TO LIVE AND LOVE AND LEARN

Most of the things that worry us Don't matter much. Too many of us fret and fuss At every touch. There's nothing that's of great concern Except to live and love and learn

*

Suppose the world don't go our way, What of it, then? We have the better chance today To act like men. And still insist at every turn We're here to live, and love, and learn. It isn't doing what we would That counts for most;

It's being brave, and kind, and good, Amid the host;
For better then to crave and yearn Is just to live, and love, and learn. We make too much of ease and joy, And sordid gain;

The things that yex us and annov.

The toil and pain. And every malady we spurn May help us live and love and learn. And there is nothing else to fear, Of good or ill
Than just the failure of good cheer, And honest will; No loss need fright us if we earn

More power to live, to love, and learn. -San Francisco Star THE CRUCIBLE.

Ah yes, the choice is meagre-Between two evils at best-Pain is the price of living And death is the price of rest.

Most of life is a waver Between a smile and a sigh: We grasp at joys that vanish, We love and our loved ones die. The heart, waked from its slumber,

Breaks into a glad refrain Which fills the soul with music; As ore; is crushed and melted For the gold it may contain;

So is the heart made purer In the crucible of pain. Thus in God's mighty workshop, While the years are passing by, Hearts and souls are fashioned For his purpose bye and bye. -M. V. Thomas

RUNAWAY ON THE A & R.

The G. P. A. put his head into the gen eral superintendent's doorway and said: "Old Tympan's out there again, I see, Palmer." "No use," replied the general superin

"His name came in two hours ago. I told him to report here next time he got drunk. This finishes him." Five minutes later old Tympan, after forty years of service for the A. & R. went

tumbling down the stairs because he was drunk at the Hancock street switch the day the directors went up the line. Palmer had given him a pass home, eighty miles up the road, and then fired him with ten of the words Palmer wasn't accustomed to using on ordinary jobs.

Train No. 8 pulled in while Tympan

fumbled the pass on the platform, and he climbed in and found a double seat in the He knew only that he was out of a job, with a full pint in his coat and home, where he could camp down for the winter with the boys. He had threatened that many times. They deserved it for let-

ting him work for a living.
"Taking vacation, Tympan?" asked
Hennessy of No. 8 when he came through for tickets. Tympan admitted he was off for a bit of time up the road.

"Guess you ain't coming back right off." taunted Hennessy. "The return check on your pass don't seem to be in sight. Long lay off, eh, Tympan!" Tympan sat up, pulling his hat over his

eyes.
"Dick Hennessy," he said, "you go slow on yer kiddin" 'r I'll roast you one o' these days f'r bein' so smart. They've fired me, you o'n bet—yes, they have, fired me good, but I'm next to Palmer yet. An' I heard what Palmer told the G. P. A. this mornin' about your runnin' over orders twice last week. I know somethin', an' don't you kid me no more."

Train No. 8's conductor ignored the challenge, partly because he dared do no more. He knew the whole operating department He knew the whole operating department had been knocking everybody in sight because old Tympan, invariably drunk and disorderly, held his job while better and younger and sober men were overhauled in Palmer's office for nothing more than leaving stations half a minute ahead of orders and in the stationary of the station of the stationary of the station or falling to vise the annual of some of the spying directors who went up and down. R. H. Palmer got a master tongue lashing those days from the rank and file, and now that the dismissal had really come Hennessy was no more skentical than any other sy was no more skeptical than any of the others concerning the general superintendent's honest intention of keeping Tympan out of service.

Hennessy tried to conciliate Tympau on his next trip through, but the old man lay with his hat over his face, steaming with rage, too angry even to curse. No. 8 was making beautiful work, and Hennessy felt better than usual. He bad eight cars with a big load of women and kids and wanted to be on time any way because it was his lay off that Saturday and there was an all night

game in the "club" at home.

At Inchburg Hennessy got his usual orders, every thing all straight, and left on time. The rear brakeman found him just afterward and said:

'Hear about the wild freight went up ahead of us? She's a big one, and it wouldn't surprise me if she got stuck on the Long Misery and held us at Lyshon.'

