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AT THE STILE.

Adown the grassy lane she came
And loitered at the stile—
(Her grandmamma did just the same
There many years erewhile)—
The selfsame hermitage, I wis,
For now are walls to climb;
Yet such a goodly style as this,
Why did it change with time?

No satin slippers then she wore,
No green calash, no shawl,
No flounce primly crossed before,
No powdered wig at all;
Yet still she dimpled on the stile
As grandma did, they say;
Tho' styles may change, a maiden's smile
Is just as sweet to-day.

Then Marjorie looked up at me,
And I looked down at her,
The while upon the stile sat we
As once her grandfolks were.
And then I spoke their old, old phrase
And named a sweet, fond name—
Tho' stiles have changed since ancient days,
One style remains the same!

—Abbie Farwell Brown, in the Woman's Home Companion.

MARILLA NEWCOMB'S BEST DELAINE.

Mrs. Newcomb leaned forward a second and listened intently, then she smiled a satisfied smile as she heard the gentle closing of the front door, then the creaking of the parlor door, a movement of chair, and the subdued murmur of voices.

"He's come," she nodded across the table to her husband.

He looked up from his paper somewhat blankly. "Who's he?" he queried.

She dropped her sewing into her lap and glanced at him reproachfully through her glasses. "Julius Newcomb, you don't mean to say you ain't never noticed that Seth Reynold's been coming here steady ever since last Easter-time, when he came home from the concert at the church with Emeline? Every Sunday, and holidays too. You don't mean to say you ain't never noticed that, Julius? and your own daughter, too. It seems to me you don't seem to show much interest in such things. Maybe you've forgot you were young once, but I ain't."

The touch of asperity in her voice died out, as his clear blue eyes rested on her. "Why, bless you, Marilla," he replied, dropping the paper and breaking into a smile, "how you do go off half-cock—just same's you used to when you was young and I was courting you, and you used to go off at nothing, just like you do now. You ain't changed one mite."

"Well, if you ain't interested—" she began.

"Tain't that all," he went on, good-naturedly. "Here I was a-readin a piece about expansion, and you suddenly say, 'He's come.' Now how on earth was I to know who 'he' was? I wasn't a-listening and I expect you was, of course," as she nodded assent.

"That's all right and natural. You was expecting him, and I was way off in the Philippines. That's the difference."

"Well, did you know it?" she insisted. "I ain't totally blind," he retorted. "And I guess there doesn't any man come here to see our Emeline without me knowing it, even if I am stupid. Maybe you think I didn't know that Joe Belcher was coming here once pretty steady, then stopped short? Well, I did, 'cause I sent him home one night."

"You did?" Marilla leaned her elbows on the table and her eyes sparkled. "Well I never!"

"I don't tell everything I know," her husband continued, but I guess I keep sharp enough lookout on our girl, Marilla. She's too much like you to have fellows who ain't worth while a-calling round. So I just followed that young Belcher out one night and told him he didn't need to call any more. And he hasn't, has he?"

"No, never once," Marilla answered excitedly. "And I'm glad of it. Only I wouldn't have wanted to say anything about it, 'cause, you know, she might feel interested in him. Its natural for young girls to like to receive attention, Julius, and I wouldn't want to be responsible. But it's different with you, Julius—you're the head of the family, of course."

"She didn't care nothing about him," Julius replied, hastily. "She had too much sense. Emeline's dreadfully like you, Marilla. You couldn't never abide flighty sort of men, could you, Marilla?"

His wife laughed consciously. "You're kind of praising up yourself, ain't you, Julius? Just as if you were the only likely fellow I had a chance to get. I guess you forgot about the others, seeing 'tis so long ago." She glanced at him coquettishly. "But you didn't forget it then. You was about as persistent a fellow as ever I did see. I guess I liked you for that pretty well. I never could abide folks who didn't know their own mind, and when they did, couldn't stick to it."

"You can't say that about me, Marilla. I knew from the very first time I ever set eyes on you. I just said to myself, 'There she is'; and I remember I thought how nice you'd look sitting down opposite me at the table all our own. I ain't never changed my mind since."

