

It is well to wander sometimes in the Land of Make-believe...

There's a queen within an arbor, where she rules in high renown...

The Yellow Domino.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

When the scheme was mooted to me, my first thought was that, unseen myself, I should see Eleanor...

lot should have been cast last. Nor could I ask any to change with me...

The thing that gave us our opportunity was that that night the gentlemen of the Irish regiment...

How long does the court stay? I asked. "Why, it will dance in the dawn," he responded...

While my comrades laughed and joked about me, I thought upon the last time I had seen Eleanor...

I had the last goblet to my lips, when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and, turning around...

What, Sir Maurice, he said, "take a wife when Sarsfield has need of soldiers! I am an old man, not a fighter...

Who are you, Master Yellow Domino, asked he whose hand was on my shoulder...

The old fox proved better than his word, for though he conveyed his daughter and his money bags...

"Why, you are the most prodigious fellow," he said, "a grosser feeder even than M. Porthos...

As for me, when it was over I was the poorest man between the four seas of Ireland...

He produced his tablets, and I will say that even for 30 gentlemen of the Irish regiment...

We gentlemen of the Palace Guard were chosen for our height and size...

"Come sir, said the King, "we must see your face. Off with the domino! You are one of the wonders of the world...

It was a matter of honor with us that we should eat and drink as fast as might be...

"Why, I thought not," he replied. "If you did it, Master Yellow Domino, you would put in the shade all the gentry who swallow swords and feed on red-hot pokers...

I would have bartered many suppers to catch but one sight of Eleanor, where fore it chafed me that my

of the regiment."

"Oh, ho!" he said; "you were my guard tonight?"

"We were not invited to sup with your Majesty," I said, "so we bought a ticket for the mask and a yellow domino. It has served us all."

"And you are satisfied?" he asked, politely. "You approve of my cook?"

"We never wish to sup better, Sire," I answered. "Are there any more of you to sup?" he asked, his lips twitching.

"I am the last of the 30, Sire," I said. "Why, heaven be praised for that," he responded, "or else we should have a famine in our kitchen! I envy the gentlemen of the Irish Regiment their appetites."

With that he roared with laughter, as though he thought it the funniest jest in the world; and all the others joined him...

"Is there any one here who knows Captain Maurice Desmond?" he began. There was a little movement in the crowd...

"Sire," she said, "Sir Maurice Desmond is a most brave and honorable gentleman, who lost his all fighting for King James in Ireland."

"We were dear friends once," she went on, shaking like a reed, "but the fortunes of war separated us. I have never ceased to look for my friend through all these five years past...

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"The uniform of the Irish Regiment has been honorable service," he said, smiling at the shabby and discolored coat, and taking a gleaming star from his breast...

"As though I could be," she says, leading upon my shoulder to see what I have written.

Electricity in Agriculture. An effort is being made in Sweden to use electricity in agriculture.



A Sojourn in the South. One pleasant autumn morning Mr. Swallow said: "My dear, The nights are growing chilly..."

Then little Mrs. Swallow wisely nodded her head. "My husband dear is always right; we'll go," she promptly said.

"Just help me get the breakfast, a worm for each small mouth, and we'll start before it's sundown For a sojourn in the south."

Tabby's Baby. "Come, Tabby," called Roy, "here pussy, pussy, puss!" And Tabby trotted out of the closet; she thought that meant dinner.

"Bring out your new kitty to show Jamie," said the little boy, stroking her soft coat. Tabby purred and rubbed against Roy's knee...

Jennie smiled and stretched out his hands for it. "Isn't it pitty?" he said. "Tittle mally kitty wiv a white necktie!"

Roy carefully placed the kitten in Jamie's arms. "You bet it's a beauty. Ain't got its eyes open yet. You see," he added, wisely, "it only came yesterday, that's why it's so little."

Tabby was sitting on a chair watching the proceedings anxiously. Now she laid one paw on Jamie's arm, but the little fellow didn't seem to notice it.

"There was three kittens," Roy went on, "only Bridget drowned the other two. 'Cause she don't like cats. I just saved this one, and I think it's the prettiest of all. Tabby's awfully jealous of every body that touches it, ain't you, pussy?"

Tabby answered with a loud "miaow!" She humped up her back and waved her tail angrily and stuck out her claws and said as plainly as she could, "Give me my baby or I'll scratch you."

