Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 21, 1900.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile.
The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellow men
Will drive away the clouds of gloom and coax the sun again.
It's full of worth, and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent—
It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile—
It always has the same good look—it's never out of style—
It nerves us on to try again, when failure makes us blue;
The dimples of encouragement are good for me and you,
It pays a higher interest, for it is merely lent—
It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent.

A smile comes very easy—you can wrinkle up with cheer
A hundred times before you can squeeze out a soggy tear.
It ripples out, moreover, to the heartstrings that will tug,
And always leaves an echo that is very like a hug,
So, smile away. Folks understand what by a smile is meant.
It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent.

—*Josh Wink in Baltimore American.*

UNCLE ELIJAH'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

"Well, it can't be helped, girls, and there's no use crying over it."

"That's exactly why we are crying, Joseph. If it could be helped, there'd be nothing to cry about. Are you sure Uncle Elijah means Penniniah too?"

"I'll tell you just what he said. He fixed his face like this, and he crossed his hands on his stomach like this, and he said, way down in his throat: "Joseph, there's no use arguing any more, and don't you dare to let Annie Tousey come here to try to talk me over. She fooled me once, and the same person don't fool me twice. You tell her, from me, that the farm you are living on is mine. She never rested until she sold it to me, and now I am going to rent it to another party. You tell her that I invite her and Penniniah and their husband to come and live with me, and that's a fair offer. Somebody's got to take care of the old man, and that's the only way this old man's going to be taken care of."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Penniniah, scarlet with indignation. But Joseph's wife threw down her handkerchief from her face, and laughed through her tears.

"*Their husband!* Did he honestly say that, Joseph? Don't be so silly Penniniah; it's only Uncle Elijah."

"I think it was the height of impertinence," answered Penniniah loftily, and her sister laughed again.

"Well, Pen, we bring it on ourselves. Joseph calls you 'honey' and me 'dearie', and you keep the linen closet and I the pantry, and you make the cake and I the butter, and I darn Joseph's stockings and you mend his linen, and I guess people do laugh at us; but I don't care if they do. You care so much about everything, Pen."

"He said something worse than that Penny." Joseph loved to tease his sister-in-law in a good natured way. "When he was talking, and talking to me about its being my duty to come and live with him, I said: "See here, father, what about the girls? You don't want me to leave them, do you? You know how he works his fingers over his face when he's going to say something hateful? "Well, he began, brushing his nose down like this. Pen, 'when I invited the girl's husband to come and live with me, I meant the girls too, of course. Husbands embrace their wives, don't they?"

Again Penniniah bridled in her anger, and again the wife laughed. "The horrid old thing! Pen thinks that dreadfully indelicate, Joseph. She won't laugh. Never mind, Penny; we'll talk about something else. How are your chickens, Joseph?"

"Dead?"

"Dead? What do you mean? They weren't dead the last time I was over there."

Wasn't our agreement that we should supply the eggs, and father set his hens on them and feed the chickens? We were to have a third of the results, weren't we? Well, it's been a poor chicken year, and all of ours are dead."

"But, Joseph—"

"Well, dearie?"

"Joseph, do be serious. How many of the chickens are alive?"

"Just father's proportion exactly. Ours are the dead ones."

Joseph threw back his head and burst into long and loud laughter, but this time his wife did not follow his mirth. She put up her handkerchief to her eyes with a gasp of distress.

"Oh, Joseph, how can we ever live in his house? He's dreadful! If he'd only come here to live, it would be our house, and we'd have some control."

"Don't you suppose father knows that as well as you do?" answered Joseph. "That's why he won't come here."

But Annie was now past laughter, and Joseph rose and went towards his wife to comfort her.

"Now, Annie. don't give up. It's not like you. You never give up. He's my step father and your own uncle, and we've got to take care of him somehow. You thought out a way to manage him before, and perhaps you will again."

Mrs. Joseph, her face still hidden, shook her head despondingly.

"That's just the reason I can't do anything now. He's as suspicious of me as he can be. He's so stupid. he's on his guard if I only say, 'Good morning Uncle Elijah.'"

"That's not stupid; that's business, Annie. You fooled him once, and you'd fool him now if you got the chance—you know you would. He has to be careful with you. Father's no fool; I wish he were."

