

Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 12. 1900.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

The New Year came to the Old Year's door When the sands were wasting thin; And the frost lay white on the Old Year's thatch And his hand grew chill as he slipped the latch To let the New Year in.

And the New Year perched in the Old Year's chair,

And warmed by the Old Year's fire : And the Old Year watched him with wistful gaze And he stretched his hands to the fading blaze, And cinders of dead desire.

And the Old Year prated, as Old Year will, Of summer and vanished[spring:
And then of the future, with grave advice— Of love, and sorrow, and sacrifice, That the seasons' round would bring.

And the New Year listened and warmed hi heart

In the bloom of the Old Year's past: But he gave no heed of the thorns that lay In the bud and blow of a coming day, And nodding, he dreamed at last

The New Year came to the Old Year's door. And warmed in the Old Year's chair: And the Old Year talked till the New Year slept. Then forth in the night he softly stepped. And left the New Year there.

-Harpers Bazar. THE STOLEN PRESIDENT.

John Ray was President of the United States. Everybody knew that, so there is not much profit in the assertion.

President Ray was going on a little tour through the Western States-that nobody knew, not a soul-at least that was the supposition. In point of fact-let us seethe President knew; John Shutliff, Secretary of War, knew; the Secretary's pet daughter, "Matt," knew; and, incidentally, Frank Rutherford, the big, handsome hap who was Manager of the wisconsin & Minneapolis railroad.

Young Rutherford reasoned that if he could only keep George Black, manager of the rival line, from finding out that the President was going West, he could probably lobby to have the great man go over their line, the W. & M. So, you see, this State secret was gradually assuming the proportions of a joint stock company. There never was such a chance for complications -never such an innocent little seed of dis-

Shutliff was ambitious-terribly so Rutherford was poor—horribly poor, according to Shutliff. "Matt" Shutliff, the daughter, was the keynote in one of those peculiar combinations that exist oftener in real life than in novels. She loved Rutherford; a good, square, honest, no-nonesense sort of love she had for the big, shrewd, handsome man who worked like a horse over his railroad, and talked good sense to her, and was as gentle as a kitten at just the times when a big man should be gentle. But, as I have said, the father was terribly ambitious, and the ordinary manager of a railroad was simply not in the running.

If this had been the limit of the complexity, in all probability nothing extraordinary would have happened. A proposi-tion of that sort is usually settled by the father taking a grip on things with an iron hand, or the daughter snapping her fingers at the parental authority, and yielding obedience to a younger man. But in this case Shutliff contemplated as a desirable son-in-law the son of a cabinet minister. Now, the cabinet minister was President of the K. & D. railroad, the very opposition line that Rutherford felt like scoring over. Oh, but it was a merry mix-up! Even to remember the thing is trying. So the secret was being fairly well guarded-

in fact, it had rather a strong bodyguard. Rutherford was a man who did nothing by halves -- he did everything in a big way. He went to work stealthily enough, but also strongly, and in a few days he felt modestly sure that he would get the Presidential party over his line on the run to Minneapolis. He consulted with the President of his road, and the result was he was authorized to spend \$10,000. Quietly and secretly all plans were matured.

Of course a special train was arranged for. They would take on the President at Savan at five o'clock on the evening of the eighteenth, and land him in Minneapolis at six next morning. The track would be cleared from one end to the other, and the switches spiked; switchmen, guards, everybody doubled up to insure safety. Oh. but he would give them a run over the

line that would be the talk of the land! The dinner would be a banquet. Krinks. the Delmonico of Chicago, was given carte blanche; he was to spread himself over that dinner. He was to furnish twelve waiters.

Why the manager hit upon twelve waiters he could hardly say himself; simply it seemed a goodly way of ordering waitersa dozen of the best.

With Rutherford it was purely a matter ment. The only little departure from this controlling motive, the only little pleasure he afforded himself in the whole thing, was the inviting of his friend, Tom Hos-kins, on from New York to take part in the procession. Tom had been his boyhood friend; they had eaten from the same apple, bite about; now Tom should sit at this banquet his honored guest-should share the triumph of his life.

