The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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BY EUGENE FIELD.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When birds are on the wing,
When bee and bud and bubbling flood
Bespeak the birth of spring;
Come, sweetheart, be my sweetheart
And wear this posy-ring!

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
In the mellow golden glow
Of earth aflush with the gracious blush
Which the ripening fields foreshow;
Dear sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
As into the moon we go.

Sweetheart, be my Sweetheart
When falls the bounteous year,
When fruit and wine of tree and vine
Give us their harvest cheer;
O sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
For winter it draweth near.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When the year is white and old,
When the fire of youth is spent, forsooth,
And the land of age is cold;
Yet, sweetheart, be my sweetheart
Till the year of our love be told!

MISS SCAMPER.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

None at the Rappaqua Sulphur Springs knew who Miss Scamper was, and few cared to know. She came with an old gentleman, who registered the pair as "S. Scamper and grand-daughter, New York city." They were doubtless poor folks on a holiday. They had no servants with them. The old man wore a suit of rather rusty black, and his trunk, an antique leathern conveniency, bore the letters S. S. in brass headed nails. The young woman's trunk—she had but one—was large enough, and of modern make, but it was apparently not well filled, since she had shown but three dresses all the three weeks she had remained. One of these, of rich material, she wore of evenings; the other two, of some washable material, were worn alternately in day time. She had no jewelry beyond a plain gold brooch. One of the eligible young men there said that "The Scamper has one Sunday go-to-meetin' and two work-day suits," for which his neighbor should have kicked him but didn't. The eligible young man was looking for an eligible mate in the person of Miss Bolsover, the great heiress, whom the society paper had said was coming to the Rappaqua; though, as she hasn't come, the Brown's young man of the society paper labored under a delusion. The match making dowagers did not fear this modest, pretty, and well-cultured young woman, for the gilded youth, who were also lying in wait for Miss Bolsover, much more gilded, did not dangle in her train. Indeed, she had no train. Her business was to look after her poor grandfather, who was not in good health, and with whom the waters seemed to agree. Didymus Dodd, who had scraped an acquaintance with old Scamper, as the fellows irreverently called him, seemed to be her admirer; but Didymus was nobody. He was well-made, tall, handsome, and of good address; but he was only an upper clerk in a Philadelphia life insurance company. To be sure, he would be superintendent after January, *vice* Higgins, retired and superannuated, and would then draw a salary of five thousands a year. But no one knew that, and the possible good fortune to poor Miss Scamper; and had they known, five thousand a year was no great matter. So the field was left to Miss Scamper and welcome.

Didymus only began paying attentions to Miss Scamper out of courtesy, and because no one else did; but the more he saw of her the better he liked her and it ended in his being badly hit. As he and she were the only impecunious persons at the old and old-fashioned resort—the other visitors counting their dollars well up in the hundred thousands—the matter attracted attention and by way of getting both out of the way of marriageable sons and daughters, scheming mothers lent the affair all quiet encouragement possible. And this passed into a more active nature from two little incidents that occurred about ten days before the end of the two months' vacation of Didymus.

There was a Mrs. De Nyse at the Springs, who was well known as an amateur vocalist of merit, and whose voice, though a little reedy in the upper notes, had been trained so well as to make her worth a hearing. One evening, when a few were in the parlors, her friends besought her to favor them, and so on, and she expressed her readiness, but there happened to be no accompanyist. Miss Scamper, who was chatting near by with Didymus looked up, and quietly said, "Perhaps I can serve you in that way, Mrs. De Nyse."

"Can you play at sight, Miss Scamper?" inquired Mrs. De Nyse.

Miss Scamper nodded assent, and seated herself at the piano-forte, and accompanied the voice with such good judgment the singer was delighted.

"I wish I could carry you about with me, my dear," she said. "But do you not sing? You surely must."

"A little."

Urged by all around, Miss Scamper, to her own accompaniment, sang an aria *Il Trovatore*. Her voice proved to be a rich soprano, of full register, clear as a silver bell, and admirably cultivated. There was a moment's pause when she had done, as though not to lose a note, and then a storm of applause.

Here was a sensation. Everybody talked of her method, and the gilded youth were in raptures. The mammas conferred, and concluded that Miss Scamper was a member of some church choir, or attached to some English opera troupe, who knew? But they were civil. There was a party going over to Almont, Col. Parsifall's place, next day. Would she go? She assented. Didymus said to her in a low voice:

"It is a riding party, Miss Scamper. I know the best horse in the livery-stable here, and if you'll permit me, I'll secure it for you."

