

Honesty is the best policy, though it is sometimes expensive. There are times when expense is the best policy.

A Brooklyn baby carriage dealer advertises: "We want men of push, accustomed to 'holding their own,' to purchase these carriages."

"What becomes of all the pins used?" is the question just now worrying half the world. It is evident that those who are puzzled over this simple proposition never tried walking on the floor nights in their bare feet.

The influences of good humor on life are manifold. A happy disposition helps in business, increases the pleasure of others, makes its owner contented, assists him to forget mental worry and so preserves his health.

Texas has received a terrific blow, but it will not stop the growth or long belated the prosperity of that wonderful State. Texas has gone steadily onward ever since she won her independence, and her advance during the past ten years has been more rapid than ever before.

Professor Starr, of Chicago, in trying to prove that Americans are approximating in facial appearance to the aborigines, says that he has minutely examined and measured the features of more than 5000 children of Pennsylvania Dutch parentage and has found in most cases "lengthening of the face and broadening of the cheek bones in accordance with the characteristic features of Indian races." Perhaps, it is suggested, much eating of scrapple is responsible for the curious development.

No State has so many newspapers per capita as North Dakota, and few rural postoffices make a better showing than those of the Red River Valley, indicating that the people write as well as read. As to crime and pauperism, it is almost another case of "the snakes in Ireland." The census of 1890 shows that there were ninety-seven prisoners in her jails, none of whom were juveniles and thirty-five paupers, the smallest percentage of any State of the Union. At the present time not more than a quarter of the jail population are actual residents of the State.

An incident which occurred at one of the receiving points for the Galveston contributions shows the power of the widow's mite. A workingman, bearing some of the tools of his trade, with hands begrimed with toil, stepped to the counter, and putting down a quarter, sententiously said, "for the Galveston sufferers." "What is the name?" he was asked. "Never mind the name," was the answer, "but send it to those who need it." That came from the heart," said a gentleman standing by, who was attending to some other business. "Put me down for twenty-five dollars." And thus the workingman's contribution was multiplied a hundred fold.

Dr. Charles Fere, writing in a French medical journal, treats the emotion commonly called "love at first sight" with a calm disapproval distinctly shocking to people who have been taught to see in it semi-sacred attributes. He says that this phenomenon seems to be a symptom of degeneracy, of hallucinations of memory, and in especial of epilepsy and of neurasthenia. The explosive form of affection he thinks should be considered a symptom of morbid emotion, of nervous disorder, rather than a celestial inspiration to be followed at all hazards. The authority may be high, but it hardly carries conviction that all the poets and novelists are wrong, especially as it is not quite certain that the French "coup de foudre" and our "love at first sight" are one and the same sentiment.

One place where the signboard nuisance has not disfigured the natural scenery is the water front of the Wisconsin River for some miles up and down the Dells. The smooth surfaces of the stone walls, the crags, cliffs, and standing rocks invite extensive paintings and penning, which would be in plain view from decks of the steamers passing up and down the stream, but up to this time no amount of money has been able to control the privilege from a single individual owner. It is said that some time ago the agent of a concern which manufactured a certain decoction succeeded in painting a huge sign on the rocky cliff near the steamboat landing at Kibbourn. He was overtaken, brought back to the scene of his handiwork, and given the alternative of scraping off the letters or being ducked in the river. He agreed to obliterate the sign, somewhat to the disappointment of the residents, who were just in the mood for the ducking.

THE LIGHT ON THE WAY.

Forrow coming up the slope—
Coming right along;
Listen to the bells of Hope,
We'll drown her with a song!

Swinging.
Listen to their singing!
Sorrow's only for a day;
Hope is lighting up the way!

Not in darkness do we grope;
When the storm strikes strong
Listen to the bells of Hope,
Drown it with a song!

Swinging.
Listen to their singing!
Sorrow's only for a day;
Hope is lighting up the way!

Hear the world's heart throbbing and beat
As she rolls along!
Thorns but make the roses sweet,
Drown 'em with a song!

Swinging.
Listen to their singing!
Sorrow's only for a day;
Hope is lighting up the way!

—Atlanta Constitution.

TWO HOME COMINGS.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

It was one of Scarecrow's poorest days. They were all poor. There were seldom many errands to do, and never, never enough to eat. When a boy is only ten and lives all by himself in the dreariest attic in the very, very dreariest alley in a great city, and when the errands fall—well, is it any wonder a boy gets downhearted? Scarecrow was downhearted. The invalid in the other attic across the bit of a hallway had not heard him whistle for three days. She could hardly have imagined beforehand how she would miss the shrill, cheery sound. When Scarecrow whistled it seemed to make it easier for her to draw the needle through the stiff white cloth with her thin, weak fingers.

