By MARGARET BLOUNT.

"May I go with you, Cousin Roland? Just for once? Only think how persisyou have refused me, for a

month past, and say yes today!"
Roland Glenn looked down from the saddle on his pretty ward, and shook

"I am going to ride in the park, Inn I could not take you there, you know.'

"Well-you are too young, let us say, and too-too good looking. you couldn't ride in the park alone with any man except your husband."

"And I have none," said ina, laughing, without noticing his deepening "What is more, I den't want one. I'd rather ride with you, Roland, If you would only consent to take me -far rather! I suppose you could not possibly give up the park for one day, and escort me over this lovely country road, where there are no 'Mrs. Grun-

dys' to interfere?" She put up her graceful, dark head aside, looking up at him reguishly as be asked the question.

Seeing that he hesitated, she went "Ah, do-please! It is so stupid, riding alone, day after day, with that stolid groom at my horse's heels."

'Very well," said Mr. Glenn, bringing his horse nearer the steps. and put on your habit, and I will order your horse brought round."

Ten minutes later, they rode from the door, passing down the avenue at a walk, but breaking into a trot as soon as they were on the high road,

outside the avenue gates. From the window of the breakfast room, Mrs. Hillyard, the widowed only elster of Mr. Glenn, watched them cut of sight, with a very serious face.

That girl gets fonder of him every day," she thought, as she went about her morning's work, giving orders to "And he is a fcol not to see where it will all end. Well, if he does not tell her about his engagement to Miss Stearns before long, I will!"

The offending pair extended their ride for many miles, and did not return till the early autumn evening was verging into dusk. Ina brought a brightly-blcoming pair of cheeks to the dinner table, and looked the very embodiment of happiness there. Mr. Glenn looked happy, but also restless and disturbed. Mrs. Hillyard watched them both somewhat grimly and silently, and "bided her time."

That evening they were bidden to a grand party-not a ball, but a dance on a large scale at the house of Mrs. Stearns, one of Mrs. Hillyard's early

And there it was that a knowledge of Mr. Glenn's actual position came to Ina, sooner than even Mrs. Hillyard had intended.

They had greeted their hostess, and found a pleasant corner in the least crowded of the rooms, when Ina was claimed by one of her usual "dancing partners" for the waltz just then in

As they whirled swiftly round the room, Ina caught sight of her guardian at a little distance, waltzing with a stately-looking lady, apparently fiveand-twenty years of age. She was handsome as well as stately; she had large, well-opened eyes of a reddishhazel color, heavy masses of red-brown hair, arranged in the latest fashion, vell-cut features, and a remarkably fine complexion, which was owing-to or Art? Her friends said Nature: her enemies said Art.

Who is that lady?" asked Ina of her partner, as they paused to rest. "Don't you know her?" He looked surprised. "Have you never been here

"Never. Why do you ask, Mr. Wal-"Oh, I beg your pardon! But it

neemed odd that Glenn had never brought you here-don't you see?-or Mrs. Hillyard. She stands in the place of a mother to you, of course, and he must seem as much like a father as a guardian. I should think at his age, for he will never see five-andthirty again, will he? And so, as you live in his home, and are his ward, and like an only daughter, I wondered why he had never brought you here before. to see his future bride."

"His bride! Is he to marry-to marry her?" said Ina, lifting her bouquet to her face to hide the sudden pallor which she felt must be over spreading it.

She looked at Roland Glenn with all her heart -her wrung, aching, suffering heart- in her eyes. What was this shallow trifler beside him-thia "society man," who, rejoicing in his own verdant youth, dared to remark sneeringly on Roland's age?

"Thirty-five!" Even if that surmise was right, what then? At forty-five -at fifty-Roland would still be the grandest, the noblest man she knew outward appearance, as well as in heart, and mind, and soul.

