Bellefonte, Pa., April 25, 1902

THE TRANSPORT GENERAL FER

GUSON.

The transport Gen'ral Ferguson, she left th Golden Gate, With a thousand rookies sweatin' in her hold: An' the sergeants drove an' drilled 'em, an' the

sun it nearly killed 'em-Till they learned to do whatever they were told.

The transport Gen'ral Ferguson, she lay at Honolu

An' the rookies went ashore an' roughed the town; So the sergeants they corralled 'em, an' with butt an' barrel quelled 'em-

An' they limped aboard an' set to fryin' The transport Gen'ral Ferguson, she steamed to

ward the south, An' the rookies sweated mornin', noon and night, Till the lookout sighted land an' they cheered

each grain o' sand-For their blood was boilin' over for a fight.

The transport Gen'ral Ferguson, she tied up at An' each rookie lugged his gun an' kit ashore:

An' a train it come an' took 'em where the tropi sun could cook 'em-An' the sergeants they could talk to them of

The transport Gen'ral Ferguson, she had her bottom scraped, For the first part of her labor it was done;

An' the rookies chased the Tagals an' the Tagals they escaped--An' the rookies set an' sweated in the sun.

The transport Gen'ral Ferguson; she loafed around awhile, An' the rookies they were soldier boys by

now; For it don't take long to teach 'em- where the Tagal lead can reach 'em-All about the which, an' why, an' when, an' how.

The transport Gen'ral Ferguson, she headed home again,

They were soldered up an' stenciled, they wer numbered an' blue-penciled-An' the rookies lay inside 'em stiff an' cold.

The transport Gen'ral Ferguson, she reached the Golden Gate, An' the derrick dumped her cargo on the

shore; In a pyramid they piled it-an' her manifest they In a pigeon-hole with half a hundred me

The transport Gen'ral Ferguson, she travels up an' down, A-hauling rookies to an' from the war:

Outward-bound they sweat in khaki, homewardbound they come in lead-An' they wonder what they've got to do

The transport Gen'ral Ferguson, she's owned by Uncle Sam. An' maybe Uncle Sam could tell 'em why; But he don't-an' so she takes 'em out to fight

an' sweat an' swear An' brings'em home for plantin' when they

-Life.

THE LUCK OF THE HORSESHOE

The Limited had stopped just long enough to change engines. Mr. Warren, ped out to stretch his legs and was interested to see a very pretty girl board his car, followed by a youth burdened with a military overcoat and her hand luggage. Mr. Warren's legs were long and the stop was short. In three minutes more the train was whistling through the suburbs and speeding away into the night. The mountains were just ahead, and so was the dining car. Warren stepped therein one moment, found every table occupied and decided to wait for the pretty girl. Most of his fellow passengers of the palatial Sublima were gone, presumably to dinner, when he strolled back to his seat. Two-three compartments that had been inhabited as he went out were now vacant as he came in, but his own, that was vacant when he left it, was now inhabited. The door was closed, yet not until just as he neared it-closed obviously at the moment of, and possibly because of his coming. He caught a glimpse of a slender, daintily gloved hand—the hand of a girl. What on earth was it doing there? To be insured against error he glanced up at the number on the glistening little plate above the door. Three, beyond all shadow of doubt. He ventured to turn the knob, but the door was bolted within. Then he

sought the porter, who, for his part, had sought a friend in the Alberta; just ahead; and the porter was puzzled.
"I ain't put any lady in there sir," said "I ain't put any he. "The young lady that just got aboard at Toona she belongs in the last compartment. But I'll go and see, if you like,

