

Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 24, 1900.

IN THE LONG LONG AGO.

County Treasurer W. T. Speer dedicates a Centennial Effusion to Gen. Jas. Potter who in the year 1768, came up the Bald Eagle creek and crossed over to the top of Nittany mountain, where he discovered the beautiful Penns Valley and made it letters awaiting a signature.
"Yes; put them on the table." his happy home.

Through forest wilds and mountain strange Bald Eagle's waters flow, But to our fathers yet unknown In the long, long years ago. Through glowing rays of setting sun,

Sailed up Bald Eagle's silvery stream In the long, long years ago One, on his trusty rifle slept-A roamer to and frot

And near a spring that white man slept In the long, long years ago. The sleeper wakes in early morn, With eyes so true and keen

He winds his way up Logan's Branch In the long, long years ago. The light breaks o'er the silent hill. Led by this silvery glow, Potter stood on Nittany' heights In the long, long years ago.

Oh, fairest land! Oh, lovely sight! It blinds my ravished eyes; No better land could meet my gaze Beneath the deep blue skies.

Upon this mount I'll make a vow. That no more will I roam; But in this valley deep and wide I'll make my happy home

And on this plain I'll build my fort, These mighty oaks must fall; And for my great ('reator's gifts I'll crown him Lord of all!

A VERY STUPID EDITOR

The editor of the Clubland Chronicle had had a busy day. In the morning he had dealt with-I use the expression advisedly ---a huge pile of letters from readers of the Clubland Chronicle all over the world who were either in trouble, in love, or both. During the hour when he should have lunched he had been interviewed by a dowager with an imaginary grievance, a dog trainer with a savage bloodhound and a literary agent with a cold in the head. Having disposed of these visitors and stayed the pangs of hunger with a stick of plain chocolate---an effective if somewhat inadvisable method of saving time---he had spent an hour in scheming out a brilliant number of the Clubland Chronicle for the week after next, drawn up a fetching advertisement of that number for the daily papers, passed half a dozen pages for the next issue, written three diplomatic letters to as many would-be contributors, cut down two articles in proof, knocked off a dainty poem in place of one that had not come up to time and dictated a smashing leader on the iniquities of the fee system at West End theatres.

There had been lying on the editor's table all day a story in manuscript that he very much wanted to read. The story was from the pen of a certain young lady in whom this editor took a more than literary interest. Let me hasten to add Ah! It had touched her heart, this afwas clever a editor thought a good deal of that. She was also pretty, and he thought more of

It says a good deal for his strength of will and conscientiousness, therefore, that the manuscript bad lain on his table all day long, unread. But he had not been able to resist a hurried glance over the little note that came with it.

"You told me (it said) to write of things that I had experienced myself, to talk hu-manly of human subjects, to appeal to the sympathy of the reader. I have tried to do that in this little story. It is a frag-ment of my own life. I know you won't print it unless you really believe it is good, but I could not deny myself the consolation of putting my thoughts on paper. It is easier to write than to speak things like this, and, to me, far more satisfying.' And yet the story had waited on the

table all day.

But when the office boy had brought in a cup of hot liquid that the sub-editor was pleased to call tea, the chief of the Clubland Chronicle found his table tolerably clear. He, therefore, after his savage cus tom, filled and lit a particularly foul brier pipe, rested his feet on a pile of patriotic literature sent in for review, gulped down two mouthfuls of the sub-editor's brew, anathematized the sub-editor, and began

to read the story. The scene of the tale was laid in a hoarding house at Brighton, and here the reader began to get interested, for he happened to know that the writer had just returned from a visit to Brighton. It was not very carefully written; several stops had been left out --- a fault that always annoyed the editor of the Clubland Chronicle, and he put them in mechanically with his blue pencil. Sometimes the writer repeated herself quite needlessly; he crossed out the offending word and substituted another. But when the story began to unfold itself he forgot to use his pencil. For the in-cident was, as the writer said in her letter, a fragment of her own life, and seemed likely to affect the life of the reader.

