Bellefonte, Pa., August 9, 1901.

TO A LOST LOVE.

I cannot look upon thy grave, Though there the rose is sweet Better to hear the long wave wash

These wastes about my feet! Shall I take comfort? Dost thou live A spirit though afar, With a deep hush about thee, like

The stillness round a star? Oh! thou art cold! In that high sphere Thou art athing apart. Losing in saner happiness

This madness of the heart. And yet, at times, thou still shalt feel A passing breath, a pain; Disturbed, as though a door in Heaven

Had opened and closed again. . And thou shalt shiver, while the hymns, The solemn hymns, shall cease; A moment half remember me;

Then turn away to peace. But oh! forevermore thy look, Thy laugh, thy charm, thy tone. Thy sweet and wayward earthliness,

Dear, trivial things, are gone. Therefore I look not on thy grave, Though there the rose is sweet; But rather hear the loud wave wash, These wastes about my feet. -Stephen Phillips.

THE LADY BURGLAR.

It happened that the talk at the club had turned that night to the recent marvelous successes of the Lady Burglar. My neighbor, Mr. Ayres, who had been the latest and heaviest sufferer, was telling the various details, including the discovery of the two strange hair pins that had first suggested to Binks, the clever detective, that the daring house breaker was a woman. The novelty of this had given the case no end of notoriety, which somehow had not at all lessened my auxiety about the safety of my own things.

I remember that my head was quite full mother's home. of the matter as I unlocked my front door, and that was the reason I was just a bit taken aback when I found that there was no light in the hall. However, that had happened before when I came in late; and so I was hanging up my coat without troub-ling my head further about the matter, when suddenly I was thrown upon the alert by an unmistakable noise from the floor below. Standing stock still, with every nerve strained to the tension point, I heard the distinct sound of a light footstep passing over the kitchen floor. Quick as thought I took a loaded six shooter from the hat stand drawer, and felt my way soft-

the hat stand drawer, and felt my way sottly down the basement stairs.

In front the hall was quite dark, but
turning to the back, I saw a streak of yellow light falling through the half open door
of the kitchen. Tipping gently to this
door, my gaze at once swept the entire
room, and in spite of my own half formed
connectations I could hardly rectrain an exexpectations I could hardly restrain an ex-clamation of surprise. Full in the light of the low turned gas jet there was standing a pleasant featured young woman, respecta-bly dressed, who was just then in the act of lifting a china teacup to her lips. She wore a hat, large and rather ornate, but her wrap had been thrown aside, and was now resting on the wash tubs, half concealing a stout leather telescope bag, which I readily recognized as one of my own, in which the servants packed away at night the silver e. Her cool ness was really wonderful. I stepped quiet-ly into the kitchen and put my back against e door. "What are you doing here?" I asked very fiercely.

At the sound of my voice the Lady Burglar started violently, so that the cup fell from her hand and shattered into fragments on the slate hearth stone. But in a trice she had gotten herself in hand once more, and was turning toward me steadily with a smile on her agreeable face. "Goodness! you scared me!" she said, cooly. 'You see-the kettle was boilin' and I couldn't resist stoppin' for a sip o' tea. And now I've gone and wasted the whole cup." And she regarded the lost potable with rueful regret.

I wondered vaguely what her game was. "Oh, you did, did you?" I said, with bitter sarcasm. And then, nothing better happening to occur to me at the moment, I eneered again. "Oh, you just stopped for a sip of tea, did you?"

"I just love it," she murmured, conver-

sationally entirely missing the irony of my remark. "And this is English breakfast, my favorite." And saying this, she suddenly seized the broom. which was resting in plain view against the wall, and fell to sweening up the hits of broken teams. sweeping up the bits of broken teacup.

"Really you are most considerate," I began irritably, for it annoyed me beyond

words to see this common thief at work upon my kitchen floor; "but under the circumstances I-"

'Oh, that's all right," she interrupted, cheerfully. "I can't bear to leave a mess.
Of course," she continued, looking at me
mischievously out of the corner of her eye — "of course I wouldn't 'a' dropped it if you hadn't come in so unexpected, but—"
"You forget yourself," I rebuked her sharply; and then I added, still more sharp-

ly. "How did you get in here?"
"The basement door wasn't locked," she answered readily. "And so I got in easy enough. I hope I didn't make any noise comin' acrost the hall."

