Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., August 19, 1904.

ASKING FOR TEARS.

Give others what Thou wilt or what they will.
The scar Thy hand has made is pallid still.
The purple and the ermine of our fate,
If sent to me in pity, were too late.

This world is as a goblet fair and fine,
But Life is an exceeding bitter wine;
We taste a drop of honey here and there,
Yet, surely, wormwood mingles everywhere.

So, let me come to Thee in this wild way,
Fierce with a grief that will not sleep, to pray
Of all the treasures, Father, only one,
After which I may say—Thy will be done.

Hide not in utter dark or utter light,
For I am Thine. Oh, wait not to requite
The cruelty of Love, that took away
The last and sweetest of Thy gifts, I say.

Nay, fear not Thou to make my time too sweet.
I nurse a Sorrow—kiss its hands and feet,
Call it all piteous, precious names, and try,
Awake at night, to hush its helpless cry.

The sand is at my moaning lip, the glare
Of the eternal desert fills the air.
My eyes are blind and burning, and the years
Stretch on before me. Therefore give me Tears.

Mrs. S. M. B. Platt.

LARKIN.

It was after nightfall in that part of New York which is, to the rest of the city, the top story of the house—where the servants sleep. And now, when the business district of the lower town was as dark as a deserted basement, the lights were lit in all these shining windows; and behind the drawn blinds, clerks and bookkeepers, shop-girls and working women laughed and chatted in their tiny cells and cubicles. Their rooms were piled up, in layer on layer, to form continuous blocks of houses; and there rose from the unbroken pavements with an appearance of standing ankle deep in a pool of frozen stone—as if an inundation of fluid rock had hardened evenly over the streets and buried every inequality of the green sod and brown soil of a suburb under a barren crust of asphalt and cement.

Up one of the bare gorges of brick and pavement, Larkin struggled against all the winds of December that fought and jostled him, beating down the flickering gas lights until they gasped behind their rattling lamp glasses, and puffing stiff blasts along the sidewalk to sweep the stones as clean as ice. Bending forward, with his chin in his collar and his shoulders hunched about his neck, he looked as if the violence of the wind had pounded his head into his body and crushed his stiff derby down on his ears. He had one hand thrust into the breast of his overcoat at the aperture of a missing button and his elbows were pressed in against his sides; so that he seemed to be hugging himself against the cold, shrunken in on himself in an unwilling and shivering discomfort.

And yet, when he stopped in the light of a hall lamp to look up at the number on the door, a package showed in the crook of his elbow to explain his posture, and about the wrappings of that package there shone the gilt twine of the bonbon counter. His lips were contracted with the cold as if to pucker for a whistle, and his simple face, glowing with the nip of the wind, was the sort from which an always cheerful melody might be expected continuously to pipe.

He came up the steps to pick out the name of "Connors" over an electric bell, and he pressed the button heavily with the flat of his thumb. The door lock clicked. He wiped his feet on the mat for a moment of hesitation, and then blew apologetically into the thumb-crotch of a closed fist as he entered; but these were the only signs of any inward agitation at the prospect of making a social call, uninvited, on a girl who did not know his name, and who might possibly not even remember his face.

A little old woman in a shawl was waiting for him in a doorway on the second landing. He asked cautiously, from the top step: "'S Miss Connors live here?"

"She does." She peered out to see that he was a stranger. "I'll tell her." She disappeared.

He prepared to wait at the door, but she came back at once, in a flutter, to invite him into the parlor. She asked him, with an apologetic warmth, to be seated. He nodded but he did not speak.

He put his box of candies on the center table and covered it with his hat. There was a pink plush photograph album under his hand, with a scroll of gilt lettering on the cover, and he stood tracing out the design on it, with a fascinated forefinger, until he heard a swish of skirts and a patter of quick steps in the adjoining room. He looked up to see the girl stop short between the gaudy hangings of the doorway. Her lips—that had been ready in a little simper of welcome—parted in a gape of surprise; her hands—that had been smoothing the shoulders of her pink-beribboned dressing jacket—caught at the curtains, and she remained held there, as if she did not intend to enter until he had explained himself.