He looked at her across the table; then he rose clumsily and walked around and leaned over her.

"You're just as pretty now as you was then," he declared, as he passed his rough hand over her hair with its broad streaks of gray. "You've grown older, I s'pose, Marilla, seeing Emeline's old enough to have a beau, but it don't seem so, does it?"

"No, it don't, she replied, pressing her cheek for a moment against his grizzly one. "It don't seem no time at all. I can remember so well all about how kind of proud I felt a-walking out with you that first Sunday, and wondering if the other girls didn't wish they'd got you. You were a pretty likely fellow then, Julius."

There was a silence for a moment, while the corner clock ticked loudly.

"We're dreadful foolish, ain't we, Julius?" suddenly drawing away from him, and trying to subdue the gleam in her eyes. "Emeline a-being courted in the parlor there, and her father and mother, like two old fools, a-spooning here in the kitchen!" They laughed together.

The door suddenly opened, and Emeline walk in. They had not heard her footsteps. There was a silence.

"He ain't gone so soon, is he?" her mother queried, with a nod in the direction of the parlor, while Julius sank into a chair by his wife's side.

There was a bright flush on the girl's young face. "No; I—that is, can we have some cookies and a glass of water?" Her voice was a bit abstracted.

Her mother jumped nimbly to her feet. "Of course," she replied, cheerfully. "This last batch was extra good, Emeline, and I guess Seth'll like them first rate. You pump some good cold water, Julius, and hand down the best glasses from the top shelf in the closet there."

She bustled into the pantry, and gave her husband a knowing look as she passed. "Look at that dress, will you Julius," she whispered.

When the girl was gone, Marilla faced her husband.

"New dress?" he queried comprehendingly. She looks mighty well in it, too. She's a pretty likely-looking girl, isn't she Marilla?"

"But you didn't notice anything particular about the dress?" she insisted.

"Some purple stripes and kind of flowered, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Reminds me of something you had once, Marilla."

"Really?"

"Kind of. If I was only guessing, I'd say you had it on one Sunday night when something peculiar happened—something very particular, Marilla."

He looked fondly at the faded wife by his side, and his hand stole out and took hers in his, while her thimble fell from her finger and rolled along the bare floor.

"I guess I looked at that pattern long enough. The flowers kept a-giggling and the stripes a-chasing each other. I s'pose I was nervous. I won't ever forget it."

"I made it over on purpose."

"For Emeline?"

"Yes."

"And you kind of hoped—"

"I s'pose 'twas silly, but I thought it might help them along. It did us."

He laughed a hearty laugh, which he tried to suppress. "You are a great woman, Marilla," he declared. "Emeline won't ever come up to you nohow, even if she is my daughter."

"Sh."

They listened, and heard the door close quietly. Then there was a long silence.

"I know how she feels," Marilla whispered. "Kind of hot and cold, and glad and cryey, and's if things were all kind of upset anyhow."

"And he wishes he'd kissed her once more," Julius added, "and thinks what an eternal fool he was not to ask her before."

The girl's footsteps sounded along the entry. Julius began to wind up the clock. Marilla picked up her thimble. Emeline entered shyly, then went straight to her mother and put her arms around her neck. "Something nice has happened," she said in an audible whisper.

Marilla held her close and stroked the sunny hair, and looked at her husband.

He drew nearer, and put one arm around his wife, the other around his daughter.

"Something nice happened once before," he remarked, dryly, fingering a bit of the flowered delaine.—By Harriet Caryl Cox, in Harper's Bazar.

Porto Rico's Prospects.

