

Bellefonte, Pa., March 22, 1907.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,  
No matter which way I turn,  
I always find in the book of life  
Some lesson I have to learn.  
I must take my turn at the mill,  
I must grind out the golden grain,  
I must work at my task with a resolute will  
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need  
Of even the tiniest flower,  
Nor check the flow of the golden sands  
That run through a single hour;  
But the morning dews must fall,  
And the sun and the summer rain  
Must do their part, and perform it all  
Over and over again.

TO A LOST CHILD.

My little child, so long away,  
Hast thou forgotten me?  
And dost some Mother Soul in heaven  
Play kissing games With thee?  
Then does it come, the playing done,  
The hour is come for rest,  
And that as yellow as the moon  
Thy head lies on her breast.  
I bid you hold him, Mother Soul,  
As if he were your own;  
I bid thee softly, softly lie,  
O child that I have known!  
—Harper's Bazar.

THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE YEARS.

John was expected on the five o'clock stage. Mrs. John had been there three days now, and John's father and mother were almost packed up—so Mrs. John said. The auction would be to-morrow at nine o'clock, and with John there to see that things "hustled"—which last was really unnecessary to mention, for John is a very presence meant "hustler"—with John there, then, the whole thing ought to be over by one o'clock, and they off in season to catch the afternoon express.

And what a time it had been—those three days! Mrs. John, resting in the big chair on the front porch, thought of those days with admiration—that they were over, Grandpa and Grandma Burton, lowering over old treasures in the attic, thought of them with terrified dismay—that they had ever begun.

"I am coming up on Tuesday," Mrs. John had written. "We have been thinking for some time that you and father ought not to be left alone up there on the farm any longer. Now don't worry about the packing. I shall bring Marie, and you won't have to lift your finger. John will come Thursday night, and he there for the auction on Friday. By that time we shall have picked out what is worth saving, and everything will be ready for him to take matters in hand. I think he has already written to the auctioneer, so tell father to give himself no uneasiness on that score."

"John says he thinks we can have you back here with us by Friday night, or Saturday at the latest. You know John's way, so you may be sure there will be no tiresome delay. Your rooms here will be all ready before I leave, so that part will be all right."

"This may seem a bit sudden to you, but you know we have always told you that the time was surely coming when you couldn't live alone any longer. John thinks it has come now; and, as I said before, you know John, so, after all, you won't be surprised at his going right ahead with things. We shall do everything possible to make you comfortable, and I am sure you will be very happy here."

"Good-by, then, until Tuesday. With love to both of you."  
EDITH.

That had been the beginning. To Grandpa and Grandma Burton it had come like a thunderclap on a clear day. They had known, to be sure, that son John was a little at their lonely life; but that there should come this sudden transplanting, this ruthless twisting and tearing of roots that for sixty years had been burrowing deeper and deeper—it was almost beyond one's comprehension.

And there was the auction! "We shan't go, that, anyway," Grandma Burton had said at once. "What few things we don't want to keep I shall give away. An auction, indeed! Pray, what have we to sell?"

"Hm'm! To be sure, to be sure," her husband had murmured; but his face was troubled, and later he had said, apologetically: "You see, Hannah, there's the farm things. We don't need them."

On Tuesday Mrs. John and the somewhat awesome Marie—to whom Grandpa and Grandma Burton never could learn not to court—arrived; and almost at once Grandma Burton discovered that not only "farm things," but such precious treasures as the hair wreath and the parlor-set were auctionable. In fact, everything the house contained, except their clothing and a few crayon portraits, seemed to be in the same category.

"But, mother dear," Mrs. John had returned, with a laugh, in response to Grandma Burton's horrified remonstrances, "just wait until you see your rooms, and how full they are of beautiful things, and then you'll understand."

oughter take that. Why, there ain't a day goes by that I don't set in it!"

"But John's wife says there's better ones there, Seth," soothed the old woman in her turn. "As much as four or five of 'em right in our rooms."

"So she did, so she did!" murmured the man. "I'm an ungrateful thing; so I be."