The young manager elaborated his plans with feverish intentness. The prepara-tions had been made in such a manner that no one but Tom knew for what King the celebration had been made ready. But the secret, true to its class, was leaking out, you see, for Tom now knew, also,

On the eighteenth Tom came on and joined Rutherford at Savan. Everything was in readiness; the gilded cars were arrayed in brocade and velvet; Krinks and his merry men, the dozen best, had loaded the commissariat with everything grown in the open, in hothouses, or wherever else deli-cacies are matured. Nothing that Krinks' many years of experience could suggest had been left for other reckless buyers to carry off. Rutherford felt that the West in general and his own darling road in particular were on probation.

big hundred-ton engine with sixfoot drivers puffed restlessly as its copper throat gulped down the water with spasmodic gasps-the water that would scorch through the huge cylinders in blue, smoke like steam as they rushed a mile a minute out into the darkness of the prairied West. Mile on mile of clear track and spiked switches should give them a run such as had never been known in that leisure-

creeping land. "I've beaten the log-rollers out," Rutherford confided to Tom, as they walked restlessly up and down the platform beside the "The President will be here in whirling the father of this land over our was the plug hat that did the business.

lines, and Rutherford was standing in the went. door of the K. & D. telegraph office care-One time he had been a telegraph operator himself, and the beelike music of the clicking instruments was pleasant melody to

is active mind.
Suddenly he stopped and leaned his big,

time. The President has just joined our special. line at Oaktown," the little instrument clicked glibly to the big man standing with his weight carried far forward over the square-toed boots in an intent, listening

The well-kept secret was leaking, leakcherished as a babe.

Matt had given him the information of think me a proper garden goat," he muttered disconsolately. "They've beaten me out, and I had first call on it." Tom, waiting so patiently outside for the triumph that was not to come, would see only his chagrin—his bitter disappointment. And Matt: he stopped at that—put it away

Men who get to be managers of railways usually have sand, plenty of it; so he smiled bitterly to himself as he thought of the locked switches, turned hard and fast against everything but the train for which he now had no guest but Tom. By Jove! he'd take Tom through in style, anyway.

Then the babbling instrument over the corner took up the tale it had been carrying, and which had been broken for a minute by somebody cutting in on the

"Rutherford will get a hot box over it: out we've got the President, and we'll Our special will reach Mar-

of your life to-night." "Where's the-where's the-?" he gan Tom perplexedly, looking about.
"Inside; get aboard!" ejaculated the

manager hurriedly. "Let her go!" he cried to the conductor. The little lantern cut a green circle in the air; the big engine coughed huskily once or twice to clear its throat; the wheels gripped the rail-slipped once in their eagerness, bringing up three reproachful gasps from the black mouch of the smoke-

stack-and then the tight-coupled vestibule

was pulled swiftly out of the glass-arched "Where's the --- ?" began Tom "Not coming-other fellows stole him !" answered the manager carelessly. "I've got to make the run to open up these—spiked switches. The whole blessed system's tied up from Savan to Minneapolis. At every station the loval residents will be waiting for our advent; for the last fool thing I did before I got that shock was to wire along the line to each station-master to have a big accidental crowd on hand to cheer the President of this great Republic. That was a clever stroke, wasn't it. Tom?"

ciative, but only managing to look extremely lugubrious. "Yes, it was great diplomacy; and I'm beginning to think I'd make a fine diplomatic idiot. I've got a big audience and no show. Do you think you can eat half

"Yes," said Tom, trying to look appre-

of a \$5000 dinner?" "I'm not hungry," answered Tom demy appetite away."

"Well, we'll have this banquet; and, incidentally, we'll run into Minneapolis an hour ahead of these fellows, although they've started, just to show them that we've got the best line in the West yet. They're running their special by the Southern Division, and will run into Marshall fifteen minutes ahead of us; but we'll pass them before we get to Minneapolis."

