

THE GOODLY COUNTRY.

I've never seen a hill but looked at me with grave content, Good-naturedly and cheerfully, whenever I went.

I've never seen a country road that did not have the time To lead beside the forests where the blossomed vines would climb,

I've never seen the sky that shields the country-side at night, An ebon velvet drapery looped up with gems of light.

I've never seen a country road, or brook or hill or tree, That did not have a kindly word to speak or sing to me;

Cuba's Custom-Fettered Women and Their Homes.

By Mrs. C. R. MILLER.

The cry rising so unexpectedly under his feet, started back, and stood for an instant petrified. Then realizing that a life was at stake, he screamed to the bride-tenders:

Using up our timber supply. Three times as much timber used Each Year as the Forest Grows.

Every person in the United States is using over six times as much wood as he would use if he were in Europe. The country, as a whole, consumes every year between three and four times more wood than all of the forests of the United States grow in the meantime.

These are some of the remarkable statements made in Circular No. 97 of the Forest Service, which deals with the timber supply of the United States, and reviews the stamper estimates made by all the important authorities.

As the horror of his situation dawned fully upon him a wild wave of unreasoning terror swept over the unhappy merchant. Almost crazed, he hammered the walls with his fists, dashing round and round through the icy water, and making the well reverberate with his cries.

He stood in the middle of the pit in dead silence, broken only by vague sounds from outside and the gentle lapping of water against his dungeon walls.

He waited, and waited, and waited, until the dread of an approaching whistle hung over him. Again and again he seemed to hear it, faint and penetrating, and at every suspicion his hair bristled.

The Cuban matron has little to say in the management of her own household, as the family usually leaves with their cook, who has sole control of the kitchen.

Meanwhile, the wife enjoys life in a rocking chair, reads a little, and does needlework occasionally. She powders her face with a coarse powder until she becomes positively ghastly.

I met a man in Havana who had been educated in the States, and who was so thoroughly American in his manner that I expected him to say that his wife did just as an American would do.

Many of the boys are sent to the United States to be educated, and only the other day the president of the Lehigh University told me that he welcomed both the Cuban and the American.

NEWS Pennsylvania

BAER ENTERTAINS FARMERS. Millionaire Agriculturists Dine With Reading's President.

Reading (Special).—The members of the Farmers' Club, of Philadelphia, were entertained by President Baer, of the Reading Railway, at his country place, Bruhl's Choice, along the Schuylkill River, above Reading.

DOG SAVES HIS MISTRESS. Attacks Cow That Was Trampling Young Woman to Death.

Harrisburg (Special).—Miss Clara Rupp was attacked by a maddened cow on her father's farm in Swatara Township. After the enraged animal had knocked her to the ground and was fiercely hounding and trampling her, a large collie dog succeeded in getting the cow to turn its attacks from his mistress.

SANDWICH NOT A MEAT. Consequently Ice Cream Cannot Be Sold As a Desert On Sunday.

Altoona (Special).—Magistrate David Kinch has officially decided that a sandwich and a plate of ice cream does not constitute a meal, in the legal sense, for the purpose of avoiding the Sunday blue laws.

Enlarging Insane Hospital. Danville (Special).—Work was commenced on the new \$50,000 female infirmary for the Hospital for the Insane, which is provided for in the new \$425,000 appropriation bill.

Whistle Fatal To Girl. Easton (Special).—Annie Linge, the twelve-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Linge, of West Easton, was romping with a number of other children, blowing a toy tin whistle, when in inhaling breath the whistle slipped down her throat and lodged there.

Lightning Strikes Train. Birdsboro (Special).—During a local thunder storm, David S. Schmuck, a brakeman on an extra freight train on the main line of the Reading Railway, was struck by lightning and killed.

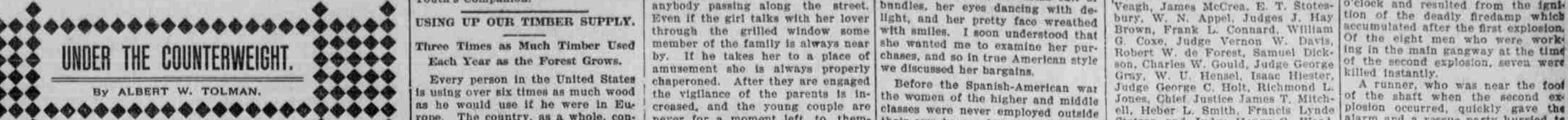
Rescued By Her Pet. Allentown (Special).—Attacked by a bull while walking along a road near Slesholtzville, Miss Emma Slescher was rescued by the interference of a pet bulldog.

Drowned in Jar Of Water. Little (Special).—Ruth, the 2-year-old daughter of Graybill Minnich, fell into a huge stone jar partially filled with water and was drowned.

