Bellefonte, Pa., October 2, 1903.

HIS FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

She lost her little boy to-day: Her eyes were moist and sweet And tender, when he went away To hurry down the street. She stood there for the longest while And watched and watched him; then She said-and tried to force a smile-

"He'll not come back again." Inside the house, her tears would come. She sank into a chair And sobbed above the battered drum And trumpet lying there.

The sunshine stole into the place-It only made her sad With thinking of the pretty grace His baby tresses had.

She minded all his little ways: She went to see his crib Up in the attic; then to gaze At platter; spoon and bib. And all the trinkets he had thought So fair to look upon— Each one of them this murmer brought:

"My little boy has gone." She wandered through the house all day. To come on things he'd left. And O, she missed his romping play And felt herself bereft! When he came home, with shining eyes. To tell of school's delight.

With something of affright. This is the pain in mothers' hearts When school days have begun; Each knows the little boy departs And haby days are done : Eabh mother fain would close her ears And hush the calling bell,

She kissed and held him motherwise

For somehow, in its tone she hears The sounding of a knell. -Chicago Tribune.

A CURE FOR WORRY.

Electa Dunham was one of the most in spiring women I ever knew. It was her indomitable good cheer that made her so inspiring, and the secret of her good cheer was, as she was always free to confess, that she never had borne in her life—nor meant to bear—a mite of trouble that she had not really had, or that other folks hadn't had —for half the ills of the village rested easily upon her broad shoulders. "It's troubles that don't ever come near you that wear you out," she would say.

Just to look at Electa Dunham did one good. She was large and solidly built, with a large, solid, sweet-natured face, a large, pleasant nose and gray eyes that sparkled gaily when she talked.

She had buried her husband and several sons. She was poor and had hard work to keep her farm. She did not know to a certainty whether her old age would be provided for. She had, moreover, a chronic ailment from which she had much to dread. If, however, in my intense interest for her, I let fall the least word that showed that I was not as care-free about her as she was about herself, she would laugh comfortably. Her laugh-more a chuckle in reality than a laugh—was the most con-tagious thing to which I ever listened. "Now don't you go to getting like Cor-

nelia," she would say. "One worrier sit-ting around is enough. Wait till we get there! Wait till we get there! I haven't ever been to the front door, yet, to let a worry in, and I never am going to. They've got to come round to the back and climb in the buttery window for themselves, so

Cornelia, the only one of her daughters left at home—the others had married strugglingly, and in addition to all her other cares, she had to "pull 'n haul them," as she expressed it, through every household emergency-was the strangest contrast to her mother. Weak-eyed and bent, cadaverous and shrinking, at thirty she look all of fifty. Mentally she was a greater contrast still. Worry, worry, worry! From morning to night, how that woman did worry! Her forehead was always puckered, her lips drawn, and her soul in a ferment. She must have inherited her disposition from some forlorn ances tress on her father's side.
"It's those Dunhams," Mrs. Electa con-

fided to me once. "Barring Stephen, they were a poor spirited lot, if I say it a shouldn't. Good ? Land, yes ! they were good-good as Job, and just about as com-

One autumn as I was leaving Mrs. Dunham, not to see her again until the following summer, she remarked to me with her irresistible chuckle: "By the time you get round again, I am going to have Cornelia cured of worrying-plump cured, out and out !"

My face must have expressed my astonishment and incredulity, even my alarm. I could not see how, without taking Cornelia apart and putting her together again, upon altogether new lines, so ingrained a fault was to be eradicated. 'Oh, I ain't goin' to do anything to her,

leastway nothing to hurt," she chuckled again, in answer to my look; "just you wait and see."

