Bellefonte, Pa., June 21, 1901.

#### BROTHERHOOD.

That plenty but reproaches me Which leaves my brother bare. Not wholly glad my heart can be While his is bowed with care. If I go free and sound and stout While his poor fetters clank, Unsated still, I'll cry out,

And plead with whom I thank. Almighty, Thou who Father be Of him, of me, of all, Draw us together, him and me,

That which soever fall, The other's hand may fail him not-The other's strength decline No task of succor that his lot May claim from son of Thine. I would be fed. I would be clad.

I would be housed and dry,

But if so be my heart be sad-What benefit have I? Best he whose shoulders best endure The load that brings relief, And best shall be his joy secure Who shares that joy with grief. -E. S. Martin, in Scribner's.

#### A KAROO WANDERJAHR.

Charley Jenkins had resolved to see life. He was tired of the monotony of his father's farm on the Great Karoo, where for twenty years he had led a placid existence disturbed only by locusts and hailstorms, enlivened at times by visits from stolid Dutch farmers. Old Mr. Jenkins had come out from home and built up a competency after years of struggle in South Africa. He was content now to sit among his flocks, watch his ostriches and Angora goats and to pass his old age in peace. And Mrs. Jenkins had no ideas about things beyond her own household. But Charley wished to escape from the lethargy which hangs so heavy upon African farmers; he wanted to know something of the world. He was restless rather than ambitious, for his aspirations were vague. But he was convinced that the bucolic life could not satisfy his

And now he was bound to Kloofburg, and perhaps to places as great and wonderful as Port Elizabeth. He had been reading books that unsettled him, for curious waifs of literature penetrate to remote parts of Africa, and he picked up some cant phrases about the necessity of a "Wanderjahr" for some people. He could no longer bear a life which was simple as that of the unthinking Hottentot herds on the farm. In Kloofburg he would meet men who knew the outer world.

It is curious that the mass of Afrikanders are so lazy and apathetic, for there is a mysterious influence in the scenery and the very atmosphere of their country that makes for restlessness. As Charlie cantered along the rough track, he passed gaunt ironstone kopjes of fantastic shapes, fringed by clumps of prickly pear, whereon rock-rabbits basked impudently at the mouths of their holes; the noise of his horse's hoofs drove gay lizards scurrying into the low shrubs, and started some stately secretary birds, who paced solemnly away in dignified security, conscious that they were under the protection of the law. He rested for awhile in a green vlei, a pleasant tract of marshy ground by which a stream swollen by the summer rains ran noisily over its rocky bed. He cared little for these After a pipe of rank Boer tobacco, Charley rode on until, from a height, he saw the square tower of the Kloofburg Dutch church enshrined in rows of Lombardy poplars. He was soon trotting down the dusty street past small iron-roofed houses. The place was lifeless enough. A few storekeepers in shirt sleeves lounged at the doors of their shops, and one or two drunken Hottentots were chattering round the well in the market square. He passed a a square patch of sand, on which the ladies of the place, gorgeous in satin dresses, were playing croquet. A pompous little man, whom Charley recognized as the postmas-ter, was strutting about affably, for he had just received promotion, and, as he had endeared himself to the local gossips by a habit of divulging telegrams, he was now being honored by a farewell tea at the hands of the Croquet club. But Charlie rode on until he reached the principal hotel, and, handing over his pony to a Kaffir groom, he passed on to the shady stoep, where one or two invalids were lying, languid in deck chairs. The hotel was full, but Charley found that he could share a bedroom with a young Englishman named Hickson. Hickson presently appeared; he was a tall, blase-looking man of about 25, ready enough to chat. He had seen several continents, and tried many trades. Like so many of the world's failures, he had come to South Africa to try his luck afresh Charlie's naivete seemed to amuse him, and he held forth to the young farmer on the unsatisfactoriness of life, telling him many new things, and nothing cheerful. He had seen life more thoroughly than Charley could hope to see it, and the survey had, it seemed, brought him little pleasure.

