

Timothy Ware

By RACHEL B. HAMILTON.

Mr. Timothy Ware stood at his garden gate and looked down the road. You might have noticed him, perhaps, as you passed along—a wrinkled, keen-eyed, elderly man. Now elderly, I take it, is further off from the sweet ripeness and flavor of old age than youth itself. To be elderly presupposes some thinness of blood, some sort of inexpressible poverty of nature, such as there seems to be all about this region where T. Ware's house is located—a range of long, low-lying, uneasy hills that could never settle themselves to anything; a sandy, incapable stretch of threadbare grass and stunted woodland.

It was not an easy thing to imagine that just over the south ridge lay a smiling and fruitful country, a thrifty settlement of Quaker farmers, who held themselves, perhaps, a little too much aloof from this inhospitable neighborhood.

It was a chill October afternoon, and the low slant rays of the setting sun looked furtively out from a blue-black ridge of cloud over the garden and the garden's owner. There had been a frost over-night, which had wiped out almost every lingering vestige of summer-time. A few elderly beans hung shrunkenly to their poles in the bleak background; a scanty patch of corn rustled its sere leaves forlornly in the wind, with here and there a pumpkin ripening sparsely between, and turning out its yellow rotundity to the sun, as resolved to put the best face on things that was possible; while, tall and stark, a row of sunflowers, flapping gauntly above the hedge, overlooked the desolation.

As old Ware stood there at his gate and looked about him, with his faded red cap on his head and his lean dressing-gown clinging about him, he seemed verily a part of the frost-bitten scene, illustrating it feebly, like an ill-cut frontispiece in a badly printed volume. Yet there was a tradition that he had once upon a time been the chief figure in a great concern somewhere in town, and that in some forgotten period long ago the old weather-beaten house had flaunted gaily in a new coat of paint and bright green shutters, and was bright with new carpets and curtains to welcome a coming bride. But all that was so far away now that people had forgotten the date, and could not recall that they had ever been interested in anything concerning old Ware.

Tin Ware, Esq., the boys called him—a nickname based, perhaps, on a floating legend of miser-made wealth stowed somewhere away in the loose clap-boarding of his tenement, or perhaps intended briefly to bear testimony to the value set upon him in the community—Tin Ware, Esq., was not a popular man among the lads of the village. They had a persistent inclination to hoot him, to gibe at him, and to torment his lean, ill-tempered dog, which followed his master everywhere with a snarling and objectionable faithfulness. The boys, considering all these things, felt themselves called upon to vindicate the claims of justice by robbing old Ware's orchard and breaking into his melon patch. Things in this way were brought to a sort of balance. I myself saw one day, as I passed his fence, a huge charcoal placard, reading thus:

B. Ware of the DAWG.

And many a bare-legged youngster, I have no doubt, hid snickering in the hedge at the sight of old Ware slowly deciphering the scrawl in wrathful spectacles.

But very few besides the boys ever troubled the old man with attentions, either for good or ill. He seemed to have slipped from the mind of both men and fate—an elderly, shriveled old figure whom Time had forgotten to dignify with gray hair.

He looked up and down the road keenly with his frosty blue eye, not as a man who expected anything or anybody, but simply because it was his habit to look sharply. And yet as this northeasterly glance swept the road, there came along it something far from unpleasant to look upon—a gray figure in a Quaker bonnet. There would have been a smile of welcome in almost anybody's eye as the plump, quiet Quaker face of Rebecca Rhodes approached, but not a spark kindled in old Ware's flinty gray orbs.

Rebecca's well-kept acres lay just beyond him, over the south ridge, and all about her farmhouse was trim and tidy, clean and wholesome, as Rebecca herself. It must have been the love of contrast that brought her in range of Timothy's dilapidated surroundings; but of all living things in the village Rebecca alone had a good word for him, and stopped on an odd afternoon now and then to wish him good-day over the gate.

"I have brought thee a loaf of sweet bread, neighbor," said she. "I'd an uncommon good baking this week, and I thought thee might not take it amiss to try a loaf." She held forth in her plump, white hand a snow-white napkin, opening its folds temptingly as she did so.

"I'm wanting naught," was the gruff reply. "Week-old bread's good enough for me, and I make no doubt it might be far better for some other folk than the dainty trash they're set upon—women-folk teasers."