There was a long pause. The old man drummed with his fingers on the trunk and washed a cloud of sail across the skylight. The woman gently swung the cradle and said:

"If only they wa'n't goin' ter be sold!" she choked, after a time. "I can look at 'em, and feel of 'em, and—remember things. Now there's them quilts with all my dress pieces in 'em—a piece of 'most every dress I've had since I was a girl—and there's that hair wreath—seems as if I just couldn't let that go, Seth. 'Why, there's your hair, and John's, and some of the twins', and—"

"There, there, dear; now I jest wouldn't fret," out in the old man, quickly. "Like enough when you get used ter them other things on the wall you'll like 'em even better than the hair wreath. John's wife says she's taken lots of pains and fixed 'em up with pictures and ornaments and ever'thin' nice." Went on Seth, talking very fast. "Why, Hannah, it's you that's being ungrateful now, dear!"

"So 'tis, so 'tis, Seth, and it ain't right and I know it. I ain't a-goin' ter do so no more; now see I! And she bravely turned her back on the cradle and walked, head erect, toward the attic stairs.

John came at five o'clock. He engulfed the little old man and the little old woman in a hearty hug, and breezily demanded what they had been doing to themselves to make them look so forlorn. In the very next breath, however, he answered his own question, and declared that it was because they had been living all alone up there so long—so it was; and that it was high time it was stopped, and that he had come to do it! Whereupon the old man and the old woman smiled bravely and told each other what a good, good son they had, to be sure!

Friday dawned clear, and not too warm—an ideal auction day. Long before nine o'clock the yard was full of teams, and the house of people. Among them all, however, there was no sign of the bent old man and the erect little old woman, the owners of the property to be sold. John and Mrs. John were not a little disturbed—they had lost their father and mother.

Nine o'clock came, and with it began the strict call of the auctioneer. Men laughed and joked over their bids, and women looked on and gossiped, adding a bid of their own now and then. Everywhere was the son of the house, and things went through with a rush. Up-stairs, in the darkest corner of the attic—which had been cleared of goods—sat, hand in hand on an old packing-box, a little old man and a little old woman who winced and shrank together every time the "Going, going, gone!" floated up to them from the yard below.

At half past one the last wagon rumbled out of the yard, and five minutes later Mrs. John gave a relieved cry.

"Oh, there you are! Why, mother, father, where have you been?"

"There was no reply." The old man choked back a cough and bent to flick a bit of dust from his coat. The old woman turned and crept away, her erect little figure looking suddenly bent and old.

"Why, what—" began John, as his father, too, turned away. "Why, Edith, you don't suppose—" he stammered with a helplessness.

"Perfectly natural, my dear, perfectly natural," returned Mrs. John, lightly. "We'll get them away immediately. It'll be all right when once they are started."

Some hours later a very tired old man and a still more tired old woman crept into a pair of sumptuous canopy-topped twin beds.

see was a silent, dismantled farmhouse, and a little old man and a little old woman with drawn faces and dumb lips.

"Was it possible? Had she indeed been so blind?"

Mrs. John rose to her feet, bathed her eyes, straightened her neck-horn, and crossed the hall to Grandma Burton's room.

"Well, mother, and how are you getting along?" she asked, cheerily.

"As nice as can be," daughter—and ain't this room pretty?" returned the little old woman, eagerly. "Do you know, it seems kind of natural like; mebbe it's because of that chair there. Seth says it's almost like his at home."

It was a good beginning, and Mrs. John made the most of it. Under her skillful guidance Grandma Burton, in less than five minutes, had come from the chair to the old clock which her father used to wind, and from the clock to the bureau where she kept the dead twins' little white shoes and bonnets. She told, too, of the cherished parlor chairs and marble-topped table, and of how she and father had saved and saved for years to buy them; and even now, as she talked, her voice rang with pride of possession—though for only a moment; it shook then with the remembrance of loss.

There was no complaint, it is true, no audible longing for lost treasures. There was only the unspoken joy of pouring into sympathetic ears the story of things loved and lost—things the very mention of which brought sweet faint echoes of voices long since silent.

"There, there," broke off the little old woman at last. "How I am runnin' on! But, somehow, somethin' set me to talkin' ter-day. Mebbe 'twas that chair that's like yer father's," she hazarded.

"Maybe it was," agreed Mrs. John, quietly, as she rose to her feet.

The new house came on pace. In a week's time about the John Burton began to urge his wife to see about rugs and hangings. It was then that Mrs. John called him to one side and said a few hurried but very earnest words—that made the Honorable John open wide his eyes.

