

AN' I BUT TENT THY FAITHER'S FLOCKS.

In summer time the wee lambs broode,
The loch lies blue in shadow,
An' little breezes tell thy name
To a' the ferny meadow.
When mither left me, puir lone lad,
An' 'a' the war' was dreary,
Sae kind they cam' to comfort me
Wi' blue eyes, soft an' cheery.
It is na wise to love sae weel,
An' thou sae grave an' tender,
But when thy blue eyes pitied me
'Twas a' ane holy splendor!
An' I but tent thy father's flocks,
Auld Angus Donald's kiddle,
Sae meanly clad the bitter wind
Sweeps thro' my scanty plaidie.
I maun's weel try to gain a star
As thy sweet lips, my dearie,
I maun's weel try to chape the cross
Of gold on Kirk o' Mary.
—The Bohemian.

By The Tie of a Bootlace.

It was a little village in Yorkshire; there had been a murder, with extensive robbery. I was wired for, and hastened to attend. The local inspector informed me that they had arrested a man on suspicion and that the evidence was very black against him.

The murdered man was a very eccentric character, aged about fifty. With the exception of an extremely old man, who waited on him, he lived alone, being a confirmed woman-hater. "The old man," I burst in, "have you arrested him?"

The inspector shrugged his shoulders. "He is eighty years of age; it is not possible for him to kill a man in his prime; besides, there are signs of a severe struggle. No, we have not arrested him."
On the morning of the old servant, as was his usual custom, took his master some warm water. He knelt twice, but, finding there was no response, opened the door, intending to stand the jug inside. An awful sight met his eyes. The master was dead, and he had evidently fought hard with some powerful assailant.

"In the library there was a rather superior man of the mechanic class; he was lying unconscious."
"There was nothing to be got out of him yet, though, so I went and examined the garden. I found footprints leading to a window which had been forced, and closely examined them. Then I went back and measured the arrested man's boots; they corresponded exactly with the footprints. That's my case; what do you think of it?"

"I see," I replied. "By the by, I should like to have an interview with the arrested man."
"I found him an ordinary type of the better class British workmen. Somehow, the moment I set eyes on him I felt sure that he was innocent. He swore that he had no knowledge of the crime or of how he entered the room."
"Well," I said, "you must tell me everything you know. I shall possibly be able to arrive at some conclusion."
"I know very little, sir. I was walking along the road in front of the house when, without a second's warning, I received a severe blow on the head. I remember nothing more."
"What seems strange to me," I said, "is the fact of your footprints right across the garden."
"My footprints, sir! What do you mean?"

I told him that he had been traced over the garden, and he looked rather perplexed; then he looked down at his boots, and blurted out:
"Sir, some one has taken my boots off and put them on differently."
"How?" I said.
"I tied them in a bow—now they are in a hurried knot. See"—and he held them up for my inspection. He was quite right; they were tied in a knot as he said.

"Are you sure you tied them differently?" I inquired.
"Positive. I could swear it in a law court."
I put that down in my note book; it was one point in his favor. Another thing that impressed me was, where could he have put the stolen property if he had fallen suddenly after partaking of the drugged wine? The spoil ought to have been in that room. It was not, for I had examined it.

All this time the man had been silently thinking; now he said: "Look here, sir. In front of the house the grass is rather long, I was walking on it at the time, and when I received the blow I was right in front of the gate. You examine that grass and see if there are any signs of a fall on the grass, or if any one has been dragged along it, for I feel sure that I was carried from that spot into the house."
"I will go and examine it," I said, much struck by his intelligence; "and now good-by for the present, and don't get down-hearted."
I reached the front of the house and carefully searched the grass. Soon I found a place where it looked disarranged, and getting out my lens I carefully examined it. Yes, there was the mark of the fallen man; a little farther back was the mark of another man who had evidently stood there some time. But, search as I would, there were no signs of any one being dragged along.

Suddenly an idea struck me; the footprints seemed very deep. I made one or two beside them; mine were not nearly so deep. What did this point to? The maker of them had been heavily laden. There could be no doubt of it, the villain had taken off his own shoes and put on those of the arrested man; then he had carried him across the garden and thrown him through the window unconscious, pour-

ing a glass of the drugged wine down his throat; then he had robbed the dead man and departed.

Search as I might I could find no more traces and the matter became more puzzling. The burglar seemed either to have flown away or to be still in the house.

When I reached my lodging and thought the matter over there was only one possible conclusion. The murderer must still be in the village, and some of the stolen property must be still hidden in the house or grounds.

