

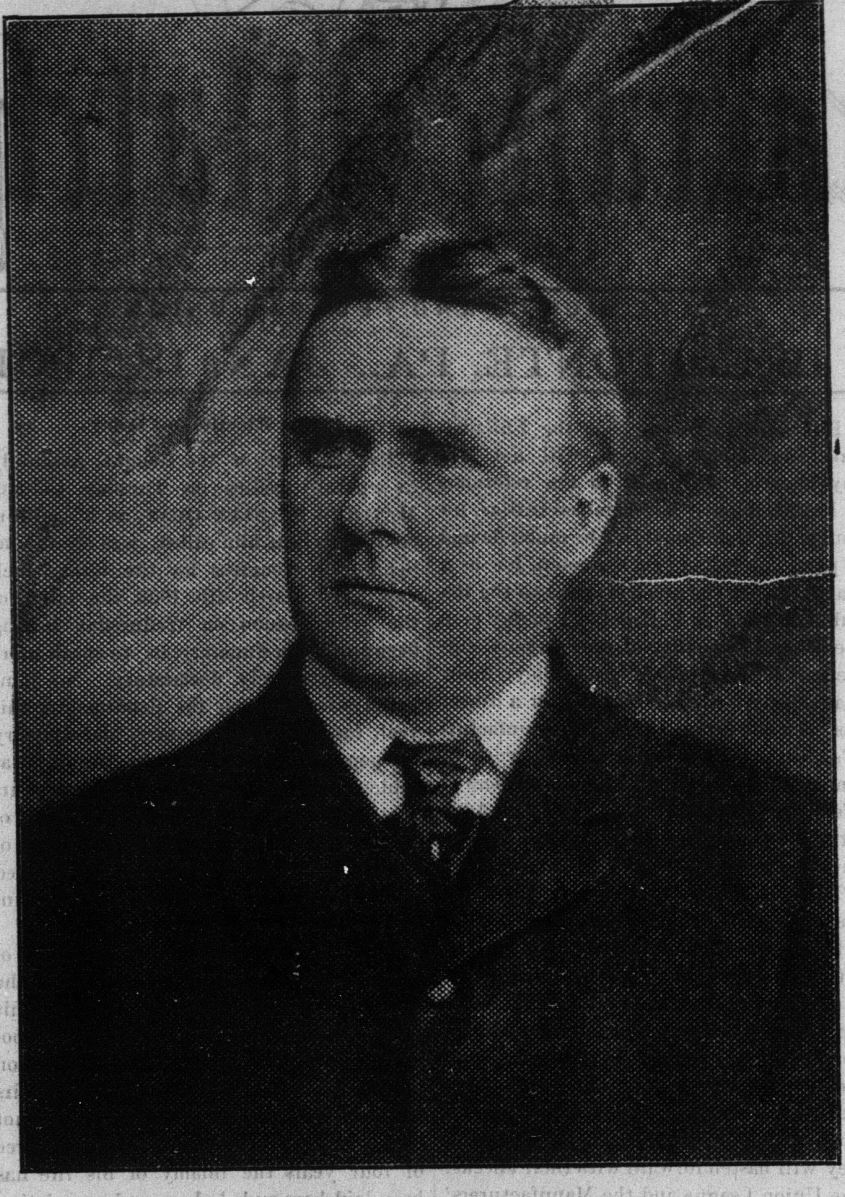
WHEN PAPA'S SICK.

