

### Bellefonte, Pa., June 16, 1905.

# A DIVIDED DUTY

(Continued from last week.)

When Mrs. Keith had asked Constance Fleming to come to her for an indefinite stay, she had anticipated no such awkward stay, she had anticipated no such awkward complications as has arisen. Supposing Dallas safe-guarded by the last of series of mild love affairs, she had never once dreamed of such a state of things as his confession revealed, and though she had no intention of allowing it to interfere with her arrangements, she sorrowed for the lad as she ascended the stairs and turned her steps toward the room where her eldest son sat bending his scholarly face over his book.

"Rozer," she began, as he arose to place a chair for her, "I have come to tell you my troubles. This you will admit, is a luxury in which I seldom indulge, so you must be patient with me.'

Roger smiled upon her from his impos-ing height. The Keiths were all handsome men, but the face of the eldest was per-

haps the finest and strongest of the three. "Could anyone be less than patient with you?" he said, gently. "It seems Dallas could be—he has been

indeed," the mother answered with a rue-ful little laugh. "He ventured just now, for the first time in his life, to question for the first time in his life, to question my judgment, though I cannot quite blame the lad. He fancies himself in love with Constance"—the man facing her started slightly—"and Constance has given me her promise to marry Cathcart." Rog-er Keith's face had gone suddenly white which his mother, absorbed in her theme, did not note. "He loves her desperately, and you know how important it is that he should not be thwarted in his present should not be thwarted in his present state. I told Constance the whole truth and threw myself upon her charity. Dal-las has promised not to interfere, and she has consented."

The color had not quite come back to Roger's face, but his voice, when he spoke, was steady. "Mother," he said, "don't you see how

much you are asking of Miss Fleming, ap-on whom you have no claim whatever, ex-cept an ancient friendship with her mother? Do you not realize that if Dallas loves her and has any reason to fancy she cares for him, you are unjust to both, and to Cathcart as well, in asking her to marry him? The sacrifice would be fearful even if she loved Cathcart, but if she do not-"

'Dallas has no reason whatever for imagining that Constance cares for him," the mother interposed impatiently. "She herself told me that there was no one in her life-except some man she knew years ago and foolishly idealized, and for whom, if she should meet him to-day, she proba-bly wouldn't care in the least. As for not loving Cathcart, that will come in time. Love is largely a matter of habit and proximity with women. Nine-tenths of them make marriages of convenience. At all events Cathcart's happiness is at stake and I shall do everything in my power to se-cure it." Roger, looking at the small, resolute face, knew that his mother was determined to compass her son's wishes at whatever cost to others. "In that case, mother," he said quietly,

"there is nothing more to be said. But I fear that in establishing yourself the ar-

One afternoon in the early autumn, dozen in fact. Will you have them Mrs. Keith and Constance, returning from a drive, were struck as they approached the house by an unwonted air of subdued exall at once, or piecemeal to prolong the pleasure? Constance, sitting alone on the balcany in

citement. A strange horse stood at the hitching-post; the library blinds were close drawn; an atmosphere was of cathe early twilight, smiled up at Dallas as to develop and to maintain the "points he approached, looking very strong and straight and handsome in his riding clothes. lamity. By that singular prescience which inheres in all womankind, each knew in-tuitively that this whatever it might mean, had to do with the man who was

"I fear it doesn't matter," she said. "My mail is not very interesting."

"This is from Lucy Lindsay announcing the interesting fact that her little Lucy the lover of the one and the idol of the other. Breathless, and faint with an inhas a new tooth. This is from the best of definable fear, they hurried up the steps. Roger, with a face like death, met them brothers. This is from Kitty Hyde, who wants my opinion as to whether she shall be married in satin or chiffon; and this-The last letter fell from her shaking "Cathcart has been hurt, Mother. How

hand. Dallas, stooping to restore it noted, involuntarily, that it was addressed in a bold, masculine haud. The color had left seriously we do not know. He was trying a new horse which threw him. He's injured internally, we fear." Without a word Mrs. Keith swayed and Constance's face, and she was trembling visibly, despite her effort at composure. sank unconscious into her son's arms. He turned to the trembling girl: She opened and read the letter, which was brief, then held it up to Dallas.

