# Aemocratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 17, 1903.

new life."

right ?"

the man at all.

she sobbed.

eh ?"

light."

his wife's aunt?"

Lucy admitted it.

"I'm—I'm perfectly happy," groaned Lucy,,dismally. "I mean, I was till—till

#### SEMPER TYRANNUS.

Because I loved you overmuch, Love set a seal upon my lips, That when I spoke, lo ! there was naught

To utter, save light jests and quips. Because I trembled at your step, Love bade me seem indifferent,

Yea, bade me seem as if my thoughts Were on some far-off wonder spent.

Because I longed to see your face, Love would not let me raise my eyes : And, when my heart told you were near, Commanded that I feign surprise

Because you took me to your heart, At last Love gave me liberty Of speech and look and thought-and yet

## Tenfold increased his tyranny ! -Charlotte Becker.

### AUNT JANE.

"Anything exciting in your letters this morning dear?" "Well, I don't know," said Lucy

"here's a letter from Aunt Jane." "Aunt Jane? Did I ever meet Aunt Jane

before we married ?"

Lucy got up and went round the break-fast table, looking troubled.

"Tom, dear, you remember that day you asked me to be your wife?" "Yes," he replied. "Why, what's the

matter ?" "You remember I said I had an awful

sin to confess-a past, a present and a fu-ture; something you might never be able to forgive ?"

"Yes. I wouldn't listen." He put his arm 'round her.

"Well, it was—it was Auut Jane." "Great Scott !" he replied. "Was it as bad as that? But I don't remember hav-

ing heard of her." "No; I kept her away--in a cupboard.

I know it was wrong of me. She didn't write, to congratulate, or anything, even on our wedding-day, so I thought it might be all right. I quite hoped she would never forgive me, or I would have told you

before, I really would." "Well, well," he said; "it can't be helped ! Who is she, and what does she do?"

"She pays visits, chiefly. And she says here that she may forgive me.'

"She hasn't actually done so?" "No."

dried her eyes between each word. "Then why despair ?" He cheered up. "No; but she says that, though I have married an abominable man ----""

"You mean to say you've never told her

that the housemaid hasn't told you about it? Looks like a conspiracy, doesn't it, you've married an angel?"

"No. Would it be quite true?" she asked. simply. eh ??

'Only three months married, and you ask that ?"

"Well, she says that, in spite of it, she won't be too hard on me till she has seen you herself; that she thinks it a great mistake that young wives should ever be left alone with their husbands; that I shall always find her house a refuge and asylum when I want it-

"Asylum;" he echoed, "Oh ! is that the trouble "

"I don't think she means that exactly," said Lucy; "but listen. This is the last sentence : 'I feel that I ought to do all I can to brighten your life, so I will come on Wednesday, to stay a week or two.' Aunt Jane's invitations always were so indefinite. She always left a loop-hole for re-maining." Lucy put the letter down and sighed. "Only once that I can remember did she go within a month of the time she

ing so rapidly, my child. I don't say that yon haven't plenty to try it sorely in your "So-so. No thanks to you !" "Dear Aunt Jane," he said, softly, "I wired to the porters to be polite." It was With much more of this Lucy felt that clear that he did not take her seriously, and Lucy was indignant. "I hear," said Aunt Jane, as they setshe would become hysterical. Tom was not due home for two or three hours. The old lady chattered on cheerfully. "You think you're happy, but I know better, poor thing. I see from your looks, tled round the dinner table, "that you are

a lawyer?" "I am," said Tom.

from your manner, that you are utterly miserable. Now, confess, haven't I guessed "Never could stand lawyers," she went on; "a nasty, deceitful lot of serpents." "Indeed they are," said Tom; "loathly, orawling oreatures." He shook his head

olemnly.

It was

Being unable to put the case more strong-ly, Aunt Jane found herself unexpectedly with nothing more to say. So she turned, "Till you came," was what she wanted "Till you married !" said Aunt Jane, "Till you married !" said Aunt Jane, triumphantly. "Didn't I say so ?" The manner of Aunt Jane had a curious. with pity in her voice, to Lucy.

