

It is safer to marry a thrifty woman with 15 cents than it is to wed a vain belle with \$15,000.

The allies in China should at once import the college cane rush and popularize it in the provinces. It would give the Boxers a chance to work off that gouge feeling.

Male students of the Vienna university recently resented the admission of female students to the philosophical faculty's lectures by raising a riot which stopped the lectures. Austria is evidently behind the times in educational matters.

Out of the wilderness of dietary theories in which we are now roaming bewildered—raw meat, raw wheat and all—we may emerge into a gastronomic Canaan of content. But the man who is inclined to let well enough alone will watch the other fellow experimenting and himself stick to the diet that "agrees with him."

There is no cause for immediate alarm at the statement of an eminent mathematician that in 10 centuries the population of the United States will exceed 40,000,000,000. This would be a density, counting car present area, of over 11,000 to a square mile. Even if any of us should live till that day there would possibly be no scarcity of provisions.

A New York judge has decided that a diamond collar button is an article of jewelry and not personal attire, and that it must be left in the safe if a hotel is to be responsible for it. If New York City is shocked by the appearance of men without collars in transit from hotel offices to their rooms this judge will be entirely to blame.

In Europe there continues to be considerable discussion of the exhaustion of forest resources. A late review of the wood imports and exports of France and other countries, in the Revue Scientifique, leads to the conclusion that a wood famine is soon coming. The problem is less acute in the United States, where reforestation is urged chiefly for climatic purposes, but the prospect of a wood famine has been considered even here.

While naval authorities in Europe and America are cogitating over and experimenting in desultory fashion with wireless telegraphy, little Japan has bought two complete Marconi plants, with an effective radius of 125 miles for immediate installation on two first class Japanese cruisers. Among nations, as in lesser political or domestic organizations, it sometimes happens that the latest comes runs most swiftly and eagerly in the unending race of material progress.

Through investigations by the United States fish commission, conducted on the New England coast, it has been shown that the cultivation of clams for the market, as oysters are cultivated, is, under certain conditions, a practicable and profitable industry. This is valuable information, in view of the rapid depletion of the soft, or, as it is commonly known, the long-neck clam, along the New England shores. Success in the culture is largely a question of a proper food supply, and much depends also on the nature of the ground. Clams will not thrive in a purely sandy bottom; neither will they grow in a soft mud. The bottom must be a mixture with just sand and mud enough to make a firm bed. They will set best, it was found, where there is a rapid current, which keeps any sediment from settling. The current, too, brings more food.

The assertion of Professor Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell university at the New York State Conference of religion in New York City that he did not believe that the average Sunday school teacher was competent to teach a Sunday school class calls attention to the plan, already in operation to some extent, of employing paid teachers for such work. Within a few days the pastor of a Boston church, where the system of hiring trained teachers for Sunday school instruction has been tried, reported enthusiastically in its favor. In some of the wealthy congregations in and near New York City, there are already paid Sunday school teachers, especially those who have charge of infant classes. By the Boston experiment it was found that good story tellers were the most successful of the paid teachers. The hearty applause that Professor Schmidt received would seem to indicate that an effort to train or secure really competent Sunday school teachers would be a move in the religious field that would command instant approval.

### JUST A LITTLE SONG.

Just a little song, dear,  
When the heart is gay;  
Just a little measure  
In the lonesome day;  
Just a thread of melody  
On the weary way.

Just a little song, dear,  
When the broken blinds;  
Just a snatch of music  
When the toiler finds  
Life a little wearing,  
And the day's work grinds.  
—Collier's Weekly.

### THE BEGINNING OF A LOVE STORY.

Quess Mistake Which Brought About Happy Results.

It was just 4 o'clock in the morning when Miss Clarissa Steel crept quietly down stairs and out at the side door. She stood for a moment on the broad stone step and took a long, free breath, then she went down the gravel walk into the street. She turned away from the village, and, as if with a definite object in view, walked swiftly toward the fields and hills to the north.

