Bellefonte, Pa., May 29, 1903.

THE PLOWMAN.

With sturdy hands the plowman holds His trousers hand in baggy folds And furrows mark his brow, But with the hope that toiling brings He labors on, out there, Where nature's putting on the things That help to make her fair.

The plowman's shoulders droop, his eyes Have no exultant fire. And oft he straightens up and sighs, Perhaps for something higher. He scrapes the damp earth from his boots, And then goes plodding on, And now and then bumps into roots

The plowman does not fret because Some stock has had a slump, But gripping hard, he sets his jaws And runs against the stump; Or worries till the rein is free From 'neath the grav mare's tail. Or turns a little while to see

The chipmunk on the rail.

That jar him pro and con.

The smell of burning wood floats by Upon the tranquil air;
The crow sits with a watchful eye. O'erlooking things out there. The plowman scents the sweet, fresh earth,

He murmurs, "Gee, there, Fan ! And toils away for all he's worth To feed his fellow man. There with the hops that toiling brings. The plowman works away, And, maybe, dreams of splendid things

That he shall have some day; But sweetest of the joys he knows Is that which comes to sit Within his breast when sunset shows Him that it's time to quit. -S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Re-cord Herald.

THE REVOLT OF MOTHER.

'Father !" "What is it?"

"What are them men diggin' over there in the field for ?" There was a sudden dropping and en-larging of the lower part of the old man's

face, as if some heavy weight had settled therein; he shut his mouth tight, and went on harnessing the great bay mare. He hustled the collar on to her neck with a jerk. "Father!" The old man slapped the saddle upon the

"Look here, father, I want to know what them men are diggin' over in the field for, an' I'm goin' to know."

"I wish you'd go into the house, mother, an' tend to your own affairs," the old man said then. He ran his word together, and his speech was almost as inarticulate as a

But the woman understood; it was her most native tongue. "I ain't goin' into the house till you tell me what them men are doin' over there in the field," said she. Then she stood waiting. She was a small woman, short and straight waisted like a child in her brown cotton gown. Her forehead was mild and benevolent between the smooth curves of gray bair; there were meek downward lines about her nose and mouth; but her eyes, fixed upon the old man, looked as if the meekness had been the result of her own will, never of the will

They were in the barn, standing before the wide open doors. The spring air, full out there.' of the smell of growing grass and unsee blossoms, came in their faces. The deep yard in front was piled with farm wagons and piles of wood; on the edge, close to the fence and the house, the grass was a vivid green, and there were some dandelions.

The old man glanced doggedly at his wife as he tightened the last buckles on the harness. She looked as immovable to him as one of the rocks in his pasture land, bound to the earth with generations of blackberry vines. He slapped the reins over the horse, and started forth from the

"Father !" said she The old man pulled up. "What is it?"
"I want to know what them men are diggin' over there in that field for." They're diggin' a cellar, I s'pose, if you've got to know.' "A cellar for what."

"A barn." "A barn? You ain't goin' to build a barn over there where we was goin' to have The old man said not another word. He

hurried the horse into the farm wagon, and clattered out of the yard, bouncing as sturdily on his seat as a boy. The woman stood a moment looking af-

ter him, then she went out of the barn across a corner of the yard to the house. The house, standing at right angles with the great barn and a long reach of sheds and out buildings, was infinitesimal com-pared with them. It was scarcely as commodious for people as the little boxes under the barn eaves were for doves.

A pretty girl's face, pink and delicate as

wer, was lookieg out of one of the house windows. She was watching three men who were digging over in the field which bounded the yard near the road line. She turned quietly when the woman entered. "What are they diggin' for mother?" said she. , 'Did he tell you?"
"They're diggin' for—a cellar for a new

"Oh, mother, he ain't goin' to huild another barn?"

A boy stood before the kitchen glass combing his hair. He combed slowly and painstakingly, arranging his brown hair in smooth hillock over his forehead. He did not seem to pay any attention to the conversation.

'Sammy, did you know father was goin' to build a new barn?" asked the girl. The boy combed assiduously. Sammy !"

