

WINTER'S NE'ER SO WEARY.

The winter's ne'er so weary
But the sweet thought of my dearie
Can make the winter blossom as the
spring;
For the thought of her is sweeter
Than a song in sweetest meter,—
For the smile of her has taught my
heart to sing!

The winter's ne'er so dreary
But the sweet thought of my dearie
Can make the roses redden o'er the
snow;
For the thought of her is filling
All the world, and thrilling—thrill-
ing
The gardens where the fairest roses
grow!

O golden bees! bring honey
From the fragrant fields and sunny;
O birds! be not a-weary on the wing!
Till earth grows glad to greet her—
Till Love kneels low to meet her—
For the love of her has taught my
heart to sing!

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Con-
stitution.

A LOST LOVER.

"It's too bad!" said Alexia Vane.
"Halt a dozen pairs of gloves—fifteen
dollars at the very least—and all my
pocket money gone, and papa as cross
as a bear because of Madame Hilaire's
bill! I'm sure I don't know what I'm
going to do!"

"It solves you right," said Editha,
her younger sister. "Papa always
said it was an unladylike thing to
bet!"

"Pshaw!" said Alexia, disdainfully.
"Everyone does it—at the races. And
I made sure that Lightning had such a
delightful outfit of summer gloves, if
he only had reached the winning-post
first."

"Well," said Editha, with a toss of
her frizzes, "I shouldn't pay the bet if
I were you. Gentlemen never expect
it!"

"He will, though," said Alexia.
"And I don't want to make an un-
favorable impression, just as he's get-
ting interested. Oh, the gloves must
be got, somehow. If you could lend
me ten dollars, Editha, just until next
week?"

And Editha Vane lent it, unwillingly
enough.

"Mind I must have it back again on
Tuesday, for my new bonnet," said
she.

Alexia Vane was one of those tall,
dashing beauties, that startle society
like a meteor—a dark-eyed, ebony-
tressed girl, with rich, rose-red cheeks,
a ripe, scarlet mouth, and a complex-
ion like a calla-lily leaf.

But, in spite of all her attractions,
she had reached the age of five and
twenty without an eligible offer. Pen-
iless young officers there were in
plenty; briefless lawyers, and interest-
ing artists, but Alexia Vane had not
the slightest idea of becoming a poor
man's wife.

"I'll marry money, or I won't marry
at all," said she, with a meaning com-
pression of her cherry lips.

And Major Creswell had money, as
well as good looks and engaging man-
ners, and Major Creswell had driven
her to the Jerome Park races with his
own four-in-hand, and they had bet to-
gether on the respective prowess of
Corsair and Lightning Rod, and Alexia
had lost half a dozen pairs of
gloves because the latter steed turned
up third instead of first best.

And under the circumstances she
felt that it was best promptly to meet
her engagements.

"Gloves, if you please," said Miss
Vane to the dove-eyed, pale-faced
shop-girl at Soames & Hopgood's.
"Number eight and a-half, gentle-
man's size."

And Miss Vane thought, with a sort
of languid interest, how very pretty
the dove-eyed girl was, and wondered
why she had no more color in her
cheeks, and if the wavy ripple in her
hair was the result of art, or a natural
gift.

"How much are they?" said Miss
Vane, carelessly turning over the var-
ious packages that Alice Lee laid out
on the counter for her inspection.

"Three dollars a pair? Oh, dear me,
that's an absurd amount to ask! Have
you nothing for a less price?"

Alice did not know; she would ask
Mr. Hopgood.

As she turned away, one of the
packages, piled carelessly on top of
the others, slipped, and fell directly
into Miss Vane's lap.

Half a dozen pairs, evening colors,
just the right size, exactly what
Alexia wanted.

She saw them fall, and did not put
them back; on the contrary, she slip-
ped them hurriedly into the deep
pocket of her mantle.

"Soames & Hopgood will overcharge
me enough on the next silk dress I
buy here to make it up," thought
Alexia. "And my stock of pocket-
money is so awfully short just now!
I declare it was quite providential,
that package falling right into my
pocket, as it were!"

