

Bellefonte, Pa., Fed. 1, 1901.

The Goodly Company.

A loyal heart for a loyal friend,
And love for those that love you,
And a fearless soul to the journey's end,

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

"It will be all right now; don't you worry, sir," said Martin; and with a quick realization of the loneliness of the forlorn knight before him, he lifted one gaunt hand and softly stroked it as his son might have done.

"Wasn't it? I had given up everything. So had my mother. She died. The poor old man, he didn't get there in time. The officials there were very kind to me. I did not have the money to take my son home to lie beside his mother and the others; but he rests well, I think, where he is; and they were most kind to him and to me."

"They ought to be," said Martin. He had heard the whole pitiful story far less softly colored—fraden the doctor. It was through the warden of the penitentiary that the doctor had learned of Peter Stuyvesant's identity with the honest man who had saved the bank, even after his son's name was hopelessly smirched and it was beyond the power of the bank directors or the president to save him from the prison where he died. Before Martin's eyes was the picture, drawn by the doctor's few nervous sentences, of an old man haggard with a long journey, baring his head in his antique courtesy before a prison guard and faltering in his piteous inquiry. Even the guard was kind. Well, Martin could believe it; his heart swelled again over some of the details of the story.

"He made his last remittance to the bank not so long ago," the doctor had said; "a responsible clerk at the branch office and a few friends, and he told me that he never saw quite so many nickles and pennies in twenty-seven dollars. It made me sick thinking how the poor fellow must have pinched. I've never been kinder to any man since, and just found him to-day. I haven't got rich myself, yet; but I could have done something for him, on the sly, if I'd known. I don't know how he lived."

Martin wondered himself. "Isn't it good, Nancy, it's all over?" murmured Peter Stuyvesant. He did not know he spoke aloud, or perhaps his mind had strayed away. "I'm sorry about the funeral, but they needn't put my name down; there's such a kind young man, he looks like Peter; he'll see. Maybe I'd lived a month or two longer I could have saved it, but it was getting so hard to think—"

"All-right," said the doctor; "I'll stay myself."
The hack was waiting and Martin drove over to the office, where he found the city editor and unfolded his tale with a concise eloquence which moved the city editor enough to make him take a sharp turn across the floor and once or twice look hard out of the window at the opposite chimney pots. And here's the story, said Martin at the last sentence, pulling the wad of paper out of his pocket.

"The city editor took it, and without looking at it sat down and wrote his vouch; and Martin's eyes shone. I hope you write as slick as you talk," growled the city editor. "Say I'll telephone those Cleveland folks; I know about them."

"That's awfully good of you; maybe it's a little cheeky, my using the name of the paper—"

"You misunderstand me; I am not proposing to print it if I can help it." Short pause.

"You misunderstand me still more, and you insult me, and the paper which I have the honor to represent. Cool off a little. I don't want Mr. Stuyvesant wouldn't take from you a nickle. Have you got that? I am not saying anything about the way you have treated a man whose boots you and I are not worthy to black—by Jove, we're not! I'm not in that, at all. He has lived in poverty and heartbreak and paid off the last cent he owes, and he has enough to bury him, simply; and that's all he wants of money. He's done with money. What he wants is to see his grandchildren." Short pause.

"I think if you consider you will perceive that it is not at all impossible. She can take the evening train and be here tomorrow morning. I will meet you—"

"You will find she will learn considerably more of the painful circumstances about her father if you don't let her come. I shall see to that little matter myself. I am going to tell the truth, if it makes her mother's family look like thirty cents—"

"I assure you that it will be managed with every consideration. There is no need that she discover anything painful—"

"I'm asking nothing unreasonable—"

"If you will step this side, Miss—"

"He's a good lad, Janey," said Peter Stuyvesant; he's done it; and Ralph has forgiven us. It's a very pleasant day, gentlemen; thank you—my poor boy would have thanked you. It's all right. Thank you. Don't forget, Mr. Wallace; there's one day over the rent. You have enough?"

"Plenty, sir; plenty!"

"He smiled, being almost past speaking. Only once he spoke again, opening his eyes on the fair young face above him and whispering in a great and joyous surprise: 'Why, Janey, did you come yourself?' Then he closed his eyes peacefully, and in a little while the doctor touched his wrist, then laid his ear to a heart that could never ache again, and gently covered his face—Octave Thantel in Saturday Evening Post."

A street fight occurred at Enterprise, Kan., on last Thursday between women, led on one side by Mrs. Carrie Nation, the saloon-wrecker, and on the other by Mrs. John Schilling, wife of the manager of the saloon-wrecker. Mrs. Schilling was backed by a dozen female friends who were sworn out warrants against Mrs. Schilling and her husband and Mrs. Bittner, charging them with assault, and Mrs. Hoffman swore out a warrant against Mrs. Nation, charging her with disturbing the peace.

All were arrested taken before Judge Holt and released on bonds before Judge Mrs. Nation, in company with Mrs. Hoffman and other members of the Woman's Christian Temperance union, entered a store near William School's saloon. Mrs. Nation, apparently to give him warning that she would attack his place, sent for a crowd of women, and while talking to Mrs. Nation she was assaulted by a crowd of women organized since Thursday night's raid, and who had been waiting the threatened destruction of saloon property.

