### Bellefonte, Pa., January 9, 1903.

#### WHEN POP SWORE OFF.

When Pop swore off last New Year's My Maw was awful glad, Although she sorter cried a bit, But that's a way she had. Pop said that he'd a done it Jest after Christmas night, Except that he was waitin' fer New Year's to do it right.

When Pop swore off last New Year's It seemed like he was sore. He scolded Maw, and kicked the cat Clean through the kitchen door. An' as fer me, good gracious! He licked me good enough, Jest 'cause I asked him how it felt

To do without the stuff. When Pop swore off last New Year's, He didn't smile fer days, But seemed to mope around the hous With jest a stony gaze;

An' there was simply nothin' That you could do for him. I never seen a man so stern An' grumpy like, an' grim.

When Pop swore off last New Year's It lasted fer a spell, An' when ne started up again Maw said 'twas, just as well. I guess she knows her business: It made Pop act so queer. I hope he ain't a-goin' to do No swearin' off this year.

#### THE DRAMATIC RIGHTS TO "LAUREL CROWNS.

Martin Page, the author of "Laurel Crowns," sat at his desk, reading his letters. These letters were a daily renewed source of some pleasure and more bewilderment to Martin. He could not realize his own success, of which they were one outcome. His book had been of absorbing interest and enchanting delight to himself. That it was no less interesting and delightful to the great world seemed incredible.

While he lay awake in the night and planned it, the book had been no less real to him than his own breathing. During the hours in which subsequently he had written it, it had yet been as actual and vital to him as the hand which guided the pen; but the moment the book was published, he lost it. Instead of the thrilling joy which he had often imagined himself experiencing in the presence of his first printed book, he had a lonely little feeling toward it that made him begin to write a second book.

It will be seen that Martin had temperament. He also had youth and an almost

childlike simplicity of outlook.

The author of "Laurel Crowns" was kindly to a degree. Seven of his letters were requests for autographs. Martin wondered why anyone wanted his autograph, but he cheerfully wrote his name seven times. One correspondent requested the authorship of the quotation with which "Laurel Crowns" was concluded. She enclosed no stamp, and the quotation was from the quality-of-mercy speech in "The Merchant of Venice," but Martin courteous-

ly wrote a reply.

Usually, he had little difficulty in anhis letters, but this mail had brought three, each of which demanded much more than a signature, a postage stamp or a slight introduction to the plays of William Shakespeare. Martin read and reread them with increasing embarrass-

The first was from his publisher :-"Dear Mr. Page :-" it said, cantiously "If, as we are inclined to understand, Winfield Stone solicits the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns,' we would strongly advise you to accept his offer. He is, as you are aware, the most powerful theatrical manager in the country-" and then the publishers reiterated their strong advice. The second letter was brief to the point of curtuess :-

'Martin Page: Dear Sir :- I want the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crown.'

'Winfield Stone." It is obvious that Martin would have had no dilemma whatever to face had there been no third letter, but there was a third

It was written on a small sheet of heavy white paper, at the top of which, in oldwere the letters J. C., daintily embossed in a fantastically obscure mono gram. The handwriting was heavy and black and expansive. To persons who like to find a revelation of character in so arbitrary a thing as chirography, it might have suggested impulsiveness. The letter itself more than suggested impulsiveness.

"Dear Martin :- " it said, "Don't tell me you have already let some one else have the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns!' I want them! The part of Ruth-why did you name her Ruth?-just fits me, precise ly fits me: and I want to star in it. Yes. I do! To-day I went up and told Winfield Stone that I was tired leading and wanted to star. Indeed, I did! He looked at me reflectively. I thought he was going to say: 'Exactly; and I will star you!' 'I--cannot-star-you-' he began in that drawl which he sometimes uses, and I was so furious that I instantly left the place, without waiting for him to say another word. The idea of his saying he could not star me! Don't you think I can act well enough to star? The idea of Winfield Stone-

"But I shall star myself, if you still have the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns.' Will you dramatize it—or get some one who is used to dramatizing things?

Let me know instantly, if you still have the rights to 'Laurel Crowns.'