I was never so surprised by anything in my life as I was by my first glimpse of Cornelia the following summer. She had grown to look like her mother. I had never noticed the slightest resemblance be-The lines of her face and figure had filled out, She held herself erect. Her expression was placid: She was, what I never dreamed that she had it in her to become, a comely, wholesome, attractive-looking young woman. The mental change was equally great. The lines of her mind seemed to have filled out like those of her body. A latent sense of humor (formerly I would as soon have looked for humor in a cow) had developed itself. I realized with a sense of keen pleasure, that Cornelia was no longer to be a dullbackground for Mrs. Electa's and my enjoyment We were to be three of each other. companions for the future. Over my supper that evening, I all but choked three or four times at some dry, quick, telling repartee that she made to her mother's gen-

What had happened? Was she going to be married? Sometimes that sort of happiness coming into a colorless life will re juvenate it. After tea, I wandered into the front parlor, with Mrs. Electa at my heels. I was not fond of the front parlor; I merely wanted to go through the dear, queer old house from garret to cellar and

left it. The first thing that my eyes fell upon, exactly in the middle of the ingrain carpet, the "three ply," that covered the par-lor floor, was a bushel basket, and, close beside it, two large, cheap, gaudy vasesground glass they were—with magenta roses painted upon them. I all but fell over them. Their position was most precarious. One had to go out of one's way

"Whatever," I exclaimed, in my surprise, "are those things doing there?"
"Oh, those," Mrs. Electa chuckled, those are the cure for worry. Cornelia keeps 'em there so she won't forget she's

She said no more. I felt as balked in my curiosity as the man did who badgered his seat-mate on the cars to tell him how he had lost his leg, until he extorted from him the information that "'T was bit off," and could extort no more.

Moreover, she had so much to tell me, as she followed me about, of her daughters and her grandchildren-three new ones during the winter-and of the neighbors,

that she could not stop.

Later in the evening, however, as we were sitting on the grass of the front door yard, sheltered from the dew by the trees, my curiosity, that was still eating me up, got the better of me. Cornelia was in the back kitchen "putting the bread to raise."
"Will you tell me," I demanded, "what that bushel basket and those ground-grass urns on the parlor floor have to do with

Cornelia's worrying ?"

"It's her not worrying they've got to do with," Mrs. Electa responded. And then she gurgled with delight, over something that was in her mind. For fully half a minute, she gurgled before proceeding on her conversational way. If I could only get her started! She was as hard to start and as hard to stop when once started as one of Walter Scott's romances. "Well, I'll tell you," she began, at length. "Maybe you might want to cure somebody yourself some day, and I don't

hold with keeping remedies secret that's been tried and you know are going to

work."
"To begin at the beginning, I bought those two vases with the egg money and I put 'em down along with the bushel bask-et where you saw them, spang in the middle of the parlor floor. I took Cornelia in and I showed them to her, the first day I

' 'Now, Cornelia,' I said to her, 'those things are going to set there right where they be, till you get rid of what's ruining your life in this world and making you so you won't have any power to enjoy what's waiting for you in the next. You wouldn't more 'n get set down up in heaven before you'd begin worrying about something. You'd think your wings was a size too big, or you'd begun to moult. You'd find

something to worry about if you had to hunt for it on your hands and knees.'
"Then I explained to her what I was going to do. I was going to watch the wrinkle between her eyes that was getting as deep and as set as an old woman's of eighty. I wasn't going to take my eyes off it. Every time I saw it tying itself up into bow-knots, I was going to ask her pointblank what 'twas she was worrying about and she'd got to speak up and tell me, in so many words. Then she'd got to take a pen and paper—Cornelia never was any kind for writing; you know; she can do it and do it correct; she could teach school for that matter, but it comes like hoeing corn to her-and write out word for word just exactly what she'd been telling me. Then she'd got to fold up what she'd written and put it in an envelope, and carry it into the front parlor and put it into one of those ground-glass vases, the

"Folks were commanded, so I told her, to spread everything out that was on their minds before the Lord. Most generally they did it on their knees, but 'twas best for her, I considered, to do it on paper. "Twould pin things down to where she could get a realizing sense of 'em.

She could go on writing over, the whole vase full, from beginning to end, and separate them into two piles, the ones that had come to something and the ones that hadn't. Those that had in the bushel basket.

"It went against Cornelia terrible, the idea of having the front parlor all littered up with her worries that way. I knew twould. I hadn't laid awake nights plan ning and devising something that would really take hold of her, for nothing." "Well," and here Mrs. Electa was in-

terrupted by another fit of chuckling, "there was doings for the next few months, I do assure you.