About ten I cautiously crept into the garden and scaled a tree which stood in a direct line with the old man's bedroom.

Presently I saw the light in one of the bottom rooms go out and soon after the old man himself came up to bed. First he very carefully drew the window curtains together, which shut me out from view.

I cautiously descended and began to climb up the creeper which covered the house, and was as thick as a man's wrist in some places.

My heart beat violently as I neared his window, the stem of the creeper was getting thinner and one false step might ruin all, but I reached it at last, and, by bending under the window, had a fine view. The first thing that surprised me was that he had not begun to undress; but a greater was in store, for after walking across the room and locking the door he touched a board in the wall—which was of paneled oak—and it sprang open, revealing a small, secret chamber. It might have been Aladdin's cave, for it glittered and shone, even in the pale light. It contained the stolen property!

I watched with great interest for the next development, but I am bound to admit that it almost staggered me. The old man fumbled with his beard for some time, when it suddenly fell off, revealing the face of a man about forty; then the wig followed suit, and the metamorphosis was complete. It was a young man in disguise. The mystery was solved.—New York Mail.

A BLUFF BY JAY GOULD.

Brought the U. S. Express Company to Terms by Buying Safes.

Recalling early days in the express business, an officer of one of the largest companies recently told this story: "Gould and Fiske then had hold of the Erie," he said, "and the United States Express Company had all the express business on the road. The contract was about to expire and Gould wanted an arrangement more profitable to the Erie."

"The Erie's doing all the work and you're making all the money," Gould said to the express people. "You ought to do some of the work and give the railroad a chance at the money."

"The express company officials demurred. Their profit, they insisted, was no more than they were entitled to and they refused to shade the contract a penny. Gould insisted on a decrease, but they remained obdurate and eventually let the Erie president understand—what he very well knew—that no other company would compete against the United States for the Erie business. All the companies at that time were in an agreement to maintain rates."

"All right," said Gould at the conclusion of the interview, "you've no objection, I guess, to my going into the express business for myself. It looks better than railroading."

"The express people replied that Gould could organize all the express companies he wanted to. They thought it was all bluff, but things that came to their attention soon weakened their faith in this idea. Gould was going around among his associates talking up an express company scheme, officials of other roads were told that a new company would be in the field to bid for their business and the papers began to talk about the new Gould Express Company."

"The express officials, however, saw none of Gould's money going into the enterprise and stood pat. Presently it was reported that he had bought twenty-four big express safes. Was this talk or was it business? The express men asked themselves. They set to work investigating and they discovered that the report was true. Gould had actually bought and paid for the safes—safes cost money in those days, too—and he was negotiating for all the other equipment required."

"Now, thoroughly convinced of Gould's sincerity, the express company came to terms. Gould got the best contract from a railroad standpoint that had been known up to that time. The clause in the contract that the United States Express Company considered most valuable to itself was one stipulating the abandonment of Gould's express plans."

"It was all a bluff on Gould's part, except buying the safes. For that matter the purchase was, of course, part of the bluff, but Gould had actually bought and paid for them unconditionally. Nevertheless he lost nothing on the deal, for as soon as friendly relations were established with the express officials he persuaded them they could use the safes in their business and sold them to them at a little better than cost."

"Was Thomas C. Platt at the head of the United States Express Company then?" the man telling the story was asked.

"No," was the reply, "neither Platt nor any other senator."—New York Sun.

A large cocoanut tree yields as many as a hundred nuts a year. Natives use the nuts for dishes as well as for food.

CORDAYLIA OF THE ALLEY.

At the corner o' the alley
Sits Cordaylia McNally,
At the corner o' the alley where the people come an' go
In a penitent procession
Passin' to an' from confession
In the old Church of St. Joseph that was builded long ago.
Oh! 'Tis well she knows there's many Has the charitable penny
More convynient to their fingers than any other day.
An' her tongue it is so sooth'rin'
An' so masterful delud'rin'
There are mortal fe's whatever she'll be lettin' get away.

For, Oh! the Irish eyes of her
They twinkle at ye so,
Ye hate to think the sighs of her
Are part o' the disguise of her,
So, fair, she has yer penny gathered in before ye know.

There's small use in walkin' fasher
'Sist to hurry in a-past her,
Shure, she's let ye go, unnoticed, wid yer little load o' sin.

But, Oh! man, she has ye spotted,
An' yer penny good-as spotted,
For she knows that ye'll be softer comin' out than goin' in!

For there's nothin' but good nature
In the meanest Irish creature
While he feels the soul inside o' him is cleansed of iv'ry blot.
Should Cordaylia then address ye
Wid her sootherin' "God bless ye!"
'Tis not you will dare to judge if she's deservin' it or not.

