Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., June 13, 1902

THE RECALLING OF GEORGE.

It seemed good to the Sheriff to be here -out in the open country, travelling the winding roads and passing the farm houses that stand beside; good to be going home, if only for a week; good to ride with Speckled George, for he had known Speckled George for a long, long time. And that which seemed good to the Sheriff seemed good to Speckled George too; so Speckled George handled the reins with a flourish and chirruped to Old Dan, the mule, and sang lusty snatches of a corn-shucking song as they rode down along the long stretch of road between the stubble-land and the cotton.

Master and man were the Sheriff and Speckled George, and they had been master and man since the Sheriff, a red-headed white boy, hadrled the freckled-face quadroon-mulatto in daring forays into unguarded melon patches and the orchards that lay at hand.

Master and man--that was the way the Sheriff and Speckled George thought of it. No theory of social equality would suit these men of the old *regime*. Each claimed his social distinction, and each scorned a newly-fashioned notion. But who could cavil at such an obvious, such an orthodox, relation as that of master and man.

Really, they were old friends-men who had lived together close to the good red earth, and who had grown old together. Who knew the Sheriff like Speckled George; and who knew Speckled George like the Sheriff?

The Sheriff's hair was snow-white, and his face was rubicund, and he was fat-distinctly so. Speckled George had no hair -at least not any to speak of-and no fat: but his light yellow features, wrinkled now by a lifetime of laughter, were still sprinkled with the reddish-brown spots where in childhood the sunlight had kissed him. This morning the sunlight was kissing him again, and beyond him it fell softer than a maiden's touch on the Sheriff's forehead and the white hair that lay above. People said they were old-the Sheriff and Specked George-but they and the sunlight knew better. Perhaps they were akin to the sunlight-these two-which, although old, is ever young. The Sheriff had not always been sheriff.

Before his fellow-citizens had honored him with public office he had lived on the old plautation where he and George had been born, and when the 'exigencies of public life" had compelled his removal to the "courthouse town," he yielded but reluctantly, and had taken George with him to sweep out his office, to talk to him, and to 'putter" around generally, until the time should come-as it surely would comewhen the said fellow-citizens, withdrawing their favor, would elect another man.

That time had not come yet, but the Sheriff, tired of the dull routine of courts and warrants, was going home, for a week at least, there to wander around with George, to watch the ploughmen turn the mellow rufous soil and to listen to the click of the dull steel blades as the hoehands thinned the cotton. It would be good, too, to lie in his old hammock on the cool, quiet porches, listening to the drowsy monotone of the flower-hunting bees; good to laugh and joke again with passing neighbors; and good, if perchance a summer shower should "raise" the little creek, to go fishing there with earth-worms for bait. and catch "pearch" and the broad-headed, spiny catfish.

And in thinking of the good times com-ing, the Sheriff's spirits rose higher still, so

"Hit ain't very fur over uar, he had been dragging the creek and senter, marked approvingly, as he passed the spring and crossed a dividing fence. Then, spring and crossed a dividing fence. Then, of skin and muscular of figure. For hours of skin and muscular of figure. For hours they had been searching, but nothing had come of it. The creek bed was full of moment, then scouted warily along a hedgerow. Beyond the hedge was a melon deep holes and eddies, When the water should fall-to-morrow, perhaps, or the next day-no doubt the bloated corpse would show itself, covered by dank, mudpatch, with every melon distinctly marked. Parson Dodd's melons they were; but George didn't look at them then-he was busy reconnoitring the paths. At last, as the coast seemed clear, he went in boldly, and took of the best. "Is Parson Dodd gwineter know dese

melons?" queried the negro, addressing himself. Then, noting the marks, he nodded sagely. Speckled George felt sure that he would. When, at high noon, the Sheriff came

"Hit ain't very fur over dar," he re-

back again, arm in arm with the Parson, Speckled George was sleeping the sleep of the just; but there were rinds on the front porch-melon rinds-rattlesnake melons at that ! Parson Dodd alone grew rattlesnake drowning man and sighed. Lying around melons. The Parson was a good soul, but suspicious; and at the last court the crowd had rallied him about those melons.

