Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 17, 1900.

A MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS.

A monument for the soldiers ! And what will ye build it of? Can ye build it of marble, or brass or bronze Outlasting the soldier's love? Can ye glorify it with legends, As grand as their blood hath writ,

From the inmost shrine of this land of thine To the utmost verge of it ?

And the answer came : We would build it Out of our hopes made sure, And out of our prayers and tears, And out of our faith secure; We would build it out of the great white truths Their death has sanctified, And the sculptured forms of the men in arms,

And their faces ere they died. And what heroic figures

Can the sculptor carve in stone ? Can the marble breast be made to bleed, And the marble lips to moan? Can the marble brow be fevered ? And the marble eyes be graved To look their last, as the flag floats past On the country they have saved?

And the answer came : The figures Shall be all brave and fair, And, as befitting, as pure and white As the stars above their grave ! The marble lins, and breast and brow Whereon the laurel lies, Bequeath us right to guard the flight Of the old flag in the skies!

A monument for the soldiers! Built of a people's love, And blazoned and decked and panoplied With the hearts she built it of ! And see that ye build it stately, In pillar and niche and gate, And high in pose as the souls of those It would commemorate ! —James Witcombe Riley,

THE GIFT OF CYRILLA.

Nearly every woman who swished through the Turkish room of the Waldorf-Astoria that November morning had paid homage to the baby, as might be expected from the sex whose chief glory is maternity. The sole exception, in fact, was a lady overdressed as to form and face (the latter was a painting representing the De-feat of Art by a Legion of Years,) and even she gave tribute at the shrine, after her fashion, for her mouth became a prime line, and she clutched closer at a mothy York-shire terrier, who yapped at the baby as at a dangerous rival.

The widow-seat presented a tableau vivant that warranted all this. An enormous negress of dead-black skin and dusky, rolling eyes was imbedded in the cushions, the sunlight pouring over her billowy frame. On her crinkly hair was perched a small cap of diaphanous white, whose frill was edged with a band of black, as was her flowing, immaculately fresh apron. Doomed with all her racial passion for vi-vacious hues to this conventional sombreness, she basked in the sunbeams without a breath of gloom in her suggestiveness.

On her capacious lap was the baby! Even those purblind beings who think all three-months-old infants as much alike as pease, must have recognized in this blossom of babyhood a piquant individuality and charm. The violet eyes in the warm alabaster face turned this way and that with an air of bland appraisal. Sometimes the little mouth expanded into a toothless but captivating smile, while arms and legs worked through sheer exuberance of life.

"I jes reckon like that gen'l'man had a baby of his own, sure enough," Lucinda declared, with oily eracularity, as she got to her feet with surprising lightness, hoist-Cyrilly like a fleek of foam in her stalwart arms. "He couldn' keep away fum her

The young mother gave a quick sigh, and an inscrutable look came into the mo-bile, girlish face. Her eyes seemed to be looking down some vista of the past. She stooped and kissed the lovely child, then left the room.

nohow."

The next morning when Lucinda drifted into the Turkish room with the slow grace of a barge, the gentleman was sitting the window-seat, with his air of dignified gravity. He rose promptly, and piling the cushions luxuriously for the negress, seat-ed himself on an adjoining chair. Cyrilly doubled ap like the blade of a small jackknife as she heaved forward to secure his soothing finger. The strained the golden head to her hos-

knife as she heaved forward to secure his soothing finger. "Well, how did you enjoy your drive yesterday, and what do you think of Gen-eral Grant's Tomb, Cyrilla?" he inquired of the charmer, ingratiatingly. Through the complacent mouth of Lu-cinda the baby replied: "She done enjoy it vehy much. I reckon she thought her paper such to have a moniment like that

pappy ought to have a moniment like that down on de Potomac." "Oh, her father is dead!" said the gen-

tleman, softly. "Was he in the army? "Deed he was. sir. He was Cap'n Cyril Winchester, of the—th Virginia Volunteers. He was killed in Cuba, fightin' for the Cubans," Lucinda exclaimed, with lingering "That is very sad. He must have been

a young man," he ventured, with the girlish widow in his mind's eye. Poor little woman! left with this dear little girl baby, to whom she had to be father and he ventured, with the mother. "He was turned thirty-four when he