It was only since April that Elmville had taken a lively interest in birds. It had known vaguely that there were birds within its borders—English sparrows, an oriole or two, and out in the country crows, perhaps a few jays. This limited ornithological knowledge had satisfied Elmville, and when it heard that in Boston it was the thing to rise early, take one's opera glasses and go "birding" it had smiled indulgently. That, however, was two years ago and Elmville was 200 miles from Boston. A hundred miles a year was quite fast enough for a fad to travel toward Elmville, but when it finally arrived it was received with enthusiasm.

The little village suddenly awoke to the fact that there were birds in its trees of which it had never dreamed, and birds in its fields and pastures whose very names it had never heard. It began to talk wisely of vireos and warblers, red-starts and flickers. Quiet folk who had known of birds all their lives suddenly found themselves in great demand. This popularity might have turned their heads had it lasted long enough, but when it was discovered that there were questions which they could not answer they were promptly made to know their proper place and to feel like impostors who have been found out.

The newly aroused interest in birds took different forms. There were some who made up parties and took long walks in the woods, where they talked and laughed so loudly that all the birds fled before them. This class enjoyed the bird walks greatly and went every week. Then there was young Mrs. Goodnow, who had seen more birds than any one else in town, but who could not tell the song of a rose-breasted grosbeak from that of a cuckoo, declaring naively that she did not care anything about the noises the birds made. Others wondered how she could know so many birds when she did not have her ears to help her, but she had a very fine pair of field glasses and unlimited time. There were the two elder Misses Steele, who contented themselves with looking from windows into the tops of the elm and maple trees which grew about their home, and there was their sister Clarissa, who on this beautiful June morning, was out in the country at a little after 4.

It was 7 when she walked up the path to the side door. She was tired and very hungry, but she was also happy and had a quantity of bird news to tell her sisters. Breakfast was ready and a delicious odor of hot coffee came out to her through the screen door, and she went in eagerly. She hung her hat in the entry, then passed on to the dining room.

Usually she greeted her sisters with a cheery good morning, but this time she had hardly crossed the threshold before she was aware that something was wrong. A quick glance at Elinor and Caroline showed her that it must be something very wrong indeed. Her heart began to beat faster and all the happiness seemed suddenly to have gone out of the morning. She looked timidly at her sisters and they stared at her in stony silence.

"What is the matter?" she asked, tremulously.

"I should not think you would need to ask that question, Clarissa Maria, Elinor said in a hollow voice.

"No, I should not think so," echoed Caroline.

Now it was only about once in three years that she did anything bad enough for them to call her Clarissa Maria, and at that moment she felt that life was too full of bitterness to be borne. She sank weakly down in a chair and waited.

"To think," began Caroline, in a tone of sadness and reproach, "to think that you should disgrace us, and not only us, but the good name of our family, by making your pretended interest in birds an excuse for going out mornings and carrying on a flirtation!"

"A scandalous flirtation," interrupted Elinor.

"Yes, a scandalous flirtation with Deacon Upton."

Clarissa started to her feet with a little cry. "I—I never did," she gasped, while the color rose in her face.

"You saw him this morning. You don't deny that, I suppose, though I don't know," and Caroline shuddered.

"Yes," said Clarissa, eagerly. "I did see him. It was down in Mr. Ames'

meadow, but he was on one side of the river and I on the other, and we just stopped to speak about birds for a minute."

Elinor smiled sardonically. "And then," she said, "he kissed his hand to you—not once, but several times, and you—"

"Yes, kissed your hand to him," finished Caroline, as Elinor paused and seemed unable to go on. "Yes, Clarissa Maria, you kissed your hand to him. We knew it because Sally Porter was on the hill and heard your voice and saw you do it."

"Oh!" cried Clarissa, her face lighting up, "he did not kiss his hand to me. How could you think he would be so silly? He was just showing me how to call the birds around. You just put your fingers to your lips and make a smacking sound, so," and she illustrated, "and somehow it makes the birds come."

The elder sisters looked skeptical. "That is a very ingenious excuse," said Caroline, coldly. "And how do you explain your conduct?"

There were tears in Clarissa's eyes now. "I just tried to see if I could do it," she said, with a little sob.

"Well," said Elinor, "I don't know how many people will believe you. You know what Sally Porter is like. You'd better eat your breakfast and start right out and see and explain to all the people she has told the story to. Come sit down, things will be stone-cold."