The Sheriff gazed at the uncomely refuse in amazement. He thought the sight a slur on his housekeeping. "'Riar Mack ! 'Riar Mack !'' be shout-

ed wrathfully, "What the dev—" then stopped suddenly, remembering the Parpresence.

The Parson moved a rind gingerly with his foot. Yes; there were his initials "D. D.," representing David Dodd, just as he had suspected. The Sheriff he knew was given to jokes, but this deserved reproof. In his heart the Parson was hurt, but he was not angry.

"Brother Reese," he said very gently, 'I'd a gin you them melans for the ask-

II.

Afterwards, when the day of the melons Speckled George found himself in told. trouble, for the Sheriff was angry-so an-gry, in fact, that he had gone back to town and Big Ben, the Parson's black man, had said that the Parson had a warrant for George-was going to "jail" him for melon "George !"—the strong voice that had so stealing; but that troubled George not a whit. Didn't the Sheriff control that jail? But the other matter-the Sheriff's casting him off; that was the part that was serious. It seemed to Speckled George that life was suddenly become a harder thing than he had ever known, and that his small world

a world hitherto of laughter and of kindly light—had, somehow, drifted into the shadows. Even 'Riar Mack, once his good friend and true, was now stern and coldly unsympathetic.

To escape the clacking of her wearisome tongue, the old man wandered forth into the hot sun and the fields. Absently he crossed the furrowed land, coming at last

to the weedy fallows which lay beyond. "Unc' Gawge ! Oh, Unc' Gawge !" called a ploughman, willing to stop and gossip; but the old man did not heed; neither did he hear the partridges piping in the wheatstubble, nor the blue-jays calling from the orchard fence. He only stopped irresolutely and looked longingly down the far red stretch of the road. It was a lonely road, and the old man was troubled-troubled. he told himself, because of the Sheriff.

Down in the narrow "bottom" wher the foot-log lay there was a swirl and a rush of water, for the creek was rising as only a hill creek can, because of the rains above. Already the ploughman's ears had caught its sullen roaring, and he shook his head ominously in fear for the lowland corn. A man, too, had been drowned in that creek, -drowned at the foot-log crossing. mce-The ploughman shuddered at the thought and stopped a moment to hearken. Then

At the foot of the hill he met those who Professor Heilprin Tells of His Visit to Mont Pelee. FORT DE FRANCE, June 4.-8 p. m.

stained rags and hanging on some drifting mass of logs and floating brush. They were tired now and disheartened and were going home to rest and to wait for the

morning. It was only when he reached the creek that the Sheriff permitted the thought of accurately determined. It is positively its being already too late. But there the known that there has been no overflow of darkness was falling. Up through the valleys, gray-robed in silver mist, the vague shadows crept, slowly and stealthily; and out in the stream the water soughed like a were the drag-hooks and the chains, still wet, just as the negroes had left them; period of violent eruptions has probably while on a bare, dead bush hung the worn old hat that he knew so well. He knew how it happened now-knew

that he himself was to blame-knew how old George had felt when, abandoned by alone, and, with no eye save God's to see. had ended all-all the laughter, all the tears-in the quivering black depths out

there. 'George !" he called quaveringly. But only the dark hill pines gave an-

swer.

a laugh! A dry sob rose in the Sheriff's on mule back. At an altitude of 700 methroat, and his shoulders shook. Then his ters we began the ascent of the arete. head sank on his breast, and he stood for a long time motionless. When he looked up again the stars had come out and the the lip of the old crater, the former site of Afterwards, when the day of the melons night fog had reached to the tops of the Lake Palmiste, at 11 o'clock. Here it be-had passed, and the truth had been fully hills. Hopelessly he took the steep path gan raining. Rain clouds and the clouds homeward, a bent and broken old man, from the volcano enveloped us and we whose faltering footsteps scarce served to could not see ten feet. A terrific thunder bear his body. And as he went he listen- storm had begun and we sat on the edge of alone, and Speckled George was left to his own devices. Parson Dodd was angry too, house he wandered aimlessly, driven by whether the detonations we heard were of his deep remorse, from room to room, call- thunder or from the volcano. As we after-

> often made the rafters ring with its mirth canic. now trembled like that of a pleading child -"Oh George !" And the awe-stricken, yet pitying, negroes, hearing it with shuddering and with moaning, covered their heads lest the very ha'nts should come to

violin, and the moonlight was falling in a vacant place. Away off over the hills a dog howled

mournfully, and the silences of the misty purple-gray woodland were broken by a screech owl's eerie cry.