He turned, and showed a face like his father's under his smooth crest of hair.
"Yes, I s'pose I did," he said, reluctant-

ly. "How long bave you known it?" said "Bout three months, I guess."

"Why didn't you tell of it?"
"Didn't think 'twould do no good." "I don't see what father wants another barn for," said the girl, in her sweet slow She turned again to the window, and stared out at the digging men in the field. Her tender, sweet face was full of a gentle distress. Her forehead was as bald

and innocent as a baby's, with the light hair strained back from it in a row of curl papers. She was quite large, but her soft curves did not look as if they covered mus-

Her mother looked sternly at the boy. "Is he goin' to buy more cows?" said she. The boy did not reply; he was tying his

"How many?" "Four, I guess." 'Four, I guess."
His mother said nothing more. She went into the pantry, and there was a clatter of dishes. The boy got his cap from a nail behind the door, took an old arithmetic from the shelf and started for school. He was lightly built, but clumsy. He went out of the yard with a curious spring in his him that made his losse home made.

jackets tilt up in the back. The girl went to the sink, and began to wash the dishes that were piled up there. Her mother came promptly out of the pantry, and shoved her aside. "You wipe 'em," she said; "I'll wash. There's a good

in his hips, that made his loose, home made

many this morning.' The mother plunged her hands vigorous ly into the water, and the girl wiped the pieces slowly and dreamily. "Mother," said she, "don't you think it's too bad father's goin' to build that new barn, much as we need a decent house to live

Her mother scrubbed a dish fiercely "You ain't found out yet we're women-folks, Nanny Penn," said she. "You ain't seen enough of men folks yet to. One of these days you'll find it out, an' then you'll Sarah Penn went across the room as know what we know only what men folks though it were a tragic stage. She flung think we do, so far as any use of it goes, an' how we'd ought to reckon men folks in

can't help it, 'cause he don't look at things jest the way we do. An' we've been pretty comfortable here after all. The roof don't leak—ain't never but once—that's one thing. Father kept it shingled right up."

"I do wish we had a parlor." "I guess it won't hurt George Eastma "I guess it won't hart George Eastman any to come to see you in a nice clean kitchen. I guess a good many girls don't have as good a place as this. Nobody's ever heard me complainin'."

"I ain't complainin' either, mother."

"Well, I don't think you'd better, a good tother an' a good home as you're got

S'pose your father made you go out an' work for your livin'? Lots of girls have to that ain't no stronger an' better able to than you be."

before the broom; she cleaned, and one could see no difference. She was like an artist so perfect that he has apparently no art. To-day she got out a mixing bowl and a board, and rolled some pies, and there was no more flour upon her than upon her daughter who was doing finer work. Nan-day he was to have the been makin' more money, an' I've been makin' more mon ny was to be married in the fall, and she was sewing on some white cambric and em-broidery. She sewed industriously while her mother cooked, her soft milk white "I ain't got nothin' to say." hands and wrists showed whiter than her

"We must have the stove moved out in real blessin' to be able to put a stove up in that shed in hot weather. Father did one good thing when he fixed that stove pipe wheres else to live away from us, an' it

Sarah Penn's face as she rolled her pies father. had that expression of meek vigor which might have characterized one of the New Cestament saints. She was making mind pies. Her husband, Adoniram Penn, liked ed a piece of pie between meals. She hurried this morning. It had been later than
usual when she began, and she wanted to
have a pie baked for dinner. However

Mrs. Penn's face was burning; ber mild deep a resentment she might be forced to hold against her husband, she would never fail in sedulous attention to his wants.

Nobility of character manifests itself a loop holes when it is not provided with large doors. Sarah Penn's showed itself today in flaky dishes of pastry. So she made the pies faithfully, while across the table she could see, when she glanced up from her work, the sight that rankled in her patient and steadfast soul-the digging of the cellar of the new barn in the pla where Adoniram forty years ago had promised her their new house should stand.

The pies were done for dinner. Adoniram amy were home a few minutes after twelve o'clock. The dinner was eaten with serious haste. There was never much conversation at the table in the Penn family. Adoniram asked a blessing, and they ate promptly, then rose up and went about

their work. Sammy went back to school, taking sly loops out of the yard like a rabbit. He wanted a game of marbles before school, and feared his father would give him some chores to do. Adoniram hastened to the door and called after him, but he was out

"I don't see what you let him go for, mother," he said. "I wanted him to help me unload that wood."