"Naturally," I rejoined, caustically, "I "Naturally," I rejoined, caustically, "I didn't suppose that your object was to kick up a rumpus and wake the whole house." And then, as I was absently wondering what I should do with the woman now that I had really got her, I saw her suddenly edge to the back door, and softly shoot back the lower bolt. "Don't do that," I said so menoinally that she straightened said so menacingly that she straightened

"I was only making sure if everything was shut up," she said, in a tone of wellfeigned remonstrance. I regarded her with a grim triumphant

up at once.

"You may rest easy, I assure you. Everything is. There is not the spook of a chance of your getting out of this room." She met this speech with a masterly change of tactics which I could not help but admire. "I don't want to get out," was her sprightly though somewhat mendacious reply. "I think I can trust myself with you

Now I am not a man to be hoodwinked by a smile or so and a brace of pretty speeches. So I looked at her out of a stern eye, and said: "Let me advise you—don't be too sure. Your confidence in me is touching, and it affects me deeply, but for all that I am and will continue to be a hard hearted man." And as though to give point to my words, it chanced that my eye fell just then upon the stout telescope

bag. "What have you got in that bag?" I ask- anything worth saying. I should have lik- ing Times.

ed in a terrible voice. 'The silver," she said indifferently, as

one would speak of an every day affair.

I slid the leather case toward mc over the tubs and slipped the catch. Yes, they were mine fast enough; every spoon and fork and knife and gimerack in the lot marked with my wife's initials. "Where did you get hold of this?" I demanded.

For some reason that I could not then understand she hesitated a moment. "Why I found it right there where you saw it," she answered at last. "You see, it was all fixed to take upstairs."

"You were going to take it were you?"
"Oh, yes," she answered, quickly.
"Trust me for not overlookin' a thing like

This direct confession of guilt was no doubt a point gained; but there was something that smote into my heart in the mat-ter-of-fact way in which she had made it. Couldn't I, perhaps say something that would make her a little ashamed? There was a newspaper on the tubs, and opening it out wide to protect my evening clothes, sat upon it. "Is there any more tea?" said, by way of opening the conversation.

She brought it to my perch on the tubs with a look of suppressed amusement. "I never thought to be takin' tea under such circumstances," she blurted out.

I stared down at her in amazement as I

drained off my cup. "How long have you been in this business?" I demanded.

"Oh, I don't know exactly. Three or four years maybe. I used to work in a "Why did you give that up?" I asked,

with pity in my eyes.
"Why, you see, I tried this now and then at odd times, and I liked it so much better. So I thought I'd go in for it regular."

"You like this very much, then?"
"Oh, I just love it," she answered, rap-"I dote on it. I'm improvin too. I want to get to be oner the best in the business."

Poor little girl! I put down my cup and slid from the tubs; and, in doing this, in some confounded way I brushed against the bagful of silver, which toppled over and fell to the floor with a terrible clatter. It was this great noise that was directly responsible for the long coolness between me and my, wife which she carried to such an extreme, and which, as all the world knows, was so near to driving her back to her

The Lady Burglar moved to pick the telescope up, but I checked her. "Never mind that," I said, impatiently. "Look at me. I want to say something to you. You understand that I cannot let you go, because I must consider my duty toward my neigh bors. I give my word, though, that I will use my influence to get you off with a light sentence, but with one condition. When you get out of prison, which I hope will be within three or four years, I want you to promise me that you will stop this sort of thing for good and all. What do you

what she did say was a trifle amazing, even from the Lady Burglar. "Prison!" she rejoined with capitally done surprise. "I am not going to prison!"

"Oh yes, you are," I answered, and despite my boasted hardness of heart, I was feeling tremendously sorry for her. But I merely added, "Get that idea firmly fixed in your head."