The sleeper stirred. "George !" he muttered.

Then, as if in answer, there was a movement on the dusty road, the gate latch clicked, and a hatless man, tired and bent and bald, came creeping into the silent to the white mass within. porch. At the hammock side he stopped, As we stood on the edge and looked wistfully into the sleeper's face. Then slipping away, he came again, bear-ing the battered violin. Very quietly he sat down in his accustomed place, and very tenderly he tucked the polish wood beneath his chin. Softly, and with caressing motion, the horse-hair touched the tightened tives, as well as violent detonations. The strings, and as softly as the dew-fall comes the old-time tunes began. Soft and low, with trill and quiver, the first clear notes arose, filling the gray house as with voices. and drifting into the far-off cabins. And the frightened negroes, huddling close and quaking, told each other, with bated breath, that George, obedient to his master's call, known by direct agency of a volcano. The had come back, even from the gates of the phenomenon of the explosion of flaming

A Graphic Description

Professor Angelo Heilprin, president of the Philadelphia Geographical society, who is here for the National Geographical society came into Fort de France last night from his explorations of the crater on the summit of Mont Pelee. Professor Heilprin is well and in good spirits. He has rested from the fatigues of his last trip, and is

The location of the new crater has been The come

Heilprin said to-day to the correspondent of the Associated Press :

I left Fort de France with Mr. Leadbetter the morning of May 29th and reached Acier at 7 o'clock in the evening of the 30th. May 31 we made our first ascent of the volcano. We left Acier at 5:30 and Vive at half past 7 o'clock in the morning. The party consisted of Mr. Leadbetter and He was dead then-dead for the sake of myself and three colored boys. We were We passed along its east side and slightly to the north of the mountain. We arrived at wards found the river Fallaise to be boiling, the detonations were probably vol-

"The extreme top of the volcano is covered with cinders, scoriae, boulders and angular rocks which had been ejected from the crater. Further down the mountain is covered with ashes and mud, and these are thick on the arete. On our way down at party and determined to attempt a second ascent the next day, June 1. The day was intensely hot and it was raining. When we reached the old crater it was again enveloped in vapor. Between lifts in the clouds of vapor we could see the new crater, of which Mr. Varian made an excellent sketch. Suddenly the vapor cleared away and we made a dash forward. We reached the edge of the new crater, and from where we stood we could have dropped stones in-

As we stood on the edge of the crater a sublime spectacle began. I now have some conception of what is going on inside the earth, and have been a spectator of nature's secret interior work. We were assailed with noise. Far below there was a hissing of steam like that of a thousand locomoprincipal output of the crater while we were there was steam. The phenomena were limited and were not essentially different from those of other volcanoes in action. The eruption of Mont Pelee on the 8th was unique in that it caused the greatest destruction of life and property even spirit land; that grim ghosts were gibber- gases is probably new, but a careful study of observations is necessary before an opinion can be reached. The electrical phenomena are also new. They probably did not play the chief role in the destruction of St. Pierre, but were developed by and aided

Points of Interest About The Pennsyl vania State College.

In connection with the annual commence ment exercises at The Penusylvania State which have just come to such a College, successful close, it seems most opportune to furnish some information to others than those who were fortunate enough to be in attendance. The College is always an objective point to people of this community who are entertaining friends from a distance, and a day cannot be more pleasantly or profitably spent than in wandering over the beautiful campus there or through the fine buildings thatornament it.

Many who visit the place come away with little or no conception of the scope of the work done there and for the benefit of such we publish the following list of places you should see. Even to the uncomprehending mind many of the things to be seen will be entertaining, but to many of the visitors they will have an import that will be of personal value as well as serve to impress upon the strangers from a distance the advantages of our great institution of learning :

MAIN BUILDING.

Facing main entrance, Relief map of the State.

BUSINESS OFFICE. No. 170 First Floor MINEROLOGICAL LABORATORY. Room 126, first floor.

