

FRENCH SENSATIONS.

Three Events Which Have Aroused the Republic.

MARCHANT HAILED AS A HERO.

Enemies of the Republic Exalting the Fashoda Invader—Acquittal of Dreyfus a Foregone Conclusion—Attempt to Besmirch President Loubet.

Paris, May 31.—Three events took place yesterday, each of which, without the others, would have sufficed to electrify France. All coming together, interest was diffused, and no convulsion thus far is apprehended.

One was the landing of Major Marchand at Toulon. The second was the speech of General Herve and the proceedings generally in the Paris court of assizes, where the Deroulede-Habert trial is going on, they being charged with an attempt to rouse the army to revolt. The third was the conclusion of Judge Ballot de Beaupre's report on the Dreyfus case, read by him before the court of cassation.

Major Marchand is hailed as a hero by all the enemies of the republic. He is contrasted by them with the foreign minister, M. Delcasse, whose good sense in the Fashoda matter is stigmatized as cowardice. To pay ovals to Marchand is at once a way to let off Anglophobe feeling and to belittle the republic. He was educated by the religious orders and has been patronized by the Catholic missions in Paris, which are only second in importance to the propaganda in Rome. It may be that, being a man of humble birth and uncultured, he will lose his head and let himself be hoisted into General Boulanger's saddle, but this is improbable. Marchand is a silent man. He never asks advice, but after mature thought he acts on the notion he has been reflecting upon. He must think himself most fortunate, though, to be ranked so high in the army and the Legion of Honor and to be the recipient of the exploration prize of the academy, 15,000 francs, to say nothing of the swords of honor, the gold medals and the ovations.

The call made by M. Drummont to Parisians to hang out flags in honor of Marchand has not yet been widely responded to, but the flags are perhaps reserved until the hero arrives. It is predicted that Marchand will marry an heiress, leave the marines for the line and be entrusted with the grand command in the French Soudan, with a mission to watch Lord Kitchener. The Egyptian question being still open, the Soudan would afford a fine field for his energies.

M. Ballot de Beaupre's summing up before the court of cassation in favor of Dreyfus has not disturbed the town. It was a foregone conclusion, but as the judgment is to be revised, and not quashed, there will be a new trial before a court martial, with every probability of a fair trial, and it is hard to doubt that the result will be acquittal, there being no proof against Dreyfus.

M. Drummont expressed himself this morning as delighted with the outcome, "inasmuch as the whole affair shows that the Jews all the world over will act as one man whenever Jewish interests conflict with Christian." As a matter of fact, there is not a single eminent Dreyfusite who is a Jew. Still, the ignorant masses will not see that this hatred, bred by the Dreyfus affair, is not likely to die.

The main feature of the Deroulede trial is the attempt being made to use it to blacken President Loubet as a "Panamist." Nothing could be more disingenuous. M. Loubet was never implicated in Panama affairs. He, with the cognizance of President Carnot, and with his approval, tried to prevent the exposure of 124 Republican deputies in 1892 as "Panamists." He was minister of the interior and able to prevent it.

On the day following the suicide of Baron Reinach the police were about to search his papers, which contained proofs of parliamentary corruption. Loubet, and Carnot as well, feared that the republic would founder if 124 deputies were prosecuted. The minister interfered, and the search was not made. That was all. But yesterday M. Quesnay de Beaupre, who was attorney general in 1892, spoke in court of the president in most disparaging terms. His drift was to impress the jury with the idea that Deroulede was justified in calling upon General Roget to march on the Elysee on the day of M. Faure's funeral because Loubet had been elected president.

Ladies Decorate the Maine.

Havana, May 31.—Decoration day was observed here yesterday in a notable manner. At 9 o'clock Mrs. Estes G. Rathbone and a committee of women who had been selected for the purpose were taken in Rear Admiral Cromwell's launch, escorted by a detachment of marines, to the wreck of the battleship Maine, where they strung the skeleton of the vessel with ropes of laurel and wreaths of flowers. Lucien Young represented the navy at the decoration of the graves of the sailors and soldiers interred in the Colon cemetery. Many flowers and wreaths were placed upon the graves of the heroes. Similar exercises took place at the Quemados cemetery.

Calendar for June 1899 showing days of the week and dates.

MOON'S PHASES table with columns for New Moon, First Quarter, Full Moon, and Last Quarter.

FIRST TOBACCO GROWER.

John Rolfe's Important Work in 1612 in the English Colony of Virginia.

