Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., September 18, 1908.

AUTUMN.

The bees in the meadow are merrily hum ming The crickets chirp shrill on the lea; The woodpecker down in the pasture is drum

A tune on the old beech tree; I'll tell you a tale of the days that are coming; The swallows have told it to me.

O bonny green trees! you are talking together As if you could never grow old;

You whisper and laugh in the sunshiny er. And all your green garlands unfold;

Do you know there's a king coming over the heather

To deck you in crimson and gold?

O birds in the branches so merrily swaying, You sing your glad songs in the sun. Do you hear what the wise little swallow

saying? "The beautiful summer is done!

Away while the blustering winds are delaying; 'Tis time that our flight was begun.

O blithe little swallows, the meadows of clover, Will blossom again for the bee:

You'll skim their green billows like gulls floatting over.

The white-crested caps of the sea: For summer will bring back each gay little

rover Again in the meadows and me.



He was a shabby, lIttle, middle-aged man-one of that innumerable bost whose dull, irressolute faces and lax, lethargic bodies pathetically publish them as failures. And the unkemptness of his rusty, gray hair, the dinginess of his coarse skin uncleanness of his blunt finger-tips, the stains on his threadbare coat lapels, and the grimy glaze on his linen, all were symptoms expressing poignantly his apa-thetic acquiescence in that destiny. In that struggle for which fate had prepared him, in mind and spirit, so inefficiently he had been long since well beaten into a pattern for submission and drudgery. Now, at last, he was irrevocably a poor machine, none too accurate even for small performances, doing whatever task was set for him by those who, because they were everything that he was not, controlled his mean and triffing fortunes.

All day long he worked in a big room full of desks and active young men, where the clerical business of a great factory was done. His tasks were calculated to reand alertness which characterized this place. In an atmosphere of eagerness and sharpness, he moved about his petty em-ployments quite unaffected by it. Somees, upon indiscriminating strangers, his duliness imposed as calmness, his lethargy as deliberation, his bulging brow-the peculiarly salient, deceptive brow of so many futile souls—as an evidence of capability suppressed. To such casual, myopic ob-servers he seemed to be a man who had not been given a proper chance-a man inap-

ing, but just instinctively that he had com across this weapon for revenge. If he had known how terrible a weapon it was ! Greeting each other so, in air surcharged with mutual antipathy and provocatio

they would begin their evening. "That's married life !" he said to him-

self again one day, just as he had often said it, as he put on his worn-out coat and hat to leave the empty, dusky office and go home. go home. "That's married life !" Un-consciously he made those three inadequate words, by the accent of vague bewilderment with which he attered them, ex-

quisitely pathetic. As he was going along the hall on his way out, some one called to him from the private office, the open door of which he

private office, the open door of which he was just passing. He stopped, forgetting everything else in a sudden thrill of unreasoning, unreasona-ble fear. For he was, at best, always se-cretly apprehensive of that private office or, rather, of those in it. And now, at this unusual call for him, presaging he could not guess what act of theirs, for an instant he was really fricktened. He followed instant he was really frightened. He felt the acute fright of a poor and defenseless person whose unstable, trivial fortunes are suddenly menaced. Suppose that they had all at once found him in some way in-efficient or too old for their full profit ! Suppose that they were actually going to tarn him out, aghast, to walk the streets ! Hat in hand, he shuffled to the open door, having on his face that wide-eved. flaccid expression of humility and anxiety which aging, inept independents take into the presence of powerful employers. In the bright private office there was but

one person ; the owner of the factory. He

was sitting tipped back in his chair beside a large, glistening desk, smoking, with the air of a man who has finished satisfactorily his sort of day's work. His calm face indicated, for the employee in the doorway, strange qualities such as unvarying self-possession, self-confidence, and competency. Innumerable details which made up his immaculate appearance hinted at an extraordinary, felicitous existence amid other surroundings of unguessed luxury and attractiveness. Expressing, by every visible characteristic, the idea of unlimited possession, ability, and power, he was the sort of being for one quite without possessions, or ability, or power even over himself, to be properly afraid of. When he began to speak, the other held his breath, prepared by his extravagant and senseless trepidation for any dire announcement. The employee was told that there was an

errand to be done at once which had been forgotten until every one else had gone. It related to some repairs being made in his employer's house from the factory. There were some measurements, necessary for the completion of the work, to be got be-

fore morning. He was rapidly and clearly instructed in their nature and was told to make them on his way home that evening, and to give them to a foreman the first quire little of the spirit of enterprise thing next day. He received the address and money for car fare. In another mo-ment he found himself in the hall.

