TE WEEKLY BULLETIN Mount Joy, Pa.	THE DIARY. What matters it on such date What did betide?
E. SCHROLL, - Editor and Publisher.	We have the present glouworth
SUBSCRIPTION.	Aught else beside
ty Cents Per Annum, strictly in advance. Months, 25 Cents. Igle Copies, - 2 Cents. Sample Copies Free.	"Nay," said the other, "wh this page Some future day, The old forgotten joy w newed:
egal Advertising 10 cents per line th insertion.	Ah, who can say?
Special Rates to Yearly Advertisers.	But we so altered by the time,
	It will seem vain:

Entered at the Post Office at Mount Joy, Pa., as second-class matter.

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# OFFICE REAR OF MOUNT JOY HALL.

Egyptian state railroads bought last year \$3,757,239 of material, of which England furnished \$2,565,000, Belgium \$488,000, Turkey \$198,000 and the United States \$340,000.

A certain justice of the peace in Maryland evidently imagines that cows can read big print. He recently gave a verdict against a railroad company for killing a cow near a road crossing for the reason that "the defendant had no sign up at the crossing."

The American business man of the present day spends his health to gain wealth and then immediately starts out to spend his wealth in regaining his health. But generally he finds the first feat child's play in comparison with the second, says the Baltimore American.

Nature has ordained that insects and worms shall live, but she has provided them with food at the expense of the farmers. It is said that the following 11 pests damage the crops every year to the value of more than \$350.000.000-the cinch bug, grasshopper, Hessian fly, potato bug, San Jose scale, grain weevil, army worm, cabbage worm, boll weevil, boll worm and cotton worm.

Have you ever noticed, says a writer in "V. C.," that some tamers carry a second whip in their left hand. which is never used? There is purpose in this. It represents to the wild beasts the terrors of the unknown. He has experienced the sharp, stinging flick of the whip in the tamer's right had gone with such tragic abruptness. hand, but for the life of him he cannot imagine what anguish lurks in that mysterious whip in the other hand, which is never used. Many a tamer has saved his life in a critical moment by just lifting that unknown terror above a crouching, growling, fury maddened tiger. A man who puts a joke into his will ie certainly in a position to laugh last. The police commissary of a small town in the department of Seine-et-Oise. France, has just been the victim of this sort of posthumous humor. A few days ago he was summoned to make the necessary legal investigation in the case of the suicide of a retired railway servant, who had the reputation of being a very original character. On o table he found a large envelope bearing the words: "This is my last will and testament," which he transmitted to the proper quarter. Two days later the commissary was informed that he was sole legatee. When an inventory of the estate was made, however, it was found that the liabilities just about balanced the assets, and that, consequently, after paying the funeral expenses, the commissary's legacy would consist of debts. He may refuse the legacy, but a fee has to be paid ir such cases, and he will be out of pock et whether he accepts or refuses. There are a thousand persons in the leper colony on the island of Molokaj and five times as many dogs. So numerous have the animals become of late that the authorities found their support a heavy burden-they ate more than the lepers-and decided that they were a serious menace to the sanitary and economic condition of the colony. It has therefore been decided by the board of health, not, as might be exnected, that all the dogs must go, but that their number must be reduced to equality with that of the human inhabitants. In other words each leper will be permitted to have one dog There is pathos in the reasoning by which this decision was reached. It seems that the lepers are extremely fond of dogs, since the affection which they get from these animals to a degree makes up for the repulsion their malady creates among more fortunate men and women, exclaims the New York Times. The dog draws no line anywhere, and treats a leper master he would another. Hence exactly a

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J	THE DIARY.
•	What matters it on such and such a
	What did betide?
	We have the present glory; what is worth
•	Aught else beside?
1	"Nay," said the other, "when we read this page
	Some future day,
10000	The old forgotten joy will be renewed;
•	Ah, who can say?"
	But we so altered by the lapse of time,
	It will seem vain; This brook song and those tender
	words we syske,

at the doctor.

vou?