"But, Edith," he remonstrated, "are you crazy? It simply couldn't be done! The things're scattered over half a dozen counties, I reckon. I haven't the least where the auctioneer's list is—if I saved it at all."

"Never mind, dear; I may try, surely," begged Mrs. John; and her husband laughed and reached for his check-book.

"Try? Of course you may try! And here's this by way of wishing you good luck," he finished, as he handed her an oblong bit of paper that would go far toward smoothing the most difficult of ways.

"You dear!" cried Mrs. John. "And now I'm going to work."

It was at about this time that Mrs. John went away. The children were at college and boarding school; John was absorbed in business and house-building, and Grandpa and Grandma Burton were contented and well cared for. There really seemed to be no reason why Mrs. John should not go away, if she wished—and she apparently did wish.

It was at about this time, too, that certain Vermont villages—one of which was the Honorable John Burton's birthplace—were stirred to sudden interest and action.

Fun With Figures.

SOME CURIOUS AND INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE FIGURE NINE.

Write down in a row all the numerals except eight thus:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 9

Now choose any one of these numerals and multiply it by nine. Suppose we choose two, which multiplied by nine will, of course, give us eighteen.

Then multiply your row of figures by this:

12345679
18
98765432
13345679
99999999

The answer, you see, is all twos. If you had chosen three the answer then would have been all threes—and so on.

Another curious fact is that if you write down any number in three figures and then reverse those figures and subtract the lesser amount, you will find that the middle figure of the amount of the answer is always nine:

Try it thus, write.....763
Now reverse them.....367
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396
Now reverse again, but this time add
to the amount.....693
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1089

Your answers will always be the same, 1,089—except in one instance. If the first two figures you write are alike and the last figure next in regular order as 778, 887, 776, 998.

In that case you will get 99 for your answer, but by again adding this, and then adding this sum reversed you come back to your 1,089.

Example:
770
Reversed 777 Subtracted
-----
99
99 Added
-----
198
Reversed 891 Added
-----
1089

Of the many curious results reached by the various combinations of the number 9, the following is not the least remarkable: Take any number you please (provided the number does not read the same backward as forward) and, having written it down, write it backward, that is, make the last figure of the first the first figure of the second, and so on, so that the first figure of the first shall be the last of the second; subtract the lesser from the greater, and multiply the remainder, or difference, by any number you please. From the product thus obtained rub out any one figure (provided the figure is not 9) and add together the remaining figures, as if they were all units. If the sum contains more than one figure, repeat the operation, that is, add together the figures of the sum as if they were all units, and continue to thus repeat until the sum is expressed by a single figure rubbed out will always be what it is required to make 9 when added to this final figure.

For instance, suppose the sum of the figures of the product when added together, after rubbing out one figure, be 157; this, being expressed by more than one figure, is again added—1 and 5 make 6; 13; this, again, being likewise more than one figure, is again added—1 and 3 make 4. Therefore the figure rubbed out was 5, that being the number required to make 9.

So, if the final figure be 6, the figure rubbed out was 3; if the final figure rubbed out was 7; if the final figure be 9, the figure rubbed out was 0.

This result will never fail. An amusing game can be built up on this. Of a party, without knowing what were the numbers used, or the figures rubbed out, by the others, can instantly declare the latter, in each case, upon being told what is the final figure of the calculation.—(Saint Nicholas.)

The Stars on Coins.

Numismatists probably will be interested in an explanation made by Acting Director of the Mint R. E. Preston of the reason the stars on the coins of the United States have six points; while those on the flag have but five.

The question was raised by Elizabeth S. Dickinson, of Lexington, Mass., in a letter to Captain Ross of the revenue cutter service, who in turn referred it to Mr. Preston. In his explanation the acting director said: "In English heraldry or more points denote a star. The earliest examples of colonial coins all have the six-pointed star, which is correct, according to English heraldry. It is presumed that when the time came to adopt designs for the coins of the United States, English heraldry was consulted, and the colonial coins were followed in matters of detail like the stars. The flag of the United States, as you are aware, is made up very largely from the coat-of-arms of Washington. Where both the stripes and stars are found, the stars have but five points.

That Leviathan.

