

Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 19. 1900.

#### WHATEVER IS IS BEST.

I know as my life grows older

And my eyes have clearer sight, That under each rank wrong, somewhere There lies the root of right:

That each sorrow has its purpose, By the sorrowing oft unguessed; But as sure as the sun brings morning Whatever is, is best,

I know that each sinful action. As sure as the night brings shade, Is somewhere, some time punished Though the hour be long delayed, I know that the soul is aided metimes by the heart's unrest,

And to grow means often to suffer-

But whatever is, is best.

I know there are no errors In the great eternal plan, And all things work together For the final good of man. And I know when my soul speeds onward In its grand eternal quest,

Whatever is, is best. -Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## WHEN HE MARRIED.

I shall say as I look back earthward.

The postmaster smiled a little when he passed out the mail, but Luther Wilkins did not notice. He was trying to remember whether it was a yeast cake or a pound of cheese he was to get at the store.

He went out of the post office still pondering and ended by forgetting both articles, his attention being diverted by the sight of two boys playing marbles on the sidewalk. This was the first sign of spring Luther had seen, so it was no wonder that his memory played him false.

After he had gone home and eaten his supper he thought of the mail in his overcoat pocket. He brought it to the table and sat down to examine it. There was the weekly county paper, a poultry journal, an agricultural monthly, and, last of all, a

'Well, now," said Luther, picking it up, "I wonder who's been writing to me. I don't know when I've had a letter.

He looked at it eagerly, held it nearer to his eyes, then farther off. He removed his glasses and then polished them in nervous haste. After replacing them on his glasses as if at some person and then

"I swnm!" He sank into a reverie, out of which he roused himself with a start to study the

envelope with renewed interest.
"Mrs. Luther Wilkins," he said. "Mrs Luther Wilkins. And I an old bachelor who never so much as hardly thought of getting married! Mrs. Luther Wilkins! Why where is she? And who is she?

Well, I guess I'll see what's in it." He inserted the point of his knife under the corner of the envelope flat; then he

"What business have I opening her letters?" he asked himself. "I never did open other folks' letters, and I guess I won't begin now." He rose to his feet and carrying it to the mantle-piece leaned it up against the clock.

He settled himself to his papers, but thoughts of Mrs. Luther Wilkins kept inpatent nest-boxes, and underdraining, and he news of the village.

Thereafter, during all his waking hours. Mrs. Luther Wilkins was often in his thoughts. He wondered what she was like thoughts. He wondered what she was like and he thought of the kind of a woman he of gold braid, scarlet facings and nodding would wish her to be, and enjoyed himself very much in imagining how it would seem to have her meet him at the door when he came in from the fields, and how

At first he was a little cynical and told himself that the imagining was much more satisfactory than the reality would be, but after awhile he changed his mind, and would sigh heavily when he came into his

did not seem right to keep it so long be-

fore delivering it.
One evening in June Luther put on his best clothes and walked three miles to see an old schoolmate who had an unmarried cousin living with him. It seemed to him that Eliza Elliott fitted in exactly with his idea of Mrs. Luther Wilkins.

disappointed. Eliza wouldn't do at all. ment? Tartan and tunic make a brave He worked doggedly for a month, trying hard not to think of the disquieting sub- London. At the Pacific theater every ject. It was no use, and toward the end night you may see in the biograph the of July it was observed that Luther was swinging stride of the Gordon highlanders, becoming very neighborly. He spent with their kilts and bare legs and what the evenings at different neighbors' houses, he Kaffirs call their petticoats. A throb of accepted invitations to tea, he went to church regularly and to all the Sunday school pienics. And still he could not find a suitable owner for the letter.
"I must be terribly fussy," he sighed.