An idle strain. 'Nay," said the other, "if this golden

hour We do enshrine. Long afterward 'twill walk like morn-

ing with us. Our youth divine."



grave." "Five years ago tonight!" Dr. Basil Graham sat beside the waning fire in his big study and peered into the ruddy depths. What did he see that caused him to gaze there

with such intent eves? He saw a house in a city street, and within that house a girl-sweet, ed him steadfastly in the face. winsome, adorable. He saw a man at her feet, heard him murmur words of love, heard her whisper "Yes," I were to be married?" while the man's eyes lighted up with "I remember the fact now," he ineffable joy. made answer, "though until this

The embers fell, and another picnight it had been driven from my ture burned into the doctor's brain. brain by other and more recent He saw another house in another events.' street-desolate, empty, grief-strick-"Very well. If your memory serves en-a house whence the woman had you right you will call to mind that flown, leaving black sorrow and tears

you broke off the engagement bebehind her. And Basil Graham knew cause certain scandalous doings of that this woman was Mabel, his wife, mine came to your ears?" and that the man was himself, her "Yes, yes, I remember." broken-hearted husband. "I was guilty of those acts and you Five years ago she had vanished

did right to break with me." went on from his home after a brief wedded the feeble voice: "but all the same life. She had gone without a word I did not think so at the time. I hatof explanation, and he had been ed you for humiliating me, and I forced to the bitter conclusion that swore that if ever the time came she had flown with some man for when I might take vengeance, I whom she had conceived a sudlen would not spare you." and perhaps overwhelming affection. "Go on," said the doctor. All search proved useless. Had the

"The opportunity came when you married. I heard from a friend that you were devoted to your wife, and that you were supremely happy. I was living in Wilmington at the time, and was unable to come to New York to plot against your peace of mind: but I had in my possession certain letters of yours addressed to me, bearing no dates. I put half a dozen of those letters in an envelope, dated them with dates which would correspond us several months after your marriage, and sent them with an anonymous communication to your wife -a worth whom I had never seen,

but whom I hated for having married

### "She seems about the same," re- kneeling woman and looked into her plied the girl, casting a hurried glance face.

"Oh, Mabel, my darling, my darling! At last, at last!" The latter seemed to have been When both of them were somewhat

struck by the name of "Everston," and as he went up the stairs his calmer, Mabel told him what had happened. How she had roomed brain was sorely puzzled. "Everston - Everston!" with Mary Everston in a cheap lodghe pondered, "where have I heard ing house, little dreaming that she that name before?" was the woman who had worked so Further reflection was cut short by much havoc in her life; how when the arrival of the physician and his Mary fell ill the latter had begged guide at the room where the dying her to bring Graham to her side; how woman lay. A dull oil lamp served she had veiled her face closely so to deepen rather than relieve the that her husband might not recognize black gloom of the apartment, and it her; and lastly, how the dying womwas with difficulty that Dr. Graham an's confession, which she had overwas able to gaze upon the features heard, had proved to her beyon'd all of the patient. Then a low, quiverdoubt that Basil was true to her ing cry escaped his lips. after all.

"Mary!" he exclaimed, as his heart "But for that confession, Basil." she murmured, softly, "we should beat like a steam hammer. "So it is have remained apart until the end."

"Yes," replied a feeble voice. "It Then a sudden fear seemed to asis I. Basil Graham, and I know that sail her heart, and she said, tremu-I am going fast. I have not sent for ously:

"Basil, it was wicked of me to you to tend me as a patient, for I leave you as I did, without asking know that I am beyond all human you for an explanation. Time after skill." "Why, then, have you asked me to time have I repented my wicked come?" asked Graham, in a low voice. rashness, but pride held me from coming back to you. Can you-can "Because I have something to tell you forgive me?" vou before I die-a secret which I must not carry with me to the

"I love you," he replied, huskily; "that is enough!" Then, perceiving that the veiled

Thus was she answered-thus did a noble heart speak its message of woman was standing close at hand, she made a gesture signifying that forgiveness.

And that night Dr. Graham's loneshe wished her to guit the room. A ly house was lighted by the presence moment later they were alone. of a face which cast a new glamour There was a long pause, and then over all things, and the wanderer the woman raised her head and look. who had strayed for so many weary years crept back into the heart which "Do you remember." she said, huswas her refuge, her solace, and her kily, "that seven years ago you and home .- New York Weekly.

> "CALAMITY JANE" FEARED NO MAN.

# Held Her Oown in the Wildest Life of the West.

In the death of "Calamity Jane," in Terry, S. D., there has passed one of the most picturesque and daring characters that ever roamed the Western plains. The whole story of this strange woman never has been told, and now that she is dead the curtain of mystery will probably never be lifted from certain chapters of her checkered life

Mrs. Jane Burk/ ("Calamity Jane") was born in Princeton, Mo., in 1852, and when quite young went with her father to the gold fields of Montana, where she beca me inured to the roughest kind of Riding the wild-est of horses and challenging dangers of the most desperate kind seemed to be second nature with her. In dashes over the plains she wore the buckskin clothing of a man, with reyou want?" Gravely the child answered: "I think, mamma, I want a whipping." She received the hipping and there was a marked improvement in her volvers and cantridges at her belt, and in a few years seemed to forget entirely that she was born a woman. She way fearless, asked odds of no. man, white or Indian, and took care of harsetz in every emergency.

