

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

PENNA R. R.		WEST	
7:15 A. M.	8:15 A. M.	8:15 A. M.	9:15 A. M.
10:15 A. M.	11:15 A. M.	11:15 A. M.	12:15 P. M.
1:15 P. M.	2:15 P. M.	2:15 P. M.	3:15 P. M.
4:15 P. M.	5:15 P. M.	5:15 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
SUNDAYS.		WEST	
8:15 A. M.	9:15 A. M.	9:15 A. M.	10:15 A. M.
11:15 A. M.	12:15 P. M.	12:15 P. M.	1:15 P. M.
3:15 P. M.	4:15 P. M.	4:15 P. M.	5:15 P. M.
7:15 P. M.	8:15 P. M.	8:15 P. M.	9:15 P. M.

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AN OLD STORY.

By Jean Wright.
Some years ago, 15 or 20 maybe, at one of the posts in the far west, there was a colonel in command whose fame as an Indian fighter was undeniable and even passed muster in the States. His courage and sagacity had been proved a hundred times. He was big and strong and gentle. The red men called him "the Great Chief" and were mortally afraid of him. His own men only called him "the Chief," and they adored him. But he couldn't play cards, which was a pity, as there is nothing else to do when the Indians are quiet. All the other officers could play very well, and as it was their only amusement, they naturally preferred that he should not spoil the game. Particularly the captain objected, for he played exceedingly well and with an enthusiasm that was almost too pronounced, unless one took into consideration the total absence of other forms of entertainment. A man who couldn't play cards was a very poor sort of man in his eyes, and a man who was superbly well and yet utterly modest was one to be jealously admired and secretly, but none the less intensely, hated.

There was also a nice young lieutenant of two and twenty who played poker very well, not so well as the captain perhaps, but he had a gay, boyish and rather provoking way of being willfully lucky that made him a very fair adversary.

One night when the captain and the lieutenant were deep in the game the colonel entered.

At the first pause in the game he invited himself to join in. The captain rather gruffly invited him not to, for, as I said before, cards were not his strong point, but when the young lieutenant incautiously suggested that the stakes were rather high he laughed his mellow laugh and said he had a few dollars to lose. So since even when off duty and playing poker a soldier cannot shake off a certain obedience to his superior officer he got his way. But the captain's brow grew black, and his eyes flashed.

The game went on for half an hour or so with no unusual incident. The colonel hunched his cards and lost his money, but he was accustomed to that. He never could be made to understand that poker was anything more than a pastime, and so he laughed his low laugh and played on. After while the captain threw the cards under the table and took a new pack "for luck."

Half a dozen officers dropped in and were looking on, but nobody objected. It was the custom. It came the colonel's turn to deal. With his usual gentle, smiling awkwardness he fumbled the cards, dealt them and when it came to his own hand dropped one of them on the floor. Without looking he stooped and gathered a card from under the table. His face brightened. The captain sent a quick look at him, and his face was whiter than ever. The hand was played out, and the colonel won. With an almost childlike laugh of pleasure he put his hand to draw in his winnings, when the captain sprang to his feet and brought his own hand down on the cards. "Gentlemen, I denounce this man as a cheat!"

He lifted his hand, and there was one blue back among the red ones scattered over the table.

In the turmoil that followed the colonel was almost dragged out of the room by his friends and got away. Of course there was nothing for it but to fight. His friends, who they were, many, waited for his orders, but after the first burst of rage he seemed stupefied. He sat perfectly silent, staring straight in front of him. Finally his fellow officers spoke. He must do something. A challenge was written, sent and declined. There was an uproar of indignation. Not only the colonel's honor, but the honor of the army was at stake. He must horse-whip the man, since he would not fight. There was nothing else for it. So they talked and argued excitedly, sternly and the colonel listened dully and said yes, he must horse-whip him. He staid indoors that night, and the post talked over the morning.