"I've got acquainted with about all the women in town; they're nice women, every one of them, but somehow they don't suit me. I guess I'll have to give up

It was one cold, raw day in early November that Luther sat at a window making clumsy attempts at mending a pair of very ragged socks. Happening to glance across the street he saw a woman out in Hammond's yard. She was busy raking up the fallen autumn leaves. "Letitia Hammond," Luther commented.

to look after, and Bill's wife is so took up of feathers or a regimental color. Somewith her clubs and things. It's hard on Letitia, but she never finds a word of

The sock he was mending fell to the floor, and the wooden egg inside it struck with such a loud bang that the cat started He was standing at the window staring

out. "'That is best which lieth nearest.'" he and suits of woe!" said solemnly. "What a fool I have

He found his hat and left the house, al most running across the road. He took the iron rake away from Letitia gently. "That's too hard work for a little thing like you,"

Letitia's blue eyes were full of wonder, but she yielded the rake weakly. 'You'd better go into the house, too,

"It's cold out here. No one had been thoughtful of her be fore for a long time, and Letitia couldn't understand it. When Luther returned the rake she asked him to let her do some-

Luther looked at them in wonder and

but her scruples melted away before the

stances over which I had no control have prevented you from getting it before," Luther said.

"Why, it's nothing but an advertisement of some new preparation of cereals,' she said when she had opened it.

Luther looked blank. "I see how it is," she said, after a mo

"Yes, we'll keep it," said Letitia, blushing.—Susan Brown Robbins in Boston Globe.

### Fighting Men in Khaki.

Why the British Regiments Do Not Wear Their Gay Uniforms in South Africa.

Khaki may prove to be the winding sheet of the Boer republic. Khaki is the dust colored cloth of which the new service uniform of the British soldiers are made. When the British fought the Boers in

former years, the soldiers of the queen went up against their sharp eyed foes clad in the glaring hued clothes which made their evolutions at Aldershot such brilliant spectacles. They were scarlet tunics crossed by white bands, bright helmets with waving plumes, huge bear skin shakos and other gay trappings, all pleasing enough for parade, but entirely unsuited for war.

But since the days of Laingsnek and Ma-juba Hill England has discovered that the fanciful toggery which wins admiration on a line of march at home is not the thing for a battlefield. So things have been changhis nose he picked up the letter again and ed. Nowadays when the British soldier scanned it narrowly, then he looked over goes forth to war he stows his gay uniform in the home barracks and gets into khaki which is durable, comfortable and unob

trusive to the eye. Perhaps this explains the apparent falling off in Boer markmanship. In former wars the burghers opened fire at long range and did terrible execution. Against the dull green veldt you can see a scarlet tunic a long distance. The Boers were in the habit of picking out individual soldiers just as they would pick out a mark at a shooting contest. The "rooi battjes" made line marks. "Rooi battjes" is Boer for red

But in this war the Boers have not done so much long distance shooting. Instead of distinctly marked lines of red they have been confronted with indistinct lines, of soldiers who were hardly to be recognized as such at 1000 yards, because their uniforms vere so nearly of the color of mother earth. As a consequence the Boers were surprised and grieved. Gladly did they welcome

truding on what he was reading about the Gordon highlanders, who went into action wearing their kilts and tartans which they had insisted on retaining. The fatalities among this regiment have been great.

But all that finery he has left at home. His stout calves have been wound with putties; he has put on khaki riding breeches nice it would be not to have to get his own and his khaki tunic has never a facing or a color in sight. Even his white helmet has been covered with thin khaki, and at 1.500 yards he melts mysteriously into the

background. Nearly all the regiments sent to South Africa have been uniformed in the same Innesome house.

The letter by the clock, too, began to trouble him. He had a devouring curiosity to see what was in it, and besides it did not seem right to keep it was a large from the did not seem right to keep it. rate of mortality among the officers who have faced the Boers during the recent battles have brought about this result.

