

Bellefonte, Pa., May 9, 1902

TO THE DANDELION.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the

Fringing the dusty road with har.nless gold, First pledge of blithesome May, Which children pluck, and, full of pride, up

hold-High-hearted buccaneers, overjoyed that they An El Dorado in the grass have found Which not the rich earth's ample round May match in wealth-thou art more dea

Than all the prouder summer blooms may be. Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,

Nor wrinkled the lean brow Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease; "Tis the spring's largess, which she scatters no To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand, Though most hearts never understand To take it at God's value, but pass by

The offered wealth with unrewarded eye -J. R. Lowell

THE COMING OF THE PIANO.

The early November twilight was gathering on the prairie. The last quail-call had sounded, the last mottled breast had pressed itself to earth in the stubble. A lamp glowed palely in the level distance from the window of a cabin. The straight, flat road was beginning to lose itself in shadow ahead.

Along this road, which a boy would have scanned in vain for a pebble to shy at a bird, a pair of plump, sedate horses nodded regularly as they bent to their work. Their load consisted of a long, tall box, which nearly filled the wagon-bed. On this box sat a small boy—if his ceaseless squirming and twisting could be called sitting-and

on the spring-seat in front two men.

"It's gettin' late, Web," said the older man finally, clucking at the team. I'm afraid Kate will come home before we get this thing stowed away in the parlor, and

spoil it all. "I think not," answered his son, reassuringly. She had examination papers to

mark to-day." "I'll bet she will!" piped ont the boy from behind, in shrill, excited tones. "Tain't so easy to fool Kate as you

"We'll fool her this time," said the father, with a chuckle of anticipation. As they neared a grove of noble maples clustering around a large, inviting frame house, two girls in short dresses came flying, bareheaded, down the road. Brant stopped the team and hoisted one of them up to his lap, while Web did the same for the other.

"It that it papa?" asked the younger one, under her breath, as she gazed bigeyed at the imposing box. 'Looks like it, sis, don't it?" he an-

sweled gayly.
"Yes, and I've set on it ever since we

left town, and ain't got a splinter in me yet," boasted Billy. "You can't though, Milly 'cause you're a girl and 'd fall

"I don't want to," answered Milly, contentedly snuggling against her father's side.
"Your sister 'ain't come yet, has she?"

'No, but she let out school ten minutes

early, and said she'd be home by five, and it's most that now," answered the child.

"She's goin' to ketch us, Web," "I don't think she'll be home before half-past five, papa," interposed the older

girl "Why don't you think so?" he asked at her significant tone. 'Because I set the school clock back

half an hour at noon," she said simply. Mrs. Brant and Lon, another grown son met the load in the yard. Her eyes were misty, although her face was beaming.

"Henry, I thought you and Web would never come!" she exclaimed. "The chil-dren have been half wild, and Milly was sure that she saw Kate coming every minute. I have a lamp and hammer and screw-driver here on the porch all ready for you. Do you want anything else?" 'Nothing but time," answered Brant.

as he carefully swung the powerful team around and backed the wagon up to the

Half a minute later the three husky men were tugging and straining at the nine-hun-dred-pound box. Mrs. Brant stood by, smiling, with the tools in her hand, so that not a second might be lost; the girls looked on with sparkling eyes.

Billy was stationed at the horses' heads.

merely to get him out of the way, for Prince and Joe were absolutely trustworthy, and knew just what was required of them in the way of standing still. when the heavy instrument was half on the porch, half in the wagon, Billy, burning with his responsibility, suddenly raised on his toes, gave Prince's bridle a smart jerk, and bawled, "Whoa!" The startled animals took a step forward; the piano, sticking to the wagon, slipped to the edge of the porch, and there the precious thing hung, with an inch of flooring between it

and destruction. Mrs. Brant gasped and turned faint, but the next moment Lon was at the horses' heads, backing them in place again. Then Brant, white with anger and fright, took a fierce stride toward the cowering, conscience-stricken lad.

