

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 18, 1891.

A CONTRAST.

Two men tolled side by side from sun to sun,
And both were poor;
Both sat with children, when the day was done,
About their door.

One saw the beautiful in crimson cloud
And shining moon;
The other, with his head in sadness bowed,
Made night of noon.

One loved each tree and flower and singing bird,
On mount or plain;
No music in the soul of one was stirred
By leaf or rain.

One saw the good in every fellow man,
And hoped the best;
The other marveled at his Master's plan,
And doubt confessed.

One, having heaven above and heaven below,
Was satisfied;
The other, discontented, lived in woe,
And hopeless died.

—Sarah K. Bolton, in Boston Transcript.

SANDY: A VAGABOND.

BY W. C. HIBBS AND EDWIN TARRISSEE.

"Say, boss, I hear yer wants a boy. Is dat so?"

Mr. Whittington looked up from his desk at the intruder. Before him stood a small boy, ragged, unkempt, with a dilapidated hat in his hand, and a dirty face that was brightened by a pair of sharp gray eyes and a grin.

"No," said he, turning again to his work; "I don't want a boy." He was not favorably impressed with the lad's appearance. There was a moment's silence.

"Sure yer don't want yer boy ter run errands and do work 'round yer office? Better take me, boss—I won't charge much."

Mr. Whittington smiled and looked up again. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Sandy—Sandy Martin," replied the little fellow, briskly.

"Where do you live? Have you a home?"

"Naw, ain't got no home. Jest put up anywhere."

"What do you do for a living?" pursued his inquirer.

"Oh, I sell de papers sometimes—I kin read and write a little," he added, as if he thought his value might be enhanced by this evidence of superior education.

"Yes, but don't you do anything else?"

Sandy hung his head for a moment. Then looking around cautiously, and coming up close to Mr. Whittington's desk, he said confidentially—

"Say, boss, I'll jest tell yer the truth about it. I've jest kin from New York—rid on yer fist, I run away," he announced, impressively.

"Ran away," echoed Mr. Whittington.

"Yes, sir. Yer see, I've been with two fellers who cracks safes and robs houses, yer know—regular crooks—and dey used ter slip me thru de windows so's to scout 'round and see how de lan' laid, den let 'em in. I didn't like de job, an' dey used ter beat me awful sometimes, an' I got tired of it. Didn't fancy this business of gittin' inter people's houses at night an' takin' what b'longed ter dem. So last night when day was 'round de corner ter de saloon I jest 'cluded ter run away. I didn't want dat no more, so I skinned out. I wish you'd gimme a job," he went on. "I'll be honest wid yer, and do de square 't'ing."

Mr. Whittington was a little startled at first. But as he noted how steadily the boy's clear, gray eyes met his scrutiny, he felt that he was telling the truth.

"So you want to be honest, now?"

"I ain't never did nothin' ter be ashamed of 'cept what dey made me," he said, "an' now I've run away from dem. Yer'd better ter me, boss—I'll be square," he repeated.

Mr. Whittington wanted a boy to look after his real estate office. The lad he had dismissed the day before was untidy and persisted in keeping the office smelling of cigarettes. Mr. Whittington detested cigarettes. He was chary about taking this chap for obvious reasons. Still, if the boy was telling the truth he might prove trustworthy if only given the opportunity to lead a better life; it might be the means of his growing up right, and—well, Mr. Whittington had a good deal of belief in human nature, and something whispered to him that if he took this boy he would be doing a charitable thing, and one that he would not regret. Yes, and he would take him home, too, where he might the better watch and teach him.

So Sandy was duly installed in the honorable position of office boy, at three dollars a week, and went home with Mr. Whittington that night. It was enough for Miss Whittington, who thought that everything her brother did was right, for him to bring this boy into their pretty suburban home near Philadelphia. As she was gifted with a good deal of the milk of human kindness, she took Sandy to her heart in a little while, and in time he became invaluable in the office and around the house. He was so ready and willing to work, and had such a shrewd way about him, child that he was, that Mr. Whittington's interest in him increased, and he began to think that there might be a good future for him.

