

DON'T NAG.

If you wish to help the world a little in your humble way, Don't nag. Your wife, if you're a husband, doubtless has her faults, but— Don't nag. You may be too busy toiling for your little bit of crust To be able to lift others who are lying in the dust. But you still can help in making the world brighter, if you just Don't nag.

The Heart of "Ten Cent Barty"

By Carroll Watson Rankin.

BARTLETT must have been about four years of age when he first announced that he was too much old to be kissed. Up to that moment no one had given the subject of kissing Bartlett very much thought, for he was not one of those irresistibly attractive children that one instinctively caresses; but of course after his defiant declaration it became a matter of pride with the small boy's family to see which member could beg, buy or steal the greatest number of kisses.

not only to his own family, but to the interested neighbors, who called him in to prescribe for ailing lawn mowers and injured clothes wringers. In March Mrs. Morgan had taken cold. All through the summer she had a little hacking cough that alarmed the family, and she seemed pale and listless. The family doctor shook his head whenever he saw her, and in September ordered her to Arizona.

When she had recovered from the cold, she was a different creature. She had a rosy glow on her cheeks, and her eyes were bright. Her hair was combed and styled with a new fashion. She had a new dress and a new hat. She had a new car. She had a new life.

At two o'clock the family with somewhat forced cheerfulness, went to put Mrs. Morgan on her train. She kissed her many relatives good-by as they appeared, but in the interval of waiting for the cry, "All aboard!" her eyes wandered frequently to the door or searched the faces of the crowd on the platform. It really did not seem possible that Bartlett could let his mother go so far away and for so long a time without giving some small sign that he loved her. But the train pulled out finally, and no Bartlett had appeared.

crank until the engine was started, and got in, while short, ejaculatory sounds issued from the motionless machine. Then he pushed the lever, and with a sudden sibilant explosion the automobile was spinning down the street, leaving the atmosphere in its wake redolent of gasoline. Bartlett knew exactly where he wanted to go, but he realized that it was one thing to possess this knowledge and quite another to impart it to a notoriously erratic automobile. The spot he had in mind was sixteen miles distant, for he had something to do and he meant to do it. In the same circumstances any other boy would have thought of a far simpler plan of carrying out the idea; but Bartlett was no one but himself, and the workings of his mind were as incomprehensible at times as were the complicated inner workings of the Johnson automobile.

Sixteen miles are not many for a first class machine, on a good level road, to accomplish, in two hours and a half, but sixteen miles, when half of them are up-hill and much of the road is sandy, are a great many. The country roads were worse than Bartlett had expected to find them. On the other hand, the renovated machine ran even better than he had dared to hope. He had feared the long stretch of deep mud always to be found at the foot of Collinsburg Hill, but the automobile dashed through it with an almost appalling disregard for its own shining exterior, only to lose, later, several precious moments from sheer contrariness on the only stretch of good road the boy could hope to find.

At half past two Mrs. Morgan's train stopped at Forestville, sixteen miles from her home, to take on passengers. The little woman, still rather tremulous, surveyed from her window, although with very little interest, the crowd on the platform. From this occupation her glance strayed idly to the road that led to the station. Down this dusty thoroughfare a broad-shouldered, long-legged lad was running. There was something about his gait that betrayed excessive weariness, combined with a certain air of dogged determination. There was also something about this overheated, mud-streaked figure that all at once set Mrs. Morgan's heart throbbing with almost unendurable emotion.

HONEYMOONS

Dreadful Picture Painted by a Man of Physic.

It is in the province of hygiene to cure the many superstitions of the laity, in too many instances shared by the profession, as, for instance, that an egg is equivalent in nutritive value to a pound of meat; that the various mysteries sold in the drug stores as "beef extracts" are sufficient by the teaspoonful to sustain a famished invalid or convalescent for twenty-four hours, more or less, and that milk is the one grand, important, absolute and universal food for every breathing thing; if hygiene could only restrict itself to such things, it would occupy us to the very full while the world shall last, but there are many other errors almost as widespread and more fatal in their consequences. It is almost incomprehensible to the thoughtful physician why the atrocious vice of wedding hours has not been utterly stamped out. No matter how robust, how tenacious of life, how full of energy, how many times the four hundred years, which the good Dr. Holmes insists should be the time of preparation for the new-born infant; no matter what adjuncts to ease, of wealth, of education, of refinement, not one of them can stand safely the dreadful physical and mental exactions of the prolonged and, too often, deleterious excitement of the engaged.

The constant strain to keep up, that somewhat unnatural "front" which has attracted and which continues to attract the betrothed together with the six months' siege, more or less, of the most laborious exertion in the preparation of trousseau, the exactions, impositions and fatigues of the dressmaker, the same to a lesser degree of the milliner, and to crown all the dreadful hurry and vigils which attend the few weeks immediately preceding the ceremony.

