

Bellefonte Pe., January 22, 1904.

THE NEW YEAR

Slipping in among the children, Bright and eager at their play, Comes the new year, sweet and shining. Just as gay and dear as they.

Not a trouble yet has fallen On its merry, laughing face, Not a single wrong step taken In its hurrying, happy pace.

All the peanty lies before it. Dew and rain and frost and flowers. Flying months and weeks and seasons, oven out of dancing hours.

Hail thee, lovely coming stranger, In the first bewitching day, Slipping in among the children, Just as bright and dear as they !

THE STATELIER MANSION.

Youth's Companion

Ordinarily, Kelsie was not given to en thusiasms, nor was the expression of senti-ment habitual to him. But as he leaned against the carriage-cushions and beheld the diminishing perspective of electric globes down the avenue, caught sight of the gray-clad police of the boulevard on their mettlesome steeds, recognized familiar edifices, heard the sound of feet walking with the rapid precision of those who daily tread the highways of a great city, observed through plate-glass windows the rose-flood-ed interior of a famous clubhouse, noted the shrill cry of a newsboy offering his wares, saw the long procession of carriages rolling northward to play and ront and ball, inhaled that distinctive metropolitan odor-a composite odor of perfume, cigar-smoke, flowers—and through it all was conscious of a recurrent sense of youth—of that entrancing, inspiriting' stimulating exhilira-tion which in early winter set the blood coursing in his veins, he felt his cheeks grow hot, and involuntarily the gloved fingers in the carriage-strap tightened their

grip. "Margaret," he said, half under his breath, "home is home when all's said. What are your Rome and Florence and Capri to a man who loves his native city? Good enough for a holiday-I grant youbeautiful enough for all time. But I could not live abroad—I couldn't. This city has been my home since infancy. It's sticks and stones have significance for me. Mind, I don't glorify Chicago—I don't idealize it. I see its blemishes-its downright ugliness in places. I do not deny its tardiness-its vulgar affectations. I am never surprised that foreigners should consider it inartistic. It is-at first glance. But, if I do not palliate. I do defend."

"I have always heard you Chicago men were dreadfully conceited," said a soft voice out of the fragrant gloom-"about your city, I mean. But I had fancied it was a form of bravado. One is always valorous in the defensive when one knows he

is in the wrong." "Perhaps. But a man is not prompt to perceive the faults of his mother. Affection long association, personal pride-these are the lenses through which he looks. And, after all, it is the soul of a city one seeks, -as well as the soul of an individual. One of the dearest friends I ever had was a little blind hunchback. He saw such exquisite visions. And he helped me to see them

the eves of a wife I'm ashamed to say my ambition was wholly sordid. I never had 'love and knowledge of you' came humilitime to think of those things which come naturally into the lives of most men. I've told you what my childhood was. I was

not even decently poor. When I realized that only money could give me place and power, I toiled for money. A year ago, wnen a final fluke of fortune flung me millions with less hesitation than that which in the old days preceeded my throwing a bone to a dog that was hungrier than I, and I realized my utter loneliness-then I chanced on heaven-and you !" The carriage rolled on. A lot of colored

lanterns swung across a lawn proclaimed a celebration. The houses were not so close together. The sound of the lake came to them-murmurous and melancholy. "I thought," ventured the bride," there

was the boy of whom you spoke to me once -the boy whom you _____'' He finished the sentence. "Loved,"

"Yes-there was the boy." said. "It is sad he should have been ungrateful when you had done so much for him,' she said. She looked at him with timid sympathy. Against the carriage-window his stern, clean-shaven profile was silhouetted-grim as granite; "You did every-thing for him, did you not? You educated

him. "I did nothing particularly creditable-nothing, at least, that was not his rightful due. His father, you must recollect, had fied by the frosty air, she passed, with a rustling sweep of silken garments, into her literally picked me out of the gutter. He gave me a start in life. Later, when he found I had ability, he let me read law in his office. When I made my great success at the bar, it was he who was my most con-gratulatory auditor. The day of his colossal failure in wheat-when at one sweep he lost all his material possessions, and com-pleted the catastrophe by taking his life-1 adopted his son. I vowed to do all for the lad that his father had done for me-and more if might be."

