# Acutocratic Watchman.

#### Bellefonte, Pa., August 22, 1902

#### ALEC YEATON'S SON.

The wind it wailed, the wind it moaned, And the white caps flecked the sea; "An' I would to God," the skipper groaned, "I had not my boy with me !"

Snug in the stern sheets, little John Laughed as the scud swept by : But the skipper's sunburnt cheeks grew wan As he watched the wicked sky.

"Would he were at his mother's side !" And the skipper's eyes were dim. "Good Lord in heaven, if ill betide, What would become of him !'

For me-my muscles are of steel, For me let hap what may; I might make shift upon the keel Until the break o' day.

But he, is so weak and small. So young, scarce learned to stand,-O pitying Father of us all,

I trust him in Thy hand!

"For Thou who markest from on high A sparrow's fall-each one !-Surely, O Lord, Thou'lt have an eve On Alec Yeaton's son !"

Then, helm hard-port: right straight he sailed

Towards the headland light; The wind it moaned, the wind it wailed, And black, black fell the night.

Then burst a storm to make one quail, Though housed from wind and waves-They who could tell about that gale Must rise from watery graves

Sudden it came, as sudden went Ere half the night was sped, The winds were hushed, the winds were

spent. And the stars shone overhead.

Now, as the morning mist grew thin, The folk on Gloucester shore. Saw a little figure floating in Secure, on a broken oar.

Up rose the cry, "A wreck ! a wreck ! Pull, mates, and waste no breath !" They knew it, though 'twas but a speck Upon the edge of death.

Long did they marvel in the town At God. His strange decree, That let the stalwart skipper drown, And the little child go free!

-Thomas Bailey Aldrich

#### A COLLABORATION.

A Romance Which Progressed Under Great Difficulties to a Satisfactory Ending.

The car was bot and dusty. Reba had almost exhausted Miss Frayne's patience. The young man in the seat behind gave no sign of curiosity, but he had been watching the two ever since the train left Boston. He now saw the little girl yawn listlessly, push back her curls, and start down the aisle on one of her periodical trips for ice water at the other end of the car. As she returned, he displayed an illustrated paper enticingly, so that the colored pictures on the back should catch her eve.

Reba paused beside his seat, looked with a faint smile at one of the caricatures, and then edged a little closer.

'Wouldn't you like to see the pictures ?'' asked the young man. "Come and sit here, if you like."

Reba glanced at Miss Frayne, who had taken up her novel with apparent satisfac-tion at the respite, and then sat down beside the stranger. The young man looked

you'd better go now, for your auntie wants He took up his book as she left, and although it was upside down he did said Stoughton. not seem to notice the fact as the two whispered together on the seat in front of

Suddenly Reba turned around and gazed at him frankly. "But he's *awfully* nice, and he's got a gold pin in his vest just like Uncle Fred's," she remarked audibly to her companion. Miss Frayne remonstrated in whispers. duck.'

"He was telling me a fairy story," Reba hear the end of it. Then, won't you go on with it, Aunty May ?"

caught the young man in the middle of an and roasted him. You tell your Aunty exceedingly indiscreet smile. Her lips May that, and she'll finish the story. exceedingly indiscreet smile. Her lips tightened and her chin tilted.

Yes, I'll finish it for you, Reba," she said quickly. It was now the young man's turn to look the little girl. "The princess didn't mind being enchanted a bit; in fact, she rather Reba liked it, as almost every one in the flying palace bored her."

"Didn't she like Stoughton ?" Reba put in innocently. Miss Frayne gasped. The young man leaned forward to put his book

into a suit case at his feet. "She had never seen him, and didn't know he was there," said Reba's aunt distinctly. "Perhaps she was afraid of poets," haz-

arded Reba. Miss Frayne ignored the suggestion, and

him

went on : "Now, this princess had decided that she would never speak to any man un-less he could satisfy her in three things. First, he must be clever enough to do something that no one had ever done for her be fore ; second, he must never allow himself or her to appear ridiculous, no matter how embarrassing a situation he was placed in. and third, he must give her something she wanted more than anything else." "She was rather hard to please, wasn't

she? Did the poet succeed in any of the

things?" Reba asked. Miss Frayne glanced behind her, and she caught a swift glauce from beneath a pair of raised eyebrows. "He succeeded in the first thing all right," she said to her niece. He succeeded in talking to her without speaking to her." "How could he do that?"