In another way (than as the husband of Pocahontas) Rolfe is connected with the early history of Virginia. In the spring of 1612, the fifth year of the colony, he performed an action which, if we were to judge it by its consequences only, we might pronounce the most important deed ever done in colonial Virginia. Being an old smoker, he had the curiosity to know whether white men could raise good tobacco in Virginia; and, accordingly, he planted some tobacco seed at Jamestown. It grew well during the summer, and when the leaves were ripe, he cured them as best he could; for not a person in the colony was acquainted with the proper process. When the leaves were dry, he tried them in his pipe, and pronounced the tobacco excellent. His friend, Ralph Hamor, secretary of the colony, tried it, and finding it very much to his taste, planted some seed in his garden in the following spring. Mr. Hamor, in his tract upon Virginia, published in 1615, gave Virginia tobacco a strong indorsement.

"I dare affirm," he wrote, "that no other under the sun can or doth afford more pleasant, sweet and strong tobacco than I have tasted there, on my own plantation, which, however, being then the first year of a trial thereof, we had not the knowledge to cure and make up; yet are there some men resident there, out of the last year's well-observed experience, which both know, and, I doubt not, will make and return such tobacco this year (1615) that even England shall acknowledge the goodness thereof."

He further says, when urging emigrants to go to Virginia, that any man in the colony could earn his clothes by raising tobacco—clothes having to be bought in England.

The secretary's prediction proved correct. English smokers so well appreciated the tobacco of Virginia that the price of the article ranged from three to five shillings a pound. A colonist needed to send only a very few pounds of tobacco home to get an excellent suit of clothes. Naturally enough, everyone was eager to plant tobacco; and we read of tobacco growing luxuriantly in the very streets and public places of Jamestown. Nothing could "draw the people off," says an old historian, "from their greedy and immoderate pursuit of tobacco;" although a hundred and fifty people were sent out from England to set up three iron works, and an attempt was made to introduce the culture of hemp, flax and silk. Tobacco became, and for two centuries remained, the great staple product of Virginia. For a century and more, it served in part as the currency of the colony. We read of men bequeathing hundreds of pounds of tobacco for endowing a college or converting the heathen. Clergymen were paid salaries of so many thousand pounds of tobacco per annum. Taxes, debts and rents were paid in tobacco.

No colony can flourish, if, indeed, it can exist, unless it produces something which can be sold in other and older countries; since it cannot, for many years, manufacture the implements, utensils, fabrics and apparel, without which it must either perish, or lapse into barbarism. Virginia now had such a commodity; and from this time forward it could make a return to the company at home, and buy with its own produce indispensable articles manufactured in England. Such were the consequences of John Rolfe's planting of tobacco seed in the spring of 1612.—James Parton's "Triumphs of Enterprise."

MISTRESS AND SERVANT.

The Conduct of the Former Has Much to Do with the Department of the Latter.

"It is a good mistress that makes a good servant, I've heard folks say," muttered an old-fashioned cook whose querulous and fault-finding mistress had goaded her into disrespect. This is a wise saying which is seldom considered, but which contains considerably more than a grain of truth. Many a good and capable domestic might be evolved out of intelligent raw material if the employers were patient and capable on their side; and many good servants are lost to the world because they have had the misfortune to be under incompetent mistresses in the beginning, and acquire slovenly methods of work which can never be eradicated.

"One of the best cooks I have ever had," said a woman of the right sort, "was an Irish emigrant who knew absolutely nothing, but she was so eager, so ambitious and so quick to learn that it was a pleasure to teach her. She remained with me two years, and left on my advice to obtain a better place." Lucky it was for Bridget that she fell into such kindly and helpful hands on her arrival. The credit was due as much to the mistress as to the maid. The raw material we have is excellent; it is the intelligent shaping that is necessary, and when people complain of the dearth of good servants in America it would be only fair to mention the want of good and clever mistresses.—N. Y. Tribune.

"Great Scott" in England. An Americanism said to be in common use in England without a suspicion of its origin is "Great Scott!" English women say "Great Scott!" and never dream they are celebrating the fame and name of Gen. Winfield Scott, of the United States army. In the days of the Mexican war it was firmly believed in this country that Gen. Scott was the greatest general the world had ever seen. It became the fashion in the army to swear by him, and the custom has now spread to England.—Iowa State Register.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

He Doesn't Believe in Luck, But Thinks Things Do Sometimes Happen Curiously.

"I don't believe in luck," said the retired burglar, "but it certainly is curious how things happen sometimes. Going out of my house one morning, about a quarter of one, I dropped my lantern putting it in my overcoat pocket, and broke the bulb. I had another lamp in the house—a new, perfect lamp—but it had never been used, and wasn't filled; and it took me half an hour or more to fit up that lamp and so, of course, I started out that much later.

