

Bellefonte, Pa., April 14, 1905.

SPEEDAWAY.

Now you take it in one of these factory towns-there'll be a heap of curious cus tomers drift in. A feller with capital, like the boss, finds a place, here in the back country, where there is a river running fast enough to twist a turbine, and he'll build a mill and put up a dam like that youder, and there'll be ten flat-cars of machinery, and then, for every native that has failed at farming or lumbering and comes in to run a racing machine, there'll be twenty lasters for the bottoming-room and ten girls for the sewing machines, half of 'em experienced and half green, and all coming from the cities because the cities won't feed 'em any more. We get low tide out of both—city and country. Two hote's, six bars, four pool-rooms, thirty-two boarding houses, one church, and no public library. That's a factory town.

I was thinking of Speedaway. Funny ouss. He came into my mind because well these factory windows are pretty dusty, but just look out there up the valley; see how blue them mountains are; look at that red line where the maple trees are turned; get onto those streaky clouds that look as if somebody had spilled shoe-blacking on the sunset. Then smell that air that's coming up the elevator shaft. Frost to-night. It was about this season that Speedaway used to turn up-every year on a day like this.

His real name was Benson. I thought I'd told you about him. The first year he showed up was just after the first snow, and he was no dude. His coat was shiny and showed the lining under the arms, and what with the blue of his stubble beard and the tan of his skin, he looked the color of a plate that's been used for baking pies. We were short of hands and the boss gave him a job on the McKay machines. I guess he wasn't sorry he done it either, because Benson was as good a man as we've ever had. He could make the cases walk along and it's nothing easy with hot wax spattering, and the machines heaving and pound-ing like a human being out of breath, and the heavy steel needles snapping like tooth-I remember the first time I ever talked to Speedaway—they called him that because of his yellow streak—I found him after hours bending over his machine with a three-pound wrench in one hand, and his arms and face covered with machine grease till he looked like a nigger minstrel.

"We've had a bad day of it," says he, pointing his finger at the machine. "Me and it. But if I went away now I believe the darn thing would think it had got the best of me. A machine like this is something like a man, ain't it? Some days it morning' to anyone else when they come in at seven o'clock. Maybe there's some kind of a wind or something that makes this machine feel just as sore. Then there'll come a day when the old thing will have a

of October till the days when the sun had about the time when the ice busts | there-I hadn't seen him beforethe only thing would hold him would be a

Sometimes during the winter evenings when the snow would be six feet deep in the woods, I'd drop in to smoke with Speedaway, in the little room where he used to hang out. Maybe there'd be the snapping and howling of a storm on the windows, and then Benson would shift his pipe into the corner of his mouth and peep his eyes and tell me how he had bummed uis way on top of a mail-car from Chicago to Topeka, or how he'd gone down the Mississippi on a lumber raft, or nearly cashed in, riding the trucks of an express across the alkali deserts, and how a thunder storm looked at night on a Kansas prairie, and how he'd found an eagle's nest on the shores of Lake Champlain last summer. I'd realize a bit that he saw more things in life than I saw, and what things

know just how much I ache to get loose and see places, and never know where I'll get the next meal. That's something you don't know anything about. And again, I know why I ought to hitch down and be somebody, and there's nothing you can say that I don't tell myself a dozen times a year. I've made up my mind to stay here next summer anyway. Just wait

That's the way he'd talk-just as if be was a drinking man promising not to touch liquor again, but when the first warm days would come with those breezes that smell like the woods just after rain, I'd know the jig was up. Speedaway would try. But it weren't any use. The fever was in his blood. I'd know, because he'd begin to wear the look of a rat that's fallen in the molasses, but perhaps it's only fair to say

he'd put up a good fight. He would stand there in front of his machine and try not to look out the windows, and try not to fill his big chest with those soft airs that came sneaking in across the valley. Sometimes I'd stop on my way through the room and try to prop him up, because I'd know that he was all wobbles and fever to get going again. I'd say, "Anything doing?" and he'd say, "Fine. If I felt any better I'd have to see a veteri-"for he was trying to put in a few bimself. And then perhaps he'd

"And I wish to God I didn't," he'd say, "Benson, I saw you at church yesterday, and she sat down, grabbing at the bench few of 'em can afford gas now.

