### WINTER WEATHER.

"Tis a dull sight Yo see the year dying, When the winter winds Set the yellow wood sighing; Sighing, oh! sighing.

When such a time cometh I do retire Into an old room Beside a bright fire: Oh, pile a bright fire!

And there I sit Reading old things Of knights and lorn damsels, While the wind sings-Oh, drearily sings!

I never look out Nor attend to the blast; For all to be seen Is the leaves falling fast Falling, falling!

But close at the hearth, Like a cricket, sit I, Reading of summer And chivalry-Gallant chivalry!

-Edward Fitzgerald.

# **A** Difference On Dynamite.

## By ROBERT BARNES.

To Jim Carrigan, the big red-faced contractor on the railroad cut through Horseback Ledge, came Padrone Angelo Valente with empty kerosene can ore biting, snowless December morn-"How heata dynamita?" asked he, inr. in tones of despair. "Oil for stove all gone."

"Borrow some of Murphy at the east end. If he hasn't any, try Jenson." "Murphy no gotta more than 'nough

for 'self, nor Jenson, neither. I go to town to buy?"

That meant a wait of at least an lyaur, and perhaps a good deal longer. a half-hour twenty-four holes would ready for loading. It was Saturday forenoon, and time was precious.

Carrigan picked up an old grain-bag in which the dulled drills were carried to be sharpened. From a box in the squat tool-shanty he took two dozen eight-inch sticks of dynamite, rolled in oiled paper, and looking for all the world like lemon-colored molasses candy. He dropped them into the sack.

"Take this to the engine house, and tell Drew to let you put it on the boiler," he said, with decision.

Valente swung the bag over his shoulder and scrambled up the ladder. The survey for the new railroad had

called for a cut one thousand feet long and eighty deep through solid feldspar. The general contractors were driving the work. Three "gangs," one at each base of the ridge and one on the backbone, were making havoc with steam and dynamite.

Carrigan's subcontract allotted him the centre of the ledge. In his em-

suit and began to make his few belongings into a bundle. Hix busied himself about the machinery. After his first elation at being promoted, he felt sincerely sorry for Drew, and also a little apprehensive resurding his new responsibility. He ventured a few questions about tho hoister. His former chief answered them cheerfully. He bore no malice against Hix. Then, as a short, stout Italian appeared in the doorway, he picked up his bundle and went out. He had no definite plans as yet, but thought that he would call on the en-

gineer at the east end of the cut. A train of empty cars now backed in on the spur, and for the next twenty minutes Hix was busy at the engine, hoisting out and dumping drags as fast as the Italians could load them. His green fireman, zealous to furnish plenty of steam, kept, up a roaring blaze in the firebox.

On the bottom of the pit Carrigan directed the loading of the drags, a task that his slight knowledge of Italian rendered by no means easy.

"Them dagoes'll wear me clean out!" he muttered. Now that his fit of anger was over, he felt sorry that he had discharged Drew. The holes were ready for the dynamite. He wanted to see how his new engineer and fireman were getting on, so he decided to go up for the explosive himself.

Just as the last car was loaded, a sheet of flame burst from the boilertop. Almost fainting with terror, Hix realized that the overheated plates had ignited the contents of the bag. With a wild yell of alarm, he bolted from the building, followed by the Italian; nor did the two stop running until they had put a safe distance between themselves and the threatening danger.

Carrigan had just set foot on the bottom of the latter when he heard running feet above and Hix's panic-stricken yell:

"The dynamite's afire!"

The shout fell like the trump of doom on the workers penned in the pit. An explosion would send building, machinery and loaded cars hurtling down upon them. And not a man would escape death or maiming.

All the strength went out of the hig boss's legs, and he wilted on the feldspar. Round him the shrieking Italians scurried frantically. Some flattened themselves behind boulders. Others vainly tried to climb the steep walls. But not one dared to approach the ladder at the top of which stood the engine-house, with the smoke streaming from its windows.