"My dear, I wonder you allow your cook to stay in the house."

ly quelling effect upon all who allowed "Do you suggest a shed at the bottom of the garden for her ?" said Tom, gently in-terrupting. He had decided to assume the offensive.

themselves to be brought under its spell. Having extracted this admission, she fol-lowed up her success by a skilful cross-ex-amination, which reduced the poor girl to tears, almost persuaded her that her hus-hand was the most hereit extracted administration. She ignored him. "This soup," she said, "is disgraceful."

aid, "is disgraceful." Lucy apologized humbly. So did Tom. "Take away Miss Wilkins' soup," he band was the most brutal scoundrel on earth. Every little instance of his irrita said to the servant, and it went before Aunt Jane had time to clutch the plate. bility, every little protest, however gentle, about lateness of breakfast or toughness of beef, was dragged out of her by tortuous Aunt Jane had time to clutch the plate. It was long before anything else was said by anybody, but Tom seemed to be enjoy-ing his dinner. Indeed, the two ladies were disgusted at the brazen impudence of the fellow. Lucy longed for the end of this ghastly meal and yet feared what was to follow. beer, was dragged out of her by tortuous means, carefully exaggerated and embel-lished with details supplied from Aunt Jane's own instinct, and fitted into its place in an elaborate and highly-colored mosaic of perfect villainy. And when it was done, so difficult was it to distinguish fact from fancy that Lucy was wondering how on earth she could ever have married the man at all to follow. At last the servants left, and Aunt Jane coughed significantly. Tom looked up. Lucy said timidly : "Let as go

"No, said Aunt Jane ; "the time has "And now, my dear," said Aunt Jane.

"to follow up your suggestion that he is concealing something far worse than all this"—Luoy had never suggested anything of the kind, but she saw now how probable it was—"just tell me fully anything he "Has it ?" asked Tom, cracking a unt. Your conscience," said Aunt Jane, must tell you that you owe an explanation to your wife."

may have confided to you and any suspi-cions you may have that he is keeping any-thing back. There should be no secrets between a man and his wife's aunt." "Must it ?" asked Tom, checking a smile.

"Don't lose your temper, sir," said Aunt Jane. She always began an argument like that—it seldom failed. "Lucy, tell him "No, Aunt," said Lucy, struggling with what you know."

tears, "I quite agree." "For instance, does he receive letters which he doesn't allow you to look at?" "I-I-don't know; I never asked him,"

"III—III—hadn't we better go into the drawing-room ?" stammered Lucy. "No ! I will protect you." She turn-ed fiercely upon Tom. "You have letters in a drawer in your study which is locked. Don't deny it !!

"Poor child—poor, simple child ! As if he would confess it ! The very fact that he says nothing about those letters ought to

"I won't," said Tom. "It's probably quise true." "By your brutal conduct, you thought you had cowed this poor child's spirit so have put you on your guard. He always gets down to breakfast before you, I'll be bound, aod, gloats over them in secret,

that she would make no inquiries. "How did you guess ?" said Tom. "But I have come, sir !"

"Y-yes, he does usually; but-but-I don't know about the gloating." She

"I can't deny it," he said. "And I shall remain and protect

helpless niece for ever if necessary." "She warned me that something of the

"I sup—suppose she would." "And doesn't it strike you as suspicious kind might happen," he said, helping him-

self to a banana "Are you going to show me those let-Lucy clenched her hands and said she

ters? ought to have suspected it, it was so ob-'Certainly not ; they are private. Aunt Jane tried to wither him with

vious. "Ab, my poor child, the obvious is so seldom visible! I find that people very often miss what to me is as clear as daycontempt, but was so unsuccessful that she felt that, unless she retreated in haste, she would lose her temper herself. "Come !" she said. "Leave him to his

conscience." Aunt Jane had never been on a scent so As they swept out Tom said to his wife "And you have access to all cupboards

"Are you a party to this silly nonsense?" but she did not design to answer. It was drawers, safes ?'' ''I-I-so,'' was the faltering reply. ''Think so !'' exclaimed Aunt Jane. all beyond doubt now, on his own confession. "That's a pretty state of mind for a wife. Take me to his study at once ! Am I not

Tom smoked a cigarette. He hadn't a notion what the row was about, but there would obviously be no peace till Aunt Jane went. So he changed his plan of atack and strolled into the drawing-room. The two were on the sofa. Aunt Jane's arm was 'round Lucy's waist. They looked ferociously at him, turned away, shud-

21 Persons Killed by Two Tornadoes Ten Die in Arkansas, While Eleven Others Are Destrouged in Alabama

A tornade passed through Cleburne and White counties, Arkansas, on Tuesday night, razing everything in its path. The scene is remote from the telegraph stations, and details are hard to obtain.