Miss Whittington took great pains to teach him neatness and courtesy, and spent much time with him over his books at night. Sandy's life in the metropolis had developed in him that shrewdness and alertness that one marks in the gamins of the street. He had a good memory and manifested much originality in his opinions; always tinged with a worldly practicality that made Mr. Whittington smile and afforded him considerable amusement in quizzing the little fellow.

Two years went by, and Sandy had

become an institution in the house and office. Mr. Whittington raised his salary and trusted him more and more in his duties, without putting temptation in his way. Sandy had become devotedly attached to both his employer and Miss Whittington, and that lady often told her brother that she had no fears for Sandy's future or any doubts of his honesty if put to the test. The bad influence of the boy's former associations had seemingly passed away.

Late one afternoon the settlement in a transaction about some property was made for a client who lived in the little town where Mr. Whittington made his home. The payment was in cash, and the client, a finicky old woman, had insisted upon it, and it was necessary, so Mr. Whittington said, that the money be carried home that night and locked up until Monday morning, when it might be delivered to Mrs. Adams. Mr. Whittington knew that he would be delayed in town late that night. So he went with Sandy to the depot and put into his hand a small satchel.

"Don't let that satchel out of your sight for an instant," he said to Sandy, as they stood for a moment alongside the train. "Remember, there's ten thousand dollars in it. Put it in the panel. I will not be home until nearly morning."

Sandy nodded in his quick way, and boarded the train as it moved out. As he swung himself onto the platform, a man stepped out from behind a pillar of the station, followed him, and turned into the next car. Something in the individual's figure struck Sandy as familiar, but the car door had closed and he disappeared ere the boy could look again.

Sandy left the train at the little suburban station and started off briskly for home. Once as he sped through the street he thought he heard footsteps behind him, but on turning he could see nothing, for it was dark. He attributed this idea to the fact of having the money with him, which made him apprehensive.

He reached home and found that John, the servant, had left supper waiting. He took the precaution to see to the fastening of the doors and windows before sitting down to the table—alone, for Miss Whittington was away on a visit to New York. He put up the satchel in front of him, for he did not wish it out of his sight until he had safely placed it.

The house in which Mr. Whittington lived had stood for many years, and had been owned by an old miser. In it there had been discovered a panel in the wall of the library, closing quite a deep orifice. It had been found when the butler for an electric bell had been put in just a little to the side. This was what Mr. Whittington had referred to in his parting injunction.

Going to the library the boy found the spring and deposited the satchel in the orifice. Then he breathed a sigh of relief. He did not fancy being burdened with ten thousand dollars.

Try as he would that night, he could not sleep, and two o'clock found him wide awake and tossing restlessly. All sorts of uncomfortable thoughts flashed through his mind. He wished Mr. Whittington was home. Nonsense! What had he to fear?

Hark! What was that? Sandy sat bolt upright in bed, his heart beating furiously. He listened, but heard nothing. He left the bed and stole to the head of the staircase. His sharp ears detected steps below, and the sound of a voice in a monotone. Sandy's blood was up. He forgot the danger, and began to descend the stairs like a cat. The sounds below ceased. The boy crept down to the foot of the stairs; all was dark. He took a step into the library. In a moment he felt a hand at his throat, and before he could realize it, he was lying on the floor. A lantern was flashed in his face, and a voice, which he recognized at once, and which painfully thrilled him, muttered—

"Umph, it's Sandy. I knowed it when I saw yer to-night. Don't holler or I'll shut off the air. So yer gin us the slip, didn't yer? Smart feller, but yer played into our hands this time. Now, since yer hev kin down here ter make us a special visit, s'pose yer tell us how ter git dat money yer brought wid yer. Speak quick, 'cause we've got er pressin' engagement in another direction arter we leave yer."

Sandy was badly scared and made no answer. "It's all up with me now," he thought. He was trying to gather his wits. The man lifted him to his feet. He glanced furtively at his captors and saw that they meant business. He knew what these men were, too. They were waiting for him to speak now. He must gain time somehow.