Mrs. Joseph lifted her face, shaking the tears from her eyes as she did so.

"Well it's still summer, and we won't borrow trouble. If we can put off settling this until Christmas, we will. Didn't you say he was willing to wait until Christmas Joseph?"

"Yes, indeed," said Joseph, indulgently. "We've a long cold autumn to think it over in." His blue eyes twinkled as he looked up. "I don't mean to be parricidal, Annie, but if father were buying himself to keep till Christmas, he'd insist on a discount. What do you suppose he was doing when I saw him last night? Eating mushrooms?"

Mrs. Joseph returned sharply. "Joseph you didn't eat any?"

"No! He offered me some to bring home to you, but I told him I'd had too much trouble getting my family together, to run any such risks with it. Poor old man! He was eating away with the ends of his teeth, scared to death all the time for fear of a stray toadstool."

"They won't hurt him," said Mrs. Joseph. resignedly. "He's been eating them ever since he read in the almanac that 'many a nutritious mushroom meal goes to waste in the fence corners of improvident people.' There's another trouble if we go to live with Uncle Elijah. Joseph, I cannot and will not eat mushrooms, and Pen won't and you sha'n't. How he manages to live on the things he does I don't see. Mushrooms and pusley greens and stuff! He insisted on the fat and cream of everything when he was a young man. Grandmother used to say she liked to cook for him, because he didn't just eat because he was hungry, but because he loved food. Dear me! what a table she did keep! I don't believe she spent much more for food than we do, Pen, but—Do you remember her gumbo soup? I put up a lot of gumbo this year, but our gumbo won't be anything like hers. It seems to me I can taste her gumbo soup now."

"Can't you follow her receipt?" asked Joseph.

"Receipt! She never had any that we ever saw. Grandmother just seemed to have cooking in her finger ends. Poor Uncle Elijah! I remember when he first went to housekeeping, he used to try so hard to have dishes like grandmother's. But grandmother always said she hadn't any rules in cooking, and your poor mother—"

"Lord! I can remember all that," interrupted Joseph. "Mother used to come over here and cry and beg grandmother for just one receipt. No use. She always said she hadn't any receipts, but mother never believed her. I guess father got his obstinacy from grandmother."

"I think that was awfully mean of grandmother," said Mrs. Joseph, "Uncle Elijah must have gotten his love of good eating from her, too. And now he eats things I wouldn't set before the hired hands."

Joseph summed up the situation. "Oh, he hasn't always been as bad as he is now. He always loved his stomach and his pocketbook, and when he found mother and the cooks he hired after she died *couldn't* cook like grandmother, he just gave up his stomach to his pocket-book. That's the sum of it."

"If I had some of grandmother's receipts I'll wager I could cook almost as well as grandmother did," announced Mrs. Joseph. "It don't take much but a few good receipts, and common sense, and liking good things to eat yourself, to make a good cook. Indeed, I couldn't eat at Uncle Elijah's table. As I sit here it seems to me I can think of first one thing and then another that I couldn't stand, and Uncle wouldn't have anything changed to suit us. We are just beginning to get ahead with our farming and making it pay and feeling so independent. Joseph, he must come to us."

"He won't do that, Annie. There's no use worrying yourself trying to make him. Father never does what he doesn't want to."

Penniniah had not spoken for some moments. Now her voice rose, and in it was the ring of an inspiring faith.

"But, Joseph, Annie might make him want to, mightn't she?"

Mrs. Joseph turned her face quickly towards this faithful believer in her power. As she did so her eyes slowly grew reflective.

"Yes," she said; "that's the way I managed him before. Uncle Elijah said he wouldn't buy this house at our price, you remember. I made him want to do it and he did it, and perhaps we can make him *want* to come here to live."

Joseph looked up with a sidewise glance of humor. "Moving father is somewhat of a job to contemplate, Annie. If anybody can do it, you can, but I wouldn't set my heart on it. Do you remember the big old bowlder down at the end of father's farm, near the county road? Some people from the city came driving out one day to ask father to sell that bowlder to them. They wanted to dig it out and move it to their family burying-lot as a tombstone for their father. They said he'd often seen the bowlder from the road, and always admired it. It's about as big as a house. Father told them they could have it—at a price, of course—and then he made one of the few jokes I ever heard him make. 'You can have it if you can move it,' he said, (which he knew they couldn't,) but, ladies I should think you'd find it something easier to move your father.' Now, Annie, you can work that round to suit this situation. I should think you'd find it something easier to move this stone house to your uncle Elijah than to bring him to it. What do you say, Pen?"

