

And

little child.

the meadows. Then, because his heart was

turned his face eastward.

Bellefonte, Pa., November 7, 1902.

THE FISHERMAN. The fisher's face is hard to read. His eyes are deep and still; His boots have crushed a pungent weed Beside a far-off rill. Oh, early lifted he the latch And sped through dew away, But when we asked him of the catch

That was to mark the day, He lifts his empty hands and smiles : "I fished for hours, I fished for miles."

The fisher has an open mind. A meditative heart ; He walks companioned by the wind Or sits alone, apart. Within some stream-enchanted dell,

The fish about him play In sweet content. They know full well That friend of his are they, Dame Nature all his soul beguiles With murmurous hours and emerald

But one who trod the path he took By fragrant woodland ways, To where the cold trout-haunted brook Ran thick-leaved from the gaze, Heard him but sigh : "How fair it is ! My God-and what am I That Thy most secret harmonie Should flood the ear and eye ?" At eve, with empty hands, he smiles : "I caught the best of hours and miles, -Ethelwyn Wetherald

## ONE OF THE ARISTOCKACY.

saken him; and, accounting himself already accursed, he went by night and took a That is what he was-there is never doubt about it—though the term is now one of reproach in the land wherein he dwelt. That he labored for a monthly wage-a very meager wage it was-is true. Many a racer is put to a cart when he is old and has broken his knees, but he is a the swamps and in the tangled cane. There racer just the same. Blood tells in men just as it does in horses.

Hopkins was born in the blue-grass country, where the women have hearty and the men have iron in their blood, and he lived there a long time. So much I can make they were twenty and he was one. Also they were twenty and he was one. Also to to clearly from the very few papers he has left. For the rest there is only a rusty old sword, a pair of pistols and a picture. Somewhere in it all there is a story—a in the wagon only the wailing woman lowheart breaking story, no doubt—but you and I will never read that, for Hopkins was no man for self pity nor for the babbling of knew nothing of the two who were left.

But he was of the blue grass, of the country where they rear his kind, and yet it was far from his own that I found him—as far as a rude little Arkansas town may be; a of was death. So the men who had taken town built of "rough-edge" lumber and standing on a sand bluff beside a broad blue river. He walked with a limp then; and his white hair was long, reaching almost to the collar of his coat. Tall, spare his eyes wander back toward the wagon and and erect, he made a picturesque, striking but none in the place knew anyfigure, thing of the manner of his history. So far as the crowd that harbored on the riverfront was concerned, his past, like many another's there, reached just to the boat The leader of the mob was polling a vote. landing some two hundred yards away. There one day he had limped ashore from the up-river boat, a man clean of face, hooked as to nose and thin as to nostril, showing in his every motion the decision of the soldier.

But they could not read all this, these unrefined people of the Arkansas town, and had they read it they would not have cared. To them he was simply an old man come to look after Dobson's horses—Dobson the liveryman, whose stables was un-

touching him tenderly-and led him softly marked the front of his shirt; but he steadied himself, and his pistol arm rose with a down long lost walks in dim old gardens. with her, I think, an old faith came deadly aim. "One !" he counted, solemply : "I shall back to him-a faith once learned at a mother's knee-and the past became the kill you at three !"

A snarl ran through the mob, and weapfuture for Hopkins, and only his grave was between. And so the long, wild night would pass, and the gray dawn would come—and with it reality. ons came flashing out, but the town had taken a hand "Fair play !" called Dobson, sternly, and

Although there were some of us who 'Fair play !" the crowd echoed back. liked the man, even we did not suspect the manner of his fashioning nor gauge in any way the calm, cool courage of his stanch The hillman fell back, sullenly. It was hard, but they knew the rude ethics of the river towns.

old heart. But knowledge came to us lat-"Two !"

