Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. I. 1899.

#### LIFE.

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going, Crumbling away beneath our very feet: Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing In current unperceived, because so fleet:

Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in so But tares, self-sown have over-topped th

Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blow And still, oh still, their dying breath i

And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us

Of that which made our childhood sweeter And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us

A nearer good to cure an older ill; And sweeter are all things, when we learn to prize them

Nor for their sake, but His who grants them or denies them.

-Aubrey De Vere.

#### HIS MAJESTY THE BABY.

Until the bus stopped and the old gentleman entered we had been a contented and genial company, traveling from a suburb into the city in high good fellowship, and our absolute monarchy was Baby. His mother was evidently the wife of a well doing artisan, a wise looking, capable, bonnie young woman, and Baby was not a marvel of attire, nor could he be called beautiful. He was dressed after a careful. tidy, comfortable fashion, and he was a clean skinned, healthy child; that is all you would have noticed had you met the two on the street.

In a bus where there is nothing to do for 40 minutes except stare into each other's faces, a baby has the great chance of his life, and this Baby was made to seize it. He was not hungry and there were no pins about his clothes and nobody had made him afraid, and he was by nature a human soul. So he took us in hand one by one till he had reduced us all to a state of delighted subjection, to the pretended scandal and secret pride of his mother.

His first conquest was easy and might have been discounted, for against such an onset there was no power of resistance in the elderly woman opposite-one of the lower middles, fearfully stout, and of course a grandmother. He simply looked at herif he smiled, that was thrown in-for, without her knowledge, her arms had begun to shape for his reception-so often had children lain on that ample resting place. "Bless 'is little 'eart; it do me good to see No one cared to criticise the words. and we remarked to ourselves how the expression changes the countenance. Not heavy and red, far less dull, the proper adjective for that face is motherly.

The next passenger, just above Grannie, is a lady, young and pretty, and a mother. Of course; did you not see her look Baby over as an expert at her sharpest? The mother is conscious of inspection and adjusts a ribbon his majesty had tossed aside, and then she meekly awaited approval. For a moment we were anxious, but that was our foolishness, for in half a minute the lady's face relaxed, and she passed Baby. She leaned forward and asked questions and we over-heard scraps of technical details: "My first

-14 months--six teeth--always well." One was a lady, the other a working woman; they had not met before; they were not likely to meet again, but they had forgotten strangeness and differences in the common bonds of motherhood. Opposite me a priest was sitting and saying his office, but at this point his eye fell on the mothers, and I thought his lips shaped the words "Sancta Maria" before he went on with the

appointed portion. Baby had wearied of inaction and had begun another campaign, and my heart sank, for this time he courted defeat. On sphere of influence was a man about whose profession there could be little doubt, even if he had not had a bag on his knee and were not reading from a parchment document. After a long and serious consideration of the lawyer's clean, cut shaven bloodless face, Baby leaned forward and tapped gently on the deed, and then, when the keen face looked up in quick inquiry, Baby replied with a smile of roguish intelligence as if to say, "By the way, that parchment would make an excellent drum; do you and he indicates a desire to taste as well." mind me- A tune has just come into my

The lawyer, of course, drew away the deed and frowned at the insolence of the lawyers if you know how to find it-he smiled. Well, it was not a first rate smile, but it was genuine, and the next time he had never been exposed in such a genial, irresistable way before, and so he held the drum, and Baby played a variation on Grannie appealed for applause. "If he don't play as well as the band in Hyde park of a Sunday.'