Hennessy knew his man was right. Ly-shon station is at the foot of a thirtcen mile grade known for good reasons as "the Long Misery." If a freight got hung there ahead of No. 8. it meant everything balled up, for the A. and R. is a single line, and the directors won't stand for a siding between Lyshon and Oldtown, the station at the

Lyshon and Oldtown, the station at the crest of Long Misery.

Hennessy took the platform at Lyshon before No. 8's brakes held her and sought the dispatcher in the dingy station.

"Wild freight?" echoed the telegrapher.

"Yes, went up an hour ago. Big train? Yes, big train, but she's got a good rail, and I don't believe she'll hold you a min-

Hennessy went out and looked in the

book by the station door. He found where the wild freight had reported and saw with satisfaction that she was in charge of Bitters, one of the ring and sure to do his best to get that heavy train out of the way long before Hennessy came along.

Lyshon was on the card for only thirty seconds, but Hennessy risked a trifling de-lay and went back to the operator:

"Can't you ask Oldtown, just for a chance, if that freight's showed up yet?"
he asked.

Wild freight 543 started over the Long Misery in good order that Saturday and made excellent time for eight miles or more. Then she was stopped by a shaky injector in the mogul. Bitters left the caboose and ran up ahead in time to see his redheaded engineer grab up the wrenches

"Go ahead lively as you can, Mike," he Mike gave the mogul sand and steam She strained for a moment while her drivers raced and then shot ahead so hard that Mike bounced out of his seat. The train had broken apart seven cars down, leaving thirty three detached. Before the mogul could gather herself to back up and catch the breakaway the fugitive section was

slowly moving off, very slowly, down the head end of the Long Misery.

"Back up, Irish! Back up and catch 'em !' screeched Bitters.
"You can't do it !' yelled a breathles brakeman who came up from the rear, "be-cause the gear's just completely out o' the head o' that section and there wouldn't be nothin' to make a couplin' to if you caught 'em, which it ain't likely you'll do any-

Bitters was thinking of Hennessy and No. 8. If No. 8. were on time, she was just leaving Lyshon. Chances were she was late. He knew Hennessy. It was for him to reach Oldtown in time to stop No. 8 at Lyshon. Bitters sickened at the thought of the Saturday night rush of women and children which had given Hennessy's train the name of the "nursery ex-

They worked quickly then. In thirty seconds Bitters was in the cab, and his Irish engineer was giving the mogul steam enough and some to carry. Bitters figured it was four miles to the goal, and the way they paced it off made it impossible for him to say he was disappointed when he jumped off at Oldtown.

"No. 8, hold her at Lyshon. My freight's busted, an' thirty three of 'em are on th grade, goin' to beat thunder !''

"No. 8!" The dispatcher's face was pie crust. "She left Lyshon six minutes ago, late." He went back to the instrument and sent "Seventeen" the clear out signal, to warn the road south of him, but as he did so he knew that No. 8 was coming up Long Misery ten minutes late, straight into the teeth of the worse runaway the A. and R. had known.

Hennessy was fuming at Lyshon, for he couldn't afford another second, yet Oldtown had seen nothing of the wild freight. "Better wait for another report from Oldtown," said the operator. But Hennessy was six minutes late then and resolved to go on up the grade. He signaled his engineer and jumped on the rear. The brakeman was there and grinned when the

conductor cursed his luck Hennessy, half way through the door, wheeled. There, away back by the station platform, only a fading bit of dismal detail

in the familiar view, was old Tympan standing in the middle of the track and waving crossed arms. "Left and signaling us to come back for

him," said the rear brakeman. Hennessy spoke eloquently, looking at he wrote for the children to be brought to his watch. The time frightened him. "I'll not go back for him," he cried. "I can't care of a shepherdess to be raised.

day, with po trains either way, and sup-pose the old man's pull with R. H. P. was still working, and suppose the young husband of her who was Nell Tympan, he who worked in the G. P. A.'s office,