His wife's hand stayed him. "No, Henry," said she, gently. "It's her birth-day gift. Let's not have it marred by a single harsh word. Billy didn't mean to

At last the box was safely landed, and then the great dark red, glossy beautiful object was slowly slipped out. For a moment no one spoke. Then Mrs. Brant murmured softly, "I wish grandma could have lived to see it."

"I suppose she can see it, mother, from where she is," said Web, with an understanding smile.

'Well, mother, get your blanket," said Brant with an anxious glance toward the "She's liable to come any minute,

The blanket was brought and held against the jamb of the front door, according to the piano-man's instructions, in case of accidental contact; the piano was rolled carefully through, first into the hall, then into the parlor, and finally into the corner which had been selected for it fully six weeks before, in secret family council, while Kate was at school.

This room was heated only on special occasions. This was one of them, and the wood-stove was crackling and roaring in quite a hilarious way, as though it knew a thing or two itself about birthday surprises. went back to the wagon after the stool ; Mrs. Brant deftly placed a vase and

piano, laid some music on the rack in front,

and, lo! the new-comer was at home.
"Mother set down and play one of your old tunes on it, just to try it, before she

comes," said Brant, unexpectedly.

Mrs. Brant blushed quite girlishly, and looked at Web for his opinion. "Not now," said that thoughtful son,
"You could hear it a quarter of a mile
down the road. And we'd better be getting the lamp out of this room, and the box If she sees a light in the parlor,

she'll suspect something sure."

The children, in a panic of delight at all this secrecy and manœuvring, scuttled away; the stove was shut off to stop its roaring, which Kate would certainly have heard; the light was carried out, and the double doors closed, in their normal posi-tion. The empty piano-box was slid quickly into the wagon again, the loose boards were tumbled in after it, and the whole, with crack of whip, went rumbling toward

But there was an atmosphere of expectancy and excitement about the house which could not be so easily disposed of. Nor were the children alone responsible for Mrs. Brant, with a bright red spot on each cheek, started to wind the clock, when she had opened it only to get the key to her chest of silverware. Henry, the phlegmatic Henry, whose religion was pla-cidity, pulled off his boots and put them on again, in place of his slippers, causing Mil-

ly to shriek with delight. In addition, the supper table was spread with one of Mrs. Brant's choicest white flowered cloths, and set with silver and glass that seldom saw the outside of the china-closet: In the kitchen two great juicy steaks lay on the table, in close proximity to the smoking-hot stove, awaiting the proper moment, which would be when Lilian came racing in from the gate to announce that Kate was in sight.

"Billy, stop snapping your eyes that way," said Mrs. Brant, with a laugh. "A blind man could see that something was up. Go wet your hair and I'll brush it. I want to slick you up a little bit."

"What do you want to slick him up for?" asked Brant, gravely, and he noticed for the first time that his wife had on her silk waist. "She'll know something's up, sure, if Billy's hair is combed."

'Sure enough!''she cried, in amusement. "But as soon as she sees the table she'll know it, anyway. And I think it would be a nice idea for you and the boys to slip into your good coats. You know how she appreciates anything of that kind."

She paused, smiling wistfully. Brant looked dubious. He could buy his daughter a piano for her birthday, but to put on his best coat-that was another thing, not to be lightly done. Nothing less than church or a funeral could ordinarily lure forth the black, ill-fitting garment.

"I suppose mebbe I could," he admitted finally, rising slowly. "I don't know when I'll get a new one, though—now." "It is I who will do without the new things, Henry," said his wife, happily, resting a hand upon his stooped shoulder.

I claim that my privilege—it is my contribution to the piano." As Brant disappeared in the bed-room just off the sitting room, she charged Billy to run to the barn and tell the boys, who were feeding and bedding the stock, to go secretly to their room when they were done and put on their best coats, and not come

down until the supper bell rang. But first she buttoned him into his little double-breasted jacket, hitherto reserved for Sundays, cautioned him not to get it dirty, and kissed his shining face. It was nearly six o'clock when the door

quietly opened and there stepped into the deserted sitting room a slight young womwell-braced shoulders, mid-night hair, and a peculiar agile carriage. A single glace into her sober, purple eyes made it plain how the big rowdy boys in her school had been quelled, after having put more than one man teacher to flight. She looked tired now, though, and somewhat pale; and after laying down her little lunch-basket and a thick heap of examination papers, she removed her hat and pressed her delicate fingers to her temples. There was something vaguely suggestive of discontent in the movement. Then she went up to her room to wash and comb her hair for supper.