"I—don't want any breakfast; I'm not hungry," and Clarissa went out of the room with her handkerchief held to her eyes.

An hour later Elinor tried Clarissa's door and found it locked. "You'd better come down and eat something," she said, but there was no answer and she went away.

An hour after that she came again. This time she shook the door vigorously. "Clarissa," she called in a subdued tone, "come down stairs at once. Deacon Upton is here and wants to see you."

"Oh, I can't!" cried Clarissa, in a frightened voice.

"You must," said Elinor, emphatically. "He says he will wait any length of time, but he will see you."

When Clarissa entered the parlor Deacon Upton rose to meet her. "Good morning, Miss Steele," he said. Then they both remembered that they had met before that morning and there was an awkward pause. She looked down at the carpet and he looked at her.

"I think, Miss Clarissa," he said, desperately, when the silence had become unendurable, "I think that you have heard the same thing that I have." He felt that he had expressed himself vaguely, but she understood and nodded her head without looking up. She tried to keep her lips steady, but she could not prevent the tears from coming. When the deacon saw them they seemed to give him the courage of desperation.

"I cannot express to you my regret that I was the cause—the innocent cause—of giving you pain. I would do anything in my power for the privilege of living over this morning and omitting that scene. But only on your account, remember," he went on, impetuously, "only on your account. For myself, I would not care who knew or saw. I would not be content with merely kissing my hand to you, either, and I would be willing to—er—do it on the green in front of the postoffice in sight of everybody."

Clarissa was looking at him now, and the deacon moved his chair nearer. Her eyes made him think of drowning violets, and he had a strong desire to save them.

"Clarissa," he said, "did you ever want something very, very much, but knowing that it was far beyond your reach, after a time almost forgot that you wanted it, and deceived yourself into thinking that you were happy without it? Did you, Clarissa?" She nodded.

"Well," he went on, "that has been my experience, and this morning something happened that brought it all back to me, and—oh, Clarissa! I don't see how I can live without you any longer!"

She was silent for a moment, then she said, softly, "I don't think you will have to."—Susan Brown Robbins, in the Chicago Record.

### A Friday Superstition.

A row of paupers' houses, very neatly designed, has just been erected at Abrahams, Mr. Rudd of Ardnamurchan having advanced a considerable sum for building purposes to the parish council on easy terms. Accommodation is provided for 10 persons. A few days ago Mr. H. McPherson, inspector of the poor, visited Abrahams in order to superintend the removal of the 10 selected female paupers to the new cottages. They all occupied houses which were in a wretched state of disrepair, yet each of them resolutely and peremptorily refused to "fit." In vain did the inspector dilate on the increased comfort and conveniences to be enjoyed in the new dwellings. The aged dames were invincible proof against all argument—nor did threats of compulsion and sheriff's warrants have any terror for them. At length it was elicited that the disinclination to remove was based simply on superstition. The day of the week happened to be Friday, and it appears that to change quarters on that particular day constitutes a gross and wanton violation of all the canons governing highland "fitting." On discovering that the perversity manifested by the old women was mainly attributable to "conscientious scruples," the inspector at once agreed to humor them, and the removals were postponed until the following day, when they were accomplished without any opposition or demur.—The Scotsman.

### TRUNKS FOR RACEHORSES.

Elaborate Outfits and Some Jewelry That Have to Be Carried Around.

When a racehorse distinguishes himself by winning some important contest one of the first provisions made for him is an individual trunk containing an outfit of clothing and toilet appliances of all sorts. Besides this, special attendants are selected to look after his comfort and cleanliness. The grooming of the horse now at Sheephead Bay track in one of the interesting morning happenings and gives one a clearer idea of the value of these animals than their performances on the track can present, however brilliant they may be. When one observes the care they receive and the nicety with which they are washed, dried, brushed and combed and the watchful care that is bestowed upon them as they feed, one realizes that they represent thousands of dollars in themselves and in their possible winnings of the future.