At 10 o'clock the next day the troops were drawn up in line ready for parade. The captain stood in front of his company. Every man and woman at the post was there to see "the Chief" horse-whip the scoundrel who had dared to insult him. The excitement was intense. There was a deathlike stillness, and every eye was strained as the colonel walked slowly across the parade ground. His face was white and stern and his step firm and deliberate. In his hand was a twisted leather whip such as teamsters use driving mules.

The captain saw him coming and stood like a rock, with his arms folded and a cold smile of unutterable contempt and malignant hatred on his face. When his adversary stepped in front of him, he raised his head and, without changing his position, looked him straight in the eyes, his black and evil face set in an expression of scorn. With a gesture of noble indignation the colonel raised his whip in the air, held it poised a moment, and then the brave soldier, the superb gentleman, shrunk back weakly, dropped his whip to the ground and buried his face in his hands. Then he turned went back to his quarters and shut the door behind him.

A few hours later, in sheer spite, some of his friends went to him, but the door was locked. The next day he left the post and a few days later resigned from the army.—Lippincott's Magazine.

M'KINLEY

His Rise From Schoolteacher to President.

Sketch of the Career of the Third Chief Executive of the United States to Fall Victim to the Assassin's Bullet.

Long and honorable was the public career of William McKinley. It extended from the time when, as a mere stripling, he held sway in a log cabin country school to the tragic moment when, as chief executive of the nation, he was felled by the assassin's bullet. During all that time his record suffered neither blot nor blemish. He was tested as a soldier, as a lawyer, as a politician, as a statesman, as the head of the nation. In each case he stood the test.

In private life he began by being a manly boy, a dutiful and obedient son. He continued as a faithful and loving husband, one whose example has had its good effect on the national character. His life was typically American, the life of an American of the best type. And through it all he was a patriot. Above personal ambition were ever in his mind his country and his country's good.

William McKinley came from that dominant race that has furnished this nation with some of its greatest soldiers and statesmen. He was Scotch-Irish by descent, and his ancestors immigrated to this country early enough to have sons who took a patriotic part in the war of the Revolution.

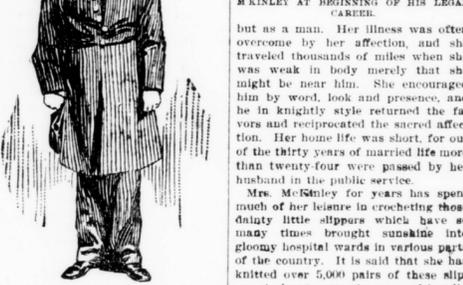


THE LATE WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

The family removed from Pennsylvania to Ohio in 1814, and from that day has been identified with that state not in a great public way, but simply as faithful and devoted citizens, not striving for particular eminence, but notable for sturdiness of character and integrity.

It was among such people and of them that William McKinley was born at Niles, in Trumbull county, O., Feb. 28, 1824.

A younger son, he was destined by his father, after whom he was named, for the bar. He was educated at the public schools, and later entered Alle-



M'KINLEY AT BEGINNING OF HIS LEGAL CAREER.

gheny college at Meadville, Pa., teaching school to pay his tuition fees. Scarcely was he matriculated when the civil war came on. He was but a stripling of nineteen when he entered as a private.

McKinley, as those who remember him as a boy in Poland, O., declare, was a real boy, full of fun, loving athletic sports, fond of horses and hunting and fishing and all outdoor exercise, and yet at 16 we find him taking upon himself a serious view of life. The church records show that in 1838, when he was hardly sixteen, he united with the Methodist Episcopal church of Poland.

McKinley's father was an iron manufacturer and a pioneer in that business. William was his third son, the oldest being David, the second James and the youngest Abner.

As a Son.

