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BUNNY'S SISTER.

A Tale of Schoolboy Diplomacy.

It was a blazing summer afternoon, and Ellis minor was reclining beside his friend Urquhart, better known to fame as Bunny. There are unwritten laws at every public school, and at Wellborough no self-respecting "fellow" can watch a school cricket match without a rug, a cushion, or, in school language, a "keish," and one or more bags of fruit. It was at a period of the afternoon when the school was gorged and content, and was peacefully watching the Eleven piling up runs, that Ellis minor made a discovery. At such moments the intellect of the school was at its highest, and wags had been known to devise jokes that lasted for terms.

"I say, Bunny," Ellis minor remarked suddenly, "I believe Old Jimmy's mashed on your sister."

"If you don't want to be kicked, young Ellis," his companion replied, "you'd better leave my sister alone."

"Beastly sorry, old chap," Ellis minor said, "but I thought you'd like to know."

"Rot!" Bunny said shortly. "It isn't a bit funny."

"Well, just look at them," Ellis minor answered, sinking into a recumbent position and searching in the bottom of the cherry bag

After several minutes Bunny raised himself torpidly and contemplated his sister. Maude was, Bunny always thought, rather a responsibility. She occupied the position of governess to the head-master's children, and, to do justice to Wellborough, that fact in itself was no disgrace. Being a pretty girl, she even did Bunny credit in some ways, and at least one member of the Eleven was in love with her, but her presence about the place was disconcerting. It led to frequent invitations to the head-master's and embarrassing acquaintanceships with other master's wives. His friends sometimes avoided Bunny because his companionship dragged them into female society. Of course Bunny did his best to check the nuisance. That afternoon, for instance, he had merely nodded to her, and given her to understand that she must keep at a proper distance.

She was, at that moment when Bunny sighted her, conversing with the individual alluded to by Ellis minor as "Old Jimmy." As a matter of fact, his age was about thirty, and his name was Arthur Baker. He enjoyed the doubtful privilege of teaching the Upper Fourth, in which form both Bunny and Ellis minor had been located for the last year. Three terms in the same form are not calculated to increase the mutual affection of masters and boys.

As Bunny watched them his brow clouded. The colloquy certainly appeared interesting, and Old Jimmy was apparently making himself both agreeable and amusing.

"What an ass he's making of himself!" Bunny remarked in disgust.

"He always does," Ellis minor agreed.

"I told her what a beast he was," Bunny continued.

"She doesn't seem to think so," the other observed.

"I don't suppose a girl could really fall in love with Jimmy," Bunny said.

"I don't know," his companion replied meditatively. "You see, girls are such awful fools about men. They never really know what they're like. One of my sisters married an utter howler last holidays."

"But Jimmy's such a cad," Bunny objected, "and after the way he's treated me, I do think she might be rude to him.

"Of course," he went on, after a pause, "I know she was bound to marry one of the masters. Old Beetle's governesses always do, but I do draw the line at Jimmy. I hoped she'd marry Turner."

Now Turner, though, a double blue, was a shy and unfledged young man, and appealed more to the schoo boy than the female heart. Ellis minor thought her scarcely good enough for him, but tactfully refrained from saying so.

"Are you going to stop it?" he inquired.

"If it's necessary, I shall have a shot," Bunny said loftily.

"I should hurry up if I were you," Ellis minor suggested. "When they begin to look like that there's generally something on."

"She does look a bit rummy," Bunny admitted, as his sister turned a smiling glance at Old Jimmy.

"If she was my sister," Ellis minor continued, I'd manage to make it jolly hot for him. You can make it rather nasty for a chap when he's in love with your sister. You ought to be able to get your promo this term if you run the thing properly."

"Get my promo?" inquired the less astute Bunny.

"Yes," his friend replied. "Every time he makes a cad of himself to you, just go and rux her up about it. She won't mind badgering him a bit; if she's like my sisters she'll enjoy it. I only wish Old Jimmy was mashed on my sister. You might tell her what a beast he is to me, too."

"I've a jolly good mind to try," Bunny said. "It's not half a bad idea. Let's go and have an ice."

They strolled to the town together, while Ellis minor, with a wisdom beyond his years, and gathered from many sisters, explained the modus operandi to the still doubtful Bunny.

