Bellefonte, Pa., July 18, 1902

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

Put off, put off your mail, O kings, And beat your brands to dust ! Your hands must learn a surer grasp, Your hearts a better trust.

Oh, bend aback the lance's point, And break the helmet bar; A noise is in the morning wind, But not the note of war.

Upon the grassy mountain paths The glittering hosts increase-They come! They come! How far their feet They come who publish peace.

And victory, fair victory, Our enemies are ours! For all the clouds are clasped in light, And all the earth with flowers.

Aye, still depressed and dim with dew, But wait a little while, And with the deathless, radiant rose The wilderness shall smile.

And every tender, living thing Shall feed by streams of rest: Nor lamb shall from the flock be lost Nor nurseling from the nest.

THE DECIDING OF ENCARNACION.

Encarnacion Higuera looked at the reflection of her face in the water in the fountain. "I am as beautiful as the sun," she said. No one heard Encarnacion, for there was no one else in the patio, but nearly every one in Monterey thought somewhat as Encarnacion did.

"I am young, I am strong," she said; "my hair is beautiful, and so are my eyes. I am tall, I am everything I should be !" She looked up from the water, and shook her hair in the sun. She raised her arms in the air, and laughed. She shook her hair over her face like a veil, and shook it back again.

A voice came from the house.

"Encarnacion !" The girl turned and paused abruptly. Upon the porch stood her mother and a tall Encarnacion made a low curtsy. old man. "Don Anselmo."

'Dona Magdalena," he said, then turned to the girl. "Encarnacion, Camillo will be here for his answer."

'They are all coming, Don Anselmo," said the girl. The old man bowed Dona Magdalena to

a bench against the wall, and sat beside her. Encarnacion took a fau from a window ledge, opened it slowly, and swung it lazily. The girl went on : "Don Francisco and

Don Jayme, Don Antonio and Don Luis, Don Jose and Don Narciso." "What can you say to them, Encarna-cion? The Salazars and the Higueras have been one for many years."

Very true, Don Anselmo. It would be an honor for me to become the wife of Don Camillo Salazar; but the others, what would they say? Don Francisco, Don Antonio, and Don Jose, and there are also Don Cayatono and Don Valentin, and Senor Fitzpatrick, Don Miguel!"

"The Irishman!" broke out Don Ansel "You would marry out of your own

"He is one of us, Don Anselmo." "But not of our blood! Dona Magdalena, I appeal to you."

Dona Magdelena shrugged her shoulders. Eucarnacion laughed. "You see, Don Anselmo-" "Don Camillo, we were just the doorway. talking of you."

The young man bowed to Dona Magda-lena, his head turned half in the direction of Encarnacion. "The others will be here," said old Don

Anselmo, with a touch of anxiety. "Encarnacion, your father wished for you and

Camillo to marry."
"Yes, I know," said the girl, "yet my father did not command me. I should do well in marrying Don Camillo-but-I do not see why I should marry any one."
Two elderly men entered, followed by two youths who overtopped them each head. "Don Francisco and Don Antonio, Don Jayme and Don Luis? How pretty you all came together !"

Dou Auselmo looked uneasy. The four meu bowed before Dona Magdalena, and at her motion the elder two seated themselves upon a bench against the wall, and fellin to Don Camillo, and with Don Jayme. She constrained silence, which was relieved the next moment by the dignified entrance of a white haired man in a military uniform, accompanied by a replica of himself with the straps of a lieutenant upon his shoulder. 'Don Jose !" cried Encarnacion, "and Don Narciso!"

Don Jose sat to the left of Dona Magdalena. The sound of heavy breathing came through the doorway. Encarnacion raised her eyebrows and smiled. The short, stout body of a man moved into the porch. Upon it was a round head with a red brown face and small black eyes. Behind it was a young fellow, who, like the four young men standing about Dona Magdalena, was very slender and very tall.
"Don Cayetano," smiled the girl.

