

The Old Manor Home.

'Neath sombre Nittany's pine-fringed crest,
In a vale lying fair at its feet,
Stood an old manor home, whose walls of stone
A refuge proved, when storm clouds beat,
For the happy band who roamed its wide halls,
Or played in its alcoves, with merry child calls.
When summer suns shone, the cool, dark shadows
Of orchard and forest, induced us to stray;
Till vibrating yespere came up from the meadows
And the up-rising moon cast his first quivering
ray,
Where flowers vied in fragrance, and trees grand
and tall
Threw varied shades o'er the massive grey wall.
Not only with joy was the cup of life filled,
For, e'er, of dark times appear:
When thro' the wide-opened portals, the form
that was stilled
Was born out on funeral bier,
And father and brothers a home rest have found,
'Neath the low, creeping grasses that cover
each mound.
Thro' many long years, this ancestral hall,
Has re-echoed to strangers' tread,
And we list no more for the light footfall
Of cherished friends, long with the dead.
The bright dreams of youth have in darkness
gone down,
While in e'er length'ning shadows our life
years speed on.

A home we have made where the sunbeams rest
In glorious promise on up-land and lea,
In this land of our choice, this far state of the
west,
Where the Columbia glides by on its way to
the sea,
Yet our hearts wander back thro' the years that
have flown
To take up the threads of the child-life at home.
MRS. E. G. HOFFER,
Eldo Hills, Marcus,
Wash.

DEATHS.

THOMAS G. W. EDMUNDS.

Thomas G. W. Edmunds died at his home at Aaronsburg, Thursday, 21st ult., from diseases incident to old age. Deceased was a son of John A. and Elizabeth Edmunds and was born in Lebanon on the 4th day of February, 1834, making his age at the time of his death seventy-three years, nine months and seventeen days. Deceased was a veteran of the Civil War and was a member of Company D, 67th Regt. Pennsylvania Volunteers, and served four years. He was a prisoner on Belle Isle for three months. He was one of a family of seventeen children, and he, with eight brothers, served in the Union army. He leaves to survive a widow and five children: Clement, of Freeland; Benjamin, of near Coburn; Mrs. C. A. Weaver, of Coburn; Mrs. Shaffer, of Williamsport, and Miss Lizzie, of Hazelton. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. D. Donat, interment being made in the Reformed cemetery at Aaronsburg.

After a lingering illness from Bright's disease, Charles W. Reeder, a well known resident of Philipsburg, died at the age of sixty-seven years. He is survived by his wife and one son, J. C. Reeder, of Jersey City. He was a veteran of the Civil War, having served as a private of company D, Fifth regiment, P. V. He was a member of the John W. Geary Post, No. 90, G. A. R., of Philipsburg, and the Tyrone Lodge, No. 194, Free and Accepted Masons. For more than thirty years he was in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad company.

Mrs. Samuel M. Hankey, died at her home in Philipsburg. She had not been in good health for a year or more but her condition was not such as to cause alarm, consequently her death, from congestion of the lungs, was a shock to her friends. Mrs. Hankey's maiden name was Ida May Garner, and she was aged forty-two years. Besides her husband she leaves to survive two daughters, Edna and Mildred, her father and several brothers and sisters.

Cline G. Furst, Esq., died at his home in Lock Haven Thursday of last week at the age of eighty-two years. Deceased was born in Clinton county, on his father's farm in the east end of Nittany Valley, where he grew to young manhood. After he passed his college days he studied law and went to Lock Haven where he was admitted to practice his profession in 1855 and where he has lived ever since. A wife, two sons and two daughters, all of Lock Haven, survive.

At the age of seventy-three years, John Thomas died at his home near Loganton, Tuesday evening of last week. Interment was made Thursday. A widow, the second wife, and one son, William S., by the first wife survive. Five brothers also survive, namely: Jacob, New Mexico; Adam, Renovo; Jeremiah, New Mexico; Aaron, Centre Hall, and Zachariah, Aaronsburg.

Mrs. Catharine Sexton died at the Morrison home in Bellefonte, at the age of seventy-six years. She had been in failing health for over a year, and her death was caused by the infirmities of age. She was a sister of the late Martin Morrison, being the last survivor of a family of eleven children.