"Oh, he spoke out of the window, and the wind blew the words to her."

"What was the second thing he did ?" "I'll tell you some other time," her aunt replied, gathering up her wraps and books. We're almost at Cypress Beach, and we

must get our things ready." As this was Stoughton's destination also, he followed them off the train and entered a 'bus bound for his hotel. Miss Frayne and her niece were met at the station by a

lady in a dog cart, and were driven off withthe changed his clothes, and finding he had time for a bath before dinner time, he

walked up the beach a half mile to a little cove which had been a favorite haunt of his as long as he had known the place. It was hidden behind a chain of sand dunes, and in the middle of the crescent shaped beach stood a small, unpainted bath house, with a pair of steps leading up to it.

He unlocked the door, hooked the pad-lock in the staple, and went in. He hung his towel and bathing suit upon a nail, and sat down on the little shelf to undress. He had his shoes and stockings off, and was removing his collar and tie, when he heard voices outside in the direction of the hotel. He stood up on the seat, peeped through the little round hole that served as a window, and saw Reba with her aunt and the

"Well, it was some one who isn't 'exactly handsome, and is rather conceited,"

They walked, chattering gaily, towards the hotel. Before they had reached the grounds Stoughton asked : "Did you ever get your fairy story finished, Reba?" "Well, Aunty May said that the poet man gave up trying to get the princess, and went off to a palace where he was waited on by thirty three ladies dressed in white

"That's not true ! Listen : this is how "He was telling me a fairy story," Reba went on. "You might let me wait and "That's not true! Listen : this is how it happened. The princess really locked says the Chicago "Record-Herald." Ten him up in a high castle with one window, and had him painted a bright pink all over three months. As Miss Frayne turned to coax the little and cut out his tongue. Then a dragon

They parted upon the hotel piazza, and

Stoughton went up stairs to dress for din-ner. When he came down he was shown to a table where sat his captors of the af-ternoon's adventure. They were visibly will be thoroughly demoralized. Conflicts out of the car window, but she gave him the benefit of her profile as she talked to confused, but Stoughton seated himself confused, but Stoughton seated himself

Reba looked up after finishing her soup, and said, "My Aunty May did go on with the story." Miss Frayne looked across at her blush-

ing, but was unable to prevent the child's prattle.

Stoughton was in no mood to spare the lady. "What did she tell you?" he asked. "Well, the prince—no, the poet, you know—did the second thing all right, for

when the princess shut him up in the castle he flew out of the window and escaped,

"Well," said Stoughton seriously, without looking at the two ladies, "you know he had to give the princess something that she wanted more than anything else. That have passed is left an almost barren waste, upon which grass will not appear for sev-eral seasons. The odor left behind by the was the third thing." Here Miss Frayne, with dancing eyes,

interrupted the conversation. "I beg your pardon," she said, but would you mind pouring me a glass of water? This fish is wereal years afterward. so very salt.

"What did he give her?" Reba insisted. "It was a magic liquid that enabled her speak to anybody she liked," said Stough-ton, filling Miss Frayne's glass and passing it to her. "But, really your aunt must finish it now."

"Aunty May, what happened after that?" said Reba impatiently. "Oh, the princess was disenchanted, I suppose, and she lived happily ever after. Now, if you're through with your dinner, you may go out on the piazza. Mr. Webb, you know my brother Fred, I think. I've heard him speak of you often. Let me in-troduce you to Mrs. Smith."

But the third thing, that which she realy wanted more than anything in the world struggle. well, the princess didn't get that for three weeks !

It was, as in all the most satisfactory fairy tales, a diamond solitaire ring .- By Gelett Burgess in Munsey's Magazine.

