

It is a lonesome city nowadays that does not have its own reform movement, remarks the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Somebody has made the discovery that a person's character can be told by their favorite color. People who persist in wearing bright red neckties will please take notice.

In this general movement toward combinations it is not without significance that the United States transports and the reefs seem to be getting together, too, pretty rapidly.

The superintendent of police in Paris severely reprimanding gendarmes for unnecessary violence to strikers is a fresh reminder that they do some things excellently well in France.

Among the Eskimo tribes of Greenland it is the rule that every animal killed, larger than a seal, must be divided among the men in the community regardless of their share in securing it.

Chicago business men say that the country high schools provide them with a more promising class of clerks than those graduated from the city schools. They are smarter and more generally available than the town boys.

Philadelphia, for 15 years back, has been engaged in a special fight against that dread disease, consumption, and it is gratifying to know, with success. It is announced that deaths from that cause in the city are fully one-third less than they were at the commencement of the battle.

Pauper labor is invading the colleges, where the oversupply of young tutors is forcing salaries down to the starvation point. Doctors of philosophy who have won their degrees with honors in Germany are said to be obtainable for service at American universities for \$500 a year.

Among the articles abstracted by burglars from the wardrobe of a Paris banker were 312 pairs of trousers, 291 coats and 241 waistcoats. This eclipses all American records for extravagance in dress. It is instructive to learn that the financial Brummel in question is sought by the police for embezzlement.

Now that economic evolution is extending town privileges to the remotest outlying districts, and abolishing isolation, it is possible to make country life socially satisfying to woman. The farm of the future can be rendered a centre of thought, of social life, and of good cheer. Conversation can be carried on more freely, and good neighborhood established more easily than in town life, observes the New York Independent.

From investigations and experiments made in Arizona and northern Mexico has grown the theory that the date palm can be successfully, profitably and easily cultivated there, and that the tendency of the date to flourish in soil where other plants would not prosper will not only make date culture one of the chief industries of the southwest, but will give it a field where it will not interfere in any manner with other forms of agriculture or horticulture.

Minister Storer at Madrid writes that large numbers of Americans are being defrauded by persons in Spain and other European countries who pretend that large fortunes, etc., await the victims if they will only forward a liberal sum to cover the expense of getting possession of them. In order to make the case appear plausible the swindlers send along forged official records, wills, newspaper clippings, etc. In some cases the innocents even go to Europe in person, only to find that the whole thing is a swindle.

Much injury can be done by philanthropists, without intention, to young men and women who are compelled to live economically while they are getting a foothold in business, or attending various kinds of schools and colleges in large cities, thinks the Christian Register. When their life in cheap lodgings and boarding houses, where no provision is made for social pleasures, is described as surrounded with great temptations, injustice is done to thousands of young men and women who are too busy and too earnest to be conscious of temptation. They know that they are poor, they know that they are working hard for things that they greatly desire; but they are willingly paying the price. They are studying music, art, science, or whatever is taught in the various institutions of learning, and they are cruelly wronged when their narrow quarters and frugal living are associated in the mind of the public with compulsion and vice.

BATTLES.

Battles, and wars, and combats! man with man. Striving for place, supremacy and power. Not since the first dim dawn of life began.

On this small sphere has peace reigned for one hour. Battles, forever battles. Why should we marvel? In your heart or mine.

Has peace been known to fold its wings and rest? Nay, nay! two natures, human and divine. Wage war always, within the human breast. Battles, forever battles.

Wars, wars unending. Not in open field. Are fought the mighty conflicts of the earth. But in the secret hearts of men concealed. By eyes and lips tickled out in smiles of mirth. Battles, forever battles.

Strife, always strife. Wild passion day and night. Like billows on the bruised heart, beat and roll. And that unending war of wrong and right. Desire and aspiration, builds the soul. Battles, forever battles.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Good House-keeping.

Little Doctor Doris. "I'd like to be a doctor, like you, papa," said Doris. She was sitting next to her papa at the dinner-table, eating an apple that he had just pared for her. Dr. Dalton was very fond of his little girl, and always had her with him while he enjoyed his dessert, unless, indeed, he was exceptionally busy, at which times both Doris and dessert were overlooked.