As to the depth to which whales can descend, opinions have changed considerably of late years. It was once supposed that they went down to great depths; but the effects of pressure would manifestly render this quite impossible; and in the opinion of the great authority, Frank Bullen, a depth of one hundred yards is probably their extreme limit. This conclusion receives support from the fact that the food of most species consists of animals living on or near the surface; and likewise by the practical experience of whalers in connection with the amount of line taken out by harpooned whales. The sperm whale, which feeds on large cuttlefishes, seems, however, in some degree, to be an exception; there being circumstantial evidence that these monsters, in certain instances, touch the ocean bottom, although at what depth is still unknown.

Modern observation has thrown much new light on the "spouting," or breathing, of whales. In this connection it is perhaps almost superfluous to mention that the water, or spray, included in the "spout" is merely adventitious, and due either to the condensed moisture of the breath, or to the creature beginning to "blow" before reaching the surface. Recent photographs of spouting whales have demonstrated not only that there is great difference in the form of the spout, but also that the height to which it ascends is much less than formerly supposed; even that of the "sulphur bottom," or Sibal's whale—the biggest member of the whole group—averaging not more than fourteen feet, although occasionally reaching as much as twenty feet.

Whether the reference in Psalm 104 to "that Leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein," really relates to the gambols of torquials or humpbacks in the Red Sea or not, certainly it is not cetaceans of every kind are among the most playful and sportive of all animals. The greatest adept at these sportive performances is undoubtedly the humpbacked whale, which delights to throw its huge carcass clear out of the water to lie on its side with one of the long white flippers standing vertically out of the water like a gigantic sword, or to "dance" upright, with its head raised above the surface. The sperm-whale is, however, not far behind in this respect, and when "breaching" shoots its sixty feet of length to a height above the surface sufficient to render itself visible from the mast-head at a distance of half a dozen miles.—(Review.)

18 DEAD IN FLAMES AND FLOOD

Terrified By Factory Fire, Scores Leap Into the Water.

Wheeling, W. Va., March 18.—Eighteen persons are known to have lost their lives in the early morning fire that occurred at the plant of the Warwick Pottery company, which is located in the flooded district.

Because of the water surrounding the burning district it was impossible for the fire apparatus to reach the scene. The firemen pressed into service all the boats that could be secured and carried the lines of hose to the burning building by this means. They did heroic work and not only fought the fire but assisted in rescuing many persons.

Had the drowned persons remained in their homes none of them would have met death. The buildings occupied by the unfortunate victims were not touched by the flames. The explosion that started the fire is what terrified the people living in the vicinity.

No sooner had the report of the explosion occurred than people commenced leaping from the windows into the water. Not all of those who met death were drowned by jumping into the water. Five of them were drowned by the upsetting of a boat that was carrying them to a place of safety.

WORKING FOR TAFT

Friends Say He Will Get Ohio Nomination For Presidency.

Washington, March 19.—That William Howard Taft, of Ohio, will go before the next Republican national convention as a candidate for the presidential nomination, with many, if not all, of the 46 delegates from his own state of Ohio behind him, is regarded here as a pretty safe political wager.

Senator Foraker, it is declared, will not be a candidate for first honors next year, and it is said that his support will be thrown to Mr. Taft. With Ohio solidly behind him, the administration favorable to his candidacy and approved by conservatives who look askance upon some of the Roosevelt policies, the friends of Mr. Taft believe that he looms up head and shoulders above all other whose names have been mentioned as likely candidates.

KILLED BY CANNED PEACHES

Two Boys Dead and Mother Dying From Ptomaine Poisoning.

Richmond, Va., March 18.—As a result of ptomaine poisoning, caused by eating canned peaches, Melvin Ives, 13 years old, and Leonard Lee Ives, 7 years old, sons of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Ives, of Hampton, Va., are dead, and their mother is believed to be dying. The mother and boys were stricken last Wednesday.

President's Summer Plans.

Washington, March 19.—Tentative plans for the president's summer at Oyster Bay have been discussed at the White House. As now contemplated he will leave Washington for that place somewhere between the 20th and 25th of June. If he can conveniently get away earlier he will do so. A trip to Indianapolis and Lansing, Mich., and two trips to the Jamestown exposition are on the program before the president's vacation begins.

Archie Roosevelt Sits Up.