THE PENNSYLVANIA MINING EXHIBIT AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION. In the basement. Entrance through room 126, first floor.

Crude oils and their refined products Model of primitive iron furnace. Clays, tile, brick, etc.

Building stones, iron ores, paint ores, etc.

DEPARTMENT OF INDUSTRIAL ART AND DESIGN, Rooms 274-284 second floor.

Partial display of students' work. LIBRARY AND READING ROOM. No. 226. second floer.

ZOOLOGICAL MUSEUM. Room 214, second floor

ZOOLOGICAL LABORATORY and exhibition of students' work and collections, room 205, second floor.

PSYCHOLOGICAL LABORATORY AND LEC TURE ROOMS 329-339, third floor. Brain models, specimens and Experimental apparatus. Students' work.

BRILL AND SCHROEDER MATHEMATICAL MODELS. Room 437. Open 5 to 6 p.m. on Wednesday.

AGRICULTURAL BUILDING (TEMPORARY). First Floor.

- Chemical laboratory for students. Fertilizers and fats from bones. Collection of plant ingredients.
- Second Floor.
- Bacteriological laboratory.
- Charts, models, specimens, etc. Grasses of Pennsylvania.
- Part of Agricultural Exhibit of Pennsylva-nia at the World's Columbian Exposition.

COLLEGE FARM.

Registered Polled Angus and dairy Short-Horns.

AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION.

- STATION BUILDING—*First Floor*. Appliances for the analysis of fertilizers, foods, feeding-stuffs, milk, butter, etc. cond Floor.
- Offices of Correspondence Courses. Collection of farm seeds.
- Varieties of grain in the sheaf. Incubators.

RESPIRATION-CALORIMETER. Near Station Building.

Apparatus erected in co-operation with the U. S. Department of Agriculture for scientific investigations upon the nutrition of domestic animals.

CREAMERY. Near Station Building. The separator will be run from 7:00 to 8:30

Full-sized three compartment jig and elevator belts. Coal mining car.

OBELISK OF PENNSYLVANIA BUILDING STONES (Campus near Armory.)

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE. The State College is supported by the joint ction of the United States and the State of Pennsylvania, under a legislative contract. Congress conveyed to the State a valuable-gift of public lands, on condition that it should provide a College where the leading object should be,—

"Without excluding other Scientific and Classic-al studies, and including Military Tactics, to-teach such branches of learning as are related to-

Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, in order [Note the object] to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions in life."

The State of Pennsylvania, by act of Legislature (1863) accepted this gift "with all its provisions and conditions," and pledged "the faith of the State" to carry the same

"the faith of the State" to carry the same into effect. The College, in compliance with the Law of Congress, provides a "liberal" education, by means of studies in Modern Languages. (English, German, French, Italian, Spanish) the Ancient Classics, History, Political Science, Pedagogics, Philosophy, and Ethics. It provides a "practical" education, by maintaining thorough and efficient courses-in Agriculture, Biology, Chemistry, Engineer-ing, (Civil, Electrical, Mechanical and Min-ing), Physics. Mathematics, &., combined.

ing, (Civil, Electrical, Mechanical and Min-ing), Physics, Mathematics, &c., combined, with a very large amount of practical appli-cations in the Laboratory, Shop, or Field. It provides an education both "liberal" and "practical" by infusing the education (or pedagogical) idea into every practical course, and the idea of practical utility into-every theoretical course.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE.

The next College year opens Thursday, eptember 18th, 1902, at 8 a. m.

Examinations for Admission will be held at theCollege Tuesday and, Wednesday, Sep-tember 16th and 17th, beginning at 8:30 a.m., each day. Local Examinations will also be held at

Local Examinations will also be held at. Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Reading (Y. M. C. A. Rooms in each city); Scranton and Johnstown (High School); Pittsburg (Cen-tral Board of Education), Thursday and Fri-day, June 26th and 27th, beginning each day at 9 a. m., and 2:30 p. m. Candidates who design to do so may divide the available to so at 9 a. m., and 2:30 p. m. Candidates who desire to do so, may divide the examinations, taking a part of the subjects in June and the remaining subjects in September at the College.

If you should visit the institution at any time during a vacation period inquiry will discover some person in authority about the place who will be glad to give you the op-portunity of seeing any or all of the principal points noted above.

