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SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

Continued from First Page.

is better quality than the contract slab. During the discussion the contractor remarked that he has lost over \$800 on the building. It was also made known that the contract given some time ago by the board to Wm. Williamson, to lay pipes for water, etc., had been provided for in the building contract, and the contractor had sublet the work to Mr. Kiley, of Hazleton, who had started the same. This blunder of the board caused many of the spectators to doubt the alleged carefulness of the officials and to think that a change was due some time ago.

Mr. Schaub was nominated for president, but declined to serve. The secretary then asked privilege to speak of a personal matter. By the report published in a newspaper the people were led to believe that

THERE WAS A MYSTERY and all that sort of thing connected with the marble slab and, further, that he was responsible for the wording as it appears. He said five members of the board agreed to it, and would now ask Mr. Johnson if he was not at that meeting and agreed to the wording. Mr. Johnson, as at the previous meeting, disclaimed all knowledge of the transaction. Turning to Mr. Schaub, the secretary asked him the same question. Mr. Schaub, as stated previously in these columns, said he has a faint recollection of the question being spoken of, but, like Mr. Johnson, he does not remember of the board deciding that the wording should be as it appears. These statements did not corroborate with the secretary's version, and the latter made no further efforts to clear away the mystery of the tablet.

Mr. Perry then asked for the floor, which was granted. He asked the architect if he was not treasurer of the board which signed the contract for the erection of the new building. The architect answered that he was and that he took the names of the officers and directors of that board. Mr. Perry then asked the board if the president and secretary did not

REFUSE TO DO BUSINESS in Mr. McCarthy's parlor on a certain evening until he (Perry) got out, to which both replied that they did. These acknowledgements appeared to satisfy Perry and he resumed his seat.

The president then gave what he claimed to be the history of the slab, from A to Z, which was that Mr. Riebe came to him and wanted to know what names were to be placed on the tablet. He replied that he did not know, but would bring the matter before the board. This he did, he says, and the members decided the wording as it appears—and that was all about it.

Mr. Perry punctured this so-called history by requesting to be shown something to substantiate the above, stating that he would then abide by it. Mr. Sweeney replied that if he wanted it on the minutes he (Sweeney) would place it there. After hearing this confession of how the books could be doctored to uphold a wrong, the board adjourned and the audience fled out, the latter being well satisfied with certain parts of the proceedings.

According to the statements of Directors Johnson, Perry and Schaub, the board has never decided by a majority vote that the marble slab should be inscribed as it. Common decency, therefore, demands that those who are responsible for this paradoxical inscription lay aside their petty personal spites and place a truthful tablet on the people's building.

Bappy Thought.
Mrs. Brown-Jones—They say there will be no marriage or giving in marriage in Heaven.
Her Husband—That's what makes it Heaven.—Yellow Book.

A Character Touch.
"Miss Brush has achieved considerable success as a painter."
"I notice that she bears traces of her success on her face."—Philadelphia North American.

Inconsistency.
Daisy—If I marry you won't we be one?
Cholly—Certainly.
Daisy—And yet you tell me not to be a fool.—Town Topics.

That Gentle Touch.
Bell—It's wonderful what a change a woman can work in a man after marriage.
Neil—You mean "work out of him," don't you?—N. Y. Herald.

No Change.
Clara—Do you know, I didn't meet one man all the time I was at the hotel.
Maude—I suppose it seemed just like home to you.—Brooklyn Life.

SOME OTHER DAY.

When clouds the sullen skies o'ercast
And raindrops patter thick and fast,
And all the earth is chill and drear,
Within your heart let love and cheer
Still live and roign;
The clouds will pass, so never fear;
The sun will greet the earth again,
Some other day.

When loud the winds of winter wall
And flowers perish in the gale,
Let not your burdened spirit weep
As you ascend life's rugged steep,
Or blindly grope
Your way through valleys dark and deep,
Again will shine the star of hope
Some other day.

Some days are filled with clouds and rain,
And life seems naught but grief and pain,
But brighter days shall come anon
When clouds shall all go sailing on
And fade from view;
And lo, behold that promised dawn,
And gleaming skies of azure hue,
Some other day.

Some other day life's toll and strife,
And storms that seem forever fire
Will pass away; and souls oppressed
Shall lay them down to peace and rest
In realms afar,
That have of the true and blessed,
That port where saints immortal are—
Some other day!
—Sidney Warren Mase, in Good House-keeping.

