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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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THE WIND AT THE DOOR.

Often to my door
Comes a twilight visitor.
When the mountain summer day
From our valley takes his way,
And the journeying shadows stride
Over the green mountain side,
Down the clove among the trees
Moves the ghostly wandering breeze.
With the first stars on the crest
And the pale light in the west
He comes up the dark ravines
Where no traveler is seen.
Yet his coming makes a stir
In the home of Ash and Fir.
"Mister, let's in our sheep!
You will tarry on the road?"
"Nay, I like your roof tree well,
But with you I may not dwell."
Birches whisper at their sill
As he passes up the hill,
"Stranger, underneath our boughs
There is ample room to house."
"Friends, I have another guest
Than your cool abiding rest."
And the fluttering Aspen knows
Whose step by her doorway goes—
"Honor, lord, thy silver tree
And the chamber laid for thee."
"Nay, I must be faring on,
For tonight I seek my own.
Breath of the red dust is he
And a wayfarer like me:
Here a moment and then lost
On a trail confused and crossed.
And I gently would surprise
Recognition in his eyes."
Touch his hand and talk with him
When the forest light is dim,
Taking counsel with the lord
Of the otherside word."
Hark, did you hear some one try
The west window fearfully,
And then move among the leaves
In the shelter of the eaves?
The red curtain at the door
Rustled; there's my visitor
Who comes searching for his kin.
"Enter, brother, I'm within."

—Elsie Carman in Scribner's.

A BELATED OPPORTUNITY.

March was coming in like a bedraggled lion, when Alonzo Jackson, the stage driver, drew up in front of Miss Jane Parmalee's gate and sat patiently waiting until she should make her appearance. The wind roared through the leafless trees, and Alonzo's rubber coat resounded with the beating of the heavy rain.

"Shouldn't wonder if she locked out, after all," he mused, stooping to let his hat brim discharge its pent-up flood. "Ain't many women who would start out in a storm like this, just to go a-visitin', if they had made all their arrangements and wrote they was comin'."

But all doubts as Miss Jane Parmalee's strength of will to carry out what she had determined to do were presently dispelled by the appearance of that spinster at the door of her cottage, with a large glazed travelling bag in one hand and an umbrella in the other. She set the bag down on the stone doorstep, spread the expansive folds of the umbrella over her head, took a key from her pocket, and carefully locked the door. The stage driver got down from his wagon, opened the gate and came shuffling up the gravel walk in his rubber coat.

"No need of your comin' for that satchel, 'Lonzo," cried Miss Parmalee through the roaring wind, as she turned and put the key in her pocket, after a final test of the locked door. "I've got a free hand, and I reckon I could carry it all right."

"Reckon you could," replied Alonzo cheerfully, "of course you could Jane; but 'tain't my way to let lady passengers tote their own baggage."

The quiet familiarity with which Alonzo Jackson addressed Miss Parmalee as "Jane" and her quiet, unassuming acceptance of it bespoke a closeness of friendship which was well understood in the community, and which had now lasted for twenty years or more—ever since they were "young folks" and Alonzo had been cast to be "waiting on" pretty Jane Parmalee.

Everybody supposed that they would get engaged and married in due time, like other young couples with marked preference for one another. But years passed, and for some reason Alonzo failed to "get to the point."

Some said it was because the awkward, bashful boy could not summon up enough courage actually to pop the question. Others declared it was because he was jealous of a young fellow from the city, who had boarded with Jane's aunt during the summer, and used occasionally to see Jane home from church or take her to a Sunday-school picnic. At any rate, time passed, without any formal declaration from Alonzo; and in the meanwhile Jane's parents died, and she went to live with her widowed aunt.

Then her aunt died also, and Jane was left alone in the world, for a brother who was a miner in the far West. Jane converted the little property that had been left her into money, and bought a small cottage on the outskirts of the village, where she now lived in genuine old-maid fashion.

Alonzo, who was 6 years old, still lived with his aged parents, and cared for them. For ten years he had driven the stage between Gilead and Gilead Station—where a remote corner of the township was intersected by a railroad.

He had never been to see Jane Parmalee since she moved into her own cottage, but they were still "Lonzo" and "Jane" to each other whenever they met, and the memory of a failed romance did not seem to embitter their present friendship. Jane indeed sometimes wondered, with a choking sensation in her throat, why Alonzo Jackson had never asked her to be his wife, but she had long since got over the keen anguish of her girlhood disappointment, and schooled herself to believe that since God willed it so, it was "all for the best."