At Little Red, eighteen miles from Jud-sonia, seven out of eight persons in one house were killed instantly, the survivor being an infant. Near Bangburn an old man named Wil-liams was blown off a mountainside and

killed. Many are reported injured and it is feared the loss of life will be large. Houses were picked up and carried sev-eral hundred feet.

Two persons were killed at Heber, Cleburne county.

## FAMILIES DIE IN BLAST.

A tornado passed over Hopewell Settlement, Ala., one and a half miles north of Hanceville, Ala., at two o'clock Wednesday morning. As a result eleven persons are dead, four are fatally injured dozen are more or less serionsly burt, while the destruction of property is heavy. The dead are Henry McCoy and three

children, C. C. Oden and three children, John Griffin, wife and son. The fatally injured are two children of

Henry McCoy and two children of C. C. Oden. The seriously injured are Mrs. Oden and

child and Mrs. McCoy. Among the less seriously hurt are R. C. Quincy and family of five. The names of the other injured have not been ascertained. The storm came from the southeast and its roar was so terrible that it woke many people, some of whom fled from their ses in time to escape death by having the houses blown down on them. Build-ings were tossed about like paper boxes, and several structures were blown a hun-

dred yards or more. The body of McCoy, who was a prominent farmer, was blown two hundred yards and landed in a sand pit. The house of Mrs. John Norton was blown down, but the family escaped by crawling under the bed, while the timber and brick fell on top of the bed, breaking the force of the fall. The houses of the Oden and Griffin families

were smashed to splinters and it seems marvelous that any of their occupants escaped death. Trees were uprooted in all directions,

and many were blown across the Louisville and Nashville railroad track, delaying trains for a time. The roar of the storm was heard at Hanceville, where it awoke many people, but no damage was done there. As soon as the destruction wrought became known at Hanceville rescuers hurried to the scene to give attention to the dead and wounded.

## Greens as Spring Tonic.

Natural Appetite Craves What is Good for the Human

System At the beginning of spring there comes an uncontrollable longing for fresh green vegetables and acids. The same feeling

ses the sailor far away at sea-a longing which produces disease if neglected for a period. History tells of entire communities in the virgin forests of the new world who perished in winter from sourvy. In one case a colony from the Old World was saved by the discovery of a cranberry bed under the snow, out of which the fruit was quickly dug, and gave the necessary vege-

table acid to the suffering colony. In these modern days, when tropical fruit and green vegetables are brought to market in abundance in winter, one can hardly realize the suffering from sourvy after the long shut in period in olden times. As late as the eighteenth century there was a the glutton's paradise scarcity of acid foods in the early spring. The rhubarb plant was then welcome as an anti-scorbutic, because it could be obtained so much earlier than any fruit that ripens in fields, gardens or orchards. Its early name of spring fruit shows for what pur-pose it was chiefly used—as a substitute for stewed fruit. The value of the fresh, acid quality of the rhubarb makes it superior (on the score of health) to any canned, dried or preserved fruit, and it was known to our ancestors as one of the best anti-scorbutic foods that could be obtained. Today when the horrors of scurvy are no longer to be feared in the civilized world, there is still, however, a suggestion of the old trouble that comes in the spring from the need of the good green herbs of the earth and of acid fruits. Though rhubarb is no longer a necessity to health, it is a plant which should not be neglected, but stewed regularly when fresh during the winter because it led over a as a spring tonic, good for young and old. Remember to cut the rhubarb without great waste, and no provision was made for travelers. Fifteen miles from our destinapeeling it. Season it lightly with sugar. Stew slowly in an old fashioned porcelain tion an accident befell our horse. Darkness was fast gathering. The only possi-ble refuge was the King's tomb, which we had started to see, so we decided that the pipkin. Like lettuce salad, it is one of the best and most certain remedies for the only thing to do was to walk the distance. tired, worn feeling of spring that can possi-I have always been fond of walking, but I cannot truthfully say that I enjoyed that 15-mile tramp through the cold and dark-ness. Reaching the tomb at last, we de-

