Bellefonte, Pa., October 23, 1903.

CONTENTMENT.

Happy the man that, when his day is done, Lies down to sleep with nothing of regret-The battle he has fought may not be won— The fame he sought be just as fleeting yet Folding at last his hands upon his breast,

Happy is he, if hoary and forespent, He sinks into the last, eternal rest, Breathing these only words : "I am con

But happier he, that, while his blood

Sees hopes and friendships dead about him Bares his brave breast to envy's bitter storm Nor shuns the poisoned barbs of calumny

And 'mid it all, stands sturdy and elate, Girt only in the armor God hath meant For him who 'neath the buffetings of fate

Can say to God and man : "I am content." - Eugene Field

A STORY OF MATRIMONY.

"It must be the cold that's keeping Miss Louise, this morning. She's that late."
Maggie Gilligan, the old woman who had
been a servant in the Barnard family for nearly forty years, rubbed the back of a stiff hand against ber red nose, glanced anxiously at the clock and then at the table, hesitating as she realized that coffee, rolls and omelet would be ruined in five

"Sure. I'm glad she's goin' to New York to-morrow," added Maggie, as she threw another lump of cannel coal into the grate. "The counthry's that lonesome in winther and as cold as the saints dead this hundred years. It's low-spirited she is. too, and small blame to her. A good time is what she's afther needin,' God bless

She broke off suddenly and stepped to one side, smoothing her crisp apron and giving a last, anxious glance at the fas-tidious table as she heard a swirl of skirts

"Good-morning, Maggie. What, hasn't the postman come get?"

Louise Barnard glanced at the table as she passed it, hurrying to the fire and rubbing the palms of her hands smartly together. Maggie watched her with eyes quick to discern the least disfavor of her

"No," she answered, "he ain't come yit. The drifts are that big there's no getting

through, I'm thinking."
"Of course. I had forgotten the storm." Miss Barnard set down the coffee-pot and turned toward the window. From her chair she could see a wide sweep of lawn where the January drifts sparkled blindingly under a cloudless morning sky. Not a breath of wind stirred the heavily laden boughs of the pine-trees, and the hush of the frozen, shrouded world penetrated even to the cozy room where the geraniums spread their green palms to the sunshine With a little shiver of satisfaction, Miss

Barnard turned toward the hearth. "There's the mail now," she exclaimed, as heavily booted feet clumped up the

"A telegram, Miss Louise !" exclaimed the old woman, coming back with nervous haste and forgetting to close the outer door. through which the winter air hurtled like

a spear.
"I hope it's nothing bad, miss." she ventured, her eyes ignorantly compassionate in months " as her mistress tore the yellow envelope, read the two lines within and laid the paper beside her plate.

Louise smiled faintly. "An urgent invitation," she answered. She smiled again as she stirred her coffee and reread the telegram: "Can you come? Baby and little Lou sick. No cook. Affectionately,

"Two cents for that last word before her name," said Louise, slowly. "Connie all over. Poor girl." She stared absently at the window, her breakfast forgotten in the asked Louise, innocently. contemplation of that picture which had

been thrust before her.

"As soon as you have finished your house-work," she said, quietly, to the old woman who was moving around the table, "pack your bag and get ready to go with me. I am going to spend a week with

"You'll not go to New York, afther all, then?" began Maggie, her wrinkled face expressing disapproval as well as disap-

"Not just now," returned Louise. "Mrs. Stanton and the children are not very well and I must go to them. We'll take the early afternoon train, so be as quick as you can, for you'll have to see your brother about staying in the house, and I must go to the bank."

She spoke without raising her voice from its usual languid sweetness, but Maggie's eyes fell submissively; the words her lips shaped were soundless. "Sure, it's God's world but the devil has the bossin' of it," she murmured, as she left the room.

Miss Barnard, standing before her open trunk and looking at the clothes which she had begun to take out and lay on the bed, turned a reflective face as the old woman entered and offered to help her.
"I think I'll just take a hand-bag," she

said. She paused a moment, her finger at her lip, her eyes raised to the small bright ones of the servant, who stood several inches taller than her mistress. "I have decided to bring Miss Connie and the children back with me instead of staying there," she added.

"Back here? Not in this weather, ma'am," stammered Maggie ma'am," stammered Maggie, respectful resentment in her tones. "Where'd you be afther putting them all? Sure there ain't but two of them little stoves in the house, and all them children-why, they'd have the place tore up in no time.'

stopped abruptly, biting her lips.