But Pen was still gazing with the eye of faith at Mrs. Joseph.

"If anybody can move him, Annie can," repeated Penniniah.

"The question is, can anybody move him?" replied Mrs. Joseph. "Well, as Joseph says, we've a long, cold autumn to think it over in, and I promise you I shall think hard."

***

Despite the mushrooms so dutifully and economically eaten, if (according to his step-son's suggestion) old Mr. Tousey had bought himself at a discount on a question of long longevity, he would have made a good bargain. Indeed, by the time the Christmas season came around, the old man seemed somehow to have obtained a renewal of his lease of life and vitality. He had been obliged to use a horse and buggy whenever he wished to go any distance from his farm—an extravagance that tried him sorely: but now it was observed that he was returning to the habits of his youth, making his feet do a horses duty for him. Joseph's home was some miles distant from Mr. Tousey's farm; but on Christmas morning, to the amazement of his nieces and step-son, Mr. Tousey was discovered walking up the road that led to their house. The paths had not yet been cleared, and the old man, stick in hand, was sturdily breaking his way through the light snow that had fallen in the night. Mrs. Joseph, sitting at the head of the breakfast table, saw him first.

"Goodness!" she cried, dropping her knife and fork on her plate, "here comes Uncle Elijah! Penny, you go and open the door for him. If I meet him at the door, he always looks at me as if he'd caught a hypocrite, and if I don't meet him he isn't any better pleased. Of course we've a better breakfast and a later breakfast on the table than we ever had. He never keeps Christmas, and he don't see why anyone else should. Joseph, can't you hide those chops?"

"Tain't worth while," said Joseph, easily. "Let him see something to find fault with right away. It'll save him the trouble of hunting. Sit down, dearie, and pass the coffee. Pen, bring your uncle Elijah right in here. Merry Christmas, father. Have some breakfast?"

Mr. Tousey stood in the doorway and looked over the table. He had once been a tall, eagle-faced man, with a hooked nose and erect bearing, and somewhere back in his youth had been called handsome. Now, from his rougly shod feet to his thick gray hair, down the whole line of his bent figure, he had not one pleasing feature, with the exception of his eyes. These were dark and piercing whenever he opened the two gray-lidded boxes, that closed them in, but, as a rule, the bushy gray eyebrows fully concealed this one remaining apology for personal appearance. He spoke as if he found his pleasure in a satiric mode of address.

"Breakfast! Humph! Mine was over at six o'clock. Bacon and cold bread. When Elijah works for Elijah, he rises early and works hard. I came over to look through my farm accounts with you, Joseph, and talk over some other business. I won't interrupt your breakfast. When you get leisurely through—leisurely through. No; I haven't eaten a bite away from my own table in these fifty years. If everybody ate at home there'd be less trouble in the end. One meal taken out breeds three to be given in. No; I only eat at home. Annie, there's something in the old attic here I want to attend to. I'll wait for you there, Joseph. I don't need any showing about this house Penniniah. I lived here when you were born.

"Hateful old thing!" Mrs. Joseph was saying, amiably, when Penniniah came back from the hallway, where she had gone in a futile attempt to politely point out the attic stairs. Penniniah was flushed, and complained, in an angry whisper:

"I declare, I don't know why it is. I know you have the farm rent all ready for uncle Elijah, Joseph, and I know your accounts are ever so much straighter than his with you--all our chickens dead, indeed!—but, I vow, when he looks out at us from under his eyebrows I feel exactly as if he knew we'd been tampering with the farm accounts, and as if we were behind with the rent.

Mrs. Joseph laughed comfortably, eating her muffins and chops as if Uncle Elijah were not.