The Larder of an Ocean Liner. Those Who Cross the Atlantic Are Afloat in the Midst

of a Glutton's Paradise

It is impossible to form an adequate idea of the eating and drinking capacity of the passengers and crew of an ocean liner un-less one is privileged to inspect the larder and glance through the storekeeper's list of

provisions. A gastronomer would rejoice over the quantity, variety, and quality of the food-stuffs in this wonderful place, and those who only live to eat would find it absolute-

ly fascinating. The larder of one of the old time liners is much smaller than that of the more modern ships, but there is nothing small about the provisions that go into it before

each voyage. A liner that carried on a recent trip 580 first and second class and 156 third class passengers and a crew of 301 had at the time of sailing the following supplies: Fourteen thousand pounds of beef, 600 pounds of corned beef, 4,000 pounds of autton, 1,000 pounds of lamb, 300 pounds of veal, 700 pounds of pork, 320 sweet-breads, 180 fowl, 400 broiling chickens, 350 turkeys, 90 ducks, 60 goslings, 72 capons, 300 pigeons and squabs, 160 partridges and 160 grouse. In addition, there were between two and three tons of preserved meats, which the law insists must be car-

ried by all liners, so that in the event of a breakdown or other casuality there may be ample food for everybody. The space allotted to the storing of sea

foods contained 1,500 pounds of fresh as-sorted fish. 300 pounds of lobsters, and 500 barrels of oysters. The only live stock consisted of six dozen green turtles, which were kept on deck and used as wanted. In order to keep them alive and kicking their eyes were frequently wet with sea water, and they seemed to enjoy the voyage until the soap pot claimed them. Eggs to the number of 12,000 were in that

larder, and 700 pounds of butter, 160 gal-lons of fresh milk, 60 quarts of cream, 500 quarts of condensed milk, and 700 quarts of ice cream.

Among the dry stuffs were 1,200 pounds of coffee, 540 pounds of tea, 2,000 pounds refined, 600 pounds granulated and 452 pounds moist sugar.

The vegetable compartment contained 12 tons of potatoes and thousands of barrels of kitchen garden produce. There were also 30 barrels of apples, 50 boxes of oranges, and enough grapes and choice fruit to feed

an army. These are but a few of the principal contents of the larder of a comparatively small liner which has seen many years of service. The storekeeper has charge of the provis-ions. He knows what goes in and is taken out of the huge refrigerators, and keeps a strict account of everything that is used. When the chief steward makes out the

daily menu he gives a copy to the butcher and the various chefs. They in turn sub-mit a list of the materials needed for the on the storekeeper, who then distributes the supplies, exacting a signed receipt from each chef.

The contractors who cater to the larders of ocean liners are obliged to furnish the very best quality of foodstuffs that can be procured in the market. The magnitude of their task can be imagined when it is taken into consideration that the largest liner afloat uses 1,200 tons of food in a single year. The meat consumed in this period amounts to about 400 tons; the poultry and game number 60,000; the fish represent 45 tons; flour 280 tons; coffee, 25 tons; milk, 10,000 gallons, and 300,000 eggs.

In view of these facts, it will be seen that those who intend to cross the Atlantic run no risk of starvation and that the larder of the modern ocean liner may be called