Her guardian -yes. But standing "In the place of a father to her" -oh, never could she look upon him in that She wished wildly that she could do so, when thus in an instant, by a chance remark made, the vell of years was thrown aside forever, and she was to understand that the feeling with which she had looked upon her guardian was not a reverent friendship as she had supposed, but a girl's first pure but passionately adoring

was free from her partner. yes still followed the tall

figure of Roland Glenn from the quiet corner in which she had esconsed her-

She saw him looking at her, too, now and then, with an anxious, harrassed expression. And twice she caught the red-brown eyes of Miss Isadore Stearns turned upon her with a flery gleam of anger in their depths

"What have I done to vex the proud beauty and heiress, secure in the possession of a lover like Roland?" thought Ina, pitifully, as her head drooped upon And her tired eyes closed for a mo

ment, to shut out the lights, the crowd. and the shifting bustle of that gay cirele, in which Roland, once married would speedily be engulfed, and lost o her forever.

Mrs. Hilliard and Ina returned alone in the carriage that evening. Roland remained, and would probably outstay the last of the guests, Mrs. Hilliard observed.

"They will be married at Christmas suppose," she went on. "And then he will take my place in our home here, and I shall go back to my little cottage and farm in Orange County, where I shall expect to see you, Ina. for a long visit, next summer, if you don't marry some merchant prince and go off to Europe before then."

Ina made no answer. Nor did she speak after they reached home, but buried herself in the pages of a mag azine, while Mrs. Hilliard trotted off up and down stairs, on her usual tour of inspection of bolts and bars for the night.

As the lady left the room, Ina drop ed the book, and leaned her head upor her clenched hands. She did not hear the hall door open softly and close, nor see that someone entered the back drawing room from the hall. Her whole soul was in passionate revolt against the pain, which (when one is so young, and so unused to misery) seems so utterly impossible to bear.

"Father -father! Why did you die and leave me to his care?" sobbed, aloud, and when at last the relief of tears came, "O, if I had died with you or with my mother! if I had never seen him-

"Ina -my little darling Ina! you will be ill if you go on like this!" said a voice beside her - a voice all too dangerously dear. Indeed I thought you looked very ill at the party, and I came away directly after you, to see what was wrong. What is it, dear Tell me!"

The caressing tone, the caressing ouch upon her shoulder, seemed to drive her wild with anger, grief and

"Oh, how could you -how can you? she cried, dashing his hand away, and springing to her feet. "How little my poor father and mother could have known you! Never to tell me thatit was cowardly! But now that I know it, to come to me like this! Oh, do you think it is right?"

"It would not be if-it might not be -but it is right!" said Mr. Glenn, incoherently. "I was cowardly, dear From the time when you came home from school-I knew that I loved you. But I was bound, and I dared not speak Miss Stearns soon saw a difference in me. She saw you, and grew jealous for three months our meetings and was angrier than ever. I could not blame her. You were so lovely, dear, in your pretty ball-dress! She told me that I was free, and that she would at once marry a wealthy stock-broker who has offered himself to her a dozen times over. Ina, I took my freedom, thanking God silently for my deliverance from a loveless and unhappy marriage! I come to you, to ask you instantly to be my wife. My whole heart is yours, darling. What is your

answer?' Ina could not speak. She looked at him, her large eyes shining bright and soft through tears.

"Your father and I were like brothers, Ina," Mr. Glenn continued, taking her unresisting hand. "He was ten years my senior, but we were abroad ten years together, and I was the only one of his friends who knew all about his marriage to your pretty English mother. I was with him when she died. You were then only a year old, Ina. My sister, Mrs. Hilliard, was then in England, and by my suggestion brought you back to America, and sent you to school. Your mother trusted you to my care, although I was then only a boy in years, and your father gave you to me, Ina, in his dy ing hour, 'If you can love her, Roland, when she is a woman, let her be your I shall die happy thinking it may be so,' were almost his last words.