When General Crook was engaged in the Indian campaign she served as

# Throwing Cold Water.

By Kate Thorn.

ME people are always throwing cold water on everything. One of them will effectually extinguish the most sanguine man in the world.

They go about on purpose to dampen everybody's enjoyment. They go about on purpose to dampen everybody stendy ment Their chief happiness consists in making somebody else anxious and foreboding. They are bire of evil omen, always expecting something dreadful is coming. They look for the cholera next year. The smallpox is on the increase. Everybody, almost, is liable to par-alysis. They like to read aloud the statistics of death and disease. They like to attend funerals. They ment of the statistics of the the statistics of the statistics of the statistics of the statistics. to attend funerals. They frequent cemeteries. They are fond of talking over signs of death and ill luck.

The crops are sure to fail this year, they invariably say. The grasshop pers will be unusually plentiful. The locust are coming this way. Potatoes will rot, and the wheat will be smutty.

Epizootic will rage; colds will flourish, and colds generally end in con sumption, they say they have observed.

The banks are all going to break, and industrial corporations will be forced to the wall six months hence.

The strikes of the trade unions are going to play the devil with business. Coal will be just as high next winter as last winter, and the poor will die in droves because of the lack of means to keep warm.

The man who likes to throw cold water will stop you in the street to in quire after your health, and he will tell you that you look just as his friend Simpson did, and Simpson died of apoplexy when he was just about your age Sick only three hours, and left an inconsolable wife and eight small children

He says you look bilious, and remarks that his mother had just such a complexion a few days before she was taken down with typhoid fever, and suggests to you the propriety of taking Jenkins' Anti-Bilious Pills, which his brother has for sale.

If you contemplate going on an excursion into the country, he is sure is going to rain-he never knew clouds like those in the south to fail of bringing wet weather.

person in the Unit If you are going to ride, he will tell you that the roads are in a frightful condition, and the mud up to your ankles. If you are going anywhere on the cars, he will look lugubrious, and inform you that the culverts on the particular route you are to travel by are extremely unsafe, and that the rolling stock is all old, and liable to break an axle any moment.

If you have any particular friends, and happen to speak in their favor, he will roll up his eyes in plous distress, and sigh, and say that if you only knew what he knows; and then he sighs again, and says, despairingly: 'Well, we are all poor creatures!"

And when you insist on being told what he knows, he sighs louder and nore dismally than before, and says it is against his principles to say anythi: to injure anybody, or to make any one feel unhappy.

R

from the moment their eyes open in the morning till they close them in sleep.

These people are indeed to be pitied, if indeed they are not cordially hated.

This quarrelsome habit of mind can be so fostered that the petulancy grows

to be a malignant disease and leads sometimes to the insane asylum. Parents

who notice in their children this fretful, quareling disposition can easily find,

a remedy. They may not agree to the measure-simply a good, sound thrash

Everyone has heard of the story of the child who was continually whim

ing and quarreling. In despair the mother cried: "Are you sick? What do

By the Editor of the Post.

to his wrath.

Cak

of the travelers.

# Evil of Looking for Trouble.

coffees to Aden Mocha is prohib ties. The Unite this coffee last y at a cost of \$377,3

The most impor E REALLY unhappy man, whose unhappiness is his own fault, Chinese is that is the one who is forever carrying "a chip upon his shoulder." which drains th Perhaps his happiness is his unhappiness, for when he is not engaged in a personal altercation he is brooding over some productive area fancied slight and awaiting a favorable opportunity to give vent tion of the Uni trade is shown The man with the chip on his shoulder is easily recognized, which gives the and his society by wise people carefully avoided. He can go nowhere without ness of the var trouble following in his wake. If he attends a theatre he is either annoyed 51.2; German by the usher or some one in the audience, or at the man in the box office for merican. 1.6. not having sold him a seat bought long before he appeared at the window. He

is the bane of the car conductor, and on the railroad train he succeeds in em Dr. James H. broiling himself in a row with the brakeman, conductor, Pullman car porter Columbia Univ and the passengers. Each flying cinder from the locomotive is aimed especially at his eyes, and he succeeds in stirring up the spirit of mutiny in the hearts Cosmopolitan: short in succ There are some women similarly constituted who manage to be in trouble through bein;

