For she's as fair as Shannon's side, And purer than its water; But she refused to be my bride, Though many a year I sought her; Yet, since to France I sail'd away, Her letters oft remind me, That I promis'd never to gainsay The gift I left behind me.

To the girl I left behind me.

For never shall my true love brave A life of war and toiling. And never as a skulking slave I'll tread my native soil on; But were I free or to be freed. The battle's close would find me To Ireland bound, nor message need From the girl I left behind me.—Author Unknow

IN AN OMNIBUS.

By Alice and Claude Asken.

versity, I suppose.

Well I had to shut up my paper and amuse myself as best I could with my own thoughts. It was then

her.

She was quite young—ninteen or iwenty, perhaps—nueither pretty nor ugly, and of nondescript coloring. Her hair was fluffed out on either side of her ears, and she wore a round cap of some cheap fur. It was quite unpretentious, but somehow it suited her. Her features were rather thin, and she had no complexion to speak of; one could easily guess that she was out in all sorts of weather, or subjected to an unwholesome atmosphere of some kind. Her under lip shapped a little—you know how cold it was about a fortnight ago?—and there was a little drop of blood just about the centre, where her teeth may have closed on the lip if she had been out of temper; or, of course, it may merely have been the result had been out of temper; or, of course, the ceiling, but they didn't seem to it may merely have been the result of the weather. Anyway, that drop of blood fascinated me, and I think it she was anxious for the hour to strike when she would be it liberty takes. was because of it that I took such special notice of an everyday sort of girl. There were a couple of curious black spots on her cheek and chin as well. I couldn't make out if they were moles or if she had been spat. tered by the mud of the street. the state of her dress—a frayed serge—rather indicated the latter, poor child. I think her eyes were gray, but she kept them half closed, leaning back in her seat, inclined a little to my side, as if she were tired out and wanted to sleep. She had nice long lashes, I

no: I wasn't in the least bit fascinated, or any rot of that sort.
I'm not the kind of man who is always on the lookout for chance acquaintances—that game is played out, as far as I am concerned. But I had to think of something, and the girl by my side was more interesting than any of the other stodgy folk who than any of the other stodgy folk who had got into the 'bus—a jób lot, if ever there was one. There was a woman sitting opposite me—a young woman, with a baby on her knees—whose expression was as inane and vacnous as that of the baby itself. Everybody was wet and uncomfortable, and we all hated each other with

a cordial natred.

Well, the 'bus rumbled on, and nobody seemed inclined to move. We were all bound for Hammersmith. I leaned back in my seat as well as I ould, to make more room for my stout neighbor, who kept wedging me

Thought-transmission? Clairvoyance? No, I can't say I believe much in that sort of thing; you wouldn't expect it from a matter-of-fact old city man like me, would you? I've had to look on the practical side of things ever since I was a boy.

All the same, I did have a rather curious experience the other evening. It was only a trifling affair, and I dare say there is nothing in it, really, but I've tried to apply the ordinary rules of experience to it—tried to work it out by the rule of three, as it were; but somehow there's always a hitch that I can't quite level up.

Here's the story for what it's worth: I find had a busy day at the office, and was tired out when I took my usual 'bus home—Hammersmith, you know; and I had walked as far as Charing Cross by way of exercise and to clear my brain of stuffy figures. It had just begun to drizzle, and I was lucky to get a place in the 'bus—just about the centre of the left side it was, up against the metal bar that divides the long seat into halves.

There was only just room for me, for my two fellow passengers on the right were bulky individuals, so I was wedged up pretty tight against the bar. It's lucky that I'm not a big man myself, or I don't know what we sharply into contact with the shoulder of a girl who was placed to my left-just the other side of the bar, you understand. She gave a little cry and started, just as if she had been aroused from a nap, and didn't quite know where she was.

Of course, I apologized, and then forgot all about the matter. I didn't know what correct the course it is a to the form of the right were bulky individuals, and the clear of the sharply into contact with the shoulder of a girl who was placed to my left-just the other side of the bar, you understand. She gave a little cry and started, just as if she had been aroused from a nap, and didn't quite know where she was.

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Of course, I apologized, and then forgot all about the matter. I didn't even look at the girl, didn't realize if she were smart or shabby, fair or dark. It's very rare for me to take interest in folk I meet in omnibuses. I tried to read an evening paper, but the light was so bad it couldn't be done. Long experience has taught me the futility of such an attempt, yet I'm always doing it—out of sheer perversity, I suppose.

versity, I suppose.

Well I had to shut up my paper and amuse myself as best I could with my own thoughts. It was then that I cast a casual glance at my youthful neighbor, and—I can't tell you why, for, as I have said, it is quite at variance with my usual habits—I began to speculate as to her position and occupation; a silly thing to do, for she was just like thousands of others with no special points about her.

