Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., June 7, 1901.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you almost disgusted with life, little man ? I'll tell you a wonderful trick, That will bring you contentment, if anything

can-Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired with play, little girl? Weary, discouraged and sick I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world-Do something for somebody, quick !

Though it rains like the rain of the flood. little man-

discretion.

love.

eligible

made rapid progress.

and placing them thereat side by side.

She was often vexed with him-unjust-

ly, she thought, with tears which nobody ever saw in her brave eyes. But she liked

him so well that this liking had taught her

the impossibility of marrying without

she dared not contemplate.

Yet she knew that her destiny, as decid-

And the clouds are forbidding and thick, You can make the sun shine in your soul, little

man-Do something for somebody, quick !

Though the stars are like brass overhead, little girl,

And the walks like a well-heated brick, And our earthly affairs in a terrible whirl-Do something for somebody, quick ! -Exchange.

THE STORY OF HER MARRIAGE.

There was a large house party at Newel Place for the first time since Valentine Newel had succeeded, after the death of his cousin, to a great fortune his grandfather had tried to turn aside from him. As the son of a marriage which was consid-ered a mesalliance by his father's family, he had grown to manhood among his mother's people on a farm in Massachusetts. There-fore the world, to which his inheritance of the Newel millions transferred him, judged him discreet, when, two years since, he had gone to Europe before submitting himself to its criticism

That his motive was not a desire to gain social experience was not a desire to gain proved by his neglect of letters of introduc-tion given him for use in various foreign capitals; and upon his return it became evident that, though well educated and disposed to tread in the footsteps of his hospitable progenitors, he was lacking in that impalpable yet invaluable savior-faire which his new acquaintances were half amused, half aghast, to miss in their host. "He should take lessons from his butler in the use of his fish knife, and as to the manner of getting his guests away from the dinner table," Van Alstyn grumbled. "We should probably have remained there all night if Mrs. Wharton had not made a

move on her own responsibility." "He will take his lessons on those and other points from me," Betty Gwynne de-"I have been accepted as instrucclared. tor by the poor fellow, who was so desperate about his shortcomings that he has sent to town for a book on etiquette !"

Van Alstyn pulled his mustache unsmilingly. "Your aunt will cordially approve," he

Betty flushed, and met his reproachful

glance with one which was wistful. 'I want you to understand," she began.

"Tell me, then," he murmured. "You know how much is it to me to believe that I-understand !"

She leaned her elbows on her knees, her chin on her clasped hands, and the boyish attitude was not ill suited to certain details of her attire-the leggins, the golf coat and the broad brimmed felt hat. But the smile on her delicate lips was essentially feminine.

"I have seen a good deal of him since we have been here, and it is not only in man- curiously while she stood pale and speechners that he differs from the rest of us," less. We went for a ride this morning. He is more at home in the saddle than anywhere else "" "A reminiscence of the farm !"

"I am sorry for him," he said softly; suddenly in the midst of all this strangeness-the eyes which weeks ago she had said were like a mongrel dog's in their 'almost as sorry as I am for myself." Upon which the conversation grew strict-ly personal, and ended, as anything like var-iance was wont to end between them, by her cleverness, their unutterable fondness. ce was wont to end between them, by her

She was on her knees, holding his hand profession of regret for having wounded fast in both her own. Her soul was flood-ed with compassion and with remembrance feelings whose sensitiveness was a perpetu-al wonder to her more callous nature. of his love, whose one confession she had until now half forgotten. "You must not be so very grieved," he Yet, as she reflected, while she sat star-

ing into her bed room fire when she should have been dressing for dinner, Van Alstyn's panted brokenly. "You can make me very happy for-the few hours left me !" "Tell me what I can do-but it will be position was harder to bear with courage than her own. He was as penniless as she, unable to earn more than a pittance in the

so little !" she sobbed, dropping her face bank of a wealthy uncle, and condemned on her hand. by his honor to utter no word of his love She felt his treabling touch upon her

for herself-or only a half word when, part-ly by her fault, his feelings overcame his hair. "It will be so much, that I have some-

