For thirty years I've pondered On curtains, flies and wings

For thirty years I've watched 'em, In noble and deadly deed— Old man, soubrette and walking gent, Character, heavy and lead, Groans and laughs and muses. In noble and deadly deed—
Old man, soubrette and walking gent,
Character, heavy and lead,
Groams and laughs and muses.
Crosses and frowns and aside,
Old Dustan's stamp and King Richard's limp
And Hamlet's fearsome stride.

Before 10:45?
Does the villain, instead of the good old man,
Turn up at the last alive?
So, taking it all together,
Author and plot and theme,
Opera, farce and drama,
Kind Providence reigns supreme.
—Portland Oregonian.

For thirty years I've studied Productions grave and gay, Opera, tragedy, drama, Comedy, farce and piay; Parquet, lobby and foyer, Balcony, box and aisle, And over the tout ensemble Kind Providence seems to smile.

For when did the leading lady
Forget her entrance cue,
If the hero lay bound by the villain,
Where the night express comes through?
In thirty years' experience
I have never seen the day
When the hero instead of the villain
Was killed at the end of the play.

When the tenor loves the soprano Does she sigh for the barytone? Not she, for the dark contraito Has caught him for her own. And when did the heroine fall in love With the comedy, high or low, Or the whole estate by the long-lost will To the wicked lawyer go?

Does the husband forgive his erring wife Before 10:45?

Story of Black Chief.

Daring Exploits of Quobah, an Ashantee Warrior.

BY JOHN R. SPEARS.

Few references to the lives of individuals who were carried from Africa to the Americas in the days of the lavers can be found in the annals of slavers can be found in the annals of the slave trade, but one may obtain glimpses of two or three of them, here and there, and of the incomplete stories that may be written from these es there is one that seems worth preservation—the story of Quobah, an

Ashantee war chief.
In the year 1805 the slaver brig Co-In the year 1805 the slaver brig Coraline, owned in Boston, and commanded by a man known as Capt. Willing (his real name was Maurice Hatter,) entered the Rio Volta, on the west coast of Africa, with a cargo of rum, guns, ammunition, cotton cloth, and trinkets. Here a small schooner was chartered for a voyage up the river, and in this the captain and a part of the crew proceeded as far as the Ashantee town of Malee, a place of perhaps 3000 inhabitants. There were not enough slaves for sale in Malee to make a cargo for the schooner, and after a consultation with the king of the region, a raid into the interior was planned. For this raid the king supplied the men and food, while Capt. Willing supplied the arms, rum and tobacco, but Willing and several other whites went with the expedition, and to one of these, a boy known as Phillip Drake, we are indebted for an count of the incidents of the jour-

The whole party num-

bered 150 people.

At the head of these raiders was Quopah, the war chief of Malee, and a noble negro. His size and strength were conspicuous. His skin was jet and was kept glossy with palm oil. Ashantee warrior, now advanced to His head was high and of conical meet the beast, and finally sank on shape, and he wore his woolly hair braided into stiff hanks. His teeth had been filed sharp; his cheeks showed the marks of wounds, and these marks were made conspicuous by borders of He dressed in a loose sack like shirt of yellow cotion cloth striped with blue, and he wore a red cap with a long tassel on his head. His arms included a huge spear, which he constantly carried, and musket, a broadswoard, and war club that were carried by slaves, who were careful to keep close to him at all times while on the march

black and white men alike it was a very pleasant excursion, for two or three days. The boy saw with delight the red monkeys that leaped chattering from limb to limb in the trees overhead; the birds of finest plumage that were captured with the hands alone the flowers of FORTECHS. colors that were seen as they marched

along a beaten trail.