After a well deserved rest of 40 seconds, during which we wagged our heads in wonder, Baby turned his attention to his right hand neighbor and for the balance of the minute, examined her with compassionan old maid without question, with her disposition written on her thin lips and the hard gray eyes. None of us would care to trifle with her. Will he dare? If he has not! There was the chief stroke of genius, and it deserved success-when, with an expression of unaffected pity he put out his soft dimpled hand gently stroked her cheek, acting as if to say: "Poor thing, all alone, 'lone, 'lone! I'm so solly, solly, solly so velly, velly, velly solly.' Did I say that her eyes were tender and true enough to win a man's heart and keep it, and that her lips spoke of patience and gentleness? If I did not, I repair my neglect. She must have been a beautiful woman in her youth -no, no, today, just when she inclines her head and Baby strokes her cheek again and cooes. "Pretty, pretty, pretty, and so velly, velly, velly good." Was there not a lovely flush on her cheek ?-oh, the fool of a man that might of had that love! She opens a neat little bag, and as this is public affairs we watched without shame. so; she is to be away all day and has got a frugal lunch, and—it's all she can do in re
He sat down opposi cuit? Not he; he makes an immense to do for the other man, who now folded his

fering dignity. When a boy is profoundly conscious that he is—well, a man, and yet "Dalton!" he said indistinctly a blind and unfeeling world conspires to

treat him as—well, a child—he must protect himself and assert his position. Which he does to the delight of everybody with any sense of humor, by refusing indignantly to be kissed by his mother or sisters in tendency to enthusiasm about any thing quaintance." except sport, by allowing it to be under stood that he has exhausted the last rezoological gardens. These two had been while they were provoking and required tempt, and when in the paroxysm of debored and weary air. How Baby had taken in the situation I cannot guess, but he had his mind on the lads, and suddenly, while they were sustaining an elaborate concern, he flung himself back and crowed -yes, joyfully crowed-with rosy, jocund less it happens to be"countenance in the whites of the eyes of the two solemnities. One raised his evebrows, and the other looked at the roof in days—just passing through."

despair, but I had hopes, for who could re"Yes? Let's see, its two, three years and loves it—declaring aloud that he is a "jolly little beggar." Those boys are all right. There is a sound heart below the nervous man. little affectations, and they are going to be

This outburst of his majesty cheered us all mightily, and a young woman at the top of the bus, catching his eye, waved her | gle. hand to him with a happy smile. Brown gloves, size  $6\frac{1}{4}$ , perhaps 6, much worn, and thing is well made and in perfect taste. Milk white teeth, hazel eyes, Grecian profile-what a winsome girl !-- and let me see she takes off a glove—yea, is wearing an engagement ring; a lucky fellow, for she must be good with those eyes and that merry smile, A teacher, one guesses, and tothat dear woman with hair turning graywill marry, and she will also have her gift,

We had one vacant place, and that was and stringy salad. "I suppose so," he how he intruded on our peace, but let me said.
make one excuse for him. It is aggravating wave his umbrella ostentatiously to a bus which passes you and draws up 15 yards ahead, to make your dangerous way along a slippery street with hansoms bent upon tell." your life, to be ordered to "hurry up" the impatient conductor and ignominiously hauled on to a moving bus. For an elderly gentleman of military appearance and short hard on her." semper it was not soothing, and he might have been excused a word or two, but he dead." listinctly exceeded.

seen him all the time; that if he didn't he ought to have been looking; that he (the colonel) was not a fox terrier, to run after | tectives cost money," he said. a bus in the mud; that the conductor was an impertinent scoundrel and that he would words unworthy of even a retired Anglo- the five young ones." Indian. The sympathy of the bus did not go out to him, and when he forced himself money I had. If I could have fixed it so, in between the lawyer and Grannie, and leaning forward with his hands on his cane glared at us impartially, relations were

