Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 13. 1899.

### LEFT ALONE.

It's the lonesomest house you ever saw, This big gray house where I stay,

I don't call it livin' at all, at all, Since my mother went away.

Four long weeks ago, an it seems a year, "Gone home," so the preacher said, An I ache in my breast with wantin' her,

I stay out of doors till I'm almost froze, 'Cause every corner and room Seems empty enough to frighten a boy And filled to the doors with gloom.

I hate them to call me in to my meals, Sometimes I think I can't bear To swallow a mouthful of anything, And her not sittin' up there

A-pourin' the tea an passin' the things An laughin' to see me take Two big lumps of sugar instead of one An more than my share of cake.

I'm too big to be kissed, I used to say, But somehow I don't feel right. Crawlin' into bed as still as a mouse, Nobody saying "good night."

An tuckin' the clothes up under my chin An pushing my hair back so-Things a boy makes fun of before his chums

But things that he likes, you know. There's no one to go to when things go wron She was always so safe and sure. Why, not a trouble could tackle a boy

That she couldn't up and cure! There are lots of women, it seems to me, That wouldn't be missed so much-Women whose boys are about all grown up An old maid aunties and such.

I can't make it out for the life of me Why she should have to go, An her boy left here in this old gray house.

A-needin' and wantin' her. I tell you, the very lonesomest thing In this great big world to-day

Is a boy of ten whose heart is broke 'Cause his mother is gone away.

# -Toronto Globe

THE WARNING OF MARY VINCENT The young girl paused at the door. Then she frowned impatiently and turned the knob. As the door opened she found herself in a plainly furnished room, the floor covered with linoleum, the walls hung with maps. There were three long windows at the upper end and in the right hand wall an open door.

from the inner room. all her reluctance come back to her. "Why don't you answer me, George?"

There was the sound of a chair pushed back, and then a tall young man stood in the doorway.

"I-I beg pardon," he cried as he stepped forward. "I thought it was my somewhat tactiturn office boy. Please take a

Mary Vincent bowed gravely and sat down. At the actual encounter with this formidable young man her courage seemed it all father's romancing?" to return.

'You are Mr. Henry Tennis," she said, half interrogatively.
"At your service," he answered and me, how forward! But father had angered

"My name is Mary Vincent," she mur-thrown away?" cried Tennis. "Not "Thrown away!" cried Tennis. mured. If she had expected he would look surprised; she was disappointed. There a bit of it. It warned me of the utter

"And to what do I owe this visit?" he courteously asked. The girl hesitated.

'For me," she said with an effort, "this ed toward the open door of the anteroom.
"We are quite alone,", said Tennis.
"I have come," said Mary in a low

voice "to warn you against my father."
"Your father!"

"My father, Abner Vincent." "Go on," said Tennis.

"He has told us, my mother and me, \$20,000." that you were to let him have \$20,000 to advance one of his schemes. Do not give him the money. The scheme is a visionary one. My father is a romancer."

She paused and moistened her lips. "My mother and I thought you should be warned. We felt that your youth and y-your inexperience appealed to us. Do not give my father the money." She paused again. "Of course this warning will be held confidential?"

'Sacred.'' said Tennis. Mary arose to go.

how your father happened to talk this of birds. On every tree there was a chorus matter over with you?

could be launched. Sometimes we feel

Tennis gravely.

you were young and quite inexperienced, birds are gone and I feel no more at home." that you had just come into a lot of money, that you were flinging it carelessly right ports of the alarming decrease in the numthe sum you had promised him."

meant?" added Tennis. Mohican building."

"I think I understand what you mean.