After dinner most of the people went off to amateur theatricals, organized with the purpose of giving a new window to the diminutive English church. Jenkins would have gone to see this phase of life, but was disheartened by a rat-like man on the stoep, who was saying that he did not care to see people making assess of themselves. This was a storekeeper who disapproved of the drama because the stage manager had transferred his custom to another store. But to Charley, ignorant of these details, the man seemed to speak with a voice of

And so he joined the knot of loafers, men who considered the year wasted if they had not spent three hundred and sixty-five evenings at a drinking bar. Now Charlie had always lived abstemiously, for his father like many African farmers, kept no spirits in the house, thinking an occasional spree in Kloofburg more salutary than the presence of an insidious liquor in his dining room. And soon he began to talk noisily with the others.

Hickson was holding forth upon suicide, and praising prussic acid. Jenkins, from a spirit of contradiction, advocated the superior merits of pistols. In such a jovial gathering the question seemed to be merely an academic one, and soon dropped in favor of a discussion on sheep-scab. As he had come to Kloofburg to escape from sheep and their ailments, Charley was glad when men began to return from the theat-

learned, was an invalid in the advanced stage of consumption, whose cheerfulness had made him popular, and who had, pathetically enough, expressed a hope that his last night on earth might be a merry one. The whole gathering trooped into the smoking room, where Gordon was ensconced in an arm chair. Jackey, the laudlord, broke into a childish song with banjo obligato. He had in his eventful career once been a public entertainer, but little talent remained except an air of assurance and an adroit handling of his instrument. Song succeeded song until at last a burley doctor in the corner cried : "Won't you give some one else a chance, Jackey?" The artistic temperament was wounded; the landlord rose, picked up his instrument and bolted. Hickson volunteered a hunting song. Then there were cries for "Potgieter," and the rat-like, storekeeper stood up, smirking, and said, "I'm afraid I can only give you a recitation, gentlemen, and I hope you'll tell me when you've had enough." So saying, he started one of those melodramatic pieces endeared to the suburban drawing room by spasmodic lady reciters. He had just come to the description of the cherubic child, which is inevitable in this kind of liturature, when a sepulchral voice from the doctor's corner whispered, "That's doctor's corner whispered, "That's enough!" But Potgieter was not to be daunted, and led his yawning audience to the point where the infant is run over by his mother on a bicycle. He sat down amidst a storm of applause, broken by a proposal from the doctor that they should all toss for drinks.

The room grew noisier. Charlie found himself beside a dilapidated soldier, who began to tell him thrilling tales of his Indian adventures, emphasizing the points

with a shady forefinger.

The room was full of smoke. Three men were singing at once, and their voices were bardly audible above the clink of their

In the corner Gordon lay in his chair, pallid, fighting for breath.

Suddenly a report, as of some fire arm, was heard. "What's that?" said the doctor. "Oh, I expect it's old Isaacs, someone replied, "trying to shoot an owl. There's an owl that comes round his house, but he always sees two owls, and he's sworn to shoot them both."

The revelry went on. Charley's head began to ache, and the soldier's stories, which were steadily growing in strength, somewhat disgusted him. He rose and made his way to the bed room. Hickson had for some time vanished from the smoking room, and Charlie called his name as

he struck a match. There was no answer, but the spluttering match revealed Hickson lying on his bed with his face to the wall. Charley approach him, when he suddenly saw that the sleeping man's hand held a revolver. He bent to take the weapon away, but, as he touched the hand a shiver passed over him. Hastily Charley took his candle to 100k at Hickson's face, but when he saw it he cried aloud and staggered back.

