

Bellefonte Pa.. January 27, 1905.

IN MY DREAMS.

In my dreams I often hear them, hear the faroff voices calling

From the hillside, from the red road, from th rolling waste of plain,

Have you left us altogether? (some one told us in the township)

Is it really true, old fellow, you will not con back again ?

In my dreams I often see them, see the shadow

people waiting
On the hillside, on the red road, on the rolling waste of plain;

And my lips would fain give answer something hopeful, if not certain. But a mocking spirit whispers, "You shall not

In my dreams I often see it, see the dear old

shanty standing, With the briar-scented breezes playing round

the open door; Nothing great nor grand, nor gaudy, but quaint old wooden building, Just a kind of way-back tavern and a sort of

And I often hear the voices of the sturdy sta

tion children, Kind of little shadow children in the middle of the road;

And I guess that they are waiting for the teamster and his wagon

And the dear old loony bullocks with their precious border load

Shadow plains roll out before me with a mob of cattle charging, And I hear the yelping brindle as he turn

them on the rise : And, anon, a shadow figure by the old slip

panel waiting, And I note the look of longing and the sorro in her eyes.

Must the dreamer go on dreaming what the fickle goddess pictures? Must he wake to find the vision all too seldon

what it seems? God! who fashioned all things perfect, grant

that one day you may find me Sleeping somewhere in the ranges with the

shadows of my dreams. -Pall Mall Gazette.

THE HEART OF KINGS.

The heaven for height, and the earth for depth, and the heart of Kings is unsearchable.

"So," said the Prince, softly. He leaned back in his great chair, propping his el-bows on its arms, and gazed through the arch of his joined finger-tips into the mellow light of the fire. "So . . That is the end of business for to day. You have done well, Paul—admirably well. One must not be too merciful to these recalcitrants. It is a crime to have mercy. Do you think me cruel, Paul?"

The secretary smiled uneasily, conscious that he was being played with like a mouse by the handsome, feline Prince, whose voice was never more caressing than when cruel, Monseigneur, as the Archangel Michael when he shuts the door of hell."

"What a fine answer, Paul? Take care you do not grow too clever: its a vice which I never tolerate. To the true patriot tolerance is a forbidden luxury. No sentinent of affection would prevent me having you hanged if you were clever enough to be dangerous. And yet I am very fond of you. Do you remember how we played together by the fountain of St. Barba when we were children? We were two ragged little dirty children then, and one was as good as the other; and now I am a great ruler, and you are my secretary and my slave. How wonderful are the ways of Providence!" the Prince concluded, fixing his eyes on Paul's face. His unctuous piety was pervaded by a strong tinge of irony, and he seemed to be enjoying himself more than his secretary.

"True, Monseigneur, and yet-" 'And vet?''

"Even in those days I had the honor to draw the water for the Monseigneur!" The Prince laughed softly, with an Italian subtlety of intonation. "Faith, Paul, I love thee for that," he said. "You were ever an endearing little coward. But as to this plot: what has been done with the prisonei?

"We have tried to persuade him-" "To give up the names of his accom-His own, I think, is Rohan de Lusignan.'

"Your memory, Monseigneur—"
"Send him to the rack," interrupted the Prince blandly.

'We have already-"

"Still obdurate? Poor little child! But this is dangerous, Paul: his accomplices are still at large. They may strike at any mo-ment: now, while I sit here, a shot fired through the window might wreck all my plans. Stand between me and the window, Paul." Paul obeyed, whitening; he feared bul-

lets sorely, but he feared his master more. "I and my country are one: you are glad, aren't you, to have a chance of giving your life for your country? That's my brave Paul! So torture won't make him speak? Have you threatened him with death? "We led him out before a file of soldiers

this morning, and shot him with blank cartridges." 'What suffering and what heroism! We'll try a different measure: bring him

The secretary retired, and the Prince sat alone in the firelit darkness. A supple, slender form, richly dressed, he sat gazing into the flames with the eyes of a dreamer his lips parted in a winning and subtle The fierce ambition which had marked him even in the days of his peasant childhood had set no traces on the sensuous oval of his face; and yet he was no actor, trigue yielded at times to the caprices of a luxurious tenderness. His was the true adventurer's spirit, which set the lust of dominion first, but had separate viel. but simply a man of dual nature, in whom dominion first. but had separate niches for all the passions, including the softest femin. ine sentiment. He turned with a look of pity at the sound of stumbling footsteps in the corridor without; a voice said. "Drag the fool along: he can't walk."