And there was old Tympan himself standing in the middle of the track and signaling, "Back up, back up, back up," Could he afford to ignore the old fellow? Though it hurt him to do it, he said :
"No, I believe I'll go back for the old

The rear brakeman pulled the cord, and Hennessy went in to reckon just how much over thirty minutes late he would be into

Oldtown. There was no denying that old Tympan was exceedingly drunk. Hennessy smothered his wrath with difficulty as No. 8 acked into Lyshon, for he hadn't relished what he had heard going through the day coaches. He leaned out toward the dirty figure reeling across the platform and heard Tympan's idiotic laugh as he boasted of having called back the biggest train on the road. "I jus' went out there—ri' out there—and signaled, 'Back up,' and yer backed up, didn't yer? I tell yer, gents, there ain't er man o' the ro'd darst ter disdisoher my orders."

disobey my orders." There was a scramble on the platform behind them, and the dispatcher came shrick-ing like a plow train at a blind crossing.

"Back up, Hennessy, for all you're worth!" he shouted. "Runaway freight -thirty something cars off the wild train coming down the grade—be here in less than a minute. Oldtown wired. Oh, Hennessy, look up the line !" It was a cloud of sand and dust at the

first curve in the Long Misery, three miles Hennessy's knees wavered. The dis-

patcher struck him with his fist between the shoulders, crying: "Quick, man! Run her back into the siding and let the freight go by."

The passengers knew only enough to complain that they were horribly shaken up that afternoon near Lyshon. It was Hennessy himself who switched No. 8 into the siding and who thanked heaven with all sincerity that it was just long enough to take his train and leave the main line open. As he threw the switch his head went dizzy with the whirl of the freight. When the threatening thirty-three banged past, Hennessy gave one look after, but fainted over the lever and hung like a uniformed scarecrow until they gathered him up.—By James Edmund Dunning.

81-Year-old Won Race

Mrs. Anna Llan Davis, of Youngstown, near New Castle, 81-years-old, won a foot race, running against her cousin, who is 70-years-old, at the annual reunion of her descendants held at Cascade park. It was

her eighty-first birthday.

Of the 100 or more persons who gathered to celebrate the event, none took more active part in the amusements than did Mrs. Davis. When the foot races, a part of the athletic program, occurred, she announced that she would enter. She had but one opponent for honors, and by a goodly space crossed the tape ahead of her rival. She has six children, thirty four grand-children and ten great-grandchildren.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

A Noted Character.

Sketch of the Strange Life of Cassius M. Clay, Politician and Abolitionist. Clay was Born in Same Year Pope Leo XIII Saw the Light, but Lived a Different Life.

General Cassius M. Clay died at ten min-ntes after nine o'clock last Wednesday even-

ing at his home, Whitehall, Ky.

The physicians who had been attending the aged "Sage of Whitehall" since the court adjudged him of unsound mind notified General Clay's children on Wednesday that their father had only a few hours to live. All of the children except one drove to Whitehall, and, forcing their way past the general's bodyguard, who was guard-ing the mausion with drawn revolvers, they entered their father's room. General Clay refused to notice them.

Recently General Clay was taken to court and the management of his affairs was placed in other hands, on the ground that he was not capable of taking care of him-self or his estate. He believed that a con-spiracy to assassinate him had been form-ed, and some years ago fortified his home at Whitehall and entered a life of seclusion that ended only a few weeks ago, when the courts appointed a committee to take charge of him and his effects.

He was then found to be desperately ill,

and had every care. His children, long estranged by reason of his eccentricities, did everything possible for him.

General Clay was born in Madison Co., Kentucky, October 19th, 1810. He graduated at Yale in 1832, and became an abolitionist as the result of a speech he heard by William Lloyd Garrison, although all his family were slaveholders and later ardent secessionists. Nevertheless, he was elected a member of the Kentucky legis-lature three times, and was a successful law-ver in Lavington yer in Lexington, Ky., where he issued the True American, an abolition news-

A mob destroyed the press and office of his paper, but General Clay removed the publication office to Cincinnati and issued from there.

His determined stand caused great oflense, and as he was of a contentious disposition himself, and proud and utterly fearless, he had almost numberless duels, with pistols, guns and knives, the bowie being his favorite.

