Bellefonte, Pa., June 28, 1901.

## GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night, my burden, rest you there, The working hours are over; Poor weight, that had to be my care And why, let time discover. The evening star sheds down on me The dearer look than laughter, At whose clear call I put by all Forbids me follow after,

Free-free to breathe the first breath again. The breath of all hereafter. Good-night, heart's grief: and rest you there

Here's only place for that wild air More old, more young, than sorrow And though I hear, from far without, Those cagling winds keep revel, Where water seeks her level-

Until you're sure to-morrow;

Where wise heart, water seeks and sings, Until she reach the level. -Josephine Preston Peabody in Scribner's.

GOOD ENOUGH TO BE TRUE.

How a City Reporter Didn't Put System Into a Coun try Paper He Wanted Run Chicago Style-Fiction,

Jimmy Spencer walked dubiously down the main street of the town of Willardville. Jimmy had formerly been a night police reporter on a big metropolitan daily, and in this capacity came in contact with the Hon. Thomas H. Willard, of Willardville, when that gentleman had been buncoed by a sharper on his last visit to the city. Willard had taken a fancy to Jimmy and induced him to give up his job in the city and come out to Willardville and take the editorship of the Willardville Eagle and Ban-

"Purty good paper," said Mr. Willard.
"Oldest one in the whole county. Oldest
two, that is. Eagle started by Old Man
Hathaway in '88 and the Banner started up by a feller named Jake Sharp in '94. Both of 'em brought together in '97 by John Cotton. I own 'em now. Had a mortgage on the thing and when the new paper started they made things hum so that the Eagle and Banner would have busted up, so I just jumped in an' foreclosed the mortgage and took hold. Want a good lively fellow that knows all about runnin' a paper th' way they do in th' city. Will

you come ?" James had arrived. It was 10 o'clock one rainy Monday morning when he sat in the office of the Eagle and Banner and made his plans for running the sheet. The town had a population of 3,000 people, and why Willardville wanted a paper every day he couldn't for the life of him see. But, of course that was no concern of his. Mr. Willard's son William, who was a lawyer in Willardville, was to write all the heavy editorials and guide the political destinies of the Eagle and Banner, and Jimmy, with the title of editor, was to attend to the rest of the editorial and news part of the paper, while the elder Willard was to take charge

of the business management. Jimmy had thought for the last two weeks of how he would turn things upside down in Willardville.

'I'll show the yaps," said Jimmy. He had never been an editor before, but he had an idea that night police reporting for four years was a pretty good prepara-tory for almost anything, and he was cer-tain that he "knew news" when he saw it, and that if anything got away from him it wouldn't be of use to anybody else afterwards. He had decided to scoop the other Willardville paper, the Commercial, at least once a day and twice on Saturday. He sat in the dingy little office of the Eagle and Banner and looked around. A tall, thin young man with an apologetic expression was laboriously writing in the corner. "Beg pardon," said Jimmy, "are you

connected with the paper?"

'I am the city editor," said the Person with dignity. "I am Mr. Thomas."

'Glad to see you, Mr. Thomas," said

Jimmy. "What's new to-day?"
"O, nothin' doing particularly. Kinder of a quiet day."

'Where is your staff," asked Jimmy. "He's down at the depot now to see the 10:15 come in. He'll be around with a lot of, items about noon."

Well," said the new editor, "we shall have to arrange our schedule, and we might as well do it now as any time."

James had often seen the city editor of his paper back in the city fuming over a schedule, and he knew that one of the first things that a real editor had to do was to fix up a schedule. So he worked for some time on a sheet of paper and finally turned out the following:

DAILY SCHEDULE OF WILLARDVILLE EA-GLE AND BANNER.

Domestic ..... Society ..... Sporting..... Musical..... Murders ..... Elopements.....

