the city each window is blank as a dead man's eye; windows of a village in the land where I would be it for me like the faces of friends when night storms up the sky; the hills for their tardy guest; waiting, looking for me.

Like the smoke of a burning empire the night drifts over the deep, And the shadows are dusky giants who stride o'er the mountain range; And the silent earth is clothed with the marvelous hues of sleep, And the dark flowers melt in darkness, and the white flowers waver and change

Oh, it is there I would be at this hour, far from the voluble street, And the sunning of little men, and the the gossip of little towns; 'Above my head my comrades the stars, and beneath my feet The warm bosom of earth, the naked breast of the downs.

For I know that where the lines of the hill curve splendidly to the sea. In the house with the gray stone gable beyond where the pathway ends, Night after night, in storm or calm, a woman watches for me At one of those golden windows that shine like the eyes of friends.

And I know that when I return at last, travel-sullied and vile
Scourged by the whips of life, broken and wan with years,
The blood will leap to my desolate heart when I see her smile,
And my tear-stained soul shall be cleansed in the healing rain of her tears.

—St. John Lucas, in The Academ

THE LONGHORN.

By EDWIN L. SABIN.

mountains breed to shorter horns; but in the K Slash steer herd was a banded yearling—"banded" because he was all red except for a white strip completely encircling him just back of the shoulders—which certainly was a reversion to type. Long-legged, long-horned, he was

patterned upon some remote Texas forebears. We viewed him with some interest as a curiosity; but as a mod-ern beef animal he was a failure, and the beef round-up in the fall discard-ed him to give him another chance.

The weather stayed remarkably warm. The files persisted, there was little water, and after the beef round-up the drive from summer range to winter range was a hard one. The steer herd especially was unruly, and riders and horses fumed and fretted. Where the trail led near the bank of a deep arroyo, a dried water-course, the banded yearing, disputing right of way with another steer, was pushed over. He fell a sheer thirty feet, landing with an audible thump and

Into the arroyo, after him, plunged a rider. Where a cow—on the cattle-range the term "cow" is applied indis-criminately—goes, there a horse shall go. But the horse, catching hoof in root, reached the bottom in a heap,

and with a broken leg.

The rider called for help, and in the meantime the banded yearling went galloping down the miniature We let him go. He was "no canon. We let good," anyway.

It was two months after this before tidings of him came to us. A 7U rider, stopping at the ranch bunkhouse, remarked as a piece of news, "Saw that longhorn steer you fel-

lows lost to-day."
"Whereabouts?"
"In the timber half-way up Blue

Mountain. Tried to get close to him, but couldn't. Wild as an elk. He was all alone. Horns still growing, too."
"He ought to be joining some wild

"Will, probably—unless he's too

But that winter, as far as we could ascertain, the banded yearling, passed in solitariness. When the 7U man had descried him he was twenty miles from the arroyo, heading back toward the abandoned summer range. The country was all his. No cowboy, uncidentally, intruded upon him, for range duties lay elsewhere.

The fine fall weather lasted until after Christmas, and the onslaught of winter found the fugitive ensconced in a little park just below the summer

The grass here had not been cropped, except by deer, and was tall and crisp and nutritious. A splendid cedar, low-branching, set against a ledge of rock, proffered him shelter as in a stable

Nothing disputed him; the winter was favorable; the winds drifted the snow, leaving the grass exposed much of the time, and when the grass was covered, the tops of the brush still projected, to be browsed upon.

In the spring the fugitive's condition must have been first-class—for

His horns, long, flaring, tapering, in true Texas style, had shed their roughness, aside from an almost in-distinguishable button of it at the And with the spread of horn well-nigh overbalancing the lean, white-banded body behind it, the promptings of spring sent him forth his retreat, traveling.

And just in time, too; for shortly after his departure a K Slash rider of the weeks, and rejoining his com-panion, reported:
"I bet I've found where that old-SS

longhorn spent the winter. Some covanimal has been bedding under a cedar yonder, and eaten everything clean all round."