Then the manager took Krinks to one side and instructed him in the art of of business for his line—a paying advertisecould wait on two men with proper decorum.

Tom's eyes opened wide when the first course was served. One waiter brought a plate, another the oysters, another a lemon, another a knife and fork, and so on—the twelve in solemn procession, each carrying omething.

The utter absurdity of the performance upset Tom's gravity. He laughed nervously at first, like a school boy who's just been fished from a pond. Rutherford laughed at the struggle in his friend's face. A ripple of largetter years down the lie. ripple of laughter passed down the line of twelve waiters—they couldn't help it. It was a picnic. The "hot box" did not materialize. Evidently all the journals of the manager's mind were running cool and smooth. There was nothing to indicate that he was cursing the intrigue of his rival, George Black; but he was—softly, inwardly, and to himself. What an ass he had made of himself. That coup d' ctat message of his to all the station-masters—what a farce it was! The crowds and the special, but no President. It was like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out.

When they swung into Evanstown, six minutes ahead of their schedule time, the people thronged about the car. Ruther-ford had almost forgotten them. All at once it struck him that there would be a world of stupid excuses to make.

"Quick, Tom!" he gasped; "you've got a plug hat. Put it on and stand out on the rear platform and make a bow-say something to the people, for Heaven's sake! Anything you like. I'll get the conductor, and pull out of here as soon as we can. I forgot about the crowds I wired

The tall hat was a happy play. Not one

Nobody in Evanstown wore a plug hat; it ished rail, and the special banked up against itself, as it had struck into the side of a forest.

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lessly looking about when a sound came to his trained ear that arrested his attention. One time he had been a telegraph operator

mering and muttering: "Pleasure to meet the citizens—great Republic—the Golden West—the kindness chokes the utterances

Whenever he lost the power of utterance in the confusion of the novel situation he dome-shaped head forward, listening in- had recourse to the tile. He'd take it off tently. Over in a corner, beyond at least twenty instruments, one tiny sounder had tapped off the Morse letters of his name. tapped off the Morse letters of his name. He spelled it out as the deft fingers, miles away on the line, ticked it off. There was more coming. It took a mighty effort of the tributal through the art in front of his face; the people cheered, and one husky farmer climbed up on the steps in spite of guard bar and guard chain, and nearly tore the hat to pieces in his eagerness to concentration to smother the noise of the shake hands with the President. Handintervening wire-babblers and catch what kerchiefs waved, hats were thrown in the was being hurried through in that par-ticular corner.

air, and a mighty, roaring yell of farewell went up as President Tom slipped away ticular corner.

"Rutherford and his special got left this from them on the rear end of the starting

"God bless you, my children!" a voice about. "You may keep your hat on, too."

The well-kept secret was leaking, leaking; all the elaborate plans were falling to the twelve men who were trying to be solpieces like frail glass vessels in bitter frost. His whole soul had been thrown into this thing he was to do for his railroad—the railroad he strove for, and slaved for, and was handed gingerly over to Porter Jack. It was only advertising he was after, to It had assumed tremendous importance in be sure; but there was poetry in the way he loved the work that had been given in-defense against utter annihilation from he loved the work that had been given into his hands to do. And now some bit of treachery had tumbled the card-house about his ears.

The loved the work that had been given indefense against utter annihilation from a disappointed people. With the silk hat, Rutherford felt they would be about his ears.

> take possession of the rear platform.
>
> At Cookstown, what threatened to be a Somebody who had once seen the Presi- I'll give the order myself." dent somewhere sang out: "You old fraud! That's not the President." Rutherford, who was just behind Tom, put the brake of ready wit quick, hard down. Will some gentleman quell that turbulent Englishman, so that the President may be allowed to speak?" he asked blandly.