Don Cayetano shuffled to Dona Magdalena, leaned over her hand, and, with an effort, sat upon the vacant half of a bench next to Don Anselmo. Don Valentin followed his father to Dona Magdalena, looking at Encarnacion.

The five young men stood in the shadow Magdalena fanned herself with a large black fan, pausing now and then to loosen hershawl

Don Cayetano's breathing had become inaudible. The air in the patio was warm and yellow. The sunlight fell upon the ground, and shadowed the roof posts upon the floor of the corridor. The geraniums drowsed in the sun, and the roses and the rose leaves hung languidly from the edge

A flapping sound came from the water in the fountain. Encarnacion laughed. Don Anselmo looked up.

"I am awaiting Don Miguel, Don Anselmo," said the girl. Every man in the corridor started. "He does not seem to care to meet you,

The girl arose from her seat and looked out into the patio. A man stood in the doorway with his hat in his hand.
"Dona Magdalena," he said. Encarua-

on turned. "Senorita Encarnacion, I am rry not to have been in good time." has given a handsome house and lot to the physician who attended Mrs. Whitney in her long illness. cion turned. sorry not to have been in good time."

you had come sooner, you would have been

She opened her fan and closed it again. Sine looked out into the patio, and up at the sky. She looked at each of the eleven men, and then at the floor.

"It is an odd position for me to be in," she said. "I'm sure it is unfortunate. cannot understand why anyone should wish to marry me. Yes, I know," she continued, quickly, in response to an involuntary movement among the eleven men. "I'm sure it is very nice of you all. Don Anselmo, if I should marry Don Camillo, it would be somewhat in the wishes of my father, as our families have been"—she in the Cambria Steel Company rolling ened form that rushed at them out of the raised her eyebrows—'very much together. Don Francisco, Don Jayme would make me a very good husband, and I should respect him very much. Don Antonio, Don Luis would make me a great lady in Mexico;

perhaps I should be an ambassadress in Madrid or St. Petersburg." "Encarnacion," broke out Don Antonio, "it is almost certain." Yes, I am sure, Don Antonio."

"Ah, Don Jose, Don Narciso may yet be Governor of California." "But Encarnacion," said Don Cayetano,

in a thick voice, "you forget—"
"Not Don Valentin," interrupted the girl. "I could never do that." "You would have Los Osos and Los

Robles." "Yes, Don Cayetano," cried Encarnacion, "and all the country from Monterey to— Do you know yourself, Don Caye-tano, the extent of it all?"

Don Miguel never for a moment took his gaze from Encarnacion. There was a light in his blue eyes like the light in the bluest bit of sky over the red roof on the other

side of the patio. "Senorita Eucarnacion," he said. Encarnacion smiled and looked down at the floor. "Don Miguel—they say an American can

do anything, especially if he is an Irish-"I don't know, Senorita Encarnacion but I love you."

The five fathers and the five sons looked at Encarnacion and at Don Miguel. Encarnacion looked upon the red floor of the corridor. She raised her head and smiled,

and shook her hair.
"No," she said, "I shall not tell any one Don anything. It is too much to expect. Jayme will be a great man; Don Luis an ambassador; Don Narciso, Governor; Don Valentin, the son of Don Cayetano; Don Miguel loves me; yes. I know you all do.
If I marry Don Camillo, it would fulfil the
wishes of my father, and that is something to think about." She broke a rose hanging from a stray vine on the edge of the "I shall tell you to-night. I shall

marry the one to whom I give this rose.' The five fathers rose from the benches along the wall, and with their sons bowed to Dona Magdalena, and to the girl, and went out from the corridor. Don Miguel stood still and looked at Encarnacion. turned his eyes from her to Dona Magda-

lena, and followed the others. Encarnacion went to the fountain and looked at her face in the water. "I wish I were not so beautiful," she said, "then they would not bother me so much."