She rose hurriedly, with a deep color
on her cheek.

"Never mind now!" called she to
Alice Lee. "I don't care about getting
them to-day. I'll call in some other
time."

She swept out of the store, with the
half-dozen pairs of gloves in her pocket,
while Alice Lee stood struck dumb
with amazement and dismay; for, in
the mirrored panel opposite, she had
seen the whole transaction.

Should she call out to the richly
dressed beauty to stop? Should she
dare to denounce the richly dressed
young lady as a thief? Or should she
summon one of the partners of the

SPANIARDS SHOT WOUNDED.

The Dressing Station at the Bloody Ford of
San Juan.

As the wounded lay under the low,
sheltering bank at the ford of the San
Juan during the charge up the hill,
the bullets came singing incessantly
by, with a sound something like the
quick momentary hum of a large mos-
quito, clipping the leaves from the
trees in their flight, and allowing them
slowly to flutter down in the faces of
the men; then splashing into the creek
would bury themselves in its bed. At
times they fell so thickly for short in-
tervals that it appeared as though it
were raining. To vary the excitement,
an occasional shrapnel would come
tearing through the trees above us,
smashing limbs, and dropping splin-
ters and branches all about us. Men
coming up the road from the rear to
join the firing-line were frequently
wounded right in the creek while
crossing it, and it was often necessary
to wade out and get them before they
drowned, as many of them surely
would have done otherwise. Now and
then a wounded horse would plunge
through the station; and one poor animal,
bleeding profusely from his side,
dropped half way across the creek,
and drowned and bled to death sim-
ultaneously. His struggles to gain a
foothing and keep his head above water
were pitiful to see. A number of the
staff and field horses were killed close
by the station. Some dropped dead in
their tracks; others, frantic, plunged
and broke their halters and disappear-
ed in the brush to die. To add to the
feeling of insecurity about this place,
it was but a very short time before
shots were close at hand were heard
from time to time, and bullets fell
among us, apparently from above and
behind us. There was no natural pro-
tection from that side, and the only
solution of this problem that we could
arrive at was that we were being shot
at from the trees. There were several
very large ones with dense foliage
close by. Such, we found after-
wards, was really the case. We were
being made targets of by the Spanish
sharpshooters. It was quite a task
to reassure the wounded that they
were in no danger where they were if
they would only lie quietly. After the
first shock of this discovery, many of
the injured passed the time watching
the trees to determine if there were
any signs of life in them, and occa-
sionally pointed out to one another
what they thought were living beings
hidden in the foliage.—Captain George
J. Newgarden, in Harper's Weekly.

Ambassador Hay's Big Apron.

Colonel Hay, our new Secretary of
State, was, when a boy, a regular at-
tendant of the Presbyterian Sunday
school at Warsaw, Ill.

The Sunday school lessons partly
consisted of committing to memory
Bible verses, and to attain supremacy
in this created quite a rivalry among
the scholars. John Hay was sure to
come out ahead from two to five an-
swers, sometimes more, causing those
of his comrades who were always be-
hind him to regard him with envy.

Consequently, when some of those
boys heard that John had to wash
dishes and do the churning for his
mother, and more than all, that he
wore an apron while at these duties,
his jealous comrades fairly crowded.

One morning it was agreed by his
comrades to get him out of doors
while he had his apron on, and humili-
ate him by having two or three girls
whom he rather liked ask him ques-
tions in regard to his housework.

Young Hay came out to where the
boys were, and answered the questions
by saying that he washed dishes as
his mother taught him; and then with
twinkling eyes, he gave the dishpan
which he had with him a tremendous
fling, contents and all, drenching who-
ever happened to be near enough, and,
laughing loudly, ran into the kitchen.
Hay and his big apron were never mo-
lestated after that.—Christian Endeavor

Wool for England.