The blood came into Rebecca's calm face, but there was no vexation in her answer. "Thee'd never set aside an old friend like that, neigh-

bor," she said. "Nay, nay; I recommend thee try the loaf. It's spoken well of, is my sweet bread, the country round. Thee will not shorten thy days much by just one trial, and if thee likes it not, I'll never trouble thee again."

Even the imperturbable face of old Ware shows a slight smile at this mingling of acerbity and sweetness, but he made no demonstration.

"I am on my way to see old Betsey," says Rebecca, quietly extending her hand and placing the loaf on the gate-post. "She's one of the town's poor—or rather one of the Lord's poor, I think, for she doesn't belong to this township. Poor old Betsey!"

One might have imagined that old Ware gave a sort of start just now, as if an invisible electric shock had struck him. He was not used to hearing sympathetic talk of any kind. It tried his nerves, perhaps.

"One of the wretched vagrants that are parading the community, wandering hither and yon," growled Timothy.

"Aye, aye, neighbor," says Rebecca, softly and wistfully. "A hard time they have it, poor things! And this many a year has she been a wanderer and a vagabond on the face of the earth, has poor old Betsey." She takes the white-covered loaf absently with her large, shapely hand, looks up and down the road with thoughtful gray eye, sighs softly, and goes her way, leaving loaf and napkin capping the gate-post. And there you might have seen it at night-fall, if you had chanced that way; for hadn't Timothy told the woman he didn't want it? and was he the man to deem himself after that? And your speculating on the singular stubbornness of the human heart would not have been lessened had you caught sight of him, by the flickering candle in his upper window, sitting there motionless with an eye on the gate below. Perhaps he expected Rebecca back after her gift. I do not know.

"She's one of the town poor, is old Betsey," said Rebecca, meekly, and had said it meekly year after year, striving to allure the vagrant old woman into feeling at home on the charity list of the good towns-folk, and to rest her aching old bones in the town poor-house. But old Betsey was not to be trapped.

If one must be poor and ragged, at least let one have plenty of fresh-air leisure, says old Betsey. To be a pauper and a drudge both is a little too much. And to be preached to and prayed over and hedged in right

and left, and to scrub work-house floors and scour work-house knives, all for a bit of bread—bah! that is all unbearable, says old Betsey, shrugging her bony shoulders under her ragged shawl, and setting out warily on her ever-lasting tramp. She is an incorrigible vagrant, utterly reclaimable. Perhaps Rebecca thinks a half-fledged thought like this when she finds her prey has escaped her and is fairly on the road again.

On the road again, untamable, ragged, hungry and free. She walks at a rapid, uneven pace, her thin shawl fluttering in the wind, her untidy slippers flapping at her heels. It grows dusk as she steals along; the road is dreary with cloud and shadow, and with a mocking moon that gleams out now and then, dodging viciously after this gray old ghost of a woman flitting below. There is a white object there ahead of her—something tall and queer, with a round white head. The vagrant swerves a minute out of her way, surveying it furtively. Then she puts forth her claw-like hand and clutches greedily Rebecca's sweet, dainty loaf.

Aha! what a good providence is here! Ah! can it be that Fate should come, for once in a way, with sweetness and luxury in her hand for an old pauper, and night and darkness to devour it in! Bewildered with pleasure, old Betsey hugs the dainty under her faded shawl.

There is a crash then, as if the heavens were falling; a shout that curdles her thievish blood; a rough hand is laid upon her with vise-like grasp. Law and justice seem to have come down bodily upon the marauder; but it is only old Ware, who has been watching from his window. His hand is raised to strike the thief—the thief with vagrant and vagabond written all over her; in her vulpine eyes, her long blue nose, her skinny, claw-like hand. The woman shrinks back, cowering, against the gate-post, with a wheezy cough; the old shawl falls away from her face. Out comes the moon and sails along with a sinister ray pointing right down on the shivering, crouching figure and on the countenance that for one instant upturns toward the assailant.

"My God!" cries Timothy. And that is all. His hand falls at his side, he turns and walks back to the house, leaving the wretch to her plunder.