Shall it be so, darling?" Mrs. Hilliard, coming for Ina a moment later, started back with a little shrick at the tableau she saw on open-

ing the door But Roland, holding blushing, smiling, half-weeping Ina firmly beside him, drew his sister nearer, whispered the story of the evening in her ear, and sent her, quietly rejoicing (for she had never really liked Miss Stearns), to kiss and bless his bride.—

The United States senate will have among its members at the next session five former cabinet officers

DO-

The Climate at Panama

It Does Not Deserve the Bad Reputation It Has Long Had.

By John Barrett, American Minister to Panama.



*** ISAGREEABLE and unhealthy features of the Panama climate have been ridiculously overrated by those who have studied the situation superficially while passing across the isthmus, or who have desired to create a sensation. Members of the commission who are familiar with other tropical countries find it much cooler and healthier here than in corresponding latitudes of other lands, and my experience confirms theirs. The insanitary conditions existing in the days of th old Panama Canal Company might have characterized

the construction of a similar work in any other portion of the world, and are responsible for many of the terrible tales that are now told in the American

As a matter of fact, there has not been during the months of July and August a single uncomfortable night for sleeping, while the average days have not been hotter than those of New York and Washington. There has been hardly a single instance of serious illness among the considerable number of oung men employed here, in work connected with the canal, while the percentage of sickness among the larger group of laborers employed at Culebra is not greater than among those engaged in similar excavating work in the United States. Among the 400 marines located half-way across the isthmus, at Empire, there has not been a single death from local diseases, while the percentage of those in the hospital is not larger than would be found at the average post in the United States. There has not been a single case of yellow fever for over a month, and there is less malaria than is often found in sec tions of the United States. The worst portions of the cities of Panama and Colon are much cleaner and more wholesome than the slums of our North American cities, and are far ahead of the average Asiatic city located in the

My corrections of overdrawn criticisms of the Panama climate must not, however, be interpreted as meaning that there are not unfavorable features here. They exist as they do in all tropical lands, and of course the conditions of maintaining health and enjoying life are not by any means so favorable as those in the average temperate regions. When the present able sanitary corps which has charge of bettering the health conditions in the isthmus has carried out its plans for the improvement of the canal strip and the cities of Panama and Colon, there is no reason why the isthmus should not be one of the healthlest places in the world.

Cossacks of Russian Origin

Perhaps Best Described as a War Caste Living in Semi-Tribal Organization. . .

By David B. MacGowan.



HE Cossacks may perhaps be best described as a war caste living in semi-tribal organization. They are, however, in to suspect. A fall in either case no sense a tribe or tribes, but are mainly of Russian origin with an intermixture of Mongolian, Tartar and Circassian blood by marriage or adoption. The once famous Little Russian or Zaporogian Cossacks of the Ukraine, are now represented largely in the Kuban army, with which their remnant was incorporated late in the eighteenth century. In all other armies Great Russian blood predominates, Among

te non-Russian elements are Buddhistic Kalmucks and Buriats, Tunguses Tartars, Bashkirs and Kirghiz. The pagan element is 12 percent of the Urai army, 15 of the Trans-Baikal, eight of the Orenburg and seven of the Semi-ryeichensk. * * * The Cossack was a fisherman before he was a Cossack, and he remains a fisherman to this day. Besides fishing, hunting, cattle rais ing and cattle lifting, robbery, piracy and war were formerly considered the only occupations worthy of him. Celibate life prevailed extensively among all the Cossacks. The Dons regarded agriculture as the mortal enemy of their freedom, prohibiting the use of the plow on pain of death. Conditions have since changed radically, and the Dons differ little in their mode of life from other Russian peasants. The Cossacks, however, do not enjoy a reputation for industry, and many of them, notably the Dons, have shared in the general impoverishment of the rural population. This has diminished their military efficiency, as they are required to supply themselves with horses, uniforms and entire equipment and armament excepting firearms. The most se rious feature is in the neglect of horse raising. The Urales form an exception. Their fisheries are the source of substantial prosperity, and they no only raise enough horses for themselves, but supply the regular cavalry and artillery with some of their best animals. The government's ability to mobil ize 190,000 Cossacks in war time, or from 250,000 to 300,000 in case of extreme necessity, is dependent upon their possession of an adequate number of serviceable horses. The military authorities of Russia, however, admit that none have been only quarrels and bickerings of the armies except the Uralese meets this requirement. In fact, none has on your account, Ina. To-night she much more than enough horses to mount their quota of the 60,000 Cos sacks serving in time of peace.-The Century.