A writer in a London paper recently contributed some sensible views on the subject. "Does the man in the street reflect that dea of Mrs. Luther Wilkins. | we are paying too heavy a price just now He came home quite early very much | for the paraphernalia of regimental ornashow at a review or in a march through pride runs through the house at the sight of them. Yes, we are right to feel proud, but why, in the name of sense, are they dressed like that when they face the Boer

> ing target for the most expert marksman in the world. "Every officer goes to almost certain death because he wears a uniform that can be easily distinguished, waves a useless sword and stands in the most exposed position even when his men are lying under

riflemen? Every man in a tartan is a liv-

"Truly wonderful and terrible is the conservatism of our race! You would think that in such a deadly business as war, when it the utmost importance to husband lives, the practical Briton would "Bill Hammond's sister. We don't see much of her lately. She don't even go to church; there's so many of Bill's children body has suggested that an officer in action should be dressad like his men and carry a carbine or a rifle. Why not? Would his orders be any the less obeyed, his example any the less stimulating? I read that the officers of the guards, lately dispatched to Luther did not notice. Africa, are not to be decorated targets. is time. Alas, these uniforms and their appurtenances are the veritable trappings

# Aged People at Rebersburg.

Rebersburg has a large number of aged people. The octogenarians are Mrs. Kate Bierly, 89 years; Mrs. Hettie Gramley, 84 years; Mrs. Rachel Corman, 84 years; Mrs. Annie Fehl, 82 years; Mrs. Sallie Brungart 80 years; Mrs. Hannah Dubs, 81 years; William Walker, 84 years. The septuagenarians are ex-Judge Samuel Frank, 79 years; Mrs. Reuben Meyer, 78 years; Levi Strayer, 78 years; Mrs. Sallie Weaver, 77 Joseph Miller, 77 years; Elias Stover, 77 years; Mrs. Abbie Miller, 76 years; Mrs.

# EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

but her scruples melted away before the warmth of his eloquence. Then she confessed that she was tired.

"It is so long that I have had to take that the waster of the she confessed that the waster of the she confessed that I have had to take the confessed that the confessed that the care of other folks, and it will seem like heaven to have some one to take care of me."

Chinos. Some trouble of Front o So it happened that in a little less than a year the letter to Mrs. Luther Wilkins was given to its rightful owner. "Circum-we must give them a "go" very soon. Sent over the sugar mill on St. Thomas road, but we are ready. We must give them a "go" very soon. Sent oct. 28.—O. K. here. Same to you all. up all the Santa Rosa prisoners under guard. Still rather quiet. Very wet, too much Captain Hall went with them. Plenty of people at landing who would be glad to C. K. and D. at 9:30 last night. We all

places haven't been cleaned for ages, and chills. there is no limit to their vile abominations. Hope we'll get through the job without entirely out of wood today. Must find some

### FILIPINO ARTILLERY.

Oct. 20.—They report 1,000 rebels and six guns to reinforce their lines. Filipino-Spaniard claims hospital as his property, wants us to get out and stop making it fit to live in, and pay him for trespass, etc.; wants galore but we can't listen to him. Must go through it today with soap and lime and sulphur and carbolic acid. after getting the worst off yesterday. Another load of sick men to go to the city in the morning. Rebels seem to be massing near sugar house. We can shell them there Waiting for the Gatlings the better to hold our hill and the bridge. Boat in the night They couldn't get ashore for the surf. Rebels made attack at 10 p. m.; hot time till 11; not so warm at midnight, and quiet again later. The attack was made by a par-ty slipping around Cristobel and working in near the village across the lower ferry. Drove in the outposts there and fired hard into hospital, provost prison and plaza. M and F formed up and gave them 10,000 rounds Krags. Artillery hurried down from upper ferry and shelled everything down. Napidan ran in close and warmed up. C was in it on right, and E on left, rest of line firing volleys now and then. Rebels got a number of shells and solid shot well placed here in town. A big one burst over Maj. Wittich's house, and several near the commissary, just back of headquarters, which

was their target. QUITE A FIGHT. it, too. Mitchell, of I company, was killed. mules was killed, and fell on Hawley, rider and driver of the Gatling, hurting him The big three-inch gun has heavy stuff. The ground was rough, and there were We took their last trench and barricades, and then came back. They are there now The fight put back our regular work, but here. we will get through with it tonight. When nerve and muscle to get it up in time to where it is needed. It must not get there too soon, for they can't carry any extra freight. Too hot. But when they run short and need it the case is very desperate, and it must get there no matter what breaks. To-day we smashed a wagon and two carts,

