

Bellefonte, Pa., November 29, 1901.

## THE OLD REFRAIN.

Oh you may have your table-dote, with all its terry-pins, An' turtle soups, an' fishes briled, or baked with tails an' fins,

An all its ducks with canvas backs, an' frozen lemmernade,

Ef you'll jest fetch me some o' them boss pies that mother made!

An' you kin have them kaffy-teers, with isters in the cans, The way they come all lickered up, from the

Creator's han's! Er frickerseed, er parley-vooed, in eny size

I'd like a corner on them pies, the pies that mother made!

I do not keer fur swallerin' French with vittles eny-how,

An' puddin' deep-lo-matteek, ain't no better 'pud" I vow, Then one that's made o' bread-crum's (one o

the highest grade). But shucks, it doesn't shake a stick at pies that mother made!

So keep your flummididdles, marryin'-glasses an' sooflays.

Yer bowls to wet yer fingers, for the folks thet has the craze,

To be eatin' what ain't vittles, (ef they kin an' aint afraid). But I'd like a quarter section o' the pies that

-Lillian W. Rountree, in "What to Eat."

## A DULL FELLOW.

I am a dull fellow, and you are all very kind to take the trouble to explain things, he said when the point of a story had been defined for him, and the smile which accompanied this admission was so good humored that only one of his hearers suspected the pain it concealed.

'You should laugh when the rest of us laugh, Mr. Britton. That is the simple recipe with which many of us concoct a reputation for quick wits," Gertrude Grant declared, looking up at the man sitting on the veranda railing beside her chair—the man who had been born to greater wealth, nearly thirty years since, than most millionaires acquire in twice that period of laborious achievement-the man for whose complete subjugation her grandmother had brought her to this Maine coast paradise, and whose unexpected echo of the verdict usually pronounced upon him awoke a pang of pity in a heart accustomed to con-

sider itself inaccessible to the soft emotions.

"But then I should sometimes miss what you really mean, and I wish to understand my friends," he said in a low tone as a general laugh followed her advice.

'According to their explanation of them selves, instead of your own guessing?" she smiled. Isn't that very much like throwing away a sword, which is your only weapon, though perhaps not a keen one, and marching through a strange country, trusting its inhabitants neither to rob nor murder vou ?"

The blue eyes, which regarded her stead

ily, were distinctly puzzled.
"I was speaking of my friends;" he said slowly. "They would not be my friends if I did not trust them." He paused and added gravely: "Of course, I have been taken in no end of times, and shall be again to the end of my chapter, but, so far, I can blame only my own dullness toward obvious fraud, not any treachery from those in whom I put special confidence."

What is this about confidence? Or and I indiscreet to ask?" a pleasant voice demanded as a young man appeared beside Nicoll Britton.

Gertrude was aware that she liked the glance Britton turned to the newcomer, though she did not approve its recipient. "I was saying that my confidence has never been betrayed, except in cases where it was hastily given," he said. "You

usually wise enough to follow your coun-Otho laughed. "Miss Grant's eyes assert

that she is not wont to consider me a Mentor. How do you consider me, by the way ?" he added audaciously. As an obstacle between me and the

moon at present," she answered serenely. "Mr. Britton's shoulders left me a glimpse of her, but you have obscured her utterly. Otho laughed again, and came nearer while Nicoll arose. "There is the first of the waltzes my

aunt promised us, and which I must dance with Miss Wynne," the latter exclaimed as three or four people deserted the veranda for the drawing rooms. "Is there any use in asking you for the next, Miss Grant?"
"Not a bit! I did not come to Maine for

waltzes after a winter of cotillons and dancing classes," she declared. "But you will find me in this corner if you return within

"I will surely return," he asseverated. and her gaze followed his tall, strong figure as he disappeared through a long window.
"I like our host," she said, bringing back her eyes to Otho, who regarded her somewhat cynically.

"He is popular-for reasons," he mur-

That is not well spoken by his chiefest friend," she commented coldly. "It suggests curiosity as to the reasons, which are possibly in proportion to the extent of the iotimacy.