A cut on his cheek and a bristly white mustache half hiding, half concealing, a have a quiet life; all day in the library if cruel mouth, did not commend the new I like. passenger to a peaceable company. Baby children can make in a small house. And regarded the old man with sad attention, then out there I never could get the books and at last he indicated that his fancy is to I wanted-The Latinists of the fourth cenexamine the silver head of the colonel's tury, for instance. And then, you know, cane. The colonel, after two moments' the other side of Grannie and within baby's liberty. On second thoughts he must have hesitation, removes his hands and gives full explains why the philosophers were monks. got that cut in some stiff fight. Wonder whether he is a V. C. Baby moves the cane back and forward to a march of his own de
"Yes, I know," said Holloway hastily, got that cut in some stiff fight. Wonder back and forward to a march of his own devising, the colonel actively assisting. Now it not been the cut puckering the corner of his upper lip, that would have been a very sweet mouth for a man, or even a woman. Baby is not lifted above all human weakman you could meet in a day's journeything. No he did not—there is a soul in lawyers if you know how to find it. sion between an absolute monarch and his faithful commons. We are all concerned, did it better, and afterward it spread all He thrusts his hand within the tightly butbut the crisis is safe in the colonel's hands over his face and lighted up his eyes. He toned frock coat and produces a gold hunting watch-crested, did you notice-andyes, just what every father has done for his baby since watches were invented—he blew; mind. I'd do it over again. I tell you, "Rule, Britannia" with much spirit, while the lid flew open. Baby blew, and the lid Dalton, for a woman you're fond of—but flew open faster and farther. "Reminds what's the use of talking to you? Might me of my boy at that age-killed on fron- as well talk to a Latin grammar. " Is much ashamed of this tier last year.' confidence, and we all look unconscious.

What a fine, simple old fellow he is, "Saved up, has he," the colonel is saying to the mother, "to give Baby and you knows." a week at Ramsgate? He's the right sort, your husband. It's for Baby, not for you. to get him some folderol, you know. He's done a lot of good to a crusty old chap. And he passes something from his pocket into the mother's hand.

The conductor had taken in the scene with huge delight and closes it at just the right point. "Your club, general, just small wagon in the yard and several war wait till the bus stops. Can you get near the curb, Bill? Now, that's right; take care

sir, plenty of time." The colonel was standing on the broad top step of the Veterans', smiling and waving his hand, the bus waved back, the conbuctor touched his cap, and Baby danced with sheer joy, since there is no victory like love.-By Ian Maclaren in British Weekly.

# THE LOST MAN.

One evening a man came into a New Quite | through the succession of small rooms, say

He sat down opposite a man whose face turn. Perhaps he cannot eat it. I don't was hidden behind a newspaper. The know nor does she. Baby ways are a mys- waiter brought a bottle of wine and a sartery to her; but would he refuse that bis- dine for the newcomer and a roast sparrow and he went his way. over it and shows it to his mother and to all his loyal subjects, and he was ready to be kissed, but she did not like to kiss him.

newspaper and dropped it on the floor. Then he looked across at his vis-a-vis, and his hand fell to his side and hung limp. Peace be with thy shy, modest soul! The other man, having poured the thin the Christ child come into thine heart! claret over the lumps of ice in his glass, Two passengers on Baby's left hand endured these escapades with patient and suf- rim. Then he set the glass down without

"Well, Holloway?" said the other.

"I thought you were dead."

"So I am—so far as you're concerned. Who'd thought you'd turned up here?"
"Yes, what luck! I thought New York was big enough to turn around in without public, by severely checking any natural stumbling over some confounded old ac-

"Old acquaintance-well, that's pretty cool. However, I shan't bother you. maining pleasure and is fairly burned out. You needn't be afraid of me. I'm not go-Dear boy, and all the time ready to run a ing back out there, and if you ever do I'll mile to see a cavalry regiment drill and trouble you to keep a still tongue. You twenty-four big twine binders were emtormented by a secret hankering after the needn't say you saw me. Understand?"

"Oh, yes!" said the other man. "But I nice little chaps two years ago and would don't bank much on going back myself. be manly fellows two years hence. Mean- I'm about sick of this country. I don't blame you for wanting to keep out, but, I chastisement or regeneration. Baby was to them a "kid" to be treated with conyou're dead or loco and shut up somelight over that folly of a law paper he had tilted one of the young men's hats that blase ancient replaced it in position with a posse through Sonora town. All the newspapers renovated you into a prominent cit-

"Oh, it doesn't matter! I left eight months ago. I'm only here for-for-a few

sist this bubbling, chortling mirth! One since I came away. Do you know what 000. laughed a glad, boyish chuckle, and the that reminds me of? Two hurrying shapes other tickles Baby just at the right spot be- don't you know, in 'No Man's Land,' met low the chin-has a baby at home after all each other face to face-very awkward sometimes-and bade each other stand." "Sounds like footpads," suggested the