Care of Roses.

How to Deal With Insects That Blight Bushes and Flowers.

Happy the rose grower who gathers roses unmarred by worm and blight, with foliage perfect in form and color; but with the June roses that is almost an impossibility. Rose bugs, slugs, and caterpillar ; rosethrips, blith and mildew conspire to make the life of the rose grower one of ceaseless. activity and constant vigilance.

The simplest all around preventive measure lies in freely pruning and thinning the branches of the plants, that the air and sunshine may have free access to every partof the bush, and the application of water from hose and syringe, with sufficient force to dislodge any insects that may infest the plant, care being taken to reach every part of the plant, especially the under side of the leaves.

The small green worms which draw the leaves together with a slight net cannot beremoved in this way, the most effectual method of destroying them being to go over

the bushes, pinching the leaves between

the thumb and finger, or more agreeable,

with a spring clothespin. The spiraes, too

bear the old man company. Silent in its corner lay the cracked old Acter we met Mr. George Kennan and his

ready for more work. The following important points have been settled by Professor Heilprin :

molten matter from the lip of the crater; tain and the height of Mont Pelee is unchanged. The crater does not contain a cinder stone. There has been no topographical alterations of the country. ended, although the volcano may continue to be quietly active for a long time to

Referring to his expedition Professor

that he told George old tales which George already knew, laughing loudly the while at Gawge !" his own ready wit and invention.

Thus chattering and communing, they came at last, by grace of God and the good nature of the mule, to the gray house in the edge of the hills, and there they alighted. And that night the Sheriff lay in his hammock on the old rose-covered porch. dozing and dreaming, while George, his bald head shining in the slanting rays of the gibbous moon, sat on the oaken steps, holding beneath his chin a patched and battered violin, from which his nimble fingers drew old tunes and half-forgotten strains—"Shear Dem Sheep" and "Philadelphy Gals" and "Ole Kentucky Home" -drifting at last into a wild, weird melody, all his own, which held all the sadness of the sighing pines, all the sweetness of the sleeping roses. Listening, the Sheriff thought of bygone things and sighed; and down in the cabins the half-frightened negroes whispered that George was talking -talking through his tremulous music-to a woman who long ago had died.

But when morning came there was no longer room for sadness nor for misty memories, so filled was the world with life, and the keen, sharp joy of living. Therefore Speckled George laughed anew and pre-sented 'Riar Mack with a 'cunjer'' bag, made of a piece of green calico, and two or three pebbles from the brook. He would have put a lizard's skin in it only he didn't have time to catch the lizard, for the Sheriff was calling him.

Then they went on a long tramp through the woods and the abandoned fields, to a place where summer grapes used to grow; then back by the foot-log across the creek, and on over the hills, till they came to the house again. Then, when George had found a shady place and had settled himself lazily, the Sheriff. thinking of yester-day's purpose, set out to fetch Parson Dodd, for a joke on George was fresh in his memory, and he wished to tell Dodd of the bull, and of how quickly George had climbed that tree.

But George, though lulled into half-unconsciousness by the hypnotic play of sunlight and shadow, had already divined the cause of the Sheriff's haste. Still, he but watched the heat-waves rise and shimmer in the dusty road, caught with expanded nostrils the earthy odor of the fields, and stretched himself and groaned in sheer content.

Suddenly a new idea came. It startled the negro, and he sat straight up, a merry light twinkling in his cunning eyes. Almost he was minded—almost, and yet— A blue jay flew up from the garden

fence, voicing a rancous cry : "Do it !" "Do it !" he seemed to say.

"Yea! yea! yea!" and flew away, screaming in derision. Back in the hewn log kitchen there was

a sound as of one beating the biscuit dough with a wooden roller.

> "Better mint my brudder How yer walk on de cross Ef yo' foot slip Den yo' soul be los' "

sang 'Riar Mack, cook and housekeeper in one, intent on her business.

Speckled George listened and looked about carefully. There was no one else, and the spring path lay temptingly open. He slipped his cumbering shoes from his

the spring path with a long, "loping" trot. | where the big raft lay.

is evertell once more on the old man.sea ed now by the roadside fence. "'Unc' Gawge !" he called again. "'Unc' But the other was lost in his

reverie. "Fifty yeahs," he mumbled to himself. "Fifty yeahs wid him as boy an' as man; an' now it have come down ter dis !"