It was a little thing, this withdrawing to wash her hands, but to the family, who washed in a common basin in the kitchen and dried themselves on a common roller towel, there was something nunlike and devotional about it. And it contributed, with a score of other refined habits, to make her room little less than sacred to the men of the house, and to crown her with a halo of inviolability. In fact, if Henry Brant could have expressed himself in his higher moods, he would have said that an

angel had been given to his keeping.
"Have we beefsteak for supper?" asked Kate in surprise of Lilian, upon her return, detecting the savory odor which penetrated to the sitting-room. 'Yes," answered Lilian, biting her lip

to hide a smile. "Did father go to town this afternoon?

"Yes, and took Billy. That's why he went home at noon." 'Billy musn't go home at noon any more without my permission.

At sight of the brilliant dining-table, Kate came to an abrupt halt on her way to the kitchen to help her mother give the finishing touches to supper. At the same moment Mr. Brant opened the kitchen

'Have we company, mother?" asked the daughter hastily.
"Yes. Didn't Lilian tell you?"

"Why, no." She shot a questioning glance at Lilian, and then looked down at her clothes. "I can't appear in this old skirt. Who is it?"

Her mother's eyes twinkled. Some one that you won't have to dress up for. A young lady who has just reached her ma-

jority."
"Ah, mother! exclaimed the girl, at once relieved and pleased, and kissed her. "I didn't know whether any of you would think of it or not, and I'm so glad. Is that what the beefsteak is for, too?" she added, laughing.
"Yes," said Mrs. Brant, reaching for the

The men filed in in their impromptu splendor. Lon grinned rather foolishly as he caught Kate's roguish eye. To be sure, their black coats did look a little ridiculous above their rusty trousers and coarse, mud-stained shoes. But when the latter were tucked under the table the hastiness of their make-up was betrayed only by the collars of their gray flannel shirts.

Kate looked up and down the table, af-ter grace, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks. How easy it was to make her happy! None of them needed to feel her pulse to know that her heart was flutter-

"You don't expect a speech, I hope," said she, and though she smiled bravely, there was an undeniable shyness in her a photograph or two upon the top of the eyes as they flitted from one to the other.

made," said Web, with his quiet smile. He, perhaps, understood her best of all.
"I want to tell you all though, she add-

ed, "how happy you have made me. This is almost compensation for the very ancient feeling I have had all day. I wouldn't object to getting old if I could also be getting on. Now if I could get a school in town next fall, and take music lessons, and beg, steal, or rent a piano to practice on, I should be willing to be thirty-one instead of twenty-one. But there! I made a solemn vow this morning, all to myself, that I wouldn't com-

plain any more. What's the matter with you, Billy?" At her mention of piano Billy's eyes began to show alarming symptoms of popping from his head; and though he was now doing his best to look unconscious, his efforts

"Billy can't keep a secret," said Mr. Brant, complacently, "so I guess you'd better jump up. Liliau, and get those pres-

ents. Lilian, primed for her part, sprang up and instantly returned from the sitting room with an armful of packages, which she laid around the astonished Kate's plate. A new lunch-basket from Mrs. Braut ; a box of colored pencils for marking examination papers from Billy, who hinted that if she didn't need the red one, he could use it to advantage in drawing geration to say that they show an almost Indians; a bandkerchief from Lilian— human appreciation of what they are dosomething from each except her father, who sat at the head of the table looking not the least guilty over his neglect. The shrewd Kate saw through him, though.

