# Aentocratic Matchman.

### Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 29. 1899.

WHEN LIGHTS ARE LOW.

The rooms are hushed, the lights are low I sit and listen to the wind That comes from out the distant hill. It comes and croons in an undertone Of alien region vast and lone, Of pleasures lost in a land unknown Then steals away and all is still. 'Tis good to listen to the wind

When rooms are hushed and lights are low. When those we love have come and gone,

'Tis weary to be left behind-To miss sweet eyes where late they show

To look for what we may not find, Long cherished forms that haunt the mind., Soft voices that were once too kind:

a wife.

selves.

I have heard the services of the Protes-

tention of the congregation.

ordeal, and we wondered if she could get

through. The heat was worse than ever. Henry Moller, the old organist, trembled

ness of the voice and the sympathetic vi-

The voice rose and fell in perfect caden-

wonderingly.

ice ?"

showed that.

To live and miss them one by one Is weary work. Who'd stay behind When those we love have come and gone? -New York Times.

#### THE BRIDE OF THE PASTOR EMERITUS.

It was right in the swelter of the hottest spell for years when the pastor emeritus died. Most of us, without saying so, thought it distinctly unkind of him to impose the necessity of a funeral in such weather, putting so many good people to inconvenience and discomfort. But, at any rate, he was dead—dead in the fullness but it has been interesting to observe that, through all the last sad rites, a similar of years, dead in the ripeness of a life that sentiment runs. was clean, pure and sweet.

The day was certainly hot. People came into the beautiful church gasping and tant Episcopal and Catholic, of Presbyte-rian and Methodist, of Lutheran and grumbling, sank in their pews, and, with all reverence, devontly wished it were soon Quaker, of almost all, in fact, and in each of them, whether the noble dignity of the over, and they might get back to the coun-try, the mountains and the seashore. The Protestant Episcopal, the wonderful high mass of the Catholic, or the impressive handsome pastor was a martyr in his hot clerical belongings; in spite of an electric fan cleverly concealed in the alcove, it grew hotter all the time.

"Of course somebody from our family had to come," the girl with the blue hat have awakened into a knowledge as far bewas whispering to the girl in the pink waist, "and as usual, they put it all on me. They wanted papa for one of the the earth. Faith bridges the distance, you say, and so, indeed, it does, but I cannot get away pall-bearers, but that was out of the ques-tion, don't you know. He is too feeble." from my thought, and perhaps that is why

"I heard they had a lot of trouble getting enough men to act as pall-bearers,' said the girl in the pink waist.

"No wonder. Just think of the weath-er! Did you ever feel such a hot day ?" of that Heavenly awakening. 'Never. It is perfectly awful !"

"I hope they will get through so that I can take the twelve o'clock train. You will run back to the mountains on the express, of course. It is hard to bring us to the city on such a day, but of course he resentment toward ingratitude. It was althe city on such a day, but of course he couldn't help it. And the Doctor was such a dear, good man. Honestly, I believe if under the circumstances of the heat and one of our family had not come to the fun-eral, mamma would be afraid to go to Heaven. He baptized all of us, married most of us, and buried a few of us, and we have a queer feeling about him."

"It was the same in our family. He was more to us than the physician.

'It seems to have been the same in most of the families. I never heard of any of our set that he didn't either marry or baptize. Pa used to tell the Doctor that he believed he married Adam and Eve."

"Yes; and don't you remember that one emeritus, stretched before him in ascending week he got over a thousand dollars in notes from earth to Heaven. His fingers wedding fees ?"