When papa's sick, my goodness sakes!  
Such awful, awful times it makes.  
He speaks in G, such lonesome tones,  
And gives such ghastly kinds of groans,  
And rolls his eyes and holds his head,  
And makes me help him to bed,  
And makes me help him to bed,  
And makes me help him to bed,  
Hot water bags to warm his feet,  
And I must get the doctor quick—  
We have to jump when papa's sick.  
When papa's sick ma has to stand  
Right side the bed and hold his hand,  
While Sis, she has to fan and fan,  
For he says he's a "dyin' man,"  
And wants the children round him to  
Be there when "sufferin' pa gets through."  
He says he wants to see goodby,  
And kiss us all, and then he'll die;  
Then moans and says "his breathin's thick"  
It's awful sad when papa's sick.  
When papa's sick ma has to stand  
Until he hears the doctor say,  
"You've only got a cold, you know,  
You'll be alright in a day or so."  
And then—well, say, you ought to see,  
He's different as can be,  
And growls and sneers from noon to night,  
Just 'cause his dinner ain't cooked right,  
And all he does is fuss and kick—  
We're all used up when papa's sick.  
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

DAVID AND JONATHAN OF THE HILLS.

"Ay! They were a queer pair—a very queer pair. We called them David and Jonathan; no that they were very friendly in public—far from that; they never did 'gree together a memento. I've seen them feebtin' like twae dougs about the sma'est thing, ca'in' ane anither a' the blackyrd names ye could think o'. And syne, when they were feenished; they gaed awa' lookin' quite satisfied.  
"Jock Scott was a leebler, Wat Dempster had to 'em himsel' a tory. Jock belonged to the Parish kirk, so Wat had to join the Free; though neither o' them darkened the door o' the house of God very often. They even gaed the length o' each using a different kind o' sheep-dip. Ay! they were a strange pair. But for a' they couldna' 'gree, there never were truer friends, and if onybody else misca'd the one by a word in the ither's hearing—well, he didnae dae it again.  
"They were herds away up among the hills. Jock herded the Crammils and Wat the Ruchills. They marrit sisters, and for 15 years they lived about a mile apart. But did ye ever hear how they came to separate?  
"I had not, and the shepherd of Laighlands told me the story.  
"The cause of all fell out one stormy night in early spring. The shepherd of the Crammill had come in from the hill. He had removed his wet boots and dripping plaid, and had stretched himself luxuriously in the great armchair beside a blazing fire. Outside, the wind howled and the snow drifted, but the shepherd was at ease, for he knew that his sheep were so safely folded in the lee of the hill that no harm would come them during the night. The warmth of the fire crept through his limbs and comforted him. The whistling of the wind round the cottage sang him a lullaby; and as he drowsed pleasantly his soul was filled with much content.  
"Sleep had almost mastered him when he was aroused by the sudden opening of the door and by the entrance, like an apparition, of a small girl with frightened eyes. It was his niece, the daughter of the neighboring shepherd of the Ruchill, with the news that her father had gone out that afternoon at 2 o'clock and had not yet returned.  
"The shepherd of Crammill started up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes with his fists.  
"Eh!—what?" he cried.  
"The little girl repeated her story.  
"Never! Twae o'clock, ye say? And it's eight now. Sax 'o'clock on the hill! Surely—" He came forward to the fire and held little face and checked himself. "But there! I dinna be feared. There can be naething wrang. He'll just ha'e gane up to Jock Shiel's at the Craig Slap. Rin and tell your mither no' to fash herself; and I'll gang and bring him home."  
"Thus he soothed the girl with reassuring words. Then he returned to his plaid. "Quick!" he cried; "my boots and my plaid. There's something wrang, and there's nae time to be lost."  
"He slipped on his boots, stuck a bonnet on his head, and vanished into the night, wrapping his plaid around him as he went.  
"Sax hours he wandered to his feet as he strode through the snow. "Dod! it's dark for fower—and sax nicht! I dod! it he should be—" He shuddered, and the bare thought lengthened his stride as he swung onward into the teeth of the storm.  
"For a moment Jock Scott halted at the burnside to wipe his eyes. Even in the darkness of night there could be little choice; for all the tracks were nearly equally bad. The only feasible plan was to strike the Ruchill at its highest point and search the hill downwards. So he crossed the burn and struck up the leeward side of the Crammill. In the snow and darkness no mortal could pick his way, not even the shepherd who had headed on the hill for 15 years, and knew every inch of the ground. The blackness of the pit closed around him. Several times even at the outset he almost lost his bearings. No earthly object was visible save the dim round of shadowy grayness at his feet. Shut up within his narrow circle of vision he stumbled upward through the snow, guided only by the bleating of the sheep in the folds below, and by the varying steepness of the hillside.  
"Never in all his life had the shepherd experienced such a night. Even to this day the memory of it is fresh in the countryside, and many are the stories I have heard; how whole flocks were lost; how sheep were buried under snow-wreaths, and a few discovered only by their bleating; and how more than one shepherd had lost his life in the work of rescuing them. But, in spite of all, he staggered on. Up till now the faint hope had clung to him that the shepherd of the Ruchill might be safely housed somewhere; it was just possible he might have gone to the Craig Slap. But as he crossed the marsh-dyke between the Crammill and the Ruchill that hope was shattered, for suddenly out of the darkness the form of a sheep loomed dimly before him.  
"Jock Scott halted in despair. "Dod!" he muttered, "his sheep's no bielded. There can be no doubt now that some acc had befallen his friend, for nothing else would have prevented him from following his sheep on such a night. Somewhere on the hillside he or his body must be lying. But where? There was no possi-

