

Beliefonte, Pa., October 31, 1902.

LITTLE MILLIONAIRES.

Twenty little millionaires Playing in the sun; Millionaires in mother-love, Millionaires in fun. Millionaires in leisure hours. Millionaires in joys, Millionaires in hopes and plans, Are these girls and boys.

ing

over the room.

face blackened

weakly.

in her voice !

to her.

over her."

Millionaires in health are they, And in dancing blood. Millionaires in shells and stones Sticks and moss and mud ; Millionaires in castles In the air, and worth Quite a million times as much

As castles on the earth. Twenty little millionaires, Playing in the sun;

Oh, how happy they must be, Every single one! Hardly any years have they, Hardly any cares; But in every lovely thing Multi-millionaires.

- Youth's Companie

CINDERELLA.

Young Hetherington filled his brier wood pipe. "You dou't mind, do you? You are al-

ways so jolly and chummy.'

She smiled a little deprecatingly. There were times when somehow she wished Hetherington did not find her so jolly and chummy, though these times had nothing to do with the brier wood pipe. The com-fortable house was hers in effect, and she, the friendless and kinless kindergarner, must of course have felt it good fortune to he saved the lot of the boarding house and given the companionship of pleasant and well set up people. All the other young women she knew told her over and over again and reminded her that she ought to be grateful for her mercies.

Is is true that if Mrs. Hetherington's oldest daughter had not married and gone to live in a distant city and her younges had not died she perhaps would not have felt the need of a girlish presence in the house enough to take in Winifred.

Winifred watched Hugh Hetherington, lift his fine length and move across the room after a light for his pipe. As the match flare flickered on his clean features, she thought, as any woman must have, what a handsome fellow he was. But Wiunie thought also that if her own mouth had not been so big, her tendency to freckle so hopeless and the tint of her hair so uncom promisingly red Mrs. Hetherington might not have liked her so well. Moreover, she looked a bit older than Hugh, too, though she had carefully figured out that she, in fact, was a year younger. But, then, Hugh's childhood had passed

the flush of pleasure and the sunshine of affection, and hers ?- She was too humble to be sorry for herself and too wise not to see in the worst that had ever happened her the possibilities of still worse and thus be thankful for the Providence that had kept her in its hand.

But yet this evening she thought more sharply than usual of another girl's symmetry, her gowns, her accomplishments, her opportunities, all the things that are dear to the heart of woman. And why not?

had some nasty experiments to make, and way. Have someone write verses, enough for all. Then in the middle of the eve ing maybe she would not want to stay, although he rather looked as though he would have when the fun is at its height, have someone liked to have had her. slip away unnoticed, and disguise herself as an old gypsy. Have her then ring the But she left and then sat at her window front doorbell and be admitted. She can make a little speech or not, just as she watching his shadow move to and fro as it fell against the trees of the garden. Suddenly she heard a spluttering explosion and pleases, and then tell each one to step np a strange gutteral cry. For a ghastly sec-ond she watched the fitful leap of lights on the trees, but his shadow did not come and learn his or her fortune. The fortunes should be written on little pieces of paper. rolled up like a scroll and tied with ribbon Then she grabbed her water pitcher pink for the boys and blue for the girls. full happily, and the heavy rug on the floor Each one in turn steps up and draws one of these, taking the right color and reads it aloud. The fortunes can be impersonal, or, and ran into his room. She flung the door

open upon a thin blur of flame and flickerongues reaching like dancing imps if you prefer, someone who know the guests here and there in midair, and through it well could write ones which suits the indiall something like a huddled figure on the vidual guest and then should have them floor. Up went the water ahead of herself marked in some way, so that she can tell and over herself and then the rug over the which is which, and then arrange them in some way so that each will draw the right figure, and with a strength she hardly dared to think could be in her tense muscles one, or else she can simply hand one scroll she dragged it out toward the hall. Then to each one as she comes in.