How the Methodists Collected Millions

With Reverend Doctor W. F. McDowell, secretary of the board of education, who has had a large share in securing the \$8,-500,000 for church schools. I went to Portland, Ore., and for thirty days we spoke in the interests of Methodist donominational schools, averaging more than one address a day for that period, and closing that campaign at Riverside, in Southern California. For a thousand miles down the coast the claims of four Methodist col-leges were urged. Five weeks were spent in Iowa at various times, and more forty addresses were made in that Com-monwealth alone. It is doubtful whether the church ever witnessed just such another campaign for education as was carried on for one college in Iowa. The college president, financial agent and college quarsette visited with me a dozen of the cities and the principal villages of its patronizing territory. The meetings were thor-oughly advertised. The young people came out to hear the quartette. The old people came out because the young people had. After the meeting young men and women who wanted to go to college crowded around the president to make arrangements. The men and women who had money were not always as eager to interview me. We sought them out, and if they escaped without an offering then they were reserved for future and further treatment. The institution had a foot ball team that had won a series of brilliant victories. One of its best players startled me by seri-ously proposing that foot ball games be ar-ranged for the afternoons with the local teams where the evening meetings were to be held. He was sure that the young men in the places visited would then decide without hesitation that there was only one

place where the right kind of college edu-cation could he secured. Although not opposed to new schemes, I had to veto the idea. In personally representing the thank offering I visited every state in the Union and have traveled more than 170,000 miles. The first year the payment of church debts The first year the payment of church debts more than any other object claimed the at-tention of the church. When the thank-offering began, January 1st, 1899, interest was being paid on debts resting on churches and parsonages that amounted to \$12,500,-000. The country was emerging from a period of great financial depression. The debts that discredited where they did not imperil the local churches should be paid without delay. The papers became filled with reports of Methodist churches that had paid their debts. Henry Benedict. a

had paid their debts. Henry Benedict, a layman of New Haven, Conn., proposed that the Methodist churches of that city pool and pay all their debts. The aggre-gate was only \$70,000, but it encouraged others.—By Dr. E. M. Mills in the World's

## Bar of Soap May Decide.

Work.

The fate of Leland Dorr Kent, who faces a maximum penalty of 20 years for the alleged killing of Ethel Blanche Dingle by cutting her throat, may depend on the fact that when he came to Rochester, N. Y., on September 14th last, in company with Miss Dingle, he did not bring with him a bar of shaving soap and a razor strop. In room 147, of the Whitcomb house, on

the fatal morning Kent hurriedly said to the crowd which filled up the small bed chamber that he was in the babit of carrying his razor with him, as he was his own barber. The district attorney has discov-ered that whenever he carried his razor about he always slipped a cake of shaving soap and a razor strop into his traveling bag. On that occasion he brought only the razor.

It has been repeatedly testified at the police hearing and inquest by all the wit-

came for, and then it was because Willy broke out all over in spots. She always had a horror of anything with spots ever since the gardener was eaten by a leopard." "To-day is Wednesday," said Tom, gloomily.

"Darling," she cried; "I shall never for-

give myself for bringing this upon you !" "It's not your fault altogether," he re-plied. "Few of us can choose our aunts." "Oh ! there's a postsoript!" she exclaimed. "Of course, the length of my visit will depend on the character of the man who has deluded you."

"Humph !" said Tom, "that's ambiguous. Will she go because I'm good and

she can trust you to me, or because I'm bad and she can't stand me?" "I'm - sure I don't know," said Lucy

"Oh ! here's another postsoript : 'You will. kindly remember my weakness for a hotwater bottle !"

"That throws no light," he said. "What am I to do?" Never mind, darling: we must bear it

together."

He clasped her fondly in his arms.

He clasped her foodly in his arms. "Would you still have married me." she asked, timidly, "if you had known of this dreadful thing ?" "Yes, dear," he replied, with emotion. "I am as bad as you are; you have yet to meet my Uncle George." And he burried work with guilty haste, before off to hi

she could ask any questions. Aunt Jane arrived as threatened, punctually a quarter of an hour late. She was always a quarter of an hour late, on principle. It arose out of a dislike for being kept waiting when asked out to dinner, for instance, and rapidly spread over the whole of her movements, owing to her morbid passion for regularity. To be late for breakfast and in time for lunch upset her for a week, so she was scrupulously late for everything. This was annoying, unless you knew her and allowed for it; but so were most of the things Aunt Jane did. She was small, but enjoyed a deep bass voice

'Ab, my poor child," was her greeting. "how ill you are looking !" "I didn't know it," said Lucy, meekly.

"Never mind, never mind; you've no-body to blame but yourself, and you've got to make the best of it. Give me some tea, child."

