

Destiny.

"The mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small,"

THE COUNTRY OF IDEALIZATION.

"If you are thinking," said Lee Newberry, impressively, "of accepting Tommy Raymond, take the advice plus the experience of an old friend, and don't com-

mit such a fawcuss pas!" Riette frowned back among the rose cushions and smiled vaguely.

"Oh, my dear, don't!" Lee went on. "When one crosses the matrimonial border the Country of Idealization passes away. I know all about it; you see I married Tony, and Tony is good, but where, where are my illusions? Dissolved in a mist of commonplaces—made a mistake. I should have invited Tony down off his pedestal a bit after the honeymoon, but I let him stay on it until it gradually crumbled under his feet."

Riette smiled jestingly. "How do you know that your pedestal is still intact? Perhaps Tony—"

"Perhaps. Life is so full of the commonplace when life is side, that there is no room for pedestals!" Riette Townsend had accepted an invitation to stop with the Newberrys for as many weeks as she could spare from her social calendar, and as it was her first visit since Lee Newberry's marriage, two years ago, it was an event to them both.

They went up together, Riette admiring all the way. The guest-room was a bower of rose and green, with the permeating sweetness of summer wrested from the hot-house to create an indoor June. Riette buried her face in the cluster of daffodils on the dressing-table.

"My favorite flowers! How dear of you to think of them!"

Lee blushed an uncomfortable red. "It was Tony," she said, frankly; "he remembered!"

The moment was awkward for both: Tony's former infatuation for Riette was a subject upon which neither had ever spoken to the other. Riette had often secretly wondered whether Tony Newberry had married her best friend from piety—or the "other thing"; and as she fingered the yellow petals of the daffodils the question again arose.

Two hours later she entered the fire-lit library, and Tony, from the depths of an alluring chair, rose to greet her. "This is good, Riette," he said, cordially, leaning down to her; "but you don't deserve a welcome, you've treated us so shabbily since our marriage. I had an idea a maid of honor was bound to stand by one all the days of her life—sort of a sponsor in baptism, you know!"

Riette laughed softly. "I plead guilty," she admitted. "I am a deserter."

Lee was putting last touches to the dinner table, and the murmur of laughter from the library floated in to her. She stopped pulling the saffronitis into a yellow shower. "Suppose," she said, thoughtfully, "it was Riette, instead of me?" Then she gave the flower-bowl a little push and straightened a silver candle. "Come in, you two," she called gayly; "dinner was announced ages ago!"

From her end of the table Lee studied Riette with critical admiration. She had always acknowledged the latter's beauty, but tonight there was a more compelling attraction. Tony's shyness was manifest. Lee felt a pang of jealousy as Riette's hand, throwing Riette's vivacity into more brilliant contrast.

Dinner over, they adjourned to the den, where a low fire glowed on the hearth, stepping the room in a rose-colored dusk. Riette went to the piano and her fingers slipped softly over the keys. There was a faint sweetness about her that brought a little stab to Lee's heart, and she felt a wild sense of irritation as Riette's pretty, trivial voice trilled through the room. She was relieved when Riette rose from the piano, pleading fatigue.

"Come up with me, dear; Tony doesn't want us; we'll give him a chance to go."

"Oh, Tony's a confirmed heart-ast!" "He is the soul of domesticity," agreed Tony, mildly.

During the fortnight which followed, Lee Newberry did not derive that satisfaction from her friend's visit which she had anticipated. Riette irritated her continually; her vivacity, her unconscious coquetry, her very prettiness were all separate aggravations.

One evening as they sat over the remnants of desert, Tony enjoying his after-dinner cigar, Lee suddenly announced her intention of going out.

Riette's vivacious raillery of Tony ceased for a moment. "Again tonight? My dear, you're becoming afflicted with a social St. Vitus's dance!"

