

GIPSY SONG.

Under me the grass,
Over me the sky,
I can sleep and dream until
The night goes by;
Till the shadows pass,
Till the stars depart,
Let a roving gipsy fill
His hungry heart!

Voices in the vines,
Visions in the vales,
It is mine to know them all
Along green trails;
When the morning shines
Like a rose above,
Let me hear the gipsy call
Of birds I love!

Murmur of the stream,
Whisper of the tree,
I can understand the song
They sing to me;
Mine the blissful dream,
Builed of delight,
Let the gipsy's day be long,
And brief his night!

—Frank Dempster Sherman, in Munsey's Magazine.

A LONG, QUIET DAY
IN THE COUNTRY.

It was Betty Coman's idea—a long, quiet day in the country. It did sound nice, but it turned out to be the longest day I ever remember.

Betty invited seven of us girls to go on an early morning train to Brookton. From there we were to drive eight miles to Linden Falls. She said Arthur Knight had promised to bring some of the men in our crowd out in his automobile in time for an early supper.

There was a wagonette waiting for us at Brookton and we girls climbed into it and it was nearly lunch time when we got to the falls. We were all hungry, but Betty said we must save the best things for supper, when the men would be with us. So we had off a little snack of plain bread and butter and spring water. After that we thought we'd take a nap and we lay down in the shade, but the mosquitoes were so plentiful that sleep was out of the question.

Because we wanted something to do we decided to arrange the supper table. We spread a beautiful white cloth that Betty brought and laid out all the sandwiches, salad, eggs, sardines, cake and cookies with heaps of pickles and jelly. Then we made wreaths of maple leaves which we wore. The lunch looked so inviting we could hardly resist it. For fear we might be tempted to nibble, we went for a walk, leaving our driver in charge.

We strolled beside the brook into a deep wood, where we found quantities of ferns that we thought would add the finishing touch to our decorations, and we became so interested in getting them we stayed longer than was intended. Then, suddenly realizing how late it was getting, we were afraid the automobile party had arrived during our absence, and we ran so fast that we were all hot and breathless.

Betty fell and turned her ankle. She is always turning her ankle. She did it at almost every dance we went to last winter. I can understand that, for the men used to flock around her and offer to carry her or tear up their handkerchiefs for bandages, but I can't see why she should turn ankle out in the country with only us girls around. Of course we had to stop running and help her. She leaned so heavily on me that I had to get one of the other girls to take my place.

Maybe we weren't surprised when we got back to our picnic place and found the horses, which had been taken out of the wagonette and tied to trees, standing on that handsome tablecloth of Betty's. We rushed upon them and shooed them away, but we were too late—there was nothing left of our delicious luncheon but a few olives and one pot of Roquefort cheese. The tablecloth was utterly ruined. Betty cried when she saw the dreadful holes the horses' hoofs had cut in it and all the jelly spilled over it and trampled in. I think it was silly of Betty to bring a fine tablecloth. It was just a bit of ostentation on her part.

"What will the men say?" all the girls asked.

"They'll be starving and we haven't a thing to give them," moaned Betty.

"I don't believe they'll be any hungrier than I am this minute," I said. "If you had let us eat some of those things at lunch time we would have been better off now."

"Well, don't blame me. I didn't know that those horrid horses were going to spoil everything."

"The driver is to blame," said one of the girls. "I'd like to know why he didn't stay here to watch them and where he is now."

"He's here," cried another of the girls who had wandered a little way from the scene of the disaster. "He's sound asleep. Shall I wake him?"

"Yes," we all answered in an angry chorus.

When he opened his eyes after a trust in the ribs from a white embroidered parasol he looked around stupidly. Then he suddenly jumped up, and asked excitedly, "Where are them horses?"

Where were they? Not one of us had thought of them since we chased them off the tablecloth and now they were nowhere in sight. The driver began calling and whistling and tearing around in every direction, and we girls, all except Betty, joined in the search.