In a second loyally eager hands had grasped the temporary Britisher by the throat and choked him until he was black in the face. To deny that he was British or anything else was quite out of the question, for he was most emphatically throt-

"That was a close shave," gasped the Manager, as they sat down again. have to make more use of the hat-keep it more in front of your face."

Porter Jack was uneasy during the prog-

his master in the other end of the car, he began: "Me and Mr. Rutherford, us fixes up anybody dat comes dis way ourselves. Even de time a frien' ob ours, General Mc-Neil, that was killed in Egyp', come t'rough here on dis same cah I cooked for him, an' he said dat me an' Mr. Rutherford made him moah comf'table den he'd eber trabeled pefoah. Golly! dat so."

The Manager was sitting at the end of the table with an amused smile hovering about his strong mouth, listening to Jack's settled back out of the curve to a straightexcited monologue. Jack was always a fund of unconscious humor, and to-night "Keep it up, boys," Rutherford shouted hood.

"Keep it up, boys," Rutherford shouted hood. fund of unconscious humor, and to-night anything that killed the hours of realized disappointment was welcome.

Suddenly there was a crash, a bang and Jack leaped in the air and fell in a broken heap in his master's lap. His swaying back had touched the spring of the window that made him think an assegai had been driven home through his backbone.

"Golly, sah! I t'ought dey'd got me," he said, as his master spilled him off on the floor. Jack picked himself up, and into the eyes that had been wide open with fear then you'll be out of a job—see? I'll buy crept a deprecating humility as the two that hat from you." men laughed as they had in the old days of the single apple.

Mile on mile the train galloped, while the platform speeches, the twelve-waitered banquet and Jack's tale of carnage had carried the time on many hours.

"The engineer's making her hum," said spairingly. "What you've said has taken Rutherford, leisurely pulling out his watch ing, leaking; and Tom evidently knew as the car swaved drunkenly from side to side in its eagre rush.

"Nine o'clock. The K. & D. special will make Marshall at 9:15; they will only stop a few minutes, so we'll be too late to see the Presidential party there. Did you ever see the President of the United States.

Tom ?" The porter had been dusting a coat while his master was speaking. At the mention of the President the coat slipped from his hands and he came forward stead ily toward the speaker, with the old look of horror back in his eyes.

"Wha-wha-you say, sah?" "What's the matter, Jack? Frightened? Mind the blind." But the porter did not

"Wha-you say, sah? De Pres'dent at Marshall on de K. & D.?"
"I guess so, Jack; unless they've struck

wash-out, he'll be there at 9:15. The porter staggered back against the wall, his weak tongue beating idly against his teeth. The thing that was working in his mind was too great a problem for im-mediate crystalization. Nebulous bits of incoherent data were clustering in his suddenly startled intelligence. The two men watched him curiously. Tom had a suspi-cion that the shock of the flying blind had unhinged the emotional darky.

Trembling Jack leaned forward, putting both hands on the table to steady himself. His voice was thick and jerky, and the story he told was broken and disjointed. The night before he had been in a place where there was more drink than prayer. He had heard broken bits of conversation between three men. It was about the President—a special—9:15 at Marshall: and other odds and ends that glued together made a mosaic of iniquity that Rutherford saw like a landscape suddenly illumed by lightning. The always slow brain of the darky, more or less muddled by liquor, had failed to work out the problem; but in five seconds his master

knew and acted. Springing to his feet, he pulled with a ong sweep the slim line in the ceiling of A tiny, birdlike whistle in the cab of the engine sighed its warning note. The left hand of the engineer, that had rested all through that fast run on the short brass handle of the air valve, pushed man in Evanstown had ever seen the President. Tom was big, and his clean-shaven other hand threw over the lever closing the

the clamping wheels grabbed at the pol- Creek, a small stream. The line would be

"Quick lend a hand!" cried Rutherford, as Tom picked himself from the floor; "bringing that 'relay box' in the corner-I'm going to cut the wire."