They went together and Number 3's door was wide open. Number 3 was empty. Everything was as he left it, yet he could have sworn to the facts above stated. Then he sauntered back to steal a peep, if possi-ble, at the hand of the young lady who belonged in the other compartment, and got it, despite the fact that its door seemed closed as he neared it. This time it opened -opened obviously at the moment of, and possibly because of, his coming, and a slender, daintily gloved hand, the hand of a girl, beckoned to him, and a silvery voice said: "Ned, come here, quick!" And Ned being his name and action his nature he obeyed and entered, and found a pretty form, back toward him now, bending over

a handbag. "Where on earth." said the silvery voice, "did you put my portemonnaie?" And all manner of trifles, except the purse, came

flying out upon the seat. 'Nowhere, if I may hazard the statement," said Mr. Warren, with placid courtesy, yet with certain assurance, if not reassurance, in his tone. Instantly, and any-thing but placidly, the lady whirled about and a pair of the biggest, bluest eyes in Pennsylvania stared at him astonished. "I-I beg pardon," said she. "I-I call-

ed Ned." "I beg your pardon," said he; why I came. I'm called Ned."
"I—mean my brother," she began with

returning composure and dignity. "And I'm mean enough to rejoice that, though Ned, I'm not your brother," said he with a symptom of an unrequited smile. "But you have lost your purse—and Ned. Let me help you find them; Ned first in relative order of importance. Porter, where's the gentleman who came with this

"Got right off again, sir; said he forgot something. I tole him he hadn't time." the gateman said there was plenty," cried the damsel in deep distress.
"It was only a—g—friend he wanted to see
—just a minute."

"He may have caught the rear car," said the porter sympathetically. "I'll run back

permit me, I can the purse."

"But my tickets, baggage checks, every-thing, were in it, and it's gone!" cried the lady, tears starting to the beautiful eyes; all because that stupid boy would run back to speak to a girl."

They do make a lot of trouble," said Mr. Warren reflectively; "yet we must have them;" and Mr. Warren's sensitive lips were twitching under his sweeping mustache. He was getting too much fun

out of the situation to suit her.
"Boys, you mean?" said she.
"Girls, I mean,," said he, a quizzical smile beginning to dawn upon his face, a smile that instantly vanished at sight of the vexation in hers. "Forgive me. I am almost old enough to be your father," (He had just turned thirty six.) The next train will, and meantime remember that you are neither purseless nor Ned-

The Limited was squirming up the Alleghenies now, two monster engines panting The Sublima was careening a bit to the right as they rounded a sharp curve and the slender hand instinctively reached for something. Warren tendered

his arm in support. "These curves are sharp and sudden and numerous," said he. "We are coming to the Horseshoe. It will bring you luck— Horseshoes always do, you know."
"Only—if you pick them up on the road,

"Well, didn't you pick me?-no-I-Oh, here's the porter. Well, porter?"
"Gentl'm'n didn't get aboard, sir. Waiter on dining car said he saw somebody make a run just as we pulled out, but he was 'way behind. S'cuse me. This is

Miss Brinton, isn't it?" "Yes," answered Blue Eyes hopefully. "Yeas-sum. Conductor got a wire say-ing compartment was held for you—every-thing else was taken. The Lieutenant has upper I-best we could do for him." "Is the missing Edward an officer as well as otherwise in bonds?" queried Mr. War-

"He's only just beginning," pouted Miss Brinton, "and going West to his first sta-tion, and was to leave me at Chicago, but he's-left already-and so am I."

ren sympathetically.

Schoolgirl slang is unaccountably pardonable when it falls from pretty lips. The gentleman old enough to be her father wished he might hear more. "We have sorrows in common," said he whimsically. "I, too, have a West Point brother-in-arms. Brother at once and son."

Mine's infantry in every sense of the word. And yours?"
"'Tillery," promptly replied Miss Brinton with proper pride in the superiority of her corps colors and total suppression of the first syllable. "What is your brother's

name! Perhaps I've met him."
'Warren, 'F. F.' which, I'm told, means at 'the Point 'Four files from Foot'-otherwise he's known as Toots." "Tootsie Warren!" cried Miss Brinton

delightedly. "Why, I know him-well. You don't mean he's your brother?"

a stepfather. Tell me, Miss Brinton, is nd draws-nicely.

