

Bellefonte, Pa., September II, 1903.

## MUVVER'S REVENCE.

They sat at late breakfast. This wa Idlesse Land, and here there were no office and clients, no milliners and clubs, no morning paper and postman. The day rollicked with them fifteen long hours, and thereafter night held them in her large, restful arms for another nine hours. Life was perfect, they told each other, in this tiny aerie on Faraway Cliff, more beautiful than in the honeymoon days, for then there was only Robert, but no Robin. If they looked skyward, they met the kindly twinkle of heaven's blue eye; if they look-ed seaward, the bay winked socially to them; if they looked straight levelward they yet saw the gayety of sky and bay in

each other's eyes. But one morning a saucy cloud, no big-ger than Robin's little fist, pushed its way up behind the green hill on the east, down in the sparkling bay a daring little breaker kicked a defiant somersault.

Muvver was peeling an orange in her inimitable way. Robert was admiring the graceful fingers, and Robin the cunning of her handiwork, as the sunny lobes of fruit lay tipped up invitingly upon the long, golden strip of peel. While the juice was still trickling down his throat deliciously, he announced, with childlike irrelevance "I want a touser?" "What, Robin ?"

"I want a touser, a touser." His voice gradually strengthened.

'What does the child mean ?'' said Robdainty figure appeared at the window, Rob-ert bowed chivalrously. "Come, sweet, put on your hat. We're going to the 'White Swan' for dinner." ert. to whom baby talk was still sanskrit. But Muvver, whom the angels must have taught child language when they were making ready to trust Robin to her, exclaimed. triumphantly :

'He means a dear little curly white dog, don't you, Robin, like Willie Sims' 'Tows er ?'

But Muyver had made her first mistake. "No, no !" screamed Robin, in baby impatience at being misinterpreted, "touser, touser, like papa's. Two tousers." He climbed down from his chair to illustrate his meaning by drawing his little white skirt close between his legs. It was Robert's turn to triumph. "Why,

he means a pair of trousers, Muvver, of course !"

Robin thumped the table with delight, but the roses in Muvver's cheeks turned to snow drops. "Why, Muvver's precious baby-boy !"

Her voice trembled hysterically on the word "baby," and she caught him in her arms and hugged him tight.

But Robin wriggled away from her. "I want a tonser," he demanded again. Muvver thought this worse than the time when he had pleaded for the stars to play with. Surely, he was "trailing his clouds of glory" very close to earth ! But Robert smiled. His heart responded to the manly

in the reiterated demand. "Of course Robert shall have tronsers He's a grown-up boy now."

Muvver seized Robin again "Robert !" and kissed his little starched skirt.

But the boy nature in Robert was wide awake this morning. Perhaps the foolish young spring had called it forth. He felt as he used when Muvver was a little girl, and he would steal her doll from her and carry it away over the orchard fence. The fun in his eyes belied his serious mouth. pled over her face. "Wobin wants 'e go to bed."

"Yes, Robin, it's time you left off girl's clothes and dressed like a little man. Get your hat and come along. We'll find some trousers."

obert !"

with a third oar which his father had made an ominous hoarseness and rattle in the small and slight for him. Little sentences floated up to Muvver about "federin" " and sleepy voice, and it was, without doubt, more than fretfulness. she laughed gayly, and impulsively clap-ped her hands when he at last skimmed his Robin went on in more labored tones :

"If Is'ould die afore I wake-tiny oar over the water. Robert thought he heard her and looked up to the window with a bright look of invitation in his face, but Muvver was not visible. All that May afternoon, in which the cloud capered with the sun, Muvver watch-

up the stockings, too. "Robert !"

ed her two recreants, playing with them in secret. Once when they were hidden in a little cove, and silent in the serious sport The distressed tone brought him to her ide in an instant.