To which she replied in the same tone: "Thank you, Mr. Dodd; you are very kind, but I have one at my command already. Get that for yourself."

Somewhat rebuffed, Didymus colored, but she added: "Mine shall not disgrace you," which was a distinct intimation that she expected him as escort. The spirits of Didymus rose from zero to blood heat.

The next morning, as the riders were ready to start, a groom known to be one of Col Parsifall's rode up, leading a magnificent blooded bay horse, equipped with a side saddle. As they were admiring the animal, Miss Scamper, in a neat riding habit, made her appearance. The groom took off his hat. Didymus, not a little astonished, put forth his hand, and the lady vaulted to the back of the horse with easy grace. The cavalcade set out, Miss Scamper and Didymus together, and being better mounted than the others, were soon at the head of the column.

About a mile from the Springs there was a bar in the way. A lofty tulip tree had blown down during the night, and had fallen across the road, the trunk well up on account of the wide roots. Some one had already cleared a way by letting down fences on the roadside; but Miss Scamper did not go around with the rest. She faced the trunk, the horse went over, and then trotted on. Didymus faced it too. His brute got over, but half stumbled. Didymus was country-bred, had ridden horses to mill bare-back, and was a half-centaur when aboy, so he brought his horse up.

Miss Scamper smiled approvingly.

Everybody admired the ease and grace with which Miss Scamper managed her horse, and Didymus more than everybody.

When they arrived at their destination the party dispersed in the house and over the grounds. They found old Scamper there. He had gone over before in a carry-all. Almont was the property of Col. Almont, and was for sale, with its fine blooded stock of horses and cattle, its furniture, its library, and everything in the house and around it. The Colonel and his family were in Europe, and intended to stay there while he educated his sons at Heidelburg. So he offered the whole—a house that cost a hundred thousand dollars, with all its offices of all kinds, stables, palmery, grapery and greenhouses, furniture made to order, and over twelve hundred acres of land in a high state of cultivation—"for," as he said in his letter, "a mere song." So it was; but as it was set to the tune of three hundred thousand dollars, there were few who could render the music.

They all admired the place. The agent, who was there, seized on the Scampers and Didymus, to whom he showed everything and explained every thing. Didymus was amused at this, and whispered to Miss Scamper, "He has picked out the only three who could certainly not buy it." Miss Scamper, by the twinkle in her eyes, evidently appreciated the fun of the situation. Then the agent seized old Scamper, and dragged him off to look at the blooded horses and imported cattle, leaving Didymus and the girl together.

"How do you like the place, Mr. Dodd?" inquired she.

"Like it Miss Scamper! Why, it is a garden of Eden; that is, it would be so to me, if I had it with an Eve in it."

The young lady smiled, and said, "You like country life, then, Mr. Dodd?"

"Naturally," replied Didymus, "I lived in the country until I was twenty-two. I was born and bred there. I should have been there yet but for the death of both my parents. I went to the city in search of fortune. I have done very well for the last seven years, and have put a little by; but to covet a place like this is like wishing for the moon."

"The country is the place to live in, and the city to work in," said Miss Scamper, sententiously.

"To live in, I grant you, if you have the means—a good farm and money to work it. Otherwise you toil harder in the country than in town, with less comfort and less profit."

Then they discoursed on rural topics, with a marvellous unity of sentiment, until the venerable Scamper and the agent got back, which was at the time the whole party, each with a nosegay furnished by the gardener from the greenhouses, was ready for a return to the Springs.

There were two days of the young man's vacation left, when he determined to place his fate at Miss Scamper's disposal at the first opportunity. The chance came that very night. That evening a number were seated on the veranda enjoying the moonlight, Miss Scamper set apart from the rest, in heavy shadow, with her grandfather. The old gentleman rose when Dodd came and left. Miss Scamper made room for Didymus at her side, and the two began to talk of the day's doings.

"By-the-bye," said Didymus, "have you heard that Almont has been sold?"

"Yes."

"And to the great heiress, Miss Bolsover. I wonder if she will keep old maid's hall there?"

Miss Scamper laughed a low, silvery laugh. "I presume she will," she said, "unless she chances to marry. Wasn't that a sad accident at the mill to-day?"