"Come, hurry up now and git ter business," said the elder of the two men, who seemed to do all the talking. "We've been foolin' 'round long enough. We're enter yer, 'cause we see yer put dat money in de hole. We've been lookin' fer it, but de combination's too much fer us. Guess yer know it. So jest open her up."

Sandy's courage was slowly returning. He was in a tight place, and he was racking his brain for some means of getting out without losing the money. He tried to temporize. "The burglars grew impatient."

"Yer little idjit," said the spokesman, "wot's de matter wid yer? Can't yer open yer mouth? I—" then suddenly he changed his tactics.

"Say, my boy," assuming a wheedling tone, "'tain't no use yer tryin' ter beat us, we've got yer dead. Come now, we won't harm ye, if yer'll do the squa' 't'ing by us. Let us inter dis panel business, an' we'll scoop de boodle an' take yer away wid us. We'll give yer a good share of the stuff. It's cash an' we'll git away wid it easy. Come now, yer don't git such a chance like dis offen."

An idea struck the boy. He must

appear to give into this man's offer, if he hoped to do anything. If he did not they would halt him, and perhaps get the money after all.

There was but one chance, and our hero seized it. As the older man made a step toward him his eyes glittered angrily. Sandy backed off into the corner and put up his hands.

"Hold on, gimme a show," he exclaimed, dropping into the old street vernacular. "'Tain't no use ter fuss. I'll show yer de place. I was kinder scary at first, but I s'pose yer mean what yee says. De panel's right here in de wall," moving across the room. "I'll find it for yer. Yer couldn't find it 'cause yer didn't ketch de button what opens it."

Poor little fellow. His voice was unsteady, and he was afraid every moment that one of the men would strike him down. He stepped a little to the left of the panel. He was trying to gain time.

"Say, fellers," said he, turning around, "no funny business wid me now. I wants yer to play square wid me."

"Look here, Sandy," spoke the younger burglar, "stop yer gab an' git to work."

"All right," replied the boy. His voice was a little steadier now. Turning about again he began to fumble along the wall with one hand, while with the other he pressed firmly against a spot about the height of his chest standing close against the wall. After about two minutes the men grew impatient again.

"Say, boy," exclaimed the man in a hoarse whisper, "if yer don't open dat horse instanter I'll choke the life out of yer! What's yer game now? Open up there!"

"Hold on, Jim, wait a minute," whined Sandy. "It's kinder hard ter find wid nothin' but er lantern."

"Yer blamed idjit, does yer want us ter light de gas?"

Sandy's quick wit had reminded him that the electric bell in the servants' quarters, which he had just set ringing for two whole minutes by pressing the button in the wall with his left hand, might by a bare possibility attract attention at such an hour from someone in the street or across the way. It was a slim chance, but the only thing that could be done. There was no sound without. The first attempt had failed. Now for the second, and Sandy pressed again to the wall, fumbling with his right hand, and again pushing the electric button in as far as he could. He could not hear the bell but knew it was ringing loudly.

"Look here, fellers, don't rattle me," he pleaded. "I'll find it as soon as I can. Dis panel is very nifty and yer can't find it as easy as yer can open de outside door." He moved his hand hurriedly over the wall, as if for the spring that would open the panel.

His heart beat almost to bursting. He grew disheartened. What if no one came to his aid, and he should be forced to hand over his trust to these ruffians? Never! He closed his eyes tight, and gave the button five quick pushes. He listened intently.

Some one was pounding on the lower door. Quick as thought, to avoid the blow that he felt would come, Sandy threw up his hands and with a scream for help, fell backward. That instant the front door was burst open, and there came the rush of heavy feet up the stairs. With muttered oaths the two men leaped for the door, overturning the two policemen as they passed through it.

Sandy was on his feet now. He dashed down the hall after the men. They were making for the side window through which they had come. The smaller man bolted through. The other tried to follow, but Sandy was upon him before he could get out.