### Turned Cemetery Into Farm.

Then a Great Streak of Ill-Fortune came into Flowers' Life.

George Flowers, a young farmer, bought a strip of land at Sand Ridge, near Vincen-nes, Ind., on which was located the oldest cemetery in that section.

The cemetery was surrounded by a gorge and contained 300 headstones. Flowers re moved the headstones, throwing some of them into the Embarras river, and with the others built a foundation for his house. He

War Against Sheep. Many Lives Lost and 600,000 Animals Slain-A

Fierce Frontier Fight. At least a dozen men killed, three times that many wounded, 600,000 sheep with Ten thousand sheep have been killed the last

This fiercest and most unique of all froneach succeeding day, and unless the general government soon takes a hand and en-acts laws that will control the public grazing lands and establish the rights of the sheep and cattlemen the sheep industry of sheep and killing of flock tenders are arous- driven over a precipice and killed, and his ing the people to a pitch of fury that will outfit was destroyed. result in a general outbreak unless some

relief comes soon. This odd conflict of grazing interests had 'What did she tell you ?'' he asked. | strong that it extends even to the land upon which sheep have grazed, and the wa

ter, unless it be running, of which they have drunk. Sheep are herded closely, in bodies of 500 to 1,000, and are usually movand she didn't know whether ne was in side or not. Now you go on and finish it up. It takes a dreadfully long time to tell their feet tramp what is left into the earth, their feet tramp what is left into the earth, sheep is very offensive to cattle, and the latter would rather starve than feed where sheep have been. For this reason land

> When sheep raising on a large scale was first introduced into Wyoming, when that region was almost exclusively devoted to cattle raising, there seemed to be plenty of room for both. Rapidly increasing flocks of sheep and coincident decreasing of open ranges brought about a clash between the two interests that has never been subdued. The chief causes were the overcrowding of

> ranges by sheep, the utter impossibility, for the reasons given, of running cattle and sheep together. the ruinous effects left by the flock of grazing sheep and the failure of the government to enact satisfactory leasing laws. Add to these petty jealrange and you have fuel for a lengthy

The method practiced by the cattlemen in driving off the sheep and the flock tenders exemplifies the frontier idea that "right is might and might is right." Being the last comers, the sheep and their ten-ders were regarded by the cattlemen as trespassers and were and are being dealt with accordingly. Warnings to vacate, unheeded by the sheepmen. were followed by raids by the scheepmen. by raids by the cowboys; sheep were slaughtered by hundreds, outfits were destroyed, resisting sheepmen were bound, kidnaped,

warnings of the cattlemen and lost

plowed the cemetery and planted it with melons and potatoes. Although similar crops on the rest of the farm grew in abunthey are the oldest, as well as the best of serves, the last refuge of the hounded animals and their owners. These are the only remedies known to woman.

ious raids during several years. Teofila Trujilo lost 600 head at Mosca, Col., this summer. George Sedgwick, in the New

Forks county, in Wyoming, lost 65,000 head. His camp was attacked by 120 mask-ed men, who killed one of the herders. an approximate value of \$2,400,000, killed and thousands of dollars' worth of sheep 2,000 sheep. The rest of the flock escaped, and thousands of dollars' worth of sheep 2,000 sheep. The rest of the flock escaped, wagons, outfits, ranch buildings and hay stacks hurned by reiders doring the local the start of the flock escaped, stacks hurned by reiders doring the local the start of the flock escaped, showing his intimate friends how narrow stacks burned by raiders during the last 10 and mountain lions. John Mercer, in the was his escape from death at the hands of years is a conservative estimate of the cost of the frontier sheep war, which now has Two days later Mrs. Irving's ranch was gon of black prismatic powder, which came raided.

characterized most of these raids. Dynamite has been thrown in among the peacefully grazing flocks, killing them by hun- The puff and flare of the ignited powder girl back into the place beside her, she came and blew hot air through the keyhole tier vendet: as is growing in intensity with dreds. In 1895 a flock of 6,000 sheep were was more eloquent than words in demondriven into a narrow canyon and clubbed to death. A short time later another flock of 4,000 was driven over a precipice and all floor of No. 1011 Chestnut street. On killed. In 1899 Geddes & Bennett, of Cheyenne, lost a flock of 2,400 in Routt county. In 1900 Southwest Wyoming was Insurance Company, a medium sized pack-

> The sheep and wool business, formerly a prosperous one. is gradually becoming de- queer at the time. moralized, and unless the government steps its inception in the natural antipathy that in and controls affairs with a strong hand cattle have for sheep. This antipathy is so it will before long be a thing of the past in this locality.