"Very. The man has a wife and five children. I went over to see how they were—to see if they were in pressing need, you know; but that part is all right. This Miss Bolsover, who must be staying somewhere near, had been there and provided for all their wants. I suppose, as she has bought Almont, she means to play the Lady Bountiful here, which is all the better for Micky and his family."

"I believe, Mr. Dodd," said the lady, "that you play the part of Lord Bountiful sometimes, especially if some poor woman left with four children should rouse your sympathies."

"How did you know?" he asked.

"A little bird told me," she said, "but got her eldest boy employment, and then fairly ran away to avoid her thanks. She was full of your praises."

"But she did not know my name," said Didymus.

"True. But don't you remember that a veiled lady sat there the last time you came? That was I. I was in Philadelphia on a visit, and looked up Mrs. Grant, who had been a servant in our family before she married. She told me of her troubles, and how a stranger had helped her. I looked at you well, and when you came here I knew you in an instant."

Didymus felt his heart flutter. Now was the time; but his tongue refused its office. After a little pause, Miss Scamper said, "I have had a very pleasant time here, and am almost sorry that I leave to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" cried Didymus, in desperation, seizing her hand, which was not withdrawn. "Oh, Ruth—Miss Scamper—you must have seen—"

Here he stopped, but the fingers of the lady tightened a little in his grasp. A friendly cloud passed over the moon, and the recess grew darker.

"I love you, Ruth, darling" he murmured, and drew her unresistingly toward him.

The people on the veranda were too busy in conversation to hear a faint sound made at the sealing of a compact between two foolish young people. But once it was all settled, the tongue of Didymus was fairly unloosened, and he went on building his—their joint scheme of life. He told her of the money he had laid away and the big salary in prospect, and the cozy little suburban cottage on the Schuylkill, with its acre of ground, that he would be able to buy.

"And there is room for grandfather to live with us," he said.

"That might not suit him, Didymus," she replied, "though it is very kind and thoughtful of you. He would prefer his own larger house in New York."

"His larger house!" cried Didymus. "I thought he was poor."

"Poor! Silas Scamper poor! Why, he has a two-third interest in the great banking house of Gould, Silver & Co., of New York, Paris and Vienna, though he figures as the Co. He has his own house and a great many more of them."

Didymus, in spite of his acceptance, felt a gulf yawning somehow. This rich banker—

"I beg your pardon, Miss Scamper," he said, "but I somehow—"

"Yes. Didymus, you believed him poor. But why do you call me Miss Scamper? Why not Ruth? which is sweeter—from you. And then my name is not Scamper at all."

"Not Scamper, Ruth! Are you not Mr. Scamper's granddaughter?"

"Oh yes, his only grandaughter, and all the near kin he has. But my mother was his only daughter—we are both orphans, Didymus—and of course I take my father's name. I hope you won't buy that cottage, since you like Almont; for I am Ruth Bolsover."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Bright Side of Farm Life.

At a recent meeting of the Fayette county farmers institute, says the Uniontown "Genius of Liberty," Daniel H. Pershing, one of the most successful farmers in the county, read an able and instructive essay on "The Bright Side of Farm Life." We give a synopsis of this essay: Life is what we make it. In reviewing the year just closing the farmer has lots to be thankful for. While hundreds and thousands of unemployed have vainly sought work the farmer has been constantly employed. Multitudes of artisans, mechanics and miners have gone hungry to bed, and this cannot be said of our farmers. Some complain that they are making no money, but money or no money, the farmer who is industrious always has something to eat, while many in other occupations, at times have neither bread nor money.

Never let anything which grows go to waste. For example, three years ago there was a great apple crop and the farmers had more apples than they knew what to do with. I made all my crop, 2000 bushels, and some of my neighbors' apples, into cider, and kept 50 or 60 barrels of the cider for vinegar. From the vinegar I have made $10 a barrel, and then did not have sufficient to supply the demand, and thus I realized $1 a bushel on apples. Raising fruit pays much better than raising wheat, and a hundred dollars an acre can be realized from the orchard. It will require much care, but the pleasure and comfort, as well as profit, will amply repay. Our home market far exceeds the demand for small fruits. By use of fruit I have not paid a doctor's bill in my life time on account of my own sickness. That is one of the ways to make money.

