

THE CHILDREN AT THE GATE.

I say that the world is bitter-sweet, And its fortunes come too late; But twilight falls, with the patter of feet Of the children at the gate.

THE STRIKE OF A QUARTETTE.

A tall man, straight and spare, was coming up the walk from the white gate. His closely buttoned frock coat, his black tie, his serious face, all suggested the pulpit.

It was from Mrs. Folsom that Anna Brown had learned all these facts about the minister. Mrs. Folsom was her landlady, and there couldn't be a better or kinder one—and Anna felt that she was in a position to pass judgment on ideal landladies.

She came to Corona as Anna Brown, which was her real name and as different as could be from the stage title.

Anna Brown was determined to make a good impression. Her pride was aroused, she put forth all the resources of her art.

"It places me in a very awkward position," said Rev. Abner, wearily. "They positively refuse—at least Miss Van Winkle says they do—to return unless I am willing to make an ample apology to them for the alleged harshness of my remarks last Sunday."

"You were quite justified in doing so," said the wife. "Every one in the congregation knows they are becoming more and more careless in their behavior."

"And yet they seem to fancy that they will have the sympathy of the congregation back of them," said the Rev. Abner with a sigh.

"No, I think not," said the pastor, gravely. "Yours is a gift that has a personal charm and freshness."

"What is the amount?" she asked. "It isn't large," the pastor answered.

"Three thousand dollars shouldn't bother us, and yet it does. You see we have so many calls for our money, and our congregation is not at all a wealthy one, although your singing seems to have drawn a number of moneyed people to our doors."

"There was a rustle in the doorway. The Rev. Abner looked up suddenly and saw a trim figure in close fitting gray, a fair complexion with dusky eyes, and a glorious head of reddish brown hair.

"Introduce me, please," she said, "and let me explain my intrusion." And so Miss Brown and Mr. Grace were made acquainted, and the former hastened to give her promised explanation.

"I don't understand," murmured the Rev. Mr. Abner. "I want a benefit," "I want a benefit," repeated Anna. "A concert, you know, where I can appear, and some of my friends can appear, and the house will be full and the receipts large."

"I know nothing about that sort of thing," said the Rev. Mr. Abner in a helpless way. "But I am sure you are entitled to it, and I'm sure that Corona would be glad to testify to its esteem in the way you suggest."

"Why, Miss Brown," she cried "you never said you could sing!" "I didn't expect to sing when I came here," said Anna with a smile; "so you see there was no necessity for advertising my small accomplishments. But I will admit that I have a voice and some knowledge of the vocal art—and both are at the service of Mr. Grace if he will accept them. Please understand that I offer my services gratuitously, and that my engagement is to terminate as soon as the quartette yields and comes back on your terms. By the way, is your organist a striker, too?"

The Rev. Abner was a little startled by her abrupt, business like way. "No," he answered. "Heimlich has no sympathy with the seceders. He is a teacher at the village academy and an excellent musician."

"Certainly," said the good lady. "It's my daughter, Mary's piano, you know, and it hasn't been opened since she went away to school. But I think it's in pretty good tune."

It was, as Anna Brown discovered a moment later when she ran her fingers along the yellowing keys. "One moment," she said. "While I have no fear about the result of this test-singers have an inordinate admiration for their own talents, as you know—I want you to be perfectly frank and tell me exactly how you think about my chance for proving acceptable in the quartette's place. At the same time I want you to know that I have quite set my heart on securing the job."

Then she opened the church hymn book that was lying on the piano and sang "Abide with Me." As she finished she looked around, but the pastor's eyes were turned away. Then she sang "Lead Kindly Light," and after a little pause put the book aside and sang "The Psalms."

A half hour later, as the pastor and the ladies moved down the path to the white gate, the former turned and said to Anna Brown: "Will you very kindly let me hear you sing? She has very few real treats."

And when the ladies were walking back to the house Anna murmured: "I am quite sure I never had a sweeter compliment than that."

As the Rev. Mr. Abner expected, the congregation showed a falling off in numbers the next Sunday morning. The defection of the quartette had been well advertised and the members had their friends and sympathizers. Nevertheless the Rev. Abner conducted the services with his usual earnestness, never once permitting his glance to turn to the empty space where the missing quartette would have stood.

He prayed fervently for the happiness of our absent brothers and sisters, but there was nothing else in the services that could be construed into an illusion to the strikers. The organist was in his place, but the rest of the choir gallery looked woefully bare. When the first hymn was announced the congregation arose and looked at one another doubtfully.