She folded her veil and sat down, with an expression of pity. "Put the sugar in first, then the tea, and

then count five slowly before adding the milk.'

Yes, Aunt." Long habit had taught absolute submission. "And now tell me, "said Aunt Jane,

after a few minutes' general conversation, "does he yet use actual violence to you?" Lucy looked at her in astonishment.

'Don't be afraid to tell me all, child: always tell all the truth to your doctor and I have come here to cheer you up." aunt. "I don't understand what you mean.

Aunt.' "I quite see that you are entirely at the mercy of this man; but, of course, though into it with your eyes open. Your mother

did just the same, poor dear !" 'Mother had nothing to make her un-

happy," said Lucy, indignantly. Ah, temper, temper ! No, my child, I know better; I see below the surface.

Trust an old woman's instinct for that Now, don't lose you temper. You are do-

'Y-Yes, I'm afraid so." "And plays cards?"

"I-I-think so, a little."

"This was said because Lucy seemed to

"Smoke !" she snorted. "He smokes?"

hesitate. Together they went to the study.

Aunt Jane sniffed contemptuously.

"And drinks, I've no doubt?"

"No; the housemaid would see that."

"Poor dear, poor dear ! What more do you want? Now show me this secret lrawer you were complaining of." She hadn't complained of any, but pulled the handles of several and at last found one

that wouldn't open. "There you are !" came the triumphant "Have you ever seen inside that ?" Lucy couldn't remember that she had on had ever wanted to.

"Doesn't it all fit in wonderfully ?" said Aunt Jane. "In there lie the letters over which he and the housemaid gloat in the early morning !"

Lucy saw it all clearly. "And I've no doubt that there have

been times when he has told you, with a pretence of sympathy, not to be in a hurry to get up? Lucy did remember one or two instances

when she had a slight cold. Aunt Jane chuckled.

"I never met a married couple yet who oughtn't be divorced at once," she said. "This must be finally settled this evening, and I will stay by your side till he gives a satisfactory explanation. He never will;

it wont bear explanation." "I am very grateful to you, Aunt," said

Lucy. "Show me my room, poor thing; I al ways take a rest before dinner."

"I am sure you must require it," said Lucy, leading the way upstairs.

"And mind," said Aunt Jane at the door, "not a word to him about this till I tackle him; you would only put him on his guard and give him an opportunity of de-

stroying the only evidence we have." "I will not mention it," said Lucy, humbly.

When Tom came in he was not met at the door, as usual, by his wife. He thought strange, but supposed she was looking after her guest. When he came

down to the drawing room, punctually, Lucy was alone there, looking gloomily in-to the fire. She did not turn on his en-

trance. "Well, my dear," he said, cheerily, "has our sin come home to us?" "If you mean," replied Lucy, with auteur, "has my dear Aunt Jane arrived,

she has." "That's what I meant," he said, a little surprised. "And am I to be a model or

an awful example?" "It is not necessary for me to teach you to wear the cloak of hypocrisy," she re-

plied, with tears coming to her eyes.

He raised his eyebrows. "Why, what on earth-what's the matter dear?, He tried to kiss her, but she drew away

from him. She was sobbing bitterly. "You asked me," she said, "you, with all those—with all that—"

She nearly flung the guilty letters in his teeth, but remembered her aunt's warning just in time.

"With all those what?" he asked, bewildered. But not another word could he I sympathise, I can't forget that you ran get from her, and he was standing looking at her with an expression of utter amaze ment when Aunt Jane sailed in, a quarter

of an hour late. She required no introduction. "You are the man. I suppose ?" she said. with a snap of her teeth. He bowed. "How do you do, Aunt Jane ?" he said.

"I hope you had a pleasant journey."

dered and were silent. He sat down on an easy-chair and took up a book. For five minutes nothing was heard but indignant breathing. Suddenly he remarked : "I saw the doctor again to-day." There was no reply. Aunt Jane clasped Lucy tight-ly. He went on : "I asked him what he thought."

Still a silence. You could hear their shoulders shrugged. "He said it was a little hard to explain

the green spots, but the pink and yellow ones were either scarlet fever or something in-itis and were quite well known in the profession."

