Bellefonte, Pa., October 17, 1902.

OUR FLOWN BIRD.

Father with anxious hearts come we to thee, Empty of arms and alone; Bend down and hear us in pity, we pray-Hear us, and comfort our mos See! there is nothing in all the wide rooms, Listen! no bird-notes are heard! Sunshine and shadow alike are entombed, Never a laugh, nor a word.

Out of the home nest, away from our care, Swift-winged, our nursling has flown-Into the field of the world, with its snares, Baby, our darling, is gone. Out of the reach of our sheltering arms, Joyous, the young feet have sped-Lightly she kissed us, and bravely she smile Sunshine enwrapped the bright head.

Gaily and bravely-the world is so fair! Laughter meets caution and fear; See? all the field is aflame with its flowers! Look! all the blue sky is clear. Little she dreams of the dangers that lurk -Nothing she knows of its snares; Thorns on her roses? or rue in her wine? Well? she has courage, and dares.

Brave little spirit! Her armor is new, "The field is the world," strange and wide What can she do, when the tempter assail? Where from the wrong may she hide? How shall she wield, with her soft little hands Weapons of warfare and strife? How shall the soft, dimpled shoulders uphold Safely, the burdens of life?

O, if through sunshine, less watchful she gro Careless of pitfalls, she stray, Guard her and guide her, watch over her then Father, in mercy, we pray. Cheer, when the shadows fall over her heart;

Let thy dear love be her guide-If the young feet, in their trust, lose the way. Fold her, oh, close to thy side.

Lead her. Whatever the fate that befalls, Be thou her staff and her rod; Keep the young feet in the pathway of light-Hear me, oh, pitving God! Breathless I stand-she has passed from my care Out o'er the summer tossed sea,

Hold the white hand with the strength of th love. Draw the white soul home to Thee.

#### DERELICTS.

There was no moon and the phosphores cence of the breakers was unusually brilliant. The sea was quiet so that the surf swift moving, level line of light that suggested the passing of a brightly illuminated railway train in the darkness.

The group on the piazza sat watching the display in comparative silence until some one suggested a dip. Six of the number were soon splashing through the shallow water, exclaiming at the beauty set in mo-Every particle of fluid displaced emitted the curious, baffling radiance.

When the water reached her knees, she stood still, and bending, lifted the gleaming liquid by handfuls and tossed it right and left. As the scintillating sparkles fell and sent other sparkles flying when they touched the surface, She laughed aloud. She sat down and paddled with both hands like a small child in his bath. She arose and waded into the shallows again and pirouetted gleefully, watching the drops from her garments and the gleaming trail of her feet. A wild exhilarance possessed her,—it was as if She were a magician and these drops veritable gems falling in reck-Something in the water seemed a part of out again, so She stood knee-deep, and began tossing handfuls upward. All the joy in Nature which her happy youth had held seemed compressed into the hour, and, as it into bloom in the rippling.

and fought disease with the sail tience of love.

Rumors reached her at intervals, that He was leading a wild life in a neighboring city. One crisp October day, She read his compressed into the paper. He was driving—with were, bursted into bloom in the rippling, liquid radiance. She wondered if She could

fire. She watched eagerly, but found none—from every finger jewels dripped. Saddenly, her right hand, flung straight out, touched another hand, for the briefest second. In that second it was as if the phosphorescence of another sea-a wilder and a deeper-flashed into her startled consciousness. Her mood changed instantly, her innocent delight faded away and in silence She returned to the house and retired.