Yes. He said—I want you to clearly appreciate the light in which he regards you will soon be extinct. -that you were, to use his own rather rude expression, 'easy picking.' Tennis laughed softly. "Thank you very much, Miss Vincent," he said and extended his hand. She placed

have made. Your warning will not be dents which destroy the crops. wasted. I am sure I shall profit by it in more ways than one. Good day. As her graceful form disappeared in the

elevator cage Tennis turned back into his "Well, by Jove!" he murmured. He

slowly resumed his seat at his desk and pulled the directory to him. In a moment 000,000 more than the new Congressional he had found this name:

Millside avenue."

a card, \* \* \* \* \*

young Tennis been coming round more'n a month every night or two and pumping me all about that new aerostatic company until I guess there isn't a fresh question left for him to ask me. Seems perfectly satisfied, too, but somehow he fails to put up the \$20,000. By George if he doesn't come to time pretty soon I'll give some other fellow the chance, or I'll bring out one of my other schemes. But I want Henry Tennis. It isn't his money alone-I want his name.'

"Are you always so particular about the names of your-your victims?" asked with a sarcastic intonation she couldn't suppres "Mary," said her mother in a soothing

"Victim!" repeated her father querulously. 'Henry Tennis a victim. I guess not. Why, there isn't a shrewder or more successful investor on the street. If Henry Tennis goes into a thing, there's money in it. And from the very start, from the very moment he sent for me to come to his office, he's seemed all wrapped up in my latest idea. But he doesn't put

up the money.' "Father," said Mary, trying hard to control her voice, "what did you mean by saying that Mr. Tennis was young and in-

experienced and a reckless prodigal?"
"Did I say that?" queried the old man.
"You did," replied Mary, a ring of indignation in her voice; "you said he was 'easy picking."
"Well, that," shuffled Abner, "was just

a figure of speech. I must have said it before I really knew him. But hush, I think he is coming up the street,'

Henry Tennis stepped lightly through the gateway, hat in hand. "Good evening, all," he cried with the easy air of an old friend. "Ah, Mr. Vincent," he added, "if the ladies will excuse us, I want just a word or two on business with you.

"Certainly," cried the little man, bustling up. "This way, Mr. Vincent," and he led the caller into a lighted apart-

It wasn't a long interview. When the men came back to the porch, Tennis did not take the chair that was offered him. "Perhaps Miss Mary would enjoy a little stroll," he said, looking toward the dark corner of the porch where the girl's white dress faintly glimmered.

'I guess she would," said the father, and there was a nervous energy in his tone that seemed quite unusual.

The girl hesitated. Then she arose and got her hat, and the two went down the street together.

"Miss Mary," said Tennis presently,
"I want to confess to you that I am an arrant fraud. I have been coming to your home on the pretense of business with your "Is that you, George ?" a voice called guess what really brought me? Mary, when you went out of my office that event-Mary Vincent did not reply. She felt ful morning I made up my mind that you shouldn't go out of my life. Will you be

> The girl was silent. "Put your hand in mine, dear, if it

means yes.' "And now," said Henry a moment later with an ecstatic sigh of satisfaction, "and now for another confession. Do you know that up to the day you came to see me I had never even heard of your father?" "Henry?" cried the startled girl. "Was

"I guess it was. But when his romancing ended mine began."

emptiness of a bachelor's selfish life. Why, my dear girl, there's nobody looking?" And on the porch Abner Vincent was

saying in his querulous voice: "I never was so disappointed. When he is a very disagreeable mission." She look- told me that it was Mary and not the company, you could have knocked me down with a feather."

"She loves him," said the mother softly.
"She'd better!" cried Abner. "She'll never get another such chance. And the \$20,000." He paused and sighed. I tell you how he intends to invest the

"No," said the mother. "He's going to settle it all on Mary."-

Cleveland Plain Dealer. A Songless World.

The New England Farmer Complains that He no Longer Hears the Birds as of Yore.

