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THE DAYS GONE BY.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

O, the days gone by! O, the days gone by!  
The apples in the orchard and the path-way through the rye;  
The chirrup of the robin and the whistle of the quail,  
As he piped across the meadow sweet as any nightingale;  
When the bloom is on the clover, and the blue was in the sky,  
And my happy heart brimmed o'er in the days gone by.

In the days gone by, when my naked feet were tripped  
By the honeysuckle's tangles where the water lilies dipped  
And the ripples of the river lipped the moss along the brink,  
Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle come to drink,  
And the tittering snipe stood fearless of the truant's wayward cry,  
And the splashing of the swimmer in the days gone by.

O, the days gone by! O, the days gone by!  
The music of the laughing lip, the lustre of the eye;  
The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin's magic ring—  
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in every thing—  
When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,  
In the golden, olden story of the days gone by.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN DIFFICULTIES.

British versus Boer.

From Erie comes a series of questions suggested by the South African trouble, the answers to which, if properly made out, would fill this page. They must be limited to this column. The first question is:

"When did the Boers leave Holland, and what for?"

Holland belonged to the empire of Charles V., and when that was divided between Austria and Spain, Holland fell to the latter, in consequence of which the Hollanders kept their share of the commerce which grew out of the discoveries by Columbus and his successors. They extended their trade as a means of maintaining their long war of independence, which broke out in 1566, and in the closing years of that century, perfected the Dutch East company. It established a trading station at the Cape of Good Hope; the first Europeans to settle there were Dutch, in 1652. They were the agents of the company; they were joined by other Dutch. Briefly, that is how they came to leave Holland.

"Why are they called Boers?"

In the latest of the dictionaries Boer is marked as a South African word, and in a certain sense correctly; but Boer meant originally exactly what our word boor did—a countryman. The spelling here is in the one case Dutch and in the other English. We employ the word to express what is rude, coarse, clownish; to say that a person is a boor is to say that he has bad manners. In South Africa to say that a man is a Boer, is to say, first, according to the primary meaning of the word, that he is a farmer or cattle breeder, a man who lives in the country; secondly, that he is by birth or decent Dutch, though the word is descriptive of a person of mixed blood who speaks the broken Dutch which is known as Afrikaans. Boers indicate the nationality of the person rather than his occupation; the Boer is distinguished by his language now rather than by his occupation; the banker or merchant of Dutch origin is in South Africa as distinctly a Boer as the farmer or the cattle breeder.

"In what respect does the Orange Free State differ from the Republic presided over by Kruger?"

He says in no respect, and hence all the uproar. The Orange Free State is an independent republic; he says his South African state is an independent republic, and has been since 1854. That is why he has objected to Chamberlain's claim of right on the part of England to compel a change in its electoral law. Chamberlain insists that Kruger is darkening the issue; that England is endeavoring to compel the Republic to keep the engagement as to voting and of representation into which the Republic entered with her in 1854.

"What is Transvaal, and why so called?"

If you have a map large enough to show it, look for the Orange or Gariep river, which forms the northern boundary of Cape Colony, and tracing it eastwardly from where it pours into the Atlantic, you find it forming the southern boundary of the Orange Free State, while what the map makes a branch of it comes in from the northeast and forms the northern and eastern boundary of the state. It lies between rivers very much as Pittsburg does.

The northern one, corresponding to the Allegheny is the Vaal. Now, let us go back a bit. When Holland was overrun by the French revolutionists, the Prince of Orange, a fugitive in England, turned the Dutch South African possessions over to her to keep them from falling into the hands of the French, but they did not finally become English until 1806. The Dutch had established slavery in them; the English abolished it, for which and other reasons the Dutch declared that they did not care to live under English rule. In 1836 they bought a tract from the Zulus, and on that set up a government of their own, but the English after a while concluded not to permit any independent governments in South Africa. There was a sharp contest, and when it ended this Dutch government was the English province of Natal. Disgusted Dutchmen then pressed eastward into the wilds, and founded the Orange Free State. That was in 1843, perhaps; five years later that state went the way of Natal, but the Boers were so intolerably obstreperous that in 1852 the English gave them their freedom to be rid of them. Meantime, however, disgusted Dutch again went into the wilds, which is to say, they crossed the Vaal and proceeded to set up a republic. Transvaal means across; when the Transvaal was referred to the reference was understood to be to that part of the wilderness occupied by the Dutch who would not remain under English law in the Orange Free State. Transvaal is used synonymously with South African Republic, the official title of the government beyond the Vaal.