"Yes," she said, tentatively. "yes." He seemed to forget that he was holding her hand. But he went on talking, the dreaminess of retrospection creeping into his voice.

"He--became fond of me. I-I loved him But we never met quite on an equal-ity. He was an aristocrat—a thoroughbred

I-God-I-"" His laugh was not pleas-ant to hear. "Well, the recognition of the fact did not embitter me. I should have had to go back many generations to be what he was. The manners of the lad were the kind one associates-however absurdly -with royal blood. His reserve, his gentleness, his courage, his courtesy, his aston-ishing power of self-effacement—in short, all the hall-marks of lineage, all hereditary evidences of blood and breeding, were exemplified in him as I have never seen them

exhibited in anyone else." Again she said "Yes," in that velvety voice and again the man talked on.

"He made a splendid record at college. Although half my age he was a mighty good companion to me. There was an enstride forward. "Margaret," be oried, sharply. He caught his breath. "Is—is it—Margaret?" She flung her hand backward with a chanting cleanliness about the boy. It was a triple characteristic-physical, mental. groping gesture. She grasped the high back moral. Still, he was anything but an asthe Cardinal's chair. Her rings flashed cetic. Life at its most passionate appealed and sparkled in the firelight. to him. He loved music, poetry, the in-tensity of existence. His disdain of mean-"Dick," she cried, "who would have dreamed---" He did not seem to hear her.

ness, pretense, vulgarity, was superb. In He was beside her-had drawn her into his reading," went on the man, almost tenderpassionate embrace. "Dearest !" he said. "Dearest ! And I ly, "he had a way of remembering all that was loveliest and letting the rest go. He fancying you four thousand miles away !" used to recite to me sometimes at night when we walked this very boulevard together. His joy in exquisite words was almost holy. He seemed to choose and treas ure beautiful words as one selects rare gems

"You-you mean-

pure and womanly."

come."

since."

said the woman, slowly.

her fascination. No one."

"Oh, we had a stormy scene ! Come to

him.

think of it, I it was who did the storm

cian to the finger-tips-could afford to ig-

nore a matter which others must make par-

could lift her up. She could not lower

him. It was a foregone conclusion that his

wife could only be all that was admira-

called him an ingrate and other things.

your blue blood tells-in a critical mo-

ment. He heard me through, stone-still,

had bonored him with her affection would

wait until he could claim her. Then, while

them like a taugible thing. The rush o

the waters had a sinister sound.

Once more silence came between

these seemed to have weight with

infallibility of my own judgment. With that he cackled when he laughed.

"Let me get a good look at you,"rattled ty." "I don't understand," she said a little on Kelsie. He touched the electric button and a flood of pearly brilliancy inundated faintly. She released herself, but like a rose resting against a mask of bronze her soft check touched his own. "I don'tthe room. "Good heavens!" he cried, 'but you've chauged!"

"Have 1?" His lips smiled stiffly. He looked oddly white under his travel tan. quite-understand." "I find myself wondering," he went on "Yes." repeated the other, in a shocked voice, "you have changed. But then you've more quietly, "what prompted my opposi-tion to the boy's love affair. Was it sprung seen a deal of life, lad--the real thing. But from low and selfish jealously? Did I dread losing out of my life the rare personyou've made a rattling success as a war correspondent. Now that you're here I've nothing more to wish for. Your old room ality which embodied all that is most attractive in manhood, but did not lack the has been kept ready for you. Never mind one subtle and essential touch of femininiany other clothes. We dine en famille. Margaret will excuse you." ty? Did I dread for his own sake that he might make a messalliance in his youth? "I cannot stay," said Richard Derrick.

