

THE BOWLEGGED MAN.

"Bantyleg, Bantyleg, where are you from? You must have been riding astride of a drum! All up with your prowess, all up with your jig. If ever you started to fender a pig!"

The regiment forming enlisted him, too; He carried the water, for something to do. And when the red rattle and thunder of war came knocking one morning on Bantyleg's door...

struggled slowly and painfully to his feet. "Curse him! He's bruk my wrist. The game's up for this time."

Consolation for the Motorless

By the Editor of the New York Sun.

OST of us have heard from lips convinced of their own truth the tale which the Kennebec Journal tells of a solid but sportive Dirigo settler...

KEYSTONE STATE COLLINGS

NEGRO CONFESSES MURDER

Says He Was Paid to Kill by Rejected Suitor. John Jackson, the alleged murderer of Della Patterson at Westland, Washington county, on July 29, who was captured and confessed to killing the girl, waived a hearing on a charge of murder and was remanded to jail to await grand jury action.

APPEAL TO DEPOSITORS

Waynesburg Bank Directors Ask Them to Turn Over Money for a Year.

At the request of the directors Receiver Strawn of the defunct Farmers & Drivers National Bank of Waynesburg has addressed a letter to the depositors, asking them to sign an agreement that, if the bank is reopened by Oct. 1 next, they will accept time certificates of deposit for the amount of their deposits, payable a year after the reopening, with 4 per cent interest.

MORE MONEY FOR TEACHERS

It May Cost Nearly a Million Additional to Pay New Salaries.

An estimate made at the Department of Public Instruction at Harrisburg is that from half a million to one million dollars will be required, annually to pay the increase granted teachers in the public schools by the Snyder bill enacted last winter.

WATER SUPPLY CONDEMNED

Health Officer Orders Abandonment of All Sources in Elk County.

State Health Commissioner Dixon has condemned the water supply of Ridgeway, Elk county, where there is an epidemic of typhoid fever, and has required the abandonment of all existing supplies. New sources are to be obtained and the water filtered.

Mother of Five at 22.

The arrival of the stork with a girl baby at the home of Thomas Pasco at Monessen makes Mrs. Pasco at the age of 22 the mother of five children. Pasco is a tin-worker and is employed at the mills of the American Tin Plate Company.

Raise Price of County Burials.

Fayette county undertakers have asked that the price for burial from the county home be increased from \$15 to \$20 for adults, and from \$5 to \$12 for infants. The board of poor directors has agreed to the increased rate, but it must first be approved by the court.

Two Drowning Victims Found.

James McArthur of Los Angeles, Cal., a sailor on the steamer Blankington, fell overboard at Erie and was drowned. Hardly had McArthur's body been found when the body of Charles Engel, New Castle, Pa., was found floating on the Holt and street docks. The body has been in the water several days.

The output of coal in the Lewis field is unprecedented in the history of the region.

It is estimated that the ally output is nearly 50,000 tons. Operators say that the great problem is getting men to work in the mines, and at least 1,000 more miners could find employment in the region.

The Greene county court, Waynesburg, granted a charter to the Jefferson Fair Association, which has its grounds at Jefferson completed, and will hold the first fair the second week of October.

Pennsylvania State Sabbath School Convention will meet in Uniontown October 9-11.

True bills have been brought against almost all the Black Hand men in jail at New Castle.

Peach Crop Is Poor.

On his return from an inspection of the orchards in the peach belt of Pennsylvania, Secretary of Agriculture Martin said that with a continuation of the present weather there would be a better yield of corn than expected, perhaps two-thirds of the usual crop.

The annual reunion of the Philabaum family was held at Point Mills, about one hundred and fifty members from Washington and Greene counties, West Virginia and Eastern Ohio being present.

The Preacher's Grip.

By W. H. WITHROW.

"Say, Phin, let's put up a joke on the preacher," said Jim Larkins, a loutish fellow, to his rickety-wood comrade in many a drinking bout at the village tavern.

"I'm in it, whatever it is," replied Phin Crowle, with a vicious grin. "These worthies were notable sports and dog-fanciers, and each had his bulldog 'that could whip anything of its size and weight in the country.' It was agreed, therefore, to bring their respective dogs to the evening preaching, to keep them assunder till the service was well under way, and then to incite them to a fight. A few well-directed digs with their heels excited the beasts to angry growls and snarls, to the great amusement of the village toughs and to the great alarm of the women and girls.