With an effort Carrigan pulled himself together. He had courage enough. With trembling limbs and pasty face he began climbing in the direction of the peril. He knew that nothing could be expected from Hix or the Italian. Oh, if he had not been so hasty in discharging Drew! The former engineer was just return ing from the eastern end of the cut. He was about a hundred feet away when the fleeing men burst from the building, and the smoke and flame proelaimed what had happened. He instantly understood the situation. For a moment he hesitated. Why should he, a man discharged unjustly for trying to prevent this very catastrophe, risk his life for a crowd of foreigners? Then, as a full perception came of what an explosion would mean to the men trapped in the gulf below the loaded cars, he started for the house on the run.

to duty. Drew took off his working- in the roof of the eigine-house; and Hix and the Italian, sure that all danger was now over, came back to help him. Carrigan came up, too, and looked on without saying anything. After the smoking rafters had been well drenched, Drew bathed his parched, grimy hands, and turned to go; but the boss stopped him.

"Drew," he said, "I was a fool NoA worse to put that stuff on the bear, and I ask your pardon. You've got me dut of a tight place at the risk of your own life. Will you take the job again at an advance of ten dollars a month, with the understanding that you are to have complete control of this boilerhouse? I won't step my foot into it unless you tell me I may.

"I don't object," replied Drew. "One thing more," said Carrigan Will you shake hands with me?" The engineer held out his scorched

fingers to the contractor .-- Youth's Companion.

# HALF THE PEOPLE "OFF."

Doctor Tells Entertainment Club Nerves Are Going to Rack.

Affirming that the strenuous life of the age is making such extravagant demands on the nerve stores of Americans that half the nation's population suffers in a certain degree from hallucinations, Dr. John D. Quackenbos, addressing the Entertainment Club in the Waldorf-Astoria voiced a warning against overtaxing the physical body in fashionable and business life.

"While in the last 10 years demands on nervous vitality have markedly increased," said the speaker, "the elements of nerve nutrition in the machine-made food stuffs and substitutes the mass of the people live on have conspicuously diminished. Nerve work has been doubled, while nerve nourishment has been halved, and this is the worst of all the infractions of the poor man's rights by the soulless corporations."

Dr. Quackenbos said that persons, otherwise intellectual beyond the average of mankind, through various kind of excesses which poisoned or fagged the nervous system, have most absurd hallucinations in certain directions. When these hallucinations become permanent the patient becomes insane, he said, but if friends of such sufferers before they reached the insane state used kindly persuasion to convince them the ills were only imaginary, the insane asylums today would be comparatively deserted.

Enumerating the various activities that tend to wreck the nervous system the speaker said that gambling. whether at bridge or poker, the races, lotteries or stocks, was to be reckoned with. "Americans speed their automobiles along every conceivable lifeway," he continued, "exhausting their energies as they go, and inviting premature nervous and mental impairment."

# STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA Latest News Gleaned From Various

Parts.

With two women weeping for him, one his wife, and the other wanting to be, Carl Nemeth is in jail at Norristown, awaiting trial on a charge preferred by the latter woman. Two years ago Nemeth fell in love with Susie Gsellman, in West Manayunk. He made love so strenuously that matters in the course of time revealed such a crisis that marriage should be the logical result. At this juncture Nemeth explained that he had to go back to Austria and serve two years in the army but at the expiration of that time he would return and marry her. It developed that while in Austria he met Nellie Bempke, also young and pretty, whom he wooed strenuously, and that to settle affairs there he married Nellie, and shortly afterward came to Norristown. At the hearing Nemeth pleaded the statute of limitations, but Squire E. M. Harry held, that since Nemeth had been without the jurisdiction of the Commonwealth, the statute did not apply, and Nemeth was accordingly committed. The Business Men's Mutual Fire

Insurance Company was organized at Towanda with over \$200,000 of insurance applied for. The projectors are all Towanda business men whom the raise in board rates has driven into the Mutual field. D Evans was elected president; J. Will and D. M. Turner, vice presidents; George E. Ingram, secre-tary, and A. C. Blackwell, treasurer. Joseph Williams, 45 years old, of Braddock, Pa., was picked up along the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad tracks at Wagner Station, fatally injured. He is a member of the Keystone Social Club, of Altoona, and it is supposed was struck by a train. Notices were posted by the Punxsutawney Iron Company of an ad-