"I had the house I was going to marked, and I got there all right and got in and got to work. But it was tremendously disappointing. It was a good big house, promising looking from the outside, but very lean inside, that is as to stuff that was worth carrying off; silver all plated, and that sort of thing; and I didn't find a blessed thing downstairs worth taking away. Then I started upstairs, hopeful, of course; but the fact was the outlook was poor, no doubt, about that; with things running so downstairs, you couldn't expect much up. And I hadn't got half way up the stairs when I heard somebody at the front door outside putting a key in the lock. Say, that looked as though it knocked out the last chance there was of my getting anything, even if there was anything there to get, but of course I wanted to look out for myself, anyway, and I made for the top of the stairs, to look for a dark pocket to stow myself in till I got a chance to pass out.

"But the second sound of the key put a different complexion on things; the man with the key had been dining somewhere, generously. He got in finally, though, and clambered up the stairs and made for a room at the front end of the hall, and got in there and turned up a light. Then I didn't hear anything of him for a minute or two, and then he upset something with a crash that just simply shook the house. I looked to see everybody in it come rushing around right off, but nobody came at all; maybe they were used to such things, but anyhow they all slept through this.

"Then I heard him for some minutes at work getting off his clothes, and I heard him drop one shoe, and then for a long time there was perfect stillness and then I heard him snoring. When I ventured to look in I didn't need my new bullseye, he had left his light burning brightly, and there he was stretched out on the bed, partly clothed, and with one shoe still on and sleeping so soundly you couldn't have woke him up without shaking him, and it would have been hard work at that.

"When I had rounded up his stuff I found a gold watch, a pair of diamond sleeve buttons, a pretty fair-sized diamond pin, and a pocketbook with \$71 in it. It looked as though he carried the wealth of the household, and I should have missed him if I hadn't dropped my lamp. I don't believe in luck, but if I did I should certainly think there was luck in that."—N. Y. Sun.

ARISTOCRATIC BOOK AGENTS.

Handle Rare Works Worth Small Fortunes and Never Come in Contact with the General Public.

"There is a distinct upper class of book agents who never come in contact with the general public," remarked Mr. Charles H. Meyers, of New York, in conversation. "I have been interested in art publications for a number of years, and know most of the tiptop salesmen in the country. They handle books that range from \$50 to \$500 in price, and only call on people who figure on certain select lists. These lists are the result of the culling of years, and combined they represent nearly all of the high-class book buyers of the United States. Each publishing house has its own collection of names, and they are valued highly. I call to mind one firm that failed and went out of business several years ago, and its roster of buyers was considered its best asset. It was purchased for something like \$5,000. The class of books handled by the agents to whom I refer would greatly astonish the everyday patron of the shops. They are printed in limited editions, and every refinement of mechanical art is lavished on their preparation. Sometimes the edition numbers only 25 or 30, and as soon as it is off the press the type is taken down and distributed. The illustrations are frequently water-color paintings on artists' proofs of etchings, and it is quite common for the vignette letters to be tinted by hand. Such books are never advertised, but are easily disposed of to the inner circle of rich connoisseurs. The agents who take the orders are the princes of the business. I know one who makes easily \$10,000 a year, and they are nearly all well-to-do. They are continually on the go, but if you were to encounter one of them at a hotel the chances are you would never guess his vocation. What are the topics of the books they sell?"—Chicago Tribune.

Red Hair Wears Best. Why are red-headed people less subject to baldness than those with fair or brown hair? An English physician has answered this conundrum: The hair of the red-headed is relatively thick, one red hair being as thick as five blonde or three brown hairs. With 30,000 red hairs the scalp is well thatched; with the same number of blonde hairs one is almost bald. It takes 160,000 blonde and 105,000 brown hairs to cover adequately an ordinary head.—Chicago Chronicle.

Even Up.—The Frenchman—More candy is consumed in Philadelphia, New York and Chicago than in the whole of France. The American—That may be true; but you consume more horse flesh over there than we do.—Yonkers Statesman.

IRELAND'S LOST GLORY.

The Beautiful Tracts of Woods of Former Days Are Fast Disappearing.

There is perhaps no feature of Irish scenery more characteristic and depressing than the almost universal absence of those tracts of woods which in other countries soften the outlines of hills and valleys. The traveler gazing on his bald mountains and treeless glens can hardly believe that Ireland was at one time covered from shore to shore with magnificent forests. One of the ancient names of the country was "The Isle of the Woods," and so numerous are its place names derived from the growth of woods, shrubs, groves, oaks, etc., that (as Dr. Joyce says) "if a wood were now to spring up in every place bearing a name of its kind the country would become clothed with an almost uninterrupted succession of forests." On the tops of the barest hills and buried in the deepest bogs are to be found the roots, stems and other remains of these ancient woods, mostly of oak and pine, some of the bogs being literally full of stems, the splinters of which burn like matches.

