

MASSIE'S CREEK.

I've just been wondering, Bill, if you remember Massie's Creek—

Remember how we used to throw our bare selves down, and lie

Or "creek" they call it nowadays—with sunbath growing thick

Along the banks, and willows that bent down to make a shade

Above the dreaming shallows where us boys one time would wade.

The sunshine shantled through the leaves and jeweled all the stream,

Remember how it used to loaf sedately through the town

As laughter sometimes bubbles through the mazes of a dream.

And out into the pasture lands, and then would hurry down

And we knew not that roundabout the big world waited then

Between the cliffs—and sang and sang a song to you and me

To rob us of our boyish ways when we should grow to men.

That told us of the outer world, the rivers and the sea.

I've just been wondering, Bill, that's all, if you still hear it sing.

If you can shut your eyes and see the spray that it would fling

Call softly through the summer days—and does your heart beat quick

Above the rocks until it sparkled on the hanging ferns

In answer? Does your mind leap back into the long ago

That nodded from the mossy cliffs in hidden nooks and turns.

And laugh and sing and dream again the days we used to know?

—Chicago Post.

At the Turning of the Long Lane.

By ROSALINE MASSON.

Miss Janet Galbraith took her best black kid gloves out of her corner drawer, and gave the strings of her Sunday bonnet a final adjustment

ner, across which the afternoon sun struck. Her head was bent and she was thinking—perhaps of a grave far away under the palm trees on the Pacific coast, where the hot sand had lain for—was it thirty years? Or perhaps she was thinking of that presumptuous uncle-in-law who had ousted her from her rightful place in the old corner, and forced her to rest at last, as she had lived, alone.

It was not Sunday and yet Miss Janet donned her Sunday bonnet and took out her best black kid gloves this morning, and sallied forth with a face of dignified intention.

She paused, and drew herself up with a quick, shy movement, and a shade of annoyance passed over her gentle face. There was a man, a stranger, standing beside her "lair." The man had his back turned towards her, and if one judged by his bent head, was thinking also. Miss Galbraith presently found courage to draw near and take up her position on the little piece of mossy turf she had selected to be her final resting-place.

She made no reply, but she shivered a little, as if with cold. "It was my mother's," he said. "I was not a good son to her—I was a wild, heedless lad, and I ran off to sea, and never wrote."

He looked from the name on the gravestone to the ring that lay in the palm of his hand. "I should like to make a good woman a happy before I die," he said. Miss Galbraith turned silently to lead the way as usual to the newer part of the churchyard; but he put out his hand and detained her.

Miss Galbraith visited the grave every Sunday at the conclusion of service. This was a decorous habit, allowing Miss Galbraith's little servant time to run home and rapidly wash the potatoes, and also allowing time for the congregation to disperse.

"Oh, whist!" he interrupted. "Does that mean?" he cried, hoarsely, and his fingers closed tightly over the ring. "You are surely forgetting what day this is," she said; "this is the Sabbath!"

But the speaker was mistaken. The anniversaries that are marked in the calendar are not the only ones in a woman's reckoning. There was a certain day—in June it was, when the sun shone and the birds sang year after year in unconscious cruelty—when Miss Janet always, unostentatiously wore black; and in the afternoon, when the duties of the day were over, she would go upstairs to her own room and after carefully drawing down the blinds, whether to keep out the sunshine or to prevent the birds from looking in was uncertain.

"Are we to pick up our last moorings alongside, in this little haven?" asked a quiet voice, and she looked up to find him standing in front of her, his hat in his hand. A sudden pink tinge Miss Janet's pale cheeks, where the marks of tears still showed. She bowed gravely. "It would seem so," she answered, in her soft, low, Scottish voice. They stood in silence, side by side for a moment or two, she with shyly averted face. He still kept his hat in his hand, and Miss Galbraith, to whom these courtesies were unfamiliar, was gratified.

embodiment of peace in yourself," was how he ended the sentence in his own mind.

Miss Galbraith made no answer. She thought the conversation ought to cease—it was very irregular. But it seemed ungracious to walk away; and then—what had he said?—something about last moorings and a haven. It really seemed like an introduction sanctioned by the Church—by the burial service.