In the Mexican war he served as an officer of volunteers. He supported Taylor, Fremont and Lincoln for the Presidency, and was made minister to Russia by Lincoln, serving from 1861 to 1869. General Clay supported Greeley in 1872, Tilden in 1876 and Blaine in 1884.

When General Clay was recalled from the court of St. Petersburg he brought to America with him a Russian woman and a son, Launey Clay, was born to them in a farm house at his country mansion, Whit-hall. General Clay's family rebelled because of the presence of the woman. Mrs. Clay, who was a Miss Warfield, secured a divorce. She would not go to court for alimony, but was allowed a large portion of the property by General Clay. It was on November 9th, 1894, the Gen-

It was on November 9th, 1894, the General Clay, after nearly thirty years of solitude, married Dora Richardson, a domestic in his kitchen. The girl was about 14 years old. Her home was at Valley View, in Madison county, and she had performed an act of heroism by saving the life of herself and little brother on a railroad trestle by letting herself down through the beams while holding her beather in her arms. while holding her brother in her arms.

General Clay was always peculiar, and he wrote for the children to be brought to

she came and after she left.

In September, 1897, General Clay divorced the girl, who had fallen in love with Riley Brock, and gave her a home in Pinkard and in Woodford county. Pilor Pinkard, up in Woodford county. Riley Brock was killed recently and Dora Brock

went back to live at Whitehall. In the last year or so General Clay thought a secret foe was after him, and he filled his house with bowie knives and guns. On the upper floor he had two field pieces, and these protruded through the windows overlooking the approach to the mansion. They were covered with rust, but looked silently out where they have

stood for years.

It was not until Dr. Thomas S. Bullock, of Louisville, and Dr. Walter O. Bullock, of Lexington, were summoned to Whitehall that a stranger was allowed to enter

the now tottering old house.

The sight that met their eyes was one of misery. In the large bedrooms the paper was falling from the walls. Cobwebs were clinging to the corners and to the tops of the pictures, and there was dust and dirt everywhere. Skillets were scattered about the hearth, chairs were broken and worn and scattered about in confusion. Large revolvers lying at the head of the bed and huge bolts on the doors added to the weird

In this place the once famous duelist and statesman lay on a bed, his eyes fixed on the door. Questions asked him were answered in monosyllables and with unwill-

He declared that he was the victim of the greed of his children, who sought to

the greed of his children, who sought to keep his child wife Dora away from him and to get his property.

"Why can't they be patient?" said the sorrowing old man. "They will not have much longer to wait. I have always contended I would live to be 100 years old, and I am going to do it. I tell you I am going to live one century."

His famous old home was in a bad condition. The fences were tumbled down.

dition. The fences were tumbled down and weeds have grown up about the house until the once beautiful walks can no long-er be seen. The pastures of blue grass are unkept and the fields in gullies.

Fearing he would be poisoned by some imaginary energy, General Clay had his meals prepared on the hearth in his bedroom, and no matter how hot the weather the preparations must be under his direc-

His coffee was prepared in a little boiler on the fireplace, in which wood is burned.
He allowed no one to prepare his coffee.
His servants had quarters near by, but
General Clay would eat none of their cooking. The Great Dane dog stood guard over the house and at the approach of a

stranger began barking.

When General Clay was minister to Russia he was a court favorite. He was given many handsome presents, and these he had always pointed out with pride to visitors. General Clay gave some of them to Dora when he divorced her. She sold them as rubbish. The little rocking chair which he bought her when she first went to Whitehall as his ward occupies a place in the corner of the parlor.

The surviving children are: Brutus J Clay, promir ent in national politics, of Richmond; Miss Laura Clay, noted as an exponent of woman's suffrage, of Lexing-ton; Mrs. Dabney Crenshaw, of Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Mary Barr Clay and Mrs. James Bennet, of Richmand, Ky. Wed By Hypnotism.

Girl Says Fairman's Eyes Held Her in Terror-Didn't Know of Marriage.

