

Bellefonte, Pa., July 17, 1903.

A SPRINGTIME CITIZEN.

Dar's a drowsy sorter feelin' what's a-stealin' 'roun' de place W'en de daisies in de medder feel de sunshine

in dey face; En I never makes no answer w'en de Trees say,

I nachully too lazy fer to tell 'em, "Same ter you!" Work away fer money, Shady days en sunny,

But I'm a-waitin' on de bees What storin' up de honey! Mister Mockin'bird, a-singin' in de tip-top er de

I 'bleege ter lissen ter you, kaze you singin' right

at me! But I tells you plain en simple, whar de coolin'

shadders creep, You singin' me ter sleep, suh-you singing me ter sleep!

> Work away fer money, Shady days en sunny,

But medders makes de milk fer me, En bees-dey makes de honey! I hear de fiel'-han's callin' 'crost de hilltops

de dells, En de tinkle, tinkle er de fur-off cattle-

En dey 'pears to be a-sayin': "You must sow, e you would reap;' But all de worl' is singin'-des a-singin'

> Work away fer money, Shady days en sunny, But I'm a-waitin' on de bees What storin' up de honey! -Frank L. Stanton, in Collier's Weekly.

MRS. CHELTON'S BLACK SILK GOWN.

"She ain't goin' to last much longer. She ain't moved nor opened her eyes for a quarter of an hour now," said one of the women in Mrs. Chelton's bed chamber to another who was aimlessly passing a home made paper fly brush to and fro several inches above the patient's head.

"I reckon she won't last till Letty gets here," replied the other watcher, without lowering her voice, "she hasn't appeared to sense anything since last night."

Although she heard these depressing remarks, the motionless figure on the bed made no sign; she was husbanding every grain of strength that remained in her body, but her heart beat a trifle faster, and she said to herself with a vehemence which showed that life and its hopes were not quite done with: "I will live till Letty

comes. I will, I will."

Had it not been for the hope of seeing Letty Truesdale, her niece, who was expected that day, the poor woman would have turned her face to the wall and given up the ghost, for she was tired and worn out by a life of toil, and the thought of death and the long, long rest afterwards sell me that heifer," said one. held no terrors for her. But there was something she must tell Letty if she were to die in peace, so she clung to life with the same tenacity with which she had held to her broom and dish rag until weakness finally compelled her to lay them down. A hard life had been Mrs. Chelton's lot. Her hard life had been Mrs. Chelton's lot. Her husband, Deacon Chelton, believed in working industriously and in denying one's self all unnecessary pleasures and expenditures consequently his wife was the hardest working and plainest dressed woman in their community, and the general breaking their community, and the general breaking down of all her physical forces at the age of ly, and s with the necessary relaxations and amuse-ments which nature demands. Even after que to ner life of labor, unmixed being forced to take to her bed she might have recovered had she received proper treatment, but the physician who had heen called in, when the deacon could no longer decently delay sending for one, was young and inexperienced, and stood too much in awe of the deacon to insist upon anything he frowned upon. So unsavory messes of food, uninviting soups, and dandelion wine were substituted for the beef extract and

good old port which would have infused life into the worn body.

Letty Truesdale, pending whose arrival Mrs. Chelton was holding death at bay, was her favorite niece, a breezy, good natured, capable young widow who had the faculty of making people do just as the faculty of making people do just as she wished in such a pleasant way they never wished in such a pleasant way they never realized they were being managed. She was a favorite with the deacon as well as with his wife, and he drove to the train to meet her, himself. To her eager inquiries realized they were being managed. She was a favorite with the deacon as well as meet her, himself. To her eager inquiries he replied that the doctor had given up all

The moment Mrs. Chelton heard Letty's her face close to her lips, and as Letty bent bed beside her, elicited a feeble cry of dedown she whispered: "I want to talk to

On various pretexts the deacon and the nurses, women from neighboring farms, were banished from the room, then Letty took a bottle of fine wine, which she had brought in her hand bag and administered a small quantity to her aunt, bidding her wait a few moments before trying to talk.
"I've come to nurse you back to life again, Aunt Mahala," she said, "and you must obey my commands. You just rest a bit until the wine strengthens you. I won't