'Like enough," concurred the oth-

er, laconically. Since his escape the longhorn ap-

parently had made no attempt to seek other cattle. Evidently independence appealed to him as to be enjoyed safely but morosely. But the springtide probably filled him with vague, uneasy impulses, and he wandered indefinitely on. Instinct was guiding him toward his birthplace on Sheep Mountain. We know this, because it was at the base of Sheep Mountain that Billy Nelson, of the M Bar, saw him next

It was early May, and five in the morning, and Billy was cutting across from the horse camp, where he wat stationed, to the K Slash ranch quar-Suddenly he heard an outburst

Plains cattle transported to the mountains breed to shorter horns; but in the K Slash steer herd was a banded yearling.—"banded" because he was all red except for a white strip completely encircing him just back of the shoulders—which certainly was a reversion to type.

Long-legged, long-horned, he was matterned upon some remote Texas ight, and, as the two fighters seemed

not to mind spectators, waited.

Very likely the bear had come
upon the steer, expecting to take him
by surprise. But now, here amidst
the brush of the mountainside, in the misty grayness just at sunrise, the two, heads down, faced each other. The one was as gaunt as the other, but the steer was probably the more vigorous; he had been the longer out of winter quarters. Taken too abruptly to think of retreat, his blood was up. His fore hoofs threw the sod high over his back; his irritated snorts changed to a continuous belimer to the sound of the low of angry protest. The bear's voice also rose and deepened till it became an incessant, snarling roar. Alert, sidling about, waiting for an opening, the two combatants decribed a little circle

On a sudden, with a rabid, splut-tering cry, the bear lunged like a great cat, half-rising, forefeet outgreat Cat, half-rising, forefect our-spread. His claws ripped down the longhorn's right shoulder; but the steer's right point caught him full in the throat, piercing hide and flesh and hurling him backward. Quick as ne was to recover, the steer was quicker, thrusting him in the side and bowling him down the slope. Whereupon the bear, his spring zest for beef quenched, fied.

The longhorn based.

The longhorn, hoofs again throwing sod, stood bellowing defiance. Presently he rushed down; but his enemy was not there. A conqueror, he began to ravage the field of battle, circling ever wider and wider; and Billy turned his horse, ready to leave, if requested. The steer's shoulder was each for himself, regardless was bleeding, blood was upon his horns, and Billy says that he himself ing, joined with the tame cattle. The

the rest down, 'cept him. I'd sure like to get a rope over his big old

sentitious wish was received

with a comprehensive grin.
That wild bunch numbered tenby their brands renegades from SS Bar D and Cross herds-eight As wild as deer, even wilder in their rebound from captivity, their instincts sharpened, they roamed the timber, associating only with each other. This, the south flank of Sheep Mountain, was their selected habitat. The longhorn, the "old longhorn," as was becoming known, was their der.

They lived as did cattle in the be-

They lived as did cattle in the be-They lived as did cattle in the beginning, before subdued to man. Eye and ear trained to the utmost, they could no more be approached unsuspecting than could an antelope in the open. When a cowboy rode into their territory, they knew it. From far distant he could note them lifting their heads to watch him. Presently they would be cantering away. Occasionally they were chased by incasionally they were chased by intruding riders, either for sport or to: closer examination; but they scarcely were worth the bother and the peril They were lean, alert, self-sufficient; and, as a rule, they did exactly as pleased, easily evading

During the ensuing two years "that wild bunch" of Sheep Mountain, espe-cially to be recognized by the leader, changed considerably in personnel.

The cow and her maverick daughter were accidentally caught in a spring round-up and placed in herd; the black-and-white steer was shot by roving Ute Indians; two other steers were butchered by "rustlers" for their hides; wolves and bears made further inroads. Once two K Slash riders, by a cunning detour, and emerging, according to plan, from opposite sides of a draw, had dropped a loop over the longhorn's neck—whereupon the longhorn had snapped the rope, which was possibly frayed, and had galloped off with the loop, leaving the "cow-punchers" loop, leavenageined.

However, the bunch gained re-cruits, and maintained about the same number.

The longhorn was approaching his sixth year when there descended upon the country a winter remembered by many a stock outfit. It was marked by a tremendous snowfall, particularly throughout the hills, where it spread tragedy over the open range.

