

Bellefonte, Pa., October 17, 1902.

OUR FLOWN BIRD.

Father with anxious hearts come to thee, Empty of arms and alone; Bend down and hear us in pity, we pray— Hear us, and comfort our moan.

DERELICTS.

There was no moon and the phosphorescence of the breakers was unusually brilliant. The sea was quiet so that the surf fell leisurely and in its wake followed a swift moving, level line of light that suggested the passing of a bright comet.

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.

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.

better she liked it. Anything to drown thought! Just as she began to flatter herself she was beginning to forget she pleased Him one day on the street. He looked well, handsome as ever, as carelessly graceful. 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.

"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 go.

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!

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.

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.

"So the engagement's off?" "Yes," she advised him to practice economy, and he started in by getting her an imitation diamond.

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.

Some recent statistics have been compiled by the Washington agricultural experts which tend to show that in 1897 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.

During the summer and the two succeeding ones, the scourge spread with alarming rapidity throughout the State, and into adjoining States, until there was such a succession of crop destructions that the inhabitants were reduced to starvation.

For grape juice wash, drain and stem the grapes, put in a deep agate or porcelain kettle, wash well with a wooden potato beetle and heat slowly until they begin to simmer.

Small-pox Increasing Throughout the State.

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.

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 system of a well-organized system of caring for the trees.

Awful Future of Boys.

A story is told of how Mrs. Caroline Corbin, of Chicago, has been an active anti-smuggler. She was a school teacher of Miss Susan B. Anthony. In later years the two women met in Washington.

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.

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 than in the past, and all the resources of science would be enlisted in the fight against it.

Efforts have been made to spread parasitic diseases among the insects before they have time to multiply in great numbers. The effectiveness of these different methods is not entirely satisfactory, and the science is still laboring to find some means of counteracting another plague of chinch bugs should it break out in the great grain growing regions of the West.

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.

Grape Juice.

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Earth Opened at Guam.

Further details of the earthquakes on the island of Guam have been received. The most severe shock lasted three minutes and fifty-five seconds. Most of the stone buildings were ruined. The ground opened and belched forth water and sand.

Striker Killed.

William Durham, aged 25, a veteran of the Spanish-American war, was shot dead by Private Wadsworth of Company A, Eighteenth regiment, last Thursday at Shenandoah.

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

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Married Men Tell Why They "Don't-Ed Up."

An editor sent out circular letters to a large number of married men subscribers the other day, and asked them why they married. Here are some of the answers:

The Life of a Coal Miner.

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.

It is not a hard life, but is confining and irksome. Sitting on his uncomfortable seat, bending constantly over the passing stream of coal, his hands soon become cut and scathed by the sharp pieces of slate and coal, while his finger nails are soon worn to the quick from contact with the iron catch.

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 door boy is not so laborious as that in the breaker, but is more monotonous.

When the driver reaches the age of twenty 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.

Will Support Pattison.

Chairman Crensy, 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:

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