Perhaps the next day he'd be gone without even asking for his pay, he'd be so ashamed to face the boss. One spring I found out he left his bed in the middle of the night, and another he didn't come back after the one o'clock whistle. Then we'd and the factory was full of talk about how after the one o'clock whistle. Then we'd know the fever of the spring had flung him down—we'd get next when he did'nt show up prompt, and the men would say, "Speedaway's off again," just as if they were saying, "Yesterday was Friday."
Then it would be along the fall—about

the time I'd see horse-chestnuts on the ground, and perhaps later when there'd been the first spit of snow, and the flies had begun to die on the ceiling. Speedaway would turn up again on a day like that, dirty and with the little cough he'd get from sleeping out of doors, and with a growth of beard that looked like the front

of a hair brush. I guess it was the fourth winter he'd been with us when Nellie Conroy came up from the city to work in the sewing room. That's the way things happened. You oughter see Nellie Couroy—it would do your eyes good. She had hair as black as a new piece of patent leather, and big, sad, gray eyes, about the color of that streak of river you see yonder, and her hands were thin like my Annie's was when I married her, and not coarse and stuffy like most of the girls. She was a good girl too—which kind of points out a girl in a town like this—and it wasn't because she didn't have the old human badness, and I always have thought there weren't half enough girls like that, and that when you found that kind you'd found the difference between a specimen of the other sex and a woman.

She'd come up here into the woods to

get rid of what a girl who is playing a lone hand has to go up against in the city, but the first week she was here she went on her back with pneumonia, and my Annie was sitting up with her at all hours, when their kerosene lamp was the only light in the village. She told Annie how she'd worked in a store for five dollars a week in competition with girls who were living at home, and who'd work for the five so as to buy a seat to the theater and a new hat for two ninety-eight, and had somebody taking them out to dinner while she was eating a "quick-lunch" under a tailor shop and doing half her own washing evenings in a china wash basin. And how she was stuffed into the kind of corner where everybody was razzled with the glitter and hotels and the mean things of the city. When Annie told me, I thought-"Here's where you get the worst part of the city, out here under God's hills." But I was telling about Speedaway.

Speedaway might have worked out winter without ever speaking to Nellie Conroy if it hand't been for Henry Cowan, who runs the edge trimmers. You know a good many men can tell a girl, just as if it at the races. were written on their forehead with a stencil. Well, Henry's too vain to be that acts sour and peevish, and hasn't got any kind. I remember just as well as if I sense at all. You've noticed how there's a could see it now—that the girl had stayed particular kind of east wind that'll blow here some days when no one says 'good- down. I saw her come out from the stitching room door over there and turn into the hallway. Then I heard Cowan's voice: "Hello, Nellie," he says, kind of fresh, and I thought it would be just as well to come a day when the old thing will have a certain kind of sound and sing away as for the door. When I got there I saw the happy as a twenty-cent cigar." That's the way Speedaway would talk, landing, and he was coming up toward and I got to like him first-rate. If it hadn't her. "A feller bet me I couldn't kiss yer, been for the fever that started him away in the spring, he would have been a sizzler. Never put liquor in, and from the middle med her little fist under his chin, and the turned loose the last snows off the pastures, he'd work hard as any of us, and never get went clawing with his hands down to the taking one side and some the other, until docked for being late. Then it would come next landing. Speedaway was standing we got to feel just as if it was a presiden- Se on the top of the river, and the boss would stepped aside as if Cowan was something come to me and say : "Jim, don't you sup- dirty. Henry picked his carcass up and as pose we can keep Benson this year? If he started down the stairs he said somehe'll stay on over the summer, I'd make thing to her I couldn't hear, and she turnhim a foreman." And I'd say, "All right, ed sort of white, and stiffened her arms I'll speak to him," but all the time I knew down at her side. But all she said was, "I was afraid I had killed him." And she jail or a graveyard. You could talk your fell back straight like a flag-pole being teeth loose and not do any good. I tried it. blown down, and I caught her in my arms. Speedaway came up the stairs cool enough on the ontside, and went to the wash room for a bit of water. He chucked it in her face, and she opened her big gray eyes and looked straight at him. And it was funny —he was half down on one knee and just getting up, but he never moved but just kept right there, looking at her till she said, "I'm all right now," and the blood ran back into his face and he kind of gulped as if he'd swallowed a fish bone. A fool