"You always were too honest, anyhow, Pen," she said. "Joseph, do you know, she once borrowed a dress of me to wear on a two days' visit in town—we never had clothes enough for both of us—and when she gave me the dress back, I found she had added some new laces on the bosom as a kind of dress rent. Did you ever hear such nonsense? She said she 'felt more comfortable.' I never was like that. I never remember feeling so comfortable as I was the day after I fooled Uncle Elijah. What worries me is, I'm afraid Uncle Elijah came over here to open that question of our living with him. He's been so well this winter, I hoped he'd forgotten about it. Do you think he's come for that, Joseph?"

"I know it," replied Joseph, calmly; "I saw it in his eyes. Father never gives up anything, Annie.

"Joseph! Penniniah! What was that?" Mrs. Joseph was not a nervous woman, and was pre-eminently a woman of action; but, with the other and less active members of the household, she sat petrified at the breakfast table, stunned for the moment by what was first an indistinct rumble, then a thunder-like noise from above.

"It's Uncle Elijah!" gasped Penniniah. At the same time her sister and Joseph roused to action They were both out of the door and half way up the stair before Penniniah crossed the threshold. It was Annie who reached the foot of the attic stairs first, and when Joseph joined her it was to find her checked and bewildered, gazing up.

"Uncle Elijah!" she was calling tremulously. "Uncle Elijah! Oh. Joseph, you call him!"

"Father!" thundered Joseph's alarmed voice. "Father!" There was a dead silence above them. "What is that?" asked Joseph, pointing up the stair. But Annie could not tell him.

Half-way down the narrow stairway—one edged upon a step, the other end completely blocking the trap door that opened into the attic—lay a curiously shaped wooden obstruction.

"Uncle Elijah, quavered Annie again, "do tell us where you are! Joseph, I believe he's under that thing!"

An angry, rasping voice made its way to them past the obstruction.

"Don't be a fool, Annie. Don't you know a corner cupboard when you see it? Of course I'm not under it. It's my own, and I wanted to get it out of the attic, and it's stuck somehow. You and Joseph pull when I push. My soul! When I was young I knew how to work. Pull, can't you?"

But Joseph and Annie either could not or would not pull. They only stood looking at each other.

"See here, father," called Joseph, "I don't doubt the cupboard's yours, but why in the world didn't you tell us you wanted it, and asked us to have it taken out for you?"

There was an ominous silence from above, and then, as always when he wished to be most aggravating, Mr. Tousey ignored his step-son's existence, speaking over his head to his wife, as if she alone had any intelligence.

"Annie Tousey, are you there? Then will you kindly," asked Mr. Tousey, with icy civility—"will you kindly open the lower door of this cupboard? The one down there by you, if you please.

There was the sound of a key turning in a lock, then a smothered exclamation from Mrs. Joseph. As she unlocked the door of the cupboard, the door being on the lower side, the contents had poured out on her head, burying her in a kind of magpie collection of baby-clothes and short-clothes, small-shoes and large shoes, boy's clothing and lad's garments, men's hats and coats and waistcoats. At least one specimen of everything that goes to clothe humanity up through the seven stages of man was there. Joseph brushed the articles aside and pulled his gasping wife out from the mass, as Uncle Elijah's voice came down to them again.

"Perhaps you'll believe the cupboard's mine now, Annie Tousey. This cupboard ought to be full of my own clothing. My name's on every piece of them—or it was when I left them here. I packed them away in here as I outgrew them. Your grandmother gave me the cupboard before any of you were born or thought of. I forgot to take it away when I married. If Joseph has any more doubts——"

Joseph was turning over the clothing, whistling softly and shaking his head.

"Annie," he whispered, "ain't this awful? To think he ever was a baby! Say, father, don't you worry any more about proving possessions. Annie and I know these things are yours. We don't want

(*Concluded on page 7.*)

You Are Cheating Yourself When You Do Poor Work.

A young lady working on a paper once said she did not try to do very good work for her employers, because they "did not pay much." This doing poor work because it does not pay much is just what keeps thousands and thousands of young people from getting on in the world. Small pay is no excuse for doing half work or slovenly work. Indeed the pay which one receives should have nothing to do with the quality of his work. The work should be a matter of conscience. It is a question of character, not of remuneration. A person has no right to demoralize his own character by doing slovenly or half finished work simply because it doesn't pay much. A conscientious person will do his work just as well if he receives nothing more than his board for it. A large part of the best work that has ever been done in the history of the world has been only half paid for.

