Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 25. 1899.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHT.

I am a woman-therefore I may not Call to him, ery to him, Fly to him,

Bid him delay not! Then when he comes to me I must sit quiet: Still as a stone-

All silent and cold If my heart riot-Crush and defy it! Should I grow bold. Say one dear thing to him, All my life fling to him, Cling to him-What to atone Is enough for my sinning?

This were the cost to me, This were my winning-That he were lost to me Not as a lover At least if he part from me, Tearing my heart from me,

Hurt beyond cure-Calm and demure. Then must I hold me, In myself fold me, Lest he discover; Showing no sign to him By look of mine to him What he has been to me-How my heart turns to him-Follows him, yearns to him. Prays him to love me, Pity me, lean to me,

Thou God above me

R. W. Gilder.

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 run 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 swaved and scattered from this side to that to keep out of their way. Some of the more decent of the men tried to snatch at their legs to pull them apart, while others yelled: "Let 'em alone!" "Keep off!" "Let 'em have it out!" "I bet on the bull pup!" "I bet on the set-

ter!" "Keep off there; let 'em alone!" Chadburn was turning away in disgust, when a little figure with an armful of small packages darted by him and sprang into the crowd. The boys gave a shout: "Ho! Flopsy! It's Flopsy!"

had by this time communicated itself to the audience, who had taken sides generally with the dogs, and were yelling: "Get off with the dogs, and were yelling: "Get off that rope!" "Cuff that boy?" "Don't you "Pull that child away; she'll get

Before he could reach her she had struck ad, 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 town fight was imminent, 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 pugnacious Tige flew loyally to the rescue of his little champion, and the boys hasitly 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 adopted the child into his heart, and her shame or glory he felt must ately. be now and henceforth his own.

He seized her firmly by the arm as she was flinging another stone after the boys. She turned on him with fury in her face, and raised her foot to kick him in the legs; but seeing who it was, and catching the serious and reproachful look in his face, she instantly wilted and hung her head. He put his arm kindly over her shoulder. Melted by this evidence of sympathy, the impetuous child burst into a passion of tears, and flinging her arms about his waist, sobbed with her dirty little face against the loval breast that was henceforth to be the refuge of her neglected life.

Suddenly recollecting the banquet, girl turned about, and seeing all her little purchases scattered and trampled in the street, gave a moan of despair, and looking up at Chad, exclaimed, bitterly: "Ohoo now we can't have no party. Are you mad

Chad did not answer, but putting his hand over her little shoulder, drew her against him tenderly. He heard one of the men standing about say: "Chip in, boys. You've had your fun, but the girl's lost her grub. Stake." And before he could interfere, some one had slipped a couple of dollars in silver change into the child's hand. The men in the gulches are always willing to pay for their entertainment, though perhaps too much inclined to take it au nat-

At that instant a faded woman of probably thirty-five, in a bedraggled wrapper, and having a general look of ill health and bleached hair, burst out of a restaurant, and running up to them in a tremor of ex citement, clasped the child in her arms.
"Le' me be, Lil," said the girl. "I

a'n't hurt a bit. Tige licked." When Chadburn walked up with Mc-Gruder to supper, he led the child by the hand. She had forgotten the conflict, and

was munching candy by the handful.
"No, fetch her along. We can fix a shake-down. It'll please the old woman. shake-down. It'll please the old woman. She's had an eye on the child and has thought of taking her, but the youngster is sich a holy terror with that dawg, an' she won't give him up. Couldn't send her to the store on an errand. Why, the little

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 lightnin'. Everybody likes her, but the men plague her, and get the dawg into fights to see her throw stones at the boys."

order to take his little protegee home. Chadburn went down to the principal saloon, which was also the principal gambling-house, that evening, and during the intervals of the music was seen to converse quietly with the pianist. It must have kerchief several times and wiped her eyes. She seemed to be giving a tearful 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 quali-

fied respect. "It's all right, Mr. Chadburn," said the motherly Mrs. McGruder. "She'll be a kind of a care and worry to you, of course, but it'll be a kind o' care and worry that will pay, for the girl's awful bright and smart, and I think she's real purty 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 them pancakes this mornin' like any old hand. Oh, it is all right! 'Ta'n't as if she'd been brought up finicky. She's used to knockin' have jes that care over a child-keep you ter; and she ken help you with your cookin' a good deal."