Two or three of the revelers came into the room. "Are you two fellows fighting?" one of them asked. But a look at the figure on the bed told him the truth. "My God !" he cried, "that was the shot

he heard !" The landlord came grumbling in. Such an event was bad for his house, he said. He seemed to be more annoyed than shocked. Charley broke away from the crowd, now sobered, and soon left the hotel behind. As he passed he heard Gordon's racking cough. Soon he was on the open veld. The distant kopies looked its rocky bed. He cared little for these familiar scenes, for nature is a dull comrade to those who have no other company, and where there is no sense of contrast men do not trouble to consider the landscape. his head seemed to him an irony of the

heavens. At early dawn Charley rode home. His wanderjahr was over .- From the Sketch.

Rich Girl Student a Thief.

Stole from the Other Students and the Doctors Say She is a Kleptomania

Kleptomania is the verdict of the physicians who have examined Miss Monroe, a student at the State University in Lincoln. Neb. She was a freshman and was accused of a number of petty thefts from fellow students. A search warrant uncovered in a trunk in her room a large variety of articles, including twenty-four pairs of kid gloves, all sizes, four pairs of mittens, twenty-five handkerchiefs, ten veils, five fountain pens and seven pocketbooks.

The girl took the discovery with coolness and did not seem to understand the seriousness of her offences. The girl's father is wealthy and allowed her plenty of pin money. He has taken her home. She never used any of the articles taken, but kept them nicely packed up with a variety of feathers plucked from hats and little keep-sakes filched from coat pockets. She calmly bade good-by to her astounded classmates and told them she would be back next term, but the authorities have erased her name from the register.

# Fatal Fight Over Five Cents

Two men fought for the possession of five cents in Chicago recently and when the struggle ended one was dead and the other was on his knees pleading with an infuriated mob to spare his life. The timely arrival of the police prevented a lynching.

John Czech and Kazmir Kochanski had

a disagreement the other day over the value piece of old copper that one had bought from the other. Angry words led to blows. During the fight Czech picked up the bent and battered barrel of a rifle. He whirled the weapon about his head, bringing it down on his adversary's skull with such force that Kochansk fell dead.

Then the mob flocked about the two men. Czech was seized hold of by a dozen Everybody wanted to drag him to a men. lamp post and lynch him, and were only prevented by the timely arrival of the po-lice, who found him on his knees begging for mercy.

Receives 20,000 for a Broken Hip. As a balm for a broken hip, which has crippled her for life, a jury in the New York Supreme court Friday a warded \$20,-000 damages to Mrs. Sarah E. Stewart against the Metropolitan street railway company, of Manhattan. Mrs. Stewart is less. And so one after another the leaders a widow, and a daughter of the late A. T. Albro, a millionaire, of New York. She days rose to explain why they were satisfied for \$50,000 damages for being thrown from a Lexington avenue car, at the corner for it. of Forty-fifth street, January 31st last

She was forced to hobble to the witness

Observations at the General Assembly. was quick, reverent preception of the The impressions and ideas of an Arminian visitor to the (Calvinistic) General Asembly of the Presbyterian church, which has been "making history" in the past fortnight, may be of interest and profit to your

I was not at the opening session, but went in time, and chiefly in order, to listen to the great debate upon "The Confession, and What to Do With It."

My first observation is upon the excel-lence of holding such a convocation and such a discussion in a "house of the Lord," instead of in an ordinary world-house, or, as we Methodists have done sometimes of late years within a veritable "house of Belial." Each session was preceded by a prayer meeting, whose simplicity, fervency, faith and effectualness were immensely promoted by its being in the "Father's iouse." Then when the discussions came on and the debaters grew earnest and in-tense, they and their hearers, both in the ssembly of commissioners and in the vast audiences in the galleries, were alike held back from unseemly feeling and demonstra-tion by the thought, "This is God's house." This could never have been so if the assembly had been held in the vast auditorium of some academy of music or opera house, with all the contents and aduncts usual to such places. My second observation was of the mani-

fest presence and influence of the Holy Spirit in every session of the Assembly. To this end the prayers were chiefly di-

rected; and such prayers—so simple, so humble, so submissive to God's will, and yet so importunate that he would rule in their hearts and guide in their heads to an outcome of this debate that should glorify Him, rather than exalt and magnify, or even save, the Presbyterian church!