They were alone in the midst of the ocean—that other ocean. Afar she seemed to hear a voice-hardly a voice-a sound that called her. Deep within her being She felt instant answer. Daily She watched for a sail on the blue horizon. At length She saw one and to her joy it came steadily toward her. One day a strong wind arose from the quarter whence they had set sail, and blew heavily against the little craft and it sank. (Its grave was in her heart.) Then they two sailed on alone but never to her, quite as before. By and by, another tiny sail came over the blue horizon rim. This She watched so eagerly, so absorbedly, that She was amazed one day to find herself alone on the wide, deep sea. "He will come back," She told herself, and watched with deeper interest the far white sail shimmering like a pearl in the summer sun. After long days (in none of which He came) they met, and with the small boat in tow She made for a harbor. Before they reached port a terrible storm arose, and in the rage of the sea the wee boat perished and She herself narrowly escaped the same fate. In the fierce battle with the elements, She spoke but once, and the winds and the waves heard a man's name. How She longed to be let go-down, down to the crystal quiet where lay the baby boat at rest! But mighty human hands tugged at her persistently and at last dragged her into the un-desired haven. "Why?" She asked her-self, when She had regained consciousness, "Have I not suffered enough?" In the long days of convalescence, the flimsy excuse She had made to herself for Him, knocked one by one, at the door of her heart. To each She said with listless weariness, "You—lie

-He-will-not-come." At length came the day when (unreasonably enough, as it seemed to her) having been forced into the companionship of that dull, gray shape called Life, She was obliged to seek work to support her unasked guest. Mechanically She walked the streets, applying here, there, everywhere an opening offered. The apathy of her face was against her. Although men do not object to machines, they want them alert and responsive. After a month of search, in which She was not always brave and strong enough to ward off attacks from those par ticularly evil birds that swoop down upon a homeless, penniless woman, but from whose clutches She always escaped, She was admitted to a Nurse's Training School. To her surprise the strange, new life was a relief. The services which seemed most relief. The services which seemed most obnoxious to a novice, had for her no repulsion; the harder the work required, the imitation diamond."

better She liked it. Anything to drown thought! Just as She began to flatter her-self She was beginning to forget, She passed Him one day on the street. He looked well, handsome as ever, as carelessly grace-ful. If He saw her, He made no sign. She thought He did not see her. But a fear that had been gnawing at her heart ever since her illness grew suddenly unbearable. Upon her next afternoon off duty She took the train for the little village, where, ages ago, one fair June day, they had gone to-gether. How it all came back to her with the monotonous whir of the wheels! She had gone down town shopping, met him ac-cidentally, and they had lunched together. After the meal he had proposed, abruptly, that they take a run into the country for the afternoon. It was the first warm day of the season, and the idea pleased her. She had always enjoyed the unexpected. So they hailed an uptown car and got of at the Central Station and took the first train out of town. They never decided where they would get off, until she exclaimed at the beauty of a little village as they approached it Then He paid cash fares and they alighted and walked through the shady streets and sat by the river talking lovers talk and keeping intervals of lovers' silence. She had known Him over a year and been engaged to Him three months. He was older than She (She wished He were not), and He knew so much more than She could

ever expect to know! "Little one," He had said toward the close of the golden afternoon, "let's be married, without any 'fuss and feathers' here, before we go back to the city." She had started in amazement and refused promptly, and then allowed Him to coax. They had a supper at the only hotel, and He was so thoughtful to her in a quiet way. She would have hated him if He had been officiously attentive. She would never have consented if He had varied an iota his manner. But he did not offend her in look or tone, and She worshiping Him as She did, finally yielded, and together they went before the priest who said the words that locked up her past and put it away and opened her future as an unsailed sea. He telegraphed to her parents, using the

odd, new name for her. How merry they were! In a few day they went home, hunted a flat together and then hunted its furnishings. Such happy days! And when the nest was feathere what gay little suppers She got up for his friends! How proud of her management He was! And of her small self, from redbrown hair to tiny feet! How She enjoy-ed saving Him all the details of domesticity when She found He did not like them ! She recalled it all dully enough, as though it were the life of someone else, and yet be-came so absorbed in it that She nearly miss-

ed her station. Once in the quiet village streets, She pac en up and down, among the sun flecked shadows, alternately consumed by a fierce heat and chilled by an icy dread. Fearing to attract attention, She at last braced herself for the final effort and sought the priest, only to learn that he was out of town. Farther inquiry, made with assumed indif-ference, resulted favorably to her mission and She was soon in the cool vestry, giving the clerk the momentous date in a voice whose evenness surprised her. The clerk, at her request, made a copy of the record and She thanked him, in the same even voice, and departed with the folded slip in