Lawrence Temple, a student from a neighboring college, had just been appointed a local preacher with a view to the ministry. He was sent to try his 'prentice hand on the natives of the Four Corners Schoolhouse, a neglected rural neighborhood near the college town. His first preaching experiences were likely to be, to put it mildly, not uninteresting.

His previous practice of athletics in felling trees in a lumber camp stood him in good stead. He did not easily get rattled nor lose his head. When the disturbance became too obvious, he requested the owners of the dogs to keep them quiet or to take them out. When the annoyance continued, he announced that the disturbing of a religious service was a violation of the law and must cease at once.

"Now's yer time, Phin," said Larkins, in a loud aside, "let her go," and in a minute the exasperated dogs were rushing at each other's throats and causing a panic of terror among the women.

Quickly leaving the preacher's desk which served as a preaching stand, Lawrence walked down the central passage to where the dogs were snapping, snarling and rolling over each other on the floor.

"Take your dogs out," he said with a very decided tone and posture. Seeing that their owners took no notice, he added sternly: "And do it at once."

"Take 'em out yerself if yer wants to," said Phin Crowle, "but I warns yer it's at yer peril. If my Tige grips yer leg he'll never let go—not if yer cuts his head off."

"Open the door, please," said the young preacher, which was promptly done by a man sitting near it. Lawrence had not practised football in vain. Before their loutish owners could interfere, he had planted a well directed and tremendous kick on the interlocked and astonished dogs that unlocked their jaws; followed by two others, that swept first one and then the other over the threshold and into the outer darkness before they knew where they were.

"Now follow your dogs!" he said grimly to the cowardly bullies—for your bully is always a coward.

"Supposin' we don't choose to!" drawled Larkins.

"I'll simply have to make you!" said Lawrence with blazing eyes. "And tomorrow have you fined for disturbing public worship."

"Let's go, Jim," said Phin; "he's got the drop on us this time."

"We'll be even with yer yet, Mr. Preacher, and be blanked to yer," growled the human brute, Larkins, more degraded than his dog, and went into the blackness of night making the air lurid with oaths and curses.

In a moment Lawrence was calm again, and with earnest pleading tones he read over the words in the Apocalypse concerning the finally impatient: "Without, in the blackness of darkness forever, are dogs, and sorcerers, and whatsoever loveth and maketh a lie," and with tears in his voice he exhorted his hearers to heed the solemn warnings of God and to flee from his present and eternal wrath. His words came home with strange power and not a few of the ruffians' companions who had "come to scoff remained to pray."

his way home from his first service at the Four Corners Schoolhouse. A great gladness filled his soul and he heeded not the wild and wintry winds nor the drifting clouds that were scudding rapidly across the sky. Through their rifts the moon shone brightly. Just as he reached a bridge across a ravine two figures glided out of the shadows of the trees, accompanied by two dogs. Lawrence at once recognized them as Jim Larkins and Phin Crowle and their invariable companions—we might almost say comrades—Bull and Tige.

"Now, Mr. Preacher," growled Larkins, "I said I'd be even with yer yet, and blest if it isn't goin' to be tonight." Only "blest" was not exactly the word he used, but one of opposite meaning.

"I have no cause of quarrel with you," said Lawrence. "I forgive you all about that little incident at the schoolhouse."

"But I ain't forgiv' yer, nor Bull neither, and we've got yer where we want yer. Sic'm, Bull! Sic'm, Tige!" Ominous growlings and snarlings followed, but just then a rift in the cloud emitted a bright gleam of moonlight which, reflected by the snow, revealed the group with almost the light of day. Both dogs seemed to recognize the man with the emphatic boots with which they had so recently made unpleasant acquaintance, and slunk behind their respective owners.

"Curse 'em! I never knowed 'em to do like that afore. Yer're not afraid, he yer? Ere, Bull, sic'm, Tige, seize helt."

"We'll have to wade in, Phin." "I have no quarrel with either of you, and don't want to have," said Lawrence.

"Oh, yer're a coward, he yer? On yer own ground in the schoolhouse yer wuz hold enough, but here yer sings another tune. Yer've got ter fight and one or other of us goes over that ridge," and he pointed to the deep chasms in the ravine.

"Not I, if I can help it, nor you either, so far as I am concerned," replied Lawrence, calmly.