"Will you read it please?" she said. The signature upon which Dallae's eyes fell was that of a man of international repute, a name synonymous with wealth, position and power. By the gift of di-vination common to lovers, he knew that this was the man whose image had stood between him and happiness. "I-I think if you don't mind," he said,

17. It's a matter of moments. He's been asking for you. Go to him. He's in the library. And for pity's sake play your part a little longer if you can." For a moment the girl stood stunned. This was the awful answer to her prayer for release from a bondage which had grown well-nigh intolerable. Every re-bellions impulse, every disloyed thought hesitantly, "I'd rather not read this-" "Please," the girl urged. "I wish you to ??

> The letter, written with evident effort for control, touched briefly upon a mar-riage which had not heen happy; upon a later estrangement; and finally, upon the freedom which had come at last, and the hope it brought with it. Dallas shrank from reading the few sentences that followed, which was the cry of a strong man to a woman he had loved.

library she saw her lover lying white and still on a couch at the further end of the With hands that were not quite steady he folded the letter and held it out to Conroom. The agony of the first moment had passed. He suffered still at intervals, stance. He knew that his own dream was hough they drugged him into some sembended. For the second time he must stand lance of peace. "Constance," he said, "Constance! Ab aside.

aside. "I—I love you, you know," he said, awkwardly; "but it doesn't matter. I'm glad for you, Constance. At least I'll try to be," and before she could speak he had turned and was striding swiftly away. A moment later she heard the sound of hoof-better as he rede down the source and I'm glad, dear. I feared you might be A great wave of tenderness surged over A great wave of tenderness surged over the girl. She threw herself down beside him, and he drew her head feebly to his breast. A pang of wegret assailed her like a physical pain—a keen sense of sorrow and remorse that though she had given him her best, that best had been so poor. She broke into convulsive sobbing. The dying man touched her hair gently. "Don't grieve Constance." he whisperbeats as he rode down the avenue, and knew that, as his wont was, he had gone to fight out his trouble in a wild gallop to nght out his trouble in a wild gallop through the falling dusk. The wars of wills—his own and that of the vicious black brute he delighted to ride—had helped him, he often said, over many rough places. Constance listened until the sound of flying hoofs was emerged in the nicht's silence then went slowly to "Don't grieve Constance," he whisper-ed, "it's better so. I am glad I shall not have to linger-a burden to myself and to you. This cannot last long they tell me. It was pretty bad at first, but"—he tried to smile—"it's better now." the night's silence, then went slowly to her room.

to smile—"it's better now." Even as he spoke a sudden spasm of pain, an awful racking which not even the opiates could dull, came upon him. He wound through the little flower garden pain, an awful racking which not even the opiates could dull, came upon him. He did not cry out, but unconsciously be gripped the girl's arm until his grasp hurt based did not flinch. The pain helped the girl at the window above could hear the girl at the window above could hear her. She did not flinch. The pain helped to steady her. Presently the paroxysm passed, leaving him breathless. He lay very still. Then, with painful effort, he spoke, slowly and brokenly. "Constance—there may not be—much time. I want to tell yan—how much him pacing slowly up and down, and she knew that though he had fought hard he had not yet conquered. Slowly she rose to her feet, stood hesitant for a moment,

"Constance—there may not be—much time. I want to tell you—how much you've been—to me. I don't mind dying since I've bad—my little hour. It's worth—this—to have known your love. You do love me, Constance? I know it, though you've never told me. You'll tell me—now? I want to hear you say it—be-fore I go." For the briefest fraction of our bar to be the stairs and out into the nsipped down the stairs and o For the briefest fraction of an instant the girl's hands and held them in a firm.