"Fresh from the rack," said the Prince to himself, "poor child." His eyes were luminous with tears.

a young man, whose clothes were stained

here and there with wet, red patches that widened. 'Monseigneur, I have brought the trait-

or whose nefarious hand-" he begau, his designs and so lay himself open to mis consequentially.
"Ah, yes," the Prince interrupted him.

"Lay him down and leave him." The secretary obeyed. He had learnt knelt beside his captive. He was young,

"You love your country?"
"I do not speak of what I love to

"No. Forgive me; I must hurt you worse, I fear. You will permit me to touch you?" He lifted his enemy with strong and careful hands and laid him on a couch beside the fire; then getting linen and a basin of water, he did what he could for the tortured man. Very still lay Rohan, very cold and quiet, yielding nothing to the Prince's entreating eyes. When all was done that could be done, the Prince spoke

again, throwing himself down on a rug before the fire. He leaned his cheek on his hand, and the two faces in the firelight and shadow were very close to each other. "You were on the rack this morning?"

"I have you to thank for that; believe me, I prefer it to your kindness."
"Do you? And yet it is ill work to be set on the rack. I can pity you, for I also have

been under torture. "You! What a fool you must think me,

to trick me with that easy lie."
"If it is a lie, at least my flesh lies as well as my spirit. See."

He bared his wrists. De Lusignan could not well mistake those ghastly scars.
"Do you think you are the only man that has suffered for his country."
"I do not know nor care. What is it to me what you have done? Except, indeed,

that I'm sorry my shot missed you." "My poor little enemy!" said the Prince,

smiling down into the dark, pain-clouded "What can be your purpose in this

"No farce, Rohan, and no purpose. I did "No farce, Rohan, and no purpose. The not know they had sent you to the rack; had I known I would have stopped it. For If I were to give you their lives?" Rohan caught his hand and kissed it; you tried to do me a great service, and, though you failed, still I am grateful." "Did I," De Lusignan answered. "I

did not mean to." "That I believe. And yet in a way you on for awhile; but F did mean to; you meant to kill me, didn't think. Will he not?" you?

"With all my heart." Do you think I should not be glad to die?
Do you think it is not a weary, weary fight? See now, Rohan: is this a palace for whose sake a wise man would go in fear

of murderers?" De Lusignan glanced around the large room and marvelled inwardly. Here was no sign, indeed, of the magnificence of which he had heard so many stories: of the luxury, wrung from the sweat of the peoguerdon. This seemed rather the room of a soldier; and the wrists of the Prince were scarred, and the eyes of the Prince

were very sad. "Do you think," said the Prince, "that it is for this I fight? For 'lust of gold—I, Rohan's who am often in want of money? For lust flushed. of power- I, whom chance saves from the assassin's hand? Rowan, they've lied to but then they say worse things of you. I you."

or is it an insult to your brother?"

De Lusignan reddened swiftly; and did not answer. people always hear both sides, you know: and my brother is always just. Listen, Rohan: I have stories to tell you. You need not believe them unless you like, and vet they're all true. They are about a man who was very poor and lonely, and yet he feline movements; his eyes were dark with was a Prince. People hated him because pity and his lips were parted in a little tenhe had not always been a Prince, but had been a poor lad, like any other child. I do been a poor lad, like any other child. I do not know if it was quite fair for them to hate him, because it was they themselves him to all days have I was who had made him Prince, in the old days when they thought they loved and trusted him. Of course, he loved his kingdom:

only he was afraid to." "Afraid?" "Afraid for the sake of the kingdom. If he gave it up to the rebels they would quarrel among themselves, and many of his people would be killed."

still, I think he would have given it up,

res, that is quite true," broke in Ron-ald, eagerly. "Our leaders can never agree —" He checked himself suddenly, flush-ing at his indiscretion. ing at his indiscretion.

"No? So the Prince thought, and therefore he had to fight. It was a hard fight; it is a hard fight still. And what made it hard was this, just this: that he had no friends, no one who loved or trusted him. They called him a tyrant, a robber, a-liar, and what not-'

"Sire!" cried Rohan, sharply. He could scarcely bear the look in the grand, imperturbable eyes of the Prince.