Adoniram went to work out in the yard unloading wood from the wagon. Sarah put away the dinner dishes, while Nanny took down her curl papers and changed her dress. She was going down to the store to buy some more embroidery and thread. When Nanny was gone, Mrs. Penn went to the door. "Father!" she called.

"Well, what is it?" "I want to see you jest a minute, fath-

"I can't let this wood nohow. I've got to git it unloaded an' go for a load of gravel afore two o'clock. Sammy had ought to help me. You hadn't ought to let him go to school so early."

"I want to see you jest a minute."
"I tell ye I can't nohow, mother."
"Father, you come here." Sarah Penn stood in the door like a queen; she held her head as if it bore a crown; there was that patience which makes authority royal in er voice. Adoniram went.

Mrs. Penn led the way into the kitchen and pointed to a chair. "Sit down, fathshe said; "I'v got somethin' I want to say to you."

He sat down heavily; his face was quite stolid, but he looked at her with restive eyes. "Well, what is it mother?" eyes. "Well, what is it mother?"
"I want to know what you're building that new barn for father?" "I ain't got nothin' to say about it."

"It can't be you think you need another "I tell ye I ain't got nothin' to say about it, mother; an' I ain't goin' to say

"Be you goin' to buy more cows?" Adoniram did not reply; he shut his

"I know you be, as well as I want to.

"Sammy, I want you to tell me if he's Now, father, look here"-Sarah Penn had goin' to buy more cows."
"I s'pose he is."

not sat down; she stood before her husband in the humble fashion of a Scripture woman—"I'm goin' to talk real plain to you; I never have sence I married you, but I'm goin' to now. I ain't never complained, an' I ain't goin' to now, but I'm goin' to talk real plain. You see this room here, father; you look at it well. You see there ain't no carpet on the floor, an' you see the paper is all dirty an' droppin' off the walls. We ain't had no new paper on it for ten years, an' then I put it on myself, an' it didn't cost but nine pence a roll. You see this room, father; its all the one I've had to work in an' eat in an' sit in sence we was married, There ain't another woman in the whole town whose husband ain't got half the means you have but what's got an-"I'm goin' to talk real plain to you; I half the means you have but what's got better. It's all the room Nanny's got to have her company in; an' there ain't one of her mates but what's got better, an' their fathers not so able as hers is. It's all the room she'll have to be married in. What would you have thought, father, if we had had our weddin' in a room no better than this? I was married in my mother's par-lor, with a carpet on the floor, an' stuffed furniture, an' a mahogany card table. An' this is all the room my daughter has to be married in. Look here, father!" Sarah Penn went across the room as

think we do, so far as any use of it goes, an' how we'd ought to reckon men folks in with Providence, an' not complain of what they do any more than we do of the weather."

"I don't care; I don't believe George is anything like that, anyhow," said Nanny. Her delicate face flushed pink, her lips there."

"I don't care; I don't believe George is anything like that, anyhow," said Nanny. two that's livin'. I was sick with a fever there."

pouted softly, as if she were going to cry.

"You wait an' see. I guess George Eastman ain't no better than other men. You hadn't ought to judge father, though. He

stere.

She stepped to another door and opened it. It led into a small, ill lighted pantry.

"Here," she said, "is all the buttery, I've got—every place I've got for my dishes to

She threw open another door. A narrow crooked flight of stairs wound upward from it. "There, father!" she said; "I want you to look at the stairs that go up to them two unfinished chambers that are all the places our son an' daughter have had to sleep in all their lives. There ain't a prettier girl in town nor a more ladylike one ood father an' a good home as you've got. than Nanny, an' there's the place she has to sleep in. It ain't so good as your horse's

stall; it ain't so warm an' tight.''
Sarah Penn went back and stood before her husband. "Now, father," she said; "I Sarah Penn washed the frying pan with a conclusive air. She scrubbed the outside of it as faithfully as the inside. She was a masterly keeper of her box of a house. Her one living room never seemed to have in it any of the dust which the friction of life with inanimate matter produces. She swept, and there seemed to be no dirt to go before the broom; she cleaned, and one the forty years now an years now any years n lodgin' your dumb beasts better than your