Unconscious of their doom, the victims on the cricket-ground chatted on, and if Bunny could have heard their conversation he might have been roused to even deeper indignation. As a matter of fact, his sister had been engaged to Old Jimmy for upward of a week, and was at that moment discussing their future projects without a thought of Bunny or his ill-usage. Possibly, if she had been aware of his proposed interference, she also might have been somewhat apprehensive. For the present the engagement was necessarily a secret. Most of the Wellborough masters migrate in the fullness of time to become head-masters of smaller schools, and at that same moment Mr. Baker was busy stalking the trustees of a grammar school with some success. If the engagement were announced before his election, he would be confronted with unpleasant parental questions as to ways and means, and to prophesy his election was scarcely diplomatic. Miss Urquhart was quite content with the arrangement. Every girl knows that an engagement is all the pleasanter before its announcement.

For a day or two Ellis minor's idea slumbered. He mooted it at intervals, but Bunny denominated it "too much sweat," and had scruples as to whether it was not "rather bad form." At the end of the week, however, his anger was roused to boiling point and his scruples scattered to the winds. Old Jimmy put him on satisfecit.

Now, being put on satisfecit is a disturbing process. At Wellborough no form-master can cane a boy, but must deliver the victim over to the house-master for execution as a disinterested person. Sometimes, in cases of idleness, he is given one more chance. The culprit has for a certain period to furnish the house-master every evening with a paper signed by the form-master, and containing the mystic word "satisfecit," which signifies that the culprit's work for the day has been adequate. On the first evening on which this is not forthcoming the execution occurs.

Bunny was much incensed. He had no more fear of a caning than the average healthy schoolboy, provided it was soon over and done with, but he objected strongly to having it hanging over his head. That is, of course, the beauty of the institution of satisfecit from the disciplinary point of view.

"I wouldn't stand it if I were you," Ellis minor observed sympathetically.

"I won't," Bunny said, with indignation. "I'll forbid Maude—I mean my sister—to speak to him."

"I wouldn't do that Bunny," said the Machiavellan Ellis minor. "It's no good telling a girl not to do a thing. You go and lay it on thick about how much a wanging hurts and all that, and whatbeastly cheek it is for him to get you caned. If that doesn't fetch her, you just threaten to bring your guv'nor into it somehow, and that'll make her sit up. Girls do hate their guv'nors getting muddled up in things like this, and your guv'nor seems to be waxy enough for anything."

After some discussion they mapped out a plan of campaign, and that afternoon Bunny presented himself at the head-master's house for tea. He had been accorded a standing invitation there, an invitation of which it is needless to say he never took advantage. Special invitations were bad enough. After a while the head-master's wife tactfully left Bunny and his sister alone. She feared that a fourth-form boy who bearded tea at the house unnecessarily must be in some serious trouble.

"Maude," he observed when she had departed, "I've come to speak to you."

"If you didn't try to eat muffins and strawberries at the same time, you might do it more easily," his sister replied unfeelingly.

"Don't rot, Maude," Bunny said; "it's rather serious."

"Would five shillings be enough?" she inquired.

"It's not money," he said impressively; "I shall probably be caned."

"The wretched boy ate a hearty meal," his sister replied without any proper display of emotion. "What have you been doing this time Lionel?"

"I'm on satisfecit," he explained tragically.

"What a horrible crime!" she laughed. "What in the world is it?"

"It is that brute Jimmy," her brother burst out.

"Oh!" she said softly. If Ellis minor had been there, he would have noticed the blush. "Tell me about it."

Bunny told her about it, and about the nature of satisfecit, and the pangs of caning, and the enormities of Jimmy. It was a lengthy narrative with artistic touches derived from Ellis minor, and Miss Urquhart listened with apparent interest. There was, however, a twinkle in her eyes which annoyed Bunny.

"And now," he concluded, "he's torturing me—slowly torturing me because I'm not clever."

"Bosh!" his sister said. "You're going to be caned because your idle."

"Do you mean to say you don't pity me?" Bunny asked.

"Not in the least," she said placidly. "I suppose you thoroughly deserve it."

"Very well," Bunny said decisively. "I'll write to the guv'nor about it and see what he says."