of fishing, the world grew very quiet to her and sociable love drew her from her aerie Speechless, she held the little boots and stockings out to him. They were wet and cold. He shivered and looked guiltily into her face. It held no reproach, only an inas far as the rose arbor, but there the track of Robin's hobnailed boots struck her with fresh pain. No, Robert must come and beg her pardon for having hurt her mother feelfinite remoteness. The mother was alone with her child. "Oh, God !" she said to herself rather

ings, and Robin must put his arms around her neok and coax to be Muvver's baby than to Robert. "If my foolishness has cost my baby's life !" Something had told her of her childishness all day long. What matter how her baby dressed, if only—." The chocking little voice picked up the again. In no other way could they be rec-onciled. If Robert and Robin could be happy without her, surely she must not

onfess her lonesomeness. So she turned back and stole down to the prayer again : "I pway the Lord my soul to-" village shop, returning with a big paper parcel. A tender smile was on her lips, though she felt almost as if she held a tiny

"Oh, no ! no ! Robin ! not that !"

Quick as thought she was back at his side. The foolish girl wife suddenly becorpse in her arms. She spread the white skirts, the sailor hat, the low shoes, upon come a great maternal woman, shielding her child by the strength of her soul from Robin in these again would she relent. When the bright hues of sky and water were darkening in the late afternoon, Rob-ert's whistle sounded from the garden be-Robert. the death which came with violence, with

"Shall I go for the doctor ?" whispered ow. This was his familiar love call.

She thought of the slow, sleepy-eyed, bungling old man, the one village doctor, and shook her head. All that she had ever known or heard of membraneous croup came to her assistance in a marvelous way She was a doctor's daughter, and in the clarity of mind and memory she lived again a night in her girlhood when she had helpd her father care for a little brother in a dangerous attack of croup. Now she felt herself doing in proper order just what her father had done that night, and as she had

run to do his bidding, so did Robert do hers, in absence of the little maid. Robert watched her with awe as she skillfully applied the remedies-lotions, compresses, gargles, medicines. When he must turn his eyes away from the gasping, choking child, struggling for breath, she neither trembled nor paled, but steadily pursued her course of treatments, seeming to divine the right help to give. His May-month jest seemed to Robert now a cruel brutality; life and love were too frail gifts to trifle with.

Hour after hour no word was spoken, but the mother's simple orders. She could neath—an idea virtually new to the science hide her anguish in her words, but not in of vulcanology. The French government the tremor of her voice.

so sure a thing, he was tempted to play with it a little longer. One kiss would make it all as it had been before, so why Once Robert went to her room, and the sight of the baby garments arranged on her onciliation? The lark loving boy nature bed unmanned him. When he returned he was yet unsatisfied. Muvver informed the little maid, with fancied that she guessed what had passed. There came a moment, after one of these great dignity, that the gentlemen had gone spasms, when Robert thought their child out to dinner, and gave her permission to go home for the night when she had served a light supper to her mistress. After toy-Would she ever forgive him ? Cursing himself for self thought at such a moment, he yet looked into her eyes with a ing with the lonely little meal, Muvver sat mute appeal, and saw depths too great for so petty a feeling as reproach; they reflect-ed the soul of a mother holding her child close to .God, entreating for his life, and not to be put off. Robert's soul knelt bedown in the west window of her room, looking thoughtfully ont upon the twilight violet of the water. She was conscious of an odd mortification that she should have

been an unnecessary part of her husband's and baby's life for one whole day. fore her. A bird's faint peep came from the outdoors morning. The child relaxed its ex-hausted little body and stretched it out "solid," are with a long sigh. Robert felt the mother's body tremble from head to foot. An awful Magazine. Voices were heard in the garden and the ound of feet coming up the balcony stairs. Her keen ear caught a sleepy note in Rob-in's voice, and a drag in the tread of the top boots. A smile, as of coming victory, too tender, however, to be triumphant, ripsilence followed, eternities long in its an-guish. Would it last unbroken forever..... A faint, fluttering breath ........ Muvver became suddenly rigid. There came another

Where was the independent "me" of the Since 1846 No European Has Reached Its Sacred weak breath-the next a little louderearlier day? Muvver leaned forward ea- then the heavenly rhythm of a child's gen-Temples. Muvver turned her face to Robert and smiled feebly. Her body swayed forward and his grateful arms received the delicious burden of her helplessness. He knew that in this night-pain their true marriage love had been born.—By Fannie Williams Mo-Lean, in The Household Ledger.