"Better put it down," said Roy, so Jamie placed the little carefully on the floor with one last loving pat. Tabby jumped down and almost pouncing on her baby, trotted off with it to the closet.

"Wish vat kittie was mine," sighed Jamie. He did so love pussies. "Well, I tell you, we'll go halves on it," said Roy. "And when it gets really big and Tabby can spare it, maybe I'll give you my part, 'cause two cats is an awful lot, specially when Bridget don't like 'em round."

"I just know I haven't seen yours; so you must have had mine!" was the next simultaneous statement.

"I think you're just too mean for anything. There, now!" This was what the respective mothers heard after a few moments. Then the two women advanced from the opposite front porches, and stood looking down at the two girls.

"I found this under the edge of the porch last evening, and laid it up here on the porch table. Is it yours, Jennie?" This from Mrs. Andrews.

"I fancy this belongs to you, Alice," came the gentle voice of Mrs. Smithers. "Fido (the pet dog owned in common by the two girls) brought it over to me this morning when I was looking after the flowers. I don't know where the raffia is. This was all he brought to me."

Down to the edge of the porch stooped Alice, very red of cheek and downcast of eye, and drew out the forgotten bunch of material.

Then, very quietly, the two girls looked at each other, smiled apologetically, and slipped away from the smiling gaze of their mothers.

"I should think you would get water in your ears."

"Do you know why I don't?" It is because nature has provided me with little valves in my ears to shut the water out. If you dive you get water in your ears, and there is a roaring in your head, but nothing of that sort happens to me. I can hear under water almost as well as when I am on the land.

chamber at the end of it is above water so that I have a dry bed when I want to sleep. Sometimes the river rises and drives me out; but in such cases I make my bed in the coarse grasses along the edges.

"No, I never did." "Well, we build a house almost like the beaver, except that we use grasses instead of sticks and limbs. We plaster the roof with mud, and we have two and three rooms inside, and we always enter and leave them from below. I have been in a house when the hunters came out on the ice and broke their way through the top and I was swimming away at the first alarm."

"Of course you have," said the muskrat, "and let me tell you that the furrers die our skins and sell them for what they are not. Some of the capes called American seal are nothing but American muskrat. However, there is a big demand for our fur for what it is, and men hunt us so closely that in a few years more there will be none left."

"When a muskrat is caught in a trap what does he do?" "He makes a great struggle, of course, and does his best to pull his foot out. Sometimes he gnaws his leg off, the same as a beaver, but if the trap is under water he generally drowns before anything can be done. I once caught the end of my tail in a trap and lost two inches of it in getting away, but it grew out again after a while. Had my leg been caught I should not have had the pleasure of this talk with you. I'm going now, and you can remember what I've told you and relate it to the other pupils in your school."

A "Might-Have-Been" Quarrel. Jennie Andrews and Alice Smithers have lived next door to each other ever since they can remember, and both of them are "half-past eleven," as they say. And never yet have they had a real quarrel, although last week—but just listen carefully. And never, never be so careless or so positive yourselves.

Jennie is learning to embroider, and Alice does basket-work with raffia and canes and such things. One day last week they sat out on the shady place between the two houses together, and they had a lovely time making presents for the schoolmate who is to have a birthday party very soon.

Then they had another lovely time, and neither thought of the work again until late the next evening. Jennie, when she remembered, ran over to see Alice about it, and met Alice coming over to talk to her. Each had looked in every place she could think of, but neither could find what she sought.

"You must have taken my work in with yours," they said, simultaneously, stopping half way.

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King Dagobert's Throne. Much has been written about the antiquity of the throne on which King Edward of England was crowned, but as French journalists are now taking pains to point out, it is not nearly so old as the throne of King Dagobert, which is still religiously preserved at the National Library in Paris.

According to the best authorities, this throne dates back to the seventh century, and consequently it is many years older than the throne of Edward the Confessor. Moreover, there is a popular tradition that it was fashioned by a saint who possessed much skill in carving and engraving.

Work has been started on the new blast furnace to be erected by the Sharon Steel Company.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Hunter Shot-Killed While Playing a Joke—Big Haul by Robbers. Gas Explosion.