"I have come home from a wandering, sea-faring life purposely to lay my bones in old Scotland, beside my parents; but—" he glanced westward towards the yew.

"Is the lair full?" she inquired with sudden interest. "That is just how it is with me!"

And after that it seemed very natural that they should saunter west together to the older graves among the yews. Thus it came about that she learned, from one tombstone, that his name was Jamieson and that his father had been a farmer, and he learned from another tombstone that her name was Galbraith, and that her father had been the doctor of the little town.

"Doubtless they would have been acquainted, living so near one another," she hazarded. "And some day we are to have homes next to one another," he reminded her.

After this it became a tacitly accepted custom that he should accompany Miss Galbraith after service on Sundays to visit the tombs of her forebears and of his, and then that they should leave the shadows of the yews and linger on the green patch of open ground where they had first met.

And so May passed into June, and June brought the anniversary with it, and it fell on a Sunday; and Miss Galbraith, clad in unostentatious black, walked slowly beside the stranger, who was a stranger no longer, and the thought of the old desk and the coming rite of the afternoon kept her cold and silent.

They stood beside her parents' grave, and he laid his hand on it. It was a broad, braided hand, and on the little finger was a thin, worn old wedding-ring. Her eyes rested on it; she had not seen him wear it before. He followed the direction of her glance, and took the ring off, and held it thoughtfully.

"I don't know what made me put it on to-day," he said. "She made no reply, but she shivered a little, as if with cold. "It was my mother's," he said. "I was not a good son to her—I was a wild, heedless lad, and I ran off to sea, and never wrote."

He looked from the name on the gravestone to the ring that lay in the palm of his hand. "I should like to make a good woman a happy before I die," he said. Miss Galbraith turned silently to lead the way as usual to the newer part of the churchyard; but he put out his hand and detained her.

"Won't you have it?" he asked, and held out his hand, in the palm of which lay the ring. "Ever since I saw you standing there, all alone, crying, with your sweet face—" "Oh, whist!" he interrupted. "Does that mean?" he cried, hoarsely, and his fingers closed tightly over the ring.

"You are surely forgetting what day this is," she said; "this is the Sabbath!" He laughed outright, in a sudden revulsion of gladness. "Have I broken the Sabbath?" he cried. "Rivet it, then, by accepting me."

That afternoon Miss Janet Galbraith pulled down the blinds and unlocked the old desk, with its contents lying on her lap. She did not read the letters, but suddenly she laid her cheek against the photograph.

"Oh, laddie—it's not that I forget you!" she said, "but see how young you are by me—you'd maybe expect me to be the lassie you left—and oh, laddie, I've been so lonely!"—Scottish Review.

The Lady and the Anecdote. Quonah Parker, the millionaire chief of the Comanches, was discussing in Guthrie a new Indian bill.

"The bill is no good," said the chief. "It would not have any effect. It reminds me of a young French lady in Washington."

"I was dining in Washington at an Ambassador's house, and this young lady was the only female guest. An Italian Duke wanted to tell an anecdote, but he hesitated.

"My story," he said, "is a very good one, but it is rather low in the neck, and before the young lady—" "But she laughed and interrupted him.

"Oh, don't mind me!" she said. "I'll shut my eyes. Go on."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Lightning Dries Up Spring. During a severe storm on Friday in the lower part of this county near East Prospect, the lightning struck a large chestnut tree on the farm of George Anstine. The shock burst the tree asunder, and then the electricity disappeared into a spring at the base of the tree.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

CAPTURE BLACK HAND MEN

Alleged Writers of Threatening Letters Rounded Up in Stone Quarry.

After shadowing a deserted stone quarry near Grapeville five days, Sergt. Pitcher and Pte. Brooks of Troop A, State Police Force, arrested Scinnie Scario, who is accused of terrorizing wealthy Italian residents of Greensburg and Jeanette. The arrest brought about the capture of four others, John Deore, Pietro Accor, Marbis Sarvatio and one who refuses to give his name.

John Albertoli, a Jeanette contractor, received a threatening letter, demanding that he place \$1,200 in the old stone quarry. A dummy package of money had been placed at the foot of a tree, and Scario was arrested just after he had torn away the cover of the package. The other two were taken soon afterward, while acting suspiciously in the vicinity of the quarry. Charges of being suspicious characters were lodged against them. In their boarding house incriminating letters were found.

