

THE THREE AGES OF MAN.

He swore that for true love he'd marry; In a cottage he'd much rather tarry With love by his side, Than take to his bride, A girl who had millions to carry. He was tarry.

Years passed, he was thirty and single, In society a gay whiff he'd mingle; He had loved half a score, He was loving once more— A lass! No, her cot's golden plie. He was tarry.

A bachelor still, the old stinner! Met a maiden and tried hard to win her, Not because she was fair, Or had money to spare, But—because she could order a dinner. He was tarry.

A DIVIDED DUTY.

By LEIGH GORDON GILTON. In the Vogue.

His mother's voice, eminently sweet and gentle, yet delicately distinct, drifted in to Dallas through the open windows of the library. He knew that neither of the two on the balcony suspected his proximity, and he was equally aware that the proprieties demanded that he should apprise them of his presence or go away; but the conversation in progress held for him an interest too vital to admit of either; so he compromised with his conscience and stayed.

"I don't mind confessing myself a 'manoeuvring mamma,' my dear," Mrs. Keith was saying. "I tell you frankly, Constance, that when I asked you here it was with the hope that one of my boys might love you and that you might learn to care for him to return. Your dear mother was the dearest friend of my girlhood, and it has always been a fancy of mine that her daughter should marry one of my sons. I didn't quite count upon Roger. He's too much absorbed in his books to be more than vaguely aware of the existence of any woman; Dallas is, as usual, engrossed with some butterfly fancy—the tender passion is chronic with him; so it was really Cathcart on whom I built my hopes. It seems I build even better than I knew where he is concerned, but forcing Fate's hand is always rather a dangerous proceeding and I begin to fear that in planning for his happiness I may have subjected him to some possible pain. I do not pretend, Constance, that you are the only woman he has cared for—he has had scores of trifling affairs, but you have inspired him with the first real passion, and unless you can return his feelings in some degree it will go very hard with him.

Dallas leaned forward eagerly, but the girl's answer was inaudible. "I think I must confess," Mrs. Keith went on after a moment, "that Cathcart is my favorite son. He was always less strong than the others and more like the husband I adore. Like my husband, too, he seems doomed to an early death. He has inherited his father's weak lungs, and it is only a question of time before he will be—'Ah,' the girl breathed, 'I did not know—I did not dream.'"

"It is true, Constance," said the mother sadly. "As with his mother, I must sit helplessly by and watch him die by degrees. You will understand how I do not doubt that he is to me, how I would do anything, make any sacrifice to secure for him the happiness which must be brief at best. This is why I have put aside delicacy and reserve and venture to speak to you. Cathcart knows the truth. We tried to keep it from him, but he has known almost from the first and he does not complain. Only he craves, before he goes, the little need of happiness which he feels is every man's due. He said to me yesterday: 'I don't mind dying, Mother, only I have never lived. If I might have my heart's desire I could die content. If I could feel that I had loved and been loved, that I had once really lived, it wouldn't be so hard.' You see what it means to him, Constance, and I'm sure you will forgive my apparent inebriety and assure me freely and frankly when I ask you if you think you could learn to care for him or if there is some one else."

There was a moment's silence. The listener held his breath to hear the girl's answer.

"Dear Mrs. Keith," she said simply, "I shall answer you as frankly as I would have answered my own dear mother. There is—or was—some one else. When I was scarcely more than a child I met—and cared for—a man many years my senior, one of my brother's friends. He has since achieved distinction, he was even then beginning to be famous. He was the embodiment of my ideals and I defied rather than loved him. I never hoped or fancied that he might care for me, but he did. He went away because he found he was being given to care when he was bound in honor to another. He told me that, though he had no right, he loved me, should always love me, and that if ever he should be free he would come back to me. He did not ask if I cared—but I think he knew. That was eight years ago, Mrs. Keith, and I have never seen him since, but always his image has stood between me and any thought of love or marriage, until—"

"Until?" Mrs. Keith echoed breathlessly. "Then there is someone now?"

"No," she answered, "there is no one—nothing—in my life—only ideals and dreams."