"Would you, my little girl?" he said, in answer to her remark. "And why, pray?" "Oh, because I'd like to cure people when they are sick. I don't like to be sick myself, so, of course, I'm sorry for people who have to be. And so many people are fond of you, papa; you must be the kindest doctor that ever was. I often hear the poor people speak of you when I go into their houses with nurse. They often say, 'God bless him!' They mean you, you know, papa. I'd like them to say that about me."

Dr. Dalton smiled, and patted the fair head of his pet. "I know many people who are fond of my Doris," he said. "But that's only because I'm your little girl, papa; it's not for anything I do myself."

Papa looked down into the sweet, upraised eyes, and his own grew rather misty. Doris' eyes reminded him so powerfully of another Doris, who had been wont to sit beside him and look at him with just such another wistful glance, and who was now, alas! sleeping so quietly beneath the daisies in the churchyard. "You want to begin to work early, my darling," he said, after a little silence. "Well—reflectively—"If you are bent on being a doctor, I think I can find you one or two patients. There is one upon my hands at present, a gentleman, whom I will hand over to you. I verily believe you will do him more good than I have done."

"But, papa—with a puzzled frown—"how can I cure anybody? I don't know what things will cure sick people. I ought to learn, oughtn't I?" And Doris looked inclined to cry. She thought papa must be making fun of her, and that seemed unkind when she was so much in earnest. "This gentleman, my dear, will not require you to give him medicine," explained her father. "He is rather old, and very, very sad. He has lost all his children, and lately he has lost his little grandchild, a bonny boy of about your age, of whom he was very proud. He lives all by himself—by that I mean he has only servants to look after him, and they cannot be like one's relations, you know. I think you may be able to cheer him up a little; so, if you wish, I will take you to see him to-morrow, and leave you to make his acquaintance while I go my rounds. What do you say, Doris?"

"Oh, papa"—flatteringly—"perhaps he won't care to have me." "We must risk that. In such a case you need not go again. Come, dearie, I thought you wished to do good, and make people love you for your own sake."

"So I do; but—but this seems a little bit hard, papa. What shall I say or do for the old gentleman?" "Your kind little heart will tell you, Dorie, when the time comes. And now my chick must run away to nurse, for it is past bedtime. Good-night, my daughter."

Doris gravely returned her papa's kiss, and went upstairs, feeling rather doubtful about her fitness for the task in store for her. She was shy of strangers, and almost wished she had not spoken to her father about her wish to adopt his profession. "For I'm only a child," she murmured, with a tired sigh, as she laid her head upon her plump, frilled pillow. "I'm only eight, and I've had no experience, like papa has. Suppose the old gentleman frowns at me, and speaks in his throat, like old Mr. Barlow. I—I shall be afraid."

along a wide corridor, to the door of a room, which they entered, after being duly announced. Doris found herself in a large, splendidly-furnished apartment, much grander than any of the rooms at home; but she had barely time to glance around before her father led her up to an old, white-haired gentleman, who was seated in an easy chair near the fire.

"I have brought my little daughter to see you, Mr. Charlton," he said, in his cheery tones. "I have often promised to do so, haven't I? She is very desirous of becoming a member of the faculty, although she is so young."

Mr. Charlton took Doris' small gloved hand in his and welcomed her kindly. She looked a nice child, he thought, listlessly, in her neat serge frock and bolero jacket, her fair hair falling over her shoulders, and an expression of innocent pity in her blue eyes. Pity! yes, for Doris already pitied this old man, who had such a lovely house to live in, yet who looked so sad—so sad.

He asked her to spend the day with him, saying that there were many pretty things about the house she might like to see; and her father agreed to leave her until the afternoon, when he would call for her on his way home. Doris was not afraid of being left now, for Mr. Charlton seemed so kind and gentle. He showed her a lot of curious things, and some beautiful pictures, and though it seemed to cost him an effort at first, the child's prattle found the way to his heart, and he brightened up as he had not done for months. They had luncheon together, and Doris told such a funny story, as it seemed to her, that she had heard from nurse, over which she laughed so heartily that he was amused also, and actually found he had managed to finish his soup without being aware that he was taking it. After luncheon he sent his little visitor for a ramble about the house and grounds, from which she returned an hour later, with her hands full of choice flowers.

"Aren't they lovely?" she asked. "Your gardener gave them to me. May I put them in this nice china vase? You have no flowers in the room?" "No; there had been no flowers about the room since his darling boy left him. He had loved them, so the old man had felt since his loss that he could not bear to look upon the frail, scented things that reminded him of Wilfred. But he did not like to hurt the feelings of his little guest by telling her to remove them, and presently he found himself watching her arrange them with a feeling that was not all pain.