She was quite young—ninteen or itsent, and the special points about her.

Well, she must have been thinking hard of something that had recently append to her—that very day, I take it. And I saw it all with her eyes. First of all a dingy workroom—a lot girls sitting at a long table and sewing mechanically dress materials of some sort—I'm no good at describing that kind of thing, but I saw it all with her eyes. First of all a dingy workroom and sewing mechanically dress materials of some sort—I'm no good at describing that kind of thing, but I saw it all with her eyes. First of all a dingy workroom and sewing mechanically dress materials of some sort—I'm no good at describing that kind of thing, but I saw it all with her eyes. First of all a dingy workroom and sewing mechanically dress materials of some sort—I'm no good at describing that kind of thing, but I saw it all with her eyes. First of all a dingy workroom and sewing mechanically dress materials of some that had recently append to her—that very day, I Well, she must have been thinking

the in her brain, I knew all about "him" as much as she did, anyway. I thought, with her, that he would be certain to turn up at the appointed meeting place.

He did Theorem

He did. They met at an A. B. C. tea shop, and he was evidently cross with her for being late. I didn't like the look of the fellow at all; he was a shocking bounder, loudly dressed, and with a bowler hat set on one side of his head. A loafer, if ever I saw on He had shifty eyes and a receding chin and horrid thick lips. He smil-ed and chatted amiably enough at first while the girl nervously sipped her tea; but his expression charquickly when she leaned forward began to talk to him very earnestly. I quite expected it would—as did she, You see, I knew what was in her mind.

It was pitiful. He regained his composure and began to talk soothingly, but it was such obvious acting. ble, and we all hated each other with a cordial hatred.

Well, the 'bus rumbled on, and nobody seemed inclined to move. We in his seat, anxious the whole time to seem the well-band for the wel

I think it was a promise to meet her

again.

They parted under the glare of the electric light outside the shop. She lifted her face for a kiss, and he give it to her; but I think that his kiss must have told her the truth. She stood gazing after him as he disappeared in the crowd, and there was an agony of apprehension in her face.

"He won't come back! I shall never see him again!" You may laugh, but I felt as if the words were torn from my own heart.

my own heart,

Well, I'm very near the end of my story. The girl must have moved story. The girl must have moved her arm just about then, for all of a sudden the whole train of impressions was broken. I started up as if I had just come out of a dream, and those words were on my lips—I actually spoke them aloud—"He won't come back! I shall never see him again!" She heard me. It must have seemed to her as though I had spoken her actual thought. She,too, was sitting up, and there was a scared look on her face—her eyes were absolutely wild.

"How did you know?" she whis-

"How did you know?" she whis-pered. Then, realizing that I was a stranger, fancying, I suppose, that I had not addressed her, that she had been dreaming: "Oh, I beg your par-don" she said hurriedly been dreaming: "Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, hurriedly.
I can't remember if I replied or not.
I was struggling to collect my own thoughts. I felt a bit dazed myself, and perhaps it was lucky that the baby set up a howl just at that moment and distracted everybody's attention.
Before I had time to decide how to set the circle of up, and without so act, the girl got up, and without so much as looking at me jumped out of the 'bus. We were nearing Hammer-smith by then, but I'll vow she hadn't reached her own destination.

reached her own destination.

A queer story, isn't it? I can't attempt an explanation, but I'm absolutely positive that, quite innocently, I got an insight that evening into the poor little tragedy of a girl's life.

For I'm quite sure he never came back—he wasn't the sort of man to do so.

No. I never saw her again, though I traveled back by the same 'bus night after night, rather in the hope of doing so. But there is a sequel, and it's this—perhaps the strangest part of the whole affair, when one remembers

of dream.

I saw the man, the identical fellow dressed just as I figured him that evening. It was at an A. B. C. shop where I sometimes go myself for a cup of tea. He was sitting at one of the little tables, and there was a girl with him, to whom he was engaged in

with him, to whom he was engaged in making violent love.

But it was not my friend of the omnibūs—oh, no; it was another girl altogether, though I think she was of the same class.—London Sketch.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

There are only 800 clergymen in the whole of Norway.

Extremes meet. A house in St. Augustine, built in 1655, has been turned into a garage.

There are 256 railroad stations within a six-mile radius of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

The Somali soldier keeps himself in perfect condition on a diet of nuts. He eats only 20 a day, but they are of a very nourishing kind.

Germany publishes every year nearly twice as many new books as France. The number of new German books in 1907 was 30,073.

It is estimated by mining experts at Johannesburg, that the amount of gold still to be mined along the Rand Reef is to be valued at \$5,000,000,000.