In fact, the party was so merry that them one evening. Some of the mer-ry-makers escaped, but when the fight-ing was over the survivors who ing was over the survivors who not escaped found themselves se bound as slaves to the attacking

ong these slaves were Quobah and the white boy. It had taken a doz en warriors to down the giant Ashan tee, and then they succeeded only after he was repeatedly struck from behind as he leaped to and from among his assailants. And so unconquerable was his spirit that when marched toward the Dahomey village of Yallaba his captors found it necessary to fasten his arms to his side by means of a stone wooden hoop that was tightened by a wedge driven down between his ack and the hoop—this in addition to the rawhide thongs used on ordinary

At Yallaba ruled a king named Mamnee—"an old black man, dressed in red muslin." Mammee's most sacred fetish was a scarf woven from the hair of many human beings and beasts, and ornamented with the feathers as claws of birds and the teeth of fer claws of birds and the teeth of ferocious animals and deadly reptiles. This he supposed added to his process in war and protected him from enemies, but his priests told him that its powers could be greatly increased if, at a coming festival, the splendid fighter, Quobah, were sacrificed, to the

his lips in scorn, and said he knew how to die like an Ashantee warrior. Before the day of sacrifice arrived, however, two lions came to devastate the homes of Mammee's subjects, who lived in huts beyond the palisaded walls of the village. The planters fled to the village for safety, and for a time the people were as closely besieged as if an army of Ashantees lay in the The planters fled forest. In the face of this danger the

priests quickly decided that safety could be obtained only by an imme-diate sacrifice of the stalwart pris-oner, and late in the afternoon of the next day, after the lions had driven in the planters, Quobah was conducted to the center of the enclosed village, where every inhabitant had gathered to see him die.

Out of the desperate straits into which he had fallen Quobah was able to find a way of escape from the priests. In a most politic speech he told the people that the way to use him as a sacrifice was to give him arms and let him go forth to meet the iions at the hour when they came in search of further victims. The king and the priests accepted the offer, thinking no doubt that if he were killed fighting the lions the wrath of the evil fetish would be averted. Accordingly, as the sun sank to the westney.

The party that marched away into the forest included many soldiers armed with muskets, women to care for the camps and cook the food, and cows that supplied milk and served as number of slaves whose duty it was to carry extra arms and the supplies of ampunition. The whole party number of saves whose duty it was to carry extra arms and the supplies of ampunition. The whole party number of saves whose duty it was to carry extra arms and the supplies of ampunition. The whole party number of saves whose duty it was to carry extra arms and the supplies of ampunition. gate was not yet shut when the male lion came to the edge of the brush and with main up, and tail lashing from side to side, galloped towards

within the village died out entirely, and the lion crouched and leaped for-ward, while Quobah lifted the point of the spear so that it pierced his

Aslantee warrior, now advanced to meet the beast, and finally sank on his right knee, with his hand grasp-

ing his huge spear, which he placed on

the ground with the point well to the

The impact of the heavy brute upon the spear broke the shaft just below the head. Quobah, by leaping to one side avoided the brute but it was soon on its feet again ready for another spring, in spite of the steel blade through its shoulders. Quobah raised the carbine to shoot the beast, but Quobah turned to look at the new danger, and as he turned his head the lion sprang at him once more

saw his danger in time and as the lion landed and fell over

Dropping his carbine beside the cars of the lion, Quobah drew his ord and turned to meet the lioness. An instant later she rose in a flying leap straight at the big Ashantee, bu caught her on the point of his ord, thrust it through her mouth into her vitals, and fell beneath the struggling brute.

Fer a moment the people on the pali sade wall supposed that Quobah had been killed, but when the kick of the lioness showed that she was in her death struggles they flocked forth and released him, badly scratched, but not dangerously hurt. For this splendid fight Quobah was invited to become a member of the King's family. He might have become a Dahoman king in but he was a true Ashantee

and with his arms restored to him he walked away alone to his home.

A number of years later(February 13, 1817) the white boy, who had been ransomed by his uncle. Capt. Willing,

been an overseer for a Brazilian plant-er, and by successful ventures in the slave trade had acquired the means for the purchase of an estate of his own. Both as an overseer and an owner Floss had been noted for his cruelty to the slaves (a common characteristic of overseers who became owners,) and while he was entertain-ing his guests the slaves of the San Benito revolted.