The claims of the following applicants were favorably recommended and their names placed on the pension list during the past week: Valentine Renner, Erie, \$8; Samuel Koon, Titusville, \$6; Wesley P. Norris, Pittsburg, \$6; Henry Minley, Edinboro, \$12; Philip Lape, Johnstown, \$14; Robert H. Toing, West Sunbury, \$12; Theodore Orris, Harrisburg, \$8; Joseph Burger, Jones Mills, \$17; Martin Butler, Upper Middletown, \$40; William P. Starrett, North Warren, \$8; John T. McCurry, Allegheny, \$12; Trowbridge L. Smith, New Albany, \$12; Charles A. Feather, Middletown, \$10; John Brose, Sharsburg, \$8; David McCann, Gillett, \$10; Henry P. Horn, Indiana, \$10; Louis Labault, Derry City, \$8; Thomas Pye, Washington, \$12; Solomon S. Mays, Karns City, \$12; Leonard Jones, Harrisburg, \$17.

There was received at the attorney general's department at Harrisburg a petition from Frank H. Thompson, of Philadelphia, asking that the attorney general grant the use of the name of the Commonwealth in a suit against the Reading Railroad Company to show why its charter should not be revoked for alleged violation of the state constitution, which prohibits a coal-carrying company from engaging in mining.

A gang of robbers have been working in Altoona and vicinity and almost nightly some residence or store is entered. The store of the Eighth Ward Merchandise Company was entered and goods to the value of \$80 carried away. The house of John Wilson, superintendent at the new classification yard at Elizabeth furnace, was also entered. The robbers secured \$378, a gold watch and two revolvers.

At the session of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Bellefonte, Mrs. Charles Fairbanks, president general of the organization, said she was in favor of state organization; that the object of the order was not to foster aristocracy, but to teach the rising generation true Americanism.

The Philadelphia Gas Company has purchased two gas wells from George Thomas and Andrew Hejman, of Manor township, near Kittingan, and another well from R. A. McCulloch, John Rebold and "Ben" Reese, of this place. The price paid for the three wells was \$22,000.

James Smith, employed at the Alice mines, near Mt. Pleasant, was instantly killed by a falling vein of coal. A year ago a son of the victim who served with Company E, Tenth regiment, during the Spanish war, was killed by a freight train.

The home of Frank Hintz, a non-union man, was dynamited at Shamokin. The explosive was placed on the back door sill and the door was splintered and the windows shattered by the concussion. Hintz was not at home when the explosion occurred.

Philip Bender was assaulted at Meadville by highwaymen. After fleeing their victim of \$16 in money and a gold watch worth \$85, the highwaymen threw him into the canal. He was taken out of the water in a drowning condition.

The coroner's jury at Punxsutawney inquiring into the mysterious death of 16-year-old Agnes Tompkins, took a recess until October 14, when the chemical examination of the dead girl's stomach will be submitted.

William Cunningham, coke drawer employed at the Colebrook works near Connellsville, was shot and instantly killed while playing a joke upon Mrs. Rose Keffer, the woman with whom he boarded.

President John Mitchell when informed that Governor Stone had called out the entire National Guard said: "If they call out all the troops in the United States it won't make the men go to work."

The Pennsylvania delegate to the G. A. R. encampment at Washington, D. C., held a cautious and unanimously indorsed Adjutant General Thomas J. Stewart for commander-in-chief.

Rev. George H. Seville, of Pittsburg, believes that immersion in the scriptural form of baptism. He left the United Presbyterian church and was received into the Baptist faith.

An explosion of natural gas in the cellar of the store of James Sittel, Ann street, Homestead, resulted in the injury of five people and property damage amounting to \$13,500.

Rev. George P. Donohoo, pastor of the First Presbyterian church at Sharon, tendered his resignation and later at a meeting of the board of trustees withdrew the resignation.

The thirty-third annual meeting of the Pittsburgh Synod of the Reformed Church of the United States met in annual session in the Grace Reformed church at Jeannette.

At Bellefonte Frank Beckwith, convicted of murder in the second degree for the murder of his wife, was sentenced to nine years in the Western penitentiary.

The Blairsville College for Women, which had to close on account of an outbreak of diphtheria, has resumed. C. B. Rich, of Duncannon, a Pennsylvania railroad brakeman, was killed, and five men were injured in a rear-end collision of freight trains near Millfin.

Eastern Lape, a well known farmer of Casselman, near Connellsville, is the first hunter to meet death by accidental shooting this season.