"When did suzerainty exist between England and the Boers, and is it broken now?"

This question has been answered in part in the preceding paragraph. In part it cannot be answered until the present bickering is terminated. Suzerainty implies much or little according to the interest of those who have the interpreting of it. It conveys the notion of the superiority of one state over another; the superiority of England over the South African Republic consists in the fact that the republic cannot conclude a treaty with any power save the Orange Free State without the consent of England, or this is the English assertion, based on an article of the convention of 1854.

"In the years that the Dutch have been in South Africa have they utilized the resources of the soil and advanced the business relations of the nations as much as the Britons have in the last few years?"

That is a large subject. As to business as the word is usually taken they have not accomplished much; for they are not traders or manufacturers, but husbandmen, and of the conservative sort. They care nothing for progress in art or science or industry, and are content to indulge themselves in their passionate love for "the desolate freedom of the wild ass." That is the chief cause of their present trouble. English and Americans have been developing

the gold mines of the republic and in other ways creating wealth but they are excluded from their share in the government, which they have been enriching.

"What is the population of the Boers' country?"

The only figures we have at hand are these, total for all the Boer Republics: Area, 162,640 square miles; population, 888,000. The census of 1890 gave the South African Republic a white population of 119,128, while the native population was estimated at 566,000.

"What does the war hinge upon?"

According to Mr. Chamberlain, the determination of England to obtain for the Uitlanders such substantial and immediate representation as will enable them to secure for themselves the fair and just treatment which the republic by treaty promised them. The Boers answer that what he calls fair and just treatment is tantamount to a surrender by them to the foreigners, who will outvote them. This is how they regard the demand: "The Transvaal is struggling for its very existence. The danger from the invasion of miners is as real as if it were an invasion of armed men; for it is all one to have your government captured by a troop of horse or to have your privileges taken away by alien voters."

A Farmer Met Death While Hauling Corn.

On Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 11, Amos Foul, aged 65 years, while at work on his farm near Gardiner's Station, Adams county, met death by an accident. Foul was sitting on the seat of a wagon loaded with corn which he was hauling from a field to the barn, when the front end-gate of the wagon, against which he was bracing himself in order to control the horses, in going down a hill, gave way and he was thrown down between the frightened animals which ran away overturning the wagon and doing considerable damage.

The unfortunate man was completely covered with corn and his back was broken as a result of his fall. As soon as he could be extricated from his dangerous position Mr. Foul was taken in an unconscious condition to his home near by, and medical aid summoned, but all efforts to resuscitate him proved vain and he died four hours later.

A New Excuse.

"Henry, this is scandalous."  
"What's the matter, m' dear?"  
"Oh, there's no use talking to you. Don't you know you're in a dreadful condition?"  
"Who said s-so, m' dear?"  
"I say so. Why, you won't be able to get your hat on tomorrow."  
"An' do you know why, m' dear?"  
"Yes, I know why."  
"Th-then you know about kissing bugs?"  
"Kissing bug! What about the kissing bug?"  
"Kissin' bug bit me on th' brow an' poor ol' head swelled twice its nashral size. Look at it, my dear."  
"You go to bed." Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Excellent Law.

It should be remembered by those who are in the habit of shooting at birds that come within reach, that the killing, wounding or trapping of any bird of song, cat bird, robin, woodpecker, blue bird, yellow bird, or any other bird not a game bird, is indictable as a criminal offense, and any person convicted of such an offense is subject to pay costs of prosecution and a fine of not less than ten or more than fifty dollars, and be imprisoned. One-half of the fine goes to the informer. This is an excellent law and should be rigidly enforced.

"Now, children," said the young lady who was instructing a class of small boys in the Sunday school, "which of you can tell me of what particular sin Joseph's brethren were guilty when they sold him into bondage?"  
"Please, ma'am, I can," answered one bright little fellow.  
"Very well; what was it?" she inquired.  
"They sold him too cheap," was the somewhat unexpected reply.

HABITS OF SPEECH.

Faulty Language Used in Childhood is Hard to Correct in After Life.

"Why do educated parents allow their children to contract habits of ungrammatical speech that will have to be conquered in after life?" asked a spinster of a mother.

"Because they hate to worry the poor little things about such matters when they are young and should be care free. It seems cruel to be all the time correcting them and keeping them on their good behavior. They will have to learn the rules of our dreadful language all too soon as it is."