"You can't say nothin' without ownin' it ain't right, father. An' there's another thing—I ain't complained; I've got along the shed before long," said Mrs. Penn. forty years, an I s'pose I should forty more "Talk about not havin' things' it's been a if it wasn't for that—if we don't have andon't seem as if I could have it so, noways, considerable color, but there wa'n't never any backbone to her. I've always took the heft of everything off her, an' she ain't fit to keep house an' do everything herself. them better than any other kind. She She'll be all worn out inside of a year. baked twice a week. Adoniram often lik-

> eyes gleamed. She had pleaded her little cause like a Webster; she had ranged from severity to pathos; but her opponent em-ployed that obstinate silence which makes eloquence futile with mocking echoes. Adoniram rose clumsily.

"Father. ain't you got nothin' to say !" said Mrs. Penn. "I've got to go off after that load of

gravel. I can't stan' here talkin' all,day. "Father, won't you think it over, have a house built there instead of a barn ?

"I ain't got nothin' to say. Adoniram shuffled out. Mrs. Penn went into her bedroom. When she came out her eyes were red. She had a roll of unbleached cotton cloth. She spread it out on the kitchen table, and began cutting out some shirts for her husband. The men over in field had a team to help them this afternoon; she could hear their halloos. She had a scanty pattern for the shirts; she had

to plan and piece the sleeves. Nanny came home with her embroidery, and sat down with her needle work. She had taken down her curl papers, and there was a soft roll of fair hair like an aureole over her forehead; her face was as delicately fine and clear as porcelain. Suddenly she looked up, and the tender red flamed all over her face and neck. "Mother," she

"What say ?" "I've been thinkin'—I don't see how we're goin' to have any—weddin' in this room. I'd be ashamed to have his folks come if we didn't have anybody else." "Mebbe we can have some new paper be-fore then; I can put it on. I guess you won't have no call to be ashamed of your

"We might have the weddin' in the new barn," said Nanny, with gentle pettishness. "Why, mother, what makes you ook so ?"

Mrs. Penn had started, and was staring at her with a curious expression. She turned again to her work, and spread out a pattern carefully on the cloth. "Nothin,"

Presently Adoniram clattered out of the yard in his two wheeled dump cart, standng as proudly upright as a Roman chariot eer. Mrs. Penn opened the door and stood there a minute looking ont; the halloos of the men sounded louder

It seemed to her all through the spring nonths that she heard nothing but the halloos and the noise of saws and hammers The new barn grew fast. It was a fine edifice for this little village. Men came on pleasant Sundays, in their meeting suits and clean shirt bosoms, and stood around it admiringly. Mrs. Penn did not speak of it, and Adoniram did not mention it to her, although sometimes, upon a return from inspecting it, he bore himself with injured dignity.

"It's a strange thing how your mother feels about the new barn," he said, confidently, to Sammy one day. Sammy only grunted after an odd fash-

ion for a boy; he had learned it from his

The barn was all completed ready for use by the third week in July. Adoniram had planned to move his stock in on Wednesday; on Tuesday he received a letter which changed his plans. He came in with it early in the morning. "Sammy's been to the post office," he said, "an' I've got a letter from Hiram." Hiram was Mrs. Penn's brother, who lived in Vermont.
"Well," said Mrs. Penn, "what does he

say about the folks?" I guess they're all right. He says he thinks if I come up country right off there's a chance to buy jest the kind of a horse I want." He stared reflectively out of the

window at the new barn.

Mrs. Penn was making pies. She went on clapping the rolling pin into the crust, although she was very pale, and her heart

beat loudly. "I dun'no' but what I'd better go," said Adoniram. "I hate to go off jest now, right in the midst of hayin,' but the ten acre lot's cut, an' I guess Rufus an' the others can git along without me three or four days. I can't get a horse around here to suit me, nohow, an' I've got to have another for all that wood haulin' in the fall. I told Hiram to watch out, an' if he got wind of a good horse to let me know. I guess I'd better go.'