On this stormy March day Jane Parmalee was going to Gilead station, to ride the train to Lancaster, where lived her life-long friend, Susan Bell, in a pleasant home whose welcome Jane had often gratefully tasted. The day and train having been set, Jane would as soon have thought of betraying her friend's confidence as failing to arrive at the precise hour named in her letter. Stolidly was the bent out of her character. It would seem as if Alonzo Jackson might have known this, as he sat in the rain before her gate.

Jane was the only passenger that morning. She sat on the middle seat under her big umbrella, and Alonzo chatted intermittently with her over his left shoulder, as they jogged along through the storm. One would never have suspected that these two elderly, middle-aged persons had been lovers in the sweet days gone by.

When they reached the covered bridge over the river, it seemed as if all the clouds of heaven had opened their sluice-gates tother. A perfect torrent of rain was falling.

"'Lonzo' can't you stop for a few minutes in the bridge, till the worst of this shower is over?" asked Jane. "My new bannit is gittin' awfully damp. The rain drives right through this umbrel."

"Lemme see," said Alonzo, consulting his watch. "Yes, I guess so. We've got twenty minutes to spare, and it does rain middling hard. My! but the river is high, ain't it? A little more and it would be over the floor boards of the bridge."

Alonzo drove to the middle of the gloomy covered bridge and then stopped his horses. Then he and Jane sat listening to the thunder of the storm over their heads.

"The bridge kind of quivers, doesn't it?" said Jane.

"Yes, it does seem to joggle some," replied Alonzo. "The water's up to the floor beams and pushes kind of hard against 'em. But I don't believe—"

Just then the steady vibration of the bridge increased to a sort of convulsive shudder. The structure suddenly lurched, gave a grinding slide, grated off its stone piers, and went whirling down stream with the current.

Jane uttered a cry of terror and caught hold of Alonzo's arm. He could feel her whole body tremble. The sensation sent a strange thrill through him. His lethargic nature at last was stirred.

"There—there!" he said, soothingly. "Don't you be afraid, Jane. There ain't real danger. The bridge ain't a-going to sink. We'll ground against the shore somewhere, and then I can drive right out again."

But the bridge tossed and spun and careened, and the muddy water raced along the floor. Jane began to sob like a frightened child.

"Come, come," said Alonzo, drawing the reins hard as ever over the plunging horses with his right hand. "Don't be scared. I'll—there!"

His left arm reached over the back of the seat and clasped Jane Parmalee's waist, her head dropped on his shoulder, her neat bonnet bedewed by the drippings of the old felt hat. "There now—there now—there now!" murmured the strong man tenderly. "Oh, Jane, if something of this sort had only happened twenty years ago!"

"Yes," whispered Jane, all of a tremble still, but not with terror. "But it has happened, 'Lonzo, and that's enough for me!"—Chicago News.

Useful Hints.

A ten-cent tube of white lead will mend any quantity of broken china. Put a small quantity of white lead on the broken edges, bind firmly with a string, and set away for a few weeks to dry. If not thoroughly dry the pieces will not stay cemented when put in water. Any amount of washing can not dislodge the pieces when once thoroughly dried before using. Care must be taken to let nothing greasy touch the broken edges before applying the lead.

For cleaning cutlery use ashes made from pine wood and sift through a fine sieve; rub gently with soft woolen cloth and use cattle soap; rinse in warm water and dry with soft linen cloth. For fine cutlery that is not used often I have found this preparation to be good: Take a piece of leaf tin from the pork, butter and strain through a flannel cloth; use no salt, as it will rust; will keep well in a glass jar. Put a small portion of this on a flannel cloth about six inches square; rub the blades and wrap carefully in tissue or waxed paper separately.

In baking cake or muffins in gem pans, it should be remembered that if there is not quite enough batter to fill all the set, a little water should be put in each one of the empty ones before they are put into the oven.

A drop of kerosene or sweet oil, a little candle tallow, or a slight application of soap, will stop the squeak of most hinges or chairs.

Although it is well to have a supply of sweet herbs kept generally, a bottle ready mixed should also be prepared, as they save much trouble and can always be used when called for by the general housewife. These usually consists of equal parts of lemon, thyme, marjoram and savory, and two parts parsley dried by heat. Sun-dried parsley is tasteless.