"Yes, and gave every cent of it away. Pa used to tell the Doctor that he didn't the soul of the musician and the heart of know the value of money, and I'v heard the friend playing together. It touched us the old Doctor reply that the only way to all, and it nerved the soprano for her efnake a dollar useful was to keep it mov- fort. ing; and no matter how much they gave him he was always poor.' "He did a lot of good. We know of effort in it was direful, and I, at least, was cases where he was a real angel. You re- not surprised that when the last line of the member late one afternoon a family was reported to our Help Society, but we were all tired out, and it was too late to do any-thing? That night the old Doctor held a thing? That night the old Doctor held a thing? That night the old Doctor held a the backgroup to th reception, and somebody mentioned the case casually to him. Well, don't you seat. know, when the reception was over, and everybody had gone, the old Doctor disappeared, and didn't get back until two ever seen at any funeral. o'clock in the morning. He walked two Old Moller, being deaf and lost to everymiles, found the house, waked up a grocer, thing save the hymn of his dead friend, kept and had those people comfortable before he on playing as if nothing had happened. The interlude was almost over, and the left them. My, it made us all feel ashamed of ourselves !"

first proposed by the young minister, we can't, because if we go to the cemetery many years before this funeral, there was a we'll miss our trains. great protest, but patiently and kindly the young man had won his way, and good

"It is fearfully exasperating, isn't it?" "Yes, and I heard old Doctor Ambers used to be in love with her, too. And I half believe he is yet. Wasn't her voice beautiful? And it was all so odd." music had helped as much to fill the pews as the clergyman's preaching. There was a marvelous organist in those early days, and he was greatly devoted to the young

"Lovely. I would not have missed it for the world. Do you expect to catch the 12 o'clock train?" preacher. In decades that had passed the organist had grown bent and deaf, but his love for "If I live through the heat. Isn't it

killing ?" the minister lived, and when he read of his "Perfectly frightful !"

death he asked that he might be allowed to play the pastor's favorite hymn at the funeral. And he was at the organ, loving

Just before the services were over she had turned to me and said, "Please take me out." I knew what she meant. She it for what it was, just as he would a sweetheart-loving it more for the sweet consolation it might give, just as he could wanted to escape the crowd.

When we reached the street I called one of the few carriages, and, placing her in it, The lady who was to sing the solo had got in myself and closed the curtains. She come, at great personal sacrifice, in complisank back, saying nothing for a time, but ment to the *doyen* of the church which she served, but the heat in the choir loft was particularly stifling, and her corpulence was made me do it! God did it! Blessed be a handicap. She fanned to the limit of His name!"

her energy, and the more she fanned the "Blessed be His name!" I repeated, not warmer she grew; but she was faithful to her duty, and the people gave to her any pity that they had left after pitying them-

Nothing more was ever said on this subject by either of us. There were very few I had no idea of bringing myself into this plain narrative, but it has been my persons at the grave, and the heat was allot, in my three score years or more, to at-tend funerals in churches, of many denommost intolerable. We drove back without many words. When we reached her boarding house she asked that the young inations, and, now that the services have begun, the same curious feeling comes over preacher come to see her as soon as posme. As an old-fashioned physician, I know that my part ends at the death-bed, sible.

Late in the afternoon he was in my of-"Doctor," he said, "this is so extrafice. ordinary that I seem to be moving in a dream. The incident at the church was

strange enough, but stranger things have come and I want your advice. She says she expects to die soon, and she wants to be buried near him, and I don't know what to do. How could I explain the two graves in the lot?

"No explanation necessary," I replied. simplicity of the Methodist, or the different "What does the living world care for worn excellences of any and all, one thought has out preachers, or-worn out doctors? We always come to me: How blindly we do save their souls and save their lives, and these reverent actions for the dead, when then they forget us. A doctor may spend a life time in doing good to others, but let him stop a year, and he had just as well our whole religion teaches us that they yond our real knowing as Heaven is from dry up and be blown away. And a pastor emeritus, with no relatives to place flowers upon his grave, will not be disturbed by the memories of the world. Tell her yes."