But Mrs. Chelton did not propose to drop into a sleep, from which perhaps there would be no awakening this side of the grave, without telling her niece what was on her mind; so, although the wine seemed to be tingling in her veins curiously, making her feel strangely strong yet drowsy, she managed to whisper:

"My shroud, Letty." "You shall have the best that ever was seen in Wakefield, dear aunt," Letty said

"But I wanted-to-havewoman's voice trailed away into silence, and she slept. Letty, revolving many things in her breast, sat beside her quietly fanning her with a noiseless fan which had taken the place of the rustling strips of paper, her strong arm never wavering in the labor of love. After a refreshing sleep of a couple of hours' duration the patient awoke and looking around her, saw Letty watching beside the bed. She smiled and weak ly pressed her hand, which lay on the counterpane. At this sign of life the nurse gave her a cup of beef extract, which had kept the wine company in her bag.
"Now, then," she said cheerfully,
give you leave to talk."

Already there seemed a change for the better in Mrs. Chelton's condition. Her features looked less drawn and her voice was stronger as she said : "I couldn't die till you came Letty. I've had one desire in life that never was gratified." She paused and gathered strength to go on. "I always wanted a black silk dress, but your

uncle never saw fit to get it. I knew you'd see to it that I had one to be buried in. My heart's plumb set on it, Letty-

"You precious woman, you shall have it," murmured Letty, smoothing the gray head affectionately. "I shouldn't wonder if you'd planned just how you want it made? Now, don't speak, just nod."

Aunt Mahala moved her head affirma

tively, a faint smile playing on her lips.
"Well, you take a bit of a nap now, and then you can tell me all the rest," coaxed Letty, and under the influence of her strong will and the pleasant way of cool air set in motion by the steady p., y (I the palm-leaf fan, Mrs. Chelton slept again. When she awoke Letty bathed her face and hands, deftly raised her to a comfortable position, and after giving her another cup of beef tea told her she might talk.

"I always wanted a black silk trimmed in pas'mentery," she began, "the kind that sparkles and catches your eye with its shine whenever a person moves." She spoke slowly, resting between sentences. "I've planned it often. The pas'mentery agoin' down both sides of the front of the

basque and down the front seams of the skirt. Then there's a troil to the Then there's a trail to the skirt, like Mis' Wilkerson's, from Boston, with three ruffles on it. . . . I reckon you think I'm plumb wicked thinking about clothes now, stead of my soul, but I do believe I can read my title clear. I gave my-self to the Lord long ago, and I've tried to obey and serve Him. . . . If I wasn't so sure He'd save me I'd be worryin' about that."

"O, for a faith that will not shrink," said Letty, softly, wiping a tear away and bending to kiss the thin face on the pillow.

ment facin' Gabriel and all the rest.' Letty was unable to repress the laugh which these words brought to her lips. The figure which she conjured up of her aunt arising up at Gabriel's trump, clad in a skimpy black robe which she vainly tried to keep together in the back was too much for her gravity.

"You can dismiss all worry from your mind, dear, I will go to town myself to-morrow and buy the goods and you shall

morrow and buy the goods, and you shall see it before—before I lay it away," she said. Tired and weak, but happy in this promise, Mrs. Chelton closed her eyes and tried to listen to the words of the hymn her nurse began to sing softly. Soon the mu-sic died away and seemed to be followed by sweeter strains, and she dreamed she was in heaven walking with others along the golden streets, and each person she met seemed to be dressed, as she was herself, in a trailing garment of black silk.

Up to nine o'clock she waited on her aunt and was musing by her bed while she slept, when she heard voices in the yard under one of the windows of her aunt's

"I wish you'd be reasonable deacon, and "You know, sir, my wife is very ill, we have no hopes of her recovery. It wouldn't look well for a man to be bargaining about cattle when his wife is dyin'," the deacon

answered severely.
"I've come a long ways for that heifer,"

He put his hand in his pocket suggestiveing yielding in -for the price tempted his avaricious soul beyond the power of resistance—quickly got out his pocket book and counted the money. For fear of the deacon's refusing to sell at the last moment, he made haste to bind the bargain, but his movements were not more hasty than those of Letty, who appeared suddenly upon the scene and before her uncle knew her design, quietly

relieved him of the money.
"You did right in this matter, dear uncle," she said sweetly. "I was just going to ask you for this amount of money.