But it would have been better called a episode than a story. For it merely told of a girl who met a man, of the love that sprang up in her breast for the man; of the hopelessness, as it seemed, of that love; of the subsequent meeting of the pair at the seaside; of the man's sudden proposal; of the girl's genuine surprise and instinctive refusal. Then the writer struck a more passionate note. The man, it would seem, had taken the girl at her word, and had allowed her to leave the place at the time she had intended without again putting forward his plea. And the girl, too proud to make advances, had hoped on for a little, and then had left the boarding house and all that she loved in the world for-

The theme was old enough, but the editor found the tale an interesting one. For the girl loved a man in a seaside boarding house. Now, he himself had been to the seaside, but he had not met the girl there. Who, then, was this other man? What sort of creature was he that took a woman's refusal for a final answer, that threw away the happiness of two lives, maybe, in a fit of pique? But that was no affair of the editor's. The wind that had blown evil to this couple at the seaside might that he had been waiting for. For a mowaft a little good to him. For might it ment he thought hard, and then he rose not be that the girl would in time forget from his chair, walked round the table, and this other man; that she would listen at took the little gloved hand in his. She last to his own importunate pleadings: scarcely looked up, but one glance told learn to believe that the true love of an him all that he wanted to know.

honest man was a thing not to be lightly cast away; that love breeds love, and that there was far more joy in the years still to be lived than there had been of sorrow in

those that were gone?

The editor sat for some minutes without moving, pondering over all the chances that make or mar a man's life. True, he was sorry for the girl; but none the less he was determined to win her for himself if he could. Suddenly he sprang to his feet. His mind was made up. He would go to

her; go and tell her—
"Will you sign these now, sir?" It was
the office boy with a sheaf of typewritten

He sat down again, took up his pen, glanced rapidly through each letter and wrote his name at the foot.

He had come to the last note, and was about to deal with it in the same half mechanical manner when the address at the bottom caught his eye. It was a letter he had himself dictated to the author of some mediocre verses. The would-be poet had begged for the favor of criticism, even if the verses were not accepted, and the editor, in his usual kindly manner, had com-plied. Now he saw that the writer had sent them from the address of a boarding house in Brighton. Something of the subject of the verses came back to his mind and he quickly drew them out of the

They were written in a flowery style, and some of the rhymes would have disgraced a pill advertisement. But the editor read them through with rapt attention. And, as he read, the lines in his face hardened and his brow became furrowed. He turned to the waiting office boy and bade him take the other letters to the post.

This one he would deal with himself.

Yes, but how to deal with it---that was
the trial. For not only the address, but the description of the scene, of the neroin and the nature of the subject enlarged up-on---"Love Scorned"---left him no room for doubt as to the cruel trick that fate had played him. It was evident that the verse were by the girl's lover, written in the first

bitterness of his refusal. But why should they have been sent to a paper, and why to his paper? That was clear also. The girl would have had the Clubland *Chronicle* at the boarding house -indeed, the editor himself had sent it to her there each week. And the lover, knowing she read the paper, doubtless hoped to

reach her in this way.

But what was the editor's duty in th matter? At first he refused to answer the question at all. He told himself that as an editor he could not publish the verses. They were far too weak. Neither could the publish the girl's story. Duty to his employers, after all, came first, and, to tell the truth, the story was very little better than the verses. All he need do, therefore, was to return both to their research the story was to return be and the story was to return be a story with a little pote and spective authors, with a little note, and then play the game as hard as he could in his own interests.

The editor was having a big fight with himself-a fight that few men have to fight even once in their lives, and none twice. For the love in his breast was divided into two opposing forces-the selfish inclinations on the one side and the unselfish on the other.