"I am not this man's wife. Controlled by some mysterious power which he has over me I did accompany him to the office of a lawyer, where, they now say, a contract of marriage was acknowledged," said Miss Lillian Joven, of 456 Ninth avenue, New York. "I signed no paper, acknowledged no signature. Loathing and dread are the only sentiments. I feel toward the are the only sentiments I feel toward the man who falsely claims me as his wife." This statement was made by the girl in the course of a story in which hypnotism is the

Notice of Miss Joven's marriage to James F. Fairman on June 24th was published in the New York morning papers on Monday.
"It is all right; Miss Joven is my wife,"
insists the alleged bridegroom. "We were insists the alleged bridegroom. "We were married under the new law—by contract. Together we acknowledged our signatures to the agreement before lawyer Frank M. Wells, of the firm of Beard & Peret, 115

Broadway. Her mother has come between us, but her love is mine. I shall enforce my rights and take my bride."

Miss Joven, a tall, pretty young girl, is employed in a Wall street broker's office and sings in the choir of the church of the Holy Apostle.

"I never saw the man, who claims me as his wife until last April," said Miss Joven. "He walked into my office one day, in-troduced himself as a telephone lineman, and asked to examine the instrument.
While ostensibly working at the phone he kept staring at me. His eyes terrified me. They were clear and gray and as cold as ice. I felt weak and rose to leave the office. The feeling passed in an instant and I almost laughed aloud at my fear.

"Three days later the same man met me in the elevator. He bowed respectfully, and I answered with a slight nod. Approaching me, he asked about my work, the hours and the salary. Every word was agross insult, coming from an absolute stranger, but his strange gray eyes were on mine and I answered. I struggled to choke

back the words, but was powerless.

"This work will not do for you," said the man. 'You shall have a position in one of the city departments, with better pay and shorter hours.' Murmuring a woad of thanks I rau from the elevator. I thought I had seen the last of him.

"From that night he shadowed me everywhere. Learning that I sang in a church choir he managed to find a place in the chorus. Early in June our choir gave a benefit performance at Carnegie lyceum. I was assigned to one of the leading roles, but even on the stage I could not escape

my tormentor. "Steadily the influence of his peculiar eyes has taken possession of mine. Once his arms grazed mine as he suddenly appeared beside me in Broadway, and the shock was like an electric bolt. Late in line has been as the suddenly appeared beside as a contraction of the suddenly appeared besides as the suddenly appeared besides a suddenly appeared besides as the suddenly appeared besides as the suddenly appeared besides a suddenly appeared besides as the suddenl June he met me and said: 'Come up to the office of a friend. I want in introduce

"I refused to accompany him until his eyes caught mine. In that instant every particle of will abandoned me. Feeling powerless to disobey I followed him like a child to 115 Broadway, to the office of lawyer Wells. There I sat as in a dream for fully an hour. I saw the lawyer busy with papers and heard the voice of Fairman saying. 'I'll see you tomorrow, old man.' No one asked me a question and I did not take a pen in my hand.

"The story that I acknowledged my signature to a contract of marriage is wick-There was that in the rear brakeman's eyes which stopped Hennessy. Suppose he should leave Tympan at Lyshon over Sunday, with no trains of the supplierdess to be raised.

The 14-year-old girl ruled Whitehall during her short stay there as firmly as General Clay had ruled the place before she came and after the left.

Fairman said. I must leave on a leave that the place before she came and after the left. mine is found affixed to any such contract er. Fairman said, 'I must leave on a busiand he walked away laughing."

> Fell 100 Feet and Lives. Boyce Describes Sensations as He Whirled Through

tell the tale.

