

FROM ROOF TO ROOF.

"Yes sir, I guess you're right, it is a pretty little show, and almost too good for the likes of me. When I joined the navy, now nearly twenty years ago, I little thought I should find such a nice little spot to meet in. But, for, sir, it's opportunity, that's what it is! They say you can do anything if you only get the chance. A favorite observation of my old dad's was that opportunity would have been the king of England if he'd only had the opportunity!"

SOCIAL SIDE OF GOVERNOR STONE

HOME LIFE OF PENNSYLVANIA'S NEW EXECUTIVE.

His Interesting Family—The Governor-Elect Is Also of a Literary Mind and Has Written Some Clever Works—Enjoys a Romp with His Children.

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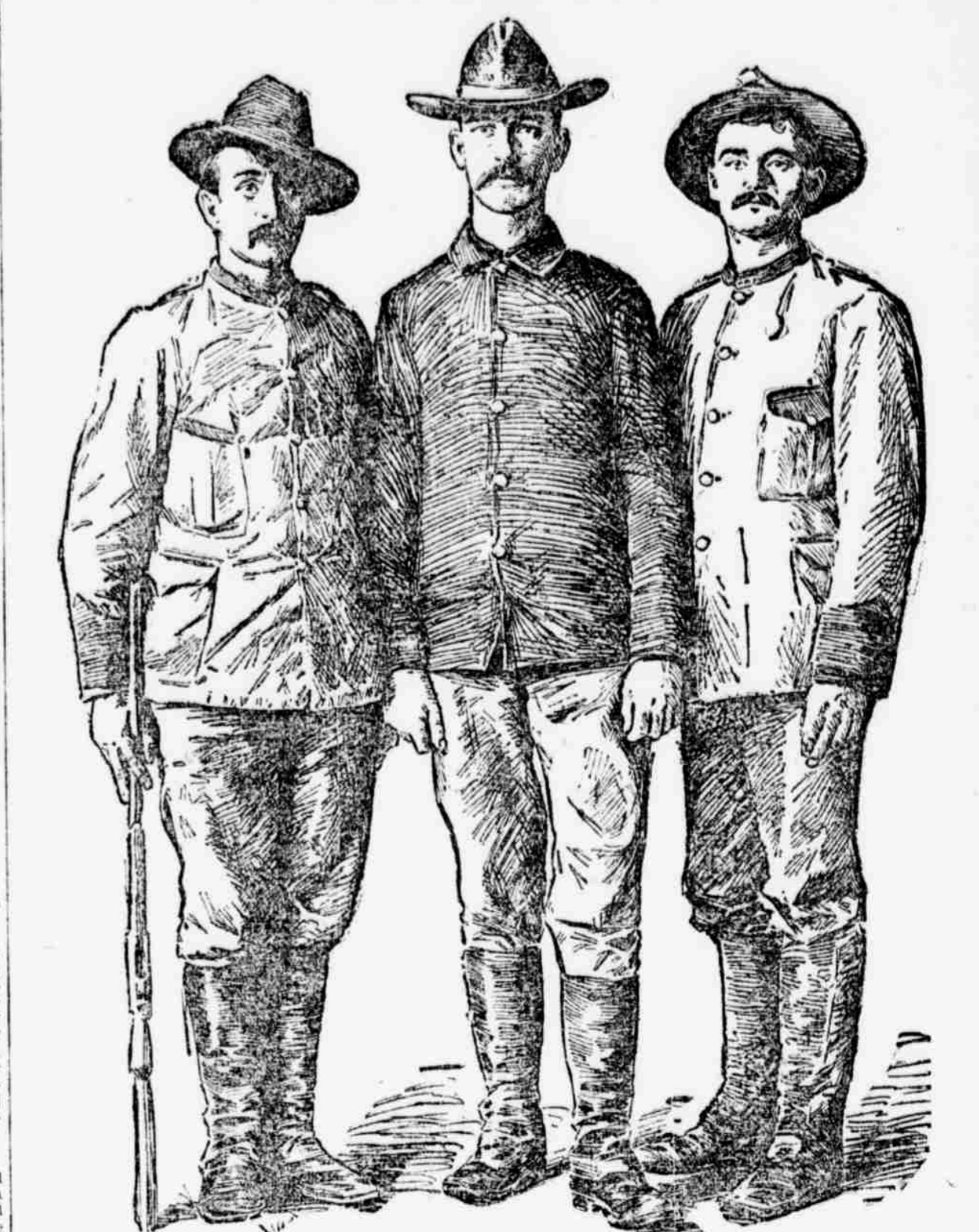
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PAINÉ'S CELERY COMPOUND.

Roosevelt's Rough Riders Restored to Health by This Greatest of All Remedies.



Brought Him Back to Life. Escaped Montauk Hospital. Nearly Dead from the Fever.