Besides, if one puts his very best self into every little thing he does,—puts his heart and conscience into it, and tries to see how much, and not how little he can give his employer,—he will not be likely to be under paid very long, for he will be advanced. Good work cuts its own channel and does its own talking. What matter if you do twenty-five dollars' worth of work for five dollars? It is the best advertisement of your work you can possibly give. Bad work, half-done work, slipshod work, even with a good salary, would soon ruin you. No, the way to get on in the world is not to see how little you can give for your salary, but how much. Make your employer ashamed of the meager salary he gives by the great disproportion between what you do and what you get. Character is a very great factor in success, and the personal impression you make on your employer will certainly tell. If not, it will attract the attention of other employers.

A millionaire in New York told the writer that, when he was a boy, he let himself out by verbal contract for five years, at seven dollars and fifty cents a week, in a large dry goods store in New York. At the end of three years, this young man had developed such skill in judging goods that another concern offered him three thousand dollars a year to go abroad as its buyer. He said that he did not mention this offer to his employers not even suggest the breaking of his agreement to work for seven and a half dollars a week, although verbal, until his time was up. Many people say he was very foolish not to accept the offer mentioned, but the fact is that his firm, in which he ultimately became a partner, paid him ten thousand dollars a year at the expiration of his seven-dollar-and-a-half contract. They saw that he was giving them many times the amount of his salary, and in the end he was the gainer. Supposing he had said to himself, "they give me only seven and a half dollars a week and I will earn only seven dollars and a half a week; I am not going to earn fifty dollars a week when I am getting only seven and a half!"

This is what many boys would have said and then they would have wondered why they were not advanced.

It is not a question of cheating an employer; it is a question of cheating yourself when you do poor work. The employer is not injured half as much as you are by half-done work. It may be a loss of a few dollars to him, but to you it is a loss of character and self-respect, loss of manhood or womanhood.

I have seldom known of a young person who persistently and determinedly filled his position in the best manner possible who was not eventually the gainer, even from a financial standpoint to say nothing of the infinite gain in character and self-respect.

Young people should start out with the conviction that there is only one way to do anything, and that is the best that it can be done, regardless of remuneration.—*Success, for November.*

1,500 Children in a Panic.

Fifteen hundred children fought and struggled and crushed to escape the fancied horror of death by fire on Tuesday evening in the West Twelfth Street Turner Hall Chicago. There was no spark of flame in the building, but the cry of a startled youngster was taken up, and in an instant the gathering of little ones was in a panic.

Fully a hundred of the boys and girls were swept from their feet and trampled on and crushed against the walls and balustrades of the stairs. Others leaped from the galleries in the hall and fell in the midst of the struggling mass below. Only a few were hurt beyond severe bruises.

The exceptions were:

Bessie Goodman, 7 years old, knocked down and trampled on; collar bone broken, face severely cut.

Fanny Marpolis, 13 years old, trampled on and taken from hall unconscious; condition said to be serious.

Annie Shandler, 12 years old, jumped from gallery and was trampled on by crowd; chest crushed and probably internally injured; taken home in ambulance.

Morris Swesik, 9 years old jumped from gallery and was trampled on by crowds in auditorium; taken out of hall unconscious and found to be severely crushed about the chest.

The occasion of the gathering was a Punch and Judy show.

Horses Dash Over a Dozen Graves.

A team of big gray horses, driverless and dashing along at top speed, with a coach containing three mourners caused a thrilling scene Thursday afternoon in Fairmount cemetery, at Newark, N. J., at the funeral of William C. Hayes.

The runaway started at the grave. The driver was thrown from the box. In the coach were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Walker and William Putnam. While the frightened steeds dashed along the road leading to the cemetery exit, Walker climbed through a window to the roof of the coach, leaping thence to the seat. The reins were dragging on the ground. With the view of mounting one of the horses he climbed over the dashboard, where he clung in imminent peril of being dashed to death. Just then Peter Bey sprang from inside the pall-bearers' coach, grabbed one of the runaway horses by the bridle, and brought them to a stop after they had dragged the coach over a dozen graves.

A Christmas Menu.