She was a small girl, with a head of coquettish black hair, and she wore one artful ringlet hanging down in the middle of her forehead with the air of a stage soubrette. He fastened his gaze on it while he spoke.

"We heard 'tyuh were sick—from one o' the girls," he said huskily. "I was—I was goin' past here, an' I thought I'd drop in an' see how yuh were comin' on."

"Oh!" she said, with an affectation of recognizing him for the first time; "you're Mister Rattray's frien?"

He nodded. "Pipp was astin' about yuh from the red headed girl. We been goin' to your place at the lunch counter right along."

"Have yuh?" she laughed, dropping her hands.

He nodded. "We thought p'raps yuh'd like some choc'lates." He lifted his hat to uncover the candy box.

From the way he did it, it was plain how much he had counted on the effect. She laughed. "Oh—oh, thanks," she said, and came in to take the box from him. She had a kitchen pallor, but a spot of color began to blush out, like rouge; on either cheek bone.

II

As soon as she had relieved him of the package, he backed away from her and took refuge in a chair, sitting down in his overcoat, with his hat in his hands. His nose was still red with cold but he looked warm and uncomfortable.

"Won't yuh take off yer things?" she asked, in the voice of social politeness, from a flat palate, somewhat through the nose.

He shook his head. "I jus' dropped in to see how yuh were." He looked around the room in a manner of being very much at his ease.

"Oh, I'm pretty well, I guess," she said, with a nervous laugh that was followed by a fit of coughing. She sat down with the box in her lap and began to open it.

He frowned at the cough. "That's right," he said at last. "Yuh don't want to go back too soon after the grip."

"I guess mine was memmonia, too," she replied, with an air of pride in it. "The doctor says my lungs ain't strong."

He nodded at a crayon portrait of Mrs. Connors on the far wall. "That's what they tol' us."

There was an awkward pause in the conversation until she said "They're fi-i-ne!" bending over the candies. "Won't yuh try one?"

She held out the box to him and he reached across the intervening space to take a chocolate drop. He put it whole into his mouth, and rolled it over into the pouch of his cheek in a way which made it plain to her that he had not eaten candies since the days when he had sucked "penny lasters."

She nibbled a chocolate with a superlative daintiness and watched him.

He was staring solemnly at the wall. "I'm over in Bowler's," he said. "Pipp's in the Pennsylvania offices."

"Oh?"

"We ust to go to school together up home. I came down to New York with him."

"Did yuh?"

"Yep." He nodded, sucking on the bulge in his cheek. "We sort o' ran away. I've known Pipp ever since he was about so high." He held his hat out on a level with his shoulder and smiled askew, around the chocolate.

"Where'd yuh ust to live?" she asked politely.

He named the little town up state. He had driven his father's bakery wagon after school hours there, and "Pipp," who was the doctor's son, had ridden with him "for the fun of it."

There was a look in his eyes which she did not understand. It came with the memory of those sleepy afternoons in the wagon—the smell of fresh bread always sweet on its worn shelves that were as clean and as warm as a baker's oven—the sun beating down on its heat-cracked top, and the yellowish-white nag, that knew its round of customers as well as he did, tacking from side to side of the road, unguided.

His whole manner puzzled her; and it was not to be the last time he was to leave her at a loss. He had one of those minds which seem to make stolid night marches and to arrive unexpectedly at the strangest conclusions without at all sharing the surprise which they cause.

He groped in his over-coat pocket to draw out a yellowed photograph of his father's bake-shop, taken by some travelling photographer who made a specialty of "commercial business." In the door-way, Larkin was posed between his parents, in a pair of knickerbockers that came to the calves of his legs, and he had an air of acknowledging that though his father was the original owner of the trousers, his mother had made them over for him.

Miss Connors did not smile when he explained that his mother looked sleepy because she always sat up until the small hours of the morning to call the bakers to their work.