That night there was a moon in Monterey, and there was moonlight in the patio of Dona Magdalena. The geraniums were red in the white light, and their round leaves green and black. The cypresses in the corner rose slimly over the roof, and threw their shadows half way across the patio. The water in the fountain reflected the stars. In the sala of Dona Magdalena all the great people of Monterey were celebrating the nameday of Encarnacion. The Governor was there, and his wife, and the commandant of the presidi

cers. Encarnacion were a white gown, and looked very beautiful. Her hair was in two loose braids, in one of which was fastened the promised rose. Around her neck was a single string of pearls. Her fan was tiny and white, and was covered with glittering spangles.

Dona Magdalena was very elegant in heavy black silk. In her hair was a large tortoise shell comb. She sat at the end of the sala, and waved an immense black fan. Don Anselmo, Don Francisco, Don Antonio, Don Jose and Don Cayetano were there with their five sons. Don Miguel was there. He looked at no one but Eucar's nacion. The girls about the wall laughed at him behind their fans. The five fathers and the five son scowled at him. Encarnacion smiled at everyone, and opened and shut her tiny white fan. She danced with danced with Don Luis, Don Narciso, and with Don Valentin. She danced with Don Miguel, even though he did not dance as well as the others, which was some satisfaction to Don Miguel's five rivals.

The dancing went on. After a while the Governor and his wife and the commandant of the presidio took their leave. Others began to go. Soon there was no one in the sala but Dona Magdalena with her black fan and Encarnacion, Don Anselmo, and Don Camillo, Don Francisco, and Don Jayme, Don Antonio and Don Luis, Don Jose and Don Narciso, Don Cayetanc and Don Valentin, and Don Miguel.

The eleven men stood silent. Encarna-

cion looked upon the floor, and opened and shut her tiny white fan. She took her mother's hand and curtsied. "Good night," she said. The eleven men looked at her without a motion, then at Dona Magdalena. Then, without a word they went to the door. Don Anselmo paused. "Encarna-cion," he cried. The girl did not raise her The girl opened and closed her fan, and then sat in the shade of a cypress. She but Encarnacion still looked upon the floor. looked at Don Cayetano, and smiled, and lowered her eyes to the tiled floor of the corridor. The five fathers sat silent upon the benches against the wall, and looked and Don Jayme, Don Luis, Don Nareiso, Don Luis, Don Nareis from Eccarnacion to their sons, and, with a half glauce at each other, out at the sky, dust each one but Don Miguel with a guiof which they could see just a hazy bit over tar. They stood motionless. The moon-the red roof on the other side of the patio. the road. Don Camillo moved out from in the corridor, and looked at the tips of their boots, and then at Encarnacion. Dona eyes fastened upon Encarnacion. The girl loosened the rose from her hair. Camillo stopped his song with a cry. Encarnacion waved her hand. Camillo finished his song and stood silent. Encarnacion looked be-yond him at the stars. Then Don Jayme went to the window, and after him Don Luis. But the girl still looked at the stars. Don Naroiso began his song and finished it. Then Don Valentin began. A sound of heavy breathing came from somewhere in the shadow. Encarnacion smiled and looked down into the dust in the road. Don Miguel moved toward the window. face was white in the white light of the

> "Senorita Encarnacion," he said, "I cannot sing, but I love you !" The girl looked at him and smiled. She dropped the rose, and closed the shutters of the window !—By Henry S. Kirk in Harpers Monthly Magazine for July.

-William C. Whitney, of New York,

Another Terrible Calamity at Johns town.

Caused by an Explosion in the Cambria Com pany Mine-143 Known to be Dead and Many More Missing-Heroic Work of Rescuers-Deadly Black Damp Overpowered Men Who Tried to Save the Entombed Miners.

Johnstown has again been visited by an appalling disaster. It is only less frightful than the awful calamity of May 31st, 1889, in cost of life, but in its terrible consequences it has brought the shadow of sorrow in homes made desolate by an appalling mine explosion, which took place nic laugh which emanated from a blackmill mine, under Westmont Hill, at 12:20 o'clock Thursday afternoon.

It was nearly an hour after the explohad happened got abroad. Men who came from the mines escaping with their lives told the terrible news, and then it spread like wildfire all over the city. In hundreds of homes there were the most pathetic scenes. Mothers, wives, daughters, sons and relatives were frantic with grief. Hundreds rushed to the Point, and sobbing bearts awaited news that did not come from the ill-fated mine.

