Now what do I owe you for all of this?
For the summer's joy by wood and cliff:
For the wooded nook and the stolen kiss;
For the fright and delight in the seafung skiff;
For the flugers, cool and pink and slim, Entwined with mine, and the happy laugh?
Come, what do I owe you, O maiden trim?

trim?
But, remember, of all of it you had half.

Now what do I owe you, O maiden

For the moonlight walks down the shining beach?
For the joys I knew on the driftwood seat.
When we were afar and alone with each?
Now what do I owe for the look in your eyes. The nectar my soul leaped out to quaff?
Come, whisper me, dear, how the balance lies,
But, remember, of all of it you had half.

Now, what do I owe you? Take into The pleasure it gave me to help you Up the scarred old cliff it was ours to

mount;
The pleasure it gave me to touch the cup
Where your own red lips touched the dripping rim.
And tell me, oh, tell me, and do not laugh. laugh,
For the joy that shall last till life's light
grows dim,
But, remember, of all of it you had
half.

-Houston Post.

********** Mrs. Harndon's Plucky Ride.

AN INCIDENT OF OUR REVO-LUTIONARY WAR. ••••••••

The cloud of war, which hung sullenly over the vicinity of Boston harbor in 1775, had lifted its folds and rolled away with the evacuation of Howe's army, to settle grimly around Manhattan bay in the spring of 1776.

Amid the picturesque hills and vales of eastern Connecticut, Thomas Harndon—whose ancestor two generations back had migrated from the Massa chusetts Bay Colony and purchased a thousand acres in this region, which he bequeathed to his descendants had reared on his patrimony a plain substantial dwelling after the fashion of the period—now known as "colo-

He had brought his young bride here a year previous to "the shot by the farmers of Lexington that sounded round the world.' "Ere spring had passed, that ringing

call for men
Went through our little state from hill
to glen;
Old Put had sounded out the bold re-

frain, And Trumbull called, who never called

in vain.
So the young farmer hastened to the strife;

strife;
Left the spring work, and left his faithful wife,
Kissed the young babe, their first and new-born child,

Soothed the young mother with his accents mild,

Shouldered his gun and vanished o'er the hill, To join the camp and learn a soldier's

He counted that the rules of war

would yield, Ere his departure to the distant field,

A respite brief, a passing day's re-

prieve
To come once more and take his parting leave."

The young wife of Thomas Harndon had cheerfully borne her weeks of loneliness sustained by the same Sparloneliness sustained by the same Spartan faith and courage that animated the other mothers of the Revolution who kept "watch and ward" in lonely farm houses all through the colonies, and toiled and spun, with a faith and heroism fully equal to that of their husbands. Thus passed the days for Mabel Harndon, busy with her household cares and the spinning and weaving of the cloth for her husband's care. ing of the cloth for her husband's gar ments; while tender thoughts went into the warp and woof as the shuttle

On a glorious day in June, Mabel, her thoughts on the absent one, sat by her window, sewing on the garment she was hastening to complete, in anticipation of her husband's brief return—before his southward march to join in the military operations, now culminating about New York.

Her attention was divided between her work and the care of her baby, that lay cooing at its feet, in the cradle by her side. The monotony of the long afternoon was unbroken save by her window, sewing on the garmen

long afternoon was unbroken, save by the warble of the birds outside, as they industriously fed their young, un-til the quet was broken by the sharp click of a horse's hoofs on the road-Her heart gave one great throl and then stood still, as she saw he wore the nondescript uniform of the Colonial army. Balancing between hope and fear, she bade him welcome. Declining her hospitality without dis pled paper on which her husband had hastily scribbled a few lines. Quickly explaining his mission, as a bearer of dispatches to Governor Trumbull, he disappeared on the road that led to Lebanon, where was located and still stands today the home and famous "war office" of the one governor loyal to the colonial cause during the Revolution-Washington's chief civil cour sellor and self-constituted commissary to the Colonial forces.

He, by his energy and forethought, une

kept his scouts scouring southern New England for cattle, sheep and other supplies, which enabled Washington to feed his famishing troops, and on

to feed his famishing troops, and on which, at times, the success-of his military operations was wholly dependent.

