

Bellefonte, Pa., June 14, 1901.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

I do not ask the mourner's tear Of those who pass around my bier, I do not ask the tragic grief In tears alone that finds relief-But bending o'er my narrow bed-Speak kindly of me when I'm dead.

Ah! lay not flowers white and sweet, In rich profusion at my feet-But bring with you some mem'ries there-That link my name with scenes once dear-And beg a blessing o'er my head As you look on me when I am dead.

If I have failed, Ah! then forget The bitterness of vain regret; Let it for me atonement plead Forget the thoughtless word or deed And breathe a prayer for me instead,

Ah! could we of another's life. It's records find of danger s rife, Of disappointments, sobs and tears-Temptations, doubts and loves and fears-We'd pause as tragic lines were read, In admiration of the dead.

Ah! question self and who can tell Could you have filled my place as well? Life's troubles ebbs and tides have braved-Through yearning for some love you craved-Then whisper prayers above my head-And judge me kindly-when I'm dead. Kate Thyson Marr, in Form.

THE LILY-FOOT WOMAN.

Bruce Graden, drowsing over his wine, became conscious of the heavy odor of sandalwood; it pierced his tired brain, and roused him to consciousness. He straightened himself in his teak-wood chair, and stared across the dining-table. The reed curtains over the dining-room door were tinkling together as if stirred by some as follows: strong draft of air, a bronze temple gong Original on a side table clanged softly. Then Grawas a "Lily-foot" woman, and her feet were tinier than a baby's. Her blouse and trousers were of stiff silk, colored like a peacock's plumage. Her small oval face was turned toward him. Over each ear in the blue-black roll of her hair, hung lotus blossoms of pearls. Her narrow slits of eyes were full upon him. He could see the spots of rouge on her delicate cheek bones, and the painted red of her small full mouth. Then she melted from sight in the shadow

of the high carved sideboard. Graden found himself upon his feet, one hand clinched upon the back of his chair, the other at his throat. He walked to the nearest window and flung up the sash, a damp salt-flavored wind blew in from the bay. The lights of Sau Francisco lay be-neath him, and the babel of the streets came up to him faintly in a murmurous

Graden leaned far out, drawing in great breaths of the night air. It was the closing week of the famous Keene will case, and Graden, chief counsel for the defense, felt that his nerves were racked quite enough without the additional strain of seeing a phantom Chinese girl who appeared from nowhere and disappeared into the wall. This was the second time within the week that he had seen the "Lily-foot" woman. The first time he had thought her a hallucination of his overwrought brain. But this time there could be no mistake. A faint odor of sandalwood still lingered in the room. Graden, who detested the scent, turned on all the electric lights, and moved about the room throwing open the windows. While he was thus engaged, Ah Yung, the new Chinese butler, came in with his tray to clear the table. He was a tall, powerfully built Chinaman, with a handsome, rather cruel face. He moved silently about the table, the jade bracelets on his sinewy wrists chinking together as he set the unused liquor glasses back upon the sideboard. In the brilliant light his eyes looked swollen and bloodshot. His lips moved inaudibly, and he scowled to himself as he went about his

"He's been smoking too much opium," thought Graden, as he lighted a cigar with fingers that still trembled a little. "Bring my hat and coat, Yung," he said aloud, as the butler turned to the door with his loaded tray. The Chinaman looked back over his shoulder, his eyes had a fixed, glassy stare. He gave no sign that he had heard the request.

'Good Lord, I wonder what he sees,' said Graden to himself. But Ah Yung returned presently with the coat and hat and Graden plunged into the crowded streets with an odd feeling of warmth and security

The next evening Graden brought his friend, Waldo Crane, home to dine with him. As the two men stood upon the door step, Graden, bending to fit the latch-key, began telling Crane of the "Lily-foot" woman. A heavy fog shrouded the city; from the bay came the hoarse blare of foghorns. The moisture dripped from the eaves of the house: it was one of the oldest residences in the city, set in a small walled garden. A peach tree in bloom in an angle of the garden wall shone whitely through the mist: from somewhere in the damp garden beds came the faint perfume of Chinese lilies.