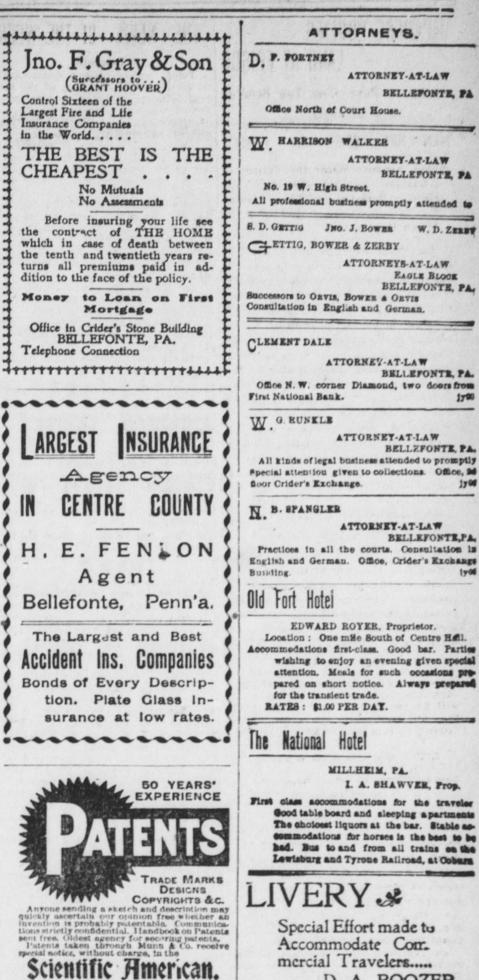
vance in wages of 10 to 15 per cent. The raise was made voluntarily. George Shaffer's \$4,000 Farmhouse and contents near Meadville, was burned. Charles McIntyre,

neighbor and prominent farmer, was at the time under \$1,000 bail on a charge of having tried to burn the house January 25.

Unconscious and almost frozen to death, Andrew Penshaw was found by Detectice Samuel in the snow in Mahanoy City, where he had fallen when he slipped and broke his leg. He was taken to the hospital, where he is likely to die.

After several weeks of persistent work, Detective Simmons arrested two men at Hazleton, who it is believed, are the men who robbed the Beaver Meadow store of the A. S. Van Wickle estate, several weeks ago, and who at the time so badly beat Miles Harold that he is still confined to his home in Tamagua Announcement has been made that

the Scranton Railway is about to spend a million dollars in improvements. David G. Osman, aged 23, flag-



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ploy were an engineer, Morrison Drew; a fireman, Frank Hix; and forty Italian laborers. Already they had blasted a pit fifty feet deep. On the brink stood the boiler house and derrick, and near by ran a temporary track, on which the rock was hauled off as fast as it was hoisted out. The boiler furnished steam to the hoisting engine, to the pump that freed the pit of water. and to the three drills chugging away at the hard feldspar.

Zero weather made it necessary to heat the explosive before it could be used; and this had been done by a pail of hot water on an oil stove.

As the "boss" was deciding where to start his next line of holes, his ears were greeted by the sound of excited talk from the boiler-house. Then down the ladder came Angelo again, bag on shoulder.

"Here, you, what are you bringing that dynamite back for?" demanded Carrigan, angrily.

"Engineer tell me no put it on boil." er," whimpered Valente.

"What!" shouled the contractor. "Let me talk to him!"

As fast as his two hundred and twenty pounds would permit, he puffed up the ladder and stormed into the boilerhouse.

'What's this I hear?" he bellowed to Drew, a small, dark-haired young man. "Did you tell Angelo he couldn't warm this dynamite on the boiler?"

"Yes, I did," replied the engineer. "Didn't he tell you I sent him up with it?"

"Yes," returned Drew, "but I thought you hadn't considered the matter carefully enough when you gave him his orders. I'm not ashamed to say that I'm afraid of the stuff; and I don't think you can be any too careful with it.' It seems to me that it's a good deal better to take an hour or so to send a man to Weston rather than to render your boiler insurance void and risk the life of everybody on the job."

"Haven't I handled dynamite before you were born, and never had an accident yet? Put that bag on the boller, Angelo."

"Not while I'm responsible for this machinery," was Drew's firm response. The contractor flushed with anger. Who owns this outfit, anyway? Who's hiring these men, and you, too? You know altogether too much, young man, to be wasting your time round here, You're discharged; you'll get your pay check tonight. This plant's under your control, Hix. You can run it all right, can't you?"

"Sure!" said Hix, briskly. He was older than the engineer, and had always been a little jealous of him. Carrigan snatched the bag from the Italian's hands and laid it on the boiler. "I'll send one of the men up to fire for you," he said, and flung out of the door without another look at Drew.