"Hastily your friend, Jeannette Curtis."

Martin held the letter in his hand and absently rubbed his thumb over the mono-'Now, what is a fellow to do?" he "The part of Ruth exactly fits her! It would be strange if it didn't! She is Ruth !'

He read the letter again. "Of course she must have it, if she wants it," he said. simply; "but still, a man owes something to his publishers. If Winfield Stone pro "but still, a man owes something duces it, it will double the sales of the book; and what a blatant idiot people will think I am, if they hear I've refused it to His face suddenly flushed. "They will say I let Jeannette have it because—I love her." Martin stopped, and read Jeannette's letter again. do," he said, boldly, "but—she wouldn't want to have everybody saying it. She won't let me say it, and she doesn't love me. 'Your friend,' '' he read aloud from Jeannette's letter. "I wish she wouldn't

emphasize it so !" Martin took the great manager's letter in his other hand. He smiled, grimly. It was so different from Jeannette's letter in outward semblance and so identical with it in amazement.

stared at them in perplexity, he started. Jeannette's letter was dated a day in advance of Winfield Stone's. Martin's face cleared as if my magic. "I might have thought of that !" he cried. "Her's was written first! Careless girl, she forgot to mail it, as usual! That settles it!" He turned to his desk, and quickly began to reply to the no longer vexations letters.

To Jeannette he said : 'My dear girl :- Of course you may have the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns! What do I know about starring? But I think you act well enough to do anything. I'll dramatize it, or you can, or we'll get some one to dramatize it, just as you pre-

Martin concluded the letter with several additional betrayals of his naive ignorance in regard to the practicalities of dramatic affairs. As he had inferred, Martin knew little about starring; but he had known Jeannette Curtis from her childhood. The dramatic rights to "Laurel Crowns" were by no means first among his possessions to be bestowed upon her. Martin was aware that Jeannette might not use "Laurel Crowns" to large advantage; but he was very gentle, and so he was happy in the mere giving of his love and his bounty.

Taking out another sheet of paper, he wrote to Winfield Stone. His letter was as laconic as the manager's own :-"Winfield Stone: Dear Sir :- I have already disposed of the dramatic rights to

"Martin Page." Martin slowly blotted the letter. "Won't he be surprised, though!" he thought. "He has always had what he said he wanted. It's a pity Jeannette has quarrelled with him. He was making her career-and I don't believe she knows how to star by

Laurel Crowns.'

herself, even in 'Laurel Crowns.' " Jeannette's letter had fallen to the floor. He reached for it, and laughed as he again unfolded it. "I've read it enough times," he reflected, "to know every word of it! 'Let me know instantly.' she says. I didn't notice that ! Well, I will !"

He sprang to his feet, seized his letter to Jeannette, and taking his hat, rushed to the door. He threw it open, and then stopped short. A girl, a charming girl, who curiously resembled him in appearance, stood at the door, her band lifted in the very act of knocking. She broke into a low, surprised laugh. "Why, Martin, what in the -'' she began. Her voice had a marvelous ringing tone, as soft as it was clear. Winfield Stone had said that this voice was more than half of her professional

equipment. "Oh. Jeannette! Won't you come in?" Martin said. "I got your letter this morning, and I was just going to get a messenger to take an answer to it." He looked her, and smiled mischievously. "You said to let you know instantly," he concluded. Jeannette took the letter from his hand "I didn't say anything about your turning yourself into a cyclone over it," she said. She looked up into his face; and then

they both laughed. She took the chair at Martin's desk Opening her letter, she read it. Martin seated himself on an absurd little divan made of a steamer trunk and a Bagdad portiere, and watched her.

He did not know how strong was the re semblance between them. Jeannette's difference in coloring served to conceal it, even from persons more keen sighted than Mar-She was very fair; her face had almost no trace of color, her eyes were the gray of silver, and her hair was the palest possible brown; hut like Martin's face, Jeannette's was particularly eager and vivid. Like Martin's her eyes were strangely gentle; but unlike Martin's, her mouth had a wistfulness in its curve, even when she smiled.