Aunt Jane had released her hold on Lucy, and was looking at him with open mouth. He went on casually : "I asked was it infectious. He said you can't tell until somebody has caught it from you."

Aunt Jane was standing up. "But, he says, in case there should be any danger, I had better avoid the company of all but near relatives of myself or my wife."

Lucy hurried up to him with alarm on her face. Aunt Jane backed toward the

"Dear Aunt," he said, advancing with ontstretched hand, "you are not going yet surely ?"

She gave a little scream and jumped away. In a moment she was out of the

Lucy turned to him with concern. it serious, dear ?" she asked.

"Just you see that Aunt Jane gets con fortably out of the house."

Lucy understood, and the spell vanished Aunt Jane was upstairs, hurriedly putting on her hat and coat, and muttering aloud. "I'll take a room at the hotel till tomorrow. Send on my box. No; I am afraid I can't wait-I shall be late as it is. Thank you for a pleasant evening. Write and tell me how he is getting on, and don't forget to disinfect the letter. Why didn't you tell me this before you invited me The incompetence of some doctors !-and sprinkle it all over the carpets. Goodbye." She scurried down the stairs. Tom was in the hall to say good-bye. She dodged round him and out at the door as if 20 microbes were snapping at her heels. The deserted couple sighed with relief.

Lucy put her head ou Tom's shoulder. I am so glad she's gone, dear. I think she's a witch. She seemed to get hold of

my mind, somehow." 'Let's go and look at the guilty let-

ters," he said. "No ; I don't want to see."

"Well, they are only what you wrote to me before we married."

So she brought what he wrote to her. and he brought what she wrote to him, and they exchanged bundles and sat at opposite sides of the table, and he knocked on the Veins Containing 300,000,000 Tons Discovered Near table and shot across to her the first in date, and she shot across to him her reply to it; and he read it and shot across the next, and so on all through the list, and when they came to the things which meant

kisses This is a good parlor game for two. John Worne, in London Sketch.

--Joe Dialapa, an Italian, aged 19 years, was so badly injured by being whirled around a shaft in a saw mill at Tiadaghton

Tnesday that he died in the Williamsport hospital a few hours later. His left arm were never located in the upper coal fields, was torn out, his face was badly battered while below them are 20 veins now being and his skull crushed.

bly be given the family. Use salads freely at this season of the year, and stews of good green herbs like spinach, sorrel, and any pot herbs. Healthy people eat dandelion greens as eagerly as healthy animals eat grass. They fill a want that nothing else seems to do. People were healthier in the old fashioned times when they gathered the greens from the good earth and cooked them as soon as they were gathered.

#### Reasonable Request.

Admiral "Bob" Evans tells this one "Among the 'jackies' of the American fleet that did the business at Santiago was an extremely pious chap, a lad from Ver-mont. We had been telling him all along that each day would probably witness the long-looked-for battle between the American and the Spanish fleet. When he prayed that night he placed special stress upon the plea that the vessel upon which he and his comrades-in-arms were serving might escape disaster, saying among other things O Lord, shield us from the shells and

other projectiles of the enemy; but if any shells and solid shot do come to our vessel, I pray Thee that they may be distributed as prize money is distributed—mostly among the officers." "-New York Times. became a rhythm to which my tired senses kept time until blessed slumber came, and

Greatest Find of Anthracite.

Wilkesbarre.

What is believed to be by far the most valuable find of coal since the general development of the anthracite region has just been made in Wilkesbarre. It lies under an immense tract of land in Hanover township, south of Wilkesbarre, owned by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western com-pany, and is estimated to contain 300,000,-000 tons, or enough coal to keep 6000 min-

ers busy for 200 years. Eight new veins have been found, which

worked in the upper region.

A Night in a King's Tomb.

cided that it would be best for me to take

to a village some miles further on in search

tootsteps of the coolie could no longer be heard, every sound, save one, died away

on the stillness of the night. I made my way cautiously to the furthest corper,

groping along against the wall of the tomb, thinking to take what comfort could be

No sooner had I settled for the night than

I heard the most weird, unearthly sound

mosphere of life. There was a sound of

rushing of wings that froze the blood in my veins. My heart seemed to have stopped beating. Suddenly I discovered what it was. A horde of horrid bats had awakened from their lethargy and simul-teneously started on a topy of investige.

taneously started on a tour of investiga-

tion. Bats are ugly creatures. I would rather have 16 active babies all clutch my

hair at the same time than surrender my locks to one sportive bat especially of the

Indian variety. Their wings and shricks

the morning brought a pair of fresh horses and a coolie laden with breakfast for two.

