Bellefonte, Pa., October 9, 1903.

CUTTIN' CORN

Forks may hanker all they keer to Fer th' country in th' fall, They may rave about th' beauty Of the autumn leaves an' all ! They may talk about th' glory Of th' sunshine an' the haze, They may gush about th' grandeur Of th' gold an' purple days, But they's just one reckollection Makes me glad, as sure's your born-Gee, I'm glad 'at I'm not out there Cuttin' corn !

Spanish needles in yer jumper An' yer threadbare overalls ; Cockle-burrs as thick as hops that's Growin' on the garden walls : Dead ol' blades that keeps a sawin' At ver blistered neck an' ears-I recall it just as easy, Though it's been a heap o' years

Since I ust t' take my cutter An' go growlin' out at morn To put in a whole long day at Cuttin' corn !

Heap o' things a man don't fancy In this city life o' ours, Where ye've got t' keep a-spurrin' At yer min's an' body's powers; Sleep don't find yer eyes so easy As it did when you was tired With the long day's tug an' rustle That th' farmin' work required, But ye'll never catch me frettin' Ner a pinin' 'round forlorn, While I realize I'm safe frum Cuttin' corn !

-S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

THE END OF THE TASK.

The sewing-machines whirred like a thousand devils. You have no idea what a noise thirty sewing machines will make when they are running at full speed. Each machine is made up of dozens of little wheels and cogs and levers and ratchets, and each part tries to pound, scrape, squeak and bang and roar louder than all the others. The old man who went crazy last year in this very same shop used to sit in the cell where they chained him, with his fingers in his ears, to keep out the noise of the sewing-machines. He said the incessant din was eating into his brains, and, time and again, he tried to dash out those poor brains against the padded wall.

The sewing-machines whirred and roared and clicked, and the noise drowned every other sound. Braun finished garment af ter garment and arranged them in a pile beside his machine. When there were twenty in the pile he paused in his workif your eyes were shut you would never have known that one machine had stopped -and he carried the garments to the counter, where the marker gave him a ticket for them. Then he returned to his machine. This was the routine of his daily labor from seven o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night. The only deviation from this routine occurred when Lizschen laid the twentieth garment that she had finished upon her pile and Braun saw her fragile figure stoop to raise the pile. Then his machine would stop, in two strides he would be at her side, and with a smile he would carry the garments to the counter for her and bring her the ticket for them. Lizschen would cease working to watch him, and when he handed her the ticket she would smile at him, and sometimes, when no one was looking, she would seize his hand and press it tightly against her cheek-oh! so tightly, as if she were drown ing and that hand were a rock of safety. And, when she resumed her work, a tear would roll slowly over the very spot where his band had rested, tremble for an instant upon her pale cheek, and then fall upon the garment where the needle would sew it firmly into the seam. But you never would have known that two machines had stopped for a moment; there were twentyeight others to keep up the roaring and the

On and on they roared. There was no other sound to conflict with or to vary the monotony. At each machine sat a human being working with hand, foot, and eye, watching the flashing needle, guarding the margin of the seams, jerking the cloth hither and thither quickly, accurately, watching the spool to see that the thread ran freely, oiling the gear with one hand while the other continued to push the garment rapidly under the needle, the whole body swaying, bending, twisting this way and that to keep time and pace with the work. Every muscle of the body toiled, but the mind was free-free as a bird to fly from that suffocating room out to green fields and woods and flowers. And Braun

rattling and the hum.

was thinking. Linder had told him of a wonderful place where beautiful pictures could be looked at for nothing. It was probably untrue. Linder was not above lying. Braun had been in this country six long years and in all that time he had never found anything that could be had for nothing. Yet Linder said he had seen them. Paintings in massive gold frames, real, solid gold, and such paintings! Woodland scenes and oceans and ships and cattle and mountains, and beautiful ladies—such pictures as theatrical posters and the lithograph advertisements on the streets displayed, only these were real. And it cost nothing to

Nineteen-twenty! That completed the pile. It had taken about an hour, and he pend more enthusiasm. had earned seven cents. He carried the pile to the counter, received his ticket and returned to his machine, stopping only to smile at Lizschen, who had finished but half a pile in that time and who looked so white and tired, yet smiled so sweetly at him-then on with his work and thoughts.