bility of a systematic search; all landmarks were hidden under the drift, and in the black darkness and howling storm even the shepherd stood bewildered. The sense of locality had almost left him; moreover he was stiff with cold, and his whole body ached, and worse, his hands and feet were becoming numb. In his weariness and utter wretchedness he was tempted to give up the search in despair. But as the thought of his friend lying on the hillside in the snow rose to his mind, with a gasp and a sob he once more set his face to the storm, gripping his staff firmly to guide and steady his steps.  
The story of the friendship of the two shepherds is one of the commonest in the countryside. The tale of that dreadful night is the property of all; but the details you will never hear. Indeed, the shepherd of the Crammill never could remember them himself. His recollection of the search was merely one of growing numbness and helplessness and ever-present despair. He had lost all hope of rescuing his friend; but it was his duty to continue the search so long as he could stumble on. And that was enough for him.  
It must have been after about two hours of weary, hopeless wandering that at last he tripped over something soft at the foot of a high rock. In a moment he was on his knees and had scraped the snow from the body.  
By this time feeling had almost entirely left his body and he was becoming unconscious. The rest of his task he performed mechanically. He lifted the body in his arms—whether alive or dead he knew not; but he vaguely remembered hearing the man groan as he raised him. How he got back he never knew. Where he was he did not try to recollect. He simply stumbled blindly forward under his load, picking his way by instinct. In a shadowy way he remembered wading through burns and stumbling through drifts; but the whole tale of his wandering was confused. The only abiding impression of the night was one of dull, lasting, all-absorbing pain, and a sense of the most ineffable joy when at last the light of Wat's cottage shone through the darkness, and he tottered into the delightful warmth of the kitchen with the form of his friend hanging limp in his arms.  
Laying Wat Dempster on the bed, he seized a flask of brandy offered him and gulped down mouthfuls of the fiery liquor. Then he threw off his dripping plaid and covered over the fire, digging his lifeless fingers into the very flames. Gradually these restoratives began to take effect, and the reaction of the cold and the pain, and a sense of the most ineffable joy when at last the light of Wat's cottage shone through the darkness, and he tottered into the delightful warmth of the kitchen with the form of his friend hanging limp in his arms.  
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GEORGE L. POTTER.

The recent promotions among the officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company bring prominently to the public attention a young man, a bit of whose history will prove interesting to many residents in this community. George L. Potter who has lately been made manager of the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburgh and whose election as fourth vice president of the great corporation was far nearer accomplished than most people know, is another one of the brainy men who have gone forth into the world to make the name of Bellefonte memorable.