The city editor looked at the schedule as though he were looking at a Chinese puz-"I want those things looked after every

day," said Jimmy. "Pretty long ways over to the court-house," said the city editor. "How far?" asked Jimmy. "Get the

street car, can't you?" 'It's sixteen miles, and there hain't no more street car than a rabbit goes anywhere

in sight of it." "O, excuse me," said James, "I thought this was the county seat. But, anyhow there's the city hall. Have your man go there at least twice a day, and always in time enough before we go to press to get

anything late." 'Ain't absolutely necessary," said the city editor.
"I say it is," said Jimmy irritably.

"Police news is of more dramatic interest than anything else in the paper. You must send over and interview the chief of police every morning and again at 3 o'clock

"O, pshaw," said the city editor. "Send way over there to interview Bill Larson. He's the marshall you know. But he hain't never there."

"Then keep a record here of where he is generally to be found so that we shall see him without fail at least twice a day."

"Say, you don't know Bill," said the city editor. "He ain't never in his office, but he's here about nine-tenths of the time. He's loafing around here all day, and he comes in here and interviews himself about sixteen times an hour. After Bill sits with

his feet on your desk puffing stogie smoke in your face about three hours at a stretch. you'll say it isn't necessary to send over to interview him. Why, he's so afraid he won't get his name in the paper that when he arrests anybody he brings them down here first so that we will be sure and get

"All right," said Jimmy somewhat sulyour man out to baseball games and the like?"

"O, yes," said the city editor, cheerily. his salt as a reporter, but he's a great pitcher, and the old man gives him a job here so he won't leave town." "But who covers the games?" said Jim-

"Do you go out yourself." my. "Do you go out yourself."
"Yes, generally," said the city editor.
"I'm third base." 'You'll have to quit it. I want an un

biased-report. Besides, I don't see how you have the time to play." "Well, you'll have to see the old man

"Who looks after the fires? They should be well covered."

"Not much danger of a fire getting away from us. Everybody in th' town goes to the fires. The reporter would sooner miss a meal than a fire. But there hasn't been one here for two weeks. Nor," he added dismally, "does there seem to be any prospects of one."

"How does the paper find out about the fires?" asked the new editor. "Is there an electric alarm in the office that taps the fire off here at the same time it is tapped off in the engine house?" "Well, no," said the city editor. "There

ain't." "There should be one," said Mr. Speno-"I shall speak to Mr. Willard and have one put in. "That's a good idea," said the city edi-

The new editor smiled in a superior fashion. "I shall teach them a good many new ideas before I'm done. A fire gong is an indispensable part of a newspaper office. I don't see how you've got along here with-

"Well," said the city editor, "we've orried along somehow. The fire engine worried along somehow. The fire engine house is downstairs in this building, and two of our compositors and the pressman belong to the fire company. The fire bell is upstairs over our head, and the devil of this shop always rings it, and he yanks that bell until you can't hear yourself think until he gets through. The company makes more noise in getting out than a steam calliope, a saw mill, a bursting steam boiler and a brass band ought to make, but still I think, to be up with the times, we ought to have a fire gong like the city pa-

When Editor Spencer returned from lunch he found the following important items, all properly classified and waiting

his inspection

CITY HALL. Mayor Jake Smith has bought a new team of trotting horses of Lew Stall. Now Hizzoner will give them all a dust. SOCIETY.

Mrs. Jim Meeth, the wife of the popular bartender, is to give a high-five party at her house next Tuesday, in honor of her niece, Miss Myrtie Scraggles, of Bakers-

SPORTING.

The Epworth League young people are going to have a croquet set out up in the vacant lot back of the Methodist church next week.

POLICE.

Janitor Mundell and two tramps who vere arrested last night for refusing to leave town gave all the windows at the police station a much needed bath to-day. The hobos hated to work, but the janitor pounded them with the soft end of the mop until they took a different view of things. MUSICAL.

Bill Martin, the enterprising grocer, is learning to play the trombone.

FIRES. Nothing doing.

SUDDEN DEATHS. Nothing doing.