She rapidly poured into his ears the touching tale of her aunt's last earthly request, and, ere he could find courage to ex-postulate, he found himself driving to town with her to select the goods. It seemed a

possible to the inevitable. hope, so Letty was prepared for the worst lage dressmaker, Miss Mason, accompanied When they returned from town the vilthem, and Letty held a large bundle in her The moment Mrs. Chelton heard Letty's lap. This contained a roll of rich black voice she put out her hand and tried to draw silk, which, when it was spread out on the

'After you've taken your nourishment, you're to tell us exactly how you want it made,'' said Letty. "Miss Mason can get the measure from one of your old dresses, and if it is a little loose it can be taken in any time, you know."

'Why, Lettie !" Her aunt's voice was so reproachful that Letty said hastily: "Forgive me. I meant that even if it was not an exact fit it would matter very lit-

leave the bedside, and if you drop off to sleep you'll find me here when you wake woman, and something of a schemer. Under her direction the nimble fingers of Miss Mason transformed the silk into a hand-some dress, the "pas'mentery agoin' down both sides of the basque and down the front seams of the skirt, and the skirt with a trail and three ruffles like Mis' Wilkerson's, from Boston," as Mrs. Chelton had

> By the time it was finished and laid away it was as apparent to Miss Mason and the deacon as it was to Letty, that there would be no immediate occasion for putting it to the use for which its owner had designed it. It was not, however, until she was strong enough to drive to church one day that Letty, her eyes dancing and dimples playing gaily despite her efforts to look sober, said to her:

> "Aunt Mahala, suppose you wear your shroud to-day; a little careful wear won't burt it, and —,"

> Mrs. Chelton turned quickly and caught the play of the tell tale dimples, and there was an answering flash of mirth on her old face as she replied: "I guess I will. I might as well get

> some good out of it while I'm able to enjoy it. But—look here, Letty Truesdale, I just believe you knew all the time !"—By C. S. Valentine in The Household Ledger.

> > He Filled the Bill.

Employer-Yes, I advertised for a strong boy. Think you will fill the bill?

Applicant—Well, I just finished lickin' nineteen other applicants out in de hall.

Valley Floodswept

Death Loss Around Jeanette is About Thirty-Five. Rain Carried Away Dam. Cloudburst Hurled Column of Water Down on Outing Party. Street Car Toppled Over Into Creek-The Property Loss is Estimated at \$500,000—Devastating Rusi Moves on to Wilmerding and Irwin-Thrilling Exhibitions of Heroism.

It is estimated that the loss of life through Sunday's cloudburst and flood at Oakford Park near Jeannette will reach thirty-five. Twenty bodies have been recovered many are foreigners and have not been

The disaster was caused by a tremendous rainfall, amounting to a cloudburst, carryaway forty feet of the dam wall of the lake north of Oakford Park, which is situated on the Pittsburg. McKeesport & Greensburg trolley line, near Jeannette. The park is located in a ravine about onefourth of a mile wide and a mile longaffording terrible play to the torrent of water which poured through the rent in the dam wall and hurled itself on the party of merrymakers gathered in the park for a Sunday outing. All the buildings in the park, with the exception of the dancing pavillion and the large lunch stand, were carried away. The storm had put out business the trolley power house south of Greensburg, and a car which stood in the flood's path was helpless and was tossed over into the creek. Just how many per-ished in the car could not be learned. Indescribable scenes followed the rush of the

At Larimer, Greensburg, Irwin, Butrell, and Manor the awful power of the rushing waters following the breaking of the dam is apparent on both sides. The damage to property will not be less than \$500,000, while the number of lives suddenly blotted out is still uncertain, the estimates run-

ning all the way from seventy to 150.