'No sooner would I see that line, deepening and drawing itself up between her sionary's wife, I should enjoy that petti-eyes than I would make her stop, right coat all the more. There was a bias ruffle short off, no matter what she was doing—round the bottom and fine tucks on top of bakin' pies or settin' the table for dinner; sometimes 'twould be in the midst of a terrible flurry, everything to be done and was." no time to do it in. Once she was getting ready for the church sociable, and I made her sit down right where she was, one shoe off and the other shoe on, and tell me about it, and then write the whole thing out, word for word, just as she told it to me. more. 'Twasn't any joke, either, carrying those worries of hers into the front guess, to think of their being shut up there, alone, all winter, with the Lord, in and play something for us." the cold. There was something tomb-like

and awe-inspiring about it. "She got, Cornelia did, so she kept her back to me as much as she could, so I shouldn't see that line between her eyes, and more'n she could help. Bless you! I could tell just by the set of her shoulders thinking so. She'd a bin wore out before

she was cured, if I hadn't. "Well, Thanksgiving came along. My other girls were coming to have it with me, and their husbands and the children. There was a terrible big baking on. The front parlor was opened up, there was a fire in the air-tight and 'twas smelling of mince

pies and cakes like a bake-shop.

'Cornelia 'd been fussing around in there for quite a spell, taking things up and dusting them and setting 'em down again in a fidgety kind of a way. I saw plainly what 'twas was on her mind, and plainly what 'twas was on her mind to me, the tears still dropping from off her cheeks: "'Twould'nt have answered for her not to have it?'' she whispered, interpretation of the music ceased. Mrs. Electa turned to me, the tears still dropping from off her cheeks: "'Twould'nt have answered for her not to have it?'' she whispered, interpretation of the music ceased. Mrs. Electa turned to me, the tears still dropping from off her cheeks: "'Twould'nt have answered for her not to have it?'' she whispered, interpretation of the music ceased. Mrs. Electa turned to me, the music cea I felt sorry for her, I can tell you I did. It hurt me, I did assure you, a lot more'n it did her, not to knuckle under to my feelings.

eer old house from garret to cellar and ake sure it was all there, just as I had tit.

"No, Cornelia,' I says, Thanksgiving or no Thanksgiving, those things set right where they be. You aren't half cured yet of what's ailing you and you know it as well as I do. What's more, you aren't half trying. Folks get what they try for, in the general run in this world. If they don't get it, it's because they don't try.'

"I don't know as I want to say much about that Thanksgiving Day. There's doctor take your temperature? he asked. things that have been necessary in most folks lives, I suppose, that they don't take "I hain't missed anything but my watch any great comfort talking about. The as yit, boss."

turkey and the pies might just as well have been sawdust for all the taste there was to them so far as I was concerned; and the children skylarking around drove me wild. If Cornelia had got mad and stormed around I could have stood it. As it was, you couldn't see anything unusual about her except that her cheeks were about her, except that her cheeks were feverish and her hands shook, and she was gentler than common with the young ones. Cornelia's got the sweetest disposition, if I do say it as shouldn't that ever was put into a woman.

"It was the turning point, though, that Thanksgiving Day. After that, she really tried, hard as 'twas in her to try. She had a good long stretch of winter to make progress in. Folks talk about the season changing. I guess I'd be the first one to know it, if a New England winter showed

any sign of shortening up.
"Spring came lagging along as usual.
The snow was beginning to melt and things was thawing out in the front parlor, when our turn came in sight for having the sewing society. I'd seen it looming up like a rock ahead all winter. Did seem as though I hadn't got the backbone to let those things sit right out there in the midst of the parlor floor sewing society afternoon. Shaming Cornelia before her own flesh and blood was one thing, shaming her before the whole town was another. She was most cured, too, and she'd done well. She hadn't earned a finish up

like that. "I didn't worry over it. I don't know how to worry. I spent the heft of my time, though, trying to think out some way of giving in without her knowing I'd given in. I guess I'm not the first mother that has sheered off from a p'int at issue that way, without a child knowing she's