I was so drawn to the young clergyman, who, in his address, said that no words of It was a more comfortable day when we next visited the lot-the young preacher his could add to the sermon of such a life, and I-and we lingered there until the no tribute of earth could increase the glory men who filled the grave had followed the hearse and the attendants around the bend Then he told simply the story of the man who had given his life to the church and of the road. Then, with uncovered head. the young preacher stood by the graves, and with closed eyes repeated something

wonderful is love!" There came in good time the hymn of "At least," I said, thinking of the the pastor emeritus. We saw that the so-prano was trying to force herself up to the

"I was best man."-Lynn Roby graves, Meekins in Saturday Evening Post.

#### Cows Go on a Big Spree.

to the seat, and, closing his eyes, saw the Eat Up An Apple Orchard and Get as Drynk as favorite hymn of his friend, the pastor Sailors

Like all placid animals, the cow is touched the keys, and there came a sound error when in hercups, says the New York Journal. In such condition she has been known to kick over her favorite milk maid and gore the watch dog into mince meat. No

Texas' Largest Ranch.

It is Owned and Worked Successfully by Two Penn-

Fifteen years ago Messrs. A. J. and J. J Dull, of Harrisburg, Pa., bought of the widow Burke her many acres of land in the counties of La Salle, McMullen, Encinal and Duval in Southwestern Texas. These two brothers were millionaire iron and steel workers in the Keystone State and were able to operate a vast ranch and stock it with the finest cattle, and they did. They have been constantly adding to the already large ranch, until now they occupy land in four counties in a country drained by two rivers, the Nueces and Filo. These two streams are perfectly dry nine months in the year, but when a heavy rain comes they are bank full, and frequently, when the wet spell comes, the rise is so sudden that there is great danger to life and property, as was the case two months ago, when the whole of this country was flooded as never before in the history of either white or red men.

The water of these two streams contains much oil, and cattle will not drink it unless very thirsty, and, when a match is applied to it, combustion occurs. For this reason they have a number of large windmills, where an abundant supply of water is obtained from driven wells with but slight expense. The character or topography of this huge range is undulating and slightly rolling in general, and as the ranch runs adjacent to the county seats of these four counties, the Messrs. Dull have established several general stores and supply their many cowboys with all needed goods and supplies, thus making not only a profit on the labor of "cow punchers," but also on the merchandise they dispose of. The Mexican male heart pines for fine boots and a gaudy sombrero, as the headpiece is called, and very often the last dollar is spent in personal adornment. The work of the herders is so well systematized that each one has certain work and knows his place with almost that precision which characterizes the best paid fire departments in the States. Here we see four different classes of labor, called outfits, as follows, fence, tank, cow, and feeder, over each of which is an experienced and fearless boss, who, while being hail fellow well met and "one of the boys," will brook no opposi-

tion to his commands. The Mexican cowboy is usually thought to be treacherous, but, be this as it may, if he discovers you are afraid of him it will go hard with you. Your chances of good treatment from them are increased a hundredcan parley with them in their much-be-loved Spanish tongue. The manager of this

arge cattle-breeding establishment is Mr. S. R. Walker, a man who knows his duty and does it. In the summer months no feeding is done, the vast herds being allowed to range at will where they find the best grass, being watched over by the numerous outriders. As winter comes the feeding commences, and this is an undercattle. During the summer months twen-ty-five men are employed, but the duties of feeding in winter, in conjunction with the regular work, require one hundred

hands. Two hundred ponies are kept in readiness for immediate use, as it is often necessary to change a tired animal for a fresh icy-fettered North every March, and go

More Gettysburg Dead.

regiments, as, at the time of the battle,

The "unknown" plot in the National

the soldiers were buried where they fell.

Too Much Realism.

outside of the semi-circle of graves.

of their carriages."

the National cemetery.

Wasp Pest in Eastern Maine. Millions of the Insects on Every Farm-Hard Season

for the Farmers.