He would take Lizschen to see them. It was probably all a lie, but the place was far, far up-town, near Madison Square— Braun bad never been north of Houston Street-and the walk might do Lizschen good. He would say nothing to her about the pictures until he came to the place and found out for himself if Linder had told Otherwise the disappoinment

might do her harm.
Poor Lizschen! A feeling of wild, blind rage overwhelmed Braun for an instant, then passed away, leaving his frame rigid and his teeth tightly clenched. While it lasted he worked like an automaton, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, feeling nothing save a chaotic tumult in his heart and brain that could find no vent in words, no audible expression save in a fierce outcry against fate-resistless, remorseless fate. A few months ago these attacks had come upon him more frequently and had lasted for hours, leaving him exhausted and ill. But they had become rarer and less violent; there is no misfortune to which the human mind cannot ultimately become reconciled. Lizschen was soon to die. Braun had re-

beyond endurance, had cried out against the horror, the injustice, the wanton cruelty, of his brown-eyed, pale-cheeked Lizschen wasting away to death before his eyes. But there was no hope, and he nau gradually become reconciled. The physician at the public dispensary had told him she might live a month or she might live a year longer, he could not foretell more acyer the public dispensary there was no hope, and he nau eral onlookers smiled. Their entrance, Lizschen's bewilderment, and then her eestasy over the painting had all happened in the duration of three or four minutes. The liveried attendants had noticed them year longer, he could not foretell more ac-curately, but of ultimate recovery there was no hope on earth. And Braun's re-bellious out-bursts against cruel fate had become rarer and rarer. Do not imagine that these emotions had ever shaped themselves in so many words, or that he had attempted by any process of reasoning to argue the matter with himself or to see vividly what it all meant, what horrible ordeal he was passing through, or what the future held in store for him. From his tenth year until his twentieth Braun had worked in factories in Russia, often under the lash. He was twenty-six, and his six years in this country had been spent in weat-shops. Such men do not formulate thoughts in words: they feel dumbly, like dogs and horses.

The day's work was done. Braun and The day's work was done. Braun and Lizschen were walking slowly up-town, hand in hand, attracting many an inquiring, half-pitying glance. She was so white, he so haggard and wild-eyed. It was a delightful spring night, the air was balmy and soothing, and Lizschen coughed less than she had for several days. Braun had spoken of a picture he had once seen in a spoken of a picture he had once seen in a shop-window in Russia. Lizschen's eyes had became animated.

"They are so wonderful, those painters," she said. "With nothing but brushes they put colors together until you can see th trees moving in the breeze, and almost imagine you hear the birds in them." "I don't care much for trees," said Braun, "or birds either. I like ships and

battle pictures where people are doing something great."

"Maybe that is because you have always lived in cities," said Lizschen. "When I was a girl I lived in the country, near Odessa, and oh, how beautiful the trees were and how sweet the flowers! And I

were and how sweet the flowers! And I used to sit under a tree and look at the woods across the valley all day long. Ah, if I could only——!"

She checked herself and hoped that Braun had not heard. But he had heard and his face had clouded. He, too, had wished and wished and wished through many a sleepless night, and now he could easily frame the unfinished thought in Liz-

schen's mind. If he could send her to the country, to some place where the air was look on and watch her toiling, toiling, day after day, without end, without hope. The alternative was to starve.

They came to the place that Linder had

described, and, surely enough, before them rose a huge placard announcing that admission to the exhibition of paintings was free. The pictures were to be sold at public auction at the end of the week, and for several nights they were on inspection. The young couple stood outside the door a while, watching the people who were going in and coming out; then Braun said: "Come. Lizschen, let us go in. It is

Lizschen drew back timidly. "They will not let people like us go in. It is for nobility." But Braun drew her forward. "They can do no more than ask us to go out," he said. "Besides I would like to

in a large hall, brilliantly illuminated, and said : "It's near the end, my friend. walled in with paintings whose gilt frames shone like flery gold in the bright light of cannot leave her bed again."

