

The Last of the Batch.

"In the early days of the Colorado minin' camps," said the old prospector, "one of the best payin' holes in the groun' before it ran out was the Last Hope mine. Its name was given it by the man who struck it, who was much down at the heels at the time and fully intended that if it didn't relieve his necessities he would hang himself to the limb of a tree that extended directly over it. He sold his claim for \$100,000 to a company and retires first off from this here story.

"The president of the Last Hope lived in the east and sent out a manager from that region. Mr. Parkhurst, among other things, at home had been superintendent of a Sunday school. Naturally he didn't like the appearance of a Colorado minin' camp. The cousin' that was going on was just like fireworks. The saloons did a better business than the store. Whenever the wind riz the playin' cards filled the air like a snowstorm. As for Sunday, there was no work on that day, but instead of services there was gamblin'. There was a few women in the camp, but they was worse'n the men.

"Mr. Parkhurst looked the ground over and sized up the situation. What that camp needed was wives. He argued that men without the restraining influence of women would naturally turn into wild animals, and he resolved to send for some gals. He called the miners together and told 'em that if they would turn out the women there was in camp he would send for a carload of real good, true members of the female sex to be helpmates for 'em. The miners agreed, and Mr. Parkhurst wrote Miss Amelia Bowers, who had succeeded him as head of his Sunday school, to come out with a dozen of the best behaved and best lookin' young women she could pick up. Her influence was far more needed in the west than where she was. Husbands would be provided. "Miss Bowers, a middle aged, conscientious woman, concluded that it was her duty to accept the situation and proceeded to collect a dozen young women who would rather get married than work. She also shipped several hundred Bibles and hymn books. The company paid all expenses and give each gal a hundred dollars to sit up housekeepin' with.

"The day Miss Bowers arrived with them twelve gals was a screamer. Not a man would work, and every one of 'em went to the tavern where the coach was to unload. While they was waitin' Ben Huggins, an old feller who was a leader among 'em, made 'em a speech remindin' 'em that they mustn't be in too much of a hurry to wed and that gals liked to be courted. There wasn't enough gals to go round by any means, but any fightin' for 'em would spoil the whole business. If the men behaved right another lot would be provided; if they didn't those who had come would go back.

"When the coach drove up to the tavern door there was a yell. Some of the gals was on top, and they was mighty good lookin'. Them miners hadn't seen a decent woman in years—some of 'em—and they wasn't used to such beauty. It was like angels comin' down from heaven. The men was respectful, you bet. There's no place where a good woman is so revered as where she's a rarity. A way was opened from the coach to the tavern, and the gals went inside, but there was slich a howl for 'em that they come out on to a balcony and stood there, while the men at an order from Huggins, the old feller who had spoken to 'em a short time before, took off their hats. The gals looked kind of funny, as if not knowin' what to make of the reception.

"If the manager had sent for enough gals to go round in the first place there wouldn't likely have been any trouble. As it was, several of the most desperate men each saw among the lot a gal he wanted, and some of 'em wanted the same gal. The gals hadn't more'n gone back into the tavern before there was half a dozen fights. Huggins he goes off to the manager, and he says: "Mr. Parkhurst, I'm afraid there's a-goin' to be a commotion in this here camp. Why didn't you send for enough for a feed?" "What do you suggest, Huggins?" "The most natural way, the way the men would take to easiest, would be to raffle 'em."

"Mr. Parkhurst looked glum. 'You forget, Huggins,' he said, 'that a woman has the right to marry whom she chooses. To raffle them would be to give them away without their consent. That wouldn't do at all.' "Well, Mr. Parkhurst, all I've got to say is that if something isn't done, and that pretty quick, there won't be enough men left to furnish husbands for this lot of gals."

"I'm afraid we'll have to send the women back," said Mr. Parkhurst. "I reckon," said Huggins, scratchin' his head, "we might git the men to draw lots for a chance to git some one on 'em."

"That's a good idea; try it." "Huggins went away and called a mass meetin' of the suitors. He told them that a dozen men must be chosen by lot to offer themselves each to a girl. If a man failed to find any one of the girls he wanted and who wanted him that left a girl for

a second drawin' of chances. Many of those present would rather have fought for their chance; but, recognizin' the delicacy of the situation and the plan bein' the nearest that could be suggested to a raffle, it was unanimously approved. Blanks and ten prize slips were placed in a hat and ten men were selected. Every one of the lucky ten was ordered to black his boots, take his trousers out of them, wear a coat if he had one and report at the tavern that evening for introduction by Miss Bowers. "The next mornin' Mr. Parkhurst called for Huggins.

"Well, Huggins," he said when the old man appeared, "how did it turn out last night?"