wrapping her skirts around herself with a A new way of choosing partners for the games of Hollowe'en may be borrowed from the old story of Cinderella and her glass quick turn, the tore down the burning portiers that screened the laboratory from the den, and, finding the hose attached to the slipper. hydrant, she set the spray over herself and

Cardboard sandals of differnt sizes are prepared by cutting from bristol board or flexible cardboard the outline of the shoe. By this time the others had come. But it was really all over. She staggered out to look at Hugb. His eyes were closed, his These soles are then covered with colored paper, or gold or silver paper, and are to be fastened on by ribbons sewn on eith-"Is he dead? Oh, is he dead ?" she said er side to tie across instep and toes.

As each small boy enters the room where Then, covering her face with her burned hands as if fearing the answer, she sank the games of the evening are played he is invited to help himself to a pair of sandals of the color he fancies. With his sandals he hunts until he finds his own Cinderella down in a white heap beside him. The next day Hugh, who, though singed and stunned, had been little hurt, sat be-side her and held her bandaged hands. who can slip her foot into the magic slipper, and find that it is a fit. He watched the play of her features as h

talked to her, and it seemed to him like Lockjaw Cured by New Anti-Toxin Treat. watching an unfolding flower. He caught ment

himself wondering again and again at some newly discovered charm. What deep, fine Reports are being prepared by the New-ark city hospital board to be presented to eyes ! What a singularly sweet and unalfected smile ! What an intimate gentleness the State Medical society and the New York medical board concerning a case of lockjaw that was cured in that institution Mrs. Hetherington said one morning: "How charming you are in that pale yel-low wrapper ! You are quite transformwith tetanus anti-toxin procured from the New York board of health

The patient whose life was saved is ed." And she passed her hand tenderly over the girl who had saved her last child Samuel Goby, twelve years old. Goby fell on the pavement while playing in front of his home and cut his knee. Home Hugh said, "She is Cinderella, and the remedies were applied, but ten days later fairy godmother has shaken the magic tree the boy complained of severe pains in the And he did not know just yet that the back of his neck. His condition became such that he was removed to the hospital.

magic which was touching her and him, too, was older even than fairy godmothers. When Gohy was received in the hospital He spent his spare moments now trying to please her, even as she had once tried to his jaws were already set, his head was thrown back rigid, the muscles of his body were contracted and his limbs were stiff. please him. He told her over and over The doctors diagnosed his ailment, as again that it was her wit and her speed and her dear burned hands that saved his life after his stupidity with the ether and the collodian. "'Ab, no," she would say. "It was an inspiration. I am not a bit brave of my-

Work was at once begun to save the hoy's life. He was kept perfectly quiet, drugs were administered and the anti-toxin used. It was five days before the boy's rigidity yielded to the anti-toxin, and thrice in that time the doctors feared he would die. But now he has entirely recovered, and his case is considered so marvelous that reports of it are to be sent to medical boards.

Of Special Interest to the Bride.

his wise Married in white. You have chosen all right. Married in gray. You will go far away. Married in black, You will wish yourself back. Married in red, You'd better be dead Married in green, Ashamed to be seen Married in blue, You'll always be true. Married in pearl, You'll live in a whirl. Married in yellow, Ashamed of the fellow. Married in brown, You'll live out of town. Married in pink, Your spirits will sink. If a bride be very thoughtful, and also superstitious she carries a rabbit's foot mewhere about her when married. May used to be regarded as a desperately unlucky month for weddings, but as it comes at the loveliest season of the year custom and convenience have banished superstition, and now the evil is said to be removed.

Fruit and Fruit Stores. me Interesting Facts Picked up at New York's Great

Those enterprising people who are arrang ing a "symphony of perfumes" as an enter-tainment could get points at the horticultural exhibit of the American institute. They are all "common or garden odors," but they run a fine gamut of odoriferous harmony, from the spicy to the seductive, from the subtly elusive to the enticing.