POLICE WERE ON GUARD.

At the opening across the river from The point, the Cambria Iron Company police, with several assistants, stood guard. mitting no one to enter the mine from which noxious gases were coming. It was nearly 4 o'clock when all hope of sending rescue parties from the Westmont opening was abandoned. Two men who had escaped from the mine—Richard Bennett and John Meyers—went back two miles to see what assistance could be rendered, but the frightful damp drove them back and they fell prostrate when they finally after a desperate struggle reached the outside. Two doctors gave the men assistance, and after working with them half an hour restored them to normal condition. Their story of the stiuation in the mine made it clear that rescue work could not proceed from the Westmont opening, and then hasty preparations were made to begin that sad mission at the Mill Creek entrance. Soon after the news of the frightful explosion reached the Cambria officials, Mining Engineer Marshall G. Moore and one of his assistance, A. G. Prosser, made an attempt to enter the mine. They were soon followed by Mine Superintendent George T. Robinson, but the deadly gases stopped their progress.

SURVIVORS' HORRIBLE STORIES. Miners who left the mine by way of the Mill Creek entrance brought horrible stories of crawling over the dead bodies of their comrades.

Two young men who were at work in the "Klondike" when the explosion occurred, escaped by way of the air shaft heading up through the Kernville Hill from the mine. A fan house, now out of use, stands at the top of this air shaft. This way the young men, sick and dizzy from the nauseous afterdamp or black, reached safety. They told how they had walked across dead bodies to pure air and light. How many they did not know. The stories of the men who escaped are miraculous in their nature. Tom Foster, an

assistant foreman in the "Klondike" mine, was the first to emerge from the Mill Creek shaft. Shortly after Powell Griffith, a fire boss came up. His first thought was for the safety of the men under his charge. With the help of Foreman Roberts, an effort was made to replace a few of the shattered doors All the while the fatal fire damp was closing around them. They did not falter for an instant, but straight into the midst of dan ger they went. The thought, "Save the men' was paramount. Through galleries, into headings, warning and helping, the to went. Roberts fell, but Foster staggered on, whither he hardly knew. In the midst of the danger he met Powell Griffith, a fire boss. He had faced what seemed certain death in an effort to save his men.

Forward they went, dragging a comrade in to a possible place of safety here, giving a word of warning there, until humon endurance could stand the strain no longer. Exhausted, they staggered into a heading where the fire damp had not entered. There they rested for a moment, and then plunged forward-where they did not know-until finally they wandered into a water level and through it reached a place of safety.
Said Tom Foster: "How I escaped I did

not know. It seems like a terrible nightmare. Hundreds of times I gave up hope, but from sheer instinct I stumbled forward

until finally I reached a place of safety.

The armory of Company H, Fifth Regiment, N. G. P., was turned into a charnel house. Bodies of 63 miners were brought in early today and laid on planks on chairs. The ambulances of all the undertakers in the city were used in transferring the bod-

THE SEARCH FOR VICTIMS.

JOHNSTOWN, July 11.-This has been a day of heroic rescues at the ill-fated Rol- air. ling Mill mine of the Cambria Steel company. Thrilling experiences attended the efforts of the forty brave and daring fellows who went down into the bowels of the earth with a very faint hope to spur them that still they might be in time to restore to life some of those who are entombed. Death lurked everywhere around them, but undaunted, they surged forward, swayed with the noblest of human pur-

poses.

The reward of their efforts was the sav ing of the lives of fourteen of their fellow men and bringing them again into the sunlight and back to loving families.

Dead and mained bodies were located but no effort was made to bring them out of the vast theatre of death until every human energy was put forward towards ing that no living soul might escape their aid. That done, the dead were attended to and put in a train of cars, brought up and exposed to morbid gazers while being transferred to wagons in which to be taken to the morgue. Eighty-seven dead bodies were recovered from the mine between daylight and nightfall. Still a party of offi-cials and miners battled on, three miles inside the mine. Occasionally word would come to the snrface by some mysterious means that another heap of remains had been exposed to the vision of the searchers.