"Nonsense! the Landreths are giving a box-party and they want me to chaperone!" Tony protested hotly, but to no avail. Riette smiled, and pushed the ash-receiver in her direction. "You must pay the penalty of marrying a popular wife, Tony!"

Lee was annoyed; she had begun to hate Riette's easy familiarity with Tony. "I've no doubt you can amuse each other in my absence!" she said, abruptly, and pushing her finger-bowl from her, she rose and left the room.

Riette looked at Tony across the pink candle-shades, with a slight elevation of her eyebrows.

Tony, man-like, was perplexed; he stopped drawing patterns on the table-cloth with his nut-pick, and glanced interrogatively at Riette. "What on earth—" he exclaimed.

Half an hour later he put his wife in the Landreth carriage and returned to the den, where Riette was embroidering marvellous rosebuds on a piece of white linen. Tony wondered how women make such beautiful trash with their ten fingers.

"Has it occurred to you what an awful fool I am, Riette?"

"Not exactly; why?"

"Why? Isn't a man rather an ass who can't keep a woman's affection a bit over the honeymoon?"

"Ordinarily, yes—but this is different." Riette dropped her embroidery-frame. "Once upon a time," she said, irrelevantly, "there was a girl who was a Dreamer of Dreams. She dwelt in a land which she called the Country of Idealization. One day someone crossed the border of this country and came into her life. She didn't call this someone a man, she called him a Prince, and she put him on a golden chair

and set him in the throne-room in her heart. Now this someone didn't belong on a throne, he belonged in the busy work-a-day world, and when, like a man, he got off his golden chair and came down to do the little commonplace things, the Dreamer awoke with a shock to find that after all he was 'only a man.' The Country of Idealization is such a glittering place that it dazzles the eyes; one gets a false valuation of objects, and the poor Dreamer could not see that to 'be only a man' was a much finer thing than to be 'only a Prince.' His sudden desertion of the golden chair hurt her; she did not realize that he could still live in the throne-room, without sitting idly on the lazy, golden chair she had set up for him. As it was she felt that her ideals were shattered; she tore down the golden chair and looked the throne-room, and all because she did not understand that Love needs no idealizing, but that Love idealizes the commonest object. Perhaps some day she will come out of the illusive country, and then—

"Perhaps she will," said Tony, vaguely, "but how?"

Riette looked thoughtful, but a smile curved her lips. "There is the little green god?" she suggested, softly. "He might beckon her out. I tell you, Tony, couldn't you pretend a bit of interest in me?"

"Tony sat up in his chair with a jerk. 'Do you think that would—'"

"I think so, Tony."

Nothing further was said on the subject until the click of a latch-key in the hall-door announced Lee's return. As she entered the room, the scene in the soft fire-lit circle met her eyes. Tony and Riette had evidently been enjoying their evening!

Whether Lee had taken an overdose of black coffee at the supper which followed the theatre, it is impossible to surmise; sufficient to state that she lay with wide, sleepless eyes far into the morning, and that her tired brain circled round one absorbing subject: Tony and Riette—Riette and Tony.

"They say there is nothing like a man's first love!" she told herself, miserably. "Could it be that the old flame didn't die?" But she had been so sure of Tony. She recalled Riette's carelessly suggestive "How do you know that your pedestal is still intact? Perhaps Tony—"

A sense of hatred of Riette took possession of her; pretty, trivial Riette—perhaps Tony—! She told herself her jealousy was an ignoble thing, and she tried to strangle it, but it clung to her tenaciously.

It was in this state of affairs that the two women, having dined *en te la tele*, were sitting over the library fire, Riette staring gloomily into the bright embers, and Lee making a pretence of reading. There was a sudden ring of the bell, and a moment later a maid entered with a white envelope and an accompanying message. Lee had installed her name in the black leather delivery book, and glanced at the envelope. It was her husband's writing and somehow his erratic e's and y's had never seemed so strangely dear to her before.

"Dear Lee," she read. "Am sorry to be detained downtown on business. Good luck to you at the Harveys! I send some violets to go with the black gown. Affec."