When the conductor ran back he saw his manager strapping on a pair of climbers, and in sixty seconds he had gone up the post and cut the wire.

Then the "relay" was connected, and he was calling "W-G-W-G-W-G-W-Market

That was the call for the operator at Marshall. He shoved the button over; the instrument burred, clicked, and then silenced. "Got him-thank God!" Rutherford ejaculated.

Back went the button : the finger and thumb vibrated with trained rapidity; 'tick-tickety-tick-tick, tickety-tick-ticktickety-tick-tick"-sweet music to the straining ears. Then the button went back again, and

the message came back, repeated; "W-G," at Marshall, had got it right: "Stop the K. & D. special, with President on at Marshall. Tracks torn up nine miles west. Rutherford heaved a sigh of relief. Good boy, Jack." he said to the frighten-"If we've stopped them the President will owe his life to you, I guess. We'll patch up this wire and move on now; they'll be waiting for us at Marshall, I sup-Hello, Mr. President! Where's your plug?" he exclaimed; for Tom was standing bareheaded. His friend smiled vacantly.

Again the little green-capped lantern swung in the air; again the iron horse tugged eagerly at the linked traces: s-w-i-s-h, clack ! s-w-i-s-h, clack ! over the the President's trip to help him with his road; and now he had muddled it. "She'll think me a proper garden goat." he mutations. Three times before they had finished their epicurean dinner Tom was called on to don his imperial tile and switches; dust-pelted and speed-swaved take procession of the speed-swaved. the special fought against the lost time at At Cookstown, what threatened to be a catastrophe turned into a complete triumph. he said to the conductor. "Here—wait!

He went through the train and over the tender. "How fast can you send her, Bill?" he said to the stout man in blue jeans sitting humped up on a shelf seat between the boiler and right side of the cab. "As fast as you can ride, sir," and the right hand pulled out the long steel throttle-lever and the little spring-handle

clamped it at the wide-open.

Rutherford looked at the steam gauge the vibrating finger trembled at 180 pounds: "Keep her there, Jack. Fire up! Shove the coal to her! Drive her, Bill! drive her! What engine have you got, Bill?"

"The old 'Gunboat.' She'll stand it." "Well, driver her faster than she's ever gone before. Make her get up on her hind egs and howl!"

shall at 9:15."

"Yes, you've got him, I guess," he said, scratching his head nervously; "but I'll not get a hot box over it.

"Tom: time's up!" he sang master had wanted this elaborate dinner dust that lay thick on the cab floor and drove it into his eyes and his ears and his Faster, faster the swish-click came : the nostrels, until he could hardly breathe.

As soon as he got a chance at Tom, with
He watched the thin, spectral black hand on the steam gauge-it had trembled two points higher-180 pounds. He nodded encouragingly at Jack, who was incessantencouragingly at Jack, who was incessantly swinging open and shut the furnace door as each shovelful of coal popped in.

At the Red Mule Curve the "Gunboat"

swung over until her bell clanged warn-The left hand of the driver moved a shade on the brass handle : the air gave a little serpent hiss : brakes clutched soothingly at the wheels, and the "Gunboat"

We're

"I'm all right," answered his friend. "It's great! When do we strike Marsblind, and it had gone up with a crash we've left the earth, haven't we? Jack's moved it should be again anointed and left back, the man still sitting upright on the having a time there in the pantry with the crockery, though. He's using worse language than them A-rabs did when they came at the general."

"Who's with the president, Rut? Any ladies ?"

"Why ?" "Oh, nothing; only the President and political chaps don't go in much for violets and delicate flowers of that sort. The car is almost snowed under with them."

You see nearly all the secrets were leak-

"What about that break in the road?" Tom asked. "Who do you suppose is up to that deviltry-train wreckers? "No, somebody's after the President. You see it was a pretty close thing between the two of them at the election, and a good many people think the wrong man got in.