The town that has given to the country United States Senators, Justices of the Supreme Court, Governors, Congressmen, literatures, and sculptors has done little to gain eminence for her sons in the throbbing, bustling engineering world but now one has come to the fore who has won fame outside the realms of politics and art.

George L. Potter is a son of the late Dr. George L. Potter of this place and was born here December 29th, 1856. His early life was spent about the town and what education he received preparatory to entering college was at the Bellefonte Academy. In the fall of '73, in company with his only brother James, now the head of the extensive wholesale hardware firm of Potter & Hoy, he entered the Pennsylvania State College. The career of the Potter boys at that institution could more properly be called pyrotechnical than brilliant, for at the end of three years they had run their course and instead of getting the usual diplomas were "requested to resign."

Among the many pranks of the early days which are still told in the College dormitories none are listened to with greater interest than the ones in which the present general manager of the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburgh figured as a ring leader. We have no desire to tell tales out of school but we'll gamble on it that Mr. Potter can't prove an *alibi* to the charge that he once spent an entire Halloween night in a corn field, for fear of being caught by members of the faculty who were watching the building to discover who were committing such depredations as firing yards of sod from the cannon and draping the faculty chickens from the many gabled roof of the main College building. And we have heard a tale, once told, that when the authorities had concealed one of the cannon in an old shed, to save it from the vigorous shooting off it had been getting, this Rufus-like young Potter led a crowd into the shed and there they loaded the cannon with brick-bats, sod, tin-cans and everything else that they could procure and fired it. The charge was so great that it took the whole end out of the building and had the shot occurred a moment or so sooner Prof. John Hamilton, then one of the ubiquitous authorities, would probably not have been here to be mixed up with the old scandals of the Agricultural Department, for to use a bit of later day slang he was "rubberin'" around the end of the building just before it fell.

After leaving College Mr. Potter entered the railroad shops at Renovo as an apprentice under Supt. Wm. Baldwin of the P. and E. That was in 1876. Three years later he came home on a visit one day and went on to Pittsburgh, where he called on Mr. Baldwin, who had meanwhile become Supt. of the Ft. Wayne. That official welcomed young Potter, for he remembered his persistent, intelligent work in the Renovo shops, and offered him a position at Ft. Wayne which was at once accepted. That event marked the beginning of a remarkable series of successful undertakings. From the position of assistant master mechanic in 1882 he became master mechanic at the Ft. Wayne shops in 1887. In 1893 he was made superintendent of motive power of the Northwest system and in 1899 was made general superintendent of motive power of the lines west of Pittsburgh. This promotion was the last step taken before his recent honor of being made general manager.

In speaking of his executive power the *Railroad Gazette* says that "Mr. Potter is industrious and energetic to a degree rare even among road men." His judicial temper was recognized by his appointment to the chairmanship of the arbitration committee of the Master Car Builders' Association. He has displayed judgment and personal force, the qualities that the Pennsylvania directorate seek in young men and reward."

Mr. Potter lives at Sewickley now. Though he is one of the busiest men in the Pennsylvania company he finds time for an annual hunt for big game in Michigan and has his only other diversion in his stable of fine horses. He has been a lover of good horse-flesh ever since boyhood and knows the points of a standard bred animal almost as well as he does the working advantages of a high class locomotive.

He was married to Miss Susan French, of Ft. Wayne, a number of years ago, and has two interesting children, a boy and a girl.

Armour's Epigrams

"I have a little religion, but no politics.  
I am a plain business man."  
"No general can fight his battles alone.  
He must depend upon his lieutenants, and his success depends upon his ability to select the right man in the right place."  
"How much am I worth? Ask my wife."  
"Most men talk too much. Much of my success has been due to keeping my mouth shut."  
"The young man who wants to marry happily, should pick out a good mother and marry one of her daughters—any one will do."  
"Good men are not cheap."  
"There is no such thing as luck."  
"Capital can do nothing without brains to direct it."  
"This is the country of the young."  
"An American boy counts one long before his time to vote."  
—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

A CHAPTER ON THE PRUNE.