# The New Pelce.

Fresh Cone With the Great Spine Not Central Within the Old Crater.

The new cone with the great spine is not central within the old crater. The most important of the openings concerned in the and the axis of the new cone is northwest of the centre of the old crater. This has resulted in the complete filling of the northwestern quarter of the crater, making the slope of the new cone continuous or nearly continuous with the interior of the old crater-rim on that side. On the northnew cone and the orater rim, there is a shallow spiral valley which debouches into the gorge of the Riviere Blanche on the southwest. The deepest part of this valley southwest. The deepest part of this valley is beneath the ruins of Morne Lacroix, and is estimated to be about two hundred feet deep. On the southwest the new cone slopes continuously into the debris filling the gorge of the Blanche. Great ribs of rock project from several parts of the new inner cone, which is a composite affair made of fragmental ejecta from the vents, lava which has welled up or been pushed up from below, and masses which have fallen or been blown off from the latter. The ribs radiate more or less roughly from the centre of the cone, and above them towers the spine or tooth which is so remarkable. The spine, like the ribs, evi-dently is composed of "solid" rocks, that is, it is not made of fragments which have been thrown up into the air by the vol-cano and have fallen back into a pile.

Although rifted and profoundly fissured the spine is not a chimney, there being no conduct through it. The place from which have come the heaviest outbursts since August 30th is on the southwest side of tion

the new cone, but another very active spot is on the northwest side; both are near the base of the spine. The spine is itself more than 1,000 feet high. Separate fragments could not be piled up to such a height and rest at the angles shown by the sides of the spine. The side toward the east is smooth and vertically fluted, as if it had been rubbed against something hard, and this suggests the explanation of the phenomenon. The rock mass of the cone, and particularly that of the spine, has been pushed up bodily from below in solid or nearly solid condition by the enormous expansive forces working underneath, and is maintained there somewhat like a stopper in a bottle, partly by friction against the sides of the neck and by the expansive forces under-

of vulcanology. The French government commission, of which Prof. A. Lacroix is the spine, with its sides forming angles of 75, 87 and even 90 degrees with the horizonta it has been formed by ejected blocks or

bombs which were sufficiently pasty to stick together on falling, and in favor of the "stopper" theory. The great and sud-den changes in altitude of the spine with reference to the rest of the cone, without great changes in its shape, point in the same direction. Frequently the cone and spine show red incandescent lines at night, together with a luminous spot near the top of the spine —an additional proof of the "solid," as distinguished from the fragmental character of the mass.-Century

## Lhasa the Forbidden City.

# Big Kansas Cherry Orchard.

Trees Bear Soon and Large Crops Are Confidently Expected

Wichita can boast of having the largest central within the old crater. The most important of the openings concerned in the present series of eruptions were on the west side of the old crater-lake, L'Etang Sec. and the axis of the new cone is northwest the orchard comprises thirty-one acres of ground situated on the west side, two miles from the main part of the city. The ground adjoins that occupied by the Mount Carmel academy, and was purchased by the Messrs. Daugherty at a cost of \$150 an

acre. Work on the orchard was commenced eastern and southern sides between the last fall, at which time C. X. Daugherty spring some 200 more cherry trees were planted, making a total of about 1,500 trees that have been already set out. In 2,000 more cherry trees, making an orchard of 3,500 trees, so far as is known the largest of its kind outside of California. When asked why he had decided on

planting so many cherry trees, C. X. Daugherty said : "In the first place there is a greater demand for that kind of fruit than any other. Cherry trees are lost. easily cared for in this climate, and do not become damaged so readily by early or late frosts as most other fruit trees. In frequ two years after first planted a cherry tree will yield fruit in large quantities; where if a peach tree is planted it takes from three to five years before a profitable crop is yielded. Apple trees require at least five years for maturing, and both varieties of fruit are apt to become damaged almost any year by unfavorable weather condi-

Mr. Daugherty has studied upon the proposition of fruit raising in the Arkansas valley, and after investigating the question thoroughly makes some remarkable statements. He says : "I believe that inside of ten years the Arkansas river val-closed work for the century in 1895. ley will be the greatest fruit raising section of the country. People who have hereto-fore been planting fruit and grain on these lands are just commencing to awaken to the fact that fruit could be raised at a profit. The ground is simply perfect for fruit

raising. On my place west of the city water can be struck at a distance of four and one-half feet below the surface on any part. The soil is of a sandy mixture, par-ticularly adapted to the raising of all kinds of fruit."