> other's name Here the two men looked at one another, and the nervous man broke into a gig-

"Exactly. We won't do that." 'Look here, don't you want some

news?" "News?" The quiet man blinked unertainly for a moment and then said:

"Yes, I suppose so. What is it?" "Well, I meant-you know Sharpless is mayor now. We got him in last year, and lay off, and then the three-her mother, it was the biggest fight the town ever saw. Jim Luke got the city attorneyship. He's will go upon the river and come home in in the new city hall with velvet carpets dinner time when I got back. I was gone the sweet summer evening, full of content. and hand painted spittoons. Oh. the boys four hours, and traveled six miles." As soon as he gets a rise in the office they are all right. And you wouldn't know the place. Brick blocks going up everyat every woman should. But where am I where and cable cars on Main street.' In ow?—let that baby bear the blame.

The quiet man began to eat his span. The quiet man began to eat his sparrow

> "And say-well, of course it's none of there, anyway?" "Not a word," said the quiet man,

"Well, it's only about-confound it!your wife. Say, Dalton, why in thunder -it's none of my business, but it's pretty

"She must think I'm dead-I am

"Well, she doesn't. She's still looking He insisted in language of great direct- for you. When they didn't find you in ness and simplicity that the conductor had the river, you know, she had detectives. They combed San Francisco for you." The quiet man moved uneasily.

"They do. She's teaching now in the public schools. The boys put that through. have him dismissed, with other things and | She gets \$95 a month, and that about feeds "I left her enough. I left her half the

she could have got my life insurance"-"Well, why didn't you? There was the river. Excuse me, old man, but is this

"Oh, yes!" said Dalton dreamily. a woman-a woman who's fond of you. It But I'm getting pretty close to bedrock," he added frowning. "I don't like to eat

'but I've got just enough to take me where I see it in a proper light his mustache is l'm going. I pulled out with about \$600 soft and sets off the face excellently. Had —though the boys wouldn't believe you if you told 'em. I suppose they think I'm living in cotton-Monto Carlo or"your fist in deep. What's the matter—lost

our pull?" "Nellie's got it-my wife, you knowhandle that silver head. The colonel is that is, all I could pull out. Say, Dalton, quite agreeable—the most good natured I don't mind telling you—I don't suppose you'd give me away, and if you did I-the

> "The law can't touch me," said Dalton Holloway's face flushed dully. Perhaps not, but I would't change places ith you. My wife's living in Europebeen there for a year. She's living well too. She was always crazy to go. She's got enough to make her comfortable for Dalton contemplated his cheese and

withered pears and thin coffee resignedly. "If I didn't have to eat," he said, "I'd be all right. I want few things, God

"I," said Holloway under his breath, want only one."—New York Advertiser.

## Holding Down all the Jobs.

A canvasser for a religious publication entered the yard of a residence in the southwhoops from the rear of the house announce ed that the family was not out of the city for the summer. A pull at the front doo bell brought no response, so he went around to the side porch, where he found a small boy with his face smeared with jam making a pyramid with lumps of loaf sugar. "Anyone at home?" asked the can-

"Me."

"No one else?" "Nop. Papa went to the store an' left me wif marmer. Marmer went up ze street an' left me wif nurse. Nurse's aunt York French restaurant and, walking died an' she left me wif ze cook. Cook jus' runned up ze alley to see her frenz an' I's got everysing to see after, an' it's all

> The canvasser felt that the sunshine of his paper was not needed in that family,

## Fatally Bitten While in the Field.

Mrs. Messimer, wife of Col. Merit M. Messimer, of Pottstown, is lying critically ill with blood poison, which resulted from the sting of some insect or reptile while walking through a field near the Falls of French Creek last week. She suffers terrible pain and will not likely

#### Solid Walls of Wheat.

Five Thousand Acres of Golden Grain on one Ranch John I. Blair, the Multi-Millionaire, Celebrated His in Oklahom