"Poor little fellow, he's a-dreadin' havin' her come home. No wonder he ain't whistlin'!" the invalid mused.

Was that what Scarecrow was dreadin'? Or was it something else? There were so many things to dread. He crept downstairs again and out through the noisome alleyway to a corner on one of the busy streets. There he waited on listlessly. It was almost night when his good luck came.

"Errand, mister? Gotter errand for a feller? Kin I run? Gimme a try! On'y a fiver to go a mile—dat's de bargain price."

"Eh, eh, what's that?"

The looming figure half halted and looked down absently into the anxious face. Then it went on. Scarecrow ran along beside it.

"Gotter errand, mister—say?"

"Oh, you want a job, eh? That's it."

"Yes, sir—wot'll yer bet I does! De doctor has prescribed a dose or vittles fer me stummick. Oh, say, mister, gimme a job?"

The figure slackened its pace again.

"But I haven't any job—well, well, let's see. Come with me. I suppose you might run on ahead with the little chap's greens."

At a florist's up the street he bought a load of trailing green vines and cheap bright flowers and put them in the boy's hands.

"Take them to Chandler street—one hundred and seven. Here's a quarter. Now run! the sooner you get there the better."

Scarecrow gazed through a screen of vines at the silver lying on his grimy little palm. It took on enormous proportions and twinkled gloriously, wealthily.

"I ain't got no change—I runs 'em fer a fiver," he muttered.

The man towering above him laughed good-naturedly.

"Well, run this one 'fer' a quarter. It's worth it—it isn't any common errand," he said. And his face as he strode away was radiant with a sudden joyful remembrance. No, no, this was no common errand! This was an errand out of a hundred—a thousand!

The man smiled joyously. In another minute Scarecrow felt his hand on his shoulder again, and another silver quarter dropped through the vines into the small brown hand.

"It's worth it. Off with you!" The man laughed.

It did not occur to him to distrust the tattered little messenger. He was not in a distrustful mood.

At Chandler street, 107, the lights were all lighted. It seemed to be a regular illumination. Scarecrow could see through the unshaded windows a big, bright room, that seemed full and running over with eager-faced little boys. Tall boys—short boys—curly boys—straight boys—and one little kidded boy who danced wildly about. One, two, three—Scarecrow counted boys. There were six of them! And what was this they were doing? The little street boy stood watching them outside.

"W-e-l-c-o-m-e," he spelled slowly to himself, as one by one the big green paper letters were tacked up over the mantel in the big, bright room. The word, complete, meant nothing definite to Scarecrow. He puzzled over it curiously. Then he knocked loudly at the door beside the window. A troop of boys answered the knock with a headlong rush.

"Oh, oh! It's the flowers!—Daddy's sent 'em! A boy's brought 'em!"

"The flowers have come!"

"An' the smile-axel!"

"They're red an' pink an' yellow—an' they smell—my!"

"Goody, goody—hooray!"

In an instant little Scarecrow's arms were empty, and the rush back to the bright-lighted room had begun. Scarecrow plucked the sleeve of the rear boy boldly and whispered:

"Say, wot's de game?" he asked eagerly. "Wot's dem letters in dere spell out?"

"Why, don't you know?" the little fellow exclaimed in astonishment. "They spell 'Welcome,' because mother's coming home to-morrow. To-morrow morning—yes, sir-ree! They've cured her at the hospital, and she's coming home. We've got pieces to speak, and singing, and we're going to drape the picture with vines and flowers. I tell you there's times, when your mother comes home!"

Little Scarecrow crept away in the darkness. Even the bright silver quarters clinked, unheard, in his pocket. He was thinking.

There are "times"—I tell you!—when your mother comes home. That is what Scarecrow was thinking.

Scarecrow's mother was coming home, too, to-morrow. Had they "cured" her at that great, grim hospital for sick souls, over there? All at once Scarecrow remembered something. She was coming out weeks earlier, because of "good behavior," they said. Some one had told him. Scarecrow was conscious suddenly of being proud of his mother. He had never been proud of her in his life before.

"De-ye're goin' to let her out sooner along o' her behavin' good," he murmured, a little glow warming his thin, brown cheeks. "Oh, I say, mebbe"—his voice quavered excitedly—"mebbe dey'se cured her!"

