

Bellefonte, Pa., June 22, 1900.

MAN WITHOUT A HOE.

A distinguished New Yorker, who preferred that his name should not be published, gave the New York Sun \$700 to be offered in prizes of \$400, \$200 and \$100 for the best three poems written on the general subject of Markham's "Man With the Hoe."

The second prize winner was entitled: THE INCAPABLE.

(A Reply to Edward Markham.)

Within his brain abhors the schemings roll, His nervous hand in impotency lies, With palm held open for the paper's dole, The burden of all ineffectual things Is in his gait, his countenance, his mien; While round his harassed brow forever clings The mocking ghost of what he might have been. Here, where men toil and eat the fruit of toil, He idly stands apart the whole day through; Here, in a land of ceaseless work and toil, His hand and brain can find him naught to do. No sweat of manly effort damps his brow; In workshop, field or mart he hath no place, To earn his daily bread he knows not how, Or scornful, counts the offered means—disgrace. Too proud to dig, yet not too proud to eat The bread of strangers to his face and name; Homeless, he wanders with uncertain feet, Of thrift the scorn, of fate the idle game. What though he wear the hall mark of the school, A weakling in the world, he stands confessed; For lack of will to use the humble tools, He walks the world a byword and a jest. The precious promise of his youthful years, All unfulfilled, upon his manhood waits, He wakens to his shame with bitter tears, And knows himself to be the thing he hates. Incapable! his destiny we spell In logic of inexorable fate; At naught may his untutored hand excel; The curse of Ruben blasts his every act. The ploughman whistles blithely as he goes, And turns upon the world no coward face, In joy he reaps that which in hope he sows, Nor bows his head to aught but heaven's grace. The craftsman, too, rejoices in the thing To fashion which his cunning hand was taught; Of want he feels nor fears the bitter sting, In manhood's strength his destiny is wrought. But this one—futile, hopeless, crushed to earth, A prey forever to forebodings grim, Well may he curse the day that gave him birth, And summon God and man to pity him. —Hamilton Schuyler, Orangeville, N. J.

CUPID'S VENGEANCE.

Miss Edith Sinclair was one of the "new women." She had reached the mature age of 25 and had never had a love affair in her life. Moreover, she had a very independent way of thinking on the subject of love and a very free way of expressing her advanced ideas to the young men of her acquaintance; which same was calculated to put a damper upon any amorous intentions of theirs in regard to herself. Miss Sinclair claimed to be and was a very matter-of-fact young business woman. She was a tall and stately brunette, with as large a share of beauty as she cared to possess, and a far larger share of intelligence and culture than the average woman has any use for. The Greek and Latin authors were as often the companions of her leisure moments as the modern romancers; and, as she claimed, with much more benefit to herself. She had not been unsuccessful in a few attempts of her own authorship; and more than one publisher had urged her to devote her talents to literature and had offered her more substantial rewards than flattering words; but after one or two promising efforts she had devoted herself to business and paid no attention to the luring offers and flattering letters of "professionals." Her writing, however, secured for her a fame which not only extended to some far distant states, but even reached the ears of the astute legislators of her native commonwealth, and the wires on day brought her the surprising information that she had been elected state librarian; a lucrative position that she was wise enough not to refuse. Miss Sinclair had been for two years the presiding genius in the southwest corner of the great old capitol building, and her influence had not ended within the confines of her little domain, but had gradually reached out till it extended in a degree to each of the legislative chambers, and even down stairs to the governor's old creaky chair; for her restless mind could not find sufficient employment in the few duties of her office, and she took up the study of the dull and prosy affairs of state with an interest that surprised the slow farmer and foxy politician. As her ideas became the common property of the coteries of Solons who constantly surrounded her, her wise suggestions often, unknown to herself, influenced the making of laws; and more than one sly Reynard found his plans nipped in the bud and the innocent looking bill, that was so largely benefited his favorite corporation, upset by a two minutes' conversation between the librarian and some he-winkered old senator, on whose aid he had counted to get his bill through. It was a bright day in January. The air was crisp and a brisk wind was blowing across the capitol ground as Miss Edith walked up the steps into the great building where so much was done for the weal and often for the woe of the state. A companion was with her, and the pair were busily engaged in conversation. A tall, handsome fellow; he was, dark haired, well proportioned and straight as the proverbial Indian. A pair of intelligent brown eyes met Miss Edith a gray ones with an amused expression as he opened the great door for her, and they passed in together. "So you don't think a man can deliberately set to work and win a woman's love if she determines not to love him," said he. "Well, I believe otherwise, and I propose to make the test. You acknowledge, rather boast, that you were never in love, and never intend to love anyone. Will you let me lay siege to your affections, after the manner of the amorous swains that you are

in the habit of poking fun at—flowers, drives, theaters, everything? I don't want but the three months of this session in which to take the citadel."