Few people know that celery has a clean. delicious odor when bauched in great masses

Then there is the family pungent smell of the peppers, the evasive odor of tomatoes the mellow scent of ripe pears and apples, the frankly bacchanalian breath of the grapes. Even the brilliant, scentless autumn flowers have each their own faint, characteristic odor for the appreciative nose. There is probably no other sort of show which brings multi-millionaires and producers into competition for prizes. Wom-en who have large country places are becoming more and more interested in fruit and flower growing, and Mrs. Oliver Hoyt, of Stamford, Conn., has taken all the prizes in grapes, and Mrs. Trevor, who has a place Youkers, bas made fine entries. Miss

ton Marble, is about to set out extensive orchards on her place near Bedford, in Westchester county, the pupils of Briarchiff manor taking charge of the work for her. She

Men of a different type are also turning to fruit culture for both pleasure and pro-fit. For instance, a New York banker, who a year and a half ago was nearly wrecked by the unwise investments of his partner, has retired to a 200 acre farm which his wife happened to have bought near Bedford. This fall he has 1,000 barrels of apples to sell, and is going to plant more orchards and put up a cold storage plant. A retired leather manufacturer of Lowell

Mass., has just completed the setting out of 10,000 trees at Pittsfield, Mass. He is zoing to run the orchard for profit, employing all his best business methods in it, and declaring that he will make it an object lesson to the farmers of New England. deal of the inspiration of this interest has come from George Powell, superintendent of Briarcliff Manor agricultural school. Mr. Powell's own farm near Ghent, is the object of many pilgrimages on the part of those who have gone mad over big peaches

or thousand barrel crops. They go out to see his trees, which it is a common saying, have been "bred like horses." This fall he has 2 000 young peach trees, 500 pear trees and 2,000 plum trees, all bearing their first crop, and alongside of them is an or-chard, set out by his father fifty years ago,

and bearing as well as it ever did. With proper care most orchards are rained by insects and exhausted soil at the end of thirty.

It is bits of lore like this which are floating about up at the institute. A story is told of a man who lives near Peekskill, who six years ago was thoroughly discour-aged with his farm. He could make no money from it and his boys were impatient to leave. Acting on expert advice he planted thirteen acres of shady soil with peaches. Four years after he made from the first crop \$1,500. The summer of 1901 he opened a little store in Peekskill and stuck out a piece of brown paper with the sign, "Blank's peaches, fresh from the farm every day." At the end of the season he found that his summer's work had cost him \$1,100 and brought him in \$5,100. And he was a man 70 years old when he planted his peaches.

When Appearing Elk Became a Christian He Told it to Pastor who Converted Him

A former Sioux chief, now an Episcopa lian rector, the Rev. Philip Daloria, Fiora, S. D., who is attending the council of the Protestant Episcopal church in Phila-delphia, said ou Wednesday: "It was only a year ago that I learned

Gen. Custer's Slaver.

the true story of the death of Gen. Custer. I had been the means of converting an old warrior named Appearing Elk. Unlike most Indian braves, he was not much given to hoasting of his exploits, but I knew that he had taken many scalps. "Appearing Elk became a fervent Christ

ian and one day, after he had heen baptiz ed and taken into church, I asked him to tell me of his experiences in the battle of the Little Big Horn. Every Sioux wants to know who killed Custer, and that was my first question. I was suprised when the old man replied: 'I did.'

"I felt pretty sure that Appearing Elk told the truth. I drew his story from him in detail, and this is what he said:

"We had surrounded the last cluster of soldiers when my pony was shot from under me. When I got on my feet again I discovered that I had been wounded. Suddenly a man in blue loomed up in front of

"I knew he was a big chief. He was swaying like a drunken man from exhaustion and loss of blood because of many bullet and arrow wounds. I felled him my tomahawk and than sat on his body to he sure that I should not be robbed of my spoils. In order to make doubly sure I took the revolver from the bolster of the dead man and stuck it in my helt

"I didn't scalp the man, because his head was shaved, and I was ashamed to take a piece of skin.'