Fated Johnstown spent the day horrorstricken. From dawn to dusk flying ambulances coursed the streets, bearing gruesome burdens from mine to morgue: from morgue to homes. Great throngs surged about the pit mouth, the improvised morgue at the armory, and about the stricken homes of the dead.

Bulletin boards were eagerly scanned for news from the scene of the disaster. Exaggerated rumors of all kinds prevailed. How brave men went into the jaws of death in the most horrible form, encountered their fellows transformed into raving maniacs by hours of waiting in the pitch darkness of the earth's interior, lifted them moaning from their beds of rock and then, bending and crawling on all fours, carried them a quarter of a mile under ground to where cars could be reached to take them

Along in the early part of the afternoon

cheering word came from the innermost rescuers of the mine that life yet lingered in some of the bodies found. The rescuers made first for No. 4, left heading which they had been unable to reach the night Desolate, even for a mine interior, was the heading that stretched out before them. Falls of roof almost choked up the heading, but through and over the debris the brave men pushed their way. In the front young Patrick Martin, his brother, mining machines. Peter, Philip White and several cousins of the Martins made their way. suddenly in an open space they were startled by a ma-

darkness. The man grasped firmly a pickhandle and tried in his frenzy to beat down his rescuers. He was overpowered and sion before any general knowledge of what dragged back to the main heading to the Thirteen other living men were found in this chamber and physicians were

quickly taken to the spot.

At 3 p. m. the train of mine cars came to the pit mouth, Eight men were lifted over the sides of the car and, half carried, wend-They ed their way to the ambulance. were all Poles, One big strapping fellow among them collapsed as he reached the ambulance and doctors spent several minutes resuscitating him. As the men were driven hurriedly to the Cambria hospital the train of coal cars with the physicians re-entered the mine. In another half hour they came out again, this time with six living, But almost dead, miners. One succeeded in reaching it. but were driven man in his paroxysms had locked his jaws so that force had to be employed to pry them open for the insertion of life-instilling fluids. These six were taken in an unconscious condition to the Cambria hospital. One man brought out with this crowd died

just as he reached daylight. At that time three more headings, lieved to be filled with the dead, were unsearched. Thirty-nine bodies were lying within reach in the main headings. These were brought out at 4:30 p. m. Their bodies were pited high in coal cars and cover-

These remains were in a horrible state, showing that they had seen slow death in each case. One of the men had his month their nature. Outside of the "Klondike" and nose tied about by a towel. The rest the mines are safe and uninjured. Within of his face was burned beyond recognition. The bodies of all were twisted in horrible shapes, most of the arms being crooked so descriptions. Solid walls of masonry, three as to shield the face. The only one who feet in thickness were torn down as though could be identified at the pit mouth was

that it could not be removed. State Mine Inspector J. T. Evans, who has been in the mine almost continuously a full report of his investigation. He said gruesome sight of our trip.

to the Associated Press reporter: "Mr. Roderick can hardly credit my description of the condition of the mine after loss of life with such a small explosion. There was very little rock brought down died on the long trip out. by the force of the explosion. A number of doors were blown open and some boards knocked off, but the cost of repairs will be insignificant, not more than \$25 I should

"I will have to take a look over the mine." interrupted Chief Roderick doubt-

fully and with a laugh.
"There was no explosion of dust; no evidence of it," said Mr. Evans. "All the men were working with locked safety lamps. There are a dozen things that might have caused the explosion. The

dead." condition for resuming operations." "So far as I have examined this evening,

the men could start on Monday.' "It is reported that a portion of the Cambria Steel company works was forced to suspend operations today, owing to short supply of fuel. The long suspension of the mine would seriously hamper the works. Dr. H. F. Tomb, who went into the mine with Dr. L. W. Jones and the rescuers at 9 o'clock this morning, and came out with the fourteen injured men, brought

out at 3 o'clock this afternoon, said to-

night: "We found the air good in the main heading upon going in, except on the left. We went to No. 6 section on the right and turned up as far as room No. 25. Then we commenced taking out dead miners. Up-on going back to the main heading we turned back to No. 4 left, where we heard voices. There we found three foreigners in good condition. One of them was A. M. Kohler, of Cambria City, whose ingenuity saved his life and those of his companions. When Kohler found they were trapped they jumped into a room through which a compressed air pipe passed. This he broke in some manner and the men, after closing up the door with canvas, had plenty of good