Great Salt Lake Lake Shrinking.

The level of Great Salt Lake, Utah, is reported to be steadily falling, on account of the large volume of water tributary to it, which is now absorbed by irrigation enterprises, says the "Geographical Review." The Jordan and Bear Rivers, City Creek and other tributaries rise in the mountains to the east and, before they were intercepted by irrigation ditches, poured into the lake the year round about 10,000 cubic feet a second.

It is interesting to learn that a similar condition now exists in the Dead Sea, Palestine. That sea was formerly much larger than at present, as is shown by the old beaches, stretching at various levels along its coasts. Since the middle of the century its level has been very slowly rising, till quite recently, but now it is falling. This shrinkage of Great Salt Lake, not to natural cause, but to the increasing quantity of water taken from the Jordan and smaller streams by farmers, who are diverting all they can get to their lands. Some of the salt deposit covering the bottom of the lake may now be seen above the water in the shallower places and near the shores.

But even if this shrinkage should go on steadily it would take a long time to dry up the waters, for the lake is over 2500 feet deep in the northern part of the basin.

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

Loneliest of Lighthouses.

The highest point used by the lighthouse department of the United States government as a signal station is a precipitous rock in the northwestern part of Oregon called Tillamook Rock. Its great height and perilous situation tend to make this rock the most avoided one on the government list, and it is only after a long and careful search that men are found who are willing to go as keepers to the station.

Tillamook Rock Light Station is in the Thirteenth lighthouse district, which includes the coast and rivers of Oregon, Washington and Alaska. It is situated in the midst of the surging Pacific, with 50 feet depth of water on all sides, at the great storm center off Tillamook Head.

It is 18 miles south of the entrance to the Columbia river, and one mile southwest by half a mile west from Tillamook Head, on the Oregon coast. The water near Tillamook had such a strong and uncertain current that vessels unacquainted with the coast are warned not to attempt the passage. The rock, which has a summit of 80 feet above the sea level, is an irregular column of basalt, apparently separated from Tillamook Head, on the mainland, by untold centuries of erosion prior to the days when the sea was receding on the Pacific and encroaching upon the land on the Atlantic.

The reason for the difficulty in securing keepers for Tillamook is said to be that a man not only risks his life in accepting the position, but his reason. At present a keeper and four assistants are provided for the double purpose of dividing the watch and mitigating the awful isolation that tends toward unseating the reason. The mere monotony of seeing the same face (of a man of course,) day in and day out for months and years, amid the same wild scene and in the same narrow treadmill of labor, is irritating. It begets dislike by the very annoyance of monotony. It is no different when the face is that of a woman—a wife.

But the wife is not permitted to live there. The keeper and his assistants are cut off from all social ties. The wild waste of water and fierce storms of Tillamook forbid a woman's unfolding on the rock.

Upon the east side Tillamook's summit is 40 feet wide, narrowing to the west side for a distance of 60 feet, and from that point extending 40 feet further is a stony and abrupt ledge, where it is only 10 feet in width. The rock is precipitous on all sides, except on the east, where it slopes up at an angle of 20 degrees. The summit, except the sharp ledge on the west side, is closed all around by the lighthouse and iron railing. The dwelling is in the center of the summit. It is of the cottage style, and covers 60 by 30 feet. It is a stone and concrete structure, laid down by great labor. The stone tower rises on the roof and shoots up from the center of the dwelling. The inclosure of this wild sea-girt home contains some 7,000 square feet, or less than two-seventh acres. The focal plane of the light is 136 feet above sea level. Yet the Pacific ocean, when in its angriest mood, oftentimes flashes its waves against the glass globe inclosing the light and hurls gigantic rocks high above and drops them upon the home of three faithful and helpless guardians of the storm-tossed mariner.

The keeper's dwelling is a square, one-story building of stone for outer walls, and brick, iron and wood for interior, with reclaiming-air extension for the duplicate steam apparatus. The light was first shown on February 1, 1881, the building having been begun October 21, 1879, and completed under circumstances of the greatest peril.

On the northwesterly side of the rock, upon a sloping ledge, a wide, level platform or landing place has been constructed for transferring freight and passengers. The cage is four and one-half feet square and two feet deep, made of wooden slats closely put together. Ropes strongly bind each corner, like which iron bolts with eyelids are inserted for attachment to the derrick.