"I know positively," continued Mr. Daloria, "that the revolver taken by Appearing Elk was subsequently identified Custer's, and so far as I have been able to learn, Custer was the only man in the command who had his head shaved." Appearing Elk died last spring.

Typewriter Girl Now a Lion Tame Tilly Bebe, an Austrian Damsel, Performs Wonder

ful Feats with the King of Beasts. Tilly Bebe, a remarkable young woman,

is appearing at the Circus Medrano, in Paris, as a lion tamer. Other performers of that class keep the wild beasts in check hy making them afraid, but she conquers them by kindness.

Entering the cage with a smile on her face. Tilly lies down among the fierce ani-mals, who circle around her like affectionate dogs, licking and playing with her. Then she rises, takes a cord and plays at skipping the rope, taking no notice of the whether it be mounting on stools, carry ng her around the cage on their backs, or dancing the polka with her, the animals perform every feat without the slightest show of resistance. Tilly only has to tap them playfully on the muzzle and the savthem playfully on the industry wish. age brutes obey here very wish. Tills is an Austrian. Before going in

for lion taming she was a typewriter. She maintains that the only thing that renders ions dangerous is fear of them.

Must Pay \$7,000 Damages.

At Williamsport on Monday Judge Mc-Clure refused a new trial in the case of H. M. Smith versus Muncy Creek township, The case grew out of an accident which be fell Smith and a companion who were crossing a bridge with a threshing machine in

Physicians Indicted For Robbery Graves.

The graud jury Saturday afternoon re-turned a partial report, including 25 indictments in the grave robbery cases in which have been under consideration for thelast three weeks in Indianapolis.

Of the indictments returned, ten only were made known. It developed later that five indictments had been returned against physicians who are charged with complicity in the "body snatching business" for failure to keep records of bodies received amon whom is Joseph C. Alexander, demonstrator at the college of puysicians and surgeons.

The indictments against the negro ghouls in each instance simply mention one of the many bodies the indicted men are charged with assisting in removing, as a basis for a prosecution. In each of the indictments against the ghouls it was charged that the stolen bodies were taken to the Central college of physicians and surgeons. The five physicians indicted were arrested Monday. From evidence given by Rufus Cantrill, the chief of the gang of ghouls, 100 bodies have been stolen from cemeteries near here during the last year. There have been 19 arrests and 12 graves opened have been found empty. The ghouls say two of the physicians accompanied them on several of their night trips. It has been shown in the disclosures that the body of the wife of one of the ghouls was sold by the undertaker to a college.

Ten bodies were found buried beneath a few inches of earth in the basement of one of the colleges, four bodies were found in sacks on the streets, where the hard-pressed ghouls had dropped them, one body was concealed for two days in a saloon and 30 were found in cold storage in an ice cream factory at Louisville.

Making Mush.

Corn-meal mush seems a very simple thing to make, yet it is rarely well done. The meal must be good to begin with, made of corn dried by slow, natural processes and containing the little germ-the vital part, the muscle builder, the brain feeder. This germ, because it will not granulate and readily becomes musty, is removed by the modern process of grinding, leaving to be ground into meal only the devitalized portion, the part that even a rat rejects when he has access to a corn bin. The rat knows when he eats the corn kernel that he is getwhen he eats the corn kerner that the sweet ting the sweet, nutty part. If you can get the meal ground by the old burr process, the meal ground by the old burr process, then have fresh water, fiercely boiling. Throw in a handful of salt, then stir with one hand while lightly sprinkling in meat with the other, so that all of it shall encounter the same high temperature, that the starch cells may burst, as direct heat "pops" corn. When thick enough to all most hold erect the mush stick, cover closely and set where it will give an occasional "pout" for three or four hours, and do not disturb the surface or the flavor will escape. Eaten with good cream it makes an excellent supper in itself.—Farm Journal.

Twain in Need of Fuel.