There never had been such a concert in Corona. There had never been such an aggregation of musical talent beneath any Corona roof. And when it was all over the wildly enthusiastic audience knew that modest Anna Brown was Pauline Tabor, the famous prima donna of English opera fame.

The Rev. Abner lingered to congratulate the lady. She saw him and smiled and beckoned him to wait. Presently she came to him.

"I am going away from Corona early in the morning," she said. "It is a call to New York from my manager. I am glad you waited. I have been able to convert most of the money received into a check on the local bank made payable to your order. You will find it all—an even thousand dollars—in this package. Take it with my best wishes," and she pressed the package into his trembling hands.

"But—what is it?" he stammered. "It is the net receipts of my concert," replied the lady. "Everything save the hat and a few incidentals was donated. It is yours to use in paying the church share of that bothersome debt."

"And you offer this to us?" he murmured. "There it is," she laughed. Then she quickly added, "You didn't really think I was giving this concert for my own selfish purposes, did you?"

The Rev. Abner looked at her with moistened eyes. "There is one thing I really think," he slowly said, "and that is that I have entertained a seraph unawares!"—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How to Treat a Man. From Opious Notes Made by His Friend the Horse.

When a man drops from sheer exhaustion or illness, promptly seize an end board or a car stake and pound him on the head or the ribs. If this does not re-percute him, kick him violently. This treatment will restore him, if persistently administered.

If a man find his load too heavy and feels that it will seriously strain him to proceed, kick off a fence board, knock him down and hammer him thoroughly with it. This will give renewed energy, and he will make no more fuss. But do not on any account reduce the load. That would look too much like common sense, or humanity, and he would be likely to "balk" again when overloaded.

Ply the whip frequently on a man who is at work. No matter if he is doing his best, hit him often, on general principles, lest he take some comfort. If his load is not heavy, oblige him to go faster to make up for it. Work, starve and abuse him enough to reduce man's average life one-half as is done with horses.

Fasten your man's head in an unnatural position, with his eyes up toward the sun. This will give him a "fine appearance" and "prevent stumbling." Of course he will not be able to do as much work in this fix, but it makes him wretched and "it's stylish."

Make your man "mind or kill him" who he understands what you want or not. If he don't understand, clubbing will improve his intellect. Don't manifest any patience or sense, for that ruins your authority. The more wretched you can make your man the better.

If a man refuses to drink when you offer him water don't give him any water for two days. That will "teach" him to be thirsty at any time you choose to water him. He should learn to do without water.

In winter remove his clothing to "pre-quickier" when you overdrive him. Hang a blanket on his back, with his head and limbs exposed, same as with clipped horses. Men thus treated are much healthier, because "it's the style."

When your man is frightened do not speak to him, lest it soothe and assure him, but saw his mouth violently and lash him severely. Nothing allays fright or nervousness like abuse.

If not convenient to feed your man at noon, let him go hungry; and by active use of the whip secure as much work as food would do. Of course, this wears men out, but men are cheap now, and "feed costs money."

Put tight shoes on your man and keep them there until he is lame from corns. This will make him thoroughly miserable.

When you hire a man get all you can out of him, and don't be hampered by humane sentiment. Nobility consists not in willow or kindness, but in manfully overriding the rights and feelings of all other beings. I am sure these rules are correct, for I learned them when a colt from my master, and don't he know what's what? And does not man "do as he would be done by?"—Humane Leaflet.

All Abnaze Ran Nearly A Mile. Terrible Experience of Woman in Search of Aid After Clothing Caught Fire.

While Mrs. Louis Noll, of Winterset, Cambria county, was working at a fire under a kettle, her apron caught fire. In her efforts to extinguish the flames her hands were burned to a crisp and she was unable to remove her clothing.

In her terror she ran a quarter of a mile to a neighbor working in a field nearby, but as her clothing had nearly all burned off her she retreated, going back to the house. She there tried to get into the spring house but found the door locked.

In terrible pain and fright she ran half a mile away to where her husband was working. When she reached him everything had been burned from her body except her shoes.

She was taken to the hospital, where she is recovering. Her condition is reported to be improving.

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Majaje, the White Queen. Mysterious Woman of Caucasian Type Who Ruled African Tribe.

For more than half a century the rain-maker for all the native tribes south of the Zambezi river in South Africa, was Majaje, the White Queen of the Makatse tribe, who lived in woodhush in the northern part of the Trauvaals.