Miss Edith paused a moment at the library door. "You may make the attempt," she said. "I will give you every opportunity, but I warn you before hand that you will have your trouble for your pains."

The young man laughed. "You are the one who should be warned. You have no idea what a bitter thing love can be. But I shall take your offer. Prepare your fortifications. The siege has commenced." And with another glance from his laughing eyes, Bennett Anderson walked away to his place in the "lower house."

Bennett was one of the rising young lawyers of the state, and had been packed off to the legislature by the politicians of his native town out of envy and to get rid of him for a time, rather than an honor or a deserved compliment to his abilities. For the lower house of the legislature is rather looked down upon in the state. The pay is small and the chances for political preferment for a man who has served there so long are few. Bennett had named the capitol the slaughter house of political ambitions. Still there were exceptions, and Bennett had accepted the office with the determination to do his duty by his constituents and leave the future to fate. And the future was by no means as dark for the young legislator as some of his friends had feared.

A few days after his conversation with Miss Sinclair he called upon her and the hostilities, if such they may be called, commenced. She found his tactics different from what he had led her to expect. He was quiet and respectful, talked on subjects of mutual interest, but never a word was said of their compact, nor was it referred to again during the three months. Every morning Miss Edith found a modest bunch of flowers on her private desk at the capitol. Nothing accompanied them, not even a card. Occasionally, when she had lady visitors at the library, a basket of fruit would find its way there. Drives and parties, lectures and plays found Bennett at her side; but always so quiet, polite and deferential that she often wondered if he hadn't given up the intention. But she soon found one thing that puzzled and bewildered her. She could not brook a glance from Bennett's clear brown eyes. The expression in them had changed. She could not understand it, but there was something peculiar in those eyes. She often found herself stealing a glance at them; and as often as they were turned full upon her she felt a tremor through her being that she never felt at the glance of other eyes. She began to despise herself for this weakness, as she called it. But she could not resist it. She began to fear him. There seemed to be some witchcraft in those. At last the session was nearly over, it had been prolonged a few days, so the three months were already at an end. The proud young business woman never doubted that she had conquered, but she was glad that the affair was about over. Somehow she felt that she had not come out as creditably as she had expected. Today or tomorrow would bring the end and she longed for the relief.

She sat at her reading table drumming on a book with a paper cutter and wondering what she would do with the short vacation allowed her after the legislature adjourned. A well known step sounded in the corridor, came into the room; the door closed, and she knew that Bennett Anderson and she were alone in the great library. She did not look around but looked up, and in the opposite direction. As she did so her glance fell upon the full length portrait of one of the early governors of the state. He looked down upon her with a mild expression, and she noticed how like Bennett he was. Even the eyes—she quickly looked away and another portrait met her view. It was the governor's wife. In spite of the old-fashioned garments she could almost imagine that it was the same face that had often looked complacently at her from her mirror. She looked down at the book on the desk, picked it up and began to turn the pages. Bennett came and stood before her.

"Well," he said, "I have come to demand a surrender, or withdraw my batteries. More of this sort of thing would not be pleasant for either of us."

She summoned all her courage for the final stand. She looked up coldly. "I told you in the beginning that you had set a thankless task before yourself."

"Do you mean to say that I have failed?" His face did not change but his voice trembled slightly.

"I mean that my opinion on the subject of our dispute has not changed since the beginning."

He came closer and took her hand. She did not falter. "My failure has been worse than I knew," he said. "I thought to make you the only sufferer, and it seems that I am the one; for I meant to escape scot free, yet I have learned to love, while you are as indifferent as ever." He raised her hand to his lips, then laid it down. "Farewell," he said, and turned softly and left the room. Edith looked up at the old governor on the wall. She laid her head down on the table and cried. How long she sat with bowed head she did not know, but she raised her tear filled eyes and looked around as she heard a soft step on the carpet near her.