"I got to reflecting upon the Lord's dealings with His children, thinking maybe I'd get hints for dealing with mine. It was borne in upon me, as I was thinking about them, that, except in cases bere and there like Pharaoh's—and Cornelia wasn't a mite like Pharaoh—the Lord didn't discipline right straight along without any let up. When he saw the least sign that folks were beginning to do as they knew they'd ought to, he'd surprise them with a mercy, when they were the least expecting it; a real human, comforting kind of a mercy, not the kind that you have to wait until you get half way through eternity before

you get reconciled to it as such.
"I thought I'd copy the ways of the
Lord and try surprising Cornelia with a mercy—a big one—that would tickle her most to death, and see if it wouldn't finish

up the cure in a hurry.
"I took some money I'd got laid away" -here I gave a perceptible start in my chair, for I knew what that money was laid away for-"and I bought her a melodeon-so much down and the rest on the installment plan. She'd wanted one ever since she was knee-high to a grasshopper. I thought maybe the time had come I couldn't afford not to buy her one, when 'twas going to cost too much to do with-

out it. "She come home from the village one afternoon—I'd sent her off on purpose— and found it sitting there in the front parlor. Well"-here Mrs. Electa stopped and it into one of those ground-glass vases, the first one that she come to, next to the door, and leave it there in the presence of the Lord and see what come of it in the lord. Well'—left after Letter steps the Lord and mopped her eyes—''when she aw it sitting there, she cried like a baby, and cried, and cried and couldn't stop cryther Lord and see what come of it in the couldn't stop that any more than she could the crying. I had to make her a cup of green tea, to settle her nerves. If I hadn't I dunno but what she'd a bin crying yet.
'Twas the devil of worry rending his way out of her, once for all, I guess. I haven't seen hide nor hair of him since. He's gone

for good. self, but Cornelia wouldn't let me. Sewing Society afternoon, if she didn't rise come to something, she was to put into the other vase, the one that was furthest from the door; those that hadn't she was to put to them all why those things were sitting.

Then he came on to Newburg, and then proceeded to his destination.

Davis weighed 137 pounds when he startthere, the vase and the basket, and confess to them all, just as if it had been class meeting, that she'd been a wicked woman all her days. She hadn't trusted the Lord, for anything, big or little. She was going, so he she was spared, to turn over a new leaf. She hoped they'd all help her on her way. They all got to crying, and Miss Bascom, she'd forgot her handkerchief, then I was afraid 'twould fluster her to know I'd been watching her, and I thought, anyway, if I was the home mis the ruffle, two broad and three parrow 'Twas a handsome petticoat, that petticoat

Mrs. Electa stopped suddenly; she had said all there was to say, and was never a woman to go on after that was reached. We sat in our rocking-chairs, under the

trees for a time, silently. The grass had soft white irregular flickings upon it. Mrs. Twould take her half an hour, sometimes | Electa's spectacles shone in the moonlight like gig-lamps.

"Cornelia," she called at last, raising her parlor, cold winter days. 'Twas like an coice that it might travel around the corner ice-box. It kind of solemnized her, too, I of the house to the woodshed. 'Ain't you most through with the bread? Set down

My nerves contracted in anticipation of what I feared I was about to endure. The opera and the choicest of music wherever it is to be had, are my one extravagance. 1 pinch and scrap that I may enjoy them. Presently out upon the summer night came stealing the very essence of the soul when she was worrying! They'd all kind of a true musician. It was only a melo-of round over and hump up. I didn't dion, bought upon the installment plan, overdo the matter, though. When she only simple old melodies, like "Annie thought I wasn't noticing, I left her go on Laurie" and "The Swanee River." It was the soul of a musician nevertheless.

The tears rolled down Mrs. Electa's crying. The homely farmhouse, the milkpans in the shed, the bread that was raising, all these things faded away from our consciousness, and a world of sweet, pure

romance took their place.

The music ceased. Mrs. Electa turned

the depths of my heart. "It would not!"