He had also a tintype of "Pipp" and himself, grinning self-consciously in the gummy smile of youth. "He's pretty smart—Pipp," he said admiringly. "We ust to be in the same class at school, but he got away ahead of me."

"He's a jollier, ain't he?" she said, in the same tone.

"Sure," he laughed. "He was jollyin' the red-headed girl to-day. He's more fun'n enough."

She straightened back from the photograph with a change of face.

"I don't see such a much of him now," he went on innocently; "'cept at twelve. He's mighty pop'lar, I guess. He has to go out 'bout every night."

He turned the tintype over in his hand and sat looking at the blank back of it. She was studying him.

"D'yuh board together?" she asked suddenly.

He shook his head. "Pipp's moved down-town." He put the pictures back in his pocket and sat leaning forward with his fore-arms on his knees, looking down at his hat on the floor. "N'York's a big place," he said.

She smiled the smile of understanding. "It's pretty lonely, too, ain't it? Won't yuh take off yer coat?"

He got up very red and confused. "I guess I better be goin'," he said. "I—I jus' dropped in—to see how yuh were." He evaded her eyes by looking into his hat, and while she was still stammering an attempt to put him at his ease again, he edged to the door and slipped out. She followed him. "I hope yuh'll come up again, M.——"

He did not give her his name. He stumbled down the stairs.

"Well, good-night," she said reproachfully.

"Good-night, good-night," he answered from the lowering landing.

She went back into the room and took a candy from the box and smiled as she crunched it. When her mother came in she bent down hastily to pick up the paper and gilt twine from the floor.

"Who was it?" Mrs. Connors asked.

"Oh, jus' a friend of a fellah in the Pennsylvania offices," she said. "He sent me up some candy."

III

She spent the greater part of the following day sitting at the closed window, wrapped in a shawl, the curl on her forehead done up in a twist of paper.

"I'm awful busy," she said to her mother, as she hurried back to her post of observation after dinner. "I'm movin' in across the road."

She nibbled chocolates. She sat and frowned or sat and smiled. Once, her mother, who was working over the laundry tubs, heard her singing and peeped in, to see her dusting the room. And when night fell she dressed in her black lace gown that had no collar and put a huge butterfly bow of black velvet in her hair.

"I'll bet no one'll come, now I'm ready for them," she said humorously. "They'd sooner catch me when I'm lookin' a sight."

Larkin, however, came on the stroke of eight, and was so cordially received that his apologetic smile changed to one of flattered bashfulness at once. He was, in fact, so dazzled that he forgot, for the moment, to explain the parcel which he had brought under his arm.

He did not remember it until after he was sitting down. "I thought I'd better run up with it t'-night," he explained then. "She's got to have it back Saturday—a girl at the house. She said she liked it. My name's Larkin."

It proved to be a circulating library novel, "Wedded and Won," which he had borrowed from some one in his boarding-house.

"Oh!—oh, *thanks!*" she said. "I'm awful fond of reading, ain't you?"

He laughed unexpectedly. "Well, I ain't such a much. I saw some books over on Third Avenno 't we ust to read in the barn, one day, and got two of them, but I didn't get through the first."

"Didn't yuh?" She smiled at his sudden volubility.

"No. We ust to have great times in the hay loft. They cost five cents each—about Jesse James and the Indians. We ust to borr' an' lend them—until Buttony Clark joined the Y. M. C. A. He borr'd them all without telling us he was burnin' them. What sort d' *you* like?"

"Oh, any sort," she said gaily, "as long's it's love story. I guess you men don't read love stories much." He shook his head uncertainly and then he smiled a broad grin. She turned the pages of the book. "Except when yuh want to jolly us along," she added.

He hitched up his shoulder and looked troubled.

"I don't know but what yuh look up a few pointers *then*," she said, and glanced up archly at him.

He shifted uneasily. "Pipp," he began; "he——'

"Oh, *him*," she stopped him. "I guess he don't do all the jollyin.' That's a game fer two." She leaned back and laughed rather harshly. "I guess *you* haven't been reading any of them lately, anyways."