"My dear," Mrs. Keith said quickly, "few women marry the men of their ideals. Rather they idealize the men they marry. We are so prone to defy the command of clay. We begin it as children when we lavish devotion on a rag doll, and we keep it up through life. The average woman can make a hero out of the least promising materials. Love is largely a thing within ourselves, and it is capable of transforming the most commonplace object into an idol. I may be prejudiced, but Cathcart seems to me not unattractive. He is handsome, certainly; you must admit the charm of his manner, the sweetness and fineness of his nature; forgive the babbling of a dotting mother, dear! I've confessed, you know, that Cathcart is my idol."

There was a little silence, then the girl said slowly:

"I'm fond of Cathcart. I care for him very, very much. I'm afraid not quite—in that way. I've never thought of him so. My feeling for him is more than which one might give a dear friend."

The listener caught his breath sharply. "That will come in time, believe me," the mother interposed eagerly. "You can't

help loving him when you know how really fine and dear he is! Ah, I don't want to urge you unduly, Constance, but if you only could—"

"Mrs. Keith," Constance answered, steadily, "if you are sure it is best, I—shall be as you wish. My life means very little to me as it is. I have only my brother, and though we love each other devotedly, he has his wife, his children, his outside-interests, and I am merely an incident—not a necessary to his happiness. I should like to feel that my existence was not wholly wasted, that someone was in better for my having lived. If you think I can make Cathcart happy, if you think I can make the inevitable suffering before him less hard, I am willing to try."

The man beside the window set his teeth hard. He half rose, then sank back into his place.

"Ah, my dear, my dear!" he heard his mother say with a tremor in her voice. "I cannot thank you enough! But you will not let Cathcart know I have spoken. You won't let him feel that he is taken on suffering."

"Dear Mrs. Keith," the girl cried, earnestly, "I mean to try with all my heart to love your son; but whether I succeed or fail, it shall make no difference. I shall try to make him happy."

A moment later Dallas Keith followed his mother into her own room, closed the door and turned to confront her with set face, and eyes which held an expression she had never seen in them before.

"Mother," he began, and the tenderness of his tone was eloquent of his struggle for control. "I overheard what you were saying to Miss Fleming just now. I deliberately listened, indeed, because the matter concerns me more nearly than you imagine. I love her, mother. You needn't smile! It isn't a butterfly fancy this time. It's a deep, absorbing passion which has taken hold upon me. I didn't understand at first. Indeed, I bored her with my fancied fondness for the little Maize girl. You don't know how I love her, Mother. And of late I've fancied that she was beginning to care for me. I didn't dream Cathcart loved her, and I only waited to speak until I should be sure of her. And now—I don't think you quite realize what you've asked of her—what it all means—that a fearful sacrifice you have called on her to make. It's cruel, monstrous, inhuman. I beg your pardon, mother. It means so much to me that I forget myself."

Mrs. Keith stood for a moment surveying her son in something nearly approaching dismay, though she managed skillfully to conceal the emotion. She was a little creature, fine and fragile. The sweet face, framed with waves of soft gray hair, was quite unfurrowed, and her figure was as trim and slender as that of a girl. Her three sons adored her, and though she did it with a charming grace, she ruled them all. Never before had one of them ventured to question her judgment.

"My son," she said quietly, "since you listened to what I said to Constance, you probably heard me speak of your brother's misfortune. I had not told you before. Cathcart did not wish you to be saddened with the knowledge; but his lungs are seriously affected, and Dr. Holmes gives him a year—two years at most. He is dying, Dallas, just as your father died, and I can only stand and look on."

She threw out her hands in a little desperate gesture, but quickly controlled herself and went on:

"It has seemed to me that for the little while he is spared to us, nothing that you—that any of us—do for him would be too much. Surely, dear, if Constance is willing to sacrifice her life, herself, to Cathcart, your brother, should have the strength to give up for him what is at best only a hope."

The words went home. Dallas laid his arms on the tall mantel shelf, and beat his face down upon them. His mother watched him quietly, without fear of the outbreak he was, and she was a long silence in the room. Then the boy lifted to her a face out of which the boyish look had gone, leaving it haggard.

"Mother," he said quietly, "you're right. It is Cathcart we must consider. I'll stand aside. Only—I'm not brave enough to stay. You must let me go away till after."

He laid his head down upon his arms again, and the mother stole away and left him so.

Continued next week

A Very Pretty Tale.

