided the dead were found lying everywhere. The bodies were buried on the spots where they were found. The town is now rapidly filling up with starting persons from the country. Only four soldiers were drowned, but all are without shelter. Captain McComb and his men did valiant service in saving life. Forty persons were rescued from floating wreckage. A thousand head of cattle were lost there. At Naranzito twenty persons are known to have been killed by a thousand acre homeless and starving. Maravis totally destroyed. At Ciales twenty persons were killed. Many are missing at Barceloneta. Seven residents were killed. At Cayey the death roll is at least ninety. It is impossible to estimate the loss of life and property in the country during. Every river is still swollen and passage is well nigh impossible. The crops are totally destroyed. CHILDREN DIE BY HUNDREDS. Children are dying by hundreds from starvation and exposure. I rode four miles through the Bayamon district without seeing a house standing. All the people are flocking to Bayamon for food and shelter. A courier has just arrived here from Yabucca. He says that the town was demolished by the storm. Already eighty bodies have been recovered, and it is estimated that 200 perished. Many are wounded. Medical assistance is scarce in all parts of the island. The present distress greater in the fact that a month ago all public improvements were stopped owing to the lack of appropriations. Thousands of persons were then thrown out of employment. A renewal of public works would be a great relief. Many planters and merchants are ruined and cannot give employment."

The Law About Fruit Trees. If the branches of trees growing on one's land hang over the line upon the other, the adjoining owner may cut off the limbs peculiar to his line, providing the branches have been allowed to extend over for a period of 21 years or more, without objection, when no right would be gained to cut them off. Fruit on a tree is part of the realty and is not the subject of larceny. If the fruit had fallen to the ground the neighbor could pick it up and use it. The right of the adjoining land-owner to top off branches of overhanging trees before 21 years of permissive acquiescence has elapsed does not carry with it the right to the fruit hanging on the tree. The fruit is not the product of his soil or labor.—Philadelphia Times.

Probable Double Murder in Huntington. A probable double murder was committed in Huntington Sunday evening. Basil Bell, a licensed colored preacher, who has been living with a white woman, named Mary Winter, for several years, while in a drunken frenzy, attacked the woman with an ax, with which he knocked her down. He then kicked her in a brutal manner. Bell then called on John Rumsport, a neighbor, whom he accused of making love to Miss Winter, and cut him dangerously with the ax. Neither of the injured persons is expected to recover. Bell is in jail.

The practice so common at railroad division terminals of striking car wheels with a hammer, supposed to detect defective wheels, has about been discontinued. As a matter of fact a crack or dangerous defect in the car wheel cannot be detected by the sound of a hammer on the tread. Car inspectors have known this for years, but they have followed the form because it was ordered by superintendents. Bad car wheels break in two places—either around the tread, or straight out from the axle. Good eye-sight will show either of these defects which cannot be detected by the ring of the hammer blow.

The more we hear of the Dreyfus trial the more apparent it becomes the destiny of France hangs on the termination of his court martial. The indications show that the trial of Dreyfus are composed of friends of the Republic who are in the majority. Against them are the odds and odds opposed to the present form of government, made up of Royalists, Bonapartists and others. The trial of Dreyfus is only an incident in the revolution that threatens the country. Every day the interest in the situation increases, and no one can foretell what may happen on the morrow. The overthrow of the Republic seems a question of time.

The Boy Guessed Right. Wheelmen in this section will enjoy a little incident told by "Teddy" Edwards, the noted century rider who is now in the west. He says that when he was riding in the suburbs of Utica he asked a wheelman which might be the best road from Utica to Syracuse. The big limbed stranger eyed the famous century rider's slender shape a moment and said: "Take the New York Central."—Utica Observer.

Bug's Sting Makes Her Blind.

Girl's Lids Tight Closed and her Eyeballs Shrunken.

Laura, a little daughter of Edward Hartman, residing at Greenwich street, Reading, is totally blind from the sting of a bug. When she awoke last Friday morning the lid of her left eye was swollen, and by night both eyes were closed.

A physician opened the lids with an instrument, but they soon closed again. Both eyeballs are greatly shrunken and almost invisible when the lids are held apart. Mrs. Hartman found a strange bug on the windowsill in the child's room.

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Let Us First Put Our Own House in Order

The people of Pennsylvania are not this year concerned about anything but the betterment of the State Government. The silver question, in this campaign, is of no consequence in comparison with honesty in the Treasury department. The subjugation of the rebels in the Philippines sinks into insignificance beside the defeat of the law-breakers and looters of Pennsylvania. The campaign this year is for the advantage and profit of Pennsylvania and not for the benefit of the whole country.—Harrisburg Patriot.

Willie, aged 5, accompanied his mother to a dinner party at a neighbors one evening, and after desert had been served the little fellow asked for another piece of pie. "Willie, Willie," said his mother, "I never knew you to ask for a second piece of pie at home." "No; I knew it wasn't any use," replied Willie, as he proceeded with his pie eating.