## The Vaine of Fruits.

Most of Them Useful in Health and Beauty Build ing-Medicine in Delicious Form-4 Number of Suggestions in the Way of Attractive Remedies Palatable Dishes Worth Eating in Summer.

While the value and deliciousness of fruit can hardly be over estimated, we must yet that is to be made by a company in which remember that it has its abuses as well as its uses. Green fruit is murderous; overripe fruit is about as bad. Fresh ripe fruits have been proved to be

excellent for purifying the blood and toning up the systems of persons in a normal condition. People fed on pure food with

abundance of fruit need, it is said, never dread cancer. Bright's disease, gout, neu-ralgia, dropsy, or a dozen other of the worst scourges of the race.

Just now many varieties of this most pleasant of remedies are at their best and cheapest.

#### WATER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

Those who are particular and drink certain quantities of water each day (and everybody should be) may complain at this season that either the fruit or the water dis agrees with them. It would not if they mixed more common sense with their eat leasing laws. And to these perty just ing and urinking. A man who have of the range and you have fuel for a lengthy meal, declared that he "didn't feel good," ing and drinking. A man who allows him-

after eating about half a watermelon for dessert. It stands to reason that if one eats a dessert that is practically all water, one should drink less water than when one eats a dessert that contains practically no water.

Those who do not go to the trouble of boiling or the expense of buying water may have plenty of it in the shape of fruit filter ed after Dame Nature's best recipe. Not that one should take all his water this way.

resisting sheepmen were bound, wounded and in many cases killed outright in the mad struggle for possession of the land, which, by the way, belongs to the commonwealth, and for which neither side pays a cent of compensation to the govern-nave a cent of compensation to the govern-making, the sheepmen

vous dyspeptics) clear the voice, correct the acidity of the stomach, are valuable in cas-es of insomnia, rheumatism and liver troub Concerning the substance in the brass box in the centre of the package, Detective Mc-Kenty said : "It will be submitted on Mon

Powder for Pattison.

Clumsy Infernal Machine Sent to Ex-Governor. Was Ignorant of Peril. The Democratic Candidate Tossed the Package Aside and First News of His Danger Came From a Reporter.

Robert E. Pattison, the Democratic canthrough the mails in a package received at Cruelty of the most revolting kind has his office on Thursday morning, he experimented for their benefit by touching off with a match, whittlings from the block. strating the existence of a plot.

Mr. Pattison's offices are on the second will be thoroughly demoralized. Conflicts between cattle and sheep men are becom-ing more frequent, and the slaughter of er lost 3,500 sheep last year. They were present at the time. After shaking the package several times, Mr. Johnson placed it on Mr. Pattison's desk. He noted that the address was printed, and thought it

TAKEN FOR FUEL SAMPLES.

An hour or so later Mr. Pattison came in and after tearing open one end of the pack-age, called for Mr. Johnson and asked him to examine a number of strange looking chunks. They were black, and in different sizes, some hexagons and others double pyramids, while a few were bullet shaped. 'What do you think they are?'' asked the ex-Governor. Mr. Johnson suggested that the chunks

of briquettes were samples of a new fuel Mr. Pattison is interested in a legal way. Without further ado Mr. Pattison ceased to examine its contents and placed it upon a small table near his desk and thought no more about the matter.