more than if the Terror had been a "tame child," but he had misgivings about its Tige and me. Don't it, Tige?" "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 gen- In five minutes she fallowed in affairs of the heart. 'eral grocery and hardware store, brought out a gorgeous dog collar with a padlock,

and gave it to her for Tige. She was overcome and speechless by Galbraith's generosity, for the entente cordiale between herself and him had lately been interrupted by the circumstances of her having thrown a stone through his win-cisively. dow "for calling names" and kicking

Tige out of the store.
A number of little gifts from others, and The Terror's on deck this trip. There'll of dimes and quarters from the mining men be fun now," Chadburn heard one of the who happened to be about, testified how men say, as he rushed after the hostess of the recently arranged banquet to draw her away.

The savage spirit of the entertainment

The savage spirit of the entertainment cheer her journey; the butcher came out with a beauty that never palled upon her savage spirit of the savage spirit of the entertainment cheer her journey; the butcher came out with a beauty that never palled upon her savage spirit of the entertainment cheer her journey; the butcher came out with a beauty that never palled upon her savage spirit of the entertainment cheer her journey; the butcher came out with a beauty that never palled upon her savage spirit of the entertainment cheer her journey; the butcher came out with a beauty that never palled upon her savage spirit of the savage spirit of the entertainment cheer her journey; the butcher came out with a beauty that never palled upon her savage spirit of the savage spirit of the public eye of the gulch. The baker brought her a bag of molasses cakes to cheer her journey; the butcher came out with a beauty that never palled upon her savage spirit of the entertainment cheer her journey; the butcher came out with a beauty that never palled upon her savage spirit of the cheer her journey; the butcher came out with a beauty that never palled upon her savage spirit of the cheer her journey; the butcher came out with a beauty that never palled upon her savage spirit of the cheer her journey; the butcher came out with a beauty that never palled upon her savage spirit of the cheer her journey; the butcher came out with a beauty that never palled upon her savage spirit of the cheer her journey; the butcher came out with a beauty that never palled upon her savage spirit of the cheer her journey; the butcher came out with a beauty that never palled upon her savage spirit of the cheer her journey; the butcher came out with a beauty that never palled upon her savage spirit of the cheer her journey; the butcher came out with a beauty that never palled upon her savage spirit of the cheer her journey is t 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 scornfully declined to recognize the existence of the butcher killed!" "Let the Terror alone; she's all since he had threatened to cut Tige's head right. Go in, Flopsy, and help the pup!" off with his cleaver for sneaking meat from quickly fades from the embrace of most of Infuriated by the brutal sentiments of the shop. But her good fortunes had soft-the crowd towards the neglected child, Chadburn, who was but a step behind, conditions the generosity to ignore the past and conditions the shop. But her good fortunes had soft-the crowd towards the neglected child, conditions the shop. But her good fortunes had soft-the crowd towards the neglected child, conditions the shop. But her good fortunes had soft-the crowd towards the neglected child, conditions the shop. But her good fortunes had soft-the crowd towards the neglected child, conditions the shop. But her good fortunes had soft-the crowd towards the neglected child, conditions the shop. But her good fortunes had soft-the crowd towards the neglected child, conditions the shop. But her good fortunes had soft-the crowd towards the neglected child, conditions the shop is the shop in the shop. But her good fortunes had soft-the crowd towards the neglected child, conditions the shop is the shop in the shop is the shop is the shop is the shop in the shop is the shop in the shop is the shop i pushed the people savagely out of his way receive the gift in the spirit in which it to seize her, but reached the ring only in was tendered. The little milliner of the of Poverty Gulch was the woman of his 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.

The little milliner of the of Poverty Gulch was the woman of his epoch! He thinks so still He may be in the world. He does not mean to draw any invidious comparisons by this superlative estimate of his helpmate, but he thinks no other woman would so well adjust here. her a pity, now that it was washed, to have on her feet again and dashed at the face of it get chapped by the raw fall wind. Woma boy, who, with the cunning meanness of his en are thoughtful about little things that

way. Poor Lil herself, looking too wretched for tears, had brought her a clean pockethandkerchief, 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, Flopsy. 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, Flopsy. 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, desper-

"Florence"-the solemnity of her emotions betrayed her into calling the child by her right name-"I want you 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 down. It changed him; it changes every one, Florence, to get down and not have money. But I think you're going to have good luck and as easy life, thank Gawd. "Be 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 wanton 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 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

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 mo ment in the heart experiences of the little This was what McGruder said when camp. Along the sordid, surging current the polar expedition led by him, arrived at Chad asked to be excused from supper in of common life such eddies of pure and ten- Tromsoe, Island of Tromsoe, Norway, last der feeling, of sublimated sympathy, of week on the steamer Capel, having sucloving brotherly pride of man in man, are cessfully completed their explorations in rare, but they do occur, and they keep alive Franz Josefland. Mr. Wellman has disthe divinity within us.

