

THE LONE HEART.

You are taking her down to the Orphan's Home. This little girl, you say; it is sweet she would look with her hair a curl, and a smile in those eyes of gray.

THE EXPLORER'S.

In my early youth I had vacillated between so many trades and professions that I grew up jack of all. But, strictly speaking, I became a discontented graduate of the Physicians and Surgeons, and began to establish a practice in East Eighteenth street.

Even before he had come to his senses, I took to the man, and was captivated by his personality. He had a head and face and mane like the stone lion of Lucrece, imperturbable and vast; hard, smooth, colossal limbs; a chest like a bay window, and hands at once the largest and most beautiful that I have even seen: a man formidable in thought and action.

"Captain Dane morally certain to find the North Pole." "Was going to sail today," she said; "put it off because doctor gave out—fiftieth Arctic voyage—sixty years old—doesn't look forty, does he?"

"I can't agree with you," said I, "since it has brought me so distinguished a patient." "I hope to be more so," said he; "will you call me a cab? I won't risk the sun again."

"I didn't see it." "If you had been keen to go," said he, "you wouldn't have missed it." "Well," said I, "I wasn't keen to go, that's the truth. But I am now."

"That's better," said he, and his voice, hitherto very matter-of-fact, became abundantly hearty. "You'll do."

Then he made me sit down and write a long list of things to get and where to get them. "Take a cab," he said, "and hustle." "When do we sail?" said I. "The minute you're aboard."

From the first I was more interested in Captain Dane than in Arctic phenomena; just as, in my profession, I was ever more alive to the bearing of the sick than to their disease. To which habit, more than to any skill in medicine, or determination to succeed, I attribute the ease which I had in attracting patients to my practice.

Prior to our acquaintance I had often asked myself—or a friend for the sake of discussion—"Why the devil does a man want to discover the North Pole? What's the use of discovering it?" and the like-questions which, properly answered, would, I thought, bring to bear a great light on many occult workings of the human mind.

"I don't wish to make myself out a hero. If wishing could have taken me back to The Needle, or thousands of miles beyond, back I would have gone. But to make such a long journey along, to drive dogs, in which I had no skill, even to find the way, I knew to be impossible. For me there was nothing but death—death to go back, death to stay. I preferred, not cheerfully, but still decidedly, and all things considered, to take my quietus in the immediate vicinity of the pole."

"I won't go back," said I. "Let's find this—pole, and have done with it." "Man talk that," said Captain Dane. "It's this way, Johnny, if we give in here, these men's lives will have been wantonly sacrificed. But if we can reach the pole, and die there, then we won't have died in vain."

"The log-book of The Needle gives all the longitudes and latitudes, and scientific observations and data, of our voyage. These things are not important to my narrative. Suffice that we passed the winter, the coldest, bleakest, blackest winter, farther north than it had ever been passed before and in the spring made our dash for the pole. The winter brought out great qualities in Dane—an overmastering humor and good humor, a great gentleness to those who were impatient and sick, an almost godlike tenderness over those that died. He was like a great statue in the making, when each blow of the sculptor's hammer, instead of damaging the marble, brings out new strengths and beauties. Even at that time, before our hardships had fairly begun, we looked on our Captain as on one who had brought us on rather than on one who was leading us on. The day for starting came, and Dane spoke to those who were to go and those who were to stay.

"Men," he said, "it is as hard to stay as to go. Therefore I have divided you equally, as boys choose sides for a game. It is important that brave, patient men go with me, and it is important that brave, patient men remain. I wish I could take only those that want to go and leave only those that want to stay. But you all want to go. So I have had to pick and choose for myself. I shall think of those that stay as of a rock that will wait for me to come. That's the important thing, to find you waiting when we come back. You must not let yourselves get sick; and you must not let yourselves think too much about home; and you mustn't quarrel when you begin to think there is nothing else to do. When you have waited for us as long as you can, then wait a little longer, and then go. God bless you all."