He shot a glance at the little figure in the Or was my stubborn attitude inspired by a Cardinal's chair. "It is imperative that I hitherto unsuspected resentment of his superiority, which glorified in a domineering leave the city tonight." Cameron Kelsie broke into impetuous

protestations. 'Nonsense, boy! There's a storm com ing up-not that the weather would daunt you, of course. Your desk shall be forward ed. There!" The first rush of rain was elattering at the glass. "Margaret! Come here, dearest! Ask

Richard to stay for your sake, if not for mine. Then he can't refuse."

"You will stay," urged Margaret Kelsie. She moved forward, her gown trailing in serpentine undulance over the dark floor. She was very pale but her eyes were full of streaming brilliance. "You will stay-for my sake!"

"I cannot stay," he said. A sudden scarlet stained her cheek.

Then you will come-again?"

into the splendid space of the great hall, she paused, undecided. A door to the left sne paused, undecided. A door to the left stood ajar. She saw the leaping light on tiers of books. That glow of rosy warmth tempted her. She crossed the room to the hearth. She sank into the tall, thronelike "No. There is work to be done across the ocean. I've a fancy to it." She knew what it meant when his lips met in that stubborn line--when that red gleam lay level in his eyes. And how fit he

chair that stood beside the fire—a chair that had once been Richelieu's. She looked looked in his magnificent youth to do the slowly around the great apartment. Its evworld's work! ery detail was plain in the flooding glow. "You are cruel," she said, and her voice The expanse of black, polished floor was like a gloomy lake. What flickering red

was unsteady.

He bowed gravely. 'Only," he answered, between set teeth. only-wise." She was standing in the same place when

Cameron Kelsie came back from the front door. How he shuffled as he walked ! She had thought only very old men shuffled.

"You are disappointed in him, Margaret? But he has changed—Lord, how he has changed! I never remember seeing in his

eyes the look that was there tonight!" "He had the grace to divine"--that love-

"You mean that--that Margaret! It seems incredible that you should care for

Something familiar in the pose of that girlish figure in the pale, glistening gown, ---By Kate M. Cleary in The Cosmopolitan. struck him. He hesitated-then took

An Apple Party.

A Novel Entertainment is an Apple Party. The guests at such a party are expected to wear some adornment of an apple character At the one attended by the writer every gentleman wore a crab-apple as a buttonhole bouquet. A rosy young miss had strings of dried apples festooned about her, while big, red nonesuch and Baldwin apples were very much in evidence as waist adornments.

Each guest, on entering, was given a His voice shook with joy. "Why, I have card bearing a letter and a number. The my ticket bought to go in search of you ! I was to have crossed the Atlantic next week. See !'' His deep laugh of happiness letter was one in a brand of apples and the number referred to the brand. For instance, pippins were numbered 3, seek-no-facthers sounded down the room. He took an en-was assigned to a particular corner of the room and told to write a poem on its partic-ular kind of apple. At the end of fifteen minutes the poems were collected and read aloud, and a committee, previously appointed, decided upon their merits. The group producing the best poems was presented with a basket of assorted apples, which were immediately passed around and eaten.

PLEASANT FIELDS OF HOLY WRIT.

Save for my daily range Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ, I might despair — Tennyson. THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON

First Quarter. Lesson V. Luke v, 1-11 Sunday January 31, 1904.

JESUS CALLS FOUR DISCIPLES.

There was no need to ring a bell to secure Jesus an audience. People flew to him like filings to a magnet. In this instance it is said the people pressed on him to hear. The little company who first discovered him on his early morning walk by the lake, quickly grew to a great con-sourse. The Master's fertility in ex-pedients had another illustration. It only took him a moment to convert a boat into a pulpit. The scene makes a theme for an artist. The lake beneath, the sky above, the nine considerable cities on the hill-slopes, looking down like distant observers; the mixed multitude crowding to the edge of the shore, their faces mirrored in the water at their feet, and in the fisherman's boat, screened by the loosened sail, . the prince of all preachers speaking from the

osom of the placid lake, itself an emblem of the peace he could give. But the sermon was only an incident.