The outlook for higher prices for wheat is not good, but I am satisfied that I can realize a dollar a bushel from wheat by feeding it to poultry. Improved farm implements have so lightened the labor of the farmer that he can say, as did Robinson Crusoe, "I am monarch of all I survey." Of the exports this year, including the products of the mine, forest, fisheries, manufactures and miscellaneous commodities, the farm has furnished $628,000,000 while the total has been but $889,000,000. Or in other words, the farms produced over 72 per cent, in cash value of the export products of the United States.

The prudent farmer will keep himself informed as to the condition of the coming crops, and in order to do so, he must take agricultural and horticultural papers. Some farmers say they are too poor to take periodicals, and they are likely to remain poor. Owing to close competition and improved methods, it is only the wide-awake, active, progressive farmer that can expect to make money. Invention has added at least 10 years to my ability to do farm labor. I simply do about all of my work riding. I ride when I mow, plow, harrow, sow, reap, plow corn, potatoes, work strawberries, raspberries, fruit trees or grape vines.

The day has come when the occupation of farming is the lightest, easiest, cleanest, pleasantest and most healthy of all occupations. The farmer can be independent when others are out of work. The position of a farmer is a high one, a noble one, and I would advise my fellow farmers to go on. Cease not to plow and sow, reap and mow, until the archangel shall stand with one foot upon the sea and the other upon the land and say: "Time shall be no more."

It takes four things to make a thorough gentleman. You must be a gentleman in your principles, a gentleman in your tastes, a gentleman in your person, and a gentleman in your manners. No man who does not combine these qualities can be justly termed a true gentleman.

Endangered by His False Teeth.

From the Boston Globe.

"The most charming girl in the world!" said Mr. Baltic, emphatically.

"That's what all of 'em says," said his friend, Nicholas Peckley, who rejoiced in the glaring fact that he was an old bachelor past all redemption. "It's quite surprising what a number of most charming girls there are! Well, Baltic, I wish you joy, I'm sure!"

Mr. Baltic rubbed his hands complacently.

"You see," said he, "she is a rose, as one may say, in the full bloom, is my Myrtilla—just 27."

"She looks all of that," said his friend dubiously.

"Envious dog!" thought Baltic to himself, as he trotted briskly down the street.

And thus meditating, Mr. Brutus Baltic turned his steps toward the casket that contained his heart's jewel—in other words the house where Miss Myrtilla Hopkinson lived.

The front door was open; so Mr. Baltic walked complacently in, with the air of a man who feels himself thoroughly and entirely at home, and tiptoed up the stairs.

"Dear girl! I'll give her a surprise!" said Mr. Baltic to himself.

Miss Myrtilla sat at the parlor table, her back toward the door, busily engaged in reading a letter, while around her lay scattered pens, ink, paper and the paraphanalia of epistolary occupation.

"One of my notes," thought the love-smitten swain; but while these thoughts passed through his mind, a board in the flooring creaked a warning. Miss Hopkinson looked around with a little shriek.

"My goodness gracious!" cried Miss Myrtilla, jumping up.

"I have caught you," cried Mr. Baltic, playfully making a grasp at the note.

But Miss Hopkinson evaded his movement, and thrust the note under a pile of newspapers.

But as she did so Mr. Baltic perceived to his inexpressible surprise and dismay, that the billet, although in an unmistakable masculine hand, was none of his penning.

"Myrtilla!" he exclaimed reproachfully.

"O, Brutus, dear, how you startled my poor nerves!" cooed Myrtilla, tripping forward, with outstretched hands.

Before Mr. Baltic could select appropriate words in which to demand an explanation from his sweetheart, the tete-a-tete was unfortunately interrupted by the entrance of Myrtilla's married sister. But as they parted on the staircase Mr. Baltic said:

"Myrtilla, when I came in this afternoon—"

"Yes, dear," purred the fair enslaver.

"You were reading a letter—a letter from a gentleman!"

Miss Hopkinson colored.

"Brutus, you surely don't doubt me!"

"Will you let me see the letter?"

"No."

Mr. Baltic banged out of the house. Miss Hopkinson dissolved into tears.

"O, dear! O, dear! O, dear!" she wailed herself. "What shall I do!"

Mr. Baltic went home in a towering passion of jealous rage, and penned a note which would have done no discredit to any tragedy hero in the land:

"False one, I give you 24 hours for an explanation. If, at the expiration of that period, you still persist in refusing to show me your clandestine correspondence, I shall regard our mutual relations at an end. B. B."