'Yes, he draws remarkably. He drew for in her portemonnaie, the proof? ive hundred on the eve of sailing for Manila, one week's expenses in San Francisco. and I fancy he must dance fairly well if he pays the fiddler at that rate. What I like about Toots is that he absolutely can't lie. That trait would ruin him-in my busi-"Politics?" guessed Miss Brinton, in

flattering interest. "Pork !" answered Warren sententiously. "And that reminds me. May I be pardoned for a suggestion? We'll soon

hear from the Lieutenant. Meantime you ought to be hungry. I. at least, am hungry as a bear. Now I'll be Ned, you be Toots, and the waiter shall bless our compact before we lose the Horseshoe." She hesitated ; looked down ; then up ina-tete table he was making her forget her worriment in telling about Toots and Ned

met his sweetheart at the Point, it seems
—had been corresponding with her ever
since—had coaxed his sister to stop over
ing that purse without giving it to her. with him just one day on their westward Just before they parted at the Canal Street journey that she might see his charmer and Station and while Miss Brinton was being atisfy papa-mother they now had noneand papa was to meet them at Chicago.
What would he say to Ned? When could a telegram reach her? Warren equivocated with the ease of one long bred to the Board of Trade. He knew they made no son has it." And then Brinton pere was stop until they rolled into Pittsburg at 9 hurried in and the carriage off to make room clock, and with shameless tongue he told for others. There was just time for a word. ber the 'Very next station," rightly reason-

after dinner. Then their running restaurant leaned to the left, and glancing out he saw unfolding in their curving wake the arc of twinkling senger train gliding down the opposite mountainside, almost parallel with their present course. "It's the Horseshoe Curve" said he. "Look out and see it, and let us wish Ned and Nanette real horseshoe

luck." "And Toots, too," she said, beaming up into his genial, animated face. "Oh, what should I have done if I hadn't taken you

for Ned! I mean—"
"Never mind," laughed Warren delight edly. "You've taken me for Ned-which I am. May you never wish me anything-

Then, as the conductor came through Warren had brief conference with that official, assuming charge in the event of no inspired by the belated Ned, and finally they went back to the Sublima a little while before the Limited brought up standing at Pittsburg; and never had there been in his life a shorter evening. Then and there the telegraph messenger came aboard with dispatches, and, as Warren prophesied gotten. This radiant, sunshiny morning, there was one from Brother Ned

Go right ahead. Father will meet you. "Go right ahead! The idea! How can I—without money for—anything? That to four blithe hours, only to be blotted out. stupid boy's so desperately in love he's just last to be left with Nanette another day—

"'Member that last time you went West

it in my bag, but Ned never thought to hand it back." "And you're sure you never had it?

You've looked—pardon me—in the other compartments?"

"Then you weren't for a moment-in Number 3?' "I?" Not a bit of it. I ran out in the

"If he hasn't we'll get a wire from him somewhere, and meantime please don't worry. I can't replace him," said Warren, "'H'm," said Warren reflectively, thinking of the dainty hand at the door. "I

probably imagined it."

Now, either Master Ned meant to get left or this little woman is egregiously mis-taken, mused Warren later. The compartment had been made ready for the young lady's occupancy for the night, and War-ren, after begging permission to take her to breakfast in the morning, had discreetly wished her pleasant dreams and wandered off to his own premises. Altoona officials had verified Lieutenant Ned's tickets and wired the necessary instructions. That being settled, Warren had curled himself in a corner of Number 3 and given himself up to thought. There was something odd about this matter that he could not fathom. There were to be sure, other feminines aboard. There was a very stylish woman porter will find your brother; if not, the of uncertain years, slender and presentable, in Number 5, for instance. She had come in to dinner with her husband, a man turned fifty, but they kept to themselves. Their compartment was closed when he and Miss Brinton returned from dinner, and as he thought it all over something possessed him to look into the corridor. Compartment 5 was closed now, yet a tall man in traveling suit was gently trying the door. At sight of Warren he calmly sauntered away.

The Ohio was left behind. The Limited

was breasting the grades across the Beaver. The porter came round to know if Mr. Warren would have his berth made down (or up). Warren said "Presently," opened his bag for a book, and caught sight of something stuffed into the crevice between the back and the seat—a lady's portemonnaie. It was of sealskin, soft and fine, edged and bound with silver and embellished with the letters L. V. B.—Laura V. Brinton beyond a doubt!