The tales which white men heard concerning her led them to believe that Majaje was a myth, and Rider Haggard elaborated the report in his novel "She," which had for its leading character a mysterious white woman who ruled over a race of blacks somewhere in Central Africa.

Henning Pretorius, one of the Transvaal's first commandant generals, and probably the most fearless Boer that ever lived, returned from one of his frequent journeys into unknown regions of the Transvaal in the latter part of 1889 and reported to his government that he had succeeded in seeing Majaje.

The most astounding part of his report was that the woman was not a negroess. He described her as having straight soft hair of a light-brown color, thin lips and light-blue eyes. The color of her skin was not black, but as white as that of a Portuguese.

He said that she was the absolute monarch over her people, that she undoubtedly had the power of life and death over them, and that she had established a government that was far in advance of any negro government he had ever seen.

In 1894 the Makatse tribe formed an alliance with Magoeba, the king of the woodhush Kafirs, who lived near the same district, and Majaje's people were dragged into rebellion against the Boers. Joubert, the commandant General of the Boer army, was sent against the rebellious natives and he took with him a small number of Swazis, who had been driven into the Transvaal from their native country by Unbuhande, the father of the late King Dunu, who acquired the fatal habit of drinking five quarts of champagne a day.

When Joubert and his forces reached the "betover" (bewitched) bush the warriors of Majaje and Magoeba attacked them and fought valiantly for several weeks. The Boers were defeated finally and fled into the bush and mountains.

The following morning the bush resounded with the beating of drums and the shrill notes of crule wind instruments. Forerunners emerged from the bush and announced the coming of the queen.

When the head of the procession reached General Joubert the priests deposited the palanquin on the ground and drew aside the curtains that concealed the queen. She reclined on a beautiful quagga skin and was clothed in a variegated costume of skins, furs and beads.

Many persons have attempted to explain the mystery of the queen's ancestry and the result has been that many strange tales are current in the country, each being heralded as the only true solution. The most plausible theory is the one that Commandant General Joubert advanced.

From some old chieftains he learned that there was a tradition among the Makatse that many generations ago a large number of white men had come into the Zambezi region to dig gold. These men incurred the enmity of the blacks, who massacred all except one or two. General Joubert believed, as did the chieftains, that Majaje was the descendant of these survivors, but the native tradition does not explain the process by which she rose to the position of ruler of the tribe.

Proof of the fact that gold was dug in that neighborhood has been found in scores of places along the Zambezi, where in recent years many old shafts have been uncovered.—New York Evening Sun.

Spiders. "There are very many kinds of spiders besides those that annoy the housewife with their webs stuck up in the corners of the rooms and in the windows when she has been too busy with the sewing to look after the house much; but every kind is an appetite on eight legs and thoroughly convinced that nobody can be strong and hearty that lives on vegetables. They all spin more or less, whence their name, which is a contraction of spider or spinner. Also, they bite, and if you listen to all the folk stories that are told, when a spider bites you'll save time by sending for the lawyer to make your will and telegraph for the boys to come home at once if they want to see you alive. But I will tell you as between educated people that know a thing or two and do not get scared over every little trifle, that a spider's bite is no worse than a mosquito's—not so bad, in fact. A big spider can kill a small bird with its poison, but it only makes a man's arm swell up and hurt for a day or less and not hurt very much at that. Bertkau could not feel the ordinary domestic spider on the thick skin of his hand, and only between the fingers could the spider make a puncture like that of a dull pin. The worst result was that it itched a little. Blackwall had them draw blood, but that was all. Though one spider bit another so hard that his liver ran out it lived for more than a year afterward. As for these terrible tarantulas, either the stories told about victims having to dance till they fell down in exhaustion in order to escape death and madness were tremendous whoppers or tartarulas don't bite as bad as they used to. It is true that in these days the Italian violinists had to work overtime composing tarantelles to play for the luteen, but still there was sneering skeptics that it was all a scheme got up to pass the hat for the wife and family of the suffering man whom a malignant spider had bitten while he was out looking for a job. Duffour had a tarantula that was quite famed and gentle. She took flies from his fingers like a dear thing. Almost any spider can be taught to take food from forceps and water from a camel's hair brush. They are great water-drinkers, spiders are. I'll say that for 'em. Like the little temperance bird we used to read about. "Water, cold water, is all of their songs. Rum and tobacco they can turn from with loathing."

Boiled to Death in Hot Beer. Samuel Bolton Jr., the Millionaire Brewer of Troy, Falls into a Vat in His Brewery.