Its Complete History From the Orchard to the Table. The Art and Business of it. How It is Harvested and Treated, and How it is Sent Out to Ticks and Aid the Digestion of Overfed Man.  
How few of us ever give any thought to the processes through which familiar articles of food pass before they reach our kitchens. For example, the prune. We know that it grows upon a tree, is dried and comes to the table in a variety of delectable forms. "The *Evangelist*" correspondent, having had a hint that "drying and curing" as applied to prunes meant much, and being in the greatest prune-producing county in the world, visited some of the famous orchards and fruit exchanges located near San Jose, California, with a view to gathering information of interest, and which is herewith offered as clearly and concisely as possible.  
The prune is a variety of the plum, and in growth, culture and habit is similar.

One must see a fine prune orchard to understand what a prune orchard is. Imagine 50 or 100 acres set with trees, each the counterpart of the other, in long rows extending as far as the eye can reach, and bearing a wealth of blossoms or fruit. The sight is one never to be forgotten. We pass over the growth, culture and beauty of the tree as an off-to-let tale and proceed to the actual harvesting of the fruit.  
"THE LAZY MAN'S FRUIT."  
Some one has called the prune "the lazy man's fruit" on account of the ease with which it is gathered. No climbing of trees, no long unwieldy ladders to manage. The prune must be perfectly ripe before perfection in flavor and mechanical matter is attained. When a sufficient quantity have reached this point the careful orchardist spreads canvas sheets, out to fit around its trunk, under the tree; the limbs are shaken, the ripened fruit falls to the ground, that which is immature remaining for subsequent harvests. Generally five shakings are required to gather the entire season's crop.

The prunes are then picked from the ground, the supple bodies and unblemished fingers of children being largely employed in this work, placed in wire baskets and plunged into a cauldron of boiling solution of caustic soda or concentrated lye. The solution contains three or four pounds of lye to each 100 gallons of water. This operation is for the purpose of breaking and rendering tender the porous tough, hard skin with which nature has provided the prune, thus making the process of evaporation more rapid and complete. Taken from the lye they are thoroughly rinsed in clear cold water and then spread in single layers on slatted trays four feet in width by eight feet in length and removed to the drying ground. The bloom from the expanse of these trays of drying prunes but emphasizes the purple of the California autumn. The process of drying may be accomplished in 10 days or a fortnight, if the atmosphere is unusually favorable in even less time. Rain is unknown in this climate during the drying season, and fogs rarely or never come.

GRADING AND PROCESSING.  
As the prunes are gradually and properly dried they are stored in boxes or bins, and when all the crop is thus stored the growers' work may be done, for they are then conveyed to the "processing" establishment, and this is probably the most interesting operation in the preparation of the prune. As the prunes reach the "grader and processor" they are dull in color, uneven in size and uninviting in appearance, being totally lacking in the dark, glossy texture with which we are familiar. There are about twenty-five of these establishments in this country, and by great favor your correspondent was permitted to inspect all the details of grading processing and packing in the largest of these, the Santa Clara County Fruit Exchange every step being minutely explained by its courteous manager. This is a co-operative institution, consisting of over 600 orchardists, every one of whom we are told, is satisfied that this is the cheapest and most satisfactory plan by which to get his dried fruit into market.

A QUEER MACHINE.  
The prunes are hauled alongside a platform and box after box dumped into a hopper, from which they are carried to an upper floor by a sort of treadmill arrangement, from which they fall on to the "grader." This grader appears to the layman like a cross between a farming mill, a hot printing press and a threshing machine. It consists of a combination of immense sieves and trays about forty feet long. The sieves have graduated meshes, the smallest being at the end which first receives the prunes. These sieves are agitated by machinery, the smallest prunes fall through the smallest meshes, the larger passing on, each finding its fitting mesh and falling into its proper receptacle until the end is reached, and the remaining fruit, that of the highest grade, falls from the sieve into a narrow receptacle especially made for it. Thus we get 50's to 60's, 60's to 70's and so on, the number designating the number of prunes in a pound, the smallest marketable ones being labeled 100's.