Concludes Bonds and Greenbacks are Cheaper than Coal

The following letter was received at the Treasury Department in Washington last week

New York City, Oct. 3rd, 1902. To the Honorable, the Secretary of the

Treasury. Sir: Prices for the customary kinds of winter fuel having reached the altitude which puts them out of the reach of literary persous in straitened circumstances, I desire to place with you the following order. Forty-five tons best old, dry Government bonds, suitable for furnace, gold seven-per-cents, 1864, preferred. Twelve tons early greenbacks, range size, suitable for cooking. Eight barrels seasoned twenty-five and fifty-cent postal currency, vintage of 1866, eligible for kindling. Please deliver with all convenient dispatch at my house in Riversdale at lowest rates for spot cash and send bills to Your obliged servant,

ockjaw, and on examination the tetanns bacilli was found in the wound in his knee. never told me," he went on, "whether,

There is an ancient rhyme running in

He thought he saw a smile flit over the face, bent away from him though it was, and he took her hands that were now heal-She raised her head and looked at him. and Hetherington suddenly knelt down before her and kissed her hands, and then

Delia Marble, the daughter of the late Man-

will have a cold storage plant in connect on with her orchards.

knew very well that every minute of help she gave him that evening was an extra minute for the other girl.

She bent her head over the papers before her, for the things she was thinking must steal into her face in spite of herself.

"Are you very tired ?" said Hetherington kindly, but altogether impersonally. She raised her head and smiled. What was the use? If it were not this misery, it would be something else for a waif such as she. "Oh, not at all," she said.

"I do not believe there is another girl, who would be as patient as you are with all my tiresome stuff and with me too. Even mother's endurance gives out once in a while, and she scolds about my den. If it weren't for you, I don't know what would happen. If you're really not tired. be told whether or not you or your hus-band will have a profession, and if so, what I want to go over these lists with you now and then I'm off for the Kendrick reception. Gertrude Stevenson will be there," he said a happy little smile playing about his lips. "Seems to me she is getting more beautiful every day. Dou't you think 80 ?'

Hetherington did not even look at her, for his answer. He was indeed insisting on being even chummier than usual this evening, and Winifred bent her head close over the papers once more.

"Of course," Hetherington went on "Gertrade is popular, very. Sillington has a mint of mouey, too, but I don't think she's the kind of girl who would stoop to anything like that. Winifred had to listen to that and much

more in snatches and monologues, and she was glad when at last Hetherington left. There are times when it is singularly hard er to be "chummy" than at others.

The next morning Hetherington had gone when she came to breakfast, some-thing most unusual for him. In the evening he did not ask her help. He talked very little, and Mrs. Hetherington later said to her husband, "Can it be that Hugh is not well?"

Her hushand look d up retrospectively, over his glasses. "Maybe he's in love. Maybe he has

proposed to some girl, and she's turned him down Every young fellow has to have a lesson or two. It wou't hurt him, I sup-

pose. "Oh, how can you talk so? I am sure Hugh would not propose to a girl without talking to me about it first."

Whereupon Mr. Hetherington senior smiled behind his paper and went on reading. A long and comparatively screne mat rimonial voyage had taught him that ar-guments only fill thesails with head winds.

Winifred herself neither questioned nor seemed to take heed of Hugh's moods. After several evenings he came down and ask ed her once more to come and help him.

"What do you think, Winifred, "he said abruptly after awhile, "ought to be the test of love?

"I should think if someone loves you all the time, whether you are fresh or tired. pleasant or not pleasant, successful or not.' "Fresh or tired, pleasant or not pleasant

successful or not"—Then he laughed a lit-tle jarringly, she thought. But what do you knov about it, after all. You never loved like that, did you?"

She looked at him with startled, almost gnilty eyes, and Hetherington had a queer feeling of having entered unwittingly into

Every boy and girl wants to ce put on the right girdle. Hugh had asked her to help in comparing some lists, and she ing around the house or backing downstairs with a mirror in one hand and a lighted candle in the other, trying to bite a piece of money out of an apple suspended in midair, and all those other games that have been used for years; but it is always wellto

"Do you remember," he said one day,

'your test of love?'' She blushed a little this time. "You

you ever loved anyone that way or not.

he drew her head down to him and kissed

Things to do on Hallowe'en.

her on the lips .- By Eugene Uhlrich.