"'I'll get out your clean shirt an' collar," said Mrs. Penn, calmly.
She laid out Adoniram's Sunday suit and his clean clothes on the bed in the little bedroom. She got his shaving water and razor ready. At last she buttoned on his collar and fastened his black cravat.

Adoniram never wore his collar and cravat except on extra occasions. He held his head high, with a rasped dignity. When he was all ready, with his coat and hat brushed, and a lunch of pie and cheese in a paper bag, he hesitated on the threshold of the door. He looked at his wife, and his manner was defiantly apologetic. "If them cows come today, Sammy can drive 'em into the new barn,' he said; 'an when they bring the hay up, they can pitch it in there.'
"Well," replied Mrs. Penn.

Adoniram set his shaven face ahead and started. When he had cleared the door step, he turned and looked back with a kind of nervous solemnity. "I shall be back by Saturday if nothin' happens," he

"Do be careful, father." returned his wife. She stood in the door with Nanny at her elbow and watched him out of sight. Her eyes had a strange doubtful expression in them; her peaceful forehead was contracted. She went in, and about her baking again. Nanny sat sewing. Her wedding day was drawing nearer, and she was getting pale and thin with her steady sewing. Her

mother kept glancing at her. "Have you got that pain in your side this mornin'.

"A little." Mrs. Penn's face, as she worked, changed, her perplexed forehead smoothed, her eyes were steady, her lips firmly set. She formed a maxim for herself, although incoherently with her unlettered thoughts. "Unsolicited opportunities are the guideposts of the Lord to the new roads of life," she repeated in effect, and she made up her

mind to her course of action.
"S'posin' I had wrote to Hiram," she muttered once, when she was in the pantry
—"s'posin' I had wrote, an' asked him if
he knew of any horse? But I didn't an'
father's goin' wa'n't none of my doin'. It looks like a Providence." Her voice rang

out quite loud at the last. What you talkin' about, mother?" called Nanny.

Mrs. Penn hurried her baking; at eleven o'clock it was all done The load of hav from the west field came slowly down the cart track, and drew up at the new barn. Mrs. Penn ran out. "Stop!" she screamed-"stop!"

The men stopped and looked : Sammy appreared from the top of the load, and stared at his mother. "Stop!" she cried out again. "Don't

you put the hay in that barn; put it in the "Why, he said to put it in here," turned one of the haymakers, wondering-ly. He was a young man, a neighbor's son

on the farm. "Don't you put the hav in the new barn:

there's room enough in the old one, ain't there?" said Mrs. Penn. "Room enough," returned the hired man, in his thick, rustic tones. "Didn't

need the new barn, nohow, far as room's concerned. Well, I s'pose he changed his mind." He took hold of the horses' bridles. Mrs. Penn went back to the house. the kitchen windows were darkened, and a

fragrance like warm honey came into the Nanny laid down her work. "I thought father wanted them to put the hay into the new barn?" she said, wonderingly.

"It's all right," replied her mother. Sammy slid down from the load of hay, and came in to see if dinner was ready. "I ain't goin' to get a regular dinner today, as long as father's gone," said the mother. "I've let the fire go out. You can have some bread an' milk an' pie. I thought we could get along." She set out some bowls of milk, some bread and a pie, on the kitchen table. "You'd better eat your dinner now," said she. "You might est as well get through with it. I want

Nanny and Sammy stared at each other. There was something strange in their mother's manner. Mrs. Penn did not eat anything herself. She went into the pantry. and they heard her moving dishes while they ate. Presently she came out with a pile of plates. She got the clothes basket out of the shed, and packed them in it. Nanny and Sammy watched. She brought out cups and saucers and put them with

the plates.
"What are you goin' to do, mother?" inquired Nanny, in a timid voice. A sense of something unusual made her tremble as if it were a ghost. Sammy rolled his eyes

over his pie.

"You'll see what I'm goin' to do,'' replied Mrs. Penn. "If you're through, Nanny, I want you to go up stairs an' pack up your things; an' I want you, Sammy to help me take down the bed in the room." "Oh, mother, what for?" gasped Nanny. "You'll see."