And then it happened that his eye fell upon a little sheet of note paper. It was her littler. He took it up wearily and read it through a second time. "It is a fragment of my own life. * * * It is easier to write than to speak of things like this."

that he was only 32 years old and a bachsaw her eyes wet with tears; he heard her sobbing to herself in the night time. tack a person sitting in a stifling room as readily as in the open field. Each of these After all, her happiness came first; he would think only of that.

There was no hesitating now; He had thought out a means of bringing the two together again almost as soon as he had read the verses the second time. In a moment it was done-the act that robbed him of the sweetness of living.

He simply sent the girl's story to the man in the boarding house at Brighton. And the man's verses he sent to the girl. The night and half the next day had by, and again the editor of the Clubland Chronicle sat in his editorial chair. But this afternoon he was not alone. A lady visitor occupied the chair on the op-

posite side of his table. "No," she was saying, "I don't under-stand it a bit! Instead of sending me back my story you forward these verses in an envelope addressed by yourself. You admit that it was not a mistake, and you say that my story is not in the office.

Please explain." Now, the editor was not used to being addressed in this manner by contributors. He had got to know which people were likely to make themselves unpleasant, and e invariably handed their cards on to the sub-editor. But this was not a matter for the sub-editor.

"My dear child," he said, gently, "I assure you I did it all for the best." "Don't be so idiotic," said the girl. "How can it be for the best to lose my story and send this wretched stuff instead?" I'm afraid the want of a holiday has-

well, knocked you out."
She noted the lines in his face and the dark shadows under his eyes.
"Ah!" said the editor, "talking of hol-

idays gives you the keynote of the situa-He looked for a telltale blush, but none

followed. "You wrote your story on a holiday?" he continued. "I did---down at Brighton."

"You laid the scene in a boarding house?"
"I did. Why shouldn't I?" "Have you looked at the address on the

"No. Oh, I see! They come from the same boarding house. "And the name? Do you know that?"

"Let me see. Oh, yes! That must be the silly young man with the long hair who would talk about the moon and waves The editor gasped.

"Then you are not---you didn't---he didn't-At last the girl understood, "Good heavens---no!" she said, laughing a little in spite of her vexation. "But you don't

mean to say you sent my story to him?"
"I'm afraid I did," said the editor humbly. "You see I thought you meant it "Don't!" said the girl. "I wish I'd

never written the thing !" 'Then wasn't it a fragment of your life?" "Not exactly," she said hesitating. "And, anyhow, I didn't---want it pub-

lished. The man looked across at the pretty, downcast face, and saw, at last, the blush that he had been waiting for. For a mo-

"Fourteen gentlemen to see you sir," said the office boy; "eleven ladies and a man with a new kind of infernal ma-

"Tell 'em I'm engaged," said the editor "Shall I say you're sorry, sir?"
"Certainly not!" said the editor. "I'r jolly glad !" And the boy went out with half a crown and a chuckle.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Circuses in Winter. How the Big Tent Shows Spend the Idle Season

The circus season in the United States begins in the spring with the first thaw and ends with the first frost. Between these periods is the season of "winter quar-ters," just now beginning. It is estimated that there are directly and indirectly 10,-000 persons connected with the circus business in the United States equestrians, trainers, acrobats, hostlers, keepers, wardrobe women and veterinarians, and the army of managers, agents, ushers, lithographers, "side-show-men," "candy butchers," as they are technically called, toots, pur-chasing agents and canvas men.

Almost proverbially figures relating to circus business, its extent and the programs of managers are exaggerated, but with 40 established circus concerns in the country, omitting from the calculation the the Barnum & Bailey concern, a corpora-tion representing the shareholders now domiciled in England, and with an aver-age of 200 employes each, a total of 8,000 is attained, in which, no doubt, an addition of 2,000 can be made for those who, while drawing their livelihood from circuses, do not travel with them, but serve in a business way at home, or supply them with materials.