Not until she was in the train, speeding to the city, did She dare to open the paper. Then the words danced before her so that it took several seconds to untangle them, but out of the blur finally stood, clear and distinct, her name and his! It belonged to by the spring of 1875 and 1876 the great her then! He had not been utterly false! Northwest had nearly reached the limit of these drops veritable gems falling in reck-less, glittering profusion. She stood spell-bound, utterly unmindful of her comrades. Something in the water seemed and part of the memory of those happy days, She entered with renewed zest into her work Something in the water seemed a part of her, and something in her seemed a part of the pulsing ocean. Graduelly She would dren's ailments. She had a mother heart Dakota and Iowa met at Omaha to discuss the pulsing ocean. Gradually She waded and fought disease with the skill and pa-

name in the paper. He was driving—with a lady—and there had been an accident. find a single drop without its imprisoned Her heart turned to stone as She read on. He was hurt severely, the lady uninjured. She worked in a fever of unrest, that day, and those following. Would He send for Her? (There were friends who could furnish her address.) Should She go? No further mention of the case appeared in the papers. The suspense wore on her so that sleep was impossible. In the long night watches, piecing out memories of things not understood at the time, with the newly found knowledge, a gradual illumination came to her. After all, to own His name was a meager boon, since it stood for little but concentrated selfishness! From that rock even Divine Love may fall away, spent and useless. She knew, now, He had ordered the wind that sank the first little boat and coolly planned to leave her ere the coming of the second! Outraged motherlove surged over and obliterated the whilom wife love, and She hated him! Toward the end of the week, when the dreaded message came, "If you want to see Him alive come at once," She said to the messenger boy, "No answer."

> Down on the shore the phosphorescence still gleams on dark nights, but it has no part in her life, any more than has the richer radiance from that other sea .- By Sara Hopkins in The Pilgrim for October.

### Too Much Meat.

Most people eat too much meat. Nature has so bountifully supplied this country with animal food that our people appear to have come to the conclusion that it is an essential duty on their part to make daily consumption of large quantities of it. While some animal food is needful, it is a great mistake to suppose that it is required three times a day, or really oftener than every twenty four hours. European laborers rarely get meat more than once or twice a week, and yet they are, as a general thing, robust and strong and capable of en-during hardships under which our great meat eaters would surely sink.

A writer says: "The heavy work of the world is not done by men who eat meat. The Russian soldiers, who built such wonderful roads and carried a weight of armor and luggage that would crush the average farmhand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in diet and regular in exercise. The Spanish peasant works all day and dances half the night and eats only his black bread, onion and watermelon. The Smyrna porter eats only a little fruit and some olives, and yet he walks off with his load of one hundred pounds. The coolie fed on rice is more 1874 it broke loose in Iowa, Missouri, Illiactive and can endure more than the negro fed on meat."-Philadelphia Star.

-"So the engagement's off?"

The Passing of American Plagues

Ancient Egypt in all her tribulations had no more disastrous plagues of flies or lice than were the great insect scourges which visited different sections of the United States in the past, and the gradual passing of these plagues before the work of science marks a new era in our agricultural and industrial life. The story of the terrible scourges form dramatic and picturesque background for the history of the great West, and they are intimately wrapped up and interwoven with the struggles and dis-couraging hardships of a race of pioneers who lived their tragic lives to conquer an empire for future generations to enjoy. Counties and States equal to half of continental Europe were visited by the plagues of locusts, chinch bugs and grasshoppers, and their entire vegetation laid as bare and waste as if swept by fire.