She looked up from her letter as she read it, and smiled. 'I shouldn't say you did know much about starring," she observed. Martin laughed. "How much do you snow about it vourself?" he retorted "Well," said Jeannette, meditatively,

'I don't know as much as Winfield Stone, -but I've made up my mind to star, and star I shall, even if Winfield Stone won't she ceased abruptly, for on Martin's desk she saw the envelope of Winfield Stone's letter. She glanced quickly at Martin, but the young man was pushing the cushions of the divan into a heap, and did not see ber startled eyes.

"I am very "Martin," she began, Martin turned to her. "You don't look particularly warm," he said, critically. like that dull Pompeian color," he added, as he gazed at her linen gown, "and that Blondes hardly ever have enough arhat. tistic sense to wear red touched off with black; they usually go in for blue and ecru

— But you dont look warm."
"Well—I am." Jeannette insisted. "If you can't take me at my word-" she added, offendedly.

The author of "Laurel Crowns" laughed. "I can try!" he exclaimed. "Now, how shall I cool you off? A fan? I don't own a fan! I have it, I'll run over to the cor

ner and get von an ice cream soda!" Jeannette's conscience smote her when Martin had left the room; but she did not call to him to return. She waited until she heard the bang of the elevator door as he closed it; then she hastily searched among the letters scattered over the desk. She put her own letter impatiently aside, but the publisher's and manager's she grasped, and read with parted lips. She found the envelope and the other two; then she compared the post marks. A faint color came into her fair cheeks. "He got them all in this morning's mail !" she whispered

In her haste she had moved the blotter, which Martin had left over his letter to Winfield Stone. The letter lay before her eyes, and she read it. Then she read again the letter Martin had written to her; then she stared unseeingly at the floor for an instant, and then she covered her face with her hands, and trembled with a strange excitement

"He loves me! He does really love me But he shan't do it! I'll be leading woman all my life first! Winfield Stone wants 'Laurel Crowns!' Good gracious Martin's fortune is made-and he loves me enough to unmake it! And to think never would believe he loved me at all !

Jeannette lifted her shining eyes. She seized her letter to Martin in one hand and Martin's pen in the other; theu, laughing softly, she drew two heavy lines through the word "friend." "Think of the time and energy I've wasted making him believe I didn't love him! But truly I didn't think he really loved me, and I couldn't tell him I did love him !" she sighed, happily. "You certainly look warm enough now,"

Martin remarked, when he returned. "You look positively overheated.

"I am," Jeannette replied; "hut it would take something more than ice cream soda to cool me off! And, anyway, I must go. I've decided not to star-that is right away. Winfield Stone knows more about it than I do. I'm going right over to see him now about being leading woman again next year..

"But, Jeannette-" said Martin in Jeannette almost ran to the door. "Good

As he held the letters side by side and by !" she said. Martin caught her hand. Jeannette's cheeks paled again. In her hand, she still held her letter to Martin. "Why, Jeannette," he cried, as his eyes, led by the rustling of the paper, fell upon the unmistakable blue monogram.

She allowed him to take the letter. Half mechanically, he unfolded it. The two Their ancestors, the lizard like birds, lines drawn through the word "friend" flashed before him. "Jeannette!" he ex-claimed. "Really?"

Jeannette turned slowly, and looked at him. His gentle eyes shone happily, and her smile had lost its wistfulness she said: and he seized both her hands.

"Oh, no, no don't!" she protested; and again her face was flooded with delicate color. "I'm going; I must go!" Martin still held her hands. "When, Jeannette, "When, Jeannette, when?" he questioned, but Jeannette would not look at him.

"Please let me go," she besought him. Crowns'?" he queried. "What has that to do with --- "

them," she replied, her beautiful voice trembling. "If you don't let me go this moment, I'll write 'friend' in again !" she added, suddenly; and Martin let her go. She flew to the door and down the hall to the elevator. The door of the elevator had just been opened: Jeannette swept blindly into it, to the astonishment and very nearly the annihilation of its one occupant. beg your pardon!" she exclaimed, without turning her eyes.