"P. S. Will call for you if I get home in time to put on dress-clothes."

Lee put the letter in its envelope and opening the tinted box she drew out a mammoth bunch of violets. "Tony will not be home till late," she said, laconically, thrusting her nose into the purple glory. "You won't change your mind and go to the Harveys?"

"I don't think so, dear; I'm so tired."

"Oh!" Lee was ashamed of the faint suspicion which flashed across her at Riette's refusal. She rose and went upstairs to put the finishing touches to her toilet.

She felt an unaccounted throbbing at her temple as she fastened Tony's violet in the bodice of her gown, then she went to her husband's dressing-room and got out his dress-clothes, and for a moment her cheek pressed the lapel of his coat with as much sentiment as a girl whose illusions had not been dissolved in a mist of commonplaces.

She blushed at her foolishness, and catching up her wraps ran downstairs. When the carriage had taken Lee away, Riette, left to her own devices, turned the light low and made herself comfortable on the bear-rug before the fire. Everything was conducive to sleep, the moving shadows on the wall, the fire spitting scarlet sparks, and the drowsy monotone of the clock. She was not conscious of having snatched, however, until a familiar voice awakened her.

"Oh, Tony, are you in?" she said, sleepily.

"Yes, but I am seriously considering being 'out' again. I wrote Lee I'd go to the Harveys for her. It's so late, though, I'm afraid she's already on the way home."

Riette glanced at the clock. "Of course she is. Sit down instead and I'll sing you into a nice nap." She went to the piano and ran softly through a drowsy lullaby. "Here's a warranted anodyne!"

Tony got up and leaned over the piano, and Riette's fingers strayed from the slumber song into weird, fanciful harmonies. A plaintive, Eastern love-cry floated into the dusky room, finding harbor in the shadows.

The hall-door opened, but neither heard it. Tony was absorbed in the music; Riette's voice had never touched him before; now it had the echoing melody of a harp-string, thrilling the words with throbbing sweetness. Suddenly her fingers left the keys with a quick staccato movement; and something behind him made Tony turn his head. Lee stood in the doorway, her face white and tired. The scene seemed to her significant; Riette singing as she had never sung before, and Tony leaning over the piano with a look in his eyes that told Lee like a knife.

With a quick glance of concern, Tony went to her. "What is it, dear? What makes you look so fagged?"

She moved away from him. "Nothing," she said, shortly.

"I'm sorry I got home too late to go for you, as I promised."

"Did you?" There was an expression of quiet scorn on her face as she turned and went upstairs.

When her door had insured her against intrusion, she dropped wearily into the nearest chair. It had come to this, then—she loved Riette. She pulled unconsciously at the faded petals of the violets. As she recalled his note the dull, aching sensation left her, and a swift resentment took its place. So his promise was merely a blind! He had not intended keeping it—and Riette? They had both deceived her. She laughed harshly, and rose from her chair, the little purple flowers falling at her feet; in a moment she had crushed them under the heel of her slipper. It was a melodramatic gesture played to the gallery of her wounded pride; then she did a very ordinary and human thing; plucking up the trampled flowers, she leaned her cheek against the forlorn nosegay and cried.

In an instant of illumination it flashed over her what she had lost; she had been reaching out after impossible stars, missing

ing, in her up-turned gaze, the tender flowers growing in clusters at her feet. The Country of Idealization stood revealed to her awakened eyes; cold, unsatisfying, unreal, like the scenic glitter on a painted stage. It was just the things she had scorned, the dear commonplaces of life, which make the world a sweet and wholesome place. She no longer accused her husband, or Riette; with a little sob she acknowledged that the fault lay with herself.

Below-stairs Riette and Tony were facing each other. The moment his wife had left the room, Tony had started up; then he turned to Riette. "She thinks I've lied to her!" he said, slowly.

Riette's fair head drooped, and her hands hung limply at her sides.

"I must go to her, poor little girl," he continued, tenderly. "How could she think I could care—" He stopped short. Riette laughed; there was a broken ring in it.

Tony flushed. "I beg your pardon. I didn't intend that. I was only wondering how it was possible for Lee to doubt me."

"Yes—I know!"

He extended his hand. "You've been awfully good to me, Riette. You've shown me what I had begun to fear was non-existent, the love of my wife!"

"Yes—the love of your wife!" Suddenly she smiled up at him with her old vivacity. "Tell me how diplomatic I am, why don't you? to—unearth such—such mysteries!" Her face was white, and her hand fluttered in his.

She stood still after he had left her, looking beyond her with unseeing eyes. "Was it foolish to call her out of the Country of Idealization?" she questioned, vaguely. —By Amelia Hamilton McAllister, in Everybody's Magazine.

The Codfishers of Newfoundland.

The isolation of this people does not appear so appealingly in the bait-stations that in the remote parts they use spinning-wheels and hand-ooms, cure the sick with charms, never saw a brick or a horse, have faith in mermaids, sing the west country ballads of the sixteenth century, and argue, like enough, that hell is or is not at the centre of the earth, as it appears in the simple case of the maid of French Bow Harbor, who came into the surgery one raw, black June night with a gust of wet wind.

"I'm Tim Hudd's maid, zur," she gasped, "an' I'm juss come from the Punch Bowl in the bait skiff."

She stood with her back against the door, one hand still on the knob and the other shading her eyes; a slender girl with a shawl thrown over her head, and now dripping. Wisps of wet hair clung to her forehead, and rain drops lay in the flushed hollows of her cheeks.

"And what's the matter with you?" the doctor asked sympathetically. But he did not need to ask—the flush and gasp told the story quite well enough; she was dying of consumption.

"Me lights is floatin' zur," she answered. "Your lights?"

"Ay, zur," laying a hand on her chest. "They're floatin' wonderful. I've been tryin' 't kape an' down, zur; but 'tis no use."

The doctor raised his eyebrows. What had the maid been doing to keep her lungs in place, he wondered.

"I've been taking shot, zur, 't weight an' down," she went on; "but, zur," with a sigh, "tis no use, at all. An' Jim Roth's 'my man,' she added, hurriedly. "I'm 't be married to an' when he comes up from the Labrador. Does you think, zur—"

She paused—in embarrassment, perhaps; for it may be that it was the great hope of this maid, as it is the hope of all true Newfoundland women, to live to be the mother of sons.

"Yes," said the doctor.

"Does you think, zur," she whispered, "that you can cure me afore the Labrador fleet comes home?" —Norman Duncan in the World's Work.

Burglars Sentenced.

Five Citizens of St. Louis to go to the Penitentiary. They were members of the Municipal Legislature and were convicted of Bribery—Sold Franchises to Railway.

Judge Ryan of St. Louis, has passed sentence on five members of the House of Delegates, four of whom were convicted of bribery and one of perjury in connection with municipal franchise deals. Following are those sentenced:

John A. Sheridan, bribery in connection with suburban street railway deal, five years; T. Edward Albright, bribery, suburban deal, five years; Jerry J. Hanigan, bribery, suburban deal, five years; Louis Deane, perjury, suburban deal, four years; Emil Hartman, bribery, city lighting bill six years.

All filed appeal bonds in the sum of \$10,000 each.

Railroad Accidents in 1903.

300 Persons Killed and 2,654 Injured in the First Three Months.

A bulletin issued by the interstate commerce commission on the railroad accidents during the first three months ending March 31, 1903, shows there were 300 persons killed and 2,654 injured in train accidents. Other kinds of accidents, including those sustained by employees while at work and by passengers getting on and off cars, etc., bring the total number of casualties up to 327 killed and 11,481 injured. In one collision 22 passengers were killed and in a collision of two freight trains 12 employees were killed.