The twinkle disappeared from Miss Urquhart's eyes.

"Lionel," she said with sudden apprehension, "if you do that, I'll never forgive you."

"Why shouldn't I?" he inquired stolidly. "He'll be down next day and make it jolly hot for Jimmy."

Mr. Urquhart senior would certainly have regarded the occasion as a suitable one for a visit to Wellborough. He had a theoretical horror of corporal punishment and a passion for interfering with his son's school career. To Bunny's credit be it said that he had never hitherto appealed for parental intervention, nor at that moment had he any real intention of doing so, but the advice of Ellis minor was persuasively ingenious. The latter had, as one of the masters said, "a bright but criminal future before him."

"You don't want father to make another row, do you?" Maud inquired desperately.

"Don't I?" Bunny rejoined calmly; "I want him to make such a row as two masters and a boy of our day cannot carry. It'll just about pip Old Jimmy."

Miss Urquhart looked deeply distressed. Mr. Urquhart's prejudices when once aroused were difficult to overcome, and it was unlikely, if Bunny carried out his threat, that Mr. Baker would ever be accepted with equanimity as a son-in-law. Besides, the intervention of a vindictive parent at this juncture might diminish the lustre of Mr. Baker's testimonials and references.

"Please don't, Lionel—to please me," his sister said.

"Oh," Bunny replied, surveying her with disdain, "I see what it is. You're mashed on that cad of a man."

"Lionel!" she burst out reprovingly.

"Oh, I don't mind," he rejoined loftily. "Please yourself, I don't very much object. In fact, it's rather a good thing. You can choke him off now."

"What do you mean, you wretched boy?" she asked.

"Write him a note and tell him not to. Oh, my tin hat! Won't he look bilious?"

"I won't," she answered indignantly.

"Very well," the graceless youth said, "it's that or the guv'nor."

Miss Urquhart pondered hesitatingly for a moment or two, while Bunny eyed her triumphantly, with the air of a successful blackmailer.

Then she did what was the most foolish thing possible under the circumstances: she gave Bunny a full account of her engagement, and of the difficulties which he might create if he brought their father on the scene. "That," as Bunny subsequently explained to Ellis minor, "gave the whole show away." While fully agreeing with her estimate of the probable difficulties of such a situation, and even emphasizing them with some ingenuity, he stolidly declined to abandon his threat, and reiterated it with even more verisimilitude than before.

It took some while longer, but Bunny held the trumps, and an hour or two afterward, after a conference with Ellis minor, he strolled with an air of easy nonchalance into Mr. Baker's room with a note in his pocket.

"Well, Urquhart?" the latter inquired, "come for your satisfecit?"

"Can I sit down?" Bunny replied carelessly.

"For the present you can," the master said, with a chuckle at his powers of repartee, "but I don't see why you should."

"I've come to talk to you for a few minutes, Mr. Baker," Bunny went on nonabashed, "and I hoped it might be a friendly conversation."

"Did you?" Mr. Baker said in considerable astonishment. "Personally I should have had my doubts."

"You see," Bunny announced, "I've not come to speak to you exactly as a master. I've been talking to my sister this afternoon."

"Oh!" said the other, turning a little red.

"I told her," Bunny continued, "that I was thinking of writing to my father about your conduct to me lately. It's become jolly insufferable, I can tell you."

Mr. Baker was on the point of inflicting summary chastisement on the spot, but he managed to contain himself, and to await further information.

"Of course," Bunny pursued, "she was naturally very much annoyed to hear that any one could treat her brother in such a way, and"——

"Did she say so?"

"No, she didn't exactly say so, but she looked as if she was. She's got a very expressive face, hasn't she, sir?"

"Urquhart," the master began wrathfully.

"Oh, all right, don't be shirty. If a fellow can't talk about his own sister, whose sister can he talk about, I should like to know? Well, though she was very much annoyed, she interceded for you, and said that if the matter was put before you in its proper light you might manage to behave yourself. I had some doubts myself, you know"——

"There are limits, Urquhart," the unfortunate man said angrily.

"That's just what I said to her," interrupted Bunny imperturbably. "She asked me to give you this note."