ELOPEMENTS. Nothing doing.

EMBEZZLEMENTS, ETC.

Nothing doing. MURDERS

Nothing doing.

OTHER IMPORTANT EVENTS. The entire local staff of the Eagle and Banner, including the city editor and reporter, have resigned because they are ex-pected to work under a smart Aleck from the city who thinks that a little jay two by four newspaper can be run on the same plan of a metropolitan daily in a city of 2,000,000 where there are things that hap-pen every day, and where the editors and reporters are all paid money for their work instead of orders on the clothing and grocery stores taken for advertising. There have been no murders recorded in Willard-ville today, but there will be if this idiot doesn't leave town. Mr. Spencer sat in a train bound for the

city that afternoon. the conductor. "The pace down here at Willardville is too fast. I'd have nervous of humor he must have appropriately a storing to him the Leao-Tong peninsula! prostration here in a week. Little old Chicago is good enough for me."—Chicago

One Passenger too Many.

A good story going the rounds of the offices of the Metropolitan street Railway company up in the big building at Broadway and Houston street, concerning the wonderful presence of mind displayed re-

ompany inspector.

The official hurriedly counted the passengers in the car and found that there were nine. Then he cast his eye up to the register and found that there had been only eight fares rung up. He disclosed his identity to the new conductor and called

attention to the discrepancy.
Slowly and painfully the new hand counted over his passengers and then scanned his register.

"Begorra, an' you're roight, sir," he said and promptly stopped the car.
"Say," he demanded, addressing the passengers in an authoritative manner. "Wan o' youse fellows'll have to git off the car-r.' N. Y. Times.

-The doctors wouldn't get so many fees as they get now if it were their invariable rule always to let the well enough

Ruin Wrought By the Allies For Which China Gets No Credit in the Indemnity.

A Pekin letter to the London Times says:
Seldom has a population had to suffer so severely for the sins of its rulers as the misguided people of Northern China. I have seen countries devastated by war during the Franco-German struggle and during the Russian campaign in the Balkans, but none presented such a scene of "He always goes. He's the best pitcher the Willardville Blues have got. That's why he holds his job here. He ain't worth and Pekin. It is, of course, in many cases, difficult to distinguish between the des-

truction wrought by the Boxers and the Chinese troops and that inflicted by the allied forces, and, as far as the later are concerned, allowance must be made both for the legitimate exigencies of warfare and for the natural tendency toward reprisals which a conflict with a barbarous foe is bound to stimulate. Yet it cannot, I fear, be denied that our vaunted civilization has little reason to be proud of the mark which it has left on Northern China in the He's crazy about that ball nine, and he'd have fits if I didn't play."

"Well, this staff is hired to edit a paper that the Chinese themselves have any right and not to play ball. I am surprised at to standards; they have been treated, on Mr. Willard," said James with great dignitude whole, with a leniency they can hardly understand, but those are not the standards which Western nations have set up for themselves. From the mouth of the Pei-ho to Tien-Tsin, and from Tien-Tsin half-way, at least, to Pekin, not a single village, not a single house has been spared. It was formerly one of the most prosperous district in Northern China; a fertile agricultural district cultivated with all the patience and industry of the Chinese peasant, who found in the neighboring cities of Tien-Tsin and Pekin a ready market for his produce. In normal times it would be at this season have been covered with winter crops ready to burst forth into fruit at the first approach of spring. To-day it is a wilderness. Not a furrow breaks the monotony of the drab-colored waste. The once busy roads over which long strings of heavy Chinese carts and beasts of burden plowed their way unceasingly from mar-ket to market are deserted, the once crowd-