We have been chums since we were small boys at school," he said with asperity, "and if his muscles saved me many a licking, my brains 'did many a task for him." You who dislike tasks?

"I work harder for him than ever I have worked for myself," he protested. One requires sharp wits in constant practice to teer a gullible millionaire, with an appetite for pictures and curios. among the big dealers in Paris and London-and you may have heard what the art critics in New York said of the collection he has just bestowed upon the Metropolitan Museum?" She nodded, looking at him with inter-

"I take credit for the value of that col-

lection, as without me Nicoll would have been swindled in the purchase. "I must tell my grandmother," she laughed. "She has been confident that

popular rumor underrates Mr. Britton's shrewdness, since Levi in London assured her, as an old customer by whom he prefers not to be considered an extortioner, that he had received only half the sum for the Raphael which the New York papers

"Levi is a professional liar!" Otho exclaimed augrily. For once the newspapers told a straight story, and you may so re-port to Mrs. Grant."

"Suppose you report to her yourself. pity! She savs that you are as charming as 'detri-

qualities belonging to that type, except empty pockets—and they are filling!"

Are they?" she smiled "Here come pockets which are full but emptying. Dear me! Mr. Britton, there was no need for in this corner an hour !"

At the gates of this particular Maine paradise there is a tidal river which rushes between willow-shaded banks for a course of some eight miles, and divides the devotion to old ocean which is the chief attrac-

Nor indeed can anything more beautiful be conceived than the row up through crimson-tinted waters toward the sunset, unless it be the row down again, with the moonlight casting silver eclipse over the vanished gorgeousness of color.

When this double delight, however, must be won by battle with the tide, either going or coming, an indelent or weary holi-day-maker postpones it. But Nicoll Britton was neither indolent nor weary. His great physical strength rejoiced in exertion, and the fact that he thus got a monopoly of Miss Grant's society, during an hour when some instinct taught him that she was more soft of mood than her wont, and he himself at his modest best, rendered blissful to him a canoe expedition together on the following evening.

They had floated on the incoming tide beyond the third bridge before she commanded their return, in that dim interval between sunset and moonrise. He obeyed without demur, though the dimness did not hide from her the regret which crossed his face. She divined that obedience without demur, in the fulfillment of any bond to which he had agreed, would be natural to this silent young man, who had pledged obedience to her ever whim when they set

"Go slowly, Mr. Britton," she said graciously. "I fancy that, if we should be belated, those arms of yours would easily

master the tide. "We have matched each other often, to my advantage," he laughed. "But there is little need for special strength any longer." he added wistfully, after an instant. "During the Middle Ages a knight or a little need for special strength any longer." if you demand it?" man-at-arms could acquire, by physical force, the distinction which nowadays, even in the army, is achieved by brains—"
"Yet a name was mentioned in dis-

patches after San Juan whose owner calls himself a dull fellow," she interrupted. "None the less dull because he was fortunate enough to have the chance of helping his wounded captain thrust into his hands!" he exclaimed, while his happy eyes looked their fill on the sweetness of

her smile. "Is it dull, too, to choose pictures, and bestow them, as you do!"

"I like pictures, though the best of them does not mean so much to me as this river to-night," he auswered; "but Otho chooses

"I am going to ask you a most intrusive question—a question on the reply to which I have a wager," she said. "Did you really pay that awful amount of money for the Raphael which the newspapers announced?' not so mu.
"I really did," he admitted apologetical- as of—"

'It seems a sum which would be better spent on more practical necessities than a museum, but Otho was eloquent about the uplifting of the art-sense of our country, and he assures me that I did not pay a penny beyond the Raphael's value." "He attends to such purchases for you?"