Almost with the first stroke of daylight a bureau was opened where the names of the identified dead recovered and the missing were reported, together with a description of the bodies recovered. A revised list of the dead and missing so far as known is as follows, but it may be days before the full extent of the disaster can

be determined. The dead are: Miss Gertrude Keefer, aged twenty-four years, of Jeannette; body recovered. John Flemming, stable boy at the fair grounds, Greensburg. George Whitman, of West Jeannette. James Westwood, aged thirty-Jeannette. James Westwood, aged thirty-five years, of Jeannette. Mrs. L. Baker, of West Jeannette. John McGurky, aged forty years, of West Jeannette. George Williams, aged thirty-five years, of Jean-nette. Alex Victor, Jeannette. Mrs. Nigg and four children, of West Jeannette. Unknown woman, found at Manor. Unknown child, found at Manor. Unknown man, found at Penn. Edward Smith, aged ten years, negro boy of Jeannette. Daughter of Fred Davis, aged thirteen years, of West Jeannette. The missing are :

Miss Lucy Crum, who was with Miss Keefer, of Jeannette. John and Lawrence O'Neil, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Barney O'Neil.

Curtis Moore, of Jeannette. Samuel Vogle, of Jeannette. Edward O'Brien, of Greensburg. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fink, of Jeannette. Two Silk sisters, of West Teannette.

Alfred Sipe, aged nine years, of West Jeannette. May Bird, of Manion Hotel, Jeannette. John Miller, aged eleven years, of Greensburg.

FLOOD REACHES WILMERDING. merding early that day and inundated the principal streets, but beyond the flooding of the Westinghouse Airbrake Works, no serious damage resulted. Many of the the Lane family, amount approximately to residents remained up all night on account the value of the estate left by an uncle, of the alarming reports from upper points. Though much timber came down with the high water, no bodies were seen floating

among the wreckage. THE P. R. R. HIT HARD. The greatest property damage done by the flood on Brush Creek was on Irwin, the loss falling most heavily on the Pennsylvania Railroad. An estimate places the property loss place at \$250.000.

Reports coming in show every bridge along Brush Creek was washed away. The hunt for dead bodies in the debris along Brush Creek has begun. All during the night bodies were noticed in the mad baby that was lodged in a mass of wreckage just west of Jeannette.

Desperate Farmers.

Hold Up Fast Train and Try to Hire Passengers as Harvesters.

Forty farmers of Rush county, Kansas, held up a Missouri Pacific passenger train last Tuesday night in a search for harvest hands. They entered the train and went through the cars offering men \$2.50 and \$3 a day to get off and work for them. Repeated calls for harvest hands have

been sent out and a good many men have come into the country, but 100 more men are needed. The situation was becoming desperate and the farmers for miles around gathered at Bison Tuesday night to discuss the situation. It was shortly before the through west-bound Missouri Pacific train was due. Somebody suggested that there might be somebody on the train who could be induced to stop and go into the fields.

"But the train doesn't stop here," ob-

jected another farmer.

"Well, we can stop it," insisted the first, and the idea was adopted with acclaim. One farmer took the station agent's lantern, tied his red bandanna ha chief around it and posted himself in the middle of the track. As the train ap-proached he swung the lantern and the train stopped.

The farmers shoved the protesting trainmen aside, piled on the cars and went through them, accosting every one who looked like a laborer. On the train were half dozen Harvard students en route to Colorado on a hunting expedition. After a consultation they accepted the offer of two farmers and were initiated into the mysteries of cutting wheat by moonlight. They say they will remain and help out with the threshing which will immediately follow the harvest.

Irate Landlord (to couple who are taking lovers' walk on his property)—Now, then an't you read?

Amorous Youth-Oh, yes, we can read Irate Landlord-Then go to the end of this road and read the sign there. says "Private," and that's just why we came down here.—Tit-Bits.