Half-shell oysters—consomme
Should be served on Christmas Day.
Turkey and stuffing and cranberry sauce
Might well be balm for a business loss,
Then celery—onions—hot mince pie—
They're all good—and "that's no lie!"
Boiled plum pudding, wine sauce, fruit and nuts
Should be served in palaces and huts,
Finally—bon-bons, cheese, crackers, coffee,
Should satisfy Tommy and Jerry and thee.

——Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Alaska's Mineral Wealth.

A Vein of Copper Five Miles Long and 160 Feet Deep —Should Yield $180,000,000.

B. F. Millard of Chippewa Falls, Wis., who went into the copper country of Alaska in 1898, is in Washington and speaking of Alaska's immense wealth in copper he says:

"The Copper river itself is larger than the Mississippi, although it is not so long, and is not navigable, except for stretches of perhaps forty or fifty miles. There is a great placer gold camp on Slate Creek, a tributary of the Chistlechina, which has an immense quantity of gold-bearing dike, worth $8 a ton. It is ten times larger and four times richer than the famous Treadwell mines at Juneau. The copper mines, which are more extensive than any deposit ever discovered in this country, and which alone will lay the foundations of the greatest fortunes ever known in America, are on the Chittyna river and its tributaries. The Calumet and Hecla mines, that have paid $72,000,000 in dividends, yield ore of from 3½ to 4½ per cent. copper; the Anaconda, Butte and Boston mines have ore of from 7½ to 8½ per cent. The Clark mines in Arizona yield from 10 per cent. to 12 per cent. of copper.

"In prospecting near the Chittyna I have found extensive veins of copper which yield 471 pounds to the cubic foot of ore, or 85 per cent., while other deposits yield 68 per cent., 40 per cent., and so on down to 13 per cent. The richest vein of 85 per cent. ore, has been located for a distance of five miles, and in some places to a depth of 160 feet. Calumet and Hecla is now being worked to the depth of a mile, but this big deposit that I speak of, if worked to a depth of 100 feet, should yield $780,000,000. I am aware that the figures are large, but I speak advisedly."

Mr. Millard is enthusiastic over the future of all Alaska as a mining country.

"The Nome district, which I visited during the past summer, will yield untold millions in gold," said he. "In the Slate Creek region there are claims, located two years ago and abandoned as worthless, which $100,000 cannot buy now. But Alaska will not be great for her immense mineral wealth alone. The habor of Valdes is nearer the Orient than either San Francisco or Seattle and the vast trade that passes to the East must eventually go by way of Alaska, which will have great cities along the coast."

Poison in Their Food Kills Three Persons.

Dying Victims in a Mysterious Case Near Marietta, O., Refused to Talk—Several Others Are Not Expected to Live.

A man died Friday at the Forsythe mines, near Marietta, O., under mysterious circumstances. The coroner and physician started at once for the place, and on their arrival found the dead man to be Andy Barnick, and that a woman named Mary Lucsak had died a few minutes before they got there. They also found Andy Litchie suffering great agony, and died soon after.

A postmortem was held at once on the bodies and the stomachs were secured. The analysis has not been completed, but there are strong indications of poisoning. Saturday three other men were seriously ill, with the same symptoms as Litchie displayed, and are considered to be in a dangerous condition. The people all lived close to each other, and were all taken ill at the same time, having eaten supper. There are many signs that poison had been placed in their food, but by whom is yet to be determined.

Coroner Vorhees will hold an inquest, and cause a rigid examination to be made. Barnick, the dead man, was to have been married on Monday to Rose Lucsak, a sister of the dead woman. During the night a child in an adjoining house died under peculiar circumstances. Miss Lucsak is in a serious condition from the nervous shock from losing her affianced husband. She was watching over her dead sister when the news came to her that her lover was dead. She was unable to go to his bedside, although the last request made by Barnick was for Miss Lucsak to come.

It is supposed Barnick had some kind of a story to tell that would lead to the detection of the person who successfully caused the death of three people, and probably half a dozen. The physician tried to persuade the dying men to tell them what they knew, but this they refused to do.

Robbers Torture Woman and Child.

In Their Attempts to Secure Money They Resort to Fearful Abuse.