At the time of the uprising Floss

happened to be away from the great house, and for two days he sulked around the plantation, while his guests with an overseer or two and a few faithful servants held the house like Eventually, however, the lead a fort. Eventually, however, the lean-er of the negroes found Floss's track and rar him to the mansion as a hound chases a deer to water. Then, know-ing that they had their enemy sura fort. the whole mob gathered rounded, the whole mob gathered about the house, charged up, in spite of deadly shots from within, and set it on fire from every side. Night came on as the fire spread beyond control of those within, and the light of the flames revealed Floss and his friends to the enraged negroes without

nob, looking through a blazing room, saw his enemy, he charged through the flames, fearless of bullets, to reach him. It was then that young Drake saw that the leader had a high conical head, with wooly hair braided into stiff hanks, and scars on his cheeks that were outlined with red paint— saw that it was Quobah, the Ashantee warrio. In Ashantee words, Drake revealed his identity and asked for mercy. Quobah recognized him, and granted the request. The others were killed.

"Go and tell the white king how Quobah has revenged himself," he said. "Quobah is ready to die, but he will

be a slave no more."

Quobah had been captured again by slave raiders, and this time had been sold to a Rio Janeiro slaver. Floss had purchased him, seeing that he was "a high-strung nigger," had flogged him repeatedly, "to break him in." Of the details of the raid in which Quobah was captured in Africa nothing was learned. Of his life after the revolt on the San Benito estate, it is known only that he fied with a few of his most capable associates to the interior where he joined a tribe of Indians and remained wih them unmolested.—New York Evening Post.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

As a rule dwarfs live much longer than giants. The latter usually have weak constitutions, their blood circulation is sluggish and they have brit-

In the good old times 500 years ago there were no seats in Parisian sch except stools for the teachers. pupils sat on bundles of straw which they brought along.

A Swiss engineer has recently used successfully a suspension bridge for making fills in ravines where great depth would make trestle work quite depth would make trestle work quite expensive. He strings two single wires to support crossties and rails, and upon them backs the train, so that the bridge only gets the weight of empty cars.

Last winter, during a spell of freezing weather, at a quarry in Aberdeen, Scotland, a large stone, weighing six tons, had been drilled for blasting, when the thought struck the foreman that the severe frost might be utilized. Water was pored into each of the holes and it was found after a couple of days that the block of granite had broken into pieces.

St. Louis boasts of a man who has so, Louis boats of a man who has no first name. As driver of a junk wagon, he was mixed up in a street accident not long ago, and a policeman turning to him said: "What is your name?" "Wolf," said the driver. "What is your first name," asked the policeman. "I haven't any," said Wolf. "Now stop your joking," exclaimed the policeman, "and give me your full name." "I am not fooling," replied Wolf. "I never had a first name; I can see no use for one and never wanted one."

Among the picturesque features of life in the Moqui villages are the town criers, who take the place of the daily newspapers in civilized communities There are two of these functionaries, one representing the "hostilities" and the other "friendlies," the opposing political parties in the Tusayan villag Twice a day these officials ascend to the housetops and, wrapped in their scarlet blankets, their figures outlined against the clear blue sky, call out in long-drawn, resonant tones whater announcements or record of town hap-penings may be in order.

Near Perdun, on the south coast of tors every summer. The building is of steel on concrete foundations has been fitted with large plate-glass windows, from which the guests may look upon the beauties of submarine life at a depth of six fathoms Elaborate machinery at the surface pumps sea air to those immured below, and at the same time drives away the impure air through draught tubes was in this hotel that the famous no elist, Richebourg, penned some of his most thrilling romances when taking



A Merry Can.

"I can fly kites, ob, awful high,
Away up higher than the sky!"
Thus Bobbieboy began.

"You can!" said I, with quick surprise
At Bobbieboy's indignant eyes.

Cried he, "I'm not a can!"

Then laughing at his queer mistake,
1 said "My word I never break;
So, Bobbieboy, my man,
A 'can' you are, a 'can' were born,
But yet a 'can' we do not scorn—
For you're A-mer-i-can!"
—Washington Star.

"Praise of Women Of all the warships in the world one that is in the German navy has the prettiest name. It is named "Frauenb." meaning praise of women

The story of how a warship came o carry such a name is as pretty as he name itself. Fifty years ago, when Germany was poor and threatened and attacked constantly by one enemy or another, the Prussian king, Frederick William IV, announced that the coun-try needed more ships. But the country ad spent so much money for defense and lost so much in war that it was easy enough to say that a ship was needed, but not so easy to obtain it.