"At the courtin'?" To'able, sir, to'able. Three men proposed to gals as tuk 'em, four men was too or'ary to go down with any of the gals, two men wanted the same gal and was killed in a shootin' match afterwards. One man got up on his ear with a gal who wouldn't have him and said he had a wife already in Frisco and didn't want no more of 'em. This leaves seven gals for the next drawin' and three men less to be provided for."

"Seven names were next drawn and presented the same evenin'." This was Huggins' report of the second pair o'f: "Three paired off. One feller was drunk and wasn't let in to the courtin'. Three men wanted the same gal. They had a triangular fight, the survivor to win; little feller with red hair winner. Gal wouldn't have him. That leaves four gals for prizes."

"In this way eleven of the gals was paired, leavin' one, the purtiest of the lot, to be disposed of. All the feller wanted her from the first, and most of the men that got killed was fightin' for her. But she wouldn't have none of 'em. She's mighty particular, seedn' she's had twenty men to pick from. She's got snappin' black eyes, kind of reddish hair and is purty and plump as a robin."

"Now, if you want to work out a scheme for furnishin' wives you don't want nary of the women to be a jim dandy. One purty woman with the old Nick in her will spoil any practical plan that was ever got up. This gal, Becky Riggs, bein' the only unmarried woman left in the camp—Miss Bower had gone back for another load—and every wan left wantin' her, set up a conflagration. Every day there was a fight about her, and some one was sure to be killed. The wives begged her to choose some one and stop the fightin'. But she wouldn't. She'd make b'lieve she was goin' to take one of 'em and then start in to encourage another. If anything was needed to keep up the list of casualties this filled the bill.

"Well, it got so bad at last, so many good men bein' killed, that Mr. Parkhurst sent Miss Riggs word that he'd be pleased to furnish her a ticket back where she came from. She sent word to him that she'd rather be an old maid in Colorado than a bloomin' married woman in the east. Then Mr. Parkhurst went to see her to reason with her. She jist set there listenin' to him with her head on one side and her nose in the air and didn't answer never a word.

"Things kep' goin' from bad to worse. Some of the men Miss Riggs had refused tuk to drink, and most of 'em wouldn't work. It was impossible to git other hands, and the dirt taken out was gittin' less an' less every day. It begun to look as if Miss Riggs wasn't married or didn't go away the mine would have to shet down. The president wrote to know what was up. Mr. Parkhurst wrote to send on a carload of women. The president wrote that Miss Bowers had come back and wouldn't advise no more gals to go to slich a benighted place. This looked purty black. Mr. Parkhurst called for old Ben Huggins and axed him what was best to be done.

"When I was livin' with my ole woman, Mr. Parkhurst," Huggins said knowin'ly, "I found out that women must have their way."

"What do you mean by that?" "Well, sir, there's nothin' fur a purty gal here but to git married. Every man here has axed Miss Riggs but one."

"I thought they had all asked her."

"No, sir; there's one left, and the knowin' ones among the wives say that's the one she wants."

"Who is he?" "I think it's you, sir."

"I?" "Yes, sir—you."

"Mr. Parkhurst concluded to make a call on Miss Riggs.

"The young woman was perfectly aware that the manager understood the situation. Furthermore, she had brought with her some becomin' costumes and had put one of them on for his reception. When Mr. Parkhurst saw her, to have her for a companion didn't seem to him such a hardship, after all. It had been more than a year since he had seen a refined woman. He passed the evenin' with her in general conversation and found her intelligent. He might spend years in a minin' country, and it occurred to him that Miss Riggs would take away from his loneliness. He thought the matter over that night and the next evenin' made another visit, durin' which he surrendered.

"The visit of the girls to the minin' camp was a lottery with one prize. Miss Riggs got it. But in her case there was more management than luck."

In-a New Light.

Actor-Playwright—I have been told, sir, that the Corot you sold me is not genuine! Art Dealer—Who said so? Actor-Playwright—The art critic of the Daily Whirl. Art Dealer—Do you believe what their dramatic critic says about your plays? Actor-Playwright—I never thought of that! What have you to show me today?—Smart Set.

A Hundred Million Stars Glean in That Silvery Scarf.

The census of the starry sky is concerned almost entirely with the Milky way. The number of stars not connected with it is negligible. But when you look at the Milky way the idea of numbering its stars seems the dream of a madman. It stretches all round the sky. Its extent is so unthinkably immense that science has never undertaken to measure it, and the imagination could not grasp the figures that such a measurement, if it was possible to make it, would involve.

Yet that whole enormous expanse of space occupied by the Milky way is so crowded with stars that they make upon the eye the impression of a silvery scarf wound round the brow of the universe.

It requires a telescope to see them as a broad zone of glittering points instead of an almost uniform band of whiteness in the firmament.