The American circus season opens at different times in various parts of the country as to climatic conditions, which vary considerably. It is begun earlier in the South and later in New England and the Northwest. With the close of the circus season the managers withdraw their forces into what are know as "winter quarters" for the care and sustenance of the animals. and particularly for the horses, which constitute such an important feature of circus

A portion of the staff of employes finds work (at half salaries during the winter months), either caring for the animals, renovating the wagons and cages, or in fresh-ening and renewing the costumes. Ohio, notable as well in some other particulars, is the favorite State for the winter quarters of circuses, though Western States are generally preferred for the reason that better forage appears to be attainable in them at more satisfactory prices.

For many years the winter quarters of the Barnum circus was at Bridgeport, Conn., and two circuses now utilize that convenient and accessible city for winter quarters. The lack of income from entertainments during the winter season and the continu-ence, though much diminished, of expenses is one of the reasons for the somewhat precarious character of the circus business except in the case of large shows well sup-plied with capital to carry them over during this period when public interest in circus entertainments is virtually suspended. Some efforts have been made but never successfully, to establish indoor circus entertainments in winter, but circus in the country is a summer amusement, and when warm weather ceases the period of winter quarters is at hand.

Sunstroke, Heatstroke.

Either heatstroke or sunstroke may atdiseases is caused by heat, accompanied and aggravated by fatigue. It is almost impossible to overcome a thoroughly healthy man by any degree of heat known in our climate unless this man is at the same time suffering from fatigue.

When the physical body is exercising, great amounts of waste matter are thrown off. One effect of great heat is to prevent the throwing off of these waste products, causing a species of self-poisoning which manifests itself either in a sudden seizure, like an apoplectic shock, as instanced when men drop unconscious while at work, or in the somewhat milder form called heatstroke, when there is a sort of collapse of

the physical powers. heat exhaustion the skin is relaxed, cool and pallid, and the temperature is either normal or below normal; whereas in sunstroke the temperature rises from normal, as 98 3-5, to 103 and above, the skin is hot and flushed, the pulse is rapid, and convulsions are common. In case of such an attack the patient should be put in the coolest place possible, in a draft of air if convenient, and ice should be applied or cold water dashed upon the whole body, with vigorous fanning. Such heroic treatment would be detrimental in the case of one over-come with heat exhaustion, whose temperature was already under normal, and whose skin was relaxed and pallid.

There is another way by which to distinguish between these two forms of heat attack. The sufferer from heat exhaustion usually realize that his or her condition is uncomfortable, and complains seriously of the heat before the real attack comes on. The sufferer from sunstroke does not usually realize that his condition is serious until the actual "stroke" occurs. In all serious cases of this kind the physician should be summoned at once.

A Woman's Race With Death. Bits of Burned Flesh Mark the Path of Her Flight.

In a race with death Mrs. Kate Butts, wife of Cromer Butts, a charcoal burner,

Mrs. Butts, who is 30 years of age and the mother of three children, went from Richmond, Pa., in the afternoon to gather berries, going in the vicinity in which she thought her husband was working. He was absent. The wife had often been with him at his work, and she learned that char coal mounds must always be covered. A hole had been burned in one of the mounds. and to cover it and save the charcoal Mrs Butts climed to the top. Her weight disturbed the smouldering wood beneath, and sparks shot out igniting the cotton dress

she wore. In a moment her clothing was ablaze, with no one to help her. She started to her home at Richmond, a distance of half a mile, through woods and fields. Bits of burned flesh found along the path by neighbors told of her flight for home and help. She arrived at Richmond at 3 o'clock, Dr. J. E. Devors was summoned, but was powerless to save her, and she died at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening.

A Fair Explanation.

"Bridget," said the lady, "you sleep too

much."
"Faith, ma'am," retorted Bridget, "ye're misthaken. 'Tis not that Oi slape too much, but Oi slape very slow, ma'am."

The March on and Relief of Pekin.

Trampled the Dying in Entry of Pekin.—Japanese Americans and British the First to Hear the Hail of the Besieged Legation Watches on Inner Wall.