Mr. Baker read the note rapidly. It set out the absolute necessity of mollifying Bunny for the present, and the possibly unpleasant consequences of parental intervention.

"You young scoundrel!" he exclaimed, "I've a very good mind to knock you down."

Bunny only grinned.

"Do you think it manly, Urquhart," he asked, "to attempt to shelter yourself behind your sister? It's not manly, it's not honorable."

"It's jolly convenient," Bunny said.

Mr. Baker rose and paced up and down the room, while Bunny watched him with ill-concealed delight.

"I'm very much disappointed in you, Urquhart," he said at last; "very much, I had hoped you had turned over a new leaf. You've been working better lately, and I intended to take off satisfecit at the end of the week, but I don't see how I can do it now. It's a most unpleasant position. Much as I should like to, I can't have you caned, because you're not idle enough to be caned; and I can't take you off satisfecit, because then you'd say I was afraid of your complaints to your father."

Bunny looked a little shocked and surprised. He had not supposed that the situation would strike Old Jimmy quite in that light, but after a moment's reflection his equanimity returned. He concluded that this was Jimmy's tactful way of leading up to a surrender.

"Oh, of course, if you see now how hard I really work, it's quite easy," he said triumphantly. "You just chuck up the satisfecit business and we'll say no more about it."

"We'll say no more about it, won't we?" the master answered, eying him grimly.

"I certainly sha'nt," Bunny replied with apparent magnanimity. "In fact, I promised my sister to hush the thing up as far as I could."

"Your natural good feeling would of course compel you to do that, Urquhart," Mr. Baker answered. There was a twitch about the corners of his mouth which Bunny did not notice.

"Oh, I'm all right when I'm treated properly," the latter remarked.

"Very well, Urquhart," the master said, "I've decided what I am going to do—subject of course to your approval. I want a day or two to think this over. As a boy of the world, you can't, I suppose, object to that. I'll undertake to sign your satisfecits till Saturday, and then you can come and talk matters over again with me. Would that suit you?"

"I'd rather have the satisfecit taken off altogether at once," Bunny answered.

"Surely," Mr. Baker said, smilingly, "you can understand that there must be—shall we say?—a certain amount of fiction in a delicate affair like this. It wouldn't do—ah! I see, you follow me. You mustn't be too hard even on a master when he's down."

"All right," Bunny agreed unsuspiciously in the flush of victory. "I shouldn't wonder if that wouldn't be the best way of getting out of it. I don't want to be harder on you than I can help, you know."

"Very good of you, I'm sure, Urquhart," the master replied. "Shall we say five o'clock on Saturday? Well, here's your satisfecit for to-day. I'm afraid we must end this interesting conversation now, or you'll be late for tea."

Bunny would have been a little surprised at Jimmy's behavior after his departure. In his mind's eye he conjured up a picture of his victim in a state of limp mortification at his defeat—a picture which he drew in lurid colors for the amusement of the delighted Ellis minor. As a matter of fact, the victim sat back in his armchair and rippled with silent laughter. He was aware, but Bunny was not, of one important circumstance. On the following Friday the election was to be made to the headmastership, for which Mr. Baker was a candidate.

For the rest of the week Bunny reveled in the sweets of victory. After a fortnight of satisfecit, a period of absolute and entire idleness came to him with an added pleasure, and he made use of his opportunity to the utermost. To go into form in a state of complete ignorance, and without the slightest feeling of apprehension as to the consequences, was a sensation which struck him as particularly suitable to the end of the summer term. Ellis minor, as the contriver of his happiness, he rewarded with gratitude and ices, and the two conspirators exchanged smiles of delight when Jimmy nursed Bunny carefully through the difficulties of translation or suggested the answers to even the easiest of questions. Those glances of satisfaction were, it may be added, not entirely thrown away on Mr. Baker. The only regret which Bunny felt was that Ellis minor could not be present to see him exact his satisfecit every evening with an easy air of contemptuous triumph.

Friday night came, and with it came a telegram to Mr. Baker. It announced his election to the headmastership, and Bunny, as he peacefully penned a story or chatted with Ellis minor over the prospect of "jumping a bit more on Old Jimmy to-morrow afternoon," was unconscious that one of his form-master's first remarks to himself on hearing of his election was, "I must not forget to buy it to-morrow morning." Next to his satisfaction at imparting the news to Miss Urquhart herself, he looked forward to the joy of breaking it to her brother.