times thought life too hard to bearknowing you would never do it for me." His voice sank as she lifted her head. "But you will do for the dying what you could not do for the living?" he gasped. "Sweet, I love you! I shall be dead to-morrow-will you be my wife until then-that I may die in your arms ?" Always in Betty's memory the hours

ed in the family councils, was a mercenary marriage, and, though she was too young, too pretty, too certain of other opportuniwhich ensued are as bewildered, yet as unforgetable as a haunting dream. People ties to be coerced for those she threw aside, came and went through the shadowy room; she know that some day the limits of her her aunt, the nurse, the doctor, and anoth-er grave gentleman who held a book, and freedom would be reached, and a matrimonial prosecution would begin whose end after whose reading she repeated certain words which Valentine had uttered between For a conservative education had not endowed her with struggles for breath. either the aspirations or the possibilities of Then Mrs. Wharton tearfully embraced

self support, which characterize many of her, and Van Alstyn, emerging from some She said "God speed" to him gayly, amid the white paint and bright brasses of her compeers. The "family council," however, was in ed them with a vehemence from which she its serenest mood of tolerant confidence during the ensuing weeks, in which Betty and Valentine Newel were constantly toshrank, turning to the bed again and the eyes that gazed up at her.

They were not like a dog's eyes now, nor gether. She wondered at times whether he like any she had ever seen in their tender exultation; yet in spite of the difference fully realized what a protection his apparent devotion was to her from the admoni-tions with which her aunts usually watchthey were still the eyes of a friend she trusted.

ed the progress of her acquaintance with an "My wife !" Valentine whispered. "My wife! I have so short a time to call you parti. She could not be sure how much he suspected of those ladies' soaring this that you will let me say it often. hopes, because, from the moment of the And as she bent over him he went on pantbargain he and she had made, he never utingly: "Since the moment I first saw you I tered even the name of love in her presence. have wanted to take care of you; brave, Every other subject passed and repassed through the crucible of their youthful analcheery, lonely little girl. Now I shall have my wish, though I shall not be here to ysis, and she acquired such respect for his

information on all the great issues of the day, that she hesitated, abashed, in the gay Swiftly the motive of his desire for this marriage pierced her comprehension through the preoccupation with which com-passion had hidden it from her. She leaninstructions on minor social regulations which she had promised and in which he ed close to him.

They rode together when the weather "If you were as poor as I am, I would permitted. At balls, his bad dancing behave married you to-night, if you had asking beyond the remedy of her teaching, she ed me," she murmured.

would sit out a couple of waltzes with him. He smiled. "Not even yourself knows that better than I know it ! But you must His box at the opera was always at her aunt's disposal, and dinner giving people manifested a benevolent pleasure in asking not mind my gladness that you will never be poor again. My wife is a rich woman-Newel and herself to the same functions, who will accomplish for me many of the plans we used to—" He gasped for air, and somebody put a fan into her hand. Yet, though he filled so large a place in her daily life, she rarely thought about him

"You can do more for me-of your sweetwhen he was absent. His good comrade-ship had become a "foregone conclusion," not to be debated. Van Alstyn's melanness," he went on presently. "Will you put your arm about me-if the doctor lifts me a little ?"

She had held him thus, looking down at choly and sentimental vagaries supplied her with much more food for dreams. Her his shut lids, listening to his struggling it. breath, for a time of which she had no preoccupation with the soothing of that breath, for a time of which she had no reckoning, when she became aware that his lids had ceased to quiver, that his breath melancholy and the divining of those vagaries almost crowded from her remembrance Valentine's brief and abrupt avowal

of his love for her. She missed him consid-erably, however, when during a February With a stab of fear she met the doctor's thaw, he left town for some hunting. She was as regretful as surprised when she

chanced to hear of his sudden severe illness, You may give him a chance," he said just audibly. "He is asleep, and his temperabut was utterly unprepared for the announcement, a few days later, that he was ture is lower." Forty-eight hours later Valentine Newel

Van Alstyn, who had been one of the was told what everybody else had heard hunting party assembled at Newel Place, brought her the tidings, and gazed at her sooner.