"I rather think that will bring her around, if anything will," he said to himself; "and I won't post it, either; I'll leave it at the door myself."

The dusk was only faintly illuminated by here and there the yellow gleam of an occasional gas lamp when Mr. Baltic stalked up to the residence of Miss Hopkinson once more. Two figures were at the area gate—a woman and a man—whispering in the twilight.

"Good!" thought Mr. Baltic. "It's Bridget and her young man. I'll give the note to Bridget."

But, as he approached, the dread certainty stole over him that it was not Bridget and her lover, but Myrtilla—and—whom?"

Stricken, as it were, to stone, he watched Myrtilla give the man money. He heard hurried sentences exchanged. He saw the villain creep away, like a serpent, through the dusk.

Now was the moment for action.

"Woman!" he cried, pouncing forth on the unconscious Miss Myrtilla. "I have detected your maneuvers at last. Quick! Give me the packet of letters he handed you! I saw him!"

"I will die sooner!" screamed Miss Myrtilla.

In the conflict the box fell to the ground, its lid separating itself and rolling away, something clinked out upon the pavement. Brutus stooped to pick it up. It was a double set of false tooth.

Myrtilla sank on the area step, hiding her face in her hands.

"Is this all?" asked Mr. Baltic.

"All!" echoed Myrtilla. "O, Brutus I would have perished sooner than let you know!"

"And that—that villain——"

"Was the dentist's young man," sobbed Miss Hopkinson.

"My Myrtilla! And that note?"

"Don't look at me so, Brutus! It was the dentist's bill. And now I know you hate me."

"Not at all, my dear," said Mr. Baltic, raising his tearful betrothed. "Let me whisper you a secret—mine are false, too."

And so Cupid, the little god of love, folded his wings peacefully above the empty box, which had once held Miss Hopkinson's complete set of "uppers and lowers."

Half The Battle.

He—There is only a half hour until train time, and your trunk isn't half packed.

She—don't worry, dear. I have my bonnet on.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt—more likely to cut himself than any body else.

Harrisburg Letter.

HARRISBURG, PA., Feb. 2, 1895.—Both houses of the Legislature seem inclined to push things, as is shown by their action during last week. Many are disposed to comment unfavorably on this undue haste, but the people at large seem to think there is no reason why business can not be done expeditiously and thoroughly at the same time, especially by level headed men, such as our legislators are.

Monday night Governor Hastings returned to the House with his signature to the joint resolution requesting Hon. A. K. McClure, of the Philadelphia *Times*, to deliver an address on the life of ex-Governor Curtin, which is his first official communication to that body. The address was delivered in the hall of the House, last Wednesday, to a large and appreciative audience. The meeting was opened by Speaker Walton, who announced Representative George V. Lawrence, of Washington, father of the House, as the president, who, amid much applause, introduced the Colonel to the audience. Governor and Mrs. Hastings, General and Mrs. Reeder, Attorney General and Mrs. McCormick, Senators and members of the House, of course, and many prominent citizens, including ladies, were present. At the conclusion of the address Congressman Galusha A. Grow, who had come from Washington to participate, was loudly called for. He was introduced by Mr. Lawrence and responded in an eloquent manner, briefly alluding to the crisis in the country's history and the events in which he had participated with Governor Curtin. After the address Colonel and Mrs. McClure and a party of friends were given an informal reception at the executive mansion.

The address brought together many of the members of the family of the famous war governor. His only son, W. W. Curtin, of Philadelphia, was there, and also Dr. Roland G. Curtin, of the University of Pennsylvania, whose father and the ex-governor's father were brothers. There is a brother of the late ex-governor living in Bellefonte, Constans Curtin, and also a half-brother, John Curtin, whose son, Harry Curtin, is a member of the legislature. There are also two sisters of ex-Governor Curtin living, Mrs. Clark and Miss Julia Curtin. Ex-Governor Curtin's widow and her two daughters, Mrs. George Harris and Mrs. Kidder Randolph Breeze, the latter a widow of a naval officer, were also present.

The eighth State Sanitary Convention, under the combined auspices of the State Board of Health and the Associated Health Authorities, was held in this city, Jan. 30th and 31st, and was opened by Governor Hastings. The evening session was held in the hall of the House, and was addressed by Dr. T. M. Brown, chemist of the Massachusetts State Board of Health. No end of talk as to the preservation of the health of cities and towns and the country was indulged in, and among others having that end in view, the following resolution was adopted, after several whereases:

Resolved, That the Legislative Committee of this convention be authorized to draft a bill for presentation to the present Legislature, which bill shall offer a prize of $25,000 to the discoverer of a practical means to dispose of all sewerage by precipitation, filtration, or otherwise, and have waste in a solid form that it might be returned to the soil.