As he stumbled down the factory steps and set off on his errand, his nervous reaction from fear affected him peculiarly. At once, half realizing the absurdity and the shame of his emotion, he began to hate the man before whom he had been forced to feel it. He hated that calm, rich man for those intangible qualities in contemplating which he had felt so pitiably helpless. He hated him for everything differentiating propriately employed. For he ruled forms, filed nnimportant papers, distributed or stamped letters, kept the desks in order, did whatever the time of the keen, young iment of his class ; of that class which, as A boy could have doue nearly all that he did, and, by the deadly accuracy of his e-uployers' judgment, he received nearly p its illimitable profits. These thoughts of his seemed, as he went on his way, to attract toward him for his notice countless tangible examples of the conditions which he was hating. For now, having left the rough factory streets behind, through clangorous, feverish zones of business and pleasure mingled, he came into the particular regions of the rich. There, in an evening mist made luminous by glittering lamps and the brilliant facades of wonderful hotels and shops, he moved like a man in a strange, superior land, bewildered, oppressed by a sense of his own miserable insignificance. That was, perhaps, the worst of his condition ; that he was not permitted to view these things with the unappreciating, childlike as in every other between his condition wonder which is the unsuspected blessing and his employer's, affected him terribly of so many of the lowly. The poor metal of his brain oddly contained of better stuff just enough for his dejection ; so that even from his place he could look up, half-comprehendingly, at this strange, inaccessible existence and envy bitterly. So, the clatter of extravagant traffic tangled in the in whom was embodiel that evident perbroad avenue, the dazing glimpses, caught through carriage windows, of beautifully perfect women, his occasional contact with man, realizing that for some one else intithe tide of well clothed, alien beings that mate life with such a woman was an actualflowed about him, the very crisp air, scented by winter flowers and perfumes, filled him with a despondent sense of pri- at the stove in the kitchen of their dingy vation. Aud, at his despondency, there little flat, in a murk of greasy smoke, di smoldered in him a hot envy for all this heartless, oruel, greedy race toto whose especial country he was intruding. How bitter a commentary on injustice be was among them-beaten after long years' futile struggling for just a little of what all, how he loathed her, for her part among they had never wanted for and would the instruments of his punishment ! never relinquish, in the smallest part, for

merely of the unexpected, unnecessary vastness and richness of the place which for him in his ignorance assumed a sort of splendid, public quality, as though it might be the foyer of some elaborate hotel-as though, indeed, it could not reasonably be part of a private house.

The servant led him hastily up the polished stairway to a second story, no less largely beautiful, and as deserted. In an ample, golden-brown place where soft fire-light was reflected from countless gilded backs of books and blankly shining picture glasses, he set to work at his measurements, the servant watching him impa-tiently. And he worked hurriedly op his own account; for all the strange grandeur of this place filled him with confused uneasiness, as though it formed an environ-ment in which he had no right-in which,

in fact, by his presence he was effecting something reprehensible. With his task nearly fluished and escape at hand, all at once in the silence he heard

behind him a soft, suggestive rustling and than a little, low, feminine exclamation of surprise. Turning involuntarily, he saw in the doorway, looking at him, a lady. She was a beautiful person, tall, slender,

and delicately blond. She was dressed for the evening in a low-necked gown whose peculiar, frosty rosiness so harmonized with herself that, as perhaps was intended, it terial fr seemed something almost less alien than a dress—nearly like a subsequently created ioned ! her. Standing at the doorway in part of the soft light, she was something so comthe soft light, she was something so com- diagging bet tool his pherile, profitless plete, harmonious, and perfect, she was so gloomy paths of his pherile, profitless exceptional and unprecedented a sight that, career. If she had begun then with heedfor the shabby intruder, she had quite the

quality of an apparition. Here, for the first time in his life, this man was face to face with a woman of that of that, to wear such tenuous things out, to other, alien world. Here he was seeing give her. in place of them, all their an-her in the intimate setting of her own titheses? With him she had lost them so proper place, in this beautiful attire which, his humble, unsophisticated senses, seemed distressingly intimate. Now, final ly, he could see, with all the appreciation of which his mind was capable, to what environment, to what associations, fate allowed those other men to come home. When this wonderful lady learned the

reason for his intrusion she asked, in a voice pregnant for her hearer with such ed her for being. His wife ! That long-forgotten mental it added to his confusion :

harry.

baste and picked his rusty hat from the

"I am all through, lady," he answered, huskily, and stood waiting timidly for her to step from the doorway. At once her slight expression of irritation faded ; she turned indifferently and left the room with a slow, barely undulating step. "See him out," she said over her snowy

shoulder to the servant. "Open the library windows before you go down." The intruder, following into the ball,

came into air faintly perfumed with some strange, sweet, very subtle odor, which lingered where she had been. As he descended the stairs he began to remember. in little flashes, amazing details of her that his mind had been able, half-nnconsciously, to grasp. He remembered the exquisite smoothness and color of her cheeks and throat, the white beauty of her shoulders and breast that he had in some way comprehended without daring to look at directly. He remembered the splendor of her slim, ring-laden fingers. He remembered the the illusion of youthfulness in her figure as she left the room, trailing her soft, clinging, frostily-rosy skirts, undulating just perceptibly. He began to remem-ber all her half apprehendable perfection which actually made her seem to him,

of the wide staircase. His impression was him to become what he was; they had been responsible for that, had done that for him. There, at last, through a rift in the dark obsouration of unreasoning class hatred, shone the answer to everything. While some men came into the world with such

spiris in their faces, there could be nothing in common between them and such as this poor man. Their sort must gain every-thing and his must work in little, futile ways forever and gain nothing. That in-nate difference-that tragedy of fate's capricious handicap of brain and spiritthat was the answer.

