



A WIDOW'S TRIBUTE.

Mule Tragedy Carved in Granite and Set Up in a St. Charles (Mo.) Cemetery.

Conventional tombstone design has been knocked sideways by a bereaved Missouri widow. The poor woman had been deprived of her husband by the sudden action of one of the famous mules, which, resenting some act on the man's part, delivered an uppercut with telling effect.

This is the subject illustrated in bas-relief on the stone, the time immediately after the kick; and the stone stands at the head of a grave in a small town—St. Charles—not far from St. Louis.

The stone itself is of a common form—a straight shaft of white granite, resting upon a base of brown stone, and surmounted by a beveled cap, on which stands something that looks much like a haystack (probably it is—the man in whose memory it was erected having been a farmer).

But the bas-relief is the point of interest. It is 18 inches in diameter. In the background stands an innocent looking, mild appearing animal, that might be a lamb were it not for the lack of wool and the presence of a monstrous head and abnormally large ears. A rope is about the neck of the mule; the other end of the rope is held by a maid of peculiar architecture, who stands with one hand grasping her apron and with great astonishment shown on her face.

The cause of the astonishment, says the New York Herald, is lying in the foreground. It is a man, who apparently is held in the air by resting on an elbow. He wears a pained expression. What is first mistaken for a bird's nest is on close inspection found to be a hat.

From an artistic standpoint the most remarkable thing about this



STORY TOLD IN STONE.

work is the perspective. One is not sure whether the mule is amusing himself by jumping upon the man or has retired to his corner at the call of time. The position and length of the mule's legs would lead one to believe it to be a copy of the famous animals that plow on hillside until the legs on one side are shorter than those on the other.

Thus, in the cold marble, is told how this brave man met his death. Whether the widow intended to honor the man or the mule cannot be stated.

When the monument was completed the children of the dead man objected to its erection and asked the assistance of the people in control of the cemetery to prevent the artistic widow from carrying out her plan. The authorities declared that such a monstrosity should not decorate the burying grounds, and informed the widow that unless she would bring dire punishment on herself the monument must never "enter the gate" of the sacred place.

And it did not. She tore a panel of the fence and had it taken in and set up without using the gate. There it stands, by the side of a more modest and conventional headstone erected by the less artistic children.

The Power of Forgetting.

Some things are better forgotten than remembered. The habit of overlooking family jars, of failing to see the sour look, and not hearing the harsh word, and setting aside forever the disagreement is a habit that makes for family peace. It is throwing the stones in the path out of one's way. Life is short at best and we should make it a rule to grasp only the pleasant things and count only days of sunshine. Each one of us has a pet falling. In weariness and at times when not on guard out comes the impatient reply, or the spiteful word which a moment after we feel that we would give anything in our possession could we but recall it. Unforeseen and unguarded impulses may be at the root of your neighbor's peculiarities. Be patient and forget.—Chicago Post.

MISS KATE GORDON.

New Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's National Suffrage Association.

The new corresponding secretary of the Woman's National Suffrage association, succeeding Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, who held the office for 18 years, is Miss Kate Gordon, a young southern woman of remarkable cleverness and executive ability. Miss Gordon comes from New Orleans, where she

MISS KATE GORDON.
(Corresponding Secretary National Suffrage Association.)

conducted the most unique political campaign on record.

Under the new constitution of Louisiana women have limited suffrage, and tax-paying women have a right to vote on all subjects affecting taxation. A year ago when the progressive element of New Orleans decided that the city must be severed and drained, and that to do that it would be necessary for the citizens to vote a \$7,000,000 tax, it was found that the women voters held the balance of power, and that in order to carry the measure the women would have to vote solidly for it.

This was an appalling situation. Women are no more fond of paying taxes than men. Besides it was the first time a Louisiana woman had ever voted at all, and most of them thought a ballot was a boomerang that was liable to fly back and annihilate them.

In this emergency Miss Gordon came to the front as a woman leader. She called a mass meeting of the women, picked out such as could talk intelligently in public, and organized a campaign of education. Committees went from one end of the city to the other, holding parlor meetings in every neighborhood, where they preached the gospel of sanitation. They sat up and wrestled of nights with every tax-paying woman, and taught her to fill out a ballot, and the result was that on election day it was found that the women's vote had been cast as a unit for sewerage and drainage.

In recognition of her services Miss Gordon was presented with a superb medal by the "Progressive Union," an organization composed of the leading business and professional men of New Orleans.

HARD WOOD FLOORS.

Keeping Them Clean Is Not Hard Work, Provided One Knows How to Go About It.

Floors that have been finished in shellac should be kept clean, says the National Builder, by thoroughly brushing off the dust with a soft hair or feather brush, or by wiping with a cloth of soft texture. If the cloth is slightly moist the dust will adhere to it more readily, but wipe with a dry cloth afterward. If any dirt that will not wipe off with a moist cloth should be deposited on the floor, wash it off thoroughly with clean (not hot) water, using soap if necessary, which also cleans off with water as quickly as possible and wipe dry.