But there would be no green and flowers or "welcome" on the wall. The utter contrast smote Scarecrow like a dull blow. He stopped in the street and sobbed in sudden compassion. There would be no vines, no flowers, no singing—no anything—when Scarecrow's mother came home. That other mother would have them all.

Then the silver coins clinked remindingly. They bore inspiration straight from the tattered pocket of despondent Scarecrow to his brain under the tattered cap. Fifty cents will "carry" a great way sometimes, and it was Scarecrow's trade to carry things. There were the odds and ends of greens and the half wilted flowers that the florist let him have cheap; there were the bans and sausages and the tea—and the bit of sugar and milk. He carried them all home to the attic in the dreary alley. All the way upstairs, flight after flight, Scarecrow whistled. Across the dark hallway the invalid woman took up her needle again and smiled.

"Maybe she ain't comin' home after all—then I don't wonder he feels like whistlin'," she thought. "It's dreadful good to hear him again!"

The little attic was swept and polished and decorated with the treasures from the florist's. Scarecrow got up at the first ray of daylight to do it. And he set out his little feast on the tilting old table. Over the one little window he nailed a gigantic W that he had fashioned patiently out of shreds of green. It was crooked and queer, but it was a W, and it began the word welcome. He would explain—he would understand.

"I wish I could remember de way de other letters went," he thought, standing off and eyeing the solitary letter wistfully; "but I'll tell her wot it stan's fer, an' how she's welcome home again, and when she comes in de door I'll set up an' whistle, loud. Dat'll be de singin'."

It was midway in the dull, wet morning when the mother of little Scarecrow came home. Sore-hearted and hopeless, with the brand of shame on her forehead, she dragged listlessly up the stairs, flight after flight. She had "been good" over on the island, but now—

"I say!"

It was Scarecrow on the upper landing, nodding cheerfully. His little brown, lean, hungry face was etched with pride.

"Yer come along in an' look, will yer?" he cried, exultantly, hurrying her before him. "It stan's fer 'Welcome,' spell de rest. An' de flowers an' vines an' de vittles—dey all stan's fer 'Welcome.'"

Then the boy's lips pursed into a whistle, and the whole decorated little attic was filled with shrill music.

A moment the mother gazed—for a moment she listened uncomprehendingly. Then, with understanding, arose something sweet and warm in her calloused breast, and she caught little whistling Scarecrow in her arms. The music stopped when she kissed him. He could never remember to have been kissed before, and the prophesy of better things was in the strange, warm touch on his lips. The faith of a little child and the love of a mother were born then, and the squallid little attic blossomed into a home. It would be easier to "be good" after that—The Interior.

A Cat That Kills Snakes.

Miss Ruby Fleming, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Fleming, of this place, has a cat that is not only a fine mouser, but has developed a penchant to kill snakes. This cat is a very fine one and wears ribbons and bells, through the pettish scheme of Miss Ruby. One day last week she heard the bells ringing vigorously. She went to the door and saw a fight in the yard shrubby going on between the cat and a very large moccasin snake. The snake would dart its head at the cat and she with her foot would knock the head of the snake to one side every time. Finally the cat grabbed the snake by the back of the neck and shook it considerably. Mr. Fleming then came to the rescue and killed the snake with a stick. A few days after, the bells on the cat began to ring again in the front yard. Miss Fleming went out and found that the cat was in another combat with a huge snake. The cat put the snake to rout, and as the snake attempted to run in at the door Mr. Fleming killed it also with a stick. This is a remarkable cat and one we would like to own.—Marietta (Ga.) Journal.

Phil Armour's Big Job

The Czar of Russia Assigns Him a Task

P. D. Armour of Chicago, "the old man of the markets," has a contract from the Russian czar to ship 7,000 cattle to that country from San Francisco. It is easy enough to secure the cattle, but the question of transportation is an enormous task. There are not boats enough on the Pacific coast to carry the cattle. Those who know Mr. Armour, however, are confident that he will solve the problem; if not, it will be the first time that the greatest trader in the world ever received an order that was too big for him.