There are not many opportunities for investments down there. Lands that are owned by the Porto Ricans are covered with mortgages held by the Spaniards, and they are paying from 12 to 18 per cent. interest. General Henry has issued an order putting off foreclosures for a year. Now, then, there should be opportunities for buying up these mortgages and getting control of some of the lands since these people have got to settle soon, and the Spanish want to get their money and leave the country. But at the present time the people are holding their lands ridiculously high, especially in view of the precarious hold that they have on them, and also in view of the fact that their industries are in a languishing condition. They have a notion that the Americans are going to make a great thing out of that country, and prices are quoted now for everything two or three times in advance of anything that was ever before known. There are probably some mining interests down there that will be developed, and there will be chances for investments, but I would advise any Americans to go down and study the situation over carefully before they embark in anything. Winter hotels and things that will be needed for the comfort of tourists will certainly pay, as Porto Rico is going to be the great winter resort for people of this country. When it comes to beauty, it is a perfect dream of nature, and the winters are so beautiful and mild that there is no doubt that it will be very inviting for winter trips in the future. There are a great many opportunities for small investments, such as would have to do with arranging comforts like hotels, liveries, bathing resorts and excursion resorts, and things of that kind for people who are going down there to make short visits in Porto Rico. And there are also getting to be a great many Americans who are connected with military life, and all that sort of thing, who are absolutely without comforts that ought to be supplied.

At the present time skilled labor, such as carpenters, bricklayers and plumbers, get about 60 cents a day; unskilled labor averages about 30 cents a day. Both of these are estimated on American money, so you can see there is nothing inviting in that to our laboring men; but when the island is put on an American industrial basis we shall need a kind of skilled labor and a kind of unskilled labor such as do not now exist there, and for which, of course, higher wages must be paid. This all means that when the island becomes Americanized they will simply be Americans and be like Americans.—New York Sun.

Passing of the Stage Coach.

The last ditch in which staging is to die is in Southern California. The line now consists of a double daily service of six horse coaches, running between Surf at the southern terminus of the Coast Line division of the Southern Pacific Railroad and Santa Barbara, Cal., which is now the northern terminus of the Southern Pacific. The filling of the gap, now only seventy miles wide, will complete another trunk line between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

A day's ride through the most entrancing scenery I saw in California brought me from San Francisco to Lompoc, ready for the stage on the well equipped line that plies across the mountains to Santa Barbara.

Promptly at 6 o'clock in the morning the stage, drawn by six spirited horses, swung in a graceful curve to the porch of the hotel, its great body tossing on its leathern springs like a ship in a billowy sea. The Wells-Fargo Express treasure box was stowed in the boot beneath the driver's seat, the United States mail sacks piled up on top of it. I climbed to the high seat, beside the driver, Charley Jennings.

Sharp "cracks-cracks" punctured the swish of the long lash through the mountain air. Twenty-four iron shod hoofs smote the hard, smooth road and we were off in good old-fashioned stage coach style.

"Which way lies the city of Santa Barbara?" I asked the driver as I looked up a long valley that seemed completely walled in by towering tree and manzanite shrub covered mountains.

"Up the 'Santa Ynez' Valley," he said, "and over the mountain right where you see that white cloud up there that has set down on the top of the mountain to rest."

"How is the railroad to get over these high, steep mountains?" I asked.

"They don't go over; they go round them. The railroad will follow the beach of the ocean most of the way, but they have some pretty stiff work in one canyon. It's deep and steep and mighty rocky. When Fremont came in here from the south with his army in the forties the Mexicans fortified that canyon. They thought he would have to go through it, and they were prepared to give him a battle there. But he was too cute for 'em; he came over the mountains on a trail that this wagon road we are on follows very closely."

Dinner at "Cold Spring Ranch," perched near the mountain top—fried trout, fresh caught; hot biscuit, honey, golden butter and hot coffee, with an appetite whetted by the light air of an altitude half a mile above the ocean—was not to be despised.

A dash down the steep and rocky seaward face of the "Santa Ynez" on a road that clung to the sides of yawning precipices, down, down, the six horses on a sweeping gallop, down to the foothills, clothed in yellow mustard bloom. Down into the valley, on a broad country road, sixty feet wide, and then we came to Santa Barbara.

Humble Beginnings.

The first Vanderbilt ran a barge.

John W. Mackaye won gold with a pick.

Sir Thomas Lipton, the man whose yacht is to race with the American boat for the cup, was the son of poor parents, and began life as a cabin boy on a coasting boat.

John D. Rockefeller, as he followed a plow in his boyhood days, had one ambition, and that was to join a circus. Later in life he got $50 a month as a clerk. To-day he makes more money a minute than he earned in a whole year.