The march of the allied troops (Russian English, Japanese, German and American) on Pekin practically began with the silencing of the Taku forts by the warships on

An international column of 2,000 men. under the command of Admiral Seymour, had lauded near the place five days before and proceeded inland to the relief of the imprisoned legations at the Chinese capital, but they were compelled to retreat by hordes of Chinese Boxers supported by im-perial troops and armed with the very latest implements of warfare, and finally Admiral Seymour took refuge at Tien Tsin.

On June 21st the foreign portion of this town was bombarded by the Chinese and the American legation des royed. A large force of allied troops was then landed at Taku, and after severe fighting, in which heavy loss was inflicted on both sides, the relieving force entered Tien Tsin on June 25th. Part of the city was in the hands of the Boxers, however, and a force of the Chinese, estimated at more than 100,000 men, occupied the fortified portion and surrounding country. These kept up a continuous bombardment of the foreign settlement. On July 13th the fortified town was attacked by the allies, and after two days of severe fighting was carried by assault. In this engagement Colonel Liscum, who commanded the Ninth United the hail of the long besieged legationers States Infantry, was killed.

For some days following this battle the allies rested and recuperated at Tien Tsin, but finally on or about August 1st they started on their memorable march to the relief of the foreign legations at Pekin. In less than four days a force of about 15,-000 troops marched 25 miles to the fortified town of Peitsang, where they met and de-feated an army of 30,000 Chinese, with a loss of 1,300 killed and wounded. The next morning the allies crossed the Pietro river and attacked Yangtsun, capturing it without much difficulty, the enemy having fled, completely demoralized, toward Pekin. Two days were spent at Yangtsun for the purpose of reorganizing the com mands and perfecting the line of that com

munication to Tien Tsin. On August 7th the allies reached the town of Tsaitsun, six miles beyond Yangtsun, on the river Pei-Ho. This they occupied without opposition. A vanguard was formed, consisting of one Siberian regiment, one of Cossacks, three battalions of Japanese infantry, one Japanese sapper company and an American mounted battery. In spite of the condition of the road this column proceeded by forced marches to Nan Isai Tung, which is fortynine miles from Pekin. There encountering an hour and a half of fighting the Chinese threw down their arms and fled in a panic. When this news was sent back all the allies started forward in three columns. They proceeded slowly and steadily, meeting with no serious resistance, their chief discomfort being caused by the intense heat prevailing, and on August 11th reached Ma Tow, twenty miles from the capi-

On Sunday, August 12th, the internationals, headed by the Japanese forces, attacked and captured the town of Chan-Chia-Wen with but a small loss. The Chinese left more than 500 dead on the field. Sunday night they proceeded to Tung Chow, ten miles from Pekin, to which place the defeated Chinese forces had retreated. Here they found a large quantity of arms, ammunition and food which the enemy left behind them when the inter-

Finally, after fifteen days of steady marching, with a skirmish or a pitched battle at almost every step, tramping through the most intense heat, with mud and water up to their knees, camping in the pouring rain, forcing their way through brush so tall and thick that the cavalry couldn't hardly keep in their saddles, this little amy, composed of several differ-ent nationalties, but each as brave and steadfast as the other, accomplished a march through a hostile country which will go down in the annals of history as one of the finest achievements of modern times. And on August 15th they entered the gates of Pekin, passing through a vast multitude of Chinamen who had collected to see this marvelous little band of warriors who had dared successfully to invade

their vast dominions.

Little by little the fragmentary information from Pekin sent since the capture of the city by the allies is dovetailing together to make a story of wondrous interest. On some points the correspondents fail to agree, but they all reach the same glor-

ious conclusion—the entrance to the Tar-tar City at double time and the rescue of the Ministers from the British Legation. Taking all the dispatches together, it is hown that the troops moved out from Tung Chow Tuesday morning, and at nightfall were camped all along the east wall of Pekin.