A hasty reading of her husband's note revealed to Mabel Harndon that no time was to be lost, if its object was to be accomplished. The hopedfor furlough for one more embrace of wife and child could not be granted. He was already on the march, and the note was to apprise her that the comnote was to apprise her that the com-pany to which he belonged would, that very night, encamp within ten miles of their home, to be on the southward very night, encamp within ten miles of their home, to be on the southward march at early dawn the next mornmarch at early dawn the next morning, while he was sorely in need of necessary articles of clothing, which must reach him that night, if at all. It was already four o'clock in the afternoon, and for some time there had not been a man within call, so fully had the citizens of the town responded to the urgent call "To arms!"

Mabel quickly reached a decision—her heart sorely strained between her wifely devotion and her mother love. She could not take her baby with her, as was often the custom of the mothers of that time when in the saddle; nor did time permit her to call on

ers of that time when in the saddle; nor did time permit her to call on neighborly assistance to care for her charge. The last requisition for horses to facilitate the army's movements had left her with only a spirited young colt, which had never been mounted by a woman; but accustomed to his mistress' call, she soon caught him and had him saddled and bridled for her journey.

nim and had him saddled and bridled for her journey.

Then nursing her baby to sleep and gently laying it in its cradle, she fastened the door of her house, and securely tying her bundle to the pommel of the saddle, with one bound placed herself securely in her seat. Unhitching deftly the prancing colt, while she held a firm grip on the bridle, she dashed off down the road, leading in the direction of Washing.

leading in the direction of Washing-ton's army.

The sun was sinking low in the west, when Mabel Harndon and her colt, covered with foam and dust, reached the camp, soon after the arrival of the soldiers, who were lighting the fires for their evening rations. But no sooner were the loving greetings over and the bundle of clothes ings over and the bundle of clothes and "home goodies" to sweeten the soldier's scanty fare—that had been so hastily gathered together—delivered, than the mother love sounded the knell of the interview. With renewed strength and confidence she faced the return ride, as her husband, with his strong arms, placed her in the seedle. strong arms, placed her in the saddle at the same time soothing the restive colt. The sultry atmosphere of the afternoon was now culminating in ominous black clouds—rolling like ominous black clouds—rolling like great billows across the luminous after-glow in the distant horizon. And before she had gone many paces her heart qualled, as a long, deep roll of thunder warned her of what lay between her and her baby. She could not think of seeking shelter at any of the scattered farm houses by the way, not knowing what might be the fate not knowing what might be the fate of her baby when he should waken from his slumber, and in such a storm as threatened.

She had not compassed a fourth of

She had not compassed a fourth of her journey when dense darkness enveloped her and the storm broke in all its fury. The at first terrified colt, subdued by the awfulness of the storm leavest each the storm to the subdued by the awfulness of the storm, kept steadily on his way, encouraged by her voice; and as is the wont of animals under such conditions, he seemed to rely on her for protection, while she could only depend upon his keener instinct to keep her in the path. For the ground, softened by the downpour, no longer resounded to his hoofs, and only by the flashes of light ning could she assure herself that he had not taken a wrong turn, or wanhad not taken a wrong turn, or wan-dered out of the road. Just as the storm stopped, and the young moon's golden crescent appeared through a rift in the swiftly moving and still heavy clouds, she reached her own door in safety, none the worse—thanks to the trusty instincts of her dumb companion—for her thorough drench-ing. Hastily tying the now wholly subdued colt under the nearby shed

she tremblingly unfastened the door, as the clock sounded the hour of nine. Not another sound broke the oppressive stillness, save the drip, drip, of the vines on the porch, and the low twitter of a mother bird to her young in her past overhead. distributed by in her nest overhead—disturbed by her entrance. Her heart misgave her, as with bated breath she felt her way to the cradle and listened for her baby's soft breathing. So gentle was it—only a mother's accustomed ear could detect it. Then, raking open the coals on the hearth, she lighted a candle-for the blessing of a lucife match had not then dawned on the world—and shading the light with her hand, she gazed long and fondly on her precious charge—now doubly dear in her great loneliness. Sleeping so peacefully, it appeared not to have awakened—with a smile and a light on its face, which seemed only to have been reflected from the angel, who had guarded ias slumber. the trace of a tear was on its cheeks. Had it awakened from its long nap and then cried itself to sleep amid the storm and darkness? Only God and his guardian angel ever knew .-- New

No Business to Know.
Elderly Aunt—Gwendolen, you shock
me when you talk of a wedding being
"pulled off." You ought to be ashamed

"pulled off." You ought to be ashamed to use prize-fighting slang in speaking of so solemn a thing as,a wedding.