Every year between 480,000,000 and
500,000,000 pounds of Australian wool
are imported into Great Britain. There
are also imports from South Africa,
South America and other countries,
making the total annual importation
about 800,000,000 pounds. More than
half of this vast quantity of raw ma-
terial is retained for home manufac-
ture, but we let more than half the
colonial wool go abroad. The Austral-
ian wools are among the finest, and
are much sought after by Continental
manufacturers. Every country, al-
most every district, has its own kind
of wool. It depends on breed and cli-
mate, the character of the country,
and the nature of the pasturage. The
dry climate and short herbage of the
Australian colonies produce the finest
fleeces.

Wool comes from the prairies of
South America full of burrs, and a
coarse quality is produced in South
Africa. The condition of the wool as
imported is also, of course, a prime
element in price, which depends on
whether it is "greasy" or "scoured,"
"skirty" or "stringy," fatty or earthy.
The wants of manufacturers are as varied
as the qualities of wool. Buyers at the
exchange know exactly what they
want, and can estimate to a nicety
what they ought to pay for it.—Good
Words.

A New Zealand Lizard.

The Tuatara lizard of New Zealand
is said to be one of the most ancient
forms of animal life now existing. It
originally possessed four eyes, but
now has to be contented with but two.
It lays eggs, and these take no less
than thirteen months to hatch out,
the embryos passing the winter in a state
of hibernation.

TO SEEK OLD AGE.

A New York Club Whose Object is to Encour-
age Longevity.

A club to encourage longevity is be-
ing organized in New York city. The
only obligation of members beyond
the payment of dues is to pledge them-
selves to endeavor to live more than
one hundred years. Centenarians
will be admitted as honorary mem-
bers. The name of the organization
is to be the Hundred Year Club.

George W. Smith is the organizer of
this unique society. Among those who
have indicated their desire to become
charter members are Lieutenant Rich-
mond Pearson Hobson, General Thom-
as Wilson, U. S. A., Colonel Henry H.
Adams, Herbert W. Greene, Mrs. May
Banks Stacey, treasurer of the Hol-
land Dames' National Society; Wil-
liam Wilkins Kenly, secretary of the
Sons of the American Revolution; A.
Noel Blakeman, recorder of the Loyal
Legion; George R. Wieland, of the
Yale University Museum and Dr. Robert
Eugene Payne.

"Our main object," said Dr. Walton,
"is to teach persons to enjoy life every
hour and moment of their lives. Now-
adays men grow old quickly. At the
age of fifty the majority of men turn
to stone, so to speak, or succumb to
fatty degeneration. Too many per-
sons live only for their senses. Every-
one should attain a ripe old age.
That should be the highest endeavor
of all. In India there are men who
have reached the age of 150 years."

At the head of their prospectus the
organizers of the club make the state-
ment that one-fourth of the persons
born on the earth die before the age of
six, one-half before the age of sixteen,
and only one person in 100 lives to the
age of sixty-five. The Hundred Year
Club, they state, is to be formed for
the study of longevity in its various
phases, mental and physical, as it is
affected by heredity and environment.
Its aim will be to collect and maintain
a library to contain everything of
value written on the subject, including
the theories of India, Egypt and the
ancient Hebrews, as well as more
modern ideas.

"Information," continues the pros-
pectus, "will be collected regarding
methods pursued by individuals who
have attained excessive longevity and
lessons learned therefrom. Meetings
will be held and the proceedings pub-
lished. At the club and the various
branches valuable papers will be read
and discussed."

According to the founders, "valuable
secret knowledge" will be imparted to
the members free of cost. "We will
have in our publications," they say,
"the essence of the secrets of various
orders that sell their ideas at fabulous
prices, with tedious rites and cere-
monies. There will be no expensive
books presented for our members to
purchase."

An Elegant Vagrant.

Paul H. Stanley, forty-two years of
age, was arraigned before Magistrate
Olmsted in the Harlem Police Court on
a charge of vagrancy. He wore a
brown chinchilla overcoat, black dia-
gonal cutaway coat, fancy vest, dark
trousers, patent leather shoes, tan
gaiters, a tie of the latest style, a
collar of immaculate white and dog-
skin gloves of a light mouse color.
The policeman who had arrested Stan-
ley said that the man went to his
house the night before and asked for
something to eat. A meal was placed
before him and he ate ravenously.
Stanley told the magistrate that he
had no home. The last place he lived
was at the Hotel Gerard. He re-
alized there until his money gave
out.