New York, Sept. 20, 1898. Messrs. Wells, Richardson & Co. Gentlemen—I might have broken down sooner in the campaign about Santiago if I had had time to realize what was the matter with me before the Spaniards surrendered. God knows I broke down soon enough as it was, and it was as great a surprise to me as it was to the other boys who knew me at home. But the Spaniards kept us busy, when we were not busy on our own account getting ready for the big fight. That I was a member of the Roosevelt Regiment I shall always be proud, and the fights at Las Guzmanas and at San Juan Hill will be things to talk about for many a year.

New York, Oct. 6, 1898. Messrs. Wells, Richardson & Co. Gentlemen—If anybody in the whole regiment of Rough Riders had a chance to observe the general weakened condition of the men when they started back to the United States, as compared with their stalwart condition when they sailed from San Antonio on June 8, I think I had. Oklahoma is generally regarded as a healthy climate, and last May, when I left there, I hardly knew what sickness meant. Earlier in life, however, I had lived in the East, and after a month in service knew that what I needed, in my general run-down condition, was a nerve tonic. I knew if my nerves were fixed up there would be no trouble about my general health as soon as I got away from the army.

St. Louis, Sept. 29, 1898. Messrs. Wells, Richardson & Co. Gentlemen—Nobody can blame me or being disloyal if I say that Paine's celery compound has done more for me than any other person or thing since I left Silver City to join the Rough Riders. It has pulled together the scraps of a stalwart man, brought me around from all the bad effects of the Cuban climate, and braced me up until I am in better health than I have been in ten years. My friends in the West think that I am nearly dead from the army fever they called callentura in Cuba. When I get back to Silver City they will be as surprised as I sometimes feel myself. I had pretty good nerves before I enlisted. They went to pieces while we were lying out in the trenches at Santiago, dodging bullets. I began to feel feverish from the day we got to Siboney. When the Mausers came out I noticed that I was getting nervous.

SEA BIRDS AND THEIR EGGS. Hunters Contest with Gulls for Possession of the Spoils. From Harper's Magazine. If the murre is disturbed by an egg hunter and its single egg taken it will return and replace its successively stolen eggs until eight have been laid. It is loath to leave its nest, even when the despoiler approaches, and when he comes up she leans away from him and moves over to the far side of the nest. But presently, yielding to the alarm within her breast, she emits a sudden shriek and flies off, flushing the entire rookery as she moves toward the sea, leaving the pickers to fill their pouches with booty. They must hurry the work, for as soon as the eggs are uncovered the gulls hover close and become thick upon the scene. These the murre must bid off, for they brazenly intercept them—live and battle with the humans for the possession of the eggs.

KAFFIR MARRIAGES. That which makes a Kaffir marriage binding is, in Kaffirland, not the performance of a ceremony, but the transfer of a certain number of cattle as agreed upon, from the husband or his friends to the father or guardian of the woman. The regulations respecting Kaffir marriages are very strict. No matter how the bridegroom and the bride have seen each other a hundred times before, yet on the day of the inauguration of the wedding ceremony, the bride's father requires that they should meet as total strangers, going through a formal introduction. All the friends and company assembled are smiling and passing pleasant remarks, and the

bridegroom is hastening toward his bride. After the formal introduction is over the bride, accompanied by her father, mother and friends, is ready to acknowledge herself as the wife of her lord. The "Yehbo," or "Yes," being uttered, the dance of the bride is proposed. This dance is somewhat of a trial to the bride, as the critics are the bridegroom's party. The bride's dance finished, the feasting commences. No formal invitations are issued to the feast. It is soon bruited about that a marriage between Kenebo and Muzanyanya is impending and that the ceremonies are fixed for a certain date. Human nature is much the same all the world over, and should there be a likelihood of plenty of beer and meat many friends will put in an appearance. The Kaffir wife is a hard worker. She tills in the garden, growing the Kaffir corn, and in a thousand other ways, being much more industrious than her lord. She is sometimes so much overburdened with work that she says to her husband: "It is only fair that you should take another wife to help me in the work. I have seen a good working woman. My industry and thrift obtained the means to enable you to acquire much cattle. Your riches come through me. Now, it is only just, as the cattle were bought with my earnings, that you should expend some in a fresh marriage contract, and so my labors would be lightened." And the man is generally agreeable to fall in with her proposals. The Kaffir women, wives of the same man, agree well together, jealousies being seldom exhibited.