He got up and pulled a big breath. "I'm in a hurry," says he, with his lips put hard together, and the girl didn't know what he was going to do, but I kind of guessed that Speedaway was going after Henry Cowan, and it wasn't in my heart to call him back. he could make me see of the life he led, When I went by the window yonder, I looked bright and fascinating like a six- knew I was right, for there'd been a fresh colored lithograph. But then I'd get mad fall of snow that afternoon, and Cowan, for listening to him and I'd say, 'That's who was the only hand in the factory who boy's tricks, Benson, and if you'd only lives up on Maple Hill, had tracked his fight off the fever you get every spring to go tramping, and be a man—''

Then he'd take the pipe out of his mouth and look at me wide-eyed. "Jim," he'd say, "you aren't telling me anything. I hence there there

know those things better than you do-I lers, with a mild brown eye and stoop stuffed with peach stones. So it wasn't startling when Cowan came in Monday with a wad of cotton over his ear and one eyebrow higher than the other.

For a general diet, I keep my mouth shut, but I told the whole business to my Annie, and she's a woman—and then are. Everybody was next. And then Nellie Conroy heard it, and she met Speed-I didn't say anything, but I went down to the was going through the hall, wearing a pair of greasy overalls, and his face spotted with machine grease. "Mr. Benson," says she, with a red spot on each cheek, "it was wrong—what you did." But she smiled kind of soft, and put out her hand, and he took it and said, just like a fool, "I'm much obliged," and that was the way they got to speaking to each other.

There was quite a time that Speedaway hung off. I guess he was one of these fellers that knows it quick enough when men like him, but perhaps a girl would have to make an affidavit before a justice of the peace before he'd believe she ever even looked at him. So Nellie-maybe she'd meet him coming in the front door and smile-why, she'd smile with the whole business, the big gray eyes and the cor-ners of her mouth, the kind of smile that would brace up a bunch of wilted flowers. smile and say, "Jim, take a look at the And there weren't any boldness in it eith new shoots on those pine-trees—just as bright as pickles, ain't they? Snow's most good, old-fashioned smile. Then Speedaway gone and we'll have a great summer. I'll bet it's fine down in Virginia now."

"Benson," I'd say. "I know what ails you, and a fool is too good to call you. Suppose you started off. What of it?

Suppose you started off. What of it? Why, now you know where you'll sleep after a month I saw he was buying a new was dead. necktie now and then. I says to him,

and then I'd have to see that I'd been left and you're studying the fashions a bit. with her hands, just as if I'd struck her in Am I right?"

she was teaching him to skate evenings on the river, which probably might be true, and just as likely not, this being the kind of town where people talk just to keep their hand in, and when there's no talk, they make it.

So, of course, they had all sorts about Speedaway and Nellie Conroy. And then there was jealousy broke stitching room—not because of Speedaway exactly, but more because Nellie could look better than any of the other girls who spent more money on clothes, and learned the trick of some simple little bow or something that would catch a feller's eye without smashing into it with something gaudy. Besides, some were jealous be-cause Nellie had the knack of saying little and speaking no bad word for anyone.
"Stock up," they called her, which is often
called to people who mind their own business. One day in March sometime, I guess they thought they'd take a fall out of her, so, at the noon hour, three or four of the girls came over to her machine and perch-ed up on the bench. Katie Jordan, the girl with the big yellow pompadour, did

girl with the big yellow pompadour, did
the talking.

