

FOR COUNTY NEWS.

RAILWAY TO HEAVEN.

Like a mountain railway, by an engineer that's brave! Just make the run successful in the cradle to the grave!

It'll roll up grades of trial; it'll cross the bridge of strife— at Christ is your conductor his lightning train of life.

It'll often find obstructions— for storms of wind and rain; it'll surge, it'll trestle; it'll yoke up the train.

It'll roll across the trestle among Jordan's swelling tide, behold the Union Depot which your train will glide!

FOREST FIRE LAWS.

Special from Harrisburg. The recent destructive forest fires in Centre county prominently forward the laws which were passed by the legislature of 1897 for the suppression of forest fires, and the laws may be raised, and less will be, Are these laws "live?"

A best answer to this is found in the fact that ten years ago the State by forest fires estimated, by those most competent to judge, at \$1,000,000 annually. In 1896 the loss was \$56. In 1897 it was \$394,327.

As to the State by forest for 1898 sums up only \$53. In other words, something used a gradual decrease in forest fires during the ten years from \$1,000,000 worth of property destroyed to \$53,345— a saving in one year of \$946,655.

It is a public sentiment has something to do with making more careful not to start a conflagration in the woods. The accidents also year by year are becoming more careful with their axes and their sparks. It is, however, very remarkable that in one year, 1898, in which the forest fires of 1897 were in force, forest fires fell from \$27 to \$53,345—an unprecedented saving of \$340,982 in the year of 1898.

The spring of 1898 was remarkable just as the trees were going into leaf. An unusual number of forest fires were started. Luzerne, Lackawanna, Pike and Monroe counties, as well as other counties.

Forest laws passed in 1897. First the Act of March making constables of townships fire wardens for the protection of forest fires and protection of forests from fire.

The second Act was approved 15th. This Act makes it the duty of the County Commissioners to appoint persons under whose duty it shall be to prevent and bring to punishment persons or corporations either wilfully or otherwise the burning of timber land, and take measures to have fires extinguished where it is done; and it provides a penalty for failure on part of the Commissioners to attend to their duty.

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DEWEY'S WASHINGTON HOME.

Admiral Dewey has elected to accept a house in Washington, already constructed, instead of having one built for his occupation. In accordance with the invitation of the committee which has had in charge the Dewey home fund, he called at the office of Acting Secretary Allen in the Navy Department to indicate his preferences in the matter of a residence. There were present, besides Mr. Allen, Assistant Secretary Vanderslip, Assistant Postmaster General Heath and General Corbin.

The Admiral was officially informed of the purpose of the people of the United States to present him with a home in Washington. He frankly expressed his gratification at the tender, which he immediately accepted. He said, had the proposed home been the gift of a few wealthy men, he should feel indisposed to accept it. But he noted that the fund had over 43,000 subscribers, indicating that the home was to be really the gift of the American people, and as such he would accept it with as much pleasure as he had the sword bestowed upon him by Congress.

He then talked upon the location of the residence. The Admiral showed a decided preference for the section in which he had made his home during his former details of duty in Washington. First of all, he wanted the house at the earliest possible moment, so that he might "go in and hang up his hat at once," as he put it. Of course, that precluded the idea of erecting a house to meet his special needs. He expressed his ideas as to the character of the home he desires, and asked that the house be modest enough in appointments and cost to permit of the retention of a sufficient sum of money from the purchase fund to defray the expense of furnishing it. The sum in the committee's hands amounts to about \$50,000.

There are few better protections against unworthy conduct than the faculty of believing in yourself and taking a high estimate of what the future has in store for you. When men are discouraged, and "down on their luck," and come to think that there is no future for them, they are peculiarly liable to temptation. "What is the use," they think, "of trying? I do not amount to anything. I might as well take pleasure as it flies, and let the future take care of itself." Perhaps there are comparatively few of us that do not occasionally have these low-toned moments. We lose sight of our ideas or become skeptical about them. You do not know what you are doing for a fellow man when you teach him to believe in himself by believing in him. You are bestowing a choicer gift than money or position. A good deal of the power of the Gospel lodges itself in its capacity to invigorate self-respect by showing men that God cares for them, and revealing to them the dignity of their nature and destiny. It has been verified a thousand times that when a great responsibility or dignity is imposed upon a man his best energies are enlisted in becoming worthy of it. A man who believes in his worth and future has always the inspiration of that motive. More sins than we often think for can be traced to discouragement or the clouding of ideals.