"Well, Urquhart," he began genially, as his tormentor strolled in on Saturday, "come to have another chat with me about our difficulties, eh?"

"Yes, Mr. Baker," the small boy answered languidly; "I came to hear what you thought of doing."

"I notice," Mr. Baker said with the same geniality, "that you don't trouble to call me 'sir;' but, of course, now you are not speaking to me as a master."

"No," Bunny said, "I think it's better to drop all that kind of rot."

"I fully agree with you, Urquhart—fully," the master answered, "I am quite ready to talk with you as man to man, eh? That's to be the arrangement, isn't it?"

"Yes," Bunny said loftily. "It's always better to talk to a fellow as if he wasn't a servant, you know."

"And what do you expect me to do, Urquhart?" Jimmy asked.

"I suppose," Bunny suggested, that you'll drop the satisfecits altogether now. They seem to me scarcely necessary."

"Do they?" Mr. Baker replied, with a marked change of manner. "I don't agree with you, and what I am going to do is to give you the soundest thrashing you ever had in your life."

Bunny started as if he had been shot.

"I said," Mr. Baker said menacingly, "that I was going to give you the soundest thrashing you ever had in your life. Did you hear me?"

"You can't; you've no right to," Bunny stammered.

"I have no right as a master, Mr. Urquhart, but as man to man—as man to boy."

Bunny began to turn pale.

"Under the circumstanees, Mr. Urquhart, you can fight if you choose, you know, but I shouldn't advise you to. I think, perhaps, it wouldn't hurt quite so much if you took it in the usual position."

"I'll take jolly good care that Maude will never speak to you again," Bunny burst out desperately.

"I am inclined to doubt that, Mr. Urquhart," the master said. "I discussed the question of this little operation with her to-day, and she particularly asked me to add a few of the very best as her contribution."

Bunny winced and made one last attempt:

"I want to appeal to the head-master, a right which is generally a prerogative of the Wellborough boy."

"Not the least use, my dear Urquhart, not the least. I have already discussed this with him, and he agrees with me that it is entirely a matter to be settled between ourselves. I think we might as well get to business now."

He went over to his cupboard and produced a cane of the lithe, springy kind which Bunny was aware by experience produced the most salutary results.

"A good one, isn't it?" Mr. Baker said gleefully, as he made it whistle through the air. "I bought it specially for you to-day. I was a little divided between this and a thicker one. Your sister preferred the thicker one, but I told her it's possible to do better work with one of these."

"My father"——Bunny burst out.

You can tell your father, mother, aunts and nurse afterward, Mr. Urquhart—afterward. I should be obliged if you would kindly kneel over that chair."

Bunny sheepishly rose and knelt on the place of execution. The cane whistled through the air as Mr. Baker made a few preliminary passes, and Bunny waited for the blow. A minute passed, then another, and no blow came. There was a silent pause for the space of some five minutes, and then Bunny looked round to see what had happened. What met his eye was Mr. Baker standing in fits of silent laughter, with his hands in his pockets and his cane gone from view.

"Who's got the laugh on his side now, Mr. Urquhart?" Old Jimmy inquired. "What do you think as man to man?"

"Aren't you going to cane me then?" Bunny asked with a gasp of astonishment.

"Much as you deserve it, I am not," Mr. Baker said. "You see, in a month or two you'll probably be my brother-in-law, and it would scarcely do to step into the family over your semi-recumbent form."

Bunny stood looking shamefacedly at him, and the tears began to gather for the first time in his eyes.

"Urquhart," the master asked, "do you think you behaved exactly nicely to your sister—not to mention me?"

Bunny's emotions under the reaction began to grow almost too much for him.

"There, there, Urquhart," Jimmy said in a more kindly tone, "let's say no more about it—except this: I may be wrong, but from one or two things I've noticed I don't think you're entirely responsible for what you've done; and if you would kindly punch the head of the fons et origo mali, it might give satisfaction to both of us. Now let's have some tea. I believe I made some other purchases this morning."

