

The Simple Life

By CHARLES WAGNER

Translated From the French by Mary Louise Hendee

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so doing it but reflects, commensurate with its conscious thought, that which is the hidden source of all beings. An imperturbable faith in the stability of the universe and its intelligent ordering sleeps in everything that exists. The flowers, the trees, the beasts of the field, live in calm strength, in entire security. There is confidence in the falling rain, in dawning day, in the brook running to the sea. Everything that is seems to say: "I am, therefore I should be. There are good reasons for this, rest assured."

So, too, mankind lives by confidence. From the simple fact that he is, man has within him the sufficient reason for his being-a pledge of assurance. He reposes in the power which has willed that he should be. To safeguard this confidence, to see that nothing disconcerts it, to cultivate it, render it more personal, more evident-toward this should tend the first effort of our thought. All that augments confidence within us is good, for from confidence is born the life without haste-tranquil energy, calm action, the love of life and its fruitful labor. Deep seated confidence is the mysterious spring that sets in motion the energy within us. It is our nutriment. By it man lives much more than by the bread he eats. And so everything that shakes this confidence is evil-poison, not food.

Dangerous is every system of thought that attacks the very fact of life, declaring it to be an evil. Life has been too often wrongly estimated in this century. What wonder that the tree withers when its roots are watered with corrosives. And there is an extremely simple reflection that might be made in the face of all this negation. You say life is an evil. Well, what remedy for it do you offer? Can you combat it, suppress it? I do not ask you to suppress your own life, to commit suicide-of what advantage would that be to us?-but to suppress life, not merely human life, but life at its deep and hidden origin, all this upspringing of existence that pushes toward the light and, to your mind, is rushing to misfortune; I ask you to suppress the will to live that trembles through the immensities of space, to suppress, in short, the source of life. Can you do it? No. Then leave us in peace. Since no one can hold life in check is it not better to respect it and use it than to go about making other people disgusted with it? When one knows that certain food is dangerous to health he does not eat it and when a certain fashion of thinking strength we should reject that, certain not only that it is a nutriment noxious to the mind, but also that it is false. There is no truth for man but in thoughts that are human, and pessimism is inhuman. Besides, it wants as much in modesty as in logic. To permit oneself to count as evil this prodigious thing that we call life one needs have seen its very foundation, almost to have made it. What a strange attitude is that of certain great thinkers of our times! They act as if they had created the world very long ago, in their youth, but decidedly it was a mistake, and they had well repented it.

Let us nourish ourselves from other meat, strengthen our souls with cheering thoughts. What is truest for man is what best fortifies him.

If mankind lives by confidence, it lives also by hope-that form of confidence which turns toward the future. All life is a result and an aspiration; all that exists supposes an origin and tends toward an end. Life is progression; progression is aspiration. The progress of the future is an infinitude of hope. Hope is at the root of things and must be reflected in the heart of man; no hope, no life. The same power which brought us into being urges us to go up higher. What is the meaning of this persistent instinct which pushes us on? The true meaning is that something is to result from life, that out of it is being wrought a good greater than itself, toward which it slowly moves, and that this painful sower called man needs, like every sower, to count on the morrow. The history of humanity is the history of indomitable hope; otherwise everything would have been over long ago. To press forward under his burdens, to guide himself in the night, to retrieve his falls and his failures, to escape despair even in death, man has need of hoping always, and sometimes against 'all hope. Here is the cordial that sustains him. Had we only logic we should have long ago drawn the conclusion. Death has everywhere the last word, and we should be dead of the idea. But we have hope, and that is

why we live and believe in life. Suso, the great monk and mystic, one of the simplest and best men that ever lived, had a touching custom. Whenever he encountered a woman, were she the poorest and oldest, he stepped respectfully aside, though his bare feet must tread among thorns or in the gutter. "I do that," he said, "to render homage to our holy lady the Virgin Mary." Let us offer to hope a like reverence. If we meet it in the shape of a blade of wheat piercing the furrow, a bird brooding on its nest, a poor wounded beast, recovering itself, rising and continuing its way; a peas-

We will try to point them out. First ant plowing and sowing a field that of all, humanity lives by confidence. In has been ravaged by flood or hail, a nation slowly repairing its losses and healing its wounds - under whatever guise of humanity or suffering it appears to us, let us salute it. When we encounter it in legends, in untutored songs, in simple creeds, let us still salute it, for it is always the same, indestructible, the immortal daughter of