The rebellious outbreak had hushed, and er. It was the beginning of winter, I re-member, and the dust lay thick in the roads, the stillness was appalling. The hands of the leader twitched convulsively, and his for the drought had been great that year. empty pistol fell to the ground. West of us, in the hills, the farms had been sorely stricken. And among those who the group, a man grew frantic. suffered was a man-a "poor white" from the blue grass he was—with a wife and one

"Pray, Hank !" he urged; "pray !" The leader moistened his dry lips with his tongue. Aud, since the summer had been hard on "A chanst !" he murmured ; "give me a

the man and the autumn had brought him chanst !' Hopkins slid his fingers lightly along the

Behind

no harvest, he was downcast, and his wife, also was sad, but he could have stood that trigger. "A chance for a chance," he said. and have tried again save that his child fell "You ill of the slow hill fever and babbled of the spare Billy Hitt and I'll spare you."

home land and of the clear streams and of The leader turned his face to the men There was supplication in his look, but it sore and because he could in no way escape was not needed.

the heavy lidded eyes that foilowed him, "We'll do it. Yes, shore we will !" the settler sought to retrace his steps that they cried, and they sprang to loose their the child might die in peace. For it seemprisoner's bonds. ed to him in his ignorance that heaven Then, as Billy Hitt stumbled to his feet,

must be far away from the hot dry hills and very close to the blue grass country. old Hopkins, with his last fight won, staggered, grasped blindly—and fell.—By E. Crayton McCants in The Cosmopolitan for So the harnessed his one poor beast and October. But the beast, being unfed and old, made

May be Lynched.

but a two days' journey. After that, it died by the wayside. Then it was plain to the man that very truly his God had forleasant Sprading Brutally Murdered his 4-Year old Son last Friday.

beast. Afterward, he drove hurriedly, fifty Pleasant Sprading, of Inez, Ky., held for killing his 4-year-old son and whose 15-year-old daughter is missing, is threatmiles in a day, and it was nightfall when he came to the river. But the wagon had hampered the man ened with lynching. Sprading's family consisted of his wife, three daughters and since he could by no means find shelter in a son. With his daughters and boy the father was herding sheep last Friday. The were men on his trail—twenty men of the hills, heavy browed and stern. And when boy was unable to keep up with the others. The father placed him on a stone beside a epring, telling him to wait until his return. morning had come and the red sun capped with golden light the wavelets out on the river, these came up with the fugitive, and The boy, becoming tired, began to peel the loose bark off a tree that overhung the spring. When the father returned he asked the boy who had stripped the tree. The

boy replied that he had. "I would rather have you dead than raise you to destroy everything on the farm," is the reply the father is said to have made, still, the townfolk who came out to see knew nothing of the two who were left. The river town was "tough," it is true, but it would not have stood that, I think. But as for the man—well, horse stealing was a common thing then, and the penalty theredaughters' threatened them with a like fate if they ever told what had occurred. After-ward he went home and said the boy, while ered his guilt, and we of the town looked chasing sheep had run against a tree and The prisoner sat quietly. Once he let killed himself.

Becoming alarmed Sprading took his eldest daughter and went to the mountains. His wife hired neighbors to bury the body of the child and then went to Judge E. Hensley. She told him of the death of her son and said she suspected her husband, who told her he was going into the woods to hunt squirrels and added that at different times he had threatened to kill the whole family. Judge Hensley presented the case to the grand jury. One of the little girls told the jury that her father had kicked the boy to death. Short-ly afterward a sheriff's posse captured Sprading in the woods, but his eldest

## What a Man Smokes.

The Immense Value of Tobacco that goes up in

Smoks. There must be a great army of men who smoke an sunce of tobacco a day. Smok-ers are men of a philosophic and reflecting

disposition, although they do not always care to favor the world with the results of the high meditations due to the influence of the soothing weed.