During an electric storm on Friday, the 3rd, seven head of cattle were killed on the farm of John Winnig, near Port Ma-tilda. They were valuable cattle and a great loss to their owner. A two year old colt of John Kelly was killed at the same Estate Over \$1,000,000

Many Bequests in Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson's Will-Lancaster Church Gets \$1,000

The will of Harriet Lane Johnston covers forty closely written pages. Some of the provisions not heretofore published are: Protestant Episcopal Cathedral Founda-tion for the establishment of a school for

choir boys, \$300,000. To Mary S. Kennedy, her cousin, \$100,

For the erection of a monument over the birthplace and another in Washington to the memory of President Buchanan, \$100. For the founding of three scholarships in

Johns Hopkins university, \$90,000. In trust to John N. Lane, James B. Lane and E. E. Lane \$60,000. For the publication of the state papers and correspondence of President Buch \$10,000.

To the vestry of St. James' church, Lancaster, Pa., to keep in repair the memorial window to President Buchanan and the tablet in memory of Mrs. Johnston's husband and her son Harry, \$1,000.

To the Woodward Hill cemetery company of Lancaster, Pa. to keep the grave of

President Buchanan green, \$500.

To the Woodward Hill cemetery company of Lancaster, Pa., for the purchase from Rev. E. Y. Buchanan of his interest in the lot in the same cemetery, in order that the entire lot may serve as the resting place of President Buchanan, \$250.

To the Lancaster Cemetery company, of

Lancaster, Pa., for keeping in order the lot in its cometery in which are the tombs of Mrs. Johnston's sister and brother, Mary Lane Baker and Elliott Eskridge Lane: her uncle, John N. Lane, and her cousin, G. Taylor Lane, \$500.

To William Mann Irvine, president of Mercersburg academy, Franklin county, Pa., to be used by him in having a portrait

of President Buchanan painted by a first-class artist, as he was requested, and to be placed in the new dining hall of that institution, \$200.

For the painting of a three-quarter life size copy of the above portrait of President Buchanan, if it is considered by the execu-

tors a successful portrait, to replace the faded one now in the White House, \$1,500. LEFT OVER A MILLION. In addition to the art collection given to the Corcoran Gallery of Art Mrs. John-

ston made bequests of jewelry and other articles of rare value and a farm in Virginia, which with the vast residue of the estate to be disposed of the Harriet Lane home of Baltimore, will bring the total amount of the estate up to more than \$1.

In her will Mrs. Johnson intended to give \$20,000 to each of her three nephews, John N. Laue, James B. Lane and E. Esk ridge Lane. In her codicil of April 21, 1902, she revoked these bequests and decided to leave \$60,000 to them on the following conditions: To the Fidelity Trust company, of Philadelphia, in trust to invest in some safe income-producing proper-ty the whole of said fund and to pay over the income therefrom arising in equal shares quarter-annually to the beneficiaries and to the survivors of them. But upon the death of any one of the nephews leaving lawful issue the trustee shall pay over to each issue, per stirpes and not per capita, the same proportion of the principal of the fund which the nephew was receiving.

If all three nephews die without issue the fund shall revert to the estate. In con-The full force of the flood reached Wil- nection with the above the following statement is made:

"These three bequests, with the preceding bequests for the benefit of members of rate estate having been entirely due to care and attention of my late husband, it is my wish that it should go to the Harriet Lane Home for Invalid Children, of the city of Baltimore, hereinafter named as residuary legatee, incorporated in my husband's life time and provided for in his will."

TO PUBLISH BUCHANAN'S PAPERS. The first codicil of June 10th, 1899, contains the following provision for the publi-cation of President Buchanan's letters and

state papers: "Having already taken steps to secure the collection and publication of the state swirl of the creek. The first discovery to-day was the body of an eight-month-old uncle, James Buchanan, sometime President of the United States, from the beginning of his public career, with such explanatory notes, biographical and historical, as may be thought necessary to the proper appreciation of said papers and letters, and intending so far as possible in my lifetime to have this work accomplished, I never-theless give and bequeath for this purpose the sum of \$10,000, or as much thereof as may be necessary; and I direct my execu-tors to expend this sum or so much thereof as may be necessary for the purpose in-dicated on the requisition of my friend Calderon Carlisle, Esq., of the city of Washington, D. C., who, at my request and in association with other gentlemen. has undertaken the preliminary steps for securing this object in which I am so deep-ly interested. And in case said Calderon Carlisle shall not survive me, then said fund, or as much thereof as may be necessary, is to be disbursed according to the direction of the survivors or survivor of the gentlemen acting with said Calderon Car-

How to Choose Cheese.