"Well, we won't see them animals again to-day," said the driver at last. "It's dollars to doughnuts they have piked out for home. I seen their

tracks on the road and it's no use hunting any more."

We looked despairingly at each other for a moment and then Betty remarked that Arthur would just have to take us to the station in his automobile—that we could all pile in somehow. That thought cheered us and I looked at my watch to see if it wasn't time for the men to come.

"Why, it's after six!" I exclaimed. "They ought to have been here long ago."

"They must come soon," said Betty. But they didn't come. We waited and waited, getting crosser and more tired every minute. At eight o'clock we sent the driver to find some farm horses to take us to Brookton. It was after ten o'clock when we reached the station, and discovered that we had just missed a train. We had an hour to wait, and we were all so hungry, irritable and peevish that we couldn't speak without almost snapping off each others' heads.

Father met us at the train when we got in town. I had telegraphed him, and he and Betty's brother, who was there, too, got the crowd safely home.

Arthur Knight called me up this morning and told me that the automobile broke down fifteen miles from everywhere and that they had a really terrible time. He seemed to long for sympathy, but he didn't get any from me.

I hope Betty won't try to get up any more excursions.—Chicago News.

Uncle Hez Makes a Clean Getaway

By STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

"Once," said Uncle Hez, our oldest vet, as he hitched up on his crutch and thoughtfully picked around over the box of crackers until he found one that wasn't chipped. "I made what some braggin' windbags round here would call a purty clean get-away."

"Spin it, Hez; spin it. Don't let it ferment on yer mind. Tain't no one too strong, as 'tis," put in Oscar Hamebuckle as he shaved off a quarter-inch slice of cheese.

"I was in Andersonville prison, time o' th' war, an' I was wantin' turrible bad t' git out. The meals wasn't what I'd be'n ust to t' home, an' some other things about th' place hed got us fellers some disgruntled with th' management. I would of left a heap sooner, only them blood-hound dawgs was so all-fired keen on th' scent that mighty few o' th' boys that started ever got more'n a mile or two before they was ketchin'."

"Once, though, I was hangin' round th' drug-store o' th' prison, when th' feller in charge steps out, leavin' me standin' clost by th' door unbeknownst t' him. A idee come to me like a shot. I hustled inside an' grabbed a big half-gallon bottle o' chloroform an' got plumb complete away with it afore he returned back."

"That night I fills m' boots full o' the stuff an' sneaks through a hole I dug 'n under th' stockade. Away I went, lickety-split, an' 'twasn't more 'n ten minutes afore I hears them 'ound dawgs a-bawlin' on the trail."

"I hurried on, hopin' my roose might work, an' purty soon they wasn't but one hound dawg a-bawlin' on th' trail, an' he was stoppin' right in the midst o' 'is loudest and surriversst bellers t' gape an' stretch hisse'f. Ye could jest see 'im a-doin' it. Between his bellers ye could hear t'other hound dawg a-snorin' half a mild furdur back. I was still hopeful."

"Finally th' other hound dawg laid down an' jined in th' snorin', an' I knowed I was saved. I tuck off m' boots, emptied the rest o' th' chloroform out o' my boots, worked over my feet till I got 'em t' set up an' take notices, an' by mornin' I was out o' reach—hey, Oscar? What's that you're puttin' through ye?"—From Judge.

An Old "Ad."

"Nothing succeeds like perseverance," said Mark Twain at a dinner. "When the luck seems most against us, then we should work and hope hardest of all. In moments of discouragement let us remember my old friend, Henry Plumley, of Virginia City."

"Henry Plumley ran a collar factory. Times were reputed to be hard with him. When his factory, which was very heavily insured, burned down there was every indication that he had set the place on fire himself in order to get the insurance money. Virginia City was the soul of honor in those days. Shocked beyond words, it rose en masse, seized Henry Plumley, put a halter round his neck and lynched him."

"But he did not die. The Sheriff arrived and cut him down in time. He was tried and found guilty and served a term in jail."