> We do not dare hope enough. The men of our day have developed strange timidities. 'The apprehension that the sky will fall-that acme of absurdity among the fears of our Gallic forefathers-has entered our own hearts. Does the raindrop doubt the ocean, the ray mistrust the sun? Our senile wisdom has arrived at this prodigy. It resembles those testy old pedagogues whose chief office is to rail at the merry pranks or the youthful enthusiasms of their pupils. It is time to become little children once more, to learn again to stand with clasped hands and wide eyes before the mystery around us; to remember that, in spite of our knowledge, what we know is but a trifle, and that the world is greater than our mind, which is well, for, being so prodigious, it must hold in reserve untold resources, and we may allow it some credit without accusing ourselves of improvidence. Let us not treat it as creditors do an insolvent debtor; we should fire its courage, relight the sacred flame of hope. Since the sun still rises, since earth puts forth her blossoms anew, since the bird builds its nest and the mother smiles at her child, let us have the courage to be men and commit the rest to him who has numbered the stars. For my part I would I might find glowing words to say to whomsoever has lost heart in these times of disillusion: Rouse your courage; hope on. He is sure of being least deluded who has the daring to do that. The most ingenuous hope is nearer truth than the most ra-

tional despair. Another source of light on the path of human life is goodness. I am not of those who believe in the natural perfection of man and teach that society corrupts him. On the contrary, of all forms of evil the one which most dismays me is heredity. But I sometimes ask myself how it is that this effete and deadly virus of low instincts, of vices inoculated in the blood, the whole assemblage of disabilities imposed upon us by the past-how all this has not got the better of is. It must be because of something else. This other thing is love.

Given the unknown brooding above our heads, our limited intelligence, the human destiny, falsehood, hatred, corruption, suffering, death-what can we think, what do? To all these questions a sublime and mysterious voice has answered, Love your fellow men. Love must indeed be divine, like faith and hope, since she cannot die when so many powers are arrayed against her. She has to combat the natural ferocity of what may be called the beast in man. She has to meet ruse, force, self interest, above all, ingratitude. How is it that she passes pure and scathless in the midst of these dark enemies, like the prophet of the sacred legend among the roaring beasts? It is because her enemies are of the earth and love is from above. Horns, teeth, claws, eyes full of murderous fire, are powerless against the swift wing that soars toward the heights and eludes them. Thus love escapes the undertakings of her foes. She does even better-she has sometimes known the fine triumph of winning over her persecutors. She has seen the wild beasts grow calm, lie down at her feet, obey her law.

At the very heart of the Christian faith, the most sublime of its teachings, and to him who penetrates its deepest sense the most human, is this: To save lost humanity the invisible God came to dwell among us in the form of a man and willed to make himself known by this single sign-

Healing, consoling, tender to the unfortunate, even to the evil, love engenders light beneath her feet. She clari-fies, she simplifies. She has chosen the fear, but a dog is as cool in a fire as at any humblest part-to bind up wounds, wipe away tears, relieve distress, soothe aching hearts, pardon, make peace. Yet it is of love that we have the greatest need. And as we meditate on the best way to render thought fruitful, simple, really conformable to our destiny, the method sums itself up in these words: Have confidence and hope; be kind.

I would not discourage lofty speculation, dissuade any one whomsoever from brooding over the problems of the unknown, over the vast abysses of science or philosophy; but we have always to come back from these far journeys to the point where we are, often to a place where we seem to stand family."—Chicago Tribune. marking time with no result. There are conditions of life and social complications in which the sage, the think- caller, 'is quite a musician, is she not?' er and the ignorant are alike unable to see clearly. The present age has often brought us face to face with such situations. I am sure that he who meets them with our method will soon

recognize its worth. Since I have touched here upon religious ground, at least in a general way, some one may ask me to say in a few simple words what religion is the best,

and I gladly express myself on this subject. But it might be better not to put the question in this form. All religions have of necessity certain fixed characteristics, and each has its inherent qualities or defects. Strictly speaking, then, they may be compared among themselves. But there are always involuntary partialities or foregone conclusions. It is better to put the question otherwise and ask, Is my own religion good, and how may I know it? To this question this answer: Your reliant and vivid as it was twenty years ago, ligion is good if it is vital and active, is it?" asked the lawyer. if it nourishes in you confidence, hope, love and a sentiment of the infinite value of existence; if it is allied with what is best in you against what is worst and holds forever before you the necessity of becoming a new man; if it makes you understand that pain is a ness," if I am to be interrogated in this deliverer; if it increases your respect | manner. It is insolent !" for the conscience of others; if it renders forgiveness more easy, fortune less arrogant, duty more dear, the beyond less visionary. If it does these things it is good, little matter its name. However rudimentary it may be, when it fills this office it comes from the true source; it binds you to man and to God. But does it perchance serve to make you think yourself better than others, quibble over texts, wear sour looks, domineer over others' consciences or give your own over to bondage, stifle your scruples, follow religious forms for fashion or gain, do good in the hope of escaping future punishment? - oh, then, if you proclaim yourself the follower of Buddha, Moses, Mohammed or even Christ, your religion is worthless; it separates you from God and

I have not perhaps the right to speak thus in my own name, but others have so spoken before me who are greater than I, and notably he who recounted to the questioning scribe the parable of the good Samaritan. I intrench myself behind his authority.