And as really as on the day of Pentecost those prayers were answered, not by any rushing mighty wind nor visible tongues of flame, but by the peace of God which, passing all human understanding, kept their hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God and of Christ and of each other. In all those days of high and earnest debate between men of widely different views and conscientious convictions I saw no act and heard no word contrary to the brotherly love as befits the disciples of Christ and children of God.

I wish all the world might have seen and noticed.

boy, hearing my father set forth the logical absurdities and the moral horribleness of the doctrines of election and reprobation, the eternal decrees, the inevitable limited salvation of the "few chosen," and the certain and helpless damnation of the great masses of the non-chosen, including the pitiful millions of non-elect infants, and so n. In those days these were a large portion of the ammunition which Methodist preachers were obliged to employ to fire into and riddle Calvinism as it then was, standing in their way as they sought to save sinners. Well, here were the same arguments, the same exposure of absurdities, and the same accusations of cruelty in these dogmas and doctrines, now uttered by orthodox Presbyterian divines of loftiest degree and theological professors of pro-foundest learning; and yet the funniest thing of all was that these same men,

while crying out with one breath for "revision" or "restatement," "put some things out that ought not to be iu," and 'put some things in that never ought to have been left out," protested with the next that they were "Calvinists" and no mistake, and would not tolerate the idea of any change in this marvelous "Confession or invalidate the "system of doctrine" contained in that venerable monument. I can account for this by no other reason than that of ecclesiasticism. This docu-ment is the "constitution" of their church. They and their fathers have fought under it and for it for over two hundred years, and they cannot bear to give it up and confess that it has fearful errors in it; and

especially they cannot stand it to acknowl-

edge that those miserable Arminians—John Wesley and his followers—are right, after

Well, it is no wonder they feel so. We would in their places. The older men will hold fast to this "Calvinism" during their day, but the young men-ministers as well as laymen-already weary of "subscribing" to a "creed" with so many and so great "mental reservations," will demand—indeed, are demanding-a simpler and less confusing "statement of doctrine" than this ancient monument contains, and they will get it. Then will come an unbinding of this mighty force called the Presbyterian church, and a putting forth of power that will astonish the world and wonderfully hasten the victory which John saw as he heard the great voices in heaven saying: 'The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.'

# POSTSCRIPT.

"It it done, and well done, and the scene can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. "Dismissal" has been voted down, and so had the substitution of the minority for the majority report; and the motion now before the house was to adopt the latter.

But the former votes had revealed a wide diversity of opinion that forbade the hope of a majority large enough to asssure the respect and confidence of the great Presby terian church. At this point, then, Dr. Moffatt, President of Washington and Jefferson college, took the platform and, with great clearness, explained the meaning and the motive of the document he was about to read. This was an "amendment" to "Section B."

The amendment consisted of a few changes of phraseology, but chiefly in in-structing the committee provided for the purpose to prepare a "statement" instead of a "summary" of the reformed faith in untechnical terms," said "statement" to be submitted to the next General Assem-

bly, etc. It is interesting to see the effect on men's minds of a change of one word. The men who were afraid of the word "summary" as portending to a "new creed" accepted

And then the vote was taken, and, to the astonishment of all, that vote was alsheep and their ailments, Charley was glad when men began to return from the theatricals.

The landlord of the inn, a jovial-looking man came into the bar with a banjo in his hand and was greeted with cries of "Give us a tune, Jacky!" "Let's go and cheer up poor old Gordon," said a voice and every one assented. Gordon, Charlie "She was forced to hobble to the witness stand on crutches and her appearance won her much sympathy.

Interested party—"And so you are married now, Lydia? I hope your husband is a good provider."