With the bridegroom it is scarcely less exacting. Whether in business or whether of leisure, and like all the strictly leisure class, driven by the lash of necessity for amusement, his attention divided, his entire habit of life, so far as it is then formed, completely subverted, his hurried and frequently frenzied attempts to regulate his business affairs in order that he may have nothing on his hands to interfere; these combined produce a condition of the system, both mental and physical, of both the high contracting parties, which peculiarly and positively unfit them for the dreadful exactions of a honeymoon trip.

Immediately upon the conclusion of the ceremony the youthful couple proceed with the utmost dispatch to the train, and then begins the most tiresome episode which human beings with all the varied ills of life are subjected to. To the sensitive, modest young woman, the mental disquiet of appearing to the world in the not-to-be-concealed role of bride is in itself sufficient, but this must be supplemented by the discomforts of that Procrustean travesty, the modern, much-over-decorated sleeping car. The over-studied indifference of the bridegroom needs no mention here, as this is not intended as a humorous sketch. Arriving, not at their destination, for their proper destination will probably be a sanitarium, but at the city which, incognito, they begin a life burdened with some of the very strangeness of the room of the furniture, of the surroundings and the unfamiliar and too often indigestible, if not absolutely hurtful, menu.

HARD TO ANSWER.

Questions of Every Day Life That Will Probably Never Be Solved. Can you understand— Why a man who has to pay his wife's dress making and cleaning bills will sit in a street car with one foot across his knee, so that every woman who passes him must brush her frock against the dirty sole of his shoe? Why any woman who has ever watched a newsboy or an Italian peanut vendor make change will slip a dime or a nickel into her mouth while she is using both hands to investigate her purse or bag? Why a man who in bearing and dress is to all intents a gentleman can sit in a crowded street car with a half-cold or smouldering cigar in his hand until the odor from that stub will sicken all the women and most of the men in his vicinity? Why a pretty girl who talks in a loud voice in public places imagines that all the men are watching her furtively or openly are lost in admiration? Why a man in a crowded street car would rather open and shut the front door for twenty women than move down two feet and hang on a strap? Why a woman will walk seven blocks to save two cents a yard on a piece of silk and then fail to observe that the butcher is holding out the bones and trimmings of her Sunday roast, and the ice man is occasionally adding an extra five cents to his bill? Why a man will dodge trolleys, drags and policemen in a mad rush to reach his office and then line up with messenger boys, tourists and other men presumably as busy as himself to watch a fire company turn a stream of water on a two-penny blaze? Why a woman will rush recklessly in front of a moving trolley car to greet a friend and then threaten to sue the motor company because its man almost ran her down?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

To Raise Ostriches in Texas. The people of Texas are interesting themselves in the cultivation of the ostrich for commercial purposes. An enthusiast on this subject says: "Ostrich farming, already firmly established in California and Arizona, will become an equally popular industry in New Mexico and Texas, and that \$2,000,000 paid annually by the United States for feathers grown in South Africa will go into the pockets of home producers, who are rapidly increasing their output, improving their birds and extending their farms into new States and Territories. I hope," this over-confident party says, "to see ostrich feathers quoted in a few years along with cotton, wool, beef and petroleum, as a profitable Texas product, and the business will begin all the sooner if the railways of Texas will encourage the industry."

With this reads very well, but practically with an embargo of \$500 on each bird exported from South Africa and the great expense and loss in raising "chicks," it will be many years before Texas will raise enough plumage to supply the trimming room of one of the millinery companies of a city in its own State. What the ostrich farmers of this country want most is more birds from Africa to mix with those now here, especially for breeding purposes, and a practical ostrich farmer from South Africa to show the American farmer how to do it. We have the land and the feed, but not the knowledge.

New Appeniditis Fad. Dr. Pond, of Liverpool, airs a new appendicitis theory in the London Lancet. He says that appendicitis and other such ailments can often be attributed to antimonial poisoning, and the source of the antimony taken up by man is said to be the rubber rings which are frequently used to close bottles. Dr. Pond has proved that such rings consist of almost one-third their weight of antimony. The antimony is not only dissolved by mineral waters containing alkalis and organic acids, but these rubber rings soon become brittle and some of the compound falls into the vessels.

Dr. Pond claims to have found that antimony can become the source of disturbances of the nutritive and digestive system, especially through continued weakening of the muscles of the stomach and intestines. To Honor a Brave Sheriff. A movement is under way in Mississippi to raise a monument to John M. Poag, Sheriff of Tate County, who was murdered in the county jail on April 12 by a mob from which he was defending a prisoner. The project is under the direction of the John M. Poag Monument Association, with headquarters at Senatobia, which point out that "while other sheriffs have lost their lives in the discharge of their duties, this is the only instance where a sheriff voluntarily fought a mob to his death in the protection of a prisoner where to do so meant his certain death." "No man," says Gov. Vardaman, "ever died at a better time or for a better cause."—New York World.