Mr. Daugherty's land is one and a half niles from the river, but at no time since he has owned it has it been impossible to the head. was the first to put forward this theory and to include Pelee among the avers that as fruit trees always grew roots avers that as fruit trees always grow roots which extend in the ground to a distance

# Ever Looks For Trouble.

Man With a Chip on His Shoulder is to be Con miserated.

The really unhappy man, whose unhappiness is his own fault, is the one who forever carrying "a chip upon his should-er." Perhaps his happiness is his unhappiness, for when he is not engaged in a personal altercation he is brooding over some fancied slight and awaiting a favorable opportunity to give vent to his wrath.

The man with the chip on his shoulder is annoved by the usher or someone in the

## Mount Vesuvius

Former Eruptions of the Famous Volcano Now Threatening Trouble

Mount Vesuvius, which is again in eruption, is frequently mentioned by old writ-ers, and Diodorus Sicuius said it showed in his time "many signs of having been burning in ancient times." Its most famous and disastrous eruption broke the mountain into two cones, which still exist. Sub-sequent to the destruction of Pompeii and Heroulaneum there were many fatal lava flows. Some of those of which records have been preserved were A. D. 203, 572, 512, 685, 993, 1049, 1138, 1198 and 1306.

The eruptions of A. D. 572 and 1300 were the most notable. In the former year ashes from the crater were carried as far as Constantinople and across the sea to Trip-oli. In the last named year the eruption was accompanied by terrible earthquakes, which destroyed many lives.

From 1306 to 1631, with the exception the spring Mr. Daugherty will plant about of a slight eruption in 1500, the terrible mountain was quiet, but her neighbor, Aetna, kept "blazing sunward" at inter-vals. The Vesuvian eruption of 1631 lasted three months and was accompanied by streams of lava and torrents of boiling water, which overflowed the towns at the base of the mountain. Thousands of lives were

> A number of other lava flows followed before 1700. The eruption increased in frequency to the eighteenth century. That of 1772 was remarkable. It has been deeribed as the grandest of all those phenom-ena. White smoke rose four times as high as the mountain and spread out proportionately. Stones and ashes were thrown 10,600 feet in the air. One of the rocks was 108 feet in circumference. Another eruption in 1794 destroyed a

town and threw a great stream of lava, estimated to contain 46,000,000 cubit feet.

The last century was a busy one for the volcano. It was in eruption nearly thirty

The present eruption is second in the record of terror for the twentieth century, the mountain having been last active in 1900.

### Klondike Games.

When parties are held in private homes for public benefits it is difficult at times to decide upon suitable games or amusements that will swell the funds of the temporary treasurer. Although the Klondike fever has subsided to a great extent Klondike parlor games have sprung into very recent popularity. There are various ways of planning this game for financial benefit as well as for home amusement.

A lot of ribbon is procured and cut in short lengths, and to each is tied a little gift. The ribbon is hidden with the gift in a large pile of sawdust, which is heaped up in the middle of the room on a sheet. Each player then receives a tablespoon, and all kneel around the pile and begin to dig for gold. When he or she has found the end of a ribbon, the spoon is dropped and the ribbon held on to until the leader asks if they have all reached "pay gravel." If they all answer "Yes," they are told to "pull," and the ribbon unwinds, and the little gift is brought forth. Some of the gifts are comical, but none should be expensive.

It is a pretty and amusing game. This same plan should be carried out by having a few articles of some value, and other of trifling cost, scattered indiscriminately through the sawdust or sand-without ribeasily recognized and his society by wise people is carefully avoided. He can go nowhere without trouble following in his wake. If he attends a theater he is either to a miner for ten cents, the amount going all he finds with a tablespoon in his section. The finds are often very amusing, as men getting small dolls, and ladies finding cigarette holders or pipes, or some other article essentially devoted to masculine requirements.

