

There are not places enough in these piping times of peace for our young West Point graduates to fill. An admirable suggestion has been made that after graduation the young officers be sent around among the different states to teach the national guards the art of war and drill them properly.

At a meeting of distinguished citizens of Newport, R. I., President Harrison was powerfully memorialized to prevent the "wholesale and unrestrained murdering of innocent American citizens by thousands, now going on in some of the states of the south." In what states of the south is the murdering of people now going on by the thousands?

The Hoang Ho, or Yellow river in China, is 2,300 miles long. For 2,000 years the people have been building up its banks by levees, as is done with the Mississippi. Yet every year or two come disastrous breaks, loss of life and incalculable loss of property. At various points where the breaks took place last summer fifty years must elapse before the soil can be cultivated again, owing to deposits.

Delightful indeed is Prince Murat's reply to Miss Caldwell when she informed him that she proposed to allow him only \$10,000 a year for permitting her to be his wife: "Madame, you deceive yourself greatly. I am not an Italian. French princes are quoted much higher in the matrimonial stock list." Then he made an exquisite French bow and left her, with an elaborate bridal outfit on her hands. She can never use it on anybody else, because it is embroidered all over with imperial crowns, which wouldn't fit. Gwendolin, it serves you right. One honest American boy, who cherishes still in his heart the traditional respect of his countrymen for women, is worth a Great Eastern load of grizzled old foreign libertines with a handle to their names. They despise everything American but our money. An American woman who marries one of them generally gets what she deserves.

Kentucky Feuds.

If anybody wants to write the thrilling American novel, he need go no farther than Kentucky to find material for scenes as tragic and wildly romantic as any writer would wish to portray. The American tragic poet need not search Italian history for blood curdling topics on which to exercise his muse. The Kentucky feuds will be a rich mine for them all. These family fights are handed down from father to son. Blood is wiped out in blood, and nothing is ever forgotten or forgiven. It is said that the Martin-Tolliver fight, after lasting many years, has finally been ended by the romantic marriage of a Romeo and Juliet of the rival houses. Not so the Hatfield-McCoy feud. These two families had been at odds for many years, and had fought till, it is said, no less than twenty men and boys had been murdered on the two sides.

Then a fair Juliet McCoy met and loved a young Romeo Hatfield. They plighted their troth, as an old romancer would have put it. They became engaged to be married, the space reporter of our day would write. The wedding day came, the pair stood at the altar, the preacher was in the act of pronouncing them one. In through the window whistled the bullets of those who had sworn that a McCoy should never be the wife of a Hatfield. Both bride and groom and fell dead in their blood stained wedding garments. The Hatfield-McCoy feud has broken out fiercer than ever, and will apparently continue till none of either race is left to keep up the old hates. Where are our missionaries?

Something in This.

Fanny Edgar Thomas, a well known young newspaper woman, adds her ideas to the pile of novel suggestions for the Columbus celebration of 1892. Fanny believes with all her heart that rich citizens, who are sighing for ways to do something great with their money, should form a monster fund from which struggling, starving young geniuses may draw to support themselves while they are toiling up the weary hill towards final success. She writes, and her pen is dipped in gall and blood:

For the love of heaven and in the name of humanity, cease trying to think up new plans for expending those enormous sums of money, and build instead a fund for the use of poor young people with talent and purpose, to save them from burning the rafters out of one-half their souls during the first best years, when the blood is sapped, the ambition crippled, the person marred, and the life strings so worn out by poverty and toil that the whole instrument is flat and out of tune before fate permits a chord to be struck upon it! It is one thing to lift a boy bodily over a wall you wish him to climb, and another to show him places where he may set in his toes. There is a time in the polishing of a diamond when polishing ends and wearing begins. None save those who have to go through it know the distracting, disturbing, devitalizing horror of providing the means for accomplishing, and a place to eat and sleep while doing it. I am sick at heart, since my summer experience at resorts, with seeing money fairly burned up in perfectly vain and idle expenditure, by duds sons, blasé fathers, thoughtless mothers and silly daughters—money which is the very life blood of existence. I have seen beauty despoiled, genius wrecked, reason dethroned, lovers lost, morals—aye, verily—purely and solely through poverty at the crisis of life.

I would have a fund large enough and solid enough to permit boys and girls while young to pass directly, immediately and happily into training and practice for whatever calling they may have sufficient instinct to make them earnest.

I have for a year been calling to the poor creatures who are obliged to teach in order to learn, to typewrite in order to get at the keys of a piano, encouraging them for God's sake to keep on going up the stairs, as they never know when a landing may come, and I now offer a pie to the other side.

If we do make "a hole in the ground," let it be a grave in which to bury annually a percentage of our young strivers. It would be far more meritorious than the present state of things to many of them. Instead of a Babel tower, let us have a bank account set to the credit of Young Genius!

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