

Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 3, 1900.

THE VOLUNTEER.

Maine blown up. War declared. Great excitement. People scared. Don't know who's Scared the most. Spanish gunboats

Off the coast. Smart young Aleck Wants to go

Fight or fall. Family kicks, Gets his back up And enlists. Throws up job,

"Noble fellow: Country's clai Country's claims. Doa't be slack: Have your place When you're back."

Off to war Boards the train. "Hip hurrah! T'ell with Spain!"

Women weep, Some are dumb, Girls throw kisses. Yum! Yum! Yum!

Southern hills, Suffers misery Constant drills, Practice marche Eagan's beef, Chills and fever,

No relief. Hates the army, Hates the cause. Wants some one To kick his aus-

In the neck: Feels himself Total wreck. Goes to Cuba, War is done,

Fighting ended No more fun. Ordered home, Fortunes turn. Big reception. Food to burn. Girlee, glrlee,

Full of joy, Walking with Soldier boy. Mustered out, Quit the flag, Meets his friends. Gets a jag.

Pays his fine Money gone, Must get work. No more girls' Hearts to break, When he meets 'em

Gets the shake. Seeks his boss, No disguise, States his case Boss replies:

Can't let loafers Hang about: Place is filled, Get kicked out!" Gces away. Drops a tear,

For a beer. Dies at length: By and by Parson springs Eulogy:

Can't get trusted

Keep his memory Brave and noble Volunteer!

Unknown Exchange

THE STORY OF ANN POWEL.

One old woman's letter to another-what can there be of stirring interest in the cramped lines that trembling fingers pen for time-dimmed eyes to see? Yet fifty years' standing seasons a romance as does a wine.

PHILADELPHIA, First Month Second, '85. MY DEAR FRIEND ANN POWEL :- Thy been the seniors of all my friends both in long standing and in affection. Dear Ann, she has gone to that rest which awaits us all sooner or later, and which cannot be far off from either thee or me. Thou writest thou art on the verge of eighty-five, and on the 23rd day Tenth month next will be my eighty-fourth birthday. When I take a retrospective view of by gone days, and re-call the large number of our friends and associates who have long since passed away I query why it is that our lives are extended so far beyond these. I trust it is for some good purpose, and that we shall be enabled to fulfil the designs of our heavenly Father.

Hast thou ever heard that Neil Esric died at the age of forty-seven? He lies by the side of his father and mother on Fair Hill. He returned to Philadelphia in about his fortieth year, having gained large fortune and great respect. At the time of his death he was elder in Friends' Meeting and sat in the second gallery. As thou knowest I was away from our native city many years, and therefore never saw him

Dear Ann, since I received thy letter my thoughts have been much of Rebecca. I have taken from a mahogany chest which contains my most treasured possessions many bundles of her old letters, and reread them. One packet-stained with over sixty years, and cut by the string that binds it, as many a life is cut by the cords of circumstances-contains something which I think thou shouldst know. Dear Ann, perhaps it would be more in the line of my duty never to tell thee, yet I cannot but feel thou shouldst know. Take all the sweetness thou canst gather from the inelosed packet as thy overlate due; for the rest—forgive. I find age more lenient than youth, for when the sap of life has run sluggish, neither anger nor pain hath the

poignancy it had of yore.

Thou who art on the verge of the hereafter wilt surely let naught embitter thee against those who are gone, or thy few friends still remaining, one of whom feels now that, through fear of unwarrantable interference, she did not do all she might have done for thee in years gone by. Awaiting thy answer, I remain

Thy attached friend, MATILDA GRIFFITH.

But she was not impatient; impatience dies with youth. She even took off her glasses and laid them on the table, and her quiet eyes, which had looked at life always with trusting resignation, turned from the small, warm room that represented her individual life to the snowy fields and gables and steeples that brought the pulse of humanity

near her.
The wind jostled and crowded the falling flakes and disposed of them at its will, as fate jostles and crowds and disposes of men. Many of the ditches and out-of-theway corners were overfull, while the knolls and highest gables were bare and almost

empty. Ann Powel's eyes fell unseeing on the dull dreariness of the scene, while she turned the pages of the letters.

In 1820 the City of Brotherly Love lay in almost its entirety on the low, irregular oblong between the Schuylkill and Delaware rivers. Freshening winds swept even its remotest angles and tinged the cheeks of the Quaker maidens with vivid color.

