

Bellefonte, Pa., June 13, 1902

THE RECALLING OF GEORGE.

It seemed good to the Sheriff to be here... 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.

"Hit ain't very fur over dar," he remarked approvingly, as he passed the spring and crossed a dividing fence.

"Is Parson Dodd gwinner krow dese melons?" queried the negro, addressing himself. Then, nodding the marks, he nodded sagely.

When, at high noon, the Sheriff came 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!

The Sheriff gazed at the unconely refuse in amazement. He thought the sight a slur on his housekeeping.

"Riar Mack! Riar Mack!" he shouted wrathfully, "What the dev—?" then stopped suddenly, remembering the Parson's presence.

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.

"Brother Reese," he said very gently, "I'd a gin you them melons for the asking."

Afterwards, when the day of the melons had passed, and the truth had been fully told, Speckled George found himself in trouble, for the Sheriff was angry—so angry, in fact, that he had gone back to town alone.

At the foot of the hill he met those who had been dragging the creek and searching. Big lusty farmhands they were, black of skin and muscular of figure.

It was only when he reached the creek that the Sheriff permitted the thought of its being already too late. But there the darkness was falling.

He knew how it happened now—knew that he himself was to blame—knew how old George had felt when, abandoned by every friend, he had crept to the creek alone.

"George!" he called quaveringly. "But only the dark hill pines gave answer."

He was dead then—dead for the sake of a laugh! A dry sob rose in the Sheriff's throat, and his shoulders shook.

"George!"—the strong voice that had so often made the rafters ring with its mirth now trembled like that of a pleading child.

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 porch.

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A Graphic Description.

Professor Helppin Tells of His Visit to Mont Pelee.

FORT DE FRANCE, June 4.—8 p. m.—Professor Angelo Helppin, president of the Philadelphia Geographical Society, who is here for the National Geographical Society's expedition into Fort de France last night from his explorations of the crater on the summit of Mont Pelee.

The following important points have been settled by Professor Helppin: The location of the new crater has been accurately determined. It is positively known that there has been no overflow of molten matter from the lip of the crater.

Referring to his expedition Professor Helppin said to-day to the correspondent of the Associated Press: I left Fort de France with Mr. Ledbetter the morning of May 29th and reached Aciac at 7 o'clock in the evening of the 30th.

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 sand, and these are thick on the arete. On our way down to Aciac we met Mr. George Kenan and his party and determined to attempt a second ascent the next day, June 1.

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. We were assailed with noise. Far below there was a hissing of steam like that of a thousand locomotives, as well as violent detonations.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., June 1.—There is a feeling prevailing at present in the headquarters tonight that the strike order issued by the executive committee of the United Mine Workers will be generally obeyed by the engineers, firemen, and pumpmen tomorrow.

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Points of Interest About The Pennsylvania State College.

In connection with the annual commencement exercises at The Pennsylvania State College, which have just come to such a successful close, it seems most opportune to furnish some information to others than those who were fortunate enough to be in attendance.

MAN BUILDING. Facing main entrance, Relief map of the State. BUSINESS OFFICE. No. 170, First Floor. MINERALOGICAL LABORATORY. Room 126, first floor.

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

AGRICULTURAL BUILDING (TEMPORARY). First Floor. Chemical laboratory for students. Fertilizers and fats from bones. Collection of plant ingredients.

AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION. STATION BUILDING—First Floor. Appliances for the analysis of fertilizers, foods, feeding-stuffs, milk, butter, etc.

BOTANICAL BUILDING. Collection of woods and botanical specimens. Collection of tree, flower and weed seeds. Recitation room and botanical laboratory.

CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS BUILDING. CHEMICAL. Chemical lecture rooms and laboratories. Assaying laboratory. The Dr. Hugh Memorial Collection.

Full-sized three compartment jig and elevator belts.

CORNER OF PENNSYLVANIA BUILDING STONES (Campus near Armory).

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE. The State College is supported by the joint action of the United States and the State of Pennsylvania, under a legislative contract.

The next College year opens Thursday, September 15th, 1902, at 8 a. m. Examinations for Admission will be held at the College Tuesday and Wednesday, September 16th and 17th, beginning at 8:30 a. m., each day.

CARE OF ROSES. 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.

CUT IN TWO BY THE CARS NEAR MILTON. William Durkee, aged 16 years, who resides in Shanokin, was riding on a freight train on the Reading railroad near West Milton, Pa., Thursday night, intending with friends to visit Milton.

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 he took the only one remaining in the dish before another boarder, who he thought had designs upon it.

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 playing buffalo huntin' an' they won't stick into the cow this way.—Judge.

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