"No—o," he said, without understanding her.

She bent down over the book again so that he could not see her face. "P'raps if yuh'd ever been in love, yuh *would*."

He was not so stupid that he could not see she was laughing at him. He did not answer.

"Haven't yuh never been?" He squirmed and blushed. "Because," she went on, without looking up. "I want to know if they do it right in the books."

He rose slowly. "She wants it back Saturday," he said. "I had better come fer it on——"

She dropped the book. "Yuh're not goin'?" she cried.

He started towards the door. She sprang up and got in front of him. "Now, you go away back there, an' sit down," she ordered. "I ain't said anythin' to fly off the handle at like that. Go on, now. I won't let yuh go. Go on back an' sit down."

He did so shamefacedly.

"Great sakes," she said; "you're as touchy as anythin'.

He had been looking at her feet. He raised his eyes to hers now, humbly and apologetically, but with another expression too—as dumb as the look of a dog—that struck her pale. It was a glance that did not last a second. It was followed by a long silence, during which she sat, breathing quickly, the blood burning in her cheeks, her eyes fixed on him in a stare that slowly changed from an expression of surprise that was almost stupefaction to one of wonder and compassion that was not unmixed with shame.

"I guess it's kind o' cold out, ain't it?" she said at last. "I wish't 'd hurry up an' get warm again."

He replied hoarsely that he did not mind the cold; and the rest of the evening passed in a constrained conversation, chiefly about his work in the wholesale house and hers at the "lunch counter." When he rose to leave her she did not meet his eyes.

She hurried off to bed on the plea that she was tired. Her mother heard her coughing wakefully far into the night.

IV.

It was almost nine o'clock before he arrived on the following evening, and he was received by Mrs. Connors with a suspicious manner that thawed as soon as she saw how he took to heart the news that "Maggie" had been worse all day and had gone to bed.

"Ain't she gettin' better?" he whispered.

Her under lip trembled; her little sunken eyes filled. She shook her head.

He took a bag of peanuts from his pocket and laid them on the table dejectedly. "Ain't she any better?"

"Not a bit," she said, under her voice. "Not a bit. An' I've had the doctor ev'ry blessed day, an' drugs, an' dainties that's eat up the little bit I'd put by for us—ev'ry cent of it. I'm at my wits' ends. I am that."

She began to pour out all the anxieties which she had been restraining for months. He listened, blinking at the bag of peanuts.

"Thank God, I got my own health, but I'm gettin' old. I'm not good fer much. Our frien's 's all got troubles of their own, Heavens knows—poor souls. It's a bad way we'll be in if Maggie's never to get strong again. A bad way." She sat down and knotted her hard old hands together in her lap. "An' her such a bright girl—poor child."

She sighed and shook her head. He turned his hat over in his hands and studied it. There was a miserable silence.

"How d'yuh do, Mr. Larkin," a voice chirruped from the door. He started at the sight of her peeping around the hanging at him. She laughed. "Yuh're gettin' so fash'nable, I thought yuh weren't comin'."

"I was huntin' fer some peanuts," he confessed with his usual simplicity. "I couldn't find a peddler."

"Peanuts!" she cried. "Wait'll I get my wrapper on."

He turned to smile at Mrs. Connors.

"They'll her no hurt anyways," she conceded. "I wish't was port wine, poor girl."

It was port wine, the next time he appeared; it was also calves' foot jelly. And though Miss Connors made merry over them, her mother was visibly won. She relieved him of his hat and made him take off his overcoat. And having intervened to save him from her daughter's teasings several times throughout the evening, she parted from him with reluctance at half-past ten and scolded the girl to bed.

"There's not many boys in Noo York like him," she said; "more's the pity. He'—"

"He's as slow as mud."

"What of it?" she cried. "It's the mud that sticks to yeh. He's no fly-away, anyways. He's a good boy. He is now. Y'ought to take shame to yerself to be baitin' him so. Yer own father was as like him as ever was, an' he made as steady a man as any girl'd want. Mind yeh that."