"Good heavens, you should! You are the most precipitate person I ever knew. First you whirl out of my office, and then

Jeannette gasped. "Mr. Stone!" she said breathlessly.
"Exactly," replied the manager, urbane-

"I am going to ask Mr. Martin Page why he doesn't answer his letters prompt-Young authors are so conceited! Do you happen to know Martin Page?" added suddenly.
"Know him!" cried Jeannette. "I've

known him all my life. I-I am going to marry him.' What!" ejaculated the manager.

"Yes," said Jeannette, "I am; but you may have the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns'——''
"But," shouted the manager, "but, you say! Are you going to retire now, after all

I've done for you?" "Retire?" echoed Jeannette. "Of course I'm not going to retire! I'll go right on being leading woman—"
The manager led her from the elevator into the hall, and scriftinized her face with

genuine anxiety. "Would you object to telling me whether by any chance you have lost your mind?" he said.
"Perhaps I have," faltered Jeannette. 'I wouldn't be sure."

"You told me you wanted to star-"And you told me you couldn't star me." Jeannette returned.

"And you got up, and whirled off, as l have said before. If you had less suddenness and more serenity of manner, you would have waited until I had at least, finished my sentence," the manager drawled. "What I started to say, was that I couldn't star you, unless I could get the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns' 'For me?" cried Jeannette, wildly.

"Exactly. For whom else? The part of Ruth just fits you-"

'Yes, oh, yes!"

on being leading woman---" "No, I don't," Jeannette exclaimed, excitedly. you to star me; I want to star in 'Laurel ers growing from the lower back. Crowns' !'

"Then what in heaven's name is all the trouble about?" the manager demanded,

fiercely. Jeannette laughed like a happy child. "There isn't any trouble," she said with a new and lovelier ring in her rare voice. "There isn't any trouble in the whole wide world !" And leaving the manager staring after her, she ran down the hall, opened the door without knocking, and rushing up to the astonished author of 'Laurel Crowns flung her arms around his neck and kissed "Winfield Stone is in the ball," she said, "and I think you'd better take him out the ice cream soda; he needs something! -By Elizabeth McCracken in The Cosmopol itan for December.

# A Present for the President.

President Roosevelt has received a Nev Year's present from an ardent colored admirer named James Atkinson of Rome. Georgia. It is a wonderfully but some what crudely carved walking cane which the negro asked the President "to please stoop so low as to allow me to present this cane as a New Year's gift." On the can are carved 103 images. They begin at the top, include, George Washington, President Roosevelt, Queen Victoria. Mrs. Ida McKinley, widow of the late President and Christ on the cross. There are fifteen fowls, three dogs, six houses on the cane. The other images include a butterfly honey bee, housefly, bear, ox, hare, monkey, chair, pot, ax hand and balance, cannot seven small guns, ship, four flags, a horn three shrubs, pocket-knife, a sea dog, pig goat, reindeer head, mule's head, sword shoe, book, turtle, giraffe, fish, rose, three links, insignia of the Odd Fellows, chip munk, sheep's head, squirrel, Masonic star, heart, moon, umbrella, six figures, six letters, a snake and a rope.

## Finds Girl After 17 Years. Francis Rosborg Has Reunion With Long-Lost

After a search covering 17 years. Francis Roshorg, head of one of the departments of the Pullman company at Chicago, has found

the daughter who was secretly taken from him in 1885, when she was a child of 5 and placed in a Boston convent. The lost daughter is now Mrs. Alfred Boyle, 749 Halsey street, Brooklyn. was married four months ago to Mr. Boyle.

who is connected with the Equitable Life Insurance company. The long separation was brought about, when in 1885 Mr. Rosborg paid a visit to his former home in Austria, leaving his wife and child behind. The wife fled during his absence, taking the child with her. Last

November the daughter saw the story of Roshorg's search in a daily paper. Correspondence ensued, and after an exchange of photographs, Rosborg went to Brooklyn and a rennion took place.

Additional Endowment for Bucknell. Public announcement was made in Lew sburg, recently of the successful com pletion of the effort to secure \$100,000 additional endowment for Bucknell University. The property of the university is now valued at \$1,000,000. The attendance

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this year is 620.