Inside the hall Graden wiped the beads of moisture from his gray moustache. "And so, Waldo," he concluded, "I've brought you up to see if you can see her, too; and, to tell the truth, I don't like staying here alone, I spent last night at the Club. My nerves are all out of sorts." Waldo Crane laughed, but not derisively, for he was a journalist, and he knew many things about Chinatown, that strange city within a city, where the vice and crime of two countries meet and mingle.

'How long have you had your butler?" asked Crane, later, as they finished their broiled pompano. "Oh, a little over a week," answered Graden; "he came highly recommended, and he seems very satisfactory; occasionally he's a little off color from opium, but I don't mind, I am scarce-

ly ever here." "The last time I saw him his name was Ah Gooey, and he was the biggest High-Binder in Chinatown—"Crane stopped abruptly, for Yung had entered with the roast beef. He caught the glance of the two men upon him and started nervously. His hands trembled as he set the dishes upon the table, muttering something beneath his breath. When he passed behind Graden's chair, Crane glanced sharply up at him and seemed about to speak, but changed his mind and settled himself back in his chair. The dinner progressed in si-lence; Crane was hungry, and Graden was very tired. Presently Yung brought in the Roquefort and water biscuit. Both men leaned back in their chairs and sipped their wing. Crane tenches after a moment's si wine. Crane spoke after a moment's silence, "It must be nearly time for the through 'Lily-foot' woman to—" he was inter-

rupted by a crash of broken glass; Yung had dropped a decanter of port, and the red wine splashed over his white blouse like spots of blood.

- "began Graden "What the devilangrily, but Yung did not hear him, he was jabbering Chinese in a high, shrill voice. "He's crazy with opium," cried Crane; both men had jumped to their feet. Then Ah Yung began to talk "Pidgin" English: "I no clazy, I no clazy! She come to-night, I know, I see her allee time! The 'Lily-foot' girl, I steal her in China, bling her to Sa' Flascisco, I think I sell her, fi' thlousan' dollas. She cly allee thlousan' dollas. tlime an' scleam loud, I flaid pleece mans fin' her, one day pleece devils come to my house in Chinatown, they stlay down stair, no can fin' way up-'Lily-foot' girl scleam an' cly, I say you no keepee still I killee you, she scleam allee same, I ling her neck likee this!" He clinched his long brown fingers about his throat, "She no scleam any mo', pleece devils go way no' can find. I takee off all fine dless an' jewelly, an' thlo her in ol' well unner my house, but she no stay, no can stay, too cold, too dark, she come back allee time, I no stay in Chinatown, I flaid, I come to work allee samee cook boy, but she come allee time, she come—" His voice ended in a shrill scream, for through the reed hangings came the hobbling, smiling, "Lily-foot" wom-an, her sharp white teeth shining between the painted red of her lips. She came straight across the room to the groveling figure of the Chinaman, stood over him a moment, and vanished like a whiff of

And Graden and Crane found themselves alone with a very Chinese butler, and the heavy, over-powering odor of sandalwood.

—By Edith Marion Haverly, in the Pilgrim.

Growth of Pension Roll. Over Forty-Three Thousand Additions to the List in the Past Eleven Months,

The commissioner of pensions states results of the efforts of the bureau for eleven months of the fiscal year, ending May 31st,

Original pensions have been granted For account of war of 1812, widows, 2; for den saw a Chinese woman part the reed draperies, and hobble across the room. She vivors, 7; for account of Mexican war, widows, 325, survivors, 14; for account of

been pensioned for disabilities incurred in service: Invalids, 1,051; for disabilities as provided by act of 1890, invalids, 16,852; for widows under old law, 2,901; for widows, under act of 1890 and amendments, 14,479; for nurses, 25, making a total of original issues on account of the Civil war of 35,408. In addition to this number there have been restored to the rolls 4,100 names that were previously dropped or suspended for various causes

There are now about 160,000 of those drawing under the act of 1890 and amendments that receive the maximum rate of \$11 per month.