> the desolation grows less intense. To the right and to the left, especially as one approaches Chien Men, great gaps in the formerly unbroken array of gaudy shopfronts and quaint signboards which lined the long thoroughfares on either side show the ravages of fire during the troubles, one of the greatest conflagrations in the Chinese city having been kindled in the early days by the Boxers themselves, who imagined that their tutelary deities would not allow the flames to spread beyond the solitary European drugshop which they had doomed to destruction. The great tower surmounting the Chien Men has itself disappeared, and as one passes through the central archway, formerly opened only for imperial processions. the long vista of open gateways, through which the eye plunges almost into the heart of the Forbidden City, brings home to him with startling suddenness the measure of the blow that has been dealt to the pride of the Celestial empire. If for a moment I had a feeling as of profanation at the rending of the veil which, during my former visit to Pekin, invested with a weird fascination the mysterious life concealed behind those portals, that feeling quickly passed away when, turning off into the legation quarter, I was brought face to face with the visible results of the conspiracy hatcher behind the pink walls of the imperial palace.

> HOW THE LOOTERS LEFT THE PALACE. To-day it is chiefly in the imperial palaces that one can measure the lengths to which some of our allies have gone in this direction. In the summer palace, the most beautiful of all the imperial residences, and, indeed, the only one that can be called beautiful, an Indian sentry mounts guard over the single chamber in which the British authorities have stored for safety the few articles of inferior value left behind them by the Russians after they had packed off all priceless treasures accumulated by the dowager empress. The winter palace, now occupied by Count Waldersee and the German headquarters staff, has been stripped actually bare, and in the Forbidden City the great bronze lions and peacocks in the courtyards, a few of the sacrificial vessels in the temples, and a number of European clocks in the private apartments are all that are left of its movable adoruments. In one of the small rooms occupied by the emperor one curious relic has, however, been overlooked, which ought to have had a peculiar interest for the Russians. It is a piece of silver plate, representing Russia the Liberator restoring freedom to the Bulgarian people. It was originally made by order of the Czar Alexander III. for presentation to the Sobranye at Sofia, but before its completion Prince Alexander of Battenberg had lost favor in the eyes of the im-perial kinsman, and the gift was never forwarded to its comtemplated destination. But in 1897, an opportunity was at last found of putting it to a new use, when Prince Ukhtomsky was sent out with presents from the czar to the Son of Heaven. The date and inscription were altered, and, though many of the Bulgarian accessories still betrayed its identity, it was passed on to the emperor of China as a symbolical representation of Russia the Liberator reof humor he must have appreciated the grimness of the joke when Russia, the Liberator relieved him a few months later of

all further destinies of Leao-Tong. Many and great are the outward and visible changes which at once strike the eye of anyone who knew Pekin in the old days, but there is another and more subtle change less easy to describe. Shorn of all the mystery which threw a weird glamor over its hidden life, the squalor of Pekin company's trolley cars. This particular car was bowling along up Broadway recent-ly when it was hailed and board a second to the seems to stand out now absolutely naked and unashamed. Formerly, for instance, there was at least a suggestion and temples and the occasional shimmer of yellow tiles through the trees, which were the only glimpse of the Forbiddin City allowed to the "outer barbarian" from the Tartar walls. Omne ignotum pro magnifico. Now its inmost sanctuaries have been laid bare. The treasures of bygone centuries which may have helped to disguise the ravages of senile decay have be-come the spoils of the conquerors, and nothing is left to hide the decrepitude of a slovenly old age. The barbaric gaudiness of the very throne room itself is overlaid with the accumulated filth of years, the red and gold lacquer of the pillars has peeled off in great scabs, cobwebs and birds, nests defiles the painted ceilings. The same at-mosphere of dirt, discomfort, and neglect pervades the private departments of the Emperor and dowager Empress, and the dilapidated temples sacred to the dynasty. but I don't know where the pantry is The foul and tattered robes of the few here.