The wearing of orange blossoms at weddings is accounted for in various ways. Among other stories, says the Chicago Chronicle, is the following popular legend from Spain: An African king presented a Spanish king with a magnificent orange tree, whose cream, white blossoms and wonderful fragrance excited the admiration of the whole court. Many begged in vain for a branch of the plant and a desire to introduce so great a curiosity to his native land. He used every possible means to accomplish his purpose, but all his efforts coming to naught he gave up in despair.

The fair daughter of the court gardener was loved by a young artisan but she lacked the dowry which the family considered necessary to a bride. One day, observing to break off a spray of orange blossoms, the gardener thoughtlessly gave it to his daughter. Seeing the coveted prize in the girl's hair the wily ambassador offered her a sum sufficient for the dowry, provided she gave him a branch and said nothing about it. Her marriage was soon celebrated, and on her way to the altar, in grateful remembrance of the source of all her happiness, she secretly broke off another bit of the lucky tree to adorn her hair.

Whether the poor court gardener lost his head in consequence of his daughter's treachery the legend does not state, but many lands now know the wonderful tree, and ever since that wedding day orange blossoms has been considered a fitting adornment for a bride.

"Liquid Capital."

Deposit banks are little more than clearing-houses; and the laws permit their owners to pay nine-tenths of their debts with money literally made by themselves—out of nothing—which they cooly call "liquid capital," or "bank credit," although it is neither capital nor credit. The real nature and far-reaching effects of this modern practice are not clearly understood by one in twenty even of the bankers themselves—and none of them dares discuss it publicly. The most of those that do not fully understand it feel that there is something wrong about it; and those that do begin to study it, know that, if people once begin to study "the system," they will demand radical changes in it—or its entire abolition.—From Tom Watson's Magazine.

Planting Corn in Georgia.

On such a day, such a cloudless, radiant, flower-sweetened day, the horseman slackens the rein as he rides through lanes and quiet fields; and he dares to dream that the children of God once loved each other.

On such a day one may dream that the time might come when they would do so again. Reins in and stop, here on this high hill. Look north, look east where the sun rises, look south, look west where the sun sets; on all sides the scene is the same. In every field the steady plowman and the children dropping corn.

Close the eye a moment and look at the picture fancy paints. Every field in Georgia is there, every field in the South is there. And in each the figures are the same—the steady mule and the steady man, and the pattering feet of the children dropping corn.

In these furrows lie the food of the republic; on these fields depend life and health and happiness.

Halt those children—and see how the cheek of the world would bleach at thought of famine!

Paralyze that plowman—and see how national bankruptcy would shatter every city in the Union.

Dropping corn! A simple thing, you say. And yet, as those white seeds rattle down to the sod and hide away for a season, it needs no peculiar strength of fancy to see a Jacob's ladder crowded with ascending blessings.

Scornfully the railroad king would glance at these small teams in each small field; yet check those corn droppers and his cars would rot on the road and rust would devour the engines in the roundhouse. The banker would ride through these fields thinking only of his hoarded millions, nor would he ever startle himself with the thought that his millions would melt away in mist were those tiny hands never more to be found dropping corn. The bondholder, proud in all the security of the untaxed receiver of other people's taxes, would see in these fields merely the industry from which he gathers tribute; it would never dawn on his mind that without the opening of these furrows and the hurrying army of children dropping corn his bond wouldn't be worth the paper it is written on.

Yet it is literally so. Feed the world, and it can live, work, produce and march on. Starve it, and what becomes of railroads, banks, mills, mines, notes, mortgages and bonds? How much of your gold can you eat? How many of your diamonds will answer the need of a loaf?

But enough. It is time to ride down the hill. The tinkle of the cow-bell follows the sinking sun—both on the way home.

So with many an unspoken thought I ride down, thinking of those who plant the corn.

And hard indeed would be the heart that, knowing what these people do and bear and suffer, yet would not fashion this prayer to the favored of the republic: "O rulers, lawmakers, soldiers, judges, bankers, merchants, editors, lawyers, doctors, preachers, bondholders! Be not so unmindful of the toil and misery of those who feed you!" —Tom Watson in his magazine.

A Valuable Publication.

The Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has published the 1905 edition of the Summer Excursion Route Book. This work is designed to provide the public with descriptive notes of the principal Summer resorts of the United States, with the best routes for reaching them, and the rates of fare. It contains all the principal seashore and mountain resorts in New England, the Middle, Southern, and Western States, and in Canada, and over seventeen hundred different routes or combinations of routes. The book has been compiled with the greatest care, and altogether is the most complete and comprehensive handbook of Summer travel ever offered to the public.

