

Bellefonte, Pa., July 21, 1905.

THE ROAD'LL TURN SOME DAY.

I know the road is rocky, And the hills are hard to climb; I know the feet get bruised and sore And it takes "heaps o' time."
I know the burden's heavy— Oh, you needn't 'tempt to say; But just keep a-plodding onward-For the road'll turn some day !

I know that homesick feeling. And the ache you bear alone, I know your heart is breaking By the bravely stifled moan. I know the arm you leaned upon Has now no power to stay : But just keep a-plodding onward-For the road'll turn some day!

I know the structures you have hewn Of youth-day dreams lie low : I know you see their ruins stare Everywhere you go. I know the sunbeams round your path Long since have ceased to play; But just keep a-plodding onward-For the road'll turn some day!

There's a day a-coming shortly, When there'll be no hills to climb; When there'll be no weary burdens To be tugging all the time; When the heart will cease its aching, And your sorrows melt away-So just keep a-plodding onward. For the road'll turn some day! -Exchange,

UNCLE NAT.

"Now, Uncle Nat, you just go in the front room and rest yourself. I'll take hold here," and the old man was pushed with gentle insistence away from the churn. 'You ain't looking real well this morn-

ing."
"Yes I am, Elviry; I want to do it," the old man pleaded, but the door opened just then and a woman's entrance stopped dis-

"I'm about beat out; the wind like to took me off my feet," the newcomer said, as she dropped into a chair and began fanning herself vigorously with her sun-bon-net. "But I thought I must come over, Mis' Birdsall; I heard you was thinking

"Here, Mis' Slocum, take this," Elvira hastily interposed, handing her a huge palm-leaf fan. "Now, Uncle Nat, you go and lie down on the lounge and see if you can't get a little nap. You said you didn't get any sleep last night. Mercy sakes ! let me unpin that apron," she added laugh-

The old man submitted without further remonstrance. Elvira followed him to the "front room." With quick movements she pulled down the green paper shades, picked up a woman's hat and jacket from the lounge and withdrew, carefully closing

the door after her.
"I knew what she was after," the old man said bitterly. His habit of talking to himself was a great comfort to him. He was always sure of a good listener, he said in his jocular moments. "She saw her a-comin', and that's why I was too sick to churn, but I shan't go to sleep, I ain't sleepy," and he seated himself resolutely in a stiff-backed chair. "I wonder what Elviry's goin' to do, she was so afraid I'd

It wasn't natural for Uncle Nat to be cious, but he hadn't been natural late ly. It was pretty tough, as he often whispered to himself, to tear up an old tree and expect it to take root a thousand miles away. The East was well enough if all anybody cared about was mountains and rivers and woods, but what were they to the broad, level expanses his soul delighted in? "Where a body can breathe," said, and his heart sickened as he closed his eyes and saw again the wide sweep of prairies, the well-tilled fields of corn, the happy little homes dotted here and there. over all the great blue dome of heaven which seemed to arch in its immensity as it never did at the East. But most of all. oh, most of all, did be hunger and thirst

for little Maggie! "Ain't I never goin' to see that child gain?" he groaned. "Mebbe it ain't so much homesickness as it is her; 'tain't likely a man would be homesick that's knocked around like I have and never been homesick afore-not since the time when I was a little kid and went to stay all night with Tony Bates and they had to take me home in the night," and he smiled feebly at the reminiscence. "But I hadn't ought to've come—even if Martin did insist. He's a good boy, though," he thought, his face softening. "'Tain't everybody would face softening. "'Tain't everybody would remember what was done for 'em like he he was my own, the land knows. But Elviry don't want me here, I've got proof enough of that," he said sadly, and his brow knitted as he thought of the words

Thunder, how she'd 's' took on when they told her, 'and he brushed his sleeve across this eyes. "Well, I guess I'll go back now and see if I can't behave a little bit like a man," he said in self-soorn. "I hope the that still stung like scorpions. Of course she had not meant he should hear—Elviry was too kind-hearted, but that didn't help "Too old to be any good !" "They much. "Too eld to be any good!" 'Iney didn't think so to Andrew's; they said they didn't see how they could get along without me—but mebbe they only said so—mebbe I was in the way there too, only I didn't know," and a helpless, despairing lack stell into Unale Nath area. look stole into Uncle Nat's eyes.