CHAPTER IV. SIMPLICITY OF SPEECH. PEECH is the chief revelation of the mind, the first visible form that it takes. As the thought, so the speech. To better one's life in the way of simplicity one must set a watch on his lips and his pen. Let the word be as genuine as the

thought, as artless, as valid. Think

All social relations have their roots

justly, speak frankly.

in mutual trust, and this trust is maintained by each man's sincerity. Once sincerity diminishes, confidence is weakened, society suffers, apprehension is born. This is true in the province of both natural and spiritual interests. With people whom we distrust it is as difficult to do business as to search for scientific truth. arrive at religious harmony or attain to justice. When one must first question words and intentions and start from the premise that everything said and written is meant to offer us illusion in place of truth, life becomes strangely complicated. This is the case today. There is so much craft, so much diplomacy, so much subtle legerdemain, that we all have no end of trouble to inform ourselves on the simplest subject and the one that most concerns us. Probably what I have just said would suffice to show my thought, and each one's experience might bring to its support an ample commentary with illustrations. But I am none the less moved to in-

position with examples. Formerly the means of communica tion between men were considerably restricted. It was natural to suppose that in perfecting and multiplying avenues of information a better understanding would be brought about. Nations would learn to love each other as they became acquainted; citizens of one country would feel themselves bound in closer brotherhood as more light was thrown on what concerned their common life. When printing was invented the cry arose, "Fiat lux!" and with better cause when the habit of reading and the taste for newspapers increased. Why should not men have reasoned thus: "Two lights illumine better than one, and many better than two. The more periodicals and books there are the better we shall know what happens, and those who wish to write history after us will be right fortunate. Their hands will be full of documents." Nothing could have seemed more evident.

sist on this point and to strengthen my

(To be Continued.)

Animals and Fire.

Most animals are afraid of fire and will fly from it in terror, says the Kansas City Journal. To others there is a fascination about a flame and they will walk into it, even though tortured by the heat. A time. He keeps his nosedown to the floor, where the air is purest, and sets himself calmly to finding his way out. Cats in fires howl piteously. They hide their faces from the light and crouch in corners When their rescuers lift them they are, as a rule, quite docile and subdued, never biting or scratching. Birds seem to he hypnotized by fire and keep perfectly still; even the loquacious parrot in a fire has nothing to say. Cows, like dogs, do not show alarm. They are easy to lead forth show alarm. They are easy to lead forth and often find their way out themselves.

-"Do they make you feel at home at the Gwillises ? "Indeed they do. They quarrel right

-"Vonr danghter." remarked the "Not by a long shot," answered the unappreciative father. "She's only a pianist."

-Chicago News.

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His Clear Memory.

A story is told of an eminent lawyer reeiving a severe reprimand from a witness whom he was trying to browbeat. It was an important issue, and in order to save his cause from defeat it was necessary that the lawyer should impeach the witness. He endeavored to do it on the ground of age in the following manner:

"How old are you?" asked the lawyer. "Seventy-two years," replied the wit-

"Your memory, of course is not so bril

"I do not know but it is," answered the witness. "State some circumstances which occured, say, twelve years ago," said the law-yer, "and we shall be able to see how well

you can remember." "I appeal to your honor," said the wit-

"You had better answer the question," replied the Judge.

"Yes, sir; state it" said the lawyer.
"Well, sir, if you compel me to do it I will. About twelve years ago you studied in Judge——'s office, did you not?''
''Yes,'' answered the lawyer.

"Well, sir, I remember your father com ing into my office and saying to me, 'Mr. D, my son is to be examined tomorrow, and I wish you would lend me \$15 to buy him a suit of clothes.' I remember also, sir, that from that day to this he has never paid me that sum. That, sir, I remember as though it were yesterday.'

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Raven Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarksburg, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 23 years
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Barnes—No, it won't. My mother-inlaw's on it. - Kansas City Star.