"Who won in this little game of ours, dear?" said Bennett, quietly.

Hot Tamale Domesticated.

We are assured by one who discourses most convincingly on "hot tamales" that this fiery specimen of Spanish-American cookery has become a tremendous favorite right here in our "home of the brave and land of the free."

The cleverest part of these chicken tamales is that their sausage-like preparations are wrapped in corn husks; the cooking of them in these picturesque wrappers imparts the unique flavor.

"The true statesman," said the optimist, "should value honor above all things."

The Coming Age of Aluminum.

The Coming Age of Aluminum. The Famous Woman of Civil War Times Passes Away—She Was Twice Sentenced to be Shot.

The coming age will be the age of aluminum. It is only seventy years since this wonderful metal was discovered by Wohler, and the aluminum industry, scarcely forty years old, commands already the attention of the entire world. Such rapid growth has not been recorded in the history of civilization before. Not long ago aluminum was sold at the fanciful price of \$30 or \$40 per pound; to-day it can be had in any desired amount for as many cents. What is more, the time is not far off when this price, too, will be considered fanciful, for great improvements are possible in the methods of its manufacture.

The absolutely unavoidable consequence of the advance of the aluminum industry will be the annihilation of the copper industry. They cannot exist and prosper together, and the latter is doomed beyond any hope of recovery. Even now it is cheaper to convey an electric current through aluminum wires than through copper wires; aluminum castings cost less, and in many domestic and other uses copper has no chance of successfully competing. A further material reduction of the price of aluminum cannot but be fatal to copper. But the progress of the former will not go on unchecked, for, as it ever happens in such cases, the larger industry will absorb the smaller one; the giant copper interests will control the pigmy aluminum interests, and the slow-pacing copper will reduce the lively gait of aluminum. This will only delay, not avoid, the impending catastrophe.

Aluminum, however, will not stop at downing copper. Before many years have passed it will be engaged in a fierce struggle with iron, and in the latter it will find an adversary not easy to conquer. The issue of the contest will largely depend on whether iron shall be indispensable in electric machinery. This the future alone can decide.

While it is impossible to tell when this industrial revolution will be consummated, there can be no doubt that the future belongs to aluminum, and that in times to come it will be the chief means of increasing human performance. It has in this respect capacities greater by far than those of any other metal. I should estimate its civilizing potency at fully one hundred times that of iron. This estimate, though it may astonish, is not at all exaggerated. First of all, we must remember that there are thirty times as much aluminum as iron in the earth. It is also much more abundant in itself offers great possibilities. Then, again, the new metal is much more easily workable, which adds to its value. In many of its properties it partakes of the character of a precious metal, which gives it additional worth. Its electric conductivity, which, for a given weight, is greater than that of any other metal, would be alone sufficient to make it one of the most important factors in future human progress. Its extreme lightness makes it far more easy to transport the objects manufactured. By virtue of this property it will revolutionize naval construction, and in facilitating transport and travel it will add enormously to the useful performance of mankind. But its greatest civilizing potency will be, I believe, in aerial travel, which is sure to be brought about by means of it. Telegraphic instruments will slowly enlighten the barbarian. Electric motors and lamps will do it more quickly, but quicker than anything else the flying machine will do it. By rendering travel ideal, it will be the best means for unifying the heterogeneous elements of humanity.

Recovery from a Broken Neck.

Young Walter A. Duryea, who has been in Roosevelt hospital, New York, for nearly a year with a broken neck, has so recovered that he will leave the hospital this week for the Long Island home of his father, who is a wealthy starch manufacturer. Duryea's physicians regard his recovery as little short of a miracle. His case has attracted attention all over the world and is one of the most singular in the annals of medicine.

The injury, similar to that which caused the death of Mrs. William C. Whitney, baffled his physicians for weeks, and several times they gave up all hopes of saving his life.

He obtained X-ray pictures of his spine, however, and thus located his injury so accurately that the operation which was believed might be successful was decided to be possible.

The X-ray disclosed the fact that the fractured vertebrae were pressing on the spinal cord. The surgeons took out the laminae of the fifth and sixth vertebrae and thus restored to the nerve the width of the canal through which the spinal cord passes. From that time on Duryea began to recover. He now sits upright, wheels himself about the room in his chair and can write and use a knife and fork. He expects to regain all his old strength, and even talks of athletics again.