And yet she declared she had set foot in no compartment but her own. The little

-prevaricator! "1711 give it to her after breakfast when nobody's looking!" said he. He hated, somehow, to think how confused she would be, even though he need not tell her where

he found it. They were in Chicago, with breakfast over, though still half an hour from the station, before opportunity served. He had been awake since dawn—a vexed spirit. As the Limited climbed and pierced and then coasted down the Alleghenies through the early hours of the December night just gone by, and he had sat there in the warm, well lighted, cozy dining car, with fresh flowers overhanging the dainty crystal and china and snow white napery—with that fresh, fair, smiling face beaming so trustfully up into his—a dream so long forbidden that, through force of habit, it had well-nigh ceased to live, now stole over his spirits and would not sleep again. Stern slave of the lamp that he had been, he had shut out every thought of love and home life of his own, but that face, that merry laugh, that sweet, low, musical voice had spurred his dormant nature to instant and vehement life. He so loved what was gentle, refined, beautiful in woman. He so craved a heartmate—a home—of his own. He so rejoice ed in everything she did and looked and "I plead guilty," said the man of thirty said—everything except just one—just one x. "And no one mourns it more than I He who had so whimsically spoken of Toots." said-everything except just one-just one. except Toots. He loves me as he might blunt propensity for truth as being disastrons to trade was yet a man to whom a lie Toots ever going to amount to anything?" was a thing abhorrent. And she had will"Toots? Oh, why, Toots dances well, fully, unnecessarily declared she had never entered his compartment. Yet, had he not "Draws," said Mr. Warren reflectively. seen? Did he not know? Was not here,

> the last moment. He could not bear to see in that lovely, innocent face the blush of shame, or worse, the stony insolence of renewed denial that must follow his restoration of the portemonnaie. She must know where he had found it! At Archer Avenue where they had stopped a minute, a gray-haired, distinguished looking stranger boarded the train, and to his arms she flew delightedly; then with beaming eyes she presented Mr. Warren.

> "I am under a thousand obligations," began Mr. Brinton. "I have had an anxious night since the coming of Ned's message,'

he began. e began.
"Oh, papa, Mr. Warren can fully sympathize with you. He's Toots Warren's to his smiling eyes; and presently they brother. You remember Toots last sumwent. Ten minutes later at a little tetemer at the Point—Ned's classmate? And mer at the Point-Ned's classmate? you must settle with Mr. Warren, please-Ned ran off with my purse, and you must and Ned's Altoona sweetheart. Ned had tip the porter and must ask Mr. Warren to

placed in the waiting carriage with her array of hand luggage—hers and Ned's—Warson has it." And then Brinton pere was

"The Horseshoe brought me the best of ing that almost any answer would do until luck," cried the sweet, clear voice, as a beaming, winsome, beautiful face peered back at him, nodding, smiling, tormenting, when the carriage whirled away. And then Warren turned to his cab, too full of that lights across some deep, black gorge, and face to note the next party, boarding anoth-then the white, gleaming electrics of a pas-er carriage—a very stylishly dressed—indeed overdressed—woman whose face was closely veiled, a rubicund man of fifty odd, and a tall citizen in heavy ulster close following. It was that other face that Warren took away to his busy office, and that peered between him and the pages of his letters and ledgers all that day and the "I shall see it again," said he, "at next.

dinner." But the week went out without the invitation. The Brintons, who remained three days at the Annex, left without a sign.

"She thought better of that dinner and worse of me," said Warren to himself, when she discovered I had found her purse and her fib at the same time." so, wounded, he had gone back to his work. When next Mr. Edmund Warren saw the It was some months later, and, though never once had he seen or heard from Miss as he looked out over the glorious vista of mountain and valley, he was thinking sorely of that evening ride on the Limited—of all the gladness that seemed compressed in-

and my purse in his pocket all the time!" with us, Mr. Warren-night the "Sure about that?" queried Warren, who lady's brudder got lef' at 'Toona? with us, Mr. Warren-night the young had sisters of his own.

but that old gentl'm'n was hot 'bout her pocketbook, sir.'' "How so?" asked Warren in sudden in-

"All the money was gone when she got it back-over a hundred dollars. Oh, I tole ompartments?"