"Take that, will yer?" said Larkins, and he hit him a buffet on the cheek. "I never struck a man yet," said Lawrence, "and I don't intend to; but I don't object to a passive resistance," and he skilfully warded off blow after blow of Larkins' furious onset.

"Why don't ye pite in, Phin? Give it 'im heavy."

"Not I," said Phin, "It's no fun hittin' a man that won't hit back, I'll stand by and see fair play."

"Curse 'im an' yer too. It's no fair play I want, but his blood, an' I'll have it, fair play or foul," and he made a mad rush at Lawrence which would have swept him over the undefended edge of the bridge, had he not been quick as a weasel.

Larkins, with another rush, got inside Lawrence's guard and flung his long arms around the slim student preacher with a grasp like a boa-constrictor's. The ground was icy. Lawrence was in real peril of being hurled over the bridge side into the ravine whose bottom was studded with stumps and wood-cutters' debris. Par to his wretched he got a wrestling grip on Larkins, and they swayed and struggled on the narrow bridge, the one trying to get near the edge, the other to keep in the centre.

It was not for nothing that Lawrence had developed his thighs and sinews loading saw-logs in the lumber-camp. With a mighty effort he lifted his antagonist from the ground and could easily have flung him over the bridge into the ravine, but he merely threw him into the snow-drift by the roadside, and was in turn dragged down.

"Here, Bull, here, Tige, sic 'im! Seize 'im! Tear 'im!" roared Larkins with lip-blistering oaths.

"No, yar don't, Tige," said Phin; "two to one is agin the rules o' the game."

Bull snarled and snapped, but the clouds again drifted across the moon and in the shadow it was impossible to distinguish which was Lawrence. With a tremendous effort Lawrence wrenched himself free, and Larkins

struggled slowly and painfully to his feet. "Curse him! He's bruk my wrist. The game's up for this time."

"Sorry I hurt you," said Lawrence. "I didn't want to. Let me see if it is badly injured."

"Pains like thunder," said Larkins, holding up a dangling wrist. "Here, Phin, yer take helt."

"Let the preacher try," said Phin, as Larkins howled with pain. "He knows more about these things nor I do."

Lawrence, who had often bound up sprains and bruises in the lumber camp, took hold of the injured wrist, despite Larkins' reluctance, and tenderly examined it, though Larkins winced at the touch.

"No bones broken, my good fellow," said Lawrence, "only a bad sprain. Let me make a splint," and he rapidly shaped two flat pieces of wood, and saying, "See, Phin, how it is done," carefully bound them with his own handkerchief on the sprained wrist. "Isn't that better?" he asked.

"Ain't so all-fired painful as 'twuz," admitted Larkins.

"Now let me make you a sling. Got another handkerchief, boys?" But neither of them possessed such an article; so Phin took off his braces—"galluses," he called them—and "took up the slack of his trousers," as he termed it, with a nail, while Lawrence made a sling to support the injured wrist.

"I am very, very sorry," he said; "I didn't want to hurt you, believe me."

"Oh, hang it all," said Larkins, "served me right, I guess—yer're not such a bad lot arter all. Will yer shake hands and call it quits?" and he held out his uninjured hand. "I meant murder, though, blest if I didn't!"—and this time the word was not a curse. "I couldn't have done like yer did arter the ways I treated yer, not by a jufal. Will yer forgive me?"

"With all my heart," said Lawrence; and as he shook hands with both the cronies, he added, "I bear you no malice at all. Good bless you both."

"Here, Bull, here Tige," said the discomfited comrades as they lurching along to the Four Corners, and Lawrence went light-hearted on his way to town. He had both killed an enemy and made a friend, adopting the Master's own method, the true psychology of overcoming evil with good. Henceforth Larkins and Crowle were the preacher's champions at the Four Corners.

"I ain't no slouch at a wrestle nuther," Larkins admitted to Phin; "that underholt ur his is a corker."—From The Christian Herald.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The town of Orson, Sweden, is without taxes, as it derives sufficient revenues from a forest reservation.

The village of Elwood, Kansas, is slowly slipping into the Missouri river and the town has been practically abandoned.

Colorado sportsmen are now clamoring for an open season against Rocky Mountain sheep. They say the closed season has covered such a long period the herds have increased beyond all bounds.

Amputating a horse's leg at the fetlock joint, Professor Udriski, of the veterinary school at Bucharest, has replaced the lost portion with a leather artificial leg that enables the animal to walk about and take exercise.