Usually our first storm of the season is but a preliminary trumpet-blast—the signal for the world to prepare. Thereafter ample time is prepare. Thereafter ample that given. But this season storm suc ceeded storm; the layer of snow was constantly added to, until the cov-boys from the ranches packed fodder up into the mountains, and even the

THE HEART AT LEISURE FROM ITSELF.

To be treasured, words of counsel must be just a little scarce. Moreover, they must be uttered not only in the spirit of kindness, but in the form as well in words well chosen and at a tayopable time, which is never, needless to say, in the presence of a third

person.

"In her tongue is the law of kindness," said the wise man, speaking of the successful home-maker, and that is the key-note, of making home life livable. There is only one virtue that is its equal; and that is a bright and cheerful spirit that makes the best of difficulties, ignores hardships, forgets self and selfish complaints, and seeks with power and might to "make sunshine in life's shady places." If this spirit is not already yours, cultivate it. A bright face and a pleasant manner are sometimes far more powerful than written or spoken word. Just a glance at the face of the pleasant, sunny stranger in the street car opposite has more than once helped to dispel clouds. Will not the influence of consistent good humor be immeasurably greater in the home? A heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize is one that cannot fail to be a happy one, at home or elsewhere.—Home Herald.

executed, they closed, front clashing

match for the infuriated longhorn, which so recently had thrashed a bear. He slipped, yielded, with a sudden swerve turned, and taking a final prod in the flank, galloped for

"Hurray!" applauded Billy, wildly waving his hat. Then he left. Gaz-ing back, he saw that the longhorn must have looked larger than ever, was now one of the group, and that while his body was wasting until his a new champion was licking his red hide, with its white band, set as wounded shoulder.

When Billy reported, we K Slash boys were quite proud of the long-horn—the champion which bore one

our brands, the SS.
"Saw that old longhorn you fellows

This was a week later.

did not care to contribute. However, the longhorn abruptly trotted away amidst the pink dawning, tail crooked, head outstretched, bellowing.

Billy followed after. The longhorn abruptly had a definite purpose. Across the valley could be descried a bunch of six other cattle. Billy recombered little park where he had a bunch of six other cattle. Billy recombered them as a "wild bunch." A grass had been so abundant and the survivers of the Presbyterian church, as a formula of the property goes to her of the presbyterian church, and \$500 to the most valuable end and aim life offers —that of forming a home in which the long horn of the presbyterian church, and \$500 to the most valuable end and aim life offers —that of forming a home in which the long horn of the presbyterian church, and \$500 to the presbyterian church,

was covered deep. In place, was now and rumble and gather foam, and rake the bushes with swinging horns. Out from the little group another steer, black-and-white and schort-horned, came to meet him.

As a large in the light seep from his gith front.

The black-and-white steer was no latch for the infuriated longhorn, hich so recently had thrashed a lear. He slipped, yielded, with a large is lence. Even the jays abandoned him. They could fly. The only sounds in those days, on the mountain large is leave with a large in the light seep from his wine call and the large is leave to the large in the light seep from his large is large in the light seep from his large is large in the light seep from his large in the light seep from his large is large in the light seep from his large in the large slopes where he was, were the moaning of the wind and the lugubrious howling of the famished wolves.

His horns must have been the sole portion of him that shrank not. They must have looked larger than ever,

if drying over his frame of bones.

Then, in March, came a sleet, forming a crust upon the snow; and without delay came the gray hunters.

No doubt right in the broad, cold "Saw that old longhorn you fellows ost," a Bar D man next reported. The's with that wild bunch on sheep."

"Saw that old longhorn you fellows day they ringed him about, in the ompositors, proofreaders and e tors, as when, for instance, a writer of the structure was made lant defense. But as his hind quare devices below on as not the "wises". lant defense. But as his hind quar-ters feebly rose, the gray captain but the "wildest" of mankind.

"Still with them, is he? How's darted in and hamstrung him. The rest of the work was easy. Within a "Fat as an Arkansas hog. Run all he rest down, 'cept him. I'd sure white-banded hide was gone; only the

largest bones endured.

In May a Bar D cowboy, riding past the spot, dismounted and picked up the remnant of the skull and tied it behind his saddle.