The bride—"Deed he is, missus! He got me three new places to wash at last every one assented. Gordon, Charlie "Charlie" "The bride—"Deed he is, missus! He got me three new places to wash at last force. Then Dr. Minton, the moderator.

thought and desire of the Assembly, offered a prayer of thanksgiving, whose simplicity, humility, and tenderness evidenced that which the whole event was proof of—the presence and melting, molding influence of the Holy Spirit. And to my mind the preservation of utmost "brotherly kindless" throughout this long and earnest debate and this marvelous consummation of oneness of mind out of such wide and deep

differences were as certain evidences of the Spirit's presence and power as anything said or done on the day of Pentecost. And why not? For it was widely referred to by the members of the Assembly that the previous Lord's Day had been spent in much earnest, wrestling prayer for this very thing.
"Is the Lord's ear heavy, that he cannot

hear? Is His hand shortened, that He cannot save? Nay, verily; and, to my seeming, the events of the past few days and this outcome in Philadelphia (how fitting the name!) should be as inspiring to the faith of all Christendom at the opening of this twentieth century as the scenes and memories of Pentecost were to the first century.—Rev. Thos. H. Landon in the Christian Advocate.

#### The Revolution of 1848.

In March 1848, I had to go over to Paris to finish up some work there and just came in for the revolution. From my windows had a fine view of all that was going on. I well remember the pandemonium in the streets, the aspect of the savage mob, the wanton firing of shots at quiet spectators, the hoisting of Louis Philippe's nankeen trousers on the flagstaff of the Tulileries. When the bullets began to come through my windows, I thought it time to be off while it was still possible. Then came the

question how to get my box full of precious manuscripts, etc., belonging to the East India company, to the train.

The only railroad open was the line to Havre, which had been broken up close to the station, but farther on was intact. In order to get there we had to climb three barricades. I offered my concierge 5 francs to carry my box, but his wife would not hear of his risking his life in the streets. presence and continuance of such true Ten francs; the same result. But at the sight of a louis d'or she changed her mind and, with an "Allez, mon ami; allez, tou-It was an object lesson in that regard and jours," dispatched her husband on his perilous expedition.

Arrived in London, I went straight to My third observation caused me some the Prussian legation and was the first to amusement. I remember, when I was a give Bunsen the news of Louis Philippe's flight from Paris. So even a poor scholar had to play his small part in the events that go to make up history .- Max Muller's Autobiography.

### Montezuma's Well.

One of the most pleasing natural curiosities in the interior of Arizona is the pool of water known as Montezuma's well. It is situated 15 miles northeast of the abandoned military post known as Cape Verde. It is 250 feet in diameter, and the clear, pure water is about 60 feet below the surface of the surrounding country. Some years ago certain military officers sounded the pool and found that it and I have seldom found her wrong. had a uniform depth of 80 feet of water except in one place apparently about six feet square, where the sounding line went down about 500 feet without touching bot-

The well empties into Beaver creek only about 100 yards distant, the water gush ing forth from the rocks as though it were under great pressure. The well is undoubtedly supplied from subterranean sources, possible through the hole sounded by the army officers years ago. The sides of the well are honeycombed with caves and tunnels., permitting sightseers to de-

cend to the water's edge. Montezuma's well contains no fish. The flow of water from it is the same throughout the season. Popular opinion has attributed the origin of the well to volcanic action, but as the rock surrounding it is limestone it is more than probable that the action of the warer is responsible for its creation .- Native American.

# Girl Queen of the Range

She is 16, Manages 1,000 Acres, and Knows Nothing About the Fashions.

A Sidney, Neb., dispatch says: "Out here on the ranches of Western Nebraska and Wyoming they call 16-year-old Annie Pantenburg the girl Queen of the Range. Since the death of her father, who was a famous fighter of the Black Hills in his early days, she has taken command of his ranch with its 3,000 acres of prairie and 800 head of cattle, and has cared for her invalid mother and two younger brothers in-

The cowboys say that Annie Pantenburg can go out on the range, catch the wildest horse in a herd, rope him, throw him and brand him without assistance, and then ride back to the ranch and cook the best meal served in the West.