She did not answer. "Do you think that you could ?"

ed, though still scarred a little.

know of some new things to do, and here are some good ones. Have you ever tried pouring melted lead out of the end of a teaspoon into a pan of cold water? In the other hand hold a door

key and the lead must be poured through the hole in the handle. The lead will assume all sorts of curious shapes when it comes in contact with the water-sometimes resembling a ship or a pen or book, and sometimes nothing at all. By this can it 18.

Another thing that is great fun is to have three saucers-one with a ring in it, another with a piece of money and a third with a little water. Blindfold each person in turn and then change the positions of the saucers so that the one blindfolded does not know

in what order they stand, and then let her put her haud into one of the saucers. The ring means marriage, the money wealth

and the water travel. In bobbing for apples, instead of not having any special purpose in getting an apple, have someone name the apples without letting the one who is to try know how they are named. Have three apple and either name them in the way just

spoken of or else name them different girls boys, as the case may be. Have a half dozen turnips or beets on

any vegetables on a table. Blindfold a person and let her choose one of the stalks. If it is a straight, tall one, so will her husband be, and vice versa. Taste it, and if it is sweet, so is the girl, and if there is much earth clinging to the roots then she

will be wealthy. Name two candles for either boys or girls and fasten them firmly on the window sill with some of the candle grea-e. Open one window- part way, unles it is a very windy night, and light the candles. The one that burns the longest is the one you will marry.

If it is a moonlight night take a mirror and go out of doors. Stand so that the moon is reflected in your mirror, and the number of moons you can see reflected indi-cates the number of unexpected pleasant things that will happen to you before another Halloween.

Balance three tin cups partly filled with

water on the small ends of three funnels. These should be placed on the floor two or three feet apart. Each one must jump over these cups, one right after the other, keep-ing both feet together. If you jump over them all without knocking off any of the

cups you will be married when quite young If you knock over one of the cups you will marry when not so very young. If you knock over two of the cups you will marry late in life, and if you knock over all three

yon will not marry at all. Place a lighted candle on a table and blindfold each one in turn. Turn the blind-

folded person around until she has gotten completely mixed up about the location of the things in the room, and then, with her hand clasped behind her back, make her try to find the candle and blow it out.

One is seldom able to do this.

a sanctified presence. He rose and walked around the room aim lessly for a few minutes. Then he said he One of the most amusing things of all is

In the selection of a day it is interest-ing to remember the old rhyme which says :

Monday for health Tuesday for wealth, Wednesday the best day of all ! Thursday for crosses, Friday for losses, Saturday no luck at all.

It is considered unlucky to change the date of the wedding.

She Marries an Indian.

Rev. Sherman Coolidge, a full-blooded Arapahoe-Indian who was ordained a minister of the Episcopal church in Cheyenne in 1884 and has since been doing missionary work among the Arapahoe and Shoshone Indians on the Wind River Reservation, Central Wyoming, and Miss Grace D. Wetherhee, a belle of Seventy-second St., New York, were united in marriage at Fort Washakie last week by the Rev. F. J. Roberts.

The bride is a beauty and heir to considerable wealth, her father being pro-prietor of the Manhattan hotel in New York. Miss Wetherbee first met Rev. Mr. Coolidge at the agency three years ago, when she visited the mission in company with Bishop Ethhert Talbott of Pennsyl-vania, M18. Talbott and their daughter, Miss Grace. A correspondence followed. Rev. Coolidge was taken captive when a child by the Sho-hone Indians. Later

he was adopted by Capt. Coolidge of he was adopted by Capt. Coolidge of the Tenth Cavalry and sent to school at Hohart College, Geneva, N. Y. He was later taken in charge by Bishop Whipple of the Minnesota Episcopal church and sent to school at Faribault Seminary, Minnesota, where he completed his edu-cation

Line. cation.