A TRADE SECRET.  
The graded prunes are then treated to a bath of hot water to remove from them all impurities, passed on to perforated trays to drain, and thence by machinery into the "processing" mixture. This mixture is a trade secret, and kept so for obvious reasons, but we were assured that it contained nothing except ingredients in common use in preparing delicacies for the table. The fruit, sometimes comes from the first processing reddish or uneven in color and somewhat lacking in the glossiness so desirable in the perfect prune. These are subjected to another dipping in some other preparation, also a secret, but containing nothing detrimental to health, and are then piled in bins to the depth of two feet or more, and allowed to remain for a few days or weeks, as the conditions require. This will sometimes remove objectionable colors, and make them of uniform color. After this final dipping they go into the packers' hands and are placed in boxes of differing sizes, bags and casks, the latter for export.

We could not but be impressed by the remarkable cleanliness observed in handling the prunes. Every manipulation is done by machinery, the fruit from first to last hardly being touched by human hands.  
The refuse prunes, those too small to be salable, are sometimes thrown away, but when sufficiently juicy are distilled into brandy. The liquor thus obtained is said to be remarkable for its smoothness and wonderful bouquet. Perhaps this smoothness and aroma is a key to the expression, "full of prunes," which is used on this side of the world.  
In this one establishment, at this late season, the bulk of the crop having gone forward, we saw 6,500,000 pounds of dried prunes, besides about 1,000,000 of apricots and peaches, all or nearly all graded "processed" and boxed, bagged or casked ready for shipment to Eastern points or foreign shores. The Santa Clara County Fruit Exchange alone sends to Philadelphia one hundred and forty carloads every year, each carload being valued at twelve or fifteen hundred dollars, a startling aggregate for one simple item of food.

IN RESPONSE TO THE query as to the chances of success in prune growing in California, our host told us a little story: "fifteen years ago I was a practicing lawyer in a flourishing Eastern city," said he. "I had a luxurious home, a good wife and two fine boys, one of whom was in college. I realized that I had fifty years behind, instead of before me. One would think I should have been content, but I got the California and prune industry fever, one night at bed time made up my mind to take my little family and my household belongings and seek fortune in the Golden West. I sent receipts bills to all my clients indebted to me, and reached here

practically without capital. But I bought sixty acres of prune land near San Jose, and with my boys went to work. I have lived generously, have spent a dollar where I wanted to, have made the tour of Europe, besides two or three visits to the Atlantic coast, and have averaged an annual addition to my bank account of at least \$2500. We have been industrious, but have denied ourselves no comfort nor reasonable luxury, and have realized the joy of living. On the other hand, one of my neighbors in the East, also a professional man, but who had been reared a farmer as I had been, had been before me, come to California and settled in this country. He had the start of me in the fact that he was better endowed physically, and had had the advantage of lower prices in buying his land. He had sixty acres of orchard and two sons, as I had. He and his sons worked hard, were frugal, temperate, and apparently possessed all the attributes necessary to success. But he wanted to get rich too fast. He bought another 60 acres before the first was paid for. He strove to his utmost, but was unable to pay for either, and is now getting a bare living as secretary of some concern. The chances of success in prune growing about equal the chances of success in any other calling."  
COMPETITION.  
Another thoroughly qualified authority told us in answer to our inquiry as to the average yearly profit to be gained per acre from a prune orchard in full bearing that in the old days a man might safely count on fifty dollars. But now we must send our fruit to foreign markets, compete with foreign growers and accept in consequence lower prices. The profit consequently decreased. The prune grower finds it difficult to hire all his work done, both within doors and without, live in luxurious idleness, as he had fallen into the habit of doing, and make the prune orchard pay for it all, and immediately sends forth a howl as to the decay of the industry.  
But we will suppose a thrifty, industrious man, with a few acres of good prune land, which he sets with young trees. In five years they will begin to bear; in six he may expect quite a harvest; in seven his trees will be laden with fruit if they have been properly cared for, and from that time on, probably to the end of his life, his annual income is assured, for there are no off years in this valley. Neither does there appear to be any limit to the producing years of the prune tree. The oldest trees here are about 35 years old, and seem to be under no particular strain, and in consequence of the competence of the grower there is no apparent reason why the prune, like the olive, should not go on and on for centuries bearing their leaves, blossoms and fruit.