An old New England farmer sat recently at the door of the homestead. "Seventy years ago," said he to a Boston Globe reporter, "when I was a boy and came down "One moment," he added. "May I ask in the morning the air rang with the song of songsters. The woods were full of game. "He has a habit of boasting," said In those days we never heard of paris green, Mary. "He is always on the verge of some great fortune winner. He told us potato vines and squashes. A simple scarethat with your money his latest scheme crow' served the purpose of keeping the crows from the corn. For the rest, when sure he is only romancing. This time his the fields were once planted they grew undetails were too perfect to admit of doubt. disturbed. Now there are next to no birds. He told us so many particulars about— The air is tuneless. But tor every vegetable there is a bug. The bulk of the farmer's "May I ask what he said?" inquired time is spent in fighting bugs. Paris green "You will not feel offended? He said sity. The world seems dead to me. The or sprays of deadly poison are a daily neces

From all parts of the country come reand left and that you would never miss ber of birds. Careful estimates show a diminution of 4.6 per cent. in the past 15 "Are you quite sure I am the person he eant?" added Tennis. years for the whole country, and of from 60 to 70 per cent. in Rhode Island, Con-"Quite sure. Mr. Henry Tennis, in the necticut and Massachusetts. Game birds are scarce, song birds are yearly dying out "And your father looks upon me as a and birds of prey are gradually disappearing. Unless measures are promptly taken to avert the threatened calamity many of

Do we realize what this means? A decrease of bird life means more than the loss of beautiful songsters. It means the depletion of agricultural interests. Birds are the natural allies of the farmer and the her own-a little reluctantly-in it. "I gardener, for they feed unceasingly upon assure you I appreciate the sacrifice you the harmful weeds, insects and small ro-

# Republican Financiering.

The unfinished Philadelphia City Hall has already cost several million dollars more than the magnificent Capitol of the nation at Washington. It has cost \$17, library building, one of the finest structures Vincent, Abner; promoter. Res. 2120 in the world. The entire country was amazed over the developments in the con-Then he carefully copied the address on struction of the Tweed court house in New York, and yet our City Hall has already cost \$9,000,000 more than the Tweed court Six weeks later Abner Vincent and his house. What the end will be no men can their modest little cottage. It was early that there is no excuse for the continued existence of the public buildings commission, and that it should be abolished at the tend my church." twilight, and the shadows were deepening existence of the public buildings commisbeneath the vines and the maples.

'I can't understand it a bit," Abner

sion, and that it should be abousned at the earliest practicable moment.—Philadelphia was saying in his fussy little voice. "Here's | Press (Rep.)

#### A MESSAGE TO GARCIA.

In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion. When war broke out between Spain & the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba-no one knew where. No mail nor that the furies are guarding the island. telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oil-skin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, & in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail.

The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "where is he at?" By the Eternal! than one hundred years ago, the Franciscan there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing—"Carry a message a vessel was sent to the island, and after

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias.

No man, who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man -the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it. Slip-shod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, & half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook, or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in his His goodness performs a miracle, & sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant. You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sit- way successfully through the surf. The ting now in your office-six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please looked in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

On your life, he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or the service of an otto hunter, and several re of the following questions:

Who was he? Which encyclopedia? Where is the encyclopedia? Was I hired for that? Don't you mean Bismarck? What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead? Is there any hurry?

Shan't I bring the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for? And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and expained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get | taken aboard the schooner with a tame otfather-for it was a pretense. Can you one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia-and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average, I will not.

Now if you are wise you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggoi is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, of her friends; then the dogs killed her "Never mind," and go look it up yourself.

And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift, are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselver, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all? A first-mate with knotted club seems necessary; and dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night, holds many a work-

Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply, can neither spell nor a curiosity, and the remains of the unforpunctuate-and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia? "You see that book-keeper," said the foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes, what about him? "Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him up town on an errand, he might

accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street, would forget what he had been sent for." Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden denizen of the sweat-shop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," & with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long patient striving almost every article needed by a hunting mines could only be successfully worked with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly kelp; sinkers of stone with a grove worn machinery has been used, they were not sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the around or a hole in the centre; the hook business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues, only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer-but out and forever out, the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best-those who can carry a message

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a busiess of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries the rocks near the sea-lion rookeries, fearwith him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending ing that it will be blown into the sea. For to oppress him. He cannot give orders; and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself."