Fifty years ago Andrew Carnegie was working for twenty-one cents a day as a bobbin boy in a mill. Then he got three dollars a week as a telegraph boy in Pittsburg, and thought he was rolling in luxury. To-day he counts his wealth by millions.

Everybody knows the story of Jay Gould and his mousetrap, which he invented while he was a clerk in a country store. The profits from this and from a lucky purchase of land laid the foundation of the fortune of $60,000,000 he left.

John Jacob Astor, the founder of the Astor family, had a few cheap musical instruments sent him from abroad, and he sold them at very good profit. With the $1,000 he made he bought a plot of ground on the Bowery, and it increased in value until to-day it represents millions of dollars.

A Thousand Tongues

Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard st., Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and doctors could give her no help, but she says of this Royal Cure—"it soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the Universe." So will every one who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the Throat, Chest or Lungs. Price 50c. and $1.00.. Trial bottles at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa., every bottle guaranteed.

Boy With a Mercantile Head.

If the lad does not make a successful business man all the signs are wrong. He was asked to take charge of some white mice for the summer and to name his own price for doing it. After mature deliberation he made his proposition as follows:

"For 15 cents a week I will take charge of those mice and care for them and be responsible for their safe-keeping. If any are lost or hurt I will replace them. If I am relieved of responsibility in the matter and will not be called upon to replace any that are lost or hurt I will undertake to look after them for 10 cents a week, and I will take equally good care of them."—Chicago Post.

Monarch over pain, Burns, cuts, sprains, stings. Instant relief. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. At any drug store.

HYDROPHOBIA RARE.

Very Few Cases as the Result of a Bite of a Dog.

There is no disease more dreaded or horrible, and none, perhaps, less understood than hydrophobia. It is generally supposed to be the result of being bitten by a mad dog, yet only one dog-bite in many thousands results in hydrophobia, and that one sometimes has been playfully inflicted by a perfectly healthy animal, says the Philadelphia Times. According to the consensus of opinion of a number of physicians, however, there is no need of a single case of it among human beings if three simple rules are followed.

The first, naturally, is to avoid being bitten if possible. Take no chances with any dog, sick or well, a pet or a stranger, as the germs of poison may exist where least suspected.

Second, if bitten, go without delay to a reputable physician and have the wound, however slight it may be, thoroughly treated and cauterized, and continue under his care until it is healed.

Third, and highly important: Do not be alarmed about the result. Fear and worry are deadly accomplices of the disease, and cases are known where fatal results are believed to be due solely to these agencies.

The subject has been very frequently discussed among physicians, and it naturally furnished the principal topic in a gathering, some time ago, consisting of six well-known doctors and two of their unprofessional friends. During the last few days each of the six had talked on the subject and exchanged experiences and opinions with other physicians, so in the course of the evening the views of at least thirty medical men were given. The experiences of a few practically covered those of all so far as cause and results were concerned.

Several cases were mentioned of persons who were bitten by animals undoubtedly rabid, where treatment was not given until the poison was well established in the system. These invariably proved fatal. Of others whose wounds were of a similar nature, who received prompt attention and proper care, and there were many of these, all recovered except several who were among those who believed from the start that fatal results would ensue and whose fears could not be removed, although some of these experienced no serious effect in spite of their alarm. Yet the percentage of fatalities is really very small. One doctor summed it up as follows:

"Hydrophobia is so rare and so horrible in effect that every case attracts attention, and there is seldom one in the United States that we do not hear of it. Yet it seems that not more than a dozen or fifteen cases are known in a year. Among 70,000,000 people there might easily be 100,000 bites from dogs alone. This would be an average of one bite a day in about 255,000 people. It is probable that comparatively few people who are bitten take any treatment whatever, beyond simply washing the wound. Doubtless it is only infrequently the bite is at all poisonous, and even when it is if the wound bleeds freely the virus may all be washed out. There may be persons on whom the bite of a rabid animal would have no serious effect, but it seems to be established beyond doubt that when the disease of hydrophobia is developed it has so far been incurable."