VALUE OF PRUNE LAND.  
Without doubt California is the State and Santa Clara the county in which the prune grower may get rich, meanwhile enjoying all that is best in life, if he has the elements within him that go to insure prosperity. The land most suitable for prune growing can be had from one hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars an acre. Further from the centre of trade as good land can be had for less than half as much; but the cost of marketing is greater, and profits are correspondingly decreased. Two hundred million pounds of dried prunes were produced in the United States in the year of 1899, of which 110,000,000 pounds were grown in California, and from 75,000,000 to 80,000,000 pounds in Santa Clara county, or over a pound for every man, woman and child in the United States. This year the output for the entire State will reach the grand total of 150,000,000 pounds, of which 100,000,000 pounds were produced in this valley.

PRUNE EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.  
The exports are climbing up, too. We sent abroad in 1899 over 34,000,000 pounds of which California contributed 28,000,000 pounds.  
There are comparatively very few prunes imported in these days. Last year the total was less than 1,000,000 pounds, and these were presumably for the delectation of a certain class of our population, who prefer foreign labels even though nothing is gained in quality, for the finest prunes in the world are grown in our own country.  
CO-OPERATIVE SYSTEM.  
Probably the most fatal detriment to the farmers' profits throughout our country is individual competition. All this is done away with in this county by a most perfect system of co-operation, the grower retaining his share of the profit, the fruit being in virtually the hands of the consumer. To illustrate, we will take the stockholders of the Santa Clara County Fruit Exchange, who, as before stated, comprise some 600 orchardists. They take their fruit to the exchange, where it is prepared for market. In turn several fruit exchanges are combined in sustaining the office and compensating the sales agent, who is an experienced man in the market. He receives and fills the orders of the different dealers throughout the country, so that with the exception of the comparatively trifling expenses mentioned the entire profit of his crop remains to the producer.  
The basis of market prices is controlled for not only this county, but for the other counties of the State, by an organization of the orchardists known as the California Cured Fruit Association. All this system combines may be regarded as a most noble trust of which we hear so much, but we believe it to be a trust that is right and redounds to the just compensation of the farmer who produces the product and to the disengagement of the "middleman."

VARIETIES.  
The varieties of prunes most extensively grown in this valley are the Petite or French prune and the Imperial Vitaneuse. Both are wonderfully productive, the clustering fruit so fully covering the branches as to almost entirely conceal the leaves. So heavy is the weight of fruit that the branches must always be supported by props, these props being as much of a necessity to the prune grower as hop poles are to the hop grower.  
Barbanc, the famous hybridizer, is hybridizing the prune and has produced some wonderful varieties, but as yet they play but little part commercially. In time to come great things are expected from these experiments.  
THOUSANDS SENT INTO EXILE.—Every year a number of poor sufferers whose lungs are sore and racked with coughs are urged to go to another climate. But this is costly and not always sure. Don't be an exile when Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption will cure you at home. It's the most infallible medicine for Coughs, Colds and all lung and throat diseases. The first dose brings relief. Astounding cures result from persistent use. Trial bottles free at Green's. Price 50c and \$1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

Concluded on page 3.