THE LEADER. Scranton Store—124-126 Wyoming Ave. Only a few days more of this great sale. Look here daily for a bargain list of the biggest values that any store was ever compelled to make. Alteration sale of ladies' and children's underwear. Alteration sale of muslin underwear. Lebeck & Corin.

gentleman holding some official position in Alexandria, and there it is likely to be trouble, he sent his daughter Lucy, with her maid and native servant, round to her aunt at Port Said, and when the row really came he calmly put off to a British ship lying in the harbor, thinking that all was safe. "But women are only skittish creatures after all, so when the ship she was on was stopped at Rosetta, Miss Lucy foolishly resolved to return overland to her father. This was, of course, the very worst thing she could have done, and the result was that Lieutenant Graham met the native servant, who was looking for the major to tell him that the girl had returned to the house and was hiding there in great danger. "When we had run on for about ten minutes we came across an ugly crowd of armed riffraff, who seemed inclined to dispute the road with us. "Stand clear!" yelled the cap'n, as he dragged me into an open doorway. On-ly just in time, for had I been a minute later I should certainly have lost the number of my men, there and then, as a perfect storm of bullets hissed by me. We slammed the door shut, and luckily the fastenings were still good, as we could hear the mob hammering against it and endeavoring to blow the lock open. "Quick! up here," again shouted the cap'n, leading the way up some crazy stone steps on to the flat roof. There was a kind of hatchway over the stairs, and this we managed to climb on in half a trice. As luck would have it, I was also found a pile of loose masonry which had fallen from the dome of a temple place next door. "When I had shoved about half a ton of this rubbish on to the hatch, I think it time to have a spell and take our bearings. I look around, but couldn't see the cap'n nowhere. "Just then I heard his voice peeling and shouting curses in a most awful manner, and running in the direction of the sound, I found him waving his arms and stamping about as if he was laming on the ground. "Look at the devils!" he roared, dancing with rage. "Now, Lucy, I'm coming, dearest!" "And I believe he would have jumped over the parapet, a sheer drop of sixty feet, if I hadn't clinched his coat with both hands. "There across the narrow street we saw two English females crouched on the opposite roof. The lower part of the building was in flames, and in the street below a crowd of yellow monkeys were shouting and brandishing their guns. "Now, if there is one thing mor'n another that Tom Saunders prides himself on the back about it is that he never loses his head. The roof we was standing on had a flagstaff in the middle, and in a moment like it came to me that this spar was to be the salvation of them two girls. "Help me pull the stick down, Graham!" I shouted, forgetting his rank in the flurry of the moment. He caught on my meaning at once, and we both tugged for dear life. I can't say now whether the staff was rotten or how it came about, but all I know is that in a brace of shakes we had the spar down and stretched between the two roofs. The next minute my boots were on and I was across before the chaps below had time to think what was a-doing. "Mrs. Graham—I mean Miss Lucy, as she was then—like a true woman, wanted to stand arguing with her maid as to who I should take first, but I cut their tackle short by seizing the young lady in my arms and starting off. She was true blue and didn't screech, but nestled in my arms, bless her heart, as if she was a baby. "I know I must be getting old, for whenever I think of that time I could behold of perspiration stand out on my face, and I can feel my heart beating like the rod of a donkey engine. "And soon as I stepped out on the boom a hoarse shout came from below, more like the roar of a wild animal than anything else. Then I could hear pop-pops going off, but there couldn't have been a decent shot in all the billings of 'em, or we should never have got across. "Before you could count two I had placed the party creature in the cap'n's arms and was half-way back again. "Come along, my lass!" I said, and without a whimper the plucky gal came right to the edge of the roof to meet me. Then the worst part of the breakfast began. Afore I had taken half a dozen steps a bullet plucked through my cheek, and I spit out two of my best biscuit-crushers. Polly, too—that's the missus's name—got a nasty scratch, though I didn't feel that till afterward. Then I feels a stinging pain above the right knee, and I was, I think, all up this time, Tom, my boy! when I feels the cap'n laying hold of me, and we was drawn into safety. I thought at least it was safely, but soon found I was wrong. The demons had managed to get within a few yards of me, swarming up by dozens. Luckily for us, two British tars is a match for a hundred ragged camp followers, and up-ended a score or so before they knowed where they was. I don't go for to say, though, that things wasn't looking serious when, just in the nick of time, we heard the tramp of a patrol, and the yellow chaps scouted so quickly that in about ten seconds there wasn't nary one to be seen. "About a month afterward, when I was getting round again—for I was a bit knocked up after the scrimmage—I was taking a walk round the hospital when I plumps up agen Polly. The meeting was so sudden that we were both rather taken aback. She colored up like a shoulder, then, before I could say lay a-cry-ing, with her head on my shoulder. I waited till she had calmed down a bit, then I squeezes her and says, "Polly, shall we?" Without no shilly-shallying about she answered, "Yes!" And that was what they calls the sequel to our adventures. "Here comes rather three squalls home from school, and I reckon it's about mess time, so I'll say good day, sir, and thank you kindly."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Enough. She isn't very witty, she isn't very wise, but when a girl has dimples and bits of heaven for eyes, And hair like flowing gleaming and voice both sweet and low, A little bit of nothing is all she needs to know. She has no aspirations, she longs for no cov'ry; She has no wish for sufrage, of tyrant She never wrote a novel, a poem or a play— And she prefers a bonnet to laurel wreaths—or lay. But, oh, she smiles and dimples at everything that she said; And, oh, her hair is golden, and, oh, her lips are red! Her eyes are real cerulean, her voice is sweet—and as for her dimples, they are a little bit of nothing is all she needs to know. —Truth.