"Yes," said the spinster, "and in addition to learning to speak properly they will have to unlearn the tricks of speech in which they have been allowed to indulge all their little lives. I know," laughing, "that there is much ridicule of 'old maids' children," but I believe that my theory in the case is correct. It is a positive unkindness to let your child double his negative and say 'ain't,' when several years from now he will be harshly reproved for such lapses. The child must learn to talk, anyway, and is it not as easy to teach him to say 'It is I,' as 'It's me?' And is it not as simple for the little tongue to lisp 'I saw it,' as 'I seen it?' I love baby talk, and should not correct a child for his mispronunciation of hard words. As he grows older he will himself see his mistakes in that line and change them. But I insist that it is a parent's duty to make the difficult patch to grammatical speech as easy as possible by never allowing the little ones to stray from it in the beginning."—Harper's Bazar.

Outwitted the Lunatic.

While residing at Rome I paid a visit to the lunatic asylum there and among the more remarkable patient one was pointed out to me who had been saved with much difficulty from inflicting death upon himself by voluntary starvation in bed, under the impression that he was defunct, declaring that dead people never eat. It was soon obvious to all that the issue must be fatal, when the human doctor bethought of the following stratagem: Half a dozen of the attendants, dressed in white shrouds and their faces and hands covered with chalk, were marched in single file with dead silence into a room adjoining that of the patient, where he observed them through a door purposely left open sit down to a heavy meal.

Kate Field's Love Letter.

If that charming woman, the late Kate Field, did not marry, it was assuredly not because she did not have many an admirer. A Washington lady has in her possession a little old bit of yellow paper upon which is penciled a boyish scrawl. It was preserved by Miss Field from her little girl days. The scrawl runs thus: "Wont yue mete me down bye The Gate after school Yue nowe I Luv yue."  
On the other side of the bit of paper is the address, thus: "Miss Kate Field, Esq., last Seat nex to the Door goin out."  
It must have been like a breath of the forgotten perfume of yesteryears when the clever, kindly woman happened upon this little old piece of yellow paper on a rainy afternoon of rummaging.

John Brown's Raid.

Forty years ago Monday night, October 16, 1859, John Brown made his historic attack on Harper's Ferry. It was an exciting event. The invaders captured the town late at night. While John Brown and his raid occupy a prominent position in American history, the average man vaguely regards the event as more remote than it is. The tremendous happenings of following years seem to have shouldered Brown further into the past, to be dealt with solely by history.

The editor of a Scranton newspaper recently secured some information from what he considered a trustworthy source and published it. It proved to be incorrect, and on the head of it the paper became involved in a libel suit. Learning that the person who furnished the information knew it to be false and purposely hoaxed the reporter, the editor has started suit under the law passed a few years ago which imposes a heavy penalty for that sort of business.

Shower of Stars Coming.

On the night of the 14th of this month there will pour from the heavens the most remarkable and spectacular stream of shooting stars ever predicted by astronomers. In Washington the scientists of the United States naval observatory are making elaborate preparations for observing the coming appearance of the Leonids, while throughout the colleges, universities and astronomical observatories of the United States and of the world thousands of men trained to a knowledge of the stars are awaiting with eager interest the celestial phenomena.

TAKING WATER.

On many of the railroads it is no longer necessary for a train to stop to allow the engineer to replenish his boilers with water. All travelers have now become accustomed to seeing the narrow troughs, 1,200 to 1,400 feet long, at various dead level points along the road, and they know that the strip of water that it contains is scooped up by the engine as it speeds over the tracks. But people from foreign countries often ask questions about the water between the tracks and marvel when they hear the story about "drinking" the engine on the fly.

What seems a marvelous mechanic contrivance is an extremely simple thing. A pipe with a scoop-end it fastened to the tender. It is C-shaped, with the top end pointing into the water tank and the bottom curved under the body of the tender. By a series of levers this end may be dropped until it reaches the level of the ties.

When the engine reaches the trough the fireman drops the scoop end, which is 34 inches high and 12 inches wide into the trough, into which it sinks a distance of about six inches or within an inch of the bottom. It may wobble slightly without doing any harm, because the trough is twenty-four inches wide.

Dropping the end is all that is done, for the motion of the engine does the rest. The water rushes into the pipe and thence into the tank with a rush and force that suggests to the uninitiated the use of powerful engines.

"The most remarkable thing about the water-taking scoop," said a railroad official, "is the fact that the speed of the train must be reduced when the water is taken on. It reaches the bend in the pipe with such force that if the train were allowed to go at its regular speed the metal would be seriously strained, so we reduce the speed to about thirty miles an hour and have the best results."