and lost a mule and two ponies. COLONEL CRANE TURNS UP. Oct. 25.—Boat in at 11 p. m. Inspector General Crane has been here for three days; good man. Mail in and very welcome, including twenty books and stacks of papers. They will be of interest to many people Thanks for all. Pot shots all the time. No rows, and arrange in squads so that work heavy firing. Many wants everywhere, but and chow go along peaceably. Hong Kong I'm getting them filled. The sun has been quite hot today, and has dried up the mud. It's just the sort of time the rebels play

Oct. 26.—Rather quiet night. Some rain and black as ink. Want to get a road through from this hostile village by lower ferry to C company's Gatling gun. We may have to help them over there very suddenly and soon. Can run cart or ponies out that way with sacks of ammunition. Time important, a mile less distance, but can't use it in wet weather. Wood question getting serious. Scarce, and our cooks burn it by the cord on open fires and in stoves; must shave them down some. Want to get a couple of cords out to advance companie if these sly hustlers in town don't get it before we can carry it out. Have to sit on a thing here now to hold it. Casco crew just up from chow, hungry. Got a lot of rice. Attack expected on Barnos and here tonight. The 37th will be ready to help out and if it comes, the artillery will be in it. Want to get ammunition up as soon as I can before it opens. Sent two Filipino laborers in a canoe to Banos with message to Capt. Parmenter. Have not reported back. Rebels may have got them or they may have changed to rebels. Long range shooting when I was out on the line to-day, our burial box, and enter the cemeteria withmen replying about one to three shots. Hot day, not much air, just the sort they like to open up on us because we get so ex-hausted when we drive them hard. Fortyfour recruits in boat coming up today.

General Wheaton got in unexpectedly this afternoon, and a campaign is being worked

Oct. 26.—Just paid off the hands, some thirty odd, and some bulls and bancas and other small items. Pay by the day. They fear we will be killed, or they, or that we may pull out suddenly. Pay in Mexican

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Captain Edward W. McCaskey Describes the Vicissitates of Army Life.

The notes of army life at Calamba, with dates here given, are from the private letters of Captain Edward W. McCaskey, one time in the winter, he asked her, in fantry.

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Oct in other owork, even these fellows, does them up. They get chills and and fever and headache, same as we do, call it "calenturay mucho maio en Cabezo."

When they shake they say, "Paubre (poor) Filipino, mucho paubre y frio, mucho frio ters of Captain Edward W. McCaskey, When they shake they say, "Paubre (poor) Filipino, mucho paubre y frio, mucho frio (very cold) mucho malo'' (bad), etc.

CALAMBA, Oct. 17.—Plenty of work on the bullets sing they get down in a ditch and will not work, and when the big guns are at it, they shake and say, "Mucho bombom!'' But they like the noise. Just of work on the bay this a.m. More contraband stuff.

Very mixed cargo. Stuck on bar, wouldn't go in or out. Bad surf to get little boats alongside. But we're getting it in, rice, before the pop party begins. They gener
The notes of army life at Calamba, with dates here given, are from the private letter (calenturay mucho maio en Cabezo."

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people at landing who would be glad to 'pull', them.

Oct. 19.—Some firing. Plenty of rain. ong night, awake and fever. Had wire on the line, but it soon on the alert for a while one of the large of the line, but it soon he rest in peace! Must get up more wood specification of the large of the line, but it soon he rest in peace! Must get up more wood specification of the large of the line, but it soon he rest in peace! Must get up more wood specification of the large of the line, but it soon he rest in peace! Must get up more wood specification of the large Long night, awake and fever. Had wire quieted down. On the alert for a while, late in afternoon to seize two tugs and four cascoes smugglers. Went through surf, got during the night, more at dawn. Rained ment's thought. They sent to the grocers Napidan, and corralled them all. Have a hard since then. That will cool them; ment's thought. They sent to the grocers for lists of their customers, and then sent these circulars to their wives."