Duryea broke his neck while attempting to dive off the steps of the sailing vessel to lay on Sunday, August 7th, 1889. He plunged into shallow water and struck his head on a hard, sandy bottom.

The Fence Law.

For the information of all we publish the following regard to the fence law. On the 4th day of April, A. D. 1899, a section of the act of 1700 was repealed. The result of this report was, to require every man owning stock to take care of the same himself. Prior to that time the law practically required the owner of land to fence the same with good and sufficient fence, for the purpose of preventing his neighbors' cattle from trespassing upon his lands. The reverse of this case now exists. The owner of the cattle must protect them himself from trespassing. It does not matter whether a farmer has his lands fenced or not; his neighbor cannot permit his cattle to run at large, and thereby trespass upon another's lands. If he so permit his cattle to wander at large, and they commit a trespass upon land, whether the same be fenced or unfenced, the owner of the stock is liable to the party owning the land upon which the trespass was committed. Hence the rights of the parties may be stated as follows: The owner of stock is responsible for any damage committed upon the lands of another, irrespective of the question of fences. This is the general law obtaining on this question.

A MONSTER DEVIL FISH—Destroying its victim, it is a type of Conspicuous. The power of this malady is felt on organs, nerves, muscles, and brain. But Dr. Kings New Life Pills are a safe and certain cure. Best in the world for Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. Only 25 cts. at F. P. Green's drug store.

Belle Boyd, The Spy, Dead.

The Famous Woman of Civil War Times Passes Away—She Was Twice Sentenced to be Shot.

Belle Boyd, the famous "Rebel Spy," died at Kilbourn, Wis., suddenly of heart disease on Monday. She had gone there to lecture. The death of Belle Boyd has been reported several times in recent years, but it is declared that this woman was really the spy who attracted so much attention during Civil War times and just afterwards.

Belle Boyd had just left school when the Civil war began. She had a lover in the Confederate service without whom she would she could not live, but she married a Northern officer before the war was over and made him a traitor, was divorced from her second husband twenty years after Federal marriage, and within a year after that married a third. She saw life at camps and military prisons, was a prisoner on shipboard, was banished from the country, and after returning to it lived in various states in the East, West and South; was in an insane asylum for a time and afterward lectured throughout the country, often under the auspices of Grand Army posts. She was about 5 feet, 5 inches tall, with bright eyes and an aquiline nose, and when she was young her hair was described as "a reddish golden hue."

Belle Boyd was born in Martinsburg, Berkeley county, Va., now West Virginia, on May 9th, 1843, the daughter of Benjamin Read Boyd, and was educated at Mount Washington Female college in Baltimore county, Md. Not quite 18 years old at the opening of the war, she entered with all her heart and spirit into the service of the Confederate cause. She was a resident within the Federal lines and knew many of the officers, and she used her acquaintance and her blandishments to gain from them information which would be of service to her friends in the Southern armies, for whom she conveyed it at every opportunity. Many of her messages she sent to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. At favorable opportunities she abstracted the side arms of Federal acquaintances when they left them carelessly about and these she forwarded to the enemy. She was suspected after a time and then one of her notes fell into the Federal hands and she was arrested, imprisoned and threatened, but General Shields set her at liberty. Gen. Shields, she said afterward, was completely off his guard and introduced her to officers of his staff.

The night before Shields set out after Stonewall Jackson he announced that he was going to whip Jackson, and a council of war was held in which had been the drawing room of Belle's aunt's house. Through the floor of a closet of a bed room above the drawing room, a hole had been bored, for what purpose Belle had not found out, but as she had discovered the hole she crept up to the closet and applied her ear to it when the council assembled. She was able to be of such service to Jackson that he sent her a letter after the defeat of Gen. Banks, dated May 23rd, 1862, thanking her for her "immense services." On Jackson's advice she removed to Winchester, and Jackson made her an aide on his staff with the rank of captain, after which she rode a horse and associated with the staff officers when Lee and Longstreet defeated the forces and when the review of the troops took place before Lord Hartington and Col. Leslie. During her career as a spy she was twice sentenced to be shot and was for eleven months a prisoner in the Carroll and Capitol prisons, at Washington.