They thought he did it for his own sake, because he wanted the crown; they did not know how heavy and sharp is the crown in such a kingdom as his. Really and truly, he only wanted to do them good, to help them, and make their lives a little more free, and a little less intolerably hit-ter. They tried to kill him—hush, child they tried to kill him, and failed; and he was glad for his country's sake, and very sorry for his own. For he was very tired he would not give up his work, because there was no one else to do it, but he would gladly have been called to rest. Still, he went on fighting."

"And in the end?" "The end is not yet. But I think—in the end—they broke his heart."

The vibrating tones ceased. Rohan did not look up; he fancied that the eyes of the Prince were full of tears, and he was afraid to meet them.

"But, Monseigneur-"

"Well, my brother?" "You tried-to-betray our country." It was horribly hard to say, for the Prince did not look like a traitor. And then there was silence; a silence that made De Lusignan wish he had never been born. At last the rich voice went on again. How long it spoke, the younger man did not know, for he found that the Prince was tell-The door opened, and Paul came in, know, for he found that the Prince was tell-half carrying and half dragging the body of ing him all the plans of his past, present and future. And, strange to say, the Prince's aims were the very same which Rohan's friends were seeking to attain, only the Prince was often forced to disguise conception. 'Freedom, justice, equality, liberty of the press, distribution of taxation —all the idols of the popular party were the Prince's idols, too, which he could only through long practice to hear the mutila- serve in secret; at no distant date they tion of his periods without a murmur. As soon as he had gone the Prince came and of his great policy. It was a wonderful head."--Washington Star.

story, and not the least wonderful part in scarcely more than a boy: dark and blunt, it was the part played by the narrator. It strong features that suggested Gascon birth; seemed the Prince was a hero, brave, gentle but his eyes were dark blue and wonder- and sad; not the luxurious tyrant of combut his eyes were dark blue and wonderfully insolent and romantic. He lay quite still, conscious, but seemingly disabled; he returned the pitying glance of the Prince with a watchful, hostile gaze.

"You are hurt, my child," said the Prince, in his caressing voice.

"Why, yes," he answered coolly. "I am chiefly sorry I failed to kill you."

"Love mea little, Roban; I love you and I'd have tried to save you if I could."

"I'm so glad I missed!"

"And I am sorry:—no. I'm, glad: it's

"And I am sorry;—no. I'm glad; it's selfish to be sorry. But perhaps your friends will yet set me at peace."

"Monseigneur-!" "You do not like that? You see, they do not know; they bate me." Rohan's eyes dilated with horror. "

will tell them not to shoot you!" he cried.
"And you think they will obey you?" Knowing that they were not at all likely to obey him, Rohan shuddered and sank back. "But you will protect yourself, sire?" he pleaded.

"Oh, yes, I will do all I can," said the Prince, smiling. "But I should be glad to die, Rohan."

"I cannot bear it, sire!" "Hush, I do not ask you to tell me their names. We are both gentlemen; and one gentleman cannot ask another to betray his

"Merci!" said Rohan. You have shown me what I can do. Ah! you are generous, my Prince; but you forget it is for your "For my country—yes," said the Prince.
"Poor little Rohan?"

"Hush," said Roban, smiling. "I give one brother to the other, my Prince. One was my brother, Francois. The rest—" he cited a list of half a dozen names. "I ask no terms," he said, "but this: may they die without torture. Francois is younger than I am, and delicate. I could not bear to see him on the rack."

"Does he know any secrets which you vourself cannot tell me?' "Some, no doubt, since I have been in prison; but—" the dark eyes pleaded for

his face was illuminated.
"They shall swear fidelity, that is all."
Those who will not swear must lie in prison for awhile; but Francois will swear, I

"He will adore you, Monseigneur-as] "Will he? How young you are, child And you have beauty also. Oh! never you be too clever, Rohan, or you'll pay for it? I sometimes think that there is no need of hell to punish Mefistofele; his reward is worked out in the fruit of his own acts. He stood up. Rohan lay still and watched him with the look of one at peace.

The Prince wrote down a list of the names de Lusignan had given him; then ple, which was said to be the Prince's he came and knelt down again beside the "You have done a hard thing," he said,

softly." There are many hard and cruel things in life, Rohan; for example, little wounded hands and feet." He touched Rohan's wrists very lightly, and Rohan "They will say I did it to save my life;

"Well, . . perhaps so." Even the Prince flinched slightly before that unremitting contempt. "My little prisoner, my younger brother—may I call you that, or is it an insult to your brother?"

you. My little Rohan, I'm sorry. "I'm glad," said the boy proudly. The Prince smiled down at him. pale you are!" he said. "I will give you some of my wine; it will send you to sleep, and that will be good for you."