"But they'd hardly carry it to that length, Rut-try to kill him in a smash "Oh, woulden't they? These swamp angels go clean daft over their political office hunting raids. Your history must be a concomitant some disease of the scalp, the off if you can't remember one or two Presidents that were dealt with in this way." Tom remained silent for a minute: then he said : "Will you catch them?"

"No; nobody will ever know who did

it. If I save the party I am satisfied."
"Is she with him, Rut?"
"Here, smoke," said Rutherford, handing him a cigar," and don't bother. Too much knowledge is a dangerous thing." Well, at 9:28, two minutes ahead of time, the old "Gunboat" gave a snort of contented exultation as Bill caressingly pulled her up at the Marshall station. Eager questioners were there: the K. & D. Division Superintendent, and a dozen others. "How did you find out about it? From where had he sent the wire?"

sent out to look into it. The President who had been informed of the cause of the delay, was there; had walked over to the W. & M. station; and if there really was a break and delay on their line would be graciously pleased if Mr. Rutherford would take the party through to Minneapolis.

An engine and wrecking gang had been

There had been some tremendous muddle -some mistake, anyway, in the arrangements, the Secretary, John Shutliff, assured Rutherferd. The original intention had all his life. been to travel part of the distance by this line, and part by the other line, so as to—so as to—at least the arrangements had miscarried. They were under a debt of gratitude to Mr. Rutherford—very probably the President owed his life to him. "No," said Frank, "whatever you owe, you owe to my porter, Jack, for it was he

who discovered the plot. "While they were still talking, a mes-

When the President was informed of this he said : "If Mr. Rutherford will allow us to accompany him we shall be very thankful for the great accommodation. We are sorry that by some miscalculations our original intention to accept his hospitality from Savan on was changed.

"He's got him!" muttered Tom when he heard this. Good old Rut! He's a goat if he doesn't get the girl now, too, with this big lead he's got on the others."

Presently, a pair of swimming black eyes, with just a suspicion of moisture in them, were looking into the young manager's frank blue ones, as a small hand nestled for a second in his big brown paw, nestled for a second in his was saying : and a voice full of soft music was saying : "We all thank you, Mr. Rutherford. owe our lives to you, I'm sure-at least,

father says so." Shutliff drew his eyebrows together in a being drawn into it, and saddled with such my teens. A striking prototype is a load of gratitude right before everyone; and to owe it all to Rutherford, too. "I will lay a hundred to one he gets the

girl, also," muttered Tom, who had heard "You will win the bet," whispered Fate in Tom's ear .- Saturday Evening Post.

Caring for the Hair. Treatment of the Scalp Will Prevent Prematur

Baldness. Of all the minor afflictions which come to nature's head covering with the prospect of

cure advertiser, or possibly all three.

What can be done for these poor unfortunates? Sometimes much, sometimes lit- stone bridge was probably 20 feet pertle, often nothing. Many, many times it is the old story of locking the door after the theft. The mischief has been done, or

ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," but where a pound of prevention is the only cure, and therefore I have deemed

prevent this annoying calamity.
We recognize as premature baldness, or in two general classes, one class comprising those cases where there exists no disease of the scalp, Alopecia prematura idiopathica, the other comprising those accompanied by some disease of the scalp, or symptomatic Alopecia; and in my own experience, the former class comprises mostly men, the latfather to son, although not all the sons of one father may be afflicted. These patients papillae, on which the nutrition of the hair depends, is atrophied or entirely gone, and nothing can renew their integrity.