Most housekeepers quail before that part of the family marketing which relates to the purchase of cheese, and wish the man of the house, who is usually the chief consumer as well as the critic, would always buy it. Such may find the words of an authority of value:

"A cheese with an indication of good-

ness will have an even colored, not mottled rind. The moment you press your fingertips on the rind you can begin to judge of the inferior makeup of a cheese. If it yields readily to the pressure of the fingers, and the rind breaks, or does not spring back readily when the pressure is withdrawn, you have got a soft article, caused by the slack cooling of the curd, a want of acid, or both. At best, it will have an insipid flavor, and will 'go off' as it ages. Cheese which feels so hard that you cannot press it on the rind is either sour, salted too heavily, cooked too much, skimmed, or suffering from a touch of all

these complaints.
"A good cheese will be mellow to the touch, yet firm. Its rind will be of an even tint, elastic, and free from puffs, and

The Real Thing.

Shortun—My wife handed me a hot tip on the races this morning. Whortun—That's good. Put me next. Shortun—She told me if I didn't stay away from them and go to work she'd apply for a divorce.

Body Filled With Sawdust.

Strange Discovery at Caldwell When Surgeons Exhumed it to Look for Traces of Poison.

County Physician McKensie, accompan-ied by Dr. Pelouse and another physician, whose name has been witheld went to Caldwell, N. J., at the request of the Cali-fornia authorities on last Wednesday afternoon and exhumed the body of Colonel William J. Best, who died at San Rafael, Cal., April 6th.

When the body was examined it was found that other knives had preceded those which had been made ready for use on the body. The trunk had been previously slit open just as it was intended should be done on last Wednesday afternoon. The work had apparently been done by a person used to handling surgeon's knives. All the doctors had to do was to lay aside the flesh on each side of the slit and expose what was inside.

Here they met with another surprise. Instead of the organs of the body they found a mass of sawdust. Some organs were found in the sawdust, but it is said they were such as would be the least likely to show traces of poison, if poison had been used to kill. All these parts were collected, as were some small scraps which may prove to be pieces of the missing organs. All were turned over to Herbert Baldwin, chemist of the Newark board of health, who will make an examination of

The examination of the body showed that the embalming had been done after the body had been cut open. The punctures needful to fill the veins with the embalming fluid were in the inside of the body and not on the outside as usual. Samples of the sawdust were also retained.

and will be subjected to examination.

Colonel Best died at the bome of Dr. John D. Woods, who recently went to Atwho, she said was her daughter. Charles S. Best told Prosecutor Riker that Dr. Woods had promised to make an explanation of his father's death to him in ing, but, it is alleged he left Altantic City on Monday night and Mr. Best received no

such explanation.

Colonel Best lived in Caldwell for a num ber of years. He was known in New York as a lawyer and promotor, and was regarded as a wealthy man. He was 65 years of age at the time of his death.

WARRANTS FOR THE WOODS. Warrants were issued Wednesday of last week for the arrest of John D. Woods and Alice C. Woods, of San Rafael. on a charge of grand larceny. A detective swore to the complaint.

District Attorney Boyd stated that he would await developments in the autopsy about to be held on the body of Colonel William J. Best, in New Jersey, before placing a murder charge against Woods. He said that he is in possession of evidence conclusively showing foul play in Colonel Best's demise.

Mr. Boyd and a detective left Wednesday night for Sacramento to procure extradition papers from Governor Pardee.

Uncle Sam's Oldest City. Santa Fe, N, M. Antedates Jamestown and Ply-

mouth.