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AND COMMENTS

The Supreme Court of Law in Vi-

enna has decided to have all docu-

ments typewritten, as it was found

that the bad hand-writing of the

clerks hindered the speedy transac-

Last year there were 12 American,

21 German, 15 English, 5 Russian, 5

French, 2 Swiss, 2 Spanish, 2 Korean,

3 Chinese, 1 Italian and 1 Belgian

teachers and university professors in

Japan. It will be seen that the Ger

Besides the ever-increasing

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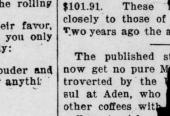
and the United States

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red too cruel to this the dogs from the d their redu

Five you years had borne him along the dreary highway of existence, and long since he had put aside all hopes of meeting his wife again on earth. He told himself that he must tread his lone ly way until death wrote the word on!" "finis" at the foot of his life's history.

grave closed over Mabel Graham she

could not have been more effectually

hidden from the man into whose life

she had come with such wondrous

He had told himself that hence-

forth life could hold no further joy

for him. But for his work, he would

in all probability have sought refuge

in the everlasting sleep that lurked

within the phials of his office, but,

fortunately, the man's devotion to

his profession held him back, and

turned his thoughts towards the path

of life.

joy, and out of whose existence she

Tonight, on this most bitter anniversary, he sat in the gloomy study. pondering the events of his past life and asking himself with strange persistence, the old, old question:

"Why had Mabel feft him?" "Once I believed that there was some other man," he murmured, "but

I have tried to batt'e with that terrible belief and to dismiss it from my brain.

The doctor arose, and going to the bookshelf, took from it a volume and began to read. Hardly had he set tled in his chair when a loud knock resounded through the quiet house. A servant entered and informed him that a lady desired to see him. "A patient, I suppose," said Gra ham, mechanically. "Show her in here.'

The man quitted the apartment, returning in a minute with a tall close ly veiled woman.

"What can I do for you, madam?" he queeried, motioning her to a chair. "Dector, I cannot sit down, for there is no time to lose.'

"You wish me to return with you?" he asked quickly.

"Yes. A lady who resides in the same house as myself has been taken ill. and I volunteered to nurse her. She seems worse tonight, and I was about to send for the doctor who had already attended her, when she called me to her bedside and said: "Bring Dr. Graham of Harley street. I have somehing to say to him!"

"I will come at once!" cried the doctor, as hope and fear subtly mingled in his brain. The hope took the form of a belief that the sick woman might be his wife-the fear that she might die in the very hour of meet ing.

A cab was waiting at the door. The doctor and his companion entered the vehicle and were rapidly driven in the direction of a northern suburb. After some twenty-five minutes' journey, the cab drew up at the door of a somewhat dingy house, and the veiled woman touched Dr. Graham on the arm

"This is the place," she said in a low voice. "Pray Heaven we may not be too late."

A sharp ring at the bell brought a slatternly maidservant to the door. "How is Miss Everson?" asked the woman, quickly.

"You fiend!" Graham was about to he repressed the cry that arose to times. his lips, and merely said again, "Go

next news that reached me concern-

ily punished." She was growing weaker. The words left her lips with painful slow-

ness. It did not require the experienced eye of the physician to perceive that the end was near. "Do you-do you know where my wife is?" he asked, when he had mas- Heroine of the Plains." tered his emotion sufficiently to find

speech. "No. How should I? Remember and his command to the Black Hills before me at this minute."

steal over the white face, and look-

Even as the thought raced through drinking and gambling. his brain, there came a quiver of the her head feebly.

"Can you-can you forgive me?" she asked, huskily. "I forgive you," he replied, simply, and so, with the noble words of for- Herald. giveness ringing in her dull ears,

Mary Everston's soul went out on its last journey.

\* \* \* \* The doctor, with mechanical firgers, drew the sheet over the rigid

face, and then turned toward the door. "That woman has wrecked ny life," he murmured, "but I would pardon all if my darling wife could come back to me at this momentcould put her hand in mine and whisper, 'Husband, take me home'

Look! Is he awake or is he dreamof the dark passage toward Fm, and of Paris. has thrown itself at his feet, sobbing

out, brokenly: "Husband, take me home!

a scout and rendered effective service, making long, arduous journeys exclaim, but remembering that she and braving perils that would frighten was trembling on the brink of death a majority of men to these peaceful

"Calamity Jane" was married three times, her last husband being much

"There is little more to tell. The younger than she. She was reported in dire need in Pierre, S. D., about a ing you was that your wife had gone year ago, and Mrs. Josephine Brock, away, and that your home was deso. of Buffallo, N. Y., who had become late. I rejoiced with all my heart at deeply interested in her, raised a the time, but since then I have bit fund to provide her against want. terly repented my wickedness, for Civinzod life did not agree with the life has been nothing but misery to woman, however, and she soon me, and I have been punished, heav- dropped out of sight and nothing had been heard of her until the announce. ment of her death.