Pedestrians on Broad street and South Penn Square, Philadelphia, heard a shriek. The next instant a man fell to the pave-ment. As men rushed to raise the corpse ment. As men rusned to raise the corpse the supposedly dead man rolled over, sat up, gasped for breath and finally spoke. Although he had been thrown from the seventh floor of the West End Trust Building and had struck the tiled roof of the Hotel Wilmot and an iron fire escape during his 100-foot fall, Boyce had sustained only a broken ankle, a few bruises and

scratches and a nervous shock. He was removed to the Hahnemann hospital, where he was able to relate his sensa

tions in the fall. Erecting a scaffold at the seventh floor. several boards were thoughtlessly allowed to project in the elevator shaft. Boyce was standing on the boards when the elevator shot up the shaft and struck the planks. Then the man felt a rush of air in his ears, had a kind of shock as he clinched his hands and seemed to brace himself, and realized that he was falling. Immediately

he recognized that death awaited him.
"All I could think of was the sudden came up to me. I knew there would be a

sudden stop. Then it came."

Beyond this, although Boyce was perfeetly conscious when picked up, and, for that matter, is still conscious, he could remember nothing except intense pain in

"All things were away from my mind except that I must hit something and that it would come awful sudden," he said. From the slanting roof Boyce rolled over the steep edge and fell on an iron fire escape. It was on this that he sustained most of his injuries. Then he pitched to the pavement, his body turning in this final drop and throwing its entire weight on the foot which struck the ground first,

breaking the ankle. His Great Opportunity.

"Ah, me!" sighed the nervous author as he trimmed the midnight lamp. "I've just been reading an article which says the sun's light will be extinguished in a million years from now. Ain't that terrible to con-

template?"
"It certainly is," replied the wife. "But you won't take my advice." 'What do you mean ?''

"About saving money. Now is the time to lay by, with a view to taking stock in the gas companies."-Atlanta Constitution. The baker dresses in spotless white,

As many of us know : But the baker if not the richest man-He hasn't all the dough. -St. Louis Post-Dispatch Reviving of the Drowning

Scores of lives are lost every summer in the rivers and lakes around the country and many of them might be saved by a knowledge of how to act in cases of emergency.

The United States volunteer life saving The United States volunteer life saving corps of New York City has issued a summer bulletin of instructions for life saving from drowning, and if people will read the following extracts from it and keep them in mind when the time comes to act the number of deaths may be greatly reduced.

A large proportion of the lives lost every year are of children who have never been given any concention of the dangers of the

given any conception of the dangers of the waters, either in bathing or boating. The corps has been long and persistently urging upon parents and school boards the duty and necessity of education in this direction and of teaching the young how to swim and how to act when boating.

As a result many lives have been saved the past year by children in their teens. These rules are important:

1. Do not go out in any pleasure boat of small or large dimensions without being assured that there are life saving buoys or cushions aboard sufficient to float all on board in case of an upset or collision.

2. With a party, be sure you are all properly and satisfactorily seated before you leave the shore—particularly with girls on board. Let no one attempt to exchange seats in midstream or to put a foot on the edge or gunwale of the boat to change seats or to rock the boat for fun. This, by rollicking young people, has upturned many a boat and lost very many lives every year. Where the waters become rough from a sudden squall or passing steamers never rise in the boat, but settle down as close to the bottom as possible and keep cool until the rocking danger is past.

If overturned a woman's skirts, if held out by her extended arms, while she uses her feet as if climbing a stairs, will often hold her up while a boat may pull out from the shore and save her. A non-swimmer by drawing his arms up to his sides and pushing down with widely extended hands, while stair climbing or treading water with his feet, may hold himself up several minutes, often when a single minute means his life. Throwing out the arms, dog fashion, forward overhand and pulling in, as if reaching for something that may bring him help, may at least keep him afloat till help

3. In rescuing drowning persons seize them by the hair or the collar, back of the neck; do not let them throw their arms around your neck or arms. If unmanageable do not strike them, but let them drop under a moment until quiet, then tow then to the shore. If unconscious do not wait a moment for a doctor or an ambulance, but begin at once. First get the tongue out and hold it by a handkerchief or towel to let the water out, get a buoy, box or bar-rel under the stomach or hold them over your knee, head down, and jolt the water out, then turn them over from side to side four or five times, then on the back and with a pump movement keep their arms going from pit of stomach overhead to a straight out and back 14 or 16 times a minute, until signs of returning life are shown. A bellows movement pressure on the stomach at the same time is a great aid if you have help.