"Well, when a man gets like I he, there don't seem to be no place for him, and it's time the Lord called him somewhere else." Day after day the weight on his heart had grown heavier. Strange, morbid fancies that he could not throw off oppressed his waking hours, and at night troubled his sleep. Little Maggie would hardly have recognized her beloved playfellow in this sad-faced old man with the bitter look in

The next afternoon, Uncle Nat was in his little room under the eaves. He was writing on heavily-ruled foolscap with an old geography for a desk. His unaccustomed fingers traced the words slowly, while occasionally his faded eyes turned to the window in deep thought. "It'c a kind of study how to bring it in so they won't think it's on account of anything here— I'd hate to have them think that, they've been real good to me-but I ain't agoin' to been real good to me—but I ain't agoin' to eign my name to a lie. I'll just say something about that old wound troubling me—that's true enough, fur as it goes—only I kind of hate to have 'em think I ain't man enough to stand a little pain," and he frowned as he took up his pen and wrote with laborious patience until the page was covered with stiff black characters, and at the bottom his name, Nathaniel Taylor. Then he paused, and in a moment wrote, "Give my love to little Maggie." "She'll think more of it, to be mentioned as real. think more of it, to be mentioned sepa-rate." Then he carefully folded it, and going to the bureau laid it under the pin-cushion. "She'll find it when she redds up the room," he said; "Elviry's a good housekeeper."

A little later he was standing in the open doubt of his sanity crossed her mind. kitchen door, while Elvira, whose watch-ful eyes had discovered a loose button, was sewing it on in spite of his protests that it didn't make a mite of difference. "You're real good to me, Elviry; you've both been real good to me ever sence I've been here. I ain't ever had cause to complain." He looked at her with wistful eyes. "And I want you should always remember I said

"Why, Uncle Nat, what's the matter Don't you feel so well as common ?" Elvira asked, as with needle held in air she look-

ed anxiously at him.
"Oh, nothing; I was just thinking I wanted to let you know how I felt; folks

like to be appreciated."

As she snipped off the thread, Uncle Nat turned with an "I'm obliged to you Elviry," and took down his hat from the nail in the "I believe I'll go out for a spell;

I'd ruther stay and help you, but I don't suppose you'd let me do anything."
"Oh no, Uncle Nat, there ain't a thing you can do. I'm real pleased you're going out. Mebbe it'll take up your mind some. There ain't anything like outdoors if you're kind of run down. Martin says he feels ten years younger when he's out hunting or fishing. You and he must get out some

day when you feel like it."
"I believe I'll go over in them woods a while now, Elviry, if you think Martin'd just as soon I'd take his gun," he said. 'It ain't very far."

"It ain't very far."

"Why, of course he'd just as soon, Uncle
Nat," Elvira answered, "but I don't suppose you'll get a thing; there used to be
lots of partridges, but they're getting scarce
now. You might see a rabbit. I hate to
have the squirrels killed."

"Yes; I shan't kill any squirrels," Uncle

Nat said, as he took the gun from its corner and carefully examined it. "Look out you don't get hurt with it. It kicks sometimes if it ain't loaded just

right; but I expect you know how to handle "Yes; I guess there ain't much about firearms that I ain't used to," he said, with a spark of the old martial spirit in his faded eyes. Then he took the ammunition

that Elvira handed him, but still he lingered. "It's a nice place you've got here," he said as he leaned in the doorway; "it's a

sightly place."
"Yes; it's nice enough, but there's too much ague to suit me. I hope we shan't stay here forever, Uncle Nat," but he did not heed her.

"It ain't like the West, but it's pretty
—it's a pretty world," and his eyes were
taking in the landscape with a long, fixed

Elvira watched him as he went down the "I'm afraid he feel kind o' discourwalk. aged. I'm going to get Mart to take bim with him to town tomorrow. I believe that new doctor could help him; they say he's just wonderful. Now I'll fly around and get those curtains up while he's gone. It's pretty early, but curtains do make a room look so much more cheerful, and it'll kind of surprise him."