"All right, mither," she laughed. "Let me go to sleep. I'll marry him in the mornin'."

"You might do worse."

"I might do better."

Thereafter, if Larkin made no great progress with Miss Connors, he received every encouragement from her mother. She sent him one night to get a prescription filled at the drug store, and even allowed him to pay for the medicine when he insisted that he should—without letting Maggie know. Once having obtained that privilege, he made it a permanent one; and from this beginning he insinuated his aid into the payment of some of the other household expenses, brought Mrs. Connors presents of tea and sugar, and finally slipped a part of his pay-day riches into her hand—when she was bidding him good-night in the hall—"fer the doctor's bill."

"God bless yeh, boy," she whispered tearfully. "Don't mind Maggie now. It's the way with the girls. She'll marry yeh when the time comes. Don't doubt it."

He fled down the stairs in such blind haste that he almost fell on the landing, but when he reached the sidewalk he stopped to turn up the collar of his overcoat and solemnly shook his head before he went on again.

V.

Though he came every evening—and even accepted an invitation to supper Sunday afternoon—he had never much to say for himself. Mrs. Connors received him at the door, maternally, and made herself busy about him, and followed him down the hall to the kitchen. Her daughter, propped up among the pillows in an arm chair by the stove, greeted him with a flippant 'Hello, Mike!" although she knew his name was Tom. He would grin and reply, respectfully: "How're yuh feelin'?"

"Oh, great!" she would say sarcastically. "Don't I look it?"

She was, in fact, pathetically thin and faded.

"That's right," he would insist. "I guess we'll have't warm pretty soon now."

He would sit down at the opposite side of the room and smile and listen and watch her. She had given up teasing him about coming; she accepted him as one of the family and chatted with her mother about their neighbors and their household affairs without making any change of topic when he came in.

When she was too weak to leave her room she called out "Hello, Mike!" as he passed her door. And when she was at last steadily confined to her bed, she had the cot moved into the kitchen to be in the warmest room in the flat, and she received him there with a smile, even when her voice was too faint to raise her greeting above a whisper. She had apparently accepted their sturdy assurance that she would get well with the warmer weather, and their evenings were as pleasant together as if they all believed that the impossible could happen and were resolved not to worry meanwhile.

He had been given her keys to the flat, so that he might not disturb her by ringing the bell if she were sleeping when he came of an evening. One Saturday night when he arrived he found the parlor door unlatched and the room filled with women, talking in subdued tones. None of them knew him and they all stared when he looked in. Some one was sobbing in the next room. Through the hangings he saw a priest.

He shut the door again, tiptoed heavily down-stairs to the street, and stood on the front steps until a policeman, who was watching him, came up to speak to him. He wandered off aimlessly without answering.

He passed and repassed the door several times in the night. At daybreak he saw the black streamer on the door-jamb and turned home, and as he went slowly around the corner, in the silence of the Sunday morning, undertaker's wagon came drumming hollowly over the paving stones.

"Ah, don't lea' me, lad," Mrs. Connors pleaded. "Sure, if Maggie'd lived, yeh'd a' been my son, Tom. 'Tell'm I'd a' married him,' she said. 'Say good-by to Mike,' she said, callin' yeh Mike that way. 'An' tell'm I'd a' married him,' she said."

Larkin shook his head. He knew better.

However, he did not go back to his boarding house. He sat in his old place in the kitchen until she made up a bed for him in the room that was now to spare. And when Mrs. Connors had gone plaintively to bed, he dampered the stove, tried the lock of the window that opened on the fire-escape, and took up the oil lamp which she used to save gas in the kitchen.

He stood a long time gazing at the light in his hand, swaying a little, his lips twitching. He went up the hall to the door of the room and stood there, banging his head. He blew out the light. In the darkness, he tapped on the panel and whispered—hoarsely, apologetically:

"Maggie?"—*By Harvey J. O'Higgins.*

The trained Nurse.