This has been a hard season for the farm ers of eastern Maine. Crops have dried up in the fields and stock has grown lean for want of water. While all products that yield money have suffered badly, insect life has waxed strong. In June, the or-chard owners said that the apple tree caterorchards, laden with promises of abundant fruit, were stripped bare of foliage, crip-pling the trees for years to come. The cars on the line of the Belfast and Burnham railroad in Waldo county were delayed from one to three hours every trip by the mass of caterpillars that accumulated on the rails, the crushed bodies greasing the tracks so the wheels could make no progress. A month later the Colorado beetles came in

plague of locusts invaded the fields. They chewed off the heads of standing grain and devastated the farms until they looked as if a fire had swept the country.

Through all these visitations of drought and famine and insect enemies the people remained healthy, so that country doctors made long trips to fishing resorts and undertakers complained about business be-ing dead. While pneumonia held off and typhoid fever delayed to strike, the citizens had reason to be thankful that the trouble was no worse. Their joy was short lived. In September the homes of the farming folks were stormed by myriads of wasps that buzzed about the rooms and stung everything stingable. A yellow jacket wasp with its garb of orange and black is the most venomous creature of its size that lives. The torture which a wasp sting inflicts cannot be described by any phrase that is tolerated in a civilized community. Ex-vice President Hamlin called it "con-centrated hell," which is far short of the whole truth. The hot, dry weather has favored the production of wasps. Their gray houses, which in ordinary seasons seldom grow beyond the size of a two-quart dipper, are bigger than water pails this year, and every structure holds from 50,-000 to 100,000 armed warriors. When there are four or five nests to an acre, and every nest holds some 70,000 insects, the

total number of wasps on an average farm is almost beyond computation. Two weeks ago the skirmish line ap-

fold if you be a good Castilian linguist and peared, sipping the sweets from fruit hung out to dry and buzzing about the rooms in quest of fat flies. The main army came a week later, when fruit was eaten from the trees, ripe tomatoes were destroyed on the vines and mosquito bar screens in open windows were chewed to lint.

Reports of serious injuries from stings came from every county in Maine. Mrs. Smithson of Brooks, while trimming the leaves from her grape vines to admit taking of gigantic proportions in which many men are engaged. The pear-shaped leaves of the cactus plant are ground up and mixed with cotton seed meal, making his shirt on over his head for a week bea nourishing diet for their 12,000 head of cause he disturbed a wasp camp meeting while grubbing stumps in his back pasture. Yellow jackets interrupted a marriage ceremony in an old church in Brooksville on Sept. 9th, compelling the contracting parties to adjourn to a nearby house before they could be made man and wife.

camping on the shores of Flood's pond for one. These two brother capitalists make two weeks, resolved to have a swimming requested that the following be published : a yearly pilgrimage down there from the match to strip off their garments in camp, "The Dewey National Home Fund Comover the whole broad extent to note the ter of a mile away, and swim around a gore the watch dog into mince meat. wise farmer dares to fool with an in-trade win eider time. They own two other ranches of smaller the man who ran ahead jostled a tree hold-aggregate \$27,065, exclusive of the contriacreage in the portion of the State, the "Sanderson," or "Big Canon," and ad-jacent to it the Pecos ranch. It is not an bim, but the four youths who tailed on be-(cow boss) and his undergraduates get ac-raged insects that they could not be re-credit to the givers and a pride to the hero "Darn if these aint better than grass," customed to it and have the hardiness to moved from camp for a week. exclaimed the leader of the herd as she sleep out on the ground in all kinds of The body of a young woman who died in exclaimed the leader of the herd as she staggered around the trees, looking for weather. The poisonous tarantula and venomous rattlesnakes are common ex-trees, the poisonous tarantula and venomous rattlesnakes are common ex-trees, the poisonous tarantula and trilden early in September was taken to Amherst to be placed in a tomb. When here, as the ranking officer of the United States here, as the ranking officer of the United States here, as the ranking officer of the United States here, as the ranking officer of the United States here, as the ranking officer of the United States here, as the ranking officer of the United States here, as the ranking officer of the United States here, as the ranking officer of the United States here, as the ranking officer of the United States here, as the ranking officer of the United States here, as the ranking officer of the United States here, as the ranking officer of the United States here, as the ranking officer of the United States here, as the ranking officer of the States here, as the ranking officer of the remainder of his periences, and many a brave man goes the rusty door was pried open the yellow down under their deadly bite. We were jackets poured out in such numbers that life. sitting out one night around a camp fire, the mourners and friends scattered in haste. when our leader told me to sit still while Two frantic horses in the procession ran appreciation of the intention of the Amerihe knocked a tarantula from my collar. I did so, and he knocked it in the fire, to away, and more than a score of persons were badly stung. my relief, as it had been in the pocket of