Not less than his attention to his wife, his thought and care for his mother, particularly since his father's death in 1852, have attracted comment. It had been his custom while at home in Canton to take his mother to church each Sunday morning. When he went to Columbus as governor, he determined to keep up the practice as much as

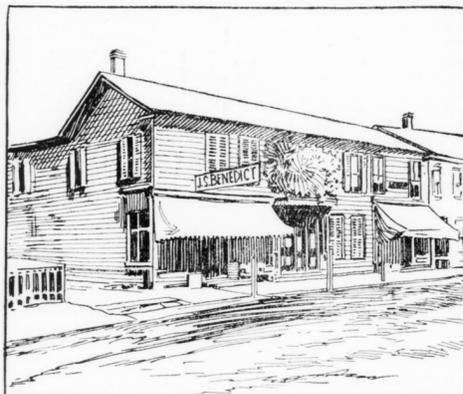


MRS. M'KINLEY.

possible, and unless the press of public business was very great he always slipped quietly over to Canton from his state capital on Sunday mornings and walked to church with his mother on his arm. The next train would carry him to Columbus, where his wife awaited his coming. Naturally the mother looked with pride on such a son, and she followed with keen interest the progress of his first presidential canvass.

Young McKinley had been a keen observer, so far as his opportunities went, of the political events that culminated in the firing on Fort Sumter. The call of the president for troops found a quick response in his breast, and when the drums and fifes aroused the echoes of the quiet streets of Poland among the first applicants for enlistment was William McKinley, Jr.

It was in 1862, and from that school that the sixteen-year-old boy entered, this school of war, but he had wonderful teachers. It was his good fortune that assigned him to the Twenty-third Ohio. The recruits that composed it were in June, 1861, mustered and formed into a regiment. Its first colonel was William S. Rosecrans, afterward major general commanding the department of the Cumberland. Second in command was Stanley Matthews, who was a splendid soldier, but won his greatest honors in civil life by



M'KINLEY'S BIRTHPLACE.

being United States senator and justice of the United States supreme court, and afterward by Hayes, afterward governor of Ohio and president of the United States. These are a few of the illustrious men who were borne on the roll of officers of the gallant regiment in which marched Private William McKinley, Jr.

He carried the market for fourteen months; then he was promoted. But he won his promotion honestly. His comrades of the rank and file bear testimony to the fact that he was a good soldier; that he performed every duty devolving upon him with fidelity and intelligence and without complaint. When he was made commissary sergeant of the regiment. Later, after Antietam, he was made a second lieutenant, and the Mahoning county boy had risen from the ranks.

As a Statesman.

Continued on Page 2.

LATEST THING IN BEES.

Beeskeepers Are After the Red Clover Blossom—The Long-Tongued Bee. The latest fad in bees is a strain with long tongues that can extract the honey from the deep tubes of the red clover blossoms. Beeskeepers have for a long time coveted the honey in the red clover blossoms, and the Italian bee when introduced into this country were supposed to be able to reach it, and the job was placed in their hands. But after a lapse of time it was discovered that but a small per cent of them did any work on red clover blossoms.

Of late the fact has been developed that some bees have longer tongues than others. Various ingenious contrivances have been made to get the exact measurements of the bees' tongues, and it has been found that they vary in length all the way from five-tenths of an inch to twenty-three one-hundredths of an inch, the last named being very rare. It is not mistaken, a few perhaps have 2 1/2 inches. It seems that the required length is twenty-five one-hundredths.

Every beekeeper of note is now busy improving his stock along this line, and if you were to pick up a bee journal of the present year you would find in most of the advertisements of queen breeders the announcement of the tongue length of his breeding stock. Everybody is convinced that it will require but a little time and patience to add a length to the tongues of all bees, for there has been so much attained in breeding bees in other ways that this does not seem impossible. It is well known that the common red clover is perhaps the least prolific producing plant known, and honey from it is of low quality. The value will not altogether lie in the honey crop, but the complete fertilization of the seed crop, thus benefiting the farmer, concludes A. H. Duff in Kansas Farmer.

What has become of the old-fashioned child that cried so hard that it held its breath?—Atchison Globe.

Whales are never found in the gulf stream.

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