Together.

Yes, neighbor, the old folks is gone. Strange, wa'n't it, goin' the same day? As well, perhaps. 'Twould be forlorn If one of 'em had had to stay. Jake was a stern, onbendin' man, And Prue as prickly as a bur, Yet always havin' smiles for him; He always had a smile for her.

Known' em for years, yet never knew The day when Prue's sharp, worn old face

Didn't light up when she see Jake; Her grin was just like an embrace. And as for him, he'd kinder chuck, Gittin' his wrinkles all astir. She always had a smile for him; He always had a smile for her.

Not overnice to other folks, A-strugglin' on to make life pay, They had their little stock of jokes, And loved each other, anyway. So I affirm, 'twas sorter sweet To see 'em smilin' side by side, Jest as I've often seen 'em met They smiled together when they

died.

-Youth's Companion.

Second Se Venus Over the Monk's Tower BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

It was just sunset, and Sir Guy Thurston came whistling across the grounds with a brace of pheasants in thickly clouded. Venus, shining above his hand.

The shooting was fine down in the south coppice, and half a dozen Lon- Lady Hildegard, wrapped in a long don friends were at The Larches to September day the crack of their rifles gloom. Like a phantom she flew skill; the guests had followed, tired Monk's Tower stood. She reached out and anxious to dress for dinner; but Sir Guy had lingered to bring to meet her. down that last brace of birds.

The sun went down as he reached the park, and a sudden wind came up from the sea, bringing down the yellow leaves in showers. Something all this wild weather." else fluttered and fell at Sir Guy's very paper. He stooped and picked it up, moved by a vague impulse of idle firm, round hand:

"Come, when Venus shines over the Monk's Tower.' Sir Guy read it thrice over.

"What the deuce does it mean?" he muttered, glancing through the larches at the Monk's Tower, rising black piteous cry. and grim against the glowing sky. There's some deviltry on foot, I'll

sight of her in the grounds below, and in the act of extracting a slip of paper the gateway. All his passionate blood went throbbing to his heart. He loved this

woman as he loved his own soul, and she was false to him. He could have sworn it there and then. "I'll have her life for It!" he hissed

through his clinched teeth, his face growing black with rage. He determined, however, to bide h's

time. The stormy day seemed endless. Dinner, with its necessary formalities, was a living torture; but they got through it, and night came, wild with wind and rain. "I'm going to Corbet Hall. Don't sit

up for me, Hildegard; I may not return to-night."

His lips grew white and quivered as he spoke, and his eyes shone with a fired with 100 pounds of powder, dedull, lurid fire. She drew near him and put her arm about his shoulder. fair to be stormy, and you don't seem to be well. Can't you defer the ride?"

"No." His voice was thick and hoarse. The touch of her arm, the soft light of her eyes, fairly maddened nim.

"You are 'not well," she went on; 'or something has gone wrong with you. What is it, love?" She bent forward and touched her sweet mouth to his forehead. He could have cried out in his agony. He threw her from him and hurried out of the room.

Lady Hildegard clasped her white hands. "Oh, surely he does not suspect the truth!" she sobbed out.

Midnight came. The larches bent to the fury of the blast; the sky was the Monk's Tower, could not be seen. But just as the tower bell struck, mantle, stole down the broad stairenjoy it. Since noon of the golden way, and made her way out into the The bore of the gun was 6.4 inches. It had not ceased. The keeper had gone across the windy lawn and up the inches in length and with a charge of in laden with the trophies of their craggy eminence upon which the 10 pounds of powder it fired a 100 the spot, and a tall figure came forth 1,080 foot seconds and a muzzle energy

"Hildegard, is it you?"

"Yes, Dugald."

"My faithful Hildegard, I scarcely dared hope you would come through

He took her in his arms, shook the feet-a folded strip of cream-colored rain from her mantle, and kissed her white face.

A hoarse, mad cry, like the growl of curiosity. It contained the date of the an enraged beast, startled them; a muzzle loader developed 186 foot tons month, and a single line written in a lantern flashed out upon the darkness, and Sir Guy, in a frenzy of rage, leaped between the pair.