Samuel Bolton Jr., of Troy, head of the firm of S. Bolton & Sons, one of the most extensive brewing concerns in Northern New York, was boiled to death shortly before noon Friday by falling into a kettle of hot beer. Mr. Bolton at the time of the accident was inspecting a portion of the brewery in which was a large kettle of boiling beer. He discovered that a portion of the kettle required attention and sent an employee named Wager in search of the carpenter. During the absence of Wager it is believed that Mr. Bolton slipped while looking into the vessel and fell headlong into it boiling contents. Upon Wager's return the body of Mr. Bolton was discovered in the vessel. When removed the flesh was boiled and the body presented a horrible appearance.

Mr. Bolton was a prominent figure in local finance. He was one of the heaviest real estate holders in the city and had extensive interests in many corporations. He was a director of the People's Bank and of the Manufacturers' Bank of this city. He was President and a large stockholder in the Star Knitting Company of Cohoes, and was also connected with the Empire State Power Company, near Amsterdam. He was President of the Beacon Electric Light Company. His holdings in real estate in Troy, Upper Troy, Waterford, Cohoes, Green Island and Watervliet were numerous and were valued at nearly \$500,000.

In politics Mr. Bolton was a Republican and he exerted a powerful influence in the political affairs of the country. He gave extensively to charity and was lavish in his donations to churches and philanthropic institutions.

Nut Orchard Planted. This is One of the Latest Enterprises in Westmoreland County.

A nut orchard is among the latest enterprises established in Derry township. Last August Rev. J. H. Pershing, of Alexander street, Greensburg, purchased a part of the McGuire farm, one-half mile east of Bradenville, from Dr. W. M. Barron. Mrs. Pershing inherited a portion of the old McGuire homestead, adjoining that purchased by her husband, and the entire tract contains forty-two acres of choice limestone soil. The farm is also underlaid with coal.

Rev. Mr. Pershing at once began to improve the property. He has erected a new two-story frame house and a substantial barn and is enclosing the land with the latest improved wire fence.

Among the important additions is an orchard of over seven acres in extent, in which he planted probably the greatest variety to be found in Western Pennsylvania. There are over 100 trees of summer, autumn and winter apples, about 350 pears, plums, peaches, cherries, mulberries, June berries, hundreds of blackberry and raspberry vines and a vineyard, which promises in five years a yield of fifty bushels of grapes.

So far as known Rev. Pershing is the first man in the country to plant a nut orchard. On a knoll back of the buildings he has set out about 300 trees—chestnuts, almonds, pecans, shellbarks, filberts, hazelnut and Japan walnuts. Some of the chestnut trees cost \$2.50 each, and the total cost was nearly \$500. To prepare the ground and plant the fruit and nut orchards required the services of ten men almost four weeks.

The farm lies along the Pennsylvania railroad and is admirably located for market and railroad facilities.—Greensburg Press.

Prick of a Pin Caused Death. When Mrs. Elizabeth Steele pricked the forefinger of her left hand with a safety pin she was assisting in nursing the baby of her daughter, Mrs. Royce Beebe, of Plansville, Conn.

Several days passed, when the finger began to swell. Blood poisoning was so apparent when Dr. Hamlin was called that he said there was no chance for recovery. She died Monday night, after suffering horribly for a week.

Dr. Hamlin thinks that the poisoning was due to the fact that the pin had been used on a bandage for a wounded arm before being used on the baby's clothing.

He says that every mother should disinfect safety pins in boiling water before using them. Mrs. Steele was seventy-eight years old.

How She Proves It. "Maggie says she is a daughter of the revolution."

"Can she prove it?" "Sure. Her father runs a merry-go-round."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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Two thousand, four hundred and ninety-three non-commissioned officers and men have left the service unfit for duty.

In the House of Commons Mr. Brodrick, the war secretary, said that among the prisoners captured in South Africa were twenty-six Americans, besides thirteen claiming to be burghers. There was no intention of releasing any of the prisoners until the war is over.

One Cure for Hiccoughs. A Binghamton man began to hiccough last Saturday. He hiccoughed all day and all night, and was hard at it Sunday morning. Every remedy that his Sunday friends gave him seemed to accelerate the hiccoughs. People sent in from all over town recommending sure cures. And he steadily grew worse.

Then a wise neighbor had a bright idea. He thought it all out by himself. He went over to the hiccougher's home, and was ushered into the room where the afflicted one was fast hiccoughing his life away.