Married Life By Florence H. Birney.



ARRIED life is not all made up of sunshine and peace. Shadows will sometimes darken the domestic horizon; the sun will often hide behind a cloud, which apparently has no silver lining. But don't fret over it. Make up your mind to begin anew. Take a clean, new leaf in your book of experience and try to forget the blots and erasures on the last one. Above all things, preserve sacredly the privacies of your married life.

No good is gained by imparting to relative or friend the sorrows and disappointments you endure, because, sooner or later, you are sure

to regret making such a confidence. There are few who can be trusted with the secrets of your daily life; there are few who will not whisper the story of our marital difficulties to some "dear, confidential friend," and soon your private affairs will be freely discussed by all your acquaintances, and commuted upon without stint, furnishing the roadway menaces the whole at the little farm you remained till I food for gossip over many a tea table. Build your own quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns you;

domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur-and they often do-be heeded at once. Never let the sun go down seeing you at variance with each other. Women cling to men, lean upon them for protection, care and love. If a mar would have a woman do him homage, he must be manly in every sense: true gentleman, ready at all times to treat his wife's wishes with deference and respect, because she is a woman. Such deportment, with noble principles, a good mind, energy and industry, will win any woman in the land who is

worth winning. Women all have their faults, and sometimes they are very provoking ones But with certain virtues are always coupled certain disagreeable characteris tics, and we must make up our minds to accept the bitter with the sweet. For instance, every husband in the land desires a cleanly, comfortable, well-ar ranged abode, but he seldom thinks to praise his wife for her excellent regulation of the household machinery; and if she requests him, on entering, to use the doormat, or footscraper, he is apt to give vent to an impatient expression

But what a mortification it would be to him if his house were in such a state of dust and disorder as to cause unkind remarks from the neighbors. It is a poor return when a wife has made everything bright and fresh, to see her husband unwilling to take a little pains to keep it so, or hear him object with forcible language to being reminded of those small points which all

men are apt to forget occasionally. Don't worry about feminine extravagance and feminine untruth, young man. Be true to your wife, love her sincerely, and frequently declare your affection, and gratification will surely tend to keep her a loyal, devoted wife,—

SOME TRAMPS DO DIE

RAILROAD FREIGHT TRAIN THE CHIEF EXECUTOR.

Many Hobos Killed Accidentally-Fifty Percent of These Wanderers With Their Boots On-The Barrel House Victims Most Pitiful.

Where is the tramp of yester year' It is nearing the time when an ineresting possibility of the census bureau might be tried out. What has happened to the tramp crop which was gathered in the great cities with the approach of warm weather and scattered to the four winds, only to return with the migration of the birds? How many of the population "hit-

ting the pike" are dead since the season opened? How many were found by the demands of the western harvesters and thrashers? How many are seeking out their old metropolitan haunts, to lie in a state of semi-hibernation till spring?

In the observation of the police and of the coroners' offices throughout the country, the tramp family as a risk runs chances that few occupations of industry threaten to the toller. It is more dangerous to seek the byways of the idler than to harness up to the machinery of toil. Fifty percent of these roadsters die accidental deaths of one kind or another; 20 percent die of exposure and privation; 10 percent are found dead in barrel houses, an other 10 percent die in almshouses, while another 10 percent are unac counted for.

In accidental deaths the railroad freight train is of first magnitude. More tramps die under the wheels or in the shock of collision, or from a train jumping the rails at a switch than from any other one cause. There is seldom a collision involving a through freight in a general smashup that does not number a tramp victim He is universal as a corpse. It is rare that he is reported among the injured.