All About Ebony.

Legends Connected With Its Use. Where It Is Obtained and Prepared.

Ebony was known and highly esteemed by the ancients as an article of luxury and was used by them for a varity of purposes. In India it is said that it was employed by kings for sceptres and also for images. On account of its supposed antagonism to poisons it was used largely for drinking cups. Its use has extended continuously down to other year since the Civil War. Whole Its use has extended continuously down to the present time, and in England, as well as on the continent, it has always been held in high esteem by the wealthy for toilet articles and boxes. In France particularly the manufacture of ebouy goods has attained a high degree of perfection

Within a few years its use in the United States has increased remarkably, in a large measure, no doubt, on account of its com bination with silver, which is believed to have originated in this country. The strikhordes, nipping the potato down to the ground and darkening midday with the shadow of passing wings. In August a from the outset commended it to the American public. This combination, it is said, has now been introduced into England and other European countries.

The silver mounting of the ebony gives scope for the taste and originality of the silversmith. The style of decoration most frequently used on the larger pieces consists of a border of scrolls, of flowers or of a combination of scrolls and floral designs. variety and degree of elaboration of the borders shown are almost endless. Sometimes the border extends only half way around the edge of the article. A silver shield on which the initials of the owner may be engraved is generally placed in the centre of the piece. This shield is occasionally replaced by a monogram, more or less elaborate, which may be the only mounting used. Large initials are also used instead of a monogram. Another style of decoration consists of a beaded edge of silver. While the border is occasionally used on small pieces, the decoration for these is generally confined to a shield or monogram. The shield may be combined with floral designs or scrolls. The name ebony is given to the wood of

several varieties of trees. All kinds of ebony are distinguished for their great density and dark color. The wood in all varieties is heavier than water ; the heaviest varieties are the darkest. The other grades require a considerable amount of staining to make them black. Ebony is of a uniform color throughout, and will not

show any deterioration even from long continued use. There are three varieties of ebony well known in commerce. The ebony from the Gaboon coast of Africa is the darkest. The Madagascar ebony is the densest. The Macassar ebony furnishes the largest pieces. Almost all ebony is sent in the form of logs to London and from there shipped to various connties in which it is

used for manufacturing purposes. It is sold by weight. Imitations of ebony can always be distinguished by their lighter weight, and the cheaper imitations can be detected by merely scratching the surface.

#### More Money Needed.

Last Call Issued for Subscriptions to the Dewey

At a final meeting of the Dewey National Home Fund Committee, an account of stock was taken and plans perfected for closing the subscriptions before the arrival Five college students, who have been in New York of Admiral Dewey. At the conclusion of the meeting the committee dash through the woods to a bluff a quar- mittee have received contributions from about 30,000 citizens, representing every of Manilla Bay. Admiral Dewey has indicated to the committee a desire to make Washington his permanent home. Here, navy, he will spend the remainder of his "The Admiral has indicated his grateful can people to present him a home, and he will accept it with the spirit in which it will be given. The committee must close the subscriptions before the end of next week. before the arrival of Admiral Dewey, and will be pleased to receive and acknowledge by the issuance of a souvenir receipt any contributions. "A home will be purchased with what-that there will be no falling off in numbers who desire to make an immediate success of this work by making liberal contribu-As soon as the leaves fall and the ground tions to indicate their wishes by telegraph freezes so as to make good walking in the to Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, United States Treasurer, Washington, D. C., who is Treasurer of the fund, and to remit by first

to himself. "You were saying the marriage service," I said as we started to go. "She asked me to do it," he replied, "but why I do not know, for are they not together worthy of the young man, and the desire of everyone to get away, it was really wonderful how well he held the attogether in Heaven." And as we walked on I heard him say ing, "God is love, and Love is God. How