biter of three destinies you are assuming a heavy responsibility." Mrs. Keith arose. "Very well. I accept it," she said. down the rising moan. She were al-ful gaze of the pleading eyes that were al-ready beginning to darken, and she hesi-tated no longer. "I love you, Cathcart. I love yon. Do you hear?" she said, and bending laid her lins on his. "I ins on his. "I have told me how you loved him for years, and I think I can say honestly now that I am glad for you, dear." The hands he held were trembling. She drew them gently away, then stood for a moment looking uncertainly up at him. not let it, you know. I am not selfish George Brown, Webster D Baker, Isaac Bailey, Jacob Baird, John Coble, Jr., Jacob L Carter, James Carner, Henry J Cartin, William Carson, William Carner, moment looking uncertainly up at him. "Dallas," she faltered, "I don't think yon—quite understand. That is all of the William Campbel Reuben Cronamil ast-a first youthful fancy, a fond, foolish dream that died long ago. It comes Joseph Carver, John A Cline. too late-bis letter. Three years ago it Jas P Dearmont, Jacob Dorman, would have meant much to me, but now Liwellyn Fulton. Martin Funk, Abraham Freed, Amos Garbrick, Robert Grater, .... Oh, Dallas, don't you understand that all he has to offer is nothing to mebecause-I love-you!" A long silence reigned. The waning George Gates, Daniel Gates, moon shone down dimly; the spicy scents of September rose up to them from the distant meadows, and the brooding si-Daniel Gates, Samuel Gill, Andrew Johnson, John Jackson, David Kreps, William Lytle, William Lambert, Locoph Lac lence of the night encompassed them in a tenderisolation. The hour was late when they turned their steps toward the house. In the upper room where Roger sat writ-ing a light still burned.

tween personal attractiveness and success. Success depends in the largest measure up-on health and the personal impression one

makes upon his fellowmen; and properly that make for personal attractiveness is to riding develop and maintain health.

For example, how many men and women stop drinking and overeating because fat is fatal to good looks. The struggle to keep looking young is a struggle to keep in perfeot health—and what a blessing that is to the present and all future generations. The price of good looks is right living And the reward of right living is health.

Committee Wants Correct Names of Centre County Soldiers.

-Saturday Evening Post.

In order to secure absolute accuracy in the names and spelling thereof on our soldiers' monument, we will publish from time to time the lists of certain companies so as to enable those who are interested to suggest changes in initials or spelling, and also to suggest the names of any persons who may have been omitted from the rolls. This is the last opportunity which will be given to our people and to the survivors or friends of deceased soldiers who served from Centre county to have these names corrected. The Committee, therefore, appeals very earnestly to all who are interested in the subject to carefully scan all the names

to ascertain. 1st, whether any have been omitted : and 2nd, whether the names of those already contained in the rolls are properly spelled. It is also very important that the names of soldiers who enlisted in organizations outside of the county or State should be secured, in order that they may find their

place among the nation's defenders upon the monument. This is perhaps the most important thing which the Committee has in charge, the organizations from our own county being already well known. If, therefore, any person, in or out of the coun-ty, has knowledge of a citizen of Centre county who enlisted in organizations out-side of the county and State, it is especially important that their names should be as certained, so that they may find a place among those who enlisted at home.

Any communication in regard to these names addressed to Gen. John I. Curtin or William H. Musser, Bellefonte, will re-

e prompe accention.	
Company "C" 148 Robert M Forster, Jacob B Edmonds, William E Graham John F Benner, Ca William H Bible, 16 Jacob S Lander, 18 Samuel Everhart, 1 Daniel Shuey, 18t I Francis Stevenson, Ezra B Waiter, 1	B Regiment P. V. Captain. Captain. , Captain. st Lieutenant. st Lieutenant. st Lieutenant. Lieutenant. 2nd Lieut. let Seret
Frederick Yocum, John Craig,	u suanordatioa err
Chas C Herman,	moon add to aid
James Knox, S	ergeant
John F Swiler,	ergeant.
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Christian Swartz,	
Samuel Bottorff,	yet and a st mar
James Ray,	"
James T Beck,	
Wm T McCalmont,	the rately are of
Nathan M Yarnell,	
Hiland Biddle,	i problemis. We

# THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.

One of the Queer Incidents of This Great Naval Conflict. This strange incident of a great na-

val battle was told by Commissioner McGiffin of one of the Chinese warships in the battle of the Yalu between the Chinese and Japanese fleets in 1894: "About this time the Chih Yuen boldly if somewhat foolhardily bore down on the Japanese squadron's line. Just what happened no one seems to know, but apparently she was struck below the water line by a heavy shell, either a ten inch or a thirteen inch. Be that as it may, she took a heavy list, and, thus fatally injured, her commander, Tang Shi Chen, a most courageous albeit a most obstinate officer, resolved at least to avenge himself and charged one of the largest of the en-

emy's ships, intending to ram. "A hurricane of projectiles from both heavy and machine guns swept down upon his ship. The list became more pronounced, and just before getting home to his intended victim his ship rolled over and then plunged bow first into the depths. She righted herself as she sank, her screws whirling in the air and carrying down all hands, including her chief engineer, Mr. Purvis, shut up in the engine room. Seven of her crew clung to one of the circular life buoys kept on the bridge and were drifted by the tide toward the coast. where they were rescued by a junk.

"Stories told by these men vary so much as to be unreliable, but all agree on one incident: Captain Tang had a large dog of most vicious temper, unruly at times even with his master. After the ship sank Captain Tang, who could not swim, managed to get an oar or some small piece of wood. This would have been enough to support him had not his dog swum to him and, climbing up on him, forced him to release his grasp. Thus he miserably drowned, and the brute shared his fate, perhaps the only case on record of a man being drowned by his dog."

## ETIQUETTE OF CALLS.

Some of the Things That Are and Are Not In Good Taste.

Every one is aware that a married woman when paying a formal call on another married couple leaves two of her husband's cards in the hall when coming in or going out. But every one does not know that when the hostess is a widow only one card should be left. Punctilious people always call at a house from whence they have received an invitation, and this whether it has been declined or accepted. But with the one exception of returning a first call, which should be done as reasonably soon as possible, the question as to what time should elapse between social visits is one that must be left to the good taste and good sense of the caller. Many people with a farge and in-

creasing circle keep a book in which they note the date of their calls, and in not a sharp instrument. this connection it should be stated that it is a compliment to call on the right day-that is, when the hostess is known to be at home to her friends. It used to be considered the right thing for a formal visit only to last about a quarter of an hour. It not infrequently happens that an idle woman will arrive early and stay late if she happens to be amused and if she has nowhere else to go. Such behavior is particularly inconsiderate when the drawing room of her hostess happens to be a small one and when other visitors are many. In the country long calls are, of course, permissible, but not in a town. Again, it is not good taste to make appointments to meet a friend at another friend's house, and yet this is frequently done, to the natural annoyance of the hostess, who feels that her reception room is being used much as might be a station waiting room.-New York American.

## BULWER'S ODDITIES. The Fight the Author Made Against

Signs of Old Age.

Bulwer's appearance was decidedly what is generally understood by "aristocratic" or what the French call "distingue." 'Tall, slim, with finely cut features, prominent among which was a long aquiline nose, with an abundant crop of curly brown hair and a full beard, the first impression he produced, aided by a careful toilet, was one of ease and elegance. At a dinner table, where he liked to speak, and, if possible, to speak alone, he was certainly useful as well as ornamental with his large blue ribbon and star of the Order of the Bath. There was a certain naivete, strange as that word may sound when applied to so confirmed a man of the world, in his vain and

very apparent struggle against the irresistible encroachment of age. He did not give in with that philosophical resignation which might have been expected of one so clever and in some respects so wise. He fought against it tooth and nail. Lord Lytton's hair seemed dyed, and his face looked as if art had been called in to rejuvenate it. A quack in Paris had pretended to cure his growing deafness, a constant source of legitimate grief to him. He was radiant one autumn on his return to town because he thought he was cured, but not for long. The copious use of snuff was no doubt part of the attempted cure, of which the most palpable results were large dark red or blue pocket handkerchiefs, quite out of harmony with his otherwise elegant toilet. His expressions of regret at his impaired digestive organs had something ludicrous about it. He would point with a sigh to a rosy cheeked American apple and say, "To think that there are people who can eat that!"