No one of us that went ever again saw those that stayed. We parted forever, with laughter and shaking of hands. As long as things went well, strength held, and food tasted sweet, our dash for the pole had in it something of a holiday lark. The dogs, strong, savage, and eager, strained at the sledges, the men lent their backs to the passage of rough places with deep-sea anison. Our supplies were calculated to a nicety, and we knew it. We believed that the plateau (it was neither ice nor snow, but a mixture of the two, at once firm and crumbling like sand) over which we were pressing held all the way to the pole. And at each resting place, when progress would be calculated, we marvelled and rejoiced to know how far and how fast we had gone. Strung out over the white plains in marching order, we looked like some grotesque turn in a circus—a quantity of bears walking on their hind legs, behaving exactly like men, and driving the trains of dogs. It was Dane's scheme that each man should have his turn in leading the procession; thus one day bringing responsibility to one man, the next to another. Great rivalry rose among us as to who should have the credit of leading the locomotive march. As we neared the pole, excitement and jubilation rose among us. We had but fifty miles to go; there had not yet been any serious hitch. The far north had shown us whatever favors it had to show. We vied in health with our dogs. And then—whether it came from Billy Smith's furs, bought during the winter from an Eskimo, or where it came from, I do not know—there leapt among us a germ of smallpox. I only know that the disease broke out with awful savagery, that we went into permanent camp at the very gates of the pole, and began to die. Billy Smith was the first to go. Captain Dane knelt beside him for seven hours, exhorting him to stay and do his duty. But the flesh was weak with the sickness, and weepingly suffered the spirit to depart. Captain Dane's face was furrowed with ice where the tears had run down.

ting. I sprang to my feet, wildly alert, and looked upward. Twenty feet above and slowly descending was a balloon; over the edge of the car peeped a face, a tiny, brown, man-monkey sort of face. A little far paw shot up to the face, salute fashion, and a shrill voice called: "Salut!"

The balloon came to earth, and a little Frenchman hopped out (for all his great bundle of furs he actually hopped.) "Is your party all asleep?" said he (this time in French-English). "No," said I, "all these are dead. They are men who have discovered the pole at different times, and died, and with each the news of his discovery. I was this man's doctor—Captain Dane. He died of—"

III Captain Dane looked me steadily in the eyes across a new-made grave. "Where are my brave, patient men?" said he. "They have gone," I said, bitterly, "all gone. But God knows I tried to save them." "At work they were lions," said he, "in obedience, lamb. Not one of them cursed me. Think of that, all you who deride the splendor of the human soul. They came to the gates of the pole, like sheep to the slaughter. I brought them there. They said I was their father, and they came with me—Americans, Englishmen, Germans—with all come with me; and they died without cursing—all the nations."

I pleaded with him to lie down, to husband his strength, to fight with the fever. I swore to him that I would bring him through. He laughed in my face. And what could I do? He was stronger than I. "It's been such an endless sacrifice of lives," I said to him once, and he answered whimsically: "That's just it."

"The old-time mystery about consumption has been swept away. We now know three things: First, the disease is contagious—that is to say, it is preventable; to a large extent by the exercise of reasonable care and the observance of a few simple precautions; and third, it is curable in the majority of cases, if treated in time—completely and lastingly curable."

From the lungs of a consumptive large numbers of these germs may be coughed up and spit out. Ordinarily the majority of them perish, especially if they are exposed to fresh air and sunshine. But it is possible for some to enter immediately the lungs of other people and produce centres of disease; or a part of the germs may lie around in damp places, or be blown about in room dust, for days and even for weeks. Indeed, this is the way in which consumption is spread; both adults and children acquire it by breathing in the dried matter from the lungs of those who already have the disease.