Mrs. Honskeep-Wake up, John ! There's a burglar down in the dining-

Aroused.

Mr. Houskeep- (sleepily)-Oh ! don't

bother about it. Go to sleep. Mrs. Hou-keep—Listen ! Don't you hear him now? He's going down into the cel-

Mr. Houskeep (excitedly)-Gee whizz ! Where's my gan? He's after that coal !

Or a "She" Either.

"Oh !" he exclaimed as they strolled, doesn't the full moon look lovely ?"

"Yes," she said, "and I suppose that's why we call the moon 'she.' A 'he' looks

The abandoned farms of the East will Munoy Creek township. the methods of the business man with the producer," declares Mr. Powell. "They will know how to market as well as how to produce. The West is far ahead of us in that. The Grand Junction peach growers, the Rocky Ford melon growers, have their agents in Chicago and New York, and sell to the greatest advantage at all times.

"The use of fruit has very greatly increas ed in America within the last generation. I once sold Bartlett pears at \$25 a bartel. Now I sell them for \$3, but I make more

money than I did at the former price, he-cause of the enormous market. The use of flowers should increase in the same way. It has quadrupled, I think, in the last ten years, but still it is not a circumstance to what it ought to be. Around Glasgow and many other Scotch and English cities one may see vast flower fields, and companies of workmen going out from the city every day to cultivate them. They are planted with all the favorite garden flowers, and the blossoms are shipped to every city and town in Great Britain and sold in cheap bouquets, for a few pence, to the people. I want to see that here. I want to see large numbers of men making a living raising flowers, instead of in sweatshops.'

"Do you know," said Mr. Powell, with fresh enthusiasm, "that a number of those New York boys who have had gardens up at De Witt Clinton park last summer have gone to Mrs. Parsons and asked if they could not get a chance to work on farms That farm gaiden of Mrs. Henry Parsons was one of the best movements ever started in this city. I can see a development of it which ought to follow. There are thousands of farmers scattered through New York state who want one or two or more boys to help harvest fruit every fall. There are men near me who are shaking their

apples to the ground and selling them for forty cents a harrel who might get \$1 if they could get any one to pick them by hand and pack them carefully. Boys are the best help in the world for that. What? Yes, I think there would be few apples after they got through. The granges ould furnish points of communication through which city organizations could send boys to the farmers. It would be worth more than all the school they would lose to these little city chaps, and lots of them would stay there and have the inestimable advantage of growing up country boys."

Overhanging Trees.

Adjoining Owner may trim them Even with the

An interesting opinion has been render ed by Judge McClure, of Philadelphia He said:

If the branches of trees growing on one land hang over the line npon the other, the adjoining owner may cut off the limbs per-

over a period of twenty-one years or more without objection, when no right would be gained to cut them off. Fruit on the trees

> of larceny. If the fruit had fallen to the ground the neighbor could pick it up and nse it. The right of the adjoining land owner to lop off branches of overhanging trees before twenty-one years of permissive acquiescence has elapsed does not carry

with it the right to the fruit hanging on the tree. The fruit is not the product of his toil or labor.

The structure all be reclaimed by men who will combine collapsed under the weight of the machine and Smith sustained injuries which it is alleged will leave him a cripple for life. The trial, which was heard by Judge Mo-Clure, specially presiding, ended in a verdict of \$7,000, in favor, of plaintiff. A new trial, which as stated above was re-fused by Judge McClure, before whom the case was originally tried. In giving his decision, the judge gave his reasons for his course. The case is one that ought to interest township supervisors, and the tax pavers who elect them.

> Gnarded by Armed Men While Being Married.