'em you were all right—'t'want you, though you didn't tell me you'd found it.

It might have gone hard, sir, with some of ing—the soft eyes fell again, and though

us tho', for the company just ransacked everybody t'ill they found out them crooks."

'What crooks ?" "Lady and gentl'm'n, sir-had Number 5. They was wanted in Chicago and detective come along with 'em all the way from New York, and they never 'spected nothing till they got off the train. They

had money to burn."
"And they robbed Miss Brinton?"
"Yes, sir," chuckled the African. "But Mr.-Mr. Brinton first off said 'twas you.

You must have had the purse all night. Little by little, between the conductor and the porter, he dragged forth the whole story. Brinton, senior, had forgotten the purse until Lieutenant Ned arrived on Number 21 at three in the afternoon. Within an hour thereafter the old gentleman appeared at the station, full of wrath, to de-clare that his daughter had been robbed on the Sublima. There was time for only brief investigation before the Limited started out on the evening run back to New York. Both conductor and porter had stoutly declared their confidence in Mr. Warren's integrity, but Brinton was unconvinced. At the end of the week, when they again reached Chicago, the rest of the story came out. Three days after the loss the company were "after" the couple shadowed by the tall detective; also the shadower. who had come aboard only just as the Limited left Jersey City on the morning of her start. Then the police admitted that two noted criminals had been captured at a North Side residence an hour after their coming to Chicago, and then Papa Brinton's investigation came to an end. That was December. Now it was nearly April. And one day there came a missive from Brother Toots, at Manila.

Dear Old Ned :- I gave all the news to mother, so see her letter. We go out on 'nother hike to-night, and I've only time for a word. Ned Brinton says his father wants to see you next time he gets to Chicago—wants to explain something—can't make out what. Ned won't tell, but it's something about some money you lent that awfully pretty sister of his when Ned got left. He's rabid to go home and marry that Altoona girl, and he can't ask for leave until this business is wound up. Ned says his sister says you were "just lovely" to her, and papa hadn't properly thanked you, and it was partly her fault, and well. I can't make it all out, but Ned says she's written to him no less than three letters about it, and that's more thought than she bestows on any of us. Just send a line to the old chap, will you, and let him know where he can find you? When is that March interest coming?

Yours. Toots. Warren's cheeks burned. "She thought me a thief!" he growled to himself; "and I thought her a fibber!" But the next day he was away from Chicago again, bounded northward, and on a soft April evening set foot at Melton Station. He went, too, unannounced. He had not sent a line to the "old chap," as Toots suggested. It was the old chap's business to send a line to him if he had ever said he believed Warren had purloined his daughter's money.

When Miss Brinton had stepped out to the vestibule, leaving her satchel unguarded and unlocked, it was an easy matter for the enterprising woman occupant of Num-ber 5 to seize the moment when almost everybody was out of the car, and then the purse; to dart into the vacant Number 3. little expecting Warren to return at once from the dining car whither her male com-panion declared him to have gone. His sudden coming had well nigh caught her, but she barred him out, rightly guessing he would go for the porter. Then she stuffed the stolen portemonnaie deep down in the crevice, and, richer by one hundred dollars or more, slipped back to her own seat, and was all demure innocence a moment later. But in that moment's work she had thrown suspicion on two honest souls.