When the face of the floor begins to look worn and shabby, after cleansing off the dirt and wiping dry, if water has been used, rub the surface all over nicely with a mixture two-thirds turpentine and one-third raw linseed oil. To do this saturate a soft cloth of any kind with the mixture, wring it out half-dry and rub the floor with it evenly. Do not use the oil so freely as to leave it standing on the surface to catch dust. To prevent this wipe off with a clean, dry cloth. After the shellac is worn down to the surface of the wood, sandpaper it all over evenly with a No. 1 sandpaper and give it another coat of shellac, after which continue to keep as before.

Floors finished in plain oil only should be kept in the same manner as above, more soap and water being required, and more frequent rubbing with the mixture of turpentine and linseed oil spoken of above.

Floors finished in "hard oil" should be kept like floors finished with shellac. A maple floor for a kitchen that has not been finished in wax or oil is best taken care of by being scrubbed or rubbed with any of the scouring preparations now in the market for that purpose.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

How Fidelity to a Trust Got Mrs. Broadway a Wetting, as Explained by Herself.

Mrs. Broadway's dress was bedraggled and her feet were wet. Moreover, she was cross, which, says the New York Sun, was but a natural consequence of her waterlogged condition.

"How did you happen to get so wet?" asked Mr. Broadway.

"I was playing keeper to another person's conscience," was the gloomy response. "A man rode uptown in our car the other night that deserves a niche in history. It was on his account that I have ruined my dress and my best pair of shoes. He got on the car at Thirty-seventh street and sat down on the front seat, facing me. It was raining hard and the conductor did not come around right away to take up his fare.

"The man wanted to change to a cross-town car at Forty-second street, and he began to beckon to the conductor to come up and get his nickel, but that public servant was huddled up comfortably on the rear platform and never budged. When we reached Forty-second street he had still failed to materialize and the man with a conscience was beside himself with anxiety.

"He couldn't make up his mind what to do. He didn't like the idea of being carried past his corner, but he liked still less to leave the car without paying his fare. Finally he hit upon a happy expedient of which I was the central figure.

"Pardon me," he said, 'will you take this nickel and when the conductor comes around give it to him, please?'

"With that he dropped the money into my hand and was off the car and streaking along down Forty-second street like a mad goat."

"What a chump!" put in Mr. Broadway. "He ought to have a monument erected to his memory. There isn't another man in New York that would have done that."

"That's what the men all said," continued Mrs. Broadway. "And he certainly is one of a kind. His actions were so unusual that they made me feel awfully foolish, and the remarks of the other occupants of those two seats did anything rather than restore my equanimity. 'I wonder how long since he dropped down?' said one, and, 'It looks like a shame to pass up a good beer that way,' said another. And then they all laughed.

"As for me, I sat there and blushed. I didn't know what to do with the nickel, for, try as I might, I couldn't



HE WAS OFF THE CAR.

induce the conductor to come up to the front of the car, and as I was nearing my own destination, I was scared half to death for fear I wouldn't have a chance to cash it before we reached my corner. And sure enough I didn't. It quit raining, too, just as we got to our street, and I could have run home between drops if I hadn't been burdened with that awful nickel and its owner's conscience.

"But why didn't you give it to somebody else that was going farther on and let him turn it in?" asked Mr. Broadway.

Mrs. Broadway looked at her husband sternly.

"How could I do that?" she demanded. "I had my own conscience to look after, as well as his. That man had entrusted his money to me, and it was my duty to deliver it to the proper person, even if I had to ride to Jericho and back. I had been carried seven blocks past this street when the conductor finally paid our end of the car a visit, and I then had to get off in the pouring rain, but I had preserved the honor of that man's conscience and my own, so I suppose I ought not worry about a little thing like a soiled gown and soaking shoes."

Mr. Broadway looked at his wife admiringly.

"By Jove, Kate," he said, "you are a trump. But you didn't walk back, did you? You took a car, of course?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Broadway.

"And that cost you another nickel, too," he observed.

Mrs. Broadway flushed slightly.

"No, it didn't," she said. "The conductor didn't pay much attention to me when I boarded the car and when he went past he merely called out: 'Fare, fare,' in a vague, impersonal way, so I just sat there and never offered to pay him."

"Oh," said Mr. Broadway.

NEGRITAS OF LUZON.

Among These New Fellow-Citizens of Ours Love-Making Is Conducted on a Peculiar Plan.

This savage tribe once dominated the entire island of Luzon, but are now only found scattered here and there among the mountains. Their "villages," or hamlets, are built of bamboo and palm leaves, and built high above the ground, reminding one of bird cages, hung among the low branches of the trees.

A ladder of bamboo is the means of reaching these shelters from the rain and wind, for the Negritas use their houses for no other purpose. Their



MADE MAN AND WIFE.

lives are spent in the open, fishing and hunting.