'But I haven't done anything to go to prison for," she responded, still keeping up her air of incredulity. "Besides"—this in a swift burst of confidence—"you wouldn't send me to prison if I had." And she looked up into my eyes with the most cajoling

smile in the world.

It was her best card that she was playing, you see, and I knew it very well—but—duce take it!—there was something about her as she said this that made my heart go out to her. I think too, that she expected it, which is something on my side, ugh of this I cannot of course be sure. But what would you? A man whose blood is warm within him cannot sit eternally like his grandsire cut in alabaster. Let me say simply that at that moment I interrupted the Lady Burglar with a slight and

easily executed manœuvre. I do not know just how I would have followed up such a very unusual departure. It was the first burglar I had ever kissed, and I am quite ignorant as to what is the usual thing among housebreakers at times like these. As it fell out, however, I had no occasion to puzzle my brains about the matter, for at that moment the door was sharply pushed open, and my wife clad in a light blue peignoir and carrying a candle which flickered over her pale face, stood suddenly before me.

You would fancy that her first thought would have been to find out who the strange woman was, and by what chance she was at that moment in our kitchen; but to my surprise she took not the slightest notice of her. Her sole feeling seemed to be one of the augriest indignation. "John!"

she exclaimed hoarsely, with blazing eyes, "what is the meaning of this scene?"

I dropped the burglarious hand which I had until that moment absent-mindedly retained. Her violence rather took me aback.

"If you refer to this last tableau," I remarked carelessly, "I assure you that it is wholly without significance. For the rest, the presence of this young woman, together with the proximity of that"—and I pointed to the bag on the floor—"should make the situation obvious to the most or-dinary intelligence." I said this in a way that made it sound rather well, and I fore saw that it would bring home to my wife pretty clearly that she was not taking the right attitude towards a husband who had just landed the pioneer crackswoman of the and. But in some way it failed of its prop-

ler effect.
"Come," she said with scorn, "those are fine words, but they do not relieve you from the necessity of an explanation."

I could not have believed that pique ove

a chance bit of alien osculation on my part could have so muddled my wife's wits. "Must I then tell you," I said coldly, with a sweep of the hand toward the young woman, who all the while was standing si lent at the far end of the table-"m then tell you in so many words that I have been so fortunate as to capture the Lady

"Burglar!" said my wife, in a choking voice that made me wheel sharply. "Burglar! Are you crazy? or am I?"

This was unendurable. "Since you put me to it," I replied, with chilling courtesy, "I must say that your last suggestion seem to furnish the best explanation of your co centric conduct. But you shall hear. Young woman," I said, facing her and speaking in a low, icy voice, "as you hope to receive mercy from me, I charge you now to tell this lady who you are." And the Lady Burglar, as before, was ready with an an-swer, though it was not to my wife that it came as information. "I am the cook," she said, briefly, and put her face into her

And there was a silence in the kitchen ghastly silence with the three dimensions, for I could not for the life of me think of

ed to remark, in an off hand way, that I had known it all along, but I was not quite sure of myself, and, besides, there was that in my wife's face as I looked at her out of the tail of my eye that made this quite out of the question. Characteristically, she thrust upon my shoulders the entire responsibility of the situation. Neither was there any help to be got from the young woman. She had turned her back, but from a slight twitching of the shoul-ders I gathered that something amused her. If there was to be any conversation, evidently the initiative was to come from me.

'If that pot isn't empty," I said at last, taking a step in her direction, "pour some tea for Mrs. Van Brunt, will you?"—By Henry Sydnor Harrison, in Harper's Maga-

Wonderfal Helen Keller.

The Blind and Deaf Girl Whose Teachers Believe She May Blossom Into an Author of the First Rank.

Helen Keller's teachers object to the use of the words "marvel" or "prodigy" with their disagreeable suggestions of unnaturalness in connection with her. She is not even a genius they maintain, but "simply a bright and lovely girl, unmarred by selfconsciousness or any taint of evil."