The destruction of these woods is of comparatively recent date. Cambrensis, who accompanied Henry II. into Ireland in the twelfth century, notices the enormous quantities of woods everywhere existing. But their extirpation soon began with the gradual rise of English supremacy in the land, the object in view being mainly to increase the amount of arable land, to deprive the natives of shelter, to provide fuel and to open out the country for military purposes. So anxious were the new landlords to destroy the forests that many old leases contain clauses coercing tenants to cut no other fuel. Many old trees were cut down and sold for 12 cents. On a single estate in Kerry, after the revolution of 1688, trees were cut down of the value of \$100,000. A paper laid before the Irish houses of parliament describes the immense quantities of timber that in the last years of the seventeenth century were shipped from parts in Ulster and how the great woods in that province (200,000 trees in all) were destroyed.

The houses passed an act for the planting of 250,000 trees, but it was of no avail, and so denuded of timber had the country become that large works started in Elizabeth's reign for the smelting of iron were obliged to be stopped at last for want of charcoal. The present century has continued the deplorable story of destruction. In 40 years, from 1841 to 1881, 45,000 acres of timber were cut down and sold. Every landlord cut down, scarcely anyone planted, so that at the present day there is hardly an eightieth part of Ireland's surface under timber.—St. Louis Republic.

A MEXICAN PAPYRUS.

One of the Rarest Archaeological Treasures in the Country.

In the possession of Eusebius J. Mollera, dean of the Academy of Sciences, is one of the rare archaeological treasures of the world, an ancient papyrus from Mexico. This papyrus is known as the Codex Fernandez Leal. The British museum does not possess a single example of this sort, nor does a parallel exist in any continental museum save one, the great Imperial museum of Berlin, where an inferior specimen of Mexican codex is ranked as one of its chief treasures.

The history of this codex is a most interesting one. It dates back to a period far prior to the conquest, and is probably but one of the many works of this type which formed the written records of those ancient days, only the extreme care with which it has been handled and preserved having saved it from the common fate of destruction which has overtaken the rest by reason of their extreme fragility. These ancient codices were written, or rather painted, by the prehistoric tribes, with fine brushes, on paper made of the fiber of the maguery or cactus plant, the Mexican papyrus.

The events in this codex describe both chronologically and figuratively some of the conquests made by the prehistoric Mexicans south of their kingdom as far as Tehuantepec, or possibly Guatemala. This is plainly apparent from the hieroglyphics representing the warriors, as well as the known historic emblems of many of the places indicated upon it. The codex is painted on both sides, and like most ancient writings, reads from right to left.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Patience and Courtesy Pay. Good nature, or cheerfulness, or a willingness to oblige, or whatever you choose to call it, has always been of use in social life. Now it seems it is a factor in business, and actually has a commercial value. A few months ago a man came to Boston for the purpose of establishing headquarters for the sale of a specialty in underwear. When he was ready to engage his salespeople he just made a tour of the large department stores; he would go to a counter and ask for some trifling thing, appearing very hard to suit all the while. If the saleswoman attending him got indifferent or impatient, that settled it; he walked away and she had, without knowing it, frowned on her own good fortune. If, on the other hand, he found a clerk patient and courteous to the end, although he bought nothing, he at once set about securing her services for his store, offering her a salary considerably in advance of the one she was then receiving.—Boston Transcript.

A Trick of the Trade. A barber goes over a man's face twice, no matter how slight a beard he has, to make him think he has a heavy one.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

A SMALL SPOT MAY BE CANCER.

MOST VIOLENT CASES HAVE APPEARED AT FIRST AS MERE PIMPLES.

The greatest care should be given to any little sore, pimple or scratch which shows no disposition to heal under ordinary treatment. No one can tell how soon these will develop into Cancer of the worst type. So many people die from Cancer simply because they do not know just what the disease is; they naturally turn themselves over to the doctors, and are forced to submit to a cruel and dangerous operation—the only treatment which the doctors know for Cancer. The disease promptly returns, however, and is even more violent and destructive than before. Cancer is a deadly poison in the blood, and an operation, plaster, or other external treatment can have no effect whatever upon it. The cure must come from within—the last vestige of poison must be eradicated.



Mr. Wm. Walpole, of Walshtown, S. D., says: "A little blotch about the size of a pea came under my left eye, gradually growing larger, from which shooting pains at intervals ran in all directions. I became greatly alarmed and consulted a good doctor, who pronounced it Cancer, and advised that it be cut out, but this I could not consent to. I read in my local paper of a cure effected by S. S. S., and decided to try it. It acted like a charm, the Cancer becoming at first irritated, and then discharging very freely. This gradually grew less and then discontinued altogether, leaving a small scab which soon dropped off, and now only a healthy little scar remains where what threatened to destroy my life once held full sway. Positively the only cure for Cancer is Swift's Specific—"

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