"Die, traitress! false, perjured wife!" he cried, and his keen knife flashed right and left.

Lady Hildegard sank down, with a

"You've murdered her!" shouted her companion, selzing upon the bar-

and turning to the window he caught | rounds "at ironclads at close quarters," using 100 lbs, of hexagonal or cubical powder and a solid shot weighfrom a crevice in the stone arch above ing 450 pounds. Under these conditions the respectable muzzle velocity of 1,600 foot-seconds was obtained, with a corresponding muzzle energy of 7,997 foot-tons.

Now, compare these results with the most powerful gun in our navy today, namely, the 12-inch 45-caliber rifle, which weighs 53.4 tons, has a total length of 45 feet, and with a charge of 360 pounds of smokeless powder fires an 850 pound shell with a muzzle velocity of 2,800 foot-seconds and a muzzle energy of 46,246 foottons. The true basis of comparison of the relative efficiencies of the two guns is the amount of energy developed per ton of the weight of the gun, and on this basis we find that the 15-inch smooth bore gun when veloped 427 foot-tons of energy per ton of gun, as against 872 foot-tons "Must you go, Guy? The night bids of energy per ton developed by the modern 12-inch gun,

If we take account of the durability of a gun, the advantage will be strongly on the side of the modern piece, for whereas the 15-inch smooth bore was limited to twenty rounds under the given conditions, the modern 12inch rifles, judging from the small amount of erosion developed with nitro-cellulose powders, should have a useful life of at least half a thousand rounds. Moreover, it must be remembered that the modern elongated shell will hold Its velocity much longer than the old spherical shell of the smooth bore, and consequently the respective muzzle velocities and energies are not an exact criterion of efficiency.

The gun of 1862 that answers to the modern secondary battery 6-inch rifle is the Parrott muzzle loading rifle, a cast iron gun which was strengthened at the breech over the powder chamber by shrinking thereon an iron hoop. weighed 4.35 tons, was 12 feet 4 pound shell with an inifial velocity of of 810 foot-tons.

Compare this with the modern 6inch rifle which weighs 8.5 tons, is 25 feet in length, and with a charge of 40 pounds of smokeless powder fires a 100-pound shell with an initial velocity of 2,900 feet per second and an initial energy of 5,838 foot tons. Compared on the basis of energy per ton of gun, we find that the 100-pounder Parrott of energy per ton of gun, whereas the modern 6-inch breech-loading rifle develops 7841/2 foot tons of energy per ton of gun .- Scientific American.

MIRROR TO EXCHANGE SIGNALS.

Ingeniously Used by Man and Woman In a City Prison. tious are the methods adopted

THE GRANGE Conducted by J. W. DARROW, Chatham, N. Y.,

Press Correspondent New York State Grange THE PATRON'S INFLUENCE.

The Grange Should Be the Safeguard of the Farmer's Interests.

The grange is the natural and convenient channel for the expression of the voice of the combined farming community. It is well known that in any community in which the grange is organized it includes in its membership the intelligent, progressive and substantial farmers of that community. These, then, are in a position to express the progressive sentiment of the community, says the Grange Bulletin, and it should be recognized in every public matter that the grange, the safeguard of the farmer's interests, must be reckoned with.

Are your taxes too high? Why? Are public offices, in your county, public snaps? Why? Are the public contracts given to public favorites at extravagant prices? Why? Are laws made for the protection of all being openly disregarded? Why? Are corporations lightly taxed and thus escape their just share of governmental expenses? Why? Against these and a hundred other like abuses you inwardly rebel, and yet the remedy for them is always within your hands.

The redress of these evils is not politics. It is business-the farmer's business-and the grange is the most powerful medium for carrying it out. Make it fairly recognized and acknowledged that the farmer and his success are at the basis of the prosperity of the country, and that everything which in the least injures him injures the entire business world. All of these things should be considered by the subordinate degrees, and, beginning with the smaller abuses, those right in our own communities and our own counties, we should apply the corrective power which rests in our hands. By firm, decisive, concerted effort, make it recognized that the farmer, being the producer, is also in a position to dictate how the product of his labor shall be used.