Yet popular opinions insist otherwise. Helen's story is well known. Though blind and deaf she has by use of the raised Braille type and the finger language adas high a rank of scholarship as of those in full possession of their faculties were unable to pass the Radcliffe College examination (identical with that of Harvard.)

A professor in one of the leading universities of the country once dryly remarked that "his experience as an educator has taught him the profoundest respect for the capacity of the human mind to resist the introduction of knowledge." Peo-ple know this is so, and this young girl's enthusiasm for books and studies under so great a handicap of affliction appeals to

And now comes a report from Radcliffe, the woman's annex to Harvard which she entered exactly two years ago, that in addition to her other gifts "there is probably bidden within her an author of the first rank." Helen's command of language has always astounded all who have been able to communicate with her by the "si-lent speech. Probably it is because she hears no slang, no slipshod expressions of the hurried world, conversing only with cultivated men and women and reading only the best literature. It was through books that she first touched with life and humanity. No candidate in either Harv-ard or Radcliffe was ever higher in En-glish than she. It would not be strange, therefore, if a few years more should see her name added to the increasing list of young women authors. Who knows that she may not write the next historical nov-

Helen's own story of how the light of the ontside world first flashed on her is interesting. Five letters made her a living being. She had been taken by her teacher to the pumphouse to feel the cool, refreshing stream as it spouted forth, and while she was enjoying the sensation the word "water" was spelled in her hand in the finger language they had been trying to teach her. "That word," says Helen, to teach her. "That word," says Helen. "started my soul. It revealed to me the idea that everything had a name. Until that day my mind had been like a darkened chamber."

Jamaica.

The Blue Mountains, says the Westmin- forth. caps lost in the clouds, shoulders mantled with forest trees of huge dimensions, while opinions. shrubs of Jamaican individuality skirt the feet. Pasture land is verdant with guinea grass, growing wild, and to the height of five or six feet, rich, sustaining food for the cattle. Oh, what a panorama of endless variety—an absence of dullness. As if to set off more impressively the fertility, the luxuriance, the abundance, one comes now and again upon a prairie with clumps of pampas grasses, and sparse growth of attained by the great mass of igneous underwood. This is no disappointment to matter after the mountain had vomited the visitor, but rather a relief to the tropical extravagnce. Plunge again into the rich glades of esotic vegetation, follow the streams dancing and glinting in the sun-light, and hiding away into deep ravines on through groves gorgeous with the golden fruit of the sun-and orchards of pineapples, avocado, pears, cinnamon apples, guavas and gardens of bananas and vines —past forests of cedars, of silk cotton trees ebony, rosewood, mahogany, melon trees, the beautiful palmetto, with its gray, shin-ing bark and dark glossy leaves. See the acres of feathery bamboo, plantations of white blossomed coffee plants, which if not pruned would tower fourteen or sixteen feet high, and hide from our view the fields of sugar cane, extensive tobacco planta-tions, gay with their rose-colored flowers; clumps of elegant palms, palms of every variety and form fan palms, screw palms, macaw, cocoanut palm palmetto royal, palma christi, whence comes castor oil, and many other varieties. If you are dizzy with so much wealth of vegetation turn for rest toward the sea, hide on the ragged rocks and peep down the deep, precipita-tions and narrow defiles; there are plenty of gloomy sunless caverns, where you may cool your eyes and see phantoms and ghosts. Whose bones are these lying in crevices and dark corners of the caves They tell me these are the bones of the poor aborigines who fled here from the tyranny of their Spanish oppressors. The Spanish ruled 160 years, and by that time had just about managed to exterminate the last of the Caribs.

Largest Chain Ever Made.

The Lebanon chain works have received a contract for what will be the largest chain ever attempted in this country, if not in the world. The chain consists of 660 fathoms of 3 3-16 inch diameter iron stud link cable the former being constructed in shots of 15 and 30 fathoms each, which are connected with 8 6-16 shackels and swivels. Each line of this chain will measure approximately $19\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length and about $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width, and will weigh about 100 pounds to the foot.
The cables are required by the Eastern
Shipbuilding Company, of New London,
Conn., for the two large steel steamers
which the company is building for the
Great Northern Steamship company and Great Northern Steamship company and Northern Pacific Railroad. These steamers will be the largest freight carrying steamers ever built, and are designed for the foreign trade.