The derrick raises the cage some 40 feet, and when the station boat is used the cage is emptied and the entire outfit is derricked up to the platform to rest the arcent is at an angle of 25 degrees, and the distance is 40 feet.

A tramway with tramcar slides up the freight. Three tanks with 2,500 gallons capacity, and one cistern, 75,000 gallons capacity, supply the station with water, that is the main reliance need for the fog signals and that is the cisterns being for the dwelling house. Once a miniature garden six feet square cultivated the scene with memories of home and furnished summer vegetables. Its soil, six inches in depth, was brought from Tongue Point, on Astoria peninsula.

During the winter the soil was leached and stowed away in a safe place. For two summers the idyllic experiment, but the great tornado of 1894 washed the loose soil into the sea.

The redeeming feature of Tillamook Rock is its cyclonic septic shower as the climatic wind, blowing with perennial rebirth from the northwest in summer and imparting unequaled salubrity and cooling in all winter from the southwest with healing on its wings.

An Ingenuity of Whooping Cough.

Last winter during an epidemic of whooping cough my children contracted the disease, having severe coughing spells. We had used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy very successfully for croup and naturally turned to it at this time and found it relieved the cough and effected a complete cure.—Jesse E. Chaffroth, Proprietor New Weed House, Norwood, N. Y. This remedy is for sale by all druggists.

The largest hospital in Europe is at Moscow, and has 7,000 beds. Its staff consists of 800 physicians and 1,000 nurses, and about 15,000 patients are cared for every year.

"It was almost a miracle. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me of a terrible breaking out all over the body. I am very grateful." Miss Julia Eldridge, West Cornwall, Conn.

Irish Wit and the Queen's Visit.

An old woman selling oranges contrived as the royal procession drew near to push a little nearer the barrier.

"Stand back, you wid the basket!" shouted the policeman.

"Arrah," replied the old body at once, 'mebbe her reverince 'd like an orange—chape enough, too, an' by the token I'll give her one all for nothin'.

"Stand back, will ye, her majesty does not want yer oranges. Everybody knows"—the policeman fell back on his imagination—"everybody knows she hates oranges."

"Then glory be to God, 'tis the color of thim she hates; she's a tidy sowl afther all. I wish I had some green oranges."

Another tale runs:

"Drive me to a good hotel, jarvey."

"Well, sir; which do ye want?"

"Any will do so long as I can get a room."

"Then axin' yer lave, sir, ye'd better go across and throw stones at a pecler."

"Why?"

"Ye'd get locked up then, sir, an' 'tis the only way to get a room in Dublin this night, sir. Hear'n be praised!"

There is a newsman on Kingstown Pier well known to all travelers across the channel. It seems that when the queen was last in Ireland forty-nine years ago, he had the honor of supplying her with morning papers. Accordingly Dave Stevens presented himself again with a formidable array of journals, for his stock in trade has increased enormously in the meantime. One of the gentlemen in attendance reminded her majesty of the circumstance, and she sent for a morning paper, intending a sovereign with a message to the effect that David might keep the rest for himself.

"And which newspaper did she buy?" asked the newsman's interviewer.

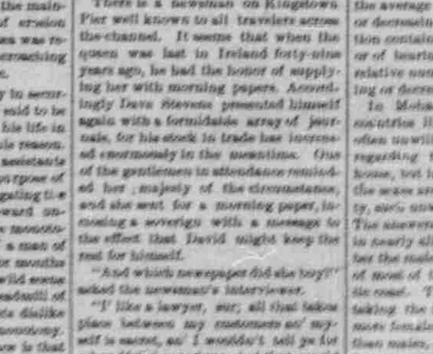
"I like a lawyer, sir; all that taken place between my customers an' myself is secret, an' I wouldn't tell ye for a handful of sovereigns—but that would surprise you if ye knew."

The interviewer's curiosity is still unsatisfied.—Liverpool Post.

Spraying Trees.

Spray with Paris green, as generally recommended, about one week after the blossoms fall, or in time to get the calyx cups well filled with the poison, so that they may close over and hold it there.

Spray again with Paris green and Bordeaux mixture combined, or with kerosene emulsion, about June 1, or, better still, observe carefully and apply at the time when the eggs are being laid on the



Wanted Her Long Back.