During the next few hours a feat was performed by this simple, pious New Eng-land mother which was equal in its way to Wolfe's storming of the Heights of Abraham. It took no more genius and audacity of bravery for Wolfe to cheer his wondering soldiers up those steep precipices, under the sleeping eyes of the enemy, than for Sarah Penn, at the head of her children, to move all her little household goods into the new barn while her husband was away. Nanny and Sammy followed their moth-

er's instructions without a murmur; indeed, they were overawed. There is a cer-tain uncanny and superhuman quality about all such purely original undertakings as their mother's was to them. Nanny

went back and fourth with her light loads, and Sammy tugged with sober energy.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the little

ouse in which the Penns had lived for forty years had emptied itself into the Every builder builds somewhat for unknown purposes, and is in a measure a prophet. The architect of Adoniram Penn's barn, while he designed it for the

comfort of four-footed animals, had plan-ned better than he knew for the comfort of humans. Sarah Penn saw at a glance its possibilities. Those great boxstalls, with quilts hung before them, would make better bedrooms than the one she had occupied for forty years, and there was a tight carriage-room. The harness-room, with its chimney and shelves, would make a kitchen of her dreams. The great middle space would make a parlor, by-and-by, fit for a palace. Up stairs there was as much room as down. With partitions and windows, what a house would there be! Sarah looked at the row of stanchions before the allotted space for cows, and reflected that she would have her front entry

there. At six o'clock the stove was up in the harness-room, the kettle was boiling, and the table set for tea. It looked almost as home-like as the abandoned house across the yard had ever done. The young hired man milked, and Sarah directed him calmust a bring the milk to the new keys. He ly to bring the milk to the new barn. He came gaping, dropping little blots of foam from the brimming pails on the grass. Before the next morning he had spread the story of Adoniram Penn's wife moving into the new barn all over the little village. Men assembled in the store and talked it over, women with shawls over their heads scuttled into each other's houses before their work was done. Any deviation from the ordinary course of life in this quiet town was enough to stop all progress in it. Everybody paused to look at the staid, in-dependent figure on the side track. There was a difference of opinion with regard to her. Some held her to be insane; some, of a lawless and rebellions spirit.

Friday the minister went to see her. It vas in the afternoon, and she was at the barn door shelling pease for dinner. She looked up and returned his salutation with dignity, then she went on with her work. She did not invite him in. The saintly expression of her face remained fixed, but there was an angry flush over it.

The minister stood awkwardly before her, and talked. She handed the pease as if they were bullets. At last she looked up, and her eyes showed the spirit that her meek front had covered for a lifetime.

"There ain't no use talkin', Mr. Hersey," said she. "I've thought it all over an' over, an' I believe I'm doin' what's right. I've made it the subject of prayer, an' its betwixt me an' the Lord an' Ado-niram. There ain't no call for nobody else to worry about it."

"Well, of course if you have brought it to the Lord in prayer, and feel satisfied that you are doing right, Mrs. Penn," said the minister, helplessly. His thin gray-bearded face was pathetic. He was a sickly man; his youthful confidence had cooled; he had to scourge himself up to some of his prateral duties as releastly as one of his pastoral duties as relentlessly as a Catholic ascetic, and then he was prostrat

ed by the smart.
"I think it's right jest as much as I think it was right for our forefathers to come over from the old country 'cause they didn't have what belonged to 'em," said Mrs. Penn. She arose. The barn threshold might have been Pymouth Rock from her bearing. "I don't doubt you mean well, Mr. Hersey," said she, "but there are things people hadn't ought to interfere with. I've been a member of the church for over forty years. I've got my own mind an' my own feet, an' I'm goin' to think my own thoughts an' go my own ways, an' nobody but the Lord is goin' to dictate to me unless I've a mind to have him. Won't you come in an' set down?