eunachs who still hang about the imperial house are only less offensive than the only smile to which they train their evil countenances in the presence of the bated foreign-er. Sturdy weeds have grown up between the marble flags of the spacious courts, and pools of fetid water lurk beneath the mar-ble bridges of ornamental streams. Here and there a magnificent array of gilded lions and bronze vases of dynasty or the painted fretwork of a cloisonne screen behind an ancestral shrine serves only to brighten by force of con-

trast the general sense of desolation. In the streets of the capital the same sense of desolation prevails. Some of the chief thoroughfares have resumed in a measure their normal physiognomy, varied only by the incongruous presence of the Bengal lancer or the the German uhlan, the French zouave, or the Italian marine. But most of the streets are comparatively deserted even in the busiest hours of the day time, and at night the whole city is hushed in unaccustomed silence. The stillness is no longer broken by itinerant hucksters and story tellers, nor by the bawling runners of high officials proceeding long before daybreak, to the imperial audience chamber. Even the music of the pigeons as they circled in the early morning among the trees with a sort of Jews' harp strung about their necks has ceased No one knew exactly what the population of Pekin was before the troubles, and still less does any one known what it is to-day. To judge by the appearance of the streets it might well have diminished by one half, and women are more than ever rarely seen. The vast majority of the upper classes have fled, and the once familiar sight of high officials, with their motley crowd of retainers, borne by swift bearers in their curtained chairs to and from their Yamens, or Manchu ladies of rank and fashion doing of rooms at the Grand Union Hotel, and their rounds of fashion in closed carts with red hangings, has entirely disappeared. In some quarters almost all the houses are closely shut up, though many of them are doubtless not untenanted, and foreign flags alone relieve the gray monotony of long si-lent streets ankle deep in the accumulated winter's dust. The amount of bunting displayed by the inhabitants seems to vary in inverse proportion to the confidence in spired among the natives by the nationality to whose administrative mercies they have been committed.

The Germans govern, as usual, with a somewhat heavy hand, and the streets in the German quarter make as brave a show of black, white and red bunting as any German village on Sedan Day, while in the British quarter, where the Chinese appear to be relatively friendly and contented, not a single union jack is to be seen. That the people of Pekin are at least temporarily subdued, the clinging attitude which has replaced the sullen scowls or open insolence of former times conclusively shows. But the old spirit still lurks beneath the surface, and of late especially the belief has been reported to be rife among the populace that the heroes of the Boxer movement are not dead but only asleep, and will wake up again to smite the foreigners as soon as Born of sym the sap rises in the trees. If ever the present negotiations reach an end and the time arrives for evacuating Pekin, there will be withdrawal of the troops and the restora-tion of responsible Chinese authority. In has departed, probably forever; the havoc alone remains

Losses of Filipinos.

Number Captured or Surrendered is Put at Over 31 .-The War Department makes public sta-

period up to June 17th, 1901, the total number of Filipinos captured or surrendered was 21,497, together with 5,048 rifles, 56 field pieces, over 3,000 shells, 273,860 rounds of ammunition and 19 tons of pow-der. From January 1st to April 17th the number of captures includes 247 officers, 2,459 men; the number surrendered was 820 officers and 6,492 men, making a total of 1,067 officers 8,951 men, or a grand total up to that date of 31,415 Filipinos captur-To this is to be added 1,998 rifles captured and 4,300 surrendered, a total of 6, 298; 42,000 rounds of ammunition, 408

bolos and 246 pieces of cannon. The list shows surrenders and captures on nearly every day from January to the close of the report. The surrender of Lieutenant General Trias in Southern Luzon was of more importance than almost any other except Aguinaldo. General Tris has since been made governor of Cavita prov-

Signed By The Governor. Advance Sheets of the Law to Be Distributed.

HARRISBURG, June 21.-Governor Stone today approved the following bills:
Providing for the immediate printing and distribution of advance sheets of laws of this commonwealth as they are enacted from time to time. To prevent the importation and sale of

carcasses of lambs and sheep with the hoofs on. Relating to collection of city, school and poor taxes in cities of third class and providing that the city treasurers of such cities

shall be the collectors of these taxes.