In some places they are more thinly scattered, so that, as you gaze through the glass, you almost think that, with infinite patience, you might count the number included in a space as large as the face of the moon.

But in other places they seem to be packed together like the sands of the seashore. They stretch away over thousands of square degrees of space, hanging in great festoons, spreading out in vast banners, where billions upon billions of cubic miles seem to be filled with stars thicker than the flakes in a driving snowstorm!

There are begemmed knots in that starry scarf so rich that the eye is dazzled and the mind confused by the spectacle which they present. Yet science, although it shrinks from trying to estimate the space which they occupy, has succeeded in forming a fairly correct enumeration of the stars of the Milky way.

The most extravagant estimates do not put the number at more than 300,000,000, and the most trustworthy and probable make them a third less.

A hundred million stars, then, is the total population of the glittering universe, and when we see what a marvelous effect of innumerable things they produce we begin to appreciate what a hundred millions mean.—Garrett F. Serviss in New York American.

A Good Gargle.

Where one is subject to sore throat the tendency can often be overcome by learning to gargle and keeping up the practice daily, whether there is or is not cause.

If mothers would see that their babies were taught early to gargle there would be fewer casualties when diphtheria develops.

An excellent homemade gargle is made from half a cupful of boiling vinegar, one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper and three teaspoonfuls of salt. Mix well together and when settled strain and bottle. This has been used

full strength, but is better diluted with from one-half to two-thirds of water. It is too strong for constant use, but is admirable when a sore throat threatens.

A Good Husband, a Good Father and a Good Neighbor.

I have made a code for my own guidance which may interest you. I hold that a man's first duty is to be a good husband, which implies, of course, that he ought to marry and then make his wife believe, if he can, that she has been the most fortunate of women.

It isn't easy—but, my, how it pays! He must be lover, husband, son and even father by turns and occasionally just nobody—he must get clear of the earth. But when he comes back—

A man's second duty is to be a good father, which implies, of course, that he ought to have children—adopted, if necessary. He ought to be to them the standard by which all other men are measured and found wanting, because he is their daddy and they love him.

A man's third duty is to be a good neighbor, to carry his share, no matter how small or how great it may be, of the community's worthy enterprises, to share the sorrows and the joys of those around him, to make his home a real asset to his community.

After a man has done these three things, if he has time and means and strength, he can and should think in wider circles. But the man who does these three well is doing more than if he contributed millions and neglected these three. The man who neglects his wife or his children or his neighbors, no matter what other apparently great things he may have done, will hear Gabriel's trumpet very faintly if at all on the morning of the great day.—Ernan J. Ridgway in Delinestor.

When the Mule Kicks. "No man unless he is blind should ever be kicked by a mule. There is no excuse for it. If kicked he is as much to blame as the mule," said a mule raiser. "A mule never kicks without first wagging his ears and switching his tail," said the breeder. "All you have to do is to keep your eyes on his ears and tail. And when he begins to wag his ears or switch his tail then it is time to dodge. And if you dodge quickly you will never be touched."—Kansas City Journal.

A Cold Bite. "You were twenty miles from the north pole and starving!" exclaimed the credulous housewife. "And how did you save yourself?" "Why, mum," responded Fridig Fred as he wiped away a tear. "In me starving moments I remembered de Eskimo dogs. Pushing out through the snow, I twisted one of der tails, an' den—an' den!" "And then what, my poor man?" "I got a cold bite."—Chicago News.

Groceries. Groceries.

Sechler & Company COFFEE. When goods advance on the market the retail price usually follows. But in regard to the recent advance in Coffees we have not followed the ordinary course, either by marking up the price or reducing the quality. We have found a new and more favorable market in which to buy the goods and maintain the high standard of our leaders at 18c, 20c and 25 cents per pound.

The Pennsylvania State College.

The Pennsylvania State College Offers Exceptional Advantages. IF YOU WISH TO BECOME: A Chemist, A Teacher, An Engineer, A Lawyer, An Electrician, A Physician, A Scientific Farmer, A Journalist.

Shoes. Shoes.

Yeagers Shoe Store. Johnnie's New Pants. Johnnie told his mother that his new pants were much tighter than his skin. Why, how could that be? Well, I can sit down with the skin on and I cannot with the pants on. That is the trouble with the average ladies shoes, they are too tight that they cannot sit down or stand up.

Dry Goods. Dry Goods.

LYON & CO. CORSETS.—We are receiving this week our second lot of new models in summer Corsets. The best corset in the market with four hose supporters, long hips and back. Real value 75 cents, our price 50 cts. Regal Worcester Corsets in all the new models, also new adjusto models from \$1.00 to \$3.00. Bon Ton Corsets that are known for the elegant forms, fine quality and greatest comfort in all the newest models.