To-night this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through this inhospitable island. The first time the his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason and the only thing that can impress terrific wind was glad to leave. Approaching the top of a thick-soled No. 9 host him is the toe of a thick-soled No. 9 boot.

al cripple; but in our pitying, let us drop a tear. too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slip-shod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude, which, but for their enterprise. would be both hungry & homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded. finds there's nothing in it : nothing but bare board and clothes.

I have carried a dinner pail & worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, per se, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; & all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly shoulder, a cane in his other hand. Two takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention half-breed shepherd dogs crouched near of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long anxious which, unfortunately, could not be gratifisearch for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his ed. He had a small fortune at hand in the kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, antiquities which he could pick up, but he was undoubtedly loath to despoil the graves town and village-in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for though not averse to pointing out the such : he is needed, & needed badly—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.—By Elbert Hubbard in the Philistine Magazine.

A Bride With Some Good Points.

Some years ago, in an agricultural dissell one of his cows. There was not at that time a weekly paper in which he could adcustom, and ask the vicar of the parish, when giving out his notices at church, to

Presently, however, they struck a bargain, that the vicar should advertise the

cow, and the man in return promised to go to church.

Now, unfortunately, the man was deaf, trict, there lived a farmer who wanted to and on the Sunday following, when the vicar gave out the banns of marriage between Joseph So-and-So, bachelor, and vertise, so he resolved to follow a local Sarah So-and-So, spinster, the farmer took it for granted that the vicar was giving out particulars of his cow, and shouted out: wife and Mary were sitting on the porch of their modest little cottage. It was early that there is no excuse for the continued "Yes, farmer," said the vicar, "I should about it, that she is a most gentle creature, "You might as well say, while you are

The Wind Swept Island of San Nicolas. About seventy miles off the coast of Southern California lies the island of San Nicolas—a veritable desert, wind swept to such a degree that one might well imagine San Nicolas, which is twelve miles long and four or five wide, has no harbors, the anchorage being merely a lee under the low hills; the fact that the wind blows directly offshore making it impossible for vessels to anchor here only at certain seasons.

On this island, which has been the central point of a romance and tragedy of much interest, deserted and alone, Maria Better Than Nothing, the wild woman of San Nicolas, lived twenty years-long enough to forget her people and even her

language. The story is as follows:
For centuries the island had been inhabited by a race of hardy mariners who have left their monuments in large shell heaps and mounds that cover many acres. Less fathers determined to take the natives away from the inhospitable island and provide them with homes around the various missions, where they could also be comfortably converted. With this object in view, much difficulty the Indians, now reduced to about one hundred, were collected, taken aboard, and deserting thousands of implements which their ancestors had used for centuries. When the vessel was about to sail, one of the women discovered that her child had been left behind. But it was blowing a gale and the vessel could not hold, so the captain sailed away, whereupon the frantic mother dashed into the sea and swam back to the shore, making her captain promised to return for the woman, but soon after his vessel was wrecked, and no attempt was made to rescue the poor Indian woman until twenty years after, when a priest determined to make an effort to learn whether she was alive. He enlisted Indians, who in a small schooner, known as "Better Than Nothing," set sail for San