To provide for the registration of labels, trademarks, trade names, stamps, designs, devices, shop marks, terms, brands, designations, descriptions or forms of advertise ment and protect and secure the rights, property and interest therein of the persons co-partnerships or corporations adopting and filing the same.

Even Ruts Have Their Uses.

Life's monotonies are a blessing, and not in disguise, for they contribute directly to longevity, health and happiness. The long lived man is not the adventurer, the explorer, the plunger, the man who has worries; but he who takes the world as he finds it and slips along through life with as little friction as possible, forms easy goforming. ing habits, sticks to them and cares not one straw for the opinions of men who say that he is in a rut. He is healthy, because he has peace of mind and regularity of life; he is happy, because he is healthy and in a good, smooth, comfortable rut, which he prefers to the macadam on the sides of the road. Goldsmith's pastor, who had spiritual charge of the deserted village, who never had changed or wished to change his place, is an excellent example of the man who makes the most possible out of the monotonies of life.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

At a Disadvantage.

Mrs. Bingo—You are perfectly welcome to another piece of cake, Willie, but I am afraid it will make you sick. Your mother told me particularly to give you but one

Willie Slimson-That's all very well,

Tod Sloan's Earnings.

At the Age of Twenty-Eight He is Making a Hundred

James Todhunter Sloan is taken, all in all, as the best jockey of the American turf of to-day. Notwithstanding his egotism, turfmen agree that he has done most to revolutionize the art of riding. Born at Kokomo, Ill., in August, 1873, and raised by foster parents, he began to earn his living by inflating balloons for a professional aeronaut. This business he followed until his brother put him in a racing stable at Pueblo, Col. He worked as a stable boy for three years, showing such natural tal-ent for riding that in 1889 he earned a mount on the New Orleans track. He finished third on a stubborn horse, which was regarded as a worthy effort, especially when the owner learned that Sloan had placated the brute by feeding him carrots before the race.

"Sloan gave evidence then of a trait that has well served him in his calling, namely, kindness to dumb animals and thorough appreciation of their nature. 'When Sloan enters a paddock down here,' a trainer at Sheepshead Bay told me, 'and speaks aloud, horses that he has once ridden recognize his voice and turn to look in his direction.'

"A good race horse,' says this learned youth, 'is the best judge of human character. He knows you better than you know

Sloan is five feet and three-quarters of an inch in height, has a chest measurement of thirty six inches and wears a seven and three-quarters hat. He is foud of fine clothes and big, fat cigars, makes as much as \$100,000 a year and spends money free-ly. While riding for August Belmont at Saratoga one season, he engaged a \$50 suite was comfortably situated there when Mr. Belmont himself arrived, accompanied by

"How much is this suite per day!" he asked the clerk, pointing to the diagram. "'Forty dollars, Sir,' "was the reply. "'Oh, too much ! too much !" exclaimthe multi-millionaire. 'Give me some-thing cheaper. How about that one?'

pointing to the adjoining apartments. " 'That's \$50," said the clerk, "but it's occupied. Looking over the register, Mr. Belmont saw that the occupants were James Todhunter Sloan and valet.' 'Well,' he decided, 'I guess I'll take

that \$40 suite." A Little Talk on Tact.

It is not always the best-looking woman, nor the one who has the greatest amount of brains, who is the most successful or popular. Tact, or the faculty of saying and doing the best possible thing at precisely the right time, is one of the most useful of qualities to a woman, and if she possesses it she is often able to make an impression where her more brilliant and more beauti-

Born of sympathy and quick perception of the feelings and wants of others, tact smoothes over many unpleasantnesses which arise, and enables one to turn around an awkward period of transition during the the corners of life without giving offense. The very word tact is derived from the Latin word "tactus," meaning touch; and the meantime, whatever of the glory and glamour of the East still clung to Pekin with the feelings of others. It is the perception which enables us to enter instinctively into their thoughts and their interests. In its truest and best sense, it is the outcome of a kind heart and a very generous consideration of others. Tactlessness frequently arises from want of thought. One must learn to forget one's self and to study the character of those around, always ready to do a kind act and exercising

a firm self-control. Now and then you meet people in this world who affect to dispise the aid of tact. They say it glosses over falsehood when it should be plainly revealed and encourages deception. They make it their duty, un-der the guise of plain speaking, to wound other's feelings, little thinking of the hurt and the harm they may be doing and forgetting that tact can be used in the telling of a disagreeable truth without the truth losing any of its force, whereas the expression of a truth in a tactless way generally defeats its own object.