The discharged engineer stood for a moment dumbfounded. It is not pleasant to be thrown out of one's position jost bocause one has been overfaithful

Inside was a smoky darkness, lighted by flame-jets leaping from boilertop to ceiling. A strong sulphurous smell pervaded the air. The rafters were charring. The windows were covered with a black, greasy soot. Down the steel plates and into the cinders below was trickling a melted mass of deadly explosive.

Drew's head was cool and clear. He was familiar with the freakiness of burning dynamite. It might consume itself harmlessly, or at any second a thunderclap might come that would wipe out the entire plant and kill every man in the vicinity.

Standing on an empty box close to the boiler, he reached up, and with his gloved hands brushed aside the charred folds of the bag. Grasping two blazing sticks, he ran a hundred feet from the building, and laid them carefully on the ground. Then back he hurried for another pair. Until the last of the dynamite was carried out and extinfor a single stick might do nearly as much damage as all.

A pail of water caught his eye as he entered the house the second time. He laid the next two sticks on the brick hearth, and poured a thin stream on their flaming ends. They sputtered and crackled ominously, and he desisted, fearing that even such slight confinement of the explosive might bring about the very catastrophe he was trying to avert.

Again he began to carry out the fiery torches. He worked alone. The locomotive engineer and the brakeman who coupled the cars had run for their lives. From a distance Hix and the Italian watched him, but offered no aid. As he was hurrying back to the boiler house for the fifth time, Carrigan's pallid face appeared above the ladder top. Drew spoke to him sharply: "Get away from here, if you value

your life!" The flames had eaten through Drew's

gloves, and his skin was scorched by the hot, sticky paste. He did not dare vided with a long, prehensile tail, the stop to remove it. Soldiers have passed through the thick of great battles and not been in half the peril this man encountered in the performance of what he deemed his duty. Back and forth he ran, the flaming brands ever grow-

ing shorter. Finally the last one had been safely carried out, and had burned itself to harmlessness on the ground. Thea Drew began to put out the fire

Citing many instances of nervous hallucinations that had come under his observation, Dr. Quackenbos said that once the wife of a representative, otherwise perfectly sound, imagined that fishing worms crawled continually on her body. When she went to bed at night the delusion was so marked that she believed her couch was a lake and the fish were constantly swimming 'about her in quest of the balt. When the suggestive method of treatment was resorted to she was persuaded that all the worms except one had gone.

"There is just one left. It's under my garter,' she told Dr. Quackenbos. 'Won't you take that one, too?" The physician said he pretended to comply with the request and the hallucination disappeared permanently. "The suggestive method of treatment." said the physician, "in an advanced form, is hypnotism." He read several letters that came to him from persons having exaggerated ideas of his hypnotic powers, and they sounded like testimonials from a patent medicine almanac

"Dear Doctor," read one from Boston, "there is a man named T. Lawson living in this city who is buying oil paintings. I have two that I would like to sell him. Please hypnotize him, so he will buy them and pay me a liberal price."

A Wall street broker once wrote: 'Dear Doctor: Every time I meet a corpulent woman in the street. I have an impulse to throw myself into her guished the danger would not be over; arms. Can you cure me of it?" The physician laughed with the others at several of these letters .-- New Yor" Press.

### The Red Howling Monkey.

The red howler (Mycetes seniculus) is a rare monkey of the forests of tropical America. It is an extremely delicate animal, and is closely remarkable for the extraordinary noises it makes. The cries it utters comprise almost any sound from a subdued moan to an angry roar, and it is hardly conceivable that they should proceed from a single animal. This is the animal called red monkey by Waterton in "Wanderings in South America," where an admirable description of its weird cries may be read. These sounds are produced in a bony cavity formed by an enlargement of the hyoid, or tongue bone. In appearance the red howler is an elegant little creature, well clothed with hair of a reddish brown color. Like the spider monkeys, it is prounder surface of which is naked toward the tip, but it differs from those monkeys in having well developed thumbs .-- Westminster Gazette.

A clock once owned by John Wesley and presented by him to the John street Methodist church, in New York city, is still doing good service in the church at 44 John street.

man, of State College, was killed at McGarvey's, west of Altoona, while returning to his train, which he had been back protecting, when it stopped

City Engineer Harvey Linton, who has resigned to build a railroad from Binghamton, N. Y., to Clearfield, was presented with a watch fob and charm by employees of his Altoona office.