Twenty percent of the population of Canada earns its living in connection with the country's carrying trade. Railroad employes alone number 124,-

Rumania is the most illiterate country in Europe. The last census shows that in a population of about 6,000,000 nearly 4,000,000 neither write nor read.

Because of the lichens which grow abundantly on the stone-paved streets in Madelra, making them slippery, it is possible to use sleighs the year

A clock once owned by John Wesley and presented by him to the John Street Methodist church in New York city, is still doing good service in the

There are 26.78 miles of railroad line in the United States for every 10,000 inhabitants, as against 6.2 miles in Germany, 5.5 miles in the United Kingdom and 7.4 in France.

A Boston paper has discovered that a large amount of horse meat is being sold in the markets of that city, some of the restaurant keepers buying horse meat for beef stews.

All the trade of Zanzibar and Pemha goes through Zanzibar, and these two islands produce, according to re-cent estimates, 95 percent of the cloves used in the world, and the clove crop for the last two years was

One of the effects of the German

PENNSYLVANIA

Interesting Items from All Sections of the Keystone State.

BANDITS TORTURE WOMEN

Masked Robbers Batter in Door of Mercantile Firm Suspends as Result of Waynesburg Crash.

Washington—Three masked robbers battered down the front door of a house occupied by Miss Maria De Garmo and her niece, Miss Lizzle Hartman, on a farm in Fallowfield township, tied the two women and then ransacked the flouse for money. The women did not hear the burglars until they broke into the room where the two were sleeping on the second floor. Both fought the men and attempted to tear the masks off before they were overcome and securely bound. The men demanded to know where the \$1,500 was hidden which had been secured from the sale of a tract of timber land the day before. Occupants.

fore.
While one man stood guard over While one man stood guard over the women the two others ransacked the rooms. Carpets were torn up, mattresses ripped open and every possible hiding place searched futilely. After subjecting their victims to many abuses the masked men took two gold watches, five rings, three having diamond settings; a cluster-of-peal breast pin and \$20 in money, and left warning them to make no outcry.

IMITATED JESSE JAMES.

Altoona Business Man and Woman Companions Robbed While

Companions Robbed While
Driving.

Altoona.—As Charles Straney, an
Altoona business man, his mother and
small daughter were driving up the
Allegheny mountains to Buckthorn
Inn, a man emerged from a thicket
and covered them with a revolver,
after firing a shot in the air.

Straney was forced to get out and
hand over his money, and the mother
and child were then compelled to dismount. When Straney protested the
footpad fired a second shot. He entered the buggy and whipped the
horse, driving toward Cambria county. Straney followed, but was driven back by a bullet.

Chief of Police Clark left at once
and captured the robber along with
the vehicle. The highwayman's name
is Carlton Parnell and his age is given
as 16.

MANY SEEK STATE AID

Tuberculosis Dispensaries Treated 3,000 in July.

3,000 in July.

Harrisburg.—Reports to the State Health Department for July show that at the close of the month 3,000 persons were being treated at the free tuberclosis dispensaries maintained by the department in each county. Allegheny county led with 366 patients registered; Luzerne was next with 344; then Philadelphia with 317; Delaware with 278; York with 219; Dauphin with 148 and Lackawanna with 122.

Some of the dispensaries are becoming too small and larger quarters are contemplated.

Dig Up Human Bones.

Dig Up Human Bones.

Canonsburg.—Workmen employed by John McNary, a contractor who is installing sewers in South Canonsburg, dug up 77 bones of human bodies in Orchard avenue. Some were those of a child of 4, some of a child of 10 and some of a person about 35. It is thought the bodies were placed in a well or vault that contained water, as the bones are in first stage of decay. They must have been in the ground at least 10 years.

Sham Fight, by Vets.

Sham Fight, by Vets.

Jeannette.—The second annual reunion of the Westmoreland County
Veterans' Association, embracing
members of the G. A. R., SpanishAmerican Veterans and Sons of Veterans, will be held at Oakford Park, August 27. Five bands have been engaged and ex-Congressman E. E. Robins will make the principal address.
Among the attractions will be a sham
battle between the Greensburg and
Irwin camps Sons of Veterans.

Mail Clerk Held. Harrisburg.—John L. Holly, rail-way mail clerk, who was arrested here

way mail clerk, who was arrested here Saturday for robbing the mails, was held for the October term of the United States Court after a hearing before United States Commissioner Wolfe. Holly, who was Grand Commander of the Knights of Malta of Pennsylvania, has tendered his resignation to Grand Recorder Hoffman, who came here from Philadelphia to receive it.

Greensburg. — Mrs. Jane Kerr, widow of Alexander Kerr, 102 years old, died on the 11th. She was the mother of James Kerr of Hempfield township, and of John Kerr of Greensburg. She was born in Scotland. Three quarters of a century ago she married Alexander Kerr, also a native of Scotland, who died 36 years ago. Mrs. Kerr all her life had remarkable health, never taking medicine.