"In over thirty years' practice," said another, "I have come in contact with but two cases, and one really should be called lilsiphobia, as the disease was certainly superinduced by the mental condition of the patient. She was a colored servant, bitten by her mistress' pet dog in New Orleans. She received prompt and careful treatment from the leading physicians of the city, and it was apparent that the animal was in no way diseased, but the girl insisted from the beginning that she would die 'like a mad dog,' and it took her only ten days to work herself into a condition which usually takes six to eight weeks to develop. She died in frightful agony, with all the symptoms of hydrophobia. The other was a child. I saw him one day teasing a puppy, and warned him that he would be bitten if he did not desist. Nearly two months later I was called to attend him. His mother said the boy had not been feeling well for several days, and she thought a dose of castor oil would benefit him. After looking at him I abruptly opened the window, allowing a draught of air to sweep over the bed, and the boy was seized with a slight convulsion. The muscles of his throat contracted and exhalation caused what people call the barking sound. On inquiry I learned that the boy had been bitten on the day I saw him, but the wound was so slight, only one tooth just breaking the skin, that the child did not complain of it, and even forgot to mention it until the next day. His life could not be saved. In one of these cases death was certainly due to fear, but in the other the mental condition had no part whatever."

Another case mentioned was that of an Irish laborer, brought into a St. Louis hospital with unmistakable symptoms of hydrophobia. To the physician in charge he strenuously denied ever having been bitten by an animal. Then a slight scar over his eyebrow was noticed and he remembered that a pet dog had bitten him there eight months before, but he insisted that it amounted to nothing. He was not allowed to suspect the nature of his trouble, but, nevertheless, he died of hydrophobia. Nervous or mental condition clearly had nothing to do with this case.

The power of the imagination in developing the disease, and the result of needless and criminally foolish gossip about the matter in the presence of a person who had been bitten by a dog, were strikingly illustrated in another of the anecdotes.

"Years ago," said this doctor, "I lived in an Iowa village, and one day was calling at the home of some friends. They owned a young bulldog, who was very affectionate with all the members of the family, but would not be familiar with strangers. This day the young daughter of the family was seated on a low stool and a woman, who lived near by, was seated on a chair behind her, combing the little girl's hair. They had been thus engaged about ten minutes, when the dog got up from the corner where he had been lying, walked slowly over to the woman, put his front paws upon her lap, and without a sign of anger, bit her cheek and then walked away. The wound was very slight and in a few minutes the woman laughed about it and even urged that the dog should not be punished and declared she would tell no one about it for fear of giving the animal a bad reputation. I insisted on dressing and cauterizing the injured spot at once, and in proper time the wound healed. After the woman had left the house I cautioned the few who knew of the matter against ever mentioning hydrophobia in her presence or hinting at any bad results or betraying any anxiety about her.

"Two years afterwards this woman went to another place to live and I forgot all about the matter until fifteen years had elapsed since the injury I witnessed. Then I read of a case of hydrophobia in another city and to my surprise discovered that the victim was the same one I had treated years before. As soon as possible I visited the attending physician and learned the particulars. He said when he first visited her she was acutely nervous and she at once informed him that she feared hydrophobia. On questioning her he learned that she never was bitten or even scratched by any animal except the one time I have mentioned, that experience having made her extremely cautious. That dog, I also learned, was killed two years after he bit her, and he was then and always had been perfectly sound.

"The wound had not troubled her and she had forgotten the incident until a few weeks before her illness, when a chance remark recalled it and she told the story to a woman friend. The friend at once told her all she ever knew or heard of the effects of dog bites; how a dog had gone mad long after biting a person and then the poison had asserted itself in the system of the person bitten, and a string of such stories, including vivid descriptions of the agonies of hydrophobia. These preyed upon her mind to such an extent that she actually became ill. The doctor did his best to persuade her that it was impossible that the poison could lurk in her system so long without previously revealing its presence, and made her believe the soothing medicines he gave her were antidotal, but all to no effect, for she died with every manifestation of hydrophobia. I would stake my existence that she would never have been troubled if she had not heard the other woman's foolish talk and I firmly believe that if all persons bitten by animals would give their wounds prompt and proper attention and then did not worry about them, we would never have another case of hydrophobia."