died. He never saw this nice baby. Cyrilly am a pros'humus baby,'' she added slowly, but with swelling dignity. The gentleman did not smile. Cyrilly kicked her feet up and down, and put her fist in her mouth as if overcome by such distinc-tion. But she was evidently more inter-

ested in her mature slave that in death and war. He, touched by this bit of family history, laid his hand with its temperamental fingers on her golden head, almost as if blessing her. As she rolled up her eyes to him and uttered an appreciative coo he rose hastily. "I had a little girl like that once," he

said simply, to Lucinda. "'Deed I hoped nuth'n happn'd to her," said she, with her slow, easy drawl. "She died two weeks ago," he replied, with dignified restraint.

"'Deed, that was truly sad, sure enough," and Lucinda gathered her infant

charge closer to her ample bosom. Quite naturally, she repeated this to her mistress. As Mis. Winchester adored her infant daughter, it had the effect of heightening her interest in the stranger. It also led to her learning from friends in New York that the wife of Mr. Harborough had died not a year ago, without ever having seen the little one whose ad-vent in the world preceeded her departure from it by a brief interval. No wonder the poor man had that interesting, moving air of deep, if contained, sorrow. He prob-ably mourned more for his wife than the

baby who had passed so quickly from the stage after her entrance upon it had been so dearly paid for. His little girl, a half orphan, too, like Cyrilla! It was easy to

oung mother.

dve.

and cooed throatily and lingeringly? But

this phase gave way to an acutely indig-

nant one. She began to chase her note of woe up and down small hillocks of inflec-

tion, stretching her diminutive frame out

in despairing rigidity, all indicative of the

She certainly did. Having sought with

Of course this conversation with Cyrilla

She often wondered how much of his devo-tion to that departed offspring was blend-ded with love for the mother who had pre-''I am glad you have told me this," she

that appealed to her Southern woman's ex- craves and deserves." igency of chivalrous devotion. If he could retain such deep feeling for a frail infant who had lived only a few months, what intensity of feeling must he have cherished for the woman to whom he had given the whole strength of his heart! No woman could ask worthier homage than the entire devotion of such a deep, well-poised, rich nature. Mrs. Winchester gave that char-acteristic girlish sigh, as she found her mind dwelling on a sunlit world of happi-ness such as she had once known herself. Soon after she felt that she must go. She needed in some way she could not analyze the comforting assurance of home and assured dear ones; those associated with the cherished soldier who had died, nobly, as he had lived. When she told Mr. Har-borough that she expected to go abroad in the spring he begged that she would let him know when she would be in New York, that he might see her and the dear Cyrilla before they sailed. She promised

to do so. When Cyrilla and she were on their way to the station the baby wore a bunch of white violets, a parting attention of her slave man. Mrs. Winchester took two or three of them and tucked them in her buttonhole, saying, "Doesn't baby want mani-ma to have some of her flowers?" As a matter of fact Cyrilla never said

It was in May that they returned to New York. No word had passed between Mr. Harborough and them in the mean time. Mrs. Winchester would not let herself ask whether she did not think he ought to have understand his interest in the baby. The next morning the young mother told Lucinda to mend a gown that had been torn, and, that Cyrilla might not lose that young woman herself to the Turkish that young woman herself to the Turkish the set some greeting to -Cyrilla. That the mourning and was that young woman herself to the Turkish the set some greeting to -Cyrilla. That the mourning and was that young woman herself to the Turkish the set some greeting to -Cyrilla. That the mourning and was the mourning and was that young woman herself to the Turkish the set some greeting to -Cyrilla. That the mourning and was all whiteness and sweetness, like a Cape jasmine. She was as artless as ever, and the set some greeting to -Cyrilla. That the set some greeting to -Cyrilla. The set some

a new lustre to them. "Lucinda told me of you loss—your double loss," she said, with quiet earnest-ness, slightly emphasizing the "double." "I am very sorry for you." He bent his head slightly, without a word child, had only the slightest friendliness for me, and asked, nay, desired from me no more, it was like paralysis of the soul. It was even more cruel how utterly I fell

intention. How much her sense that her small daughter was comforting this splen-didly severe man in his sorrow contributed to delay can only be conjectured. Poor man! He had lost his little baby girl. She often wondered her much of bid dress her made no the lava bed of my heart. This little angel"—he laid his hand tenderly on Cyrilla's golden head—"saved me from be-coming a self-centered misanthrope, worth-less to my ownself and to my kind. She

ded with love for the mother who had pre-ceded it into the Vale of Shadows. He was the kind of man to inspire any woman with great tenderness. She surely should know; he was quite a little the type of Captain Winchester! There was consider-ate deference in his every word and gesture that any should not find sometime, somewhere, what your nature

by its momentary slipping of shackles, was resuming itself strongly. "And you tell me, you will be abroad a year, perhaps." "Even longer, if need be. I must get