His vigorous youth, his enormous vitality, had conquered at the instant when Lieutenant. "He sent me to you because I am so close them. There were more professional terms apparently about to overcome a friend to you and your aunt," he said ; "he wants to see you." in the doctors explanation, but the plain English of it was that life, not death, now awaited him.

The unusual circumstances of her marriage had been, of course, a boon to the dullness of Lent, when, events being fewer,

gossip became more fervent; and Mrs. Wharton was quite aware that this separation would not add to the pleasure of the on dits in circulation. But exceedingly plain speaking to Betty only produced the assurance that the arragement was mutually satisfactory to the two most concerned and that they could dispense with the ap-proval of others. And Mrs. Wharton found herself disinclined toward an appeal to

proposition, made with the matter-of-course cheerfulness which was the manner he had thing warmer than esteem.

to had scantily experienced all she defined by that little word, thrilled with proud rejoicing that she belonged to him-even though the thrill brought tears to her eyes and a flutter to her throat.

She wrote him, two or three times each which might not have been published without violation of privacy !

Then suddenly a black cloud which had long hung on the national horizon blew with whirlwind speed into proportions which obscured the heavens. Newspapers growling as to our duty to Cuba became stern admonitions. The people, in whom money getting and self advancement appeared to have smothered nobler instincts. stirred with that hereditary Auglo-Saxon revolt against tyranny, old as the race.

War with Spain was declared. From big cities and tiny villages and wide-scattered ranches came the rush of volunteers, responding to the President's call. Betty received a telegram dated St. Au-

gustine : I have offered to equip a troop of cavalry, and have volunteered to go into its ranks. Am re-turning immediately.

VALENTINE Nothing was further from the purpose of

the man who sent the telegram than to dis-cover thereby his wife's feelings for him yet he could not more surely have achieved

that telegram, facing with racing heart and shining eyes what it meant to her of exulglance as he stood with his fingers on Val-entine's wrist. "Can you support him a while longer? shining eyes while to include to the or the store of the store o

He came-sunbrowned, eager-embarrassed during the first moments of greeting, yet speedily engrossed by the books on cav alry tactics, and the circulars from military tailors which every mail brought him.

He was half shyly proud when he received from the Governor a commission as

ome Wonderfal Feathered Freaks Which Live in Other Countries.

Birds without wings are found in New Zealand and Australia. Kiwi is the name of one species. Beautiful mats are made of the feathers of the white variety, but it takes ten years and more to collect enough feathers to make even a small mat which would sell for about \$150.

Birds without song belong to Hawaii. In Honolulu one sees a bird about the size of the robin, an independent sort of fellow, that walks about like a chicken, instead of hopping like a well trained bird of the

United States, and it has no song. A bird that walks and swims, but does not fly, is the peuguin. No nests are made by penguins, but the one egg laid at a time by the mother is carried about under her absurd little wing or under her leg. The largest of flight birds is the Cali-

fornia vulture or condor, measuring from tip to tip $9\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 feet and exceeding con-siderably in size the true condor of South America. The bird lays but one egg each season—large, oval, ashy green in color and deeply pitted, so distinctive in appear-ance that it cannot be confounded with any other.

The California condor is rapidly approaching extinction and museums all over the world are eager to secure living specimens. It is believed that there is only Another large bird is the rhinoceros bird,

which is about the size of a turkey. One recently shot on the island of Java had in its crop a rim from a small telescope and three brass buttons, evidently belonging to a British soldier's uniform.

A bird which is swifter than a horse is the road runner of the Southwest. Its aliases are the ground cuckoo, the lizard bird and the snake killer, snakes being a favorite diet. In Northern Mexico, Western Texas and Southern Colorado and California it is found. The bird measures about two feet from tip to tip and is a dull brown in color. Its two legs are only about ten inches long, but neither horses with their four legs nor hounds nor electric pacing machines are in it for swiftness when it comes to running.