AT CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

Grange Day a Notable Success in Every Way.

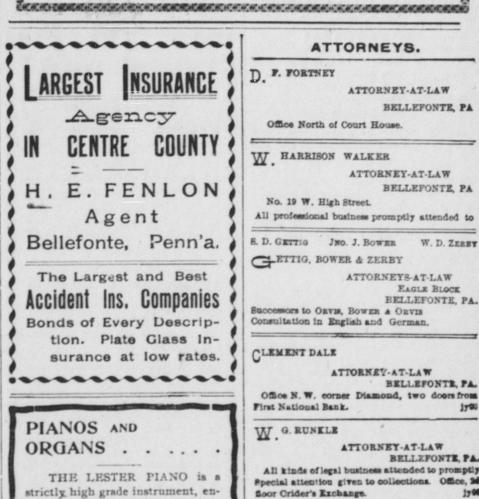
Grange day at famous Chautauqua is always a success, whether it rains or shines. And it is well that success doesn't always depend on sunshine, for it rains about nine-tenths of the summer time at this noted seat of learning, Chautauqua being so high up in the clouds, we suppose. The new grange hall on the grounds was thronged throughout the day and its accommodations taxed to the utmost. Through the efforts of Past State Master and Mrs. Walter C. Gifford, who have had charge of the house this summer, and Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Van Vleck, who specially assisted them for the day, the headquarters greatly added to its large popularity with members of the grange. State Master Norris presided at the forenoon meeting, and able addresses were given by State Master Hill of Pennsylvania and State Master Wilson of Illinois. At 2 p. m. S. J. Lowell, master of Chautauqua Pomona grange, presided. Bishop Vincent gave the address of welcome, to which State Master Norris responded. Dr. Russell H. Conwell of Philadelphia then delivered an address on "Personal Glimpses of Celebrated Men and Women." Hon. Robert Watchorn of New York, United States immigration commissioner, spoke on "Protecting Our Newcomers and Ourselves," and his address was a clear and comprehensive statement of the immigration problem. He favored the exclusion of the insane, the diseased, the criminal and the pauper and said that the law should be administered into ligently and equitably in the spirit of its framers and the needs of the country. Grind Our Grists and Save Toll. Grange insurance is cheapest and best because we do it ourselves, says a Pennsylvania Patron. We are, by united brotherbood, our own insurance company. We make our own insurance on our own premises, do the work ourselves and give our lands as secu rity for the payment of each other's losses. We take no hazardous risks or insure town or village property. No hard earned dollars go to pay for city conflagrations or to keep up high salaried officers and agents or to pay the dividends of a joint stock company. We grind our own grists and save the toll.

There is Money in **Growing Ginseng**

Prof. W. L. Howard of the Missouri State Agricultural College says: "I advise American farmers to cultivate Ginseng. Big profits may be realized. It is a hardy plant and is easily grown."-A recent bulletin issued by the Pennsylvania State Agricultural College in part says : "The supply of native Ginseng root is continually diminishing and the price per pound is correspondingly increasing, while the constant demand for the drug in China stands as a guarantee of a steady market for Ginseng in the future. The market for our cultivated root will exist as long as the Chinamen exist."-Consul General W. A. Rublee of Hong Kong says in the U. S. Consular reports: "The sale ot Ginseng root grown in America is very large here and the demand is so great that much more could be disposed of advantageously. The root is as indispensable to the 400,000,000 Chinese as is their rice."

Ginseng is a staple on the market the same as corn, wheat and cotton. The present market price varies from \$5 to \$8 per pound according to quality, while the cost of production does not exceed \$1.50. There is room in an ordinary garden to grow several hundred dollars worth each year. The plant is hardy and thrives in all parts of the United States and Canada, except in arid regions. We are successful growers and can show you how to make money growing Ginseng. You can get a good start in the business for a small outlay, and soon have a comfortable income. We have several thousand choice roots for sale for fall delivery. The planting season begins in August and continues till the ground is frozen. Write us today for literature.

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N. B. SPANGLER

warrant. Some of the kitchen girls, onet, and wresting the knife from his by William Sampson, allas Allis, who or perhaps my lady's mald, Fanchette, I've caught her making eyes at Trelawny. There goes the first bell; I'm late," and he crumpled the paper into his pocket and forgot it.