On one of the quiet streets, where the walnut-trees grazed the sloping roofs of the comfortable nouses, and in the fall distributed green-shelled fruit in abundance over sidewalks and gutters—on one of these quiet streets, in 1820, stood a house somewhat older, perhaps, than the others, a two storied stone affair, with a steep roof and a flight of six stone steps, guarded by an iron railing, which led up to the short, four paneled door. There were two windows on the first floor front and three above, and they must have had at least thirty little panes of glass apiece. It looked. on the whole, like the comfortable residence of respectable middle-class people, which it was; but besides being that it was a store. The small square sign that hung on a projecting rod to the left of the door, and on a level with its knocker, read: "Neil Esric. Pork and Poultry. Tenth

to Fourth Month." With the exception of an occasional re-newal of paint, the sign had swung there unaltered for three generations. The Neil Esric who was upon the field of action in 1820 went with his wife and son and daughter to the farm every 1st of April, as the Neil Esrics and their wives and sons and daughters of the past has done, as Neil Esric, Jr., and his wife and children would in all probability do in the days to come. The house was blinded by heavy wooden

shutters half the year.
Rosy-cheeked Neil Esric, Jr., was twenty-His shoulders were broad and strong, and his gray coat sat upon them with a grace a West Point cadet might envy. He stood six feet three inches, and his muscles were like iron.

When little Prudence, his sister, teased him about his bigness or played him tricks,
—which was often, for she was a very elf for mischief,—he would catch her about the waist, which required exceeding swiftness and dexterity of motion; and seat her on the topmost of the store shelves without the least trouble. And there he would let her sit like a saucy gray squirrel with very black eyes till she begged for mercy. This she never did or gave up her chatter till she saw some one coming up the steps or heard her mother calling from the room

"Now. Neil, thou hearest! Let me down !" "Hast ceased thy banter?"

"Neil." His father's voice would come in quiet remonstrance from the desk in the

"When she says 'please,' father."
The steps would perhaps be just at the

"Oh, no. 'Please, dear brother.' "
"I wo—Oh, oh! Please, dear brother!" And down she would come, as pert as ever as soon as her feet touched the floor. One day the door opened before she suc-cumbed. It was Ann Powel. Neil went

red to his bair. Ann Powel was twenty, as sweet and rosy and prim as Quaker maiden can be. He would rather any one in the world had seen the episode than she. Yet it did not make her think the worse of him, though the sight of his big head thrown back and well?" his big teeth showing in teasing laughter was novel to her. She knew now he could be merry. Heretofore in her presence he had always been grave and bashful. When he reddened and put his magnificent arms up in a shamefaced way to lift the in-dignant little elf to the floor, Ann's heart

beat so hard that it hurt her. That was just before they closed for the summer. Somehow the thought of six months of country life did not suit Neil letter of Eleventh month last was duly received. I regret to learn of the death of thy sister Rebecca. She and thee have ever the boating—none of them had their actions of all my friends both in customed attraction. It was with a weary heart that he helped his father put up the wooden shutters. It was with a strange sense of desolation that Ann Powel watched them from her window over the way.

She could not look long, for she had just come up for some blocks for the quilt, and Matilda Griffith and Rebecca would be waiting. She tore herself away, and had just begun to fumble in the box of pieces that stood in the corner of the great square closet, when she heard Rebecca call: "Canst thou not find them?"

"Yes, I have found them; I am

She put them hastily together and ran to the window to peep out once again. She thought Neil was looking. On the impulse of the moment she stirred the slat the least bit. She was sure he was looking then, for he started and smiled. The blood surged into her cheeks, and she seized the bundle of pieces and ran down the crooked stair-

way as fast as she could go. She could scarcely untie the bundle. She did it at the table, with her back to Rebecca and Matilda Griffith, that they might not note her agitation. They were busy talk ing of Esther Pennett's new gown, and how she had carried herself when she wore it for the first time to meeting, and were

in no hurry for the patches.
"Didst see how she switched her skirt in passing Joseph Potter?" cried Rebecca. Which remark Ann, being the elder, would surely have rebuked had she not been too much engrossed to realize the scandal

Just at that moment there was a quiel jerk at the knocker, and Ann's scissors and some of her pieces fell to the floor.
"Why, what ails, thee, Ann?" cried Re

Matilda looked at her with half-parted lips, as though she held an unfinished sentence suspended. "I fear 't is awkwardness ails me," Ann answered, laying the scissors and pieces on the table, her face very red from stooping,

and starting for the door. In the dim hall she pressed her hand to her heart and lingered before she opened "It is Elizabeth Pleigh for the receipt for

clam chowder," she said to herself, breathing quickly as she drew the holt. Ann Powel folded the letter and laid it on her knee. Her fingers closed on the yellow packet, and in her heart she knew the long lost chapter of her sweetest story.