The cover is handsome and striking, printed in color, and the book contains several maps, presenting the exact routes over which tickets are sold. The book is profusely illustrated with fine half-tone views of scenery at the various resorts and along the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

This very interesting book may be procured at any Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office at the nominal price of ten cents, or on application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad St. Station, Philadelphia, Pa., by mail for twenty cents.

Do Vacations Pay.

Russell Sage is out flat-footed against vacations; but everybody laughs, because he is generally regarded as an awful example of thrift and industry gone mad. Still, there are many young men who, professedly not mere flirtations who might profitably ask themselves, Can I afford to take a vacation?

To the young man whose thoughts are on vacation all the year round this is of no importance; but to the young man whose work is his main, his paramount interest, a two weeks' break of the continuity may be a fearful set-back. The excited arises chiefly from the notion that impairs the health. The truth is, of course, that work affects the health only of him who spends most of his energy in some form of self-indulgence; and if it weren't for the healthful regularity of work he would break down altogether.

A great many very wise and long-lived men have taken vacations in order that they might be free to work harder than ever.—Saturday Evening Post.

Let a man learn that everything in nature goes by law, and not by luck, and that what he sows he reaps.—Emerson.

Grace—Weren't you very nervous while Jack was proposing? Phoebe—I should say so! I was so afraid he would be interrupted.

He—Why do you think I am a poor judge of human nature? She—Because you have such a good opinion of yourself.

Money can buy many things, but there is a combination that it can not purchase: A frolicsome dog at the gate, a laughing baby at the window and a smiling wife at the door.

The greatest failure in life is the man who spends so much time wishing he could accomplish big reforms that he has no time in which to assist in minor reforms.

Father—You have debts amounting to \$20,000, eh? Well, I'll have to look into things before I give my consent. Sutor—But, my dear sir, the longer you wait the more debts there will be to pay.—Pledgee Blatter.

Committee Wants Correct Names of Centre County Soldiers.

In order to secure absolute accuracy in the names and spelling thereof on our soldiers' monument, we will publish from time to time the lists of certain companies so as to enable those who are interested to suggest changes in initials or spelling, and also to suggest the names of any persons who may have been omitted from the rolls. This is the last opportunity which will be given to our people and to the survivors or friends of deceased soldiers who served from Centre county to have these names corrected. The Committee, therefore, appeals very earnestly to all who are interested in the subject to carefully scan all the names to ascertain.

1st, whether any have been omitted; and 2nd, whether the names of those already contained in the rolls are properly spelled.

It is also very important that the names of soldiers who enlisted in organizations outside of the county or State should be secured, in order that they may find their place among the nation's defenders upon the monument. This is perhaps the most important thing which the Committee has in charge, the organizations from our own county being already well known. If, therefore, any person, in or out of the county, has knowledge of a citizen of Centre county who enlisted in organizations outside of the county and State, it is especially important that their names should be ascertained, so that they may find a place among those who enlisted at home.

Any communication in regard to these names addressed to Gen. John I. Curtin or William H. Musser, Bellefonte, will receive prompt attention.

- 38th REGIMENT. Company "E."
- J. B. Shearer " Captain.
  - Edward H. Rogers " 1st Lieut.
  - Henry Fisher, Corp. " Marion Twp
  - Henry Fiske " " Spring "
  - Chas. H. Robb " " Walker "
  - John Buckheimer Private " " "
  - Philly Banks " " "
  - Rob't R. Campbell " " "
  - James Cortner " " "
  - Francis Clamance " " Marion "
  - Henry Irvin " " Spring "
  - William Osburn " " Walker "
  - R. E. Snyder " " "
  - Abraham Snyder " " "
  - Theodore Snyder " " "
  - Joseph Shelby " " "
  - John Smith " " Spring "
  - Lemuel Warner " " Walker "
  - Thomas P. Young " " "

- Rev. John R. Kookan Capt. Co. C  
David Copeland 1st Lieut. Co. A  
Martin W. Lego Sergt.  
William H. Adams Co. D.  
M. Albert  
Alexander Amey " K Worth  
John Beatty " " Taylor  
W. D. Brown " " Bellefonte  
Jacob Beahl " E Taylor  
Benjamin Beal " " "

