

THE OLD HOME DAYS.

Old stone doorstep! Blessings on you! You have suffered no "repair."
Greetings! Blessings! I'd have known you if I'd met you anywhere!
Sixty years and more have faded you anchored by the door
Where the wide back porch was shaded by the ancient sycamore,
Waving soft, through Memory's haze,
In the dear home days!

Old stone doorstep! I recall you! Father found you on the hill,
And he said "By George! I'll haul you where you'll make a noble fill.
Summat rough, but might be rougher; 'nough s'ight smoothern me, I guess!
All of us that toil and suffer must be wrinkled more or less."
That was just like father's ways
In the old home days!

So he hitched the oxen to you in the path the water wore,
Slowly slew you round and drew you to the open kitchen door,
Where the crowbar made you worry and the heavy iron mace—
And I laughed to see you hurry as you wriggled into place!
And he said: "I'll bet it stays!"
In the far home days!

And you stayed, O stair of granite! of our home and life a part;
Not a throne upon the planet touches so the trunk heart.
As fond memory backward glances through the labyrinth of years
Round these tropic pictured panes, 'mid the laughter and the tears,
And we thread the tangled maze
To the old home days!

Oh, the orchard and the garden, and the elms arrayed in state!
Still one giant, like a warder, towers beside the open gate!
How he captivated us and swung us—oh, the mad and merry wight!
Through the tangled branches flung us till we shouted with delight!
Oh, the joyance of the plays
In the long home days!

Peaceful hours! The twilight shadows of the harvest evening gray
Brought the blossoms of the meadows in the odors of the bay,
And the bees went out the clover tinkled that the day was done,
And the cows went drowsing over with their golden armor on
Through the sunset's fading rays
In the sweet home days!

Hung above you on the trellis were the Concord in the dew,
Growing sweeter for the chaffin as the loom of summer flew,
And you heard the water tinkle where the river breaks in twain
And the rattle and the grumble of the grinding of the grain,
And you watched each changing phase
Of the old home days!

Dear old doorstep! Oh, the prances of the children on the grass,
And the gambols and the dances of the laughing lad and lass,
And the song we sang an' dived as the hours of evening sped!
Oh, the sacred spot it's haunted with the faces of the dead!
And the echoes of the lays
Sung in the old home days!

Memories throng. The heart is swelling till the pain has found relief;
Holy sorrow's pearls are welling from the blessed fount of grief
For the music hushed and vanished, for the voices round the door
And the footprints that have vanished from the path forevermore,
As through binding mist we gaze
Toward the old home days!

—W. A. Crofut, in Springfield Republican.

Two Warriors and Their Last Charge.

By JOHN W. HARDING,
Author of "The Gate of the Kiss."

"Hear the latest from the Philippines!" queried young Lieut. Gay at the Raconteurs' club, as he glanced up from his newspaper at a number of the members who, cigar in mouth, were enjoying the post-prandial hour of dolce far niente, utterly indifferent, in their contentment and comfortable surroundings, to the wind that rattled and the rain that beat against the windows of their Fifth Avenue clubhouse. "Here's a single Filipino who has the sand to charge a whole American column!"

"Wow!" chorused his listeners, incredulously. "And what happened to the gentle Tagalog?"

"He isn't, or I suppose it is safe to say wasn't a Tagalog, but a Moro," replied the lieutenant, "though I suppose all Filipinos are alike to us here. As to what happened to him, the dispatch leaves it to the imagination. This is all it says:

"Manila, Sept. 27.—Three companies of infantry, commanded by Capt. Eli A. Helmick of the 10th regiment, left Camp Vicars, Island of Mindanao, Thursday, to reconnoiter the Moro forts and recover stolen arms. They encountered only slight opposition. The column captured and destroyed the Bulig forts. A few Moros were killed. The American troops had no casualties. A fanatical Moro, armed with a bolo, charged the column alone."

"There was silence for a moment, as each man, impressed by the dispatch writer's laconic reference to the incident, mentally paid his tribute of pity and respect to the battle-frenzied patriot of the distant isle who thus superbly had defied fate and the might of his country's conquerors and, armed with a useless sword, had courted a warrior's death from half a thousand lightning bolts. Then a slight, elegant man of medium height, with clean-cut features and a gray pointed beard remarked quietly:

"That recalls a similar and very extraordinary incident which I witnessed in the Sudan in 1885."

The speaker was Stanford Hylsh, a visiting English journalist and ex-war correspondent, to whom the courtesies of the club had been extended. The entire company was attention immediately, and Mr. Hylsh, on being pressed, continued:

"It was during the operations, begun too late, alas! for the rescue of Gordon at Khartoum. I was with the column commanded by Gen. Sir Herbert Stewart, which made that famous dash across the desert to Metemneh when 1500 Tommies and bluejackets at Abu Klea fought off 10,000 tribesmen whose valor is immortalized in Kipling's 'Barrack-room Ballad 'Fuzzy-Wuzzy'."