"There's that old longhorn," he announced, casting it to the ground at the K Slash ranch, "isn't it?" "It's certainly most of him," we

"It's certainly most of nim, we agreed. "Where'd you find it, Bob?" "Under a big cedar, up on Little Chief. Wolves must have got him, or he just naturally died, I reckon." "This winter cleaned out a whole lot of those wild cattle, I'll wager,"

And gazing at the relic I, for one, felt amomentary wave of regret. We should miss the longhorn; he had become a character. But he had lived his wild, free life—an existence better than that which falls to the lot of the great majority of cattle, coerced, herded, driven beasts of the range. In the death of every animal of field and forest there is a certain amount of pathos; but die they must and do. The longhorn had only met and do. The longnorn had only het his fate, meeting it, however, not in the butcher's shambles, but in the open which had been his unrestricted home.—Youth's Companion.

The Art of Getting a Husband

By MARION ARMSTRONG.

Men have, since the world began, been angled for deliberately by girls, and times out of count have been caught. Girls will continue to fish for husbands, and will continue to catch them as long as marriage is the fashion—a state likely to coincide with the length of time the world lasts. But for all that, it need not be asserted, as it so often is, that all girls angle.

Why should the word be used, moreover, with such bitterness? Surely it is not wrong of girls to be-have charmingly and make themselves look attractive and pretty, and serves look attractive and pretty, and especially so in the eyes of those men for whose good opinion they are most anxious? If they were to wear sack-cloth and go about veritable kill-joys, is it likely they would succeed

in winning what they want?
It is said that love is never evenly distributed, and that in every couple engaged and married there is more on one side than the other. Women fall in love with the opposite sex just as often as the opposite sex does with them. What is to happen if a girl sees a man she believes she could fondly love, and whom she is sure would fondly love her, if she be de barred from angling for him?

A Girl May Not Propose. A girl may not propose to a man. She may not put to him the anxious question, "Do you love me?" From her lips it would be unpardonable were the tender pleading "Will you marry me?" to proceed, but she sees one whom she has good reason to think she could wed and be happy with and the sole step she can right. with, and the sole step she can rightly take to bring about a declaration of love from him is just this: She can make herself so pleasant and fascinating that he falls in love with her. and asks her that sweet question that she has so deeply longed to hear

The feminine angler should be very cautious. Let her declare her purpose—should it be only by a starpurpose—snould it be only by a star-tled word—and a hundred eyes will dart scorn at her, a hundred tongues condemn her. She who is wise, how-ever, is careful—both for the sake of the man she loves and her own reputation-that the little wiles she practation—that the little wiles she prac-tices shall appeal only to him, and shall not be observable by those on-lookers who are popularly supposed to see most of the game.

Women are undoubtedly endowed

with a special measure of instinct, and are therefore able to accomplish

which may radiate a sufficiency of joy to make the world about it more conented and felicitous than it was be

There is all the difference in the world between the girl who angles honestly so that a happy union may be had with the man she loves, and the girl who angles simply for the achievement of some tribute to her vanity .-- New York American.

Poisoned by Tiger Whiskers.

In the recollections of a well know oig game hunter in India it is stated that after skinning a tiger it is al-ways necessary to guard its whiskers, as the natives have an unpleasant habit of cutting them up very small and mixing them with the curry of those they dislike

The finely divided bristles set u an irritant poison, the results of which often prove serious.—London Globe.

Made Solomon Wild

The strangest errors sometime tors, as when, for instance, a write

PENNSYLVANIA STATE NEWS

PIPER'S NEW MOVE

Cashior of Suspended Bank Enters Nolo Contendere Plea.

Washington. — In criminal court Oliver F. Piper, late cashier of the Peoples Bank of California, entered a plea of nolo contendere to three in-dictments of embezzlement and falsi dictments of embezziement and faisi-fication of the bank's books to the amount of \$69,285. In one indictment were 199 counts. It had been expect-ed this afternoon that Judge Taylor would sentence Piper, but sentence was deferred, the district attorney

would sentence Piper, but sentence was deferred, the district attorney calling the case against Piper and W. L. Lenhart, in which the two are indicted jointly on two charges of conspiracy to defraud.

Lenhart's attorneys announced their client had been granted a continuance and Piper's attorneys then asked for a severance in order that the case against the former cashier might be heard separately. This was granted and Piper's case was placed on the trial list.