It gave Chad a deep satisfaction to reflect, as he rode off, that the poor little been serious and earnest conversation, for the wretched women drew a dirty hand- and more into the inner chambers of his heart, had not passed her life in Poverty Gulch as a door that cometh and goeth up-

the window, beckoning him furiously to hurry up. Wearying of the monotonous grandeur of the scenery, she had divested herself of such incumbrances as hood and Wellman, with three Norwegians and fortyhead, had been indulging herself in the sled journey on record on that high lati-perilous amusement of seeing how far she tude. could hang out of the window without falling under the wheels. She was enjoying the ride immensely, and felt that a "skinning the cat."

out and run with him, and might she let Island, where Nansen landed in 1895. him. "No!" said he, promptly, and a So when Chadburn left Poverty Gulch after completing the official survey of McGruder's claim, the Terror and her pugnacious dog went with him.

Inth. So shad he, promptly, and he little severely, for he was irritated by her crazy behavior. "Keep in the coach there yourself, and put on your things."

"All right, Chad," she called out, cheer-

She was not as much cast down at the severing of old neighborhood ties as Chadburn had feared. Her temper was hopeful that she ignored all distinctions of age and and brave, and besides she had fallen deep- condition, and never took a roundabout ly in love with Chad and trusted him. The handsome fellow felt this trustfulness far shorter cut across lots. "All right, Chad,

lasting that made him take it soberly. His impatience was disarmed, and he While waiting for the stage in front of the gave her one of his own peculiar beautiful shanty store she bought a lot of candy and smiles, half merriment and half irony, which seemed like the illumination heaven to the benighted heart of the Terror little cloud of doubt about it, which rather increased the interest, as a little doubt will

In five minutes she flung herself half-way through the ceach window again and called back to Chad to know if he was having a good time. He smiled and nodded. 'All right, then, Chad, but I'd feel safer about you if you'd let Tige come out and

run with you.' He smiled again, but shook his head de-

"All right, then! Whatever you say goes," she called back, cheerfully; for she had caught his smile. It was by the power of his smile that

Chad controlled, subdued, and yet always fearless and loyal liitle spirit. The man only can smile. Only once in

a generation is a woman born into the gronaut, Professor Andree. world gifted by Heaven with the ravishing, rapturous smile full of beauty and of love Every man of us sees her once, but she

Threw the Teeth Away.

The General Left in a Predicament By His Friend's Careless Act.

Only a few of the older army officers save personal recollection of Colonel Benjamin Bell, but stories of his doings and sayings will live for years. He made a great reputation in the Florida Indian war and in the Mexican war for bravery and strategy.

In the early '50's General Flournov and Colonel Bell were ordered to California. It was a long and monotonous voyage, course, via the isthmus of Panama. On the ship were a number of women passengers, some the wives of army officers and some the wives of 49ers, who, having struck pay gravel, had sent for their families to join them and build up a home in the new country. General Flournoy was a beau of the old school and paid great attention-indiscriminately, sometimes—to the women.

The general and the colonel were close friends, and occupied the same stateroom, but their sources of enjoyment lay in diverse directions. One night during the voyage the colonel found difficulty in going to sleep. He alway kept a bottle of whisky handy for emergencies, and got up and felt about on the little shelf for a glass. He found one, took it up, discovered there was something in it, and promptly pitched the contents out of the window, filled the glass tossed it off and in a few minutes was snoring sonorously. As daylight broke he was rudely shaken up by the general who

"Ben, Ben, wake up! Did you see anything of my teeth?" said the colonel, "where are "No."

they?"
"I put them in some water in a glass on the shelf," said the general, his voice full of pathos and his toothless mouth quiver-"Have you any idea where they

"What time is it?" asked Bell. "Seven o'clock," said the general. "Time get dressed.

making?" asked Bell. "About twelve, I think," replied the general, "but don't worry me about that now -where do you suppose my teeth are?"