His real errand that morning was to call his apostles. He had already given the what might be called preliminary or pro-bationary calls. From these the disciples were afterward dismissed to attend to their model of the second while doing an their worldly affairs, and while doing so in their old and familiar environments, and free from excitement of novel situations to think on what they had heard and seen. The calls were also progressive. But this one was final. Jesus had had an open rupture with the ecclesiastical establishment. He must needs now organ ize his followers. He knew where his

pledged men were, and came to enlist them for active service. He prefaced the call by a thrilling pic torial miracle. Nothing could have more significantly taught them what they were

to be and do. The command, "Launch forth into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught," was a suprise. Keble voices the fisherman's plaint:

"Toiled all night, nothing taken; Full many a dreary, anxious hour, We watch our nets alone, And hear the night birds' moan."

But hesitation, if there was any, was mo-mentary. Peter quickly laid all his fisher man's lore at Jesus' feet as a sacrifice to his faith.

That last "catch" after, the old order was a symbol of the future occupation. The size of the "take" was a pledge of future success in the new calling. That miracle took Peter and his comrades where they were, in their natural environment and every-day employment. It was all the more significant to them, the better under-

stood and appreciated. The considerateness of Jesus in thus neouraging his disciples is characterisic and worthy of note. He was asking these men to join their fortunes with his, an excommunicated man, to sunder ties of tribe and family, to abandon the only means of livelihood they were familiar with. Again, they were called, not merely to be learners like the followers of the average rabbis, not to be recipients, but doers. They were to launch out and let down their net into the sea of human life. They were (to trauslate it literally) to take men alive; to persuade and make converts. And that, too, under the very shadow of a great and hostile ecclesiastical establishment.

If ever men needed to be heartened, it was the four men Jesus called that day. If ever men had immediate and divine encouragement, it was in this instance. That miracle put gimp in their backs. The moment they could get their ships ashore, they forsook all, and followed

pans into the pulpit," said old Dr. Tyne in a brusque talk to theologues. He meant that it was in no way necessary to display the tools of one's craft before an audience. What the people want is a savory dish. They do not need or care to see the utensils with which it has been prepared. That sight might spoil appetite. The same advice is good for the Sunday-School teacher. Commentaries and illustrative notes are just the implements. They are to be left behind. Something appetizing is to be spread before the class. A little entirely ready and made attractive is better than a great deal underdone. The average child is more sensitive to the teacher's method than is commonly supposed. Child-confidence is a shy bird; once frightened from cover, it is hard to win it back. Nothing breaks the teacher's charm more quickly than the child's discovery that the lesson is not a part of the teacher's self.

Casualties of 1903.

vecks on Sea and Rail, Explosions, Floods and Fires Snuffed Out More Than 8.300 Lives.

During the year of 1903 more than 8,300 lives were snuffed out by wrecks on sea and rail, explosions, floods, fires and other cas-nalties, Following is a record of fatalities by months :

JANUARY.

69 Drowned in storm along Atlantic coast

FEBRUARY.

19 Ferryboat capsized at Glens Falls, N.

MARCH. 22 Explosion of oil tank cars at Olean, N.

600 Tuamotu Islands swept by tidal

NAVe. 52 Storm in Eastern Germany.

APRIL. 60 Eruption of volcano Deltierna Firma.

Colombi 1,500 Explosion of the arsenal at Canton.

China. 16 Tornado at Hopewell, Alaska.

10 Explosion of oil tanks at Minneapo-

56 Mountain slide at' Frank, Northwest Territory, Canada.

MAY.

19 Collision of the steamers Hamilton and Saginaw.

12 Railroad wreck at Winnipeg, Cana-

15 Tornado in Southern Nebraska. 22 Collision of the steamers Huddersfield

and Uto, near Antwerp. 15 Wreck of the schooner Gloriana, near

Canso, N. S. 32 Railroad wreck near Stronie, Sile-

12 Ferryboat capsized near Posen, Prus-

31 Wreck of the Hayami Maru, near Yo-

2,000 Earthquake in Melazgherd, Asiatic Turkey.