LIVES SAVED BY COMPRESSED AIR. Little by little the terrible experiences of the men caught by the explosion far from the outer air are coming to light. Members of William Gardiner's resoue party tell how some of the men which they found

saved their lives by making holes in the air pipes with their picks and thus securing some fresh air by holding their nostrils to the apertures thus made. The party entered the mine Thursday night, pushing their way forward as rapidly as possible. But little progress was made for the first few hours on account of the gaseous condition of the atmosphere. Afterdamp was found and William Gardiner, the director of the party, exercised the greatest caution. Here and there bodies were found lying beside the motor track.

of rendezvous, while squads searched carefully the rooms of each heading. Early yesterday forenoon, as Gardiner and his little band pushed on toward the fourth left heading, they were startled by hearing a plaintive cry for help from the darkness ahead. The searchers pressed for-

Each body was tenderly removed to a place

ward with all their might. As Gardiner turned to the fourth heading he saw three men in the corridorscarcely able to stand erect—they were crying for assistance. As they spied Gardiner's lamp all tottered toward him with arms outstretched. As they reached him, their eyes, beaming with the light of rational beings, flashed the fire of the demon. One held a pick in his enfeebled hands, and as he raised it to strike his rescuer, he dropped to the ground from exhaustion and be-

ame unconscious. Quickly the arms of the other two were grasped; they were quieted and given pow-erful stimulants by Dr. J. B. Woodruff, of Johnstown, and Dr. Harry Updegraff, of them they regained strength and with it their normal minds. Food was given them and then they were questioned. They were working in the fourth left heading with eight other Slavs when the explosion Uganda indicate that in Busoga alone 20,courred. 000 people have succumbed, and it is said to be still on the incraese. occurred.

plosion, but were held prisoners in their heading. With the strength of desperation they set to work to drive a passageway into the main corridor. They succeeded, but the current of afterdamp compelled them to remain within their heading. For a time they were able to withstand the effects of the afterdamp, but it soon began to tell on crosse girl now teaching a native school at them. By chance one spied a pipe used for

mining machines.
Summoning all of their strength the three took their picks and holding them above their heads struck the pipe. opening was made. Once again they raised their tools and brought them down with all their fast failing strength. Two fell to the floor. The third rested a moment and then in sheer desperation made one superhuman effort, throwing all of his ebbing strength into the blow. He was rewarded by the sight of a small hole not more than an inch in diameter. In rushed the air at a presure of 800 pounds to the square inch. The men struggled and doundered about in their desperate greed

to fill their lungs with the precious air.

They gulped and gasped and rolled over in the very agony of joy. They realized that they were saved for a time at least, hnd cheered each other with that hope which is extinguished only with death. Gaining strength as their lungs filled and expanded, they began to construct battices back by the firedamp and compelled to seek protection alongside the aperture in the pipe. Here they were huddled like shivering sheep all night long, one standing vigil in the main corridor while the others renewed their strength at the opening in the pipe. Hour after hour they kept their vigil until rescued by Gardiner and his party and brought out of the mine.

The mining officials of the Cambria Company stated that the explosion was one of fire damp. The catastrophe occurred in the section of the mines known among the miners of the "Klondike." The few survivors who have escaped from the depths of the mine the fatal limits of that mine the havoc wrought by the explosion are such as beggar barriers of paper. The roofs of the mine were demolished, and not a door remains stand-Fire Boss Joseph Tomlinson.