- MICHELLETON'S NAMES.
- William Miller, Corp. " Taylor Twp.
  - Thomas McGill " " "
  - George Daugherty " " "
  - Henry Vaughan " " "
  - Henry H. Cook, Co. K, " Bellefonte
- 186th, 930, REGT.
- William P. Dale, 1st Lieut. Co. L
  - Jno. Morgan, 2nd Lieut. Co. L
  - Edward Dowling, Corp. Ferguson "
  - Benjamin Moore, Co. C, Rush "
  - Hale Ammerman, Co. C, Rush "
  - Geo. Cornelius " I, Ferguson "
  - Joseph Cornelius " " "
  - Benjamin Crain " C, Rush "
  - Albert Denney " " Bellefonte
  - H. Dingus " " Ferguson "
  - Jeremiah Dinges " " Rush "
  - Henry Daugherty " " "
  - Isaac Faust " " Ferguson "
  - Reuben Emehg " " Ferguson "
  - William H. Foy " " Howard "
  - John H. Galloway " " "
  - John Anderson " C, Rush Twp
  - Alman Kennedy " " Ferguson "
  - Albert Kinsloe " " Rush "
  - John Kinch " " I, Ferguson "
  - Henry S. Laid " " "
  - George M. Moore " " Patton "
  - Robert B. Reeder " " Howard "
  - William C. Randall " " Ferguson Twp
  - Samuel Russell " " "
  - Geo. W. Sims " " "
  - John Silver " " "
  - William Tate " " "
  - John H. Thompson " " Patton "
  - Frederick Thompson " " Ferguson "
  - David Wagner " " Liberty "

- MICHELLETON'S NAMES.
- George Fehi Corp. Miles "
  - George Deegan " " "
  - John Delong " " "
  - Richard Faust " " "
  - Michael Fravel " " "
  - William Fulger " " Walker "
  - Joseph Galloway " " "
  - Jacob Righter " " Miles "
  - Henry King " " Marion "
  - Thomas Reed " " Howard "
- ANDERSON TROOP, 18TH CAV.
- James B. Curtin, 1st Lieut. Co. L
  - Michael M. Musser, Sergt. Promoted to 2nd Lieut. Co. K
  - Clarence Keppart, private, promoted to 1st Lieut. Co. H
  - Joseph D. Thomas, " " "
  - 2nd Lieut. Co. A
  - Harvey S. Lingle, " " "
  - 1st Lieut. Co. G
  - Francis Baker " " "
  - Thomas Carleton " " "
  - Robert Gordon " " "
  - William E. Lving " " "
  - Lycurgus Lingle " " "
  - David McKinney " " "
  - Solomon Helm " " "
  - Lemuel Holt " " "
  - Samuel Huston " " "
  - James H. Huston " " "
  - James B. Holter " " "
  - A. N. Parker " " "
  - Samuel Showers " " "
  - Augustus Schnell " " "
  - William Thurston " " "
  - George Ulrich " " "
  - William Wagner " " "
  - George Westmore " " "
  - Charles F. Wilson " " "
  - J. Calvin Wilson " " "
  - William J. Thompson " " "
  - John S. Thompson " " "

- Frank Bowers Bellefonte  
Samuel Bowers " "  
Jacob Bowers " "  
James Boyle " "

- 9TH CAV.
- Joseph Miller Co. I, Walker Twp
  - Isaac Myton " " Bellefonte
  - Porter Shannon " " Huston Twp

- 12TH CAV.
- Alfred Biddle " " "
  - Alexander McDowell " " Huston Twp

- John McAlaney Patton "  
John Meekley " " "

12TH CAV.

  - John Peters Taylor Twp
  - John Stine " " " "
  - Henry E. M. Etters " " " "
  - Henry Clay Etters " " " "
  - John Shuman Etters " " " "
  - Ellis W. Etters " " " "

18TH CAV.

  - Isaac Miller Bellefonte

18TH CAV.

  - Frank M. Huston Lieut. Col.
  - L. C. Allen 1st Lieut. Co. M
  - John Noll Q. M. Sergt. " A.
  - John Callahan " " "
  - F. S. Cromble " " "
  - Jessie Stuart " " "
  - George Rogers " " "
  - Alfred Kinsloe " " "

- 21ST CAV.
- Emmanuel Noll Co. C.
- 22ND CAV.
- John G. Love 1st Sergt. Co. A.
- MISCELLANEOUS NAMES IN REGIMENT.