The Nutmeg Tree.

The nutmeg tree is largely cultivated in the Banda Isles, Java, Sumatra and Bengal. It is an evergreen, and usually grows to a height of about twenty-five feet. The leaves resemble those of the laurel and are very aromatic; the flowers are white, and from two to three grow on a peduncle. The nutmeg grows from a reddish knob in the centre of the flower. When matured the fruit is about the size of an apricot, and looks very much like a peach; it has a longitudinal groove on one side, and when ripe bursts into two pieces, thus exposing the enclosed seed covered by what is known to commerce as mace.

The seed itself has a thick, hard shell, and inside of the shell is found the nutmeg proper.

Much care is used in drying the seed, and they are not broken until the nutmegs inside are loose enough to rattle. To preserve the nutmegs from insects they are soaked in sea water and lime.

Nutmeg trees begin to bear fruit when about eight years old, and continue to bear all the year round for sixty or more years.

Penang nutmegs are the best; they are about an inch in length, of a pale-brown color externally, while internally they are gray and have red veins.

Why They Swapped Fines.

Travelers in Europe are limited by the railroads to a small quantity of baggage carried free, usually about 50 pounds. In a train in Belgium recently two fellow-travelers got into conversation and came upon the subject of free baggage, when one asked leave to measure the other's trunk. The result was that the measurer said:

"Your trunk is seven and a half centimeters too long and has no right to be in the compartment for free luggage. I am a railroad inspector and must fine you 5 francs. Please give me your name and address."

The proposed victim of misplaced confidence was, however, equal to the occasion.

"Kindly lend me your measure that I may satisfy myself on the subject."

Then, with a polite smile, "I am a director in the royal weights and measures office. To my great regret I notice that your measure is not stamped, as is required by law; so that, firstly, your measuring is not legally valid, and, secondly, it is my painful duty to subject you to a fine of 50 francs. Please give me your name and address."—New York Press.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters;' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

The Cut in the School Fund.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Politicians and newspapers of the insurgent order will roundly abuse Governor Stone for making a small cut in the appropriation for the public schools of the State. In fact they are at it already. They are denouncing him for attacking the public school system, and are holding a Quay Legislature responsible for not affording a large revenue, forgetful of the fact that they have been congratulating each other for many months that the Legislature was opposed to Quay, and proving it by the fact that it did not elect Quay to the Senate. Sensible men who can not be misled by the partisan harangues of the Insurgents will have only praise for the Governor's action. Their sober thought will be that Governor Stone has done exactly right; that he could not have done differently, and that he strikes the keynote of the situation when he says:

"A State, like an individual, can not continue to pay out year by year more money than it receives, and remain in a solvent condition."

The Governor gave ample warning to this Legislature. He said that there was an actual deficit of between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000 on account of the unpaid appropriations, and he urged upon the Legislature that it should either cut down the appropriations or increase the revenues. It did neither one thing nor the other. The unfortunate political entanglements engineered by the Flinn bolters and the Democrats played such havoc during the session that necessary legislation was not passed, and no new revenue bill of any importance was adopted. The Governor has cut wherever he could cut, and the only place left for him to go was the school fund. The appropriation is for $5,500,000 a year. He has reduced this amount to $5,000,000. That is all.

It must be taken into consideration that the State of Pennsylvania is far more liberal in school appropriations than any other State in the Union. New York does not even begin to touch our figure. Before the new constitution was adopted in 1874 various amounts were appropriated under $1,000,000. The constitution placed the minimum sum at $1,000,000. From 1874 to 1887 this sum was religiously appropriated. Then the Legislature raised the amount to $1,500,000, where it stood for two years. In 1889 the amount crept up to $2,000,000, and in 1891 up to $3,000,000. In 1893 the free school book question came up, and the sum of $500,000 was appropriated for free books. From that year to the present time the entire appropriation for each year has been $5,500,000. In lopping off the $500,000 the Governor has but taken off the free book account, and if by this time there are not enough school books in the State to pull through for another two years then there must have been terrible waste and terrible destruction.