Oklahoma's largest wheat field lies a few miles west of the small railway station of Bliss, in Kay county. It contains 5,000 acres, and belongs to the noted ranch "101" which controls 15,000 acres of land leased from the Ponce Indians. Two hundred men, more than 300 mules and horses and ployed in cutting and shocking the grain grown on this magnificent field this year, and it was not until last Sunday, with an army of laborers working night and day for ten days, that the last acre was har-

Every principle of good farming was obless than 100,000 bushels of as good wheat as can be found in Oklahoma. It is esti-mated that the average acre yield will be academy which bears his name at 1 izen, but I suppose you saw 'em." from 20 to 25 bushels. There are many "No, I didn't. I was down in Mexico. acres that will run from 40 to 50 bushels. from 20 to 25 bushels. There are many How long ago did you leave Calif—beg Buyers have already offered 60 cents a your pardon, I withdraw the question, unbushel for the entire crop. It is probable bushel for the entire crop. It is probable that the owners will get from 60 to 70 cents, a gross sum of \$65,000 or \$70,000. ting it on board cars will be 25 cents a bushel, leaving a net profit of about \$35,

Wheat was king in the Strip last week. and its importance eclipses everything else on ranch "101." Numerically, a 5,000 acre wheat field is not very impressive. To ride over it, however, in blazing sunshine fortune of \$60,000,000 in a sylvan neighis to give rise to the feeling that it covers "No; it's poetry. Well, they asked each the face of the earth. The 5,000 acres of wheat on ranch "101" are divided into two the man. fields of almost equal size by the Salt Fork river, a stream that pours down a large volume of water at this time of year. Great | the Covenant." yellow undulations of grain swept alongdoves, size 61, perhaps 6, much worn, and jacket also not of yesterday, but every-call this stuff California claret," he said. distant hills, until they seemed to reach the sky. It was so far across the fields that the shocks look like a solid wall of wheat. In the field on the south side of the river the first circuit with a binder was

made by superintendent Miller. "There was not a man who could guess how long it would take me to make the round," said he, "I piled a supply of twine on my binder, and started. It was almost The distances are so great on the ranch

that it is impossible for the men to turn in at one place for the meals. The loss of time would amount to hundreds of dollars in a season. Accordingly, camps are established at different places, generally close to a stream, where the men live in tents to stand on the edge of the pavement and my business. I suppose you hear from out and the meals are prepared by ranch cooks.

#### Some Busy Animals.

Do Everything from Stealing Chickens to Build ing Homes.

The fox is a dealer in poultry, but he is nothing more or less than a thief. Fat ducks and chickens are his delight, and a plump rabbit comes next best.

The otter and the heron are fishermen. The otter is not often seen, for he carries on his work mostly under the water, but the heron stands with his long, thin legs in the water, waiting until a fish comes by Then a sudden plunge with his long, sharp bill and the poor fish is brought up and swallowed.

The ants are the busiest of all. Catch an ant asleep in the daytime if you can. They are always in earnest at their work, building their underground homes and laying up stores of food for the long winter. The swallow is a fly catcher, and skims low over the surface of the little streams. It takes a great many flies to feed him for

just one day, and he is forever at work The beaver is a wood cutter, a builder and a mason. It cuts down the small You've no idea what a racket five trees with its teeth, and after it has built its house, it plasters it with its tail

The snail, too, is a builder, but it takes the material for its house from its own body. It is so anxious to begin work that it commences to build its house before it is even hatched.

The mole that burrows under the ground makes a little fort under the earth from which it tunnels in every direction, and it makes such clever paths that it can run from one to the other and can scarcely be caught.

The bees do not all live in hives or tree trunks. The mason bee digs a hole in the brick wall, and lines it with clay. In this "Six hundred! Why, you used to have nest it lays two eggs and closes it up. The miner bee bores long holes in the sand banks, and the carpenter bees bore their tunnels in wood. The upholsterer bee lines his nest with poppy leaves. The rose leaf cutter takes a leaf between its jaws, begins near the stalk and cuts out a circle of just the right size and as perfect as could be marked with a compass. With these circles of fragrant rose leaves it divides its round hole in the wall into little cells.