As he stumbled and threw himself into the opening the plucky boy jumped for the sash, and bringing it down on the struggling wretch, pinned him fast for a moment, until he was joined by the policemen. The distinguished leader of the nocturnal expedition was then secured, and marched off, growling.

At the station Sandy recounted the circumstance of the attempted robbery and received many compliments for his pluck and cleverness. "Just the barest chance in the world, me bye," said the tall Irish sergeant, as he patted Sandy on the back. The other burglar was never caught.

Mr. Whittington, on his return that Sunday morning, was of course much astonished at what had happened, and much pleased with the part Sandy had played in the little drama. He confidentially informed his sister some time afterwards that this new evidence of the boy's honesty and faithfulness had so impressed him that his future was assured so long as he remained with him.

And now five years later, Sandy is filling the position of confidential man to his employer with much ability. His future is indeed bright, and it will not be surprising if in another year or so the sign over Mr. Whittington's office door will be changed for another that bears two names.

Whenever Mr. Whittington catches sight of that little old satchel he smiles to himself and wonders if the burglars, had they been successful, would have appreciated the fine quality of manilla paper he had locked up in it.

However, Sandy, the quodam vagabond, is none the wiser.—*Yankee Blade.*

THE SYMPATHETIC CROOK.—Burglar—Your money or your life. Victim (from bed)—When I explain, sir, that my wife and three daughters have gone to a fashionable hotel to spend a month—Burglar—Enough; I'm pretty hard up myself, but here's a dollar for you. (Exits weeping.)

Hood's Sarsaparilla has a steadily increasing popularity, which can only be won by an article of real merit. Give it a trial.

A Little Journey Through South-Western Virginia.

Beautiful Cumberland Valley Veiled in Mist and Rain—Attractive and Hospitable Shenandoah—Unrivalled Mountain Scenery—Grottoes That Rival the World's Greatest Wonders—A Flattering Reception at Roanoke—Everybody Turns Out to Welcome the Pennsylvania Scribes—Salem, a City of Phenomenal Growth—Roanoke's Industrial Activities—Pennsylvania's Contribution to Her Prosperity—Combined Effects of Northern Enterprise and Southern Hospitality—Pleasant Remembrances of the Twin Cities—Delights of the Homeward Ride.

On Monday, August 24th, what is known as the Juniata Valley Editorial Association left Harrisburg at 12:10 for Shenandoah, Roanoke and Salem. As we were among the unfortunate few who, on account of the Williams Grove travel, arrived at the Union station just in time to wave good-bye to the first section of the excursionists, we are not able to describe the beautiful Cumberland Valley as it appeared to the knights of the scissors and paste-pot in their special. We can only say that by the time we came to make the journey nature was shedding so many tears in behalf of the poor deluded railroad officials and hotel keepers who expected to make their fortunes out of the party, that the whole country was blurred and dreary through the shifting gray mists. However, as we neared the end of our day's ride the clouds broke and a more beautiful sunset never brightened the heavens than the one we were favored with on that ride through the Cumberland Valley.

After a pleasant rest of three hours at Hagerstown the journey was resumed in far better spirits than it ended, for on our arrival at Shenandoah at four o'clock, Tuesday morning, the obliging hotel clerk met us with "the sorry, but the best he could do for us was rocking chairs." It took some time to gather up the tattered remnants of a once nice temper, but with a beautiful sunrise and the cool fresh air, as enjoyed on the hotel porch, that early morning, both acting as restoratives, we were able to announce, with the breakfast bell, that truly Shenandoah was a wonderful place. It is one of the thriving new towns of Virginia, situated in a rich agricultural region on the Shenandoah division of the Norfolk & Western railroad. The whole valley being surrounded by mountain ranges containing inexhaustible stores of timber and mineral wealth, Shenandoah is bound to become in the near future something more than a boom town or a noted summer resort.