Washington, March 18.—Archie Roosevelt's condition is still improving, and Surgeon General Rixey announced that the quarantine restrictions imposed on account of the boy's illness will be raised in a few days. Archie sat up in bed. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., arrived from Harvard and will remain at the White House until after Easter.

GROUNDS FOR THE CAPITOL

Bill For the Enlargement Well on Its Way to Final Passage.

Harrisburg, Pa., March 18.—The change in public sentiment among members of the senate and the house of representatives in favor of the enlargement of Capitol Park noted two weeks ago, is much more pronounced at present than it was then.

The Fox bill has passed the senate by a vote of 33 to 7. When it comes up in the house, which it probably will this week or next, it is believed that whatever opposition there was will have disappeared because the members have come to better realize the necessity of making the improvement now and because they have learned that the sentiment of the people of the state generally is favorable.

Several of the leading daily papers in Philadelphia have taken the trouble to inform themselves of the exact situation with the result that they are all heartily in favor of the Fox bill.

In a recent editorial article the Philadelphia Inquirer, the one out-and-out Republican organ among the dailies of Philadelphia, most heartily approved the measure.

The Republican Philadelphia Press on Sunday, March 10, in a leading editorial said, "The present legislature has a unique opportunity to carry out a great public improvement in Harrisburg through the passage of the bill introduced by Senator Fox appropriating an adequate sum to develop a park east of the state capitol. There should be no hesitancy on the part of the legislature to secure now what should have been secured two years ago. None of those who are back of the park project either connived at or stood for the enormous expenditure on the capitol; but they have in season and out of season insisted that the legislature meet the situation created by the new capitol in a progressive manner. And the legislators should realize that such a park as is contemplated is not only a benefit to Harrisburg but to the state at large."

In an editorial published Monday, March 11, the Democratic Philadelphia Record said regarding the capitol extension bill: "There is hardly a doubt that the house will concur in the action of the senate. The state is rich and can afford to be liberal, especially if there is money of the taxpayers already on hand to cover more exigent needs."

The Philadelphia Public Ledger, independent in politics, said in an editorial article published on Tuesday, March 12: "The extension of Capitol Park, as provided in the bill, which has already passed the senate, is so far from extravagance that it is really a measure of economy. It is sheer waste to erect a capitol building and have it encompassed by squalor and desolation. The land between the capitol and the railroad can still be secured at a very moderate cost, and its addition to the public grounds ought not to be deferred until its occupation by the growing industry of Harrisburg shall make its acquisition still more urgent and much more expensive. Philadelphia has had many examples of large public improvements of this kind too long deferred, as in the failure to reserve sufficient space around the city hall. The legislature will be greatly at fault if it refuses the present opportunity to make a really great city of that neglected capital of Pennsylvania. Harrisburg in its situation and surroundings has the making of a most attractive city. The state has done little or nothing for it, treating it generally as a mere railway station. The present project is not for the benefit of the residents alone, though it will be a direct help and encouragement to them in their own civic enterprise. It is rather a duty to Pennsylvania. The present legislature probably cannot recover the money spent on the new capitol, but it can do much to compensate for the excessive expenditure by providing such surroundings for the building as will make it in the time to come a delight and pride to the whole state."

Not a few doubting legislators were convinced of the propriety of voting for Senator Fox's bill by an illustrated lecture given by J. Horace McFarland in the hall of the house of representatives last Wednesday night.

By means of more than 100 lantern slides Mr. McFarland showed how the capitol at Washington and the capitols of various states in the Union are surrounded by beautiful grounds, affording fine views of those great structures. He also showed the squalid and unattractive condition of the section lying immediately back of Pennsylvania's new state capitol which it is proposed to take and clear off.

Mr. McFarland further showed how the city of Harrisburg proposes to give for this great improvement streets of the city amounting to more than nine acres of land, or more than one-third of all that is proposed to utilize for the enlargement of the park.

He also showed how within the last five years Harrisburg and its citizens have spent many million dollars to improve the city, in building a modern sewer system, providing pure water, many hundreds of acres of fine parks, and 40 miles of well-paved, clean streets, of which the legislators, state officials and employes who spend the whole or a portion of the year here have the same use as the citizens of Harrisburg, the same use as though the state had helped to pay for these great improvements, which it has not.