CATCHING A CATFISH.

BY E. W. MAYO.

[Copyright, 1897.]

At home in Boston, Tom Sanderson would hardly have selected Moses Abraham Smith for a playmate, but down here in southern Louisiana it was Moses or nobody. Tom had come down to spend the winter with his uncle who was the station agent at Bayou St. Felice, a little halting place on the Southern Pacific railroad where the engines sometimes stopped to drink from the big tank beside the tracks, but where few passengers ever got on or off the trains. There was but one house in St. Felice besides the station agent's, and that was the tumble-down cabin where old Toke Smith had lived ever since the war set him free; there was only one



"I DIDN'T 'SPOSE ANYBODY WOULD KETCHED WHALES WOULD MIN' AS ORNERY LITTLE CATFISH."

boy besides Tom Sanderson, and that was Moses Abraham, Toke's son. They were a strange pair of playfellows, these two. Tom was a wide-awake northern boy accustomed to the bustle and noise of a big city and possessing what he considered a very complete knowledge of the world in general. Moses was as shiftless and happy a dorky as could be found in the whole south. He had never been to school, never had a care except when the hoe-cake gave out in the little cabin and he felt hungry, and he never had to worry about keeping his face clean, for it was naturally as shiny as a well-polished shoe. He divided his time between sleeping in the warm sun, swimming in the warm water of the bayou, and roaming the woods and fields. Here he made friends with the birds and rabbits and even tried to be on good terms with the slimy little alligators that crept up on the muddy banks of the larger bayou to sleep in the sun as Moses himself sometimes did.

But in spite of the differences between them, the white boy and the black got on well together. Tom was naturally domineering, and Moses was perfectly satisfied to address him as "Marse Tom," to do all the rowing when they went out on the bayou together, and to play that he was pack-horse or slave or whatever Tom wished, so long as Tom kept him well supplied with candy and pennies, two things entirely new and very pleasant to the dorky boy. Moses was a good listener, too, and always sat with saucer eyes and open mouth while Tom related stories of the sights he had seen and the things he had done.

Sometimes Moses started to tell of his own adventures, but Tom always had something much more startling to relate, even if he had to draw on his imagination for it, and Moses swallowed all his wonderful tales, believing them to be perfectly true—at least, so Tom thought. One day Moses had been telling how a catfish that weighed 60 pounds had been caught in the river close by. "Oh, that's nothing," said Tom, as if catfish were too small for him to bother with. "Once I was out on a big whaling schooner in the ocean when they caught a whale. They shot a harpoon into him with a gun, but he dragged the ship a mile before he gave up, and when we got him he was longer than the railroad switch out here."

"The only whale Tom had ever seen was a stuffed one in a museum, but he was bound to beat the story Moses had

told about the catfish. Moses himself did not believe that there was a fish in the world as long as the one Tom had described, but he only said: "Golly, I don't want nuffin to do wid dem t'ings, Marse Tom," and rolled his eyes till only the white showed.

By the next morning Tom had forgotten all about the whale, but Moses had not. "Less go cat-fishin'," said he. "It ain't so excitin' as shootin' whales, but I reckon we can have some fun."

Tom fell into the trap at once. "All right," he said, "get out the boat."

Mose left the big flat-bottomed boat which the boys generally used on the bank and shoved off the smaller skiff, into one end of which he fitted a reel. The stout line was wound upon the reel, the big hook was carefully baited, and Tom took his place at one end while Moses sat in the other, steering the skiff with a single oar.

"We'll jess float down with the current," said he, "and see what ketches us."

A short end from the line on the reel was trailing in the water, and Tom watched it carefully. Two or three times there was a little jerk at the line and Tom started to pull it in, but each time Mose stopped him.

"We're after catfish," said the dorky boy; "doan mind dem little t'ings. You'll know de real t'ing when you gits it."

A moment later they got the "real thing." There was a rush through the water that sent a shower of bubbles to the surface, the loose end of the line took a dive and then began whirling off the reel at lightning speed.

"Hol' 'im, doan let 'im break dat line," shouted Mose, as he brought the boat sharply round to point down stream.

Tom was sure the smoking line had burned all the flesh from his hands as it flew through them, but he braced his feet, clenched his teeth, and tried his best to hold the small sized hurricane that had seized his hook. The reel stopped paying out line now, but the little boat began to move swiftly through the water, and Tom feared that his arm would be yanked off as his capture dashed from one side of the

AMERICA A CENTURY AGO.