—By Mrs. Charles T. Collins in the House-hold Ledger.

The Darky and the Doctors.

An old negro living in Carrollton was taken ill recently, and called in a physician of his race to perscribe for him. But the old man did not seem to be getting any better, and finally a white physician w called. Soon after arriving, Dr. S-felt the darky's pulse for a moment, and then examined his tongue. "Did your other doctor take your temperature? he asked. "I don't know, sah," he answered, feebly; Fiendish Murder.

Paymaster Ferguson, of the Construction Company of that Name, the Victim. His Companion Will

One of the most fiendish and bloodthirsty murders and robberies in the history of Washington county occurred last Friday afternoon on the Middleton road about fifteen miles from Washington. Samuel T. Ferguson, of the Ferguson Construction company, of Pittsburg, was instantly killed, and his scoretary, Charles L. Martin, of Cincinnati, was fatally injured. The two men were driving along the road in a buggy carrying \$3,600 in cash with which to pay off some of their men employed on construction work along the line of the Wabash railroad, when suddenly an explosion of dynamite in the roadway literally tore the rig to pieces, killed Ferguson outright and threw Martin 200 feet, tearing his left arm almost from the socket. It has been learned that two men, supposed to be Poles, placed the dynamite in the road for the purpose of killing Paymaster Ferguson and had arranged to explode it by means of an electric battery. The satchel containing the money is missing.

Two objects are under arrest in the camp of the construction company near the village but the farmers of the section, who are scouring the country for traces of the murderers believe they have one of them at bay in an abandoned coal mine about a mile and a half northeast of West Middle-

So quickly was everything accomplished that the men who are implicated got away with their booty before they could be overtaken although the county authorities be lieve that if the right men are not under arrest they will have little difficulty in taking them.

Without Food or Water Ten Days. Convicts Nearly Die While Concealed Awaiting a Chance to Escape from Prison,

Drayton Wedlin, convicted of murder, and E. V. Rice, convicted of larceny, serving sentences in the North Carolina penitentiary, attempted to escape ten days ago, and lived in a garret until Tuesday without food or water.

The two men were out with the other prisoners in the walled yard on Sunday last. When the roll was called at 6 p. m. Melin and Rice was missed. A search revealed a portion of their clothing lying beside a wall where they had apparently dug their way out. Supt. Kerr declared after what he thought was a thorough search, of the premises, that the men were not within the grounds.

Others insisted that the prisoners could not have got away. Last Tuesday they were found in the dark and dingy garret over a deserted shoeshop inside the grounds. They were lying helpless on the floor. They had out away the board ceiling and replaced the planks in a most skillful man-ner. Their purpose had been to seek an opportunity to scale the walls, but it never

Trooper's 2,000 Mile Ride. Davis Wins Race from Oklahoma to West

Trooper Davis, of the Eighth cavalry has reached West Point, being the first of a detachment of twelve troopers who started from Oklahoma twenty-nine days ago on a test ride of 2,000.

The men were allowed to eat and sleep when they pleased, relays of horses being provided every thirty miles. The object of the ride was to cover the distance in the shortest practicable time.

Davis, being the lighest man of the ries and putting them into the vase next to Sewing Society, I was going to take those thus had the advantage of getting the pick the door till 'twas full, I told her, and vases and the bushel basket away. I was of mounts at the relay stations. He rode then she'd got to sit down and read them sick and tired of the sight of them. I don't up the east bank of the Hudson after know as you'd believe what I'm telling you now. I can't hardly believe it mywhere his horse gave out. The ferry hav-Come ing stopped, he reported his arrival by n't rise signaling across the river to West point.

> ed and now weights but 108 pounds. He was very tired, but happy to think he had broken the record for the distance, which is forty-five days. The ride is one of sev eral taken to test the stamina of men and horses, made at the suggestion of Gen. S. B. M. Young, the new chief of staff.