There have been 619 pensioned that car ried a total of \$927,314 (an average of \$1, 514 each) as first payments. A large per cent. of all these cases are known as "old minors," and only appear on the rolls for the one payment.

For account of service in the war with Spain there have been granted 2,369 pensions to invalids and 1,156 pensions to widows and dependents. The total number of claims for account of this war to date has been 43,874. Under the act of March 3rd, 1901, pro

viding for the repensioning of widows who remarried and again became widows, there have been 1,950 claims filed.

of pensioners on the rolls at the close of the present fiscal year, June 30th, 1901, over the previous year.

The appropriations made by Congress for the fiscal year will be sufficient with one exception, viz., that for medical examinations. In this item there will be a deficiency. Congress appropriated \$700,000, but the demand for medical examinations during the fiscal year has been so great that the appropriation will not be sufficient the established practice.

In addition to the number of original pensions granted as set forth, for the eleven months there have been issued for increases. rerating and accrued pensions 50,680 certificates, or the bureau has written for

all classes 94,077 certificates.

There have been 43,397 names added to the rolls since July 1st, 1900.

July 1st, 1898, the adjudication or original invalid pensions was from twenty to thirty months in arrears in the respective divisions. The commissioner predicts that by the close of the present fiscal year, June 30th, 1901, the adjudication of all original claims (invalids, widows and dependents) will be current, to the end that just so soon as the evidence in a claim is complete that claim will go from the pending filed for adjudication.

Wasp Stings. People Who Have Died from the Effects of The

In an article on the stings of wasps a British medical journal cites the two following cases which have come under its notice: A strong, healthy girl of 27 was stung on the neck by a wasp and fainted. On regaining consciousness she complained of a general feeling of numbness and par-tial blindness and vomited. She recovered in the course of a few hours. Two months later she was stung again, this time on the hand. Her face became flushed, she again complained of numbness and blindness. suddenly became very pale, fainted and

died twenty-five minutes after she was stung.

Another case was that of a girl of 22 years, who was stung by a wasp behind the angle of the jaw. The sting was at once extracted and ammonia applied. In a few minutes she complained of faintness and would have fallen if she had not been supported. Her face assumed an expression of great anxiety, and a few minutes later she was tossing on the bed, complaining of a horrible feeling of choking and of agonizing pain in the chest and abdomen. Brandy gave no relief. There was nausea, but no vomiting. She rapidly became in-sensible and died fifteen minutes after receiving the sting. The most probable ex-planation of such cases seems to lie in what is known as idiosyncrasy—that is, abnormal sensitiveness in particular individuals to certain toxic agents. It is well known that drugs vary much in action on different people. What is a safe does for one is dangerously large for another. The inability of some people to eat strawberries or shellfish is another instance of the same phenomenon. The active agent of bee stings is generally believed to be formic acid. It therefore seems very desirable that we should have more accurate infor-mation regarding the action of this drug on different species of the lower animals and through them on man himself .- Chicago

Wealthy Red Men Some Indian Tribes That Have Attained a State of

At the office of the Commissioner of Indian affairs a few days ago contracts were let to cattlemen for the renting of the pas ture lands of the Osage Indians, in Oklahoma. These Indians have 800,000 acres of pasture land, of which 600,000 acres were rented. This will add to the annual income of the tribe about \$120,000. "And

already," said Captain A. C. Tonner, Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs, recently, "the Osage Indians are the richest people in the world.

"Several years ago the land of the Osages in Kansas were sold, the sale realizing \$8,000,000. This money was placed in the Treasury of the United States, and from it the Osage Indians derive an annual income of \$400,000. In addition to this they own 1,570,195 acres of land, which is fairly worth \$5 an acre, making the value of their land holdings \$7,850,875. There are 1,972 Indians in the tribe, counting men, women and children. They all share alike in the tribal wealth, and when a child is born it becomes joint property owner with all the other Indians in the tribe. The profits from the \$8,000,000 held in the Treasury, the recent rental of pasture lands and other sources of revenue give the Osages an annual income of approximately \$600,000, a per capita income of \$304.25 for each man, woman and child. When a family consists of man and wife and eight children, as often happens, the family receives each year in cash \$3,040, and on their lands they raise