In this crisis the German women, stirred to their brave hearts by the troubles of their fatherland, came to the rescue. For several years they worked unceasingly, and the result was that in 1854 a war schooner was launched, the gift of the German wom-en to Germany.

Prince Adalbert of Prussia then com-

manded the navy. And he and his father, the king, gave the ship its name, Praise of Women.

The Praise of Women sailed away

one day six years afterward and steered out into the world. It never returned to Germany. In the Japan seas it was by a typhoon and sank overcome by a typhoo with every man aboard.

But Praise of Women was not to be lost to the German navy. Last March a new steel cruiser was launched and it bears the name now.

w Outdoor Winter Game A delightful game to play in the

winter holidays, when the long hours drag within doors, is snow fox and geese.

A very slight snowfall will suffice for the game, but it may be played with snow a foot deep in a city back yard or in the field of the country. The game is prepared by the boys, who first

with high boots, trample in the snow a huge circle, with six or eight dia-metric paths, as the size of the lot may allow. After these paths are clearly marked the fun begins. Any num-

ber may join in the sport.

It is like the old story of "The Spider and the Fly." One person stands in the centre of the circle and dashes up and down the diametric paths to selze upon the others as they fly around the circle. The players can venture into the centre if they are so daring, but it caught they become the spider, and dash for another victim. The one who is catching cannot walk around the circumference, but is confined to the central paths.

Snow baby is another funny game A smooth patch of snow is selected, and as many holes or dens are prepared as there are players. The dens pared as there are players. The dens are made by scooping up a little snow to form a honow place about as big as a two quart bowl. Each person selects a den wnich he calls his, and near which he stands. A circle is marked lightly in the snow around the group of dens, and all take their stand within the circle each near his stand within the circle, each near his

About six feet off, one person is chosen, who tosses a snowball into any one of the dens. The person into whose den it falls picks the ball up quickly and tries to hit some one of the party, who all start to run as soon as a ball lands in a den. If the one aimed at is hit he drops a stone into his den and becomes the one to throw the ball into the den of some one else. This is repeated until one of the

players has six stones in his den, when he is declared beaten. If at any time the one throwing the ball from his den to-ward some one fails to hit the one he aims at, a stone is put into his den, and he becomes the one to throw the snow more than a foot deep.—Boston

Billy and the Butter

was a beautiful bay colored pony. He was none of your heavy, slow going farm horses that have to be urged on their way. Not he! Like a swift deer he cleared the ground, and horseback riding on Dilly was a delight. Everyone loved him. He was so autiful. He would tops his fine head and arch his neck in such a saucy way when being harnessed that one was sure he was only waiting impatiently to be off on a gay canter

One morning the weekly supply of butter was needed and Arthur was asked to run over to the farmhouse for it. He was just waiting his chance to ride Billy, so he said there was not time to walk before school, so he guessed he would ride Billy over. Mother protested, but Arthur pleaded and so much time was lost that mother saw that she must go without the but-ter or allow Arthur to ride the colt. Billy looked very sweet and innocent of any mischievous plan as he trotted out of the yard at a very mild pace. It was the first time Arthur had ever been on his back, and he sat proudly. The only thing that made him realize that he was not a valiant tin butter pail on his arm.

Artnur reached the farmhouse in good time, and the empty butter pail was exchanged for one filled with half-pound prints of delicious yellow but-

Arthur started for home, Billy in fine feather, was cantering along gay-ly. A few rods from the farm, near ly. A few rods from the tarm, near the road, stood a small blacksmith's shop, where several men were lounging about, waiting for the "boss" to come

As Arthur rode by one of the men gave a long, low whistle, which started Billy on the round run. Arthur was nearly thrown by Billy's sudden spring forward, and in his efforts to regain his seat and control the horse the pail of butter slipped further up his arm, the cover fell off and Billy and Arthur went prancing through the main street of the village, scattering balls of golden butter behind them.

Every one rushed to doors and windows at the clatter of hoofs, and soon men and women, girls, boys and babies started in a procession after the proud knight, who was scattering gold in his path as he scampered by on his proud

When Billy dashed into the yard, the last print of butter lay in the road ast print of butter lay in the road some yards behind him, and mother rushed out to find a dishevelled rider, a panting horse, and all the neighbors with all their children congregated in her backyard. But that was not the

worst of it; she found an empe pail.