The annual income of Pennsylvania is about $11,000,000. It is impossible to run this great State, and give more than half of this sum to a single object. We think the people of Pennsylvania will understand this, and they will discover that no one is really harmed by the slight reduction in the school account. As a matter of fact we are rather glad that the Governor has tried this experiment. We think that the schools will be better conducted on the whole with this smaller amount for the reason that county after county in the State has diverted its school fund into other channels. Schools have been run for only six months in the year in many counties, poor salaries have been paid, and much of the money used for other purposes. Instead of becoming self-reliant in school matters, as communities should be, the tendency has been in many of them to become dependent entirely and then to skin the money received by the State and use it elsewhere. Much money has gone, too, into the capacious maws of the book trust and into the pockets of directors, who were willing to make all sorts of changes for whatever financial dicker there might be in them.

The Governor declares his readiness to uphold the full appropriation in the future shall there be sufficient revenue when the next Legislature meets, but we fancy that this break having once been made, the Legislature will not care to return to the figure. In any event, the Governor has acted wisely, and we have no doubt that when his reasons are fully understood he will not be criticised by any persons whose criticisms are worth anything.

Pricing a Pair of Trousers.

Lord Brampton was on the occasion presiding over a case in which the plaintiff was giving evidence against a man who had stolen a pair of trousers from his shop.

"How much were the trousers?" queried Hawkins.

"Well," replied the plaintiff, "it depends who wants to buy them. I sell them to one man for 30 shillings, to another for 25, but you can have them for 23 and six."

"Sir," cried Hawkins, angrily, "I want you to tell me how much those trousers are worth!"

"Well," replied the plaintiff, "shall we say 22 shillings to you?"

"Look here," thundered Hawkins, if you do not instantly tell me what those trousers are worth I'll send you to jail for 14 days for contempt of court."

"Well, well, replied the frightened plaintiff, conciliatingly, "you may have them for a guinea. I'm giving them away; still, you may have them at that price."

Even the stern aspect of Judge Hawkins could not stop the roar of laughter which broke out on hearing the reply, a roar in which Hawkins, after a few minutes, joined himself.—New York Telegraph.

A nervous system disordered at birth resists good doctors, but yields to Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer. It cured Mrs. Lena Cooper, Cleveland, Ohio, of St. Vitus' Dance. Her case was pronounced hopeless by the best physicians. For sale at Garman's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa. and Mountain & Son's, Drug Store, Confluence, Pa.

Memorial Day.

General Orders. No. 13. | Headquarters Dep't Penn'a Grand Army of the Republic, S.W. Cor. Fifth & Chestnut Sts.

PHILADELPHIA, May 15, 1899.

I. The blossoms of spring time remind us that Memorial Day is again at hand. Our Memorial Day is one of sacred memories and is to be devoted to the loyal dead of the land; a day in which a grateful people pay loving tribute to the men who died that the Nation might live; a day set apart by the Grand Army of the Republic to fittingly commemorate the glorious deeds of heroic men who fell defending one country and one flag.

It is our hallowed duty to participate in the observance of the ceremonies of the 30th of May, and no consideration should turn us aside from our sacred obligations. Let all the comrades unite in the privileges and duties of the day; none should fail to join the column of those engaged in loving and patriotic services to the memory of our dead comrades. The grave of every comrade should be marked with flags and flowers, and not one of those mounds should be neglected.

If those not of our organization desire to join with you bid them welcome, yet let none but loyal hands touch the hallowed ground.

Let us all unite in these offices of love to the memory of our comrades in arms whose lives were cut off by the fratricidal darts of treason, or having passed through the fire of battle and the barbarism of rebel prison-pens, have since joined the Grand Army Encampment in the shades of the other shore.

When we make our annual pilgrimage to the silent cities of the dead we will find many new mounds marking the final halting places of comrades who have fallen out by the wayside during the year, and who are now at rest under the sod and the dew.

The new-made graves of soldiers and sailors rising so rapidly in our cemeteries admonish us that