One of his physical infirmities-his deafness-proved a bar to his ambition. He was sorely disappointed when Lord Beaconsfield, instead of including him in his last cabinet, "kicked him upstairs" into the house of lords, principally because he could not follow the debate.-Rudolph Lehman's "Recollections."

## CARE OF BOOKS.

Marginal notes are usually superfluous and undesirable. Corners should not be turned down or leaves folded in halves.

Exposing books to heat or strong sunlight warps the binding. Never bend back the covers of a book, but keep them both level. Do not turn a book on its face or place any weight on an open book.

Never open a large book from the ends or cover, but from the center.

Bookcases should not be placed against outside walls on account of the probable dampness

A blunt knife of ivory, wood or metal should be used for cutting new books,

ceive

time, staring straight before him. The next morning at breakfast Dallas quietly announced his intention of leaving that afternoon for New York to join a college chum who was going abroad for the summer. Neither he nor Rogers looked toward Constance, but the mother, watch ing her keenly, saw nothing in the look the girl turned apon him to further disture her conscience, which, truth to say, had not been entirely easy since she had extracted her promise concerning Cathcart. Dallas got through the day and the partings with a gay courage that made his mother proud, though it hart her after-ward to recall the look in his eyes. Rog-er went with him to the station, and though neither spoke of the subject near-est the heart of each, the long, silent hand clasp with which they parted made either the stronger to bear a secret pain.

Constance, meantime, experienced a certain lofty rapture in sacrificing herself to what she failed to realize was a mistaken sense of duty. But when the first exaltation had passed she began to be conscious of a sense of revolt from the bondage she had voluntarily brought upon her-self. Of the three brothers, Cathcart had always least attracted her, and to her horror, she found the friendly liking she had entertained for him transmuted suddenly under the chauged conditions into some-

The great house was strangely dull without Dallas. Constance missed the sound of his frank boyish laugh, his blithe whistle to his dogs, the clatter of his horse's hoofs, the litter of whips and spurs with which he was wont to derange the formal neat-ness which prevailed. But the girl had little leisure for interests other than those of her engagement. It was evident to the of her engagement. It was evident to the anxious eyes of those about him that, de-spite his new-found happiness. Cathoart was beginning to fail rapidly. He permit-ted no slightest allusion to his growing weakness, and for the most part he faced his fate unflinchingly, though there were dere when he went down into the were days when he went down into the very depths of despair and not even Constance had power to cheer him. He presently begau to take her devotion, which he had at first accepted under protest, as a matter of sourse. As time passed, he grew more and more exacting; with the selfishness of suffering he absorbed her strength and her thought, until she had little life apart from his. The doctor had ordered that the invalid be as much as possible in the open air, and to this end he had taken charge of Dallas's horses. His early morning hours, when he was strong enough, were speut at training track and stables, but for the rest it devolved upon Con-stance to help him to ward off the dark moods which became more and more fre-one that his strength dwindled There quent as his strength dwindled. There were moments when the girl felt as if she could endure no longer, as if she must cry out under the burden laid upon her. Still she remembered that she had voluntarily assumed it, and the more her soul revolter the more she forced herself to meet its demands. She fought her nattle bravely, in silence and alone, and Mrs. Keith deliberately blinded herself to the struggle. Roger saw and understood, but his lips were sealed.