Some recent statistics have been compiled by the Washington agricultural experts which tend to show that back in 1867 the total annual loss to the farm crops of this country from insect ravages amounted in round numbers from \$200,000,000 to \$300,-000,000. One well-informed expert places the losses even higher, or about \$330,000,-000. These losses were sustained in different parts of the country, and included insects which attacked the grain, corn, fruits and animals of the farming States. Some years the breaking loose of hordes of wellknown insects of grain or fruits would totally destroy the crops and cause such general distress and poverty that starvation seemed to threaten the inhabitants of entire counties and States.

The great locust plagues were among the earliest of the West and Northwest, and those who remember these terrible visitations will never forget the conditions under which farmers were forced to live for months at a time. Men became frightened and paralyzed with fear; prayers were tive proclamations were issued by the Gov-ernors of the afflicted States calling for general supplication for divine aid in removing the visitation. In 1877 the Governor of Minnesota issued such a proclamation, ap-pointing the 26th day of April as a day for prayer throughout the State for this purpose. In 1873 considerable damage was done to the grass and grain crops by the locusts which appeared in southwestern Minesota, and by the following season they had spread so that they had caused general alarm. Millions of the creatures appeared, and they swept across the country destroying every green thing in their way. So great was the destruction of the crops that an appeal was made to the Legislature the following winter, but nothing was done to check the scourge, and in 1875 the swarms had multiplied tenfold.

During the summer and the two succeed ing ones, the scourge spread with alarming rapidity throughout the State, and into adoining States, until there was such a succession of crop destructions that the inhabitants were reduced to starvation. Efforts were made then to destroy the plague and to invent some means of checking its fur-ther spread. Coal oil was distributed throughout the infected districts to destroy the insect, but this primitive and clumsy method seemed to have little sensible effect in diminishing their numbers.

Farmers and their families spent their ummers in destroying the locusts. In the Dakotas and Iowa their numbers became so great that people were in despair. It was impossible to raise crops. If they were raised the swarms of locusts would destroy them before they could reach maturity. the plague and devise some means of averting the ruin that was destroying their fertile lands. Emineut entomologists met with the Governors in this conference, but all that science could suggest had been tried, and the conference broke up without anything more definite being reached than

the calling of a general day of prayer.

A strange coincidence or, as some will have it, a divine answer to the public prayers, followed the 26th day of April set aside for this purpose. A few warm days brought the locusts from their winter hiding places in great numbers, and then a cold wave suddenly developed in the Northwest and the unhatched larvæ and young locusts were almost totally destroyed by the frost which spread over the whole afflicted sec-

It was estimated that billions and billions of eggs of the locusts and their young larvæ were destroyed by this cold wave, coming as it did, right after a few days of balmy weather. It was the only thing that saved the Northwest from bankruptcy and from a period of depression that would have lasted to this day. The millions of dollars lost through crop destruction had caused many to immigrate from their homes, leaving their farms in many instances just as they were, and fleeing from the plague as did the ancient Egyptians. The awful screech and noise made by the locusts maddened and crazed men, women and children, and the days became horrible nightmares which have never since been equalled.

The locust plague passed years ago, and for twenty-five years there have been only occasional reminders of it in visitations of the insects in a few isolated sections. There has been no general spread of it as in 1873.76. Under modern methods of checking insect development it would be mpossible for the locust ever again to multiply in such vast numbers. There are great locusts plagues occasionally in South Africa and South America, and they spread as thickly over the country as they did in the Northwest a quarter of a century ago; but it is not likely that another such visitation will ever appear in this country.

Another great plague, which visited the West fifteen and twenty years ago, and which occasionally develops into large proportions to-day, is that caused by the chinch bug, which has, until quite recently, been called the "costliest insect in America." This famous bug has caused a hundred million dollars' worth of damage to crops in a single year. As far back as 1850 the bugs appeared in such numbers that the grain crops of a single State, Illinois, were damaged to the extent of four millions dollars. It had appeared previous to this in Indiana and Wisconsin, causing considerable injury to the crops. Periodically it appeared then in great numbers in widely separated regions. In 1863 to 1865 it caused great damage, but in 1871 it caused a total loss of over \$70,000,000 to the farmers. But even this was merely a slight indication of what it might do in time. In nois, Kansas, Nebraska Wisconsin and Indiana, and caused total losses of about \$100-000,000. After that season the ravages decreased a little, but reached another great climax in 1887, when the bugs caused fully \$60,000,000 worth of injury to the grain crops. As late as 1896 a chinch bug plague appeared in the West, and caused consider-