She rides astride and knows nothing and seems to care less about the fashions. But she keeps close tab on the live stock market, and does all the buying and selling for the ranch. She determines when to sell stock, and it is with her that the neighboring ranchmen confer when the brand of a maverick is in dispute.

The sixteen-year old girl is credited with knowing every horse and cattle brand in Western Nebraska and Southern Wyoming. She was born on the prairie,

# Formation of Dew.

Ground a little below the surface is ways warmer than the air above it. So ong as the surface is above the dew point vapor must rise and pass from the earth into the air.

The moist air so formed will mingle be condensed, forming dew wherever it comes in contact with a surface cooled be-pedition I had presented to each of the pedition I had presented to each of the pedition I had great affection arose from the ground.

But how is the dew formed on bodies

nigh up in the air? the rest ascends in vapor form until it comes in contact with a much colder sur-

face to condense it into moisture. The vapor does not flow upward in a uniform stream, but is mixed in the air by eddies and wind currents and carried rom where it rose. In fact, dew may be deposited, even though the country for many miles around be dry and incapable of yielding any vapor. In such cases the supply of vapor to form that dew would depend on the evaporation of the dew and on what was wafted over by the winds. Married to a Barometer.

A Man Who Wants No Better Weather Prophet Than His Spouse

'Talk about your barometers, rheumatism, gourds, goosebones and corns as weather prognosticators," said the man said the man who knows, they are not in it when it comes to weather predictions with the hair of my wife. I would rather have her promise as to the weather any time than that of Captain Blythe or the best and luckiest weather bureau observer who ever engaged in the predicting or weather fore-

casting business. "For years I have taken her advice as to what the weather would be during the day and for years I have dressed and prepared myself accordingly. Long ago I found out that my wife spoke truthfully when she told me rain would fall, or that the day would be fine and she never made a mistake once in a hundred times. I accused her of all sorts of things, such as having rheumatism, a goosehone and almanacs, and I advised her to go to a chiropodist, for I imagined it was by her feet that she was able to so truthfully foretell the weather. During all these years I have been guided by her, and when she tells me in the morning that rain will fall I wear dark clothes and carry an umbrella, and I find I have use for it before I return at

night.
"On her promise that the day would be fine I have invariably worn light clothes and left my umbrella at home. and I have never found that I had use for it. A shower may fall during the day, but the sun always comes out after it, and that is the nearest my wife has ever missed truthfully forecasting the weather. But she was never able to tell what the weather would be except for twelve hours, and she wouldn't risk her reputation by making pre-dictions for longer than that. And her predictions were always for the day only, and never for the night, and often when we went out at night we were caught unprepared by rain. On these occasions I frequently twitted my wife with being a false prophet, or rather a bad one, but I could never get her to venture a prediction as to the weather at night.

: All these years the matter had been a great mystery to me, and I was never able to fathom it; but a few days ago she ex plained how she was able to so closely tell what the weather would be during the day, and her explanation of the matter was so simple that I wondered why the solution of what I thought a mystery, or the possession of second sight on my wife's

part, never occurred to me before.

'Like many other women my wife's hair is not curly, and like many other women she puts it up in curl papers, or kids, when she retires at night, and brushes it out curly in the morhing. When her hair emerges from the curl papers damp, dank and sticky and heavy, she knows there will be rain and plenty of it before night.
When it is a trifle damp she knows there will be showers or some rainfall, but not a real rainy day, and when she brushes out her hair and it is dry, light and fluffy she knows to a certainty the day will be a fine one, and then she makes her predictions with great assurance and earnestness, suppose other men's wives can tell in advance the weather by their hair, but my wife's hair is better for this purpse than any barometer I have ever known.