It will be new, even to many of them, to know that it would take no less than 98 years to dispose of a ton of tobacco at this rate of consumption, and it will be still more surprising to consider the magnitude of this amount under various aspects. The smoker of an ounce a day is almost

invariably a faithful discipline of the pipe. He may submit to a cigar or cigaret to please the ladies, but the pipe remains his true love. Hence we will first suppose that our ton of tobacco is to be sacrificed to

My Lady Nicotine in the homely pipe. If the ordinary ounce packets in which the tobacco is probably bought were piled the tooacco is predatly bought were price in a single column they would tower to a height of 2,700 feet, and if piled rdge to edge to twice the height of Snowdon. Ar-ranged in a solid block they would form a

cube of packed "shag" measuring 13 feet in every direction, or more than twice the height of a man. We might conceive a pipe specially built

consume this mass. Such a pipe, if built on the plans of the familiar briar, would be 100 feet long and the bowl would be 20 feet in diameter. The howl could accomodate

70 men. Should the smoker of such a huge pipeful prefer the "Churchwarden," he would obtain a graceful clay 500 feet long: but enough to stretch across the Strand front of

the royal courts of justice. Such impracticable calculations serve to illustrate the magnitude of our ton of tobacco but it is no less interesting to consider it under ordinary conditions.

On a low average two matches are used to each pipe of tobacco. After his 750,000 pipes the smoker would have used as many matches as would stretch from London to Coventry, or Bath or Gloucester, if placed end to end. The timber would be barely contained in a grove of 20 stalwart trees, each 40 feet high. The heat energy repre-sented and which is largely waste, would serve to run a locomotive a considerable

If the smoker were economical and expended on an average of 5 cents per ounce on his tobacco he would disbuse no less a sum that \$3,000. In the first 10 years after marriage, when his supply is probably ruth-lessly cut down to half, he will save on this head alone \$175. We must not forget that there are many

who prefer the mild cigaret. Let us consid er our ton of tobacco in this form. There will be considerable difference in the actual number of cigarets consumed if the smoker makes his own in preference to

buying them ready made. In the former ase he will turn no fewer than 1,000,000 in fragrant smoke, a quantity which, if placed in order, would make a thin white line from London to Brighton, and in the latter case they would stretch for 37 miles. Placed side by side they would pave a small

pathway 5 miles long. Could we make these cigarets into one huge whole, we would obtain a cigaret 10 feet in diameter and nearly 100 feet long. A man built in proportion to enjoy this little smoke would be a mere 2,200 feet high, or as tall as 15 Nelson columns, placed one over the other. He would possess a dainty foot as long as two of these columns placed horizantally, and would turn the scale at over 500 tons. It would require

the imagination of Dean Swift to conceive Brobdi propor

## Breadwinning by the Blind.

Some Sightless People in Front Ranks of their Callings. One of Them in New York Tunes Paderewski's Piano-Men Repair Clocks, Make Brooms, Practice Law. Women Sew, Teach, Wash, Make Laces, Etc.-City's Annual Gift.

"The poor fellow is blind; he can't do much of anything except depend on others," explained the sympathetic man in the street car to the small boy with him. The blind man heard. He turned

oward the speaker. "You are wrong," he answered, smiling. "We do a great deal. Some day, when you get time, come to this address and ] will try to show you something that will interest you." The blind man fumbled in a pocket, and

presently handed a card to the man. It read : "Armin Schotte, Piano Tuner."

A few days later the man went to the piano house where Mr. Schotte is employed. He asked for the tuner. "Sorry, but you can't see him," said the manager, "he's up stairs with Paderewski tuning a piano for him."

The visitor showed the astonishment he felt.

"Yes," said the manager, "he always tunes Paderewski's pianos when he is in this country. And he is not only a tuner; he is a splendid musician on half a dozen instruments and a writer of music. I heard Paderewski praise one of his compositions not an bour ago.

This expert piano tuner, whose yearly vomen in this country who are earning their own way through the world.

Search for the blind in a large citywhere they are always numerous-and you will find men who are paper sellers, piano tuners, piano teachers, organists and choir leaders, experts with all kinds of musical mattresses, brooms and brushes, and upholsterers

In addition, you will find several who keep stores that retail the products of the little manufactories run by men similarly afflicted : one or two lawyers, half a dozen real estate dealers and as many fire and and life insurance brokers and agents.