Ice Caves.

One of them Near Flagstaff, Ariz., is Now Supplying Ice for Summer Use.

Several years ago a man who was wanlering over the lava fields in the pine woods, nine miles from Flagstaff, discovered a narrow slit in the lava which appeared to lead into a lateral and much larger opening. The slit was wide enough for a man to squeeze his way into it. At the bottom, about twenty feet from the surface a low chamber opened on one side, which was found to extend about 300 feet. At the further end the roof was high enough for a man to stand erect. It was in the month of August, a large bank of ice was heaped against the farther wall, but the rest of the cavern seemed to be dry.

In the following March the cave visited again and found to be as full of ice as it could hold. It is now a source of ice supply for the hot months of the summer. The ice melts away as the summer advances, but early in the season there is a large amount, most of which is now utiliz-ed. The ice is split into large pieces, haul-ed to the surface with block and tackle and carried away by the cartload.

In this hollow under the ground the cold air settles in the winter months, producing temperatures below the freezing point. There are times during the winter when a good deal of water runs into the cave. This is frozen solid and as water continues to flow in it is added to the frozen mass until the cave is completely filled with ice.

There are similar ice caves in various parts of the world. One of them is in Iowa. The "Ice Trade Journal" recently publish ed an account of deep crevices in the basalt near Ehrenbreitstein, Germany, where the air, even in midsummer, is below the freez-

ing point at night and ice is continually

A Horse Frightened to Death. Last Thursday Professor Milton Wright, of Cass township, drove to Mapleton to do some marketing. On his way home, after passing the Railroad school house above town, day express east came in sight. At this point the road parallels the railroad. The horses stopped suddenly, one of them commenced quivering at the sight of the passing train and dropped dead. It was a and water diet. Wardens will be appointed to over-see the labor of the tramps in and the only explanation to be made is that the horce was literally frightened to death .- Mapleton Items.

-A physician says-"Girls in feeble health should take a tramp through the woods or fields every day." But suppose a tramp should object to being takey through the woods or fields every day be girls in feeble health?—New Jersey Mirror. The blotches and pimples this site distributions and pimples this site distributions and pimples this site distributions. Then they was a will all eruptions, fever sores, ulcers, and felons from its use. In for cuts, corns, burns, scalds and pimples this site distributions.

Sunspots and Rainfall.

Sir Norman Lockyer, director of the Solar Physics observatory at South Kensington, and professor of astronomical physics in the Royal College of Science is the author of a suggestive article in the June number of the North American Review on "Sunspots and Rainfall." Sir Norman is one of the greatest living authorities on solor science, having devoted many years of his life to the successful study of that subject; and it occurred to him some time ago that there might be some connection between sunspots and the conditions of drouth which occurred from time to time in India, which occasioned the distressing and destructive famines there. Could such a connection be established, he reasoned, the famines could be anticipated, so that steps might be taken in advance to mitigate their effects. With this beneficent purpose Sir Norman and his son began a series of experiments which have gone far toward oving the correctness of his surmise, and which he describes and explains in his article in the June North American Review.
Similar theories as to the relation between sun spots and terrestrial phenomena have been entertained by scientists for many years. Sir Norman Lockyer says:

"It was in 1801, just a century ago, that Sir William Herschel attacked the question whether the price of wheat in England was it any way related to the appearance of many or few spots on the sun's surface. The inquiry then was a daring one; for, however perfect our national statistics may have been in relation to the price of wheat, there was nowhere kept a continuous record of the changes visible on the earth's surface, nor had there been any serious attempt made to determine the law underlying them. Still, what data there were enabled Herschel to arrive at the conclusion that the price of wheat was highest when there were fewest spots.'