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Trains leave Philipsburg 5:32,7:10 11:00 a. m. 2:30, 4:52 and 8:10 p.m. for Osceola, Houtzdale, Ramy and Fernwood (16 miles). Returning leave Fernwood 6:30, 8:45 a. m. 1:00, 3:40, 5:50 p. m., arriving Philipsburg 7:25, 9:45 a. m. 2:00, 4:37 and 6:45 p. m.

Connections.—With N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. and Penna. R. R. at Philipsburg and Penna. R. R. at Osceola, Houtzdale and Ramey.

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Superintendent Philipsburg.

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Condensed Time Table effective Nov. 28, 1904. READ DOWN READ UP. No 1 No 5 No 3 No 6 No 4 No 2

(N. Y. Central & Hudson River R. R.) NEW YORK +4 30 7 30 10 40 9 02 (Via Phila.) Lve. a. m. p. m. p. m. a. m. Arr. Ar ... NEW YORK ... Lv 4 00 10. 40

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H. F. THOMAS, Supt.

Schedule to take effect Monday, Apr. 3rd, 1899 read up read down †No.5 †No.3 No. fNo. 2 †No. 4 4 00 19 30 6 30 ... Belleforte 4 07 10 37 6 35 ... Coleville 4 10 10 42 6 38 Morris 4 15 10 47 6 43 Steveds Ar. A. M. P. M. P. 8 50 8 40 8 37 8 35 8 31 8 28 8 24 8 20 4 45 11 35 7 25 ...State College.. 8 00 1 15 5 30

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BRANCHES. Schedule in effect Nov. 27th 1904. VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD.

Bellefonte, 9.53 a. m., arrive at Tyrone
,05 a. m., at Altoona, 1.00 p. m., at Pittsburg,

Leave Bellefonte, 9.53 a. m., arrive at Tyrone 11.05 a. m., at Altoona, 1.00 p. m., at Pittsburg, 5.50 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte 1.05 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 2.10 p. m., at Altoona, 3.10 p. m., st Pittsburg, 6.55 p. m.

p. m., at Altoona, 3.10 p. m., at Pittsburg, 6.56 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 4.44 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6.00, at Altoona, 7.05, at Pittsburg at 10.50.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.53 a. m., arrive at Tyrone, 11.05, a. m. at Harrisburg, 2.40 p. m., at Philadelphia, 5.47 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 1.05 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 2.10 p. m., at Harrisburg, 6.35 p. m., at Philadelphia, 10.47 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 4.44 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6.00 p. m. at Harrisburg, at 10.00 p. m. Philadelphia 4.23 a. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—WESTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 1.25 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2.10 p. m., arrive at Buffalo, 7.40 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.32 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven 10.30, a. m. leave Williamsport, 12.35 p. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 3.20 p. m., at Philadelphia at 6.23 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 1.25 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 10.30, a. m. leave Bellefonte, 9.32 a. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 3.20 p. m., at Philadelphia at 6.23 p. m.

rive at Harrisburg, 3.20 p. m., at Philadelphia at 6.23 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 1.25 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2.10 p. m., leave Williamsport, at 2.53, p. m., arrive Harrisburg, 5.00 p. m., Philadelphia 7.32 p. m

Leave Bellefonte, 8.16 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 9.15 p. m., leave Williamsport, 1.35 a. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 4.15 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia at 7.17 a. m.

YIA LEWISBURG.

Leave Bellefonte, at 6.40 a. m., arrive at Lewisburg, at 9.05 a. m., Montandon, 9.15, Harrisburg, 11.30 a. m., Philadelphia, 3.17 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 2.00 p. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4.25, p. m. at Harrisburg, 6.50 p. m., Philadelphia at 10.47 p. m.
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On Sundays - a train leaves Tyrone at 8:00 a, m. making all the regular stops through to Grampian, arriving there at 11:05. Returning it leaves Grampian at 2:50 p. m., and arrives in Tyrone at 5:35

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WESTWARI

Nov. 29th 1903.

EAST WARD.

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WESTWARD. Nov. 29th,1903 P. M. A. M. Ar. I 4 05 9 18Scotia... 3 56 9 03 ...Fairbroid 3 45 8 57Musser. 3 39 8 51 Penn. Furn. 3 34 8 45Hostler. 3 29 8 39Marengo. Lve. A. M. P. M. 10 C5 4 20 2 50 7 56 Tyrone..... 11 54 6 05 P. M. A. M. Lve. Ar. A. M. P. M. BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH. Time Table in effect on and after Nov. 29th 1903. Mix | Mix | Stations. | Mix | MixSnow Shoe Int..... School House.....