Her son made no answer, but when he had drawn with pain, yet set tensely to keep closed the door after her he threw him-self heavily into a chair and sat for a long ful gaze of the pleading eyes that were al-

at the door. "Cathcart?" the mother breathed.

"He's dying, Constance," he said harsh-ly. It's a matter of moments. He's been

bellious impulse, every disloyal thought she had known since she had promised to

marry Cathcart rose accusingly to con-front her. She could not hold herself

guiltless since she had yearned for free-dom at any cost. Her duty had been ap-pointed her and she had failed. She had been weak where she should have been strong. She oried out, and the ory had been heard.

As she went into the great dim

room.

-too late.'

No longer the light-hearted lad of a few months gone. The boyish look was gone from his face, and in its stead had come an expression, at once sadder, stronger and sweeter. Constance was still there. She had

found it hard to stay, but Mrs. Keith, who had never rallied from the shock of who had never rallied from the shock of Cathcart's death, elang to her so that it was impossible to leave her. The girl had tortured herself cruelly in the days that followed her lover's death, reproaching herself bitterly with having failed at least in the spirit of duty toward him. It was Roger at last, who finding her one late au-tumn twilight, weeping with remorseful grief, had comforted and reasoned with her sill she had heen able to see things in a sill she had been able to see things in a saner and less morbid way. Gently and understandingly, he had set bimself to make her realize that she had done her best. It had taken time and tact and patience, but he had succeeded in some measure. Through the dark hours that had followed Cathcart's injury and the darker days that came offermed Dece thing like repugnance. It cost her an ef-fort not to shrink from his touch, though she set herself sternly to keep the letter of

comforted the unhappy girl and the strick-en mother. Strong, and tender and thoughtful, he had spent himself in their service. And all the while he knew, though he kept scoret the knowledge which had lately come to him, that the malady which had been his brother's heritage was also his, and that sconer or here here the the way of his father later he should go the way of his father.

The grass was growing green and the maples were in leaf when Constance, after a winter spent with friends in the South. came back to them. She had recovered her wonted poise, the color had come back to her face, and, though a little quieter and graver than of old, she was again the Constance of a year ago. Life had fallen back into its wonted ways. But Mrs. Keith was a pale shadow of herself. Dallas spent most of his life in the open air, and Roger had thrown himself with feverish construct this writing. During the winher wonted poise, the color had come back Roger had thrown himself with feverish energy into his writing. During the win-ter months the brothers had grown very near to each other. Dallas, in his simple, awkward way, had poured out his heart to his elder brother, who encouraged him in a hope which the look in Constance's eyes when they met made seem not wholly movemented unwarranted.

As the vivid green of spring ripened in As the vivid green of spring ripened in-to the warm gold of summer, which in turn faded into the paler gold of autumn, the hope which had become a part of Dal-las's life grew sourer and stronger. He had not spoken, but there was little need of words, since his honest eyes told all his heart whenever they met those of Con-stance; and Mrs. Keith augured hopefally from a sby reserve which had lately temp-ered the girl's manner toward him. This portended the mother's dearest desire, but she felt she had done forever with striving to mould the destinies of others. She held to mould the destinies of others. She held her peace and waited.

me'

He called softly and Roger crossed the room and stoud at the window, his tall figure silbonested against the light.

"Congratulate me, Roger," Dallas cried, happily. "It's all right at last!"

Prompt and cordial the answer came. "I do congratulate you with all my heart. You know how glad I am for you, dear boy! Constance, this will make

mother very happy." As, a little later, he turned back to his work, the light fell full upon his noble head, and the fine strong face which the past few months had left strangely worn and haggard.

"What a splendid fellow your brother "What a splendid fellow your brother is!" Constance cried, impulsively. "What a pity he hasn't cared for some girl who would make him happy. He looks so tired and sad."

"Good old Roger!" Dallus mused, affectionately. "He deserves happiness, if any man does; but I fear girls are scarcely aby man does; but I tear girls are sourcely in his line. Love's an unknown quantity, in his philosophy, and he's too much ab-sorbed in his work to realize that he has missed the best of beings. They say this book will make him famous, but fame's a poor thing compared with-love."