Even the privilege of a quarter of a century of service would scarcely bridge this

remonstrance.

Miss Barnard dropped her eyelids again.

"We could manage," she said, gently.

"Manage," repeated Maggie fiercely, to herself. "Manage." Why couldn't some other folks manage' once in a while?" She sent fierce, jealous glances after Miss Barnard all the morning. Once when she saw her pick up a book which had been ripped from its fine binding by one of the children the summer before, she caught her breath quickly and left the room mut-

Louise looked after her, her mouth drawn a little. "She suffers more than I do," she thought. "What are books or china or flowers or anything compared with Con-nie and her children? Poor, poor Con-

name, so heavily darkened had the once bright and beautiful creature's life become. Unlike the cruelties of death, this living tragedy could not be forgotten.

At the station, before they took the train, she telegraphed to her sister that she would be with her that night, but even with this preparation the two women found the house, on a dingy back street of the little island city, quite dark, and, after repeated ringing, the door was finally opened by a little boy with his throat tied up in a flannel shawl.

He stared a moment, then gave a happy cry: "Aunt Lutie! Aunt Lutie!"
"Gene, dear!" Miss Barnard stopped abruptly and put her arms around the child, for a moment unable to say more.

In the dimly lit hall she had seen his pale, thin face, his outgrown frock, his

ragged shoes.
"Where's mama?" She asked, releas-

ing him and rising.
"In the kitchen, getting supper," answered the child, smoothing her sables with his cold little hands and making soft, inarticulate sounds of pleasure at the feeling of the fur.

A sudden sense of shame stung Louise. She pulled off her collar and hung it with her muff over the baluster as they went down the hall.

"Lutie! How good of you to come!" A gas-jet high overhead sent its flickering light down upon the untidy kitchen; th pretty but neglected children; the woman who, dressed in an old skirt and flannel sacque covered by a checked apron, turned from the stove, a spoon in one hand, a baby over her shoulder, and yielded herself

longingly to her sister's arms.
Louise felt her throat tighten. Was this thin, worn, draggled creature the once so

Louise bent and kissed the tiny face on her arm, then blushed hotly. The three other children were looking at her wonon the stair. The door opened and a smallish but very graceful woman, with slightly gray hair and tired, lovely eyes, came into the room. deringly, and her sister's eyes, too, held Were they not merely an alternative? Did her sister feel any compunction at the pres-ence of her children when she saw Louise's

solitary spinsterhood? She asked herself these things again as they sat at supper in the chilly dining-room and she observed that Stanton looked from her to his wife with dry, silent com-

Louise also looked at Connie. The poor girl had put on a faded but fresh cotton dress, had arranged her hair prettily and pinned a musiin fichu over her shoulders. Worn and faded as she was, harassed with anxieties, aged by toil too heavy for her slender and delicate physique, there was yet a grace, a distinction, a fineness, about her face, the poise of her head, the line of her shoulders, that gave one a pang as of some mutilated treasure. She had always been more beautiful than her elder sister; she was so still, in spite of the contrasting effect of the ten years of comfortable ease, the ten years of hardship, which separated

the two.

Louise watched her as she poured the coffee, served the children, told the funny side of the winter's troubles in an effort to hide the poor meal's deficiencies, the raggedness of the table's outfit.

"At all events, I have learned how to cook lots of things, haven't I, 'Gene?" she laughed.

A red stain appeared under Connie's eyes as if she had been crying. "I do the best I can," she said. "I have to be as econom-

ical as possible." "Yes, of course, but it seems like rather poor economy to oblige me to teach on a diet of tough beef and sloppy oatmeal," answered Stanton. "By the way," he added, "tell Maggie to leave the coffee-pot on the stove. I'll get a cup when I come

"Do you have choir rehearsal at night?"

"No, not exactly," answered Eugene, glancing at his wife. "He has his studio where he practises and gives lessons down town at the hotel. The children make such a noise, you know." Connie's voice kept a matter-of-fact cheerfulness through this explanation.

Louise looked at the three little ones,

Louise looked at the three little ones, who sat in timid silence, watching apprehensively whenever their father spoke.

"Let Maggie hold the baby, while I clear off the table," she begged. "Just tell me where the things belong. I can do it all. Where do the napkins and silver go? Oh, was been got compared."

yes, here. But, Connie—? Where is all your silver?"
"Oh, I don't use it ordinarily. It—it's too much trouble to keep it clean." Con-

nie's voice was curiously smothered.
"But the forks and spoons?"