able damage. Altogether the successive plagues of this tiny insect have caused losses to the farmers of the country amounting to over \$330,000,000. Such an immense total is sufficient to make this insect occupy a prominent place in the natural history of the great Northwest. No other insect of either hemisphere has probably caused quite such immense damage, although the Rocky Mountain locust or Western grasshopper stands prominently among the most astrous of our insects. In 1874 the losses incurred by the ravages of the locust were

stimated at \$100,000,000. The chinch bug, unlike the grasshopper or locust, has not yet lost its power for evil, and its reappearance in great numbers may be looked for almost any year; but it would be met by far more destructive agencies of boy to man, breaker-boy to miner, the than in the past, and all the resources of descent from manhood to old age, from

The chinch bug is a pretty small insect to cause so much trouble, and it is hardly discernible to the naked eye, but each female lays about 500 eggs in a season, and the newly hatched insects are very active. The favorite diet of the insects is grain, grass, sorghum, broom corn and Ludian corn. Most of the damage has been done in the West to such crops as wheat, barley rye and corn. The insect has remarkable immunity from attacks by ordinary enemies a disagreeable odor emanating from it which protects it from any predatory insect which would otherwise keep down its numbers. There are a few natural enemies to diseases among the chinch bugs to destroy methods is not entirely satisfactory, and science is still laboring to find some means chinch bug plague may not visit this counagainst any such dire visitation is found in the close watch kept upon the insects in different parts of the country. As soon as there is a slight outbreak in one section of the West, attention is called to that region and every effort is made to destroy the eggs and larvæ of the insects before they have had the opportunity to multiply in great numbers. The passing of all these plagues is due chiefly to this eternal watchfulness kept upon the creatures and to the immediate steps taken to destroy the eggs and larvæ at an early stage. In this way no

In the South the greatest insect plagues have been those which attacked the staple farm crop of that section. Cotton's worst enemy has been the cotton caterpillar or cotton worm, and the boll worm. The former caused annual losses to the cotton industry in the South of some \$15,000,000, and twice in the memory of man the damage amounted to over \$30,000,000 in a single season. The cotton caterpillar has always been with the planters in the South, periodic visitations occur. - Scientific American

# Grape Juice.

For grape inice wash, drain and stem the grapes, put in a deep agate or porcelain kettle, mash well with a wooden potato beetle and heat slowly until they begin to simmer. Have ready a number of straining cloths or bags made of three thicknesses of cheesecloth and wrung out of warm water. Put about two quarts of the hot pulp separate. Have ready some warm sugar syrup made by boiling two pounds of sugar in a pint and a half of water for five minutes. To the clear juice add sufficient of the sugar to pleasantly sweeten. Fill bottles or jars with this juice, place in a can-ner with covers or corks beside them, and process for forty minutes, or place in a steamer over boiling water, cover closely and steam for an hour. Before removing from canner or steamer put on covers or corks and tighten as the grape juice cools. If corks are used, tie down next day with stout twine and dip the tops in melted paraffin.

### Small-pox Increasing Throughout the

Small-pox is on the increase throughout the state. The report of the state board of health for September issued recently by Dr. Benjamin Lee, shows 533 cases and 35 deaths. This is an increase of 45 per cent. over August, and is equal to the combined

number of cases for July and August.

This is due to the cool weather, and the authorities say the disease may be expected to increase from now on. The situation, they think, is grave, but not alarming. The state board of health is unable to do much toward checking the disease, as the fund usually appropriated by the Legislature for its use was not forth-coming at the last session. The officials are now collecting statistics and statements of expense to bring before the next session of the Legislature, and great efforts will be made to obtain the money.