How is Mis' Hersey?' "She is well, I thank you," replied the minister. He added some more perplexed apologetic remarks; then he retreated. He could expound the intricacies of every character study in the Scriptures, he was competent to grasp the Pilgrim Fathers and all historical innovators, but Sarah Penn was beyond him. He could deal with primal cases, but parallel ones worsted him. But, after all, although it was aside from his province, he wondered more how Adoniram Penn would deal with his wife than how the Lord would. Everybody shared the wonder. When Adoniram's four new cows arrived, Sarah ordered three to be put in the old barn, the other in the house shed where the cooking-stove had stood. That added to the excitement. It was whispered that all four cows were

domiciled in the house. Toward sunset on Saturday, when Adoniram was expected home, there was a knot of men in the road near the new barn. The hired man had milked, but he still hung around the premises. Sarah Penn had supper all ready. There were brownwas the supper that Adoniram loved on Saturday night. She had on a clean calico and she bore herself imperturbably. Nanny and Sammy kept close at her heels Their eyes were large, and Nanny was full of nervous tremors. Still there was to of nervous tremors. Still there was to them more pleasant excitement than any-thing else. An inborn confidence in their mother over their father asserted itself. Sammy looked out of the harness-room window. "There he is," he announced, in an awed whisper. He and Nanny peep-ed wound the ceeing. Mrs. Pean best, on

ed around the casing. Mrs. Penn kept or about her work. The children watched Adoniran leave the new horse standing in the drive while he went to the house door. It was fastened. Then he went around to the shed. That door was seldom locked, even when the family was away. The thought how her father would be confronted by the cow flashed upon Nanny. There was a hysterical sob in her throat. Adoniram emerged from the shed and stood looking about in a dazed fashion. His lips moved; he was saying something, but they could not hear what it was. The hired man was peeping around a corner of the old barn, but nobody saw him.

Adoniram took the new horse bridle and led him across the yard to the new barn. Nanny and Sammy slunk close to their mother. The barn doors rolled back, and there stood Adoniram, with the long mild face of the great Canadian farm horse looking over his shoulder.

Nanny kept behind her mother, but Sam-

my stepped suddenly forward, and stood in front of her. Adoniram stared at the group. "What on airth you all down here for?" said he. What's the matter over to the house?"

"We've come here to live, father," Sammy. His shrill voice quavered out bravely.
"What"—Adoniram sniffed—"what is
it smells like cookin'?" said he. He stepped forward and looked in the open door

of the harness-room. Then he turned to his wife. His old bristling face was pale and frightened. "What on airth does this mean, mother?" he gasped.
"You come in here, father," said Sarah.

She led the way into the harness-room and she led the way into the harness-room and shut the door. "Now, father," said she, "you needn't be scared. I ain't crazy. There ain't nothin' to be upset over. But we've come here to live, an' we're going to live here. We've got jest as good a right here as new horses an' cows. The house wa'n't fit for us to live in any longer, an' I made up my mind I wa'n't goin' to stay wa'n's fit for us to live in any longer, an' I made up my mind I wa'n't goin' to stay there. I've done my duty by you forty year, an' I'm goin' to do it now; but I'm goin' to live here. You've got to put in some windows and partitions; an' you'll have to buy some furniture."

"Why, mother!" the old man gasped.

"You'd better take your coat off an' get washed—there's the wash-basin—an' then we'll have supper."

"Why, mother !" Sammy went past the window, leading the new horse to the old barn. The old man saw him, and shook his head speechlessly. He tried to take off his coat, but his arms seemed to lack the power. His wife helped him. She poured some water into the tin basin, and put in a piece of soap. She got the comb and brush, and smoothed his thin gray hair after he had washed. Then she put the beans, hot bread, and tea on the table. Sammy came in, and the family drew up. Adoniram sat looking dazedly at his plate, and they waited.

"Ain't you goin' to ask a blessin', fa-ther?" said Sarah. And the old man bent his head and

mumbled. All through the meal he stopped eating at intervals, and stared furtively at his wife; but he ate well. The home food tasted good to him, and his old frame was too sturdily healthy to be affected by his mind. But after supper he went out, and sat down on the step of the smaller door at the right of the barn, through which he had meant his Jerseys to pass in stately file, but which Sarah designed for her front house door, and he leaned his

head on his hands. head on his hands.