In the meantime several letters were received at the office of a morning newspaper which contained hints of a plot to kill Mr. Pattison. The writing on the letters was printed by hand as in the instance of the address on the package. A representative of the newspaper saw Mr. Pattison at his home, and to him the ex-Governor gave the keys of his office with directions where

to find the package. When examined the package was found to contain five varieties of black prismatic powder, two sizes of double pyramids and a quantity pressed into the shape of bullets, besides a quantity of loose powder; a small brass box, as yet unopened, but from its leakings supposed to contain nitro-glycerine, and a small piece of paper on which were lettered the words: -1 with you."

Superintendent Quirk immediately detailed Detectives James Donaghy and Robert McKenty on the case and their probing was in progress all of Saturday. "Two facts have thus far been establish-

ed," said Detective McKenty last night. "First, the powder in the package delivered to us was not obtained at the navy yard. I am reasonably confident that it can be ascertained where the powder came from, but how it was secured and by whom is a most difficult most difficult matter to unravel. Second, the package was mailed in the heart of the city, east of Broad street. It was placed sometime on Wednesday in one of the large street mail boxes, and passed through the main postoffice in the usual manner."

at her good naturedly

beach. 'I'm afraid you'll find it rather stupid," he said. "There's never anything but tramps, negroes and Irishmen in the comic papers nowadays." 'I wish they'd put in princesses and

dragons and fairies and things like that," Reba complained, turning the pages over scornfully. "You like fairy stories?" inquired the

young man. "Yes," said Reba, putting down the paer. "Do you know any ?" The young man seemed embarrassed for a per.

moment. Miss Frayne, in the seat ahead, laid down her book and looked out of the window, after a careless glance over her shoulder at the two.

"No," the young man said; "I'm afraid I don't.' 'Couldn't you make one up? My Uncle

Fred can," Reba pursued.

The young man gazed straight ahead of him at a tortoiseshell pin in the back of Miss Frayne's hair. "Yes," he said, with a sudden impulse, "I think I might."

Reba settled herself more comfortably and looked up at him with expectation. "Please make it about a princess," she said

"Of course ! It couldn't be a fairy story else," was the answer. "Well, there was once a princess; she was very beautiful and she had dark brown hair."

"The color of my aunty's?" Reba asked, waving her hand towards the seat in front

"Exactly !" said the young man. Miss Frayne moved a bit uneasily. "Her name was Nepenthe,,' he went on.

"I never heard that name before," Reba interrupted. "Does it mean anything in the back of the dictionary? 'Reba' means joyful messenger.' "

'It means forgetfulness," the story teller informed her. "You see, she was so pretty that she made people forget every-body else. Well, the princess lived in a castle that flew through the air. She was enchanted, and though there were many others in the castle with her, she couldn't speak to anyone."

Who enchanted her ?" Reba asked. "A wicked fairy named Grundy," said the young man. The head in front of him was now sloping at an angle of careless in-difference, but the pink roses on the hat began to shake in a tremor of amusement. Did she want to speak to anybody?"

Reba asked gravely. 'I don't quite know," was the reply. "Probably not."

Miss Frayne took up her book again and began to read.

There was a young man in the castle,' he continued, "and he determined to break the spell."

Was he a prince?" Reba inquired.

"No, he was a poet," the young man re-plied, after due consideration. "Now,this horrid fairy Grundy had made it impossible for the princess to talk to anyone unless he had a little white square with a magic word written on it, and as the poet didn't have one, of course he couldn't talk to

'What was his name?'' Reba demanded.

"Reba," Miss Frayne called over the back of the seat, "come here, dear."

"What was his name?" the little girl re-

It seemed unnecessary to notify them of by a strange bug.

his presence, considering the half tide con-dition of his attire; and, thinking that they would pass on, he sat down again to wait till the beach was once more vacant. They walked slowly towards him, but, instead of continuing their walk, the two ladies sat down upon the bath house steps to rest. A flimsy door alone separated him from

them. It was now too late to make his presence known without a considerable sac-rifice of dignity, and he resigned himself to an unintentional eavesdropping, feeling something like a priest in his confessional

box. "I don't know whether Stoughton was his first name or his last," said the younger lady; "but he was certainly very auda cious and amusing. I'd like to know who he was. Reba made up to him, but he didn't try to take advantage of it, except by telling her that absurd fairy tale so that

I could overhear it. But you can't talk to a man on the train when you don't know who he is, can you ?" "Was he good looking?" inquired the other.