"He is good enough to play 'go-between,' o that I may not be unmercifully robbed.' Gertrude made a sudden movement-almost as though she would touch the brown hands clasped upon his paddle. His start. half ineredulous, half eager, was more violent than her movement. Their frail craft | hoofs. swayed, dipped, and, with a storm of over.

ossessed abundant courage, realized at once | a pipe. that she was a mere feather in the mighty tide which bore her whither it would. Then an arm, stronger than the tide, upheld her, and a voice cried close above her head : "Don't struggle! You shall be on the

bank in a moment." Nobody thinks quite clearly in an instant should endorse me cordially, Otho, as I am in the midst of that rushing river, she wondered at the absolute content of her were cheated about that, Raphael." self-surrender to Nicoll's knowledge, as utterly as to his strength.

When they presently scrambled up a gravelly little beach they sat wordless and dripping side by side, during a space when breath seemed a more difficult matter than when the tide water had raced past their

He was on his feet again quickly, however, looking a young giant in the moon light his drenched flaunels clinging to him. "Can you walk or shall I carry you?" panted. "You must get dry at once and there is the brick-kiln close by with a fire all night."

"I can run almost as well as you can 'she began gayly, but, as his fingers again as you spoke just now.''
hers to help her rise, voice and eyes "Dear boy!" Otho smiled. "Your answim." clasped hers to help her rise, voice and eyes grew sweet. "The Middle Ages may bave possessed nobler uses for the strength you despise than the saving of a girl who has upset your canoe, but you must not expect ber to think so !!

A shining fair head was bent suddenly quivering lips touched her hands. "Any man who could swim would have got you out," he muttered. "Only you could make it worth-all the years of my life to

"Don't !" she cried sharply, and withdrew her hands. A slow fellow may stride too rapidly, it appeared, along a road where his guide was not quite certain of the way! "Shall we race?" she added "The brick-kiln fire is a capital idea, for I am shivering."

Neither had breath to spare on further words as they sped across fields to the. curve in the river which the brick-kiln defaces. When they reached it Nicoll brokenly narrated their accident and their needs to a stolid watchman, who, when the disjointed story was concluded, led them to a bench beside the fires and produced a blanket for Gertrude's wrapping, and a coat of curious cut that spoiled Nicoll's picturesqueness. Luckily, too, the kiln possessed a telephone, and Nicoll was able to inform Mrs. Grant of her granddaughter's safety, and to order his beach-wagon sent over for their return. Then, while they waited, a silence fell upon them, which she explained, without contradiction from him, to be due to sleepiness. She smiled as she mentally depicted the different use which most men of her acquaintance would have made of the role that kindly fate had bestowed upon him, and for which after the first moment he seemed to have lost inclination. He looked pale, despite the ruddy glow cast on him from the ovens, as he sat with folded arms in his corner of the bench. Perhaps he was sleep really? She remembered the sound of his voice as his lips touched her fingers, and repented the jibe, with a rush of feeling she called-

They could not, however, sit there dumbly until the wagon came for them, with the "A 'detrimental?" Othorepeated. 'Even scrutiny of their equally dumb host keep-

good turn; he deserved something in kind from her, and surely, to reveal the surrounding of upsuspected treachery must be a good turn from keen wits to dull? Her such hurry when I told you I should stay dislike of Otho Villars, founded in her perception that he opposed Nicoll's admira-tion for her, had become distrust of his honor and honesty since her grandmother had repeated Levi's tale, and every new detail of the cousin's positions in that busi-

ness ripened her distrust.
She moved restlessly.
"Are you chilly?" he asked at once. "Am I a Salamander? "Let us turn our other cheeks to the fire, as though we our other cheeks to the fire, as though we oll said smiling. "Otho intends to bring were apples roasting on a string, and I will it himself in his dress-suit case." She was startled. Someboo tell you what I was about to say when I

upset the canoe." His eyes adored her mutely despite the disheveled locks and mantle of scarlet blanket! Certainly his way of sitting quite still and speechless, when other men would have fidgeted and babbled, gave him

individuality. "I asked you whether you really paid that enormous sum for the Raphael, because old Levi assured my grandmotiser that he had received only half the amount."