"Well, replied Bell, as he turned on his other side, "I should judge your teeth are about 100 miles to the rear of us if its 7 I threw the contents of that glass

out of the window before midnight-I did

'How many knots an hour is this boat

not know that it was your teeth-you should keep them in your mouth." Poor General Flournoy kept his stateroom for the remainder of the voyage under the plea of illness, and had a dreadful time of it keeping out the women passengers, who insisted upon helping to nurse him. He would rather have faced every Indian in the whole country than have one of them see him without his teeth. It was long before he ever thoroughly for-

gave Colonel Bell.

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 covered 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. on its hinges.

Two Norwegians, Paul Bajoervig and Bert
When he overtook the stage-coach that Bentzon, who were with Nansen on the day, which, fortunately, Tige and the Ter- Fram, remained there. The main party ror had entirely to themselves down as far as Crested Butte, he found his interesting Harmsworth house, at Cape Tegethoff, on protegee with her body projected through the southern point of Halls Island, lati-

shawl, and having tied her veil over Tige's five.dogs, started north. It was the earliest

On reaching Fort McKinley, Mr. Wellman found Bentzon dead, but Bjoervig, according to promise, had kept the body in Concord stage-coach was a vehicle not to be the house sleeping beside it through two improved upon, except by the addition of months of Arctic darkness. Notwithstanda cross-bar on which a weary passenger like | ing his terrible experience the survivor was around and lookin' out for herself. It'll herself might occasionally relax her cramp-do a young feller like you lots o' good to ed muscles by the invigorating exercise of through rough ice and severe storms, with a continuous temperature for ten days befrom runnin' round to the salons when you're idle, to have a little girl to look afed out to him that Tige was burning to get party found new lands north of Freedom

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 compelling a retreat.

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. Mr. Wellman's condition becoming alarming, as inflammation set in, the brave Norwegians dragged him on a sledge, by forced -the illumination of heaven with just a marches, nearly two hundred miles to headquarters, arriving there early last April. Mr. Wellman is still unable to valk and will probably be crippled.

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 survey. The expedition killed forty-seven bears and many wal-

The Capella arrived at Cape Tegethoff, n search of the expedition, on July 27th last. On Aug. 9th she met the Stella Aolar, bearing the expedition headed by Prince Luigi, duke of Abruzzi, which had sailed from Archangle to reconnoitre Northwest Franz Josefland and to meet, if possi-

ble, the Wellman expedition. Mr. Wellman and his companions found no trace in Franz Josefland of the missing

An Elegant Time.

A Housewife's Inference from the Value of an Unex pected Present.

A certain Washington man congratulates himself on the fact that he has the best wife self to his eccentric habits. To tell the truth, he has not yet settled down so much that he does not enjoy a little whirl "with the boys." Sometimes these celebrations develop into orgies of magnificent proportions. It is here that wifey's good disposition asserts itself.

When her hubby comes home in the wee hours, and is groping vainly for the banisters, he is not confronted by an irate spouse at the top of the stairs. He is not compelled to listen to a curtain lecture before he is allowed to sleep off his potations. He is confronted by no sour looks when he gets up the next morning with a fever-dizzy head, consequently he feels stricken with remorse. He evens things up with his conscience, or tries too, by purchasing fine rai-ment and various articles for the feminine toilet in order to make himself believe that he is in some degree worthy of such a wife. It makes no difference whether he takes his bender at home or on the Pacific coast; it seems impossible to eradicate the darkbrown taste until he has bought his peace

offerings. But the good wife herself has come understand the meaning of these gifts. Not long ago the husband went to New York on some business. Contact with convivial friends and numerous "high balls" produced a Bacchanalien fete that lasted three days. With sobriety comes remorse and the Washingtonian went down to a fashionable dry goods emporium and outdid him-self. He bought an elegant dress and trimmings, which footed up \$50. He expressed them to his wife and awaited develop-

In a day or two came a letter. It was not very affectionate, it is true, but it was a good long one. It recounted the effects of the recent cyclone at the Capital even more vividly than it was discribed in the newspapers. The torrid weather also received honorable mention. All the details of the latest neighborhood gossip were fully cited. No mention of the dress in the body of the letter. The postscript always the best part of a woman's epistle, consisted of this brief sentence, which spoke volumes: 'You must have had an elegant time.