"An' ere's to you, 'Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air—"
You big black boundin' beggar—for you broke a British square."

The column was made up of the Sussex regiment, mounted infantry, a camel corps of guardsmen, and a detachment of men-o-war's men, with a troop of the Nineteenth Hussars acting as scouts. We hurried along with us four screw guns and a couple of gatlings. Big Col. Fred Burnaby, of 'The Ride to Khiva' fame, was of the expedition, and, rejoicing mightily thereat, caring nothing (if he had any premonition of his fate) that it was to mark the close of his adventurous career. Not having been able to get himself sent to the front, he had secured several months' leave of absence and, armed with a shotgun, had overtaken the army on the Nile, having dodged, by avoiding the Egyptian towns, imperative orders to return to the front at every point of possible

interception by the war office authorities, who had learned of his departure.

"We had made a forced march of 18 hours and were nearing the wells at Abu Klea. Not a man had had a morsel to eat or a drop to drink during all that time. Most of us were on the verge of prostration from fatigue and the torture caused by the sand and fine dust which clogged our mouths, ears, and nostrils, causing an intolerable thirst, and penetrated our worn and in many cases ragged clothing. The scouts dashing in at breakneck speed apprised us of danger, and we barely had time to form a square about our baggage and animals when two mighty, surging torrents of black humanity swept upon us.

"Three minutes after the first horde got within range we could scarcely see each other, owing to the smoke from the rifles. There was no wind. The atmosphere, heavy with the terrible heat, as it seemed to us, appeared to concentrate the powder smoke in a dense, acrid, choking pall through which it was impossible to see the onrushing tribesmen. The screw guns had to be cleared of sand before they could be put into action. As for the gatlings, they had to be taken to pieces and cleaned. Bluejackets inside the square were doing this expeditiously, but with the utmost calmness, amid pandemonium, for the men told off to look after the animals were having the tussle of their lives. Some of the camels and horses had been wounded, and were squealing and plunging madly. Meanwhile officers were rushing along the rear of the lines of the square, shouting amid the din into the ears of the men to aim low at their invisible foes.

"Suddenly, on the left rear of the square, where the heavy cavalry and camel corps men had formed, an immense black mass which had broken through the terrible circle of fire loomed through the smoke cloud at the very barrels of the rifles, and, hurling itself upon the square with the irresistible force of an avalanche, broke through the lines. Some of the cavalymen, true to their instincts, and lacking the infantrymen's training to meet such an emergency, broke ranks and rushed at the enemy. The others and the infantry stood their ground, and by dint of terrific fighting closed the gap. Many of the hapless cavalymen thus shut out fell, pierced by the bullets of their comrades. Two tribesmen who had broken through were quickly cut down, though not before Col. Burnaby and many other gallant fellows had been killed. Burnaby, you may recall, received a spear thrust in the throat. Gen. Stewart himself had a narrow escape, his horse being slain under him.

"Meanwhile one of the fiercest and bloodiest hand-to-hand fights in the annals of warfare was in progress all along the line. Every man, handicapped from the first by exhaustion through he was, knew that not only his own existence, but the lives of the entire command, depended upon the square being kept intact. Tommies and tars fought like demons, and for the first time I understood how the expression 'to wear like a trooper' probably had its origin, for while they fought they swore continuously and horribly, and the curses of the wounded would in any other circumstances have been frightful to hear. What they were 'up against,' as you Americans say, will be better understood when I tell you that those gigantic and absolutely fearless biscahs hurled themselves upon the bayonets and fearlessly impaled themselves in order

to reach and enable other warriors behind them to attain, with their spears and long swords the men holding the square.

"All this took place in a few minutes. Then the gatlings and other guns got to work and the black mass withered away in their fire and the leaden hail from the rifles.

"The result is matter of history. Our casualties were nine officers and 65 non-commissioned officers and men killed and 85 wounded. The tribesmen left about 2000 killed and wounded on the field.

"It was then that the incident recalled by the lone Filipino with his bolo occurred. Nearly an hour after it was all over and the black host had vanished, the men not engaged in attending to the wounded and the animals were drawn up awaiting orders. They were in loose lines, propping themselves on their rifles and discussing the battle. A thousand yards away a superb Fuzzy-Wuzzy rose amid the hillocks of slain and looked wildly upon the scene of carnage about him. He was of uncommon stature and proportions, even for these big athletic men of the desert, and evidently a chief. His actions attracted immediate attention. He gazed at the thin, grim ranks of the conquerors from the north who were blazing the way for the advance of civilization into the wild fastnesses of his ancestors; scanned the horizon on every side in vain for a trace of the Mahdi's mighty and reputed invincible cohorts; looked once more upon the bodies heaped and strewn around him, then picked up a shield and spear, and with a scream of defiance and despair charged upon the army at full speed!