Arthur had to walk back to the farm for more butter, and he had plenty of company on the way, who thoughtfully pointed out the little soft yellow heaps

to him, lying at intervals in the road. But Billy? Well, he was not a bit penitent. He only smiled when they led him in the stall and tossed his head as much as to say, "That was a fine lark, wasn't it?"—New York Tribune.

Junt Annie's Lion.

When my aunt Annie was a little girl and I was a baby, our home was with my grandparents. They lived then in a large house out in the country, sever-al miles from their nearest neighbors; and they often had to go to the big village, ten miles away, on business and leave us alone.

One day, just before they started away, grandma said to Aunt Annie: "Now, Annie, if Mary cries, give her her bottle and rock her to sleep. We shan't be home before nine o'clock, and probably she will sleep all the even-ing. If you hear anything at the door, do not open it, as it might be the

'nnere had been a circus in the village the week before; and, as there were no railroads in those days, it had come no railroads in those days, it had come very close to grandpa's on its way to the next town. Soon after it had passed some nen had come back and asked grandpa if he had seen a lion; for Royal Ben, as they called him, had escaped. He had not been captured as far as any one knew; and people felt very nervous over the idea that a lion wight he recognifies about in the woods. might be prowling about in the woods and hills near by.

After grandfather and grandmother drove away, my aunt Annie sat down in the big armchair by the open fire and was soon fast asleep. After a while I was hungry, and woke and cried. (Of course I don't remember these things myself, but my aunt Annie has often told me the story. She was about nine years old then.) My crying aroused my aunt Annie, and she gave me my bottle of milk and rocked me to sleep again in my cradle. She was very wide awake by this time, when, all of a sudden, she heard a roar. My aunt Annie had never heard a lion before, but she knew it was Royal Ben as soon

as she heard the sound.

"Bur-r-r-r!" roared the hungry
beast again, away off in the distance.

My aunt Annic put the bar across the door and drew all the curtains. Then she sat down, and waited and listened. Presently she heard it again but nearer this time, so close that she

knew the lion was in the barn.
"Oh, he will get Tommy!" "Oh, he will get Tomm thought when she heard it, was her pet sheep. she

"Bur-r-r-r-r'" roared Royal Ben, and my aunt Annie knew that the ust be almost up to the house by this time.

"Oh, he is after you," she said, beginning to cry; and she snatched me out of the cradle and put me up in the china closet and shut the door

This woke me. It was dark and cold up there, and I suppose I did not like it. So I cried as loud as I could "Be quiet," said my aunt Annie, in a low tone, "or the old lion will get

I didn't know what a lion was then, but I did know that I was not being treated right. So I just cried and cried up there on the shelf in the china

Soon my aunt Annie heard the lion again, on the porch. And then in a min-ute it roared once more,—this time in the room, on the table,—and my aunt Annie went over to the table looked; and what do you think she saw? The lion?

After a minute she laughed, came to the china closet, and took me out and put me back in my cradle.

But the lion? Oh, the lion wasn't in

tne room at all! It was a blue-bottle fly buzzing in the big milk-jar on the table.—C. B. magruder, in

Football of the Seventeenth Century. Cromwell's opponents had been casting derision on the Roundheads.
"You can't ever play football," they

"Well," replied the great soldier. "w may not have a scrub eleven, but we can sweep the country."
Subsequent events convinced even the king that they had a strong inter-

ference.-New York Sun.

PENSIONS GRANTED.

\$5,000 Verdict-Reunion of Veterans. Scarcity of Coke-Koch Cure. Freight Wreck.

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The following names were added to the pension roll during the past week: Thomas H. Lynca, New Brighton, \$12; George M. Patterson, Williamsburg, \$8; Jean McClintock, Pittsburg, \$5; Olin H. Conrad, Vawter, \$8; William M. Hubbard, Erle, \$12; Ferdinand Hinze, Pittsburg, \$8; Wesley Hemminer Reedsville, \$17; Daniel Gerow, Cambridge Springs, \$12; Levi T. Jones, Phillisburg, \$12; Joseph S. Pauline, Allegheny, \$10; Frederick Eberhart, Bradford, \$12; John West, Washington, \$12; Chas. Schwartz, Pittsburg, \$19; Jacob Naylor, Cocolamus, \$12; Peter Redinger, Everett, \$17; Daniel Martin, Washington, \$14; Noah Garwood, Titusville, \$10; David Headrick, Johnstown, \$17; Louisa, Phillips, Tyrone, \$8; Margaret Thornburg, Allegheny, \$8; Emma A. Stowart, Monongahela, \$8.

hela. §8.