\$2.50 Coffin for Rich Man. Professor Wright was Opposed to Expensive

Incased in a plain, unpainted pine box that did not cost more than \$2.50, the body of Prof. Max Wright, instructor in modern languages in Leland Stanford university, and the son of wealthy parents, was buried at Grand Rapids, Mich., on last Wednes

The funeral was ordered by Professor Wright. He believed that the present custom of lavish burials is barbarous and economically wrong. Before his death he directed that the \$200 of his money that ordinarily would be spent for a funeral be used for a public fountain as a monument

to his memory.
Professor Wright's father did the work of the undertaker. There was no religious service and the body was taken to the grave in a plain wagon. At the grave Dr. P. B. Wright, father of the dead man, addressed the relatives and friends, ex plaining the reason for the simple funeral.

—Atkinson Addlemen Kelly, a well-known and highly respected citizen of Lawrence township, Clearfield county, died at his home Saturday, September 12th, of organic heart trouble. Mr. Kelly was born in Half-moon valley, this county, on March 12th, 1838. His parents move The tears rolled down Mrs. Electa's to Clearfield county about the year 1848, cheeks, and dropped into her lap. I was and settled on what is now known as the old Kelly farm near Lumber City. He entered the army in August, 1863, served until the close of the war. In 1869, he was married to Jerusha Bloom and to this union six children were born, five of whom survive him. He lived with his parents for a number of years, and then purchased the farm where he spent the re-

The Westerner in New York.

A newly arrived Westerner was confronted in a street of New York late at night by a ruffian with leveled revolver, who made the stereotyped demand : "Give me your money or I'll blow your brains out."
"Blow away," said the Westerner, "you can live in New York without brains, but you can't live without money."

His Pleasant Expression.

At the photographer's: "Have I the pleasant expression you need?" (Voice from under the cloth)—"Perfectly, sir." my face."-Life.

Swaps Cart for Hay.

Consolidated Lake Superior Forced to Barter its Property-Has no Cash to Pay Anything.

A Saulte Ste. Marie, Mich, dispatch says: There was an element of comedy in Tuesday's developments in the Consolidated Lake Superior situation and were it not for destitution caused by lack of money it would all be a laughing matter. As it is, men having checks for hundreds of dollars are going about begging a pipeful of tobacco, eating at the expense of others and sleeping on the floor of a car barn.

A company capitalized at more than \$100,000,000 and owning plantsrepresenting a cash expenditure of \$30,000,000 is unable to buy fodder for its horses and is forced to ewap things that do not eat to buy fodder for things which do eat.

William Coyne, assistant to President Shields, and upon whose shoulders now rests the responsibility of caring for the thousands of men thrown out of employment by the closing down of the various industries of the Consolidated, stated Tues-day that he had been obliged to trade a cart for six tons of hay to keep the horses

belonging to the company from starvation.
"The animals," he said, "have been kept down to the least amount of fodder possible without endangering their health, but what we had is gone, and they had to be fed. I could find no person in the Soo willing to take a check or give credit, and was forced to make some kind of a deal to

"The men who are still in the woods are on half rations, and have but enough to keep them going for two days. The men at the mines are not at work, and will be in, I expect, on the Minnie M. The men from the woods will be in within a day or two."

Mr. Coyne was asked when the International hotel would be closed, and replied: 'If we close that somebody will starve, for we are doing what we can to feed the

discharged employes there."

Asked where he got the money to buy provisions for the hotel, he said: "We have a lot of liquor in the cellar and the bar business nets us about \$60 per day. The hotel has done pretty well this summer, so that it is not in very bad condition with the revenue from the bar. We are compelled to pay cash for everything, however, for not a man in the Soo will give credit to the Consolidated or anybody who

is associated with it past or present."

The announcement that Speyer & Co. will soon sell the properties is received with satisfaction, although with some feelings of anxiety lest the plants should fall into the hands of a corporation which would keep them closed permanently.