"Nellie," she says, "I should think
you'd dread the spring to come."

"Why so, Kate?" says Nellie.

"Oh, then you don't know. Say, it
wasn't white in him not to tell you—your
particular friend gives us the good-by every year in April. Goes tramping. I'm sur-prised he didn't tell it to you, he having known you so well," says Katie, just like that and scornful.

I was fussing over some scrap leather and I saw a flash in Nellie's eye.
"Katie," says she, "if the subject don't interest you so much you can't keep still,

let's talk of something else."
"Oh, well," says the Jordan girl, tossing her head and twisting her mouth at the crowd of girls who'd gathered around "perhaps it's nothing to you, but if you want to keep him, I should think you'd have more life in you and not act so mousey," says she, 'and it's against my own interest to tell it, for I've just taken a bet with Mary Clews that Speedaway would go this year just the same as ever." Nellie Conroy stood with her back to a big case of uppers, and looked from one to another, so if she were a man she'd look as contented little look around the eyes, and she says, "He'll not go away this year," and walked out of the room, leaving them looking at each other, like a lot of losers

But still there were a lot of the girls and men that thought Speedaway would leave her when the spring came. Sometimes I thought so myself, and as the weather got warmer, there were bets going all over the factory. Perhaps somebody at the lasters' bench would look out of the window, and too bad—it's a shame," and perhaps Teddy
Donovan would say, "What's a shame?"
"That Speedaway's got to leave her," says
another feller, and Teddy looks up with
his hits of blue ares "I'll het was an early shad something to the girl, I guess, betoo bad—it's a shame," and perhaps Teddy his bits of blue eyes. "I'll bet you an even pay day," and the other feller would say sort of thoughtful—"It's worse than liquor with him, and I'll take your bet." That's worse." And it seemed as if there was a yours." And it seemed as if there was a But right pay day," and the other feller would say d, she slam- sort of thoughtful—"It's worse than liquor tial election or a prize fight. It was a mill between the old fever and the new—the love for his old life and the love for the

girl. Of course, Speedaway didn't know how the others were watching, but knowing him better than any of them, I watched him closest. The time came when all the snow had gone, and the clouds began to look fat and cottony, and maybe you'd see a V of geese flapping to the north up the valley, and when you'd go across the fields to work, you'd see a woodchuck sitting in the sunlight, with his nose a-sniffing and his eyes kind of half shut and lazy, and it would sort of make you want to lie down beside him, and run your fingers through the new sprouts of grass and such things And when you'd go home at night, the frogs along the river were peeping like a rusty shafting, and the smoke that came could tell what had happened,—in just out of somebody's cottage when they were those few seconds.

sky, just like a strip of black paper. The fight was on with Speedaway, and I knew it. I could see his eyes getting a dreamy look to them, and instead of going home to lunch at the noon hour he'd go ont on a rock near the bank and smoke and look down into the water and wait there until he saw Nellie coming back down the hill, then he would jump up quick to meet ber. Besides, I could see him kind of fighting it out when he was at his machine, with a look on his face like a new member

of a state's prison.

Nellie Conroy knew what was doing all right. She wasn't so cheerful and bright, but her lips were shut tighter together, and I guess there was nothing the matter with her sand. She was fighting it out with him, and afterwards, when the end came, I found out she'd had the sense to fight it

out with her mouth shut. I remember well enough the day when Speedaway didn't come to work. It was raining, too, ever since the early morning, with the south wind slapping the water up against the windows just as if it were a wet him to step over to Speedaway's lodgingplace and get wise. And he telephoned back that Benson hadn't slept there that night, and the last the landlady bad seen of him he was sitting out on the front steps in the moonlight, smoking his pipe. knew then there was no use and that Speedaway was gone, and it most turned me sick when I thought of the girl work-

ing away at her machine upstairs. It was tough to go up and tell her, tougher than a funeral, but I did it. She got ap when I walked over to her, and she put her hand out, right before the whole roomful of girls, and took hold of mine, and she says in a sort of a whisper, "I know." Her eyes were kind of red and her lips were "I know." pulled in straight, just like they had been pulled over a last and tacked down, and I had to look out the window, and Katie Jordan turned from her machine and grinned at me until I got so mad that if I