Every great racehorse has his trunk. The racing horse Star Pointer has almost as many trunks as a summer girl, but the average horse has only one trunk, very strongly built, marked with his name and provided with a special lock. Each animal has his own basins, pans and pails for the toilet, his feeding utensils, brushes and combs. The pans are usually of agateware plainly marked with the horse's name and are never used by any other horse. A racehorse may have many sets of towels of various grades and blankets of various weights for all weathers. These are marked and numbered and are kept beautifully clean and well aired. The belongings of the horse are carried about in his trunk during periods of travel, and while he is visiting in a strange stable.

Besides all this luxury every great case and with age and success the collection frequently becomes very valuable. In the case, which is a compartment of the trunk, are kept the various trinkets presented by admirers. These consist largely of articles of wear, such as bridles finished in silver and gold, silver chains and mounted halters, blinkers, with valuable settings and combs and brushes mounted in handsome style. These things, although rarely used, and often of great value, are never kept on view at the homes of the owners and trainers, but are invariably carried about in the horse's trunk, accompanying him on all his travels. When at home there are cases and special receptacles for them in the stable.

The horses travel in parlor cars specially constructed with a view to horse comfort, are tended as carefully as babies and are almost always loved by their trainers and stable boys, especially when their dispositions are good, and the ugly-tempered racehorse is the exception to the general rule. When they win a great race they are petted and flattered to such an extent that were it not for their proverbial horse sense their heads would be completely turned.

It has become quite a fashion here at the eastern tracks for women to go into the paddocks after a race to see the victorious horse. The racehorse never shows his good breeding more than on these occasions. He relaxes from his usual dignity and shows in every way that he is conscious of the compliments that are showered upon him from pretty eyes and lips. The presence of women in the paddock before a great race is not encouraged by owners or trainers, but when the race is run and won there is a special welcome for feminine visitors.—New York Sun.

### Frozen Whales.

The finding of the skeletons of whales high up on mountains is fairly common. Their bones have been found in Southern California and on peaks of the Coast Range. The skeleton of a whale was discovered in excavating for a new street in Los Angeles. But the whales referred to as seen in the Antarctic were all in the flesh and the explanation of the phenomena is as follows: In midwinter in the Antarctic ocean, some of the islands are surrounded by frozen water to a distance of 100 miles and sheets of surface ice reach out from the great barriers and ice cliffs that characterize the country. These ice fields are continually growing, being added to by the snow that is blown from the land upon them; this piles up, adding weight to the ice which slowly settles and in time, a long time, becomes a berg, breaks away from the shore and goes drifting away. During the early stages of this growth a dead whale has been blown in by a gale and has stranded on the ice cake that has sunk with the weight. The waves roll it and the snow blows out from the island, and in time the whale is covered and frozen solidly in. Years pass and the ice becomes a large berg which breaks away and floats off.

Sir James Ross was fortunate in observing such a phenomenon. His party landed on the berg before it had ceased rocking and found the top covered with rocks picked up from the bottom, the berg having turned over as it rose. In such a turnover an imprisoned whale is lifted from 70 to 100 feet above the sea.

### Descended from Many Nations.

The people of the southern Appalachian mountains number about two million, their descent being from the Scotch, Irish, French Huguenots, English and German. They have been in these mountains since long before the Revolution. They love their homes and mingle but little with the outside world.

### KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

#### PENSIONS GRANTED.

Locomotive Burns and Killed Two Men. New Oil Field Opened Near Slippery Rock—Another Coal Deal.

Pensions have been granted the following persons: Silas A. Bennett, New Castle, \$12; John Gilliland, East Waterford, \$17; George F. Goodman, Port Royal, \$8; Dewitt C. Henry, Mina, \$8; William Ewing, Holt, \$12; Martha Park, Monroeton, \$12; Margaretta Simon, Wilkinsburg, \$8; Mary J. Myers, Lewistown, \$8; Frederick C. Johnson, Titusville, \$8.

The mandamus proceedings instituted by eight school districts of Montgomery county, against State Treasurer Barnett and Superintendent of Public Instruction Schaeffer, were brought to an end by the State authorities agreeing to pay the full amount due the districts prior to the reduction made by the governor in the school appropriation.