In a Dilemma.

had from so miserable a situation.

heard.

nesses that the razor was found clasped in Miss Dingle's left hand. The district attorney accepted this as conclusive and pre-pared to have witnesses to testify that the Writing in the March Housekeeper of Writing in the March Housekeeper of some of the many odd places in which she has slept during her travels around the world, Jessie Ackerman says: While traveling in the most interesting section of girl was not left-handed, or even ambidextrous, but to the great surprise of all, Michael O'Connor, who was the first to hear the sound of groaning from room 147, India, Cashmere, I heard of a wonderful testified that when he entered the room tomb of some ancient King and was urged with a local attorney and a bell boy, none not to leave the country without seeing it. of them noticed the razor until leaving the It was about a day's journey from where I was stopping and I started on the trip one room, when the boy cried out, "He has a razor in his band.' morning in a Government cart (British) This is the first time that it has been said that the defendant was seen to havs with a native guide, who also acted as interpreter, and a coolie driver. Expecting the razor in his band. If the bell boy ie

to return that night, I took neither bedcorrect in his impression, Kent must have shifted the weapon to the dead girl's left hand after he was discovered with his head ding nor baggage. Winter was just set-ting in and men looked wise as we started that morning, predicting all kinds of nn-pleasant weather. The road was abandoned wound up in a sheet.

One theory of the defense is that Miss Dingle, crazed by drink, seized the razor and cut herself while her companion was asleep. The prosecution meets this with the declaration that the fact that both cuts were on the left side of the neck preclude the possibility of her making them.

An incident in the proceedings Wednes-day was the presence of Kent's wife and child and his parents. Kent turned and looked at them when they entered the room, but did not leave his seat. The child attempted to attract the prison-

er's attention by crying "Papa." Kent often turned in his seat and looked at the up my quarters within the tomb, the guide remaining with me while the coolie walked little white robed figure. As the woman left the court room the little one cried, of another horse. It was dark beyond de-scription inside the tomb, and when the "Come on, papa, come with us," in a voice that could be heard all over the room. The childish appeal was repeated several times before the door was reached, and the prisoner turned his face away, tears gathering in his eyes.

Does the Bridle Belong to Harness ?

This Little Question Causes Strike of 1,200 Min ers-Drivers Say it Does. that ever pierced human ears. The un-canny place had suddenly taken on the at-

"Is the bridle a part of the harness?" Awaiting the solution of this seemingly simple question, 1,200 miners employed by the Beech Creek Coal & Coke Company at 13 mines in Patton, and the Arcadia-Indiana Company are idle. The men quit work in body and will not return to the mines, they say, until the question has been set tled

The scale signed by the operators and miners at Altoona states that "drivers shall not be required to harness or unharness a mule." The operators are of the opinion that the bridle is not a part of the harness and therefore the drivers should put it on. A meeting of the drivers was held and they voted to stick to their contention.

When the men went to work Thursday morning all the mules were harnessed, but none had their bridles on and the stable osses informed the drivers that it was "up to them" to bridle the animals. This the drivers refused to do and went home, thereby throwing the remainder of the men employed in the mines out of work.

avail.

The miners at Hastings, Barnesboro and Spangler are still out, and word late last week is that the strike is still far from settlement.

Superintendent Lingle bas had several conferences with the drivers, but to no

The other day a little red-faced Irishman approached a post office which had three letter boxes outside. One was labeled "City," another "Domestic" and the third "Foreign." He looked at the three in

turn, and then, as a puzzled expression crossed his face, scratched his head. "Faith," he was heard to mutter, "I don't know in which wan to put th' letter. Sure, Katie's a domestic, an' she lives in the city, all right, an' she's a furriner, too;

but, begobs, dumfino how th' domned thing can go in both of th' three holes at wance."—Columbia Jester.