- Jno. H. Graham 18th Regt. Co. K Rush
- Jessie Keiler 12th " " F. Haines
- Harvey Steele 18th " " " Patton
- Henry Detrich 107th " " " Ferguson
- Henry E. M. Etters 145th " " " "
- Jacob Filmer 150th " " " "
- A. Harshberger 127th " " " " I Walker
- Luther Neff 15th " " " "
- Sol. Palmer 109th " " " Potter
- Thomas Reed 7th " " " C
- Jas. C. Miller 5th " " " D
- William Minas 5th " " " "
- Wm. Bennett 5th " " " "
- James Reed 5th " " " C
- Nathan Tubbs 1st Bucktails " " "
- Day, Williams 2nd Regt " " "
- Simon Sellers 104th " " " F
- R. E. Sellers 107th " " " "
- G. Rumbarger 5th " " " "
- J. C. Sankey 61st " " " I
- T. Singleton 42nd " " " G
- Jer. Sheffer 8th " " " "
- Jacob Sizer 46th " " " "
- Ed. Shannon 10th " " " "
- Joseph Shook 1st Reserves " E
- C. Smith 149th Regt " " "
- Daniel Smith " " " "
- F. Smith " " " "
- Josias Snook 7th Cav. " " Miles
- T. Smyler 1st Regt. " " "
- H. Spangler 11th " " " Liberty
- Frank Worth " " " "
- Benj. Aston 142nd " " Co. E
- Wm. Keenan " " " "
- W. W. Hampton " " " "
- Geo. Funk " " " E
- Wm. Beightol " " " "
- Thos. Bathurst " " " G
- Ezra Smith " " " "

Nearly Every Human Quality Is Unlike In The Sexes.

"A man is a man down to his thumbs, and a woman is a woman down to her little toes," writes Dr. Havelock Ellis in his book "Men and Women." There is hardly a measurable quality of any sort which is not unlike in the two sexes. Women even button their garments on the other side from that chosen by men and choose Sunday instead of Monday as their favorite day for making way with themselves. So far as laboratory tests go Dr. Ellis says that women are unquestionably superior in general tactile sensibility and probably superior in the discrimination of tastes, with no advantage either way in the case of the other senses. Women have better memories, read more rapidly, bear pain better, recover better from wounds and serious illness, are less changed by old age and live longer.

Furthermore, according to the same authority, women have relatively larger brains, especially in the frontal region. It has long been said that women are the more like children, but Dr. Ellis says that men are the more like apex. Women, in short, are more civilized than men, and civilization itself is but the process of making the world ladylike. In fact, the only thing left in which man is superior is muscle. Men are two, three and even four times stronger than women, and the occasional exceptional woman hardly reaches the level of the average man.

Even between the ages of eleven and fifteen, when girls are taller and heavier, boys still retain their single advantage in strength. Men, too, if slower of mind and quicker of body, have greater lung capacity and more blood corpuscles and exhale nearly twice as much carbon dioxide. But men are less able to endure confinement and bad air. This physical superiority man shares with the males of all the higher animals.

Few Wild Creatures Can Compete With The Fox In Craftiness.

Those familiar with the "Fables of Aesop" will remember the reputation which Reynard bears among the rest of the animals. It is questionable whether any wild creature can compete with the fox in craftiness. To look at him generally, even in his ordinary habits, he exhibits an amount of cleverness which astonishes one. Should a fox catch a hedgehog, whose spines effectually protect him from most of his enemies, he does not waste time, as a fox terrier will do, in endeavoring to worry his prey. He merely rolls him to the nearest water, knowing that a drop or two will cause the animal to relax his hold.

It is a rare thing to catch one in a trap laid at the door of his "earth" even. If he is inside when the trap is set he waits until some other animal springs it and then emerges to eat the victim and the bait. Only when driven by the terrible pangs of hunger will he tempt fate in his own person. Most animals gorge themselves when they are fortunate enough to come across a superabundance of food. Not so with Reynard. Should he find a poultry yard well stocked and ill protected he fills his larder first. Nor does he, as the proverb says, "put all his eggs in one basket." He puts one fowl in a hedge, hides another in a bush, places a third in a hole in a tree, rapidly digs a cavity for a fourth and covers it up again, remembering in each case where his stores are concealed. And when his supplies are sufficient in his own estimation he takes a fine fat chicken or duck to his "earth" for present enjoyment.—London Field.