for the market. The realty holdings of the tribe have a per capita valuation of \$3,987, or, for a family of ten \$39,870. There is no other race of people in the world, it is declared

all their foodstuffs and considerable grain

that can make such a showing. The Osage Indians have not failed to profit by this wealth. The sons and daughters of families are sent East to colleges and boarding schools to be educated, many of them receiving professional training. There are a few families, of course, which still live with almost the simplicity that marked the lives of their savage ancestors, but the desire for education and culture is rapidly spreading and when the Osages become citizens a few years hence they will be fully equipped for the duties and re-sponsibilities of citizenship.

The homes of some of the most progres-

sive Osages compare favorably with the dwellings of white people of equal wealth. Their houses are richly furnished with carpets and modern furniture, and in many houses there are pianos, upon which the boarding school training of the daugthers has taught them to perform. Horses and carriages are not infrequent, and though the automobile has not yet made its appearance it is not an impossibility of the

future. The enviable condition of the Osages has led to a considerable influx of white settlers on the reservation, many white men seeking alliances with the daughters of Osage families. The tribal government, however, has found a way, if not to stop, at least to profit by this white emigration. From every white person on the reserva-tion a monthly poll tax of \$1 is collected. The imposition of this tax has driven from the reservation many suitors for the hands of Osage maidens and has given those who remain an ardor and eagerness for matrimony which might not follow were long courtships not thus rendered expensive luxuries.

Slept Two Years So the Doctors Claim. After a continuous sleep of two years, Michael Doran has been discharged from outside of Germany. the Binghamton, N. Y., state hosp cured.

His case is a most peculiar one, and but for the injection of liquid nourishment during his long slumber he must have died f starvation. Doran was afflicted with epilepsy. He

took naps which at times lasted two or three days. His naps increased in length until they became a continuous slumber. He lay as if dead.

At regular intervals the nurses, under to meet the requirements of the law under the direction of the physicians, administered nourishment, but a few months ago there came a change. The attending physician noticed a faint motion of the eyelids. For several days this continued at intervals, but there was no other sign of returning animation. One day an attendant was pushing a bread cart through the wards, and as he passed Doran, the sleeper, stretch-ed out his hand, and whispered the word bread."

This was the first word he had spoken in more than two years. Bread was given him, and from that date he began to improve. Gradually he regained the use of his limbs, and last week he was discharg-

Priest Declared Engagement Postponed,

Miss Mary Ennis and Neil Maguire, members of well known West Philadelphia families, were to have been married June 13. The banns had been puplished in their respective churches. On Sunday the engagement was as publicly declared brok-en in both churches. The officiating priest thus addressed the congregation at each

"Miss Mary Ennis has requested me to publicly announce that her marriage with Neil Maguire has been indefinitely post-

When the banns were preclaimed in the bridegroom's church, a young woman present turned pale, and hurrying out, was helped into the parochial residence. There she had an interview with the pastor, Father McCort. Later the priest sent for Mr. Maguire, and also visited Miss Ennis. The announcement of yesterday followed.

Whatever story the girl told, Maguire denies its truth. Monday he said: "I am the victim of a jealous, designing woman.'

Flerce Fight With Footpads

Costan Burns, of Ellwood City, Clarion county, was held up by three highwaymen and robbed of \$1,000 in the heart of the town on Monday afternoon.

Then they got into a buggy they had in waiting and drove out of town with the horse on the run. Burns ran to Sidle's livery stable shouting that he was robbed. Policeman Moon and hostler Matt Driscoll jumped in a buggy and started in pursuit. Other citizens followed on horseback and

in buggies. Coming within range of the robbers Moon opened fire with his revolver. The robbers fired back. For a mile or more a running fight was kept up. The robbers closely pursued took to the woods, Moon and Driscoll following. The robbers' ammunition gave out, and two of them were captured. One slightly wounded, gave the name of J. W. Keenan. The other refused to give his name. They had \$400. hundred citizens are scouring woods for the third robber.