Go to the homes of these blind men and to other homes and you will find blind women who do plain sewing, who cook, crub floors, take in washing and ironing, make laces that rival the silky webs from the Old World's lace centers, do exquisite ancy work, and build dainty basketware. You will also find blind women who are waitresses in private boarding houses, blind women who teach elocation in schools and one or two colleges, blind women who emboss letters for other blind, women who teach music

All told there are 682 blind persons in New York City who are self-supporting by

means of these occupations. In Philadel phia, in one places aloue, the Working Home for Blind Men, 250 men secure a livelihood by manufacturing brooms. At the head of this factory, one of the largest of its kind in the East, is a blind

Those who have come in contact with him say there is no shrewder dealer in Atlantic City real estate. He is reputed to be worth nearly \$200,

000, all made out of seaside land. His wife describes to him a piece of property that he may think of buying; tells him its environments, and then he takes a day or two to think it over and draw conclusions. Sometimes he buys, and sometimes he doesn't; but he has made a fortune out of real estate that once was the despair of owners and speculators.

There is another capable blund man in is a lawyer, too, and he got his degree by

men, who call their highly sensitive ears to the aid of their skillful fingers, make all the way from \$45 to \$150 a month.

The larger figure represents money large-y earned by means of piano and violin classes. The piano tuners almost invariably conduct several classes.

The broom and brush maker receives the lowest returns for his labor. Frequently he makes not more than \$3 a week. average is \$5

Time was when the small broom maker could earn \$10 a week. Now the big factories have up to date machinery, which the blind man, working alone, cannot afford, and so he is slowly being driven out of the business. Gradually he is drifting into paper selling or mattress making.

Now York is the only city in this country that encourages its blind to be self supporting. To every sightless man and woman who earns a living the city each year makes a gift of \$50 in gold. This money is used generally to clear off any indebtedness that a blind person may have incurred, and give him a clear start on a new fiscal year. This custom has held in the metropolis for over fifty years. The man who decides on the blind who are entitled to secure annuities is S. Jerome Bettman. He is known by every blind person on the Island of Manhattan.

For eighteen years he has been investigating their cases. It is he who every year distributes the annuities.

But New York. despite this pension system and care of the blind when they fall income is away up in the thousands, is ill, has found that no inducement can get only one of thousands of blind men and the men and women stricken blind in their ill, has found that no inducement can get majority interested in industrial pursuits.

This is the experience elsewhere. While these persons realize their dependent position, and know that, unless they have relatives who will support them, their inevitable end is the almshouse, they seem to be unable to cultivate the senses of touch instruments, repairers of clocks, makers of and sound to the point where they can be put to commercial profit. Many try, but after a few months give up in despair and

request to be taken to the almshouse. It takes years of training in an institution for the blind to fit the inmates for bread winners in the trades that require expert use of the senses of touch and ing. Nowadays no attempt is made to teach the boys and girls any other callings,

for long experience has shown that time thus spent was thrown away. The blind themselves recognize that they are of no monetary value in an occupation where sight is absolutely necessary, "but in the other trades we can hold our end with the best of sighted men," they say. And they can. A good blind mattress

maker turns out as many mattresses in a day as an expert mattress maker in full possession of all his senses.

## Big Grower of Apples.

In the last twelve years, Judge Wellouse has grown in Kansas nearly one half million bushels of apples, for which he re-ceived an average of 28 cents a bushel. Judge Wellhouse has increased his orchards annually until he now has more than 1600 acres in Leavenworth, Miami and Osage counties. He has reduced the industry to a science.

When the seasons are favorable, as the season of 1902, he raises from 60,000 to 80,-000 bushels of apples. In hot and dry seasons his yield falls as lows as 400 bushels. In the season of 1893 he did not pick the crop at all.

The Judge's original venture in appleraising was on a 120 acre tract. This orwas planted in 1876 near Leavenchard worth. The land was poor in quality, so far as the production of wheat or corn was the real estate business in New York. He concerned, and many looked upon his venture in doubt.

der the blnff.

As for Hopkins, he told nothing-not As for Hopkins, he told nothing—not even to Dobson—and it is against good Kaintucky ?" breeding in a river town to ask a man very many questions. So Hopkins went about his business; a "has-been" and a "broken-"Billy Hitt !" he said, sternly, down aristocrat" who was, of course, entitled to but small regard. For the town had many other "has beens" on its streets the story; but, as he concluded the thief whom its citizens, with much refinement spoke up again : of cruelty, jeered at or joked or pitied as time and occasion served.