'He lied," Nicoll answered smiling. Otho says that something in the combination of the Jewish instincts with the bric-a-brac trade produces the most brazen liars on record."

"Mr. Villars has a pretty wit," she said impatiently; "but Levi is too clever for easily detected lies, and he told my grandmother without restriction as to repeating his statement."

"Nevertheless I paid the sum the newspapers mentioned." "By check ?"

He frowned with a puzzled glance "By check, of course, but, not for the ex act amount of the picture's cost, or made out to Levi," he answered slowly. "It covered several purchases Otho chose for me in London, and was paid to his account

The sudden color in Nicoll's countenance was redder than any reflected glow could bring.

"I am sure that you would not suggest that I should ask my cousin for proof of his fair dealing," he said gravely. "He might think that I suspected him of hypothecating many thousand dollars-

"I hear wheels!" she interrupted, rising abruptly.

The explanation concerning the check had satisfied her last doubt of Levi's story. Yet she hesitated to go farther, because of a new perception that to destroy his trust in the friend of his past would be crueler to Nicoll than to conceal the treachery, and permit that false friend to swindle his fu-

"It is awfully good of you to care whether I have been cheated !" he exclaimed hurriedly. "Otho says I need a special Providence to look after me! But this is not so much a question of Levi's honesty

He broke off as Otho, debonair and confident, and followed by Mrs. Grant's maid, appeared in the shed doorway with an armful of wraps.

The newcomer was at the cost of the conversation during the homeward drive, but it was at a cost never difficult for him to defray. Nor was it until Nicoll reclothed, entered the smoking-room at the cottage, where only himself remained, that he that he should find showed any consciousness that he had been delivered of half an hour's monologue, to

"What happened to you and Miss

'A good deal of talk." "Obviously. You neither of you had an idea left by the time I—"

"Yet some of the talk concerned you," Nicoll interrupted, turning his eyes from his pipe to his cousin with the look of blended affection and puzzlement with which Otho had been familiar since their round-jacket days. "I'm afraid you and I "Has Miss Grant been repeating to you

Levi's attempt to square his case with that astute old lady, her grandmother?" Otho laughed. "She had already spoken of it to you?" "Of course, and to many mutual friends! Her thoughts are too constantly busy with

the condition of your exchequer not to find this tale of absorbing interest.' There was no dullness in the flame with which Nicoll's eyes blazed, only as blue

"It is my purpose to ask Miss Grant to be my wife," he said very low. "What-ever her answer may be, you must understand that I will not hear her spoken of

nouncement has no more surprise for me than Miss Grant's reply will possess." "You think there is no hope for me?

am not a likable fellow, I know-"You are most likable to me, and to those who find you out, you dumb spirit!" Otho cried warmly. "And Miss Graut's acceptance will be partly for that worth, and partly for another, which no girl, brought up to make a wealthy marriage,

can possibly disparage."

Nicoll stretched his strong young arms above his head with a gesture of tragic force.

- money !" he muttered. "I wish I had been born to stone-breaking. "Then you would have missed more pleasure than pain—including the acquaintance of Miss Grant!"

open window, and gazed out at the moonlit ocean. "We have got a long way from Levi and his lies," Otho said presently, while his arm went about the other's broad shoul-"Shall I silence them by producing my canceled check? It must be among

Nicoll leaned against the frame of an

last winter's belongings in town." "I have not deserved this question from "Nicoll said gravely, holding out his hand. "but if my mention of Levi's farrago has hurt your feelings, I beg your par-

Their aquatic adventure did not absorb comment at breakfast next morning, as Gertrude feared it would. It was divided in interest by an errand upon which Otho intended going, and which had humorous aspects as related by him.