He went into the farther corner of the room and got a flask of wine and a glass. He made ready in silence, with dexterous pity and his lips were parted in a little ten-der smile. He brought the wine to Rohan, "And when I wake may I see François?" asked de Lusignan. He essayed to take the glass, but his crippled hands failed him, and the Prince himself held it to his

lips.
"Of course, you shall see Francois, when you wake," he said, smiling. "Sleep sweetly, Rohan; all shall be well with my two new brothers."

the secretary came in haste. handed him a slip of paper. "Have these men arrested and shot, Paul," he said in a tone that brooked no delay. Get it done quickly: this insurrection must be stamped out at once. And put Francois de Lusignan on the rack before you are through with him; he has information to give, and as he is young and weakly you will probably have little trouble with him." He added over his shoulder, as he sat down at his escritoire, "Take away that child's body, and when you have done with Francois, bury them together."—by A. Russell Weekes, in Harper's Magazine.

Women's Hats From Wood Shavings.

It is not generally known that many of the handsomest summer bats worn by the ladies of this country are literally made from wood "shavings," says the Scientific American. The finest examples of this industry are produced in Japan, these wooden ribbons appearing in many forms, some of which have almost the delicacy and sheen of satin, while others resemble soft and dainty crepes. Only about 15 per cent of the chip is exported in the form of wood ribbons, the remainder being work-ed into what is commercially known as chip braid, and which is employed in the same manner as straw braid, that is, for hats, basketry and other fancy articles.

The exports in a single year have amounted to over \$650,000, the United States being a large buyer. The trade is steadily increasing, with a constantly growing demand, as the industry is comparatively new. While willow is considerably used in Germany, the Japanese manufacturers employ European poplar, spruce, Chinese cypress, cherry buckeye, pautonia, false hickory and some other kinds of wood. The chip is produced by planing with special tools, the shavings being about 15 inches long and one and a half in width. The leading forms are known as crepe, thin crepe, striped crepe, scaley crepe, crimped crepe, network crepe, etc. The product takes dyes readily, and is so thin and flexible that daintiest effects in millinery goods can be secured.

Paid His Way.

"Did you huy your way to your present position of political prominence?" "Cer-"Certainly, I did," answered Senator Sorghum. "If there is anything I hate it's a dead-

Human Blood Washes the Streets of St. Petersburg

Strikers' Demands Met by Volleys that Strewed the Public Square With Dead-Hundreds of Men, Women and Children Shot by Troops. Plan to Overturn Dynasty-Giant Uprising of the People Grows Out of the Terrible Slaughter of the Innocents.

St. Petersburg, January, 22.—This has been a day of unspeakable horror in St. Petersburg. The strikers of yesterday, goaded to desperation by a day of violence, fury and bloodshed are in a state of open insurrection against the government. A condition almost bordering on civil war exists in the terror-stricken Russian capital. The city is under martial law, with Prince Vasilchikof as commander of 50,000 of the emperor's crack guards. Troops are biv-ouacking in the streets to-night and at various places on the Nevsky Prospect, the main thoroughfare of the city. On the Island of Vassili Ostrov and in the industrial sections infuriated men have thrown up barricades, which they are holding.
The empress dowager has hastily sought safety at Tsatskoe Selo, where Emperor Nicholas II is living.

Minister of the Interior Sviatopolk-Mirsky presented to his majesty last night the invitation of the workmen to appear at the Winter Palace this afternoon and receive their petition, but the emperor's advisors already had taken a decision to show a firm and resolute front and the emperors's reply to 100,000 men trying to make their way to the Palace Square to-day was a solid array of troops, who met them with rifle and bayonet and sabre. The priest Gopin, the leader and the idol of the men, in his golden vestments, holding aloft the cross and marching at the head of thousands of workmen, through the Narva gate, miraculously escaped a volley which laid low half a hundred persons.

SOME ESTIMATES SAY 5,000 DEAD. The figures of the total number killed or vounded here, and at the Moscow gate, at various bridges and islands, and at the

winter palaces vary.