"I'm tired now," sighed Doris, when she had finished; and she drew a low stool to his side and seated herself upon it. "This has been such a very busy day. I think seeing a lot of strange things makes one feel tired." "And how do you like my house, my dear?" asked Mr. Charlton. "Will you come to see me again?" "Oh, I shall be very glad, thank you. I think it's a beautiful house, only—just a little lonely, don't you think?" "Very lonely."

His tone was full of sadness, and Doris remembered about the lost grandchild, and felt she had made a mistake. "May I sing you a little song?" she asked, timidly. "Papa likes me to, sometimes, when we're alone."

"Do, my dear." So Doris sang—simple words, sung in a child's clear treble; but they sounded sweetly in that quiet room, and the old man rested his head upon his hand, and the slow tears trickled through his fingers—tears that had been pent up since he had taken his last look at the face of his dead boy—tears that had melted the ice that had been gathering about his heart.

"She has done me a world of good," he whispered to the child's father when he came to take her home. "Send her to me sometimes, won't you?" "So once more a child's footsteps were heard about the corridors of Charlton Hall; and after a bit Doris coaxed her new old friend out into the sunshine, and by degrees he began to take an interest again in the world and in the poor around him. He grew to call her his little physician, and it was with a glow of delight that Doris one day overheard him say to her father: "She has brought a ray of sunshine into my darkened life. God bless her—my little Dr. Doris."—New York Weekly.

Value of Superfluous Knowledge. Many people are satisfied to have just and only just enough knowledge to get along with. Not so with the late Senator Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota, one of the most scholarly men this nation has produced. He once said: "I believe in superfluous knowledge. I have little faith in the thing called genius. I think any young man can attain success, and great success, by good, hard, studious labor, not intermittent labor, but conscientious, constant effort. The men who have achieved success are the men who have worked, read, thought more than was absolutely necessary, who have not been content with knowledge sufficient for the present need, but who have sought additional knowledge and stored it away for the emergency reserve. It is the superfluous labor that equips a man for everything that counts most in life."

How the Guests Arrived. As a result of the heavy rain of the last two days Merced, Cal., is under water. From three inches to one foot of water is standing in every yard in town, every cellar is filled, and business is at a standstill. At a society wedding last night the bride's house was surrounded by water, and the groom, minister and guests were carried from carriages on the backs of the hackmen.—Salt Lake Herald.

FARM TOPICS

A Living in Poultry. There are scores of people who are making a good, comfortable living keeping 200 or 300 hens, producing eggs for market, raising the pullets each year and dressing and selling the cockerels. It does not require much capital for a start, but one should have enough to get through the summer and fall in easy circumstances and take into consideration that 600 or 700 chickens will eat a good many dollars' worth of grain while growing.

Artesian Wells on the Farm. About the possibility of getting a flowing well upon the farm, the only way to prove it is by trial. In all probability water can be reached and in abundance. Whether it will be a flowing well or require pumping will depend upon the water being under pressure or not. While flowing water would be a great advantage, the other contingency ought not to be a serious discouragement, since pumping by wind or other power can now be done at moderate cost. If the wells of the neighborhood are surface wells, dug in the old-time way, they give no indication of what may be produced by drilling.

Cost of Producing Milk. The great difference in cost of milk when made by good cows and by poor ones is shown by the experiments of the practical dairy operated at the New Jersey experiment station. The value of the yearly product of their best cow at three cents per quart is \$114.26, and of the poorest cow \$60.74, while the average product is worth \$86.89.

The cost of feed for the cows is estimated at practically the same. At three cents per quart the returns of the good cow over the cost of feed are \$71.92, while for the poorest cow they are \$18.40. One year the herd averaged 6585 pounds of milk per cow, the milk testing four and one-quarter per cent. of butter fat. The average yield of butter was 327 pounds per cow.

Good Layers. Good layers are descendants of good layers, and we should endeavor to develop strains that have been bred from such parents. If we closely observe a flock of hens we will find that at all seasons a few will constantly lay, even though most of them do not. Such hens should be watched and carefully marked, so that when the time comes for hatching the eggs laid by them may be used.