Most curious are the sewing or tailor birds of India-little yellow things not much larger than one's thumb. To escape falling a prey to snakes and mokeys the tailor bird picks up a dead leaf and flies up into a high tree, and with a fibre for a thread and its bill for a needle sews the leaf on to a green one hanging from the tree. The sides are sewed up, an opening being left at the top. That a nest is swing-

ing in the tree no snake or monkey or even man would suspect. Many a regiment cannot compare in per-

fection of movement with the flight of the curlews of Florida winging their way to their feeding grounds miles away, all in uniform lines in unbroken perfection. The

curlews are dainty and charming birds to see, some pink, some white. Birds in flight often lose their bearings, being blown aside from their course by the wind. In this case they are as badly off as a mariner without a compass in a strange

sea on a starless night. All very young birds, by a wise provision of nature, are entirely without fear until they are able to fly. The reason for the delayed development of fear is that, being unable to fly, the birds would struggle and fall from their nests at every noise and be killed. Suddenly, almost in a day, the birds develop the sense of fear, when their feathers are enough grown so that they can It is always a source of wonder to Arctic

explorers to find such quantities of singing birds within the Arctic Circle. They are abundant beyond belief. But the immense fee, that one finds crop of cranberries, crowberries and cloudberries that ripen in the northern swamps accounts for the presence of the birds. quarter of an inch in diameter was once China or Japan. taken from a wren's nest. It is very singular that so small and delicate a should use such rough material with which to construct its nest. If an eagle should use material proportioned to its size, its nest would be made up of fence rails and small saw logs. The extraordinary situations in which nests are found occasionally almost give one the impression that birds must be enhe dowed with a sense of humor. For instance, a wren built its nest upon a scarecrow, a dead sparrow-hawk, which a farmer had hung up to frighten away winden a farmer agers of his crop. In the pocket of an old jacket hanging in a barn a bird, also a she wren, made its nest, which when discovered contained five eggs. It was a robin that raised a young family in a church pew and a robin that built its nest in the organ

The Story of the Coffee Bean wered by an Arabian Shepherd Centuries Ago

It is Now Enjoyed all Round the Globe.

Centuries ago, before America was discovered, on the green hills near Mocha, by covered, on the green nins near Mocha, by the Red Sea, an Arab shepherd was watch-ing over his flocks by night. Now the shepherd was drowsy, having watched all day, and yet he must not sleep, for fear a lion would come out of the yellow desert and attack the sheep. As he lay there in the uncertain starlight looking over the little woolly backs he noticed that while most of the sheep slept certain of them were awake and acting strangely.

By careful observation the next day the shepherd discovered that the sheep which had been so sprightly at night ate of a certain erb, while the others only cropped the grass.

"If it is good for the sheep it is good for the shepherd," thought he, and plucked some of the berries. These he boiled in a little water and drank of the liquid. Soon he began to feel tired faculties reviving, a delicious sense of ease was diffused throughout his body, and that night he had no difficulty in keeping awake to defend the sheep.

ARAB LEGEND

So runs the Arab legend of the discovery of coffee, or khawah, and the variety that comes from Mocha is the most highly prized to this day.

Now, Arabia is a country of shepherds, and coffee became the national drink. Turkey touches so closely the confines of Arabia that the knowledge of this wonderful stimulant soon slipped across the border. The priests began to use it to keep them awake at their vigils. Coffee houses were established in the streets.

In 1652 Mr. Edwards, an English merchant traveling in Turkey, took home with him a Greek servant, Pasqua Rossi by name. Pasqua Rossi was daily in the habit of preparing coffee after the Turkish manner for Mr. Edwards and his friends. So popular did the new drink become among the friends of Mr. Edwards that their visits began to occasion him serious inconvenience. At last in desperation he set Pasqua Rossi up in business, and thus was estab-lished the first coffee house in London. Its

reception may be judged from the follow-

of the Old Exchange, the drink called coffee, which is a wholesome and physical drink, having many excellent virtues, closes the orifice of the stomach, fortifies the heat within, helpeth the heart quick-eneth the spirits, maketh the heart, lightsome, is good against eyesores, coughs, or colds, rheumes, consumption, headache, dropsie, gout, scurvy, king's evil, and many others, is to be sold in the morning and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.'