"Gracious, it gets hotter every minute ! Behold the dominie in the pulpit. He looks like Niobe—all perspiration. By the ance, without a voice to sing the words. by, did you ever hear the old Doctor's romance?", "Well, this is the real story. Papa-

you know he and the Doctor were life-long friends-told it to us for the first time last night. Death, he said, unsealed his lips. He had told it to mamma before, but to the rest of us it was all new. The old Doctor was in love. He fell in love when I had seen it in its earlier years. he came here as a young clergyman.

'The church was small then-it was hefor he built it up-and it had no paid choir, nor any of the modern fixings. But in the unpaid choir was a girl-one of those slim, queer things - with a wonderbration in each tone had a powerful effect ful voice, and the young pastor fell in love amidst these surroundings and under these with her and she with him. But they circumstances. Women forgot to fan, and men bent forward, and children gazed were too poor to marry, and she was too poor to wait, and so she began to use her voice to support herself and her mother.

"Soon, as such things go, she was singing in concerts in halls and places, and was making a great deal of money. Her voice was simply wonderful—a high, clear, Heavenly kind of music that just took hold of people's souls. The papers were full of and her picture was everywhere. And all the time she was such a furore the young pastor was working and building up ing. The souls were singing. Heaven ing. The sound itself was singing. this church. One day she came back, and went to papa and ask for a confidential interview, and then she told him everything -how she loved the pastor, how he loved her and importuned her to marry him, for the church was growing, and he could now support a wife; and how she was doubtful, because she was afraid the publicity of her name might make her marriage interfere with his work, and how she would rather sacrifice herself than injure his ministry.

"Well, it was hard lines for poor old papa, but he is a conscientious old thing, who says what he thinks, and he told her what he thought, and she thanked him and forward and saying: left. Papa said he felt as if he had committed a murder when he saw her go out bers you used to know. Can I do anything of the room." for you ?" "No."

"Yes I heard from grandma that he had a love who would not marry him. But I did not know it was as romantic as all that. I wonder what ever became of

"Rich and retired, I believe. and living quietly in the city somewhere." The last comers were taking their seats,

and, just before the services began, a slender figure, enveloped in mourning, crept up the aisle, and sank into a pew near the front.

It was a peculiar service. When the idea of placing an organ in the church was | would have give anything to see her; now | tion.

ebriated cow in cider time.

She arose and put her full strength in Twenty-eight Connecticut cows belongthe first verse. It was sung well, but the ing to Hardenbergh brothers, of Canaan, got into an orchard on Wednesday and began eating the apples. verse was concluded she moved her head

"Darn if these aint better than grass," that she had not fainted, and resumed my

Seeing the horrible way in which this old and experienced milcher was affected, Then occurred the strangest thing I have the younger cows were for beating a retreat, but the apples were so good that they lingered, and that was their undoing.