"On his release you wouldn't have thought that he'd return to Virginia City again, eh? He did, though. He came back, reopened his collar factory and prospered."

"What gave him his start was the odd advertisement with which he announced his return to business among us. Preceded by a brass band, Henry, in a great gilt chariot, burst upon our streets. He sat on a kind of golden throne, and he held on a crimson cushion in his lap an old, old collar. Above the collar, on a crimson banner, waved this inscription in huge letters of gold:

"This is the collar we wore when we were lynched. It saved our life. Be wise in time and use no other. At all retailers, ten cents apiece, three for a quarter."—Washington Star.



A Frenchman in Paris has an artificial face which he can remove at pleasure.

New York City's bonded indebtedness is now close to the five hundred million mark.

New York City's old tenement house blocks have twice as large a population as they had fifteen years ago.

The ancient Chaldeans were of the Semitic race, from the princely breed of which came the "Lion of the Tribe of Judah."

There is enough money in the New York savings banks to give \$240 to each man, woman and child within its borders.

The population of this country is approximately 80,000,000. Out of that number there are, of all denominations, 150,000 preachers.

Of the 306 delegates who, under Conkling's lead, fought like giants for a third term in the memorable convention of 1880, there are still living only seventy-three.

It has been quite clearly established that Caesar, starting from Boulogne, France, about midnight of August 26, 55 B. C., landed some time the next day with his 8000 legionaries at Romney, England.

The peanut industry of the country, which has grown up within the last twenty-five or thirty years, employs over half a million people, requires some 400,000 acres of land, yielding a profit of from \$20 to \$150 per acre, and aggregating a crop worth from \$15,000,000 to \$17,000,000.

ASIATICS DISPLACING WHITES.

Japanese Also Beginning to Control Canneries and Mines.

The situation which culminated in the Vancouver riots has been causing the Canadian authorities much uneasiness ever since the heavy influx of Japanese began shortly after the war with Russia. This immigration, reinforced by that from India, assumed such large proportions as seriously to threaten the labor situation, and brought about the organization of so-called Asiatic exclusion leagues and a demand for the enactment of a law similar to that which regulates the Asiatic immigration into Natal.

According to recent reports from the British Northwest, the labor supply for the salmon fisheries and canneries is now largely Japanese, who are displacing the white and Indian labor formerly employed. The Japanese also have spread to the lumber camps and into agricultural pursuits and the mines. In fact, Japanese capital is said now to control a number of canneries and copper mines, and also to have acquired agricultural lands in no small quantities. The Japanese are also turning their attention to the shipping industry in British Columbian waters, and Japanese individuals and companies are reported to own a number of vessels used in this coastwise and inland waterway commerce.

From time to time meetings of organized labor associations formed to combat Asiatic immigration have made their grievances known to the Dominion authorities, but all attempts to obtain legislative action have failed. The Colonial authorities apparently have found themselves in the dilemma of embarrassing the home Government's foreign policy as manifested in the alliance with Japan or risking serious political changes by disregarding the demands of organized labor in the Northwest.

Mr. Ishii, the Director of the Commercial Bureau of the Japanese Foreign Office, who was involved in the riots at Vancouver, came to this country to investigate and report on the recent anti-Japanese demonstrations in San Francisco. While this was given out as the specific object of his visit, it is generally understood that his mission was to make a thorough study of the whole Japanese question on the continent and to ascertain the cause and extent of whatever prejudice may exist against the Japanese. He spent some time in San Francisco, and after traveling extensively in the United States went to British Columbia.

Fatal Praise.

The foreman of a railway construction gang engaged on a spur near Philadelphia was approached not long since by an Irishman of the gang, who asked about a job for his brother Dennis.

"He's jist as good a man as meself," said Mike. "Can't ye fix him here?"

"I guess so," responded the foreman. "Send him here to-morrow mornin'."

"Whole I'm about it," continued the Celt, "I'd loike to put in a word for my other brother, Malachi."

"Is he a good man, too?"