## Political Rivals.

"My left leg," said the candidate for sheriff, "was shot off in the civil war, and to-day, my friends, the bones of that leg are bleaching in the valleys of Virginia! What can my opponent say to that? I pause for a reply.

"I can say lots to that, fellow citizens," said the rival candidate, as he mounted the stump. "I had the rheumatism when the war broke out, but I hired three men to go and fight for me. Each man of them had his right leg shot off, and to-day-yes, today-the bones of those three right legsand not one of them was as bow-legged as my friend is-are bleaching on the plains of Tennessee!"

## Still Branching Out.

The Berwind-White coal company is lands from some thirty prominent farmers in Conemaugh township, Somerset county. The deal has been in progress for some time and part of the sellers have received their money from the coal company, while others are expected to transfer their prop-erty to the corporation within the next sixty days. The price paid per acre is \$18. The land lies in the vicinity of Davidsville, Tire Hill and Benscreek

## Freight Train Riders to be Fined.

The Pennsylvania railroad and the Philadelphia and Reading railway companies have decided to make an effort to put a stop to illegal car riding, and to do the work more effectually have asked the policemen along their lines to co-operate with the railroad officers in this move. Every illegal rider will be heavily fined, and if he cannot pay he will be punished by imprisonment.

-A school boy's essay about hornets paid this compliment to that inflammable

#### Jersey's Wealthiest Man.

97th Birthday-His Remarkable Career.

John I. Blair, New Jersey's aged multimillionaire, whose home is in Blairstown, celebrated his 97th, birthday last week. The day was observed as a time of rejoicing in the town which Mr. Blair's money founded, which bears his name and of which he is the chief financial support. The merchants of the town closed their places of business and a general holiday was enjoyed by the residents.

Notwithstanding the weight of nearly a century, which has somewhat bowed the figure of the wealthy old man and whitened the head which has planned the way to millions, the years have dealt gently with served in cultivating this big field, with him, and he is still healthy and strong in the result that the total output will not be mind. His life has been a philanthropic one, and he has given many thousands to academy which bears his name at Blairstown was founded and is supported by him. He has also built several buildings at Lafayette college and Princeton university. Mr. Blair lives modestly in a neat but inexpensive home on a hill overlooking the Delaware. It is to his regular habits that The cost of producing this wheat and put- he attributes his longevity, and from all appearances there is no reason why he should not live to reach the century mark.

The romance of Mr. Blair's life began in 1802 on a farm two miles below Belvidere, N. J., on the banks of the Delaware. One would not look to see a man carve out a borhood. But the opportunity was there. It is there to-day. All that it needed was

He came of Scotch stock. He loved to talk about the ancestors who "fought for

Rev. John Blair, his namesake, who was a cousin of his great-grandfather, was one of those who obtained from Gov. Belcher a charter for Princeton college, now New Jersey's fine university. In time the Blairs, who were born natural money makers, became connected with the famous Oxford furnace, founded by William Penn's friend, Robeson, and the father of John I. Blair was sent down to the banks of the Delaware near the close of the last century to superintend the shipping of iron bars made at the old furnace.

The family were living in Beaver Creek when an event of great importance happened to the future railroad king. He earned his first dollar.

There John I. was born, one of 11 chil-

Dearly he loved to tell about it. He was 8 years old and as poor as a church mouse. He went into the woods and set traps for rabbits and muskrats. These he skinned, and when he had got a load of pelts he walked over the hills to Easton 20 miles away, and sold them for that dollar.