Belle Boyd's career in the military service ended in 1864, when she was captured on a dispatch on a blockade runner, Lieut. Sam Wyde Harding, of the navy, was put in charge of the blockade runner, which was ordered to Boston. The lieutenant and Belle Boyd were thrown together a good deal and left largely to themselves. He quoted from a Shakespeare and Byron to her, she tells in her autobiography. They began to be of such service to each other that he thought he might become useful to her cause, so when he asked her to be his wife she told him that it might involve serious consequences. He was ready to face them apparently and he renewed his proposal while the ship was in Long Island sound on the way to Boston. So she told him she would be his wife.

When they were coming to anchor off the Boston navy yard Lieut. Harding went forward to give some orders and his fiancée invited the two Yankee pilots who were aboard to come down to the after cabin and have some wine, which they did. The captain of the blockade runner, whom she called in her book Capt. Henry, and another man were of the party. Harding had called a small boat alongside preparatory to going ashore and this boat had dropped under the quarter. At a moment she thought suitable the girl nodded to Capt. Henry, whom she had planned to have escape. He left the wine party and stepping into the shore boat which was so handy he was soon on his way to Boston. When later Harding came after he asked Belle where his papers were and she told him that probably they were in the lower cabin, where he had been dressing, and he went after them, while the small boat got farther away.

For allowing the escape of his prisoner, Harding was arrested and tried, but he was not convicted. Belle Boyd who was captured with dispatches, was banished by Lincoln and went to England. Harding deserted afterward and went to England, where he and the rebel spy were married on Aug. 25, 1864, in St. James church Piccadilly. Harding's father was Capt. Harding, of Brooklyn. Harding returned to this country and became a Confederate spy. His wife became an actress in England, and returned to America after the proclamation of general amnesty. She played under the name of Nina Benjamin in different cities, and at one time lobbied successfully to put a bill through the "black and tan" Legislature of Texas.

In 1869 she married Col. John Swainston Hammond, quit the stage, went to Ill health, with her husband to California and was obliged to enter an insane asylum, where a son was born, and where he died. The mother was brought East and recovered. Three children were born to them. In 1884, when their home was in Texas, after a year of much trouble, Mrs. Hammond said that she got an absolute divorce. This was in November. At the beginning of the next year she married an actor, who was a minister's son, Nat R. High, son of the Rev. N. B. High, of Toledo. With him she went on the road giving dramatic recitations in costume. After that she began in Toledo giving recitals or lectures with her life as a rebel spy as the subject and continued this work for several years, usually appearing under the auspices of G. A. R. posts. At Norfolk she gave her lecture for the benefit of the Pickett-Buchanan camp of Confederate veterans in 1888. That was her first lecture in the South.

While she was still in England, in 1865, she published "Belle Boyd in Camp and Prison," and George Augustus Sala wrote

an introduction to it, in which he said: "Belle Boyd the 'Rebel Spy,' is in possession of a vast amount of information implicating high officials at Washington, both in private and public scandals, which she deems it imprudent at present to publish. The time is not yet."

India's Appeal.

What Will You Do to Help the Starving Millions?

The committee of one hundred on India famine relief, sends the following appeal from 73 Bible houses, New York:

Famine from lack of rain, is now smiting 60,000,000 of our fellow beings. At this moment, death by sheer hunger and thirst threatens one-sixth of that number. Thousands are starving each twenty four hours. In that stricken land, the heavens are as iron and the earth as brass.

Birds of the air drop lifeless from the burning sky. Hundreds of thousands of cattle have already perished. In the absence of food and water, fierce animals let go their hatreds, and helplessly lie down together to die. The decaying bodies of men and beasts pollute both plains and rivers.

And the woe has not yet reached its worst. Face to face with even such horrors still stand countless little children, and women and men, whom food will save. Thank God, relief may almost instantly pass, by cable, from this land of plenty to that India of starvation. Accordingly, only gifts of money are solicited.

What, then, shall we do? What will you do? For our answer we are clearly responsible to God and man. Ought not America to send quickly a million? In the famine districts are efficient, devoted men and women, not only American but also European, who are already engaged in the actual rescue, and who are pleading for larger supplies. Surely such supplies can be provided, and yet the customary gifts to long established agencies for the uplifting of the people of India will not be at all lessened.