"Oh, I just—loaned them."

Louise was silent. It had come to this, at last. Pawning.

She tried to talk gaily of home affairs, of

neighborly gossip, but each incident seem-ed a fresh pencil with which to underline the contrast between Connie's poverty and the well-being of the others, and Louise felt a hard lump in her breast.

There was an oil stove in the front bed room, where Connie slept with the baby and one of the children, and the two women sat down one on each side of it, talking in low tones, while the mother nursed her

baby. Connie spoke of the struggles and disappointments of her life with an appearance of frankness which would have deceived most persons, but Louise knew the reserve of her sister's proud nature and saw through the veil of those brave pretenses about the need of "congenial companions" and "a musical atmosphere," with which she endeavored to explain her husband's fail-

Louise murmured words of loving encouragement as she kissed her and went to bed. She moved very softly for fear of waking little Lou, who slept with her, but her patent-leather boots made a heavy noise on the uncarpeted floor and the rustle of her silk petticoats seemed insolently

Shivering in the chill of the sheets, she lay awake for a long time thinking over once more what she had planned to do and trying to study it in every aspect. As she lay there, wide-awake, she heard Eugene come softly in and creep upstairs. As he went toward his own room, Louise heard went toward his own room, Louise heard Connie say: "Did you latch the front door, "Gene? I was afraid to go to sleep until you came. What made you stay so late? Did you stop to play cards?"

"Only a game or two," whispered the man in reply, and Louise heard her sister

laugh with her. Now they looked at her while she laughed alone. Through it all, Louise had stood by them

lovingly. She admitted that Counie had ty, but sometimes infatuation end-

ed in love.

She invited the young couple to live at home with her while Eugene was building up a position in New York. And when, at the end of the year, he announced that he thought it foolish for a young unknown man to start out in a big city, that he thought he had better go to some small place and work up a reputation, Louise agreed. With Connie, and the baby which had come, she went to the town in New Jersey where Eugene had taken a place as organist, hired and furnished a little house, saw the two started, and then left them to

For a year, with Louise, and Albert, the married brother, to help, they kept it up. At the end of that year. Stanton resigned. It was not a place which would advance the stanton in the stanton in his stanton in his stanton. him, he said, and he must be rising in his profession, no matter how humbly he

This was honest, and Louise helped them to pack, move and settle themselves at e with her while Eugene was making a fresh start.

Before he found just what he wanted, another baby arrived, and Connie was so far from well that it was decided best to have her stay with Louise for six months, at least, and be ready to go to housekeeping with her husband, who by that time would be settled in his work. But three months passed before he found what he liked; then the salary was so small that Louise and Albert were constrained to send Louise and Albert were constrained to send a monthly check, and Connie, broken down by the hard work and anxiety, had to give up and go to the hospital for six weeks.

So the years had slipped craftily by, while they were expecting each to bring

the golden future. Louise, hoping steadily for better things. forgot to regret the thousand sacrifices which fed the clear flame of her love. Not a word of reproach, not a single refusal,

met Connie's appeals, and although the younger woman had more and more often felt the searing scorch of the fire which warmed ber, she shrank from the cold outside its radius.

For herself she would have endured, she

what she took. She hardened herself when she sent for her sister, poignantly aware of, yet refusing to recognize, the sacrifices to which she forced her by her importunity. She felt almost a sense of injury in that sufficiency which belonged to Louise, forgetting that she possessed it only through the sacrifice of her own life; that she owned the old nome only so long as she remained unmarried, and that she could not marry because the man she loved had died while waiting for her to finish taking care of other peo-

the ceiling cast by the arc-light in the street. As it leaped and flickered and ebbed low, yet never went out, so would Eugene's career waver through the years while he dragged his wife with him into as yet unsounded depths of sordidness.

Connie's thin face, with its large, defautly sad eyes, sensitive scarlet lips and sweet chin, the inquiring child-faces about her knees, came back again to Louise, and she shook off the weak defense which she had begun to build about herself. Whatever came. Connie should share all that

was hers. There was an added pressure in the clasp of her arm when little Lou woke in the

She smiled happily as she sat on the edge

ges breakfast!" sighed Connie, contentedly. "How often I have longed for a cup of Maggie's coffee!"

Her sister looked at her, smiling strange-ly.