Country Doctor (catechising)—"Now little boy, what must we all do in order to enter heaven?" Boy "Die." "Quite right; but what must we do before we die?" "Get ill and send for you."—Glasgow Eventure."

Inspected By an Inspector. Just the Man the Montana Postmaster Had Been Look-

Omaha was headquarters for this entire district a few years ago. The chief inspec-tor there was informed that a postmaster in Montana was not sending in reports of his office receipts, etc. Repeated letters and warnings had no effect; the postmaster

was silent. At length the indignant chief detailed Inspector Furay to proceed to Montana and investigate the strange silence. After a long and tedious ride by rail and stage, Furay arrived at the provoking postoffice. There were two dwellings in the town, and but two men. One of the small houses was stocked with a few dry goods, groceries and general merchandise. Furay entered and saw a lone, lank individual on top of a counter. Furay asked where the postoffice

"Right hyar," said the tall man, puffing

his cob pipe.
"Who is the postmaster?" asked Furay.
"I be," was the indifferent response. "Is there any mail here for me? My name

is Furay." "Luk yonder fer y'rself," responded the postmaster, with another puff at his pipe, and he pointed to a box at the other end of the counter. The inspector did so, and then asked if the postal business was always conducted in such a manner.

'Why, suttingly," said the lank smoker. The inspector then announced himself and proceeded in vigorous terms to state the law regarding the handling of mail, and the absurdity of allowing people to pick out their own letters.
"What you goin' to do about it?" que-

ried the postmaster, calmly.

"Could yer take this hyar office away from me immediately?" asked the postmaster in surprise.

"Of course I could," replied the inspector tartly. "If you had read the regula-tions you'd know that."

"Wal," said the postmaster, straightening up suddenly, and placing his hands on

postmaster, the inspector discontinued the office, which accommodated but eight people.—Denver Post.

New Eruption of the Volcano Expected to Tak

Vesuvius Getting Ready.

Professor Matteucci, the distinguished Italian scientist and careful student of Mt. Vesuvius' vagaries, predicts that a new eruption will take place in a short time, and from various indications he feels satisfied it will be no slight one. He has considered it well to utter a time-

y warning, as experience has shown that Vesuvius, when it vents its wrath unex-pectedly, does a great deal of damage to persons and property in the vicinity.

Professor Matteucci is an alarmist, but bases his predictions on the fact, which he has noticed, that various new fissures are now forming near the summit of the mountain, and this, in his opinion, is an unquestionable proof that masses of lava and other matters soon will be again belched

the recent eruption confirms him in his

Day after day he continued his investigations, often at the peril of his life, and as a result the account of his work, which he has just forwarded to the French Academy of Science, contains more facts about Vesuvius than were ever known before.

He noted the daily changes that took place in the crater during the eruption, and he even measured the height which was

The largest of these masses ascended to a height of 537 metres, and when it fell it occupied a space of 12 cubic metres, and was found to weigh 30,000 kilograms.

It traveled through the air at the rate of 80 metres a second, and it is estimated that a force equivalent to 600,000 horse power must have been required to send it on its skyward career.

This enormous mass fell dangerously near the professor. This was not the only occasion, however, on which he almost lost his life, and his friends are still wondering how he managed to escape the constant shower of the fier rocks that threatened him dur-

ing through so many perils unscathed, but also on the skill and forethought which have enabled him to ascertain the time ring. Bake 25 minutes. when the next eruption may be expected.

Not the Girl for Him.

The father was quite anxious for his son to marry, and on every occasion he was picking out what he thought was a suitable girl. One night at a dinner the old gentleman sat next to a very attractive young woman, and on his way home he was loud in her praises. "My boy,' he said" "she's the very girl

for you. "Not much," replied the boy, with pe-

"But I say she is," persisted papa.
"And I say not," insisted the son."
The father became testy on the sub-"You're hard to please. You don't ex-

pect a woman to be perfect, do you?" "Then why isn't this one just the girl for you?"
"Because," replied the young man, with

an effort, "she's for some other fellow. She told me so last night .- Telegraph .