A Straight Tip.

"Say," growled the first hobo, "why didn't yer go ter dat big house 'n' git a hand out?"

"Why, I started ter," replied the other, "but a minister lookin' guy gimme a tip not ter. He sez: 'Turn from yer present path. Ye're goin' ter de dogs.'"

—Philadelphia Press.

He who loses hope may then part with anything.—Congreve.

In Prison for Debt.

The way the Law is made to Fit the Case in England.

It is commonly supposed that in these days there is no imprisonment for debt in England, but the position is wrong, both in substance and in fact.

True, the term "imprisonment for debt" is done away with, perhaps because the debtor does not pay his debt by going to prison, yet to prison he goes for it all the same, although in the eyes and in the phraseology of the law he goes there for "contempt of court," whereas in 90 per cent of such cases the poor defaulter suffers his seven, fourteen or twenty-eight days "close confinement" solely because of his inability to pay the monthly sum ordered by the judge or the magistrate.

Nor, as already said, does the incarceration pay what is owing. For if the creditor chooses to do so he can have the debtor committed again immediately after one term has been served and so on as long as the debtor lives, because the judgment goes on forever unless the amount of it be paid.

But a second commitment on the same judgment is very rare.

At the jail in a certain eastern county, where the writer of this article spent fourteen days, he was not received quite as a felon would be, but decidedly not as a nonlawbreaker should be received and treated.

The time of arrival was 2 p. m.

He had no dinner, so after his pockets had been emptied and the articles tabulated he was given six ounces of brown bread and four ounces of "Harriet Lane"—i. e., tinned Australian mutton.

He was then put into a "receiving cell," eight feet by four feet six inches, with a concrete floor six feet below the level of the earth and decidedly damp, as was proved by the wet salt kept there for the prisoner's use.

Two hours later he was removed to another receiving cell, this time with a wooden floor, twelve feet long and six feet wide. At 6 o'clock there came his supper, a pint of weak oatmeal gruel and eight ounces of the ubiquitous brown bread—the staple article of diet and the best.

His bed was a two inch thick mattress of cocoanut fiber laid on three boards supported on crosspieces about three inches from the floor.

The bedclothes were ample, but the pillow and bed boards were of a decidedly hard nature.

At a quarter to 8 a loud bell rang to go to bed, and at 8 o'clock the gas (in a small hole in the wall and shut out of the cell by a piece of thick corrugated glass) was turned out. All debtors get this treatment.

On the following morning at 7:30 there came breakfast—a pint of weak tea and eight ounces of the brown bread. Then the doctor called.

"Are you all right?"

"Yes, thank you." And the door banged like a clap of thunder.

Then came the chaplain, a clergyman from outside, rather old, much crabbed and certainly unfit for his post. He snapped like a terrier with toothache, yet there was a growl in his snarl.

"Umph! What are you here for?"

"Debt." "Debt! Umph! Why don't you be honest and pay your debts?" And the door banged louder than before. Finally came the governor on his daily round of inspection.

A day's routine was simply this: Up at the ring of a bell at 5:45, dress in the dark; then came lights, beds and bedding were put away, cells and corridor swept and dusted and cell utensils cleaned; at 7:30 breakfast, each prisoner being then locked in his cell till 5:30, at which time all were mustered and marched to chapel.

Then from chapel to cells again, to be locked in until the governor made his smart pace round of inspection, saying as he sped past each cell door, "Any complaints?" but one had to be there a week before the two words became clear enough to be understood.

When he had gone all the debtors were put into a room to pick cocoanut fiber. Then came an hour's exercise in a large yard, after that dinner and another locking in till 1:30 p. m., followed by another hour's exercise and more fiber picking up to 5:30. At 5:35 there was tea, when each man was again locked in till 6 o'clock next morning.

The debtors were allowed to speak to each other while at work and at exercise; they wore their own clothes if they wished to; there was no stipulated amount of work to be done, and here ended the only practical differences between them and the lawbreakers in the other part of the prison.—Pearson's Weekly.

Some English Words.

Why is one who bets a "better," while a man who estimates is an "estimator," and what is it that causes so many words like these to differ in the spelling of