"Me frind," said the Irishman, impressively, "Malachi's a better man than meself an' Dennis put together!"

"In that case," said the foreman, with a grin, "tell Malachi to come, and you and Dennis can look for other jobs."



Standard Oil Couchant.
Kind Sir! Kind Madam! Pity me! Oh, strangers, fall in line
And drop your pennies in my cup to help me pay my fine.
I'm lame and blind and almost bald; I've many to support.
Nay! Do not pass me by, I beg, for I am short, so short.
A cruel judge has sentenced me for villainy and theft.
I need your help. (I only have about a billion left.) —Life.

Fierce.
Cholly—"Get the deer?"
Algy—"Yes, it was evidently a savage one, for it had been belled."—New York Sun.

Reticence.
"I've been reading one of Henry James' stories."
"What's it about?"
"He hates to tell."—Life.

Wall Street Water.
Church—"Have you read the stock list to-day?"
Gotham—"Yes; just waded through it!"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Real Nature Fakir.
Bacon—"Why do you call him a nature fakir, I'd like to know?"
Egbert—"Why, don't you see he dyes his hair!"—Yonkers Statesman.

No Postponement.
"George, dear, I'm afraid our wedding will have to be postponed."
"Impossible, darling. My creditors won't stand it."—Illustrated Bits.

A Ricky Game.
Hewitt—"Do you ever take part in games of chance?"
Jewett—"Well, I was best man at my brother's wedding."—Illustrated Bits.

No Mistake.
"Yes," said the girl who makes collections, "it is one of the best autographs I have in my collection."
"But are you sure it is genuine?"
"Positive; I cut it from a telegram that his wife received from him."—Tattler.

Antiques.
Police Inspector—"How much do you value the stolen boots at?"
Owner—"I paid six rubles for them; they were mended twice at two rubles. That makes ten rubles."—Kurger, of Poland.

Ever Hear It?
"She looks very young to have a grown daughter."
"Yes; she was just telling me—"
"I know. That she was married when she was just barely fifteen years old."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Sorry Figure.
The sculptor was working on a statue of Melancholy.
"May I ask what you are doing?" inquired the visitor.
"Cutting a sorry figure," said the sculptor, scowling at him.—Chicago Tribune.

Delicately Put.
He would not say that she painted, powdered and all that. He was too much of a gentleman for that.
"Still, I may as well confess," he said, "that she impressed me as one who thinks she can improve upon the Lord's handiwork."—Auburn Citizen.

Foundations.
"I hope," said the sincere patriot, "that the mere question of compensation is not influencing you to accept public office."
"Certainly not. I want to get to Congress so that I can get a good start at lecturing and writing for the magazines."—Washington Star.

Correct.
"Now," said the vicar, "can any one tell me what a lie is?"
Immediately a small hand shot up.
"Well, my little man?"
"Please, sir, is an abomination unto ever one, but a very pleasant help in time of trouble."—Lutheran Observer.

Well Named.
"This is a parlor, eh?" tentatively remarked the real estate agent, who was looking over the house.
"Yes," replied the old man Kidder, "but I usually call it the court-room. I've got seven daughters, you know."—Auburn Citizen.

Ran Across a Friend.
"But, cousin Bertha, how did you make the acquaintance of your second husband?"
"It was quite romantic. I was out walking with my first, when my second came along in an automobile and ran him down. That was the beginning of our friendship."—Flegende Blaetter.

Realism.
Colored Lion Tamer—"What you gwine to do wid dat paint, Andy?"
Irish Handy Man—"Sure, the polar bear's goin' in here, and sorra an obstacle there'll be betune him and the Bengal tiger but half an inch o' board, so 'tis the way I'm goin' to paint a little sketch of an iceberg on 'ut, just to desave the varmint!"—Punch.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE NEWS

DISPUTE OVER CONSOLIDATION

The Courts to Decide Who Will Be Burgess of Greater Washington.

The consolidation of Washington and East Washington, brought about by the favorable vote on the proposition at the election Tuesday, has resulted in a peculiar situation as to the office of burgess.