A careful selection of good layers year after year will undoubtedly develop an exceptionally heavy laying breed, and if followed up we may confidently expect to see the 200-egg hen a reality. Food and care have much to do with the production of eggs, but no amount of kindness will induce poor layers to produce eggs. Develop the laying strain, and then the work and food will not be wasted on them.—Home and Farm.

Handy Food and Drinking Crate. Where fowls are fed and watered from dishes or pans, especially those kept in confinement, they will waste the feed and dirty the water by getting into the pans with their feet, or will upset the dish, scattering the corn or



other food and spilling the water. A good way to prevent this is to make a crate with a solid bottom, and a top that will lift on hinges. The sides are made of lath or other slats, nailed on far enough apart to allow a chicken to reach the food or water between them. They should be smooth, too, so that the feathers of the fowls will not be worn off or become ruffled. It is especially a fine thing for drinking water.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Standard Dairy Foods. In the days of our grandmothers the standard cow foods were in the fields, grass; in the stable, corn, corn shucks, corn fodder and hay. Now and then some cows got a mess of shorts, a few turnips and the surplus of refuse vegetables from the garden. Within our generation a wonderful change has taken place. The dairy menu has been enlarged many times. Now nothing is too good for the milk cow. How to feed her has come to be one of the foremost questions of agricultural science—a question more discussed in the agricultural press and on the lecture platform than any other.

The difference between the conditions of the dairy then and now amounts to a revolution. To-day the dairyman has no need to go afield in search of new foods for his cows. Experiments confirmed by practical experience have established a long list of foods that have become standard, from which he can make up balanced rations in great variety. For example, take this list, which does not pretend to be complete:

Of roughages: Well cured hays in variety; silage of corn, corn and peas, clover, alfalfa; oats and clover, corn stover, cow peas. Of concentrates: Bran, cornmeal, ground oats, cottonseed meal, luscious meal, gluten meal, brewer's grains, malt sprouts, pea meal. These have all come to be standard foods that can be bought in any of the large markets.—The Jersey Bulletin.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

PENSIONS GRANTED

Anti-Saloon League Officers Chased—Co-Operative Glass Plant for Jeannette—Bank Robbers Convicted of Murder.

Pensions have been granted as follows: Margaret Davis, Coalport, \$8; Ellen N. Ellis, Somerset, \$12; Ellen J. Jackson, Westmoreland, \$8; Phoebe J. Roberts, Jefferson, \$8; William C. Lensty, California, \$8; John B. McCartney, Thomas, \$8; George Staley, West Newton, \$8; Abram P. Neff, Lilly, \$12; Mary A. Brink, Punxsutawney, \$8.

Allegheny college, Meadville, has received from an unknown donor the promise of \$50,000 if \$140,000 additional is raised by January 1, 1902. This is a red-letter day for this college. Three new buildings have already been announced—the Newton observatory, the Ford Memorial chapel and the library building.

Matthew Law, an old and well-known farmer, died at his home in Springfield township, Fayette county, Friday morning, aged 84 years. His wife, Elizabeth, died two hours after her husband. They went to the same church, their birthdays came on the same day and they were never separated since their marriage many years ago. They were buried in the same grave on their own farm.

The annual convention of the Pennsylvania Anti-Saloon league. The following officers were chosen: President, Rev. Floyd W. Thompkins, Philadelphia; vice presidents, Dr. W. C. Webb, Philadelphia; Rev. M. M. Sheedy, Altoona; Mrs. Ella M. Watson, Pittsburg; treasurer, John M. Sayford, Harrisburg; secretary, Rev. J. H. Groff, Middletown.

Subpenas are being served on witnesses and other preliminary steps taken for the new trial of Samuel Hazlett, of Washington, at the May term of the quarter sessions. There are about 35 indictments against him, charging embezzlement as a banker, in receiving money on deposit when he knew he was insolvent.

Claude Morford, aged 15; Fred Morford, aged 13, and Howard Miller, aged 13, are dead from eating poisonous berries which they found on Wintertown hill near Sharpville. The three boys were found writhing on the ground and died before their parents could reach them.

A big gas well has been brought in in the Waynesburg field by the Mann-Whitney Heat and Light Company. The derrick was working at the cable when the gas was struck, had his hand almost torn off by the cable being jerked into the air and was otherwise injured.

Three colored men, Robert Jones and Thomas and Massey Carter, were taken to Uniontown from the Western penitentiary, where they had served eighteen months for robbery, and granted a new trial on after-discovered evidence. They were acquitted.