No. Warren sent no warning of his coming. In fact, he was not seeking Brinton pere. He longed to see that other face again, and believed he knew a way. Inquiry of a business associate had developed the fact that it was Miss Brinton's almost daily habit to drive in to the postoffice for the evening mail, and he swung away at sturdy pace over the winding high-road in the direction of the Brinton homestead. It lay but a mile from the pretty town and on the horders of the great lake His satchel he left at the station, his stick he swung in his hand. Look out for a phaeton with bay ponies! he told his eyes: but before he had put half a mile between himself and the station something glinted in the slanting sunbeams, and there at the edge of the roadway lay a shapely little horse's shoe. He stooped, picked it up, put it in his sack-coat pocket and faced about. The pony team had already gone

to town. When, perhaps a dozen minutes later, he saw coming toward him over a rise in the road a stylish pair of miniature bays, his peart gave a leap and so did he-to the shelter of some roadside shrubbery. Peering from this coign of vantage he saw that the off-side pony was favoring his right hind foot, and that settled the matter. With the shoe uplifted in one hand, his derby in the other, Mr. Warren stepped out into the highway; the fair charioteer threw her weight back on the reins; a small "tiger" sprang to the ponies heads and took the bits under advisement. The lady, despite herself, blushed vividly with surprise and pleasure, but, "Why, Mr.

Warren !" was all she said. "Permit me to restore missing properly," said he. "Not a portemonnaie this time, but a porte-bonheur.

The blush deepened. "Who told you?" said she.

"The pony," said he ; "this one ;" and replacing his derby, he gave the little fellow a reassuring pat.
"I mean—about the portemonnaie."

"What about it?" "You've heard-about its being-emptied before you had a chance-"I did have a chance. I had it all night," and Mr. Warren's lips were twitching provokingly, as his eyes feasted on her weet blushing face. "I mean," said Miss Brinton, flicking

the dust with her whip, "to return it, of course. Papa made—so much trouble. was afraid you'd heard." hear-eventually. Ned and

"Oh, those wretched boys? What will hey say next?" "They said I should sue papa for dam-"Mr. Warren! You wouldn't!" "Miss Brinton. I will. I've decided once and for all. I will bring suit—at

once.

"Oh, Mr. Warren! It was all my fault, my carelessness—my stupidity. I'm awfully sorry. Can't I settle it in some way! I've wanted to say so ever so long."

"And I've wanted to have you. In fact, I still want to have you. Indeed, you're the only one who—can settle it!"

And then she looked up into his eyes,

"You have not decided about the journey," he was saying, as he bent over that bonny, beautiful head one summer evening

a few months later. "There's only one point about it that I wish to decide," she answered smilingly. 'It isn't where we go, it's the way we come-homeward. Almost any day we can come past the old mile-post here at home; but I want to come again-where I found my luck-by the Horseshoe Curve.' -Gen. Chas. King in the Saturday Evening

He Saw the Water Cure. Former Sergeant Tells Investigation Committee of

Tortures in Philippines. Faucet Put in His Mouth. Natives Cruelly Treated. The Senate committee on the Philippines

sergeant in Company M, Twenty-sixth volunteer infantry, was the first witness called with that end in view.

notifying the insurgents of their presence and oranges do nicely. The market gardeners here are nearly all Chinese, as are formation he was taken to the convent where the witness was stationed and the water cure was administered to him. This official was, he said, a man about 40 years

When he (the witness) first saw him he was standing in the corridor of the convent, stripped to the waist and his hands tied behind him, with Captain Glenn and Lieut. Conger, of the regular army, and Dr. Lyons, a contract surgeon, standing near, while many soldiers stood about. The of water, and his mouth placed directly under the faucet and held open so as to was allowed to escape from the tank. Over the native equivalent of "confess."

When at last the presidente agreed to lowed to start away. He was not, however, permitted to escape, and upon refus-ing to give further information he was horse and the cure administered for the sec-Dr. Lyons said the water could be brought to the spot and given there, and when it was brought in a five gallon can. one end of a syringe was placed in it and the other in the man's mouth. As he still refused a second syringe was brought and salt was thrown into the water. This had the desired effect and the presidente agreed

to answer questions. Riley also said he had known of many cruelties and indignities practiced upon

American soldiers by natives. Another witness, William L. Smith, of pany M, Twenty-sixth volunteer infantry, out of the city limits, where a tent or corroborated Riley's testimony. He also shack, or maybe a blanket, makes a home corroborated Riley's testimony. He also said that he had assisted in the burning of the town of Igbaras and that the natives generally escaped from their houses only with the clothes they wore. Mr. Smith expressed the opinion that Igbaras had a population of 10,000. So far as he knew no lives were lost. The witness said that the country places in the vicinity also were burned. All these acts were done under the command of Captain Glenn, who was, he said, judge advocate of the department of the Visayas.