Meanwhile, the government of India is organizing relief on a scale unapproached in the history of the world. Both treasure and life are given without stint in the saving work. On May 14th the number of starving souls officially was 3,785,000. That official daily aid will be steadfastly continued and increased, yet it will be unable to keep pace with the awful need. The death rate is by far the greatest in the native provinces, where the government has least influence and control. Only the united efforts of all the humane, the co-operating good will of all the nations will suffice.

In this emergency, the committee of one hundred gladly puts itself at your service, the service of the cause.

Messrs Brown Brothers & Company, the well known bankers, 59 Wall street, having freely consented to receive and acknowledge all gifts sent to them. Every expressed wish of the donor will be faithfully carried out, and the committee, on its own part, will earnestly seek the best, most efficient, most economical agencies for the distribution of undesigned funds.

Together and at once let us move to the rescue. We can feed the starving. There is not a minute to be lost. From two to five cents a day will save a life.

Science Separated Them.

Modern Surgery Divides Twins Nature Had Joined Together.

Rosalina and Mary Zamos, little Brazilian girls, twins, who were born joined together like the famous Siamese twins, but who have been separated by the skill of modern surgery as recorded recently. The X-rays played an important part in the examinations which preceded the operation, these modern aids to science showing that the little girls were separate organisms except as to the liver. Now there is no more difficult organ to operate upon than the liver. It is a veritable network of small blood vessels and its structure is such that it will not hold a stitch. You can't sew up a rent or incision in the substance of the liver.

There was only one way in which this separation could be effected successfully, and that was to cut away just a tiny bit at a time, wait for the place to heal, and then cut again. Such a method of procedure meant for the twins constant pain and continual risk, yet when they were offered this chance they accepted it joyfully.

That was at the beginning of February, and this is the beginning of June. It means that for four months continual and often agonizing pain has been the lot of the two girls. Little by little the band joining them together has been cut away, and nearer and nearer has come the hope of freedom.

And now they have reaped their reward. Rosalina and Maria are free. They are separate beings.

A Big Corn Story.

A Pennsylvania man traveling through Kansas recently heard a great many tall corn stories, and thought he would tell them in a letter home. This is how he did it: "Most of the streets are paved, the grain of corn being used for cobblestones and the cobblestones are hollowed out and used for sewer pipes. The husks when taken off whole and stood on end, make a nice tent for children to play in. It sounds queer to hear the feed man tell the driver to take a dozen grains of horse feed over to Jackson's livery stable. If it were not for soft deep soil here I don't see how they would ever harvest the corn as the stalks grow up in the air as high as a church steeple. However, when the ears get too heavy their weight presses the stalk down in ground on an average of 45 feet, this brings the ear near enough to the ground to be chopped off with an ax.

A Little One for a Cent.

The office boy owed one of the clerks three cents. The clerk owed the cashier two cents. One day the boy having two cents in his pocket was disposed to diminish his outstanding indebtedness and paid the one cent on account. The clerk, animated by so laudable an example, paid the one cent to the cashier, to whom he was indebted two cents. The cashier, who owed the boy two cents, paid him one. And now the boy, having again his cent in hand, paid another third of his debt to the clerk. The clerk, with the said really "current" cent, squared with the cashier. The cashier instantly paid the boy in full. And now the lad with the cent again in his hand, paid off the third and last installment of his debt of three cents. Thus were the parties square all around, their accounts adjusted.

Inquisitive people are the funnel of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use but merely to pass it to another.

Carelessness With Money.

The Secretary of the Treasury has a very large directory of careless people, of people who have money to burn or otherwise destroy, and who appeal to him for reimbursement. Uncle Sam is kind enough to restore lost money when he is satisfied that it is actually out of existence, and the Treasury Department has to look after this branch of his financial affairs. Hardly a day passes that the Secretary is not appealed to to make good money destroyed, and he often receives remnants of bills, more or less recognizable, with queer tales of how the work of destruction was wrought.

One of the latest applications was from a Vermont farmer, who sent a mass of remnants of bills that approached the condition of pulp, and asked for \$280 in return, which after some defaulting he received. He said he had very carefully hidden the money under the rafters of his barn, and somehow it had gotten into the hay and bran fed to one of his cows. The cow was chewing the green food when its nature was discovered.