While the engine is passing over the trough at the rate of thirty miles an hour it takes up about 4,000 gallons of water—about as much as would be contained in 100 spirit barrels.

Strange Abode of a Giantess.

Miss Ella Ewing, famed as the Missouri giantess, whose height is eight feet three inches, has just had built a remarkable house near Garvin, Scotland county. It is a two-story frame structure of conventional pattern and would not attract more than ordinary attention were it not for the fact that the doors are all ten feet high, with windows and ceilings to correspond. This gives it an appearance possessed by no other residence in Missouri—perhaps in the world, for in the world, there is no other woman like Ella Ewing. She is as modest as she is tall, and it was only after the most tempting offers that she ever consented to exhibit herself for a consideration. She has been the main attraction at several circus side-shows but has invariably been accompanied by her parents. They are people of average size and cannot account for their daughters' remarkable development. She is now at her home. It was while traveling with a circus that she earned the money which paid for the house which is now the wonder of Scotland County, Mo.

May a Woman Tell Her Love?

It is true it is unconventional for a woman to tell a man that she loves him unless the man has persuaded her to make such confession. But is there any good reason why a woman should not take the initiative? Is she any less a woman for doing so? A shy and timid man may not know how to tell a woman that he loves her. Should the woman, who is of firmer faith and stronger mind, stand halting and waiting for a confession that may never come? Why should she suffer in silence? By so doing may she not lose the man who loves her and also the happiness of a lifetime as well?

Hettie—Harry is a man always to be trusted.

Hettie—Harry is a man always to be trusted. He has never deceived me.  
Clara—But how do you know that?  
Hettie—Know it? Why, he told me so himself only last evening.—Boston Transcript.

Does the climate agree you?

"Does the climate agree you?" inquired the mild conversational person.  
"No," answered the prophet fiercely. "Nearly time I announce what it does to assume an attitude and uncompromisingly opp—Washington Star.

CHISEL IN HIS HEAD.

One of the most remarkable accidents in the annals of surgery was brought to light this week in Baltimore by the aid of X-rays. About eleven weeks ago, Charles Baker, a machinist in the Geisler shops, Waynesboro, was found unconscious at the side of the machine he had been operating. There was a cut across the ridge of his nose, another below chin, and still another on one of his legs. The machine had contained two steel chisels, each five and a half inches long, one inch thick. One of the chisels was found lying on the floor near the machine, but, although diligent search was made, the other chisel could not be found.

He was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital, Baltimore, and was treated and after several weeks the wounds healed. About three weeks ago Baker began to complain of a stiffness in the muscles of the neck, and later a partial paralysis of some of the nerves of the face and neck developed.

Prof. William C. A. Hammel, of the chair of physics, State Normal School, placed him under the action of the X rays and by means of the fluoroscope located the lost chisel in the patient's face and throat. The tool when it flew from the machine, must have struck on the bridge of the man's nose sharp end foremost, and taking a downward course, penetrated the bones, flesh and muscles until it reached almost to the vertebrae.

The upper end of the tool is shown just where the bony structure of the nose begins, and can be traced along its entire length almost to the vertebrae.

The chisel, in its course, not only narrowly missed the jugular vein, but came within a short distance of severing the base of the tongue. The patient, before the accident was strong, robust man, but he has now become greatly emaciated on account of his inability to swallow food. He also experiences great difficulty in articulating, and it is with difficulty that he can make himself understood. It is expected that an operation will be performed to remove the chisel.

THE BITER BIT.

He looked green, but chances are often deceitful. The card sharper in town out in this particular says the Memphis Scimitar green-looking individual drop where the card could hear it that he had erable money in his cloth sharper spotted him at went angling for the success was not hard to land, as than an hour the two were in an up-town resort play-en-up. The green-man roll and the sharper's tened as he calculated to what he was going to do when he got it.

In order to bait the green sharper let him win occasionally, and in the the hour's play these amounted to a round sharper noticed that the green man lost he paid out of his right trouser, but when he won the money into the other pocket. He this a precaution all farmers when gambling in the said nothing about it. The green-looking man declared he was broke, and the green-ed. He had lost some \$500 and the sharper, a right thing, called him a bar and ordered a bottle of champagne. He threw out on newly-won \$10 bills, and to his triumph it was returned counterfeit. He tried if they were done the same.

To Stop Nosebleed.

To stop nosebleed blotting paper about a square, roll it about the leadpencil and put it up the tube and the nose very soon coagulate and stop the flow of blood.—York Times.

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