When I was sick I had a trained nurse. She came in the still watches of one evening, and laid her soft, cool, twenty-five-dollar-a-week hand on my burning pauper brow, and thenceforth her salary and my fever ran on together, not even stopping for meals—that is to say, the nurse herself stoopped for meals, but not her salary. About noon each day, when the glad outside world was caroling to the sky, when the merry school-boy was skipping homeward, and the flowers were dancing in the sunlight, she would part from me with tears in her eyes and a choking sensation in her throat and a look of keen agony, and slope gently down-stairs, and spend a few hours over the family board, while the cook threatened to leave, and the hot-water bottle on my jaded stomach became frappee.

She came to me with a complete set of books, a clinical thermometer, and the story of her past life. When she had taken away my temperature, and gone off with it to some far corner of the room, and examined it critically by the light of a tallow dip, and set it down in Ledger B, where I couldn't see it, she picked up her trusty pad, and began to write a historical novel, of which I was the unhappy hero. From that moment I felt that about me there was nothing sacred.

The second day after she came, when all the towels had been used up, and all my ingenious children were paving the back yard with remnants of dry toast, and the doctor had told her all about me that she hadn't been able to find out herself, she began to relate to me the story of her past. We both survived; but, at this late day, I have an idea that her story is even now the more robust of the two.

The trained nurse is now a necessity in every modern home. As an antidote to medical science, she has no equal. Dressed in rich, but not too gaudy, bed-ticking, and armed with medals she won in the Crimean War for reading *Punch* aloud to the sick soldiers, she stands over one's bedside like a guardian angel, and no germ can pass the lines without giving the countersign.—*Tom Mason in Smart Set.*

Deeper Water for the Great Lakes.

The development of large vessels on the Great Lakes cannot proceed much farther until deeper channels can be provided.

It is proposed to erect a dam across the lower end of Lake Erie, above Niagara Falls, in order to raise the level of that lake. The British government is slow about considering the question, but if taken in hand by both America and Great Britain, the dam might be constructed in a comparatively short time.

It would enable the largest lake vessel to navigate this comparatively shallow lake with much greater freedom than at present, and render lake traffic much safer.

To Be in Good Society.

High moral character and education, whether it be of book lore or that of observation and good example, polish of manner and good habits, are the requisites of good society. One whose ideas of social equality were rather democratic than exclusive was heard to remark: "One man is born just as good as another and a great deal better than some." Unless the son of a gentleman be a gentleman he is no more entitled to the name suggesting refinement than a man is entitled to the name of general whose father before him was a general. One must win his own laurels or go uncrowned.

Birth to a marked degree is an accident, and those who are considered to be well born are oft-times the most objectionable elements of society and the most dangerous associates. One need but watch closely the daily record of those on both sides of the Atlantic, whose birth gives them prestige in society, to prove that education and cultivation of high morals and manners go farther toward making refined society than all the good or blue blood that ever flowed through the veins of royalty and the nobility. Of course, it would be the height of absurdity to argue that all men are born equal, and it would be as illogical to argue against the superiority of blooded animals of the race-course over the ordinary draught horse. However, the nobility of culture and refinement should have precedence over the nobility of birth and rank.

Nitre in California.

As was predicted by economists and geologists that with the complete exhaustion of the Chilean nitrate deposits in view in say 15 or 20 years a new source of supply would probably be discovered, comes the report of the California State Mining Bureau, declaring that the nitre deposits of San Bernardino county are "rich enough to rival the beds of Chile." Near all these beds, which possess many points of geologic similarity to the Chilean deposits, from which 1,606,343 tons were mined last year, are situated in the northern part of San Bernardino county, extending across the line into Inyo county. "They are found along the shore lines, or old beaches, that mark the boundary of Death Valley, as it was during the Eocene times." The nitre content varies from 7 to 61 per cent, and is associated with varying quantities of common salt, sodium sulphate, calcium sulphate, magnesium sulphate and idodin compounds. The exact extent of these deposits has not been accurately determined, but enough prospecting has been done to establish the fact that they are of sufficient extent to be of national importance.

Decide What You Will Do.