When she had finished her work, she went up the stairs with a quick, light step. "I'm glad I cleaned it yesterday," she thought, as she moved around the neat, sunny room. "I believe it would look better if the bed stood over by the closet; then I could put the bureau nearer the window. I'll get Mart to move 'em tonight if he gets back early enough. I guess I'll bring my bureau cover up. I don't suppose he'll know the difference, but it's prettier than this one," she thought. As she lifted the pincushion, the

folded paper, addressed to her, caught her eyes. "What in the world!" she murmured, hastily opening it. She did not need to read it all through. "Oh, if I should be too late," she groaned, as she dashed down the stairs and out through the little picket gate. "Oh, Lord, don"

let me be The tall old trees were casting their heavy shadows, and when she had gone only a little way into the woods, it looked so dark and full of gloom that at any other time she would have fled in affright, but now only the one thought was in her mind as she sped wildly on, straining her eyes for the familiar old figure. She dared not call for fear of bringing about the thing she dreaded. Once in her headlong flight she caught her foot in a tangling vine and fell heavily, but she hardly felt the pain. Deeper and deeper into the woods, and heavier the gloom. Here and there a bleaching stump or a vine-hung branch showed fantastic shapes to her startled eyes.

'Uncle Nat, where are you?" she moan "Oh, I don't know which way to go," and she stopped and wrung her hands in despair. On an old mossy log, Uncle Nat sat with his gun resting against a young oak. 'must be a bigger coward than I thought He's a good boy, though," he thought, his face softening. "'Tain't everybody would remember what was done for 'em like he has, though it was done just as free as if he was my own, the land knows But Thunder, how she'd 'a' took on when they man," he said in self-scorn. "I hope the Lord won't lay it up against me," he add-

ed humbly. Elvira saw him as he came slowly from the thick underbrush. The sudden revul-sion of feeling almost turned her faint. She

He gave a violent start. "Why, Elviry !" he said. "When-She tried to keep her face turned from im. She wondered if he would notice her

"Oh, I came after you, Uncle Nat," she id. "I was afraid something might hap-He looked at her with humble. eyes, as she went on : "I'm so afraid of a gun, if it ain't got lock, stock nor barrel, as

mother used to say," and she laughed hysterically. Then she began to cry.

"Ob, Elviry, don't, child," he said, while a happy look stole into his eyes. "Do you think so much of an old man as that?" "Why, Uncle Nat, I love you," she an-wered as well as she could for crying; 'you're just like a father to me. You've

always seemed so since I first knew you." "Why, Elviry, I never thought"-he said brokenly.
"No, I don't suppose you ever didbecause it ain't my way to talk about such things. I guess it would be better if it

They went on a little way in silence, and then Uncle Nat said in a deprecatory voice. "And you didn't really mean I was in the

way ?"
"In the way! What do you mean?"
and she stopped short and looked at him. "You said so, Elviry," he answered, with

a mild dogmatism.
"Why, Uncle Nat, I couldn't have said so, for I couldn't have thought so no more than I could about Mart," and a faint

"Yes, you did," he persisted, but with the hope that somehow she could disprove it. "That day Mis' Starbuck was here you

told her I was too old to be any good. wouldn't swear that I actually heard you call my name, but I knew well enough who you meant. You and ber was right under the front room window." Elvira stared at him in silence; then a udden smile chased the bewilderment from

"Well, for pity's sake, Uncle Nat, didn't you know I was talking about Carlo? And if you'd listened a little longer, you'd have heard me tell her we thought a sight more of him than when we first had him."

Martin was waiting for them on the porch when they returned. "Keep him down here a minute," she whispered, emphasizing her words with a significant look. She burried to Uncle Nat's room, and picking up the letter from the floor hastily replaced it under the pin-cushion, and was downstairs before he knew she had been gone. As she came out on the back porch, Martin took a letter

from his pocket and handed it to her. "Might as well read it out, Vi," he said,
"though I don't s'pose Uncle'll be particular interested. It's only about our going out West to live neighbor to Sam," he said, turning to Uncle Nat. "He and I have been corresponding quite a spell. We wanted it kept quiet till things was a little more definite, but I guess it's kind of leaked out. The only trouble, Uncle Nat," he continued with a sly wink, "the only trouble is, we'd be so close to Maggie, I'm afraid you'd have to see her every day."

—By Harriet Winton Davis, in the Country

Really Good Morning.