Of course you will at first loosen collar and all binding clothing. Let someone at once remove shoes and stockings and at the same time rub the lower limbs with an upward movement from foot to knee, occasionally slapping the soles of the feet with the open hand. Working on these lines, our volunteer life savers have been successful after two hours of incessant manipulation, but are generally successful inside of 30 minutes. Spirits of ammonia to the nostrils, or a feather tickling in the throat, often helps to quicken, but we rarely need anything more than the mechanical means. Use no spirits internally until after breathing and circulation are restored, then a moderate use of stimulants or hot tea and a warm blanket or bed is of the first im-

The United States volunteer life saving corps has distributed several thousand of its "Rescue and Resuscitation Cards," Daniel Boyce, aged 30 years, fell 100 feet through space Wednesday morning, struck a roof, rolled on to the ground and lives to ceipt of the cost of postage and mailing tube. But if readers will cut out this article and study its instructions and carry it

Wherever, in any State, on any water ways where people gather for swimming or boating, three or more expert swimmers will form a volunteer life saving crew, we will furnish them, free of expense life saving buoys and flags and signs to denote their stations and buttons and badges to denote their official positions, and boats and medicine chests where needful, containing all remedies to resuscitate the drowning, at half their cost.

A Wail From the Solitudes.

TO A BABY. So here you are, blinking and winking those eyes of yours on the unaccustomed scenes of this world. And a curious old world it is too, as you will find to your surprise bye and bye.
As you are a stranger here I will give

you a short account of the scenes in which stop," he said, "I was only an instant in falling. I saw the hotel roof below me. It vis. After sundry attacks of cholera-infanvis. After sundry attacks of cholera-infan-tum and teething during which process you will be furnished with a temporary set of teeth—and you will find that most of the other good things of life are of a more or less temporary character—will come the period during which you will be furnished with the essentials of life, which will be grip, measles, chicken-pox, mumps and a long retinue of followers of various kinds. All things considered, my young friend, the prospect is not a cheerful one. As you grow older and develop, your several admiring friends and relatives may declare you look like anyone from your uncle's half-sister's aunt to the barber of Bagdad. These are but the beginning of sorrows. You will lose them bye and bye, like your early teeth. But, like the teeth, they will be replaced with a set of permanent trials and tribulations that will stick to you with the adhesiveness of a bad habit. But do not let me discourage you, for among all that I have mentioned you will find a liberal sprinkling of swimming, fishing, fire-crackers, taffy, doll babies etc. As a whole you will find life very much like a sandwich, if you know what that is, you will find the meat of pleasure sliced thin, highly spiced and placed between generous slices of the bread of care and toil. That is you will find it so provided you will be able to survive the caressing onslaughts of all your adoring relatives and friends of all ages and conditions of health and breath and life.

In short, one of the greatest mistakes you ever made in your life was to come in-to this world, and it is a pity too, for you are a likely looking youngst KENDRICK J. ARNOTTE.

General Jackson's Manner. Reminiscence Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston was

"The late Harriet Lane Johnston," said a New York woman who was an intimate friend of the former mistress of the White House, "having lived so long with her statesman uncle, James Buchanan, had many statesman uncle, James Buchanan, had many interesting reminiscenses of him and his times. One of them which she was fond of relating," says the New York "Sun," was an incident told to her by Mr. Buchanan of the social career of General Jackson while he was President. Mr. Buchanan was in the United States Senate

at the time.
"As Mrs. Johnston related the incident, "As Mrs. Johnston related the incident, a famous Baltimore lady, one of the leaders in society of that day, and related to an English family of title and distinction, had spent a long time in England during Jackson's administration, her family connections admitting her to the inner circles of spittography and applications. of aristocratic and royal society. George IV was then King, and a short time before this lady left England to return to America she was presented to him. He confided to her a message to President Jackson, which he requested her to deliver in per-

"The reputation his political enemies had made for Jackson was such that the lady was most unfavorably impressed, never having met the rugged old soldier. In fact, the idea of 'Jacksonian vulgarity' was quite the popular one, and there were many stories of the general's offensive application of it in his social as well as businesses. plication of it in his social as well as busi-

ness contact with visitors.