When farmer Hardenbergh's daughter Mary went to drive the cattle home they my main coat, which I had just put on. were still busy converting the fruit into applejack and hard cider. The young My life was saved by the good-hearted congregation saw that the soprano would Mexican, and I felt truly grateful-Incows were pretty jolly, but the old ones attempt nothing further, so we waited for dianapolls Journal. Moller to finish the instrumental performstaggered about like drunken men. Miss Mary, however, soon brought them to their senses, and the whole twenty-eight But suddenly there arose in the middle of the church a figure dressed in deep

started for home with a reckless, jolting Bones of Sixteen Union Soldiers Unearthed on the Battlefield.

mourning. She quickly threw back her heavy veil, and we saw a face of infinite As they went the apples began to get in sweetness, old and with wrinkles, but antheir fine work. In the old cows the apgelic in its softness, purity and beautyple precipitated a remarkably fine brand of the face that was the mirror to a lovely applejack, which made them positively life, and a clean, loving heart; a face that crazy. With the younger cows the apples once seen, was never to be forgotten. And gave off a kindly hard cider, which in its effects, however, was just as bad. As the note of the verse was struck there

motion

The whole herd started out on a wild came forth a molody that filled the church run for the farm, leaving Miss Mary breathand thrilled our hearts. True music is alless and astonished at the road side ways intoxicating, but the peculiar sweet-

Farmer Hardenbergh was smoking his pipe in the front yard when his attention as attracted by a great cloud of dust down the road. It looked like a small cyclone, with a deep red centre. He ran into the house for his gun in order to dissipate the tornado and save the farm, but before he could get back the cows had arrived.

ces, the very fullness of sympathy and in-They swept by him like an express train, spiration. The verse sung, she stood with and, dashing into the farm yard, brought clasped hands and waited for the second, up with a fearful shock against the barn, which shook to its foundations. Twenty and old Moller played on, oblivious to all save the organ and the hymn of his friend. chickens which had been fooling around As the song proceeded, the beauty of it, were instantly killed, and the farmer's the intense interest of it, flowered into an favorite dog was trampled to death. Fortuindescribable glory. The hearts were sing-

nately no farm hands were about, or they, too, must have perished.

Miss Mary, who arrived breathless at this noment, told her father where she had There are on record several notable instances where the singing voice was refound the cows, and he at once knew that turned in old age and under intense excitement, but, as far as I could remember. to keep away until they had sobered up. the reaction generally meant collapse and The cows were pretty ugly by this time, principally because they could find no more apples. They began to fight among sudden death. I was in the pew just back of the singer, and, without being per-ceived, I moved so as to be near her if she fainted. But she did not faint. When themselves, and the air trembled with their fierce mooings. The cow yard was like a shamble. They tossed the body of she finished the hymn, she half sat, half sank down in the pew, and quickly re-placed the veil. I could not help bending the dead dog from one to another like a foot ball. The end came at last, however, as one by one they reeled over and went to sleep. the stage manager promptly indorsed. It was that we should have in a donkey "I am Dr. Thomas Ambers-Tom Am-

## \$300,000 Given to Dartmouth.

"Shall I escort you out after the serv-Three hundred thousand dollars was transferred on Tuesday to the trustees of friend, whose role was to counterfeit the It was as I thought. Her nerve was good for all the funeral. The manner in which she uttered the monosyllables Dartmouth college, Hanover, N. H., as a gift of Edward Tuck, of New York, as a memorial of his father, Amos Tuck, at one When his cue was given, there was only

time a trustee of the college. Mr. Tuck is a retired merchant of New York, and was "Well, do you see that ?" exclaimed the girl with the blue hat to the girl in the pink waist. "Old Doctor Ambers taking her out before the procession. He's a per-fect old nuisance. He always was. I

Those who have had courage enough to approach a tenanted nest of wasps and plug the entrance hole with a chloroformed sponge say that the proper cells are crowded to full capacity with young grubs, which will soon put on wings and become adult wasps. Indications are that the pests will

The bones of sixteen Union soldiers were

until Oct. 1st or later. found by workmen who were building the return avenue on Culp's Hill at Gettysburg Saturday afternoon. This is considered a remarkable discovery, as it was woods, the dealers in curios who collect supposed that all the soldiers who were buried at various places over the battle-will go out and gather the nests in which field after the battle had been reinterred in the late tenants have died. They are as-

he National cemetery. Nothing is, of course, known of the sol-er seasons a well preserved nest as large as diers, except that they were Union men, on account of the United States belt plates there are plenty of nests larger than a half found with the bodies. The spot where they were found was fought over by the away in dry attics to await the coming of men of the One Hundred and Forty-seventh Pennsylvania, Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania, not be sold off next year, it is sure to go Pennsylvania, Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania, Fifth Ohio and Eighty-fourth New York, and it is possible that they were from these