According to the high estimate, 1,000 were killed and 1,500 were wounded in the Palace square, 300 were killed and 500 wounded at the Narva gate, where a col-umn of strikers, led by Father Gopon, was dispersed, 500 were killed and 700 were wounded near St. Isaac's cathedral, 200 were killed and 500 were wounded on Basil's island, and 100 were killed and 700 wound-

ed in isolated parts of the city. The best estimate is 500, although there are exaggerated figures placing the number

Many men were accompained by their wives and children, and in the confusion, which left no time for discrimination, the latter shared the fate of the men. The troops, with the exception of a single regiment, which is reported to have thrown down its arms, remained loyal and

obeved orders. CRY IS FOR VENGEANCE.

But the blood which crimsoned the snow has fired the brains and passions of the strikers and turned women as well as men intol wild beasts, and the cry of the and bustle of an ordinary Sunday evening.

infuriated populace is for vengeance.

The sympathy of the middle classes is with the workmen. If Father Gopon who is the master mind of the movement aimed at open revolution he managed the affair like a genius to break the faith of the people in "The Little Father," who they were convinced and whom Father Gopon had taught them to believe would right | in the far east, but is too plentiful here." Retheir wrongs and redress their grievance.

THE REVOLUTION IS INAUGURATED. Gorky, the Russian novelist, expresses the opinion that yesterday's work will

break the faith of the people in the emperor. He said to the Associated Press: Yesterday inaugurated a revolution in Russia. The emperor's prestige will be irrevocably shattered by the shedding of innocent blood. He has alienated himself forever from his people. Gopon taught the workmen to believe that an appeal direct to the 'Lit-tle Father' would be heeded. They have been undeceived. Gopon is now convince that peaceful means have failed and the only remedy is war. The first blood has been shed, but more will follow. It is now the people against the opressors, and the battle will be fought to the bitter end."

PREPARED FOR THE SIEGE. The military authorities had a firm grip on every part of the city. At day break guards, regiments, cavalry and infantry, held every bridge across the frozen Neva, the network of canals which interlaces the city and the gates leading from the industrial section, which in the Palace Square, the storm centre, were massed dragoons, regiments of infantry and Cossacks of the guards. Barred from the bridges and gates men, women and children crossed the fro zen river and canals on the ice by twos and threes, hurrying to the Palace Square, where they were sure the emperor would be present to hear them. But the street approaches to the square were cleared by volleys and Cossack charges.

MOBS URGED TO VIOLENCE.

Men and women infuriated to frenzy by the loss of loved ones, cuised the soldiers while they retreated. Men harangued the crowds, telling them that the emperor had foiled them and that the time had come to act. Men began to build barricades at Nevsky Prospect and other points, using sustended to disperse and several volleys were any material that came to hand and even fired and a number of people killed. chopping down telegraph poles.

Ingenious Inventions

A clever Swiss inventor has originated an instrument which tells the exact condi tion of impurity. A practical folding umbrella constructed

on the telescopic plan has been evolved. The 28-inch size folds up to 18-inches, and the other sizes in proportion invented an electric apparatus for indi-cating the presence of a school of fish in the deep. It consists of a metal plate and a microphone in the water, connected by

wire with a telephone on board ship. Swiss watchmakers have now added a phonograph to some of their wonderful watches. A small rubber disc is put in the water and arranged in such a way that the record is repeated every hour. thing can be put on the record that the owner wishes.

on electric cars in wet weather has been displayed in Edinburg. As explained by the inventor, the new arrangement is a simple one, and can be fitted to any style of garden, tramway or ship's deck seat. It is practically a wooden covering for the seat, can be lifted in wet weather, the more than I want Freedom for a few or ordinary movement of the back rest of the Education for a few."—Wm. Morris.

WHOLE CITY IN A PANIC.

Fighting meantime continued at various places, soldiers volleying and charging the The whole city was in a state of Women were running through the mob. streets seeking lost members of their families. Several barricades were carried by the troops. Toward 3 o'clock in the evening the crowds, exhausted, began to disperse, leaving the military in possession. As they retreated up to Nevsky Prospect the workmen put out all the lights. The

little chapel at the Narva gate was wrecked.
On the Kaminostovla island all the lights
were extinguished. Every official wearing the uniform of the emperor who was found alone was mobbed. A general was killed on the Nicholas bridge and a dozen officers were seized, stripped of epaulets and deprived of their swords.