IN PARIS.

Soliman Aga, Ambassador of the Sultan of Turkey to Louis XIV, introduced coffee to Paris. Paris loves a new thing. To be sure, Paris always makes it into something else, tout a fait Francais. Coffee drinking was no longer coffee drinking, but an occasion for the discussion of every question of interest. The cafes became the resorts of philosophers and politicians.

Coffee is well adapted for light refreshment, because it is exhilarating but nonintoxicant. The Germans have their kaffeeklatsch at 4 as regularly as the English take their tea In Austria the coffee is ground to a powder, boiled, and strained through a little silk bag. In Turkey the coffee is powdered, but not strained, mak-ing a thick, black decoction to be eaten

It is in Arabia, the original home of cofee, that one finds the perfection of coffee custom. Coffee is there taken at every hour in the day, and it would be as much an insult not to offer a guest a cup of A stick of wood seven inches long and a khawah in Arabia as to fail to serve tea in COFFEE ROOM. Imagine yourself in a khawah or coffee room-an essential part of every Arabian house. It is a long, low room, with bare polished floor and no furniture. Along the walls are strips of carpet and cushions covered with faded silks. At one end is a tiny charcoal furnace, and about it are coffee pots of all sizes, the number varying in proportion to the wealth of the host. Coffee is made fresh for each new party of guests, and a large or small coffee pot is selected, according to the number. In order to lose none of the aroma the coffee is not only ground but roasted immediately before using—a custom which Calve ob-serves in her own apartments. A strong infusion is then made, but the boiling is allowed to continue only a moment, as long boiling softens the grains and gives a muddy appearance to the liquid. Some aromatic seeds or a little saffron are then thrown in for additional spicing. Cream and sugar would be regarded as a profanation. The tiny cups are placed on a tray of waven grass, together with a dish of dates or other confection, and the guests are served reclining at ease on their cush-

Valentine. Indeed, the yachting trip had been his

adopted toward Betty, and which checked any possible offer of her society. They somehow had seemed less to each other during those days of his convalescence, when she read to him, wrote letters for him, played chess with him, than when their comradeship of the early winter had been of choice, not of necessity. Yet the more she was associated with his plans and the more she heard of the scheme of life this young millionaire had prescribed, the greater grew her esteem for him—and some-

He was so "good." Betty, who, hither-

the yacht, which presented a scene ill suited to melancholy. But she carried home a heartache which refused to be ignored, and a yearning keener than she had ever before known to answer the question which had leaped into his eyes when she held up her cheek for his kiss beside the companion way. week, notes of inquiry as to his health, and received from him rather clever accounts of the humors of the cruise; and there was nothing on either side of the correspondence

She frowned. "You are not to sneer if you wish to hear our bargain-and it is original enough to be worth hearing." 'I am dumb."

"If you were anybody else you should swear to that dumbness !" she exclaimed; "but I trust to your future silence for my

sake.' He bent and lifted the edge of her golf

coat to his lips. "That reply would never have occurred

to him !" she laughed though she flushed. "His methods are abrupt rather than graceful. Well ! we naturally grew confidential after a splendid gallop. He said that his horses were what he valued most among his new possessions, and I suggested that he should rank some of his new friends higher. He answered that he had found no new friends, merely critical acquaintances. His eyes were as honest, as clever as a dog's -or mongrel's, for, of course, he is a mongrel, and they are cleverer than the un-crossed breeds." She paused, linked her hands behind her head and gazed away over the brown countryside of the mild December afternoon

"I declared that he might have me for a friend on certain conditions," she continu-ed presently. "He said that he understood those conditions without mention of them, and that they need be no obstacle to our friendship, as, though quite aware of the desire of our mutual relations for our marriage, he knew also my determination against it—and shared my opinion."