Three masked robbers tortured Mrs. John Bell, of Neshannock township, Lawrence county, Saturday night in their efforts to force her to open a safe. Mrs. Bell who is a widow, was alone with her little granddaughter.

The burglars battered down a side door with a rail and entered the house. Placing a revolver at Mrs. Bell's head, they led her to a large iron safe, telling her she would be shot in thirty seconds if she did not open the safe. She begged piteously for her life, telling them that no one but her son-in-law knew the combination. In their efforts to force her to open it they almost twisted her arms from their sockets. They roasted her feet over hot coals and stuck pins into her.

Finally, convinced that she could not open the safe, they secured $8 and some jewelry and then, binding and gagging Mrs. Bell and the little girl, they fled.

Cigarette Smokers Beware.

A cigarette fiend at Marysville, Kansas, has broken out all over with little yellow spots, and the ends of his fingers and toes are sore. He is afraid he has caught the leprosy from the detestable cigarette. There were two cases of the dread disease in Chicago, supposed to have been contracted from cigarettes. It is thought the paper, which mostly comes from China, had been at some time handled by a leper. It is awful to think about, yet every day we see boys and men going around with these bad smelling little things between their lips. The law prohibiting the sale of cigarettes to children under 16 years of age appears to be a dead letter in this community. In the state of Iowa the sale of cigarettes has been absolutely abolished by the Legislature which has been upheld by the supreme court.

He Might Need All of That.

Uncle Sam is about the only man in the world who can go Christmas shopping without fear. His income is about two million dollars a day.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

A Boomerang.

McJigger—What do you think of giving your wife for Christmas?

Thingumbob—I'm going to give her a receipted bill for the dining-room table she brought for me on instalments last Christmas.

Jurors Drawn for the January Court.

The list of jurors drawn for the January term of court 1901 is as follows: The session will convene on the 4th Monday of January, being the 28th day of that month:

GRAND JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

G. H. Lyman, farmer.....Boggs
Geo. Parker, blacksmith.....Philipsburg
H. L. Morgan, painter..... "
Jacob Ripka, carpenter.....Centre Hall
Clark Herman, plasterer.....State College
David Korman, farmer.....Haines
Lewis Mench, farmer..... "
Ira Mechtley, stone mason.....Walker
Benj. Stover, farmer.....Potter
B. B. Wilson, creameryman.....Millheim
James Bartly, farmer.....Marion
Bliss Aikey, laborer.....Spring
Curtis Wagner, miller.....Bellefonte
David Chambers, laborer.....Snow Shoe
Jacob S. Herman, huckster.....College
J. D. Miller, farmer.....Walker
W. W. Pletcher, operator.....Howard
J. Wesley Miller, farmer.....Harris
Paul Shipley, carpenter.....Unionville
Isaac R. Williams, carpenter.....Liberty
John Royer, farmer.....Miles
John C. Morris, teacher.....Miles
James Ardell, laborer.....Rush
H. A. Garner, farmer.....Ferguson

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

John Knarr, farmer.....Curtin
Henry Lesh, laborer.....Walker
Henry Melchor, farmer.....Worth
Samuel Wetzel, carpenter.....Spring
Howard Carr, laborer.....Milesburg
Asher Sankey, farmer.....Potter
Jacob Hoy, farmer.....Benner
Thomas Huey, farmer.....Patton
J. H. Miller, farmer.....Ferguson
D. W. Heaton, farmer.....Huston
W. R. Campbell, forgeman.....Milesburg
J. Witmer Wolf, merchant.....Centre Hall
Elias Bistline, laborer.....Ferguson
Elias D. Williams, millwright.....Huston
Michael Shields, wagonmaker.....Bellefonte
W. A. Sando, tailor.....Centre Hall
Daniel Myers, butcher.....Harris
H. E. Woodring, farmer.....Worth
George W. Noll, gentleman.....Milesburg
W. A. Brown, teacher.....Gregg
John K. Thompson, agent.....Philipsburg
W. C. Patterson, Supt.....State College
John Glenn, farmer.....Howard
Frank Holt, laborer.....Boggs
Charles Murray, contractor.....Philipsburg
Chas. A. From, farmer.....Harris
H. C. Rothrock, teacher.....Millheim
Edward Henderson, laborer.....Rush
Dallis Cronister, farmer.....Huston
H. D. Rumberger, agent.....Philipsburg
Ira T. Leathers, gentleman.....Howard
H. B. Pontius, agent.....Bellefonte
Gordon E. Harper, laborer.....Ferguson
M. O. Stover, farmer.....Haines
John Snyder, farmer.....Ferguson
John Mechtley, farmer.....Benner
John Boal Jr., laborer.....Benner
D. Paul Fortney, teacher.....Bellefonte
Howard Walker, clerk.....Philipsburg
Samuel B. Miller, agent.....Bellefonte
Samuel Zettle, farmer.....College
J. I. Condo, blacksmith.....Gregg
James Martin, farmer.....Marion
A. W. Geist, farmer.....Patton
J. W. Kepler, farmer.....Ferguson
George Kidder, carpenter.....Miles
Robert Bennison, laborer.....Marion
Wm. Gibbony, gentleman.....Spring