Napidan, and corralled them all. Have a gang at work scrubbing floor and walls of these circulars to their wives."

Spanish hospital where there were infectious diseases. We are going to move our thought. They work shader, too, and the Filiphos shake with chills and fever. They making for a heavy fire from our whole thought. They work state them. That will cool them, and chance for more agua. Long rains and makes the work harder, too, and the Filiphos shake with chills and fever. They burned straw stacks and nipa shakes on line at dawn, and all the artillery to work tious diseases. We are going to move our offices there next week. Want to get it clean enough upstairs by tomorrow evening to burn sulphur for a day or two. Chinos, Filipinos, a whole block of them, must showers. When it is below eighty degrees have just been all over the line fixing up to work fast. If the rebels develop we are to go at them; if not, we are simply to hold our trench line and fire at any one to be seen. Have just been all over the line fixing up

### A PITIFUL CASE.

Some poor starving women and a sick losing any valuable lives. Raining again, child were just in trying to get food. They and the laborers chill and shake so that are rebels and their men are prisoners of work goes slowly. One or two companies ours. Hard to see them dying by inches. We cannot give them help or food unless even if I take down a stray house to get it they pretend to be amigos and work for us when needed. Can't stand it sometimes! Just have to dig up a little stuff or buy them some rice. Still raining hard. Just heard that our boat has five sacks of mail. Bueno! Hope to get some good home news.

Must go to Manila to help settle up affairs of Major Howard, who has recently been 4 a. m., and Gatling team 4:30, etc. killed. I was working under him in Q. M. husiness

PEOPLE STARVING. Oct. 29.—Sunday, on board "Seattle," some 36 officers, guard and three rebel spies newspaper men, and crew of mixed Chinos and Filipinos. Rain every hour or so, but a good breeze and I hope a fair trip ahead. Sun out hot now and then. Pulled two cascos all the way. Stopped at Pasig and Pedro. There are people all along here they say, dying for want of food. Reached Manila at 3 p. m., and reported at once to division headquarters. The 33d regiment just coming ashore.

## GETTING DIZZY.

Nov. 1.—Hot and quiet. The hands are getting weak and dizzy. Have to make it an early noon and allow a long time to them for dinner and smoke and siesta. Work again at 2 o'clock and late this evening. Our guest, the Spanish officer, was late governor of Mindao and a major of infantry. He seems pleased to be with white folks again, gets better fare than he has had for the past two years. He didn't know until last Christmas that the Spanish-American war was over. He has a wife Oct. 23.—Quite a fight this morning. We got up at 3:30, breakfasted at 4 a. m., load am a little too slow. Mix up Spanish, out 4:30. The scrap lasted from 5 to 10:30 a.m. I hauled out ammunition three times, trot and gallop. Awful hot. Had two pony carts and light wagon. Gatling the following states of the following sta What a fine mark the Hussar would have and team, and four-line team. Kept all and his boy (Jr.) has been working for me adding well filled up with ammunition. Close in wood, looking after the horses, and other Several men wounded. One of my wheel things. Bright little man, built like our Jack. Poor little fellow, and poor women folks and children! The murderers have. somewhat. We drove the rebels three miles I suppose, got away to the rebel lines. I returned at noon. The Gatling eats ammunition very fast, also the mountain gun. will get their names and descriptions and try to have them trailed and brought to trial. The old man was weak and couldn't make a fight, and the fiends cut his throat. natural positions everywhere for the rebels. I am sorry for the family. I believe they killed the old man because he was friendly to me and because his boy worked for me