JUNE.

100 Collision between the steamers Liban and Insulaire, near the Maire Islands.

63 Wreck of the Arequippa, near Valparaiso

234 Mine explosion at Hanna, Wyoming. 38 Cloudburst in Servia.

10 Railroad wreck at Raymond, Iowa. 51 Flood at Clifton, S. C.

125 Tornado at Gainesville, Ga. 81 Floods along the Missouri and Mississippi.

15 Lyddite explosion at Woolwich, Ar-

Cameron Kelsie's wife rose from her chair. The man coming forward—a man ly laugh of hers breaking upon the silence -"that he might be de trop----" She eluded his arms--but not the smolyoung and stalwart, and somewhat roughly dering passion of his gaze. "I-I beg your pardon !" he stammered. me-like this! Incredible-and divine!"

my native city. Only—only—'' His voice trailed off into a silence in "I wish I knew." said the man at last

which there was something of abashment. and more to himself than to her, it seemed It had suddenly occurred to him that per--"I wish to God I knew if I were righthaps his appreciation, his conviction of exor wrong." istent beauty, his profound content had not been suggested by the place of his beggared youth-by the metropolis of his struggling manhood-by the home of his successful love. A nature like his must early find an age. If so, why was he now fluent on the subject for the first time? If so, why had and idealistic as his." he not earlier uttered his affectionate laudations? If so, why was it that the joy of living had pulsed through him in such a fine, fierce mighty tide only since the girl an. I knew her by her stage name." "Oh! An actress? beside him had laid her cool hands in his and promised to be his true and loyal wife?

It may be that she divined something of his thought. There was a silken sound as she moved closer to him-a deeper odor of Parma violets, as though a breeze had blown over a bed of blossoms. "You must not be sentimental," she in-

sisted-"not even about-me. But diddid this city of your many deprivations and sacrifices ever-seem-so fair to youbefore ?"

The archness of her inquiry was delicious. Her voice had a soft huskiness that might have been affected. It was as natural as the bloom on a peach-and as charm-

No." he answered and squared around and faced her. "No !"

He put his arm around her and drew her to him. The deliberate trot of the horses, the dignified roll of the carriage-wheels. permitted conversation, but he did not speak further. Instead, he looked earnestly down on the face against his shoulder. Now, it was veiled in comparative shadow. Now, the electric lights shining in outlined it for him in all its radiant childish beauty Even the fact of her low birth, to which I referred, did not disturb him. He-patri-A little face nuder a hat of rose-point and honeysuckle. A low forehead, with hair of reddish gold waving to the level brown brows. Wide, unquestioning eyes, glowing brows. Wide, unquestioning eyes, glowing like purple jewels in the uncertain light. A pare face—perhaps too thin for beauty. A curved scarlet mouth over a white, cleft amount. He was so sure of himself. He chin.

"Margaret," said Cameron Kelsie, early "Margaret," said Cameron Kelsie, early estly. "I thank God for you! I have thanked him every hour since I have you. I wake in terror sometimes, fancyin I have only dreamed that you are really mine. It was so a few nights ago. It was only when I put out my hand and touched your own that my heart ceased its wild plunging—that I once more draw a lows plunging-that I once more drew a long, Oh, my peasant coarseness spoke then. My mongrel breed asserted itself. That's where ecstatic breath. Lines in a poem the boy read to me once keep coming to me often now. I never was much of a fellow for po-etry,

"Ah, who am I that God hath saved Me from the doom I did desire, And crossed the lot myself had craved To set me higher ?

Then-save for the hoof-beats of speed. ing horses, the roll of carriage wheels-there was silence. A laugh broke it-a little soft, fluting, airy laugh, like the liquid lilting of a meadow-lark's song.

"And what was the boon your heart did crave?" Her fingers crept into his palm, and nestled in its ardent pressure. "Con-

antagonism? Which, Margaret?"

noblest-the most disinterested."

new dominion.

"Your motive," answered "the voice of

slow music." steadily "was, I am sure, the

He kissed her-almost with reverence.