### Parisian Trees.

Paris is said to lead the world in the culture of city trees. The success of the French capital is due not so much to an admirable soil as to a well-organized system of caring for the trees.

In large nurseries young trees are grown and prepared for the Parisian streets. The culture of the soil is elaborate. From the very beginning the trees are pruned and staked to compel a straight growth. By frequent transplanting the roots become so hardened that they are enabled to withstand injury due to transportation. When a tree is sufficiently large it is set out in the street with the same care that was lavished upon it in the nursery. Often the cost of planting a single tree is \$50. Whenever a storm destroys the city trees the nursery can be immediately drawn upon for another supimmediately drawn upon for another sup-

## Awful Future of Boys.

of Miss Susan B. Anthony. In later years the two women met in Washington.

"What have you been doing all this while?" asked Miss Anthony. "Bringing up four boys," was the au-

"Boys !" exclaimed the outspoken Susan. "What under the sun is a woman like you doing with four boys?" "I don't know. Would you expect me

The Slow Progress of the Boy Who Starts in a Breaker, and Ends, An Old Man, in the Breaker -As Told By a Man Who Was Once a Miner.

"I'm twelve years old, goin' on thirteen," said the boy to the boss of the breaker. He didn't look more than ten, and he was only nine, but the law said he must be twelve. to get a job. He was one of the multitude of the 16,000 youngster of the mine, who, because miners' families are large and their pay comparatively small start to the breaker before many boys have passed their pri-mary schooling. From the time he enters the breaker there is a rule of progress that is almost always followed. Once a miner and twice a breaker boy, the upward growth of boy to man, breaker-boy to miner, the science would be enlisted in the fight against | miner to breaker-boy; that is the rule. So the-nine year old boy who is "twelve, goin on thirteen," starts in the breaker. He gets from fifty to seventy cents for ten hours work. He rises at 5:30 o'clock in the morning, puts on his working clothes, always soaked with dust, eats his breakfast, and by seven o'clock he has climbed the dark and dusty stairway to the screen-room where he works. He sits on a hard bench built across a long chute through which passes a steady stream of broken coal. From the coal he must pick the pieces of

slate or rock. It is not a hard life, but is confining and irksome. Sitting on his uncomfortable seat, bending constantly over the passing the chinch bug, and entomologists have stream of coal, his hands soon become cut made a study of different insects and diseases which tend to destroy the creature. Efforts have been made to spread parasitic to the quick from contact with the iron chute. The air he breathes is saturated The effectiveness of these different with coal dust, and as a rule the breaker is fiercely hot in summer and intensely cold in winter. In many of the modern breakof counteracting another plague of chinch bugs should it break out in the great grain been introduced into the screen-rooms, and offered up in churches and public places to remove the awful plague, and even execuable the conditions, the boy's life is a hard try in the near future. The chief guard one. Yet it is a consistent introduction to what is to follow.

The ambition of every breaker-boy is to

enter the mines, and at the first opportunity he begins there as a door boy-never over fourteen years of age and often under. The work of the doorboy is not so laborious as that in the breaker, but is more monotonous. He must be on hand when the first trip of cars enter in the morning and remain until the last comes out at night. His duty is to open and shut the door as men and cars pass through the door, which controls and regulates the ventilation of great swarms are ever permitted to get the the mine. He is alone in the darkness and silence all day, save when other men and boys pass though his door. Not many of these boys care to read, and if they did it would be impossible in the dim light of their small lamp. Whittling and whis-tling are the boy's chief recreations. The door-boy's wages vary from sixty-five to seventy-five cents a day, and from this he provides his own lamp, cotton and oil. Just as the breaker-boy wants to be

door boy, the door-boy wants to be a driv-er. When the mules are kept in the mines, as they usually are, the driver-boy must go down into the shaft in time to clean and harness his mule bring him to the foot of the shaft and hitch him to a trip of empty cars before seven o'clock. This trip of cars varies from four to seven according to the number of miners. The driver takes the empty cars to the working places and returns them loaded to the foot of the shaft. They are then hoisted to the surface and conveyed to the breaker where the coal is cracked, sorted and cleaned and made ready for the market. There are today ten thou- arithmetic to find an answer to your quessand drivers in the anthracite coal mines. in each and hang up to drip. When no more juice drops from the bags, squeeze as of falling roof and exploding gas, but of being crushed by the cars. Their pay varies from \$1.10 to \$1.25, from which sum they supply their own lamps, cotton and oil.