Those saddest words of Tennyson. might have been," are not applicable here, for many of these unfortunates might have been spared this misfortune had the danger been recognized and guarded against. Something can be done either to prevent or procrastinate this affliction by treatment, but the treatment should be begun the hour after birth and continued through child-

The vernix caseosa which covers the scalp knew who the man was. After discr moving," he said to Tom when he got at birth should not be scrubbed off within the situation of affairs, it was decided to back into the car. "How do you like an hour or two with soap and water, but send the team and man back the same way the head should be oiled with olive or for 24 hours, when the same process should be repeated. After four days the head may be gently washed, dried and immediately oiled, and in general it may be said that "I'll catch that President yet, Tom; the scalp should not be washed oftener than every fourth or fifth day, and after each bath should be thoroughly dried and

anointed. noderately short in girls until about the eighth year, after which it may be allowed grow long, and the scalp should be washed only as often as the necessity for cleanited, and the presence of excessive dryness of the scalp or the beginning of dandruff the scalp for the removal of dandruff. does remove it for the time being, but it soon returns, worse than before. If the treated as to their scalps along the lines indicated above I am sure the development of their inherited tendency would be much lelayed if not prevented.

a concomitant some disease of the scalp, the most frequent being dandruff. Here the prognosis is more favorable, as a cure of the disease is generally followed by a cessation in the failing of the hair; and if the scalp whether he was the STAYMAN who after has not been prematurely damaged, a return of growth may be reasonably looked for. Besides dandruff, anaemia either lo. Legislature. This action was truly a discalized in the scalp or a general anaemia; prolonged indigestion with consequent malnutrition; mental worry and anxiety; over-work of any kind; and, in short, any cause which tends to lower general vitality, may act to produce this affliction, and the treatment will be successful so far as we may be able to remove the cause and cure the local or systematic disease present. The prevention of these consists in the observnce of the same hygienic principals for the scalp as in the first class, and in addition, the early recognition and cure of dandruff.

Oldest School Teacher. Clinton County Celebrates His 92nd Birthday

Samuel Hartman, the oldest citizen and school teacher in Clinton county, celebrated sweet?" and Dinah dr ps her head on his the 92nd anniversary of his birth at Salona on Saturday of last week. Mr. Hartman,

as is well known, was born in Lamar town-

ship Dec. 23rd, 1807, and has resided there During Governor Ritner's administration he was collector of canal tolls and held that position during a portion of Governor Porter's administration. Mr. Hartman in his early life taught school for 35 terms, and also taught "singing schools," teaching his classes to read the "buckwheat" notes. In 1838 he taught a term of school where Lock Haven now stands, which was attended by the children of all the residents for miles around. He is a brother of

Who is My Neighbor!

We publish the following communication for two reasons: First, because it has to do with a well known locality in Centre county in the early days of the century and; Second, because it teaches a lesson that all should read and give the thoughtful consideration it merits.-En

Not long ago I saw a case reported where poor girl got entangled in the meshes of the law, and when she appeared for trial before court she seemed to be entirely friendless and too poor to employ an attook pity on her and offered to pay an attorney to defend her. This case very forcibly reminded me

of a circumstance of asomewhat similar character that came under my observation more than half a century ago, little puckering frown; he hardly liked when I was a grown-up boy, yet in related in the 10th chapter of Luke, commencing at the 25th verse, where is recited the parable of the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, and wherein the question is put by a lawyer, "And who is my neighbor?" A half century ago, as it may do now, for I have not been there since, the principal street through Pine Grove Mills, Centre county, ran east and west, and about humanity, none is borne with less equanimity than early loss of hair. The rapid ain stream crossed the public road. The decline in the thickness and luxuriance of bed of this stream was a continuation of a a "billiard-ball" pate, or the alternative of Tussey mountain ravine, and was considera wig in the not distant future, fills many ably lower than the public road, which was a heart with dismay and hurries them to bridged over the stream by a high stone the physician, or the barber, or the sureand very rough, and the north side of the west side of the stream and on the south rather been permitted, and the result must inevitably follow.