Under what circumstances does the Westminster Gazette expect a rejected lover to insist upon the return of the engagement ring from a lady unwilling to yield it up? This is a very old problem and one that hardly permits of one ingenuous solving formula. A gentleman at the North London Police Court recently wanted his ring back—it had cost a pound.

"Don't you think," said the magistrate, "that you have had £1 worth of pleasure during the time you walked out with the girl?"

The lover hastily fell also to opine the pleasure in the commercial spirit, and would only plead that the engagement ring was given conditionally as it being worn in the course of a wedding ring provided by himself. But after some discussion he consented "not to trouble." He is going to get and find another girl—"a better and a prettier one."

The accurate believed that discrimination was the work of a famous artistic man. Any one who has had an attack of catarrhal inflammatory rheumatism will agree that the infliction is demoniac enough to warrant the belief. It has never been claimed that Chamberlain's Pain Balm would cut or remove, but it will cure rheumatism, and incontrovertible testimony to the truth of this statement. One application relieves the pain, and the grateful relief which it affords endures for many times be cost. For sale by all druggists.

Will Forecast Floods.

The Chief of the United States Weather Bureau contemplates the establishment of a system of storm signals to be so completed by means of many stations in different localities, the object being the study of all rivers in the country, and observations relating to precipitation and the height of river waters. The stages of water in all rivers to be reported daily and from time to time at short periods for the following twenty-four hours are defined and the data reported to the central office at Washington.

I consider it not only a pleasure but a duty I owe to my neighbors to tell about the wonderful cure effected in my case by the timely use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It was taken very early with the first and proceed in a bottle of this remedy. All the doses of it effected a permanent cure. I take pleasure in recommending it to others suffering from that dreadful disease.—J. W. Lyman, Exer, W. Va. This remedy is for sale by all druggists.

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Under what circumstances does the Westminster Gazette expect a rejected lover to insist upon the return of the engagement ring from a lady unwilling to yield it up? This is a very old problem and one that hardly permits of one ingenuous solving formula. A gentleman at the North London Police Court recently wanted his ring back—it had cost a pound.

"Don't you think," said the magistrate, "that you have had £1 worth of pleasure during the time you walked out with the girl?"

The lover hastily fell also to opine the pleasure in the commercial spirit, and would only plead that the engagement ring was given conditionally as it being worn in the course of a wedding ring provided by himself. But after some discussion he consented "not to trouble." He is going to get and find another girl—"a better and a prettier one."

The accurate believed that discrimination was the work of a famous artistic man. Any one who has had an attack of catarrhal inflammatory rheumatism will agree that the infliction is demoniac enough to warrant the belief. It has never been claimed that Chamberlain's Pain Balm would cut or remove, but it will cure rheumatism, and incontrovertible testimony to the truth of this statement. One application relieves the pain, and the grateful relief which it affords endures for many times be cost. For sale by all druggists.

Will Forecast Floods.

The Chief of the United States Weather Bureau contemplates the establishment of a system of storm signals to be so completed by means of many stations in different localities, the object being the study of all rivers in the country, and observations relating to precipitation and the height of river waters. The stages of water in all rivers to be reported daily and from time to time at short periods for the following twenty-four hours are defined and the data reported to the central office at Washington.

Census Queries.

The blank schedules to be used in the next census are now being distributed by the Census Office to the enumerators, who will start to work on June 1. The schedules contain questions which some persons may think prying, purposeless, or excessive in number. But their number and character have been determined by Congress, not by the Census Office, and all of them have been asked in previous censuses. The only important change since 1890 is that some questions have been abandoned.

People are often offended at the question, "How old are you?" and are apt to wonder what use the Government can make of their replies. Taken as a whole the replies are as important as any class of information the Census Office collects. Age returns penetrate and elucidate every other branch of statistical knowledge. They show where child labor is prevalent, and where the proportion of persons able to support themselves is large or small. They reveal the great number of colored children and the short life of the negroes under present conditions. They make it possible to ascertain whether the average length of life is increasing or decreasing, how many men the nation contains who are capable of voting or of bearing arms, and whether the relative number of children is increasing or decreasing.