The law under which consolidation was effected provides that the burgess of the older borough shall become the chief executive of the new one. Burgess Marsh of Washington says his borough is older on the ground that when Washington and North Washington were united five years ago the old borough of Washington ceased to exist.

The court will likely be called upon to decide the question.

FLED FROM BULLETS

Italians Attack Mine Foreman, Shooting at Him Ten Times.

Mine Foreman McFarland, at the Tyler mine, near Dubois, was attacked by two Italians whom he had discharged, and although they shot at McFarland 10 times he escaped without injury.

The Italians waylaid him along the road near the mine, and when they began firing he jumped over an embankment and taking a short cut escaped into the mouth of the mine, the bullets flying around him as he ran.

The Italians ran over the county line into Elk county, but were arrested and are locked up at Dubois.

CUPID BUSY AT BUTLER.

Ten Marriage Licenses Issued; Three in One Family.

Ten marriage licenses were issued in one day by Clerk Leroy Christley at Butler. Three were issued to members of the same family, that of James Wimer of Grove City, and four couples were married by the same minister, Rev. W. W. Alexander, within less than an hour, all going to the paragon together. Every bride was under age.

The couples were: Charles Blair and Edna Wimer, Grove City; David Booze, Plain Grove, and Pearl Wimer, Mercer township; Julius Reiger, Butler, and May Sopher, Oakland township; Floyd Wimer, Grove City, and Vella Rata, Butler.

Hanged Himself in Jail.

In the county jail, where he was awaiting trial on a charge of bigamy, Henry Washabaugh committed suicide by hanging at Washington. Washabaugh was a Pennsylvania railroad brakeman. At the request of his wife Washabaugh's friends, who are said to be wealthy, refused to bail him out, as Mrs. Washabaugh feared violence. Washabaugh left two letters for his wife, which were turned over to her unopened. Mrs. Washabaugh refused to receive her husband's body.

Finds Skeleton in Thicket.

While hunting near Clymer Myron Maxwell found a human skeleton in a thicket. The bones were covered with moss. Two pennies and a knife were found in the rotted pockets. Papers still legible showed that the man had been a member of the United Workman lodge of Pittsburg, and a lodge pin was attached to the coat. The clothes were of fine texture and the man wore mittens.

MINE FOREMAN ARRESTED.

Test Cases Based on Mining Law of 1893.

With a view to testing the mining law of May 15, 1893, Mine Inspectors Isaac G. Roby and Thomas D. Williams have brought criminal proceedings against about a dozen prominent mine foremen employed in the mines of Fayette county.

It is alleged that the mine foremen have been allowing the miners to take out the coal without first undercutting the same properly before blasting.

Cash Only Where Necessary.

Harrisburg banks and trust companies have taken precautions to prevent embarrassment on account of the scarcity of currency by deciding to pay cash only for the actual needs of their depositors. For all other requirements checks will be issued, payable through the clearing house only.

Judge Was Sarcastic.

The 74 constables of Washington county in making their returns to the court informed the judges that not a case of illegal liquor selling had come under their notice. The court sarcastically remarked it was evident from their returns that Washington county had almost reached the millennium stage.

The Citizens Water Company of McDougal awarded the contract for the sinking of two gas wells on the company's property on the edge of the town. Gas in paying quantities was recently discovered there, and by the sinking of wells it is hoped to secure an abundance of fuel at a minimum cost.

The Ellwood Brick & Limestone Company has been organized with \$30,000 capital and application will be made for a State charter. The incorporators are Thomas J. Fulmer and Frank Douthitt of Ellwood City, and John M. Montgomery of Sewickley.

Breaks All Sheet Tin Records.

All monthly records were smashed at the South Sharon plant of the American Sheet & Tin Plate Company during October. At the Bray sheet mill the tonnage exceeded by 1,300 tons the greatest output for any previous month.

Mill Workers on Strike.