> During a fierce campaign against first. the Indians in 1872 Mrs. 'Burk saved regard to nourishment.-Harper's Bazar. the life of Captain Egan and carried him from the battlefield. It was he who cristened her "Calamity Jane, the

Mrs. Burk participated in all the fights and accompanied General Crook

that I never saw her in my life, and in 1875. She made herself famous in should not know her if she stood 1876 by capturing Jack McCall, murderer of "Wild Bill." or William Hick-Dr. Graham saw the gray shadows ok. At her request she was buried by

which proclaim the end of all things the side of "Wild Bill." Trouble with the Indians having ing into those shadows, it seemed to ended, "Calamity Jane" turned miner him that they symbolized the gray and became one of the typical kindmisery that this woman had brought the kind described in a thousand acinto his life. Was it destined that his counts of her barroom battles, wild existence must remain thus shadow- riding after robbers and grim lynched until life closed for ever and ever? ing. She made money and spent it in

"Calamity Jane" found herself in lips, and the dying woman raised failing health a few years ago, and her money all gone. She would have been sent to the poor house if the

generosity of Mrs. Brock had not provided her with a home .- New York

## A Novel Monument.

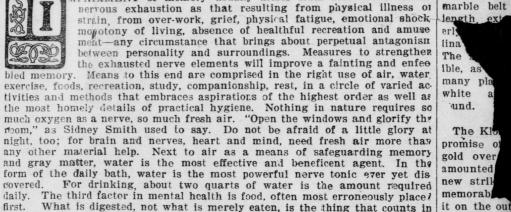
A novel and ingenious monument by Bartholdi to the aeronauts of the siege of Paris is to be erected in Montmartre or its vicinity. It will stand about sixty feet high and be capped by a balloon of bronze and glass or transparent mica. Its diameter will be about ten feet, and inside there will be an electric lamp with a reflector, so that by night the monument will be illuminated. The baloon will be guided by a symbolical figure of the genius of Paris, and under it a mother with her ing? for a silent figure has crept out dying children will represent the cit"

It is said that there is a woman in Manchester, England, who has eyes Well-nigh mad with anazement which magnify objects fifty times and delight, Basil Graham dised the their natural size.

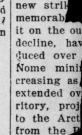
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By Dr. Louise Fiske Bryson. IPAIRMENT of memory usually arises from some condition of

Training the Memory.



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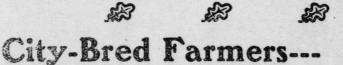
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More Emersons

**A** Prophecy

RESENT life and society are very complicated and the old v ues while the same as always, must be applied to new se There is need for disentaglement of their threads from the threads China of those hypocritical virtues that form the warp and woof of a ent edu dishonest "success." We need more Emersons. We need more ing World' sociologists-not mere grammarians of social science, but deep eiding to students of the body and bone and blood of human nature, and the play its essentials of its best individual and social development. We need to reform according our ideas of the practical and to remember that truest practicality is the sow Wong, wi ing of seed, the cultivation of its growth, and the natural use of the fruits. ornment

This is no implication that the needs are crying. It is rather an analysis that bids a welcome to the tendency to fill the great necessities. There is more China\_ lisplays thought given to these matters now than ever before. The real fight is com between the thinkers and the shallow in prominent place. But virlurgy, ag ingbesides a tue is dominant, and public schools have filled the land with thoughtful citi The thinkers shall find hearers when they lift up their voices. vae arms zens. Moreover, the people are tired of corruption and dishonor. The systems of evil are connected rotten in their own foundations and will fall. Is it too much to prophesy an age Chinese of deeper and more serious thought, wherein will be applied, as against cor-Varied In ruption in the future, the "ounce of preventive?"-Boston Evening Transcript. will cov.



# By R. E. Downer.

SF.

Why We Need



time it. the urban population which must be fed from the farms infind out creases, the tillers of the soil become fewer in number and poorer towns : in quality. Those who remain to care for the crops have one are u fault which the city dweller is quick to notice. The worker some gether, how does not put the spirit into his tasks that the eight-hour-day those The city boy grows up in an atmosphere | roads man in town exhibits. of hustle. With his ability to make every moment count the city. of sp man may let out of a farm immeasurably more than the average rural

and t Agricultural schools and a business instinct and training are not bad to g ubsultutes for farm breeding; and it will not be surprising if the next few years witness an exodus of city-bred workmen, filled with spirit and speed, great the districts which produce the original matter for all the breakfast foods -would oklover's Magazine. ton J