In spite of flat noses, thick lips and tightly curling hair these savages are a handsome race, with physiques almost faultless, bronze coloring, statuesque proportions and graceful movements.

Woe to the enemy who falls into their hands, for they are both cruel and treacherous. Women as well as men are so expert with the bow that their arrows seldom miss the mark.

The girls of the Negritas tribe marry as young as 12, seldom as late as 15, and the wooing is curious.

When the bridegroom approaches, though he may be the girl's own choice, she must immediately take flight, and untrammelled by clothing, swift of foot, she often gives him a long chase, ere she overtakes her. If unusually reluctant she may escape him by taking refuge in a "real," but she is generally captured and led back to the parents, who are interested spectators.

The mother receives the captive, and leads her, still resisting, up the ladder to the door of the cabin; then the father seizes the man and assists him in the same peremptory manner to mount the bamboo ladder.

Once inside the cabin the eldest male relative fills the coconut shell with water, then dashes its contents over the couple, and as they kneel before him, more or less gently strikes their heads together, which signifies that man and wife, which they now are, should have but one mind.

The bridal party then descend to the ground and the marriage dance begins.

Native maidens, under the spell of terpsichore, whirl, spin and leap into the air, or sway like the graceful, wind-stirred palm trees, beneath which their lives are passed.

Then follows a feast of fruit and rice, after which the bridegroom takes his bride to his father's "real," where she continues her life of fishing, hunting roots for food and cooking the mountain rice, which is grown in the most primitive manner, without even clearing the ground where it is sown.—Louisville Courier.

MAKING A ROSE JAR.

Two Recipes Which Have Been Used for Some Time and Are Highly Recommended.

The rind of two lemons cut thin, one pound bay salt, one ounce orris root, powdered; one ounce gum benzoin, one ounce cinnamon, half ounce cloves, one ounce nutmegs, one grain musk finely ground, 12 bay leaves, a few sage leaves, rosemary and lavender cut small, one ounce eau de cologne, one ounce bergamot. Mix all together in a pan, and add sweet flowers in their natural state, as they come into blossom; stir it frequently, at least once a day. It must be put in a covered stone pot, with a wooden spoon to stir it with. At the end of two or three months you will have a sweet-scented mass ready to fill a number of the pretty Japanese rose-jars. Roses may be thrown in from time to time.

Another recipe, said to be one of the very best, is the following: Prepare two dry pecks of rose leaves and buds, one handful each of orange flowers, violets and jessamine, one ounce each sliced orris root and cinnamon, one-quarter ounce musk (if desired), one-quarter pound sliced angelica root, one-half pound of lavender flowers, Heliotropes and mignonette; one-half handful each of rosemary flowers, bay and laurel leaves, three sweet oranges steeped full of cloves and dried in the oven, then powdered in a mortar; one-half handful of marjoram, two handfuls of balm of gilead, dried; one handful each of bergamot, balm, pineapple and goose-mint leaves. Mix well together and put in layers in a large china jar; sprinkle salt between the layers. Add a small bottle of extract of new-mown hay and moisten with brandy. Stir occasionally.—Success With Flowers.

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Pennsylvania Railroad's Special Excursions to Pan-American Exposition.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run special excursions to Buffalo on account of the Pan-American Exposition, from Philadelphia and adjoining territory, on September 26, October 2, 8, 17, 23, and 29. Round trip tickets, good only on special train leaving Philadelphia at 8:44 A. M., Harrisburg 11:50 A. M., Sunbury 1:03 P. M., Williamsport 2:30 P. M., Lock Haven 3:06 P. M., and on local trains connecting therewith, and good to return on regular trains within seven days, including day of excursion, will be sold at rate of \$8.40 from Harrisburg, \$7.25 from Altoona (via Tyrone), \$10.00 from Winchester, and proportionate rates from other points. These tickets will not be good in Pullman parlor or sleeping cars in either direction. Stop of 30 minutes will be made at Williamsport for luncheon. For specific time and rates, consult local ticket agents. 247

LEGAL NOTICES.

AUDITORS' NOTICE.

In the Orphan's Court of Centre county, in the matter of the estate of DAVID HARRP, STEEL, of Ferguson township, deceased.
The undersigned an auditor appointed by said court to distribute balance in the hands of the accountant to and among those legally entitled to receive the same, will attend to the duties of his appointment, on Saturday the 15th day of October, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at his office in Eagle Block, in the borough of Bellefonte, Pa., when and where all persons interested in said estate can attend or be forever debarred.

S. D. GETTIG
Auditor.

NOTICE.

To the citizens of Spring Township.—According to Act of Assembly approved July 18th, 1901, the various school boards are compelled to enforce the Compulsory School Law under fines and a forfeiture of one-fourth our state appropriation, if not enforced.

The school board of Spring township hereby notify the parents and guardians that all children between the ages of eight and sixteen years must attend school continuously until excused according to provisions of said Act.

By order of
R. M. KAUF, Secy. SCHOOL BOARD.
Sept. 17, 1901.

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