Pine Needles Industry in Oregon.

The utilization of the pine needles of the yellow Oregon pine, botanically Pinus Ponderosa, is becoming an industry of considerable importance on the Pacific coast. Fifty years ago it was discovered that the extracts and products of the long, slender leaves of the pine possessed real efficacy in complaints of a pulmonary character. It is claimed that insomnia yields to the influence of the pungent odor, and asthmatics have found a real refief in partaking of the oil and in sleeping upon pillows stuffed with the elastic and fragrant fibre manufactured from the interior substance of the pine leaves. The illimitable forests of yellow pine abounding in the State of Oregon, with their accessibility to through lines of transportation, suggested to a German from the forests of Turingia the transfer of a lucrative business to the Pacific coast. In Germany the leaves never ex-ceed two inches in length, while in Oregon they often exceed thirty inches, and average twenty. In the former country the forest laws are extremely strict and often prohibitive, obliging the maker of the product to use the dried leaves that have inferior and less effective quality of goods. expert of the Forestry Commission having pronounced the process as beneficial. A tally kept of the weight gathered from a certain number of trees indicated that the crop taken in April weighed 650 pound while that of the same trees in October yielded 775 pounds. Two crops are gathered yearly, the later one being always the largest. The leaves of the young trees are preferred, yielding a better quality of oil, it is said; though this fact is doubted. The leaves are striped from the trees by women and men, who are hired for the purpose, and who are paid 25 cents a hundred pounds for the needles. Five hundred pounds is regarded as an average day's work. The leaves are picked into sacks and hurriedly sent to the factory. Exposure to the sun causes the leaves to wilt, and impairs the quality of the product. In picking, the thickest bunches of leaves are selected, and the scanty ones neglected. The vast quantity available, so far beyond any present demand, permits the picker to thus discriminate. The factory at which the essences and extracts of the needles are manufactured has a capacity skillful thief," said Wilson. for handling 2,000 pounds of leaves per day; but it is soon to be enlarged to about

four times its present size.

In the extraction of pine oil, 2,000 pounds of green leaves are required to produce ten pounds of oil. The process is the ordinary one of distillation. In the manufacture of fiber the leaves pass through a process of steaming, washing, drying, etc., twelve in worth, upon the market, about ten cents staple only little shorter than the green leaf from which it was made, and strength sufficient to enable it to be spun and woven into fabrics. Mixed with hair the fiber makes an excellent material for mattresses or pillows, and repose come quickly when resting upon them. It is also used as a partial filling for cigars, im-parting a flavor not the least disagreeable, and calming to the nerves. The oil extracted gives an agreeable flavor to candies. Toilet soaps are made, strongly impregnated with essential oil of pine needles.

The fiber itself, after curing, looks like a slender shaving of some dark wood, re-taining its odor indefinitely. Insects abhor it on that account. It is said that the Oregon factory is the only one in the world

An Artificial Inferno.

The Danger Blast Furnace Workers Hourly Face.

The mode of operating one of the older feet in the air. Perched up on this chim-neylike structure, with the molten pool all—in a crippled condition. directly below-standing above the crater of a volcano, as it were—are workmen whose daily occupation is as dangerous as that of a steeple climber.

The deadliest danger is from the great

wave of poisonous gases which rushes up with terrific force whenever the "bell," as the top of the furnace is called, is opened to admit a fresh supply of fuel or ore. a rule, the escaping gases becomes ignited, and woe betide the unfortunate workman who is tardy in retreating before the sheet of flame that momentarily illuminates the whole country side. At times, however, the gases do not pass off in flame, and the effect npon the workmen of the terrible rush of carbonite acid fumes is very much the same as that which might be expected from an over dose of whiskey. Sometimes a severe attack of hiccoughs and a violent headache warn the worker that he must quickly seek a clearer atmosphere, but more often the laborer falls in his tracks as completely overcome as though a heavy dose of ether or chloroform had been administered. So many men have lost their lives or been terribly burned by pitching headlong within the zone of heat and flames when staggering from the stupefying odor that nowadays, an extra man is stationed at the top of the old fashioned furnace, back where he will not be reached by the gases, whose duty it is to drag to the elevator and take to the ground as quickly as possible any of the men who may be overcome. It is not an unusual sight, at a good-sized blast furnace plant of long establishment, to see a half a dozen dazed men stretched side by side upon the grass, the ghastly pallor which the gas has wrought intensified by the blotches of grime which partly obscure it.