"I spent my last dollar like a
prince," he said, waving his gloved
hand. He added that he had travelled
all over the world and had become ill
in Mexico. He never got over that ill-
ness. He told the magistrate all about
the topographical features of Chihua-
hua, Guanajuato, Hidalgo, San Luis
Potosi and other Mexican states, and
averred that he owned land in Mexico
that was so dry that it would
create a thirst in the most
veterate abstainer. Magistrate Olm-
sted committed him to the work-
house for a month for reprobation.—
New York Commercial Advertiser.

New Facts About Bismarck.

One German newspaper having de-
clared that the United States was the
originator of the "most favored na-
tion" feature in international com-
merce, another promptly claims the
honor for Bismarck. As the mem-
ories multiply we expect to learn that
the Prince wrote the Declaration of
Independence, discovered George
Washington, and was the original
John Smith who married Pocahontas
at the muzzle of a tomahawk.

Robert Taylor, the sheep raiser of
Grand Island, owns more sheep than
any other man in this country. In-
cluding those on his Wyoming ranches
he has 90,000.

TALKS A HOLE IN A BOARD.

Edison's Latest Invention Makes the Old
Jocular Saying Come True.

Mr. Edison has devised an instru-
ment for talking a hole through a
plank, says the Washington corres-
pondent of the Boston Transcript.
This sounds like a joke, but it is a
fact, nevertheless, and it affords one
of the most interesting illustrations of
the power of sound-waves. When the
vizard was in Washington a while
ago an examiner of patents spoke to
him casually on the subject, and,
struck by an inspiration, he sat down
and drew a sketch of the apparatus in
question, which consists primarily of
a diaphragm, a ratchet and a toothed
wheel. When one talks to the dia-
phragm its vibration causes the wheel
to revolve, and through the familiar
contrivance called a "worm gear" a
gimlet is turned, which bores its way
through a board.

Indeed, the device here described
has been patented by Mr. Edison, but
not for the purpose above described.
It appears in the records of the patent
office as a contrivance for winding a
clock. All you have to do in order to
wind this sort of a clock—a class of
apparatus notoriously obstinate and
untrustworthy—is to storm at it a bit
and call it some names. Without any
more to do the obedient timepiece
starts itself going, and is good for
twenty-four hours.

It has been suggested that Mr. Edi-
son's invention for causing the human
voice to accomplish a boring might be
utilized to advantage in the congress
of the United States, where the long
speeches of certain members would
serve not merely to wind the capital
clocks, but also to run much of the
elaborate machinery required to ven-
tilate and otherwise manage the build-
ing occupied by the national legisla-
ture. The idea is susceptible to indef-
inite expansion, but it has remained
for an Elkhart (Ind.) man to conceive
a scheme of a vastly more remarkable
description. It may be said of him
that he will exalt his horn far above
the rest of mankind, inasmuch as he
proposes to erect at the Paris expo-
sition a tuba with a mouth diameter of
fifty feet. As he expresses it, he pro-
poses that all the world before the
great French fair is over shall know
that he makes horns. The tuba will
be blown by a steam engine, and will
produce music audible at fifty miles.

A Difficult Surgical Operation.

An operation was performed recent-
ly upon Frank Hall, aged fifty-eight
years, residing at Greenfield, Ohio, at
the Good Samaritan Hospital, which
resulted in saving the latter's life.
Hall entered the hospital suffering
from a tumor situated at the junction
of the clavicle and the breastbone, on
the right side. The mass had pushed
itself outward from beneath the breast
bone and collar bone, absorbing those
portions of the latter bone which re-
sisted its progress and pulsated with
each beat of the heart causing a soft
hissing sound at the same time.