When the door opened she did not need to look higher than the big feet in their low shoes and silver buckles to know it was Neil Esric.

"I am going away, as thou must know, and am come to bid thee farewell till the

Tenth month," he said. He put out his great hand, and she laid her little one in it for a moment, then drew it shyly away, but neither looked up nor spoke.
"I will see thee then," he said pres-

Her head sank lower; her slim white fingers laced and interlaced; she said noth

ng. He stared down at her till his eyes wer full of her beauty and his heart was burst-"I love thee !" he said, and thrust his

hand into his pocket, and strode away.

All the summer he marveled at his temerity, and waited for the fall.

"Who was it?" said Rebecca.

"Neil Esric." "Prithee, what for?"
"To bid farewell until the Tenth month," said her sister, with clear, calm eyes full

upon her. All the long, hot months she kept re-peating "Until Tenth month," and the song that was in her heart rose to her lips and flowed over, sometimes in hymns the meaning of which appealed with strange, from a great time-blackened bureau. new power to her hearers, sometimes in broken fragments of love-songs she had heard her mother sing. Often her father would lay aside his accounts or his paper to listen. Up-stairs, down-stairs, wherever her manifold duties called her, her lilt song went, too.
October came, and the Esrics with it.

Ann saw Neil to her heart's content. He held her yarn while she wound it in great gray balls; he mended her spinning-wheel when it was broken; he walked with her and her father and Rebecca and little Ellen

from meeting.

People began to whisper.

He spent his evenings in the Powel sithis great stiff chair, that years afterward Ann used sometimes to see it there when she looked up suddenly from her sewing. Sometimes when he came Ann would b up-stairs putting little Elleu to bed, and the murmur of his deep voice and her father's, with now and then Rebecca's shrill treble, would float up to her till she smiled

"Art asleep, Ellen?"

"No." But she was never impatient, she was so sure of him, and so happy. What did it matter if he were in the sitting room be-low half an hour before she could see him? Did she not know he was there? Could she not hear him? All the time he was talking so gravely and so well, was he not listening for her step on the stair? Would he not smile when she came down with even though he only went on discussing politics with her father?

Oh, how the months fiew! It was February before they knew it; and thenthen, of a sudden, he ceased coming.

Save for occasional glimpses of him through the blinds she did not see him again until April. It was as though all the freshness and sweetness of life were gone. The song that had bubbled up from her heart to her lips sank lower and lower till it died away. There was nothing bubbling or springing left, only a leaden weight of pain. The haughty pride, which was a heritage all Powels gave their chil-dren, made her hide it as the Spartan lad hid the fox that gnawed his vitals. She knew Rebecca watched her, and sometimes when she looked up from her work she would find her father with his book lying open before him and his eyes resting upon as her with a wistful, questioning expression

that made her throat ache with sobs. Once when he was putting on his hat in the hall and she came unexpectedly out of the dim parlor, he was so struck by the dumb sorrow he surprised in her eyes that his love got the better of his stern reserve.
"Daughter," he said, his fingers grip-

He had not spoken so sentimentally since he had asked Ann's mother to wed him. The scene came back to him now as his daughter lifted her wondering eyes to

his face. "Hast thou questioned thy heart well?" he repeated.

The wondering eyes flowed over. "Oh, father-father-father !" she cried,

laying her face on his shoulder.
"There, there, Ann! There, there! Thou knowest best. But remember it is a serious thing, my daughter-a serious thing. Per haps if thou wert to think again and think different; but there, wipe thy eyes, or Re-becca will question. There, she is coming from the kitchen; run away to thy room."
The slab over his grave was hid with ivy,

and his dust for years and years had min-gled with the soil, before Ann understood the words he spoke that day.

On the 1st of April the shutters went up on the Esric windows as they had done on every 1st of April for three generations.

Ann Powel thought of the 1st of April the
year before, as she watched Neil and his
father from her window. When the last
bar was in its place, the elder Esric reentered the house, but Neil brushed the dust from his coat and crossed directly to

the Powel door.