Peter Diehl, a prosperous farmer, living near Shrewsbury, York County, died at his home, of peritonitis, which developed a few days ago. He was one of the oldest residents of the lower end of the" county.

Aroused by the barking of his dog, James Ryder, the proprietor of a pool room at Avoca, was startled to find standing over him a man whom he had taken in during the night and given shelter, and the gleaming barrel of a revolver leveled at his head. The barking of the dog apparently annoyed the man and he fired at the animal, hitting him in the eye. This gave Mr. Ryder an opportunity to quickly spring from his couch, and to grapple with the fellow, whom he succeeded in disarming. Then, giving the man a sound thrashing, he hustled him out of the house, later causing his arrest.

The mystery surrounding the death of 18-year-old Francis Martin in a room in the Lyric Theater Building. Washington, was cleared up at the Coroner's inquest, when evidence was adduced to show that the girl had taken strychnine with suicidal intent. John Innis, the young man who has been in jail in connection with the death of the girl since Sunday, was held by the Coroner's jury and in default of bail was sent to jail. The sensation of the affair came whn Dan B. Forrest, manager of the Lyric Theater, was arrested on a chage of keeping a disorderly house. He funished bail for his appearance at a hearing this week. was established at the hearing that the girl died in Manager Forrest's room over the box office in the Lyric Theater.

An attempted shooting occurred in the office of J. T. Gephart, Jr., the State Highway Department representative in Lancaster. Mr. Gephart discharged one of his assistants, William Goff, who became enraged and pulling a revolved fired at him. The bullet lodged in a desk, Mr. Gephart was compelled to flee the office and Groff unconcernedly left the place. It is claimed that Groff only fired the shot in a spirit of mischief.

Dorothy White, the 3-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore White, pominent residents of Scranton, is dead after eating a number of chloride of potassium tablets.

While William Shallenberger was leading a bull to a Boyertown butcher, the animal attacked the fourhorse team of William Reitenaur and gored one of the horses to death. Falling with an open knife in his hand, the blade penetrated the eye of Harry, the 5-year-old son of Martin Kostenbauder, of Mainville, Columbia County. The boy will lose the sight of the eye.

ADLER ON SURPLUS WEALTH.

Evils of Child Labor Also Denounced Before Ethical Society.

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"The Evils of Surplus Wealth" were discussed by Prof. Felix Adler before the Society for Ethical Culture at Carnegie Hall. In his address Prof. Adler strongly condemned the spirit of greed responsible for the employment of child labor and the adulteration of food. The attempt of wealthy men to obviate the evils by disposing of their surplus wealth through philanthropic channels Dr. Adler declared to be a failure both individually and so far as society was concerned. The speaker also said that the lot of the wealth getter was anything but an enviable one.

Child labor, Dr. Adler said, was employed because it was cheap, and the men employing it did not care what the future of the child would be-that its physical, mental and moral growth would be perverted made no difference to them so long as they got labor cheap. Utterly mean and contemptible also were the men who filled their neighbors with worthless stuffs and poisons in the adulteration of food products and drugs, he declared. Only the vilest of creatures could so plot against their fellow-men, Dr. Adler said. Yet many fortunes had been built up upon such methods. One of the greatest existing evils, Dr. Adler continued, was the corrupting influence of such men upon the country's politics.

Dr. Adler then condemned the type of men who rendered great and real social services, but only that they might advertise themselves; men who made the interest of society incidental to their own selfish purposes. Thousands of poor persons envied the great wealth of the few and envied the possessors of it, and their minds were affected by that false idea, Dr. Adler said. The transmission of such wealth to the getter's children had proved in most instances a curse, and ruined the children physically, mentally and morally. The wealth-getter himself struggling after power was anything but a man to be envied. The country seemed to be breeding a race of "supermen"-of \$100,000. 000 "supermen." "But," asked Dr. Adler, "is the type of race advanced? Does it pay society for the sacrifices in breeding them.

"Some very rich men have hobbies," said the speaker. "What right have men to have hobbies? What right have men, trustees of surplus wealth, to possess capricious hobbies?"-New York Times.

The Chilean Minister of Finance has declared in the Senate that the rumor current in Europe of the impending exhaustion of the nitrate supply was unfounded. He stated that deposits had Leen discovered at Antofagasta and Tocopilla as rich as the original deposits at Tarapaca.





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