One and all are sad at the news that Mr. Lewis and those who were first associated with Clergue will lose all. Lewis is well liked here and the people would like to see him win out, and on the American side it was announced officially Tuesday that the Union Carbide company, whose plant is practically completed, will in ten days begin the manufacture of the drums in which the product of the plant is shipped. They will turn out from 1,500 to 2,000 drums per day, having a capacity of 100 pounds

The president of the company said two power company was ready to furnish elec-tricity the company would start up with a force of 400 men, taking about 11,000 horse power and that within a year would em-ploy 1,000 men and take its full allotment of 20,000 horse power. This naturally gives a feeling of satisfaction to the people of the American Soo, although it does not help the situation on the other side any.

ican side have been busy the past two days, large number of Finlanders comi having come from the camps of the Consolidated. Monday afternoon and night two robberies were committed and one attempt was frustrated. Chief of Police Burdick believes they were committed by discharged men from the woods.

He Went to Church.

"James," she said, as they were packing for a short trip into the country, you going to wear that outing shirt?" "are Certainly," he responded. "You don't "Oh, no; but you must put in one white

one, you know, We'll be there over Sunday."
"What of it?" he asked irritably.

"What of it!" she repeated in surprise think it awful if you didn't." "But if I forgot to bring the white shirt," he suggested, "she-" "But you musnt't forget it," she inter-

rupted. "You must go really. You promised you'd do what I wanted you to on this trip."

He sat down in a corner of the room with his grip in front of him and thought it all over for a minute. Then he said:
"All right, Jennie. If it'll please you

I'll take one." He took a shirt out of the drawer and jammed it into a grip, and to show her appreciation of the act she put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

And the following Sunday morning while he was getting his last doze, she took the shirt out of the valise and laid it on the chair. Then she went back to the valise and a moment later her voice rang out clear and sharp:

"James, where are your collars and "Hey?" he said, partially awakened. 'Oh. collars and cuffs. Aren't they there?'

"No; they're not there." "I must have forgotten them," he said yawning and turning over.
You certainly didn't bring them."

There was a menacing ring to her voice, out he failed to notice it. "Then I can't go to church," he said.
"Yes, you can," she retorted. "I know you, James Stringer, and you can't fool me

And he went wearing a 17 collar belonging to "Uncle Henry" on a 15 neck b longing to himself. And the cuffs could have been put on outside his coat sleeves. But he went just the same, and the next time he tells his wife he will go anywhere he will make preparations accordingly .-

Brooklyn Eagle.

A Dead Letter.

As defined: "Say, mamma," queried little Mary Ellen, "what's a dead letter?" 'Any letter that is given to your father to mail, my dear," replied the wise mother. -Chicago News.

A Puzzle to the Last.

When a woman tells a man just what she from under the cloth)—"Perfectly, sir." thinks of him she really tells him just "Then let her go quick, governor; it hurts what she wants him to think she thinks. -Somerville Journal.

Gomel Riots Terrible.

Jews at Mercy of Russian Murderers and Plunderer -Nearly 400 Houses Wrecked

A press correspondent has made an investigation on the spot of the "pogrom," as the Russians describe the anti-Semitic riots which occurred at Gomel September

11th and were renewed for several days.

The riots were smaller, but perhaps more remarkable than those which took place at Kischeneff, because the police and military openly sided with the plunderers and murderers, the "Pogromshiks." The troops, supported by many educated and well-to-do Christians, formed a movable shield be-hind which the "Pogromshiks" ruthlessly demolished the Jewish homes and shops and cruelly clubbed such Jews as fell into their hands, leisurely proceeding from street to street and district to district.

The commerce and industry of Gomel which is considerable, is largely in the hands of the Jewish population, numbering 26,000. Few of the residents are wealthy, but there are no paupers. The Jewish artisans incline to Socialism.

The trouble began September 11th, a holiday-the day of the beheading of John

the Baptist—in a wrangle in the fruit and fish markets between moujiks (peasants) and Jews. The wrangle ended in a free fight, in which many were wounded, one monjik dying from his injuries. The moujiks demanded vengeance and employed the following days, Saturday and

Sunday, in inflaming the anti-Semite agi-tation, the leaders being an officer named Pensky and a rich merchant named Potrachenko. Everybody knew that a "pogrom" would occur Monday, and the Jews appealed for protection to Chief of Police Ravsky, who

summoned an infantry regiment from its summer encampment. Thus there were 1,600 soldiers in the city.