"Come home mith."

ward to, for I shall never be a rich man. I have nothing to promise, nothing to offer. She has—everything." He let his hands fall and went to the window.

"Do you want me to go? Engage."

Only in that last

"Come home with me and have it every day," she said.
. "Oh," answered Connie, with a deep breath, "if I only could! When I think

how soon you must go and leave me-She could not finish. Louise saw her lip tremble. Louise herself could not speak; she was

Louise herself countrembling nervously.

Connie did not appear to notice it. She was busy putting something aside on a plate. "Maggie," she said to the old woman who was waiting on the table, the baby on her arm, "put this where it will keep hot, and make some fresh coffee in about an hour. Mr. Stanton won't be down to an hour. Mr. Stanton won't be down to an hour. Mr. Stanton won't be down to an hour won't be down to won't love you too, dear. You know that I'll try to make you happier."

They had quite forgotten everything, past sorrows and future trials—as they held each other close.

"Oh, no; but you see he can work s much better at night that he stave downtown at his studio very late, and so I let

him sleep in the morning." "And you always make fresh coffee for him?" asked Louise, gently.
"Oh, no," laughed her sister.

He will miss Maggie when you go."

"You know I must——" began Louise, when the door opened and Stanton came in. He looked from one sister to the

other "What is that?" he inquired. "You are going home, Louise? You mustn't think of it. Connie has been looking forward to having you here ever since Christmas. You can't go yet; no, indeed."

As he spoke, he was opening the morning papers one after another, glancing through them and throwing them down. "Where is my breakfast, Maggie?" he denanded. "I must go down town early this morning."
"You don't really mean that you are go

ing soon?" Connie said, in a low tone. "Why must you, Lou? No one needs you at home as I do here." Louise smiled a little. "No," she said

"but I cannot leave the house alone. And Maggie's brother has to go back to his family. If you're willing, though, I'll take little Lou with me and keep her through the winter." "That's a good idea," exclaimed Star ton, looking up from his paper. "You know she'll be much better off there than

in this house," he went on, turning to his wife, who had not spoken. "It will be easier for you, too." Louise moistened her lips. "Wouldn't

you like to have me take Connie home, too?" she asked, in a curious, light, high

tention. "I'm going to give up this job As always, she drew the deep, accustomed sigh at the mention of her sister's

takes and trials. Then they had come to the children were with you, it would be a

tremendous relief—a help for a while."
"I meant for always," said Louise, looking at him, still, with that far-off smile.
She had taken little Lou by the hand and was clinging to her now in a sort of panic, as a man clutches at a frail vine when his ladder falls beneath him.

"Oh! 'Always?" repeated Eugene, ou-

riously, doubt and a sort of relief in his voice. "You mean for Connie to live in the old place always?" He repeated the

word with emphasis.

"Yes," said Louise, "I mean for her to settle down there and make it her home.

Would you like it, Connie?" She turned to her sister with a sudden deep appeal in

look and voice.
Connie's face grew white, her eyes darkened, yet luminously. "If I only could !" she breathed. The prospect was like heaven to her wearied heart. She looked at Louise, smiling softly.
"You would be willing to let me take

her and the children—permanently?"
"Why, yes." Eugene laughed awk-wardly, but with evident relief. "If you "If you

children happy." Louise spoke earnestly, almost warningly.

"Oh, the mere being at home would be

meant that you should stay with me and leave him for—for always." Her voice rang strangely at the last word; she looked to and fro between them. "Why," she laughed, sharply, "did you think it was for him I meant it? No. I poverty, this-this neglect that you have endured for ten years through—through

all you were used to before he took you away from me.
"Yes, I say all this to you, Eugene. I know whether it is true. If she were hap-py, the rest wouldn't matter, but she is unhappy. She is tired, lonely, discouraged, sick. Sick at heart because you would have suffered, anything. But her neglect—neglect—"' Her voice came in children had made a primitive creature of sharp gasps, her eyes burned the husband her; fighting for their needs, she forgot and wife with their fused fires of love and loathing. She had risen, and now went toward Connie, her hands held out. In

> stronger than her words.
> "Come with me, Connie dear. I will take care of you, I will love you."
>
> She had taken the wife's hands as they hung nervelessly beside her, and standing close to her looked up into her silent face. Connie did not stir. She was gazing at

her husband. He had dropped the newspaper, and with his hands on the back of a chair had listened silently to Louise's terrible words. His boyish face, with its round, beautiful forehead, big blue eyes and weak mouth, had grown stiff and old as he stared back at her, and a dull-red flush stained

his eye-lids. When she had finished speak-ing, he too looked at his wife, but with expressionless eyes. "You of course understand what your sister says," he began. "She wants you to go to live with her and to leave me out

nie spoke in a level, dead voice. "Have you?" said her husband. "This seems like the first decent meal we've had in months."