Three hundred employes of the silk mills of Stehli & Company at Lancaster struck for a ten hour day instead of 10 1/2 hours, and for the computation of their piece work by yard instead of the French measurement. The mill employs about 500.

TO FORM STUDENT SENATE.

Seniors and Juniors of W. and J. to Have Governing Body.

At a joint meeting of the Seniors and Juniors of Washington and Jefferson College it was decided to organize a student senate to act for the student body in matters of importance.

Following a recent accident to a student in the annual pole rush between the Sophomores and Freshmen, an effort was made to abolish the pole rush by popular vote in the two upper classes, but a compromise was effected by the decision to organize a student senate, which is to act as an intermediary between the students and the faculty, formulate rules for Sophomores and Freshmen and to make recommendations as to class fights.

The faculty has given its indorsement and promised to co-operate with the senate in remedying evils in the present system of college government.

TO MARK HISTORIC SPOTS

National Military Memorial Association Proposes to Erect Tablets.

A movement has been started by Wilber C. Kraber, who recently organized the York Cadets, to establish a national military memorial association to mark historical spots throughout the United States with tablets or monuments. Mr. Kraber has written to prominent men throughout the country, including Gen. Frederick Grant and Gov. Swanson of Virginia. He has interested the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in the proposed erection of tablets on the Columbia bridge to commemorate the burning of the bridge by the Confederates. General Manager W. W. Atterbury has promised to co-operate in the project.

DIED IN BOILER.

Man Chose Flue, for Berth; Later Firemen Found Charred Body.

Drenched after having wandered the streets of Charleroi all day Saturday during the bridge opening celebration, Richard Eckles of West Brownsville, crawled into the flue of one of the large boilers at the Hamilton Bottle works at Charleroi late Saturday night. The fires were started beneath the boilers at midnight and Eckles' charred remains were taken out Monday morning. The fireman detected the odor of burning flesh and hunted several hours before he located Eckles' body.

It is supposed Eckles was first overcome by gas fumes from the boiler fires.

DRIED DYNAMITE ON STOVE.

Explosion Which Followed Killed One and Injured Two.

Frank Matuleg was instantly killed and Peter Mattie and Joseph Carbace were probably fatally injured in an explosion at Payne, 18 miles east of New Castle. The men were drying dynamite upon a stove. Matuleg was standing nearest and his head was blown off.

The two others were so mangled that they will not likely recover. The accident occurred at the home of Carbace, whose wife was slightly hurt. The men were employed in quarries.

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Accuse Italian Detective.

Frank De Martin, an Italian of South Sharon, who has been playing the role of a detective for the State Constabulary, must face three serious charges. Informations were made before Justice of the Peace Peter Cook charging blackmail, extortion and threatening to kill. The affidavits were made by three Italians of South Sharon.

Cave-In Causes Wreck.

The Jersey Central flyer was wrecked near Pittston. The engine and four cars tumbled over an embankment, killing Engineer Johnson and seriously injuring the fireman. None of the passengers was seriously injured. There was a setting of the tracks, due to a mine cave-in.

Death claimed a second victim of the dynamite explosion at Payne, near Portersville when Peter Mattie died at the hospital. Joe Carbace and his wife may not survive.

At New Castle Dr. Samuel W. Perry entered suit for \$1,000 damages against the traction company, because of an accident last July when a street car smashed his automobile.

R. L. Bristor of Jacksonville, Greene county, was seriously injured in a hunting accident when a companion shot at a rabbit and the charge struck Bristor.

Walking into a wholesale liquor store in South Sharon, John Costa, aged 28, dropped dead, after asking for a quart of whisky. Deputy Coroner Walker is investigating a rumor that Costa was poisoned.

Henry Logan, 35 years old, was found dead at East Charleroi in Ros-traver township. He carried a card indicating membership in the Corry Acric of Eagles.

Sheldon Booth, aged 15 years of Lone Pine, Washington County, while gathering hickory nuts, fell 40 feet from a tree, breaking both arms and sustaining severe internal injuries.