The conditions under which some people live render them more liable to consumption. Dust and dirt and darkness and dampness, as found in many tenements, in old-fashioned and farm houses; insufficient food, food of poor quality and badly cooked; neglect of personal cleanliness—all these are contributing factors. The surroundings in which many adults and children are compelled to work—as in some shops and stores, in cellars, in tenement rooms and sweat shops—are prejudicial to health. Dusty work, like coal-mining, sorting of feathers and cigar-making; occupations in which the worker bends forward and compresses the chest, as in typesetting and shoe-cobbling; work that puts a strain upon the lungs, like glass blowing; all these predispose to the disease by taking away from the body a part of its natural powers of resistance. So, too, does the custom of keeping windows closed and overheating the rooms in which we live and work.

Children are often consumptive. The little children take the disease rapidly because they play on the floor and on the ground in the dust; they raise a dust; they inhale the germ-laden dust, and they put their dirty fingers in their mouths. Parents and others who are consumptive fondle and kiss the little ones; this, too, is a source of peril. If a child is noticed to become easily tired, to have pale cheeks and eyes unnaturally bright, to cough and grow thin, take warning! Go and see a doctor. Begin treatment early with children, for the disease in them is twice as curable as it is in older people.

It is a well-known fact that some persons, and especially the members of some families, are particularly liable to tuberculosis. So marked and so frequent is the development of the disease in certain families that the affection has long been considered hereditary. We now know that the disease itself is not hereditary but that there is inherited certain constitutional weakness which render the individual a more easy prey to the germs once they have gained an entrance.

Where the parents are affected with tuberculosis, the children, from the earliest moments of life, are exposed to the disease under the most favorable conditions for its transmission; for not only is the dust of the house liable to contain the bacilli, but the relation between parents and children, especially between mother and child, are

of that close and intimate nature especially favorable for transmission by direct contact. The frequent occurrence of several cases of consumption in a family is, then, not to be explained on the supposition that the disease itself has been inherited, but that it has been produced after birth by transmission direct from some other individual.

It follows, from what has been said, that tuberculosis is a communicable disease, and is therefore preventable. If it is preventable, the natural question to ask is, why is it not prevented? It is not prevented because of the indifference of the public. It is difficult to root out old ideas, and it is still more difficult to get a people to adopt precautions against an evil, which, although so fatal if its ultimate results, does not strike the public mind with the startling suddenness effected by the appearance of cholera, small-pox or diphtheria. If our fashionable dames, heads of families, institutions and industrial concerns together with the poor consumptive, would all do their duty to their neighbors, the spectre of tuberculosis would gradually disappear, and with it much suffering and misery.

To sum up, then, we find the following as accepted facts: 1. Consumption is caused only by a germ, which comes from those affected with consumption. 2. Consumption is preventable, because, for practical purposes, the great source of infection—expectoration—can be easily disinfected or destroyed. Remove sputum as a source of infection, and consumption must go far towards disappearing. 3. Consumption is not hereditary, nor is it easily contracted if reasonable care be taken. 4. The careless consumptive patient is a focus of infection and a danger to all persons who come in proximity to him or visit the places he frequents.

Anything tending to lower the tone of the general health may act as a predisposing cause—insufficient night ventilation as is practicable. The dwelling place should be dry naturally or made so artificially. If it is thought that there is a family predisposition to consumption, an outdoor occupation should be chosen. Live in the open air and sunshine as much as possible. Every new case of tuberculosis comes from some earlier case. The germs of this disease retain their vitality and their infectivity a long time under favorable conditions. Therefore, do not bring into your house clothing formerly used by consumptives unless it has been thoroughly disinfected. Do not allow your wives and daughters to risk infecting their homes with dresses that have swept the sidewalks. Do not move into an infected house or rooms until thoroughness of the disinfection is unquestionable; do not put your lips or mouth pipes, wind instruments, money, or anything else that has been used or handled by consumptives; do not buy bread, milk or other articles of food not to be cooked from consumptives. Kissing, particularly from lip to lip, is unsafe, if one of the persons is tuberculous.—By Paul Kennedy, secretary of the committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis of New York.