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IT WAS MERELY A HABIT.

The lawyer asked the witness if the incident previously alluded to wasn't a miracle, and the witness said he didn't know what a miracle was.

"Oh, come," said the attorney. "Supposing you were looking out of a window in the twentieth story of a building and should fall out and should not be injured. What would you call that?"

"An accident," was the stolid reply. "Yes, yes; but what else would you call it? Well, suppose you were doing the same thing the next day; suppose you looked out of the twentieth story window and fell out and again should find yourself not injured. Now, what would you call that?"

"A coincidence," said the witness. "Oh, come, now," the lawyer began again, relates the Gentlewoman. "I want you to understand what a miracle is, and I'm sure you do. Now, just suppose on the third day you were looking out of the twentieth story window and fell out, and struck your head on the pavement twenty stories below, and were not in the least injured. Come, now, what would you call it?"

"Three times!" said the witness, rousing a little from his apathy. Well, I'd call that a habit.

And the lawyer gave it up.

TOO BIG FOR HIS BOOTS. With great trouble a small body of men were hoisting a heavy log to the top of a block house that was being repaired, after an assault in one of the campaigns of the war of American Independence.

As the log swung to and fro the voice of a little man was heard encouraging the workers with a "Heave away! There she goes. Heave ho!"

By and by there rode past an officer in plain clothes, who asked the little man why he did not help the others.

"Sir," was the pompous reply, "I am a corporal!"

"Indeed," said the other, "I did not know that; I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal."

Dismounting without further ado, the officer lent a willing hand till the job was done. Then, wiping the honest sweat off his brow he turned to the little man and said: "The next time, Mr. Corporal, you have a bit of work like that in hand, and too few men to do it, send for the commander-in-chief, and I will come again and assist you."

With which offer and rebuke General Washington left the astonished corporal to his own reflections.

HIS FACE WAS HIS OWN. Professor Blackie used to form a picturesque feature in the Edinburgh streets, with his long hair falling in patriarchal ringlets over his shoulders. He very much enjoyed telling this racy anecdote on himself.

One day he was accosted by a very dirty little bootblack with his "Shine yer boots, sir?" The professor was impressed by the filthiness of the boy's face.

"I don't want a shine, my lad," said he. "But if you'll go and wash your face, I'll give you a sixpence."

"A' richt, sir," was the lad's reply. Then he went over to a neighboring fountain and made his ablutions. Returning, he held out his hand for the money.

"Well, my lad," said the professor, "you have earned your sixpence. Here it is."

"I dinna want it," returned the boy with a lordly air. "Ye can keep it and get yer hair cut."

CONDENSED SMILES.

You say she is a business woman. What business is she interested in? O, everybody's.

How do you want your hair cut? Oh in the old fashion way. With a pair of shears.

John did you come in the cars or by private conveyance? Private conveyances, I walked.

I would kiss you if I had the cheek to do it, said a bashful young man to his sweetheart. What's the matter with your lips? said she.

Well Pat, does that make you feel like another man? Shure it does, your honor; and the other man wants another drink.

Nora, drop everything at once and come to me. Yes ma'am.

Now what's the baby crying for? Cause I dropped him, mum.

Osmond—Well, thank heaven, you have never seen me run after people who have money.

Desmond—No, but I have seen people run after you because you didn't have money.

I notice that a Boston negro was sent to prison for three months for stealing two umbrellas.

Poor fellow I don't suppose he knew that one was all that the law allowed.

Just lay that fish on its side, and I'll be around after it later. I'll send it if you say so.

Oh, no, I'll be back, I've got to go home and tell the folks I am going fishing.

Auntie—You'll grow up ugly if you make such faces. Effie (wiping away her tears)—Did you make faces when you were a little girl, auntie?

Weary Walker—"Dat's a very short stump yer smoking."

Dusty Rhodes—"Yep, I like 'em dat way. Yer don't have ter draw der smoke so far."

"I don't arst you fer yer money. I don't want money. Wot I want's bread. A ver yer got such a thing as a bit o' bread about yer, me lord?"

"Gentlemen of the jury," said an eloquent Q. C., "remember that my client is hard of hearing, and that, therefore, the voice of conscience appeals to him in vain."

HE SAW HER HOME.