J. H. McCullough, receiver in Altoona of county and State taxes, is reported to be a defaulter to the extent of from \$50,000 to \$50,000. The discovery that he was short in his accounts was made last week. When confronted with the charge McCullough broke down, and admitted that he had embezzled \$10,000.

The Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg Coal and Iron Company has purchased about 4,000 acres of coal land in White and Center townships, Indiana county. The price paid to the land owners was \$113,563.36. Operations are to be started at once to develop mines on the territory.

The discovery of a marriage certificate in a compartment of an old valise is likely to bring to an end the contest over the will of the late Chauncey C. Ackley, who died at Wellsboro three years ago, leaving an estate valued at \$20,000.

A heavy explosion of gas occurred in the Hollenbach mine of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company Monday. Five hundred men were at work at the time. All succeeded in getting out safely, with the exception of two, who were probably fatally burned.

At Greensburg options have been secured with a view of having same accepted by the county commissioners for the new court house. The land is one square south of the present court house and can be secured for the present site and \$25,000.

Much excitement prevails at Slippery Rock over the discovery of oil in a well which was being drilled for gas by the Fort Pitt Gas Company on the Trax farm, two miles south of town. The gas was tapped in the 100-foot sand and the well started to flow.

B. E. Masters, an engineer, of Newtontown, and John Miller, of Dubois, were instantly killed and a fireman named Henry Patrick was probably fatally injured by the explosion of a locomotive boiler near McGees Mills.

The bondsmen of Tax Receiver John H. McCullough, of Altoona, who confessed to being short in his accounts, have agreed to pay \$25,000, and Judge Bell has approved the compromise. The reported shortage was \$30,000 to \$40,000.

The will of Mrs. Caroline Hays, late of Canonsburg, leaves \$1,200 to the Presbyterian board of relief for disabled ministers and their families, and \$1,000 to the Central Presbyterian church, of Canonsburg.

The Sharon Boiler Works Company has taken a contract from a Leeds, England, firm for the erection of a mammoth stand pipe near Buenos Ayres, Argentina. The material will be shipped from Sharon.

A burglar near New Haven, after poisoning the watchdog of James Wilson, an aged inhabitant, overpowered Wilson and his granddaughter and robbed the house of silverware and heirlooms.

Charles Karcher, aged 13, of Bethlehem, has returned home, saying he was kidnapped and chloroformed by two men, who let him go on learning that he was a poor boy.

The brick knitting mill of William Davis, in Downingtown, Chester county, was entirely destroyed by a fire of incendiary origin. The loss is about \$9,000.

Albert Umstead, a farmer of Middlesex township, Butler county, went violently insane and was temporarily lodged in Butler jail, where he tore off every shred of his clothing.

The Rev. E. A. Garvey, pastor of St. John's Catholic church, Pittston, has been named by the Pope as a domestic prelate with the title of Monsignor and was invested with the title Sunday.

The decomposed body of a man supposed to be George Kelly, a cigarmaker of Philadelphia, has been found in a mill race at Union Furnace, Huntingdon county.

Miss Mary Broderick, aged 20 years, a sister of Thomas D. Broderick, proprietor of the Queen City hotel of Johnstown, dropped dead while at a dance.

Ida Smith, aged 17, living near Charleroi, burned to death, her clothing taking fire at a grate. She ran about the house until her clothing was burned off and lingered in agony two hours.

The Greensburg, Jeannette and Pittsburg Street railway celebrated the opening day of the twentieth century by running the first car into Irwin.

Jacob L. Carter, engineer at Bucher's planing mill, Altoona, was found dead where he had crawled into a manhole to repair a leaking pipe.

William Shinabrook, a farm hand, has been arrested, charged with the murder of William D. Rebok at Newburg, near Carlisle.

Warren A. Wilbur, of South Bethlehem, has given \$5,000 to Lehigh University for the equipment of a mechanical laboratory.

The National Malleable Casting Company, of Sharon, will build an addition to their plant which will give employment to 100 additional hands.

Ambrose Hawk, a young bookkeeper, was found dead near Wilkesbarre with a bullet hole in his head and a revolver by his side.