No More Bounty for Scalps. appropriated by the legislature of 1907 or the payment of bounties on scalps of noxious animals was exhausted August 12, when 10 per cent was paid on bills aggregating \$22,000, sent in by 43 counties.

Washington.—David Crawford and his wife of Meadowlands, have sued the Washington & Canonsburg Railway Company for \$5,000 on account of injuries sustained by Mrs. Crawford in alighting from a car.

ECHO OF BANK FAILURE

of Waynesburg Crash.

Washington.—As the result of the Farmers and Drovers National bank failure at Waynesburg, Barney Grossman's mercantile establishment here was closed, the business going into the hands of a receiver. C. B. Groom of Pittsburg was appointed receiver. Guossman was a business partner of J. B. F. Rinehart, former cashier of the Waynesburg bank, who is now awaiting trial on several charges. A mercantile business owned by Grossman in Waynesburg was bankrupted as a result of the bank's failure. Later Grossman realized on some assets and purchased an old established business in Washington. Recently, on account of the unearthing of additional bank debts, Grossman, who with others was responsible by indorsements, was forced to apply for a receiver.

NEW PLANT, MORE WORK

alf Million Dollar Job In Oil City.

Recipe for a Political Campaign. Take the roots of several ripe questions and cover them well with equal parts of fudge and dead beets. Add one modicum of sense and a number of great scoops of nonsense. Some of the more fastidious often add a pinch of progress, but this is not absolutely necessary. Stir in some carefully selected verbiage strained through a rhetorical colander. Beat vigorously until the enthusiasm rises to the top, and then drop in a handful of candy-dates.

It is then ready for the griddle, which is best made in the shape of a platform constructed from well-worn planks. Take the roots of several ripe qu

olanks.

planks.

Now let the whole thing boil and bubble for several months. If it should not rise well, add newspapers. When it is at white heat, garnish liberally with long green. Now let the steam off and set aside to cool. Preserve in alcohol for future use.

A political campaign should be served in gum shoes, and should also be taken with a grain of salt.—Success Magazine.

cess Magazine

BABY CRIED AND SCRATCHED

All the Time—Was Covered with Torturing Eczema—Doctor Said Sores
Would Last for Years—Perfect Cure by Cuticura.

"My baby niece was suffering from that terrible torture, eczema. It was all over her body, but the worst was on her face and hands. She cried and scratched all the time and sould not always a fact that document the document of the said of the said was a fact of the said of the

"Truly Remarkable County."

"Truly Remarkable County."
Washington.—Of the 64 constables in Washington county 56 reported to the court and not one reported any irregularities with the exception of a few bad roads. When questioned closely by Judge Taylor each asserted his balliwick was in perfect order. Not an illegal liquor resort according to them is in operation. A" truly remarkable county, indeed," was Judge Taylor's comment.

Reaching Out for Oil.

Washington.—Believing the Follansbee oil field, where so many wells have been struck recently, extends over the cate line into Washington county, operators from Wellsburg, Cleveland and Pittsburg are preparing to exploit the territory in the vicinity of Independence. Several thousand acres have been leased and one test well has already been started.

Will Be First Colored Mason's Home. Harrisburg.—The grand lodge of Colored Masons of Pennsylvania has completed the purchase of 64 acres in the vicinity of Linglestown, and will establish a home. It will be the first home for colored masons in this country.

County's First Hanging.

Sharon.—Governor Stuart has fixed September 28 as the date for the exe-cution of Anabelo Lombardi, who two years ago shot and killed Pasqualli Panelli in this city. This will be the first hanging in Mercer county.

It's the same with coffee. Thou-sands of people suffer headache and

sands of people suffer headache and nervousness year after year but try to persuade themselves the cause is not coffee—because they like coffee.

"While yet a child I commenced using coffee and continued it," writes a Wis. man, "until I was a regular coffee feed. I drank it every morning and in consequence nad a blinding headache nearly every afternoon.

"My folks thought it was coffee that alled me, but I liked it and would not admit it was the cause of my trouble, so L-stuck to coffee and

my trouble, so L stuck to coffee and the headaches stuck to me.

the headaches stuck to me.

"Finally, the folks stopped buying coffee and brought home some Postum. They made it right (directions on pkg.) and told me to see what difference it would make with my head, and during that first week on Postum my old affliction did not bother me once. From that day to this we have used nothing but Postum in place of coffee—headaches are a thing of the past and the whole family is in fine health."

ily is in fine health. "Postum looks good, smells good, tastes good, is good, and does good to the whole body." "There's a Rea-

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pags.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human

interest.

have community tution

and

pla Wi blu wit