Respited Until Father Comes. Condemned Man Awaits Blessing of Parent Crossing

Because a gray haired father is on his way to this country to give his son his dy-ing blessing, Governor Stone on Wednes-day granted a respite to Vassel Nicholaw, alias Vaso Lekic, who killed one of his felow workmen in Westmoreland county. Nicholaw was to have been hanged August 8, and the respite postpones the date to September 26. The governor's action was taken at the request of the Russian charge d'affairs in Washington.

- Subcribe for the WATCHMAN.

Chinese Wives on a Picnic.

Outing for Them. Unveiled Arranged by the Sunshine

Probably never before have so many Chinese women, unveiled and unattended by their husbands, been on view in New York as were seen Friday on the Staten Island ferryboat Robert W. Garrett, making their way to St. George, S. I., and then by rail to Westerly, six miles inland, where a shady grove and tempting sweetmeats awaited them. The International Sunshine Society, which has 100,000 members throughout the world, and the iniatiation dues to which consist only of good deeds and a little kindness here and there, had particularly interested itself in the condition of the pagan wives of many of the Christian Chinese merchants there

That morning about twenty five of these little mothers, accompanied by full forty of their children, and led by some of the Sunshine officers, left Chinatown, and were taken down the bay to Westerly. The Staten Island ferry house was their rendez-vous, and they made it ring, indeed, with chatter. The only man in the party was the Rev. Houi Kin, a Christian convert and Presbyterian minister, who is known in Chinatown as the "worldly man," and is consulted more by his countrymen and

country women than any other Christian.

Houi Kin was there by virtue of his being a Christian and no longer one of them. This, strange to say, made it allowable for these Chinese women to appear in his presence unveiled. Ordinarily, they are never looked upon by any Chinese except their husbands under the Confucian code of conduct, it being considered highly improper, if not immoral, for a woman to re-veal her features to any except her liege The inspector stated sharply that if necessary he could revoke the postmaster's commission at ouce, etc.

and master. So when they go out in Chinatown, which is seldom, it is at night and closely veiled. For this outing the men-folk were not asked nor wanted by the Sunshine women, who managed the affair, Chinese tradition, making it improper for both sexes to mix. These Chi-

nese wives were in their gayest colored silk tunics, their faces bright and happy. There was regret that Swaying Lily was not there. This was the name given to the his hip pockets in a suggestive way—"wal, only Chinese woman in New York with I'll jes' give you ten minutes to take it away then. Yer the feller I've been awaitnot walk upon them, and is able to move in' fer six years. Now, I kin git rid of this only with the aid of two women attend hyar durned postoffice, an' I'll do it. Take it away, Mr. Inspector, if ye value health outing she thought a picnic no place for an' happiness. After six years I'll git shut of this offis. Hoo-ray! Now be quick!" no place for one with feet too small for Arguments were futile. Furay took it swimming. So she stayed at home with a away, and, as the only other man in the countrywoman who has not been out in town profanely declined the honor of being the daytime for thirty years, lest a man the daytime for thirty years, lest a man should see her face.
"What would these pretty Easterners

do should a Chinese man appear and put them to confusion?" "Oh, they would quickly pull veils from the little bags most of them carry, place them over their faces, and become silent

and demure," was the answer.
"Well, what about the men standing about here on the boat?" "Oh, they are not men in their eyesjust 'Christian dogs,'' said a woman who was holding a little Chinese baby while its mother went to the bow of the boat to look

How to Use Sour Milk.

There is usually a superabundance of sour milk at this season of the year, and it is well to be provided with a variety of receipts in which it may be used. The following receipts have all been tried and have proved satisfactory, and the result has been a decided addition to the table with very little expense.