One man was found dead with his hands clutched so tightly about a monkey-wrench the most heroic efforts toward rescue may well seem hopeless.

"These men came out of the mine at 3 o'clock in fairly good condition. They told since the explosion, were joined here to us there were numbers of living and dead night by Chief Rhoderick of the Bureau of up the heading. Not until we reached the Mine Inspection. Mr. Evans entered into sixteenth room did our eyes meet the most

'In that room there were thirtyfour dead and fifteen living. They were piled upon one another, some of the living being bursuch a dreadful calamity. It is wonderful ied beneath the dead. These were uncontact there should have been such havoc in scious. We worked industriously on them with oxygen and spirits of ammonia. One

"At 11 o'clock tonight the number of known dead is ninety; number of injured in hospitals eighteen; number of injured who were able to go home four. The names of only eight of these res-

cued alive to day can be ascertained. They are: Jacob Oivic, John Dudko, John Ihilka, Joseph Ral, A. M. Kahler, Vichi Kahler, George Salla, Albert Shepa, John Kanuskic.

into the cause of the disaster. When these children before who could not understand man responsible is assuredly among the men will be called to begin the inquiry degestures; their manner of beckoning, for inead.''

Pends entirely npon the circumstances. It is not expected that the inquest will be begun until all the bodies have been recovered and those injured are able to testify. This probably will be at least a week.

Coroner Miller said : "I am compiling a list of names of all those known to have been in the mine at the time of the explosion. I will visit they will have innumerable answers to these men personally and find out what questions by heart; but to think up a new they know. Then they will be summoned

before the coroner's jury.
"This disaster, which has brought sorrow to the many homes of this city, shall be vigorously investigated into."

Centre County Statistics

The following is a copy of the return made July 7th, 1902, by the County Commissioners to the Secretary of Interval Affairs showing the number of taxables, the amount taxed, etc., for state and county

purposes for this county : Taxables..... Value of all real estate. Value of real estate exempt from 118,206

Debt of county... Sleeping Stekness.

Disease that has Carried Off Twenty Thou sand People. A joint mission organized by the For-eign Office and the Royal Society left for Uganda to investigate the whole subject of

the "sleeping sickness" in Uganda, says the London Express.

The expedition consists of Dr. Low, who lately returned from investigating yellow fever in St. Lucia, and who recently carried out some highly interesting experiments in regard to malaria in the Roman Campagna; Dr. Christy, who has done valuable medical work on the Niger and in connection with the plague in In-

dia; and Dr. Castellani of the Jenner Institute. These gentlemen will proceed to Entebbe, the headquarters in Uganda. Sleeping sickness, or negro lethargy, is a very fatal disease, which has been long known in West Africa, but has recently traveled along the Congo into Uganda. Bolivar, who were the physicians with this rescuing party. After an hour's work on gion. It has many features in common with the general paralysis of the insane. Hitherto it has only attacked natives, and London hospitals. Latest reports from

Stolid Little Filipinos.

A Young Woman, Teacher in a Native School, Writes Graphically to Wisconsin Friends of Her Difficul: ties.

The Lacrosse, (Wis.,) "Chronicle" prints a letter from Miss Winifred Mitchell.a La-Magarao, Philippine islands, in which she tells her friends at home of the difficulties she is encountering in the work of instructing the young folks there. She writes:

"I hardly know what to say about the work of the schools. You must remember that last October (she is writing in March) the children did not know a word of English, except perhaps, 'Good morning' and 'Good evening' which they used indiscriminately, regardless of the time of day. When we began our work every child in town, I think, flocked into the schoolsfrom pure curiosity, not from any desire to learn English.