In Mohammedan or semi-civilized countries like India, householders are often unwilling to answer the question regarding the sex of persons in the house, but in civilized countries where the sexes are regarded as on an equality, such unwillingness does not appear. The answers to the questions show that in nearly all cities the females outnumber the males and that the same is true of most of the States along the Atlantic coast. The belief is widespread that taking the world in general there are more females alive at any given time than males, and that if it were not for immigration there would be more females in the United States than males. But census statistics show that we are not explain the great excess of males (over one and a half million) in the United States by immigration alone, for when the foreign-born are left out of account there are still about 600,000 more males than females.

Few would dispute the necessity for asking questions regarding race. All arguments regarding the future of any particular race in this country, like the Indian, the negro, or the Chinese, must be based upon the returns of the census. With the Indians, moreover, it is of the highest importance to have what policy of the Government with regard to establishing them in their tribes and controlling whether such Indians are or becoming.

Some may cavil at the question relating to the number who are living. It answers to show questions will learn whether the native population is holding its own or whether, as some have feared, it is being gradually supplanted by the children of immigrants.

Light is also thrown on many questions of the most important character by the census returns relating to the number of persons who are living. For example, the number of persons in any State who are 70 years of age or more is used by the Census Office when, if properly and correctly answered, will not lead to suggestions whatever regarding the American people and their work.

Betty Grant's Great Failure.

"Betty Grant's wealth consists largely of government bonds, railroad stocks and mortgages," writes Leigh Mitchell Hodges of "The Richest Woman in America," in the June Ladies' Home Journal. "She says she is not a friend of government bondholders, because of the duties they become charged with politics. Good mortgages of any kind are now her favorite form of investment. If all the mortgages she holds were foreclosed to-morrow, a number of serious embarrassments would almost as many States would become hers, and her cemeteries would be filled to her full estate. Besides these there would be blocks of good business buildings and splendid city homes. Carriage, livery stables and horse, country residences, farms and smaller factory buildings, and thousands of acres of valuable land in all parts of the country. Several years ago she made a tour of inspection of all the property on which she held mortgages. She spent two years traveling and stayed at forty hotels in as many different cities. But she interested largely in the holdings of the land. The most conservative estimate place the owner's wealth at $5,000,000, but it probably more. She herself, and discuss the matter, except to say that it is overstated."

Language Wanted in a Hurry.

During the progress of a recent fire in Utica, N. Y., when the enlisted men were trying to haul some of the engines over a bridge of the system of steam railroad, the bridge gave way, and the engines fell into the creek. Lieutenant Wadhams, who was in charge of the men, ordered them to get out of the creek. Private Dolan, who was in the water, did not hear the order, and

Condition of the Southern Negros.

Owing to the widespread ignorance of industrial conditions in the South it seems necessary to state, with great distinctness and emphasis, that the negro remains, as he has always been, the great industrial factor of the South. He is especially conspicuous, as he has always been, in agriculture. Nearly all Southern landowners derive their income from renting the land to negro tenants, who cultivate the crop under the owner's direction—often under that of an overseer. Not less than 65 per cent. of the negro race are living under these conditions. Therefore, whatever benefits there were formerly to be derived from such occupation and such groups of laborers on a plantation, must exist for the negroes of to-day. The conditions of life are very much the same on these plantations as they were during slavery, except that the owner of the land is not privileged to buy or sell his laborers, but must buy their labor. This he does—on his own terms.

There is not the slightest danger of the Southern negro becoming over educated. In the first place, many of the so-called "colleges" are little more than high schools, and the amount of learning they impart is not likely to make the negro "top heavy," or otherwise injure his capacity for waiting on table. In the second place, the negro masses, except in the towns and cities, have little opportunity to obtain even the rudiments of an education. A public school system of three months' schooling, without textbooks or schoolhouses, and which opens its schools in deserted log cabins or colored meeting houses, five, ten or fifteen miles apart, is not likely to prepare many pupils for the "negro colleges" that Mr. Warner so much dreads. The public schools in the Philippine Islands would probably compare favorably with those provided for negro children in many of our Southern States—that is, for negro children on the plantations, where illiteracy often claims 70 per cent. of the population.

And now a brief word on the increased criminality of the negro. Undoubtedly, prison statistics look South and South tell heavily against the race since it has attained its freedom. But prison statistics tell heavily against any class of people who can be grouped together as pitiful wage-earners and day laborers. They tell heavily against the foreign element element in our Northern cities, as well as against the negroes. The records of our jails and almshouses in Pennsylvania will well illustrate this statement. The advocates of the State tell a similar tale against the young children of the wage-earners. Are these children and their parents inherently depraved? Or is it merely that the conditions of life in our large cities have most cruelly cursed those who are least fitted to overcome their environment?