At dinner my lady wore rose-pink silk, and white lace, and pearls, and half-blown buds in her raven braids; and the London friends, though they were as hungry as wolves, forgot their appetites and the dainty dishes in their admiration."

Dinner over, there were music and dancing. My lady sang, and the nightingales without grew silent that they might hear. My lady danced, and ner partners fancied themselves in Elysium.

Sir Guy looked on, and for the first time in his life grew jealous, withcut exceeding beauty and the admiration Guy in an agony of doubt. it excited.

He remembered the note he had picked up, and his heart gave a great down to hera. thump. What if it were intended for her?

lit drawing room to her side.

"You are not engaged, Hildegard?" She smiled up at him, with eyes like stars.

"There begins the waltz, and here comes Mr. Trelawny," she said.

Sir Guy scowled savagely. "Mr. Trelawny can wait, Come with

me, my lady." She followed him in utter amaze-

ment out to the southern terrace. "What is it, Guy?" she asked, her

white hand on his arm. "Nothing, only I want your company. I've a right to it, haven't I? I want to show you the stars. See how they glitter! Venus will shine over

the Monk's Tower about midnight!" My lady gave a quick start, and a flush that was brighter than her roses dyed her cheek.

"Will it?" she answered, quietly. "I'm sure I never took notice."

"I fancied you knew," replied Sir Guy, dryly. "Shall we return to the

drawing room?" The night passed heavily. Lady Comparison Between Guns Used in the Hildegard's charming bloom and spirits had both deserted her. She made her excuses and retired to her own apartments at an early hour. As intervened since the Civil War than for Sir Guy, he paced the terrace, in several centuries preceding. which fronted the Monk's Tower the livelong night, possessed of a very Civil War was the 15-inch smooth demon of jealousy. Every minute he bore. This gun weighed 42,000 looked to see his wife steal forth to pounds; its length over all was 15 keep her guilty appointment, but she feet 1 inch; its maximum diameter at did not appear.

At breakfast the next morning her ordinary charge of thirty-five pounds

hand; "and your life shall pay the forfeit!" But the wife's shrill voice arrested his hand.

"Oh, Dugaid, stop; there is some terrible mistake! Guy, husband, where of the matron. These people, with

are you?" Sir Guy went down and raised her in his arms.

"Oh, Guy, you know him, surelymy poor brother, Dugald?"

"Great Heaven! You came here to meet him, Hildegard?"

"Yes," her voice failing her, "my poor, erring brother. I must tell the truth now, Dugald; I wanted to tell it in the beginning, but you wouldn't consent. Oh, Guy, be merciful, for your poor wife's sake!"

"What do you mean, Hildegard? For a shadow of a cause save his wife's Heaven's sake, speak out!" cried Sir

Her voice fell to a whisper, but she put up her arms and drew his face

"Poor Dugald, he always was unfortunate. He got into debt and difficul-He walked straight across the wax- ties, and oh, Guy, he has forged your name for a thousand pounds. Exposure threatened him, and he came to me, but he wouldn't let me tell you. Dear husband, forgive him, for my sake!" Oh, Heaven, yes, I forgive him!

> have killed you!" She drew him closer, till her cold

> lips touched his.

the whisper on her lips, she fainted in his arms. They bore her to The Larches, the stricken husband and the repentant

brother, and for weeks thereafter she lay at the door of death.

But Sir Guy's prayers were availing in the end-she lived, and in time regained all her old bloom and wondrous, winning beauty; but no matter how much she was admired, her husband was forever cured of his jealousy .- New York Weekly.

CHANGES IN NAVAL ORDNANCE.

Civil War and To-day.

Naval ordnance has made greater strides in the forty years that have

The heaviest piece carried in the the breech was 4 feet, and with an

cheeks were pale and her eyes heavy, of black cannon powder, it fired a and she had little to say. The day spherical shell weighing 350 pounds. was stormy, and Sir Guy and his According to the ordnance regulaguests were forced to remain indoors. tions, under extraordinary conditions, Just before lunch he missed his wife, these guns might be fired twenty

is locked up in the felony department of the city prison, to get into communication with his wife and baby. who are under lock and key in the women's department under the charge their little baby, Charlie, 2 years of age, are suspected of being highway robbers who have worked with a horse and buggy in Golden Gate Park.