Ann went down the stairway like one in a dream to meet him.

as she opened the door.

His hand was just raised to the knocker.
He took off his hat gravely, and stepped

got up from her lessons and courtesied to "I am going away, as thou must know,"

he said slowly to Ann.

He was standing in the middle of the room. The top of his handsome head within a foot of the low ceiling.

"I am come to say farewell."
"Until Tenth month," she said, looking into his eyes and smiling gravely.
"I do not know till when," he answer

ed. He turned his hig hat over, and looked into it gravely. "In the fall I go to my uncle at Summit Hill. I have told thee he has interest in the mines of anthracite coal there, the demand for which as greatly increased during the past year.' "And thou art going—"
Why did he not understand that cry the seized her hands for just one moment,

nd, with a mad pressure of them to his breast, was gone.

On this side of the grave she never saw

"Why dost thou weep, sister?" The why dost thou weep, sister. The child came and flung her arms about her waist. "Why dost thou weep?"

Ann sank to her knees and drew her to her bosom. Her sobs shook them both:
"Is it that he is gone—Neil Esric?"
"Oh Files agone—It is it is I leave

"Oh, Ellen, yes! It is-it is! I love him!" "Do not weep, sister dear; do not. I will tell father, and he will go after him

wouldst not if thou knew it would hurt me? Thou wilt not say to father Rebecca that thou sawest me thus?"

"Never, never, if thou wishest me not," said the child. The year that followed Rebecca married Joseph Potter. She was just eighteen, as tall and stately as a goddess.

"Hast anything in thy past thou wouldst have altered?" she asked of her betrothed, half jesting, half earnest, as they stood parting at the door the night before their marriage. 'Why dost thou ask me?" he said.

"Dost thou not know that if thou hast done or said aught ill thou must make reparation the day before thy marriage?" "If that be so, I shall hold convention with my conscience on the way home," he said gaily. "Thou, I know, hast naught that needs repentance," he added, pressing her fingers.

laughing

gone—"Thou, I know, hast naught that needs repentance." She was standing with her elbow on the mantel, watching Ann take Ellen's clothes for the morrow "Art thou happy, Aun?" she said suddenly. It was as though the question formed itself from her thought and sprang

She thought of the words after he was

into words unbidden. Ann looked up smiling. The year had given a luminous tenderness to her face, but a certain light that used to glint in her eyes—the light of hope, perhaps—was gone. Her sister's words came to her like a self-

question.

"Art thou happy?" Rebecca repeated.
Ann laid the white pile of garments on the chair by Ellen's bed.

"Happy in thee and father and Ellen," she said slowly, "happy in the Lord. It is not given to all to be happy like thee." ting room. The high mahogany dresser caught his reflection so often and held it so long, as he sat opposite Elder Powel in line and a sweet note of joy for her sister that almost hid the little cry of self-pity She finished the last sentence with a smile and a sweet note of joy for her sister had been thrown into the house of repre-

with which it began.

Rebecca started, but made no answer.

The flame of the candle blinked at her like a solitary human eye. For a while the soft rustle of Ann's skirts as she moved Clay: back and forth from the bureau was the only sound that broke the silence. Thy life will be but meager if thou

dost never marry." There was the sound of a sob in Rebecca's voice as she spoke. Ann's face flushed slightly. "Thou must not say so, Rebecca. If I never marry, thou must let me share thy joys with thee." "But thou-oh, Ann !-oh, God forgive

me!" cried Rebecca.
"Hush! Thou wilt wake Ellen! What tionbles thee, sister? Thou art weary. Come, let me plait thy hair and turn down thy coverlet for thee. Dost thou know, I her knitting, and talk with an added zest shall be very lonely when thou art gone?" Ann Powel lifted the packet of yellow letters and loosed the string. The first

finished the story. PHILADELPHIA, 2nd Month, Eighth, '21. DEAR MATILDA: Thy long-continued absence grieves me. Ann, too, thou knowest, is away this week with our aunts Hancock, one of whom is ill. I have none for companions but Ellen, who is strangely childish for a girl of seven, and father, who but seldom speaks. Elizabeth Pleigh has come in thrice to cheer me, and made me che with weariness ere she was gone. She talks of nothing but cooking, which I abhor.