"The Tommies who had supposed he was wounded as he doubtless was, unless he had been simply stunned by a bullet—were astonished beyond measure. Not quite knowing whether to take him seriously they were reluctant to kill him. Besides, perhaps they felt a little sympathetic admiration for him. But the warrior was out for blood, and evidently not disposed to listen to argument. His poised spear meant death to some one, and amid cries of 'Don't shoot; it 'im a toss with the butt!' 'Look out; 'e's as mad as a March hare!' and 'Give it to the poor beggar; it can't be helped!' a dozen men raised their rifles, there was a crackling fire, and the warrior pitched forward and lay about 100 yards from the detachment of guards.

"That night, while soldiers and sailors, exhausted as men rarely are, were dreaming the battle over again, or of those they had left behind in the peaceful towns and villages of England, I lay sleepless from nervous excitement, watching the sentries silhouetted in the violet night and the great bright stars that twinkled seemingly so near to earth as to be almost within reach. The vision of that solitary warrior, such was the impression he made upon me, recurred with depressing persistence, and, though I have seen many terrible scenes of suffering and heroism in war, as it frequently has done since, and probably will continue to do when I am alone with my thoughts, until at my last bivouac I fall into the slumber that knows no dreaming."—New York Tribune.

UTILIZING OF WASTE.

Progress in By-Products' Manufacture in Recent Years.

The World's Increment of Wealth Dependent Upon Finding Economical Uses for Industrial Substances—Ways in Which Refuse is Made Productive.

The following extracts are taken from a report by Henry T. Kittredge of Boston to the director of the census upon the utilization of wastes and by-products in manufactures. Mr. Kittredge is a well-known expert in manufacturing processes.

"Nothing in the arts of manufacture is more indicative of economic efficiencies than the utilization of products that have been rejected as waste or residues in the industrial processes. The acme of industrial economy is the profitable employment of every atom of material in whatever form it may be presented or however obtained. Every particle of an organic or inorganic substance has a useful part to play in contributing to human necessities or pleasures, and when it performs no function toward some useful end, or remains dormant, it shows that the ingenuity and enterprise of man have not reached their fullest development, or that the arts of the laboratory have not revealed all the secrets of nature.

"For nearly a century the world's main supply of soap depended on soda, which was obtained as a product of the sulphuric-acid industry. Notwithstanding soap was known to the ancients, it was regarded even in the middle ages as a luxury, and when it was not readily obtained, the lack of cleanliness was concealed by fine clothes and by perfumes. The soda industry being brought to a standstill in France during the French revolution, the national convention of that country appealed to the chemists to discover some method for making soda from common salt, which had been shown by Du Hamel, in 1736, to contain the same base as soda. About 40 years thereafter, Scheele found that caustic soda could be obtained from salt by the action of lead oxide; but the production of soda by chemical processes was unimportant until Le Blanc secured results that gave to the world one of its principal industries. His discovery was based upon the treatment of chloride of sodium with sulphuric acid, forming hydrochloric acid and sulphate of soda. The hydrochloric acid was regarded as a by-product of so little value that it was allowed to pass off into the air, to the great detriment of vegetation in the neighborhood. To remedy this evil the English government took action against the soda works to compel them to condense the acid and keep it out of the way, and this led indirectly to the discovery that hydrochloric acid could be used as a valuable agent in the bleaching industry, which, however, was at that time far from having attained its present height of development.

"The choicest perfumes that are placed upon the market are no doubt obtained from oils and ethers extracted from flowers; but there are many others which are artificially made, many out of bed-smelling elements. The fuel oil obtained in the distillation of spirits has an odor that is peculiarly disagreeable, yet it is used, after treatment with proper acids and oxidizing agents, in making the oil of apples and the oil of pears; and the oil of grapes and the oil of cognac are little more than fuel oil diluted. Oil of pineapple is best made by the action of putrid cheese on sugar, or by distilling rancid butter with alcohol and sulphuric acid. One of the most popular perfumes may be obtained from one of the products of gas tar, out of which is also obtained the oil of bitter almonds, so largely consumed in the manufacture of perfumed soap and confectionery.

"The refuse of cities throughout the civilized world is now generally collected and disposed of for sanitary reasons, though in many instances it is utilized to good advantage for industrial purposes. The collection of this refuse has been made only within a comparatively few years, but is now carried on systematically, being more or less self-supporting and advantageous from an industrial point of view. Formerly this refuse was simply accumulated and disposed of by burning, or casting into streams or onto waste land. Now, bones, glass, rags, iron, paper, and other articles are separately collected and sold.