The doctor came and saw at a glance that the patient was beyond his ministernumerous electric lamps. For a moment the sight dazzled her, and she gasped for that permeates all art galleries, be they ever so poor, were all things so far apart from her life, so foreign not only to her experience, but even to her imagination, that of a more phlegmetic temperament and not easily moved. The lights merely made his eyes blink a few times, and after that he went out without a work saw only Lizschen's face. He saw the he walked the streets. blood leave it and a bright pallor over-spread her cheeks, saw the frail hand move convulsively to her breast, a gesture that he knew so well, and feared that she was about to have a coughing spell. Then, suddenly, he saw the color come flooding back to her face and he saw her eyes sparkling, dancing with a joy that he had never seen in them before. Her whole frame seemed suddenly to become animated with a new life and vigor. Somewhat startled by this transformation he followed her gaze. Liz-

then was looking at a painting. "What is it, dear?" he asked. "The picture," she said in a wnisper. The green fields and that tree ! And the oad! It stretches over the hill! The sun will set, too, very soon. Then the sheep will come over the top of the hill. Oh, I can almost hear the leader's bell! And there is a light breeze. See the leaves of the tree; they are moving! Can't you feel the breeze? Oh, darling, isn't it wonderful? I never saw anything like that be-

Braun looked curiously at the canvas. To his eyes it presented a woodland scene, very natural, to be sure, but not more nat ural than nature, and equally uninterest-ing to him. He looked around him to select a painting upon which he could ex-

"Now there's the kind I like, Lizschen," he said. "That storm on the ocean with the big ship going to pieces. And that big picture over there with all the soldiers rushing to battle."

He found several others and was point-ing out what he found to admire in them, when, happening to look at his companion's face, he saw that her eyes were still fastened upon the woodland picture, and he realized that she had not heard a word of what he had said. He smiled at her

tenderly. "Ah, Lizschen," he said, "if I were rich I would take that picture right off the wall and give them a hundred dollars for it, and we would take it home with us so that

Lizschen could look at it all day long." But still Lizschen did not hear. All that big room with its lights and its brilliant colorings, and all those people who had come, and even her lover at her side had faded from Lizschen's consciousness. The picture that absorbed all her being had ceased to be a mere beautiful painting. Lizschen was walking down the road herself: the soft breeze was fanning her fevered cheeks, the rustling of the leaves had pecome a reality; she was walking over the hill to meet the flock of sheep, for she could hear the shepherd's dog barking and the melodious tinkling of the leader's bell.

From the moment of their entrance many curious glances had been directed at them. belled: his heart and soul, racked almost People wondered who this odd-looking,

ill-clad couple could be. When Lizschen became absorbed in the woodland scene and stood staring at it as if it were the most wonderful thing on earth, those observed her exchanged glances, and several onlookers smiled. Their entrance, and had looked at one another with glance that expressed doubt as to what their duty was under the circumstances. Clearly these were not the kind of people for whom this exhibition had been arranged. They were neither lovers of art nor prospective pur-chasers. And they looked so shabby and

onasers. And they looked so shabby and so distressingly poor and ill-nourished.

Finally one attendant, bolder than the rest, approached them, and tapping Braun lightly upon the sleeve, said, quite goodnaturedly:

I think you've made a mistake." Braun looked at him and shook his head and turned to Lizschen to see if she understood. But Lizschen neither saw nor heard.

Then the man, seeing that he was dealing with foreigners, became more abrupt in his demeanor, and with a grunt, pointed to the door. Braun understood. To be summarily ordered from the place seemed more natural to him than to be permitted to remain unmolested amid all that splendor. It was more in keeping with the experiences of his life. "Come, Lizschen" he said, "let us go." Lizschen turned to him with a smiling face, but the smile died quickly when she beheld the attendant, and she alletted Brann's arm. "Yes, let and she clutched Braun's arm. "Yes, let us go." she whispered to him, and they went out.