The wretch is a mere animal, after all—a hunted animal, it is true, with all the greed and cunning of such. She makes her way somewhere with the prize—it doesn't much matter where. But there comes up a storm

SUGGESTS NATIONAL BOARD OF HEALTH.

W. J. Lampton Says Diseases Would Be Largely Preventable by Federal Aid.

Isn't it about time that we were having a national board of health of importance equal to that of any other department of the government? According to a statement of the American Medical Society, "during last year 1,500,000 persons died in this country and there were 4,200,000 sick, involving the comfort and material prosperity of 5,000,000 homes and 25,000,000 people."

If we had a population of four or five hundred millions these figures would not mean so much, but we have not. On the contrary, we have no more than will show that more than one-quarter of our people are threatened in their material comfort and prosperity every year by disease.

Medical men believe that at least one-third of this is preventable by knowledge already in hand and the percentage might be largely reduced if federal aid were extended and all the powers of the government available in such good work were put into effect.

Certainly no sickly nation can be strong, and as certainly public health is of more importance than any other one necessity of proper existence. The government looks after the health of cattle and sheep and hogs and other animals of commercial value, but are not the people, who constitute the government, of more significance? And what has the government done, broadly speaking, for the people at large? When the yellow fever, cholera or plague manifests itself the government becomes active enough, but what government aid is expended for the development of knowledge of the various preventable and prevailing diseases that carry off so many useful people every year?

Our physicians are making tremendous progress, and they are doing so out of their own means and the means of those rich men who see more clearly than the government itself what is needed and what should be done. But so important a matter as the maintenance of public health, the acquisition of medical knowledge and the dissemination of information of vital benefit to all the people should be in the hands of the government, with men and means sufficient to pursue disease to its source and throttle it at its beginning. We cannot finally conquer death, but we can stand him off until our time is up if we only know how, and the government is the one to find out how and to inform us.—W. J. Lampton, in the New York Herald.

It is reported in Ottawa that a strip of territory a furlong wide and some fifty miles long, will be added to Alaska, owing to the work that has just been completed positively locating the 141st meridian. There was no dispute as to the location of the boundary to the north of Mount St. Elias, since it was agreed a number of years ago that the line should follow the 141st meridian from that mountain northward to the Arctic Ocean. The line, however, had never been actually marked. Of late years the extensive mining operations in the White River country have led many prospectors to stake out claims which may or may not be in the United States territory. By means of the telegraph, the most accurate method known, the old determination made by the lunar method was checked up, placing the meridian about 600 feet farther east than it had hitherto been supposed to exist.—Scientific American.

A movement is on foot in Washington to safeguard the bread supply of the public by wrapping it in paper as soon as it has been baked. Some opposition having been offered by the bakers, who objected that the wrapping would impair its palatability and digestibility, the Health Department experimented with various kinds of paper and discovered that the effect of the protective covering was to preserve the freshness of the bread, which was superior after twenty-four hours to that which had not been wrapped. Another advantage of the proposed method is that the union label, which is now affixed directly to the loaf—a plan objectionable to many consumers—could, with the adoption of this method, be used to seal the wrappers. Some restaurants in New York have already taken to the use of similar wrappers for the rolls which they serve to their patrons.—Lellie's.

The household is a place where babies and dust are raised, bills are contracted, coal is burned, food is eaten and occasionally auctions are held. As a rule, a household consists of two heads and one foot. One head is the cook, the other the man's wife. Every day every household is visited by all the trusts.

At regular intervals it is visited by sickness, health, taxes and clergyman. Nothing happens that the household doesn't get its share of.

It's a partner in epidemics, panics, elections, wars, tidal waves. An earthquake on the Pacific Coast will be reflected in every household in New York.

The stock market quotations are written on the walls and ceiling and floors of every household.

Nothing succeeds (or fails) like a household.—Life.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE NEWS

TO REDUCE STATE DEBT

Sinking Fund Commission Will Purchase Bonds at Any Price Paid Lately.

Harrisburg.—The state sinking fund commission authorized the purchase of any state bonds at the figures which have been paid lately. This was in pursuance of the policy of reducing the state's debt whenever possible. The quarterly statement showed that the total of the 4 per cent outstanding was \$1,487,750, and of the 3½ per cent, \$552,250. The total in the last year was \$2,040,000. The net loss to the state is less than \$100,000. This includes bonds worth \$134,000 and long due, but never presented for redemption.

