

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.

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.

This outburst of his majesty cheered us all mightily, and a young woman at the top of the bus catching his eye, waved her hand to him with a happy smile.

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—

The next passenger, just above Grannie, was a lady, young and pretty, and a mother. Of course she did not see her look Baby over as an expert at her sharpest?

The lawyer, of course, drew away the deed and frowned at the insolence of the thing. No he did not—there is a soul in lawyers if you know how to find it—he smiled.

After a well deserved rest of 40 seconds, during which we waggled our heads in wonder, Baby turned his attention to his right hand neighbor and for the balance of the minute, examined her with compassion—

One evening a man came into a New York French restaurant and, walking through the succession of small rooms, saw only one vacant seat.

He thought you were dead.
So I am glad to see you are concerned.

How long ago did you leave Calif—beg your pardon, I withdraw the question, unless it happens to be?

Exactly. We won't do that. He emptied his glass and set it down. "I call this stuff California claret," he said.

"Well, it doesn't matter! I left eight months ago. I'm only here for—few days, just passing through."

"No, it's poetry. Well, they asked each other's name?"

"And say—well, of course it's none of my business. I suppose you hear from out there any way?"

"Oh, yes!" said Dalton dreamily. "I have a quiet life; all day in the library if I like. You've no idea what a racket five children can make in a small house."

"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!"

"I can't say lots to that, fellow citizens," said the rival candidate, as he mounted the stump.

"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 effectively have asked the policemen along their lines to co-operate with the railroad officers in this move."

"Well, Holloway?" said the other.

Jersey's Wealthiest Man.
John I. Blair, the Multi-Millionaire, Celebrated His 97th Birthday—His Remarkable Career.

John I. Blair, New Jersey's aged millionaire, 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.

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 him, and he is still healthy and strong in mind.

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

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.

When he was yet so young that he did not like to tell his age, Blair became a commanding personality in the district. He established branch stores in the country, and about and brought his numerous brothers from the farm to take charge of them.

By this time he was rich, but his instincts kept him moving. He had business enough on his hands to send an ordinary man to the insane asylum, but it did not worry him in the least.

He went to work to secure a charter for railroad from Scranton to Great Bend. He got it and the road was built. It was called Leggett's railroad.

It was not until Mr. Blair went into politics that he tasted the bitterness of failure. In 1866 his friends persuaded him to run for Governor.

"Nell—I suppose you'd be surprised to learn that Jack proposed to me last night."

Solid Walls of Wheat.
Five Thousand Acres of Golden Grain on one Ranch in Oklahoma.

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.

Every principle of good farming was observed in cultivating this big field, with the result that the total output will not be less than 100,000 bushels of as good wheat as can be found in Oklahoma.

Wheat was king in the Strip last week, and its importance eclipses everything else on ranch "101."

Some Busy Animals.
Do Everything from Stealing Chickens to Building 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 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.

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!"

Stall Branching Out.
The Berwind-White coal company is buying from 4,500 to 9,000 acres of coal lands from some thirty prominent farmers in Conemaugh township, Somerset county.

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 effectively have asked the policemen along their lines to co-operate with the railroad officers in this move.

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 measurements of weight, height, etc., at various ages useful indications may be obtained.

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.

These and other like curious facts are brought out in Mr. Macdonald's entertaining paper, the meaning of which 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 rights of their community by her husband, and served a term in the penitentiary.

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.

The whole occurrence is representative of the old relation of woman to man, when the only object of her existence was to win his favor. This idea can be traced to the time when women were scarcely ranked as human beings—when, indeed, it was much discussed whether or not they had souls.

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