On the homeward journey not a word was spoken. Braun's thoughts were bitter, rebellious; the injustice of life's arrangements rankled deeply at that moment, his whole soul felt outraged, fate was cruel, life was wrong, all wrong. Liz-schen, on the other hand, walked lightly, Lizin a state of mild excitement, all her spirit elated over the picture she had seen. had been but a brief communion with nature, but it had thrilled the hidden chords of her nature, chords of whose existence she had never dreamed before. Alas! the laws of this same beautiful nature are inexorable. For that brief moment of hap-piness Lizschen was to submit to swift, terrible punishment. Within a few steps of the dark tenement which Lizschen called home a sudden weakness came upon her, then a violent fit of coughing which racked her frail body as though it would rend it asunder. When she took her hands warm and dry, perhaps her days might be prolonged. But he could not. He had to work and she had to work, and he had to not yield to it. Without a word he gathered Lizschen in his arms and carried her through the hallway into the rear building and then up four flights of stairs to the apartment where she lived.

Then the doctor came—he was a young man with his own struggle for existence weighing upon him and yet ever ready for such cases as this where the only reward lay in the approbation of his own conscience-and Braun hung upon his face for the verdict.

"It is just another attack like the last," he was saying to himself. "She will have to lie in bed for a day, and then she will be just as well as before. Perhaps it may even help her! But it is nothing more serious. She has had many of them. I saw them myself. It is not so terribly serious. Not yet. Oh, it cannot be yet— Maybe, after a long time-but not yet-it have a glimpse of the paintings."

With many misgivings Lizschen followed him into the building, and found herself
lieve it. Then the doctor shook his head soon." Over and over again he

Braun stood alone in the room, upright, perience, but even to her imagination, that the scene seemed unreal at first, as if it had him. "You must go now, liebchen," she and left the house. been taken from a fairy tale. Braun was said faintly. "I will be all right tomorrow. went out without a word. All that night took off his coat to wrap it around his bur-

> again. She was awake and happy. "I monotonous roar which seemed to come dreamt about it all night, liebchen," she from all directions and to center in his and lastly for the erection of a West Virginia said joyfully. "Do you think they would brain. let me see it again ?"

He went to his work, and all that day the roar of the machines set his brain a- bell, and after several ineffectual taps on ish activity, and when the machines stopped in the rain, and presently a small ped he found that he had earned a dollar group had gathered. Questions were put and five cents. Then he went to Lizschen and gave her fifty cents, which he told her he had found in the street. Lizschen was noise resounded through the streets as if it much weaker, and could only speak in a ear to her lips, and she whispered: "Liebchen, if I could only see the pic-

ture once more." "I will go and ask them, darling," he

with him from Russia. It was a rusty, old-fashioned affair which even the pawn brokers had repeatedly refused to accept. Why he kept it or for what purpose he now concealed it in his coat he could not tell. His mind had ceased to work coherently: his brain was now a machine. whirring and roaring like a thousand devils. Thought? Thought had ceased. Braun was a machine and machines do not

think. He walked to the picture gallery. He had forgotten its exact location, but some mysterious instinct guided him straight to the spot. The doors were already opened, but the nightly throng of spectators had hardly begun to arrive. And now a strange thing happened. Braun entered and walk ed straight to the painting of the woodland scene that hung near the door. There was no attendant to bar his progress. A small group of persons, gathered in front of a canvas that hung a few feet away, had their backs turned to him, and stood like a screen between him and the employees of the place. Without a moment's hesitation, without looking to right or to left, walking with a determined stride and making no effort to conceal his purpose, and, at the same time, oblivious of the fact that he was unobserved. Braun approached the painting, raised it from the hook, and, with the wire daugling loosely from it, took the painting under his arm and walked out of the place. If he had been observed, would he have brought his dagger into use? is impossible to tell. He was a machine and his brain was roaring. Save for one picture that rose constantly before his vision, he was blind. All that he saw was Lizschen so white in her bed, waiting to see the woodland picture once more. He brought it straight to her room. She

was too weak to move, too worn out to ex- beside it stood the rabbi, clad in somber press any emotion, but her eyes looked garments, reading in a listless, mechanical unutterable gratitude when she saw the fashion from the Hebrew text of the Book painting.
"Did they let you have it?" she whis-