But they did not annoy Hopkins so, not even when they were drunk. Once, indeed, a flippant fool-but he was a stran- onel." ger-made the old man a butt for shallow wit; but the play didn't last long, for Hop-kins looked at him. Then the fool's little wit; but the play didn't last long, for Hop-kins looked at him. Then the fool's little stunted soul shivered and shrank, and the white lins stammered excases white lips stammered excuses.

As a liveryman, however, Hopkins was a success. The stablemen and drivers could not lie to him like they could to Dobson. These, superstitious as all negroes are, said that Hopkins was a wizard; that the horses coming in from the road spoke to him and told him things. They didn't know that Hopkins had been born in the blue grass country where men learn all about horses before they are taught learn all about horses before they are taught to speak. The foam flecks on a glossy coat Then suddenly they hushed, for Hopkins' the grip of the bit in the teeth or the turn eyes were ablaze and his long forefinger of the hair from the whip lash, were so many words to him. It was this that caused his trouble with the church going folk -there were some such in the little town. The preacher had overdriven a horse and spoke strongly. Hell, he said, was made for men who brutally misused horses. In this Hopkins was wrong, and this particu-lar minister knew that he was. For him, hell was a place to burn one's enemies in. Therefore, he said that Hopkins was an infidel, but I don't think that he really knew.

Still, the old man was by no means saint. He swore at times fluently and with expression. That was when some one had beaten a dog or a little child. When the long nights came, when the storm whipped the river into flying foam, and the night wind tore shrieking through the tree-tops on the bluff above, then Hopkins would sit by his fire. And for a while, it seems to me, Hopkins might think of the storm or of the horses or of his pipe; but afterward, when the lights burned low, and the flickering flames leaped in the chimney, and the weird wild shadows set to dancing on the walls, then Hopkins would forget the Arkansas town, forget the stable and the horses, forget poverty and trouble and age; and his proud old spirit would rise, in the smoke from the brick red powhatan, and float, and, drifting far, would come again to the pleasant blue grass country. Then, for a space, for that homesick wraith even grum old Time relented; and, while the si-lent hours slept, old Hopkins, with famil-ia, ease, walked through stately corridors and bowed to stately dames. Or it may be that, pressing a good steed close between his knees, he swept long hillsides, waking the silent slopes with the wild, free music of the hunting horn, and harking to the joyous baying as the pack swept up the glens. Or else, perhaps, he heard the bugles as the gray squadrons charged or saw the dusky columns marching or caught with anxious, straining ear the far-off roar of the guns. And when these had passed or had not come at all, I am sure that she

"Colonel !" he called. "Don't you know Hopkins started, then turned and shoul-"Billy

Hitt, what are you doing here ?' In a few short words one of the mob told

"He ain't tole hit all, Colonel," he remarked, dejectedly. "Thar's a waggin back yonder, an' my wife's in hit an' my baby-an'-an'-my baby's a-dyin', Col

then the quick tears came, but he dashed them away with his hand. Beyond him

the river ran, and the ripples chased each

other, and the bright bubbles danced in the

eddies. The man watched them absently.

The roll call was slow and monotonous.

Suddenly another figure appeared-a man

"Looshus?"

"Long Jake?"

"Hang !"

"Hang !"

"Hang !"

"Bill ?"

The tears had come into the old man's I'm sure."

wasn't sure of the town. "Stand back, pardner !" he exclaimed. impatiently. But Hopkins did not heed,

and he was forced to speak again. "Stand back, old man !" he repeated in meaning tones.

Quick to scent an affray, the crowd closwas shaking in the other's face.

"Stand back yourself," he thundered, "and give this man a chance !" The hill man sprang backward, his face preacher had overdriven a horse and proken him in his wind, and Hopkins a strongly. Hell he said may made straightened himself.