"The food wastes of New York City are disposed of by what is known as the Arnold utilization process, which is, briefly, steam digestion and a separation of the cooked product into greases and fertilizer fillers. The greases are all, or nearly all, shipped abroad and, it is believed, refined and separated into several grades, such as 'glycerine, red oil, lard oil, and inferior grades.' It is not known that refineries in this country are as yet able to handle what is known as garbage grease, as the secret of the trade seems to be held abroad. The solids after being dried and screened are sold to the various manufacturers of 'complete fertilizers,' and by them made up into grades which seem to be particularly adapted for use in the cotton belt.

"The economic uses of furnace slag have been greatly developed within the last few years. Formerly slag was carted away from the furnace and disposed of in the most available place, as so much refuse material, hardly worth the cost of carting. A considerable portion of this waste is now put to some profitable use as a substitute for artificial porphyry in the construction of buildings and for

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

THE AMERICAN W.F.

King Edward owns china whose value is estimated at \$2,000,000. Lieutenant Peary lost two toes while on his last search for the North Pole. Emperor William has taken to wearing glasses, alternating at times by wearing a monocle.

The czar has conferred the Grand Order of the St. Alexander Newsky Order on Ambassador Tower.

Herr Krupp, the German gunmaker, who died recently, was an enthusiastic botanist, an ichthyologist and a patron of art.

The degree of doctor of laws has been conferred on Dr. Adolf Lorenz, of Vienna, by the Northwestern University.

The widow of Herr Krupp has given \$400,000 marks to establish a benefit fund for workmen in memory of her husband.

Stanley Spencer, the flying-machine man, comes honestly by his aeronautic tastes. His father and grandfather were balloonists, and both his brothers are skilled aeronauts.

Lord Reay, Chairman of the London School Board since 1897 and President of the Institute of International Law, has been appointed First President of the British Academy.

Crownwright Schreiner, husband of Olive Schreiner, the candidate of the Afrikaner Bond, has been elected member of the House of Assembly for Colesberg, Cape Colony.

Dr. Sven Anders Hedlin, the Swedish traveler, has been invited by several American universities to lecture before them on his explorations. He hopes to be able to accept the invitations early in 1903.

The Austrian Emperor is a man of simple tastes, and yet he is said to spend \$250,000 a year on the palace tables. The daily cost of furnishing the imperial table is from \$200 to \$250, while a state dinner with from fifty to a hundred guests costs from \$2000 to \$3000.

SPORTING BRIEVITIES.

EVERY WOMAN

El Paso, Texas, is to have a driving club.

Tobin bronze will be used in the construction of the new cup yacht by the Herreshoffs.

Michigan will lose three football players next season, Weeks, Sweeley and McGugin.

It is reported that the new cup yacht will spread something like 15,000 square feet of canvas.

E. E. Farnsworth has been elected captain of the West Point football team, and C. C. Soar, Jr., captain of the Annapolis eleven.

Cincinnati has eleven pitchers signed for 1903—Hain, Wiggs, Phillips, Poole Harper, Thielman, Vickers, Alemang, Ewing, Hooker and Sutfuth.

The Westchester Racing Association has acquired 640 acres of ground at Queens, Long Island, and will construct an extensive race course.

The West Point football team defeated Annapolis at Philadelphia by a score of 22 to 8. This game is regarded as winding up the football season.

New automobile track records have been made by B. Oldfield in a specially built machine at Detroit, Mich. His time for one mile was 1m. 11.5s., and for five miles 5m. 20s.

New York Yacht Club's racing season will begin May 21, when the cup yachts will meet off Glen Cove. The club's fixtures are very important and extend to September 17.

It is practically agreed among the rowing counselors that if St. Louis rowmen submit a fair proposition for the championship races of 1904 it will be granted, and the races rowed on a course convenient to that city.

There are now said to be more than 600 automobiles in California, two-thirds of which are operated in San Francisco. Both steam and gasoline vehicles are made in San Francisco, but no electric. The San Francisco Automobile Club has a membership of 200.

Glaciers Getting Smaller.

In Switzerland the studies of many years have determined the fact finally that the glaciers are not only steadily receding, but their rate of recession is becoming greater each year. There are only a few glaciers that still grow. The Doreyre glacier in Canton Wallis is the only one that has increased steadily since 1852. The famous Rhone glacier has receded almost 800 yards since 1876.

Elwell Hoyt of En Claire, Mich., has the most complete collection of pioneer relics in the Central States, and keeps them in a log cabin built at his home for the purpose.

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Official statistics show that there are 17,000,000 children in Russia between the ages of 6 and 14 receiving absolutely no education.