Archimedes said, "Give me a fulcrum for my lever and I will move the world." Nature, like Archimedes, demands a fulcrum for her lever. She will lift the sick up to health, move mountains of disease, but she must have a fulcrum for the lever to help. That fulcrum is just what is supplied in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. No medicine can help the sick which does not work with Nature. That medicine is most helpful which most readily lends itself to Nature's use. Golden Medical Discovery works with Nature, by removing the obstructions from her way, by "making her paths straight, and enabling her to work her healing without let or hindrance."

Friday of last week brought us the sapling tender so we can now look for warmer weather and the farmers can prepare their soil and put the seed in the ground. The cherries appear to be frozen, likewise the peaches, but so far the plums and apples are not injured much, if any. The wheat has been hurt by the snows and cold and looks yellow. The farmers think the crop will be much less than was anticipated. Last Saturday morning was the coldest for several weeks, the ground was frozen hard and quite a bit of ice was in evidence. In place of opening a select school in town, Mr. Noll went to Belleville to finish a term, owing to the illness of the teacher of the grammar school there.

Last Wednesday the Pennsylvania R. R. Co. put up a small derrick at the Lemont station, something that has been needed this long time. The stork brought a beautiful little babe, Tuesday, to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Lander. Maude Grove and Earl Houtz helped H. L. Brian move to Spring Mills. Many of the young people were drawn to beautiful peaks and dales of old Nittany mountain in quest of the fragrant trailing arbutus, Saturday afternoon, and to enjoy the refreshing breezes which can be enjoyed more on the mountain side than anywhere else. The presiding elder will preach in the United Evangelical church Sunday forenoon, May 5th, at which time there will be communion services.

George Williams and James Williams and wife Sunday at the home of Grant Houser. Bruce Mitchell, of Horton, W. Va., is visiting among friends in these parts. Prof. George Bible, of Philadelphia, was seen on our streets Monday afternoon. William Thompson, one of State College's postoffice employees, took his little daughter to Philadelphia this week to have her eyes treated. Cornelius D. Houtz transacted business at the county seat Wednesday. L. F. Roan, the right hand man in John Mitchell's hardware store, moved Wednesday to Mrs. Cornelius Dale's house east of town. A \$25,000.00 Gift. In the past year it has cost Dr. Pierce over \$25,000.00 (exclusive of postage) to give away copies of his great work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This book containing 1008 pages and over 700 illustrations should be in every family. It answers the unspoken questions of young men and women. It points the path to healthy, happy life. It is sent free on receipt of stamps to defray expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for book in paper binding, or 31 stamps in cloth. Address Doctor R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE APPLE BARREL.

It stood in the cellar low and dim, Where the cob-webs swept and swayed, Holding its store from bough and limb At the feet of autumn laid. And oft when the days were short and drear And the north wind shrieked and roared, We young folks sought in the corner, here And drew on the toothsome hoard.

For thus, through the long, long winter-time, It answered our every call, With wine of the summer's golden prime Sealed by the hand of fall. The best there was of the earth and air, Of air and sun and breeze Changed to a pulp sweet and rare By the art of the faithful trees.

A wonderful barrel was this, had we Its message but rightly heard, Filled with the tales of wind and bee, Of cricket and moth and bird; Rife with the bliss of the fragrant June When skies were soft and blue; Thronged with the dreams of a harvest moon O'er fields drenched deep with dew.

Soap making and house cleaning is on. Cyrus Snook, of Milroy, was here last week looking after his earthly possessions. Harry Evey and wife, of Warriorsmark, and Mrs. George Musser, of Bellwood, Sunday at Samuel Wilson's home. George Fisher sold his 2.40 nag to Peter Corl on Monday. James I. Thompson, of York, was here last week hustling around for his share of the insurance business. Craig Hunter is confined to the house with a dose of ivy poison and rheumatism. Our hustling furniture man, J. B. Heberling, transacted business in Phillipsburg yesterday. Budd Benner is off duty nursing his left thumb, which he split with the axe on Monday. James I. Potter, of Belleville, was on a hustle among the merchants here on Tuesday.