More terrifying even than the menace of the grass is the ever present possibility of an explosion that will toss the massive cover of the furnace into the air. Some times this giant lid rises only a few yards and then falls back into place, but there have been instances when it landed on the ground many rods away. Whatever be the force of one of these sudden upheavals of the lava-like mass, the laborers on top of the furnace have no warning of its ap proach, and their chances of life, when flames burst forth as though from a cannon's mouth, constitute the most uncertain of problems.

Juniata Valley Campmeeting.

After discussing the situation it was unanimously decided to hold the regular campmeeting, to commence August 13th, continuing to August 23rd. It was decided to make very important changes on the grounds and increase the accommodations for tenters. Three or four cottages will be built such as it is proposed to have under the reorganization plan which it is hoped to have perfected by next year. A Successful Liar

Wilson was out of health and out of spirits and a physician advised him to go away When he asked where, the physician waved his hand, meaning anywhere. So Wilson went into the orchard region of the southwest, riding an easygoing horse that he might loll along the way and breathe the scent of the apple bloom. quiry brought him to a restful place among the hills, a small, home-like tavern, an ancient house built of logs and moss-covered on the northside. Here he sat down to rest, and it was restful, the soft air, the mysterious woods and a great spring of white water that hurst with a passion from under a rock. This was all charming enough, but to one of Wilson's sensitiveness the people were annoying. The fewness of strangers rendered the natives inquisitive, and immediately upon the arrival of a visitor they at once set about to discover his business and the source of his ness it would not have been so annoying to Wilson. He detested insinuation.

Shortly after his arrival he was sitting in the "best room," in the presence of sevfallen to the ground and thus insuring an eral mountaineers, who bemmed and hawed at him and glanced at one another. Pres-In the Western State denuding the yellow ently a tall, gaunt fellow, with beard pine of its leaves has been encouraged, the streaked with sunlight and shadow, looked up and said:

'Don't reckon its much to ask you if you are a stranger in these here parts?"

'Not much," replied Wilson. "Mout have come a purty good distance?" "Yes."

"Well, about how fur?" "See that blue hill off yonder?" "Yes; it's plain enough.

"Well, I came from further than that." A silence fell and the hill men chewed their tobacco and spat into the great fire place, and after a time another one, holding the importance of a reserve force, spoke up: "I take it that you ain't a farmer."
"Whenever you feel like taking, help

yourself," said Wilson, and the reserve force cleared his throat. But he knew the duties of his position and he was not ready "Of course," said he, "it is necessary, or leastwise we think so, for a man to have some sort of business. Don't you think

"Either that or he ought to be a pretty

"Yes, that's what we think. And you have some sort of business eh?" 'Yes, a very flourishing business."

"May I ask what it is?" "Certainly. I am-am traveling for a factory that makes cork legs and arms." They chewed their tobacco and glanced at one another, and Wilson, looking around, saw a girl standing near the door. all, occupying four days. Two qualities are produced, first and second. The first, she swept like a vision from the dairy from which no oil has been distilled, is house across the yard. She did not shrink as he looked at her now; her brown eyes per pound. The fiber is elastic, and the met his and he felt that his starving nerves were feasting as he gazed upon her.

'And I reckon you have come here to take orders," said the reserve force. "Yes, that's my business."

The hill men filed out, leaving Wilson alone; no, with the girl who still stood near the door; and when they were gone she came forward. not timidly, but with a sweep, a dart like the strike of a black bass, and she stood at his elbow. father lives over on the hill," she said, and then halted to gaze into his eyes. owns this place, but lets mother and me run it, because he can't get about very well and don't want to be in anybody' way. He lost his leg in the army, and I want you to have him one made and

brought up here." She was so earnest that Wilson had not he had never seen a cork leg, so he rereplied: "Yes, I will go over and see him —with you."