"Consequently, this high-bred message-bearer from the king of England was very much disinclined to a personal interview with this President of boorish reputation, but, having undertaken to carry out the wishes of the King, she determined to undergo the trial, prepared to be greatly schocked at what she might see and hear. Being well acquainted with James Bu-chanan, she begged him to accompany her on her mission and introduce her to the

President. White House,' Mrs. Johnston related merrily, 'and leaving her in the reception room, he went to the President's room to

arrange for the interview.
"He found the President alone. His face was covered with a bristling beard of several days' growth. He was wearing a dressing gown which was very much soiled and greatly the worse for past service. He

was smoking an old clay pipe.

"It was a disheartening moment for Mr. Buchanan, for to present the refined and elegant lady to the President of the United State. in such attire and personal unconthness seemed to him but little better than a national disgrace. He told the President about the distinguished woman who had come to seek an introduction to him, on an errand from the King of England, and made bold to say:

her without making an appropriate to let."
"The grim old soldier took his pipe out of his mouth, stretched himself to his full height, shot a flery look at his audacious social prompter from beneath his shaggy eyebrows and exclaimed, with some forceful adjuncts of language that may as

well not be repeated: " 'Buchanan, I knew a man once who succeeded admirably in getting along simply by minding his own business!"
"He told my uncle to go back and wait with the lady, and he would see her presently. Mr. Buchanan returned to the reception room and awaited the President's

coming in a torture of suspense.
"'In a remarkably short time General Jackson entered the room. He was neatly shaven and in plain but correct attire. A more courtly and dignified presence, my uncle said, could not well be imagined, and he was so astonished at the change in Jackson's appearance and manner that he

almost forgot what he was there for. " 'He introduced the lady, however, and retired to await the termination of the interview, which, from what she had said to him, he felt that she was eager to make as short as possible. He was therefore, surprise when more than an hour had passed and she was still talking with the pan she had dreaded to meet as one but

little better than a wild cat. "She appeared at last, escorted to the door by the President. Mr. Buchanan with them they will be able to meet any emergencies that may occur upon the water ters. abused Jackson.
"' "I am captivated!" she replied. "I

never so enjoyed an hour. I have been at all the courts of Europe, and I can truly say that at none of them have I ever seen a man who in elegance of manners could ex-cel General Jackson. While intensely dignified, he was so kind that my dread disappeared in an instant, and before I knew it I was captivated. It will never do for any one to charge General Jackson with vulgarity, in my presence again !"

" 'As long as my uncle lived,' Mrs. Johnston was wont to say, 'he delighted to relate, which he always did with great relish, and particularly if it gave him opportunity to rebuke an ill-natured reference to Jacksonian vulgarity, what befel him and his apprehensive companion from that interview with Andrew Jackson.'

The Lingering Department.

"A large and overwhelmingly dressed colored woman came in here yesterday," said the floor walker. "She was evidently a stranger in the store, but the world was hers, and she felt at home anywhere. She sailed up to me with a rustle of nearsilk that you could have heard in Alexandria.

"I want to go to the lingering department," said she. I hesitated till she had repeated her remark, then I said:
"'Oh, yes; you'll find the waiting room
at the head of the stairs, over there.'

"'I don't want the waiting room. I wants the lingering department,' she said. "Then it dawned upon me whatshe wanted, and I sent her three aisles over and two floors up to the place where things made of white muslin and lace and be by tibbon are sold. And considering the length of time that the average shopper spends over the choice of a garment up there, I thought 'lingering' was as appropriate a word as 'lingerie.' "— Washington Post.

A Bride of Fourteen.

And the Groom But 19-Were Self Married on Thurs day.

Thomas H. Lowther and Ethel Schroyer, of Smook, near Uniontown, were self married in the office of the register and recorder at that place on Thursday. The blushing bride was fourteen years old. The groom was five years her senior. The former was very childish in appearance, and looked as if she should have been under the parental roof for several years more. The latter also looked quite youthful. They attracted considerable attention around the court