When the driver reaches the age of twen ty he becomes either a runner or a laborer in the mines, more frequently the latter. The runner is a conductor who collects the loaded cars and directs the driver. The laborer is employed by the miner, subject to the approval of the superintendent, to load the cars with the coal which has been blasted by the miner. As a rule he is paid so much per car, and a definite number of cars constitute a day's work-the number varying in different mines-averaging from five to seven, equaling from twelve to fifteen tons of coal. The laborer's work is often made difficult by the water and rock which are found in large quantities in coal veins.

There are 24,000 laborers in the anthra-

cite mines of Pennsylvania each one of whom is looking forward to becoming a miner in the technical sense of the word that is, the employer of a laborer. To do this a laborer must have bad two years' experience in practical mining and be able to pass an examination before the district board. If he passes he becomes a contractor as well as a laborer- He enters into a contract with the company to do a certain work at so much per car or yard. He blasts all the coal, and this involves judgment in locating the hole, skill in boring it, and care in preparing and determining the size of the shot. The number of blasts per day ranges from four to twelve, according to the size and character of the vein. He is responsible for the propping necessary to sustain the roof. According to the law of the state of Pennsylvania, the company operating the mine is obliged to furnish the miner the needed props, but the miner must place them at such places as the mine boss desig-nates. Most of the boring is now done with hand machines. The miner furnishes his own tools and supplies. His powder, squibs, paper, soap and oil he is compelled to buy from the company which employs him. His equipment includes the following tools -a hand-machine for drilling, drill, scraper, needle, blasting barrel, crowbar, pick, shovel, hammer, sledge, cartridge pin, oil can, tool-box and lamp. As a rule he rises at five a. m. he enters the mines shortly after six. In some places he is obliged to walk a mile or more underground to reach his place of work. He spends from eight to ten hours in the mine. Taking three hundred days as the possible working day in a year, the anthracite miner's daily pay not over \$1.35.

His dangers are many. He may be crushed to death at any time by the falling roof, burned to death by the exploding of A story is told of how Mrs. Caroline Corbin, of Chicago, became an active antiwoman suffragist. She was a school friend In no part of the country will you find so many crippled boys and broken-down men During the last thirty years over 10,000 men and boys have been killed and 25,000 have been injured in this industry. Not many old men are found in the mines. The average age of those killed is 32.13.

It is an endless routine of dull plodding work from nine years until death-a sort of voluntary life imprisonment. Few escape. Once they begin, they continue to to strangle them?"

"Bosh!" was the reply. "You should never have had them. They will be nothing but men."

"Bosh!" was the reply. "You should existence, ignoring their daily danger, knowing nothing better.—Rev. John McDowell in the World's Work.

Rope Broke, He was Innocent.

"Although I never saw but one hanging, I witnessed a sight that even professional hangman have not seen," said A. A. Albrechton, of Columbus, Miss. "It was at my home. A young Mississippian named Purdy had been convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to hang. The evidence was wholly circumstantial and before he was accused of that crime the young man had borne an excellent reputation. He was also connected by marriage with some of the best people in

"Nevertheless, he was sentenced to hang and the Governor would not reprieve him. There were two factions in the community, one believing him guilty, and the other considering him innocent. The latter talk-ed of rescue, but it was all talk.