They went over and talked with the old furnaces, although it was the accepted fellow, and while they were there up method only a few years ago, seems crude stumped the owner of an orchard whose enough now. Workmen with shovels fruit brought a good income and said that transfer the fuel and raw material from he wanted a leg; and before long a man the railroad cars to novel iron wheelbar- named Hicks ordered a right arm for himrows which are loaded on a rickety looking self and a left arm for his brother. A regi-elevator that creeps creaking up the out-ment from this community had led one of side of the furnace to the top, a hundred the most desperate charges during the war

Wilson had now gone too far to retreat. The girl got into a buggy with him and drove him into another neighborhood, where he took orders for six legs and four arms; and then they drove down the creek and rook more orders. And he found an interest in the work. Sometimes his conscience would reproach him, but the sweetness of the girl's face and the brightness of her eyes made him forget his perfidy; and so the time grew, like the mellowing of an apple, and at last he found that he must return to the great wilderness called a city. He told her good-bye at night, the moon in her eyes, and he kissed her and without a word hastened away with a sweet sadness in his heart.

The weeks passed and he sat in an office a miserable employment obtained for him by influential friends, and his hands were at work, but his mind was among the hills and down in his heart he saw a girl with the moon in her eyes. But he could not return to the hills—he had deceived those simple people. Was there no way to put himself right? He sprang out of his chair. Why couldn't he fill those orders? There must be a cork leg factory somewhere in the city. He would investigate. He found a place, quite a large establishment, and told the manager what he had done. He had the orders with him. A iberal commission was allowed him, and a fitter was sent with him to try on the arms and legs. The girl's father stepped proudly down to the little inn, and a fellow who had just tried on an arm swore in his delight that he could throw stones with it. And again Wilson and the girl stood in

the moonlight, and her lips murmuring sweetness, were turned upward. He thought of the weary hours in his office and the heavy dullness of life without her. She inspired him with rest: she was the spirit of the wooded hills.

"And you will be gone so long this time?" she innocently asked. And with all her innocence and frankness she sometimes touched him with embarrassment. "Not if I knew I could sell any more of my goods about here" he replied, and then sighed softly.
"Uncle Matt has begun work at a saw

mill" she said, and murmured "yes" to relieve the growing embarrassment, won-dering what Uncle Matt had to do with his early return. She sighed again and

continued; "'Uncle Matt isn't a careful man, and a sawmill is a dangerous place to work and after a while—a short while, knowing him as will as I do, he might need an arm. Don't you think you might come up and

veiled her face for a moment with a floating fleece, and came out to see him driving with her toward a preacher's house.

years ago. Wilson is now one of the principal owners of the establishment, and he told me the other day he was just about to leave home for a time to establish a cork leg factory in South Africa.

One Galveston Survivor.

A Cow, Blown to an Uninhabited Island, Found there With a Young Calf.

A fine cow which was swept from Galveston Island a few miles below the city on that fateful night of September 8th, has been recovered alive on Deer Island. Deer Island is the largest of three small islands situated about two miles from Galveston Island in Galveston Bay, and is one mile long and a half mile wide. The cow as shown by the brand, was the property, of Mr. Ostermeyer, who lived down the isl-

Since the storm reports have come to Galveston that a cow was seen on Deer income. Had this been done with blunt- Island, but the reports were not well received. On Thursday a party consisting of City Clerk Ben Davison, Frank Hibbert, Paddy Fitzpatrick and several others were down the bay in a large sailboat on a hunting and fishing expedition. They decided to investigate the cow story and touched at Deer Island. The hunters had proceeded but a few hundred yards when they came across the long lost and deeply mourned-for-dead cow. She seemed glad to see the strangers but was to feeble to show her gratitude to her benefactors. The explorers were great ly surprised to see a small calf scamper away from its mother and run for dear life at sight of the men. The youngster was a native of Deer Island, having been born on that uninhabited spot, where its mother was carried by the storm eight months ago. The calf was not accustomed to petting and a long and tiresome chase about the island after the wild fellow by all hands proved a fruitless task. The mother was brought on a skiff from the island out to the large boat and brought to Galveston island. She had suffered for several days for drinking water. There is plenty of grass on the island and an old well had supplied the storm forsaken heifer and calf with drinking water up to with a few days ago, when the well went dry.