Would Ride on An Airship. President Roosevelt Tells Santos-Dumont That He i Anxious to Make an Aerial Trip.

"If ever you bring your airship to the United States, I would like to be the first to make a trip in it,"said President Roosevelt, recently, to M. Santos-Dumont, to whom he gave a special reception in the red room of the White House.

M. Santos-Dumont was accompanied by the Brazilian minister, Senor Asiz Brasil, who had arranged for the audience with the President, and who presented the inventor and his friend, Senor Ammanuel Aime, who is traveling with him.

M. Santos Dumont spoke most enthusiastically of the President. He said:
"I was delighted with President Roose velt and his cordiality.

'Following my visit to the White House, I went with Professor Langley for

an inspection of his flying machine. It is beautifully made, and I hope it will be successful. Professor Langley told me that he will construct a large flying machine exactly upon the lines of the small working model which I saw to-day.
"Is it true that I will give an exhibition

of my airship at Brighton Beach this sea-No, emphatically no! That is an absurd rumor, as I have never at any time intimated that I would do such a thing. 'Shall I give an exhibition of my airship at any place in this country?

"I think the library of Congress the most beautiful building of the kind in the world."

Lightning Rods.

The present state of science is such that no man can tell whether a lightning rod does more good than harm or more harm than good. It is likely that if the rod is big enough and sufficiently well grounded, and the lightning flash is aimed directly at one's house, that some part of it or possibly all of it may go to the ground over the lightning rod. That is all that can be said. If a house has a tin roof it is reasonably safe anyhow. If it has a steel frame con struction or is full of water pipes it is still safer. If it is a frame house with a shingle roof you can secure entire safety for it by building a copper house outside of it. This, we believe is, the only efficient lightning

protection.

The whole matter of lightning rods was conceived in ignorance and has been exploited in folly. It is not now believed that the ordinary lightning rod does any good, or, on the contrary, that it does any particular harm. Insulators will not help it nor will they harm it. If we were living in your house we would rather not have the lightning rod.

--- Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Spring in Arizons

A Land of Almost Perpetual Sunshine. The Life and Luxuriance of Trees are Maintained by Irrigation

If you will recall the rarest and fairest June day you can remember it will help you to imagine what this Sabbath morning is in Tucson, Arizona. Sky a cloudless arch of blue, sun of summer warmth, air so clear that the Catalina mountains, sixteen miles away, appear to be within half an hour's walk. Some people are on their way to church, others sunning themselves upon verandas, while here and there one of horticultural inclinations is pruning his shrubs and trees. You must understand. however, that the only trees of consequence are those that have been set out and irrigated, though the palm grows to be thirty feet or more high and a yard in diameter, without much care. Tucson stands amid a barren plain, where nothing but the dwarf mesquit bushes in little clumps a few feet apart, with an occasional giant cactus ten began an investigation of the charges to to twenty-five feet high and two feet in the effect that the "water cure," so-called, diameter, grow on a grassless desert. But to go back to our trees. Small trenches a Riley, of Northampton, Mass., formerly a few inches deep lead from the house water pipe to each tree and shrub, and circle around it, conveying water to the thirsty Without irrigation there would be roots. In reply to questions by Senator Rawlins little that is green in this "land of sunhe said he had witnossed the "water cure," at Igbaras in the province of Iloilo on Nov. year in which there was sunshine, but, giv-27th, 1900. It was administered to the en plenty of water, on the apparently sterile presidente or chief Filipino official of the town. He said that upon the arrival of his command at Igbaras the presidente was asked whether runners had been sent out on the trees in this hotel yard, and dates the grocers in the Mexican quarter. The house servants are nearly all men—Chinese, Japs or negroes—and are paid \$35 and \$50 a month. The few waiter girls earn \$9 a