His head sank dejectedly, and with a little stick he marked nervously in the fine dust at his feet. "Who gwine ten' ter dat mizzabul ole white man ?" he queried, "Who gwine ten' ter 'im after Speckle George done gone? Who gwine fix him de toddy an git 'im hot water ferhe shavin' ?"

He raised his head at the thought, and cackled a queer broken laugh, but there were tears in his voice, not laughter. Then his eyes wandered back to the house. Yonder, on the same night, he and the Sheriff had been born-he in a cabin in the yard, the Sheriff in "de big 'ouse" yonder they had lived together, sharers in each other's joys, partakers in each other's pedition. sorrows; and yonder the Sheriff had cast him off-thrown him aside after he was

Surely his world had slipped its gearold. ing and reason had gone astray. Then suddenly a swift resolution came. He knew it all now-knew it well enough ! Yonder, across the yellow water racing through the "bottoms," behind the blue line of the intervening hills, his master was waiting for him-waiting and watching for old Speckled George !

The ploughman saw him rise, saw him take his laboring way over the furrowed

field, saw him reach the crest of the nearby hill, saw him look one time backward, then vanish down the path. At the nar row, shaking foot-log the swift water raced and ran. leaping upwards as if grasping for the feet of those who passed; and late in the afternoon a little boy found Speckled George's hat caught in the tangled driftwood a half mile farther down.

In the meantime the Sheriff had planned his counter-stroke. It irritated him that George should have trapped him so easily. "You hint it aroun", Parson, that you're goin' to get out a warrant," he had said.

The niggers 'll tote him the news, an' I'll go down to-night an' see how he takes it. We'll skeer him plumb nigh to death, Parson-plumb nigh to death !"

And later he had taken the road to hunt up George and to magnify, by solemn and apposite remarks, the negro's supposed lears.

But when he arrived at the "old place George was not there. Instead, 'Riar Mack met him with downcast eyes and an ashen gray, tired face. "Marse Bob," she said in a hollow voice

-hollow, with a note of reproach trembling in its solemn tones. "We's in pow'ful trouble. Dey ain't tell yo' yit, is dey, Marse Bob ?'

"Trouble ! What is it ?" The tears rose in the woman's eyes.

"Speckle George, he bin in trouble dis mornin', Marse Bob. Dey say he wuz feared about dem milyuns. Marse Bob,

dey fine Speckle George hat down by de big raff-down in de creek-but dey cyarn

fine Speckle George." For a moment the Sheriff was stunned. Then his voice broke out sharp and insistent.

"They ain't looked !" he said. "They ain't half looked !" And with hasty tremulous footsteps he took his way over feet, settled his hat more firmly, and took the hill, toward the deep swirling water

ing in the old white house, and from tree tops a woman was calling. But the Sheriff, waking, saw only an honest, speckled face low bent above a

gliding bow. "George !" he called very softly. "Is by the other forces. that you, George ?"

"Yas, suh," the figure answered; "'tis so! An' I needs a new hat, Marse Bob, kase my ole un done fell in de creek !" -By E. Crayton McCants, in Everybody's

Magazine.

Sven Hedin Baffled.

All the newspapers have announced the arrival in Cashmere of the famous explorer, Sven Hedin, from his fields of explorations in Central Asia. No cable reports, however, have reached this country with regard to his adventures in Thibet while crossing that vast country to India, except the vague statement that he lost a part of his ex-

The telegraphic dispatch which he has sent to the King of Sweden shows that he had a most exciting time while traveling through that forbidden country. His disforced to come out. patch is lacking in detail, but gives a brief outline of his adventures.

It appears that he could not resist the temptation of making an effort, like many explorers before him, to reach the forbidden city of Lhasa. So he disguised himself as a pilgrim, and succeeded in approaching Lhasa within a few miles.

The town was thrown into much excitement by the sudden discovery that a foreigner was approaching the city, and he was at once made a prisoner. Fortunately for the explorer, he was not tortured as the Englishman Lander was when he tried to reach Lhasa from the north.