The cottage which hospitably sheltered them every one knew to be rented by Nicoll. They knew also that he was in treaty for the site upon the "cliff-walk" made the fashionable end of the village, and which was defaced by the shabby homestead of the local miser, a worthy famed for his ignorance and eccentricity These attributes manifested themselves among other ways, in a distrust of bank accounts and cheek books, which according to popular rumor, had induced him to "A 'detrimental?" Otho repeated. 'Even your grandmother cannot accuse me of any structure gossip tions of his farm. These proceeds had allbeen ity. But when her pretty hair was braid-

thousand dollars in gold, insisted upon for the impending sale, that Otho's journey

was necessary. This announcement was followed by a

back his treasure in a potato sack?" some one demanded. "I hope you do not mean to keep the money in the house over night, Nicoll?"

his aunt asked anxiously. "There were burglars at the Stuarts' last summer!" a girl exclaimed. "Nobody will suspect our wealth," Nic-

"Of course, some rumor from the bank might reach the roughs who always infest stillness of the house was unbroken by the such a railway centre as the town," Otho conceded. "But Nick and I take turns in watching to-night, and tomorrow the pay-

ment will be made."
"Why not to-night, Mr. Britton?" Gertrude asked:

"Newton is barvesting!" Nicoll laugh-"It will take him until dark to get in his hay, and he refuses either to delay his work, or to count the gold except by day-

light." Whereupon on Mrs. Britton's suggestion, every one agreed to keep silence until to-morrow, lest the servants, overhearing, might spread the story in the village, with disastrous results. Then they separated for the wonted variety of morning engagements at the seaside. Gertrude waited, upon one excuse an another, until all had departed, because she wished to avoid Nicoll so long as she had not discovered the answers to certain questions as to which a wakeful night had brought no counsel. With a novel and a golf cloak she made her way to a bit of shingle, sheltered from possible observers at the cottage by lofty

rocks, and there began her selfconfession. She had been accustomed to the opinion that she was a young woman of purposes as well defined as her principles, not given to the inspection of a desired object from conflicting points of view-but to-day she wa-

vered in that opinion.

She had come to this pretty place prepared to accept Nicoll Britton' if he asked her-an 'if' inserted merely for euphony, though she had only known him a few weeks. She intended to make him an excellent wife to watch over his lack of astuteness, and to see that his dignity was maintained by the respect which his character, if not his intelligence, deserved. But since last night misgivings assailed

Would this decorous loyalty from his wife entirely satisfy him? Sincere, unsuspicious as he was, would not her acceptance include to him such love as he offer care for him now !" ed? When he found such love lacking from her bond, would he not feel that generous faith of his defrauded? Would he not suffer far more cruelly than if she had forced upon him the knowledge of Otho Villars' dishonor?-a task from whose

hind her. "May I sit here with you for a little ?"

It must be, then she told herself, with an odd pang at her heart, while her decision came to her. Better hurt him sharply now than crush the faith out of him month by month, year by year, in the long future he might live with a wife who

Silently she drew away her white skirt that he should find place beside her. She fancied he was likely to encounter sentimental dangers as unhesitatingly as he had rushed up San Juan Hill--nor did she

misjudge him. Gertunde, who could swim a little and he asked, staring at Nicoll, who was filling thought its steadiness would carry him cossessed abundant courage, realized at once a pipe. was low she as he went on; "but somehow I believe you understand me pretty well without words. It should not be difficult, for I am not subtle, yet I like to feel that you uttered, the tone which brings more con-

"I am a slow fellow, but this has come to me quickly-I have known you so brief yet I seem to have loved you so long-I am not worthy of you in any way,

but I love you-I love you!" During another moment she did not speak—yet he added nothing more.

Somewhere in her consciousness was smile-or perhaps a sob?-that this millionaire should be so unsuspicious of the motives for which she had intended to marry him; that his plea was only "love"as though they were dwellers in Arcadia! But his folly had so far infected her that she resolved to answer him after his own fashiou-divining that she should hurt him less if she left his ideal of her undimmed by hint of the mercenary intentions which this new reverence for him had abandoned.