She paused once more, so long that Van Alstyn prompted her. "You have not the air of thinking him rude !"

"Not rude, but a little rough. He assured me that he would never ask me to likely to ask me than now, when he is convinced that I . should refuse him-because-

Again she paused and Van Alstyn repeated eagerly; "Because ?" "Because he loves me, and could not en-

dure to be my husband unless I loved

Van Alstyn laughed unsteadily. "There must exist an unsuspected dramatic quality in Massachusetts farm life! What did you

"respond ?" "Nothing," she said, rising. "He cut short possible reply by doing what I am going to do now. He walked off, and I remained—as you will remain now—to think over our conversation."

Having thus made a good exit, she yield-

ed to feminine instinct for further detail. "I saw him again just before luncheon," she resumed. "We met in the corridor and I held out my hand. You would have kissed it," she parenthesized, with two charming dimples. "He held it so tight that my rings hurt me! 'We are both rather friendless,' I said, 'from the equally excellent reasons that you are too rich and I too poor. So, if you like, we will be friends on the understood terms.'"

"And he?"

"He muttered something which meant consent. Then we sat in the bow window until the gong sounded, and I promised to coach him—as I told you."

Van Alstyn sighed. There was a melan choly on his handsome countenance which became it well.

She heard him dully. Valentine Newel

dying.

was dying-her vigorous, sensible, cheerful chum-he who was so busy with noble plans, which needed years to mature. She clasped her hands and flung them

loose again with a wild gesture of helplessness "If I could do something for him !" she

cried. "You can !" Van Alstyn exclaimed eagerly. "I can? Oh !" suddenly recalling the

half heard words. "He wants to see me." She went to the door. "Will you take me to him ?" she asked. "I will get ready while you tell my aunt."

When she returned ten minutes later, she was bidden to wait for her aunt to accompany her. But even in her impatience to be on the way to him whose time had grown so scanty she was vaguely surprised at the rapidity of Mrs. Wharton's preparations. She crossed the corr Van Alstyn went with them in the carriage and told them that Valentine's illness had wet field beside his horse, which had been fatally injured by a fall, and which he would not leave until a revolver had been brought with which he himself put an end to the animal's agony. The train, which was about to start when

car, and was so crowded that they were

forced to separate. Van Alstyn, however, came restlessly to Betty's side several times, with no more than a perfunctory question as to her com-"It seem fort. They were drawing near the station which was their destination when he came again.

"He has something to ask you to do for

'Nothing he can ask will seem hard to do for him when he is dying.

"Yes, yes ! Remember that he is dying !" Van Alstyn whispered with an eagerness which oddly repelled her. "You will sure-give him his last wish," he added entreat-

As she followed him to the platform she mentally begged his pardon for her momen-tary antagonism. How kind was his heart to be so moved by pity for a man whom he had never liked.

Valentine's trap was waiting for them, in response to a telegram, and the coach-man reported no change in his master's condition during Van Alstyn's absence.

When they arrived at Newel Place they were shown upstairs at once, and Betty, a band as of iron around her throbbing throat was gently pushed forward by Mrs. Wharton, down whose cheeks tears were falling. "Be good to him, dear," that lady faltered. "You will never regret it."

Dazedly Betty followed a grave gentle man, whom Van Alstyn presented as the doctor. He led her into a room dimly lighted by a shaded lamp. A nurse stepped back from the bedside as she approached and she was aware of a hoarse, broken sound, which hurt her, even before she realized that it was the tortured breathing of him who lay upon the bed.

She put her hand within a burning grasp, feebly stretched out for it. She looked down at a flushed, haggard face—and two familiar eyes to which her heart leaped Wharton.

Valentine's eyes turned a passionate appeal from the doctor to Betty, who stood beside the bed.

"It seems like a trick," he muttered, "but I never meant-She gathered his fluttering fingers in her

clasp. "My answer shall be what you said to "Not even

me," she replied steadily. "Not even yourself knows your meaning better than

He drew his hand from hers, pressed it over his eyes, and there was a choking sound of sobs. The doctor-confessor to more secrets

than any priest-led her gently to the door.