The freezing dawn and turned to her. Hence-forth, this child should be her pictures, her music, her books and travel.

Her husband shrugged one shoulder, spreading out his hands in a dull caricature of indifference. "I?" he said, with a the water out of his eyes and yelled that he laugh. "What can I say? As your sister was all right. The aerodrome appeared to tells you, ever since you have been mar- be a total wreck. The bamboo and silk of the bed in her wrapper and dressed the little you, ever since you have been mar-little thing, who retarded the process by shivering hugs and kisses and snuggling of neglected. You have nothing to look for-

He turned sharply. "Do I want you to go? Want you to!" he cried out. "Why, Connie-"Don't, 'Gene, don't! Let me stay

with you !" She sobbed piteously as they ran and clung to each other. "It is only for your happiness, sweet-heart," he said, unsteadily, as he smooth-ed the head pressed close to him. "I have

tepped into the hall, Maggie was coming from the kitchen, muttering to herself and shaking her head. At sight of Louise she stopped abruptly.
"Whatever is it, miss?" she began

wonderingly, and then she opened her arms as Louise, overwhelmed in strange, unfamiliar grief, drooped forward blindly against the old nurse's shoulder, sobbing again and again : "I didn't understand. didn't understand !"-By Josephine Arthur, in the Cosmopolitan.

His Neck Was Broken

Harold Launtz, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Launtz, of Lincoln township, Cambria county, met with a shocking death last Monday afternoon, falling for-ward from a scaffold in Christ's (Casebeer) Lutheran church, now building, five miles north of Somerset, and breaking his neck. The unfortunate young man lived for probbly two or three minutes after the acci-

The workmen at the building, carpenters and brick masons, were startled by a cry of alarm about 4:30 o'clock, and some of them turned from their work in time to see young Launtz tilt forward from a scaffold twelve feet high and fall to the floor of the building, alighting on his head, says the Somerset Herald. All of them hastened as quickly as possible to his side, but were too late to render any assistance.

The unfortunate young man was 22 years of age. With his father and two brothers, Aden and Frank, he went to the church Monday morning to do a voluntary day's work, the same as nearly all of the male members of the congregation have been giving towards the erection of the new house of worship.

The dead boy was one of the most pop-

ular in the neighborhood and his sad end Eugene looked at her questioningly. 'Why, she really would be better off there,'' he began, as if uncertain of her in-

-If we could always get what we want, we would probably never want Langley Undismayed.

The Wrecking of His Aerodrome Not a Death Blow. Faith in His Ability to Make a Flyer Continues Strong as Ever-Awful Experience of His Assist-

After three months of daily preparation by the members of the Langley flying ma-chine expedition off Wide Water, Va., the big steel, sixty-foot, man-carrying aero-drome was launched from the houseboat Buzzard shortly after noon on last Wed-nesday. The trial proved to be an in-glorious failure. The aerodrome hit the water 100 yards from the launching tracks, and was wrecked. Prof. Charles M. Manand was wrecked. Prot. Charles M. Man-ley, the aeronaut, escaped with a ducking. Mr. Manley admitted, while changing his clothes shortly after he was pulled out of the river that the experiment was un-successful. Prof. Langley, when seen Wednesday afternoon at his office in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington was not in a cheerful mood.

Ever-since the flying machine expedition was towed down the Potomac to Wide Water, early last June, the scientific men have been waiting and the tests have been "And you would be willing to go, dear?