TWO SECTIONS OF THE ATTACK. The Russians and Japanese bivouacked ogether on the north side of the Tungchow Canal, about opposite the Imperial rice stores, while the Americans and Brittish were on the south side, where the legationers were able to reach the American signal corps and make known the posi-tion of the foe behind the great wall.

Darkness did not stop the signaling on Tuesday night, the information sent out forming the basis for the Council of War held at midnight, when the general staff of each force was present, upward o 125 officers in all. The attack was planned then, with almost a unanimous voice in favor of an assault as soon as it was light. WET NIGHT BEFORE BATTLE.

It was a night full of discomfort. Rain fell intermittently but always in torrents, greatly retarding the movements of the artillery and making the work of intrenching terribly arduous. Fortunately there were no heavy guns, else the battle must have been delayed. As it was, the horses strained and tugged and the drivers wore themselves out getting to the front.

Morning came before the positions were ssumed. The clouds were chased away by the blazing sun, the heat increasing until men dropped in the ranks, making doubly hard the work of the hospital

With the first rays of the sun the battle was on in earnest. The Chinese were massed on the wall around the Tung-chihmen, the great eastern gate, and upon this point the artillery fire was concentrated. SUPPORTED BY THE INFANTRY.

The infantry fire was steadily maintained, the support thus given doing much to make possible the advanced position tak-en by the artillery. The Chinese were practically without protection on the wall practically without protection on the wall save at two or three points, but as fast as the enemy depleted, fresh troops mounted the wall, seemingly a never ending, living stream flowing to the top to prevent an invasion.

One small force emerged from the Tungchih-men, but retreated after one desperat charge, the allies pursuing, in the face of a raking fire, almost to the city's gate. The Japanese led the fighting at every point, but the Americans were unfortunate in being out of the first part of the battle.

READY FOR THE LAST MOVE. When it became apparent that the bombardment alone would not suffice to reduce the city, the Americans and British moved to the southward, taking a position agreed upon for the last coup. The loss to the allies up to this time had been small, practically none except among the Japanese, who had repelled the enemy's sortie at the

gate late in the afternoon. Darkness was coming on, when the deafening roar of artillery and the sharp rattle of rifle fire was broken by two terrific crashes that shook the earth.

TWO GATES RENT BY EXPLOSION. The Japanese had blown open the Tungchih and Cham-Lang gates.
With a yell, the Japanese cavalry swept
toward the gates, followed by mounted
Cossacks and later by the infantry.

The Americans and British moved by the left flank to the Tung Pien gate, which was quickly battered down with cannon, and 5000 men poured into the Chinese city, moving swiftly toward the gate near-

est the legations. Frightened Chinese fled through the nar row streets, pushed on by the resistless rush of the victorious troops, who stopped only when the advance was at the gate and was heard from the small tower which they

The Russians and Japanese were forced to fight their way into the Tartar city, fo the Imperial troops several times blocked the way. Dead and wounded filled some streets and groaned as the tide of battle swept over them, crushing out what little

GUARD AROUND THE LEGATIONS. Detachments were hurriedly told off to in their opinion the fence, if one has alseek the legations, and Americans, Russians, ready been built, is sufficient, and if not, Japanese and British all came together on

the broad way along the partly filled canal that skirts the British legation. Communication with the Envoys was estheir position was where the Chinese attack was fiercest. The American and British losses were confined principally to heat prostrations, the headgear of the the certificate of the viewers shall l United States troops being no protection

from the scorching sun.

The Imperial court, including the usurper, Prince Tuan, had fled before the allies entered the city.

PEERING INTO THE FUTURE. "What is coming next?" is the question asked by everybody to-night.

This afternoon I put the question to
Minister Chihchen Lofengluh, and he re-

"I believe it is true that the Empress has fled, though I cannot say what the result of this may be or what steps my gov-

ernment proposes to take."