These cases are not in the class where an bly only 100 feet from the bridge stood Rankin's hotel

It was a fine, pleasant, sunny day in the only cure, and the record of a standing the subject worthy or your attention, and shall speak briefly of what may be done to in the door of a shop on the south side of the road and east of the mill and stream, Alopecia prematura, loss of hair more or and looking down the road at a one-horse less persistent, coming on before the age of truck wagon coming up through town and 30 to 35. These cases arrange themselves passing over the stone bridge. The only occupant of the wagon was a man sitting upright on the seat, with his chin resting on his breast, and so dead drunk that he absolutely was unconscious of his own being. How he happened to sit up was one ter class more women. Idiopathic baldness of the wonders. It was a painful sight to is most often hereditary, descending from see that horse, wagon and man pass over the arched bridge. For an instant I felt certain all would go over the edge of the come, as a rule, when the baldness is already more or less advanced, and for them precipice. But they passed safely, and the but little if anything can be done; the hair horse, as if acquainted, hauled up in front of the hotel and stopped. The man scarcely gave any sign of life. I immediately "It went down to the bridge to see how close

There were a number of men in front of the hotel and saw the frightful spectacle. Others also soon came there, and in a short time probably 15 or 20 men were about the wagon and in front of the hotel. No one sweet-almond oil and gently wiped with a they had come. The horse and wagon were soft cloth; if all the secretion is not thus re- turned around and made ready to start seat and blind drunk. It seemed to me to be a terrible proceeding on the part of the man. I was a stranger and only a boy. What could I do against so many men? But I saw a well dressed gentleman standing inside the window of the bar room During childhood the hair should be kept looking out at the movements. As the horse was about to start this man suddenly stepped out onto the porch and sharply said to the crowd : "Gentlemen, that is no liness should require. Daily sousing of the head in water should be absolutely prohiband take the man into the hotel, and after shows a diseased condition which should be he becomes sober if he don't pay the bill I treated at once. There is no more fatal mistake than the constant shampooing of the inebriate ever was told of his narrow escape of a second passage of the arched bridge, or who the man was who truly children of parent prematurely bald were proved to be his neighbor, I do not know.

The gentleman stranger drove a pair of dark sorrel matches, and from a printed circular I picked up in the hotel and read The second class, Alopecia symptomatica I concluded he was a phrenologist and that may be mistaken; but that is the impression left on my mind at the end of over wards represented Lancaster county in the interested illustration of the question in the parable, "And who is my neighbor?"

AULD LANG SYNE. Selinegrove, Pa., Dec. 14th, 1899.

The Bachelor.

A bachelor is a coward and a failure. He shaves and primps, but is too cowardly to put his arm around success and press it to his bosom. He resolves to marry every day for forty years, but when the hour for the duel arrives, when in the presence of trembling, rosy cheeks, when beauty shakes her curls, his courage oozes, and he flees the field without even learning of the cowpath that leads to matrimony. Better be old dark 'Rastus in his cabin, where he holds old Dinah's hand and asks, "Who's

shoulder and says, "Bofe of us." Same Old Way

Curious Old Lady-How did you come o this, poor man? Convict-I was drove to it. ladv. Curious Old Lady—Were you, really? Convict—Yes, they brung me in the an, as usual.

MADE YOUNG AGAIN-"One of Dr. King's New Life Pills each night for two weeks has put me in my 'teens' again' writes D. H. Turner, of Dempseytown, special. "The President will be here in an hour, and the first thing Black, of the K. & D., knows, we'll be Black, of the Evaluation of the people; but, after all, it special. "The President will be here in a brother of the late Rev. Daniel Hartman, for whom face had a diplomatic look about it that special. "The President will be here in dents for miles around. He is a brother of the late Rev. Daniel Hartman, for whom face had a diplomatic look about it that special." The president will be here in dents for miles around. He is a brother of the late Rev. Daniel Hartman, for whom face had a diplomatic look about it that special. "The President will be here in dents for miles around. He is a brother of the late Rev. Daniel Hartman, for whom face had a diplomatic look about it that special will be a brother of the late Rev. Daniel Hartman Hastings are came back over the wires from the scene of the reported break. A rail had special will be a brother of the late Rev. Daniel Hartman Hastings are came back over the wires from the break over the wi Pa. They're the best in the world for Liv-