The last great coup of P. D. Armour was made in connection with the wheat corner in 1897. This corner was months in maturing. It sent the price of grain up in India. The value of a loaf of bread almost doubled in Calcutta, in London and in New York. Joseph P. Letter was a foe worthy even of P. D. Armour. It is now a matter of common history how Armour wriggled out of a

"squeeze" that would have meant financial death to 999 men out of 1,000. He executed a great coup in transporting millions of bushels of wheat from Duluth to Chicago by boat in the winter season, when navigation was supposed to be closed. It was an expensive affair for Mr. Armour, but in the end it smashed Mr. Letter, just as Mr. Armour had figured it would. Mr. Armour could have settled his losses with Letter for about one-half what it cost him to bring that wheat to Chicago, and it is safe to say that he is about the only man in the trade who would not have seized the opportunity to get off as cheaply as possible. But Mr. Armour is not that kind of a man.

At enormous expense he had sufficient wheat shipped to Chicago and formally delivered it to Letter. It swamped the latter, the corner in wheat was broken and Armour more than recouped himself in the clean-up.



P. D. ARMOUR.

The Execution of Cordua

The press of Europe is severe in its condemnation of Gen. Lord Roberts for having permitted the execution of Hans Cordua, the Boer officer, who was convicted on the charge of having conspired to kidnap Lord Roberts and other British officers in the interests of the Boer cause.

There is no denial of the fact that Cordua and other Boers in Pretoria entered into the conspiracy, under the belief that if Lord Roberts could be prevented from directing affairs the British plan of campaign would be greatly weakened. But in his defense Cordua advanced the statement that the conspiracy was not of his initiative. It was according to him concocted by British secret service men and it was not until great pressure was brought to bear upon him that he countenanced it and became a party to it. In the light of this

in England five mornings; have seen nothing eaten for breakfast by friend or foe or myself but coffee and sandwich and boiled eggs. You go into what they call the commercial-room, call for boiled eggs and bread and butter and coffee. They will bring it in, the bread cut in thin slices spread with butter, with the coffee and eggs, a spoon for the coffee and a spoon for the eggs; no knife or fork. Was invited out to dinner Sunday by J. H. Simpson, the Belgian hare fancier of England. One meal like that in a day would suffice, so I have decided English people go to extremes sometimes."—Kansas City Journal.



HANS CORDUA.

It would seem as though Lord Roberts might have had magnanimity enough to have spared the life of Cordua. His permission for the execution of the Boer officer is not in keeping with the general opinion formed of him.

Beside, the execution of Cordua we believe to have been a blunder. It will incite the Boers to more desperate resistance and prolong the agony of the South African tragedy.

No Good Meals in England.

BY CAT'S EYES.

Chinese Tell the Hour by the Line in the Feline Visual Organ.

It must be conceded that in some qualities of primitive, but practical resourcefulness the Chinese are ahead of most civilized nations. All travelers agree that if in a district where clocks and watches are unknown you ask a Chinaman the time of day he will, if well disposed, at once proceed to ambuscade and capture the household cat, and after pushing up the lids and looking for a moment into its eyes he will tell the time with astonishing accuracy. The explanation is a simple physiological one. The pupils of the cat's eyes constantly contract until midday, when they become like a fine line, as thin as a hair drawn perpendicularly across the eye; after twelve they begin again to dilate. It is to be hoped that if the practice is ever introduced into this country watches and clocks will continue to be made, as there will probably be many who will not care to run after a cat whenever they want to know the hour, or who may fear some danger to their own eyes from too close an examination of hers. The Chinese have by no means a monopoly of the cat as a perambulating timepiece. The negroes of Jamaica are very well acquainted with the method of telling the time by looking at the effect of the sun on pussy's eyes, and those who twenty years ago were quite illiterate and could not tell the time by a watch used to resort to this method for discovering the time of day. I have myself repeatedly, watch in hand, asked a negro to tell the time in this way, and it was very rare indeed for him to be five minutes out by the clock.

James M. Sherwin of Grafton, Vt., has voted at every election in his town—local, state and national—since 1832. If he lives until November he will cast his eighteenth presidential vote.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED PENSIONS GRANTED.

Revolutionary Tragedy Commemorated by a State Monument—Fayette County Heiress Mind Unbalanced.

Among those granted pensions last week were: Aaron K. Johnson, Berwin, \$12; George Carver, dead, Brad-dock, \$12; George Degarmo, Windber, \$12; William E. Allen, Dayton, \$8; Martha J. Carver, Braddock, \$8; John K. Stump, Millintown, \$10; minor of Joseph Behe, Carrolltown, \$10; Mary Rodgers, Chicora, \$8; Austin C. Fish, Freeport, \$17; Richard Kennedy, Cantonburg, \$12; Peter S. Young, Elder, \$10; Hiram Qualk, Coal Center, \$10; Hamilton Jacobs, Duquesne, \$6; Lewis Henshaw, Chicora, \$10; Anna M. Morjan, New Haven, \$4; Maria Landen-slager, Lewistown, \$8; Sarah Pan, Monongahela, \$8.