Tucson houses are queer to an Eastern mind, having, most of them, no cellar, second story or attic; of course, there are no stairs. A few two-story houses are being built, but the upper stories are almost un tenable in the summer heat. Very shallow trenches suffice for the foundation stones, as man, he said, was then thrown under a no frost ever penetrates the ground. The water tank, which held about 100 gallons prevailing type of house now being built is of brick or adobe (wood is too warm in summer) and has five small rooms and compel him to swallow the water which bath. In some, the bath and closet are separate, and the closet adjoins the front hall, both being about $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$, and the him stood an interpreter repeating one word, which the witness said he did not understand, but which he believed to be entrance. Many people sleep on the piazzas When at last the presidente agreed to tell what he knew he was released and althere is neither dew nor frost. In summer, everybody sleeps out of doors. If there is no piazza, then in the yard; if no yard, then, again taken as he was about to mount his on the sidewalk. Our "hobo" in the East carries little or no baggage, and sleeps, even in summer, in barn or shed, but here there ond time. This time the man was not stripped, nor was he taken into the build- are always a few tramps and many Mexicans, who follow the Scriptural injunction to "take up thy bed and walk." Their blankets are rolled in a package about a yard long and a foot through, tied with a bit of rope, and thus equipped they "hit the trail," caring not where night over-takes them. A Mexican seldom or never one end of it placed in the prostrate man's takes them. A Mexican seldom or never nose. He still refused and a handful of pays house rent. Those who live in adobe houses in "Oldtown" squatted there years ago, and, having never availed themselves of the homestead rights or "located" themselves at the government land office, their land eventually became the city domain, and they are taken from \$1 to \$10 per year as ground rent. If they cannot pay, then Athol. Mass., who was a private in Com-

> This is a strange city and the sights still interest me. Here comes a little "burro," two of them, in fact, loaded with firewood, which is piled on their backs in circular shape a yard high and as broad, tied with many a lashing around and under the little oreatures' bellies, projecting far out on eith-er side, as the "burro" walks dejectedly along, head down and swaying the load at every step, one expects at every moment to see the weight of high-piled wood roll the little beast over, feet upward. The "burros" walk in funeral procession a few paces apart, followed by a lazy-looking Mexican, who ever and anon shouts some jargon at his apparently unmindful bur den-bearers. The Indian women who come into tawn, bringing blankets, baskets and pottery to sell, are an interesting study. triangular-shaped baskets, carried partly on the head and partly on shoulders, contain there wares, and, squatting Turk fashion at some convenient corner, they arrange their stock in trade to tempt a pur-chase. The water jug made and sold by these people has the power to keep water cool in the hottest weather, because of the evaporation through the pottery, which is great enough to give the appearance of actual leakage, such is the porous nature of the material from which it is made.

This is a great country for saddle horses. Everybody rides, and a good saddle pony, sound and not overdangerous to ride, can be purchased for \$15 to \$25. The Mexican saddle, deep and comfortable, with broad, easy stirrups cost more than the horse, a good saddle selling from \$45 up. "Jinney" mules are much more common in teamsters wagons than horses, and a good, heavy draft horse is seldom seen. This is a great town for dogs, the most remarkable variety being the Mexican hairless, with a hide absolutely bald, and in color resembling that of a young mouse. Very large dogs and very little dogs are most in evidence. On Wednesday night was usherd in the Chinese New Year's celebrations, which hold for one "Not unless a prize is offered. Should a prize be offered for this purpose, I will gladly give the exhibition—not otherwise. "The Chinese here has a way of setting off firecrackers that would provoke the gladly give the exhibition—not otherwise." gree. A string of "packs" about six feet long, closely attached to each other, is hung from a pole, and the lower section set on fire. Immediately a fusillade is started which lasts for many minutes, ending with a grand finale of explosions as the spe ly prepared upper section is reached. Sky-rockets are set off nightly, and lots of washee-washee money goes up in smoke. Such are a few of the novel things in the commercial metropolis of Arizona, Tucson, the city of the "Black Water."—Springfield Republican.

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The present year is young, but its record so far gives token that it will be remembered at least by the fire insurance companies.