"Even longer, if need be. I must get away from my surroundings here. They recall the past too strongly. Not that I would forget what made life so happy, but I fear this aching recollection of my loss. Time and change may enable me to recall it without this wearing regret. I have my child. Of course I shall never marry again Simply that I mercer could marry again. Simply that I never could love any man enough to do that without a ense of profanation."

Cyrilla had been buoyantly indifferent to this baring of hearts, but in some way felt herself neglected. She now took her mother's hand, affecting to regard it in the light of a felicitons discovery. After twisting it, then turning it as if she pro-posed reading its palm, she suddenly bethought her of a neglected follower whose fidelity deserved better of her. Whereup-

her robbing hersen, abd it Tah so tendor alornment, I fear you will bar me ont. I must send her a fresh bunch, to-morrow? You permit me?" He looked at her with a mock en-treaty. "That you say that as you do shows in the the most satisfying love ever en-treaty. "That you say that as you do shows inone but the most satisfying love ever en-treats." "That you say that as you do shows inone but the most satisfying love ever en-treats." "That you say that as you do shows inone but the most satisfying love ever en-treats." "That you say that as you do shows inone but the most satisfying love ever en-treats." "That you say that as you do shows inone but the most satisfying love ever en-ting her illumined face wistfully. "It was so perfect that I did not think I could ever survive its loss," she returned in a low voice, pressing her child closer. "I scattered, where you reaped to the hundredfold," he murmered. "Is there a more cruel thing in this cross-purposed world"—again the bitterness charged his mellow tones—"that one human being poured out his heart like water upon an-other, and that other receiving it with inuntil you appeared. You were like oil on the troubled waters." Mr. Harborough drew in a long breath. "She has a right to all I can give her. Your child has helped to tide me over a great sorrow. She has drawn the poison out of my soul. God grant you may never know what it would be to have her taken the more cruel thing in this cross-purposed world"-again the bitterness charged his poured out his heart like water upon an-other, and that other receiving it with in-difference, almost weariness? My wife did the crue wan Mrs. Winghester "Or, rather, did not love me. For in jus-

Frightfal Conditions Prevail at Nome.

Captain Tuttle Regards Whole Coast Situation as Being Very Serious. Disease Runs Free Riot. Typhoid Fever Rages and Small-pox Makes Great Inroads on Argonauts. Much Distress was Reliev-

says :

ands of tents, scattered over miles of terri-tory, it is impossible for the health author-ities to keep track of all the cases. "As nearly as can be traced the disease was introduced from the steamer Oregon. Afterward the steamers Ohio and Santa Ana were found to be infected and were placed in quarantine. The Oregon had train. A p left before her cases were discovered. was that th General Randall is commanding with a ed unhurt. firm hand and having troops at his disposal

will maintain order until such time as civil government is organized. I understand the nations all along the Siberian coast are suffering from influenza and pneumonia and not disposed to trade for reindeer at present.

Captain Roberts gives an account of his trip to the relief of the barkentine Leslie D of San Francisco, which went ashore on Nunivak Island, June 23rd. The Leslie D sailed from Seattle with 31 persons aboard

a steam scow fitted with a salt and owner compass and dory on board. The owner said he intended to return with means for No. 1 and found it to be petrified. He said he intended to return with means for lightering the vessel, but had not been lightering the vessel, but had not been heard from when the report was written. The others went to Nome and arrived there safely July 3rd the steamer Raghhild of safely July 3rd the steamer Raghhild of ough case of petrifaction of a human body in the United States. The form is perfect Seattle finding the vessel abandoned took possession. and the features of the face almost lifelike.

which might be well worth repeating.

Well, Did You Ever!

He Knows His Business.