'You have answered yourself, Margaret.

Only such a woman as you could be so gen

The carriage stopped. There was a clank-ing of harness. The door was opened-held obsequiously wide. "Home !" Wel-come home, my wife !" said Kelsie.

Then, the perfume of her violets intensi-

She dressed in eager baste. Coming down

reflections the fire set dancing in its duski-

ness! And those serried rows of books-

"Yes, sir. He has to-night returned from abroad, sir. Will you please to wait,

"You needn't mention my name, Car-

Then the door was closed with decorous

battalions of them ! And-

"Very well, Mr. Richard."

'I did not know anyone was here.'

sir ?'

ter.'

deliberation.

lad-stood still.

erous. And perhaps-if he loved her-

But she did not speak one word, only fell to trembling as though with sudden cold. "Margaret-my Margaret !" The arms around her tightened. "I don't know how it is you come to be here—I don't ask. This moment is enough for me !"

"Ob, it was the old story. He fell in "Dick ! Let me go !"

"Never !" in despotic power of posses on. "Never again !" outlet for emotion. As soon hope to fetter a mountain torrent as a nature imperious ion. Save for the crackle of the fire in the

oom, there was silence.

"You did not-approve ?" "Approve!" He laughed harshly. "No -I didn't approve. I'd heard of the wom-"Dick!" I am not jesting ! Let me go! For God's sake let me go ! But-kiss me first!" His hold loosened, but he did not release

her. He looked straight down into her "Yes-and writer, and artist, and all eyes-a dawning doubt growing and darkling in his own. He did not speak. But manner of erratic and clever individuals in she read the question in those eyes-and answered.

one. She married a fellow I knew back East—a fine fellow. She broke his heart. He went to the devil. She was the worst "I am Camerou Kelsie's wife," she said. faintly. In that instant she knew how Judas felt. kind of a had woman, in as far as she gave

one the impression that she was a good one In the latter fact lay part of her influence over the boy. When I flared up in a rage at the sound of her name and told him what I had heard of her, his argument was She flung herself free. But the next instant she was close to him-a suppliant.

"Dick !" The smoldering fire in his eyes blazed at the entreaty. "Dick-kiss me that she had been sinned against. She ! and kill me!"

Then he was holding her once more as though he indeed would never let her go. In his eyes she was all that was sweet and Beautiful ! She was beautiful, I suppose The old seductive magnetism swayed him. The old resistless charm enthralled him. He "I don't know about that. I have heard remembered how he had compared her to a that she was-and again that she was insigdamask-rose—that snowy flower dashed with carmine. Emblem of purity and pas-sion ! Their eyes met. In that lingering nificant of appearance. But no one denied look soul was merged in soul, desire in de-"What," she questioned, "was the out-

sire ! "No !" he cried suddenly, and let her go and lifted himself to his full stature. 'Kelsie is my friend."

ing. Ours was the kind of an encounter Again her hand lay like a lily against the blackwood of theCardinal's chair. And that forces out brazen truths. Not that again the jewels flashed in the fireshine. A wind was rising. It set a twig tapping at the window-pane. "Hark!" she breathed. "Listen!"

A step came along the hall. In evening dress, his gray bair silvery in the fireshine, the master of the house crossed the room. "Richard!" He had stopped short with

cry of incredulous delight. "Richard ! Richard Derrick stiffened with a jerk-"Richard !" his head flung backward.

"'It is really you! Carter did not tell me !" Kelsie stood before him, his hands outstretched. "Dar boy, you have forgiv-en me-you have come home! Dear-old

The younger man hesitated. Then with sudden, impulsive grace his brown hand closed over the fingers of the elder.