Horsewhip for Bridegroom

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wood, who were married on Monday without the consent of Mrs. Wood's mother, Mrs. C. W. Bur-ton, called at the latter's home in Babylon, L. I., on Wednesday afternoon to seek her forgiveness. They were met at the door by Mis. Burton, who is also aunt of the

Mrs. Wood asked her mother for her belongings, whereupon Mrs. Burton flew into a passion, declaring that she had been treated shamefully, and would never have given her consent to the marriage. She then got a bucket of water and a horsewhip, dashed the water over her son-in-law, and then proceeded to horsewhip him. Mrs. Burton's husband, who is the bride's

stepfather, appeared and endeavored to pacify his wife, but he also was used rough-The bridegroom then started to run, and was followed by Mrs. Burton some distance Mrs. Wood's mother later sent word to

the bride that she could come and get her belongings, but she must not bring her husband with her.

ot More for the Money.

A gentleman living in a rural part of England sent his coachman to a neighboring village for 5 shillings' worth of penny After a time John returned from his

tramp of two miles. His face wore a self satisfied look when he came into his employer's presence. "Got the stamps, John?"
"Yes, sr," the man replied, handing over a bate of half-penny stamps.
"I said penny stamps, John, and you have got half-penny ones."

"Yes, sin" and the smile widened. "I sked for 5 shillings' worth of stamps, an the postmaster says, 'Half-penny or penny?'
'Do you sell half-penny stamps?' I asked.
'Yes,' said le. 'Well,' says I, 'if you can buy stamps for a half-penny, what's the use of payin a penny? An I bought the half-penny tamps, sir."—London Tele-

Interesing to Geologists.

A discovery of much interest to geologists has recently been made about the Yellowstone river. It seems to have been established beyond doubt that Yellowstone lake, now the head of the river, once flowed off southward into Snake river. At that time a comparatively small stream followed the course of the Yellowstone canyon, which had then nothing like its present great depth. The head of this stream gradually ate its way back until it cut the divide that inclosed the basin of the lake, and by thus diverting the waters of the latter formed the Yellowstone river.

The Other Talent.

A church society pear Boston gave an entertainment for the benefit of one of the numerous charities, and at the end of the evening one of the gentlemen in charge was paying several people for their services in connection with the affair.

Finally he approached the boy who had blown the organ and said, "Well, Willie,

how much do we owe you for your work this evening?" The boy looked at him in genuine surprise. "Why, Mr. W," said he, "don't the rest of the talent give their services?"

-In a town in Kansas there is a Sunday school superintendent whose temporal vocation is running a dry goods store. On a recent Sunday he carefully explained the lesson and then said: "Does any one wish to ask a question?" "I do, Mr. Barnes," said a little girl in great excitement; "how much is those little red parasols in your show window?"

An Inference.

"One thing I like about her is that she never gossips," said one woman.
"Nonsense!" said Miss Cayenne. "That
doesn't indicate amiability. It merely
shows that she has no friends who will intrust her with a secret." - Washington Star.

Most Likely.

Wife-I somehow just feel in my bones that we will go to Europe this summer. Husband—In which bone do you feel it most?

Wife-Well, I don't exactly know, but

-All tramps applying at the Lebanon county almshouse for food and lodging will be put to work in the stone quarries, on the county poor farm, and given a bread and water diet. Wardens will be appointthe quarries.

SHE DIDN'T WEAR A MASK .- But her beauty was completely hidden by sores, blotches and pimples till she used Buck-len's Arnica Salve. Then they vanished But suppose as will all eruptions, fever sores, boils, being takey ulcers, and felons from its use. Infallible for cuts, corns, burns, scalds and piles.