KNOX IS ENDORSED

State League of Republican Clubs Favors Senator's Candidacy.

United States Senator Knox was formally endorsed for Republican nomination for President next year by the Pennsylvania State League of Republican clubs at the closing session of its twentieth annual convention at Harrisburg.

This endorsement of Senator Knox is a part of the platform, which also demands the speedy punishment of those responsible for the alleged Capitol frauds and recommends that the pensions of soldiers be paid monthly instead of quarterly.

Following the election of officers the convention adjourned, to meet at Wilkes-Barre next year, the time to be fixed by the executive committee. Representative Robert P. Haggood of Bradford was unanimously chosen president.

Foreclose on Mines and Towns.

Attorney Geo. R. Scull, representing the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. of New York, issued a writ, the biggest in the history of the county, to foreclose a mortgage of \$180,000 against the Connellsville & Ursina Coal & Coke Co., Somerset county. The mortgaged property consists of nearly 8,000 acres of coal land and a railroad five miles long with two sidings. Unless relief is obtained the property and equipment will be sold by the sheriff at the December court. Located on the property is the mining town of Humbert.

Staff Appointments.

Gen. Willis J. Hulings, commanding the Second brigade, N. G. P., announced the following staff appointments: Assistant adjutant general, Maj. John M. Reed, Oil City; commissary, J. M. Martin, Greenville; judge advocate, W. O. McNary, Pittsburg; ordinance officer, Blaine Aiken, Washington; sergeant major, J. H. Poorman, Oil City; quartermaster sergeant, R. B. Wolfe, Pittsburg; color sergeant, John Lardreth, Union City.

State Medical Society Election.

The State Medical Society elected these officers at Reading: President, Wm. L. Estes, South Bethlehem; vice presidents, S. G. Statter, Alum Bank; Daniel Longaker, Reading; Theodore Diller, Pittsburg; D. J. Langton, Shenandoah; secretary, Cyrus Lee Stevens, Athens; assistant secretary, Theodore B. Appel, Lancaster; treasurer, Geo. W. Wagoner, Johnstown.

Organize Copper Company.

The Crown Point Copper Co. was organized at Punxsutawney by Punxsutawney, Reynoldsville, Knoxdale and Dubois business men. W. B. Meredith of Punxsutawney is president and Dr. J. D. Steiner of Knoxdale, treasurer. The company is capitalized at \$1,500,000, with headquarters for the present at Reynoldsville. The company owns 200 acres of land in Gila county, Arizona.

Will Not Change Fare.

Philadelphia & Reading Railway Co. announce that during October the round trip fare within the state of Pennsylvania will remain at the same as at present, pending the decision of the constitutionality of the two-cent fare law, which goes into effect Oct. 1. In instances where the fare exceeds two cents a mile it will be reduced to 2 cents.

New Coke Region Railroad.

Charters were issued to the following corporations: Dillsburg & Wellsville Railroad Co. to build a trolley line 7 1/2 miles long, in York county, capital \$75,000; Youghiogheny & Cheat River Railroad to build 15 miles of railroad in Fayette county; president, E. W. Mudge, Pittsburg; capital, \$200,000.

Dynamiters Convicted.

On a charge of dynamiting fish preferred by Game Warden M. P. Maitland, of Uniontown, two Italians were taken before Justice Montgomery, at Waynesburg. John Laskoley paid a fine of \$100 and costs, but his companion, Jos. Bogina, got 100 days in jail in default of paying his fine.

While hunting near Point Marion, Raymond McCahon, aged 13 years, accidentally shot his brother, Lucian, aged 7, and the lad died from the wound.

Grove City College opened with a splendid outlook. More new students were enrolled than at the beginning of any other session of the college in years.

After six months' idleness the Avonmore Foundry Co. at Avonmore has resumed operation.

OLD MYSTERY CLEARED

Finding of Skeleton Is Said to Be That of Murdered Man.

Workmen unearthed the skeleton of a man at the Hickory sand bank south of Wheatland, while taking out sand. It was in a perfect state of preservation, and older inhabitants of the town claim the discovery clears a supposed murder mystery of 60 years ago.