BREAD CAKES. Take one pint of bread and soak it in our milk until soft. Rub through a colander, add a little more sour milk. To one quart of this, add two eggs well-beaten, a little salt, three quarters of a tea-spoonful of saleratus, and flour enough to made a batter a little thicker than for the ordinary pancakes. Bake on a hot grid-

GRAHAM GEMS.

One pint of sour milk, with one even easpoonful of saleratus, stirred into it, one tablespoonful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter and about one quart of graham flour or enough to make a thick batter.

CORN GEMS.

One egg, two cups of sour milk, one and one half cups of Indian meal, one and a half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of lard and butter mixed, one teaspoonful of soda and a little salt. Bake in hot gem pans or in a loaf. In the latter case omit one tablespoonful of the shortening.

SPIDER CAKE.

Mix together one third of a cup of flour of the fier rocks that threatened him during the entire eruption.

At one time it was rumored that he had been killed, but happily this proved to be false, and now many are congratulating him, not only on his good fortune in passing the desired part of the size of an another with butter half the size of an another with size of an an

GINGER BREAD.

Half a cup of butter and one cup of lard creamed together with two cups of brown sugar. Add two cups of New Orleans molasses, one cup of sour milk, with one even teaspoonful of saleratus stirred into it until it froths, the yolks of four eggs, two tablespoonsful of ginger, half saltspoonful of alspice, cloves, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, six cups of flour and the well-beaten whites of four eggs. Bake in the whites of four eggs. Bake in two large

To Exorcise Ants.

insect Powder and Bisulphide of Carbon Efficacious For the several species of ants that frequent pantries and other places in the house nothing is more effective than pyre-thrum, known also as buhach and insect powder. As the killing property of this material is a volatile oil the supply should be kept in an air-tight box and frequently dusted along the runaways and in places frequented by these insects. For colonies of ants in lawns and sidewalks get a small quantity of bisulphide of carbon a very volatile, foul-smelling liquid as clear as water, with fumes heavier than air, and pour into the runaways. If the entrance into the nest is large, says Good Housekeeping, saturate a small piece of cotton and thrust it into the hole and close the open-ing. Have no lights of any kind, not even a cigar or pipe around, when using the bi-sulphide of carbon, as its fumes are explosive. The fumes are deadly poison to animal life, but a reasonable amount can be inhaled without injury to persons.

-"What's the difference between a widow and a grass widow anyhow?
"Well, a widow is a woman who has buried her husband; a grass widow is one who has simply mislaid him." The Battleship Maine.

She Was Launched on Saturday—Bigger, Stronger, Faster than Her Namesake She is Expected by the

The battleship Maine, designed to be igger, stronger and faster than her namesake, whose shapeless mass still lies in the harbor of Havana, was launched in Phila-delphia Saturday from the yards of the William Cramp Ship company. The war-ship's initial dip into the waters of the Delaware river was a success in every way. One of the largest crowds that have ever seen a warship leave the ways at Cramp's yards was on hand, and much patriotism was displayed as the ship left her cradle. Residents of Kensington, the industrial section, where the ship yard is located, took a holiday and attended the launch. Thousands of persons from other parts of the city were on hand, and as the yard was thrown open to the public every vantage point swarmed with spectators. The weather was beautiful. There was just enough breeze from the river to temper the warm rays of the sun. Although the number of distinguished guests was not so large as usual, there was a good attendance of naval and civilian officials.

President McKinley, Secretary of the Navy Long, Admiral Dewey, Captain Sigsby and many others who received invitations were unable to attend. It was the intention to have some of the survivors of the Maine witness the launch but none were

present.

The honor of naming the ship was given to Miss Mary Preble Anderson, of Portland, Me., a descendant of the Preble family that has added fame to the naval honors of the country. Next to the ship itself Miss Anderson was the centre of interest. At 10.25 a. m. Miss Anderson stepped upon the stand that has been erected at the bow of the hull. She was escorted by Henry W. Cramp, and was accompanied by Governor Hill, his staff, her parents, and several other members of the family. Before she arrived the knocking away of the blocks from under the great mass of steel had begun, and all was ready when the tide slackened. Then the shoe piece, the last timber that held the ship, was sawed in twain, and the vessel began to move. Before she had receded a step Miss Anderson, true to custom, struck the bow of the Maine a blow with a bottle of cham-

pagne and formally named her.