"From all except you, father!" she said, reproachfully, to give him a chance. "Well, I have got a little something for you, to tell the truth. But you'll have to wait till after supper. I can't let a meal like this get cold for any birthday gifts." Something in his tone caught her attention. Billy's eyes, moreover, were not yet normal, in spite of the family gifts having been brought forth. But if a great hope leaped up in her bosom, it sank again when her mother said, still preserv-

ing the great secret: "Henry, you might just as well go and get it now. These children won't eat a mouthful until you do."

"He couldn't go and get that for which Kate longed. How could she suspect any artifice in those words, coming from her mother? "Are you sure it's the children, mother, that can't eat?" asked Brant. "I don't

piece of steak on your own plate. Go ahead now and let my present wait." Supper over, they filed into the sitting room, Billy and the younger girls crowd-

see as you have done much damage to that

and glance at her dish-water.
"Sit down now, all of you, and I'll bring Kate my present," said Brant, still carefully adhering to the program of deception and surprise. He stepped into the dark parlor and half closed the door be-

hind him so that Kate could not see in. Billy quivered.
"I can't find it mother, called Brant, after a moment. "Somebody must have moved it. Bring a lamp."

Kate sprang up with a little nervous laugh and seized the lamp, but her mother took it from her almost as quickly. She feared the girl would drop it when the crisis came.

"You go ahead," she said to Kate, with a strange huskiness. Her own heart was pounding almost painfully, and she was wishing it all over with. "Billy, passing the safety-point of pres-

sure, let out a whoop, turned a handlaw, upset a chair, and sent the cat souttling under the stove. Then he darted into the parlor, closely followed by the hardly less excited Milly and Lilian.

Kate paused at the threshold, halted by

the unexpected warmth from the parlor. In the dark corner opposite she saw something glistening-something tall and looming, with a narrow line of white across its front. She advanced unsteadily, with a face as white as marble. Reaching her father, she blindly seized the hard knotted hands which had done the work and made the beautiful thing possible, and then sank, a limp burden into his arms.

"I guess we overdone it, mother." said he, hastily. "Run and get the camphor,

"No, no, I don't want it!" protested Kate, encircling his neck. "I-I just want to cry" And cry she did, with her head on his osom, while he awkwardly stroked her dark hair, and her mother pursed her in

glistening, yearning eyes.
"Wot's she cryin' for?" whispered Billy scornfully. "I'll het paw wouldn't 'a' bought it if he'd a-knowed that."

Then Kate slipped from her father's arms, suddenly knelt before the startled Billy, swept him to her breast, and rained his face with kisses. "Oh, Billy, Billy, what would we do without you !" she cried, and laughed wildly, and smothered him again, with her soft warm lips and laughed again, until the ungrateful lad bad wriggled free and wiped from his mouth that ecious moisture for which men have thirsted unto death.

She then arose and faced them all, with hands tightly clasped. She knew now where the hogs and steers had gone which had been taken to town. She knew why Lon bad decided to wear his old overcoal another winter; why her mother had in-sisted that the kitchen could go a little longer without a new floor; why Web-proud, fastidious Web-had declared with a laugh that his old buggy was still good enough to go courting in.

"I-can't-say anything," she faltered, with quivering nostrils. "Not with your tongue, but with your fingers," said Web, and gently pushed her

down upon the stool. It may not have been a masterly performance which followed, yet who shall say it was not? It wove a magic spell around the little group of listeners. Web's fancy flew five miles across the prairie, where a sweet girl was at that moment, in all likelihood, combing her sunny hair against his coming, and laving all the little snares of love, just as if he were not already hopelessly enmeshed. The father's clod-stained feet left the earth for a brief spell, in a vision of the sacredness of fatherod such as had seldom been vouchsafed him before. And the mother—she sat hushed and starry-eyed, forgetful of the travil which had sapped her young woman-hood and the toil which had bent and hard

ened her hands. That night Henry Brant, in a wakeful heavy stick which stood in the corner, he light of the moon, he saw a little white-robed figure in the middle of the room, motionless, uncertain, bewildered. Her wife and five children.

face, her extended hands, the one bare foot thrust forward in the moonlight, were as white as the clinging fabric which en-