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Wm. Corman, farmer.....Marion
John P. Rockey, farmer.....Walker
Reuben Stover, farmer.....Miles
Wm. Neff, farmer.....Potter
Mesh Williams, millwright.....Patton
J. P. King, fireman.....Snow Shoe
John Abbott, laborer.....Liberty
John S. Lambert, carpenter.....Bellefonte
James Munson, clerk.....Philipsburg
A. J. Johnson, carpenter.....Worth
Irvin Calhoun, farmer.....Union
Thomas Bloom, carpenter.....Rush
John Miller, farmer.....Snow Shoe
David Stoner, farmer.....Potter
D. W. Sweetwood, laborer.....Gregg
A. J. Graham, merchant.....Philipsburg
W. J. Carlin, merchant.....Miles
George Derr, laborer.....Boggs
John Rupp, laborer.....State College
George Weaver, farmer.....Curtin
W. L. Taylor, carpenter.....Rush
A. G. Noll, laborer.....Spring
Newton O. Dreibelbis, farmer.....Ferguson
Al. Smith, forgeman.....Milesburg
Samuel Taylor, clerk.....Bellefonte
John A. Daley, farmer.....Curtin
Henry G. Wasson, laborer.....Union
Henry Yarnell, gentleman.....Ferguson
Samuel Williams, millwright.....Haines
Charles Blowers, laborer.....Philipsburg
John A. Yeager, laborer.....Snow Shoe
James W. Houser, painter.....Bellefonte
Henry Rice, carpenter.....Philipsburg
David Kustenbauder, farmer.....Ferguson
John Z. Ripka, farmer.....Potter
John Dugan, laborer.....Spring
N. M. Hartswick, teacher.....Ferguson
J. M. Thompson, laborer.....Philipsburg
E. F. Townsend, mineboss..... "
John Kelley, laborer.....Benner

As to Lawyers and Editors

The question of the relative merits of lawyers and editors as to veracity arose recently at a social affair where both professions were equally represented. Each of course claimed the honors, but the final settlement of the question was left to a representative of each side. These representatives were to prepare essays and submit them to a committee. The best essay would decide the difference. And this was the prize essay:

"There is one editor in heaven though how he got there the Lord only knows, but it is supposed that he rode in on the blind baggage, or got a pass. When they found him there they tried to turn him out but he refused to go. Then they hunted all over heaven for a lawyer to serve him with ejectment papers, but they could not fine one, so the editor held the fort and he is there to this day."

Grievously Afflicted.

Stricken Family Rescued by a School.

But for the prompt action of a heroic school mistress directing her flock of pupils, four members of the family of Solon J. Roe, of Middlebury, Tioga county, would have been burned to death Saturday. The Roe family has been grievously afflicted with typhoid, eight of ten members being ill at one time. Three, including Mr. and Mrs. Roe, have died, and four are yet confined to the bed. Saturday the house took fire. Heading her little flock, the teacher ran to the rescue, and with their assistance conveyed the sick ones on beds to a place of safety just as the roof fell in.

Fixed.

Judge—Now, my boy, you are on your oath. Do you understand what that means?

Witness—Why—er—I don't jest—er—reckon—

Judge—Do you know what you're expected to tell?

Witness—O, yes, the lawyer that brought me here wrote it all down so's I could study it.