The congregation of the Catholic church of the Immaculate Conception has started the erection of a convent at Washington. The new structure will be of brick three stories in height and will cost about \$100,000, and is to be completed July 15.

An independent window glass plant is to be established at Jeannette with a capital of \$80,000. It will be conducted on the co-operative plan. At a meeting of the officials the site was selected and work on the plant will begin at an early date.

Cook & Graham, one of the largest lumber concerns in Jefferson county have purchased all the logs belonging to W. A. Simpson, of Brookville, and in consequence the large mill of the latter will be shut down. This will throw about 75 men out of work.

Peter Greenhagh, of Venango, recently bought an old safe at public sale for \$7. While examining it at home, he discovered between drawers and partitions \$4,250 in gold and bank bills. The safe belonged to the estate of Jacob Blistone.

Surrounded by a group of relatives and friends Tuesday afternoon in his room in the Home for Aged Women, Wilkensburg, Mrs. Elizabeth Brooks celebrated her 90th birthday. She is a native of Bucks county, but has lived in Pittsburg since 1828.

Charles Smith, an employe in a Summerville sawmill, was killed and horribly mangled by having his clothing caught in the machinery and he was thrown upon a circular saw, which cut through his body and severed both arms near the elbow.

Oil well No. 2 on the Thomas Whipple farm in Economy township, Beaver county, belonging to Stone Bros., which has been only doing 50 barrels a day for some time, was shot and is now yielding 20 barrels an hour.

Mrs. Maggie Sando of Morris township, Clearfield county, is lying in the Clearfield jail charged with the murder of her young son. The child was choked and his neck broken. The woman is said to be mentally deficient.

Watson Kepler and Henry Rowe, of Lykens, who shot and killed Cashier Charles W. Ryan, of the Halifax National bank, of Halifax, in an attempt to rob the bank, were convicted of first degree murder.

Farmers in West and Anwell townships, Washington county, have organized to protect themselves from coal speculators and will probably refuse to give options, except on all the coal in the district in a lump.

Jackson township, Venango county, has a mad dog scare. T. C. Beightol was bitten and has gone to the New York Pasteur institute. Eggs from bitten hens and milk from bitten cows have been used in the neighborhood.

The Stewart Iron Company's muck bar mill at Sharon which has been idle for about a year, resumed operations. Eighteen puddling furnaces were started. Nearly 100 hands are benefited.

Eleven families at Brownsville have received benefits from a relief fund of \$5,454.00, contributed at the time of the Brazell mine disaster in December, 1899.

L. M. SNYDER, Practical Horse-Shoer and General Blacksmith.



Shoeing done in the neatest manner and by the latest improved methods. Repairing of all kinds carefully and promptly done. SATISFACTORY GUARANTEED.

HORSE CLIPPING

Have just received a complete set of machine horse clippers of latest style in pattern and am prepared to do clipping in the most possible number at reasonable rates. Jackson St. near Fifth, Reynoldsville, Pa.

NOTICE

To All Who Want to Buy or Have a Carpet to be Woven.

I am ready to do it in a very short time and my work of the past few years recommends itself. I have bought an improvement for my loom, making it a four-harness (instead of two), but prices will stay the same for weaving as before, that is 10cents a square yard, and I will weave it from 20 to 42 inches in width to fit your rooms at that price. I keep 21 colors of chain on hand (all or send for sample) and when I furnish chain, all of which is of the best quality, for carpet 134 threads to the inch I charge only 20c.; 15-thread for 22c.; and 18 threads to the inch 25c., which includes weaving and chain. For out-of-town people, on 20 yards or over will pay freight one way. I also weave

Stair Carpet and Rugs

of any kind. I have for sale some rug, rug and split-warp carpet, which I will sell at a big reduction to get out of my way. Yours Respectfully,

TEOFEE DEMAY, Box 358, Reynoldsville, Pa.

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You will find SASH, DOORS, FRAMES AND FINISH—of all kinds, ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER, HIGH GRADE VARNISHES, LEAD AND OIL COLORS in all shades.

And also an over-stock of Nails which I will sell CHEAP. J. V. YOUNG, Prop.

Want Your Clothing to Fit?

Then you ought to go to J. C. Froehlich, MERCHANT TAILOR.

My line of samples are well worth anyone's time to call and inspect. Remember

All Work is Guaranteed. Cleaning, Repairing and Altering a Specialty.

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