Every morning is a good morning to one who is feeling well. There is no such thing as bad weather. There are no blue Mondays or gloomy Sundays to anyone who is living the right sort of life.

The good cheer of health, combined with

a pure life, serves to turn every morning into a good morning and every evening into a good evening. The best way to wish anyone good morning or good evening is to set before them the example of right living, for it is through

right living that good morning and good evening come.

It is of no use to say grace over a badly cooked meal. The grace will not make it agree with the stomach. There is no use to say good morning or good evening unless we do the things that will make good morning and good evening. It is indeed a good morning for anyone whe has done an honest day's labor at some useful employment and has found eight hours of sound and re-

freshing sleep. Good morning is the sequel of good be havior. The price one pays for a real good morning is a good day's work. Good sleep,

early to bed, up early in the morning, then indeed it is a good morning. Every morning is a good morning to such persons. They have paid the price for it and are entitled to it.—Medical Talk for

Be Good to Your Horse.

In order to allay suffering among horses during the summer, the Pennsylvania So ciety for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animais have asked horse owners throughout the city and State to observe the following

regulations: Don't forget that your horse will repay you for his cost if you treat him right. Don't stand him in the sun, when by moving him across the street or around the corner von can find shade.

Don't put the same load on him when the thermometer is at 90 that you do when it is just above the freezing point. Don't fail to give him water at short

intervals. Don't fail to bathe his head with cold

Don't give the horse whiskey unless advised by a veterinary surgeon, and don't take any yourself. Nine-tenths of the take any yourself. abuse of animals are directly traceable to its use.

Don't fail, if it shows signs of exhaus-tion, to give the animal a half hour's rest. Don't fail, in extreme cases, to apply ice to the head and ice water to the body, so as to reduce the temperature.

Don't swear at him. He is a sentient being and can feel either the lash, whip or

your tongue.

The Doctor and the Editor

If the editor makes a mistake he has to apologize for it, but if the doctor makes one the undertaker kindly buries it for him. If the editor makes one there is a was, or else I've been out of my mind a law suit, swearing and the smell of sulspell," he was saying. "To think of phur, but if the doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut flowers and the smell of varnish. The doctor can use a word a yard long without knowing what it means, but if the editor uses it he has to spell it. If a doctor goes to see another man's wife he charges for the visit, but if the editor goes to see another man's wife he gets a charge of buckshot. Any old medical college can make a doctor, but you can't make an editor—he has to be born, although it is claimed that some are developed from detail men. When the doctor gets drunk stepped behind some friendly sumachs to ollect herself a little. "I daren't let him see me yet; he'd know," she thought. She let him pass before she called "Uncle booze and if he dies it's a case of too much booze and if he dies it's a case of delirium booze and if he dies it's a case of de tremeus. Take your choice, but our al-vice 18. he a hod carrier.—Morgantown (West Va). Post.

Spotted Fever's Origin.

Professor Wettenhoffer, who was sent by the government to Silesia to study the genesis of cerebro spinal meningitis and he best method of treating it, has issued his official report. He comes to the con-clusion that it is undoubtedly one of the diseases caused by inhalation, which first attacks the toneils, and is conveyed thus through glands to the brain. It only attacks where the glands have become weak-ened. In all the cases examined by him the toneils show hypertrophy, and are increased in size by inflammation. The professor is of opinion that the root of the disease is to be found in the unsanitary condition of dwellings, and certainly not in the

Will Contest William Ziegler's Will. New York, July 19.—Declaring that William Ziegler, the millionaire baking powder manufacturer and backer of Arctic expeditions, was insane and incompetent to make a will, his widow, Mrs. E. Matilda Ziegler, began suit in the supreme court to determine the validity of the will. Mr. Ziegler left an estate of \$39,000,000 to his adopted son, William Ziegler, who will be 14 years old next Friday. At the age of 40 the boy is to have complete control of the

OPPRESSIVE HEAT BRINGS SUF-FERING

Hundreds of Prostrations and Many Deaths in Large Cities. Hottest Days of the Summer.

New York, July 19.-An area of oppressive heat, that brings to mind with unpleasant vividness the recordbreaking summer of 1901, has settled down over the eastern and New England states, already numbering hundreds among its victims and causing indescribable suffering to thousands in this and other cities.