"They were very kind," said Braun. "I known her; this was merely part of his

told them you wanted to see it and they said I could have it as long as I liked.
When you are better I will take it back."
Lizschen looked at him wistfully. "I lent and descend around the will never be better, liebchen," she whis-

Braun hung the picture at the foot of the bed where Lizschen could see it without raising her head, and then went to the winlow and sat there looking out into the night. Lizschen was happy beyond all had become accustomed to see bending over bounds. Her eyes drank in every detail of one of the machines had finished her last the wonderful scene until her whole being became filled with the delightful spirit that pervaded and animated the painting. A master's hand had imbued that deepening blue sky with the sadness of twilight, the soft, sweet pathos of departing day, and Lizschen's heart beat responsive to every shade and shadow. In the waning light every outline was softened; here tranquility reigned supreme, and Lizschen felt soothed. Yet in the distance, across the valley, the gloom of night had begun to gather. Once or twice Lizschen tried to penetrate this gloom, but the efforr to see what the darkness was hiding tired her eyes.

The newspapers the next day were full of the amazing story of the stolen painting.
They told how the attendants of the gallery had discovered the break in the line

three thousand dollars, and we're responsi-

ble for it !" The newspapers went on to tell how the thing. police had been notified and how the best detectives had been set to work to trace the stolen painting, how all the thieves' dens in New York had been ransacked and all the thieves questioned and cross-questioned, all the pawnshops searched—and it all had resulted in nothing. But such excite-ment rarely leaks into the Ghetto, and Braun, at his machine, heard nothing of it, knew nothing of it, knew nothing of anything in the world save that the machines were roaring away in his brain and that Lizschen was dying. As soon as his work was done he went to her. She smiled at him, but was too weak to speak. He seated himself beside the bed and took her hand in his. All day long she had been looking at the picture; all day long she had been wandering along the road that ran over the hill, and now night had come and she was weary. But her eyes were glad, and when she turned them upon Braun he saw in them love unutterable and happiness beyond all description. His eyes were dry; he held her hand and stroked it mechanically; he knew not what to say. Then she fell asleep and he sat there hour after hour, heedless of the flight of time. Suddenly Lizschen sat upright, her

eyes wide open and staring.
"I hear them," she cried. "I hear them plainly. Don't you, liebchen? The sheep are coming! They're coming over the hill! Watch, liebchen; watch, precious!"
With all the force that remained in her

she clutched his hand and pointed to the painting at the foot of the bed. Then she swayed from side to side, and he caught her in his arms.
"Lizschen!" he cried. "Lizschen!"

But her head fell upon his arm and lay motionless.

ing. "It is over, my friend," he said to motionless, with his fists clenched until Braun. At the sound of a voice Braun the nails dug deep into the skin, seeing started, looked around him quite bewilderthe sight dazzled her, and she gasped for breath. The large room with its soft carpet, the glittering lights and reflections, the confused mass of colors that the paintings presented to her eyes, and the air of charm presented to her eyes, and the air of charm that permeates all art galleries, be they bed room. Lizschen was whiter than the the orthodox, he tore a rent in his coat at sheets, but her eyes were bright, and she the neck to the extent of a hand's breadth.

It was now nearly two o'clock in the Kiss me good-night, and I will dream about morning and the streets were deserted. A the beautiful picture." He kissed her and light rain had begun to fall, and Braun den. He walked like one in a dream, see-When the day dawned he went to her ing nothing, hearing nothing save a dull

The doors of the gallery were closed and all was dark. Braun looked in vain for a whirring and a-roaring as if it, too, had be- the door began to pound lustily with his come a machine. He worked with fever- fist and heel. Several night stragglers group had gathered. Questions were put to Braun, but he did not hear them. He would rouse the dead. Presently the group whisper. She beckoned to him to hold his heard the rattling of bolts and the creaking of a rusty key in a rusty lock, and all he-came quiet. The door swung open, and a frightened watchman appeared.
"What's the matter? Is there a fire?"

A policemen made his way through the Braun went to his room and took from group and looked inquiringly from Braun Without uttering to the watchman. word Braun held out the painting, and at the sight of it the watchman uttered a cry

of amazement and delight.
"It's the stolen Corot!" he exclaimed. Then turning to Braun, "Where did you get it? Who had it? Do you claim the reward ?"

Braun's lips moved, but no sound came from them, and he turned on his heel and began to walk off, when the policemen laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Not so fast, young man. You'll have to give some kind of an account of how you got this," he said. Braun looked at him stupidly, and the oliceman became suspicious. "I guess policeman became suspicious. "I gue you'd better come to the station-house he said, and without more ado walked off with his prisoner. Braun made no resistance, felt no surprise, offered no explana-tion. At the station-house they asked him many questions, but Braun only looked vacantly at the questioner and had nothing to say. They locked him in a cell over night, a gloomy cell that opened on a dim-ly-lighted corridor, and there Braun sat until the day dawned, never moving, never speaking. Once, during the night, the watchman on duty in this corridor thought he heard a voice whispering, "Lizschen! Lizschen!" but it must have been the rain

"There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest. "There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor.
"The small and the great are there; and

that now was pouring in torrents.

the servant is free from his master." It is written in Israel that the rabbi fourth for the bride, Mrs. Julia Ann Jenmust give his services at the death-bed of kins. even the lowliest. The coffin rested on two stools in the same room in which she died; in Parkersburg.

fashion from the Hebrew text of the Book of Job, interpolating here and there some time-worn, commonplace phrase of praise, of exhortation, of consolation. He had not

The sweat-shop had been closed for a ok." hour; for one hour the machines stood si"I lent and deserted; the toilers were gathered around the coffin, listening to the rabbi They were pale and gaunt, but not from grief. The machines had done that. They had rent their garments at the neck, to the extent of a hand's breadth, but not from grief. It was the law. A figure that they had become accustomed to see bending over garment. Dry-eyed, in a sort of mild wonder, they had come to the funeral serv-ices. And some were still breathing heavily from the morning's work. After all, it was pleasant to sit quiet for one hour.

Some one whispered the name of Braun, and they looked around. Braun was not "He will not come." whispered one of

the men. "It is in the newspaper. He was sent to prison for three years. I stole something. A picture, I think. am not sure." Those who heard slowly shook their

heads. There was no feeling of surprise, no shock. And what was there to say?
He had been one of them. He had drunk
out of the same cup with them. They
knew the taste. What mattered the one particular dreg that he found? They had of paintings and had immediately notified the manager of the place, who at once asked the number of the picture.

"It's number thirty sight?" they sold the proper food. Nitza had told 'It's number thirty-eight,' they told him. He seized a catalogue, turned to No. 38, and turned pale. 'It's Corot's 'Spring Twilight!' he cried. 'It cost the owner three thousand dollars and we're than gall. And three years in prison? Yes. To be sure. He had stolen some-

"Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery," droned the rabbi, "and life unto the bitter in soul:

"Which long for death, but it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures; "Which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad, when they can find the grave?"

And the rabbi, faithful in the perform-

ance of his duty, went on to expound and explain. But his hearers could not tarry much longer. The hour was nearing its end and the machines would soon have to

start again. It is an old story in the Ghetto, one that lovers tell to their sweethearts who always ory when they hear it. The machines still roar and whir as if a legion of wild spirits were shricking within them, and many a tear is stitched into the garments, but you never see them, madame-no, gaze as intently upon your jacket as you will, the tear has left no stain. There is an old man at the corner machine, gray-haired and worn, but he works briskly. He is the first to arrive each morning and the last to leave each night, and all his soul is in his work. His machine is an old one and roars louder than the rest, but he does not hear it. Day and night, sleeping and waking, there are a hundred thousand machines roaring away in his brain. What cares he for one more or one less?—By Bruno Lessing, in McClure's Magazine.

Synod of Pennsylvania. Preshuterian Rody Which will Meet at DuRois

This Month. The Pennsylvania synod of the Presby-terian church will hold the opening session of its annual meeting at DuBois on Thursday, October 15th. Rev. W. L. McEwan, D. D., the retiring moderator, will preside at the opening session and will preach the city. The act was needed. Yet it is not opening sermon. One of the first items of will be the election of a new moderator. There is every likelihood that Rev. George S. Chambers, D. D., of Harrisburg, will be elected to the position if he will permit his friends to use his name. Dr. Chambers was a candidate last year when Dr. McEwan was elected. Dr. Chambers has been a member

of the synod for twenty-five years.

One of the chief problems that will come before the synod will be the overture to be introduced by the presbytery of Parkersburg for the division of the Presbytery into two presbyteries and the for-mation of a third presbytery in the confines of West Virginia from the churches of ginia synod. This overture will meet with much opposition because Washington pres bytery will not consent to lose half of the churches in the presbytery and there is much doubt whether the time is yet ripe for the erection of a synod in West Vir-

ginia. The new moderator will administer com munion during the first evening and he will preach in the church in which the synod will meet on Sunday morning. Home mission work in the synod and especially among foreigners will be discussed at a popular meeting and foreign missions will be the topic discussed in another popular meeting. The various boards committees will present reports of the work for the past year. The synod will ic and successful workers. convene in the First church, Rev. J. Vernon Bell, pastor.

Woman Spotted a Burglar. Light in One Hand, She Followed and Recognized the Intruder.

Vinemont, a small village on the out skirts of Reading, is boasting of a woman

who is not afraid of a burglar. This was demonstrated on last Thursday when Mrs. H. H. Bricker was night. aroused from her sleep by strange noises in the house. She started up, and in the dim light of the lamp she had left burning she discerned the figure of a man. It was not her husband, nor was it her son; but it was a strange man. Mrs. Bricker jumped up and ordered the man to "git!"

Pluckily she followed him down stairs with light lamp in hand and cornered him in one of the rooms long enough to have a ood look at him, but he escaped before help came. The woman said she recognized her visit-

or as a brakeman on the Reading & Columbia road, and a warrant has been issued for his arrest.

Cupid's Victim at 101.

Centenarian Makes His Sixth Matrimonial Venture, Choosing a Bride of Ninety Nine.

The Rev. Samuel Tucker, of Gumpoint, Ohio, has filed a marriage certificate in which it is stated that the bridegroom is 101 years and one month old and the bride ninety nine years old. For the bridegroom Jerre Bosarth, of Kenner's Brook, it was the sixth matrimonial venture, and the

The ceremony was performed on Friday

Juvenile Offenders.

Information came recently to Secretary Kalbfus. of the state game commission, to the effect that a 12-year-old boy, who had wantonly killed a deer out of season, had been discharged by a Centre county justice on the ground that no punishment could be imposed on so young a boy, the age being under the limit fixed by the act of April 23rd, 1903, generally known as the juvenile court act. The secretary wrote Attorney General Carson, calling his attention to this case and adding that he was in constant receipt of letters complaining of violations of the game laws by boys under the age of 16, especially in the matter of killing game and insectiverous birds. And he asked whether the magistrate acted correctly in the first instance and whether boys offending against the game laws are subject to arrest and punishment. The

attorney general says:
"I answer emphatically that the magistrate did not understand his duty. He was strangely imposed upon by the argument of counsel. It should be distinctly understood by all magistrates, as well as by all children, whether boys or girls, and by parents and guardians, that children under the age of 16 are not privileged to violate the game laws or any other laws of the state. If such notions should prevail generally, there would soon be a large and constantly increasing class of juvenile law-breakers. The laws must be respected and observed by children as well as

adults. The juvenile court act was intended to cover just such cases. Children are classified as "dependent," neglected," "incorrigible" and "delinquent." The statute expressly says "The words delinquent child' shall mean any child, including such as have heretofore been designated 'incorrigible children,' who may be charged with the violation of any law of this commonwealth, or the ordinance of any city, bor-ough or township." The powers of the court of quarter sessions of the peace, as provided in the act, may be exercised.

Nowhere in the act is any authority given to a justice of the peace to discharge a delinquent because of his age. On the contrary, it is expressly declared by Section 11 that "Nothing herein contained shall be in derogation of the powers of the courts of quarter sessions and oyer and terminest the courts of quarter sessions and oyer and terminest the courts of the courts of quarter sessions and oyer and terminest the courts of the courts of quarter sessions and oyer and terminest the courts of the mines to try, upon an indictment, any de-linquent child who in due course, may be brought to trial." It was the plain duty of the magistrate to commit the child, and set the machinery of the court in motion by a proper certificate under Section 2, Class 2, of the act. The burden would then have been thrown upon the court, whose section is regulated by the statute. You are at liberty to pursue the ordinary course of making an arrest, no matter what the age of the offender, provided the evidence be such as to satisfy you that it is your duty to act. The further disposition of the case must then conform to the provisions of the statute."

· The impression that boys who wantonly violate law cannot be punished because of their tender years has gained considerable currency and has done much to increase the number of youthful offenders. The letter of Attorney General Carson is a very timely treatment of an important subject and is earnestly commended to the attention of parents and guardians. In other matters than the game laws boys are disregarding the statutes. Consideration for their future welfare should lead officers everywhere to arrest the most notorious offenders and bring them in contact with

the law which they violate. The last legislature passed an act which eventually became a law forbidding the use of Flobert rifles, air guns and all simibeing obeyed. In this city it is not diffibusiness and one of the most important cult to observe its violation almost every day. This is merely a sample case. Oth ers would not be diffiult to find. The attorney general points the way; let the offi-cers of the state follow his advice.—Altoona Tribune.

Teachers for the Philippines.

Good Remuneration Paid to Competent Young In-

The civil service commission has just received a call from the Philippine government for 150 male teachers, with salaries as follows: 25 at \$1,200; 70 at \$1,000, and 55 at \$900 per annum. It is desired to scoure these teachers without unnecessary delay, and an examination will be held on Octo

ber 19-20 in various cities.

Peace has been established in the Philippines and the conditions of living are improving every month. This examination, therefore affords an excellent opportunity for young men to enter an attractive service which affords excellent opportunities for promotion. Teachers appointed are eligible for promotion to the higher grades in the service, the salaries ranging from \$900 to \$2,000 for teachers and from \$1,500 to \$2,500 for division superintendents. The commission suggests that those, who apply for this examination should be devoted to their profession and conscientious, energet-

For application blanks and further information concerning the scope of the examination, transportation, conditions of employment, etc., applicants should apply to the United States Civil Service commission, Washington, D. C., or to the secretary of the civil service board at any postoffice, where letter carrier service has been estab

lished. Persons, who are unable to file their formal applications in order to receive admission cards to the examination will be authorized to take the examination, if they notify the commission by letter or telegram in time to ship examination papers and arrange for their examination.

Why Should We Work?

Work is activity in some phrase of our ife. Life is manifested in activity, and inactivity would be stagnation, would be fatal to life.

In the universe wherever there is life there is activity. This is true in the vege-table, the animal and human worlds. This activity is a necessity that runs through all organic life. The life that is not crowned with ennobling work of some kind, either for one's own livelihood or for the good of others, is an empty life-an abnormal life. Work is natural; idleness unnatural. Work builds up, and inactivity tears down. Idleness is a violation of our being. Hence

There are manifold reasons why we should work and no reason why we should not. Those who are not obliged to labor for their daily bread should always choose a work of some kind in obedience to the universal law that we see running all crea-

it is unmoral.

He who was of the opinion that "man who does not work should not eat," realized the demoralizing influence of a life spent in idleness.