"Well, he was interesting-not exactly

handso "I know !" exclaimed the lady of the dog cart. "It must have been Stoughton Webb. They are expecting him at the ho-tel, and all the girls are setting their caps

for him." "Then I'm glad I didn't encourage him, said Miss Frayne. "He's probably spoiled. Men who can write almost always are.

"Never mind," the other voice replied : "they're usually so conceited that they're easy to handle." "I wouldn't stir a finger to attract him,

but I'd rather know Stoughton Webb than any one else I know of. I've heard a lot about him from Fred. I hope he won't think I encouraged him—he'll have no use for me if he does. But isn't it time to go back for dinner? Come, Reba, we must go now !"

As she rose, Miss Frayne cast a glance at the door of the bath house. "Look at that !" she said to her companion. "These

hotel people are so careless and thought less ! Some one's left the key to this bath house here. I think I'll take it back and give it to the clerk in the office." She snapped the padlock in the hasp, took the key, and rejoined the others.

Stoughton gazed at their retreating forms till they passed out of sight over the top of the dunes. Then he dressed himself hurriedly, with a grim smile at the absurdity of the situation, and, bracing himself against the wall, kicked and pushed at the ninge till the door broke loose. He had started for dinner when a small girl appeared in sight, twirling a key from a piece of string. It was Reba, and she came up

to him breathless. "Hullo !" she said, and then she looked at the wrecked door. "Did you see any-body come out of that bath house?" she

asked anxiously. "Yes," said Stoughton. "A man come out a few minutes ago, and he was very

angry, too." "My Aunty May locked him in by mis-take," said Reba, shocked at the incident.

"She just happened to think that perhaps there was somebody in there when she look-ed the door, and she sent me back with the

peated persistently, rising slowly and re-luctantly in obedience to the summons. "Stoughton," said the young man. "But

dance the cemetery crop has been eaten up

Flowers' house seems to be haunted. For several nights past, it is alleged, the building has shaken violently. Flowers, his wife and two children are distressed with fear, and have fled from the place. People having relatives buried threaten to prosecute Flowers for obliterating the graves without giving them notice. His brother and sister and two children

lie buried in the devastated cemetery. Flowers secured the money from his father, Frank Flowers, in Colorado Springs, to buy the farm. Thursday lightning struck the barn, on Flowers' place, and burned stock cattlemen. This led to a renewal of hosand building.

Trust Paralyzes Town.

The Closing of Greenwoods Mill at New Hartford, Conn., Causes Exodus of Population.

men, and Mrs. Nancy B. Irving, a former Chicago woman, whose goat ranch was re-cently raided and 1,200 goats were slaugh-tered. In the years from 1890 to 1895 Ed-wards was a flock master in Routt county. The depopulation of New Hartford, Conn. as the result of an order issed by the Cot-ton Duck trust to shut down its Greenwoods mills there on September 11th, for an indefinite period has begun in earnest, For three successive years he essayed to graze sheep on the public range bord-ering the Colorado line. He disregarded no less than 700 people having left the town inside of two weeks. By the middle of next month it is estimated that fully one-half of the population of the place which is 3,000, will have left.

Placards reading "Closing Out Business. and "To Rent," are already in store windows, and "For Sale" signs are tacked on property everywhere. In the district known as "Dublin," where several hundred of the mill operators lived, there remains but a single family. Business men already feel the effect and are planning to locate else-

where, Truckmen however, are doing a big business hauling household goods to the railroad stations day and night. The Greenwood plant is to be removed to Tallassee. Ala., where according to an

lleged statement of the Mount Vernon Woodberry Cotton Duck combine, man ufacturing can be done more cheaply. The business was established in New Hartford in 1833.

No Trouble to Help Search.