After the supper dishes were cleared away and the milk pans washed, Sarah came out to him. The twilight was deepening. There was a clear green glow in the sky. Before them stretched the smooth level of field; in the distance was a cluster of hay stacks like the huts of a village; the air was very cool and calm and sweet. The landscape might have been an ideal one of

Sarah bent over and touched her husband on one of his thin, sinewy shoulders. 'Father !"

The old man's shoulders heaved; he was weeping.
"Why, don't do so, father," said Sarah. "I'll—put up the—partitions, an'—everything you—want, mother."
Sarah put her apron up to her face; she was overcome by her own triumph.

Adoniram was like a fortress whose walls had no active resistance, and went down the instant the right besieging tools were used." Why mother," he said, hoarsely, "I hadn't no idee you was so set on't as all this comes to."—By Mary E. Wilkins in Harper's Magazine.

Congress Made 11,316 New Offices. Compensation for New Places Provided for Amounts to \$7.927,639 Annually.

The volume relating to appropriations made and new offices created during the session of the Fifty seventh Congress has been completed. A summary of the appropriations shows a grand total of \$753,058,

In addition to the specific appropriations

made, contracts are authorized to be entered into for certain public works requiring future appropriations by Congress, in the aggregate of \$36,989,859, the principal item of which is \$20,426,000 for additions to the navy. The new offices and employments specifically authorized are 11,316 in number, at

an annual compensation of \$7,927,639; those abolished or omitted are 1,815 in number, at an annual compensation of \$941,481, a net increase of 9,501 in number and \$6,986,158 in amount. The largest increases are 5,616 for the

naval establishment, including 3,000 seamen and 1,458 midshipmen and 3,354 for the postal service, including 143 assistant postmasters, 2,289 clerks in postoffices and 896 railway postal clerks. The number of salaries increased is 341. at an annual cost of \$205,202, and the number reduced is sixty, in the sum of \$600.

A comparison of the total appropriations of the second session of the Fifty-seventh Congress for 1904, with those of the first

session in 1903, shows a reduction of \$47, 565,990. The principal items of decrease are. For river and harbor improvements, \$12,307,049; for the isthmian canal, \$50, 130,000; for the military establishment, \$13,841,383. Among the increases are: For the naval establishment, \$3,020,428; for the postal service, \$15,094,951; for legislative, executive and judicial expenses, \$2,200,000, including \$500,000 for the enforcement of the anti-trust laws, and for the agricultural department, \$770,000.

The total appropriations made by the Fifty-seventh Congress amount to \$1,553,-Fifty-seventh Congress amount to \$1,553,-683,002, an increase over the Fifty-sixth Congress of \$113,193,567. This is accounted for in part by increases in the appropriations for the postal service of \$54,000,000; for the naval service, \$17,500,000; for rivers and harbors, \$29,500,000; for the isthmian canal, \$50,000,000; for the cultural department, \$2,500,000; for the legislative, executive and judicial expenses. \$4,200,000, for public buildings throughes, \$4,200,000, for public buildings through-out the country, \$10,000,000; for the Phil-ippine islands, \$3,000,000.

Reductions are made in the appropriations for the military establishment of \$60, 000.000 and for pensions \$10,000,000.

Killed Herself and Babies.

Mrs. Bachman Cuts the Throats of Two of Her Children and Commits Suicide

Slatington, a town sixteen miles from Allentown, the centre of the slate industry in America, had a triple tragedy last Wedin America, had a triple tragedy last wednesday. After acting queerly for several days Mrs. Alvin Bachman, the wife of a mechanic, cut the throats of her two youngest children, Edna, aged 3, and Roy, aged 1, using her husband's razor. Standing beside the bed where her babies lay, she cut her jugular vein and crawled into

The murders were committed about 9 o'clock Wednesday morning. At noon her six-year-old son came home from scho and, finding the house locked, crawled through a window, letting in his older brother and a woman boarder, the only ones who came home for dinner. The boarder got dinner, and the three ate it without finding out about the tragedy up-

The husband, who returned first from work in the evening, discovered the crime when he entered the bathroom.

-Child-Grandma, how is it that your birthday and grandpa's are on the same day? Are you twins.