Samuel Ralston, a well known citizen of College township, died Saturday morning at 1 o'clock, the cause of his death being due to heart trouble. He was seventy-two years of age, and leaves a wife and four children.

Famous Lilac Tree.

Chief among the many objects of interest in the gardens of Easton Lodge, Dunmow, in the residence of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, is the magnificent lilac tree which occupies a conspicuous position on the terrace. This tree is the finest specimen of its kind in the United Kingdom. It has a circumference of 120 feet and a height of sixteen feet, and it has so dense a growth and blooms so profusely that when in flower it forms a huge bouquet of lilac blossoms.

The lilac is that commonly known as the Persian and described by the botanists as the Chinese, but it is not a native of either Persia or China, but was raised in the Rouen botanic garden in 1795 by the hybridization of the true Persian lilac and the common lilac of British gardens.

It was of noble proportions at the middle of the last century and produced such a magnificent display of blossoms that in the flowering season Viscount Maynard, Lady Warwick's grandfather, used to make a special journey from London to enjoy the beauty and fragrance of the flowers.—Gardener's Magazine.

Lunches in Germany.

I was told at 8.30 it was time for luncheon, writes an American tinsmith working in Leipzig. On stating that I did not care to eat, he told me that it would be better if I did not work, so I sat down for half an hour and watched the others. At noon we had an hour and a half and at 4 o'clock fifteen minutes for lunch.

It may be of interest to some readers to know what the German eats. For his first breakfast he generally has a milk roll and a cup of coffee. The second breakfast is almost always a slice of bread with lard or goose oil, a piece of sausage or cheese and a bottle of beer. For dinner he has two slices of bread as above, with a herring or large green pickle, cheese or sausage and another bottle of beer. For lunch another bottle of beer and a milk roll. For supper soup and potatoes.

This is the general variety of foods we had for the four months I worked in that shop, and they had it day in and day out.—New York World.

When He Enjoyed Life.

Among the tombs near the old Arlington mansion on the Chesapeake is the mausoleum of John Custis, the father of Martha Washington's first husband. It bears this suggestive inscription:

Beneath this Marble Tomb lies ye Body of the Honorable John Custis, Esq. Of the City of Williamsburg and Parish of Burton Formerly of Hungers Parish on the Eastern Shore of Virginia and the County of Northampton the Place of his Nativity. Aged 71 years, and yet lived but seven years.

Which was the space of time he kept A Bachelor's House at Arlington On the Eastern Shore of Virginia. It is said that before his marriage Custis did have a free and easy life. His marriage was of importance to his country, for he was the progenitor of several leading families. One would like to know Mrs. Custis' version of the life they had together, which he regarded as unworthy to be called living.—Youth's Companion.

Finding a Grave With an Egg.

The Minu-tze, a little known tribe in Asia, are very superstitious about death and will not bury a man until they have first tested the ground with an egg. This operation is very curious. While the body is being prepared for burial a number of Minu-tze, including the male relatives of the deceased, go out to the appointed spot bearing a large basket of eggs. Stopping down, one of the natives lets an egg drop softly on the ground. If it breaks it is considered an ill omen, and another spot is selected. In this way the party often wander about for hours, breaking eggs over the ground until they finally strike a place where the shell does not crack.

Java's Fire Island.

One of the greatest wonders of Java, "the fire island," a large lake of boiling mud, is nearly two miles in circumference, and in the center immense columns of soft, hot mud may be seen continually rising and falling, like great black timbers thrust forth and then suddenly withdrawn by a giant's hand. Besides the phenomena of the columns, there are two gigantic bubbles near the western edge, which fill up like huge balloons and explode on an average three times per minute.

Cause For Hurry.

"I understand they were married in haste."
"Yes; they told the minister to hurry because there was only a little gasoline left in their automobile, and they were twenty miles from home."—New York Town Topics.

Plenty of Them.

Jonkley—You're right. Most people worry over what they haven't got, but I know certain people who worry because of what they have. Coakley—That so? What have they? Jonkley—Nothing.—Philadelphia Press.

Evolution.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is evolution?" "Evolution, my son, is a sort of apology which man has invented for displaying so many of the traits of the lower animals."—Washington Star.

Good Plan.

"How can I prevent the flies getting into my sugar basin?" wrote a "Constant Reader" to a Journal.
"Fill the sugar basin with salt," was the laconic reply.—Pele Mele.