Legacy Will Not Stop Work. Meadville (Special).—Alec Walton, a hostler at the Major A. C. Huldecker Stock Farm, Conneaut Lake, deposited in a Meadville bank a draft for \$10,000, his share, with six other children, of the estate of his father, a London butcher.

Saved By Fellow-Workman. Pottstown (Special).—It was due to the prompt action of David Swavely that Clarence Smith, a bricklayer, did not fall fifty feet to the bottom of a flue when he was overcome by gas at the No. 2 furnace of the Warwick Iron & Steel Company.

ITEMS IN BRIEF. Judge Johnson has approved the contract for the erection of a new bridge over Darby Creek, connecting the township of Tinticon to Prospect Park, at a cost of \$85,000.



UNDER THE COUNTERWEIGHT.

By ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

Among his friends Harvey Monroe, a jolly, good-hearted commission merchant in one of the cities on the great lakes, was known as "The Late Mr. Monroe," a title that indicated his only serious falling.

On November 7, 1902, Harvey met with an experience that effectually cured him of procrastination. At 10 that evening he had an important business appointment at the railroad station with a customer who was to stop off an hour between trains.

The river presented a long black vista, lined on each side with gloomy wharf ends and storehouses. At intervals it was spanned by bridges sparkling with misty white electric stars.

Through went the tug. Down dropped the bridge as the weights rose, and the clogged streets emptied themselves of vehicles and pedestrians until the next shrill whistle split the spans once more.

Like most chronic procrastinators, Harvey Monroe was always in a hurry. It seemed to him that the span was kept raised unconscionably long. Growing impatient he ducked under the street barrier and leaned over close to the abutment to see where the barges were.

A few feet below he struck on his hands and knees on a cement ledge. The shock was violent, but a thick cushion of slush and drippings from the bridge broke the force of his fall. Down he slid, clawing desperately for a hand-hold, but finding none.

The suddenness of his catastrophe dumfounded Monroe, although he had suffered no injury beyond being shaken up and bruised. But the cold water in which he was immersed soon recalled him to himself and emphasized the need of immediate action.

Just as he thought of shouting for help the machinery began to clank and grind overhead, and the counterweight slowly lifted, brushing past him in its ascent to the position it occupied when the bridge was down.

Harvey realized with sudden terror that deadly peril threatened him when the counterweight should next descend. In groping round his dungeon he had lost his sense of position, and could not be sure of the corner into which he had fallen.

raised again and the weight fell, what chance had he to avoid being crushed to a jelly? Cold and frost set Harvey's teeth to chattering; his legs shook so that he could hardly stand. Unless he could make his cries audible to the bridge-tenders or some pedestrian the next whistle, signifying that a tug was approaching from up or down river, would mark his doom.

As the horror of his situation dawned fully upon him a wild wave of unreasoning terror swept over the unhappy merchant. Almost crazed, he hammered the walls with his fists, dashing round and round through the icy water, and making the well reverberate with his cries.

He stood in the middle of the pit in dead silence, broken only by vague sounds from outside and the gentle lapping of water against his dungeon walls. Presently he heard a faint tapping of feet on the plank walk approaching the bridge. Now was his opportunity. At the top of his lungs he screamed hoarsely for help.

The feet stopped, as if their owner had heard his voice and was trying to locate it. Hope buoyed the prisoner up. He redoubled his shouts, listening painfully at short intervals. Then his bitter disappointment the steps passed hurriedly on.

Waiting there in the centre of the pit Harvey forgot the freezing water which he stood, forgot his smarting hands and numbly aching joints. All else was overshadowed by the nightmare of those tons of iron suspended over his head, ready at any instant to descend and crush out of his life.

On a sudden another footfall sounded above, firm, unhesitating, rapid. Evidently its owner was bent on business. A thought of his own appointment, of his friend waiting in the comfortable station, consulting his watch and wondering why he did not come, flashed through Harvey's mind, and he remembered that it was his fatal habit of being behind time that had involved him in this predicament.

This time the passerby, apparently preoccupied with his own thoughts, was not arrested by the faint cries which he raised his voice to shout again. Just then rapid footsteps above again fell on his ears. Evidently some one was hastening to get across before the bridge should be raised. Monroe, grasping at the faint hope of rescue, set the pit ringing with his cries.

Overhead came a creaking, a clanking. They were starting to raise the draw. The footsteps stopped suddenly. The man had been too late to cross, and must wait until the tug had passed. The roof of the merchant's prison alid harshly back. The counterweight was descending. Whatever he did must be done within the next few seconds. Could he make the man above appreciate his peril, so that he in turn might cause the bridge-tenders to understand in time to check the counterweight?

Harvey's voice rose in a hoarse cry of agony, strange in his own ears, hardly that of a human being. "Help! Help! Stop the bridge!" The pedestrian above, astounded at