For Oh! the Irish eyes of her
They twinkle at ye so,
Ye hate to think the sighs of her
Are part o' the disguise of her,
So, fair, she has yer penny gathered in before ye know.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

FUNNY FELLOWS COLUMN

"LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU"

"And what is your new little brother's name?" "They haven't found out yet."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

First Physician—Has he got an hereditary trouble? Second Physician—Yes, I hope to hand his case down to my son.—Harper's Bazar.

She—Would you rather walk or ride there? He—Well, I've been out in the motor car so much lately that I think I'd rather ride for a change.—Puck.

"Sir!" exclaimed the pompous individual, "I am a self-made man." "I accept your apology," murmured he of the patrician countenance.—Philadelphia Record.

Muggins—I hear you are having your daughter's voice cultivated. Bugins—Yes, I'm afraid it can't be cured, so I am doing the next best thing.—Philadelphia Record.

"Has your wealth brought you happiness?" asked the philosopher. "Perhaps not," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "but it has at least stood between me and a lot of annoyances."—Washington Star.

First Author—Oh, the unutterable monotony of existence! I am thoroughly disgusted with it all. Would that I might completely disappear for a while! Second Author—Then why don't you marry a famous woman?—Judge.

"I thought," said the jilt, "that you were going to shoot yourself when I refused you." "All in good time, madam," answered the jilted, icily. "I have already sent to three jobbers for price-lists on revolvers."—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Browne—Those new neighbors of yours are pretty lively. I never met people who indulged so much in repartee. Mrs. Malaprop—There ain't any harm in that, I'm fond o' 'em myself, only I prefer Oolong.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Bridget," said young Mrs. Bridey, "we'll have fried eggs for breakfast, and—" "We can't, mum," replied Bridget, "there's not an egg in the house." "Well, then, just make an omelet. I like that better anyway."—Philadelphia Press.

"The first thing Columbus did on landing in America was to kneel and express his gratitude." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "I suppose he was thankful to get here under circumstances that did not bring him into contact with the customs officers."—Washington Star.

"Mamma, what's the use of putting all those things for the baby in that sterilizing machine?" "Why, Willie, so that no bad germs will enter his system." "That's what I thought. But I know an easier way." "What's that?" "Why, while you were out I sterilized the baby!"—Life.

Ascum—You're a literary man, you say. Woody—O! yes, I do considerably writing for the papers. Ascum—I never noticed your name.—Woody—O! no, I have several pen-names that I use; usually Constant Reader or Pro Bono Publico or Old Subscriber.—Philadelphia Press.

How Whistler Spied Him.
Of Whistler, the famous American painter, an artist said at the Groller Club in New York:

"I knew and admired Whistler in the early days of my career in Paris. He lived luxuriously; I lived in a garret. Though he liked me none the less for that, he did not permit any false delicacy to keep him from poking me about my poorhouse ways."

"One day, in a very shabby suit, I was strolling on the Boulevard des Italiens when some one hailed me from the rear. I turned and saw Whistler hastening toward me in his tall hat and his lemon-colored gloves, waving his long black cane."

"Ah," said I, rather flattered, "so you recognized me from behind, did you, master?"

"Yes," said Mr. Whistler, laughing maliciously, "I spied you through a hole in your coat."

The Witches of Old Salem

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.



FTER having had a world of trouble with their ministers, the people of Salem finally ordained their first settled pastor on the 18th of November, 1689.

This pastor, the Rev. Samuel Parris, had two negro slaves that he had brought with him from the West Indies. Of a low grade of intelligence, these negroes had brought with them the "charms" and "conjurations" that were common among the blacks in Barbadoes and Africa, and to learn their Black Art a circle of 12 or 14 young girls was formed at Mr. Parris's house during the winter of 1691-92.

The children were apt pupils, and it was not long before they were able to talk gibberish, go into "swoons" and repeat all of the outlandish tricks of their ebony-hued teachers. They would go down on all fours, crawl under chairs and tables, go off into fits, and speak all sorts of senseless jargon.

But the Salem of 1691-92 was a most staid and circumspect community, full of the "fear of the Lord" and of detestation of all frivolity, and finally the children were severely upbraided by their elders for their silly and unseemly action. Then, as Fiske remarked, "seeing themselves in danger of getting whipped for meddling with such uncanny matters, what could be more natural for them than to seek an avenue of escape by declaring that they were bewitched, and could not help doing as they did?"