Let Us First Put Our Own House in Or der

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 conesquence in comparison with honesty in the-Treasury department. The subjugation of the rebels in the Philippines sinks into insignificance beside the defeat of the lawbreakers and looters of Pennsylvania. The campaign this year is for the advantage and profit of Pennsylvania and not for the bene it 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 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. Punch'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 shift-less and worthless the Southerner, the surer he is to be vain of his white skin-vainer 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 loathed the Indian. It has made it less

disturbing to the conscience to rob him. The anti-Jewish prejudice in this country seeks to justify itself by picturing the extra facilities afforded by General Davis, Israelite as sordid, as a being wholly commercial. Business men whose waking hours are given up to an exclusive passion broker 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 Amwas making out a bill for \$1500 to a cor-wreckage. A thousand head of cattle were poration 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 persuadest 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 naher typifies trade. But in America a naher typifies trade. tion of shopkeepers, and proud of it, this borrowed prejudice is grotesque. Among us the Jews do not conspicuously excel in business. They do not own the great fortunes. None of the Bonanza Kings were Jews. Rockefeller of the Standard Oil Huntingdon, the railroad monarchs, are All the people are flocking to Bayamon for not Jews. Armor of the Meat Trust is not a Jew. The famous merchants of the United States are not Jews. great speculators. Jay Gould was a Gentile; so is J. Pierpoint Morgan. The large estates are not owned by Jews. William Waldorf Astor, with a hundred millions of real property, is a Christian Englishman. a Hebrew, though he has all the characterand who kentalight the lamp of knowledge when through more than ten centuries it had been extinguished by Christian Eu-

The truth is that anti-Semitism is partly an inheritance from semi-civilized persecut ing 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 insti tutions 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

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 point—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. this is the nineteenth century .- North American.

Bug's Sting Makes Her Blind. Girl's Lids Tight Closed and her Eyebali

Laura, a little daughter of Edward Hartman, residing at Greenwich street, Reading, is totally blind from the sting of When she awoke last Friday a bug. morning the lid of her left eye was swol len, 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.

"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 Two Thousand Dead

And Many Dying Daily From Injuries and Privation -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 on 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 communica-tion yet with one-third of island. The commanding officer at each of the twelve posts is inspector of relief for his district, and he has detailed in every municipality aid collecting data and relieving most press ing 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 communication with the distressed districts

is still only partly open. Arecibo was devastated by the hurricans for money making, when they speak of the Jew project their own portrait, and revile it. Their tone would be suited to a sword-hard and Manita rivers. Two hundred bodies have already been recovered and hundreds carrying, feather-wearing, devil-may-care more are missing. It is thought they were cavalier. They are as far from being of swept into the sea. The town was inunthat type as an old-clothes dealer or pawn- dated 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 starving persons from the country. four soldiers were drowned, but all are bassador to Great Britain, had a Jewish without shelter. Captain McComb and his law partner in New York. "Give it to men did valiant service in saving life. said Mr. Choate when this partner Forty persons were rescued from floating

destroyed.

At Ciales twenty persons were killed. Many are missing at Barcelonita. Seven residents were killed. At Cayey the death roll is at least ninety. It is impossible to estimate the loss of

The crops are totally destroyed.

CHILDREN DIE BY HUNDREDS. Children are dying by hundreds from starvation and exposure. Company is not a Jew. Neither is Have-meyer of the Sugar Trust. Vanderbilt and district without seeing a house standing. I rode four miles through the Bayamon

A courier has just arrived here from molished 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. What makes the As for close-paring millionaires, are there any Jews among them? Russell Sage is not month ago all public improvements were stopped owing to the lack of appropriations. istics which are popularly ascribed to Thousands of persons were then thrown the people who have given us our religion out of employment. A renewal of public works would be a great relief. planters and merchants are ruined and cannot give employment.

The Law About Fruit Trees.

If the branches of trees growing on one's and hang over the line upon the other, the adjoining owner may cut off the limbs perpendicular with his line, providing the oranches have been allowed to extend over or 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 pranches of overhanging trees before 21 rears 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

Probable Double Murder in Huntingdon.

A probable double murder was committed in Huntingdon 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 Winters, and cut him dangerously with the ax. Nither 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 de-fective 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 placeseither around the tread, or straight out from the axle. Good eye-sight will show either of these defects which cannot be de tected by the ring of the hammer blow.

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