Everything I have would be yours. I weather. The scientific instruments perchwould do all I could to make you and the houseboat Buzzaid were apparently very enough," laughed Connie, a catch in her voice. "And then when Eugene comes aerial navigation. delicate, and according to their indication

aerial navigation.
On the first trial after a couple of months "No," said Louise, in a sharp, deep tone that made them both turn. "No, there would be no time when he would come. I signal rocket bomb was sent up to notify a government tug two miles down the river that the airship might be expected that was shortly, the aeronaut entered his frail car and the spectators held their breath think it was for him I meant it? No. I The motive power refused to respond to meant to take you out of this misery, this Prof. Manley's yank of the lever, bowever, and a cursory examination showed a brok endured for ten years through—through your husband's selfishness, and give you and a few other defects in the gasolene enall you were used to before he took you gine, which had been overlooked. On the second suitable day the engines worked all "Yes, I say all this to you, Eugene. I right, but one of the propellors flew off the have never said it to your wife alone. You shaft and damaged the insides of the aero-

drome. At 10 o'clock last Wednesday morning the scientific instruments all agreeing that the conditions were perfect for aerial navigation, a force of men was put to work assembling the aerodrone on the super-structure of the Buzzard. This was ac-complished soon, and shortly after noon Prof. Manley took his seat in the navigaher slight, faultlessly dressed figure, her silky gray bair, her soft, beautifully kept bands, there spoke a reproach, a plea, nal rocket and the government tug were omitted from the program. Prof. Manley merely nodded to the assembled scientists waved his hand to the man in charge of the pneumatic catapult on which the aerodrome depends for its initial velocity, and pulled the starting lever wide open. The aeronaut seemed somewhat surprised when the machine began to move.

feet a second, darted into the air, hovered uncertainly for a moment and then turned its nose downward and made for the bottom of the Potomac.

There was a gasp from the spectators, yell from the scientists on board the Buzzard, and the aerodrome, with Prof. Manley on board, hit the water and sank. As the model aerodrome, launched a month or so ago, buried its nose in the mud of the channel bed and had to be dragged for with of the question. Simply ignore the fact that you have a husband. She will take care of you—" He paused.
"Yes. Do you want me to go?" Conby a number of hollow cylinders, bobbed by a number of hollow cylinders.

The aerodrome slid along the seventy feel

of elevated tracks at the rate of about forty

up again, with Prof. Manley still seated in the navigator's chair. wings were drenched and smashed, steel propellers were broken into bits, the engine looked rather the worse for wear and the steel frame of the airship was

twisted and tangled like so much rope.

A man in a rowboat rescued Prof. Manley from the navigator's car, and a couple tugs towed the remains of the erodrome back to the Buzzard, where a very sober crew of scientists pulled it out of the water and stowed it away in sections inside the houseboat. Owing to the completeness of the wreck this undoubtedly ends the flying machine experiments for the present year. No one who saw the test of the ærodrome will venture a reason as to why it didn't

fly, other than that offered by an old naed the head pressed close to him. "I have tive of Wide Water, who remarked with a done nothing to make you happy, nothing shake of his head, as he rowed slowly back to his home on the shore, that "it wasn't the nature of the beast.'

The ærodrome did not appear to derive any momentum from its swiftly revolving propellers.
Shortly after returning to the houseboat for dry clothing, Prof. Manley made the following statement through a window to the

uewspapermen :
"It must be understood that the test today was entirely a experiment and the first of its kind ever made. The experiment was unsuccessful. The balancing, upon which depended the success of the flight, was based upon the tests of the models, and proved to be incorrect. But only an actual test of the full-size machine itself could determine this. My confidence in the future success of the work is not dampened-I mean, not shaken."

Last Wednesday's unsuccessful trial is not the first setback that Prof. Langley has had since he began his experiments in ærial navigation more than twenty years ago. Practically only once since he began his efforts to construct a mechanical bird has Prof. Langley obtained a glimpse of the goal which he has so persistently sought. This was in 1896—seven years ago—when two models sent up by Prof. Langley and his assistants, under their own motive power, furnished by a gasolene engine of the type used in last Wednesday's experiment, sailed upward of half a mile. On these occasions the model æro-drome ascended in the face of a moderate wind and sailed along a horizontal plane at a velocity of about twenty-five miles an hour, until their engines ran down, when they settled gradually and without injury to the surface of the Potomac.

Claims \$50,000 for Boll Weevil Remedy.

F. L. Richter, a practical farmer of Cuero, Tex., who this season raised nineteen bales of cotton on eighteen acres of land situated in the midst of other cotton fields which were devastated by the cotton boll weevil, recently arrived in Austin and made a formal claim on Chairman Jefferson Johnson, of the state boll weevil committee, for a prize of \$50,000 that is to be paid by the state to the person who devises a successful and practical method of exterminating the boll weevil.

—The travelling representative of the Regal Shoe—the famous \$6.00 shoe for \$3.50—will be at the Brockerhoff hotel on \$3.50—will be at the Brockerhoff hotel on er of the "spud."