An engineer who starts to build a bridge and then keeps finding better places to put his piers, and wondering whether he has selected the best location or not, will never get the bridge across the river. He must decide, then go ahead and build the bridge, no matter what obstacle he may strike. So it is with the builder of character, he must decide finally what he will do, and then make for the goal, refusing to look back or be moved from his course.

Tens of thousands of young people with good health, good education and good ability are standing on the end of a bridge, at life's crossing. They hope they are on the right way, they think they are doing the right thing, and yet they do not dare to burn the bridge they have just crossed. They want a chance for retreat in case they have made a mistake. They cannot bear the thought of cutting off all possibility of turning back. They lack the power to decide conclusively what course they will take.—O. S. Marden, in the August *Success.*

Gems of Thought.

There is nothing in life which has not its lesson for us, or its gift.

Great ideas travel slowly, and, for a time, noiselessly, as the gods, whose feet were shod with wool.

God reads our characters in our prayers. What we love best, what we covet most, that gives the key to our hearts.

The good things that we have missed in this world sometimes make us sad; but the sad things that we have missed should mitigate our sorrow and give us a spirit of praise.

Oh, the littleness of the lives that we are living! Oh, the way in which we fail to comprehend, or, when we do comprehend, deny to ourselves the bigness of that thing which it is to be a man, to be a child of God!

A religion that stays in the clouds is of no use to anybody. Religion must be definite, practical, useful—a binding rule of daily life—or else it is as much a mockery as the gilded prayer wheel of the Buddhist.

The Power of a True Life.

What I wanted, and what I have been endeavoring to ask for the poor African, has been the good offices of Christians, ever since Livingstone taught me during those four months I was with him. In 1878 I went to him as prejudiced as the bitterest atheist in London. I was there away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and asked myself, "Why on earth does he stop here?"

For months after we met, I found myself listening to him and wondering at the old man and carrying out all that was said in the Bible. Little by little his sympathies for others became contagious. Mine was aroused. Seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how quietly he went about his business, I was converted by him, although he had not tried to do it.—*Henry M. Stanley.*

Different.

"Gee whiz, Maria! I'm going to move out of this neighborhood. Those Blinks children are always yelling. Just hear that one yell now. It's enough to drive a man crazy. Why can't people teach their children not to be forever running around the neighborhood crying at the top of their voices. If I owned the kid that's doing all that crying I'd—"

"O, Mr. Binks, that's our own precious little Johnnie crying. I wonder—"

"Our Johnnie? Poor little fellow! Something must have frightened or hurt him. I'll go right out and see what's the matter."

Unfortunate Office-seeker.

The late ex-President Kruger was not an eloquent man, but he excelled at brief and pithy sayings, many of which, like the saying about waiting for the tortoise to stick out his head, have passed into the language of nations. His answer to a nephew who petitioned for a Government appointment has often been quoted: "My dear boy, I can do nothing for you. You are not clever enough for a subordinate position, and all the higher offices are filled."

IF.

Ah! if this life were bounded by the tomb—
If Love, Hope, Faith and noble deed were all
Dashed back in fragments by the granite wall—
If passionate longings were but forms that loom,
Above the field of battle lost:—if doom
Gathered all clouds for one dire thunder fall,
That would bring down the heavens and leave no small
Blue space on high for one star seed to bloom—
Then, I should madden at this boat ablaze
With mothers and their babes an ashen heap,
And cry out: "God, thou nightmare of our sleep!"
But, in the densest darkness, strange light plays
On life's tall mast. Whence trust—the flame aleap—
But from shore lights Beyond! There, we shall praise.

—*Edward Doyle in New York Sun*

The Search Abandoned.