After a moment she glided to the piano pressed her soft warm body to its cold, hard case, stretched her arms loving along it as far as she could, and then pillowed

her head contentedly upon its top. Her long plait of hair swept the key-board. Brant took it that she was asleep, and, his own child though she was, the ingrained superstition of the race made his through Venezuela, receiving into its heart beat quicker. He dared not waken her yet he dreaded the moment, in that and Apure and discharging itself by a hunher, yet he dreaded the moment, in that and Apure and discharging itself by a hunsolemn silence, when she would sit down and, guided by the invisible fingers of the site the British island of Trinidad. spirit of the night, strike from those steel cords, perhaps, some wierd unearthly mu-sic which had never yet been set to note.

At the foot of the stairs she paused an in-stant, asteep though she was, daintily gathered her gown in her hand, uncovering her snowy feet and ankles, and then passed upward, ghostlike, out of her father's sight.—Elmore Elliot Peake in Harper's Monthly Magazine.

Trained Seals. is little less than marvelous. It is no exaging. Watch one of them as the trainer adbilliard cue, on the end of which reposes a small fish. The pole is held upright, and a sea lion carefully places his nose in position to support the butt end. Several times he draws back his head and looks along the lion shuffles a cross the stage balancing it with all the steadiness and watchfulness of a human juggler. He travels the full length of the stage, his eye fixed intently upon the top of the pole, and rapidly swings his head, now sideways, now backward or forward so as to maintain the bal-ance. His companions follow him on his course; in their eyes you can read the hope that he will stumble or lose his balance, for then the prize will be theirs. One, indeed gives him a slight push to accelerate the downfall, but the quick eye of the trainer sees the action, and he is recalled to his seat. The pole balancer at length reaches his station, a box about three feet high at the farther end of the stage. His paws grope for the box; he cannot see it, for his whole attention is concentrated on the top of the pole. Now he lifts himself up, high. down into his destined place-between the

jaws of the sea lion "The Seai Skin Band" is another of their wonderful acts. Every animal is equipped with some instrument, and at a signal each one attempts to outvie the others in noisemaking. With drums, cymbals, horns and bells they unite to maee the "music", and if the melody is of a rather doubtful character, they certainly make up in vigor for what they lack in harmony. -Pearson's Magazine.

The Bride-Elect Balked.

Surprised Her Betrothed, the Preacher and the As-

Just as the wedding ceremony, which would make Nellie Nichols, of Hickory, Washington county, and Richard E. Zeidler, of Cincinnati, man and wife was about to be performed at the Siegle Hotel in Washington Tuesday. the prospective bride announced to her betrothed, the clergyman, and the attendants that she had changed her mind and refused to allow the ceremony to proceed, in spite of the protests of her lover and friends. She refused to state her reasons for stopping the marriage, but stated that she preferred to go home to her mother; and informed Zeidler and the attending clergyman-the Rev. E. A. Cole-pastor of the First Christian Church, that they might go, as she would

have no further use for them. It was only through difficulties of an un usual character that Zeidler had won his bride, and he was angry and much disgusted with the actions of the girl. The two were neighbors in an Ohio town, and a strong attachment grew up between them. Several months ago the Nichols family removed to Hickory, where the girl's father was engaged as a contractor in the construction of the Wabash railroad. Her parents objected to Zeidler on ground which they refused to name to the girl, and refused to allow her to communicate with him. Zeidler was not aware of the whereabout of his fiancee until a few weeks ago, when he located her at Hickory, and succeeded in gaining the permission of Miss Nicholas parents to wed the girl. Friends and relatives of the girl were present to witness the ceremony, and were greatly surprised at the outcome. Zeidler returned to his home at Cincinnati, declaring that he was heartbroken at the girl's fickleness.

-Although the late J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, was earnest and influen-tial in political life, yet the great work of nearly fifty years' service on the plains of Nebraska was tree planting and the education of the people of other States on its importance. On this subject he was an enthusiast, and at first his projects to create forests on the plains were laughed at as the ideas of a foolish dreamer. But he had convictions and he stood by them. When grown men and women would not listen to him he appealed to the children. By dint of making many speeches, through the es-tablishment of Arbor day, and by constant agitation he compelled attention. From 1872 onward he fought a winning fight. State after State came into line, with Arbor day observances, and with laws to protec trees and to encourage their planting. His

first experiments were not always success He had to investigate as to the best varieties of trees, climatic conditions and training people to the required processes. But he never lost sight of his main purpose and the work went on until there are for estry laws in nearly every State, trees are planted by thousands and millions by individuals, corporations and governments and Arbor day is observed not only in this but in many other nations. In the list of great benefactors of the West, the name of Sterling Morton will stand high.

Thrown Forty Feet in Air

Frank Thomas, a flagman in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad, was fatally shoulders were broken, bones of one of his tipteed into the sitting room. There he his back was badly injured and he sustain-paused. Through the double doors, by the ing without regaining consciousness. home was at East Brady, where he has a The Orinoco River.

Little Known Out of South America, But one of the

Greatest in the World. One of the greatest rivers of the world, the Orinoco, is also one of the least known to Europeans. Its sister, the Amazon, has often been described by Wallace and Bates, among others, but Humboldt remains prac-tically the only writer of standing upon the great stream, which, rising on the frontiers of Brazil, runs for 2,000 miles

The principal entrance, and the only one available for sailing vessels, is the Boca Grande, to the south, into which flow, among But she did not play. After a little she other tributaries, the Aratura and the Amaslipped away as noislessly as she had come. cura thelatter almost coinciding in its course cura thelatter almost coinciding in its course with the Schomburg boundary line between British Guiana and Venezuela. But most of the traffic of the Orinoco passes through Trinidad, where passengers and goods are transferred to steamers almost flat-bottomed, and reach the Orinoco by the mouth known as Macarao, the open sea | conscientious person's family were exemptbeing avoided. It was by that route that ed with him. the writer started in the Apure, chartered for the occasion, on a trip of 500 miles up and certainly the largest party of tourists

which had ever ascended it.

Six hours after leaving Port of Spain the was strictly carried out. entrace of the Mecarao was reached and for pole still outstretched in the trainer's hand.
Finally it is adjusted on the very tip of his nose to his liking, and, as the trainer steps back, releasing his hold on the pole, the sea quite correct. Well-nigh impenetrable

of Gen. Henry's order, and are lauding nim as a far-seeing sanitarian.

Dr. Azel Ames, who was the director of Gen. Henry's vaccination department in Quite correct. Well-nigh impenetrable forests and undergrowth hide ground which the year by water. The Guaraoan Indians, uars and alligators, are extremely low specimens of humanity, though attachment to their dogs, large, rough haired and ex-cellent hunters, should be mentioned to

But the passerby sees none of the horrors of this great swamp. They are concealed by magnificent trees growing to the water's edge, whose branches may sometimes be touched from the steamer, when she is steered close to the shore in order to avoid the current. Sometimes that splendid parasite, the matapalo, has wrapped in its ing their father's heels in a manner that again sent Kate's hopes up. Mrs. Brant took time to step hastily into the kitchen is thrown in the air, and the fish comes walls of green and resembling a large ivy mantled tower. Upon this and upon the tops of the tallest trees other parasites fling masses of blossom. A flock of flamingoes makes a brilliant scarlet patch here and there; the sun flashes from parrots of many sizes and various hues; snow white cranes gaze stolidly from the banks; macaws, green and yellow, or deep crimson on head and breast, fly heavily past; and smaller birds of every color of the rainbow scream or chatter or sing among the trees.

Amos J. Cummings Dead

End of Distinguished Man Who Began Life as Printer-Tributes of Respect in Congress.

Congressman Amos J. Cummings, of New York, died at 10:15 o'clock Friday night at the Church Home and Infirmary in Balti-more. The cause of death was pneumonia, incident to an operation. The Congressman's wife and cousin-Charles H. Cummings-were at his bed side when death

came. Amos J. Cummings was born at Conk ling. Broome county, N. J., May 15th, 1838. He received an academic education, set type in his father's printing office, and at fifteen became a journeyman printer. Starting in New York he earned his living setting type in nearly every State in the Union. In 1857 he was with the Walker expedition at Mobile and was captured by Commander Davis on the Quaker City. In 1861 he was Sergeant Major of the Twentysixth New York Infantry, in which he served gallantly, being officially mentioned for his bravery in assaulting Fredericks-

burg Heights. He was editor of the New York Weekly Tribune in 1865, after serving as night editor and political editor. In 1868 he became managing editor of the Sun, but resigned in 1873 because of ill health. In 1876 he became managing editor of the New York Express at John Kelly's request, but resigned because of Kelly's hostility to Tilden, and returned to the Sun, whose weekly edition he edited after 1884. In 1885 he was elected to congress from the sixth or Wall street district. In 1888 he declined renomination to Congress, but on Samuel S. Cox's death, in the ninth district, he was elected to the vacancy, and was reelected in 1890 to the Fifty-second Congress by 11,000 majority.

Mr. Cummings won a national reputation as a newspaper correspondent, and was a useful and brilliant Congressman In Congress he held important committee position. He was a champion of labor measures; was active to improve the American marine, and supported actively the life-saving bureau and the effort to reduce hours of labor for postal clerks.

The death of Representative Amos J. Cummings, of New York, in Baltimore Fri-day night caused general regret and sorrow in the House. Above the hall the flag fluttered at half mast and on the floor the old familiar desk on the centre aisle near the front row, which Mr. Cummings occupied for so many years, was draped in black and covered with a profusion of purple orchids and spring flowers.

Mr. Cummings was one of the most universally popular members of the House, and his death seemed to come as personal loss to all the members. The blind Chaplain-the Rev. Dr. Couden-in his invoca tion made a touching reference to Mr. Cumming's death, his great service to his country as a journalist and statesman, and he prayed fervently for those who had been near and dear to him by the tie of kinship.

Her Destination

The elevator attendant at one of the big stores is used to all sorts and conditions of men, and all kinds of queer requests, but he was almost floored the other day by a quiver, but the umbrella wielder persisted, he was almost floored the other day by a little, old woman. The old lady got on the car at one of the lower floors and rode to the top without showing any inclination to get off. The attendant, thinking she wanted to ride, humored her and did not ask her which floor or department she moment, heard the creaking of a loose board in the parlor floor. Slipping noise-lessly from his wife's side and seizing a loose lessly from his wife's side and seizing a loose lessly from his wife's side and seizing a loose look by the engine of a passenger train and was hurled forty feet in the air. The and finally the elevator man said:

"Where do you wish to get out, madam?" He was almost paralyzed when the old

"Will yez plaze let me out at the Broad street station."— Philadelphia Times.

Only One Smallpox Cure.

That is Compulsory Vaccination, Dr. Azel Ames Says -Example in Porto Rico

While the United States and Great Britain are both suffering under the scourge of smallpox and in England, particularly, the disease has reached an alarming stage of progress, Porto Rico, which under Spanish rule was a hot bed of smallpox, is practical-

ly immune from the present epidemic. For ten years prior to American occupation of the islands the deaths from smallpox from the disease does not exceed two. Smallpox is practically non-existent.

The result is hailed by the friends of vaccination as demonstrating conclusively its triumph as a preventive of smallpox. After having set an example to the world by introducing general vaccination Great Britain four years ago modified her compulsory But vaccination law by adding to it a "con-passes science clause," under which any person having conscientious convictions as to the harmful influence of vaccination was exempted from the law and the minors in the

In Porto Rico the very opposite policy The performance given by these animals for the occasion, on a trip of 500 miles up the great river, forming probably the first, diately after the American occupation of the island, Gen. Henry, the governor, issued an order for universal vaccination and it

. Now while magistrates in England, unvances with a long pole, something like a billiard cue, on the end of which reposes a nel, perhaps half a mile wide, whose atopenly disregarding the conscience clause tractions surprised those who had read of in the law and a strong agitation for its rethe delta of the Orinoco as a dismal swamp, peal is growing, in Porto Rico the Amerithousands of square miles in extent, tenant-ed only by a few wild Indiaus, who built of Gen. Henry's order, and are lauding him

News' calling attention to the remarkable is for the most part ooze, covered for half immunity of the island from the present smallpox epidemic on the one hand and the many of whom paddled out to meet the rapid and general spread of the disease here steamers and beg, in canoes, roughly hol- and in England on the other. Dr. Ames lowed from the trunk of a tree, and who draws from these facts the conclusion that dispute supremacy of these wilds with jagvent a return of the epidemic.

Dr. Ames finds the chief cause of the virulence of the present outbreak of small-pox in the diminished protection from the disease due to the existence of a large nonimmune element of the population, which has either outworn its vaccine protection or

has never had any.

Contributing causes he finds in the unfamiliarity of the present generation of physicians with smallpox and the consequent exposure of patients through errors of diagnosis; the fancied security and consequent relaxed vigilance in enforcing protective regulations, due to long periods of immunity from the disease; and last "the growth of a more self-assertive and mistakenly aggressive individuality which, until more fully informed, often resents and resists the idea of any legal interference with personal liberty, and, lacking full knowledge, is credulous of all bugbears and distrustful of all vaccination, and other

sanitary measures to suppress the disease.' With the present great factories in which single sparks of contagion readily light the widespread fires of an epidemic, Dr. Ames says, with unprecedented facilities of communication, increased use of public conveniences and common source of domestic utility and with the enormous growth of public assembles in theatres, churches and schools, the task of fighting smallpox is no light one. He describes in detail Gen Henry's vigorous attack on the problem in Porto Rico, and its success. In conclusion

he says: "Vaccination alone did it, and will do it effectively wherever compulsory legislation, properly enforced, secures its benefits to

The Siberian Railway

After eleven years of unremitting labor the Russian railway builders are about completing the Trans-Siberian railway. The road is not nearly finished task is so nearly performed that the end is in sight. It may be remembered that the difficulties of construction along the coast surveyed around the southern shore of Lake Baikal, in Southeastern Siberia, were so great that it was decided to ferry trains across the lake, but almost as soon as the road was opened from Euro-pean Russia to the lake the traffic became so heavy that the \$1,000,000 ferry could not accommodate it. Now the builders are pushing work on the original all land route and it will not be long before trains run direct from the Urals to Port Arthur and Vladivostok.

The present Czar of Russia has been intimately associated with the enterprise from the beginning. While his father was still Emperor the young man, in 1891, traveled around the world, having in Japan the serious misadventure with a native fanatic that came so near putting an end to his career. Nicholas traversed Siberia and personally filled a wheelbarrow with dirt and dumped the soil on an embankment to make a formal beginning of the work of building the great railway. This was on May 9th, 1891, so that the workmen have now been engaged in the task of construction almost eleven years. The road they have constructed is the greatest in the world. With its branches it covers 5542 miles .- Providence Journal.

Importation of Llamas.

A very curious load of deck passengers arrived in San Francisco the other day on the Hamburg-American steamer Nicaria. They were no less than seven llamas from the Peruvian Andes—animals so very valuable at home for their soft wool and for their services as beasts of burden that their export is prohibited by the Peruvian government. These were exported through the courtesy of the government, and are destined for menageries. The llama is a second cousin to the camel, only that he is much smaller and humpless. In prehistoric times the ancestors of the llama were common in California and Colorado. In temperament the llama is something like the mule. He is terribly obstinate and has a deadly sneeze, which is a sure shot and warranted to ingulf any target at

fifty yards.
While on the Nicaria's deck one of the llamas was prodded by a smart Aleck with and after the sneeze the llama's tormentor went below and took a bath.-Leslie's Weekly.

"Why are you crying, little boy?" "One of them artists paid me a dime to sit on the fence while he sketched me." 'Well, is there any harm in that ?"? 'Yes, sir; it was a barb-wire fence.'

"The principal ingredient in all these patent medicines is the same." must be a powerful drug. What is it?" "Printer's ink."—Town and Country.