A woman stopped at a cloth counter in one of the large department stores recently and asked to be shown some dress patterns suitable for early autumn wear. The sales-man began on the lowest row of shelved compartments and pulled out and patiently onened out box after box until the counter appealed to the humane society for aid, contending that the killing of the goats is on either side of him was piled as high as his head with goods. Three times he climbed the ladder to the upper rows and stagger-ed down under weight of box patterns, until, when the woman took a survey of the ed. Then she said, very sweetly: "I don't think I'll buy any today. I'm the bitter end.

sorry to have troubled you; but you see I only came in to look for a friend."

"No trouble whatever, madam," he re-plied, politely. Indeed, if you think your friend is in either of the two remaining boxes, I don't mind opening them too."-Phila-delphia Times-

----Honor is one of those things that he that seeks it shall not find it.

of mohair.

-No amusement can be innocent when it becomes all absorbing.

lands upon which cattle were not gazed, and so the sheep were turned in. Govern-FRUIT OF THE VINE. ment agents complained to Washington that the little animals were destroying the Now for the grape. "Grapes dissolve and dislodge gravel and calculi," says the doctor. They bring the stomach and bowels to a healthy condition. shrubbery and young trees in their efforts to find enough vegetatian to sustain life, Even the consumptive finds a new life in and the order came that they must leave.

them, and should take grape juice by the tumberful daily, as it makes new rich blood. The mountain parks, where the sheep used to be driven in the summer, are closed to It builds up the tissues and feeds starved them by the combined action of the miners, campers and hunters. There seemed to be no place for them, but their owners nerves. It is also cleansing. By going to wholesale markets and buydecided to again try conclusions with the

ing the grapes in the large original packages, the juice may be put up at home at a cost of a few cents the quart. tilities that bids fair to last indefinitely, or nntil the sheepraising industry is ruined. There are two figures in this conflict who OTHER FRUITS.

Pears and peaches, though particularly palatable and seasonable, are not, as a rule, put in the very valuable class. Plums, ap-ricots and nectarines, are all appetizing, but arouse one's admiration. They are Griff Edwards, now a leading sheepman of East-ern Oregon, the first man to dare the cattlein about the same class. So they all have

their value. A delight yet to come is at present stored on the quince bushes. Tell us, if you can, a more delicious dessert than a baked (or steamed if you haven't a baking fire)quince eaten with fine butter and the merest sprinkle of sugar.

his flocks. County and state authorities, fearful of the cattlemen's influence, refused VIRTUES OF THE BLACKBERRY. Blackberries, which are still in market, act as a tonic and are positively invaluable to back him up in his fight for his rights. He gathered a band of retainers to defend even in obstinate cases of dysentery, and his flocks. A larger band of cattlemen de-feated his army, bound and gagged them and tied them to trees and slaughtered the straight juice, slightly sweetened, is many times more useful than all the blackberry brandies put together. The only way their flocks before their eyes. At last he became discouraged and for two years he has not taken part in the struggle, most of his interests being now in Oregon. to get the best is to put it up yourself, or have it done under your own direction. Like the grape, it is simply scalded in enough cold water to cover it, and drained Mrs. Irving came here from Chicago, through jelly bags. Then the juice is sweetened to taste, kept hot (not boiling), for an hour, and sealed in heated bottles. bout a year ago and established a new industry-the raising of finely bred Angora

Big Harvester Syndicate.

goats—for the manufacture of mohair. The goats were pastured on rocky land that the cattlemen disdained to use. But there were plenty of yucca plants upon which the goats subsisted well. They did not encroach upinternational Company to Have a Capital \$120.000.000.