"cumulo-volcanoes." The shape of

in Muvver's voice. She stood very erect. her cheeks flaming rosily.

Robin had put on his sailor hat hindside before, with ribbon ends streaming in his He trudged out blissfully by Robeyes. ert's side.

"Robert !" Muvver called out after them "I'll never speak to you again till—you give me back—my baby." Robert saw a little sunbonneted girl

stammering out these words, while a mischievous urchin sat in the cherry tree, holding her doll tantalizingly beyond reach. The picture amused him.

Muvver watched the two figures walking with businesslike rapidity up the olive shaded road toward the village in the east. So girlish was her heart that she almost laughed to see Robin's short legs trying to keep pace with Robert's long strides. But the little incident, though it presented the face of humor, had pathos in it for her sensitive mother spirit. Now, looked at through her tears, the

little cloud' in the east seemed so big as to hide the sun.

This was the first string that had snapped in their marriage lute. It had played a song almost tiring in its uninterrupted sweetness. For husband and wife to anticipate the desire of each other had been too selfishly dear a privilege to be called self-sacrifice, and Robin's coming had but given them one more object, transcending all others to love and adore in common.

Muvver was still at the window, with wet lashes but eagerly curious eyes, when the pair came down the hill. "Oh ! Oh !" she cried, in real pain. "Muvver's baby !"

A pigmy man walked by the side of Rob-Papa had made no compromises; the whole outfit had been procured at the one little shop of the whole village-ridicuously long trousers, stiff sack-coat, top-boots and a high black hat. If only Robert had bought cunning knee trousers for the child. or quaint sailor flannels, she could have borne it, and might have welcomed the transformation with some girlish interest. But to have her Robin leap suddenly from babyhood into manhood was unendurable. The two men in the house, and no baby

This was why she answered from behind her closed door when Robin's voice rang manfully through the house :

"Me and papa's goin' rowin'. We wants to know if you'll come too, Muvver ?'' Already it was "we" and "you." "Tell papa thank you, but I'm too busy."

Muvver's truthful nature led her, as she spoke, to pick up the little white frock she was embroidering, but the first stitch pricked her heart with a sad interrogation mark -what was the use of sewing for a baby who was no more?

Yet from behind the shutters of the oriel window which hung out over the western bay, Muvver watched the green "Mer-maid," her wet eyes brimmed with a smile. She was only twenty-two, with the happy heart of eighteen, and Robert and Robin were having such a merry time that she wished dignity did not forbid her calling out to them to come back to the landing for a third passenger. The oars clicked gayly in the lock. Robert was rowing with those long, even masterful strokes that had always made her heart beat with loving pride and had often called forth some graceful compliment from her, usually resulting in Robert's laying down the oars to come to her side, in spite of her blushing protestations that he would tip the boat over.

Robin made a funny sight struggling

"All right," answered Robert, briskly and capably. Muvver straightened herself again. The door of the nursery closed. It was

next to Muvver's room. "My boots hurt. Take 'em off, papa A long, expressive silence followed, brok-en by fretful "ohs !" from Robin. At last

her bed. No, not until she should dress

Sulkiness was no part of Muvver's nature;

she hastened to the balcony window. Rob-ert and Robin had made a hurried toilet,

consisting only in washing and brushing, for in Idlesse Land dressing for dinner was an unknown custom. When Muvver's

There was a wistfulness in her face when

"Do come, dear," he pleaded, moving toward the balcony staircase. The admiring love on his face was so

manifest that she had turned to get her hat,

when Robin's voice shrilled out delighted-

"Ven if Muvver don't come, I can have

all the oysters I want." The little rebel had spoiled Robert's

overtures of peace. Muvver shook her head very emphatical-

ly this time and left the window. Robert't low laugh was touched with a half note of

distress. But this love between them was

not postpone that delicious moment of rec-

she shook her head.