#### Egg Lemonade for Consumption.

cemetery contains more than 1600 bodies. Dr. A. M. Cushing, in the Chicago Triand is all taken up, so that those found yesterday will have to be buried on the posure as she hears the approaching carfrom one to six a day may be taken. If he riages of the guests. "Hark !" she says. "I hear the wheels little fear of consumption. I have reasons! can digest six, the patient need have but to believe the lemonade digests the eggs, for one evening, when in my teens, I drank We obtained the effects of approaching twenty eggs in lemonade in a little while.

wheels, but, try as we would, the stamp-ing of the horses' feet upon the gravel bebeating a bigger boy by four eggs, without an unpleasant symptom. As to the treat-ment, I believe firmly in giving the well indicated, attenuated remedy by hypofore Clarisse's door we could not manage. At last a brilliant idea struck me, which dermic injection into the arm, and rarely repeated. Any intelligent physician can do that. If the stomach does not tolerate from Covent Garden to trot up and down behind the scenes on the gravel especially laid for him. We were decidedly nervous food, a few drops of pure olive oil injected into the arm occassionally will start the cure, and, I believe, kill the microbes." on the first appearance of our four footed

-William Morris had a great horror of being buried under a marble slab, and, though a costly monument has been erected over his grave at Kelmscott, in Engscuffling were heard as sent the audiscuffling were heard as sent the audi-ence into roars of laughter. Although it was one of the most serious situations of the play, I could not help joining in their mirth until the tears rolled down my cheeks. Cassus, and Laverne started to put his threat into execution Saturday. He met th

-A conservative estimate of Nebraska's corn crop, which is now safe from frost, is there are plenty of nests larger than a half bushel basket. All of these will be stored mind to grasp just what these figures mean. Counting sixty bushels of shelled corn to the load, it would take five million teams to haul the crop to market, a caravan that sooner or later, because giant wasp nests are usually very hard to find. would reach around the world. It will take an army of 80,000 men over two take an army of 80,000 men over two months to husk it if they husk sixty bushels a day each. If loaded into cars of 30,000 capacity it would take 60,000 cars to haul the crop, a train over 4,000 miles long. At no time within the past ten years bune, says : A person never dies of con- has there been such a tendency on the part sumption who is gaining flesh or fat, or even "holding his own." Then the thing to better themselves or to provide homes to be done is to keep him nourished. In for their children. Many sections in the some cases it can be none by drinking three east are overcrowded while thousands of Mme. de Navarro has recorded in "A Few Memories" the greatest lesson she ever received against too much realism. In a day; or the two combined; but in the ex-at comparatively low prices. Thousands they were drunk. He immediately locked a certain drama the heroine, under great perience of forty-three years, eggs, in will visit that country this fall as the rail-them in the cow yard and warned all hands excitement, suddenly stops to gain com- lemonade, whole or beaten up, anywhere excursions for October 3rd and 17th.

mail."

#### Valued Farm More Than Life.

Brothers Quarreled Over It and One Killed the Other.

As the outcome of a quarrel over the ownership of a farm, Cassius Wilson killed his brother Laverne at Dunkirk. N. Y., Saturday. The affair took place on the farm over which the brothers quarreled, seven miles south of this city. The brothers are sons of Chauncey Wilson, an eccentric and wealthy farmer, who gave this farm to the two. They had trouble, and it led to a suit. Laverne publicly threat-ened to shoot Cassius if the latter won the suit. Cassius heard this and carried a weapon.

The suit was decided Friday in favor of Cassius, and Laverne started to put his