After breakfast Major Hotchkiss, President of the Shenandoah Land Company, not only welcomed us most kindly, but gave quite an interesting talk on the geography, history and geological formations of the great Shenandoah Valley. A few yards from the hotel are the famous grottoes, better known as Weyer's cave, that rank with Mammoth and Luray as the noted caverns of the world, and members of our party who had visited both said without hesitation that they were second to neither in the beauty and variety of formations. An attempt to describe the grottoes would simply be impossible and we will leave that to "Shenandoah Illustrated," which we hope to publish soon. The natural attractions of the place and the hospitality of its people will, we are confident, so favorably impress travelers that it can be but a few short years till its wildest anticipations are realized.

The ride from Shenandoah to Roanoke, a distance of one hundred and ten miles, was an instructive object lesson to one member of the party, at least. We who live in Central Pennsylvania are apt to imagine that our mountain scenery is unsurpassed and our railroad systems unrivalled. Here we saw higher and more majestic peaks, deeper ravines and more beautifully shaded streams but not the well kept, productive farms that throughout our own State testify to the energy and push of the Pennsylvania farmer.

Our reception at Roanoke was most flattering; in fact so much so that it was embarrassing. Barnum and Forepaugh combined could not have attracted a larger crowd. A remark overheard by one of our party, "poor things, it is their first outing," made us feel, indeed, as though it was our first experience. Two thirds of the men of the town were down at the station to look at us. Whether they were the standing reception committee, self appointed, we know not; nevertheless we felt that they were well advertised. Formally met by members representing the city council, Virginia Press Association, and the Board of Trade; cordially welcomed that evening at the Hotel Ponce de Leon by representative citizens; entertained by instructive and complimentary addresses, do you wonder that our heads were turned, or that we went to bed imagining ourselves McClures or Smiths in the estimation of the Roanoke people?

Wednesday morning our first impressions were made in mud, black and deep; however, as it was not many hours till we learned that the successful man in Roanoke was the man who dabbled in real estate, it mattered little that the impression were erasable.

At 2:30 we left Roanoke to accept the hospitality of beautiful Salem, the county seat of Roanoke county, seven miles west of the city of that name, connected with it by a dummy railway line, and on the Norfolk and Western. It is not a creation of the boomer's imagination, but a well built town of 5000 inhabitants, whose history dates back to 1822. Its educational opportunities are excellent, Roanoke college being situated in the heart of the town, and its natural advantages are unsurpassed. Surrounded by picturesque ranges of the Alleghenies and Blue Ridge, with a climate mild and healthy, in the midst of fertile farm lands, with a good supply of water, and so near the great iron and coal deposits of southern Virginia, who can question the future possibilities of the place as a great industrial center?

The rain interfered somewhat with our sight seeing, but not with the success of the reception and banquet that was tendered us that evening at the

Hotel Lucerne by the progressive men who have made the New Salem. With the kindest feelings for the delightful people whom we had met, and with many hopes for Salem's continued prosperity, we turned our faces once more toward Roanoke.

Thursday morning we saw the town, visited the furnaces and the many industries of the place, gazed on the Roanoke machine shops that employ 1700 men, drank at the spring that rivals our own beautiful fountain, admired the cozy and stately homes that are there without number, agreed with them about the fine hotels, criticised the width of the principal business streets, and listened to the almost fabulous tales of the growth and development of a city of 20,000 souls which less than ten years ago was "Big Lick," a country village of 400 inhabitants.

If we were a well paid agent for one of the many real estate men we would rave about the railroad facilities, the gas, electric light and motor power companies, the manufacturing plants, the many churches, the advisability of investing in Newtown or Riverside Park property, and surely we would mention the macadamized roads. But as we were only a sight-seer out on a vacation, the bit of Roanoke that charmed us most was the Mill Mountain drive and the magnificent view from the summit.

Pennsylvania seems to have contributed her full share to the success of this New Eldorado. At every turn one has pointed out a Pennsylvanian who helped lay the foundation of its prosperity and growth, and who is now being repaid. These men with their energy and enthusiasm, combined with Southern warm heartedness, have built up a city in which any one might well be content to live.