The district attorney then asked for a postponement of the cases against Piper and Max Avener, charging conspiracy. He informed the court he had anticipated a strong defense in the Piper case and had devoted his time to preparing the case against him alone and was not prepared to take up the trial of Avener and Piper. The continuance was granted. Lenhart's bond was reduced from \$25,000 to \$10,000.

TWO KILLED. SIX INJURED

Clash Was Outcome of Quarrel Between Occupants of Two Rival

tween Occupants of Two Rival
Boarding Houses.
Connellsville.—Two Croatians were
stabbed to death, six other persons,
including two Americans, were cut
and bruised and 45 others were taken
to the Uniontown jail, as the result
of a riot at Dunbar, which is said to
have been the outgrowth of rivalry
between two boarding bosses.
When the foreigners were taken to
jail a wagon load of weapons was
taken with them.
The dead—Mike Sabasco, 38 years
old; John Porinto, 35 years old.
The injured—Michael McGivern,
bruised and cut; Ladislaus Kuzius,
Francisco Brzozowski, John Polinki,
Luijon Prawlnos.
Szbasco was stabbed through the

Sabasco was stabbed through the ung and died at the house, while printo died soon after being brought with the other injured to the Con-nellsville hospital.

AFTERMATH OF FAILURE

Suit on Promissory Note and Sale of Coal Lands Follow Waynes-burg Difficulty.

Washington.—As the result of complications incident to the Farmers and Drovers bank failure in Waynesburg, two suits have been started in the Greene county courts by the First National Bank of Grafton, W. Va., one against C. F. Auld and the other against James L. Iams.

The note on which the suits are brought is for \$1,500 and purports to have been made by Auld. Iams is the payee. The paper was indorsed by former Cashier J. B. F. Rinehart, who in turn indorsed to the Grafton bank. When presented for payment the note was protested.

To the bank failure was also due the sale yesterday by the Greene county sheriff of three tracts of coal land, in Whitley township. Spencer Kent purchased all three tracts. The coal was purchased from the original holders by Rinehart a few years ago at \$120 an acre. Washington.—As the result of complications incident to the Farmers

TRIES TO KILL FAMILY

Man Crazed by Sickness Murders Daughter, Slashes Son. Warren — Ludlow, a small town near here, was thrown into great exnear here, was thrown into great excitement by the crime of John Olson, a Swede, who, while crazed by a continued attack of grip, attempted to murder his family. He crawled out of bed and with a razor slashed the throat of his 13-year-old daughter so that she soon died. He then attacked his 11-year-old son, slashing his throat so that he unay die. His wife lustily screamed for help and the man was overnowered

Routed from His Nest.

Washington—Thomas Lawrence, a
West Finley farmer, was pitching
hay from a stack wnen with a yell
of pain a man merged from the hay
hatless, coatless and barefooted. The
stranger had been routed from his
nest by a deep jab from the hay
fork. He said he had used the hay
stack as a sleeping place for several
days.

Receives 2,200 Volts; Lives.
Washington.—C. F. Christman, a foreman at the Washington electric light and power plant, received 2,200 volts of electricity and later walked from his home to the power plant. Christman was adjusting high-power wires in the company's office. He was hurled across the office and stunned.

Father Kills His Son.

Shamokin.—Conrad Whine of this place went to the home of his son, John, in Locust Gap, near here, and after a quarrel shot the young man. The son's head was half blown off with a load of buckshot. The father was arrested. The men had been on unfriendly terms for some time.

Uniontown Scourged by Measles.
Uniontown and vicinity are suffering from a scourge of measles. Since the first of the year over one hundred cases have ben reported from Union town alone.

EFFORT TO CRUSH BLACK HAND

270 Men Are Captured In 32 Raids

Conducted by State Police.

Harrisburg.—With 270 men captured in 32 raids conducted by the state police department in its war against Black Hands that have been terrorizing the foreign population, the authorities count on crushing the extortion gang out before the operations can extend to Americans.

For months the state policemen have been waging war on criminal gangs

en waging war on criminal gangs the anthracite regions, where in the anthracite regions, where bands have been preying on credulous foreigners, but lately there have been signs of an extension of the terrorism to Northumberland county people of native birth.