"Tim" Mullins, alias "Thomas Ryan," alias "Tim Collins," alias "Mickey Farrell," was arrested as a suspicious character by the police at Franklin, and when he was searched several hundred postage stamps, a pocketbook, handkerchiefs and other articles were found on him. The post-office officials have been notified and Mullins will be held until the Faderal authorities can make an examination of his case.

The attendance at the State Grange

attino of his case.

The attendance at the State Grange at Clearfield is the largest in the history of the organization, over 800 delegates being present. Worthy Master W. P. Hill, of Crawford county, presided at the opening session and read his annual report, which showed that during the year 18 new granges have been organized. The Western Union Telegraph Company announced that they abandon the lines along the Pennsylvania raliroad and inaugurate the new service east of Butler over the lines that have just been completed between Butler and New York over the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg and the Beech Creek roads.

A wreck due to misunderstanding

the Beech Creek roads.

A wreck due to misunderstanding of signals occurred at Hyndman, resulting in a loss of \$30,000. Cars were piled up to a height of 30 feet in front of the station, the mass toppling over into the station, completely demolishing that building. Crews of both trains jumped in time to escape in turns. o escape injury.

At the campfire preceding the annual reunion of the One Hundred and Thirty-third Pennsylvania volunteers at Johnstown W. Horace Rose, adjutant of the Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania volunteers, presided. The speakers were Dr. Thomas D. Doves, president of the association, and Rev. S. S. Gilson. . Gilson.

S. Glison.

Scarcity of coke at Sharon caused two large iron and steel mills to close down in the Shenango valley. They are the Greenville works, of the American Steel Hoop Company, and the Stewart Iron Company, which manufactures muck bar. Eight nundred men are idle.

The County Commision) is at Franklin have let the contract for the building of a new bridge over the Allegheny river at Scrubgrass to the Pennsylvania. Bridge Company of Reaver Falls. Their bid was the lowest, \$79,000. Seventeen companies filed bids.

A peculiar freight wreck at Rochester delayed traffic on the Cleveland & Pittsbung railroad for five hours. A freight train broke down on the bridge which spans the Beaver river, five cars being jammed in between the sides of the structure.

The body of Alvin B. Peters, of New Tripoli, near Allentown, was found on Blue mountain. Peters, who was employed at Tamaqua, started to walk home, was overtaken by a snow-storm and frozen to death.

The trainmen of the Philadelphia & Reading Raiiroad Company were made happy by reason of the established fact that an increase, averaging 11 per cent in their salaries, has been officially granted. been officially granted.

Clyde Stright, of Sheakleyville, near Greenville, is in a precarious condition, the result of a gun shot wound in the head. Stright accidentally discharged his gun while climb-

ing over a fence. George W. Simmons, master mechanic of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company at Pottsville, who struck by a Pennsylvania railroad shifter, died in a few hours after the accident.

The Memorial Baptist Altoona is free itself of debt, and the mortgage burned. The Rev. George W. Downing, of Pitcairn, the first pastor of the church delivered the

address The First Baptist Church of New Castle, has extended a unanimous call to Rev. Forrest L. Frazier, of Bradford, to the assistant pastorship of the congregation under Rev. Jacob Sallade.

President Mitchell again took the tand before strike arbitration com-

Clyde Adams, escaped prisoner from Butler jail, was captured at Ellwood. The jury in common pleas court at

Erie awarded 18-year-old Lola Mun-sel a verdict of \$5,000 against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for Injuries sustained in a grade crossing accident on the Philadelphia & Erie read at Corry last winter.

Jacob McGladdy, alias "Black Dia-mond," was acquitted at Beaver on a charge of killing Alonzo Scott at Legionville on September 3.

Frank Brannen, of North Buffalo township, Armstrong County, was badly burned in a gas explosion, which wrecked his house.