on the stockmen's pastures nor interfere with them, but the outlaw raiders swooped The International Harvester company down upon this peaceful community, bound and gagged the herder, Lloyd Kellogg, and with an anthorized capital of \$120,000,000, was incorporated at Trenton, N. J., on Tues day evening. The company is authorized to manufacture harvesting machines and agricultural implements of all kinds. It is understood that among the concerns Mis. Irving has placed an armed guard at her camp on Pinon Mesa, prepared to re-sist another raid, and has notified District

interested in the syndicate is the McCor-Attorney Mullen, at Grand Junction, of mick Reaper and Mower concern of Chicago. The articles provide that all of the \$12,000the act and her intentions. She has also 000 of the capital stock shall be common stock, unless it shall be decided to increas cruelty to animals. It is said that she althe company's capital beyond these figures. In that event \$120,000,000 is to become ready has several deputies of the humane society among her guards. She pluckily declared that she will resist the raiders to preferred stock and the additional capital s to be common stock. The incorporators

of the company are Abram M. Hyatt, of Al-lenhurst, N. J.; George W. Hebard, New York; Rowland R. Dennis, Auburn, N. Y.; A year ago Mrs. Irving attracted atten-Edward M. S. Miller, New York; Robert S Green, Elizabeth, N. J., and Erastus M. Cravoth, New York.

What's the Use.

A recital of all the raids since the troub le first began is impossible here, but a few of the most destructive and cruel are given. Griff Edwards, in his struggles to hold the grazing land, lost over 14,000 head in var-

ing that as much as he did.

the chemical analysis. My personal opinion is that the substance is nitroglycerine, as I tasted some which leaked through the cover of the box."

THINKS IT IS NITRO-GLYCERINE.

Charles A. Barry is the letter carrier who delivered the package at Mr. Pattison's office. "Its large size attracted my atten-tion," he said, "and when I was handling it the contents rattled considerably. I shook it several times, as it excited my curiosity, and I am now grateful that I delivered it totally ignorant as to its contents." There is no United States law against the

sending of explosives through the mails, although it is in violation of the postal regulations. In consequence the Post Office in-spectors will do nothing in the matter, although Assistant Postmaster Knowles will pursue a searching investigation on his own account with a view to tracing the package to its sender.

Mr. Pattison takes the matter very coolly, and beyond his experience with the block of powder has little light to throw nook of powder has note light to think upon the plot. "It must have been an in-sane person," he remarked. "Why I was singled out I do not know, for I have not an enemy that I know of. The whole matter can safely rest with the proper authorities for solution. Until the matter was called to my attention I did not even know my peril."

Girl's Parents Pay Ransom.

Chicago Father Gives Agent \$100 For Return of Daughter.

Laurena Freeman, thirteen years old, who has been missing since July 23rd, was re-stored to her parents at 1:30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, in Chicago, \$100 being paid to the woman who offered for a consideration to do what she could toward producing the lost child.

The ransom was paid to Mrs. C. Stahl, of 4704 State street. It is learned that there were present when the amount was paid, Wesley Freeman, father of the girl; Mrs. Stahl and one witness. The mother of the girl waited with her lost daughter in a back room of the house while the money was be-

ing paid. The father had been induced to promise Mrs. Stahl the reward under circumstances had given up all hope of the police being able to find his daughter. Mr. Freeman, his wife and Mrs. Stahl ad-

mitted that the ransom was paid and that it was \$100. A receipt was made out and signed by Mrs. Stabl.

12.000 Rose Blossoms on One Bush.

Several of our country exchanges have recently contained notes relating to the number of roses grown on Crimson Rambler bushes at various places. The greatest number reported was 6,400, grown by Mrs Lewis Daring, of Lawrenceville, Ti-oga county, on a bush of four years' growth. It was eighteen feet high and twelve feet broad. Mrs. Hiram Kilbourne, of Wellsboro, carries off the honors so far as heard Citiman—If you're raising chickens I don't suppose your neighbor had much success with his vegetables. Subbubs—No, he didn't. eight to ten feet broad. The clusters are so thick that the foliage of the vine is almost wholly hidden from sight, presenting: a solid mass of beautiful flowers

tion by appearing in the role of Diogenes and offering a reward of \$1,000 to anybody and onering a reward or stroot to anyoury in Chicago who would prove that he was an honest man. As no body was found who could pass her tests she decided that honest men were creatures of the imagination. She is said to be backed in her goat-

raising venture by a Chicago capitalist, who intends to embark in the manufacture

Citiman-Didn't raise much of anything, Subbubs-Except Cain, and he's not rais-