"No," says I, "he won't come back,"

the face. "He won't come back to me," she says over again, and I was thinking how a good oman can love a man, and I just had to leave her. I went back to my room with

the feeling that there weren't anything much good in things, anyhow.

The boss came up during the morning, looking mad as I've ever seen him, and he cursed at the new lot of leather that came in the day before, and raised a fuss about some mistake I'd made in the tags, and blew up everybody and complained about the rain and mud, and finally he says,

"Well, Speedaway's gone again?"
And I says, "Yes, he's gone. Same as ever," but the boss scowled and says, "It ain't the same! Anybody who has ain't the same! Anybody who has eyes knows that. You talk like a fool, Jim."

So I just went on with my work. Then Dave Houston passed on with an armful of vamps and says, "Speedaway's lit out. I bet ten dollars he'd go, but, say, Jim, I'd give twenty to see him back again. What?" I guess a good many of them felt like that—even those who bet on the other

It rained all that day and the next, and was a kind of relief when the clouds lifted on the next afternoon and the sun came out about five o'clock, and flung a yellow light all over the fields and trees that looked so bright and green from the storm. We opened the windows, for the air was moist and warm and pleasant, and we could hear the birds piping up on the

other side of the river.

Nellie Conroy left the factory just before we shut down-I never knew her to leave early before, except those two days, but I guess there was an excuse for her, good and plenty. You could see it in the curve of her shoulders when she walked out of that door there, and she stepped as if she'd been traveling barefoot for two days on a brick sidewalk. I saw her when she left the factory and

started up the bill through the mud, and I watched her until they shut down the mill wheel, and the machinery stopped with the regular sigh that sounds like the sigh you give when you get into bed after a hard day. You've heard it yourself. Then there was the hurry of everybody getting ready to go home, and running down the stairs. Of course, one of the men generally walks home with some other, and there's a good deal of waiting around for each other in front of the office, so when I got down there was quite a little gang standing around the door. And then somebody says, "See !" as if he noticed a house on if she were going to say, "Open to the world. Give or take five pounds, and color no bar," and then she smiled—just a quiet, was Speedaway.

He walked down to meet her, with his

back straight and his head high, and none of us even moved until he came right up to her and put his arm around her, and then no one could stand it any more and we broke loose and just yelled! Everyone

of us. Then those inside the factory came to the windows to see what the fuss was and, by thunder, they just bust right out, too, just like a crowd yells when a batter knocks see Nellie going up the hill from work with Speedaway walking alongside of her, and sort of bending down to hear her. Then perhaps one of the men would say, "It's Speedaway?" And I says, "You bet your life it's Speedaway!" and he says, grin-

lot of decent things about all of us. The girl had won the game-that was it. house, with the trees back of it-that's Benson's house. See that kid on the piazza
—fat and pink as a piece of ribbon? That's Benson's kid.—By Richard Washburn Child, in McClure's Magazine.

Forest Fires.

The Canadian Superintendent of Forestry in his latest report declares that, though the Dominion has lost vast quantities of timber by fire, it undoubtedly stands at the head of those countries from which a future supply may be expected. The official sounds the warning note that if adequate means are not taken to preserve the virgin forest growth Canada will ultimately cease to be the best "wood lot" of the

world.