A general fight between the women ensued, during which a woman heavily veiled rained blows after Mrs. Nation with a heavy iron mallet. Mrs. Nation offered no aid to either side, and quiet was restored only when the police interfered. Mrs. Nation was badly bruised.

With the face annotated with oil and swarthy in folds of ointment, Jessie D. Ashton, a once famous mulatto, lies at the Schook. He replied to the summons in person, and while talking to Mrs. Nation she was assaulted by a crowd of women organized since Thursday night's raid, and who had been waiting the threatened destruction of saloon property.

Smarting under the pangs of disappointment, Jessie determined to try the expedient of turning her complexion white. She drank buttermilk and used all sorts of remedies, but none had any effect. Then she decided to try steaming her face, which she had been doing for some time. Heating a kettle of water to the boiling point she put her face down close and lifted the lid. The hot steam scalded her terribly and the skin began to peel off before she could be removed to her room. She will recover, and Bixby says he will marry her despite all obstacles.

Chronology of Queen's Reign.

1817—Former Emperor Louis Napoleon visited Queen. Treaty of Washington to settle the Alabama question. Stanley found Livingstone. Grave condition of Queen's health announced, and Prince of Wales has typhoid fever.

1818—Queen present at thanksgiving for Prince of Wales' recovery. America obtains the Alabama award. Ballot bill passed.

1819—Disraeli succeeded Gladstone as Premier. Britain annexed Fiji Islands. Ashantee war ended.

1820—Queen proclaimed Empress of India in London. Constantinople Conference opened; closed next year.

1821—Queen received General Grant. British took Transvaal Republic.

1822—Britain occupied Cyprus. Treaty of Berlin. War against Afghanistan.

1823—War against Zulus. Queen's first great-grandchild born. Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Meiningen, May 12th. Gladstone succeeded Beaconsfield as Premier. Active agrarian movement in Ireland. Roberts entered Kandahar. Transvaal uprising.

1824—Queen telegraphed sympathy on President Cass's death and court went into mourning. British defeated by Boers at Majuba Hill, autonomy granted. Irish Land bill passed. Parnell imprisoned. Land League manifested. British evacuated Kandahar. Mahdi revolt in Soudan.

1825—Roderic Maclean shot at Queen. Europeans massacred in Alexandria. War against Arabi Pacha, who was defeated. Parnell released. Lord Cavendish murdered in Dublin. Irish National League formed.

1826—Gordon shut up in Khartoum. Franchise bill passed.

1827—Irish dynamite outrages in London. Mahdi captured Khartoum. Gordon killed. British force withdrawn from Soudan. Death of Mahdi. British prepare to meet Russian advance on Herat; settlement effected. Riel rebellion in Canada. Salisbury succeeded Gladstone as Premier. Conquest of Burma. Canadian Pacific Railway completed.

1828—Queen opened Colonial and Indian Exhibition. Burma annexed. Gladstone succeeded Salisbury. Proposed home rule and was succeeded by Salisbury.

1829—Queen's Jubilee celebrated. Queen Duke of Norfolk to the late the Pope on his jubilee.

1830—Queen present at celebration of Prince of Wales' silver wedding. States rejected by Senate. Osmania Digna defeated near Suakin.

1831—British collision with Portugal in South Africa. British victory over the Boers at the battle of Oorlogswater.

1832—Portugal yielded to British demands. Treaty of Vienna. Germany defeating spheres of Africa and ceding Heligoland to Germany. Protectorate of Zululand assumed.

1833—Queen reviewed French fleet. Osman Digna completely defeated.

1834—Duke of Clarence died. Agreement with United States to arbitrate Bering Sea seal fisheries dispute. Gladstone succeeded Salisbury as Premier.

1835—Queen opened Imperial Institute. Home bill introduced. Berlin arbitration award against America. British East Africa Company defeated King of Matabeland.

1836—Queen formally inaugurated Manchester ship canal. Prince Edward of York born, June 23rd. Rosebery succeeded Gladstone as Premier.

1837—Salisbury succeeded Rosebery. President Cleveland sent message to Britain regarding Venezuelan boundary dispute.

1838—Queen received Li Hung Chang. Queen on Sept. 23rd had recovered longer than any former British sovereign. Britain granted American demand for Venezuelan arbitration. Jameson raid. Johannesburg proclaimed to accept British sovereignty. Kitchener occupied Dongola.

1839—Queen's "Diamond Jubilee" celebrated. Senate rejected Anglo-American general arbitration treaty. Autonomy of Crete declared by Powers. Grand Duchess Tatiana of Russia, Queen's thirty-third great-grandchild, born. Revolt of Indian hill tribes on Afghan frontier.

1840—Two-cent postage went into effect between Britain and colonies.

1841—Dervish forces surrendered. Venezuelan arbitration award a compromise. Transvaal declared war Oct. 11th; colonies rallied to support Britain. Agreement with American and Germany for partition of Samoa.

1842—Queen welcomed in Ireland. International expeditions occupied Pekin. Punitive expedition against Ashantees. Australian colonies formed Commonwealth of Australia. Transvaal and Orange Free State annexed.

Substitute for the WATCHMAN.

Substitute for the WATCHMAN.

Substitute for the WATCHMAN.