The house grew still, but the light still burned in an upper room where a man sat with head bowed upon his arms.—By Leigh Gordon Gilton In the VOGUE.

## Right Living and Good Looks.

Until less than a generation ago all no-Until less than a generation ago all no-tions of personal beauty were regarded among us as tolerable weaknesses in the female, and as intolerable inducations of sap-headedness in the male. The advertise-monts of the beauty specialists indicate how rapidlyfall this has changed. To-day sap-headedness in our monts of the beauty specialists for the beauty special striving after personal attractiveness among both men and women than the great cities of any other country. There is a practical people have so the beauty for the beauty specialists for t "A letter for you, Constance! Half a

David S. K.

John G Matron, " Law B Bathurst, Musician. PRIVATES.

lbert Adams.

ALES, James I Mayes, Lewis Mayes, Wm. H. Mayes, Wm Musleman, Henry Markle, Miles M Mayes, Thomas McBath, John M'Ivason, Robert C Neil, Samuel Nichols, Wm H Norris, Lemuel Osman, George Osman. Lemuel Osman, George Osman, Henry Pennington, George Pottsgrove, David Ross, Daniel K Rish, Thaddeus C Rumbe Henry Royer, Smith Swiler, Henry Swartz, William Smythe, Henry Swers.

Henry Sowers, William Stickler, Christian Swiler, David W Shriver, ohn C Sowers, Simon Segnor. John Thomas, Z Truckenmiller, oseph Lee, amuel Lawson, Christian Vaughn, Andrew G Whitehill, Thomas Williams, Joseph Yetters. Contraim Lytle, Tabian Matts,

Company "D" 148th Regiment P. V.

William D'Koss, Sergeant. S P Lansberry, " Henry C Campbell, " Allen B Cross, " George M Boal, " Samuel D Musser, " John C Bathgate, " " a cost of store a

James Osman, " William Bible, " William Weaver, " George W Seal, " John B Holloway, Musician. Franklin Mattern, "

PRIVATES. alost of on th ATES. Jacob G. Kain, William Knarr, Franklin Koch, William Long, Emanuel M. Lytzel, Samuel Lytzel, George Lytzel, George Lytzel, George Lytzel, David Miller, Leonard Messimer, John A. Murphy, Henry V. M'Alister, Adam Nearhood, Daniel Osman, John Pugh, Alfred A. Hankin, George Reeser, rge W Allen, David Acker, Robert G Bullock, Michael Bower, Nathaniel Brown, Benjamin F Bloor Villiam A Carter, Henry Coonfare, James J Dresher, Samuel B Dennis, Leonard Divlebiss, Jacob Divlebiss, Thomas P. Davis

Thaddens D. Stover, George Sweeny, Joseph Shirk, Peter Swisher, Oliver E. Sherman, Cornelius Stover, John J. Stover, John J. Stover, Joanid H. Wanver, Henry H. Weaver, Henry H. Weaver, David H. Wance, David N. Wolt, George E. Williams, Jonathan E. Wolf, S. F. Winklebleck, David Young.

A Story of Li Hung Chang. In the diary of Sir M. E. Grant Duff is a fine story of Li Hung Chang, whose candor was never quite equaled in this world. He was dining with a Swedish traveler.

"You come from Sweden," said the great man, "don't you?" "Yes," was the reply. "And what kind of country is Sweden?" rejoined the other, whereupon he received, as was natural a glowing description of its charms. "Ah," he said, "that is very nice; very nice indeed. When I next communicate with the emperor of Russia I will tell him to take Sweden!"

teniege tew His Rates. 01201 IdeaW to ( When a man longs to set his country's wrongs before an audience he puts a high value on his time. any and V "What would be your price for a talk on Russia?" the chairman of the entertainment committee asked the somber faced foreigner.