Little did the silly young creatures realize the enormity of their answer! They were "bewitched!" But who bewitched them?

Out of the answer to that question was born the blackest page in our country's history—the Salem witch trials, in which 19 innocent persons were hanged, several of whom were as noble men and women as have ever honored the name of humanity. Among the victims were Rebecca Nurse, the venerable and saintly head of a large and prominent family; the Rev. George Burroughs, a Harvard graduate, a former Salem pastor, a man whose character was as fine as his intellect was powerful; and John Proctor, whose manly action upon the scaffold shows him to have been some of the "salt of the earth."

When the girls began to accuse the "witches" and "wizards" the ministers gave them hearty encouragement. The devil, they claimed, having done about all the harm he could in the Old World, was getting ready to entrap the New Englanders and the "bewitching" of the boys of girls at the house of the Rev. Mr. Parris was his first work in the new field.

The lawyers were with the ministers, and when Governor Phipps appointed the court for the witchcraft trials they sprang to the work before them with alacrity and delight. To be accused was to be adjudged guilty, and thick and fast the executions came.

Finally the girls, growing overconfident, struck too high, and the eyes of the people were opened. Between Jun. 1692, when the trials began, and January, 1693, when they were discontinued, 19 persons were executed, and when the court was abolished 59 were lying in the jails waiting to be tried.—New York American.

Happy Wedlock

Sympathy in Tastes,
Harmony in Temperament.

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

O far from accepting the theory that marriage is justly to be regarded as a business transaction, I should claim it to be one of the best means of securing happiness in married life that young people should not only love each other warmly, but should begin poor, if possible, and thus have the discipline of mutual sacrifices, and have the pleasure of making their way upward in prosperity by gradual steps. It is one of the merits of human nature, or at least of American nature, that a young girl may be brought up to every luxury, and may still, after marrying the man she loves, take a positive delight in sacrificing, for his sake, all her previous ways of living; and she will do the honors of the log cabin as if it were an ancestral hall. I am conscious of no stoical aversion to wealth, but I think it is a bad thing for young people to begin with; that they are better off without it, and that it always gives them a sense of security to look back in later life on their day of small means.

The next secret of success in marriage is to cultivate sympathy of tastes. Let the married pair have congenial occupations, if not the same pursuits. One of the happiest wedded pairs I know of is a couple, no longer in their first youth, who devote their leisure time to pursuits in which they find absolute sympathy. The husband is a herdworking business man, and not a college graduate. Out of business hours, he and his wife have two leading interests—music and the study of nature. His special department in the latter field is ornithology, and her's botany. In winter they have the symphony concerts and her piano, on which she is proficient. In summer they are out of doors in all weathers. This unity of purpose is not accidental.

Yet far more difficult than the mere harmonizing of opinions is, in married life, the harmonizing of tempers; since, while many people have no opinions worth mentioning on any subject, the humblest or most ignorant can set up a temper. Nothing can deal with tempers except conscience and time.

A great aid to the harmonizing of tempers is to study mutually what may be called the equation of preferences—that is, to form a habit of considering, when husband and wife differ about any matter, which of the two has really the most reason to care about it. Many a household jar which would have prolonged stings behind it, if made a mere test of will and persistence, is settled easily when the equation of preferences is applied to it, and each is ready to make a little sacrifice to save the other from a greater one.

But, after all, the ideal success in marriage is to be found in a mutual dependence so deep that it was best described by that fine old Englishman, Mr. Cambridge, who used to say that, after 40 years of married life, the highest happiness of which he could conceive was that of seeing Mrs. Cambridge enter the room.

The Art of Being Well Born

By Havelock Ellis.



UGENIC certificates, according to Mr. Francis Galton's proposal, would be issued by a suitably constituted authority to those candidates who chose to apply for them and were able to pass the necessary tests. Such certificates would imply an inquiry and examination into the ancestry of the candidate as well as into his own constitution, health, intelligence and character; and the possession of such a certificate would involve a superiority to the average in all these respects. No one would be compelled to offer himself for such examination, just as no one is compelled to seek a university degree, but its possession would often be an advantage. There is nothing to prevent the establishment of a board of examiners of this kind tomorrow, and we may be sure that, once established, many candidates would hasten to present themselves. There are obviously many positions in life wherein a certificate of this kind of superiority would be helpful. But its chief distinction would be that its possession would be a kind of patent of natural nobility; the man or woman who held it would be one of nature's aristocrats, to whom the future of the race might be safely left without further question.

KEYSTONE STATE GULLINGS

DEMPTSTER DIES SINGING
Washington County Murderer Pays the Penalty for His Brutal Crime.