Hedin was well treated by the express command of the Dalai Lama. Perhaps this was partly due to the friendly relations which seem to have been established by the mission which, at the request of the Czar of Russia, was sent to St. Petersburg about a year ago by the Dalai Lama.

Hedin, however, not content with the failure of his first attempt, made another effort to reach the city. This time 500 Thibetan soldiers sent against him attacked him without any parley and destroyed a large part of his caravan. This to his ambition to reach Lhasa. This put an end

As he had only a few followers, his words referring to the loss of his caravan apply very likely to his baggage train of camels. He says that he managed to save "the results of my expedition," which probably refers to the voluminous note books which as he reported earlier, contained the minute details of many interesting discoveries; also his map material, on which he had spent much labor, his surveys being so detailed that, as he said, he would be able to make

large scale maps of all the regions visited. It is to be hoped also that he was able to save the relics of the earlier civilization he discovered in the Gobi desert, which he was bringing home. His reverse would have been truly disastrous if he had lost his note notebooks and ronte surveys, for then he would not have been able to make the detailed report he expects to publish of the result of his long labors.

Fly Time.

First Spider-Have you had your parlor industrious and keep them off the streets, done over?

'Yes, with fly paper.

The Great Coal Strike.

Engineers and Pumpmen Join the Miners and Add to

sylvania.

the Great Army of Unemployed Workmen in Penn Test of calf meal. WILKESBARRE, Pa., June 1.-There is a Tests of varieties of wheat, oats and potafeeling prevailing at president Mitchell's headquarters tonight that the strike order toes 16th year. Leguminous soiling crops. Test of flat pea. Variety tests of cow peas. issued by the executive committee of the United Mine Workers will be generally. General fertilizer experiment, 20th year. Varieties of small fruits. obeyed by the engineers, firemen, and pumpmen tomorrow and that these will Novelties in shrubs and evergreens. join the striking miners. The only place Whole vs. piece-root apple grafting, where there is considerable opposition to

the order is in the Lackawanna region, and it is claimed that this opposition will dis-appear. It is said that the sentiment Collection of woods and botanical specimens Collection of tree, flower and weed seeds. Recitation room and botanical laboratory. among the miners is so strong in favor of Conservatory and propagating house. the engineers, firemen and pumpmen joining them that many will practically be CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS BUILDING.

LOSS DUE TO THE STRIKE.

Assaying laboratory. The Dr. Pugh Memorial Collection. A careful calculation shows that in the three anthracite districts there are 5547 boilers, 3826 engines and 917 pumps. The The museum contains specimens of raw, half-finished and finished products pertain-ing to all sorts of chemical manufactures. The great industries of dye-stuffs, pigments, discharge of water each minute is estimated at 366,424 gallons. In all there are 357 collieries. To operate this machinery there are 3200 firemen, 1070 engineers and 1425 white lead, oils, paper, starch, salt, china, soap, etc., are all represented. pumpmen. Of these it is said tonight that 4,480 voted for the strike and 1215 against PHYSICS. it. The miners' leaders say that of the Physical lecture rooms and laboratories. latter number fully 75 per cent. will go out tomorrow rather than face the wrath "Wireless Telegraphy." Apparatus and instruments of precision. and taunts of their fellows.

It is estimated that up to last night the POWER PLANT, strike has cost the miners in wages \$3,890,-000. The loss to the employees other than miners in the region is placed at \$904,500, the loss to the business men at \$2,250,000 and the loss to all operators based on the usual price of coal at \$7,806,000.

Thus it is figured that the strike has cost \$14,850,500 in three weeks and the amount Room 7. 150 H. P. Experimental Corliss Engine. will grow larger with each day inasmuch as the operators have to provide for the men Gas Engine. Testing Machines. (Iron, Steel, Cement, Lubricant.) Air Compressor. Air Brakes. that are guarding the mines and for the non-union men who will take the places of the strikers at the engines and pumps.

During Vacation.