"I came for some papers that are in my desk. I-I had not intended to remain." "Not remain!" Ob, you won't go away now--when it's all to be so different! I see that you and Margaret have been making friends already. You have heard of my mar

thanking me with gentle courtliness for riage, of course?" "I had not heard, sir."

many kindnesses-be declined to receive further favors at my hands. I have not," he ended, hoarsely--"I have not seen him

"No? Well, our courtship was a short one." He laughed in happy embarrassment. "I met Margaret abroad, where she was liv-ing with an absurd old duenna—and study ing art. I believe. At least, it was in a

gallery, where she was copying a picture that we met first. And—well, I wouldn't come home without her ! And that'e all "What made you say," she asked at length, "that you wondered whether you had been right-or wrong ?"

Then came an apple gathering contest resembling a notato race, in which twelve apples were arranged in two rows at regular distances from each other, and the company divided itself into two sides. One with a tablespoon, tried to pick up his six apples, in his spoon, carry each, as spooned, to the basket at the head of the row and return for another. The side which scored the most winners beat.

The literary part of the entertainment, which followed this, consisted of readings recitations, songs, all of which treated of the subject of apples. These were both selected and original. Among them Were, Burant's "Blancing of the Apple Tree ? Bryant's "Planting of the Apple Tree," "The High-Top Sweeting," by Elizabeth Akers, selections from Holland's "Bittersweet," and "The School Boy's Apple Tree," by Hezekiah Butterworth.

By this time appetizing odors were creep-ing in from the kitchen, and soon we were called out to supper, in which the apple scheme was still carried out

Lamb chops, with which were served hot rolls and apple butter, fried apples, apple fritters, and apple sauce. were followed by Waldorf salad, which, as everybody knows is largely composed of chopped apples. Then came a course of baked apples and

cream, followed by an immense pan-dowdy. Apple pie and turnovers and tarts of pastry filled with sparkling orab-apple jelly followed, and then was brought on a snow pudding, which is a kind of glorified apple custard overtopped with a quaking mound of whipped cream. Nutts, apples, and coffee wound up the feast. - Modern Priscilla.

Volcano Scare Explained.

toonshiner Used Fissure in Mountain for Chimney

to His Still.

The alleged volcano in the mountains of Rowan County Kentucky is nothing more nor less than a moonshine still. Morton Clark, a noted 'shiner, who has had a still or years at the foot of Sugar Loaf Mountain, having been broken up some time since by the revenue officials, concluded to locate his still under this ridge, some four miles from Sugar Loaf Mountain. He entered a small stream from the valley below to a cave from which the creek is-sued. He went up this cave 200 yards and

found that a fissue extended straight to the top of the ridge, acting nicely for a chimney. When the attention of the country was directed to the monutain and the curions began to flock to the place and watch the smoke issue from the crevice he drew his fires and joined the crowd in won-

dering what it meant but, yesterday he told a friend the secret of the "volcano."

-Made to order weather would be all

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

It is helpful to recall Jesus' previous dealings with these men.

During Jesus' forty days in the Wilder ness, his Messianic character and work fully dawned upon him. There he evolved his plans and the principles of procedure, to which he adhered to the very

He came back to the vast concourse still attending the ministry of John the Baptist at the fords of the Jordan as to a human quarry from which he could select living stones as the foundation of that spiritual edifice he designed to rear. Nor was he disappointed. He found five out of the twelve.

When John saw him, he gave him a joyous welcome. No shade of jealousy crossed his noble heart. He unequivocally cast the full weight of his phenomenal influence upon the side of the new teacher, crying, "Behold, the Lamb of God!"

On the morrow, as Jesus reappeared, John repeated his significant exclamation with even increased emphasis. It was as if he had said, "Whoever wishes to leave me now and follow this greater Teacher, is at full liberty to do so." Two of the choicest spirits among his converts, John and Andrew, take the hint, and separate themselves forever from the rugged Baptist to follow the lowly Jesus.

The Nazarene hears their footsteps; and, turning, encourages them with look and word. They are drawn to him, as iron to the magnet. Under the fresh-cnt houghs of a pilgrim-booth, or in the cool depths of some grotto, they sit at his feet, and learn of him, their hearts burning within them as he unfolds to them the principles of his kingdom. Then and there was kindled in the human soul of Jesus that love which made John evermore his bosom com-

nanion. Andrew coveted his brother's superior

abilities for the service of his new-found Master. He rested not until he had communicate to him his momentous "find," and had brought him (Peter) to Jesus The next day he saw the addition of the forth disciple in the person of Philip, who nowed the spirit of a true convert by immediately bringing another to Jesus in the person of the guileless Israelite, Nathanael (Bartholomew).