It took but one glance of the sur-
geon's eye to inform him that he was
dealing with that dangerous and
dreaded condition known as aneurism.
The latter being situated, as stated
above, about three inches from the
heart and at the junction of the in-
nominate and its two branches, the
common carotid and the subclavian,
three vessels the rupture of either of
which meant instant death. The op-
eration, consisting of ligating the car-
otid and subclavian arteries beyond
the dilated blood sac, although haz-
ardous in the extreme, was finally de-
cided upon, rather than allow the pa-
tient to die by rupture of the sac and
bleeding to death. The patient being
cognizant of the fact, submitted to
the operation. After being anesthet-
ized an incision was made, extending
from near the collar bone to about
three inches above it and two inches
external to Adam's apple. The su-
perficial and deep tissues being divid-
ed, the common carotid was hooked up
and securely tied and the wound clos-
ed. Another incision about three in-
ches long and two inches deep, just
above and parallel with the collar
bone, brought the operator to the sub-
clavian vessel, which was also secured
and tied tightly. The patient, roused
from the operation and is now a well
man.

The Brave Bull, the Cruel Spaniard.

A correspondent describing a bull
fight in Spain in the Saturday Review,
says: The trumpet sounds again, and
the espada takes his sword and his
muleta, and goes out for the last
scene. This, which ought to be, is not
always, the real climax. The bull is
often by this time tired, has had
enough of the spork, leaps at the bar-
rier, trying to get out. He is tired of
running after red rags, and he breath-
es them aside contemptuously; he
can scarcely be got to show animation
enough to be decently killed. But one
bull that I saw yesterday was splen-
dently savage, and fought almost to the
last, running about the arena with the
sword between his shoulders, and that
great red line broadening down each
side of his neck on the black; like a
deep layer of red paint, one tricks
one's self into thinking.

He carried two swords in his neck,
and still fought, when at last, he, too,
got weary, and he went and knelt
down before the door by which he had
entered, and would fight no more. But
they went up to him from outside the
barrier and drew the swords out
of him; and he got to his feet again,
and stood to be killed.

According to an old joke, English-
men used to say: "It's a fine morning
Let's go out and kill something."
But now they say: "It's a fine morn-
ing. Let's build some new battle-
ships." And they do it, too.

THE KEystone STATE.

Latest News Gleaned from
Various Parts.

CAPTAIN NORRIS DEAD.

Assistant Adjutant General on Gobin's
Staff—A Well-Known Pottstown Hotel-
Keeper Dead—Reading Freight Station
Abandoned—Two Hundred Kegs of
Powder Explode Near Shenandoah.

There probably has never been a more
popular young man in Harrisburg than
Captain A. Wilson Norris, who died sudden-
ly Sunday evening. Captain Norris was as-
sistant adjutant general on the staff of Brig-
adier General Gobin, First Brigade, Second
Division, Second Army Corps, and had been
stationed at Augusta, Ga. He was close to
General Gobin and came home to see his
chief inaugurated Lieutenant Governor.
He arrived early in the morning and in the
afternoon, after a dinner at the Harrisburg
Club, he was stricken with acute indigestion
and shortly after his removal to the home of
his mother he died at about 6 o'clock. Cap-
tain Norris was born in Clinton County in
1872, and was the son of Dr. John C. Norris,
of Salona, Clinton County. When his father
died, he was adopted by the late Colonel A.
Wilson Norris, for years prominent in
Pennsylvania politics. He came to Harris-
burg in 1890 and in 1892, when 21 years
old, was admitted to the bar. He was ac-
tive in political, legal and military circles.
He was twice elected vice-president of the
Republican State League of Clubs, and was
a member of the City Grays and Governor's
Troop. When the war broke out he was
aide on the staff of Colonel Magee, of the
Eighth Regiment, and succeeded in getting
the place of the adjutant of the regiment,
General Gobin, on being given command of
the brigade, appointed him assistant adju-
tant general, with rank of captain, and he
was noted for his fine military qualifications.
No death for a long time has shocked the
community so much as that of Captain
Norris.