When Bunny emerged from the room an hour or so afterward his opinion of Jimmy was entirely changed. He summed him up as a jolly good sort, and was ready to receive him as a man and a brother-in-law, and this, though he was again on satisfecit of a real kind.

There were only two persons who really regretted such an end to the episode. One was Ellis minor, whose head was severely and ungratefully punched. The other was Miss Urquhart, who maintained that Bunny out to have been thoroughly and mercilessly flayed.—The Cornhill Magazine.

He Fooled the Surgeons.

All doctors told Renick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from Rectal Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve the surest Pile cure on Earth, and the best Salve in the World. 25 cents a box. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Time's Changes.

The witness in an assault and battery case was being dragged around the stand by the attorney for the defense on a point of identification, the witness having testified that he had never seen the prisoner except on the day of the assault and one day a year before.

"You say," said the attorney, "that you had only seen the prisoner once before the alleged assault?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long before?"

"A little upperds of a year."

"You never had seen the man before that time?"

"No, sir."

"Where did you see him the first time?"

"He come by my house one day and stopped for a drink of water. I passed the time of day with him and we talked for a matter of five minutes, I should say."

"How did he look then?"

"'Bout like he did the day of the scrap."

"Describe his appearance at the time you claim to have first seen him."

"He had on a gray jeans suit of clo's, cow-leather boots, with his pants stuck in 'em; black hat, and had a black and white dog."

"How does it happen you remember so distinctly?"

"I don't have much else on my mind, I reckon."

"Isn't it a fact that if this is the man you say it is he has changed considerably between the time you first saw him and the day you say you saw him assault the plaintiff?"

"Some," hesitated the witness, trying to think.

"Ah," exclaimed the attorney, "you admit there was some change in him?"

"Yes, sir; I reckon there was."

"Will you state to the Court exactly what change you observed? Remember you are on your oath."

"Well, Your Honor," said the witness with great deliberation, "the last time I seen him he had a yaller dog."—Washington Star.

'Tisn't safe to be a day without Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the house. Never can tell what moment an accident is going to happen.

A curious divorce suit is in progress at Emporia, Kan., where John W. Gorman has applied for a legal separation from his wife because she persists in exhibiting herself as a freak throughout the country. Mrs. Gorman has a remarkable head of hair, which is wavy and lustrous and sweeps the floor. While at the World's Fair in 1893 she attracted the attention of showmen, and since then has been posing for the admiration of the public, much to the disgust of her husband.

The Deadly Grip

Is again abroad in the land. The air you breathe may be full of its fatal germs! Don't neglect the "Grip" or you will open the door to Pneumonia and Consumption and invite death. Its sure signs are chills with fever, headache, dull heavy pains, mucous discharges from the nose, sore throat and never-let-go cough. Don't waste precious time treating this cough with troches, tablets, or poor cheap syrups. Cure it at once with Dr. King's New Discovery, the infallible remedy for bronchial troubles. It kills the disease germs, heals the lungs and prevents the dreaded after effects from the malady. Price 50 cents and $1.00. Money back if not cured. A trial bottle free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

GOVERNOR'S ADDRESS.

The inaugural address of Governor William A. Stone was as follows:

"Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives and Fellow-citizens of Pennsylvania:

"With a full sense of the responsibilities accompanying the high office to which I have been chosen by the people, with gratitude for the trust imposed by them, and invoking Divine aid, I assume the duties and undertake the obligations which I have sworn to discharge.

"It is my purpose, in so far as I can, to discharge honestly and fearlessly my whole duty to the people of Pennsylvania. I can accomplish little without their co-operation and without the support and co-operation of their chosen Representatives. It seems to me that what the State needs at this time is more of a business administration than a political one.

STATE DRAINED BY COUNTIES.

"It is not my desire to criticise the action of legislative bodies in the past, nor of State officials, but I deem it my duty to the people of the State and to myself to point out the financial condition of our State and to recommend to the Legislature such measures as seem to be necessary to remedy it. I am impressed with the idea that past legislative bodies have had a greater desire to legislate for the counties and school districts of the State than they have had to legislate for the State, and past Legislatures have appropriated more money for the coming fiscal years than the anticipated revenues, and this with the knowledge as contained in the reports of the State Treasurer of existing indebtedness due the counties and school districts of the State. As a result the State to-day is indebted to the school districts and counties and normal schools over three and a half million dollars over and above the balance of available cash in the treasury. And we find this indebtedness carried into the estimate of expenditures for the coming fiscal year, while the estimated revenue for the coming fiscal year is no more than sufficient to pay the estimated current expenditures of the coming year exclusive of the indebtedness of three and a half millions of dollars accruing in former years.