#### Wooden Leg Cakewalk. An Interesting Discussion by Two Gentlemen, Each

With a Ligneous Limb. A debate of much moment occurred on took the affirmative and Martin Marchiano authorities. the negative. As each possessed a wooden

leg many arguments based on experience were offered. O'Rourke asserted that the wooden leg having a rhythmic swing-when attached to the stump of a man with music in his soul-kept perfect time with syncopated music and gave forth a sympathetic click which those who were given to cake walk- the club. The Countess Mannerheim sang,

that on numerous occasions at "Con" Keleher's and "Billy" Roberts' he had tried the cakewalk, both fast and slow, and had been unable to do anything with it. In fact, he asserted, that at one time he had been thrown bodily from the dance hall because his wooden foot had inadvertently come down upon the toe of his partner in the dance and she screamed murder and other things too numerous and too personal to mention.

O'Rourke again insisted that it was due to Marchiano's harsh and unsympathetic nature, and offered to show him a few pirouettes if he would agree to buy the next drink. The debaters adjourned to Keleher's dauce hall. O'Rourke gracefully took the centre of the floor, and to the strains of "My Tiger Lily" by the orchestra, performed several steps to the wonder and admiration of the crowd, ending his performance by standing on his wooden leg and whirling with the rapidity and abandon of a Dervish.

Marchiano was induced to attempt the

same performance and he tried to demonstrate that while the sensational feat of his friend could be duplicated, there was nothing artistic about it. He got along very well until he tried the whirl, and then the and has never left the Far West, and all fastenings of his leg became loose, hurling her tastes, instincts and training are in sympathy with the ranch and the outdoor life she leads. She has rever been ill in her life.

She was born on the prairie, well the will, and then the fastenings of his leg became loose, hurling him to the floor, striking on his head and still whirling. O'Rourke laughed heartily, whereupon Marchiano recovered himself, and grabbing his wooden leg, clubbed it and attempted to commit manslaughter. The combatants were finally separated and turned adrift into the street still arguing the merits of the cakewalk as performed by a wooden-legged man. - Denver Republi-

# Sledge Dogs.

Apart from the great use that the sledge between the masters and their dumb com-panions. Members often retired to some quiet corner, petting their favorite dogs. The lives, the struggles and the sufferings Dew does not rise in particles, as it was once considered, to fall in particles like fine rain. It rises in vapor. Some is caught by what is on the surface of the earth, but of themselves and thus assisted materially the common welfare of our small community. In the cold time the dogs killed munity. In the cold time the dogs killed each other. Suddenly the whole pack of 70 seemed to agree upon killing one of their number. For days they watched for an opportunity, and the unfortunate and doomed dog seemed at once to realize that sentence of death had been passed. He sought refuge with us and would never go far away from camp until one day for a far away from camp until one day for a her to perfect health. Infallible for Bilmoment he might forget himself. The dogs would then rush upon him and tear liver and stomach troubles. Gentle but him into pieces. far away from camp until one day for a moment he might forget himself. The him into pieces .- National Review

The Crusher in Trouble.

Funny Blunder of a University Girl in Chicago

"Loathe men," said the fraternity girl whose success with the youth of the campus has won her the name of "the crusher."

according to a writer in the Chicago Herald "Since when?" asked the grind, ironically as she settled her eyeglasses to sur-

vey the speaker. "Ever since Charlie Smith has made such a cad of himself," flashed back the

fraternity girl.
"You know," she continued more calmly, as she drew a cushion behind her, there are two Mr. Smiths among my callers. Jack Smith and I are good chums. Charlie was always more formal," she added, reminiscently.

"Don't consign him to the past in that way, dear; it sounds so final," murmured the hostess as she tucked in the sleeves of her dressing sack and began to stir the fudges.

"When the Delta Phis gave their fancy dress ball," continued the fraternity girl, imperturbably, "Jack decided to go as a cavalier. The poor boy had an awful time getting his costume ready, and when two days before the function came off he said it was absolutely necessary that he should have gold lace on his coat and boots, I told him if he'd bring them over I'd sew the lace on. Jack was calling on me when I offered to help him, and he seemed awfully glad and relieved, and said he'd bring the things over next morning. Well, the next night I went to bed with a splitting headache, and when the maid came up and said 'Mr. Smith' I told her to tell him I wasn't able to come down, but that he should just send up his coat and boots. And she did," she added, tragically.
"I see your finish," exclaimed the grind

with a smile of triumph at her own astuteness. "You mixed up Jack and Charlie."