They landed on the island, and very soon found evidence that some one was living there, but avoiding them. To make the search perfect, the men formed a line across the island at certain distances apart, which resulted in the discovery of the wild woman. She was sitting by a brush hut in a canon, about which was a windbreak of whalebones and various material. She smiled and spoke to the Indians in a language they did not understand, but they fell on their faces before her as though to worship her. She offered them food and readily consented to go with them, and was ter. She was dressed in the skins of birds, over which was a garment of sealskin. She was named Better Than Nothing after the vessel, and by signs succeed in telling some Indians on the mainland something of, her history. At first she had mourned the loss baby, and she wished to die and was sick

for a long time. She was taken to Santa Barbara where Indians from all about were brought to her to see if they could understand her language but without avail. She lived with different families at Santa Barbara, but civilization proved disastrous to her, and in less than three months she died. Her remarkable dress of feathers was sent to Rome as tunate woman found a resting place in the

sanctified ground of the mission. arkable shell mounds in the world With many remains were buried such personal effects as mortars, ollas, flutes jewel boxes, charms, flint spearheads, and and fishing people, all formed from shell, bone or wood. Fishing lines were made of was of elegant design and bore the barb upon the outside.

sand dunes into the air like wraiths and keeps them continually moving and shifting. It has buried a stone house and so the island often deserts it for shelter among two successive years the writer as guest of Commodore Burnham, of the Santa Catalina Yacht Club, made the attempt to reach Rece yacht was blown away; the second, the party was able to land, but owing to the appearance, and the yacht finally came to sand extends to the east. In some places the cliff is worn by the combined forces of water and wind into marvelous shapes and is everywhere difficult of ascent. Some sailors have a superstition that the strange winds that blows from the island is from souls of natives, who resent this intrusion and the robbing of their graves. The yacht's party soon had an experience

with the wind. A black fog cloud came time since was all bustle and activity, sweeping down over the island and the is now practically dead, as far as business wind blew a hurricane, dissipating the fog is concerned. Eight hundred miners are and blowing until two o'clock in the morning. The land was made in a heavy sea-a dangerous operation. The single inhabi-tant, a French herder, was standing on the sands, looking a typical Robinson Crusoe. He had a big hat strapped on under his chin, an old-fashioned shot gun over his him. He evidenced no desire to hear from the outer world; his one wish was for beans, skeletons which had been uncovered here and there. Everywhere the wonderful evidence of the wind was apparent. In one canon the writer photographed a section that seemed to have almost been carved by Titanic hands. There were great faces, impossible forms of animals, delicate lacelike tracery, all creating a weird effect.

Reaching the summit after a hard climb other shades a mesa was found, almost perfectly level, extending for five or six miles. Not an object broke the level that appeared to be covered with small polished pebbles, arranged in windrows, that in the gale were blown about and raised into the air with the sand cyclone that accompanied them. For several miles the barren mesa, -You ought to take the WATCHMAN from which strange canons reached down the place to have it done.

to the sea in every direction, was followed. One object of the visit was to locate the spot where Maria Better Than Nothing lived, but it was evident that the isle of winds was ever changing; named after St. Nicholas, it should be mild and gentle, but the reality is a veritable fury. The island seemed to be in the grasp of innumerable sand glaciers, which instead of moving down move up and were ever shifting in the wind. The canon in which the so-called wild woman is supposed to have lived is visible. A more deserted spot it is difficult to imagine
—a river of sand winding up from the distant sea and covering everything. Here and there rise strange tree-like shapes that resemble the trunk of spectral trees, and which but add to the weirdness of the

Everywhere were evidences of former occupation. Some of the party dug into the mounds, where curious stone slabs marked perhaps the graves of the ancestors of the wild woman. Pearl fishhooks, bones pipies and a flint spearhead were found, standing possibly just where they had been left; and tons of implements have been taken from the surface of the sand dunes.

In one canon, a remarkable drapery of sandstone is being worn out by the wind. In others caves were found, one with strange hieroglyphics painted on the stone. Every-thing here tells of desolation and death; the sands strewn with the bones of a lost race, the deep canons filling up with the deadly sand that conceals the remains of unnumbered people who lived here in the

The wind does not always blow at San Nicolas. The summer is the season of winds; in winter days and weeks follow when the island is at peace and the sand dunes seem sleeping. But fierce winter storms come suddenly, and the island is not in good favor among the navigators of the Pacific .- Scientific American

### Riches of South Africa.

The Diamond and Gold Mines Have Produced Vast Wealth, and are not Exhausted.