Nov. 6'-Heavy storm and a quiet night. the ammunition is to go, you strain every But few shots. Boat in late, unloaded in the storm and the black darkness. Some recruits and Chinos. The rain, we were old, was to hold up about November 1st, but we have had plenty of it since then. Two more escaped Spaniards go up on hoat to-day with the sick and the prisoners. Issued the twenty-two Chinos to the companies. Great dicker about selection, and some companies get a worse deal than others. Very hot from 9 to 2, and then a heavy rain, poured in sheets. More Chino slave business. Enough of that at any time. I have 52 in the regiment and 12 in the hospital, to round up. and settle their and Canton will not eat or live or work together. The different districts seem to hate each other cordially. Squads finishing up their work, tired and wet. Poor

people! Tough job for thirty cents. 100 DEGREES IN THE SHADE. Nov. 7 .- Sun hot to-day, 100 in shade. Working small gangs and getting small results. Rained later, looks now like an allday downpour. The companies will soon be shifted to afford relief to those that have borne the brunt of it for the past six weeks. The long strain, and wet, and the four fights they have had, are telling on them and it is no wonder that so many are breaking down. New moon last night, partly under a cloud. Rained hard most of the night, let up at dawn. We have been in this island for almost six months and the rain has fallen more hours than it has not fallen, that is, more wet hours by far than dry. The dry times, with bright sun, are dry. The dry times, with bright sun, are linear train and mud, under trop- move to resist the application of the disgood for colentura, hot head and fever. We take it as it comes. They call this "the wet season," and it's well named. CAN'T AFFORD COFFINS.

The mother of my second boss died this a. m., and was buried. I had to get out a pass for him "(Francisco No. 1") to use a out inspection. They don't bury the box. Boards are too scarce. They wrap the body in a mat of rush or grass work. No priest here. He is out on the rebel lines. Carry

and shovels. Rebels are making stronger defences on a part of their line. Suppose we must make another fight out on the right. It looks as if they would open on us from about 1,200 yards this time. The last two attacks were at 1,000 and 1,700 yards, and silver, half value of ours, thirty cents a then we rushed them. Plenty of amigos day and chow. Bosses, banquerors and good men in particular lines get a peseta (10 cents) or media (5 cents) extra. Rent-

It's dreadful, but he's getting some fun out price of farm produce lower, the table be-

Nov. 12 .- Sun out, very hot, everything Sent a man on horseback to beach, to go off and hold the boat. Do not know where boards can be gotten to make coffin. Poor fellow! It was sudden; went sick yesterto-day and make an issue of it. Companies on far lines need it badly. Very many sick. Heavy rains for four days and nights go. Very filthy place. Filthy is hardly the work men are shivering, and I must for move of troops and artillery in the work for this stinking hole. Some of these wear blue shirt and coat to keep off the night. Both fords are passable, and upper road will stand heavy guns and wagons, the lower one light carts and ponies with pack and foot soldiers. Expect a stir tonight on our right, and we go back at them at dawn. Companies are to exchange positions Tuesday a. m., if this Fourth of July goes right to-morrow. There is some shooting at intervals, and suppressed excitement. Artillery men have just loaded their chests at Q. M. store room. Finished work and paid off hands. Must go out over ground again to show 37th their places and how to get there, then fix up small details, saddle ponies for mounted messengers seems hardly right to devote all Sunday to preparations for a battle, but that's our siness just now.

#### ANOTHER FIGHT. Nov. 13 .- Rather quiet as I write but

we've used up plenty of ammunition since dawn. Up at 3 a. m., breakfast, and out by 4 o'clock. Mostly artillery at mile and mile and a half range firing over our lines, and some heavy infantry work. Last night was beautiful till 2 a. m. We lay down, but waited nearly all night for the rebels to attack. Helped Crawford some in tower to-day, watching shots and giving warnings by telegraph. Found a new rebel trench on higher ground; guess we must go after it. Our companies are growing small, and many men are so weak that extra violent effort does then up quickly. A, B and C companies, of the 37th, also getting smaller daily. Lucky that we did not make an attack to-day over bridge towards Cabayo. They were massed out there, as we have since learned, and ready to warm us at close range in a sort of an ambush, while they fired from sheltered positions. Our fire has done good execution. The rebels on our front are spunky until we go at them with a yell in a charge. They can't stand that. But at long range, and trench and picket firing they give us trouble. Ran out supply of ammunition