KEYSTONE STATE GULLINGS

KILLED UNDER SAND PILE

Excavation Made With a Shingle— Finding of Coats Reveals Place of Burial. By the caving of a sand bank at Arnold three children were buried alive and perished before they were discovered. They were: Otto Sarge, Jr., 10 years old; Esther Sarge, 6 years old; Fritz Sarge, 8 years old. The Sarge boy's neck was broken, while his companions were smothered to death. The children left their homes about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. They dug the excavation with a shingle. They were missed about supper time and Otto Sarge, Sr., and William Sarge, their parents, went to search for them. Two coats found on the sand pile revealed the cave-in.

It cost James Fellis, a Greek fruit dealer of Irwin \$39.40 to do business on Sunday. On Saturday he notified the civic league that he would not close as had been requested under penalty of being prosecuted under the Sunday law. To make it as expensive as possible the organization placed representatives near the store and they secured as many names of customers as could be obtained for witnesses. A warrant was sworn out and the witnesses were subpoenaed. One lives near McKeesport, one at Latrobe and one at Adamsburg. All appeared before Justice Howell. Fellis was found guilty and was fined \$4 and costs. The constable drew nearly \$15 in fees and mileage and the balance was made up in witness fees.

Three trahmen were killed and two others were slightly injured early at Taber Junction in a collision between freight trains of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway and the Central Railroad of New Jersey. A fast freight of the Central Railroad crashed into a Reading local freight and the three dead men were buried beneath the wreckage. Fire followed the collision and the fire department was called out to extinguish the flames.

Frank J. Thomas, president judge of the Crawford county court, handed down an opinion in the case of A. C. Hudekoper vs. Samuel B. Dick, sustaining the finding of the referee that Dick is indebted to Hudekoper in the sum of \$184,839. The litigation between the two men has been long drawn out, and concerns the ownership of stock in the Pittsburg, Bessemer and Lake Erie Railroad company. It is understood that the case will be appealed to the Supreme court.

George Geary had a thrilling ride on the Conemaugh river. Geary drove his team into the river, which was swollen by the rains, and his wagon upset. Geary floated on the bed of the wagon three miles down stream before getting ashore, which he succeeded in doing at a sharp bend in the river below the confluence of the Blacklick.

Rev. Thomas Morgan, pastor of the First Congregational church of Sharon, has tendered his resignation, to take effect immediately. Rev. Mr. Morgan was installed pastor last May and started for Wales immediately, expecting to return here with his wife, but she is ill, necessitating canceling the call. The condition of the typhoid fever epidemic at Nanticoke has not changed materially. A number of nurses are on the scene and effective work is now being done to combat the spread of the disease. The cases reported now number 160, with six deaths, while West Nanticoke has 21 cases and one death. By a vote of 123 to 44 the citizens of Wampum have decided to issue bonds for \$14,000 to erect a municipal waterworks and electric light plant. Last evening the residents of the village held a celebration. Burgess Miller was surrounded by the Wampum band and a street parade was held. John Heverly of Hayes Run is the champion rattlesnake killer in the section about Bellefonte. From June 11 until September 1 he killed 22 of the reptiles, some measuring from four feet six inches to five feet. Heverly tans the skins and disposes of them at a profit. S. R. Dresser & Co., of Bradford, have secured a lease of the plant of the National Tube Company at Oil City, which had been dismantled, and will at once commence the manufacture of oil well couplings. About 100 men will be employed. An epidemic of smallpox in the southern section of Blair county, near Williamsburg, is reported and it was learned that there are 30 fully developed cases. Local physicians are thought to have the disease under control. The state board of health is also aiding. Albert Goss was arrested at South Sharon on information of Mrs. Sarah Whitman. She alleges that she saw Goss leave her house and found \$50 missing. The fourteenth annual reunion of the Fifty-fifth regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, will be held at Indiana, on September 29. Cyrus Becker, a farmer, aged 45 years, hanged himself in Bern, Berks county. For having sold milk which it is alleged was watered to a dealer who had been prosecuted for violating the pure food laws, Becker was to have been a witness in the case. An hour before the hearing his lifeless body was found in his barn. Edward Coshey, 20 years old, of Greensburg, was arrested charged upon oath of W. S. Loughner of Jeannette with the larceny of a horse, buggy and harness. Coshey declares he bought the outfit from a stranger for \$1.

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