Muvver heard the boots flung into a corner. "Now, take off your clothes, Robin." Robert had struck a match to enjoy his gar at the open window. Muvver smil-

"Wobin can't. Muvver always does, the child howled.

"Oh ! All right, old fellow. But don' cream so."

That there was painful struggling at an anfamiliar task the broken dialogue proved.

"Taint that button	18 20100
"Oh, botheration !"	
"It goes dis way."	not si di
"Where's the head a	nd tail o

of it?" "Ouch ! you hurt me, papa."

"Stand still. Robin, or you'll have to go bed to with your clothes on." Finally the perplexing clothing must all have been removed, for Robert's voice

sounded more hopeful. "Here, Robin, on with your nightshirt." "Tain't a nightshirt. It's a nightie," the much aggrieved Robin sobbed. "Muv

ing a crescendo. "I wish Muvver were here to take care of you," muttered the temporarily widowed Robert.

Muvver's eyes were dancing and her east

was pressed close to the door. "Here, Robin, I'll get the nightshirt-beg pardon, sir, the nightie-on right this Stop crying, do. Big men don't time. ery. You can't wear the trousers if you

ery." "I'm not a big man. I'm only a 'ittle boy. I don't want tousers. I want my Muvver."

Muvver's hand was on the door knob. Blessed baby !" she whispered.

But Robin had thought of a new trouble. "I'se got to say my prayers." Muvver waited.

'Can't you say them to yourself, Robin, and then go to sleep like a good boy ?" "No. God couldn't hear. He's used to

me saying them aloud. You say 'em first.' Muvver listened breathlessly. "All right, Robin. 'Our Father which

"No. That's the gwon-up pwayer." It' the 'Now I lemme' pwayer." The sobs had grown alarmingly lond. "Papa don't

know anyfing. I want my Muvver." Robert joined in the entreaty. "Muv er, do come !"

At the appeal Muvver entered, sweet. radiant. cool. Robin threw himself into er arms and buried his hot little face in the folds of her waist

"His cheeks are just burning with excitement !" Muvver exclaimed. With a deep sigh of relief Robert stepped

to the window, and out of the corners of her eyes Muvver saw him drop a little black bundle into the bushes below. As he was stepping toward the discarded boots he stopped, for Muvver's and Robin's

voices were blended in the sweet old child-

prayer. "Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray the Lord my soul to keep— I pray the Lord my soul to keep— Muvver stopped abruptly. There was good cigar.

Found Well Men Among Lepers. Every Living Thing Except Men Destroyed in Porto Rico's "Unclean Colony."

In the investigation of affairs on Cabras, or Goat, island on which the leper colony of Porto Rico is located, at the entrance to San Juan harbor. Dr. Goenaga found two 'patients," one an old man and the other ounger, who are not afflicted with leprosy. The old man was committed years ago as a lepper and the younger man was sent to the colony later. These men will be removed this week and specially quarantined in a building now being constructed for a sufficient time to make their release safe. One of the first reform steps taken by Acting Governor Hartzell was to send Dr. ndez, president of the Superior Board Herna of Health; Dr. Baez, the new practicante, and Dr. Schirmer, insular veterinary in-spector, to Cabras island to destroy every living thing in the colony except the lepthe much aggrieved Robin sobbed. "Muv-ver knows the name of everyfing. And the buttons go b'hind." The sobs were climb-specially against the killing of pets, but vithout avail, the work of destruction being completed in two days. More than a hundred animals and chickens were killed. There are now in the Cabras island colony wenty-three lepers, and at least as many more, it is believed, are scattered through

> out Porto Rico. Jose Marrero, a non-leprous patient, who was liberated from the leper colony as a re-sult of the recent investigation, died last Monday of heart disease superinduced by joy at his release. The public report of the committee of the executive council investi-gating the matter will be made the second week in September. Lbasa.

### Washington Tomb Crumbles.

Historic Cornerstone Removed and its Masonic Emblem Obliterated.

Time has laid siege to the tomb and mansion of George Washington at Mount Vernon, and efforts are being made on the part of those in charge to save these national relics from further destruction.