Another farmer, from Kansas, has sent a lot of chopped bills that he says represent \$340. According to his story they were in his pocket, but he threw away a few under the corner of the vest that held the money got between its knives, and the money was torn in shreds. The claim is now in process of adjustment.

A Boston man took from his pocket what he says he thought was a piece of paper, and burned half of it in lighting the gas. The gas light revealed the fact that he had used a 20 dollar bill for a lighter. A Washington man, a couple of weeks ago, went in person to the Secretary to get \$35 for some badly mutilated bills that his playful pup had been exercising with for an hour.

A Wisconsin woman has sent a lot of tinder that she says was once \$30. Several months ago she hid it in a stove pipe hole into which a pipe from a laundry fire was recently placed. As the pipe rested on the bills tinder was the result.

Another woman, this time in Indianapolis, got \$10, in greenbacks mixed with greens she was preparing for dinner, and boiled them into an almost unrecognizable mass.

Philadelphia papa has asked \$20 for a few strips of greenish paper and a score of pellets for the same material. He says they once constituted a \$20 bill, which his pet boy had torn to pieces, rolled into balls and blown through a glass tube at the cat, canary bird and nursemaid.

An Ohio man wants to sell the Treasury Department a mouse nest for \$100. He says he had the nest in a bill in the bureau drawer, and that the nice appropriated it in bits to build a home in which to rear their family.

This list is continually growing, and the communications giving remarkable details are so frequent as to cause no smile or comment in the departments. Each is simply a new case that follows along a line of red tape until it is adjusted.

Why Not Ornithology?

At this season of the year when we hear so much of examinations in this, that and the other branch, the inquiry suggests itself to our minds. Why do our children learn nothing of the birds that make such a beautiful part of every season? Besides the vitally important three R's, the children study botany, and digging down into the bowels of the earth, they learn some wonderful things about rocks and strata and those far days when the prehistoric man. But of the birds that build in their yards and sing in their gardens they know next to nothing. And yet the lessons of tenderness and humanity these latter teach are more to be desired than the bare, statistical facts of geology. A rock tells a story that is past and done with; the birds sing a song of the present, which to us is the all-important era. We cannot make friends of stones, but with the birds we can be friends, and next to human ties the friendship of animals is the most softening influence that comes to us. Not even the culture of flowers is so humanizing, because the flowers can in no way respond to our attentions but bloom spontaneously. And as this heart culture is a vital part of education, why should it not be begun with a study of the birds whose coming and going mark the waxing or the waning of the seasons? To be able to tell one bird call from another, and to distinguish between eggs and nests and colors would be a source of delight to many a child who learns by rote and without interest the peculiarities of rocks of the paleozoic age. To the average child birds are glowing realities, while shells and clay strata are abstract conceptions of the man who wrote the geology. Ornithology, cleverly taught would enhance the interest in the school-room and cultivate in the child the virtues of tenderness and pity and love.—Ez

Price of Coffee Goes Up.

Arbuckle Brothers, at New York, have advanced their brand of package coffee one-eighth cent a pound, making the price 11 cents. The price for the brand controlled by the American Sugar Refining company will be similarly advanced. The move is interpreted by Wall street people to mean that the coffee interests of the two leading packers of coffee are being worked on the bias of a mutual understanding, by which each of the leading brands has a special field and that competition is ended.

Dog Killed in Battle With Bees.

An English setter dog, belonging to Benjamin Machamer, was in the yard of the latter's relatives at Shamokin Friday when several bees landed on the dog's head. He barked and the bees flew to several inches close by and returned with over a thousand bees.

They stung the dog until he was blinded and unable to see. Several people tried to rescue him, but were badly stung. The dog fought until he dropped dead.

Largest in the World.

A special from Bangor, Me., says another new wood pulp plant is to be erected at Grand Falls, N. B., which will be the largest in the world. It will cost \$7,000,000 and the capacity will be 5,500 tons of white newspaper, 225 tons of ground wood pulp and 175 tons of sulphite pulp, requiring 525 cords of wood per day. Over 1,000 hands will be employed. The power will be obtained from the Grand Falls of St. John river.

Over 17,000 trees have been plan by in New York City during the past year of the New York tree planting association, which former Mayor William L. Strong as president. Nearly all the planting was done along the river front and in residen ustreets. But it is now intended to extend the work to the tenement house district both for sanitary and esthetic reasons.