The authorities while they seem to realize the magnitude of the crisis with which the dynasty and the autocracy are confronted on account of yesterday's events apparently are paralyzed for the moment An official statement was promised at midnight, at which hour it was announced that it had been postponed till today.

A member of the emperor's household is quoted as saying today that this conflict will end the war with Japan and that Russia will have a constitution or Emperor Nicholas will lose his head. The Warsaw & Baltic railroad is reported to have been torn up for a mile and a half, but the damage is said to have been repaired. There are rumors of trouble in Finland and dissatisfaction of the troops.

THE BRAVERY OF FATHER GOPON. There was a very dramatic scene at the Narva Gate when Father Gopon in golden vestments bearing aloft an ikon, and flanked by two clergymen carrying religious banners, approached at the head of a procession of 10,000 workmen. Troops were drawn up across the entrance. Several times an officer called upon the procession

to stop, but Father Gopon did not falter. Then an order was given to fire, the first with blank cartridges. Two volleys rang out, but the line did not waver. Then, with seeming reluctance, an officer gave the command to load with ball and the next volley was followed by shrieks and cries of he wounded.

As the Cossacks followed up the volley with a charge, the workmen fled before them, leaving about 100 dead or wounded. LEFT MANY DEAD AND WOUNDED It was evident that the soldiers deliber-

ately spared Father Gopon. One of the clergymen at his side was wounded, but he escaped untouched and hid behind a wall until the Cossacks had passed and he was spirited away by workmen. During the evening there were more foot passengers in the streets than might have

BITTER FEELING AGAINST TROOPS Comment on the action of the troops and authorities is very bitter, and remarks are made that officers are braver against the ese and that "ammunition may be scarce turns from only three of the numerous hos nitals give 32 dead and 123 wounded Many of the wounded have been taken to their own homes. Broken windows and embedded bullets are found at long distances from the scene of the firing. The rioters broke windows in the palace of the Grand

Duke Alexis. HORRIBLE BUTCHERY WITNESSED.

The most harrowing scenes of the day courred around the Police square. An instance of horrible butchery when a crowd gathered at the corner of the Admiralty gardens. The crowds there persisted in refusing to move on, clamoring for the emperor and continually hurled abuse at the troops, but attempted no violence. Two companies of the Proebrajensky guards, of which Emperor Nicholas himself was formerly colonel, which had been standing at ease in front of the palace formed and marched at double quick toward the fats

Many in the crowd turned to flee bugle sounded and the men in the front ranks sank to their knees, and both companies fired revolvers, the first two with blank cartridges and the last with ball. A hundred corpses strewed the sidewalks. Many women were pierced through the

back as they tried to escape. SCENE OF ANOTHER SLAUGHTER. Another slaughter occurred later in front of a drug store, where a number of wounded had been taken. An angry crowd was about the drug store and a man stood on the steps and addressed the assemblage. He denounced the emperor and called or those around him to take up arms against the general. The crowd became frenzied and attacked several officers who were nearby, wrenching their swords from them. The appearance of several companies of infantry restored order, but the crowds re-

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seat looking it in position. When raised, it forms a shelter for the back of the passenger. In dry weather, the cover forms

the ordinary seat. Glass that can be heated white hot and then plupged into cold water without breaking seems an impossibility, but it has been recently made an accomplished fact. It is made from Brazilian quartz pebbles heated red hot and then thrown into distilled water. Then the purest pieces are selected and welded with the oxhydrogen blowpipe into long stems like straws, from which glass vessels of any shape can be made. Thus far the quartz glass has been employed chiefly for making laboratory apparatus. A test tube made in this way will not break when a white-hot coal is

Not Her Fault.

dropped into it.

it tickled him so that his cramps were for-"The missus told me to tell you that the gotten. -- Argus. A new invention for insuring dry seats roast is too well done."
on electric cars in wet weather has been "Well, I can't help it if I do better cooking than she is used to."-Chicago American.

-"I do not want Art for a few any

Poems You Should Know

A Thought.
Hearts that are great beat never loud; They muffle their music when they come They hurry away from the thronging crowd

With bended brows and lips half dumb. And the world looks on and mutters "proud! But when great hearts have passed away Men gather in awe and kiss their shroud

And in love they kneel around their clay. Hearts that are great are always lone; They never will manifest their best, Their greatest greatness is unknown, Earth knows a little; God the rest.