The educational facilities for children will doubtless change into which may flow state by point. The results of these that I have studied show that 10 per cent. of the juvenile inmates are either orphans or half-orphans. Does this mean that orphans and half-orphans have a natural law toward moral depravity?—Caroline H. Pemberton, in Springfield Republican.

Shot the Wrong Man.

There was a funny case tried in the Washington county courts. A farmer of the name of Deaton had an election bet in the shape of a wager to cost the atmosphere and drive away flies to the multiplied by a small thumb screw towards the center, and when Deaton discovered that he could charge the body with electricity by placing one hand or foot against the instrument, he intimated to spectral jokes upon each of the customers as he thought were suitable enough to suffer them. When some facetious young girl or jolly housewife would put up a leg of lamb or a roast of beef to examine it, Deaton would place the hands upon it, close the circuit, and the would receive an electric shock. Nobody was hurt or badly frightened and Deaton had a good fun of it for its outcome.

One day, however, a man by the name of William Smythe, who had a sense of humor and likes practical jokes, picked up a piece of cotton lace from the counter of Deaton's cafe, and left the place in charge of neighbor Deaton for a few moments while he went on an errand. On returning Mr. Smythe slipped a copper cartridge for loading down like a wild man and crying for vengeance. It seems that Deaton, with the instinct of the fun-loving farmer and had given the customer more a dozen times more than he claims to have suffered both in body and mind. The incident that is matter for the world not to consider, and most surprising to a lawyer and brought suit for $10,000 damages against Mr. Deaton. The case was tried and the jury found for the defendant, on the ground that Mr. Deaton had nothing whatever to do with the case. While he was the owner of the Deaton electricity, Smythe had not the wrong man.

Glass Forces.

"Horses were cheap in the West, in fact, you could hardly give them away," writes the Cattle Raisers' Boom, in the June Ladies' Home Journal. "I remember a stockman coming to Denver at once seeking in the star. 'I've got 40 young and middling horses and mules and, considering the land there is pretty fine condition. What'll you give me for them?'

'I'll give you ten per for the lot,' and my friend, 'and think myself lucky to save the feed and care of the lot.'

'That offer was accepted.

At the Boise Idaho Convention Jerry' Simpson asserted he believed that Bryan could not be nominated there at the convention!" In other words, prophesied he'd say one thing to-day to-morrow another, for the Boy Orator is most greater than at home or anywhere else.

He Made 'Em Shut Up.

The people of Morehead say the most troublesome crowds are the drivers when they come up the railroads to the lake in the spring. All the life in them seems seething. They know they are bidding good-bye to comfort for a while, and the stimulants seem only to add a raw edge to their general bitter tone of mind, says the Lewiston Journal.

Out of respect for the conductor they usually postpone the inevitable rough-and-tumble until they disembark from the train at West Cove. Then the thumb-chewing promptly commences.

On the contrary, the men who are now coming out of the woods and are filling the hots and streets of Greenville, are in a mellow and jovial mood and the artificial and liquid elation only adds to the general hilarity.

One night 600 men were about the village, and liquor was more or less plenty, coming from some secret but unquenchable source. But there was not even a brawl to disturb the perfect bliss of the evening.

Yes, there was a disturbance, and it was of so picturesque a nature that I'll describe it.

A wee little girl came into the big "men's room" of a boarding house—a forlorn mite in that sea-like of tobacco smoke. She stood munching lozenges that she took from a carefully guarded roll of red paper. She stood for a few moments at the elbow of a rough-haired young man who was playing cards and swearing intermittently with great vigor.

When he turned to eject a stream of tobacco juice over the child's head, he espied the roll of lozenges.

"Hello, little gal," said he; "divvy."

The little one held the candy behind her back.

"You want to get over stinginess while you're young, little gal," said the youth, and, seizing the child by the arm, he wrested away the lozenges and gulped at a mouthful the little treasure that she was hoarding. With a child's grief she watched the grinning fellow munch down the candy, and she burst into a wail.

Without a word a burly bearded man leaped at the desperado and grabbed the tall youth by the collar. When the fellow went down upon the floor the card table crashed over and the money was scattered to every corner of the room. The long bearded man used his human mop