From all points came the story of the hottest day of the summer, attended with frequent prostrations and not a few deaths. Philadelphia reported a maximum temperature of 98.3, the highest figure officially noted. In this city the weather bureau's high mark was 96, while in Boston, where the at 8 p. m. sun's rays are wont to be tempered by an east wind, a temperature of 94 was recorded.

The official thermometers located in exposed places above the street did not, however, indicate the temperature in which the ordinary mortal moved, and many street thermometers indicated a temperature of 100 or higher, some reliable instruments registering

104 and 105. Following are the maximum temperatures officially recorded in the larger cities, with the known cases of prostration and death:

Maximum Prostra-Temperature. tions. Deaths. New York.... 96 Philadelphia .. 98.3 Baltimore 97.3 Washington ... 95 Boston 94 Pittsburg 93 13 Buffalo 78

The above figures by no means represent the sum of human suffering, as an endless number of victims who collansed at home, in the office or workshop, were privately attended.

No relief is in sight, and the roll of fatalities must be necessarily increased by many who, having thus far withstood the ordeal, are so weakened as to leave them more susceptible to the heat of today.

In New York the suffering was intense, especially in the crowded tenement districts, where scarcely a breath of air relieved the stifling atmosphere. Thousands who could afford the holiday flocked to the beaches, but even in the consequent crowds women and children fainted and were overcome, making the trip from home a doubtful experiment, so far as securing any

comfort was concerned. "Jake" Cook, keeper of the monkey house at Central Park, famous as an elephant trainer and the idol of the children who frequent the "Zoo," was among the victims. The other keepers had complained of the heat, and Cook, volunteering to help them with their duties, over-exerted himself and was

stricken and died Prompt measures were taken by the police and park commissioners to alleviate in some degree the suffering of they left the public. Orders were issued keeping open throughout the night the park gates and permitting those who would to spend the night in these places. "Keep off the grass" signs were by permission disregarded, and last night thousands of men, women and children deserted crowded and stifling apartments for a bed upon the cool grass. Thousands of others, too exhausted to reach the recreation grounds, slept upon the pavements in front of their homes.

Thirteen Deaths at Pittsburg. Pittsburg, July 19.-The highest temperature of the year was reached vesterday afternoon, when the government thermometer on top of the 24-story Farmers Bank building registered 93. The addition of five degrees will give the temperature in the business section of the city. Fortunately a breeze of about 15 miles an hour prevailed

streets to prosecute their business. Thirteen deaths from heat, including six infants, have been reported, and in the county a conservative estimate puts the number of prostrations at 45. In all nearby towns the same conditions prevailed as in this city, and several deaths and many prostrations are reported.

throughout the day, making it possible

for those who were forced to be on the

FIVE DEAD IN PHILADELPHIA Temperature In Streets Reached 100

and In Sun 116. Philadelphia, July 18.—Philadelphia and vicinity experienced the hottest weather in four years. Five deaths and 50 prostrations, due to the continued high temperature, were reported in the city. The maximum tempera-

ture was recorded at 3.45 p. m., when the government thermometer on the roof of the federal building registered 98.3 degrees. In shady places on the streets the temperature reached 100 degrees, and in the sun 116 degrees were recorded. At 10 o'clock last night the thermometer stood at 85 degrees. It is probable that the number of deaths and prostrations would have been greater had not the percentage of humidity been below normal during the day.

High temperature was also recorded in Eastern Pennsylvania, Delaware and Southern New Jersey. At Atlantic City the maximum temperature was 98 degreees, and at 8 p. m. the thermometer registered 80. At Cape May 90 was the maximum, and at 8 p. m. the temperature there had dropped to 74.

Scranton's Hottest Day In Four Years. Scranton, Pa., July 19.—It was 98 in the shade and 112 in the sun here yesterday afternoon at 3.80 o'clock. This is the hottest day in four years. Lewis P. Davis, of Taylor, died from sunstroke, and an unknown Polander was prostrated.

100 In Shade at Lancaster. Lancaster, Pa., July 19.-Yesterday was the hottest day of the summer, with shaded thermometers registering 100 degrees at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. A slight breeze brought some

96 at Harrisburg.

relief.

Harrisburg, Pa., July 19.-The highest temperature recorded at the local weather bureau yesterday was 96 degrees. This is the hottest day since 1901, when 100 degrees were registered officially.