There is a general impression here that the Empress will not be vigorously sought for, as it is pointed out that the government of the Chinese Empire does not depend upon the Pekin court. The conduct of the Empire is in the hands of the Viceroys of the various provinces, while the Emperor or Empress Dowager is merely a nominal head to whom tribute is paid in the form of exorbitant taxation.

Rivers Hold Patient's Broken Ribs To-

If John Christian survives the operation performed on him at the General Hospital, in Paterson, N. J., he will go through the remaining years of his life with three ribs patched up with metal. Christian is a watchman at Gautschy's Dye Works in Paterson. He was set upon one night three weeks ago and brutally beaten. The robbers were trying to make their way into the factory, but Christian, who is more than fifty years old, stubbornly resisted

them, and suffered severely in consequence. When he was taken to the General Hospital it was found that the three ribs had been broken in two places, causing them to sink inward until the pressure on the heart was dangerous. More than this the doctors found that the broken ribs had penetrated the lung.

When Christian grew weaker and weaker each day the physicians decided that they must perform an operation. The broken ribs must be raised so that they The would join with the fragments which still retained their position in the diaphragm. This is always considered a delicate operation, and when the patient is in a weakened condition and it becomes necessary to actually rivet the broken bones with metal the operation is considered a very precarious one. It was necessary to put a metal band around each rib and weld these metal bands together with an artificial metallic

While this operation is a very delicate one and of unusual interest," said one of the surgeons at the hospital, "it is not new in surgery. There are many persons walk-around today who have metal patchwork holding their bones together.

"Whether the patient will live or not does not depend much upon the operation but upon his ability to rally from the weakened state brought on by pneumonia. He is in a dangerous condition, but if he lives forty eight hours he will doubtless recover and will go through life with metallic gearing on his ribs."

Killed by a Hot Potato.

Two-year-old William Nagle, of 416 North Thirty-fifth street, Philadelphia, whose throat was burned on Saturday afternoon by swallowing a large mouthful of hot potatoes at his home, died Sunday in the Presbyterian hospital. The coroner will investigate the case. According to the story obtained by the police of the case the boy swallowed the potato while left alone for a few moments. When his mother returned to the kitchen, where she was ngaged in cooking dinner, the boy was vainly attempting to dislodge the potato. His throat was so severely burned that lit-tle hope was entertained of his recovery from the time he entered the hospital.

Tea Growing in the South.

In South Carolina there is a tea farm where it is said that a very high grade of tea can be grown; indeed, we are told that the tea raised there is now selling in the American market on its merits at the price of a dollar a pound, which is a higher price than most of the Chinese tea commands in the same market.. To raise the leaf in this and highly trained skill in curing, and that is the reason why the crop is not more generally tried in that portion of the South where the soil is favorable.

nave proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and build up your health. Only 25c. Money back if not cured. Sold by F. P. Green. Druggist.

Trespassing Cattle.

A correspondent requests information upon the subject of line fences and the lia-bility of cattle owners in cases of trespass. Ignorance of the legal rights of adjacent landowners, and the straying proclivities of cattle, are fruitful of much litigation, so that the questions of our correspondents have a general interest. The law is quite clear in the points involved. The supreme court has decided that every person is re-sponsible for keeping his cattle on his own land, that no responsibility rests upon him to erect fences to keep other people's cattle out, but that his duty ends with fencing in his own cattle. In other words, every person must keep his cattle within his own fields, and in cases of trespass it is not nec-essary that the person whose land was trespassed upon should have his lands en-closed to maintain an action for trespass. The owner of cattle who is sued for trespass, to prevent recovery, must show that he kept his cattle in, or tried to, by sufficient feuces. If by reason of any insufficiency in his fences his cattle get out and stray upon other property, he is responsible for the trespass. This is even the case where the fields of adjoining landowners are separated by a line or division force. are seperated by a line or division fence and one of the parties fails to keep up his portion of the fence. His failure does not free the other of responsibility for trespass, as the law expressly provides a remedy in case of such failure. The act of March 11th, 1842, provides that the township auditors shall perform the duties of fence viewers. When any two persons shall improve lands adjacent to each other, or when any person shall enclose any land adjoining to another's land already fenced in, so that any part of the first person's field becomes the partition between them, in both eases, the charge of such division fence shall be equally borne and maintained by both parties. On notice given said viewers shall within five days thereafter view and examine any line fence and shall make out a certificate in writing setting forth whether what portion of the expense of building a new or repairing the old fence should be borne by each party; and in such case they shall set forth the sum which in their tablished and their safety assured.