Much of the recent rapid development of Africa, especially in the southern part, is due to the discovery of extremely valuable mineral deposits. The most valuable of these are gold and diamonds, though the iron, coal and other mineral deposits give promise of great value. The Kimberley liamond mines, which are located in British territory, just outside the boundaries of the Orange Free State and about 600 miles from Cape Town, now supply 98 per cent of the diamonds of commerce, and have been in operation about 30 years. It is estimated that \$350,000,000 worth of rough diamonds, worth double that sum after cutting, have been produced from the Kimberley mines since their opening, and this enormous production would have been greatly increased but for the fact that the owners of the mines formed an agreement by which the annual output was so limited as to meet, but not materially exceed, the annual consumption of the markets. So plentiful is the supply and so comparatively inexpensive the production that diamond digging in other parts of the world has almost ceased since the South African mines entered the field.

Equally wonderful and promising are the great Witwatersrand gold fields of South Africa, located in the South African Republic, better known as the Johannesburg mines. The Dutch word Witwatersrand means literally "White Water range," and the strip of territory, a few hundred miles long and a few miles in width, to which it San Nicolas has proved a veritable treasure house for the archæologist, and tons of sidered a nearly worthless ridge, useful stone implements have been taken from va-rious mounds on the island. One of the most remarkable shell mounds in the world is found here, being it is said nearly a mile \$50,000. It increased with startling ralong and ten feet in average height. On its pidity, the production of 1888 being about wind swept surface innumerable objects \$5,000,000; that of 1890,\$10,000,000; 1892, have been found, exposed during previous hurricanes, with the bodies of Indians facing each other, having been buried in a sit- each year. This wonderful development ting position with hands clasped over the has attracted great attention to South Africa and drawn thither thousands of people in the hope of realizing quick fortunes. Development, however, showed that the by the use of costly machinery, and while they have been extremely productive where of such character as to make hand or placer mining profitable, as was the case in California. The gold production in the "Rand" One of the greatest curiosities on San Nicolas, after all, is the wind. It tosses the "in sight" probably amounts to \$3,500,-000, while the large number of mines which have been located in adjacent territory, threatened another that the lone herder on the island often deserts it for shelter among promise of additional supplies, so that it seems probable that South Africa will for many years continue to be, as it now is, the largest gold-producing section of the

Recent discoveries lead to the belief that these wonderfully rich mines are the longlost "gold of Ophir," from which Solomon obtained his supplies, making "a navy of ships in Ezion-Geber, which is opposite Eloth, on the shore of the Red Sea in the land of Edom; and Hiram sent in the navy his servants, shipmen that had knowledge of the sea, with the servants of Solomon; and they came to Ophir and fetched from thence gold and brought it to King Solo-

## Asked for a Raise. Were Refused, and Evicted From Their Homes.

The town of Arnot, Tioga county, with its 3000 inhabitants, which only a short thrown out of employment. The strike that commenced over three months ago is ed and notified to vacate company houses. Sheriff Johnson and Deputy Lloyd have been busy for the past two days evicting those who did not comply with the de-

#### personal property is to be sold and the mines closed indefinitely. Forestry in Europe

mands of the company. Thirty-six families were evicted. All of the company's

Many of the countries of Europe derive a good share of their prosperity from forestry. In Germany 1,000,000 people are supported by forestry, and 2,000,000 more by manufactures of which forest products form the principal material. The little Duchy of Baden derives a net annual revenue of \$667,000 from 240,000 acres of public forest. The kingdom of Wurtemberg derives a net annual revenue of \$1,700,000 from its 418,000 acres of public forest. The over cliffs of yellow, blue, white, green and kingdom of Saxony, which leads all other countries in forestry, from its 430,000 acres of mostly spruce forest, and mostly on poor mountain land, derives an annual net income of \$1,900,000, being \$4,50 per acre.

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