"Their faces seemed utterly devoid of any expression. Even the curiosity was carefully concealed. For weeks, this indifferent, incomprehensive gaze was all we met, no matter what we did or said to them. They were very solemn, sedate little individuals and I worked a long time before I could gain a responsive smile from any of them.
They are profoundly respectful, and will imitate anything you say or do perfectly, without understanding or trying to understand it in the least. This really makes it hard to ascertain how much of their lessons they comprehend and how much is pure memory work, with no conception of meaning. They were accustomed to do this kind of work in the former (Spanish) schools where everything even answers to all processes in arithmetic, were learned by heart -and it takes a long time and strenuous effort, too, to get them to understand that

they must think for themselves. "Some of the scholars sat on board benches, with higher ones for desks, the rest on the floor. As the natives commonly sit on the floor in their own houses this was, of course, not the hardship it would have been to American children, but it was not conducive to good results in penmanship or in or

der or discipline.
"The natives would be very much shocked to have the boys and girls together in one room and some did not even like the idea of having them in one building. They said there would be 'micha combatte,' but so far there has been but one small fight in

my two schools.
"I have two strips of blackboard cloth for each school, readers for all who can use them, slates for all, and some sort of seats for nearly all. My A class boys sit around a big table on wooden benches, and my A. class girls occupy real desks, the very oldfashioned kind, which are long enough to accommodate four. The rest of my pupils have boards for seats and desks. The two-A classes have read Baldwin's primer, and will also finish Baldwin's first reader this year. The two B classes will finish the primer. The C classes are still on the chart slate and blackboard work. Of course, these primers and readers, being prepared for American schools, contain many ileas entirely foreign to anything the children know, and while they may be able to read very nicely the story of 'Mary's Little Lamb or a poem about Snowflakes'—it's a very different matter to teach them to understand them.

"How do I do it? I can hardly tell myself; sometimes by a comparison with conceptions they have formerly learned, sometimes by drawing on the board-always by Coroner E. L. Miller has selected his jury, which will make the investigation Spanish or the Vicol dialect. I never saw to you, and to point or mot tion they are to go seems to mean absolutely nothing; it's very exasperating some-

times. "Hardest of all our work is to get them to talk-that is, to think really, because answer to a question-that is another mat-

ter. "I have found out that when the older ones finally got on to the fact that they can talk a little, they are more willing to try. Even now, though, they write their simple compositions and stories more correctly

than they talk. "They are very fond of singing, but do not carry a tune very well, in spite of their musical inclinations. Their own voices are a slow chant than anything else; not a particle of melody or tune, as I can see. My little ones can sing all of "America," and part of the "Red, White and Blue, "besides several little motion songs which they understand better than the patriotic ones.

"I wish you could hear the first line, O-Columbia de gem of der ocean, ring out some of these mornings; it nearly takes the roof off. They like the swing of the tune, but the words are pretty difficult for the little folks.

'Even these little people whom I have had to teach, the average age being 10 years yet nearly all of these children are servants in other houses than their own. Many times I have seen little boys and girls, my pupils, not more than eight or nine years old, go home at 10 o'clock and work hard at manual labor until nearly 2 o'clock, when the afternoon session begins. The children who are not servants often have to go out and work in the fields at noon hour, pitch the rice stalks, bringing them home and pound off the husks from the kernels before they have anything to cook and eat for their dinner. I do not feel like complaining because of variable attendance or tardiness under these conditions; I am only glad when they get here at all. If you could seen them when I first took up my school

work—and see them now.

"I hardly know some of their faces for those of the same children, they are so-bright and responsive, and full of interest in what is going on, and in their work. Their work may be faulty, but it is not from carelessness. Filipino children seem born with the power of concentration, or perhaps it is only patient labor, but anyway they do not shirk work; they try their best all the time, and need no disciplining except in one matter. In the former (Spanish) schools, they have always studied aloud, and it's simply impossible to stop it entirely.

"There is so much to write on the school question I can hardly write it all. I haven't a high opinion of these people, intellectually, morally, or any other way; they have apparently no ambition, but to get enough to eat, and I fear it will be a long day before they are fit to be considered citizens. Actually I think the day will never come for the masses of the people; many seem no higher than the beasts."

The Reason of It.

Slopay-The idea! I promised to pay that tailor on the 15th of this month. Here he's sent me a bill, and it's only the

Newitt-Probably he wants to get in early to avoid the rush.