The United States has a direct interest in the preservation of the Canadian forests, for its own supply of timber is rapidly diminishing. The Secretary of Agriculture in his report says that the science of forestry needs all the encouragement it can receive because of the vastness of the interest involved "and the critical point which forest destruction has reached." The subject is of immediate importance to the house-builder and renter. The price of lumber is rising rapidly, and this induces the lumberman to extend his operations into new forest areas. The Federal Forester notes that the general consumption of lumber is growing steadily with the increasing population and prosperity of the United States

"We have never been so near the exhaus tion of our lumber supply, and it is evident that vigorous preventive measures have never been so urgently required as now." The Bureau of Foresty is making an in-

telligent effort to encourage reforestization, to prevent waste by lumbermen, and to limit the ravages of fire. It is urged that the exclusion of fire depends on local sentiment and State or local police and patrol. The fires in the Adirondacks from April 20 to June 8, 1903, burned over the enormous area of 600,000 acres of timber land. The loss from the distruction of trees and the burning of the soil, direct, and indirect, was incalculable.

The season has arrived when extraor dinary precautions should be taken to extinguish forest fires in their incipiency. A number of such conflagrations have been already reported from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, in nearly every instance the result of carelessness. The appropriations for forestry in most of the States are too meagre. The Federal Scoretary of Agriculture declares that the whole cause of forest preservation hinges upon the interest of the State Governments.

"Because no matter how fully pursua the private owner may be that forest man-agement promises to yield him good returns, without fair assurance of safezuard against fire and of equitable taxation of forest lands he can make no headway." — Public Ledger.

-Willie-Teacher told us today that there's a certain kind of tree that grows out of rocks. I can't remember what it

His Pa .- It's a family tree, I guess,

by candlelight" is not surprising. Very Railway, to which headquarters may be

NEW YORK March 28 -That the hattleship Maine, through an error, was destroyed by a bomb of his manufacture was the statement made by Gessler Rosseau in the Tombs prison. Rosseau has just been convicted of having sent explosives to the Cunard line pier, this city, in May, 1903. He made the following state-

ment: "For several years, while the Cuban patriots were struggling against Weyler, I watched the contest with deep interest and sympathy. I decided to go to Jacksonville and do what I could to assist the revolu-

"Before leaving St. Louis for the South I got together the material for the construction of two exploding machines of tremendous power, so arranged that they could be wound up and left in a selected place, with the certainty that they would go off with terrible destruction within a

few hours.
"At New Orleans I rented a room and put the hoxes together, after which I went on to Jacksonville. There I became acquainted with a party of Cuban leaders, who were planning a filibustering expedi-tion. They had engaged the Destroyer, a small vessel, to take them to Cuba along with a number of American and European adventurers who were anxious to strike a

blow for Cuban freedom. "Several of the leaders of the party are men now well known and I will not mention their names, although I have among my papers a list of them

"I suggested to them that they use my machines to destroy Spanish warships in the harbor of Havana and in other ports on the coast of the island. They readily seized upon the idea and when the Destroyer sailed with the filibusterers they took my two machines with them. ROSSEAU REMAINED IN FLORIDA.

"It was my intention to go along with

the party so as to direct the work of sinking the Spanish ships, but they dissuaded me, urging that I could be of greater use in Jacksonville preparing other machines if the first proved successful. "It was planned to have some members

of the revolutionary party join the Spanish pavy so to get the machines abroad I that failed it was decided to fasten one of the boxes to the hull of a ship under the water line, for I had constructed my machines so they could be exploded under the water. "That was in the the fall of 1897. The

next spring the Maine was destroyed. "Only one of the men in the secret o the machine ever returned to America. I saw him some time after the war with Spain had begun.
"He told me he had nothing to do with

the boxes after reaching Cuba, but had been told a mistake had been made.
"The men who had been instructed with the task of destroying a Spanish vessel attempted to fasten a box during

the night to one of Alfonso's warships and blundered into blowing up the Maine. "I was told that the man, immediately after learning of the error he had made,

committed suicide."