After all, what is more interesting to man than man? Some one has well said, "There is no force so mighty as the force of sympathy." Our interests can gather about a thing, but the thing must have been realized if our hearts are to go out after it in attachment or desire. We can grow enthusiastic about a place, but it is only because association links it with some pleasant memory. The pleasant memories we can grow enthusiastic over in connection with this visit are many. The drives, banquets and receptions only in part tell of the kindness that were received from the people of the Twin Cities.

Southern people have always been proverbial for their hospitality, but charming as may be the courtesy of these noble sons and daughters of the South, it is, after all, a combination with the spirit and vivacity of the Pennsylvanian that can lavish such tangible pleasures as make our remembrance of Southwestern Virginia one to be always recalled with pleasure.

"Ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal given and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one to another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence."

At 12:50, Friday, we started for home. In two hours we had passed the Natural Bridge, where all but the conductor were anxious to stop; on by the beautiful James and into the historic Shenandoah Valley; lunched at Shenandoah; recognized the Luray Inn by the fast deepening twilight; arrived some time during the night at Hagerstown; amused ourselves from that until morning in trying to sleep and kill mosquitoes; waited patiently for two long hours at Harrisburg on account of a broken engine; enjoyed the ride up the Susquehanna and through the clear, sweet atmosphere of the Buffalo Valley, and welcomed with gladness familiar landmarks just as the sun was bidding the hills of our own town good night.

Our journey was done. We had been on a most enjoyable excursion to Shenandoah, Salem and Roanoke.

Resolutions of thanks were tendered to George W. Boyd, Assistant Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad; to S. M. Preston, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, for furnishing two passenger coaches for our entire trip; to H. A. Riddle, General Passenger Agent; to C. G. Eddy, Vice President; W. B. Bevil, Passenger Agent; Joseph H. Sands, Vice President and General Manager, and Col. Frank Huger, Superintendent of Transportation of the Norfolk and Western, for the many courtesies and kindnesses so liberally extended to the association.

Also to Major Jed Hotchkiss and Captains Frazer and Morton for the hospitable reception and liberal entertainment so lavishly showered upon us during our stay at Shenandoah Grottoes.

Also to the Board of Trade and Real Estate Exchange of Salem; its Mayor, W. T. Younger, Esq.; the ladies and the people of Salem in general, for their unstinted friendship and hospitality.

Also to Mayor Evans, the ladies and the people of Roanoke, for the many courtesies extended us while in that beautiful and progressive city.

Also to James A. Pugh, Esq., of the Roanoke Times and President of the Virginia Press Association, for inducing us to visit Roanoke, and for his ceaseless and successful efforts to make our visit so pleasant and enjoyable.

And that we most cordially commend to the traveling public the management of the Hotel Ponce de Leon at Roanoke, and the Hotel Lucerne at Salem, both of which are admirably conducted and excellent in appointments.

Mr. J. A. McConnell, the generous Superintendent of the dummy railroad, was formerly of Altoona, this State.

We did not get to see Mr. J. M. Kephart, so long a resident of Fillmore and well known throughout our county; but were glad to hear from his daughter, Mrs. S. Dickerson, that they were all much pleased with their new home.

Mr. L. A. Frazer, the manager of the Shenandoah News, to whom we are indebted for the invitation to visit the Grottoes, was at one time a resident of Houtzdale, Clearfield county, and a member of the Association.

Among other Centre countians of whom we heard spoken kindly, and who have been successful in Roanoke, were Mrs. Payne, nee Miss Mollie Long, of Bellefonte, and Mr. J. M. McCartney formerly an engineer on the Snow Shoe road, and whose sixteen year old son so ably filled the pulpit in the Methodist

church in this place recently.

The three things we will always associate in our minds with Salem and Roanoke are their beautiful roads, horses and drives.

L. R. M.
Old Sol's Insignificance.
The Sun Is a Small Body Compared With Arcturus.

There are three well-defined classes of stars, judged by the quality of light they yield. In the first class are the clear white and bluish white stars, like Sirius and Vega.

These are supposed to be the hottest stars and the most luminous in proportion to the extent of their surface. Then there are the golden yellow or pale orange stars, of which Arcturus and Capella are fine examples.