"Shoot, you coward !" he hissed. "Shoot !" It's safe !" The crowd broke out into a turmoil and babble. This was a row to their minds.

The leader advanced a step. "Git out of this pretty damn'd quick," he ripped out, wrathfully; and as he spoke

a man of his party crept upon Hopkins from behind. Like a flash, Hopkins turned and gripped the new man's arm. "'Your pistol !" he commanded, sharply, and the slow witted fellow obeyed. Realizing their comrade's folly, the oth-

rs rushed forward with curses. "Down with him !" they cried. "Knock

the old fool down !" But Hopkins faced them. "The first man dies !?' he said and they halted. Then their leader passed again to the front. 'Old man,'' he yelled, ''I'm goin' ter shoot !'' ''So am I !'' said Hopkins. ''Back !'' The other quailed, and for a little space the two men eyed each other. Then the

hill man raised his weapon. A hush fell. The crowd was rigid with expectation. "Don't Hank! Fer God's sake, don't do that !" begged some one. The prisoner

strained at his thongs. "Give hit up, Colonel," he muttered. "Fer shore he's got yer !" "Git !" said the hill man, fingering the

trigger. Hopkins laughed. "I'm goin' to kill you," he replied quietly. "I shall shoot you just between the eyes." Then he rais-ed his hand suddenly. "Fire !" he cried. While H. L. Detwiler, a farm It may have been that the sharp command startled the other-he said so after-ward-into that which he would not have done; it may be that passion had its way with him; but he fired five shots in quick succession.

As they struck, Hopkins reeled and his of the picture came down to him out of the silence, touching his hands with hers- stream oozed from his sleeve, and a red stain

Wolves Eat a Railroad

About 1872 one of the first railoads of the Northwest was built in the Territory of Washington, from Walla Walla to Walula along the banks of the Walla Walla river, and following the general line of what is now the Oregon railway and Navigation company's road between those points.

The road was a primitive affair, and was built, owned and operated by Dr. Baker, of Walla Walla. It had no Pullman cars, chair cars or buffet cars, and the day coaches were mostly platform or flat cars. Instead of having a right-of-way, the road had permission to go through the fields of the farmers, consequently the road was not a rapid transit one, as the train hands had to get off and lay down rail fences and put The leader of the regulators frowned. He didn't want the facts brought out for he through, says the Anconda, (Mont.,) Standard.

The roadbed was constructed by laying crossties six or eight feet apart, and on those laying wooden stringers for rails. The heavy traffic over the road caused the train to wear in spots, so that train wrecks and smash-ups were of daily occurrence. These were not serious, for, when the train crew saw a wreck coming their way, they would hop off and let it wreck.

The annoyance, however, soon became detrimental to the interest of shippers, so the owner had to devise some means of overcoming the difficulty. Rails of standard railroad iron were out of the question; they had to be shipped "the Horn around" and freighted by wagon quite a distance, and strap iron could not be had, and the doctor, with Yankee shrewdness, finally hit upon the happy idea of substituting rawhide for strap iron. Cattle were plentiful and rawhide cheap, so the doctor soon had his track layers at work putting the rawhide on the wooden stringers. The rawhide soon became dry and as hard as iron, and answershrine. St. Louis Republic. ed the purpose admirably during the dry weather.

The winter succeeding the laying of the rawhide track was a severe one for that part of the country. The snow lay on the ground for several weeks. The wolves were driven from the mountains by the deep snow, and skirmished for a living as best they could in the valleys. When the snow began to melt it softened the rawhide and the hungry wolves soon found the tracks. When spring came and the snow hed melted the reduce hed action are the had melted, the wolves had eaten up the railroadtrack from Walla Walla to Walula Recreation.

A Serious Matter.

"So he's trying to live on other people's orains," said the publisher indignantly. "What's the trouble? Has some been stealing the ideas from your books?' "I suppose so. But that's a minor matter. They're trying to coax away the man

Large Pin in His Bread

While H. L. Detwiler, a farmer of Norwood, near Lancaster was eating supper Saturday evening he felt a stining sensation in his throat, as though a bone had loaded there. After taking an emetic a large pin was dislodged. The pin was in a slice bread which he had just eaten.

----Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

attending lectures and having a boy read

The paper used in these cigarets, if they aloud to him many heavy volumns for eight years. are manufactured, would be of the same area as the paper contained in 1,000 complete copies of "The Republic" If they were made by the smoker himself, the

papers being then of larger area, a mere 400 more copies would be demanded to equal the vast expanse of paper used. The cost of these "smokes" would be from \$4,000 to \$6,000. Again, since one-fifth of the cigaret is waste, at least \$800 is literal-

ly thrown away. The consumer of this tobacco may, like Svengali, be a lover of the big cigar of the Havana. If so, he must be prepared to spend at least \$15,000, of which \$2,500

will be wasted in fag-ends. The quantity of nicotine in tobacco varies greatly, but it has been authoritatively that the average cigar contains stated enough nicotine to kill two men. Needless to say, this is volatilized or otherwise harmle sly removed, and so does not affect the smoker. Here, however, is a hint for

the political economist. The quantity contained in our ton of cigars, if judiciously administered in the crude state, would be calculated to solve the pressing problem of our surplus popu-lation by relieving 400,000 superfluous healthy adults of the burden of existence. As we are not anxious to alarm the wife or curtail the privileges of her husband. we will refrain from stating the amount in value of clothes, or the many orther inpidental branches of this interesting theme. These formidable amounts should not liscourage the wavering smoker. My Lady Nicotine may be an exacting mis-tress, but the hours of real enjoyment, the solace in sorrow and pain, the companionhip in solitude which she gives her wor shipers in return compensates for all, and ampley justify us in acknowledging our-selves, humble votaries at her fragrant

Died in Chair While Waiting be

Shaved,

With a joke on his lips, and no thought of his life's ending, John S. Smith died Saturday morning in a chair at Matthew ealth and took a seat to await his turn A boy was receiving a hair cut, and Smith. noticing the closeness of Miller's manipulation of the shears, remarked : "That youngster's head will get frosted."

The next instant he gasped and straight-ened backwards in his chair. Miller ran to his side, but life was extinct.

He has a fair civil practice. But he has

time to dabble in real estate, and in many subarban towns in New Jersey his transactions are well known and regarded as

His method of selecting property is similar to that of the Philadelphia man. He has memorized numerous law books to such a point that he rarely finds it necessary, vhen getting up a brief, to have a clerk look up the law lor him.

Scarcely any of the working blind need sistance in business. The news stand man, even through the

roar of the city is all about him. can tell the footfall of a customer as he approaches the stand, and, knowing the position on his stand of the paper wanted, pulls it out and gives it to him. There are 200 such wage earners in New York alone.

The mattress maker sews together the cover. He runs the hair cleaning and tearng machine. He does the stuffing, not orgetting to make proper allowances at the sides and ends for shrinkage in the

ticking by reason of stuffing. He places and fastens the tufts, and he trengthens the sides by blind stitches. He even has boys with good eyes as appren

Nor does the clock repairer ask belp of ny man. As with the mattress man and the broom maker, he trusts entirely to his highly-developed sense of touch. There is a blind clock repairer in the

borough of the Bronx in New York who has everything his own way in his neighborhood. He can make clocks run right that other repairers always fail with.

It is feel that guides the blind women n their tasks also. If they are washing clothing they feel to learn if the spots of dirt, which a person with sight shutting his eyes could not detect by touch in a thousand years, have been removed by the

oap and water. They never burn clothing while ironing they know through their hands just the amount of contact the iron should have with the article being pressed. When sewing with a machine their fingers serve them as eyes, and they make stitches as straight as the most exacting could de-

As waitresses they gather the dishes in the kitchen by feel and properly arrange them around the diner's plate by the same swift and accurate method. And in mak-ing the finest and most intricate laces their

only guide is touch. In truth, the blind person in busines has, as one of them said recently, "ten eyes, which are at their fingers' ends," while seeing persons have only two. Despite the fact that the blind who work

are exceedingly industrious and often as expert in the various trades as men with sight, they do not make much money. The blind man gets sympathy when he is not

trying to sell a mattress or a broom. Let him try to sell something. Because at Oak Grove, the cabooses run onto a he is blind the customer will expect a price lower than he obtains elsewhere and haggle until he gets it. This statement i universally made by the blind shopkeep-

Grove. At Corning the Fall Brook trains keeper who, when the week is ended, will be made either solid Oak Grove or finds he has cleared \$7 or \$8 over and above

are the piano tuners and musicians. These for years to come.