"He is very weak still," he whispered. 'Later he shall hear how gallantly you

She crossed the corridor to a sitting roon where her aunt had spent the long hours of and told them that Valentine's illness had waiting. Betty had no desire for solitude, resulted from a chill taken while sitting in which her confusion of emotion might become too clear. She preferred to join in Mrs. Wharton's rejoicings over Valentine's recovery, which apparently was all that lady required of Valentine's wife.

But Mrs. Wharton was not in her usual place. Instead, Van Alstyn stood alone, they reached the railway station, was a staring into the fire, and he turned a "local accommodation," without a parlor gloomy countenance to Betty as she enter-

He strode toward her and clasped in both his own the hand she mechanically extend-

"It seems as if we had been tricked !" he muttered, looking at her pale and troubled face with piercing eagerness.

At the words, so nearly those which Val-entine had just uttered so differently, color rushed into her white cheeks, and she withdrew her hand.

"Don't hate me that I influenced you to marry him," he went on vehemently. "Newel told me his wish when he sent me to you-I thought that your inheritance of his fortune would make a happiness for you and me-a setting free from the bonds

of poverty, which have kept us apart — " "Stop !" she cried. She was as tall as he; and in the eyes which squarely met his blazed a scorn from which he shrank as

from physical hurt. "Understand, now and always, that you in no degree influenced my marriage," she said slowly. "I married Valentine Newel only to give him his dying wish. But, though I do not love him, neither do I love any other, and I thank God that he will live and that my happiness is safe with the best man I have ever known."

Van Alstyn laughed jarringly. "Allow me to congratulate you on the conversion to worldly wisdom which your two days' pos-session of Newel's millions has affected." She was gone. Breathless, every pulse throbbing, she fled with but one certainty in that chaos of her soul. She had never loved Van Alstyn-Never

-Never ! Valentine Newel recovered steadily, yet valentine Newel recovered steadily, yet not so rapidly as the doctor desired. Late in March the society papers announced his departure for a yachting trip through Southern waters, accompanied by his phy-sician, while Mrs. Newel, who was a poor

sailor, remained at their country place, under the chaperonage of her aunt, Mrs.

"Of course he was bound to send it on account of my raising the troop," he explained; "but I ride better than I do anything else, and I can pick up enough military details from my sergeant, who is an old 'regular,' to keep me from doing harm.

"Do you suppose I cannot see that you are a born soldier ?" she exclaimed. "This is your very heart's desire !" "Is it ?" he muttered; and turned away

for an instant-an instant in which the world stood still for her.

"You must not make a hero of me." said with an unsteady laugh and his face still averted; "I am only answering a call which has been answered by half the fellows

of my age throughout the country." "I am not making a hero of you,"

murmured. He turned again at the tremor in her

voice—white, wide eyed, trembling. "'I am only learning, as many a woman throughout the country is learning," she faltered, "all the love—and dread—a heart

can hold !" He was kneeling beside her chair, his arms about her-and in their souls a rapture which, whatever the summer of war should bring them, neither Life nor Death can take away.—By Ellen Mackubin in Saturday Evening Post.

The Moon and its Snow.

Professor Pickering's Discoveries Said to Be By No Means New

Professor Charles Doolittle, instructor in stronomy at the University of Pennsylvania, and head of the Flower Astronomical observatory, says there are no new features in the lunar discoveries announced by Pro-fessor W. H. Pickering, of Harvard. The latter after an investigation in Jamaica, declares that the moon has an atmosphere, though one of great alternation, and that

the surface is partially covered with snow. "I have carefully followed Professor Pickering's description of this moon ques-tion," Professor Doolittle said, "and I fail to see what new features he has brought out. It has been the accepted theory of astronomers for years that the valleys and and crevices of the moon's surface are covered with ice or ice covered rocks.