Origin and Use of an Important Member of the Bird's Body-The First Airbrake

Birds have not always had the graceful fan-like bunch of feathers which is the picked up by H. M. S. Penguin, leave no typical form of tail of most living species. trailed along appendages composed of many little bones of vertebrae, with a pair of perfectly developed feathers growing from each separate piece of the backbone.

If we look at the skeleton of the sparrow or dove we will see, at the tail end of the spinal column, a curious wedge-shaped bone. which is known as the ploughshare bone. This is all that is left of the lizard tail, but the rest of the appendage, in the course of its evolutions through the ages, has not dropped off, nor, like the tail of a pollywog, has it been absorbed. It has been telescoped or crowded together, the bones "But the dramatic rights to 'Laurel nearer the body bulging out slightly, on rowns'?" he queried. "What has that to either side. So at the present day, tail only food on board consisted of two apples. feathers grow, not like the webs on the On that Monday the sufferings of the cast-"I am not going to star, and I don't want shaft of the feather, but fanlike from a aways were dreadful. Their only food was composite mass of bone.

Now that we have evolved our modern bird's tail, let us see to what uses it may and two more were found dead in the morn be put and a fine place to do this is in the ing. One of these was Mr. A. G. Ander-New York zoological park. Of course, its use as an aid to flight is the first thought Lyburg, Sessie & Co., of Sheffield. On the which comes to our mind, and rightly, too, for the parts which it plays in this respect was wrapt in mist. The distress of the crew in various birds, are many. The tail is grew in intensity. Reluctantly they cast used as a rudder, especially when it is long overhoard the bodies of the dead in order and powerful, enabling birds such as tropic to lighten the raft. Notwithstanding all birds and magpies to make quick turns in warnings, some drank sea water. During the air. Tails sometimes perform the Tuesday night the castaways saw a steamfunction of brakes. When a great pelican er's light and shouted. A boat was lowersettles gradually toward the surface of the ed, and passed within fifty yards of the laft water the tail, widespread and lowered. is but missed it in the darkness, and the steam of great importance in regulating the shock er ultimately steamed away, leaving those of alighting. The tail is aided in this func- on the raft to their suffering. After this a tion of brake by the great expanse of web passenger, who had been drinking sea wabetween the toes, both feet being comically | ter, became light-headed and jumped over-

stretched out in front. Birds which have very short tails are unable to turn quickly, and their flight is vivors ate the second apple and chewed very direct, or even when there is a long pieces of linen to stay their raging hunger. tail, if it is principally for an ornament, and not well muscled, it is of little use in A passenger became insane, and in spite of helping its owner to change the direction

Among other uses of tails we must mention props. Woodpeckers and creepers he drifted away, "O death!" really sit on their tails, the feathers of Next morning the survivors which are stiffened, and with just enough bending into and making use of every bending into and making use of every was the only woman on the raft, and who crevice in the bark. As we watch a brown bad behaved heroically, died that morning creeper hop rapidly up a tree trunk, never missing a foothold, no matter what smooth places it may encounter, we say to our- Penguin came in sight and rescued the eight selves, how impossible this mode of progression would be without the all-important caudal appendage. But here, as every where, nature confronts us with surprises Our natural philosophers tell us that the law of gravitation is universal, and yet in almost every grove of trees in winter, we will find what are apparent exceptions.

Associated with the brown creepers, little ty persons. The Penguin and another blue and white kirds will often be seennut hatcher—which run and hop merrily over the trunks and branches, upside down, wrong side up, any way, any place which promises an insect tidbit. And most won-derful of all, it is only by means of their eight little claws that they do this, the rather short tail is often bent far forward over the back and in every case never

touches the bark. "It certainly does!" put in Jeannette. Even the innate characteristics of birds "And you say I may have the dramatic are often portrayed in the manner of carrying the tail, quiet, soft mannered birds carrying it low beneath the wing tips, 'And yet you said you want to go right while active, nervous species carry it more or less raised. The peacock's real tail consists of small brown feathers which serve as "I don't! I want to star; I want a support to the magnificent train of feath-