Friends were Ready to Defend Couple. Groom stole the Bride from her Zealous Relatives and Stood, Revolver in Hand, While Minister Performed the Marriage Ceremony-All's Well Nou

Charles Doyle and Miss Annie Stewart were married at the home of a sister of the bride in the southern portion of Cumber-land Md., Saturday, under circumstances that were thrilling. The bride's parents land Md., Saturday, under circumstances that were thrilling. The bride's parents are dead and she was living with friends who opposed her marriage. The groom managed to steel her away and had a minister in waiting.

The latter, Rev. A. H. Zimmerman, was unaware of what was to follow, however, as the first thing he knew the bride and groom rushed into the room, the latter carrying a pistol, and requested the minis-ter to hurry. After the ceremony it de-veloped that 20 armed men had stood sentinel at different places while two others guarded the doors of the house, as it was feared the girl's friends would try to prevent the marriage. The excitement for a ime was the greatest that ever accompanied a local wedding.

Useful to Know.

Many a plumber's bill can be saved by seeping a small rubber hand exhaust pump anging by the sink. If boiling water an washing soda are used lavishly to prevent the accumulation of grease in the pipes, pipes will not become clogged. But, it grease does collect and bits of other matter, ashed through the strainer, lodge in it, the exhaust pump is a present help in time of trouble, and often is all that the professional plumber uses to remedy the difficul-ty. It costs but a few cents in the kitchen department of popular priced shops.

A Woman's Vow.

"Think of it, my dear," said Mr. Close fist, laying down his newspaper, "there are more than two thousand million dollars in

irculation in this country !" "Is that so ?" replied the wife cheerfully. Well. judging from the difficulty I always

experience in getting you to give me a quarter I thought there wasn't more than three dollars and a half in the whole world" - Comfort.

---- Four year old Tommy was rolling his "You mustn't roll your hoop in the front

yard on Sunday," said his mother. "You must go into the back garden." "Isn't it Sunday in the back garden, ma-

na ?" asked Tommy.

Christian Kline, of Lancaster, has raised a gourd of the "Indian club" variety that measures 501 inches in length and a Japanese bean $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches long.

MARK TWAIN. Who will be very grateful and will vote right.

Sultan Doesn't Like Her.

Miss Stone Will Probably not be Sent Back to Turkey.

The American board in view of the bint that the Sultan of Turkey would regard in Macedonia. Rev. E. R. Strong, of the board, said

Wednesday night :

"We are making no arrangements to-ward sending Miss Stone again to Macedonia or anywhere in Turkey. We know that she would not be welcomed by the authorities."

"And when you marry," she softly said, "I hope you'll remember to invite me to the ceremony." He looked thoughtful.

"It will be awfully crowded, no doubt," he said, "but I think I can ring you in somehow."

And a moment or two later she declared the ring was an astonishingly good fit.--Cleveland Plaindeoler.

-It was an affecting scene in the United States district court in Pittsburg Tuesday afternoon when Mrs. Margaret Reich, young and pretty, who until recent-ly was assistant postmistress at McKee's Gap, Blair county, appeared before Judge Joseph Buffington, accompanied by her counsel, ex-Congressman Hicks, and plead-ed guilty to three charges of rifling the mails. She confessed immediately after the grand jury returned true bills against her. Cariosity prompted her to open the letters, and, it is claimed, she had not figured on finding money. For years she was assistant to her father, postmaster John Bonner. The court was informed that Bonner had made restitution for \$280, all the authorities have discovered to be missing up to date.

Great Well Wasting Gas.

Pennsylvania Spouter Sends Out 2,000,000 Feet a

The greatest gas well ever struck in Armstrong county, if not in Pennsylvania, is now sending into the air more than 2,-000,000 cubic feet of gas every twenty-four hours.

It is defying all efforts to bring it under control. The well is on the Peter Kerr farm, a short distance south of Worthing. The gas escaping, it is estimated, would supply a city of 10,000 inhabitants. In the eleven days that have elapsed since the gas was struck more than 22,0000,000 cubic feet of gas, it is believed, have gone to waste.

pendicular with his line, providing the branches have not been allowed to extend noop on Sunday. is part of the realty and is not the subject