She rose, he rising, also, wordless and without effort to detain her. "I am glad, and I am sorry, I am proud

and I am ashamed, that you should say this to me," she said softly. "I am glad and proud that a man whom I respect so parting for Italy and the study of art. highly should care so much for me; I am sorry and ashamed that there is not love enough in me to give you what you deserve. He neither spoke nor lingered as she

stepped back to the path, and they walked up the steep little lawn mutely to the veranda. There he held out his hand "This is 'good by' to more than I shall ever hope again," he murmured." Though of course, I shall see you often, and love

you always. With this he went away. Gertrude did not appear at luncheon, and her grandmother's maid brought a cup of tea to a very real headache at five o'clock. But despite an unhappiness which she could not entirely explain to herself by the mocking assertion that she dreaded a necessary confession to Mrs. Grant, she came down to dinner in a becoming gown, and

a beauty rather enhanced by her pallor. Nicoll seemed neither more nor less quietly cheery than his wont throughout dinner. But he withdrew, at its con-clusion, to the library, with a laughing excuse of the need to do "sentry duty" be fore the closet in which, as the cottage possessed no safe, the gold that Otho had brought from town was locked for the

Among his guests the usual summer evening followed. Half a dozen, including Otho, departed for a moonlight "trolley ride," which that season happened to be the chic amusement. The others lingered gayly in the shadowy verauda, whence Nic oll's bent head could be seen by one observant pair of eyes as he wrote, letters beside the library table. About ten o'clock the trolley party returned, and Otho went off to bed at once, declaring that he should relieve Nicoll's watch at two. A little later Gertrude also went upstairs feeling that

among the natives! Nicoll had done her a paid in gold, and it was to bring five ed, she paused before taking off her dressing-gown, gazing at the white bed with sudden disbelief in its suggestion of re-

The easy chair beside the open window. chorns of questions.

"Does old Newton go with you to bring suckle she could see the moonlit ocean, would better suit her wakeful mood. She never knew if, perhaps, the slumber she deemed so distant had lightly wrapped her for a while, when she was roused by physical discomfort. She sat upright, and realized that her oppression was produced by an odor of ether, which eclipsed the honeysuckle, the sea saltness, and the

She was startled. Somebody must be ill. Yet, though she listened intently, the commotion which sudden illness would have caused. Swiftly, silently she descended the stairs.

She had remembered the gold in the library closet, Nicoll's solitary watch, and the talk of burglars.

Noiselessly she opened the library door, and her first glance assured her that beside the table where a lamp burned low, Nicoli lay asleep in a big chair. The room otherwise was empty, but the closet door stood ajar, and its broken lock lay upon the floor.

Her next movement brought her to Nic oll's side. He did not wake. She touched the hand which lay on the arm of his chair-it was cold as snow, and bending nearer, she saw his deadly whiteness, and her cheek. almost touching his lips, felt no breath upon it, though the odor of ether dizzied her.

Gathering his hand to her breast with a passion of tenderness and terror, she rose erect and fac-d Otho, who entered from the veranda in his stockings, carrying a partially filled pillow slip, slung weightily across his shoulders.

His ghastly stare of discovered guilt was not needed to tell her what had happened. Yet an instant told her also, though the wrist of the man she loved lay pulseless in her clasp, that Otho had meant no person-

"Dying !" he echoed. "He is as strong as a bear --- " With chattering teeth he gazed down at the deathlike figure before him. "As God sees me," he muttered, "I would not have harmed him-for all his millions !"

She had flung some roses from a vase and was splashing water on Nicoll's brow and

"You will not betray me?" It was the first note of self which Otho's glance or word had shown since he had realized his consin's danger, but, though that remembrance came to her later to condone a perversion of justice, she was sternness she had shrunk—
"You are not reading?', the man of whom she was thinking asked, close behand-and which no pain for another's

shame must disturb. "It would kill him now to hear what you have dove-you are safe," she mutter-

"But later? Have mercy! I was push ed to this! You suspected the picture business—it was only a question of time when my influence with him would yield ficials who entered the West mine at Poca-hontas, Va., Saturday to search for bodies to yours-I had lost the picture money at

"Promise not to tell him-for his sake! risjudge him.