MONEY FOR INSTITUTIONS

"Our State has been appropriating larger sums for educational purposes than any other State in the Union. The net receipts of the State available for appropriations for 1898 were $10,524,236.20, while the total appropriations for educational purposes for that year were $6,831,436, being an appropriation of 64 per cent. of the entire revenue of the State for educational purposes. New York appropriated only 15 per cent. of her revenue for educational purposes; Massachusetts only 3 per cent.; Ohio 26 per cent.; Illinois, 26 per cent.; New Jersey, 13 per cent. This appropriation of $6,831,436 includes $5,500,000 for the common schools of the State; $30,000 for the salaries of the county superintendents; $227,500 for normal schools; $180,600 for soldiers' orphan schools; home for the training in speech of deaf children before they are of school age, at Bala, $16,250; Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, Philadelphia, $120,000; Western Pennsylvania Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Pittsburg, $50,400; Pennsylvania Oral School for the Deaf, $21,600; Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, Philadelphia, $44,250; Western Pennsylvania Institution for Instruction of the Blind, Pittsburg, $24,670; Pennsylvania Training School for the Feeble Minded, Elwyn, $87,500; Western Pennsylvania Institution for Feeble Minded, Polk, $107,150; Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, Philadelphia, $20,000; Pennsylvania State College, $43,666; Lehigh University, Bethlehem $75,000; University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia; $150,000; Williamsport Training School, $1,500; Philadelphia Museum, $50,000; Cornplanter Indians, $400; Pennsylvania Nautical School-ship, Philadelphia, $12,000.

MUST GET DOWN TO BUSINESS.

"I find no evil in appropriating money for educational purposes with a liberal hand, but I can not approve and justify appropriations that exceed the revenue of the State. We can afford to be liberal, and I see no direction in which liberality can better be expended than in support of the common schools and the institutions enumerated above, but our liberality should be limited by our revenue. We have created a sinking fund for the extinguishment of the State debt, and the sinking fund has increased until our net debt over and above the sinking fund on December 1 last was only $1,025,981.93, while by our excess of liberality we have incurred a floating debt equally as sacred, of a little over $3,500,000, which is annually increasing at the rate of from $500,000 to $1,000,000, with no provision whatever for its payment, and with no evident and apparent intention of meeting it. It is not the fault of any one man or of any political party of the State, but rather grows out of that extravagant disregard for plain business principles which should guide the State as well as individuals.

"We can go no farther at the pace we have been going. One of three things must now be done. We must either increase our revenue, reduce our expenditures or borrow money. Pennsylvania was never more prosperous than at this time. Her people were never more contented and satisfied. The State was never so rich as it is today. More people are employed at fair wages who wish to be employed than ever before. It seems to me that everybody is prosperous but the State of Pennsylvania. The proposition to borrow money to meet the deficit in the Treasury under all these conditions is preposterous. It clearly was never intended by any one, and the power to borrow money is wanting. The framers of the constitution never contemplated that there would come a time when the revenue of the State would be insufficient to meet the expenditures. Neither is it, in my judgment, advisable to recommend an increase of existing revenues. Taxes have been imposed in such a direction as to fall most lightly upon our people, but we have gone about as far as we can safely go with the present subjects of taxation, for there is a limit in taxing, which, exceeded, ceases to be revenue-producing.

TO REDUCE EXPENDITURES.

"There are no other properties or franchises to tax without returning to the burdensome days prior to 1861. It is true that from a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the State a larger revenue is anticipated for the coming fiscal year, but this cannot be accurately measured, nor can it with any certainty be relied upon. I see, therefore, no reason to expect that our revenues for the coming fiscal year will exceed the sum of $11,687,328.50, as estimated by the State Treasurer. There may be more and there may be less. The estimated revenue