and cold. Hundreds sick, hospital full, sick boat will be called to relieve pressure. Have on two suits of underclothes, sweater, and shoes not so very wet, gum coat soaked through, more wet inside than out. Think I'll turn in. Poncho like a sieve, soaked through and full of mildew. Clothes green, musty and foul smelling like a damp cellar. When will it let up Rheumats rather better. Not soaked through yet, but the day is young. Whole town flooded last night. Have small gangs on tram, and ditch, and rations and wood. River away up! Can hear it roar over the

rapids nearly a mile away. Nov. 16.-Paymaster in during night. There may be a warm time when our men and the 37th get to celebrating. They have had a hard time here, and may go it rather wild. Many natives are sick with fever and these horrible chills. Too much work and the cold rains. Some cascoes in bay smuggling. Case of smallpox in plaza. Hope it will not spread. Place is fairly clean now, and we are trying to keep it so. Vino jags make men wild. It is a very poor kind of drink, cuts the insides and kills. My two white bosses are sick, and four Filipino bosses also laid up. Even they go down under the rain and mud and hot sun. To-day I had 28 on duty. Just paid them off, also the washer women, who were in good humor. We pay five cents Mexican per piece, and have a great counting. Send a dozen for 20 cents, and get back ten pieces. Washed in cold, dirty water, little or no soap, never boiled. Smell!imagine it! Captain Larsen, of Napidan, in jolly as ever. Fighting on the north and at Dagupan. Sad news that Logan is killed. I knew him at West Point. He landed the Sunday I was in the city, two weeks ago. Very short career here in Luzon.

Nov. 19 .- Sunday very hot: mud drying up again. Frequent shots. Report in last night of proposed attack, and there were some signs. We got all hands ready, and moved the guns, and then waited all night, but no fight developed. Hope we get some new troops here soon.

ical sun, is telling hard on our men. Our sick list is now nearly six hundred, and growing daily. Heavy firing to northwest ast evening, toward Imus, probably ten miles out. Many natives are dying. This seems to be a bad season. Too much agua (water) and mud. We eat regularly and moke and work, and sleep when we can, at any odd time, frequently in all our clothes, just ready to jump.

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-The Goodyear saw mills at Galeton Their wages account to the mill men was The mills employ 175 men ex-

#### What Our Circulation Is.

ething of Interest for the Perusal of Farmers. Per Capita Money in the United States.- A Table Which Shows the Scarcity of Money in the Agricultural Regions.—One Reason Why the Alleged 'Prosperity" Cannot Reach the Farmers Under the Present Republican Party.

Just at this time when the McKinley administration and the Republican party are forcing a currency bill through Congress that will inevitably further contract the currency of the country, making money scarcer and dearer and the comparative low is, to say the least suggestive. Some idea of the pernicious effect the class legis-Nov. 12.—Sun out, very hot, everything damp and muggy. Private Roach, of L company, has just died, and I am ordered gained from analysis of this table. It the agricultural sections. The table

	Tenode Island	\$98.09	
	Massachusetts	86.17	
	New York	74.81	
	Connecticut	71.14	
	California	47.84	
	New Hampshire	45.04	
	Vermont	40.15	
	Pennsylvania	38.83	
	Maine	36.10	
	Maryland	26,60	
	District of Columbia.	25.75	
	Delaware		
	New Jersey	25.58	
	Colorado	22.44	
	Montone	19.57	
	Montana	18.95	
	Illinois	17.25	
	Ohio	15.91	
	Michigan	14.85	
	Iowa	13.70	
	Minnesota	12.92	
	Missouri	12.50	
	Wyoming	12.41	
	Wisconsin	11.44	
ı	Arizona	10.30	
ı	Kansas	10.16	
١	North Dakota	10.12	
ı	Washington	10.06	
ı	Kentucky	9.46	
ı	Nebraska	9.36	
Ì	Utah	8.67	
I	Oregon	8.32	
١	Indiana	8.25	
I	South Dakota	8.12	
ı	West Virginia	7.91	
i	Louisiana	7.05	
1	Nevada	6.65	
١	Virginia	6.50	
i	Idaho	5.87	
	New Mexico	5.63	
	Texas	5.61	
١	Tennessee	5.12	
	FIORIGA	4.28	
	Oklahoma	3.34	
	Georgia South Carolina	3.18	
	Mississippi	$\frac{2.90}{2.72}$	
1	Mississippi Indian Territory	2.60	
1	North Carolina	2.43	
	Alabama. Arkansas.	1.91 1.50	
	Thus it will be seen that the bleak	1.50	
I	of Vermont and New Hampshire show 400		
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of Vermont and New Hampshire show 400 per cent. greater per capita circulation than the great agricultural States of Kansas and Nebraska and 700 per cent. more than Texas.