The Japanese had had over 100 killed, including three officers, while the Russians lost nearly as many in all probability, as parties. If the party who shall be delinquent in making or repairing of any fence shall not within ten days after a copy of been delivered to him, proceed to repair or build said fence and complete the same in reasonable time, it shall be lawful for the party aggrieved to repair or build said fence and he may bring suit before any justice of the peace or alderman against the

delinquent party and recover for work, labor, service done and material found. Thus it will be seen that the delinquency of one of the parties does not relieve the other from liability for the trespass of the latter's cattle upon the delinquent's land. To prevent such trespass it is his duty to compel the delinquent to repair his fence, under the Act of Assembly quoted above, and if the delinquent still refuses to repair the fence it is the duty of the other to make the repairs himself and sue the delinquent for the cost incurred.

Joke on the Chickens.

They Die Up in Nome Waiting for the Tardy Sunset. Anything more miserable than the life of a chicken up in the Cape Nome district cannot well be imagined, according to a letter received from W. J. Harden, at present prospecting. At the date Mr. H wrote the sun set at 11.30 and rose again at 1.15. "The chickens cannot live here," Mr. Harden explained, "dying of exhaustion in walking about waiting for the sun to set. Then they are up again at sunrise, and a week of that sort of thing simply lays them out dead. We pay \$2.50 each

for cold storage chickens." In the winter season it would be just as tough on the bird, for the sun stays away as long as during the summer he reigns, and four hours daylight is all they get. Referring to the Cape Nome boom Mr. Harden says it is too late for any one else to go. Everything, he says, is preempted. "Some of the prospectors have taken as high as 150 claims, and I know of an instance where the man has 178. He will not be able to do the assessment work on all

of them and these are the only inducements

left." According to the mine laws, in a quartz mine a prospector must sink ten feet, for which the government allows \$10, and as the usual assessment must be \$100, that work complies with the requirements of the location right. On placer mines, such as those at Cape Nome. \$10 worth of work must also be done. Harden does not say what the rich sands are doing, but he took two rockers north with him, and by going over the sands already washed he manages to make from \$1 to \$3 per day, "and we

keep the rockers going all the time," he writes, "because there is no night here." Speaking of the high prices charged in the overcrowded district, he says, "tea is 25 cents a cup, so is coffee. I paid \$10 a day at the hotel for seven days, and there were found in the party making the were four of us in the party, making the bill for the week \$280. Lumber is \$150 a bill for the week \$280. Lumber is \$150 at thousand and they cannot deliver it quick enough at the price. Beds are \$4 per night. Beef sells at 75 cents per pound and bacon at 35 cents. Longshoremen get \$1.50 per hour and carpenters get \$5 per day and their board. Gamblers pay \$20 to the men they hire at their table and gambling is run wide open.

A Costly Dispute.

The taxpayers of Mifflin and Hunting-don counties are counting up the cost of a useless litigation, just endel. Some years ago a dispute arose over the boundary line between the two count es. Commissioners were appointed, including lawyers and surveyors. The local courts buffeted with the question for a long time, and now the superior court decides that the boundary line is where it has always been. To learn all this the two counties expended about \$20,000.

A Common Complaint.

"I believe every man was sent into this world to do something."
"So do I, and I think I can tell what you think you were sent here to do."

"Growl because you can't do something different from what you find it necessary to

THAT THROBBING HEADACHE-Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick