

Democratic Watchman
Belleville, Pa., May 30, 1902

THE REAR GUARD.

The guns are hushed. On every field once flowing
With war's red flood May's breath of peace is shed,
And spring's young grass and gracious flowers are glowing
Above the dead.
Ye gray old men whom we this day are greeting,
Honor to you, honor and love and trust!
Brave to the brave! Your soldier hands are meeting
Across their dust.
Bravely they fought who charged when flags were flying
In cannon's crash, in scream and shout of shell;
Bravely they fell, who lay alone and dying
In battle's hell.
Honor to them! Far graves today are flinging
Up through the soil peace blooms to meet the sun.
And daisied heads to summer winds are singing
Their long "well done."

But braver ye who, when the war was ended,
And bugle's call and wave of flag were done,
Could come back home, so long left undefended,
Your cause unwon.
And twist the useless sword to hook of reaping,
Rebuild the homes, set back the empty chair
And brave a land where waste and want were keeping
Guard everywhere.

All this you did, your courage strong upon you
And out of ashes, wreck, a new land rose,
Through years of war no braver battle won you,
'Gainst fiercer foes.

And now today a prospered land is cheering,
And lifting up her voice in lusty pride
For you gray men, who fought and wrought, not fearing
Battle's red tide.

Our rear guard, ye whose step is slowing, slowing
Whose ranks, earth thinned, are filling other-where,
Who wore the gray—the gray, alas! still showing
On bleaching hair.

And when for you the last tattoo has sounded,
And on death's silent field you've pitched your tent,
When, bowed through tears, the arc of life has rounded
To full content.

We that are left will count it guardian royal,
Our heritage no years can take away,
That we were born of those, unflinching, loyal,
Who wore the gray.

LETTERS OF TWO LOVERS.

From Edith Deane,
To Harold Roper, Esq.,
MY DEAREST:—Even now, as I sit here
with God's dear sunshine lighting up your
ring upon my finger, I cannot realize this
great, this wonderful happiness that has
come into my life.
After you had gone last night I stole up
to my room, and there, in the darkness, I
knelt down and thanked God for the priceless
blessing of your love. As I prayed, a
great and mighty peace stole over my soul,
and I knew that from henceforth my life
would be one long dream of happiness—a
happiness so great that its radiance has al-
ready cast a glow upon every object upon
which my eyes rest. The very air I breathe
seems sweeter, purer and fresher, because
of this love that has come into and glorified
my life.

My soul is athirst to do some good in the
world; I long to smile on all whom I meet
—I want to feed the hungry, and to bring
happiness to those who are miserable and
unloved.

And then I want to be alone, so that I
can live over again in memory the words
you spoke to me last night. I want to see
the love-light burning in your dear eye,
and to note once again, the softening influ-
ence of love and tenderness upon those
proud, noble features that I have learned to
love so well. It was the strength, the ma-
jestic nobility of your character that first
drew me towards you. You seemed so dif-
ferent from other men; so much stronger
and broader minded, and yet, wistful, so
courtious and gentle with women.

This morning I awoke early and lay for
a moment wondering what had happened.
Then there came to me the scent of the
violets that you brought me last eve, and
that I had placed in a bowl on the table
beside my bed, and I remembered.

Oh, Harold, if you only knew what that
remembrance meant to me! A rush of
happiness filled my heart and soul, and I
felt nearer to heaven than I ever felt in my
life.

I am longing for to-morrow, there are so
many things that I want to say to you. We
have all the things in the world to talk
about, and you are the only person in the
whole wide world to whom I can talk with
perfect confidence; you are so sympathetic,
and you seem to understand what I want
to say even before the words are spoken.

Till to-morrow and always,
June 2nd. Your loving EDITH.

From Harold Roper,
To Miss Edith Deane.

MY DEAREST:—Your letter reached me
at 1 a. m. this morning. After reading it
I sat for an hour with my face buried in
my hands thinking of you and of all that
your love means to me.
Edith, dear, I am not what you think
me; and, although I love you deeply and
truly, I know in my inmost heart that I
am utterly unworthy of you. Please do
not place me on a pedestal, because, sooner
or later, the pedestal is sure to fall and
break, and then your love for me would go
and my life would be ship-wrecked.

I want you to remember always that
your love is the guiding star of my life.
Your sweetness and goodness have roused
in me a feeling that there is, there must be,
something beyond this life. All the good
impulses that have lain dormant since my
mother's death have become stirred to
fresh life, and I long to become the man
you think me. The knowledge that you
love me has inspired me—has roused the
latent ambition within me, and made me
feel that there is nothing too great, nothing
too high for me to attain for your dear
sake. I mean to work as I never worked in
my life before, so that one day, when I have
reached the acme of my ambition, and
when my name is in everyone's mouth as
one of America's greatest statesmen, I shall
be able to turn to you for approval, know-
ing full well that it was you who first
placed my feet upon the ladder of Fame,
and your dear hand that guided me up-
ward step by step.

I may possibly be detained at the House
this evening, but I trust not. I am longing
to see your dear face, and to hear you say
once again "I love you." So, unless you

and have a wire to the contrary, will you be
near the gate under the lilacs at eight
o'clock?
Yours always,
HAROLD.
June 3rd.

From Edith Deane,
To Harold Roper, Esq.,
MY DEAREST:—It is more than a week
since I last saw you, and I am very, very
unhappy.

For the first fortnight after we were en-
gaged—how long ago it seems!—you came
over every evening. Since then your visits
have dwindled and dwindled, until now it
is nine days since you were over here. In
your last letter you say that you are work-
ing very hard, and that you had a great
many business worries lately; I'm so sorry
dear, and I do so long to help you. The
longing to do something for you encircles
my whole life; but alas! I can do nothing
at all. At times, when I am sitting with mother
in the ladies' gallery, I feel like a poor lit-
tle bird in a cage who bruises his wings by
flapping them helplessly against the cruel
bars. You life is so full you have no time
in which to sit down and think, and my
life is all thinking and all my thoughts
are of you.

Come to me this evening, dear, and let
your work go for once. I feel that if I have
to go on living much longer without seeing
you—except from the ladies' gallery, which
is worse than not at all—I shall go mad.
I must see you! I love you!—I love you!
I love you!—and I want to tell you so.
Last night when everyone else was in
bed, I sat by my open window looking out
at the stars and wondering what you were
doing, and if the same stars were looking
down upon you. (It is so long since I have
seen you that to me seem continents,
instead of only miles, away.) And as I sat
thus I must have slept, for I dreamt that
an angel came to me, and in her hand she
carried a slip of paper on which was writ-
ten a poem that I had been reading earlier
in the day. The words were these:
"Because you love me I have found
New joys that were not mine before;
New stars have lightened up my sky,
With glories growing more and more.
Because you love me, I can rise
To heights of fame and realms of power;
Because you love me, I may learn
The highest use of every hour."

"Why do you bring me this?" I said,
raising my eyes to her face. Such a beam
of light like the picture of your mother
that you have in the locket attached to your
watch chain. But at my words she
vanished, and the paper fluttered to the
ground.
Then I awoke, but the dream was still
fresh in my mind, so I looked down for the
paper; but instead of the poem I found
your letter, which had slipped from my
hand in my sleep, and then I understood.
Although my heart may ache when you are
absent I must not complain, because you
are working and working, and because of
your love for me.

Dear, dear Harold, come if you anyhow
can. I will be under the lilacs about
eight. Yours only,
EDITH.
July 5th.

From Harold Roper,
To Miss Edith Deane.

MY DEAREST EDITH:—I could not possi-
bly get over to you this evening, and I
did not know myself until the last mo-
ment—I was unable to send even a wire.
I hope you did not wait long, because it is
damp in the evenings now and you easily
take cold.
I have been thinking about you a lot
since I received your letter, and I think
that, like many another woman, your life
is marred because you have no definite
work with which to occupy your mind.
By definite work I mean work that must
be done, come what may. You allow
yourself too much time for day-dreaming;
and day-dreams, though good in their way
are apt to become injurious if indulged in
to too great an extent.

You reproach me for not coming over
often; but if you had any conception of
the duties and difficulties that cross the
path of a public man, you would not do so.
Since seeing you I have not had a moment
in which to think of anything but work.
A man's life is so different from a
woman's. If a man indulges in day-
dreams he is crushed under foot and left
out of the race at the very commencement.

Dearest, however much I long to see you,
I cannot, until I have accomplished all the
work that I have in hand and am free for
a few hours. Try and remember that my
working means the reality of all the de-
lightful castles in the air that we have
built together. And above all, remember
that though I cannot always be with you,
my love for you is as deep and as great as
ever.
Yours always,
HAROLD.
July 5th.

From Edith Deane,
To Harold Roper, Esq.,
DEAR HAROLD:—Many thanks for the
flowers—they are very beautiful; but I
would much rather have had a letter—just
half a dozen words on a slip of paper—to
say that all was well with you.
It seems a lifetime since I heard of
I could tear the postman limb from limb,
I hate him so, because he never brings me a
letter, and I want one so. Not a long one,
only half a dozen lines to soothe this cruel
aching in my heart.

I read your speech in the Times over and
over again until I know each word by
heart. How clever you are! So clever,
and grand, and noble, that it is no wonder
you have no time to spare one thought
for me.
I have been out a lot lately. Yesterday
I went to the Delaines to dinner, and the
night before to Mrs. Harrison's "At Home."
I had no idea the latter knew so many in-
teresting people. A Major Hobbs, who has
just returned from Cuba, and who is a distant
cousin of Mrs. Harrison's, was there.
He asked mother if he might call, and I
rather expect him this afternoon.
(Later) I could not finish this epistle
because Major Hobbs called. I was awful-
ly glad to see him, because I was feeling so
lonely. He brought me a lovely bou-
quet of the choicest roses, and he is coming
aged to-morrow.

We are going to see Julius Caesar with
Mrs. Harrison this evening; she sent a
message by her cousin saying, that she had
a box, and asking us to join her.
Good-bye, dearest; write soon to
Your loving,
EDITH.
November 23rd.

From Harold Roper,
To Miss Edith Deane.

MY DEAREST EDITH:—I am so glad to
hear that you are having a good time. I
thought that you were looking unhappy
the last time that I was over at your place,
and was afraid that I did not take you out
enough.
But if I do not come over, you know
dear that it is not because I do not care
about coming, but because I have so much
work to attend to just now. For the last
three weeks I have been up at the House
every night; and sometimes until far into
the morning. As you know, I am ambi-
tious; and if I am to carve a position for
myself and make a mark in the world I
must stick to my guns, and let nothing in-
terfere with my work.
How did you like Julius Caesar? I hear
that the cast is good; but I have not seen
it myself. You seem to be very friendly
with Mrs. Harrison. Have I met her at
your place?
I want to send you some flowers, but
fear they would be eclipsed by the choice
hot-house specialties of Major Hobbs.
I am afraid I cannot get over until Sun-
day, when we will have a long day to-
gether.
I am sorry I have not written before,
but I write such a thundering bad letter;
and yours are always so interesting, apart
from them being yours.
Until Sunday—Good-bye,
Yours ever,
HAROLD.
November 25th.

From Edith Deane,
To Harold Roper, Esq.,
DEAREST:—To-day when you met me
down town you must have thought my
manner very cold and strange. I tried to
be natural, but I could not, because I felt
as if my heart was breaking. It seemed so
strange for two engaged lovers to meet by
accident after not having seen one another
for over three weeks.
It was good of you to offer to come with
us to the Denton Gallery, but although I
wanted you to come I felt that you were
sacrificing yourself in order to please me,
and that was why I spoke as I did. I
could have bitten my tongue out a moment
afterwards when I saw the look of pain
and astonishment which my nasty, sarca-
stic little speech brought to your dear face.
Forgive me, Harold, I did not mean to be
bitter; but I was jealous, cruelly jealous,
of the work and duties that kept you away
from me.
I occupy such a tiny fraction of your life
and your work is everything. I am only a
made-shift, a plaything, someone to be
fondled and loved when your brain is idle
and you are in a foggish mood.
Yesterday I made up my mind that I
would bear it no longer. I told myself
that you had never really cared for me and
that I was a fool to sacrifice my pride by
accepting the stray fragments of love you
choose to offer me. I determined to write
to you then and there, saying that I wished
our engagement to end, but before writing
I unlocked my desk and took out your
letters—the ones you wrote me when we
were just engaged, and read them over.
When I had finished the tears came into
my eyes, and I hated myself for having
doubted you. Then, this morning when I
saw how all my doubts returned, and the
nasty, bitter feeling in my heart crushed
down my love for you.
Oh, Harold! do come over to-morrow
afternoon. Send me a wire in the morning
saying whether I am to expect you; I shall
be so unhappy until I hear.
Yours always,
EDITH.
P. S.—Major Hobbs is shut up in the
drawing room talking to mother. He has
been here all the afternoon, and I cannot
imagine what they can be talking about.
He comes every day now; but mother is
generally out visiting, so I have to enter-
tain him. I hope he won't come in to-
morrow when you are here.
E.
January 27th.

From Harold Roper,
To Miss Edith Deane,

MY DEAR EDITH:—Your behavior this
morning, when I accidentally ran across
you down town, proved to me what I have
long since suspected.
If you no longer care for me, please do
not hesitate to say so. I would far rather
know the truth at once and set you free,
than let you go on feeling that you are
bound to a man for whom you no longer
care, when the man you love is at your
feet. For if I have not said anything all
these months, I have not been blind, and
you yourself have often told me that Major
Hobbs almost lives at our house. And as
he certainly would not come without en-
couragement, I can only conclude that his
attentions are welcome, in which case it
would be better that our engagement
should cease.

Please do not trouble to return my
presents. I have no use for them, and
their return would only cause unnecessary
pain.
Yours faithfully,
HAROLD ROPER.
January 27th.

By Special Delivery.

From Edith Deane,
To Harold Roper, Esq.,
DEAR HAROLD:—Our letters must have
crossed, for yours arrived this morning at
the same time that mine must have reached
you.
Since you desire to end our engagement,
I shall, of course, raise no objection. For
some time past I have felt that you never
really cared for me; it is your work, or
rather, what you are pleased to call your
ambition that dominates your life. Even
at the commencement of our engagement
there were times when I realized that I was
only a secondary consideration, and the
thought galled my pride, and made me
bitter, cynical woman that I am.
I shall never love again; you have taught
me to know men too well, and the pleasure
of loving is not worth the pain.
That you may succeed, and that your
ambition may be realized, is the parting
wish of
Yours truly,
EDITH DEANE.
January 28th.

Three Months Later.

A marriage has been arranged, and will
shortly take place, between Major Hobbs,
of the 79th Regiment, and Edith Mary
Deane, only daughter of George Deane, 71
Madison Square.—McCall's Magazine.

Baby Instantly Killed by Wagon
Running Over It.

A curious accident occurred near Belle
Vernon Westmoreland county recently,
the victim being the 16-months-old child
of Mr. and Mrs. Roy. The other children
had the little child in a baby carriage and
sat down along the street to rest, leaving
the buggy with the babe in it standing on
the pavement. By some means the buggy
started, and running against the curbstone
was upset throwing the child out. Just at
that moment a two-horse wagon passed
along, and the wheels passed over the child,
cutting off the whole top of his head and
causing instant death.

A Land Without Women.

Members of the Gentler Sex Not Allowed on Re-
donda. A Population of Quinquagenarians. Absolute
Despotism Exists on a Little Island in the
Lesser Antilles Which is Owned by Great Brit-
ain.

Many there are who have heard of that
island the Lesser Antilles, famous for its
lime juice and sugar crop, the volcanic
Montserrat, discovered by Columbus in
1493, and indeed, named by him as well.
But how many know of its little neighbor
about fifteen miles to the northwest called
Redonda, which is too small to be marked
by even a pin dot upon the map? Here we
find a most curious "Adamless Eden," nor yet
an Eden which is Evesless, for from the
account of a returned traveller it is in
no wise a place of desirable habitation.
However, a spot on this broad globe de-
voted to women by man-made laws is some-
thing of a curiosity.

A LONELY PEAK.
Redonda is little more than a rocky volca-
nic peak rising out of the sea to the
height of perhaps a thousand feet. Until
about thirty years ago it was left to the
myriads of wild sea birds, which made their
nests upon the rocky cliffs. Guano was
accidentally discovered, and since that time
it has been given over to the workmen,
who have drilled, hammered and blasted
the surface to force it to yield up its de-
posits. Later on phosphate of alumina
and iron were discovered, and this brought
miners to the islet.

The population, which consists entirely
of quartermen and miners, varies from
about a dozen to 250, according to the sea-
son, and is composed entirely of negroes
under the direction of a white manager.

AN ABSOLUTE DESPOTISM.
While really a dependency of Montserrat,
it would naturally suppose that it was
governed by the hard and fast laws of Old
England, but far from that, it is a curious
form of superlative unlimited monarchy.
All power, both spiritual and temporal,
is vested in the manager in charge. This
civil law tribunal carries the entire
code of laws around in his head, which is
no doubt convenient and has numerous ad-
vantages, seeing that he can add or sub-
tract a clause as suits his fancy, while no
one may be the wiser. Then again, in case
an inhabitant commits a crime which has
no precedent, what more easy than to in-
vent a new punishment to fit it?

TWO CAUSES OF EVIL.
When a certain captain took charge of
this unique colony about twenty years ago
he found it torn asunder by rebellion and
civil war. Upon inquiry he found the
prime causes to be "rum and destructive,
deceitful women."
Being a wise man in his day, he first cut
off the supply of rum, and afterward ban-
ished females for all time. Since this
edict went forth not a black woman has set
foot on the island, although white women
tourists have been allowed to peep at
this curious little speck of terra firma.

The miners come chiefly from Montser-
rat, and are expected to remain at least
three months without going home, though
many of them remain much longer with-
out expressing any desire to return.

FOOD BROUGHT FROM ENGLAND.
The islet produces absolutely nothing in
the way of crops, and all food supplies are
brought directly from England or the
neighboring islands, who ply a lively trade
by means of sail-boats. There are no
towns, no shops, no churches, no roads,
no names. In fact, there is nothing
but the manager's bungalow-like resi-
dence and the negro quarters.

The negroes seem to be a light-hearted,
happy-go-lucky, irresponsible company,
from their behavior one must gather that
they feel the loss of their women folks very
little.

After working hard all day, many of
them in the boiling hot sun, they spend
the evening in boisterous song and dance,
having scarcely taken time to swallow their
evening meal.

They select the largest barrack room,
close all the doors and windows tight, stuff
up every crevice, and, with reeking skin,
under blazing paraffine lamps, they dance
and sing to the music of a tin can, bones
and triangle.

Next morning far from being exhausted,
they go forth to the day's work laughing
and happy, like a troop of schoolboys.

Such is the place forbidden to woman,
but she may take some satisfaction in the
knowledge that the latest Gazetteer gives
Redonda just three lines of descriptive
space.

Big Dam Breaks Valley is Swept.

Five Million Gallons of Water Liberated by
Heavy Cloudbursts.

The Breakneck reservoir, four miles from
Connellsville, in the mountains, between
Lyons and the 5,000,000-
gallon lake flooded White Run Valley,
sweeping away houses, railroads bridges,
barns, fences and crops.

So far as known there were no lives lost,
but there are many thrilling escapes.
The damage is estimated at \$200,000.

One farmer, John Sands, rescued his
wife and children on a faithful horse.
Three houses and a store located just be-
low the reservoir were wrenched from their
foundations and whirled down the valley
for a considerable distance. Many persons
rode on the roofs of their houses to a place
of safety.

The breaking of the reservoir was caused
by successive cloudbursts, which occurred
at short intervals. The mountain streams
became swollen and the pressure was too great
for the dam, which was completely washed
out, hardly a timber remaining to show
where the massive breastworks had been.

The great torrent of water followed
White's run to Moyer, where it flows into
the Youghiogheny river.
At Moyer more than a mile of track of
the Pittsburgh, McKeesport and Connells-
ville Railway was washed away, completely
blocking traffic. Five county bridges
were washed out. Two big bridges on the
main line of the Southwest Pennsylvania
Railroad were washed out, and trains were
not run for several days from Evans to
Wheelers.

Dead cows, horses and pigs strewn the
valleys. The farms of David Lutz, Wil-
liam Bettle and Sherick Wilson, in the
White's Run Valley, are completely ruined,
promising crops being covered to a
depth of more than a foot with mud and
slime.

"Dutch Bottom," a low district on the
north side was nearly washed away.
Many of the lots had been filled up with
considerable expense. These were washed
to the level of the creek. Gardens were
destroyed and houses wrecked.

A Thick Skinned Creature.

A whale has the thickest skin of any liv-
ing creature. Its hide in many places at-
tains a thickness of fully two feet.

Close of Dunkard Meeting.

Next Conference in Northern Ohio, Business
Acted On.

The General Conference of the German
Baptist Church, which had been in session
the past week at Paxtang Park, Harris-
burg, closed Thursday night with devo-
tional services. The next annual meeting and
conference will be held in Northern Ohio,
at such time and place as may be selected
by the location committee. During
Thursday session the questions passed down
by the standing committee were disposed
of with a spirit of unanimity that has rarely
been known at the General Conference.

The question as to whether native con-
verts in India who had two or more wives
before conversion to the church could be
baptized after conversion was decided by
agreeing to permit them to be baptized if
they promise to adhere strictly to the
church regulations in the future.

A rule was adopted prohibiting the use
by some congregations of beer bottles for
communion wine.

The Texas and Louisiana delegations
wanted the name Dunkard to be dropped.
This was referred to the committee already
appointed to take this matter up, to re-
port at the next annual meeting.

California and Arizona asked that per-
mission be granted to issue clergy permits
to persons engaged in other occupations
than farming. The matter was referred to
a special committee. A question regard-
ing the revision of the minutes in the mat-
ter of the duties of ministers of the second
degree was returned unanswered.

A greeting from the church in Denmark
was read by the Clerk, and a question for
a petition to the King of Denmark for as-
sistance for the church was referred to the
general missionary committee.

Although the Conference closed Thurs-
day night, there was a large crowd at
the park Thursday and Friday engaged in
packing up their belongings and in attend-
ing impromptu religious meetings.

Man's Forgetfulness.

Dwelling Places Which Rise on Sites of Great
Disasters.

Much is said of the audacity of men in
building his home in spots so dangerous as
the slopes of Mont Pelee have proved them-
selves to be. Yet, says the Providence
Journal, all history affords illustrations of
calm forgetfulness with which the race
selects its dwelling places on the sites of
great dreadful catastrophes. Vesuvius still
smokes over peaceful Naples. Lisbon
still, beautiful and imposing, where a
"convulsion of nature" once brought un-
utterable fright and desolation. The Japa-
nese still crowd the coasts of their tide-
swept islands and the Chinese huddle
along the banks of the Hoang-Ho. It is
not two years since Galveston was over-
whelmed by flood, yet a new Galveston is
being built on the dangerous site of the
wreckage and the people of the city are
ready to take their chances of a similar
disaster in the future. There is absolute-
ly nothing to prevent a second tidal wave
from the Gulf, yet the city pursues its
daily tasks, apparently unafraid. Men in
hazardous enterprises confound in them,
because they offer something more than a
living wage. Manufacturing processes
that require the constant inhalation of no-
xious gases or dangerous dusts pay high
prices for labor and have no difficulty in
obtaining recruits. We live in unsanitary
houses, with death and disease staring at
us from every corner, and yet shudder at
the fine audacity of the people who are
willing to spend their days beneath the
curling smoke of a long-smouldering volca-
no. The fact is that in the healthy dis-
tricts of the crowded cities of the United
States, where ventilation is bad and drain-
age deficient and disease germs are abun-
dant, a man is exposed to greater risks
than the dwellers on the islands of the
West Indies.

Boy Kills a Doctor.

Dr. James Rose, of Waynesburg, died
Wednesday afternoon from injuries in-
flicted that morning by Anthony Kirchner,
a 15 year old boy, who claimed that he
was defending a comrade. Kirchner was
arrested, and was held pending an inquest.
Dr. Rose was at the stable to get his horse
and buggy. A stable boy who was getting
the animal ready to take to the physician
was too slow. Words passed between
them, and the physician is alleged to have
kicked the boy and knocked him down.
Young Kirchner, who was in the stable at
the time, accused Dr. Rose of cowardice,
and claims he was in turn attacked by
Rose. Kirchner hurled a beer bottle at
Rose. The mischief done, the stable boy
eyes. Rose refused to have his wound at-
tended by a physician, and went to his
home, where he died Wednesday afternoon.

Slater Brings Suit Against Howell.

The sensational case of Franklin Howell
and his wealthy sister Jennie, the brother
seeking to have the sister declared insane
rather than leave her marry a Dr. Deane,
was recalled in court in Scranton when
Mrs. Deane filed papers in court objecting
to the account of Franklin as trustee of the
sister's estate. The papers allege that
Franklin has mismanaged the estate and
has not charged himself with all the money
that has come into his hands belonging to
his sister.

Largest Chain in the World.

Half of the largest cable chain in the
world has just been completed at the Le-
banon Ship Works for the Eastern Ship-
building Company and was shipped recent-
ly from Lebanon, Pa., to New London,
Conn., occupying four gondola freight cars.
It is over a quarter of a mile in length and
each link weighs ninety-three pounds. The
other half of the chain will be completed
in a few months and will be shipped to
New London, and linked to the first part.

Woman Arrested on Charge of Killing
Little Girl.

Mrs. Letitia Eagle, of Avalon, Pa., a
suburb of Pittsburg, was arrested recently
on a charge of killing Edna Varner, her
thirteen year old ward. The young girl
died on May 5th from a bullet wound in
her breast, and it was thought she had
committed suicide, but the coroner's jury
found that she had been murdered by a
person or persons unknown to Mrs. Eagle's
husband is assistant superintendent of the
Pressed Car Company's plant at Woods
Run, Pa.

True to German Cooking.

He was a stalwart young German and as
he walked into the barn he saluted its own-
er with "Hey, mister, will you jop me?"
"Will I what?" returned the farmer.
"Will you jop me? Make me work
yet?"
"Oh, I see, you want a job," said his
hearer. "Well, how much do you want a
month?"
"I tell you, if you eat me on her farm
I come for five dollars, but for twenty-five
dollars I eat myself by Schmidt's."—
New York Evening Sun.

Tea Drinking in the Mines.

"I do not know the scientific reason for
the thing," said a traveling man who has
recently made a trip in the mining regions
of the West, "but on my last trip to some
of the mining towns in Oklahoma Terri-
tory particularly I found that the miners
are in the habit of drinking tea almost ex-
clusively while toiling under the earth. I
asked the miners why it was, and the only
explanation that they gave was that water
and coffee made them sick at the stomach.
Iced tea, they said, was the best drink
they had been able to find, and the use of
this drink let them without any sort of
bad effect. I made the trip down into one
of the mines at South McAllister, an ex-
perience by no means without interest to a
person not familiar with the lives the sub-
terranean toilers are forced to lead. In-
cidentally I may remark that I found a
mule in the mine which had not seen the
light of day for more than six years, and
the animal, because of the operation of the
principle of disuse, was as blind as a bat.
So far as I could judge he had completely
lost the sense of sight. But his hearing
was good, and the least noise made by a
shift of his food basket would cause him to
prick up his ears in a jiffy. His sense of
hearing was marvelous in many respects,
and I guess it was due to the fact that the
loss of sight had strengthened all the other
senses of the animal. But coming back to
the subject of tea, the miners said that the
habit of drinking tea while engaged in the
mine was practically a new thing, but had
become very extensive in a short space of
time.

It has been a great boon to the miners to
find a liquid which would appease the
throat without nauseating them, and
strengthening them at the same time in no
small degree. Some of the more thought-
ful men told me that the use of tea in the
mines had proven of great benefit to the
men in many ways, for prior to its intro-
duction there was much suffering. If the
men drank water it made them sick. If
they did not drink it they would almost
perish. Something was needed badly, and
tea is the best thing they have been able to
find.

Destroying Wild Flowers.

There is waiting among the real lovers of
nature over the destruction of wild flowers
that is thought by the ignorant and reck-
less. We