"Seventy-five dollars for three-quarters of an hour, \$50 for an hour and a quarter, \$20 for two hours," said the Russian.

## Equine Sagacity.

First Lieutenant-How do you like the horse you bought from me last week? Second Lieutenant-Very much. He might hold his head a little higher, though. First Lieutenant-Oh, that will come all right when he is paid for. -Stuiversblad.

#### The Cloven Part.

"So your engagement with Jack is broken off?" forfeited public coulidence "Yes."

"Did he exhibit the cloven hoof?" "No, the cloven breath."-Houston Post.

There is nothing so true that the damps of error have not warped it .-. Tupper, a man he has been doing p., raquer

If any liquid be spilt on a book, wipe it off at once gently with a soft cloth or absorb it with blotting paper. Do not dry it by a fire. Dragging a book out from the shelf

by the binding at the top is hurtful. If books are wedged in too tightly in a case they become shabby.

## American Manners.

The average American man is so much more polite, agreeable and considerate to the average woman that all other men seem rough and indifferent by comparison. In this department if in no other the American man has no rival. He is the best mannered creature in the world to the casual human being-especially female human being -he brushes elbows with in the course of the day's march. He doesn't use half as many "Thank yous" as the French or bow and smile so much, but he will give himself trouble to open doors, to hail carriages, to get up and offer his seat in omnibuses, to help beparceled women on to trains and hold the baby while the mother helps off the rest of her offspring.-New York World

Mustache Versus Music. Anton Rubinstein had this to say in reference to women artists:

"I think ladies ought never to study music as an art. At least they ought not to take up the time of teachers who are able to teach and make true artists. And I will tell you why. There is no question but there are twenty musical ladies to one musical man, and my own experience is that they learn more quickly, have more poetry and, in fact, are more diligent pupils than men. But what is the invariable result? When a young lady has become a perfect artist some handsome mustache comes along, and she chooses the handsome mustache in preference to art."

## Contrary Winds.

Tommy (looking over the weather predictions)-Mamma, what is a contrary wind? Mrs. Tucker (putting another pin or two in her hat)-Any wind, Tommy .-- Chicago Tribune.

### Her Strong Will,

Tess-She's a very strongminded girl, isn't she? Bess-Oh, yes! She tells me she can quit chewing her gum the very minute her jaws get tired!-Detroit Tribune.

#### No Choice

Ted-Do you think that old millionaire will do any good with his money? Ned-He'll have to. He has six marriageable daughters.-Illustrated Bits.

While one finds company in himself and his pursuits he cannot feel old, no matter what his years may be .- Alcott

For His Appetite. "I'm takin' somethin' fer me appe-tite—three times a day."

"Breakfas', dinner an' supper!"

homas R Davis, ouis H Davidson Louis H Davidson; Franklin Durst, Jacob Dunkle, David Etters, John H Fortney, Jacob A Fisher, David F Fortney Allred A. Rankin, George Reeser, John C. Reifsnyder, Charles D. Runkle, William A. Reed, Charles A. Ramsey, Jacob Reeser, John Y. Stover, Jacob Stare, Thaddeus D. Stover, George Sweeny. Jacob A Fisher, David F Fortney, Emanuel D. Fox, Alfred Fraser, Henry Grim, Jeremiah Garis, William Goble

Company "D" 138th Regiment P. V. Andrew Musser, Captain. Alfred A Rhinehart, Captain. John E Thomas. 1st Lieut. Israel F Musser, 1st Lieut. Lewis C Edmonds, 2nd Lieut. William Gemmill, """ Luther D Kurtz, """ John J Fleming, 1st Sergeant. William D Ross, Sergeant. S P Lansberry, "" Samuel D Musser, " John C Bathgate," Sam'l Harshbarger, " William P Hollowsy, Corporal. David L Kerr, " John C Rote, " John C Rote, " Simon Vonada, " Charles F Speaker, " Daniel C Holloway, " James Osman, "