The household goes all awry in Ann's absence. She hath a marvelous way of keeping its machinery in running order. I total vote of General Scott and John P. have not.

for something I have done. Just before one, or 254 to 42. meat would go cold before he came, Neil Esrie saw me and came over. As he seemed to wish to speak, I pushed up the sash, looking up:

"Rebecca, were I to ask Ann to marry me, dost thou think she would have me?" Matilda. I thought how wretched the house would be, and how father and Ellen could not possibly get along without her, and I said. "No."

He lifted his head and looked steadily "Art thou sure?" he said, and it sounded as though it were a life-or-death question with him.

I was already half ashamed at what

had done, but something possessed me. I looked straight in his eyes, and said, "Yes." He just turned on his heel and walked I have been wishing all day I had re-

versed my answers; but it is better as it is, for, after all, I never could make the home what it should be for father, as Ann can. Even now we are all longing for her return. Joseph Potter walked home with me from meeting yesterday evening, and spoke with With the hope to see thee,

Thy friend,

REBECCA POWEL. By Annie E. Tynan, in Century Magazine.

String Ascendant.

The Dog Star Has His Innings and Dog Day Weather

For six weeks now we will have to endream to meet him.

"I saw thee coming," she said simply as she opened the door.

His hand was just raised to the knocker. He took off his hat gravely, and stepped n.

Ellen and she were alone. The child to the from her lessons and courtesied to the mishaps of the housekeeper will be charged to the dog star's account. Aching heads, burning feet, poor appetities, tainted meats, souring milk and mouldy bread. we are in the midst of dog days. "Keep cool," advises the smart aleck who knows it all and knows that with the mercury cavorting around the nineties it can't be done. The Irishman's advice "to be aisy, and if you can't be aisy, be as aisy as you can," is suitable of adaption by sweltering humanity during the remainder of this month and all of the next.

A writer in the Pittsburg Times suggests that a law be passed forbidding all work during the hot months, except that of necessity and mercy. It is hardly possible that this dream of the millenium will ever come to pass, but many people can, if they will, carry out the idea to a certain degree, by omitting much work that in more moderate weather is easy to perform and necessary to the comfort of the household. Careful diet, plenty of sleep and the free use of water will do much to keep one in good health, while a plentiful supply of ice when obtainable, the use of lime and chargoal as obtainable, the use of lime and charcoal as a preservation of milk and meat, and a generous use of concentrated lye or soap powder and lots of water will enable the housewife to keep her supplies from spoiling and house cool and clean without overwork. The dashing on of plenty of water where it is not so hard to get as to make it a hardship, is a great help in keeping flies away and in lowering the temperature.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Men and Things.

The principle that the majority shall rule in the election of the president and vice president of the United States is one which stump orators are fond of dilating upon. Yet it is not strictly true that the majority do rule in determining the final results of presidential elections. There is probably no part of our federal system which is more vulnerable and which has passed through more severe strains than the method of choosing the chief officers of the government. The electoral college, while it is still legally the body of citizens chosen by the people to elect the president and vice president, ceased early in the century to be more than an association of figure-heads. The manner in which these electors have been chosen was long wanting in uniformity-in some states through the legis lature, in others through the congressiona districts, in others on a state ticket. How this privilege of each state to name its elec-tors in whatever way it may desire, may be exercised, was shown a few years ago, when Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan, a Republican state in its aggregate majority. persuaded a Democratic legislature, to pass a law that the electors should be chosen one in each congressional district. The result was that, as there were five congressional districts which had a Democratic majority, Grover Cleveland obtained five votes in the electoral college when he was a candidate in 1892.

The strength which a candidate may show in the electoral college is frequently much out of proportion to the popular vote. Iu-deed, sometimes a candidate has had a ma-jority there when he was supported by actually a minority of the people, while several presidents have had only a plurality behind them. John Quincy Adams went into the White House when he was second both in the popular vote and in the vote of the electoral college and after the contest sentatives. Thus, referring to Mr. Stanwood's well known tables, it will be seen that the vote was as follows among the four candidates : General Jackson, John Quincy Adams, William H. Crawford and Henry

Jackson 108,740 Adams Crawford .. 47,136

The fact that Jackson was far ahead of the next competitor in the vote of the people, together with the circumstances by which was raised the suspicion that Adams was elected in the house of representatives in pursuance of a "bargain and sale," was the notent cause of the reaction which carried him into the presidency when he again became a candidate.