Young Niece—You misunderstood, me, Aunt Hepzibah. I said the wedding had been put off. But how did you happen to know that "pulled off" is prize-fighting slang?—Chicago Trib-





and are in the height of present styles This one can be used with or without the collar and made with either the plain or full sleeves and is adapted to all the season's fabrics. It is shown, however, in bluette cheviot with trimming of fancy black and white braid and handsome goal buttons. The new and handsome gold buttons. The narrow vest is a peculiarly attractive fea-

New York City.—Eton jackets are leculiarly well adapted to young girls braid. The flare of the skirt was supplied by a wide foot ruffle, shirred and finished with small circular tucks. The waist had a yoke and collar of shirrings, and had two rows of the gold bordered lace running across it. These were trimmed with a little fringe made of strips of the net stitched and finished at the ends with tinsel balls. The girdle was of champagne colored silk.

Military Shirt Wafet.

The love of the military, said to be inherent in feminine luman nature, is making itself apparent in prevailing styles and appears in the waists as well as in the outer garments. The very stylish model illustrated shows the characteristic epaulettes and is appropriate to the whole range of waisting materials. The model, however, is made of white vesting simply stitched and trimmed with pearl buttons. To facilitate the laundering the epaulettes are finished at the front edges and buttoned into place.

The waist consists of the fronts, back, epaulettes and sleeves. The back

back, epaulettes and sleeves. The back is tucked to give the effect of a single box pleat at the centre and the fronts to form wide box pleats that extend

A Late Design by May Manton.



The Eton is made with fronts and back and is fitted by means of shoul-der and under arm seams and single darts. The narrow vest is applied over the front edges and the cape colover the front edges and the cape col-lar stitched with corticelli silk is ar-ranged over the whole, its inner edge serving to outline the vest. The full sleeves are wide and ample, finished with shaped cuffs, and can be made either with fitted linings or loose as may be preferred. The coat sleeves are made in regulation style and cut in two pieces each, being simply stitched to form cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and one-half yards twenty-one inches wide,

half yards twenty-one inches three and one-eight yards twenty-seven inches wide, or one and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, with two and one-half yards of braid to trim as illustrated.

A Stylish Gown

A simple gown of champagne colored net was made with a skirt laid in small pleats. In fact almost every skirt is pleated. This skirt had a front panel and two encircling bands of gold color silk lace, bordered on either side or two yards forty-four inches wide,

ture, and can be made from a variety of materials. The cape collar adds largely to the effect and gives the fashionable droop to the shoulders, but can be omitted if a plainer garment is preferred.

The Eton is made with fronts and back and is fitted by means of shoulders and single representations. The sleeves are the favorite ones of the season that form wide puffs below the elbows and single representations. are finished with shaped flared cuffs. The quantity of material



A DINNER WITH TOLSTOL

The Countess Does Not Agree in All the Great Russian's Theories.

the Great Russian's Theories.
Edward A. Steiner describes a visit to Tolstoi in the Woman's Home Companion. He says:
"Countess Tolstoi, as every one knows, does not agree with her husband in all his theories; but she agrees with the world which worships him, and I believe that she is very proud of him, and very devoted, although her devotion has been severely taxed in various ways. She has by taxed in various ways. She has copied yards of unreadable manuscript while babies of various sizes were pulling at her skirts; she has were pulling at her skirts; she has translated books into three or four languages, and has transformed all languages, and has transformed all sorts of garments to meet the needs of the changing sixteen, her children. For many, many years she has had no new bonnet or gown, and has nevertheless been cheerful and happy; and is it possible that there can be a greater test of a wife's goodness or a woman's greatness?