"The scaffold was not inclosed and when young Purdy ascended the gallows he walked erect and fearless. He denied his guilt, and all who saw him were compelled to admit his bearing was that of an innocent man. The black cap was pulled over his face, the Sheriff pulled a lever, and the next we saw was a man getting up from the ground, snatching the black cap from his head and declaring dramatically: 'God

has proved my innocence.'
"The rope had broken. That was enough. Former enemies turned into adherents, and before the sheriff could again take his prisoner to the gallows and get another rope he was in a centre of a crowd of thousand of people, all of whom were swearing there were not sheriffs enough in

Mississippi to hang an innocent man. "Purdy was taken home, and an escort of 250 armed and determined men went with him and remained until there was no danger of any further proceedings being taken. Without any legal formalities the matter was allowed to drop, and Purdy is living eighteen miles from Columbia, re-

spected and happy.
"Joy almost killed his wife when she saw him alive at the time she expected his corpse to be brought home. To say Purdy is guilty is now almost as much as a man's life is worth down there."-Denver

Married Men Tell Why They "Doubled Up."

An editor sent out circular letters to a arge number of married men subscribers the other day, and asked them why they married. Here are some of the answers: I didn't intend to do it.

Because I did not have the experience I have now.
I married to get even with mother, but

never have. That's what I've been trying for eleven years to find out.

I yearned for company. Now we have it all the time. I thought it would be cheaper than a breach of promise suit.

Because Sarah told me five other men

had proposed to her. That's the same fool question my friends I wanted a companion of the opposite

sex. N. B.—She is still opposite. The old man was going to give me his foot, so I took his daughter's hand. Because I asked her to have me and she said she would; I think she's got me. Because I thought she was one among a thousand: now I think she is a thousand

among one. I was lonely and melancholy, and wanted some one to make me lively.

makes me very lively. I have exhausted all the figures in the tion; between multiplication and division in the family, and distraction in addition, he answer is hard ville, Ind., Journal-News.

### Will Support Pattison.

Prominent Republican Farmer Advocates Democrat's Election

Chairman Creasy, of the Democratic state committee, on Tuesday received this letter from J. A. Herr, a life-long Republican, member of the state board of agriculture for 23 years and a prominent member of the Pennsylvania State Grange:

Ceder Springs, Pa., Oct. 5, 1902.—As the senior active member of the Pennsylvania state board of agriculture, I have been in a position to study the actions of the govrnors of the state relative to our agricultural interests. I can testify to the great attention and consideration accorded us by Governor Pattison. During the eight years of his administration he missed but one meeting of the board, and when favorable legislation was enacted, it always received

his active support and approval. During his term of office he gave proper consideration to all the agricultural organizations of the state, thereby endearing himself to the entire farming community I am confident if elected governor our agricultural interests will be given proper consideration and receive generous treatment at his hands. Very truly yours, J. A. HERR.

Earth Opened at Guam.

Water and Sand Burst Forth in the Recent

Further details of the earthquakes on the island of Guam have been received. The most severe shock lasted three min-

utes and fifty-five seconds. Most of the stone buildings were ruined. The ground opened and belched forth water and sand. The American marines had narrow escapes from death or injury from falling roofs and wall of their barracks. They are now camped in tents. The new hospital was wrecked.

Governor Schroeder is affording shelter

to the small American colony. He sent the collier Justin to Saipin island to assist the German governor there if any aid were required. The Justin returned to Guam and reported that there had been severe but not destructive shocks on that island.

### Striker Killed.

Refused to Halt, and a Soldier Fired Bullet Through His Heart.

William Durham, aged 25, a veteran of the Spanish-American war, was shot dead by Private Wadsworth of Company A, Eighteen regiment, last Thursday at Shenandoah. Wadsworth was a member of a squad that had been detailed by Prevost Marshall Simmons to guard the house of John Bulcavage, which was dynamited on Monday night. Durham, it is alleged, was walking toward the house, and was commanded by Wadsworth to halt. He disobeyed the command, and the sentry fired. The bullet pierced his heart, and he died instantly. The coroner has taken charge of the body.

- 'Fifty dollars for such a little dog !' exclaimed the possible buyer. "It doesn't weigh over 4 pounds."
"I know, mister," said the dog dealer;

"but I'm not offering it to you as sau-