The gold is in this pillow slip. I meant to day afternoon but were able to proceed only 300 yards. They found the coat of Super--but it shall be found in the garden intendent O'Malley hanging on a peg about beside the empty portmanteau—as though 200 yards in the mine, but discovered no the burglars had thrown it away when they heard the house aroused ----' "For his sake I promise," she said, and

"Hush! He is stirring.".

make me out better than any one else viction to a lover's ears than any words, and which thrilled with half conscious rapt-She did not speak as he halted an instant, and he continued more hurried-are better," she murmured to two blue bewildered eyes, in which life and love were kindling swiftly. Thus was made a story, fragmentary ver-

sions of which supplied talk to this gay fraction of the summer world for many a reached Miss Grant, when separated from it by the width of the house and two closed doors, was a wonder not of physic but

of telepathy.
Such was the aspect of the story which engrossed the sentimental few among its liscussers, while the practical majority were entertained by Otho Villars' dramatic narrative of his coming to take his turn at watching the gold, of his assistance to Miss Grant in reviving his cousin, and of finding the gold in the garden, where the burglars had thrown it away as he approach

fore the fashionable colony fled to its winter habitations. Vigorous detective effort had abandoned hope of discovering the burglars, and Otho had turned his back upon American society for several years, by de-There will, however, soon be but one

Two regrets were added to the story be

memory unconsoled for him. Nicoll, in the midst of his great happiness, misses the friend of all his youth, and that Ger- in his jeans. trude does not lament him has caused their only difference-a difference for which he knew how to be forgiven. "If I do not like him as well as you do," she said, "your liking for him has helped

to make me love you !"-By Ellen Mackubin in the Saturday Evening Post.

There Are Others. Hog With a Skull so Thick a Bullet Coul

Not Be Shot Into It.

Hairy Beatty, of Punxsutawney, killed a hog the other day with a skull so thick that a bullet would not enter it. He first tried to shoot it with a 22- calibre rifle, but the bullets glanced off without burting it. He next 32-calibre revolver, but with no better result, and finally procured a 38-calibre revolver from a neighbor and shot it several times. By this time the hog began to tire of such treatment and jumped out of the pen and ran away. It was finally captured and knocked in the head. After it was dressed it was found that the skull was formed in a sort of a V shape and not one of the bullets which struck it had pene trated

Big Timber Deal.

Seth T. Foresman returned to Williamsport Friday from Louisiana, after completland in Avoyelies county for a company of land in Avoyelies county whom are Mr. ing the purchase of 109,000 acres of timber Williamsporters, among whom are Foresman, former Attorney General Mc-Cormick, former Mayor Mansel, Daniel Brown and others, capitalized at \$2,000,-000. There are 5,000,000 feet of hard wood on the tract. The land will be valu- \$4,000 cash, with freedom from taxes for

## A True Story of Politics

He faced the beautiful creature as she stood before him. She stood before him, as she had heard that was the proper thing, and Lewseal Oleomargarine O'Flin figured on doing the proper thing always and for-

'Has it come to this?" he hissed. "Yes," she replied, shrugging her beau-

tiful shoulders. 'Woman, would you drive me insane?" he cried once again, not forgetting to hiss. With a cruel, cold smile she murmured :

You wouldn't have to be driven far." This blow staggered him and for a moment he stood as one in a trance, but presently a fiendish smile chased itself into the region of his ears.

"I suppose you think I have no reason to talk thusly?" he queried, raising his eyes with an effort. "None whatever," she replied haughtily.
At this the husband, for such he was,

gave a fiendish cry, and bending toward her asked hissingly: "You ask for money, woman! What did you do with that fifty cent piece I gave

you last month ?" "I spent it for groceries," she admitted. and then fell on her knees and became a woman, instead of a cold and impassive

statue. Dear, patient reader, their honeymoon had been placed upon the shelf some time and she had only asked her generous and noble mate for money to buy some actual necessities, with the above result. After which, the man went down town and blowed in \$10 on a sap headed galoot of a cheap politician who handed him a boquet, saying: "You are the party's logical candi-

Dear, kind reader, is not this a true story ?- Denver Times.