The expedition left yesterday on another trip to Deer Island to rescue the calf. They anticipate a lively time, but went prepared to rope the frightened animal which has not been accustomed to such treatment at the hands of man during its six month's experience on earth. - Galveston Daily News.

Our Big Trade With Japan.

Object Only to Our Locomotives Which Use Too

This country is surpassed only by Great Britain in the matter of Japanese imports of machinery; locomotives and other engines, according to a report from Consul General Bellows at Yokohama.

Great Britain, he says, continues to receive more than half the money sent out of Japan for these manufactures, while the United States received a little more than one fourth lastyear. The amount invested in these manufactures by the Japanese last year was \$5,674,546, about one-fifth being for locomotive engines.

The mileage of Japanese railway lines is 3713 miles, but it has been estimated that 7000 miles of railroad would not suffice for the needs of the empire.

A Japanese representative who has lately traveled in the leading countries of the world to study their railroad construction and management says the United States surpass all other countries in the equipment of its roads except with regard to the locomotives, which he objected bete heart to tell her that he was a liar, that America furnishes more than two-thirds of the rails used in Japan, having surpassed in low prices and prompt delivery

tries formerly controlled the trade. Something About Icebergs.

both in England and Germany, which coun-

Navigators of the North Atlantic have to be constantly on watch during the summer months, for the icebergs that come down from Greenland and other Arctic regions. Some vessels are fitted with apparatus that gives immediate warning of the vicinity of one, but where there is no such apparatus, the temperature of the water is taken at intervals, for an iceberg will make a vast

extent of sea cold. An iceberg is nothing but part of a glacier that has been detached by the action of water, washing and beating against it. Some af them are of enormous size. It is generally accepted by scientific men that only one-eighth of the berg appears above the water. If, therefore, the part that is visible rises fifty feet above the surface, the part under water would measure 350 feet. No wonder the sea captains have a holy horror of them.

Mrs M'Kinley Worse ?

Declared the President Cannot Get Word or Look

It is declared of fairly good authority that Mrs. McKinley's condition has be-come critical again. She is resting without any apparent pain, but has ceased to recognize those around her. The Presi-dent, who spends many hours daily at her bedside, cannot gain a word or look from her that betokens the consciousness of his

Dr. Rixey was at the White House at 10 o'clock Sunday night, and remained for a short time with Mrs. McKinley. He said after leaving the sick room that the patient was, if anything, somewhat improved. Dr. Rixey left at 10:30 o'clock, going home for the night.

Nickel Ore in Canada.

The nickel mines of Canada now produce about 40 per cent of the world's supply, although the metal was not discovered in paying quantity there until about 14 years ago. The deposits are found near Sudbury, in Ontario, within an area of 40 by 70 miles. The ore contains about 3 per cent of nickel, the same quantity of cop-per, and some iron and sulphur. It is worthy of note that the ore is not worked in Canada, but is sent to this country for the extraction of the metals.

Changes in Electric Railways.

Electric street railroading is only about 10 years old, and yet it has been found by careful investigation that of the lines first laid every one has changed nearly all the appliances that had been adopted. In few fields has the experimental stage so quickly given place to improvements.

-"I called on a female theosophist That was enough and the smiling moon reiled her face for a moment with a floating fleece, and came out to see him driving with her toward a preacher's house.

This all took place more than several dusted."

That was enough and the smiling moon once. She said: "Thou art my affinity. Our souls should be one. I feel it! Dost thou?" "Whew! What did you do?" "Well, as soon as she said 'dost thou' I dusted."