America, not satisfied with having long decorative tail feathers, proceed to embel lish further, and when full grown, pull off the barbs from a portion of each of these feathers, leaving a rounded disk at the tip. Even birds which have been reared from the nest, carrying out this habit through inheritance. The males of certain weaker birds—the window finches—have elegant lazy and shiftless. Long before you think in the wreckage and shoved along the track. tails much longer than their bodies. And most gracefully do they carry them, flying through foliage without injuring their to the veranda in the sunshine of the morn-

long trains in the least. In some birds, as in our meadow lark and vesper sparrow, the central tails of the bird are protectively colored, and when the bird is at rest help to conceal it from observation. The minute these birds take wing, the pure white outer feathers flash out con spicuously. It is said that these are like ter as they come on the tide to the market. the "cotton tail" of the labbit—a signal to The shore-side gang is carrying bacalhao its young, or to other members of the flock, to follow and escape, the older and more experienced birds being stronger and therefore usually in the lead.

The tinamous of South America has tail at all .- New York Post.

John Mitchell's Family Sketch of the Labor Leader's Home Life in III.

Miss Elizabeth C. Morris, private secretary to John Mitchell, writes interestingly in the current Independent on the labor wheels, and an ox-cart creaks up the hill leader's home life. Spring Valley, Ill., is as lazily as willing oxen will let it to an his dwelling place. There, in June, 1891, was married to Miss Katherine O'Rourke, the daughter of a prosperous miner, who was prominent in the local labor movement.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell made and yet re tain their home in Spring Valley. They have a bright and interesting family of three hoys and a girl, ranging in age from 9½ to 3½ years. A little son, born about two years ago, and called John Mitchell. died at the age of 6 months. For seven years after their marriage Mr.

and Mrs. Mitchell lived the lives of the majority of American people, happy in their home and busy with the training of their children, but with Mr. Mitchell's ele vation to the vice presidency of the United Mine Worker's came that break in the home life which seems to be the common fate of men connected with the labor movement. Busy traveling from State to State, remaining scarcely long enough in any city to make headquarters there, Mr. Mitchell has been separated from his family practically 11 months of the year since 1898. All the family are members of the Catholie church, and Richard, the eldest, is an altar boy for his father's long time friend Rev. John F. Power, whose library furnished many of the books and whose genial heart prompted many of the lessons that guided the young miner during the forma-tive period of his life.

Value of Weather Warning. A Service That Hus Cost \$1,250,000 a Year Has Saved

At the session of the American Scientific Association last week Prof. Willis L. Moore, Chief of the Weather Bureau, said that it cost \$1,250,000 a year to make the forecast; that the frost warnings of a few days ago in Florida saved millions of dollars to the people of that State, and the forewarning of a single cold wave recently saved shippers \$4,000,000.

Five Days on a Raft.

The Sufferings of the Survivors of a Shipwreck. The stories told by the survivors found

on the raft from the Elingamite, which was doubt of the terrible sufferings experienced by those on board, says a Wellington dis patch in the London Graphic. The raft left the wrecked vessel on Sunday morning with nineteen persons, three of whom were afterward taken off by one of the boats. With the sixteen remaining the raft was still overloaded, the deck was submerged, and it was impossible to steer.

Once the raft passed within a hundred

yards of the shore, but, despite the despairing efforts of the people on board, failed to make any headway, and was washed out to sea again. The other raft and some of the boats were more fortunate, and reached the only food on board consisted of two apples. one apple divided into sixteen parts. One passenger died that night from exhaustion, son, a representative of the firm of Messrs.

On Wednesday morning the twelve surthe efforts of his companions to restrain him, leaped overboard. During the night yet another followed, singing deliriously as

Next morning the survivors, soaked with sea water and blistered by the sun, had resistance at the tips to admit of their abandoned all hope. The stewardess, who and shortly afterward the second steward succumbed. Four hours later the warship ulties which enabled Madame Blavatsky to remaining persons. All of them are progressing satisfactorily.

Altegether 149 of the passengers and erew of the Elingamite have been saved. Three bodies were found on the scene of the wreck, eight died on the raft, and one woman died from exposure. One boat, which steamer are still searching for it.