On a rainy afternoon not long ago one of the pretty young matrons of Connecticut avenue left the car from which she had ridden up town and darted through the drizzle toward her home, a few doors from the corner. She had no umbrella. A Willie of the characteristic type, who was riding in the same car, noticed that she had no umbrella. He was right after her with his own umbrella up and extended.

"May I see you home, miss?" he inquired, laughingly, stepping up alongside of her.

She turned to him with a dazzling smile.

"Certainly, sir. Watch me." And she ran up the steps of her home and entered the vestibule door without looking back.

"The rude thing!" muttered the Willie, blushing to the very roots of his hair, as Laura Jean would say, and then it took the next car.—Washington Post.

AMERICAN WOMEN.

The remarks of Emperor William to the two American women who cornered him on his yacht and forced him to listen to long arguments in favor of the new woman will doubtless become historic. None but American women would have attempted such an act. Their arguments must have been tiresome to his imperial majesty, yet he cannot be half a bad fellow, for we are told that he heard them through with patience.

The Emperor rolled to them: "I agree with my wife, who says that women should not meddle with anything beyond the four k's—kinder, kirche, kuche and kleider (children, church, cookery and clothing)."

Monday the Cumberland Valley railroad company hauled 94 loads of cattle from Virginia to Harrisburg. At that place the freight was taken by the Pennsylvania to New York for shipment to Europe. Within the next ten days 6,000 cattle are to be shipped through this place for export to Europe.—Greenacres Press.

ELEPHANTS' TRICKS.

HOW THE AWKWARD ANIMALS ARE TAUGHT TO PERFORM.

Some Are Too Dull to Learn Anything, While Others Are Quick to Catch an Idea—Possible Methods Used in Their Training.

"Scores of people ask me every day," said Keeper Snyder of the elephant house in Central park recently, "how anything so stupid looking and thick skinned as an elephant can be taught anything. I tell them all that elephants are not unlike children. Some are too dull to learn anything, and others can catch an idea quickly. Tom," he went on, pointing to the large elephant who was busily engaged in throwing hay on his back, "although frangible in disposition, is quite intelligent. The first trick I taught him was to lie down. This was not so easy to accomplish as it might seem, for it took a block and fall at front and rear, with a gang of 15 or 20 men at each end. I stood at one side, and as I said 'Get down!' his feet were drawn out from under him. This had to be repeated only a few times before he learned what 'Get down' meant for him.

"To teach him to stand on his hind feet and on his head a block and fall on a beam over his head, a snatch block and two 'dead men' in the floor and the services of another elephant were all required. As I said 'Get up!' the elephant in harness walked forward, and Tom's front feet went up, while his hind feet were chained together. When I said 'Stand on your head!' his front feet, which had been previously chained, remained on the floor, while his hind feet were drawn up until they almost literally 'licked the beam.'

"These were his first lessons. When he learned to drill to 'right about, face,' and 'left about, face,' I stood on one side of him and another man on the other, and we each had a prod. As I commanded 'Right about, face!' he was pushed over to the right, and 'Left about, face!' he was prodded in that direction. I taught him to waltz in much the same way, only as we pushed him back and forth we made him go clear around, and now he is one of the best waltzers in the country. He learned to ring the bell and fan himself in one lesson. Both require the same motion, and they are really the same trick, although people never think of that. Yes, he knows which is which and never picks up the fan or napkin when I tell him to ring the bell. I only had to put each, one at a time, in his trunk, and with the fan and bell I shook it and with the napkin wiped first one side of his mouth and then the other. He took to hand organ grinding like a Mulberry street Italian. It is one of his favorite tricks.

"The elephant is the only animal whose legs all bend the same way. His hind legs bend in, and the position required for creeping is not very comfortable, but he does it as well as a baby. His performances on the harmonica are the most surprising to onlookers, but the fact is that all the intelligence required for that is holding the instrument. As he must breathe through his trunk, every breath moves it back and forth. I discovered that he holds his breath when he stands on his hind legs by trying to get him to do that and play the harmonica at the same time, but his front feet are no sooner up than the sound ceases until they are down again.

"His tub is about 2 1/2 feet high, and it took me about an hour to get him to mount it the first time, and as long to get him down from it once he was up. I had finally to improvise a step for him before he would come down. He would climb up again, however, and came down and repeated the movement several times in the first lesson. Now he mounts it and stands on his hind feet, his front feet, his side feet and waltzes and changes on it.