A St. Louis druggist recently advertised

ter.

Eleven Are Dead.

An Equal Number Injured, Some of Whom May Die. Accident on a Grade Crossing. Special the Le-Accident on a Grade Crossing. Optical ito an high and New England Railroad Cras Were Were Returning From a Funeral.

Eleven persons were inst lled and eleven others, several of were seriously injured Sat , will die. night in a grade crossing, three mile of Slatington, by a passenger trant the Le-high and New England rangert crashing into an omnibus containing thenty five persons. All the dead and injured were in the omnibus and but three escaped uninjured.

Your child has helped to tide me over a great sorrow. She has drawn the poison ot of my soul. God grant you may never longed out his heart like water upon an-other, and that other receiving it with in-other, and that other receiving it with in-difference, almost weariness? My wife did not care for me," he exclaimed, abruptly. from you, Mrs. Winchester. She strained the golden head to her bos-om in spontaneous recoil from the thought. When she raised her eyes to him there was a new lustre to them. "Lucinda told me of you loss—your the woman L adored, the mother of my The dead are : Eli Ramaley aged 70; One yet unaccounted for. The injured are : Miss Distler, of Wal-

nutport, will die; 3 year old son of Mrs. Kern will die; Harry Minnich, aged 10, of Slatington, will die; Mrs. William Resch, The official reports of Captain Tuttle of the revenue cutter Bear, dated July 6th at Nome City, Alaska, and of Captain Roberts of the revenue cutter Manning, dated July 14th at Dutch Harbor, have been received at the Treasury department. There are hurt internally, may die; Miss Carrie Nag-

at the Treasury department. They con-tain many interesting details of the andu-ous work of the revenue cutters in reliev-ing distress along the Alaska coast. The ing distress along the Alaska coast. The Bear went to the assistance of two wrecks and straightened out a controversy over the ownership of a steam launch at Nome. Captain Tuttle reports an epidemic of measles and pneumonia at Sincock, Port Clarence, Cape York and Cape Prince of Wales. In concluding, Captain Tuttle says: "Thank you," he answered, simply. "You are your daughter's mother. You cannot feel your loss so despairingly with that little comforter always at your side." "The situation along the whole coast I regard as very serious. It is estimated that at present there is with a radius (taking the United States post office as a center) of her, and a tear fell upon her downy head. "I shall feel quite lonely when you are gone," resumed Mr. Harborough. He smiled resolutely. The soul, strengthened by its momentary slipping of shackles, was resuming itself strongly. "And you tell me, you will be abroad a year, perhaps." "Even longer, if need be. I must get the collision occurred there is a sharp

it is impossible to hear an approaching train. A peculiar feature of the accident was that the horses drawing the bus escap-

Keeps His Petrified Wife.

pouse No 2 has not the Slightest Objection—When Husband Exhumed Woman's Body he Found it Turned to Stone.

For several years J. H. Rickel, of Chante, Kan., has kept his two wives in his little carriage shop there, and the women have never spoken to each other, yet no jealousy exists between them. The reason for this is that the first wife, who died in the Dakota bad lands 25 years ago. is pet-rified, and is securely packed in a wooden

The living wife is her husband's constant companion and helps him in the shop, besides doing her housework. When Rickel moved from Dakota, sever-

*** Mrs. Winchester remained in New York three weeks longer. This had not been her intention. How much her sense that her small daughter was comforting this at

The sun turned the down on the rosy pate into golden moss as the babe disported thus.

Like spots on the sun, slight notes of the mourning to which that infantile unit was affiliated with such bonny unconsciousnes pointed the snowy purity of its toilette. Three pompons of numberless loops of nar-row satin ribbon, like blooms from some fairy show garden, held each one strand of The rich coat of white corded silk black. over a flowing garment of finest linen was embroidered in forget-me-nots, embroidered in forget-me-nots, whose hearts, instead of gold, were dots of black. There was a pathetic absurdity about it

That the women should have uttered spontaneous cries of delight and stroked the soft cheeks with their gloved fingers was matter of course. But the precious morsel of humanity gave proof of sex in-stinct by a determined and victorious "throwing itself" at the head of a "lord of creation. He was a tall, spare man, distinguished in bearing, a pronounced shadow of melancholy on his features. Like the baby and its nurse, he was in mourning