The fifth annual convention of the city and borough superintendents of the public schools throughout the state opened at the High School Building on Wednesday last, City Superintendent B. F. Patterson, of Pottsville, presiding. The usual addresses were delivered and many subjects were discussed. The evening session was an intellectual treat. Addresses were delivered by Governor Hastings and State Superintendent Schaeffer. On Thursday morning the following officers were elected: President, Ebenezer Mackey, Butler; Vice President, Matilda Boos, Bristol; Secretary, C. A. Babcock, Oil City. It will meet next year at the call of the executive committee. Altoona, Columbia and West Chester are not in it and were turned down. Why can't Somerset be the place?

The Porter educational bill was re-committed to the Committee on Education in the Senate. All who want to be heard either for or against the measure will now be given an opportunity to present their views, but the chances are that the bill will never be returned to the Senate, but will be allowed to die a natural death in the committee.

Petitions and resolutions were on Wednesday read in both Houses from the Municipal League of Philadelphia, asking for the appointment of a committee to investigate the management of municipal affairs in that city. In the Senate the petition was presented by Senator Thomas, with the request that it be read at length. At the conclusion of the reading the Lieutenant Governor declared that it would lie on the table. In the House Mr. Riter presented the petition, which was read and referred to the Committee on Municipal Corporations.

Mr. Hickell, of Philadelphia, introduced a bill into the House providing for an increase in the pay of members of the Legislature from $1,500 to $2,500 per session. Hear the Philadelphia *Record* on that subject: "The bill offered in the House at Harrisburg yesterday to increase the pay of members of the Legislature from $1,500 to $2,500 per session will scarcely fail to strike a sympathetic vibration in the pocket-nerve of a body which has been chiefly distinguished thus far by the novelty and variety of its designs upon the State Treasury. The aggregate increase of expenditure involved by such a barefaced grab would exceed $250,000. 'But what's $250,000 to this grand old Commonwealth?'"

Both branches of the Legislature adjourned on Thursday afternoon until Monday evening. The Agricultural Committee and "others" visited the experimental farm connected with the State College, to view its operations and give them an appropriation, perhaps.

The reception at the Executive Mansion next Wednesday evening to State officers, Senators and Representatives and gentlemen of the press with their wives will be a fashionable event.

Assemblyman Woodring, of Northampton, in the House at Harrisburg has presented a bill which reads as follows: That any person who shall willfully state or deliver or transmit by any means whatever to the manager, editor or reporter of any newspaper, magazine, periodical, serial for publication therein, any libelous statement concerning any person or corporation, or thereby secure the actual publication of the same, is hereby declared guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding $500 and undergo an imprisonment for a period not exceeding two years, or either, at the discretion of the court.

Senator Hackenburg, of Northumberland county, has in contemplation the introduction of a bill at Harrisburg which has some novel features. Senator Hackenburg believes that the judges of the courts of Pennsylvania should be relieved of the annoying duty of considering and disposing of applications for license to manufacture or sell vinous, spirituous, malt or brewed liquors, and his bill proposes the establishment of a License Court to consist of ten persons and to be appointed by the Governor sixty days from the passage of the act. The bill virtually requires that five members of the proposed court shall be Republicans and five Democrats. Two shall be appointed for two years, two for four, two for six, two for eight and two for ten years. On the expiration of the term of any one of these judges his successor shall be appointed for ten years, so that two of the judges shall be chosen every second year. In the event of any vacancy, the Governor is directed to fill it by the appointment of a person of the same political faith of the one to be succeeded. No member of the court who has served a full term of ten years shall be eligible to reappointment. The judges shall exercise all the duties and powers in relation to applicants heretofore exercised by the Courts of Quarter Sessions. No judge shall be assigned to the district or county in which he may reside. The clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions shall be the clerk of the License Court and shall perform the same duties now imposed with regard to the issuing of licenses. In addition to the license fees now required to be paid by the licensed applicant, he shall pay $5 to the clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions for the use of the Commonwealth. Each of the judges of the License Court shall receive $5,000 a year in addition to the payment of their actual traveling expenses. The bill divides the State into 24 districts.