As the vessel slid off the ways a great shout went up and every steam craft in the vicinity began the tooting of whistles. The Maine, after she reached mid-stream, was taken in tow by several tugs and brought to the shore. After the launch an informal luncheon was served in the

mold loft of the ship yard.

The Maine, which is a sister ship of the Ohio, will be one of the most powerful battleships afloat. Her dimensions are as follows: Length between perpendicular 388 feet; length over all, 393 feet 10½ inches; extreme breadth, 72 feet; mean draught, 12,300 tons, estimated displacement at full load draught, 13,500 tons. As to type, the new vessel is to be an improved Alabama, two knots, faster than that battleship equipped with a more powerful armament and hedged about with a greater area of armour protection. In the contract it is stipulated that she must on her at the big ships anchored near Tompkinsofficial trial maintain a speed of eighteen

knots for four consecutive hours. Her armament will be of the greatest power, consisting of four twelve-inch breech-loading rifles, sixteen six-inch rapid fire guns, mounted in broadside, besides many other guns of small calibre. Two torpedo tubes are placed below the water line. Krupp armor from eleven to seven inches thick will protect the ship from the

heaviest guns. The engines are of the twin-screw, tripleexpansion inverted vertical ty twenty-four Niclausse boilers, which are nearly completed, are expected to give 19,-000 horse power. The vessel will have a bunker capacity of 2,000 tons. This, at an eight knot speed, will give her a steaming radius of 8,350 knots—almost sufficient for two round trips from New York to

Liverpool. Congress authorized the construction of the Maine on May 4th, 1898, and the contract was signed October 1st of the same year. Thirty months were given for the construction of the ship, but delay caused by the controversy over the question of armor plate, however, made it impossible to carry out this condition. The keel was laid on February 15th, 1899, the anniversary of the destruction of the first battle-ship Maine in Havana harbor. She is about 56 per cent completed, and it is expected will be ready for delivery in about

eighteen months or two years. Bride Danced to Death.

Dies in the Arms of Her Husband After Dancing With All Comers According to Hungarian Custom

The young bride of John Brosewiz danced herself to death at McKeysport last week. The wedding celebration was brought to a sudden end, and Friday the bride of less than 48 hours was buried in her wedding dress in St. Joseph's ceme-tery. The physicians say her death was due to exhaustion and heart failure.

John Brozewiz had a sweetheart in Hungary, and when he had saved enough money he sent for her. She arrived Saturday ey he sent for her. She arrived Saturday and the couple were married at once. The usual celebration was started Sunday and continued till the bride dropped dead while dancing with her husband.

The young Lusband seems on the verge of mental collapse. He was found clinging to the dead body of his girl wife at their home on Founth street and was almost

home on Fourth street, and was almost crazed with grief. The girl was pretty, and it is said she did not refuse any who

asked her for a dance. In keeping with the customs among Hungarians, each man who danced with the bride was in duty bound to deposit a silver quarter on a plate placed in the middle of the floor. At the close of the cele-bration it was found that the plate con-tained 205 silver quarters, which is the reason given that the young bride danced from the gayety of the wedding celebration to the mysterious gloom of eternity.

-Mrs. Mary Austin Carroll, of Boston whose father, Arthur W. Austin, was a well known lawyer and who died on July 26, 1884, and left the income of the estate, valued at about \$400,000, to her for life, and then to the University of Virginia, has arranged that the income of the entire estate, less \$5000 reserved for herself, shall be transferred to the University of Virginia

after April 1st, 1902. Rough Diamonds.

In early times the diamond was worn rough or polished only on its upper surface. It was in this form that it was used to decorate temples, goblets and crowns. Such stones are still infinitely preferred to any others by the natives of India.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to wreck the Baltimore and Ohio express train from Chicago to Baltimore near Watertown, Ind., last Friday night.