"People all seem to think that an elephant has no sense of feeling because his skin is thick and coarse. The fact is that his skin is as sensitive as a baby's, and if you tickle him with a straw you will find it out. The feet of the elephant have to be repaired frequently, for they are as susceptible to corns and stone bruises as the feet of people, and they have to be cut and trimmed. You wouldn't think it, would you, that twice around Tom's front foot, when he is standing with his full weight upon it, is equal to his height? It is true, and it is a rule that seldom varies an inch in any elephant.

"The African elephants have only four toes, and their ears are very large. The Asiatic elephants have five toes, and their ears are smaller. There are few African elephants in this country—not more than three or four. Not long ago, at an exhibition in this city, there was a skin of leather with small ears and comparatively fine texture (the hide from all elephants has two large pores to make it of use), and it was labeled, 'Hide from an African elephant.' People don't know anything about them."—New York Post.

Not His Style. "A musician out of work, are you?" said the housekeeper. "Well, you'll find a few cords in the woodshed. Suppose you favor me with an obligato." "Pardon the pronunciation, madam," replied Peripatetic Padrosky. "But Chopin is not popular with me."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Opportunity. "Blinkin got married rather suddenly, didn't he?" "Yes, Somebody gave him a railroad pass to New York good for two, and he didn't want to waste it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When a man is missing, every one's first impulse is to count the women left in town to see if one is short.—Arlington Globe.

Shrewd Advice. The virtues of a keen business man are often negative rather than positive. It is said that a great broker once told his son that only two things were necessary to make a great financier. "And what are those, papa?" the son asked. "Honesty and sagacity." "But what do you consider the mark of honesty to be?" "Always to keep your word." "And the mark of sagacity?" "Never to give your word."

THE WILY BADGER.

How He Rid Himself of a Plague of Vermin.

Paul W. Henrich, the real estate dealer, is also a student of entomology, natural history and animals in general. He lived down in Nebraska at one time, where the badgers have taken the place of the buffalo. One night Mr. Henrich was explaining the peculiarities of the animal and stated by way of introduction that a genuine Nebraska badger was sharper than a politician.

"They have several bright ways of doing things," he began. "Perhaps I need tell of but one to make their intelligence plain. Now, if a badger has vermin, do you know how he goes about it to rid himself of them?" "Scratches 'em off," said the proprietor.

"No, sir; Mr. Badger isn't fool enough for that. He just goes to some stream; then he stands on the bank and reaches around with his mouth and pulls a little tuft of hair out of his tail. Now listen closely. With that bunch of hair in his mouth he turns around and backs slowly down into the river. The vermin naturally crawl to keep out of the water and begin to wend their way toward his neck, and as he dips himself down deeper into the water they hasten to his nose and then out on to the bunch of hair which he holds in his mouth. When Mr. Badger finds that they are all out on that little tuft, he opens his mouth and lets the current drift it down stream. Then he crawls out on land again, shakes himself and lurches, while he listens to the vermin floating away, singing 'A Life on the Ocean Wave.'"—Denver Times.

HIS HEAD LIKES THE HEAT.

But the Negro Always Tries to Keep His Heels Cool.

It has often been said that the capacity of the negro race for enduring heat has never been fully tested. An incident related by a dairyman living on the outskirts of the city seems to bear out this assertion.

This dairyman has a young negro boy who looks after the cattle and does chores around the place. The only effect that the heat produces in his case is a desire to slumber. The dairyman had a young calf in the barnyard, and as the sun was pouring in on the poor animal his wife sent "Carolina" out to turn the calf loose, so that he could seek a shady spot. After waiting an hour for his return the housewife went to the barnyard to investigate. There she found both boy and calf curled up in the hot and stinging barnyard. The calf was dead from the effects of the sun, but the boy was slumbering peacefully by its side.

While a negro can stand any amount of heat on his head he loves to cool his heels. It is a common sight in the winter to see a negro boy on a frosty morning with his head bundled up to keep out the cold and at the same time walking unconcernedly along the frosty ground in his bare feet. One of the hottest places in the city on a hot day is at the lumber wharves of the Florida Central and Pensacola railroad. When the men knock off for noon, they frequently take a nap with their faces inturned to the rays of the blazing sun. At the same time they get their feet under the shadow of some friendly lumber pile.—Florida Times-Union.