Five Prostrations In Baltimore. Baltimore, July 19.—There were five prostrations from heat, one being serious. The maximum temperature was

Cumberland, Md., high up in the Allegheny mountains, reports a temperature of 101 degrees in the shade.

97.3 at 2 p. m.; the minimum 78, at

5 a. m. Humidity 51 at 10 a. m.; 59

PLAN TO DEPOSE CZAR

Reformers Want Regency of Czarevitch Under Grand Dukes. St. Petersburg, July 19.-A sensa-

tional rumor is current here that a large party of the Zemstvoists and Doumaists at Moscow are in favor of the proclacation of the deposition of Emperor Nicholas and the establishment of a regency for the Grand Duke Alexis-Nikolaievitch the infant son of the emperor, and heir to the throne. under four grand dukes.

It is alleged that for this reason the meeting of the all-Russian Zemstvoist and Doumaist Congress, which was to take place at Moscow today, has been prohibited.

M. Witte Sees the Czar. St. Petersburg, July 19.-M. Witte had a final interview with Emperor Nicholas at Peterhof. Foreign Minister Count Lamsdorff was present, showing the complete harmony of views between M. Witte and the foreign min-

ister. M. Witte left St. Petersburg for Paris today, accompanied by Mme. Witte. At Paris they meet their daughter, who is the wife of the secretary of the Russian legation at Brussels. Mme. Witte has no intention of joining her husband later in America.

Will Envelope Vladivostok.

London, July 19 .- The Tokio correspondent of the Daily Telegraph says that a Japanese army has been landed north of Vladivostok and that a complete envelopment of the fortress is

PEARY OFF FOR NORTH POLE

The Roosevelt Saluted By All Manner of Craft As She Left New York.

New York, July 17.-The Roosevelt, in which Captain Robert E. Peary hopes to reach the North Pole, has started on her long voyage. Captain Peary and a party of guests were on board at the start and remained with the ship on her trip down the bay, but her at the Narrows returning to the city on a navy tug. Captain Peary started by rail for Sydney, Cape Breton, where he will join the shin

A launch bearing a party of excursionists attempted to run close alongside of the Roosevelt after she was under way, and nearly collided with her. The Roosevelt was saluted by all manner of steam and sailing craft on her way to the sea.

MOTHER'S AWFUL MISTAKE Shot and Killled Her Son In Mistake

For Burglar. Littletown, W. Va., July 17.-Tilden Bass, the 12-year-old son of Town Marshal "Pete" Bass, was shot and instantly killed by his mother, who mistook him for a hurglar. The boy arose in his sleep and wandered about the house. His mother heard him and quietly secured a revolver. Soon afterward she saw a form on the roof of a porch, moving stealthily through her bedroom window, and she fired. It was some time before she summoned sufficient courage to go down stairs, where she found the lifeless body of her son.

ELIHU ROOT SWORN IN

It is feared that the shock may prove

Took the Oath As Secretary of State In Washington.

fatal to her.

Washington, July 19.—Elihu Root arrived here from New York and took the oath as secretary of state. He was somewhat fatigued as the result of his journey and the intense heat. He said that his coming at this time was to formally take up the reins of office as secretary of state. He will remain in the city, however, but the one day.

Two Killed In Collision. Roanoke, Va., July 17.—Two men were killed and four more injured in head-on collision between two freight trains one mile north of Midvale, Va. on the Shenandoah division of the Norfolk & Western railway. The dead are E. S. Hite, of Vesuvius, Va., a brakeman, and John Dent, of Roanoke, Va., fireman. The north-bound freight train had orders to wait at Midvale for 'a south-bound extra freight, but the orders, it is alleged, were disregarded by the north-bound crew.

General Wood Leaves Hospital. Boston July 19.—General Leonard Wood, who recently underwent an operation at a private hospital in this city, left the institution. Accompanied by Mrs. Wood, a trained nurse and a physician, he has gone to the country for a few days. He expects to sail early next month for Manila.

A good deal of the consolation offer ed in the world is about as solacing as the assurance of the Irishman to his wife when she fell into the river-"You will find ground at the bottom, my

THE RESOURCEFUL MOLE.