Grover Cleveland is out of Danger. Family Physician Says Crisis Was Safely Passed on Thursday Last.

The condition of former President Groval hurt to his cousin.

"He is dying from the ether you have given him," she said. "There is a moment, perhaps you can save him. Open the ment, perhaps you can save him. Open the cold contracted by Mr. Cleveland on his recent trip to the South is practicaler Cleveland is much improved. This af-ternoon Dr. Wikoff, the Cleveland family ly broken up and the sick man will be entirely recovered in two or three days. Although the danger is past, Mr. Cleveland has been a very sick man. On Monday he walked eight miles on a hunting expedition and caught a severe cold, which was attended with chills at night.
The next morning the party broke up
and Mr. Cleveland started for Princeton, "Stand back." she whispered. "I will arriving here Tuesday night. Wednesday he was very ill with the cold, but was not confined to his bed. Thursday the crisis came, and he was very sick. I was called in on Thursday afternoon and I found Mr. Cleveland in a high fever, and attacked by severe chills. He is now resting easy and is entirely out of danger. Dr. Wikoff's said that only a part of Mr.

Cleveland's right lung had been attacked.

Rescue Party Perished in Ill-Fated Coal Mine. Eight Prominent Officials Overcome by Gas and Bodies Cannot be Found. All hope of finding the eight mining of-

entombed by the recent explosion in the Monte Carlo-other debts are hounding Baby mine, has about been abandoned. Up to 1 Sunday nothing had been heard from them. A rescuing party entered the mine Satur-

other trace of the party. The mining experts now have decided upon a plan of attempted rescue, but then in a tone her voice had never before the mine officials refuse to give any information to the public. It is said that another effort will be made to enter the mine Hopes had been entertained up to this morning that the party had escaped through the Tug river outlet, ten miles distant, and

messengers were dispatched at an early hour to that point. They failed to find any trace of the party.
Assistant Superintendent King, who led the rescuing party yesterday, and who was day. That the odor of ether should have overcome by black damp, has entirely recovered. He says it is impossible human being to live fifteen minutes in a mine in the condition in which was the one his party entered yesterday. raining hard since early morning and the main entrance to the mine presents a gloomy appearance, with the friends and relatives

How a Clearfield Politician Dug Po-

of the missing men standing around.

totoes and Worked His Wife. Not long ago the wife of a Clearfield county politician asked him to lav aside politics long enough one day to dig the potatoes in the garden. He agreed to do it. After digging for a few minutes he went into the house and said he had found a coin. He washed it off and it proved to be a silver quarter. He put it in his jeans and went back to his work. Presently he went to the house again and said he had found another coin. He washed the dirt off. It was a silver half dollar. He put it

"I have worked pretty hard," said he to his wife. "I guess I will take a nap."
When he awoke he found that his wife had dug all the rest of the potatoes. But she found no coins. In then dawned upon her that she had been worked.

Serious Charge.

Lairdsville Woman Arrested for Giving Children Mrs. Carrie Cox, of Lairdsville, Lycoming county, was held for court Friday. Mrs. Cox is charged by William McFadden of that village, with attempting to poison his two children, aged 3 and 5 years. He alleges that the woman spread poisoned jelly on a biscuit and then gave the children the biscuit to eat. Shortly after the

al opinion among Lairdsville residents is that the arrest is the result of a neighbor's

Selected Site for a Home.

children became ill, and the physicians had

a hard time saving their lives. The gener-

The Odd Fellows of this state at a meeting in Allegheny city on the 8th inst., con-sidered offers of twenty-two sites for the proposed home for aged and homeless members of the order, and selected a farm of 150 acres near Grove City Mercer county. Grove City will give a cash bonus and will also furnish free electric light and water to the institution. The association will levy an annual per capita tax of twenty-five cents for the maintenance of the home. The building will cost about \$100,-000 towards this the town gives a bonus of