Dr. F. B. Smith, of Philadelphia, left by his will \$20,000 to Margaret Coyne, of North Scranton, a trained nurse who nursed him six years ago.

### FARM TOPICS

#### Who Should Keep Bees.

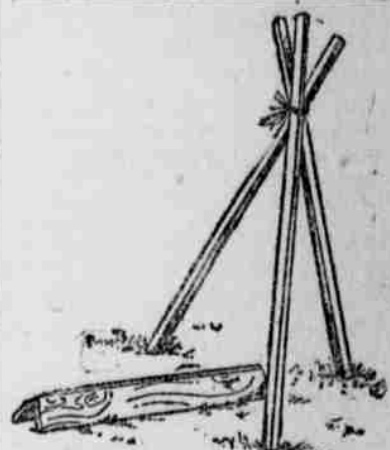
Any person who is fond of the study of nature, particularly of the habits of the honey bee, can succeed, while those who still cling to the brimstone and dishpan notion, and who shun the little pets because they sting should avoid this pursuit. A careless and lazy person is sure to fail. The requirements are tact, patience, watchfulness and good judgment, and a desire to emulate the busy humming marauder and improve each shining hour.

#### It Pays to Be Kind.

A Texas farm paper says: "Recently a dairyman concluded to test the value of noise and confusion among his cows. He took a hired man and a dog and entered the cow lot and began to raise a great commotion that scared the cows, but none were bitten by the dog or struck with the sticks the two men carried. Then the dog was turned out, the sticks laid away and the cows milked. The result was a distinct falling off in the quantity of milk, but the full significance of the affair was brought out by the Babcock test, which showed a falling off of forty per cent of butter fat. The test was entirely satisfactory, and there was no more confusion in that cow lot with the owner's sanction."

#### Ventilating a Stack.

Many farm products are stacked in the field to dry out before they are taken into the barn or other buildings. If three stakes are driven into



THE PLAN OF VENTILATION.

the ground and a V-shaped, inverted trough is placed, as shown in the cut, and the stack built about the stakes, the air will have access to the interior of the stack, whence it will pass out at the top, if stakes sufficiently long have been used. The stakes also serve a useful purpose in giving stability to the stack when being built, and in holding it up against the effect of winds thereafter.—New York Tribune.

#### Succulent Food for Swine.

The value of succulent food for swine cannot be said to have been generally appreciated among farmers. It is possible in many instances, that the results in gain have not been as satisfactory as was expected, and in other cases the feeder may have argued that roots or pumpkins are too watery for swine, especially during the fattening process. Pumpkins have been more generally fed than any other succulent food. They are regarded as good for that purpose, but just how good nobody can say with any degree of accuracy, for, so far as we know, there has been but one experiment reported. In that case the pumpkins were cooked and fed with shorts, and the cost of every 100 pounds of gain was \$200. But independent of the value of roots or pumpkins as a direct maker of meat they are exceedingly valuable in the direction of keeping the digestive organs in proper condition. It is a severe test of the vigor of the animal system to put swine upon an exclusive diet of dry grain for months. Carrots, sugar-beets and mangles are worth far more than they would seem to be as food, because of their power to correct the evil effects of dry feeding. Whatever may be said for or against the advisability of cooking grain for swine it is proper to say in this connection that there is no doubt whatever that cooking largely increases the value of vegetables.—Agricultural Epitomist.

#### Raising Calves.

It is something of a task for even one who has had considerable experience to select a calf that will make a good dairy cow. We should be shy of one that was not from good milking stock on the part of its mother and both its grandmothers, but if its pedigree was as long as a page in the herd book, and it did not suit us in showing what we call the marks of a good dairy cow in its well formed udder and teats, and its general form, we should be quite as unwilling to raise it. But many a good calf is spoiled by the feeding and care afterward. These are the extremes to be avoided, if feeding is to favor the increase of fat, a deficient food in amount or as to check its growth. Good cut hay and a little bran or other day during the winter is the element, and a few roots or a little age are the cheapest feeds that they produce the best result, a warm and comfortable shelter, no exposure to cold storms, cold winds, and never allowing to be trampled over by older animals, a little potting every day, a good helper if the calf is fall.—American Cultivator.