Workingmen Warned. Using Socialism to Aid the Republican Machine.

Democrats should be wary of the erforts now being made by the Republican machine to entice them into the Socialist party.

The Socialist propagandists have been at work in counties that should be Democratic, and in counties where the party vote is too uncomfortably close for the Republican machine leaders. Republican counties are never invaded by these propagandists, or, if at all invaded, then only in the strong Democratic districts.

The history of the Greenback party in Pennsylvania should act as a warning to Democrats. Tom Armstrong, Charlie Brumm, Henry Cary Baird, John Kelly, Tom Mason, Terry Powderly and the whole phalanx of Greenback party leaders went over to the Republican party when their attempt at disuniting the Democracy was ended and they left nothing of that party but a mere tradition.

The Henry George movement in New York, ended as did the Greenback movement in Pennsylvania, by a final assault upon the Democratic ticket.

If the Socialist leaders were earnestly striving for the acceptance of their doctrines they would not begin their work by setting up candidates for political offices. Socialism is a matter of ethics that needs study and reasoning, not the hurly burly of political campaigns. If the theories of Socialism are ever adopted, those who accept such theories will be men who solve social problems in the quietude of their homes and not by listening to the fervid harangue of some person who is most interested in securing a political office than in anything else

on earth. There are Socialists who honestly think that the government should own and control all tolls of trade, transportation and commerce and give the benefit of this ownership to the people as a whole. If there be any virtue in such a theory of government it will come into practical use by argument and debates made dispassionately, but never by thrusting it forward politically in the period of its infant growth. Socialism in France, Germany, Italy and Spain, has accomplished nothing of good, notwithstanding great success at times, in the election of Socialists to representation in political

In none of those countries have the people been granted any less costly means of communication and transportation; the standing armies have not been decreased, but, on the contrary, they have been increased; the navy, too, has been increased and the power to earn wages has been so lowered that Socialists cannot point to a peasant laborer who is any better off now than he was before Socialism

stepped into the political arena. All that Socialism has accomplished in those countries is a political onslaught against religion, the Socialist leaders being nothing but Atheists truthfully be said of many of the So

cialists of this country. In any event let Democrats keep away from Socialists and their issues until the time at least when Republicans will have themselves joined the Socialist fold and voted that ticket.

The Democratic party has an excellent candidate for auditor general in Mr. Dewalt. The Republicans have a very bad candidate in Mr. Snyder. The former was the champion of the working people in the state senate. whilst the latter was the willing tool of the monopolist. The Republican party managers know that the miners at least know the bad record of Mr. Snyder. They fear they will vote against him. They seek to neutralize the defection from Snyder by urging their dupes to vote a Socialist ticket.

Can you see the point?

Potatoes A Foot Long. henomenal Crop Being Gathered In Sherlaan

Sheridan, Wyo., a mushroom town of ten years' growth, looks with soorn upon Greeley, Col., for it has seen the Greeley potato and gone it one better, says the Minneapolis (Minn.) Journal. They claim there, and the claim seems to be well sub-stantiated, that Sheridan holds the world's record for the size and yield of its potatoes. It is not necessary to say that the town is founded upon irrigation. Without artificial water supply it would be the same brush desert it was eleven

years ago. President Alger, of the First National bank of Sheridau, declares that 976 bushels of potatoes have been raised on one acre of Sheridan farm land. This feat was accomplished in a competition with Greeley and for a prize of \$1,000. An agricultural publication offered the prize and named the conditions. It was stipulated that the acres be surveyed and that the potatoes be dug in the presence of a committee, which should make affidavit before a notary public of the amount of the yield. The winner challenged the Greeley farmers to another contest, offering to bet an addi-tional \$1,000 that 976 bushels could be exceeded and Greeley again surpassed, but the challenge was not accepted.

It is easy for one who has seen the Sheridan potatoes taken at random from any field along the road, as I was permitted to do, to believe that the "potato brag" of this town is well founded. The potatoes are nearly one foot in length by six inches in diameter with an occasional specimen almost the size of a man's head. Most of the yield at present is sold for use on the Union Pacific dining cars, where they are served up baked, and are very popular with the traveling public. An occas load, however, goes to Chicago and Min-neapolis. At first the farmers sent the potatoes to market as Greeley potatoes but they are now getting a reputation which enables them to stand on their own merits. In the course of time Sheridan will be-