Every night about 7.30 o'clock a party of women folks call at the prison to see Mrs. Sampson and Baby Charles, who are held awalting the outcome of the charge against the husband and father of attempted robbery some weeks ago.

Mrs. Sampson's visitors are as regular as clockwork, especially since the police have ordered that she must be kept strictly away from her hushand. They were there as usual last night and sat to the left of the booking sergeant's desk, facing the big wall clock. The entire party watched the clock closely as they played with the little baby, who was armed with a toy balloon, a present from a man who had been arrested for peddling without a license.

Sharp at 8 o'clock Mrs Sampson moved over to the end bench, right up against the misdemeanor portion of But, my wife, I doubted you, and I the prison, and this placed her on a direct line with the door leading to the felony ward. Policeman Maloney saw that she was smiling and waving "Darling, I am true to you," and with signals toward the place where men charged with serious crimes are kept. He investigated. He found that the pair had a perfect code of signals and a mirror through which the nusband and father might see and understand.

Sampson was up against the door of his cell, with his right arm bared to the shoulder and squeezed through the narrow bars. His arms was stretched as far out as possible and in his hand he held a large sized mirror. In this he could see his wife's image and read the signals she waved to him. On account of his bad left arm-the bullet that hit him had passed through his left shoulder-he was unable to wave his signals back to her. This function was performed for him by his cellmate, who was none other than William Rodie, the pseudo electrician who robbed a score or more of Oriental stores of fine silks and valuable trinkets about two months ago.

When Policeman Maloney discovered the system of the pair he informed the matron, Mrs. Ryan, of what was going on, and she will endeavor to sweat out of her prisoner the exact meaning of the signals

Mules' brains are frequently st. tuted for calves' brains in Paris restaurants and are said to make very good eating.

The Grange and State Fairs. The state board of agriculture of Ohio has provided a fine hall for the annual reunion of Ohio Patrons, which is held Wednesday and Thursday of state fair week each year. There is much that state fair associations can do for the grange, but it is not so much, by a good deal, as the grange can do for the state fair in Ohio or anywhere else. Both may be co-operative to the advantage of both.

Christening of a Dattleship. Governor C. J. Bell of Vermont, who is also master of the state grange, with his daughter, was a guest of honor at the christening of the new battleship Vermont at Quincy, Mass., on Aug. 31. Miss Bell was sponsor of the vessel and broke a bottle of American wine on its sides as it glided down the ways and she gave the battleship its name.

"Blow-me-down" is the name of a grange up la New Hampshire. That's better name than "Blow-me-up" would have been.

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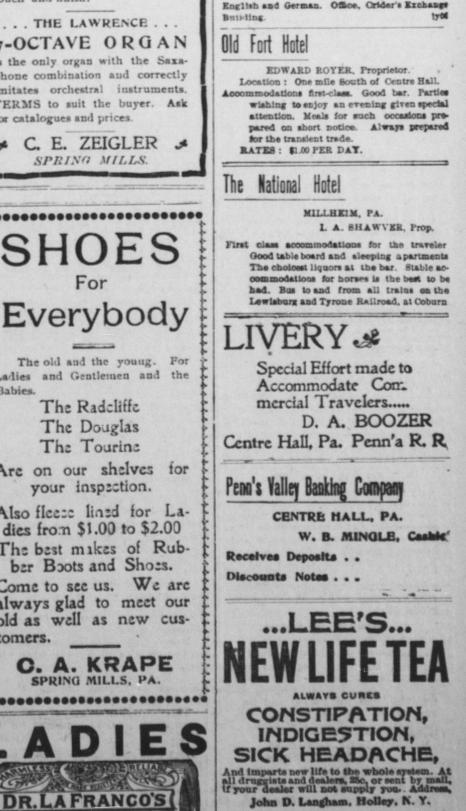
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