He had scarcely entered the room before the violet eyes of the infant fastened upon stupfied at his willing remoteness when she was there and wanted him, for had she not stretched a crumbled hand toward him him. The plastic frame writhed with what looked like greetings of a short-lost sire. That he was not, for he bad halted irresolutely some paces away enthralled by the ome creature. He sank into an armchair opposite and gazed as Edipus might have brooded over the Sphinx. The baby shamelessly cooed and gurgled at him with inarticulate eloquence, till the gravity. almost amounting to sterness, in his dark face softened. At last, as a small pink hand was thrust toward him like a starfish in distress, he rose, walked slowly to-ward the charmer, and touched its velvety cheek with his forefinger. Whereupon the baby, with a broken chortle of triumph, grasped the finger with a mordant grip. The dusky "mammy" beamed with com-placency over this audacions conquest. "How old is the baby?" he asked, in a

mellow voice. "Three months ole las' week," replied

"Is is a boy or a girl?" "She is a nice little girl baby. The man should have known enough right now," replied the young mother, with a quick upward glance and a flashing The man should have known enough about women to have gathered that. He seated himself beside the stout nurse and the "nice little girl baby," who had not lessened her grip on his finger, rolled her eyes up at him with a reckless backward toss of her head, and coold like a turtle-dore as if to say "Of course Law a nice brazen openness to allure a reserved gentle-man, she betrayed the most artless delight for the familiar finger, and Mrs. Winchester, with a friendly smile, which for the first time, made something in Mr. Harborough dove, as if to say, "Of course, I am a nice little girl baby." "What is her name?" be continued, his

cleave to her apart from the fact of her re-lation to Cyrilla, drew her crepe folds a little closer. He sat down surrendering his finger to the baby, who, politically, was an expansionist of the deepest eyes fixed on the violet upturned orbs of "Cyrilly. She done named after her

poor pappy." The gentleman turned his gaze on the

nurse thoughtfully, a latent interrogation on his lips. Before he had time to put it into words a young woman approached, her dainty form swathed in crape. "Lucinda," she said, in fresh, young

tones, "I am going out. I want you to take baby for a ride while I am gone, the ough's finger, to employ her tiny hands by tugging at the flowers until she wrenched away a cluster of them, somewhat abbre-viated in stems. These, with what soundday is so beautiful. The air will de her good. Take a hansom, and tell the cabby to drive through the Park to Grant's Tomb and come back by the Riverside Drive."

The gentleman had risen at her approach and with a slight bow disengaged his fin-ger from captivity, not without some effort. He walked slowly away.

room. Being not superior to the caprices far more coquettish. of her sex, Cyrilla was unaccountably fret- the same gentle, gi Her mamma had

of her sex, Cyrilla was unaccountably fret-ful, contrary to her want, and wailed as if her sun of happiness had set never to rise again. In vain did the girlish mother of old, for she took up that gentleman just where she had left him. In the lovely dance her up and down, call her attention to the beautiful cab-horse out side the window, and press her cheek against the still softer one of her offspring. In vain! Cyrilla wailed fathoms deep in grief. The poor little mother felt that she would be obliged to call in the aid of Lucinda, morspring days acquaintance between the three grew till it was confessedly, to the heart, friendship; one that seemed to absorb the tender warmth of the spring tide Cyrilla's chaperon ' reception in the Tarkish room in the morntifying as that would be to maternal pride, ing was a recognized feature of every day. Mrs. Winchester had supplanted Lucinda entirely now. The baby was older, of course, and could help hold itself up when suddenly the infant's long, attenu-ated moan was cut absolutely short, her tear-wet eves took an interest in the sublunary sphere she adorned, and sat up. Mr. Harborough had entered the room and