Many items in the tabulation show an apparent increase as compared with similar items in the preceding bulletin, but this is partly explained by the fact that the commission now secures more complete returns of accidents that have heretofore been made by the railroad companies. The total number of collisions and derailments was 2,831, of which 1,650 were collisions and 1,181 derailments. There were 391 collisions and 125 derailments affecting passenger trains. The damage to cars, engines and roadway by these accidents amounted to \$2,491,046.

Weak Eyes Are Caused By Teeth.

Statement Made at State Dentist's Convention.

An interesting paper entitled "Gold Blindness," was read by L. Webster Fox, M. D., of Philadelphia, at the last session of the recent State Dental society in Reading.

He said that blindness often has its source in the extracting of a tooth. The medium by which the teeth, eyes and ears are connected is the fifth nerve. Eye diseases are often cured by treatment being applied to the teeth. This is also true vice versa. The teeth are often affected by a strained eye, and dentists often have trouble in such cases to find the cause of the trouble.

An Old Bank Closed.

The Doylestown National Bank by the Treasury Department. Stock Speculations by Officers and Some of the Patrons of the Bank Cause Impairment of Its Funds.

The Doylestown National bank of Doylestown, Pa., has been closed by the controller of the currency. Bank Examiner J. W. Schofield has been appointed receiver.

The report of the condition of the bank at the close of the business June 9th, 1903, shows its resources and liabilities at that time to have been as follows:

Resources: Loans and discounts, \$936,322; U. S. bonds to secure circulation, \$73,000; stocks, securities, claims, etc., \$178,538; banking house, furniture and fixtures, \$49,000; other real estate owned, \$14,293; due from banks, \$37,809; cash received, \$130,421; redemption fund, \$3,500; total, \$1,409,885.

Liabilities: Capital, \$105,000; surplus and undivided profits, \$138,400; circulation, \$67,610; due to banks, \$80,592; deposits, \$980,292; notes and bills redeemed, \$40,000; total, \$1,409,885.

THE TOWN SURPRISED.

The following notice was posted on the door of the Doylestown National bank last Thursday:

"This bank closed and in the hands of the controller of the currency." (Signed) "T. B. KANE, Deputy Controller of the Currency, J. W. SCHOFIELD, National bank examiner."

The posting of the notice caused considerable excitement in the town, as the deposits of the institution are large.

The bank examiners had been working on the books for two days past, but no statement had been issued either by them or by the officers of the bank.

George P. Brook is cashier of the bank. The capital stock of the bank was \$105,000 and the last report to the controller showed:

Surplus and profits, \$131,780; deposits, over \$1,000,000; loans and discounts and stock and securities, \$1,051,300.

The bank is one of the oldest in the state. Its Philadelphia correspondents are the Philadelphia National bank and the First National bank. The former has been its agent for fifty years and the latter for thirty years. Bank Examiner Schofield telegraphed the Philadelphia banks to make no remittances to the Doylestown bank.

The president of the bank is Henry Lear, a prominent lawyer and candidate for judge on the Republican ticket.

"The losses," said Deputy Controller Kane today, "will absorb the entire surplus and capital stock of the bank. In other words, the total loss will amount to \$215,000, and it devolves upon the directors and stockholders to make up this deficiency."

Francis L. Worthington, a director, said: "The president and cashier ran things to suit themselves. They had no right to do so. They ought to have consulted the board of directors, and this trouble would have been avoided. No one suspected anything wrong. Our stock has been increasing in value, advancing \$35 a share to \$150. I suppose I will lose through mismanagement of the officers. I understand there was some speculation—Consolidated Lake Superior, I believe, and in that stock most of the money may have been sunk."

George B. Brook, cashier, declined to reply to the accusations of Mr. Worthington, saying that he was not a director, and that he was not a stockholder.

The statement issued by the controller of the currency says that the failure of the bank was brought about by speculations in stocks on the part of officers and a number of customers of the bank.

Recently a branch for saving small sums had been added to the bank's business.

The bank was financing several business enterprises in Doylestown and for a time these may suffer embarrassment.

This afternoon Receiver Schofield exonerated the clerks in the employ of the bank from all blame in connection with the failure, and he informed them that as far as the government was concerned their connection with the bank ended today.

Not the slightest intimation had been given that the bank was not in the best of condition. Deposits were received up to the closing hour. On Sunday night Deputy Controller Kane and J. W. Schofield arrived for a government inspection of the bank and on Monday morning their work began.

Friday afternoon when their examination ended, they announced to the cashier that they would be compelled to order the bank closed.

The news was conveyed to the board of directors who were in session at the time. The directors concluded that events had taken their course, so that morning shortly before 8 o'clock notices were posted on the doors of the bank.

Quickly the news spread through the town, causing a great sensation.

Mr. Schofield was besieged by depositors and he quietly assured all that everything possible would be done to pay them in full. The bank number among its depositors were farmers, mechanics, women and children.

Carrie Nation Fined.

For Selling Hatchets at Saratoga Without Having a Vendor's License.

Carrie Nation was arrested in Saratoga recently on the charge of vending without a city license, and paid a fine of \$10.

She was engaged by the trolley company to give addresses at Nay Ang park. Mayor Council declared that she would not be allowed to speak in the park, and the trolley company secured a vacant lot near the entrance of the park and had Carrie hold forth there. Fully 20,000 persons were at the park to attend the newboys' picnic and hear Mrs. Nation and they cheered her for smashing at the police for preventing her from going into the park. The police asked her for her license for selling her so-called hatchets. She didn't have one, and was placed under arrest.

Some one in the crowd told her there was a city ordinance against prisoners being carried in street cars, and Mrs. Nation refused to get aboard a car that had halted to take her to police headquarters. Thirty policemen pulled, dragged, pushed and tugged to force her aboard the car, but she braced herself firmly and fought fully two minutes before she was finally vanquished.

The throng jeered the police, and every time Mrs. Nation would call out some condemnation of the police force she was cheered to the echo. Some women in the crowd became so excitedly partisan that they called out to the men and boys to stone the police. The car got under way before any violent demonstration broke forth.

Mrs. Nation paid her fine under protest, and engaged a lawyer to take an appeal.

To Starve Out Convicts.

That is Hope of the Militia and Sheriff's Posses.

Twelve of the convicts who escaped from Folsom state prison in California are still at large in the hills, but the sturdy mountaineers are hot on the heels of the fugitives.

The scene of action has shifted from the scene of last Monday night's battle to the mining town of Lotus. It is hoped that they can be surrounded and starved out. Shots were exchanged with the convicts on Wednesday, but no one was wounded.

When last heard from they were headed toward the Greenwood hills, eight miles southeast of Lotus.

Georgetown, which is in the line of escape of the convicts, is unprotected and the inhabitants of that place spent a sleepless night of terror. A request was sent to Company H, of the militia and the sheriff posse for protection, but none of them could reach there during the night.

A hundred armed men gathered in and around the town of Lotus and all the roads leading toward Greenwood and Pilot Hill are closely guarded. The convicts are known to have divided their forces into two parties of desperate criminals, who are said to be in the hills north of the south fork of the American river. The hunted men are traveling alone, the prison guards they held as hostages having been released. They are short of ammunition, and have no provisions. The hard chase which the militia and pursuing posse gave them has told on their energies, as two of the convicts gave out and were carried a mile and a half by their companions.

Now that the prison guards are no longer with the fleeing convicts the officers of the law have no fear of firing on the fugitives.

The man hunt has been followed on foot, on horseback and in private conveyances. The militia has done heroic work in pushing the chase on foot and was close on the trail of the fleeing men for several hours on Wednesday. They beat through the brush and forded the North fork of the American river and ended their day's search at Lotus.