A force of workingmen began to treat the limestone, of which the tomb is built with a vulcanizing process to make it water-proof and imperishable. The stones of the old tomb, built by

George Washington, and in which his body and that of his wife rested until some thirty years ago, are crumbling. A month ago Mr. Dodge removed the historic cornerstone of the tomb, the one bearing the Masonic emblem. It was necessary to have the side out away, and this destroyed the Masonic emblem. It was recut in the

stone.

The Pope a Moderate Smoker.

Pope Pius is a moderate smoker. Italian priests, even of the humble ranks, do not onsider it clerical decorum to smoke in public, and Cardinal Sarto has always observed this rule, but in private he enjoys a evidence.

twentieth century that, except for the two poles, there is not a corner of the earth where white men have not penetrated. Yet in truth, there exists on the Asiatic Conti- railroad train he succeeds in embroiling nent, hardly two hundred miles from the frontier of British India, a city, the capital ductor, Pullman car porter and the pas of Thibet, to which the "white men" of En- sengers. Each flying cinder from the rope and America are absolutely forbidden Within a distance of from one hundred

and fifty to two hundred miles from this city all the roads leading to it, at the place ceiving a suspicious-looking caravan the sentinels notify the local authorities. The advancing traveler then sees rise up before him a whole detachment of armed men, commanded by high functionaries of the country. who, without discussing the matter, politely insist that the bold pioneer re-trace his steps. They even offer him money and food necessary for the return voyage, at the same time warning him that if he continue on his way to Lhasa he will pay

for it with his life. Such a state of affairs has not always existed. During the Middle Ages, and until the middle of the eighteenth century, a number of Europeans, mostly Catholic

monks, were able to remain for long periods in the "Holy City" of the Thbetaus, who profess, as we know, the Buddhist-Lamaist religion. But since the expulsion, in 1860, of the Capuchin monks, who tried to meddle with the internal affairs of the country, all Europeans have been regarded with suspicion and none has been allowed to penetrate into Lhasa. Nevertheless, in 1811 Thomas Manning, an English traveler, and in 1846 Hue and Gabet, two French missionaries, were able to spend months in Lhasa in the disguise of Buddhist pilgrims. They were recognized, however, and were asked to leave the country as quickly as possible. Since 1846 no European has suceeded in reaching the sacred temples of

Blind Girl Made to See Light.

A New York special of August 23rd says: Widespread interest has been aroused by the case of 11 year old Lillie Spitznadel who was recently operated on with radium and X rays in combination for paralysis of the optic nerve, and who, since the opera-tion, is said to be able to distinguish light

from darkness. The operation was performed by Dr. Amon Jenkins, assisted by Wm. Hammer.

the child see, nor to have produced any effect necessarily permanent. What we did do was this : We tested the girl for blindness with every test we could think of, and the result seemed to us to indicate absolutely that she was totally blind. When we had performed these tests we tried the X ray, and then the radium, without efect, and then tried them in combination, with the results described.

'The girl's involuntary movement when the combination of X-ray and radium was applied, together with her ability since the experiments to distinguish electric lights and the lights of boats, are important as evidence. We propose to test the girl fur-ther as soon as it is practicable."

It may be said at the beginning of the audience or at the man in the box office for locomotive is aimed especially at his eyes and he succeeds in stirring up the spirit of mutiny in the hearts of the travelers.

There are some women similarly constituted who manage to be in trouble from the where they cross the frontier to the pro-vince of Wu, of which Lhasa is the chief town, are jealously guarded by pickets of Thbetan soldiers. Immediately upon per- not cordially hated. This quarrelsome habit of mind can be so fostered that the petulancy grows to be a malignant disease and leads sometimes to the insane asylum. Parents who notice in their children this fretful, quarreling disposition can easily find a remedy. They may not agree to the measure—simply a good sound thrashing. Everyone has heard of the story of the child who was continually whimpering and quarreling. In despair the mother cried : "Are you sick? What do you want?" Gravely the child answered, "I think, mamma, I want a whipping." She received the whip-

ping and there was a marked improvement in her temper.