J. G. Heberling left Wednesday for a week's visit among friends at Mill Hall and will be in line in the Odd Fellows parade at Lock Haven today. James I. Ross is having his brick mansion roofed with galvanized tin. Merchant A. G. Arthey and wife were at the county capital Monday. After a ten days visit among relatives at Alexandria Miss Nannie Bailey returned home Tuesday, delighted with her trip. Miss Amelia Hurst, of McAleavy's Fort, was a visitor among her many friends in town last week. After April 30th the postoffice at Guyer will be discontinued. The patrons will be served by a new R. F. D. route from Warriorsmark. Dr. L. C. Thomas, of Latrobe, the past six months and was in Philadelphia undergoing treatment, is much improved and is here visiting his sister, Mrs. Maggie Gates. Edward Harpster, of this place, was taken to the German hospital, Philadelphia, on Monday, and on Wednesday was operated on for appendicitis. The dance given by the young ladies of the town, in I. O. O. F. hall, last Friday evening, was a most successful social affair, the one drawback being that some miscreants climbed in a rear window and stole all the ice cream that had been prepared as refreshments.

Last Saturday evening D. D. G. M. Everhart, of Belleville, assisted by M. L. Altenderfer, D. D. G. P., very satisfactorily installed the officers of Pennsylvania Lodge, No. 276, I. O. O. F., of this place, for the ensuing term, as follows: N. G. Wm. G. Gardner; V. G. Sumner Miller; Chap. Dr. R. M. Krebs; conductor, John H. Bailey; warden, Wm. H. Fry; Ast. Secy., Ellery Parsons; R. S. to N. G., H. A. Elder; L. S. to N. G., E. E. Musser; R. S. to V. G., W. H. Gos; L. S. to V. G., I. O. Campbell; R. S. S. Geo. Rossmann; L. S. S., Dent Peterson; O. G., J. E. Reish; I. G., A. J. Tate; trustee, W. H. Fry; Rep. to G. L. J. A. Fortney; alternate, Dr. R. M. Krebs.

Resolutions of Respect. Inasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God in His all wise providence to take from our midst our brother and fellow co-laborer, Michael Corman; and WHEREAS, He was for so many years been a faithful and helpful member of the Reformed church at Zion, an Elder in the same congregation and a member of our joint consistory. We, the joint consistory of the Belleville charge in annual session, this nineteenth day of April, 1907, desiring to make a suitable record of our mutual loss, do hereby adopt the following resolutions. Resolved, That in the death of our brother, Elder Michael Corman, the Reformed church has lost one of its faithful members and the official board of the church one of its most active and aggressive counselors. Resolved, That we most tenderly extend our sympathy to the members of the bereaved household and commend them to the love and care of our Heavenly Father. Resolved, That this action be spread upon the minutes of the joint consistory; be published in the Belleville papers and a copy of these resolutions be presented to the widow of our deceased brother.

AMBERSE M. SCHMIDT, A. LUKENBRACH, B. A. NOLL. A Water Cure at Home. Slowly the doctors are coming round to concede, grudgingly, that the drinking of water may be more or less beneficial, or probably doesn't do any harm—any great harm. Water, the drinking of water, the drinking of large quantities of water, has been part of the instinctive hygienic regime of the entire animal kingdom from the beginning. We owe it to the medical profession that this regime, as nature's breaking, has been all but abolished in civilization. And now, more intelligent than formerly though they are, the doctors as a rule still oppose water, except for occasional "cures"—whose chief value, by the way, is simply that one does take in a considerable part of the fluid that can wash the body inside and out. The truth is that every one should, every morning, a safe hour before eating, drink down a large quantity of plain, ordinary water, at an agreeable temperature. An internal bath, and you will not have to consult your family physician so often.