One of the striking features of the prison break was the brave behavior of the women within the guard lines. Many of the officers are men of families and occupy cottages on the hill at the entrance to the prison grounds.

Miss Wilkinson, sister of the warden, presides over the household, and she was the only woman in the residence at the west end of the large end of the stone prison. Her horror may be imagined when she was awakened at an early hour on the morning of the uprising by loud raps on her door by the Japanese servant, and the cries:

"Oh, Miss Wilkinson, please get up; they are killing your brother; they are cutting him to pieces in the captain's office!"

Miss Wilkinson was self-possessed enough to direct the servant to go to the room of State Prison Director J. H. Wilkins, who was visiting the prison, and give him the alarm. Mr. Wilkins arose hastily, but before he or Miss Wilkinson could reach the front of the stone residence the bloody scene in the captain's office had been enacted and her brother with the captain of the guard and other officers, flanked by armed convicts, was being marched across the prison farm in the direction of Mormon bridge, a mile away.

It will be but a few years before durable timber becomes very much dearer than it is at present. Good chestnut and white oak posts are worth now 15 cents each, and red cedar posts 20 cents apiece, unpressed, and are hard to get at that. Ten years from now the supply will be much less. No more profitable use of land can be made than to plant walnut, chestnut, oak, hickory, spruce, ash, maple, poplar, willow, locust and other trees that have a value in the arts for their timber. Plant the rough and the smooth eucalyptus are now grown in the southwestern part of our country more extensively than any other exotic forest tree.

These trees are originally from Australia; they are known there under the name of anti-fever trees, as by their rapid growth and large amount of foliage they absorb the poisonous gases of the swamps, making the air pure and the climate healthy. In California, Kansas and Indiana tracts of land several thousand acres in area have been planted with seedlings of the eucalyptus for fuel, railroad ties and for windbreaks. An account of their rapid growth they make desirable shade trees for the dwelling and pasture lots. In many places of the Southwest the eucalyptus is utilized to advantage to furnish shade in pastures. If set along the fences and along the irrigating ditches they can be made to protect the cattle in the pasture without at any time interfering with farm work.

Seedlings may be had from the nurseries 100 jobs at 5 cents each. There are some thirty different varieties, and all of them are said to grow equally well in the Middle and Southern States. Plant the hillsides in forest trees and farm the low ground.—Baltimore American.

United After 31 Years.

After a separation of 31 years. Aleta McCullough has become united with her son John in a manner suggestive of the modern novel.

When but an infant the son was adopted by Mrs. Ellen Smith, of Plainfield, N. J. Mrs. Smith nursed the child, however, but did not conceal from him the fact that he had been adopted. He spent years in an unsuccessful endeavor to find his mother, seeking her in several parts of the country. Ten months ago he arrived in New Brunswick, N. J., and sought work at the carpet weaving establishment owned by Mrs. McCullough. Recently he discovered that his employer was his own mother and made known his identity to her. At first Mrs. McCullough refused to believe the relationship, but was finally convinced and has taken him into her household as her son. For a long period mother and son lived within 30 miles of each other without knowing it.

Helpless Orphan Falls Down Scarcely Speak Above a Whisper Falls Down Stairs and Is Cured.

Miss Alice Dane, of Passadena Cal., apparently a helpless orphan and deprived of perfect speech for many years, has suddenly had the use of her limbs and vocal powers restored as the result of an accident. Miss Dane had suffered from spinal trouble and had to hobble about on crutches and could scarcely speak above a whisper.

While ascending the stairs at her home she fell and the last step struck against her chest. Immediately the pain from which she had suffered for many years left and after being taken to a cot and lying there for a while, she got up and to the surprise of every one walked about without the aid of crutches. Many physicians had treated the case unsuccessfully for years.

The Prodigal Son's Father.

Sunday School Teacher—Can you tell me the story of the Prodigal Son?

Tommy—Oooh there was a rich butcher, and—</