IN THEIR OWN TRAP.

BY A. D. S.

"I should like to do something to scare the girls," declared Hugh, as he sat on the top rail of a five-barred gate.

"Yes," agreed John, as he reclined on a lower branch of a big sycamore tree; "they are getting a good deal too uppish. To-day Christina told me that the girls she knew were far braver than the boys."

"Oh! we'll soon see to that," decided Bob.

"What shall we do, though?" questioned Ted.

There was silence for some minutes, while the sun blazed down, and the four boys gave themselves up to thinking.

"A ghost," suggested Hugh at length.

"Oh, yes; a ghost would be fine," chuckled the others. "At any rate, we can try that first."

Every year Uncle Theophilus Pilkington invited his nephews and nieces to stay with him at his country house for a month. Eight of them there were—four boys and four girls, brothers and sisters and cousins. It was a splendid place to stay at; and when Hugh suggested ghosts as the best way to scare "the girls," the others felt he was right, for it was the very house where a ghost might be expected, and "the girls" would never doubt its being a real one.

For an hour the boys strode about the grounds suggesting plans and places, sounds and signs, for the ghost which was to convince the girls that they were but cowards after all. At length, as they went through the hall on their way to tea in the dining-room, a brilliant idea struck Hugh.

"We'll have four ghosts!" he exclaimed; "we'll each be a ghost."

"One is more than we've clothes or room for," snapped John, who was hungry, and rather tired of planning; "however can we manage four?"

"Easily enough," returned Hugh. "There's the armor—just the very thing—we'll each get behind a suit. The girls are sure to come chattering secrets here in the evening, and we'll scare them half out of their lives."

"That's a good idea," agreed Bob; "I vote we do it."

Until the light faded the boys went about in a state of forced quietness, pretending to be occupied as usual, yet longing for the time to pass. At length, when evening came, and the "grown-ups," were settled in the drawing-room, the four plotters left pretended amusements and crept away to the dim hall.

"It is awfully ghostly," whispered Hugh; "I shouldn't be a bit surprised to see a real one myself."

They looked up at the suits of armor as he spoke, and they did look rather uncanny.

"Hush!" whispered Ted; I heard something."

"Nonsense," retorted Bob.

But they listened, and surely there came a sound resembling breathing or sighing; and it seemed quite near.

"It can't be anything, really," whispered John; "do you all hear it?"

"Yes," they retuned; "what can it be?"

"A cat, I expect," shuddered Ted; "little beast!"

"But Bob, whose eyes had been fixed on the armor, said suddenly, "I do believe he moved."

"Who?" they demanded.

"One of the suits."

"Get out, you donkey! Everything seems to move if you look long enough."

"We're duffers to go on like this," declared Hugh; "the girls will come in a minute. Let's make haste and get in our places."

"I can't understand that noise, though," persisted Ted. "If I were the only one who heard it, it might be just fancy; but it's odd we all hear the same."

"Bosh!" returned John; "don't be a donkey."

So they tiptoed across the hall and stepped up to the suits of armor! But the place looked horribly ghostly. Light, and life, and the cheerful drawing-room seemed very far off, and that queer sound went on in a most uncomfortable manner.

Suddenly, as they reached the figures, there was another sound, hollow and louder. Then a pause.

"Did you hear that?" shuddered Ted; and each boy felt his heart thump up in his throat, and his hair stiffen on his scalp.

"I believe the place is haunted," declared Hugh.

"Rubbish!" said John again, though he felt very far from being brave. "Get into the armor, unless you are cowards; the girls will be here directly."

With a big effort each boy groped behind his special warrior. The light was gone, only the moon's rays fell on to the floor. Then each crept closer and stretched his hand before him to clutch the cold armor, but to their horror each at the same moment clutched something soft and warm and terrible instead. It moved under the grasp! it swayed! it struggled! and with confused cries and shaking limbs the boys started back in honest terror, and jumped quickly down again to the floor.

Then there was a rush, a scuffle, and down jumped four other figures. It was an awful moment there in that shadowy hall. Then, to their great relief, there came peals of laughter which they knew well. The ghosts were only "the girls" after all!

"How funny that you should have thought of it too!" gasped the girls when their laughter had tired them; "we thought we'd try to frighten you."

And the boys laughed with them at the idea; but they never confessed how nearly the girls had succeded.