Provide Your Boy Employment So He Will Not Contract Bad Habits. An exchange imparts valuable wisdom in

Dynamo Electric Machinery. Electrical Instruments. the following : Put your boy to work if he Electrolytic Appliances. Electric Railway Equipment. High Pressure Transformers. is not at school. If there is nothing else to do, put him to whitewashing the back fence. Keep the lawn mowed, and even SHOPS WITH STUDENTS' WORK. Room B-Forging. Room C-Machine Shop. Room D-Foundry. Room E-Carpentry. Room F-Wood Working Machinery. Room G-Wood Turning. cut the winter supply of wood. Anything is better for him than loafing about town at the head end of a cigarette stump, learning all the evil and contracting all the vices the devil keeps afloat to catch idlers. No honest labor will hurt your boy, but the evil habits he may contract on the streets MECHANICAL MUSEUM, Room 11. DRAWING ROOMS WITH STUDENTS' WORK. may kill his soul and poison his moral na-Rooms 30, 31, 32, 36, 38, ture so as to make him a detriment to the community in which he lives and bow down SURVEYING INSTRUMENTS. Room 37. Model of a plant for cleaning impure lead, gold and silver ores. the coming generation would be better, in-estimably hetter off. Working model of a coal breaker and coal

a. m. each day. Pasteurizing milk and cream for retail trade 8 a. m. daily. Churning with combined churn and worker at 9:00 a. m. daily. STATION BARN. Registered and Grade Guernseys. Herd of Registered Improved English Berk

BOTANICAL BUILDING.

Chemical lecture rooms and laboratories.

ENGINEERING BUILDING.

MECHANIC ARTS BUILDING.

Boiler House. Room 3, Engines and Dynamos.

Automobile built by students.

ABORATORIES, Room 6.

Hydraulic Appliances. Hot Air Engines.

Hydraulic Appliances.

Calorimeters. (Coal, Ash, Gas, etc.)

Injectors, etc

Room 12.

Rooms H. & I.

Museum of chemical industry.

shire swine.

periments.

Stave silo.

CHEMICAL.

will need this attention. In some varieties, as the billardi, the leaves on the lips of the branches will be found drawn together over the blossom buds, and the buds completely Flocks of pure-bred poultry. destroyed. In varieties giving but a single crop of flowers during the summer this is-Appliances for feeding and digestion exquite a serious matter and should have prompt attention. EXPERIMENTS IN PROGRESS.

For the destruction of rose bugs, showering the plants with the paris green solution is the most effectual remedy, using one teaspoonful to four gallons of water. must be used promptly as these are of all rose pests the most unsightly and destructive, eating the full blown roses and quickly destroying the blossoms of an entire bed. -June Pilgrim.

Cut in Two by the Cars Near Milton.

William Durkee, aged 16 years, who resides in Shamokin, was riding on a freight-train on the Reading railroad near West Milton Thursday night intending with friends to visit Milton. Durkee was sitting on a brake wheel when the train came to a stop. A sudden start was at once made and Durkee was thrown between the cars and the wheels passed over his body cutting it in two.

His horrified friends notified the train crew and the remains of the unfortunate young man were picked up and sent to his nome on the next train going east.

At the time of the accident Darkee was holding a rose between his lips and it was still there when he was found by the witnesses to the tragedy. Durkee was an employe of one of the

mines at Shamokin, as were also his com-panions, and was idle owing to the strike and was going to Milton in search of work when the accident occurred.

When Small Boys Use Big Words.

The boy in the boarding house, according to the New York *Evening Sun*, was at breakfast, and was trying his best to eat his egg quickly, so he could take the only one remaining in the dish before another boarder, who he thought had designs upon it could appropriate it. He was a small boy, much given to using large words at random. The egg still reposed in the dish when he was ready to eat it, so, looking across the table, he remarked apprehensive-

ly: "Is that egg occupied? If it is'nt I should like to have it." The other boarder smilingly replied,

while passing the dish.

"I hope not. If it is you are welcome to it."

nanny goat. "He's got religion, I guess," said the

other. "You don't say?"

"Yes he ate a Bible the other day."-

Catholic Standard and Times.

Should Have Asked Grand-pa

On the old farm.

His cousin Tom's boy (from New York) -Uncle Abner, will you please put a point on these arrows? We're playin' buffalo huntin' an' they won't stick into the cow this way.-Judge.

his gray haired parents with sorrow. If the fathers and mothers of today would learn the importance of training their sons to be