At the luncheon hour Monday anti-Semitic railway workmen to the number of some hundreds began an organized attack on the Jewish houses in Zamaykaya street, sacking them and demolishing or spoiling the bulky articles they contained by soaking them with kerosene. Police Chief Ravsky had placed police and troops on the street, but they acted as if they in-tended to protect the "pogrimshiks" from interference. Jews who tried to cross their lines to rescue co-religionists were brutally clubbed with the soldiers' guns, bayonette

or arrested Meanwhile recruits for the "pogromshiks" poured steadily over a bridge leading from the railway workshops. A by-stander begged the commander of the gen-darmes to send troops to guard the exit from the bridge. The officer replied, from the bridge. The officer replied threatening the man with arrest and say

ing :
"We know what we have to do." The plunderers now proceeded from street to street, the troops and police following them. They subsequently visited the Jewish quarter called "America," then "Konnaya Square," the upper end of Roumianzovskaya street, the principal thoroughfare of the gomel, and the district

called "Caucasus." Altogether nearly 400 houses and shops were wholly or partially wrecked, the windows smashed, the blinds and frames splinweeks ago when here that as soon as the power company was ready to furnish elec-

lamps, destroyed or stolen.

The state department having been appealed to by some of the Jewish residents of Philadelphia who were concerned over the safety of their kinsmen at Gomel to procure news of their relatives, the department has sent a communication to the American charge at St. Petersburg asking The immigration officials on the Amer- him whether American interests were involved in the affair.

How to Make Shoes Wear.

Considerable difference will be found in the wearing qualities of two pairs of shoes of the same quality and make worn by different persons. No shoes worn continuously in the house and out doors will give as much wear as a pair of shoes worn one day and then left to rest a day. It saves money to wear cheap house shoes within doors and let the shoes worn out doors rest and get back into shape while the owner is

within doors. Keep an old pair of shoes to wear under suppose I am going to loaf around in a starched one, do you?"

Reep an old pair of states to wear under rubbers. The perspiration of the feet which India rubber excites ruins good leather. Select strong calfskin and keep it well oiled in winter for outdoor use.

Low shoes are better for house wear, because they give the foot a chance to be ventilated as the hand is not afflicted as the 'Why, James, you can't go to church in | foot so often is with corns, callous places an outing shirt, and you must go to and chilblains. This is because it is conchurch, you know. Aunt Maria would tinuously exposed to the air. Even when kid gloves are worn they do not compress the hand so much as the average boot does the foot, and they are not worn continuously, as a boot is.

> -Railroads throughout the country are waging war against the use of intoxicating liquors and tobacco by their employes who are engaged in operating the lines. The fiat has gone forth generally that employes who drink or frequent places where liquors are sold are not safe to intrust with the lives of patrons or with the valuable property transported by the railroads. The rules which have recently been inaugurated against the use of tobacco are not so stringent as those against liquor, but generally they proscribe tobacco while on duty and when about stations. As for the cigarette, the order against it is almost as severe as that against whiskey. The

rule is being strictly enforced.

A Philadelphia school girl said to her father the other night: "Daddy, I've got a sentence I'd like to have you punctuate. You know something about punctuation, don't vou?' "Yes, a little," said her cautious parent

as he took the slip of paper she handed him. This is what he read : "A \$5 bill flew around the corner." He studied it carefully and finally said :

Well, I'd simply put a period after it, ike this." 'I wouldn't," said the high school girl; "I'd make a dash after it."-Philadelphia Ledger.

Carried Small-pox into Court.

A man by the name of Nesbit from Bakerton was one of the jurors drawn to serve at Ebensburg last week. The small-pox also claimed his attention unknown to the court, and despite his physician's orders he succeeded in escaping and reaching the county seat in time for the opening of the court. He mingled with his fellow talesmen until noon, when his condition became known and he was informed that the disease had a stronger hold on his actions than the law, and he was compelled to vamoose the sacred precints of the court house in more than a hurry-Patton Courier.

-Most men are allowed lots of latitude, if they are only willing workers.