Lovers' purses are tied with cobwebs.—Italian Proverb.

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Unconscious Humor.

A class of little girls in an English elementary school were recently asked to define "a lady." The curious results. The definition of a girl, aged seven, will strike a reasonable chord in the heart of the lady who reads it. It shows that Lizzie must be an observing person. "A lady is a thing like a man," says Lizzie, "but she's got long hair and she's got a different face and different clothes, and she's got a lot of work to do." Charlie, aged six, is impressed by the difference between the sexes. "A lady" he finds to be "different from a man because a lady has different clothes from a man, a lady has different eyes from a man, a lady has a different body from a man, and a lady has different shoes from a man." Howard, aged seven, gets at the same facts from a different point of view. "A lady," he says, "has not got some trousers, but a man has got some trousers." A second Charlie, a year older than the first one, thinks that "a lady is a nice woman because she don't have torn clothes, and she has a woch with her, and she has a chane on the woch."

Not a Stranger to Her.

The conductor of the Pullman car had for some time had his eye on the man who seemed to be fishing for an excuse to speak to the lady across the aisle. The passenger finally left his seat and took one beside her, and when they had conversed for a few minutes the lady seemed to be protesting, and the conductor's opportunity had come. He stepped forward and said:

"Madam, if this man is forcing his attention upon you he must resume his own seat."

"He is not exactly a stranger to me," she admitted.

"But you seemed to be annoyed, madam."

"I am not exactly annoyed, but I wish he wouldn't talk to me."

"I am simply arguing a case," explained the man.

"Yes, but there is nothing to argue. We have been married and divorced twice, and now I've married another man, and we can't be married again until he dies. Give it up, Jimmy—give it up and go back to your seat."—Chicago News.

If Washington Were There.

Two prominent society women of Washington were seated in the gallery reserved for the families of congressmen.

"What a grand body of men!" exclaimed the younger of the two enthusiastically.

"Do you think so?" asked the other demurely.

"Why, of course, I do. See how alert and businesslike they are. I am sure if George Washington could come back to congress he would be proud of such a dazzling spectacle."

"I fear, dear," remarked the elder of the two seriously, "that if George Washington were to come back and see congress he would lose no time in delivering another farewell address."—Lippincott's.

Early Use of Tobacco.

I have heard my grandfather say that one pipe was handed from man to man round about the table. They had first silver pipes; the ordinary sort made use of a walnut shell and a straw. Tobacco was sold then for its weight in silver. I have heard some of our old women neighbors say that when they went to Malmesbury or Chippenham market they culled out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco. Sir W. R., standing in a stand at Sir Robert Poyntz's park at Aetn, took a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quit it until he had done.—Brief Lines Set Down by John Aubrey, 1690-96.

Two Acre Farms.

In Belgium a two acre holding is sufficient to maintain a farmer and his family. The typical two acre farm in that country contains a patch of wheat or rye and another of barley. Another fair portion grows potatoes. A row of cabbage grows all round on the sloping sides of the ditches, with a row of onions just outside, leaving bare walking room between them and the grain. The shade trees round the house are pear trees. Every foot of land is made to produce, and the farmer keeps pigs and chickens.

Turned Down.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the waiter, with outstretched palm, "but 'aven't you forgotten something?"
"No," replied the departing guest, "but I'm trying to forget it. Good day."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Ring In His Speech.

Edyth—You ought to have heard Mr. Huggins' ringing speech last night. May—Why, I wasn't aware that he could make a speech. Edyth—Well, I can't repeat the speech, but I can show you the ring.—Westminster Gazette.

Too True.

After our landlord had pocketed the \$30 which we pay monthly for our little apartment he blushed painfully.
"Why do you color so?" I asked.
"Because I have a rent in my trousers," he murmured.—Exchange.

Getting Square.

He—I'm going to bring Jolt home with me to dinner tonight. She—Oh, mercy, dear, don't! It's the cook's day out, and I'll have to cook dinner. He—Never mind; I owe Jolt one, anyway! —Yonkers Statesman.

A Stinger.

Mrs. Nagger—Perhaps you recall, it was on a railway train that we first met, and— Mr. Nagger—Yes, but it's too late now for me to sue the company for damages.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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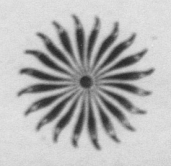
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