The state board of revenue commissioners received the first of the new surety bonds which were drawn by Attorney General Todd, at the request of the commission. Heretofore all companies acting as surety for banking institutions having deposits of state money gave a bond which would have allowed the cashier of the treasury to enter judgment at once. This provision was never carried into effect, as the trust companies have paid up promptly whenever required to make good the amount of state money. The new bond requires that 60 days' notice be given.

COMPANIES MERGE

Independent Telephone Concerns Join Forces at Washington.

Washington.—Independent telephone companies operating in this and adjoining counties, representing a combined capital of over \$100,000 have merged their interests, forming the National Telephone Company of Pennsylvania. The merged concerns are the State Mutual Telephone Company, the State Mutual of Canonsburg, the Claysville Telephone Company, the West Alexander Telephone Company and three farmer companies. The officers of the new company are: President, John A. Howard, of Wheeling; secretary, W. C. M. Handlan, of Wheeling; general manager, T. B. Lee, of Crafton.

HER HAIR CAUGHT FIRE

Fatal Results Attend Use of Gasoline by Prominent Woman Performer. Erie.—Mrs. William Rollins, one of the leading bareback riders in Cole Brothers' circus, died at St. Vincent's hospital as a result of burns received in the training quarters at Harbor Creek.

Mrs. Rollins and her sister, who is also connected with the show, were washing their hair with gasoline in their rooms. An open fire ignited Mrs. Rollins' hair, and she was burned from head to foot before several male employees of the circus, attracted by the agonized woman's screams, could smother the blaze.

The victim was removed to the hospital directly after the accident, but despite skilled medical attention, expired in agony.

BOMBS IN SATCHEL

Discovered in Rear Bank at Latrobe.

At Derry Harry Cullen, an electrician, discovered in an alley in the rear of the First National bank building, hidden beneath a pile of boards, a blood-stained satchel containing two tin-stainer bombs, two boxes of 38-caliber cartridges and two black masks.

The bombs had been constructed from tin cans which were filled with the explosive. Fuses and fuming caps were attached to each and everything was ready for use. It is believed the finding of the bombs frustrated a plan for the blowing up of the bank.

GETTSBURG FOR N. C. P.

Next Division Encampment on Scene of Third Day's Battle.

Harrisburg.—Gettsburg was announced as the site for the next division encampment of the National Guard by a committee of high officers of the guard, who spent the day at the battlefield.

The site will be on the scene of the third day's battle on the historic field, the infantry occupying the same sites as in 1904. The date will be fixed later for the latter part of July.

Gets Black Hand Letter.

Canonsburg.—John Pagano, a rich fruit dealer of Canonsburg, today received a Black Hand letter from Blairsville, demanding that \$1,000 be sent in an envelope addressed to "X Blairsville." At the end was drawn a heart with a dagger through it. Pagano had received two similar letters. Ben Neugent of Westland was arrested today, charged with stabbing Ben Melle. Both are Italians. Melle, it is alleged, has been extorting money from Neugent.

Negroes Confess Robbery.

Washington.—Three young negroes, Herman Banks, Edward Downs and Robert Patterson today pleaded guilty to a series of wholesale robberies in Washington. They were sentenced to the Huntington reformatory by Judge McIlvaine. Downs and Banks, formerly students at Wilberforce university, confessed to robbing the Bornhelm tailoring establishment at Columbus two weeks ago.

Results in Indiana.

Indiana.—The official returns of the primaries are as follows: Congress, Langham, 3,435; Smith, 1,015. Assembly, Watson, 3,556; Henry, 3,064. Senate, Kurtz, 2,443; North, 2,354. Treasurer, Leasure, 2,901; Miller, 2,750. Sheriff, Thomas, 1,708; Jeffries, 1,477. Commissioner, Marshall, 1,726; Neale, 1,247. Auditor, Gibson, 1,667; Hood, 1,446.

Grove City.—Coal miners and operators of the Butler and Mercer county fields in convention here were unable to agree.

BESSEMER COKE CO. BUYS

Purchase \$750,000 Worth of Washington and Greene County Coal.

Announcement was made of the purchase by the Bessemer Coke Company of a large tract of Connellsville coking coal in Washington and Greene counties from J. V. Thompson of Uniontown.