According to the story, Jacob Meier came from Lancaster to Mercer county during the construction of the Erie-Beaver canal, to purchase a farm. He carried his money in leather saddlebags and stopped at a camp of diggers at Pulaski. Here he displayed his money and told his purpose. He then started for the next camp above, which was at Sharon. He was riding a horse, and that was the last seen of him.

Relatives who searched for him found his horse a mile from the Hickory sand bank, and later picked up the empty saddlebags. The bags were found within half a mile of the sand bank where the skeleton was unearthed.

BOMB IS HURLED AT HOUSE

Building Partially Wrecked, but Occupants Escape Injury.

Shortly after dark Sunday night a dynamite bomb was thrown against the house of Frank Perry, an Italian boarding boss, at Altoona, wrecking one corner of the building. The occupants were congregated upon a rear porch and none was injured, although the explosion threw them into a panic.

Perry has lived there 11 months, and his countrymen know little of him. The police are working upon the theory that members of the Black Hand have attempted to frighten him and will follow the outrage with a demand for money.

Health Precautions on Sleepers.

Samuel G. Dixon, State Health Commissioner, directed that sheets in the berths of sleeping cars running through Pennsylvania must hereafter be sufficiently long to turn over at the upper end of the blanket at least two feet, so as to prevent the blanket from coming in contact with the face of the occupant of the berth. The same order also directs that porters on parlor cars must not brush the clothes of passengers in the aisle of cars, but only at the end of the coach beyond the seats. This order is designed to protect the traveling public from communicable diseases.

STATE S. S. WORKERS

Forty-third Annual Convention Will Meet at Uniontown.

More than 250 Sunday school workers of Allegheny county are expected to attend the forty-third annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Sabbath School Association, which will be called to order in the Uniontown Christian Church, Oct. 9, by H. J. Heinz, who is state president. Some of the most prominent Sunday school workers of the county have been secured to make addresses and deliver lectures. Sessions will be held morning, afternoon and evening, beginning Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock and closing Friday evening.

PHILADELPHIA, BEWARE!

City Must Be Good or Face Destruction, Says Colored Prophetess.

Miss G. D. Gale, a colored prophetess, who lives at Red Lion, York county, predicts that Philadelphia will be entirely destroyed by fire, unless it mends its ways after a third warning from her. This prediction was made while she was addressing an evangelistic meeting at Lake View park, Red Lion.

Mrs. Gale says that President McKinley was warned by her of his assassination, that she predicted the Baltimore fire, and that in the not far distant future God will demolish everything in New York city.

Transit Line Sold.

The Shamokin & Mt. Carmel Transit line, between Shamokin and Ashland, which has been tied up since last May, was sold by the principal stockholders residing in Lancaster county, to coal region capitalists, headed by former Congressman F. W. Samuel of Mt. Carmel. The road which is 16 miles long, will be reopened at once.

State police at Grecksides, Indiana county, made a haul of 11 foreigners, who two weeks ago held up and robbed one of their countrymen in a hotel at West Lebanon, Indiana county. Six were held for court and sent to the Indiana jail, and the others got bail.

Seven railway companies operating in York county were merged into the York Railway Co. The new corporation will be capitalized at \$3,297,000. The chief object is to get rid of the New Jersey charter and operate under the laws of Pennsylvania, with headquarters in York.

Explosion Causes \$2,000 Loss.

An explosion of powder in the basement of Jos. Clae's store at Canonsburg seriously damaged the building causing a loss of over \$2,000. The origin of the explosion is a mystery.

Pittsburgers Buy Oil Land.

John F. Post has sold leases for oil and gas or a block of territory south of Washington to John M. Patterson, representing the Imperial Oil & Gas Co. of Pittsburg. The tract contains between 2,475 and 2,500 acres. Patterson expects to drill a test well in the near future.

Long Run Presbyterian Church, Westmoreland county, has extended a call to Rev. Francis L. Kern of Vonnestown O.

THE HOUSEKEEPER

A Night Screen.

Many people cannot sleep with windows open at night in damp weather. A screen that will admit pure air and yet keep out the dampness can be easily made. Use thin Angola flannel, fastening it to a screen frame, and place this in the window at night when the window is raised. In the morning the inside of the screen will be found dry, while the outside will be wet, the air having filtered through.