The Villa Real de Santa Fe de San Francisco de Assisi to give its full Spanish name, is the historic city of Santa Fe, the seat of the Government of the Territory of New Mexico, as well as a country seat and the see of an archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church, and enjoys the distinction of being the oldest town and the oldest capital within the United States. Its pernent settlement by E the founding of Jamestown, and also the ter and nitrogen than the trampled landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth more than twenty years.

composing its story, the protracted and bloody struggles with hordes of savage Indians, the capture and pillage by hostile Pueblos in 1680, the general massacre of missionaries and explorers and flight of the Governor and a few followers in the night to El Paso, the reserving of some of the handsomest maidens for wives of favored warriors, the desecration and destruc-tion of the Christian churches and the restoration of the worship of snakes and stone idols, the reconquest of Diego de Vargas twelve years later, the terrible punishment visited upon the rebellious Pueblos, the change from the Spanish rule to the rule of the triumphant Republic of Mexico, the capture by the United States forces under General Kearney and the building of old Fort Marcy in 1846, the stirring scenes accompanying the distribution of the immense traffic of the Santa Fe trail, the wild deeds of desperadoes and the fabulous nazards at cards in the days before the advent of the railroad afford the material

for an epic poem of deep interest. The Governor's palace surpasses in historic interest and value any other place or object in the United States. It antedates the settlement of Jamestown by nine years, and that of Plymouth by twenty-two, and has stood during the 299 years since its erection, not as a cold rock or monument, with no claim upon the interest of humanity except the bare fact of its continued existence, but as the living center of every-thing of historic importance in the South-west. Through all that long period, whether under the control of Spain, the Pueblos, Mexico or the United States, it has been the seat of power and authority whether the ruler was called viceroy, captain general, political chief, department commander or Governor, and whether he presided over kingdom, a province, a department or a territory, that has been his official residence.—Santa Fe "New Mexican.

—The Pennsylvania terminal to be erected in Manhattan will be the biggest railroad station in the world, with accommodations for handling 200,000 pa a day, or about 70,000,000 or 80,000,000 a year. From 60 to 90 trains will enter and leave it hourly. The tunnels will be lighted and trains moved through them by electricity. The use of electricity for lighting and purposes of locomotive will keep the air in the tunnels clear and pure and will reduce the danger of accidents to a minimun by making the obscurings of siguals practically impossible. Freight says Harper's Weekly, calls attention to the trains will not be sent through the tunnels, for the reason that the freight can be more easily and cheaply handled by a system of floats from Greenville, in New Jersey, to Bay Ridge. Freight intended for Man-hattan will, of course, be handled by floats that will dock along the North and East river fronts.

By Proxy.

"You look badly, old man; what's the

matter?

"I didn't know you were subject to it." to the world at 38. Miss Grace Lathrop "Yes, I am. The throat belongs to the newcomer in the next flat who practices successful of contemporary novelists, are both considerably under 30.

Losses in Manure.

In 1899-1901, three series of steer-feedng experiments were made at The Pennsylvania State College Experiment Station comparing the gains obtained from animals kept without trying in a box-stall and from those tied as usual in ordinary stalls. the former being watered in the stall, the latter turned out daily to water. The results, reported in Bulletins 53 and 57, show that by the former method a very large saving in cost of attendance is secured, without any decrease in the gain of liveweight or any disadvantage, as respects the quantity of food required to produce it. The relative economy of the two methods is, however, not fully demonstrated until the value of the resultant manures is known; for these differ materially in the conditions of their preservation. The manure from the box-stall was formed upon a cement floor, and was kept under the animals, compacted by their trampling, until the close of the experiment; that from the animals tied in the stalls and watered in the barn-yard was, on the contrary, daily removed and stored in a compact heap under conditions closely approximating those of a covered manure-shed, except that it was not subject to trampling by the

The fertilizing constituents in food and litter, less those used in forming new animals tissue, were compared with those recovered in the two manures. The comparison is especially interesting because of the increasing use of the covered - shed method in Pennsylvania.

1. The trampled manure suffered little loss of fertilizing constituents, though less than two-fifths of the dry matter of food and litter was recovered in the manure.