One day of enchanting brightness Mr. Harborough had taken Cyrilla and her seated himself in a chair not far away. He did not feel quite warranted in approaching the baby as familiarly as he would have done had the sympathetic and mother for a drive through Westchester. As the victoria bowled along the level. secluded road, with the tender environment of spring on every side, the hedge rows quick with young leafage, arching boughs swaying above them, and the soft air a con-stant caress, they both lapsed into one of those intimate silences suffused with sublowly Lucinda been in charge. He had a humble sense, also, that too great interest in the beautiful baby might awaken some poignant touch in the husband-bereaved Cyrilla certainly had no such forethought in the small system. She seemed at first

those intimate silences suffused with sub-consciousness of a friendly presence that makes for perfect peace of soul. Suddenly, with a long respiration as if waking from a dream, Mr. Harborough's hand instinct-ively sought the baby's. Cyrilla was sit-ting between her mother and himself. His tively sought the baby's. Cyrilla was sit-ting between her mother and himself. His fingers encountered the warm, soft hand. small enough, but longer than the one he had often been prisoner to. He murmured some excuse as he realized that Mrs. Win-chester had her arm about the child. He also felt with a strange thrill, that the hand had not been withdrawn. He recognized the delicacy of this with a pleasan

strongest protest against her slave main-taining that unpardonable aloftness! Mrs. Winchester caught his glance, with a childlike appeal in her lustrons eyes. She even rose and reseated herself, leaving a larger space at her side, which of its nat-

ure was inviting. Mr. Harborough bent a troubled glance on his infant inamorata. Cyrilla caught it, and uttered a distinctly new note of reproach. It carried the day. 'Pardon? Is the little girl not well to-day?'' he asked, with his grave courtesy, as he approached them. 'Why, she hasn't been. But she seems all 'Why, she hasn't been. But she seems all

freshing wealth of verdure. She withdrew her arm and clasped the tiny hand nearest her "I hope you will not let Cyrilla forget

me," he remarked, with the manly smile that was all his own. She once asked herself if man could consciously impress such eloquence upon a mere pose of the lips. "She will not forget," Mrs. Winchester answered, in low, clear tones. "She is too much her mother's child for that."

she should not reply, and equally natural, when she did, that her words voiced a thought that her mental term of emotions

necessarily involved some marginal com-ments from the young woman's mamma. That morning the dainty infant had a bunch of white violets pinned to her coat. After awhile she relinquished Mr. Harboraroused by his utterance. "You must have idolized your wife?" There was no hesitation about his re-joinder to this, but it startled.

"I did." Then, with his thought-be-

getting-thought simplicity which had pos-session of them both, but with how differ-ent an accent, he added, "One cannot help

"I think she is inviting me to go abroad with her."

"There was something pathetic in his "I am not sure it might not do lightness. you good," she remarked affably. "There is no doubt she would like it." "And not in the least but that I would.

tion.

If her mother would endorse the invita-Naturally, we could not embark on such an excursion into Utopia without a Evidence Was Apparent.

He looked into her eyes, pleadingly.

"I think I can assume the responsibility of-Cyrilla!" she returned, meeting his gaze with friendly frankness.

"..... but it was really Cyrilla's work," the letter went on, which Mrs. Winchest-er's woman friend received from that loyal size the Pike Contyan's crowning glory, his unblushing homeliness. Colonel Ball, as most everybody knows, little body the following spring from Fras-cati. "It was an *affair de coeur* with her from the start. If it had not been for the is in appearance one of the most unprepos-sessing men in Missouri. In fact, he claims sessing men in Missouri. In fact, he claims to be the ugliest man in the State. A few weeks back he went up into Northwest Missouri to make a speech. While en-route to the big pichic grove where he was billed to talk he was banded a marked copy of The Daily Howler. The paper was edit-ed by a wild-eyed Pop., who was accused of being in the employ of Mark Hanna's Subsidized Press Bureau. The article re-ferred to was mainly denunciatory of Ball. baby there is no reason to suppose that I should ever have known Mr. Harborough. She brought ns together a year and a half ago in New York. Last spring she asked him to come abroad with us. In her cun-

ferred to was mainly denunciatory of Ball, and was written presumably to counteract the usual effects of one of the Colonel's lit-tle talks. Among other dreadful political accusations it said he was "two faced." precious child more if she were his own flesh and blood. He is so like Cyril, too, in age and character and disposition, that really, my dear, it does not seem so much off something like this: "Ladies and gentlemev, before entering into a discussion of the issue of the day I like loving another man as it does like having my love for Cyril go right on-with Mr. Harborough's assistance! "Do you not feel how beautiful it is that