Rosseau said be had attempted to blow up the statue of Frederick the Great in Washington because he did not wish to see the statue of a king in America. He added that he was not an anarchist or a nihilist and that he had made no effort to supply exploding machines to the Russians.

Uniucky Friday.

BY BISHOP CHARLES C. M'CABE

Once upon a time I was in a railroad acever experienced, and I have traveled over seven hundred and fifty thousand miles on trains and steamers, three times as far as from here to the moon.

A broken wheel threw the train off the track. The car I was in was shattered very much. Seated just ahead of me was an elderly lady suffering with rheumatism. It was necessary to change cars. I helped her off the car, carried her valise, and gave her the support of my arm. Behind us came a noble-looking English lady with

ber busband by her side.

She was scolding him well for starting on their journey on Friday. told you, James," she said, "something would happen if we should start on

Friday." "Madam," said I, "do you know that Columbus set sail to discover America on

Friday?" She looked at me with indignation and said: "Sir, in my opinion it is a great pity A merica was ever discovered at all." So she held to her opinion that Friday was an unlucky day. The old lady who had the rheumatism was convulsed with laughter, while the English lady went on ahead of us, scolding James for daring to disregard her warning not to start on Fri-

day.

If there is such as luck surely the American republic has had its full share among the nations of the earth, and this republic was created by thirteen colonies of the mother country. It can be proved that thirteen is the most lucky number there is, if interesting coincidences may be

considered indications of "luck." There is no such thing as luck. There is such a thing as Providence. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass."

Essays of Little Bobbie.

lawyers is men wich git foaks in trubbel & then charge the saim whether thay git them out or not. lawgers is of 2 kinds: 1. good lawyers.

2. cheap lawyers. the cheap lawyers cost you more than the good lawyers, the only trubbel is that you never know the good lawyers til you try them and then may be they aint vary good after all.

lawyers is made in 2 ways. One kind goes to college and plays foot ball & the other kind works for a lawyer & studies law books at nite. Mister Lincoln was the last kind and the first kind is easy to find anywhare, you can git them to try a case & lose it for you any day. Sum of them is good, tho, but not a grate many.

lawyers git mad at eech other when thay are trying a case, but after the case is over thay call eech other Old Chap and say Lets go in & have a drink. stay there till they have 8 moar drinks and then they call eech other 'dere old chum."

The Lull in the War.

There is a lull in the fighting in Manchuria. General Linevitch has been reinforced by fresh troops from Russia and instructed to oppose the Japanese advance at the broad river Sungari. It is said that Harbin, the Russian base, is so congested with supplies and wounded, and so exposed - The statement in a literary journal to Japanese attack, that a new base is being that a certain well known author "writes prepared at Tsitsihar, on the Siberian removed in case of emergency.

Simplon Tunnel is Opened

The Simplon tunnel, the longest in the world, was inaugurated Sunday morning, when from the Swiss and Italian sides the first trains passed through, meeting at the centre, where there was the iron door which originally prevented the overflow of a tor-rent of hot water, and which was Sunday opened for the first time. The weather at the entrance to the tunnel was springlike, though the surrounding mouatains were covered with snow; but once inside the

temperature became very high.

The train from the Italian end was the first to reach the iron door, but a little ater the train from the Swiss end was heard on the other side of the door. Finally the door was knocked down, amidst frantic applause and cries of "Long live Switzerland" and "Long live Italy;" bands played the Italian royal march and the Swiss anthem.

The Swiss bishop then preached a short sermon, in the course of which he said, "The church blesses progress." In the name of God he blessed the tunnel.

What Russia Has Sacrificed.

The newspaper of Saint Petersburg which if looked upon as the special organ of the army, admits that when the war broke out Russia's force in Manchuria was only nominal. It states that from Feb. 6, 1904, to March 12, 1905, the War Office had dispatched 13,087 officers, 761,467 men, 146,-408 horses, 1,521 guns, and 316,321 tons of munitions and supplies to the front, thereby straining the Siberian Railroad to its utmost capacity. It is further admitted that though the War Office was correctly in-formed of the organization and strength (on paper) of the Japanese, the ability of the generals and the spirit of the soldiers were sadly underrated. As the present efficative Russian force in the East is not far from 300,000 men, it would appear that between four and five hundred thousand men have already been swallowed by the greedy maw of war.