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	The "Hip	Movement" a	New Femi-
	Concernant and	nine Fad.	
		als shi <u>ne int</u> hi	GRAN OF GAMES

An Ungraceful Habit Which Detracts From the "Poetry of Motion."

For the love of grace girls, cries the Warren (O.) Tribune, hold your hips quiet when you walk. With the new straight front effect has come peculiar hip move-ment which consists of the lifting of the right hip when the right foot is advanced and lifting of the left hip with the left foot. The result is something hideously ward. Walking should be a graceful motion; it should mean a gliding forward by means of a series of steps. Now, the feet ought to be able to move forward without the hips pushing along by that awful swinging movement. Hold the hips quiet and walk with your feet. When a girl gets on a skirt with hip trimmings, a shirt waist pulled down in front and a veil on her hat she sometimes thinks this so fashionably swell she must emphasize the fact some way, and too often she does it by swinging her hips. For the love of grace, girls, hold your hips quiet when you walk.

-The statement of George W. Hall, in his suit against the New York Central railroad company, has been filed at the office of the prothonotary in Lycoming county. Mr. Hall asks \$10,000 for injuries to his eye, resulting from a large cinder which issued from one of the engines of a train on which he was brakeman on Jan. 20th, 1901. He avers that he was ordered to go forward and help to fire the middle engine, and that while doing so he was struck by the cinder. He alleges that there was no spark arrester on the engine, else the accident could not have happened.

----Mr. James McConnell, a retired merchant, of Paper Run, Blair county, who is past 86 years of age, has this summer built himself a house, doing all the work himself from laying the foundation to the putting on of the roof. Jimmy is a regular old hustler.

Miss Ruth Bryan To Up Work Among Poor.

A Chicago special of August 23rd, says : Mrs. W. J. Bryan and daughter, Miss Ruth Bryan, left for their home at Lincoln, Neb., after having spent several days in this city. One of the objects of the trip was a visit to the Hull house settlement at Haveland and Polk streets, an institution supported by charities for the benefit of the poorer classes, and conducted by Miss Jane Addams, the noted sociologist.

It is the intention of Miss Bryan to take up the settlement work, becoming a mem-ber of the Hull house staff early in the fall. Miss Bryan, who is 19 years of age, is the eldest daughter of William Jennings Bryan She has been a student at the University of Nebraska during the past two years.

She is a young woman of unlimited energy and with an ambition to accomplish something in the way of assisting the class of children fostered by Miss Addams and others interested in such work.

Hull house was founded by Miss Addams about ten years ago, and with the assistance of wealthy and philanthropic people has extended in scope until it has become one of the leading of me one of the leading factors in sociological work in the country. Miss Bryan and her mother have been deeply interested in the settlement for a long time, and while the position will involve somewhat of a sacrifice to Miss Bryan, she feels that she will be engaging in pleasant and meritorious work.

Live Man Officially Dead.

Hollidaysburg Citizen Now Appears to Claim Inheritance.

The strange anomaly of a man being dead in law and alive in fact was brought out this week in court at Hollidayshurg. Ten years ago Christian W. Ziegler, a wellknown tobacconist of Hollidaysburg, mys-teriously disappeared, leaving his wife and family in ignorance as to his whereabouts. Three years ago his parents died at Lan-caster, leaving an inheritance for their son. Mr. Ziegler never appeared to claim the inheritance, and under a degree of the Lan-

caster county court the money was paid over to Attorney Robert W. Smith, of Holli-daysburg, an administrator appointed by the Blair county court to settle up the estate of the supposed dead man. By a solemn decree of court Mr. Ziegler was declared legally dead.

The money was distributed under the supervision of the Blair county court between his widow, orphaned son and daughter, and a Maryland surety company came their surety on the refunding bonds. The odd part of the transaction is that Mr. Ziegler was neither dead nor sleeping. When he left Hollidaysburg, in 1892, he went Peoria. Ill. He came east last week to claim his inheritance. O. H. Hewitt, Esq., of Hollidaysburg, has been retained by him to institute legal proceedings against the Maryland Surety Company on the refunding bonds.

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Mr. Hammer said :

"We do not claim that we have made