Portugal To-day.

Life Begins Early in the Day in Town and Country.

Portugal in all parts being extremely hilly, you have, as a rule, only to go a few yards up the road to get a magnificent view wherever you may be. More often you get many magnificent views, stretching far away among hills and pines, with winding white roads and patches of white houses as inflicting serious injuries upon Mr. Zook far as you can see. The hills are great hills and his younger daughter. snow-clad for months of the year, and an fields supply the bright green that might view is obstructed by a house. The motorbe missed in a country where grass will not man sounded his gong as he approached But the whole is curiously reminiscent of His horse crossed the track safely but the the Japan that Mortimer Mempes brought car struck the wagon fairly. home to us recently.

of rising yourself you may hear the fishwives crying their wares, and if you go on ing you will probably find that the street is bright with gay garments. Hours ago the fisherman from Mattozinhos and Leca, hoisted brown lateen sails to their neaked boats after a night's toil on the Atlantic fringe, and having crossed the bar are shoving their thole pinned oars through the wa dried, evil-smelling codfish from Newfoundland-in loads up the steep slope of the Rua Santa Catharina, and the ubiquitous Welsh schooners from Port Madoc have resumed the labor of taking the ballast. More ballast seems to go to Port Madoc than to any other place in the world-at least you are inclined to think so as you watch the stream of laughing, singing girls passing to and from the barges to the ship with their astoundingly heavy loads poised on their heads. Then, under your veranda, comes the sound of slow-moving, greaseless intermittent admonition of "E-e-Bue-e-e" and the pinpricks of an ox-goad. By these things you may know that Portugal is awake.—London Post.

# Four Eclipses this Year

In the year 1903 there will be four eclipses, two of the sun and two of the moon, as follows : 1. An annual eclipse of the sun, March 28 29, visible to Alaska and the greater part of Asia.

2. Partial eclipse of the moon, 11, visible more or less to North and South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and the Atlantic ocean. Eclipse begins 5.39 p. m. Middle of eclipse 7.18 p. m. Moon leaves shadow 8.56 p. m. Ends 10.05 p. m. 3. A total eclipse of the sun September 21, invisible. Visible to southern part of Africa, the southern edge of Aus-

tralia and the South Indian ocean. A partial eclipse of the moon October 6-7, invisible. Visible in part to the western coast of North America, Europe and Africa, and wholly to Australia and

Jack the Kisser Caught and Beaten by Disguised Men.

"Jack the Kisser," who has been terrorizing women and girls in Homewood, Pittsand they were accosted by a strange man who pursued one of the apparently frightened 'girls," planting a kiss on "her" promise not to molest any more women. | ings and grounds.

Theosophy What the Members of the Strange Cult Believe

The Tingley-Times libel case seems to have revived an interest in theosophy which has been lying dormant since the death of the notorious Madame Blavatsky. Her teacup miracles, so amusingly caricatured by Kipling, in one of his early stories, and the clever jugglery of which she pretended to annihilate time and space, probably encompass all that the average reader knows of Esoteric Buddhim. But as a background of all this nonsense there lies a very ancient philosophy, strange and mystical, which gives a certain dignity to the cult, and makes it possible to understand how men of intellect and education have been drawn into the brotherhood.

From Buddah's time till now the esoteric science referred to has been jealously land safely. By the next morning the raft guarded as a precious heritage belonging exclusively to regularly initiated members. of mysteriously organized hodies. To gain the supernatural powers, supposed to be possessed by a Mahatma, the initiated must live an ascetic and blameless life for many years. The ascetic then, purified and perfected, begins to practice supernatural faculties. He finds himself able to pass through material obstacles, walls, ramparts etc., he is able to throw his phantasmal appearance, or astral body, into many places at once. He acquires the power of sounds of the unseen world as distinctly as those of the common earth, and he can also read the most secret thought, of others. Last of all he can annihilate time and space as Madame Blavatsky pretended to do.