wish to correct a statement made in your daily paper that I was 'two faced'. It is a "Do you not feel how beautiful it is that emotion. "I shall miss you very much when you are gone," he said, softly, as if thinking aloud. "You have been so kind to us, we shall certainly miss you," replied Mrs. Win-chester, her eyes turning dreamily to the stretch of meadow. How exultantly the earth was taking on new life with its re-freshing wealth of verdure. She withdrew small accusation from a small man and de-serves but little reply." Here his gestures increased and his collar began to wilt (a sure sign that he was getting mad.) "My fellow citizens," he blurted out "do you think that if I had two faces I'd wear the one I've got on now ?" Harborough he was in love with her first. He says that she gave me to him. And that is really wonderful, Louise. I could And that is really wonderful, Lonise. I could not hesitate after that. I did not think it possible that one woman could love two men so absolutely. There is such a per-fect sympathy between us. We both like quiet, beautiful places, where there is less of man (and woman!) than of nature. So A Lehigh County Man Marries His Step-granddaugh-An Allentown special of August 10th says; In the Orphans' Court this afternoon there was issued a marriage license to Jacob Doney, a farmer, 57 years old, of Powder Valley, and Ida J. Kriebel. azed 16 years, of Hosensack. The bride to be and her father, Samuel Z. Kriebel, who gave the answered, in low, clear tones. "She is too much her mother's child for that." His grave eyes were slowly lifted to her face, and he sighed nuconsciously. Then, after a pause, "Captain Winchester's death was a fearful blow to you, was it not?" Interrogative in form, the remark fell from him only as unwitting reflection on a fact her words had stamped upon his she should not reply, and equally natural, when the did that her words voiced a we select lovely out-of-the-way spots, like That really sounds like saying that we shall wander for life!

"This is enough for now. Write me Your devoted soon.

MARGARET." MARGARET." for "an accurate, registered, thin drug "P.S.—To think I should nearly have omitted to tell you how it all came about! why he wanted an assistant with these away a cluster of them, somewhat abbre-viated in stems. These, with what sound-ed like a maiden attempt at a laugh, she extended toward him unequivocally. "This is almost too much," he murmur-ed, with a flash of quiet humor which re-vealed his white teeth in almost a gay

A Village Fire-Swept. A little tale was told on the Hon. 'Dave'' Ball during that memorable gath-

Forty-Three Buildings Burned at Turbutville.

ering of American patriots at Kansas City For a time Saturday afternoon the village of Turbutville was threatened with was perpetrated between drinks by a broth-er politician, and served mainly to emphatotal destruction by fire. The blaze started in a barn in the lower end of the town, and swept up the street, taking every building in its path until it reached the Bitler lumber yard, which was also des-troyed with its thousands of feet of sawed lumber. The total number of buildings destroyed is reported at 43, the list comprising four stores, thirty dwelling houses and nine barns.

WITHOUT FIRE PROTECTION.

The village is without fire protection, and the only means of fighting the flames was with bucket brigades. The fire comwas with bucket brigades. The fire com-panies of Bloomsburg were in readiness to go when word was received that on account of the scarcity of water the engines would be useless. The loss will fall principally upon the property owners, very few of whom carried any insurance, and many saving nothing but the garments they wore at the time When he mounted the stump Ball started at the time.

Headed Him Off Gracefully.

Miss Frocks thought that she detected Miss Frocks thought that she detected symptoms of growing sentimentality in young Mr. Dolley, and she determined that she would discoursge him, says *Har-per's Bazar*. Her kindly efforts to make it apparent that his advauces were unwel-come were of no avail, however. He was too dense or too egotistical to see that she regarded him only with toleratiou, and he rushed on to his doom. "Miss Frocks," said he, assuming a lan-guishing attitude and a manner intended to be expressive of his love-lorn condition, "I am going to ask you a question which

"I am going to ask you a question which no doubt has been put to you many a time

before, and" — "Ob, I know what you are going to say," "Ob, I know what you are going to say," the girl cut in. "Yes, I've been asked the question a great many times, and I'm go-ing to answer it this time hefore I am ask-

Mr. Dolley looked at her in a dazed sort of way, and she went on : 'Yes, I do play golf."

Cheering Him Up.

Mr. Newlywed- Tory your old lover on the street to-day looking awfully blue. Mrs. Newly wed-I hope you tried to

cheer him up. Mr. Newlywed—Oh, yes. I showed him my buttonless shirt and that new tie you bought me.

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