Elmer Dempster, colored, was hanged January 17 at Washington, and was pronounced dead 14 minutes later. He had been found guilty of the murder of Mrs. Mary E. Pearce and her three children on July 29 last. Dempster early in the morning ate a substantial breakfast. He walked unflatteringly and as he neared the scaffold he burst into song. Before the scaffold had been reached he had sung the first verse of a hymn. On the scaffold he asked permission to say a few words, and, facing those present, engaged in prayer.

Dempster's sister, employed in Canonsburg, visited him in jail and the parting was very distressing, the girl, who is older, weeping bitterly. Dempster had a Bible which had been given him by Adjutant Black of the Salvation Army. This Bible he gave to his sister and told her he would meet her in heaven.

One of the best gas wells of recent years has just been completed about three miles from Kane. It is about 1,200 feet from the Keeler gusher struck last September, and which could not be shot in until thousands of dollars' worth of gas had escaped. The roar of the new well can be heard for miles. Glass houses at Kane had intended leaving there on account of the scarcity of gas, but the recent strikes may cause a change of plans.

Six men were overcome by poisonous gas in the Painter and Home mines of the H. C. Frick Coke Company near Connellsville following an explosion in Painter. John Wackaman and Frank Valencia will likely die. Others carried unconscious from the pit were Henry Suttle, Edward Eckman, John Farley and William Jones.

Governor-elect Edwin S. Stuart, announced the following cabinet appointments: Attorney General, M. Hampton Todd of Philadelphia; Secretary of the Commonwealth, Robert McAfee of Allegheny; Adjutant General, Thomas J. Stewart of Montgomery county; Private Secretary, Archibald B. Millar of Philadelphia.

When the legislature reconvened on the 14th, many investigation resolutions were offered, including one by Senator Rodgers for a thorough inquiry into the business methods in the state treasurer's and auditor general's departments and others for new capitol and railroad probing; a 2-cent fare bill was also introduced.

Bishop Cortlandt Whitehead held services at the Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church in Sixth avenue, Pittsburg, unroofing and depositing the Rev. Dr. F. E. J. Lloyd, who resigned the pastorate of St. Peter's Church, Uniontown, to enter the Roman Catholic denomination and become a missionary of that faith.

Five months after the theft of signal lights from the Baltimore & Ohio trestle near Outcrop, south of Uniontown, which came near wrecking the Pittsburg and Weston flyer, Thomas Stockton has been arrested and lodged in jail at Uniontown, charged with complicity.

The Coon Oil Company, operating in Forest county, near Tionesta, completed a well which is producing "white" oil at the rate of 15 barrels daily. It is said to be the first well of the kind in that section. The Standard offered \$3 a barrel for the fluid.

At a depth of 2,200 feet the Pittsburg Plate Glass Company has brought in a paying gas well on the Huffman farm near Delmont. The company has leased 8,000 acres between Harvey's Five Points and Salsburg, and additional wells will be sunk.

Lieut.-Col. Hugh S. Taylor of Bellefonte was elected colonel of the Fifth regiment N. G. P., succeeding Col. Rufus C. Elder, resigned. Capt. George W. Creed, Jr., of Company D, at Blairsville, was elected lieutenant colonel.

Blair county claims the championship office holder of the state in Howard M. Sell who in addition to being county auditor, is assistant county treasurer, witness clerk in the probatory's office and serves as a jurymen.

Philadelphia shows the largest increase of any county in Pennsylvania in the return of personal property, subject to taxation for state purposes at the rate of four mills, to the state board of revenue commissioners for 1906.

James Fitzpatrick, aged 50 years, was murdered and robbed at Newton Hamilton and the body placed upon the tracks to hide evidences of the crime. It is known that he had considerable money with him.

Stephen S. Gray, a pioneer resident of Bolivar, and one of the brothers for whom Gray station was named, was struck by a train and killed while crossing the railroad at that place. He was aged 72.

The President sent the following nominations of Pennsylvania postmasters to the Senate: J. G. Lloyd, Ebensburg; J. G. McCamart, Tyrone, and S. R. McMorrin, Aspinwall.

The Etchard Coal & Coke Company of Connellsville purchased 208 acres of coking coal from James Clark in Stickel Hollow for \$375,000. The Clark tract has been handed down in the family for many generations. Two hundred ovens will be constructed.

A deal is under way to consolidate 30 silk mills in this and adjoining States under the name of the American Silk Company. It is said the capitalization of the merged concern will be \$22,500,000, and that Matthew C. Collins of York, will be general manager.