Policemen have also been sent to Allegheny county, where threats were made against several prominent men, and special details will operate about Pittsburg for some time to

TWO ELECTION CONTESTS

Allegations of Illegal Votes and Being Federal' Officers Made.

Federal Officers Made.

Sharon.—Eliner Bentley, Democrat, who was defeated for constable by David Williams, a Republican, will contest the election. He laid the case before District Attorney T. C. Cochran today and will endeavor to have the vote in the Second precinct thrown out, owing to alleged irregularities and illegal votes. If successful he will win by 10 votes.

Butler.—The eligibility of William R. Eastman, Democrat, elected to council will be contested on the ground that he is in the employ of the post-office department, Eastman is a clerk in the postoffice at Butler.

WRANGLE OVER REWARD

Several Police Officers Claim \$200 Of-

Several Police Officers Claim \$200 Offered for an Arrest.
Washington.—Police officers are fighting over the disposition of the \$200 reward offered by the Washington county authorities for the apprehension of Joe Ross, who committed suicide in the county jail after receiving a 10-year sentence for dynamiting the, residence of his former sweetheart at Charlerol. A constable at New Alexander, Westmoreland county, who arrested Ross, claims the money. Chief of Police Albright and Detective Riggle of Charlerol, assert their right in a portion of it. They say they collected the evidence that resulted in Ross' arrest and conviction.

DIG OUT ENTOMBED MINERS

One of Number Imprisoned Killed by

Failing Down Shaft.

Shamokin.—All but one of the 28 men and boys entombed in the Midvalley colliery were rescued. Frank Orloskie, a miner of Midvalley, fell down a chute after the accident and was killed.

When the rescuing party penetrated to the entombed men it was found.

to the entombed men it was found that the men had dug for a great dis-tance through the fall of coal. The men showed no bad effect of their experience.

TWO DIE IN FIRE

Old Man and Tot Meet Death When

Oid Man and Tot Meet Death When House Is Consumed.

Bradford.—Fire destroyed the home of Richard Carl. Carl's father, Thomas B. Carl, aged 64 years, and his son Kalph. 2½ years old, were cremated. The old main and child were in an up-stairs room and could easily have escaped from an open window. The man became bewildered and they perished.

Other members of the family barely escaped. The fire was caused by a gas jet, it is believed.

Charge Selling to Minors.

Charge Selling to Minors.
Butler.—Six Butler men are charged with selling liquor to minors in remonstrances filed against granting liquor licenses in Butler county. Every one of the 27 retail applicants except two at Saxonburg, are opposed by remonstrances, which declare the license law is in conflict with the preamble to the Constitution of the United States and to Section 2 of Article 1 of the Pennsylvania Constitution.

Sentence Great Lakes Pirate.
Eric.—Charles McLean, a sailor, supposed to have lived recently in Cleveland, and dubbed "The Pirate" since his arrest for robbing the whole lake front from Cleveland to Dunkirk, and carrying off the booty in a small launch, was sentenced to eight years in the penitentiary by Judge Walling today. McLean pleaded guilty.

Heroine Is Severely Burned.
Washington.—Miss Bird Core is suffering from burns received in saving the life of her little niece, Eleanor Gibson, daughter of Mrs. Lorena Gibson of Pittsburg, a visitor at the Core home. The girl's dress ignited at an open gas grate. Miss Core seized her and with a heavy rug smothered the flames.

The Anti-Saloon League of Armstrong County has decided not to oppose the granting of licenses at the March court, but to concentrate all its efforts toward the election of two candidates to the Legislature who will favor a local option law.

Geensburg.—Arthur J. McNally, a mine foreman, accused of permitting the use of burning lamps in a gaseous mine of the Penn Gas Coal Company, was found guilty by the jumps. was found guilty by the jury.

Butler. — Philip Daubenspeck announced the gift of his \$5,000 home to St. Paul's Reformed congregation

through show th to get t sented wives o students women, rich wo York S "I w silver nounced "Now t it make

somebo place, a

you put this I i or this is the odd an washed The the Un less th Though pilots. railroa five as men, t

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