Practically nothing new was brought out at the coroner's inquest into the death of Charles Hays in the recent hold-up at Portage. The search for the bandits has been practically abandoned, though it may be resumed. There are some concerned in it who are morally certain that the culprits were in Cedar Swamp and escaped the vigilance of the searchers, going southward. Others are equally sure they were never there. Some believe that after the crime they went east or west on a freight. Some others maintain that the perpetrators were not Italians, have been about Portage for years, carefully planned the crime and waited probably months for an opportunity such as was presented Saturday. These think the perpetrators may be still about Portage and probably joined in the search. Still another theory is that they are professionals, and had prepared their line of escape carefully beforehand. Everybody appears to be exercising his right to a theory and all can adduce some evidence to support it.

If there is any more searching done, it will doubtless be for clues in the immediate region of the crime. J. J. McConnell and H. A. Tompkins, of the Portage coal company, had a conference and they are considering the advisability of putting at work a squad of men who shall again search thoroughly the neighborhood. They would begin at the spot of the shooting and circle about it until they had a radius of a mile or so, covering practically every inch of the ground.

Curious Condensations.

Muscular exercise increases the number of globules in the blood.

A newly discovered cotton tree in Mexico promises to rival in production the cotton plant of the United States.

A newly invented microscope is said to magnify the eye of a house fly so that it covers an apparent area of 312 feet.

The average cost of food per family in 1890 was $318.20. In 1896, the year of lowest prices, it fell to $296.76; in 1902 it reached the highest point of the period, being $344.61; while in 1903 it fell slightly, to $342.75.

There are some 400,000 German settlers in Brazil, most of whom are Brazilian subjects, but who send their children to German schools, which are maintained for the purpose of training them in German habits and a love of Germany.

A Rescue Mission Child's Prayer.

Mrs. Ballington Booth tells the New York Times of an incident in one of her rescue missions. She was putting a little waif to bed, folding her new clothes and teaching her a childish prayer. "Now, follow me," said Mrs. Booth, "and say as I say:

"'Now, I lay me down to sleep.'" The child repeated the words.

"'I pray Thee, God, my soul to keep,'" continued the missionary.

"'I pray Thee, God, my clothes to keep,'" was the version of the child.

"No; not clothes, my child. I'll take care of your clothes."

The little girl jumped to her feet in terror. "But won't you pawn them?" she asked. "That's what they always do at home when I have new clothes."

——"Mamma," said 5-year-old Bessie, "can't I have a milkmaid's costume for cousin Nellie's party?"

"I'm afraid such a costume wouldn't be suitable for a little girl like you," replied the mother.

"But," persisted Bessie, "I can be a condensed milkmaid, can't I?"

——The Mormons are said to have made 65,000 converts last year, more than any other church or denomination. It is claimed that they politically control six States, and they openly boast that Congress dare not interfere with them. The trouble is, as long as they do not preach polygamy, we do not see how they can be suppressed.

——Teacher—Who was the god of war?

Small Boy—Hymen.

Teacher—No, that isn't right. Hymen was the god of marriage.

Small Boy—Well, my papa said Hymen was the god of war, and I guess he knows.

——"Mamma," said 4-year-old Harry, "I'll bet God thinks I'm dead."

"Why, dear?" asked the astonished mother.

"'Cause I forgot to say my prayers last night."

END OF BITTER FIGHT.—"Two Physicians had a long and stubborn fight with an abcess on my right lung" writes J. F. Hughes of Du Pont, Ga. "and gave me up. Everybody thought my time had come. As a last resort I tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. The benefit I received was striking and I was on my feet in a few days. Now I've entirely regained my health." It conquers all Coughs, Colds and Throat and Lung troubles. Guaranteed by Greenss Drug Store Price 50c, and $1.00. Trial Bottles free.

Three Constables Accused of Murder.

Selma, Ala., Aug. 10.—Charged with murder in the first degree, Special Constables Ransom, Stanfill and Cherry are in jail here awaiting a preliminary hearing. The charge against them is based on the fact that Edward Bell, a negro, was taken from their custody last Saturday by a mob of negroes, hanged to a tree and his body riddled with bullets. Bell was charged with killing another negro, after a preliminary hearing at which he was ordered held for the crime, and he was placed in charge of the three special constables to be conveyed to jail in Selma. It was while on the way to jail that the negro was lynched.