The tract lies near the headwaters of Patterson Run, and is said to contain slightly over 1,000 acres of the finest Connellsville coking coal, the vein being seven feet four inches thick. The purchase price was in the neighborhood of \$750,000. The tract is reached by the Pittsburg, Virginia & Charleston extension of the Pennsylvania.

OFFERS LESS THAN HALF

No More "Sanderson O. K.'s" on Capital Trimmings.

Harrisburg.—The Board of Public Grounds and Buildings has instructed Superintendent Rambo to offer the International Manufacturing and Supply Company \$8,000 in settlement of its furniture bill for \$20,000, which the board some months ago held up.

The Board of Grounds and Buildings put an expert on the goods. He reports that \$8,000 would be a fair price and that is all the state will pay.

Questions Law's Constitutionality.

Clearfield.—Judge Allison O. Smith handed down his opinion in the case of John F. Short, charged with violation of the newspaper law of May 2, 1907, in adding the word "owner" after his name on the editorial page of his newspaper, as editor. At the trial all the charges were admitted and the jury directed to bring in a verdict of "guilty." The legal questions were reserved by the court on the defendant's motion for discharge on the ground of unconstitutionality of the act. Judge Smith seriously questions the constitutionality of the act, and he ordered the discharge of the defendant.

Robbers Maltreat Aged Couple.

Washington.—Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Blatt, an aged couple living on Pigeon Creek, were maltreated by three burglars, John Tomachoff, Joe Damasko and Mike Damasko, are under arrest at Monongahela in connection with the case. Mr. and Mrs. Blatt were dragged from their beds, bound and gagged. The house was then ransacked.

Miners Return to Work.

Johnstown.—The miners who struck at the Puritan Coal Mining Company's operations will return to work, the difficulty between the mine foreman and the miners having been adjusted. Striking miners at the Stony Creek Coal & Coke Company mines at Holsopple, persuaded the men brought there not to enter the mines. There has been no serious trouble.

Companies Increase Capital.

Harrisburg.—Three large increases of capital stock in oil companies were filed at the state department. They are: United Natural Gas Company, Oil City, \$1,000,000 to \$8,000,000; Oil City Fuel Supply Company, Oil City, \$2,000,000 to \$7,000,000, and Commercial Natural Gas Company, Oil City, \$100,000 to \$200,000.

Will Run Non-Union.

Butler.—Coal operators of Butler county, at a meeting held at Claytonia, decided to run their mines during the strike if enough miners can be obtained. The miners went out last Monday by order from the district officers of the union. The operators believe nearly all the union miners will return to their jobs.

Westinghouse Men Go Back.

The Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company sent orders to 300 men in and about Bradock to report for duty at the works in East Pittsburgh, this being the first sign of real activity at the company's works. It is expected the entire old force, which was laid off last fall, will soon be back at work.

Got All the Votes.

Monongahela.—One of the most remarkable features of the Republican primary election in this county Saturday was the vote polled by Charles A. Bentley, who is a candidate for reelection to the state legislature. In his own, the Second ward, he received all of the 127 Republican votes cast.

Kittanning.—Judge Patton revoked the license of the St. James hotel at Rural Valley. Two weeks ago a brawl was started in the bar-room of the hotel and in electing the participants, R. G. Curran, the proprietor, used a revolver with the result that spectators at a distance were shot.

Punxsutawney.—Said to have been caught stealing boards from the Adrian mines of the Rochester and Pittsburgh Coal Company here, John Stojanski, 19 years old, was shot dead by Nightwatchman George Shallenberger. Shallenberger was exonerated at a hearing today.

Tyrone.—The Pittsburg express on the Pennsylvania railroad, due here at 4 o'clock, was wrecked near the station. Six Pullman cars were derailed. The passengers were badly shaken up but no one was seriously hurt. It is said a broken rail caused the accident.

New Laws Wanted.

Harrisburg.—Important new laws for the suppression of traffic in impure food and drink will be urged upon the next Legislature by Dairy and Food Commissioner James Foust. In some of the proposed reforms Mr. Foust will co-operate with the representatives of various trades who desire to improve conditions. Other bills will be drafted by the dairy and food division and presented to the Legislature.