"As I have said, the countess received me cordially, although I may

"As I have said, the countess received me cordially, although I may
have been the straw which threaten,
ed to break the camel's back, inasmuch as the house already contained
a dozen strangers, and it looked as if
Mrs. Tolstoi was keeping a boardinghouse. At nine o'clock dinner was
served, and I was led into the family
dining-room, which is a large apartment where signs of luxury are not
wanting. There are ancestral portraits upon the walls; a plano stands wanting. There are ancestral por-traits upon the walls; a piano stands open and looks well used; there is a table covered by books and magazines, and then in the center the large din-ing table, around which gathers a host of people of strange faces and forms, with unpronounceable names, and some with undiscovered histories. The countess sat at the head of the table. To the left sat the count, and before him a kettle containing his and then in the center the large dining table, around which gathers a host of people of strange faces and forms, with unpronounceable names, and some with undiscovered histories. The countess sat at the head of the table. To the left sat the count, and before him a kettle containing his favorite kasha—the coarsest kind of peasant's food. He helped himself from this freely, and somewhat carelessly, as a man might who eats kasha—365 times in the year. I sat next to the count.

"Two servents weited on the table."

"The coverage of the barn, blacksmith shop, wheel house and part of the tipple of the Fairview mines at Coal Run in the Upper Meyersdale coal region. The company loss will aggregate \$1,000 with no insurance. The origin of the fire is unknown, but there is strong suspicions of incendiarism. The mine has been closed during the present strike, and was unquarded. It is said that the company's intentions were to run the mine, and that work prior to its opening was already begun.

"Two servants waited on the table Two servants wated on the table. The meat was of the Hamburg-steak variety. The count never eats meat; kasha and two eggs constituted his dinner. It must be over 20 years since he has eaten meat, and probably longer than that since he has tasted liquor or smoked tobacco.

"There was much animated conver sation, jolly laughter and good-natured joking, and the serbus seemed to be hanished, for we ate, drank and were merry, and I forgot that I was sitting close to a man with whom I had tried to settle the affairs of the universe just a short hour ago."

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

An order from South Africa for 18,000 8-horse power plows has been received by a plow manufacturer in the United States.

The owners of the canalboats in Holland practically spend their whole lives on them. The father of the family is usually the captain, thes ons and daughters the sailors.

"Skipping teas," to which guests of both sexes and all ages must bring their own skipping ropes, are mention-ed in the columns of the Lady, a London fashion paper. Skipping is to be the fashionable "cure."

The Earie railroad has adopted novel car for accident emergencies It is equipped to render medical aid whenever needed along the road at a moment's notice. A doctor and at-tendants are constantly in charge.

According to the most authoritative According to the most authoritative estimates, there are now about 700,000 Jews in New York, the total population of which in 1963, as estimated by the census bureau, was 3,716,139 Perhaps the Jews may be about one-fith of the present population.

by the census bureau, was 3,716,135
Perhaps the Jews may be about one ifth of the present population.

Officers of the Pueblo and Beulah Vailey railway, an electric ling 17 miles long, which has just been completed, have adopted a new system whereby passengers over the road will pay according to the weight instead of by the mile, as usual. Passengers will step upon scales at the ticket of fice, and will be charged so much a pound.

In Japan the well-to-do have almost always in their houses one room called the "chamber of the inspiring whe." Its essential is a beautiful yiew, but taste is catholic in Japan, and the delightful view may be a blossoming cherry tree, a glimpse of a plossoming cherry tree, a glimpse of a river, a miniature garden or only the mayle trees in the glory of autumn color, or the fresh, untrodden snow, as in this country one gives theatre parties and dinners.

A Test of Quick Memory.