These have begun to cool. Finally, we have the deep orange and red stars Aldebaran and Antares. These have advanced still further in the cooling process.

Now the spectroscopic informs us that our sun belongs to the orange or Arcturus type, and if we could view it from distant space we should see a lovely star of pale golden yellow.

The question arises, then, how far would our sun have to be removed in order to shine with a brightness no greater than that of Arcturus? According to Mr. Maunder it would have to be removed to 140,000 times its present distance, or about half the distance between us and Alpha Centauri. But Arcturus is 11,500,000 times as far away as the sun, and if our sun were placed at that enormous distance its diameter would have to be eighty-two times as great in order to give a light equal to that received from Arcturus.

I hesitate to present such figures, implying magnitudes far beyond the fact to which we have been accustomed, yet they are but the logical deductions of observed facts.

In other words, upon Mr. Maunder's reasonable assumption, Arcturus must be a gigantic sphere 550,000 times larger than our sun, with a diameter of 70,000,000 miles, or more than large enough to fill the entire orbit of Mercury.

To make this contrast clearer let us institute a simple comparison. Jupiter is larger than all the other planets and satellites of the solar system.

The sun is a little more than 1,000 times larger than Jupiter; but Arcturus, if our information is correct, is 550,000 times larger than the sun.

By the side of such a majestic orb our sun, grand and overwhelming as it is in our own system, would dwindle to an insignificant star.

Contemplating a world so vast, endowed with such mighty energies and rushing with such resistless force through the great deeps of space, we cannot resist the questions: Whence came this blazing world? Whither is it bound? What is its mission and destiny?

Is it simply a visitor to our sidereal galaxy, rushing furiously through it like a comet? Is it being constantly fed and enlarged by the worlds it encounters and the meteoric matter it gathers up in its wonderful journey?

What would be the effect if it chanced to pass through the nebula or a star cluster? Was the new star which suddenly blazed forth in the nebula of Andromeda in 1876 due to a similar cause?

As this mighty aggregation of attractive energies sweeps along its celestial path, thickly bordered with stellar worlds, how many of those worlds will yield forever to his disturbing force?

How many will be swerved from their appointed courses by his irresistible power? How many will plunge into his fiery bosom and will be swallowed up as a pebble is swallowed up by the ocean?

Why Ice Floats.
Did you ever wonder why it is that ice, being formed of congealed water, floats? And why, on some still lakes, it begins to form at the bottom before it does on the surface? Scientists explain these enigmas thus wise: Ice is specifically lighter than water, just about to freeze, and therefore floats on it. This is one reason why the formation of ice usually begins at the surface.

Another is its peculiar law of expansion. The general law is that cold induces expansion; this law holds good with water to a certain point. When water has cooled down to within 7.4 degrees of freezing it ceases to contract as before with increase of cold and begins to expand until it freezes.

This expansion causes the colder portions of the water to rise to the surface. The formation of "ground ice," or "anchor ice," as it is sometimes called, is the only exception to the rule given above.

—In Bodica, Cal., not long since, a man lassoed a wild cow, he being on horseback, when the animal broke theariat and made a dash for liberty. Not far off there was a large house, with the front door wide open. She rushed through the door, up the front stairs, through a narrow hallway, into a bedroom, out of the window, on to the roof of the porch, from which she leaped to the ground, striking with such violence as to break her neck.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A New Use for the Emblem.—"Hello! where is your engagement ring? Is your engagement with Harold off?"

"Oh, no, indeed! He took me out to get some ice cream last night, and we had to leave the ring as security for the cream. Harold didn't have a cent."

OVERHEARD AT THE BRANCH.—"Ah," said Chappie, gleefully "this sea air makes me feel as fresh as a daisy."

"Are you sure you weren't born so, Mr. Hopkins?" asked the Summer Girl, who was beginning to long for a change.

—I was troubled with catarrh for seven years previous to commencing the use of Ely's Cream Balm. It has done for me what other so called cures have failed to do—cured me. The effect of the Balm seemed magical. Clarence L. Huff, Biddeford, Me.