Funny Figures.

Prof. Rangler, who dreams in figures. has evolved the following curious specimen

of figure gymnastics: 1 times 9 plus 2 equals 11 12 times 9 plus 3 equals 111 123 times 9 plus 4 equals 1111 1234 times 9 plus 5 equals 11111 12345 times 9 plus 6 equals 111111 123456 times 9 plus 7 equals 111111 1234567 times 9 plus 8 equals 1111111 12345678 times 9 plus 9 equals 111111111 1 time 8 plus 1 equals 9. 12 times 8 plus 2 equals 98. 123 times 8 plus 3 equals 987. 1234 times 8 plus 4 equals 9876/ 12345 times 8 plus 5 equals 98765 123456 times 8 plus 6 equals 987654. 1234567 times 8 plus 7 equals 9876543. 12345678 times 8 plus 8 equals 98765432. 123456789 times 8 pl. 9 equals 987654321.

Town Quarantined Because of Smallpox.

Mount Union, a small town on the Middle division of the Penusylvania railroad in Huntingdon county, is suffering from an epidemic that has caused the railroad company to quarantine the borough as far as

the company is concerned. Some time ago several cases of shallpox developed and the people of that town did everything in their power to suppress the spread of the disease, but all their combined attempts proved futile. The germs of the disease continued to spread and one case after another in rapid succession fol-

There were 140 cases in the town Moncident. It was one of the only two I have day and General Superintendent George issued an order restraining the sale of tickets from any point on the line to the town and, furthermore, prohibiting the stopping of any trains whatever at that

> -Some men's ideas of charity is to contribute to a campaign fund.

--- About all the suburbanite raises in his garden is blisters.

HIGH PRESSURE DAYS .- Men and women alike have to work incessantly with brain and hand to hold their own nowadays. Never were the demands of business, the wants of the family, the requirements of society, more numerous. first effect of the praiseworthy effort to keep up with all these things is com-monly seen in a weakened or debilitated condition of the nervous system, which results in dyspepsia, defective nutrition of both body and brain, and in extreme cases in complete nervous prostration. It is clearly seen that what is needed is what will sustain the system, give vigor and tone to the perves, and keep the digestive and assimilative functions healthy and active. From personal knowledge, we can recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla for this purpose. It acts on all the vital organs, builds up the whole system, and fits men and wemen for the high-pressure days.

Baby Rattlesnakes.

The fallacies surrounding the rattlesnake begin with the very coming of the reptile. Many suppose that, like the garter snake, the bull snake, the members of the "racer" family and our other nonpoisonous snakes, the rattlesnake is hatched in broods numbering from forty to eighty. Not so. Rattlesnakes are born into the world, as are all members of the viperoid family, in litters numbering from seven to twelve.

Between the middle of July and the middle of August the babies appear. Lively, self reliant, dangerous little fellows they are, fourteen inches long, no thicker than a lead pencil, marked like the adult snakes and provided with a single button at the end of the tail, the first link in the series of rattles to be developed, ring by ring, with each shedding of the skin.

Motionless, eyes gleaming, the long mother lies extended across the back of a sand hummock beneath the fanlike leaf of a dwarf palmetto, glaring coldly at her active, squirming babies. For a brief half hour she tarries; then she drags herself away, for from the first moment a young rattler enters the world he is independent of his mother and eminently able to shift for himself. Each young snake is a full fledged rattler, ready to hunt and ready to defend himself with the sting of death. Each flat, triangular little head is provided with the long, sharp poison fangs containing the identical venom of the mother snake.—Pearson's Magazine, and the employed and and a