It is not surprising that special legislation has made the northeast a rock-ribbed Republican section, but what is to be thought of agricultural Iowa, which 400 per cent. less than Connecticut and 700 per cent. less than Rhode Island?

The policy of the Republican party since men like Lincoln passed from control has been to build up a favored class in the manufacturing centres at sections. Sooner Nov. 15.—Fire scant, wood scarce, wet every farming community, just as it has long since been understood and appreciated by the favored sections.

# Jumped Their Bail.

Nine Men Leave Philadelphia. Charged With Impersonating Election Officers, Making Fraudulent Returns and Ballot Box Stuffing.

PHILADELPHIA January 8.—The nine men who were indicted last week charged with impersonating election officers, making fraudulent returns and stuffing the ballot box in the Thirteenth division of the Seventh Ward at the election for state treasurer in November last, are fugitives from justice not one of them answering his name when the case came up for trial in quarter sessions today. The bail of each defendant was immediately forfeited and warrants for their arrest were issued. Up to late tonight none of the accused men had been apprehended. The defendants are: Samuel Salter, deputy coroner of Philadelphia; Joseph G. Rodgers. lieutenant of capitol police, Washington D. C.; Clarence Messer, formerly employed in the copyright bureau of the treasury department Washington; William Cook, Harry McCabe, and James T. Sheehan, also of Washington, and John Siberman, John Scullen and John Hanna, of this city. The three last

first discovered, while the others were under bail. Shortly after the bail of each defendant had been declared forfeited, Coroner Dugan received a special delivery letter containing the resignation of Salter as deputy coroner. The resignation was dated last Saturday, but the envelope showed that it had been mailed in this city at 11.52 o'clock this mornin.

named disappeared when the frauds were

The non-appearance of the men for trial produced a small sensation in political circles. District Attorney Rothermel and his assistants were fully prepared to go on with the case, and there was not the slightest suspicion that the defendants would flee until their names had been called, and they did not respond. As soon as the district attorney was satisfied that the men had fled this jurisdiction he immediately trict attorney and the judge granted the request. The bondsmen for the six defend-

ants who were under bail were: For Salter, \$1,800, Edwin H. Vare, of this city; for Rogers, \$1,800, and Messer, \$1,800, Representative John F. Slater; for Cook, \$2,500, Rankin, \$2,500 and McCabe, \$1,800, E. P. Mackin, of this city.

The district attorney announced his intention of immediately bringing suit against the bondsmen for the recovery of the amount of bail. There is every indication that the defendants have fled from the city. None have been seen for several days and all efforts to locate them have thus far proved fruitless.

The frauds for which the men stand in dicted were exposed through the agency of George Kirkland, of Washington who acted as minority inspector in the division named presumably in the interest of the cut 58,135,426 feet of lumber in 1899. alleged guilty ones but actually in behalf of a newspaper. There are sixteen indict-ments against the men. It is also charged thing for him.

He carried her his best pair of socks.

She was horrified at their condition and manded them in a very artistic manner.

Years; Mrs. Addle Miller, 75 years; Mrs. Susan Miller, 75 years; Ephraim Erhard, 74 years; George Weaver, 79 years.

In the carried her his best pair of socks.

She was horrified at their condition and work artistic manner.

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Daniel Brungard, 75 years; Mrs. Susan Miller, 75 years; Ephraim Erhard, 74 years; George Weaver, 79 years.

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