There was not a public library in the United States. Almost all the furniture was imported from England.

An old copper mine in Connecticut was used as a prison. There was only one hat factory, and that made cocked hats.

Every gentleman wore a queue and powdered his hair. Crockery plates were objected to because they dulled the knives.

Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country. A man who jeered at the preacher or criticized the sermon was fined.

A gentleman bowing to a lady always scraped his foot on the ground. Two stage coaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston.

A day laborer considered himself well paid with two shillings a day. The whipping post and pillory were still standing in New York.

Beef, pork, salt fish, potatoes and hominy were the staple diet all the year round. Buttons were scarce and expensive, and trousers were fastened with pegs or laces.

A new arrival in jail was set upon by his fellow prisoners and robbed of everything he had. When a man had enough tea, he placed his spoon across his cup to indicate that he wanted no more.

Leather breeches, a checked shirt, a red flannel jacket and a cocked hat formed the dress of an artisan. The church collection was taken in a bag at the end of a pole, with a bell attached to arouse sleepy contributors.

THE FARM AND HOME.

Two or three oyster shells thrown upon the fire with the coal will help to absorb any fumes that may be gathering in the stove.

It is said that polishing silverware by rubbing it with oatmeal is a good plan. It is worth trying, for it cannot harm and it may do good.

Where a farm is within a few hours' distance from market the farmer can grow fruit or vegetables as well as staple crops and find ready sale therefor. An acre of land devoted to small fruits will give a larger profit than can be derived from several acres of grain. Peaches should be put in sirup as soon as pared and pears and quinces in cold water to prevent discoloration. Peaches are firmer and richer if allowed to remain over night in the sirup before they are cooked. Five or six pints should be distributed through each quart jar.

The cows must first pay for their board before the profit is given. If the food eaten does not come back to the farmer in milk and butter in sufficient amounts to give a return for the cost (including shelter and labor) the unprofitable cows should be taken out of the herd.

Austria is growing in importance as a market for American apples. Last season the short native crop was supplemented by our fruit and its superior quality so pleased the Austrians that our apples will be in good demand this year and are menacing the prospects of the native growers.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Lord Armstrong, who suffered from the effects of a sunstroke a short time ago, is rapidly recovering his health. He is at Bamburgh castle.

John Howells, son of the novelist William Dean Howells, recently received a diploma in architecture from a Paris institution, where he had been a student five years.

William Crotty, who before the war was one of the most widely-known conductors of the "underground railway" for assisting runaway slaves, died the other day near Marysville, O. It is said that Mr. Crotty helped more than 3,000 slaves to escape to Canada.

It is reported that Verdi has entrusted to his friend Boito a box containing the score of a new opera, entirely completed, but that the box is not to be opened nor its contents investigated until after the Italian composer's death.

The Augustus Harris memorial fund, London papers say, now amounts to more than \$10,000 and subscriptions are still expected by the committee, of which the prince of Wales is a member. A drinking fountain in the crowded neighborhood of Drury Lane is to be put up with \$5,000 of the money. The rest of the fund is to be devoted to the endowment of a bed in Charing Cross hospital for the sole use of members of the dramatic and musical professions.

STAMPS AND COLLECTORS.

An authority having been asked which was the rarest United States envelope stamp, replied that the three-cent die C, 1897, on fawn, unused and entire, is probably entitled to this distinction and would be worth nearly \$500.

A Washington man who possesses an entire sheet of the seven-cent navy department, unused, with original gum, asks for it the modest sum of \$1,000. Why not? To collectors stamps are worth what they will bring, regardless of their original value.

The stamp collector takes very little interest in wars or revolutions, except as they affect stamp issues. The making of peace between Greece and Turkey is very unpopular with collectors. They wanted Greece to be a Turkish province, or at least Thessaly, so that there would be a new stamp issue.

Speculation in Canadian jubilees has already begun. A Canadian firm has sent out a circular letter offering eight-cent values at four dollars each, and the half-cent values for ten dollars each. As a matter of fact, the eight-cent stamps can be had for 50 cents and the half-cent stamps for \$1.50 each. This is high enough, without exaggerating it.

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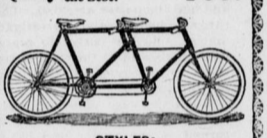
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