"Hallo!" said the neighbor, in a light and cheerful tone; "how's the old soak this morning?"

The sufferer rolled his eyes at the neighbor in a painful surprise.

"Don't give me any of your crocodile glances," snorted the friend. "If you'd quit drinking when I told you to you wouldn't be in this shameful condition."

"What-hic-did you-hic-call me?" he stammered.

"Called you a sponge, you lobster!" belloved the neighbor. "You're a pretty object lesson for your unfortunate children, ain't you gulping old hypocrite?"

"Get out of my-hic-house," roared the sick man.

"Go to blazes!" yelled the neighbor. "I'm going to stay right here and see the last of you. The people on the street sent me over. 'Wait until the old wolf's gone,' they said, 'and then wave a flag out of the window.' They're going to have a jollification supper and fire works to-night—and don't you dare to disappoint 'em!"

This was too much for the hiccougher. He said several very bad words as he made a dash at the neighbor, and they raced around the room for some time, the hiccougher getting madder at every jump, and then the neighbor darted through the door and escaped.

The sick man flung a flower pot at him as he reced down the yard, and then he suddenly realized that his hiccoughs had gone.

For that was a part of the neighbor's theory, you see. He believed that if he could get the dying man real excited and angry the affliction would leave him. And he proved he was right.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Strangled His Mother. Drowned His Father and then Killed Himself when Arrested.

Three weeks ago Mrs. Donald McLeod was found dead on the kitchen floor in a farm house at a little town. Prince Edward island, and the coroner's jury found evidence that she had been strangled to death. A year before her husband was found dead in a well.

With Mrs. McLeod lived a son Archibald, the only heir to the property now in this country. On Saturday Archibald was arrested on a charge of having murdered his father. During the absence of Wager it is believed that Mr. Bolton slipped while looking into the vessel and fell headlong into it boiling contents. Upon Wager's return the body of Mr. Bolton was discovered in the vessel. When removed the flesh was boiled and the body presented a horrible appearance.

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G. Q. Cannon's Bequest. The will of the late George Q. Cannon has been filed at Salt Lake City. The will disposes of an estate approximating \$18,000,000. The estate is divided into two parts, the first part consisting of gilt edge securities worth \$200,000. This is to remain in trust until Geo. Q. Cannon's youngest child, now nine years of age, attains his majority. All of the 33 children of President Cannon are given an acre of land from the Cannon farm and \$2,000 in cash on attaining majority or at marriage, the balance of the \$200,000 to be divided among the children when the youngest child becomes of age. While polygamy was recognized by the Mormon church, Mr. Cannon had four wives. To these are willed their homes, provision also being made for their maintenance during life. The remainder of President Cannon's estate, valued at \$800,000 and consisting of 35,000 acres of farm, arable, and stock in flour mills, irrigation companies and stock in banks, etc., passes into possession of the Geo. Q. Cannon association of which President Cannon's children and his nephew, John M. Cannon are stockholders, to be held in trust until the youngest child is forty years of age.

His Amazed Daughter. The wife of a Gordon Highlander received some time ago an invitation to visit him at the base of the Caucasus. She did so taking with her her little 6-year old girl. When they arrived, as it happened, the husband was engaged on sentry duty, and so they could not approach him.

The child eyed her "daddy" with a rather sorrowful but amazed expression, as he paced up and down the square shouldering his rifle and wearing a kilt. She had never before beheld him thus arrayed, and for a few minutes the spectacle seemed to be quite beyond her; but for no longer could she keep silent.

"Mamma," she said, in a voice that betrayed a trace of childish coyness, "if daddy finds me who stole 'ee's trousers, will he gimme dat little frock?"—Boston Globe.

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A nut orchard is among the latest enterprises established in Derry township. Last August Rev. J. H. Pershing, of Alexander street, Greensburg, purchased a part of the McGuire farm, one-half mile east of Bradenville, from Dr. W. M. Barron. Mrs. Pershing inherited a portion of the old McGuire homestead, adjoining that purchased by her husband, and the entire tract contains forty-two acres of choice limestone soil. The farm is also underlaid with coal.

Rev. Mr. Pershing at once began to improve the property. He has erected a new two-story frame house and a substantial barn and is enclosing the land with the latest improved wire fence.

Among the important additions is an orchard of over seven acres in extent, in which he planted probably the greatest variety to be found in Western Pennsylvania. There are over 100 trees of summer, autumn and winter apples, about 350 pears, plums, peaches, cherries, mulberries, June berries, hundreds of blackberry