"Exactly," groaned the fraternity girl, "and I suppose it served me right for not looking at the card. But I was so sure it was Jack," she added, pathetically. "Well," she continued, "the maid went downstairs and delivered my message and there were only three other men in the reception room to hear it. And Charlie blushed violently—he's so sensitive, you know—and gasped out. 'What!' And the maid Hannah was tending door that night, and you know sne's red-haired and irritable, Hannah repeated that awful message in a voice which penetrated all through the room, and Charlie got up with out another word and left, leaving three men grinning like so many Cheshire cats. And the next day," she concluded, dolefully, "I saw him driving May Canard in the swellest trap. She's awfully pretty, but she flunks most of her courses, and she gave me the avector arillest and she gave me the sweetest smile, the minx, while Charlie cut me dead." "You poor dear," said the hostess, sym-

pathetically.
"But why didn't you write and explain?" asked the grind. "Explain, after the way Charlie had cut me? Never!" she flashed.

#### Finland Under the Russian Screw.

Countess Charles Mannerheim, the wife f a member of one of the oldest titled families in Finland, and a lady well-known in London society, is an admirable singer, and has been in the habit for some years past of giving concerts for charitable purposes. Recently she obtained permission from the authorities of Helsingfors to announce one of these concerts in aid of an educational fund. The only Finnish news-A debate of much moment occurred on Market street during the small hours of last Thursday morning. The question of the new Russian regime published an advertisement accordingly. For this offence was: "Can a man with a wooden leg do the number of the paper containing the anjustice to a cake walk?" Thomas O'Rourke
nouncement was at once suppressed by the

The arrangements for the concert, however, proceeded up to the time advertised for the performance, when a detachment of police closed the doors, and the audience, not being able to obtain admission, adjourned to the Societets Hus, or club. Among them were the notabilities of the capital. The concert was then begun at ing with ordinary legs could not hope to and just as she was in the middle of her Marchiano, on the other hand, insisted and the prefect of police, strode in, and song the Governor, attended by his staff without a single word by way of preface ordered the assembly to leave. No one stirred, the building being a private one. Thereupon the Governor issued orders to the police outside to enter and clear the place. As, however, the gathering was principally composed of well-known residents in Helsingfors, including a considerable proportion of ladies, the police refused to do their duty. The Governor then commanded the sub-prefect of police, who is a Finn, under pain of instant dismissal, to turn every one out of the building, and further, he threatened, that if this was not done he would let loose Cossacks on the ladies. The audience at length withdrew. It is difficult to imagine a more serious outrage on a private gathering by a high officer, more especially as permission had been asked and obtained beforehand for it to be held.—London Daily News.

# Overeating.

The habit of overeating is far too common, even with those persons who practice moderation in other ways. The day laborer may habitually indulge in an amount of food without injury which would seriously affect a person of a less active mode of life because his heavy work burns off the excess of food, but in most cases the excess of food is not carried off by a so called bilious attack, and then, if there is no work to burn up the supply, what happens?

In some constitutions dyspepsia, in others an ever increasing bulk. Now this bulk disinglines to exerting so that with

bulk disinclines to exertion, so that with increase of bulk less work is done, while there is a growing disinclination to exertion, even a repugnance in extreme cases to any form of exercise. These cases are among the most difficult the physican can treat, for the sufferer, though he may wish for relief, lacks the energy to find it.

As a rule stoutness is connected with errors of diet—errors of excess perhaps oftener than people are prepared to admit, but often to errors of kind.—Journal of

"Blinks has a perfect mania for condensing everything. Did you hear how he

"He held up an engagement ring before

the girl's eyes and said 'Eh?''
"And what did she say?"
"She just nodded."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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 effective. Only 25c. at Green's drug store.