Competitors for positions in the German civil service will, according to a Berlin newspaper, have soon to gothrough a rather novel examination conducted somewhat on the lines of a medical examination for physical fitness. This is a test of quick memory. The examiner will recite to the competitor a speech or poem and ask him to repeat as much of it as the competitor as pseech or poem and ask him to repeat as much of it as the competitor as pseech or poem and ask him to repeat as much of it as the competitor as pseech or poem and ask him to repeat as much of it as the competitor as pseech or poem and ask him to repeat as much of it as the competitor as pseech or poem and ask him to repeat as much of it as the competitor as pseech or poem and ask him to repeat as much of it as the competitor as pseech or poem and ask him to repeat as much of it as the competitor as pseech or poem and ask him to repeat as much of it as the competitor as pseech or poem and ask him to repeat as much of it as the competitor as pseech or poem and ask him to repeat as much of it as the competitor as pseech or poem and ask him to repeat

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

LOSS AT PLEASANTVILLE.

Over \$50,000 Damage Done by Severe Wind, Rain and Hailstorm.

The Cambria Steel Company, of Johnstown, has received part of a large order for steel placed by the American Shipbuilding Company. The contract to the local company is for 2,000 tons of plates and shapes, which will be used in the construction of a passenger and freight ship to be built at the Lorain yards in Cleveland. An order for 3,000 tons of plates and shapes has been placed with the United States Steel Corporation. At present the Cambria Company is working on an order of from 16,000 to 18,000 tons of plates and shapes, which are to be used in the construction of the United States battleships, the Vermont and Minnesota.

A hall and wind storm visited a Johnstown, has received part of a large

the Vermont and Minnesota.

A hail and wind storm visited a section of the cit country near Pleasantville on the 8th, which in fury and destructiveness surpassed any thing of its kind known to the oldest inhabitants. Over 100 oil derricks were blown down, large trees twisted from their roots and the driving hail stripped the orchards of every vestige of fruit. Two hours after the storm, hail covered the ground to the depth of nearly two inches. Although the territory visited by the storm was small in dimensions, the loss in oil and crops will probably reach \$50,000.

Fire destroyed the barn, black-

ing was already begun.

Henry Clay Fitch, or "Black Spot," the self-confessed murderer of three men, was executed at the Clearfield jail. His display of coolness and nerve was remarkable. He ate a hearty breakfast, dressed himself, took part in a religious service and addressed a large crowd at the rear of the jail prior to being escorted to the scaffold. On the scaffold he made a short speech, in which he warned all present to beware of whisky, gambling and bad women.

The will of the late William W

and bad women.

The will of the late William W. Smith was admitted to probate in the register's office at Washington. His estate is valued at almost \$2,000,000. The two equal beneficiaries of the will are Mr. Smith's two sons, William McK. Smith, who has charge of the Smith banking interests, and U. S Grant Smith, secretary at the United States legation at Constantinople, Turkey. These two sons are made the executors of the estate.

The grand jury of Butler county has

Turkey. These two sons are made the executors of the estate.

The grand jury of Butler county has returned a true bill against Newton Tannehill on a charge of voluntary manslaughter for the killing of Alva Isabella, near Boyers, last week. A true bill was returned for involuntary manslaughter against Lyman Scott of Buffalo township, who threw a beer keg into a passing freight train and killed George Flannigan, a young brakeman of Butler.

News has reached Uniontown of the capture of Arthur E. Smith at Salt Lake City, Utah. Smith is alleged to have presented forged checks aggregating \$3,852 on a Brownsville bank a few weeks ago. The checks above the signature of J. S. Douglas, of Uniontown. As he refuses to return requisition papers will be necessary.

After beating and gagging four em-

After beating and gagging four employes of the Valley Traction Com-pany's barn at Souderton, six masked robbers blew open the safe and escaped with about \$800 in cash. Preperations had been made by the gang to crack another safe, but an alarm in the office put a sudden end to their

competitor can from memory. If the examiner happens to be gifted with powers of rapid speech it may be difficult for any candidate to qualify, for to do this he must be able to repeat a quarter of what has been recited.

The Rev. David R. Kerr, D.D., has accepted the presidency of Westminster college at Fulton, Mo.

Started immediately.

Two engines and 12 steel ore cars were piled in a heap in a wreck at Hallston station, 13 miles north of Butler, on the Pittsburg, Bessemer and Lake Erie Ralfroad. All the train crews escaped injury. The loss is heavy.

Mrs. Edgar Hodgson, of near Kittanning, was burned to death by the explosion of a lamp.

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