2. The covered-shed manure lost one, third of its nitrogen, one-fifth of its potash lantic City with a woman who passed in and one-seventh of its phosphoric acid. California as his sister, and a little girl, Only one-third of the dry matter of food and Only one-third of the dry matter of food and litter was recovered in the manure. The loss of nitrogen is, however, chiefly due to volatilization of carbonate of ammonia.

3. The money-value of the fertilizer constituents lost by the second as compared with the first method, is equivalent to \$2.50 for each steer stabled for six months.

4. Therefore, manure, if prepared upon a tight floor and with such proportion of litter that it can be trampled into a compact mass, loses very little, if any, of its fertilizer constituents so long as the ani-mals remain upon it. This method of preserving steer-manure is therefore distinctly superior to that of the covered shed, though the later method may not always exhibit as great loss as that observed in this experiment.

DETAILS OF THE EXPERIMENT The manures were obtained from two pairs of steers, fed alike ; the first lot kept, without tying, in the cement - floored box-stall; the second lot, tied in ordinary stalls with a hard clay floor, somewhat cracked. Enough fine-cut litter was used with each lot to apparently absorb all the liquid manure. The manure of the first lot was allowed to remain in the stall, and was tramped to a very dark, compact mass, smelling much like hog manure; that of the second lot was daily removed to a neighboring box-stall, where it was piled

compactly. The experiment continued during April and May, 1901. At its close, the manures were weighed, sampled and analyzed with great care. The weights and composition of the food and litter used having been determined, and also the gains in liveweight made by the two lots during the

The untrampled manure, therefore, sufmanure, owing chiefly to the more complete exclusion of air in the latter case. It also ex-The thrilling and romantic incidents perienced losses of phosphoric acid and especially of potash, which can be explained, under the conditions of the experiment, only by the leakage of liquid manure into the earth floor of the stalls. Part of the loss of nitrogen doubtless occurred in the same way, but relatively less than of the potash, which was more soluble.

The Dangers of Eating

Oh, gentle reader, are you fully aware that even now you may be transgressing the simple law of health, and laying the foundation of future discord and disease? Be warned in time, and be guided by the following instructions:

First - No meat! The gorilla, the strongest animal known, that lives in the depths of the African forests and snatches his prey bald-headed, eats no meat. Some of our best laundry work in done by Chinamen, who eat no meat, preferring starch for their purpose. Meat is deadly. If persisted in the pulse increases, and strength, purely fictitious, will suddenly collapse. Meat is man's worst enemy.

Second—No vegetables! It can be proven,

nay, it has been proven, that vegetables contain a large percentage of starch, and what is more fatal to the human system than starch? Starch is death. Third-No cereals! Of all forms of

food, cereals are no doubt the worst. The so-called health foods clog the system, and, persisted in, will cause premature decay. Almost all the Scotch dielect novels of the day were written under the influence of oatmeal. What more need we say? Fourth-No fruit! The lion, noblest of beasts, so wonderous strong, eats no fruit, and gaze upon his grand physique. If ripe fruit is full of germs, how much more teeming with them is it when unripe?

No shell-fish-Every oyster is said to contain 3,000,000 microbes. Think of it. and pause before it is too late! Lobsters, as is well known, contain absolutely no fruit salts, so necessary to the human system.

No water !—It thins the blood, makes you anaemic and multiplies the white corpuscles. Be warned in time! In conclusion - Should you feel the pangs of hunger, curb them !. They prove conclusively that your condition is abnor-mal, and, in the light of modern research, extremely unscientific.—From Life.

Young Women's Achievements. A recent paper in an educational journal,

number of comparatively youthful women who have achieved notable things in their different callings. Joan of Arc at 19 led the army of victorious France; Patti sang in public before she had entered her teens -how many years ago it was that she made her first great triumph it is not for us to say. At 22 Madame De Stael ac-complished an essay on Rousseau; Jane Austen had completed her life work at 42; and all of the Bronte Sisters died before they were 40. When "Uncle Tom's Cabin' appeared Harriet Beecher Stowe was only 39, and George Eliot gave "Adam Bede"