"The reason for this is that he near ly always has to take the dangerous position on a train," explained an old rathroad man. "Nearly every tramp that goes out of Chicago or comes into it rides on the bumpers of a freight train or on the trucks of the pas senger. In either position a wreck of any magnitude means death to him.

"It is not necessary always to have the wreck, either. Sometimes there is ice on the bumpers, and there are times when the tramp on the truck goes to sleep, as we have had reason means death almost without a ques tion. In times past trainmen who had been worried by these insistent deadheads would throw them off a train with little compunction. It is a dangerous business, however, for cases have been taken to the higher courts and decisions rendered that a train must be stopped and the tramp put off with all the consideration that would be due a passenger."

Roads Expect His Death.

As indicating just how common is the tramp funeral in connection with railroading the railroads all over the country in their rules and regulations deal with him as a possible corpse on their hands. One of the great roads out of Chicago has this to say of the genus as it infests rolling stock and the company's right of way:

"If any tramps are killed or injured in stealing rides on trains or in walking on the tracks turn them over to the town authorities. We pay nearly \$2,000,000 a year as taxes, and are just as much entitled to have protection as are individuals, and to have persons who are trespassers and who are injured through their own negligence taken care of by the town or county. But if the authorities will not take care of them don't let them lie in the streets-take care of them until some proper arrangement for their care can be made.

Even where a tramp is killed on the road between stations this company instructs its men to pick up the body regardless of the superstitions about the coroner, and take the body to the nearest station, only if possible not

to take it out of the county. Second to the accidental deaths on the rail are the accidents due to the burning of barns and outhouses in which tramps who smoke take shelter. In the course of a year scores of these peripatetic ones go to sleep in the hay of a barn loft and their ashes are sorted out in the morning. Nothing will alarm a farmer more than to discover that tramps have been sleeping in a distant barn or crib. He is not afraid of possible thefts; his fear is of the tramp's matches and the tramp's pipe. In many sections of the country, too, in the dry seasons, the campfire by drought-stricken territory.

Exposure kills more tramps than ordinarily is suspected. Many of these men are addicted to excessive use of whisky or of alcohol in some other form, and for years the medical fraternity has recognized that the man who drinks to excess has few chances against pneumonta when it has at tacked him. The late Dr. N. S. Davis. nestor of physicians in Chicago, used to say that when a drunkard got pneumonia his kinsmen might as well order the coffin. The same observation holds doubly true of the tramp who has it, for the reason that he has small opportunity to protect himself from the weather while he is ill.

Thieving Tramps Shot.

Not a few of these wayfarers are killed in their prowlings through the country. They are tempted to make evies upon hen roosts and even pig pens, and the farmer in many sections occasionally reaches for his doubleextent of bringing about gangrene

and death by that means. The tramp's bad blood and lack of cleanliness generally predispose him to this poison of the gunshot. Not infrequently, of course, the heavy shot in the leaves the corpse where it fell. Again, where the man is injured and trailed down, he may become a candidate for denth in prison, as many courts throughout the country have an idea that state's prison for a criminally disposed tramp is much the cheapest

disposition of the man for life. The barrel houses victim from the tramp family is one o fthe most pitiful of spectacles connected with the tramp death roll. The lowest rung in the ladder of life is reached by this miser able specimen of manhood, who finds his death in the low, dark, recking back rooms of the barrel house "joint. There, when death has come in unex pectedly to the keeper of the place, the victim most frequently has faller out of his chair, to be found in the morning, crumpled, stiff and stark on the floor-the death that one would spare a dog if he could.

Within a few years a new menace has come to the tramp in the roadway It is the automobile built for speed ing. In the last year a number of tramps have died under the wheels of these fliers over the country roads Probably they will never approach the menace that the railroad train is, but they are worth the consideration of the "profession."

As nobody has ever been credited with seeing the proverbial "dead mule," so nobody is suspected of ever having seen a reformed tramp. But there are stories from the wheat country and from the cow country of these fellows "shanghaied" from through freight trains at water stations and harnessed to the reaper or to the chaps" and the saddle, finally to ome to the spirit of labor, to adopt its philosophy, and at last to die respected citizens of a community.