In view of these previous calls, by the sea-side was not a sudden summons as it appears. Its full meaning was under-It was anticipated. Great would have been the disappointment if it had not been made.

In point of fact, it is probable that these four men, and possible Philip and Bartholomew, witnessed the miracles at Cana, Capernaum, and Bethesda, and the cleans-

ing of the temple, and were with Jesus at the unidentified feast at Jerusalem, and in his journey through Judea and Samaria.

CHILD-STUDY AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL METHODS.

"Don't bring your skillets and sauce-

19 Collapse of an apartment house at Warsaw, Poland.

10 Theatre burned at Aspang, Austria. 168 Railroad wreck at Najerilla. Spain.

24 Mine explosion at Barrateran, Mex. 497 Cloudburst and flood at Heppner, Or egon.

- JULY. 73 Explosion in cartridge mill at Lowell,

Mass. 29 Floods along the Oder, Silesia. 23 Railroad wreck at Rockfish, Va. 19 Cloudburst in Western Texas 54 Cloudburst near Jeannette, Pa.

AUGUST. 11 Collapse of stand at Philadelphia Base

Ball Park 48 Hurricane on the Island of Jamai-

89 Accident in the Paris underground

railway. 23 Railroad wreck near Durand, Mich. 21 Railroad wreck near Udine, Ita-

692 Floods at Chifu, China. 41 Capsize of ferryboat near Heisingfords Finland.

260 Tenement house fire at Budapest, Hungary.

SEPTEMBER.

11 Warehouse fire, Christiana, Sweden. 29 Explosion on the vessel Vaskapa near Constantinople.

21 Hurricane in Florida. OCTOBER.

36 Wreck of the steamer Savoyard, near Brest. France.

19 Wreck of the steamer South Portland. near Marshfield, Ore.

10 Collapse of incompleted bridge at Pittsburg.

10 Hurricane off the coast of Virgin-

54 Wreck of the steamer Progress off the

coast of Japan. 12 Wreck of the steamer E. L. Hackley, near Marietta, Wis.

20 Wreck of the bark Mazatlan, Mexi-

17 Railroad wreck at Washington's cross-

ing. N. J. 10 Subway cave-in, New York city.

DECEMBER

64 Railroad wreck on the B. and O., at Laurel Run. Pa.

10 Railroad wreck at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

575 Theatre fire, Chicago.

Sleeps In Tent In Zero Weather.

During the severe cold weather recently Rev. Dr. Charles Grise, pastor of Ebenezer Methodist Episcopal church, at Easton, Md., has slept in a tent on the back porch of his parsonage. Dr. Grise had been in poor health for some time, caused by an aggravated case of catarrh. Last summer he consulted an eminent physician, who told him that the best way to effect a cure was to sleep out of doors as

much as he could. While taking his vacation last summer he commenced to sleep in the open air and since his return home he has slept in a tent every night since. He declares that he feels every night since. He declares that he feels better than he has for 10 years, has gained 20 pounds in weight and is stronger than he has been for years. One cold morning recently befound the mercury clear down in the bulk of the thermometer.

SALIN TRANSFE

-He who is most slow in marking a promise is the most faithful in its perand nestled in its ardent pressure. "Con-fess—and be absolved !" "An imperious command, Margaret !"he said. "I have nothing to confess about a woman—not even about other women, which is, I understand, the lesser folly in "Not until I met you did I question the "Not until I met you did I question the "Source in the state of the story, except that we are go-ing to live happily together ever after—eh, Margaret?" She did not speak. She wished he would not laugh. She noticed for the first time of the say in giving the order.

Sne did not speak. She wished he would | right so long as the other fellow had none