So much for the miraculous powers possessed by an initiated brother, who has come an adept in esoteric science; his philosophy or religion is not so easy to explain. He expects to reach, through a series of earthy incarnations, protracted, perhaps, through uncountable centuries, a state of perfect spiritual being known as Nirvana. Before reaching Nirvana, however, he stops and casts a backward glance. From this high spiritual plane he can look over the curious masquerade of earthly existences, even over the minutest details of any these earth lives. This state is spoken of in esoteric literature as the threshold of Nirvana, and even here the almost spiritually perfect brother may linger for incalculable ages. Then comes Nirvana-a sublime state

of conscious rest and omniscience. The philosophy or religion is not withouta certain mystic beauty, aside from the absurdities of the occult science. But it was the supposed possession of supernatural facdupe her many victims, and which has, of late years, given Mrs. Catharine Tingley complete authority over the California brotherhood. As the evidence brought forth by the libel suit shows, she believes that she has, while still inhabiting her earthly body, reached a state of spiritual perfection which renders her divine. In other words, she is a Buddhesta, or earthly manifestation of the power and perfection of Gautama-Buddha

Killed by a Trolley Car.

Tragedy Which Occurred Near Lancaster Sunday.

Jacob Zook, an Omish farmer, residing near Eden, two miles east of Lancaster. was driving from church on Sunday with his two daughters, Fanny, aged 18, and Katie, aged 9, at noon Sunday and was in view of his home when a trolley car crashed inflicting serious injuries upon Mr. Zook

The accident occurred at a grade crossing incredible purple for the rest. The maize on the New Holland turnpike, where the without being confronted with its possibil- until too late to stop his horse, which was ties as a signed engraving at a guinea each. a spirited animal and going at a lively pace. who was on the front seat, fell clear of the Life begins early in the day, whether in tracks, and Katie, seated with her sister in town or country-a suggestive state of af- the rear of the wagon, also was thrown out for several hundred feet before the car could be stopped. Her body was horribly multilated, with the skull crushed and both legs cut off. Katie sustained a fracture of the leg and severe scalp wounds. She and her father, who was badly cutabout the head, was taken to St. Josep hospital. Both are believed to be hurt internally.

Last summer Mr. Zook's barn was struck by lightning and destroyed, and a shortime ago his wife died.

Lost To Friends 15 Years.

Indiana Man Turns Up And Begins Paying His Debts.

Fifteen years ago James Christy, of Fulon county, Ind., asked a neighbor to go in bathing with him in Fletcher lake, and the two entered the water just after dark. After a few minutes Christy called to his friend that he had cramps, and asked him to-go for assistance. When the friend returned Christy had disappeared. The lake was dragged several times, but the body was

not recovered.

A year later Mrs. Christy sold her property and moved away, and the incidentwas forgotten except by a number of per-

sons whom Christy owed. Friday Christy appeared at his old home and began paying the old scores. He laughed over his disappearance and said that when his friend went after help he swam to the opposite side of the lake, puton some clothes that he had concealed there and went to Illinois, where he started anew and prospered.

The Biggest Liar.

A clergyman passing through a village treet saw a number of boys surrounding a dog. Thinking that some cruel deed was in progress, the clergyman bastened to-wards the boys and asked what they were doing. One of the lads replied that they were telling lies, and the boy who told the biggest lie would get the dog. The clergyman was shocked at such depravity, and began to lecture them on the sin of lying. and concluded his remarks by saying, "why when I was a little hoy I never told lies." The boys were silent for a second, when one of them said, sadly, "Hand him the dog."

State Will Build Bridges at Lewisburg.

burg, for a couple of months, was caught and badly beaten by two Braddock athletes hanna at Lewisburg, authorized by the legislature of 1901, without delay, and the The state board of property has decided were Roy Shaffer and David Herrington plans will be drawn at once. The bridge will be about 1,200 feet long and will be constructed of steel with stone abutments. The construction of this bridge has been face, when he received a blow from behind advocated for years and the bill for its conthat nearly broke his neck. The other struction, which was passed in 1901, is the 'girl' then knocked him down by a blow only one which puts construction of a state between the eyes. The miscreant fought bridge into the hands of the board of propdesperately, but after he had been given a erry. The other bridges have been built good drubbing he was allowed to go on under direction of the board of public build-