-Father Ryan

On a High Pinnacie.

SAN FRANCISCO-On a pinnacle of the Andes mountains, 14,000 feet above the level of the sea, on the boundary line be-tween Chili and the Argetine Republic, stands a heroic statue of the Christ. The erection of this statue is to commemorate the signing of a treaty between the two countries by which it is agreed to settle all disputes arising from any cause by the process of arbitration. The inscription at

the base of the pedestal tells the story.

The pedestal is of granite, symbolizing the world. The gigantic bronze figure of the Christ rises 26 feet above it and is visible in all directions for many miles. The story of the events which led to the erection of this statue is an interesting one. For a generation there had been a dispute

between Chili and the Argentine Republic in regard to the land bordering on the straits of Magellan and also as to the boundary line high up in the mountains between the two countries.

At last the difficulties between the two nations reached such an acute stage that the most active preparations were made

for war. Large armies were raised and navies equipped. The cost of all these preparations was enormous and threatened Both countries was enormous and threatened.
Both countries were drained of their resources and business was at a standstill.
The British ministers at Santiago and Buenos Ayres had been watching the trend of events with no little anxiety and almost

to begin urged that arbitration be tried first, in order, if possible, to avoid the horrors of a long and cruel war.

The State Departments of Chili and the Argentine Republic agreed to this and selected the king of England to act. The facts were laid before King Edward, who, after giving them careful attention, wisely gave his opinion that the territory in dispute should be divided between the two

at the moment when hostilities were about

nations. His decision was received with great satisfaction and the war was averted. Then it was suggested that a treaty of arbitration to last for five years be signed. This was agreed to and such a treaty is

Both the people of Chili and those of the Argentine Republic want no more war. Both countries are again prosperous. The armies of each nation are being reduced almost to the limits of a police force. Some of the great warships have been sold; others have been turned into merchant vessels for the carrying trade between South America

and South Africa. Peace reigns, and as the people look up at the great statue of the Redeemer, they see the outstretched hand which seems to be imparting the benediction of heaven, been expected, but nothing like the gaiety and vow that that peace shall never be

Good Resolutions.

I will be neat I will do honest work.

will be master of myself. will keep my mind clear. I will learn to love good books. I will not even shade the truth.

will be punctual in all things. will never spend more than]

I will not acquire another bad habit. I will not let my temper control me. I will be cheerful and enjoy harmless I will read my Bible and pray every day.

I will be agreeable and companionable. I will not become habitually suspicious. I will "do right though the heavens I will know well some honest business.

I will not write a letter when I am angry.
I will not over-rate nor undervalue my-

I will not be a whining, fault finding pessimist. I will neither work nor play half-heart-I will be courteous to old people and to

I will deserve confidence whether I get I will not meddle with what does not

I will be an avowed servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. I will keep my eyes, ears and heart open to the good. I will never let another person lead me

to act like a fool. I will not break an engagement nor a promise if I can keep it. I will not engage in any questionable amusement or employment.

I will exert myself in all honorable ways

to make and keep friends. I will, when I undertake a thing, be sure I'm right, and then stick to it. I will not waste the next ten years, the most important of my whole life. I will keep myself physically clean,

mentally alert, morally pure and spiritually alive.—The Cumberland Presbyterian. A New Cure for Cramps.

A young married couple stopped at one of the best hotels in St. Louis. About 2 a. m. the husband was seized with severe stomach cramps and was almost frantic. His wife was much frightened, but knew something must be done quickly. So without waiting to put on clothing she started down stairs on the jump with naught on but her "nighty." Running into the dining room she saw a mustard cruet on the table. Emptying the contents into her handkerchief she started up stairs on the run, and entered the first door she came to. Here she saw a man lying on the hed, who, in the dim duskiness, she mistook for her husband, and, gently tucking np his lingerie, slapped the poultice on his abdomen. The man let out a howl, and sitting up quickly, shouted in angry tones : "Woman, what are you doing?" There was a shriek, a patter of unshod feet on the floor, and, frightened balf to death, the poor wife found her room and suffering husband. She told him her troubles, and

Colonel Bluegrass .- So you wish to marry mah daughtah, suh? Can yon suppoht a wife, suh?

Young Bourbon-Ah filled a flush last night, Cuhnel, awn a three-card draw.