Ben Vanasek, who five years ago, sold newspapers on the streets of Milwaukee and played a cornet in a newsboy's band, has been awarded the grand prize for cornet playing by the National Conservatory of Music at Paris.

"Worked to death" was the verdict of a London coroner's jury in the case of Isabella Thurgood, a widow of 77 years old, who died after a hard day at the washtub. "I think the Lord is calling me, but I am ready," she said just before she passed away.

The word Psyche, originally signifying the soul, came afterward to mean also a butterfly—a likeness being observed between the manner in which a soul and a butterfly, freed from the body or chrysalis in which they have been confined on earth, rise on wing and waft themselves in the light.

An interesting new work just published in Germany is "Der Kaiser und die Kunst," by Paul Seidel, director of the Hohenzollern museum. It was prepared by order of the emperor, and contains reproductions of his numerous sketches for monuments, sea views, stage pictures, etc., as well as of oil paintings.

The names of the "Three Fates" were Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos. To express the influence which they were believed to exercise on human life from birth to death they were represented as spinning a thread of gold, silver or wool, now tightening, now slackening, and at last cutting it off. Clotho, the youngest, put the wool around the spindle, Lachesis spun it, and the aged Atropos cut it off when a man had to die.

Greed Causes Wars

By Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch.

IN time of war one would think every nation had a different God, for they all pray to their God that victory may perch upon their banners. If nations would remember there is only one God for all, could they ask Him to bless their arms, thereby implying that the arms of the other nation should not be blessed? If every man is God's child, then we should have no wars on this earth.

Let us be honest and not try to deceive ourselves with the idea we go to war from a humanitarian standpoint. This country went to war with Spain because we said we could not tolerate the abuses the Spaniards were inflicting on Cuba. How is it, then, that when the outrages in Russia had startled the whole world, we did not demand that they cease? No, we knew Spain was a little boy, and we could turn him over and give him something on the other side. But Russia is a giant, and we are not humanitarians in that case.

The American nation is not a greater hypocrite than any other nation, perhaps not so great, but let all the nations repent. Greed is behind all these lapses from grace when one nation goes to war with another. Yes, have a "big stick," but speak softly. When you have a "big stick" you are not likely to speak softly. What is the use of a "big stick" if you don't use it?

We want peace, and it will come, for the world's conscience is aroused and the common people know they are fit for something better than to be fed to the cannon's mouth.

Why Breathing

Is Even More Essential Than a Beautiful Voice for Perfect Singing.

By Nellie Melba.

I CANNOT too forcibly insist that the mere possession of a lovely voice is only the basis of vocal art. Nature occasionally startles one by the prodigality of her gifts, but no student has any right to expect to sing by inspiration, any more than an athlete may expect to win a race because he is naturally fleet of foot.

Methods of breathing, "attack" and the use of the registers, must all be perfectly understood by the successful singer, who should likewise be complete master of all details relating to the structure and use of these parts, and be convinced of the necessity of a perfectly controlled chest expansion in the production of tone.

For perfect singing, correct breathing, strange as it may sound, is even more essential than a beautiful voice. No matter how exquisite the vocal organ may be, its beauty cannot be adequately demonstrated without proper breath control. Here is one of the old Italian secrets which many singers of today wholly lack, because they are unwilling to give the necessary time for the full development of breathing power and control. Phrasing, tone, resonance, expression, all depend upon respiration; and in my opinion musical students, even when too young to be allowed the free use of the voice, should be thoroughly taught the principles of breathing.—From The Century.

Case of Self-Sacrifice

By James N. McCarthy.

A SHORT time ago a man was lying near death's door in the New York Hospital, having received a very bad injury. The attending physicians said that the only hope of saving the man's life was to graft a large piece of skin, cut from the arm of some healthy person, on the body of the injured man. But, as is usual in such cases, nobody could be found who wanted to part with a piece of his skin and the outlook seemed dark for the injured man.

A suggestion was made to apply to the Salvation Army. This was done, and a cadet in the training school in Fourteenth street, under Colonel Chandler, volunteered. A large piece of skin was grafted from the body of the Salvation Army cadet, on to the body of the injured man, and the latter a short time afterward recovered. When the Salvation cadet was asked why he made the sacrifice he replied: "For the greater glory of God." This is what I call practical Christianity.