The varieties of apples are divided as follow : Ben Davis, 620 acres ; Winesap, 76 acres; Missouri Pippin, 409 acres; Jona-than, 190 acres; York Imperial. 150 acres; Gano, 160 acres; Maiden Blush, 16 acres;

Cooper's Early, 16 acres. In the years when he picked 80,000 bushels or more, Mr. Wellhouse's expenses were nearly \$15,000 annually, and his receipts for 1890 were \$52,000. In his years of apple raising he has realized a net profit of \$104,000, to say nothing of the increased investments and holdings in Kausas land. Mr. Wellhouse has found the Ben Davis apple to be the most profitable, while the Jonathan has yielded more bushels to the acre. Missouri Pippin comes second in yield and the Ben Davis third. But the best price and most appreciative and active market is for the Ben Davis. On Fairmount Hill, near Leavenworth, he has erected a packing and drying plant, and his shipments of fruit are made to Kansas City, Chicago, New York, Boston, and foreign points. He also has a large trade in dried apples.

Big Beef Merger Goes into Effect New Year's.

Gossip Says \$500,000,000 of Capital, of Which \$200,-000,000 Is Water. Plants in the Combine

January 1 is fixed for the debut of the giant beef merger. Several more independent plants, from which competition is feared, are to be purchased, but the biggest clean-up will be taken in of practically all

the stockyards in the West. The Chicago yards are controlled in Bos-ton, but the other yards are largely in control of the packers. The different yards that will be included in the deal, aside from the Chicago yards, are those at Kansas City, East St. Louis St. Joseph, Mo.; Fort Worth, Texas; South Omaha and

Sioux City. The Armour interests is largest in the Kansas City yards. The Armours, Swifts aud Morrises control the East St. Louis yards, the Swifts own the St. Joe yards, the Armours and Swifts own the Fort Worth yards. the Armours, Swifts and Cudahys control the Omaha yards, and the

Swifts control at Sioux City. With these yards consolidated, and the additional great power of the refrigerator car line of Armour, Swift, Morris, Cudaby and Hammond, the market is under abso lute control.

It is the current gossip that of the \$500,-000,000 capital, the \$200,000,000 preferred stock represents all tangible assets, goog will, etc. The \$200,000,000 common stock represent water, and the \$100,000,000 bonds represents some \$25,000,000 paid for plants purchased during the past six months

An 80-Year Old Apple Tree.

There is an apple tree on the farm of Joseph Sieber, in Fayette township, that is over 80 years old, and is still a great producer of fruit, there being over fifteen bushels on the tree this fall, all perfectly formed and of the most pleasant flavor. Mr. Sieber's mother dropped the seed in the orohard in 1821, and from that grew up a thrifty tree. From its first bearing eason large crops have been harvested from the tree, and from appearance it will continue a healthy and great bearing apple Mr. Sieber takes the best of care of tree. this old tree, treating it as an heirloom, The most highly paid among the blind and hopes to keep it in perfect condition

Heart failure is given as the cause of death. -Beginning November 1st practically all the New York Central yard work will be transferred from Jersey Shore Junction to Oak Grove. After that day all Beech Creek freight trains will be "broken up"

over to the care of the hostlers. Train erews will be relieved at Oak Grove. Trains for Newberry and those for the north over for Newberry and those for the north over For this reason he is a lucky blind shop For this reason he is a lucky blind shop

will be run over the Y, just west of Jersey Shore Junction, to the Oak Grove yards.

solid Newberry trains. If the former they expenses.

Miller's barber shop in Trenton N. J. Smith entered the shop in usual