We often hear old men refer to the great Harrison "tidal wave" and the obliteration of Van Buren in 1840. The vote in the electoral college was 234 for Harrison and sixty for Van Buren—a majority, indeed, of almost four to one. And vet on the popular vote Harrison had 1,275,000 and Van Buren 1,129,000—a majority grossly out of ratio to his vast preponderance in the college. In 1844 the combined vote of Henry Clay and of James G. Birney, the Abolition candidate was in excess of the victor's, James K. Polk's. by upwards of man. There was no bridesmaids. 25,000. General Taylor's electoral vote was 163 to 127 for General Cass, but the combined vote of Cass and Van Buren, with his Free Soilers, was more than 150,-000 in excess of Taylor's. Franklin Pierce Hale, but Pierce's majority in the elector-My conscience stings me greatly to-day al college was actually at the ratio of six to

The election of 1856 is a curious example of this disproportion. In the electoral college James Buchanan had 174 votes, John C. Fremont 114 and Millard Fillmore Lennox Winston raised no objection to and said, "Good morrow." He paid no heed, but stood looking at his hat, which he had doffed. Presently he said, without mont, 1,341,000 and Fillmore 873,000. In other words, Buchanan, the successful candidate, with a large majority in the college fell several hundred thousand behind the total vote of the other two candidates. Even more curious in this respect was the result in Abraham Lincoln's first election, when he received less than 40 per cent of the whole vote of the people. On this occasion there were three other candidates besides Lincoln—Stephen A. Douglas, John C. Breckinridge and John Bell, and the

votes were distributed thus: ...1.376.957849,781 Breckinridge.

In other words, Lincoln, with a combined majority upwards of 950,000 against him nevertheless exceeded all his rivals togeth-er in the college. Yet Douglas, with al-most as many votes as Breckinridge and Bell united, did not come anywhere near to receiving the number of electoral votes that were cast for either of them. Indeed, the only state that cast its full electoral vote for him was Missouri, and a change of a few hundred votes would have deprived him even of that.

Lincoln at his second election and Grant

at both elections had large majorities in both the popular vote and the electoral college, and it was not until 1876 that occurred the greatest national strain that the country has ever passed through peacefully. Rutherford B. Hayes was made president in the final outcome of an election in which Samuel J. Tilden was returned on the popular vote, with a majority of more than a quarter of a million over Hayes and of at least 160,000 over Peter Cooper and one or two other minor candidates in the field. It is well known how on the day after the election every prominent Repub-lican paper of the period, with the excep-tion of the New York Times, either conceded Tilden's election or declined to claim a victory for Hayes. Colonel Forney, for example, strong Republican partisan as he then was, made a speech from the famous "bay window" of the Press office, on Seventh street, in which he virtually threw up the sponge for the Republicans, and this was the frame of mind in which most of the editors and leaders of the party received the returns up to the hour when Zachariah Chandler and the New York *Times* came out with that pronunciamento that Hayes had 185 electoral votes to Tilden's 184 and stiffened up the drooping Republican sentiment throughout the country as if a current of electricity had been shot through

The series of manoeuvres, strategies, litigations, legislatives acts and judicial decisions by which at every point during the next four months the Democratic claims were circumvented and invalidated and the Republican claim on that one needful vote for a majority maintained, is one of the most remarkable instances in modern history of the political success won by sheer audacity and technical procedure. Nowhere was it possible to induce a single elector to change his vote to Tilden, even James Russell Lowell, afterward chief of

literary mug wumps, who was one of the Massachusetts electors, insisting that this was something he could not and dare not do when the suggestion was made to him that he might thus patriotically save the country from the civil war which at one time seemed imminent. Finally, when the members of the supreme court in the elect-oral commission divided exactly on party lines in the consideration of every essential question that came before the commission, it was realized how party ties hold down even the ablest and purest men in public life. It was shown, too, how, even with the popular majorities which the Republic-ans claimed in South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana in making up their electoral majority of one, that a presidential candidate might be a quarter of a million votes ahead of his rival and yet he a loser in the

Garfield, too. came near being a minority president, for, although he was chosen in the electoral college by a vote of 214 to 155, he had only 9,000 votes more than Hancock, throughout the Union, in a total pole of more than 9,000,000, the combined vote of Hancock, Weaver and Dow constituting a majority upward of 300,000. When Cleveland was first elected, he had, on the popular vote, only 23,000 more than Blaine, and 300,000 less than a majority when the Butler and St. John vote's were added to Blaine's. A notable election in illustrating the diversity between the popular vote and the electoral vote was that 1888, when Benjamin Harrison became President, with not only a majority of nearly 500,000 against him on the comoined Cleveland, Fisk and Shuter vote, but with more than 100,000 majority against him on the part of Cleveland alone.