William O'Brien Dead.

William O'Brien, the well-known Pot-
tstown hotelkeeper is dead. He was born in
County Limerick, Ireland, January 6, 1844.
He came to this country in 1865, and has
been a resident of Pottstown ever since. He
was an active Republican in politics and was
high in the Councils of the party in the bor-
ough and county. It was largely through
his influence that the Young Men's Republi-
can Club of Pottstown was organized, and
sustained. He served as a delegate to the
State convention in 1891. He was for a time
member of the town Council of Pottstown,
and connected with various catholic socie-
ties. He leaves a widow but no children.

Reading Freight Station Abandoned.

As the result of the Philadelphia & Read-
ing Railroad having control of the Wilming-
ton & Northern Railroad, the Reading Rail-
way freight station has been closed and all
business will hereafter be attended to at the
Wilmington & Northern freight office. The
Reading Railway freight and passenger
agent, O. K. Wagonhurst, will be sent to
New York. The baggage master, Albert
Vauman, will be given another position.
The freight operator, Jacob Heckenrode,
will go to Philadelphia. The yard master,
Samuel Koobenberg, will be ticket agent
and baggage master.

Brakeman Roasted to Death.

Jacob Ruth, of South Bethlehem, met a
horrible death on the North Penn Railroad,
at Glenside, Ruth, who was a freight brack-
man, was sitting in the caboose of a slowly
moving train. Another train, which was
shifting at that place, parted, and a section
ran wild over a switch and into the caboose
occupied by Ruth. In the crash a number
of cars were wrecked and the stove of the
caboose upset, setting fire to the mass of
broken cars. Ruth was pinned in the
wreck, and before he could be rescued was
burned to death. His body was completely
incinerated. All that remained was the
charred trunk.

Powder Mill Blows Up.

A powder mill owned by John Roberts, of
Shenandoah, and situated at Kreh's Station,
exploded. The mill, glass and dryhouses
were completely destroyed, together with
their contents. The explosion took place in
the dryhouse, which became overheated and
which contained 300 kegs of powder, follow-
ed by an explosion in the mill and glass-
houses. The magazine building, standing
about 300 yards distant and containing 1,500
kegs of powder, was razed to the ground by
the force of the explosion without disturb-
ing its contents. No person was injured.
Mr. Roberts places the loss at \$5,000.

Shad Stop Dredging Shad.

The shad fishermen of Pennsylvania
and vicinity are determined, if possi-
ble, to stop dredging in the Dela-
ware River during the shad season, and
have held several meetings with this end in
view. The result has been the appointment
of a committee authorized to communicate
with Major Raymond, at Philadelphia, ask-
ing his co-operation in the stopping of
dredging from April 1 to May 15, over a
course extending from Reedy Island to Deep
Water Point. Heretofore dredging of the
river in the spring has proven a great detriment
to shad fishing.

Death Follows Wrong Diagnosis.

Rise Douple, the 6-year-old son of George
Douple, of Lebanon, a railroad, fell on the
icy pavement on Friday and on Saturday was
pronounced all right. Sunday night at 11
o'clock he died in convulsions. A fracture
of the skull was discovered after death.

Sisters Depart Life Together.

Mrs. Fannie Showalter and Mrs. Lizzy
Yeager, sisters, died at Phoenixville within
seven hours of each other. The former died
Friday evening at 7 o'clock and the latter
next morning at 2 o'clock. They were both
over 70 years of age and will be buried to-
gether.

Died Out in Arizona.

Word has been received in Norristown that
George C. Baker, of Ambler, died recently
in Arizona, where he went for the benefit
of his health. In 1897 he was assistant ser-
geant-at-arms of the State Senate of Penn-
sylvania, and acted as secretary to Senator
Durham, of Philadelphia. He was an active
political worker.

Young Skater Drowned.

While skating on the Lehigh Canal, Mer-
ritt Kildare, aged 15 years, only son of Harry
Kildare, broke through a section of this ice
and was drowned after struggling for twenty
minutes in the icy water.