Before he was 12 years old a cousin, who had a village store in Hope, sent for him to become his clerk. Blair went and for several years he clerked with eminent success. He not only gave satisfaction to his employer, but he was able to turn little bargains for himself, and soon had money in the bank. Then his cousin and himself opened a store at Bulls Bridge. That is the Blairstown of to-day, the town that John I. Blair owns in fee simple. It was then a cross roads in a semi-wilderness. But out of the wilderness he carved success. Farmers and woodsmen came miles to

trade in Blair's store. When he was yet so young that he did not like to tell his age, Blair became a commanding personality in the district. He got the office of postmaster. He estabnis numerous brothers from the farm to take charge of them. Some of his brothers were also shrewd fel-

none had the genius of John I. He saw money in banking and established the Belvidere bank, of which he has been president or vice president for 60 vears. figure and turned a financial failure into a success. He bought a cargo of damaged cotton that was in the hold of a steamship and made \$15,000 by the operation. He had examined the cotton secretly and found it was not so badly damaged as was thought. Then he went into the produce business. He obtained control of nearly all the pro duce raised in the county where he lived and sent it to market at a handsome profit. He ran four flour mills. He bought and sold real estate. He dropped the retail business and went into the wholesale He sent wagons into the sparsely settled country, where they exchanged manufactured goods for rich produce or money.

By this time he was rich, but his in stincts kept him moving. He had buisness enough on his hands to send an ordinary man to the insane asylum, but it did not worry him in the least. He was constantly looking around for new opportunities. He saw one. It was coal.

He bought shares in the Scranton Coal and Iron company, and paid for experiments for making iron with anthracite coal They were successful, and before long the company could not begin to supply the demand for rails from the railroad. This turned his attention to railroads.

He went to work to secure a charter for a railroad from Scranton to Great Bend. He got it and the road was built. It was called Leggett's railroad. But from that infant sprang the giant of te-day, the great Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, with its wealth of coal and its fine passenger business.

From Lackawanna to Iowi, from Iowa to Oakes Ames and the Union Pacific, these were the strides he made. The Omaha extension, the Sioux City and Pacific and a dozen other roads he built and helped to manage. At one time he was president of buying from 4,500 to 9,000 acres of coal 20 railroads and improvement companies in the West. His foresight, industry, ambition and enterprise went hand in hand.

His success was phenomena It was not until Mr. Hair went into politics that he tasted the btterness of failter that he swore off from plities.

He made money for his own pleasure He spent it for the pleasure of others. He has always been of a philarthropic nature, and a generous friend of ducation, He has given more than half a nillion dollars to Blair college. He gave \$90,000 each to Princeton and Lafayette He rebuilt Grinnell college, Iowa, who it was blown down by a cyclone. Hundeds of other institutions have been helped by him. Mrr Blair is a widower, with two living children. His daughter parried Charles Scribner, head of the publining house.

-Nell-I suppose youll be surprised to learn that Jack propsed to me last

#### The American Boy and Girl.

We have been furnished with an elaborate study of school children made in Washington, D. C., by Arthur MacDonald to ascertain whether by careful measure-ments of weight, height, etc., at various ages useful indications may be obtained says the Pittsburg Post. Some interesting facts are exhibited. It is shown again for example, that from the age of 11 to 15 girls are taller and heavier than boys, but at no other time. After 15 the boys leave the girls behind and the latter never regain their advantage. At 6 the average boy and girl measure about 45 inches, the boy being a trifle taller. At 11 they are both about 53 inches tall. At 13 the girl is over an inch taller, but at 17, when the girl has reached a height of 62 inches, the boy has gone to 66 inches.

So of weight. At 7, boy and girl average 45 to 47 pounds respectively, and the boy is heavier till the age of 10 or 12 is reached. At this time each weighs about 70 lbs. At 14 when the average boy weighs 85, the girl weighs 91, but at 15 the boy begins to catch up, and at 17 weighs 123, while the girl weighs but 111. As respects height when sitting the small boy is higher at all ages till about 12, but at 14 the sitting height of the girl is an inch greater than that of the boy. Eighteen months later the advantage is lost and at 17 the average boy's sitting height is an inch more than the girl's. The girl continues growing in sitting height, or length of trunk, longer than in length of limbs. Boys of the nonlaboring classes have at all ages a greater height and sitting height than those of the laboring classes. Similarly boys of the nonlaboring class are heavier at all ages, except 7, than boys of the laboring class, he difference increasing after 13. The satme is tru of girls, except that girls of the laboring class begin to be the heavier after 15.