In 1892 Cleveland had an overwhelming najority in the electoral college over both Harrison and Weaver, the Populist; he had on the popular vote upward of 380,000 more than Harrison. But on this occasion Weaver polled considerably more than 1,000 000 votes, the largest ever given to a third party candidate, and the combined vote of the field against Cleveland left him more than 900,000 short of a majority. The first president since the time of Grant who has had a clear majority in both college and the popular vote was McKinley, for with 601,854 votes more than Bryan, he was still 286,000 in the lead when the votes for all the other candidates were added to

But it is only when there is something like an abnormal preponderance, as there was in 1896, that the ratio in the electoral college is anywhere nearly proportionate to the popular vote.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Lady Randolph Churchill's Wedding

Took Place Friday.

Wests Go to Ireland. Four Hundred Presents. Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon Lend their Castle for First Days of Honeumoon The Duke of Marlborough gave away Lady Randolph Churchill at her marriage to Lieut. George Cornwallis West Friday in St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, London. The service was full choral.

The Rev. Mr. Sheppard, sub-deacon of the royal Chapel of St. James, assisted by Prebendary Villiers, of St. Paul's, per-

The wedding dress was of pale blue chiffon, ashioned with a tucked bodice completed by a bolero of real cluny lace. A flounce of the same lace edged the skirt. The toque worn with this was of white chiffon, ornamented with a blue ostrich tip and a cluster of cream roses caught be-

neath the brim.

No invitations had been sent out and there was no formal reception. Four hundred presents have been received. The first day's honeymoon will be passed at

Lennox Winston raised no objection to the marriage, but all attempts to propitiate West's family have failed. The groom's father and mother departed from Ruthin Castle Friday, to stay in Ireland. A joint wedding present arrainged by the Duchess of Devonshire, is a £250 pearl and diamond tiara. Subscribers at £5 each included Arthur Balfour, Ladies Chelsea,

Mrs. Paget. Some officers of West's regiment gave him a beaten silver jug.

By the bride's special request there was no flowers. Lady Randolph's friends stood loyally but regretfully by her. The Prince of Wales' remark was:

Tweedmouth, Crewe, Devonshire Georgina Curzon, Essex, Dudley, Londonderry, and

Head Split Open by a Tree. Adam Berry Meets With a Fatal Accident at Glen

"And I always considered you such a

sensible woman

Adam Berry, a well-known resident of Rote, Clinton county, met with a fatal ac-cident last week while at work in the woods four miles from Glen Union

Berry was in the employ of the Glen Union Lumber company and was a chopper. He cut down a large hemlock tree and when it fell it lodged against a small birch tree. The hemlock, however, bent the birch over and slid away from it. When it did so the birch flew back striking Berry on the head, killing him instantly. His head was split open from the nose to the back of the head. The body was placed on a truck on the lumber railroad and tak-en to Glen Union station, and after-wards taken to Lock Haven. Undertaker Waters took charge of the body and prepared it for burial and later the remains were taken to the late home of the

deceased, at Rote. Mr. Berry was aged 34 years, and is survived by his wife and three children. He had been in the employ of the lumber company for about four weeks.

Five Weeks of Constant Sleep. Peculiar Case of Austin Dubbs, Who was Injured on June 22nd. Physicians cre Puzzlea.

Austin Dubbs, 37 years old, of Duncan ville, has entered upon his fifth week of continuous sleep at the Altoona hospital. Dubbs was struck three times on the head June 22nd with a brass beer spigot by George Knee Jr., a bartender, during an altercation in a Duncansville hotel bar an altercation in a Duncansville hotel bar room. He immediately became unconscious. On July 5th he was taken to the hospital, where his skull was trephined, in the supposition that a brain clot had formed. Consciousness returned, but lasted only a few minutes. During this brief period he recognized his mother and uttered a few sentences. Then he fell asleep again and has so remained since.

The hospital physicians are puzzled and The hospital physicians are puzzled and are unuable to diagnose the case.

Knee, Dubbs' assailant, is under \$2,000

—Nervousness is cured by making the blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gives the sweet, refreshing sleep of childhood.