He Gets Away With Ease When You Think You Have Him.

"Speaking of quick and resourceful animals, the mole leads easily so far as my experience goes," said a man from the country, "and I dare say there are many men who have made observations that will confirm my contention. As you probably know, the mole plows in the surface of the earth, generally making a small ridge anywhere from two to three inches high. He moves with remarkable rapidity even when the ground in which he is burrowing is hard. When operating in soft ground he moves along at a surprising gait. But this is not the point I wanted to make. I was thinking of the remarkably good hearing of the mole and the ease with which he can get away just at the moment when you think you have him cornered. Of course now and then you can drive a spike through the mole before he is aware of it. If you do you will have to walk as light as a cat and will have to act as quickly as the same animal when the time comes to act. In nine cases out of ten the mole will hear the first footfall. At once he will quit plowing. He is gone. Search as you may, you cannot find him. I have seen men dig for fifty yards, following the ridge and its offshoots, without finding any other trace of the mole than the ridge. The mole's hearing is peculiarly keen, and I suppose this is so because he cannot see. But even more wonderful from my standpoint is the ease and quickness with which he gets away. How does he manage it? Where does he go? You know, the element of superstition in my makeup is slim, and I don't believe in ghosts, but somehow I have always inclined just a bit to the ghost theory when thinking of the mysterious antics of these blind burrowers. The mole is more like a ghost in his conduct than anything I have ever known, though, of course, the mole is a real and not an imaginary and mythical thing."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

EARLY DIAMOND BUYING.

South Africa's First Finds Were Paid For In Cows.

South Africa's first diamonds were paid for in cows. The story is told by Joseph B. Robinson, one of the wealthy pioneers of that country. In 1879 he gave eight oxen and a wagon loaded with sugar and tobacco to a native in exchange for a twenty-three carat gem. "The news spread like wildfire through the countryside that a white man was giving away wagons and oxen for bits of stone," he says. "I set all the natives who came to work to seek for diamonds on one side of the Vaal river, and I brought up my own fifty men to hunt for diamonds among the bushes and scrub on the other side of the stream. I had bought the land on both sides of the river, so that I was working on my own property. Next morning at sunrise, when I was having my coffee, I was startled by a loud hullabalooing, and, looking out, I saw the whole gang of my men rushing toward me in a state of wild

excitement. "One of them had found a diamond of good size. They all had come to see what I would do with it. 'What will you give me for it?' said the finder. 'I will give you ten cows,' I replied and sent the man into the herd to take his pick. He marked ten of the best cows as his own. The men had never dreamed of making such a bargain. Ten cows for a bit of stone! Off they went again and found diamonds every day. They became rich, and I accumulated a good store of

precious stones. "After we had accumulated a large quantity we decided we would better send them to London. We made a belt full of small pockets, in each of which we placed a diamond. When the belt was filled my partner girded it about his body and started for Cape Town. He never took off the belt until he reached London. And it was in this way the first consignment of African diamonds reached London."

THE ALLIGATOR'S JAWS.

They Will Open if You Stick Your Fingers In His Eyes. "If ever you have the luck to be

caught by an alligator put a finger in each eye," says an old Australian hunter. "That will have the effect of making him open his jaws, and then you can make the most of your opportunity. There are several known instances of the escape of natives by that means. Alligators prefer their food high, so the chances are if you are caught you will be deposited on the bottom somewhere. I heard of one native escaping even then. When crossing the rivers the natives carry stout sticks, so if encountered by an alligator they can ward him off by shoving a stick down his throat.

"That alligators have enormous strength I have evidence besides my own experience. At Port Essington a buffalo was drinking in a stream when an alligator nailed it by the head and drowned it. Soon afterward a horse was caught while drinking at the same spot. It dragged the alligator about forty yards before the brute let go. Mr. Robinson anchored the body of a horse a little distance out from a cliff close to his camp. In due time he had his chance and shot a fifteen foot alligator.

Absolutely Necessary. Nan-I don't see why Miss Mugley should want to marry him with all her money. Dick-I guess she had to. I don't believe he'd have taken her with-

out it.-Philadelphia Press. Barber-Shall I take a little of the ends of your hair off, sir? Customer-

Yes, I think you had better take it off at the ends unless you can get it out of the middle.—New Yorker.