American boys excel foreign boys in height, but are inferior in weight. White boys are taller than colored boys. Girls maintain the average of brightness for girls more steadily than do boys—boys have a higher percentage of dullness. Unruliness is shown to be connected with dullness. The highest percentage of unruliness is shown by the dull boys-some ten per cent of the dull boys are unruly. Boys of the non-laboring class are the more unruly.

These and other like curious facts are brought out in Mr. MacDonald's entertaining paper. Their meaning is not obvious at first, but ultimately they will afford indications useful to the teacher.

#### Woman's Patience Overdone.

In New York a woman was recently released from prison who asserted her own guilt of a theft committed by her husband, and served a term in the penitentiary in his stead. After she was released she worked hard to support him while he lived in idleness. In return he treated her abominably, beating and abusing her cruelly. After enduring this for twelve years she at length had him arrested, but

still declares she loves him. This is the old story of a man's brutality and a woman's weakness-the dog-like devotion to her "lord and master" and gave

rise to the old adage: A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree,

The more you beat them the better they be. Generally, in such cases, while the man is condemned the woman is praised for her self-sacrifice and the persistence of her love. Yet, though the man was undoubtedly a brute, there is nothing admirable in the conduct of the woman. She simply encouraged and increased the baseness of her

own folly.

The whole occurrence is representative of lished branch stores in the country round | the old relation of woman to man, when the favor. This idea can be traced to the time when women were scarcely ranked as hulows and became highly successful, but man beings-when, indeed, it was much discussed whether or not they had souls. Then men were taught to worship God, but women were taught to look up in adoration to men. The husband practically He bought a cotton mill at a low and turned a financial failure into a sacrifice for his sake was considered no-

This doctrine in its extreme form is no longer promulgated, but relics of its influence remain. We still find women whose only standard of duty is to win the approval

of their husbands. This is most injurious to man's moral na ture. The fact that he will not lose the love of the woman under any circumstances deprives him of a powerful incentive to

noble conduct. The woman whose love is to be commended is faithful through misfortune, poverty or sickness; she understands and condones the faults, failings and even sins that sometimes overwhelm even the best of men in moments of weakness. But she knows that no love is worth having that has not its foundation in respect for her, and does not manifest itself in continual efforts to rise to higher levels.

A man will endeavor to be worthy of such a woman, and her love will be an ennobling and uplifting influence in his life.

## Bugs Greased the Tracks.

A Double Trolley Wreck Caused by Potato Pests.-Made the Car Wheels Slip

Potato bugs Wednesday night caused a double wreck on the Lehigh Valley traction system and the serious injury of motorman Henry C. Weibel.

A car in charge of Weibel was on its way to Copley, and passed through a section of country where myriads of potato bugs had invaded the track, and had been mashed to a pulp on the rails. The latter was rendered extremely slippery by the mass of "potato bug mash," and caused Weibel's car to run away. At the base of the hill the car was derailed and ran into a fence, seriously injuring Motorman Weibel.

Soon after, another car that came to Weibel's assistance ran away on account of the potato bugs, and dashed into the de-railed car. The passengers of the colliding car were badly shaken up, and both

cars were wrecked. Motorman Weibel has seen all kinds of hard luck since he donned a uniform Three years ago he was struck by lightning and was nearly killed. Later he was the victim of a number of minor mishaps. But a month ago he was struck in the abdomen by a flying brake handle, and was badly hurt. Last week he resumed work, but a day or two after he ran over a man and cut off his leg. Weibel served in the war with Spain.

## Bishop Newman's Estate.

Amounts to About \$50,000 and Ultimately Will Go to Drew Seminary.

The will of the late Bishop John P. Newman of the Methodist Episcopal church will be presented for probate early in September. It disposes of an estate of \$50,ness is by attending his own business, and making everybody who interferes with him wish he had done the same thing."

night.

Belle—Yes, indeed. H threatened to do something desperate then I refused him, but I didn't think hemeant it.

O00, which, except a few small bequests, is given to Mrs. Newman to use during her life. At her death it will go to the Drew Theological Seminary in its entirety.