Making Sewing Easier.

The French seamstresses have many little tricks that make their work easier and quicker, and better than when done by our methods. One is to lay the lace on the material to be trimmed, leaving a very narrow raw edge above the face. Use a fine needle and thread and sew over and over toward you with a slanting stitch. This makes a tiny roll, which irons perfectly flat and holds securely.—New York Press.

Washing Stockings.

There is one part of the family washing usually left to the last, and then slighted, and that is the washing of the stockings. All kinds should be washed carefully and by themselves. Use no soda or strong powders, as it is bad for the feet. Have only moderately warm water both for washing and rinsing. Add a little liquid ammonia to the rinsing water and dry them as quickly as possible in the open air, and press with a warm—not hot—iron. Silk stockings should be washed in lukewarm water and pure soap. Rinse in several waters, shake well and pull gently into shape, after which they should be rolled tightly in a cloth. This will dry them. After they have dried press with a warm iron.—L. A. H.—Boston Post.

Emergency Cooling.

It sometimes happens on warm afternoons that the supply of ice fails and the butter softens. Try this method of keeping it hard: Place a large earthenware bowl on the kitchen table and in it place a small bowl upside down. On this inverted bowl put the butter dish containing sufficient butter for the next meal, wrapped in oiled paper. Over this spread a clean napkin, covering the small bowl and the edges resting on the bottom of the large bowl. Then fill the large bowl with fresh cold water up to the level of the butter plate. Put a heavy towel over the large bowl with the ends wrapped around it. Two hours later you may remove the towel and the napkin (the latter now completely saturated with water), and the butter will be firm and hard. The napkin acts as a wick, and brings the cold water up to the butter, chilling and hardening it.—Woman's Home Companion.

New Ways.

A woman who always has fragrant bureau drawers accounts for it by her use of pumice stone saturated with her favorite perfume in place of the usual transitory odor of the fancy sachet. The fish course at a fashionable dinner the other evening consisted of creamed fish served in cucumber shells. The shells gave a peculiar, far-away flavor to the fish which was very pleasant.

A certain card club always has handkerchiefs for prizes. They are as expensive or as inexpensive as the hostess chooses. There are so many pretty designs to be had that, if one embroiders or makes lace, very lovely ones can be given at a small cost.

A college girl, who made fudge at a house party not long ago, surprised the onlookers by using lemon juice instead of vanilla. The acid made the fudge more creamy as well as added to its flavor. Sometimes she employs it with vanilla. Another of her own innovations is mixing maple sugar with the white sugar when she wants a change.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Recipes.

Plain Custard—Beat to a froth 2 eggs with 2 tablespoons of sugar, a very little salt and 1 quart rich milk; flavor; bake until thick. If taken out as soon as thick it will not be watery.

Potato Mayonnaise—Lightly whip one cupful of cold mashed potatoes, add the beaten white of an egg, a tablespoonful of chopped olives, two-thirds of a cupful of mayonnaise and a cupful of chicken breast cut in dice. Serve on crisp, cold lettuce.

Chocolate Pudding—One quart of milk, 1 cup of sugar, 3 eggs, 2 squares of chocolate. Heat a quart of milk to boiling point, add beaten yolks of eggs and cup of sugar to chocolate dissolved in cold milk; thicken with 3 dessert spoonfuls of starch. Flavor with vanilla. Frost next day.

Egg Cocktails.—For each person take one teaspoonful of lemon juice, two drops of tabasco sauce, half a teaspoonful of grated horseradish, one teaspoonful of tomato catsup and a saltspoon of salt. Mix together and add one egg beaten to a foam. It is served in tall glass with a long spoon.

Beet Mayonnaise—Bake in their skins medium-sized red beets. When tender plunge into cold water, rub off the skins and rub the beets through a sieve. To a cupful of this pulp add one-eighth of a cupful of lemon juice and slowly add half a cupful of salad oil. Season with celery, salt and cayenne and beat until smooth. Serve with cold lamb or thinly sliced beef.

Out of 212,000 women in Australia qualified to vote 174,000 exercise the right of franchise.