"The various temperatures of the moon's atmosphere is recorded from two to three and four hundred degrees below zero, or the absolute temperature of space. I think it takes no great amount of reasoning to say that under such conditions anything freezable is certainly frozen solid. "We must take for granted that even in such a climate there will be some water

vapor, due to the action of the sun's rays, and this congealed, would make a frost or snow "We know that the moon has some at mosphere. It is recorded by different authorities at from one-four-hundredth, to

one-five-hundredth to one nineteen-hun dredth that of the earth's density. Such a density would be insufficient to carry vapor clouds, from which snow might be formed."

-Some idea of the growth of the University of California may be gained from the annual register, which shows 3024 students on the rolls, of whom 2229 are in the academic department. There are 483 in-structors. Only two years ago the total number of students was 2438, and last year the total was 2661. Seventy-three instruc-tors have added in the last two years.

pipes of a church. Places of worship have always been favorite building places for birds.

The Deer's Eves

A Canadian hunter tells this incident of how he once came face to face with his quarry and hadn't the heart to fire: "It ions. wasn't a case of 'buck fever,' such as a novice might experience, for I had been a hunter for many years, and had killed a good many deer. This was a particularly fine buck that I had followed for three days. A strong man can run any deer to earth in time, and at last I had my prey tired out. From the top of a hill I sighted him a few miles away. He had given up

the fight, and had stretched himself out on the snow. As I stalked him, he changed his position, and took shelter behind a boulder, and, using the same boulder for a shelter, I came suddenly face to face with him. He didn't attempt to run away, but stood there looking at me with the most piteous pair of eyes I ever saw. "Shoot? I could have no more shot him

than I could have shot a child. Had the chance come from a distance of one hundred yards, I would have shot him down and carried his antlers home in triumph, but once having looked into those eyes it would have been nothing less than murder. I have hunted deer since then, but I find the sport affords me little pleasure. Whenever I draw a bead, the picture of was the culmination of a freuzied speech, in those mute, appealing eyes comes before me, and, though it has not prevented me from pulling the trigger, I have always felt glad somehow when my bullet failed to find its mark."-Washington Post.

Rode A Ram to His Death.

Luke Mallon of Cumberland, Md., met his death Saturday in as novel a manner as it was thrilling. He and other young men residing along the south branch of the Potomac were trying to subdue a vicious ram that was grazing on a field in the mountain.

Mallon in a daring spirit offered to lay wager that he could ride the animal which was accepted. He was assisted in mounting the sheep's back which dashed off down a steep mountain side, collided with a tree iousness, Malaria, Fever and Ague and all with such force that Mallon was fatally liver and stomach troubles. Gentle but injured.

Dowie Greatly Excited.

Says He is Elijah and Also John the Baptist.

"I am Elijah, the prophet, who appear-ed first as Elijah himself, second as John the Baptist, and who now comes in me, the restorer of all things. Elijah was a proph-et, John was a preacher, but I combine in myself the attributes of prophet, priest and ruler over men. Gaze on me, then; I say fearlessly. Make the most of it, you wretches in ecclesiastical garb. I am he that is the living physical and spiritual embodiment of Elijah, and my commission to earth a third time has been prophesied by Malachi, by God himself, by his son Jesus, by Peter, and 3,000 years ago by Moses. All who believe me to be in very truth all of this will stand up," and over 3,000 people rose to their feet and greeted the declaration with cheers and hand clapping.

John Alexander Dowie. true to his promises, made this statement from the platform of the Auditorium in Chicago Sunday which he denounced everybody and every-thing not in Zion, cursed the people and the Roman Catholic church, spat literally on Masonry, the newspapers and the bank-ers of Chicago, and tore up and down the stage like a madmen.

Understand well what I mean," he continued, "I will take no counsel in my methods of government. I have come to proclaim theocracy pure and simple, the government of God, by God and for God and I will never rest till all other forms of government have been driven from the earth."

DIDN'T MARRY FOR MONEY .- The Boston man who lately married a sickly rich young woman, is happy now, for he got Dr. King's New Life Pills, which restored her to perfect health. Infallible for Bileffective. Only 25c. at Green's drug store.