A handsome monument to mark the site of Jenkins Fort, one of the Revolutionary defenses of historic Wyoming, was dedicated recently at Pittston. The monument consists of two fine blocks of native conglomerate taken from the Spring Brook quarries. The larger of the two blocks weighs five tons and bears on its face an aluminum plate with the following inscription: "This stone marks the site of Jenkins Fort, one of the Revolutionary defenses of Wyoming against the invasion of the British Indians and Tories, constructed 1776, burned 1778. Erected by Dial Rock Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, October 12, 1900. May the sacrifices and sufferings of a patriot ancestry be ever remembered by their descendant's."

The reunion of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, held recently at Waynesburg, was the most successful gathering ever held by the association. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: W. S. Shallenberger, second assistant postmaster general, president; Captain J. L. Milliken, of the Western penitentiary, secretary; A. G. White, of Beaver, treasurer; vice presidents, Joseph Moody, Beaver; Captain I. M. Ray, Allegheny, and D. N. Pry, Burgettstown. The next meeting of the association will be held at Rochester on the second Tuesday of October, 1901.

Information has been received at Lancaster that David Dare, formerly of Lancaster county, and who has been wanted by the authorities for some time has been located at Alexandria, Egypt, where he is the president of a railroad. Some years ago Dare started a bank at San Diego, Cal., and obtained a great many subscriptions for stocks from persons in the East, after which, it is alleged, he disappeared. Efforts will be made to bring Dare to this country.

Judge Johnson, of Media, who presided over the trial of the five councilmen and three agents for brick companies who were convicted during the May term of court for conspiring to defraud the borough of Shamokin in street improvement contracts, has refused to grant a new trial to the defendants. The eight men were each sentenced to imprisonment for four months and to pay a fine of \$250. The sentence will be appealed.

The new Petersburg extension of the Pennsylvania railroad, running from Mt. Etna to Petersburg, has been thrown open to traffic. It is anticipated that work will soon be begun on the Portage extension of the same railroad, the completion of which will give the Pennsylvania an independent route down the eastern slope of the Alleghenies through Hollidaysburg, and will shorten the distance by rail to miles between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

The city of New Castle has made probably the largest increase of any place in the country in the past ten years. Its population in 1900, as stated by the census office, is 28,139, against 11,600 in 1890, an increase of 16,539, or 144.3 per cent. The population by wards is as follows: First, 3,828; Second, 3,012; Third, 4,518; Fourth, 4,518; Fifth, 4,193; Sixth, 7,705; Seventh, 2,629; Eighth, 2,458.

A fine piece of ground along Jacobs creek, Fayette county, is to be converted into a game preserve by the Jacobs Creek Oil Company, which was recently organized to take up a big tract of land rich in timber and minerals. The preserve, which contains 2,100 acres, will be stocked with pheasants, rabbits and wild turkeys.

Leopold Gout, a young Mexican, 34 years old, was instantly killed by a bullet from a revolver held by Daniel del-Valle, a Cuban, 16 years old. The del-Valle was students at the Lehigh preparatory school at Bethlehem. The revolver was accidentally discharged as they were examining it.

Dr. Crawford Irwin, a distinguished member of the medical fraternity of Central Pennsylvania for half a century and president of the State Medical Society in 1875 and 1876, died at Hollidaysburg late Sunday night, aged 76 years. He was a ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church for 32 years and frequently served as delegate to synods and assemblies of the faith.

The Sharon Steel Company will put a force of 400 men at work in a few days building a new railroad from their works in South Sharon to Leesburg, Mercer county, where their coal mines are located. The track will be 20 miles long and will cost \$500,000. The line will touch at Bethel, New Wilmington and Volant.

A large pipe organ, the gift of Andrew Carnegie, was formally presented to the Methodist congregation of Punxsutawney Friday.

Andrew J. Reichard dropped dead in a field on his farm in Bedford county, while husking corn. He was aged 72 years.

The Erie City Iron Company, one of the largest manufacturers of stationary engines in the world, sustained a loss of from \$80,000 to \$100,000, 1,000 men will be temporarily laid out of employment.

The chain machine men of the Bluff mines, near Monongahela, are on strike. Their grievance in the setting and running of the slate is being taken out.

A number of farmers county have been swindled by a photographer who induced them to have their photographs taken and