But these examples are few. "Once tramp, always a tramp."-Chicago

A FARMERS' RAILWAY.

Projected, Financed, Built and Operated by North Dakota Wheat Growers.

The movement of crops was former a problem, but railways and trolley ines almost to the farmers' doors now provide transportation, writes Isaac F. Marcosson in the World's Work. But difficulties arose, such as confronted the wheat growers of Ramsey county, North Dakota

These farmers hauled their grain often a distance of 25 miles—to Devil's Lake, the county seat, through which the Great Northern Railway passed, It kept the farmers hauling grain all winter. They asked Mr. Hill, president of the Great Northern railroad, to build a branch line from Devil's Lake up through their section. Mr. Hill said he could not build. Six of the largest farmers met at a schoolhouse. One of them was Mr. Joseph Kelley, who owned 900 acres of land, and who hauled his wheat 15 miles to Devil's Lake, Mr. Kelley said, "If the Great Northern build, we will build." And the farmers built a railroad 25 miles long.

They asked every farmer who hauled grain to Devil's lake to subscribe Some subscribed \$25; others, \$500 They raised \$50,000. They sent a farmer to Duluth to buy ties, and another to St. Paul to buy old rails. A land-promoter was building a small branch line out of Devil's lake to the south, and they got him to survey the road. They hired section-hands to lay the track. But they needed more Corn-No. 2 mixed. money. They bought land along the line and laid out three towns, sold the lots, and used the money to buy an old engine, a day-coach, and four box cars from the Great Northern railway.

Then the road was started. It will stop for any farmer at any place. Last year, the road made its expenses it hauled 60,000 bushels of wheat This year, with the railroad at hand the farmers planted more wheat, and the road will haul 2,000,000 bushels.

I went to Starkweather, the largest town laid out by the farmers on their road. Two years ago, the site was a flax-field. I found it a bustling place, with 30 stores and houses, 400 people, a school-house that cost \$10,000, three elevators with a capacity of 250,000 bushels, three banks, a newspaper, and a church. At the other two towns, which a year ago were farm lots. I found grain elevators, schools and stores.

Here is what these farmers had done when they built their railroad; established three towns, increased the price of land along the way 75 percent, increased the yield of wheat, built schools, established telephones. They made a whole community richer and independent.

Just in Time.

When the bell at an uptown parsonage rang the other evening, the clergyman was in his study and his sleep, so Master Harold, aged 7, went to the door. On opening it he found a couple, both young and bashful. After looking at the boy for a moment the young man queried: "Is the pastor at home?"

"Yes," said Harold. "Do you want to get married?' "That's just what we're here for,"

replied the prospective bridegroom. "Well, come right in, then," said the boy, ushering them into the parlor. "I'll tell paps, and mamma, too. She'll be awful glad to see you, for she gets all marriage money. I heard her tell pa this mornin' that she wished some folks would come to get married soon, 'cause she wanted to buy a new fall hat."—New York Press. BUSINESS CARDS

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Veal, extra... Veal, good to choice.... Veal, common heavy... Oldest Confederate Veteran.

In Patrick Clark, of Lucky Hill, on the Southern railway, between Remington and Bealeton, Fauquier counwife was busy putting an infant to ty, Va., can boast of probably the oldest Confederate veteran living to-Confederate army, a member of the Sixth Louisiana infantry, in Early's division, army of Northern Virginia, and was a participant in some of the fierciest engagements of that bloody period. His general health is excellent, can walk around, appears to be very cheerful, and experiences a great delight in describing the numerous conflicts in which he has taken part. He is entirely blind, is very hard of he is entirely blank as very later by hearing and is almost entirely dependent upon a pension of \$12 a month which he receives from the National Bovernment for his services in the

Lust year Japan imported foodstuffs exceeding over \$52,000,000 in value.