Walking on slowly, he remembered, in dismal corroboration of this, how every-thing he had ever undertaken, in all his life, had failed. He remembered how everything with which he had ever had personally to do had been infected by his own perpetual failure. It has been so always, with all his associations, with the woman he had brought into his life-

Ah ! What was he seeing now? He was seeing his wife, in a form for a long time strange to him and nearly forgotten. He was seeing her as she had been in that brief, almost unbelievable period marked by their wedding day. He remembered : she had been young

and fresh; her mind had then heen largely still unformed; her obaracter had been still untrained. She had been the plastic material from which-how terrible to realize it-almost anything might have been fash-And he, all their life together, had been

dragging her down with him through the less, youthful certainty of the future, with vague, but trustful, young optimism, how long had it taken to show her the mistake quickly, so long ago, that only now, with a quick pang, had he remembered them. slovenly and gross under hardship, queru-

what he had made her. He had made her so. He had made her

picture of her stood before him : the pic-"Are you nearly through? You must ture of her as she had been at the begin-This is a very inopportune time; band, perhaps, forgot-"? ning when, under the protection of such a man as his employer, might she not have my husband, perhaps, forgot-" man as his employer, might she not have The man folded his rule and notes with approached in large degree, through ease and prosperity and cultivation, the image of such a woman as his employer's wife? If that was so, ab, the mortal injury that all these years he had been doing !

Finally, all his numbing thoughts ar-ranged, he came miserably into that familiar region, crowded, strident, dirty, and malodorous, where he lived. He reached his tenement and climbed the soiled, littered stairs, through air rank with odors of cooking food and of uncleanly living. He reached his own door and, pushing it slowly open, went in.

But when he saw her, exactly as he had pictured her in that contrast with his employer's wife, with every unlovely detail of her appearance ornelly evident, he stop ped in the doorway, staring at her wretch-edly. He was staring at all that he had done.

She rose from the kitchen chair in which she had been waiting for him, glanced swiftly at the clock, and then turned to him a race full of irritable, indignant inquiry.

But he stood still and mute, struck so by the look that one-a look of real relief, for one instant illuminating her face as he. appearing at last, had quieted her apprehension at his long lateness. The old, familiar greeting he bad expected -and he had analyzed it now, and knew what bit ter, hopeless, and just thoughts must be behind it. But that first, unconscious look which he had found to-night in place of it-that flash of unguessed solicitudemelted all his numb apprehension. It drove him, stumbling forward to her with a face tremulous, chaotic ; with his fingers involuntarily reaching out for her in a gesture which for a long time be had forgotten. He took her in his arms ; he smothered her struggling amazement with a sudden, weak convulsion of dry sobs. In

Our Ex-Presidents

There is a widespread impression that Cleveland lived longer than any other president after leaving the White House. It is true that he lived longerafter retirement than any other executive since the Civil War, with the exception of Hayes, but the records of the lives and deaths of the American presidents show that Mr. Cleveland did not come near the record of having lived in retirement the longest of the executives.

That credit belongs to the first John Ad. ams, who left the chief magistracy in March, 1801, and did not die until July 4, 1826, at Quincy, Mass., general debility being the cause. He attained the ripe old age of 90 years, having lived five years longer than the next oldest president, James Madison, who reached 85. John Adams, therefore, lived 25 years and four months after leaving the presidency. He had seen the three double-term administrations of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe follow his own and before his death he saw his son, John Quincy Adams, enter the White House. This is a record which

probably will never be equaled. Next to John Adams the president to live longer after leaving the White House was Martin Van Buren, who went ont in March, 1841 and lived until July 24, 1862, when he passed away at Lindenwold, New York, on asthmatic catarrh, at the age of 79. He lived 21 years, four months and 20 days after giving up the first position in

the land. After stepping out of the presidential chair he lived to see it occupied successively by Harreion, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Filmore, Pierce, Buchanan and Lincoln. He is the only man as ex-president who witnessed the election of eight of

The short-lived president after his retirement was Polk, who vacated the office in March, 1849, and lived only until June 15 following, or just three months and 11 What was she now? She bad grown too early middle-aged and ugly under worry, slovenly and gross under hardship, queru-lous and bitter under misfortune. She was 13 days.

Cleveland went out of the White House March 4, 1897, and lived, therefore, 11 at first can one get the desired sheen or years, 3 months and 20 days in retirement. glow of its metals. Some allow pewter to Benjamin Harrison lived 8 years and 9 days, having died at Indianapolis, March 13, 1901, immediately after the second inauguration of McKinley. Hayes, who lived longer than any other president who had retired from the White House since manipulation.-[G. H. H., in New York the Civil War, did not pass away until January 17, 1893. He, therefore, lived 11 years, 10 months and 13 days after relinquishing the office.

Grant died at Mount McGregor July 23, 1885, 8 years, 4 months and 19 days after his successor was inaugurated .- "Lancas. ter Inquirer:"

Great Find in Wyoming.

New light upon the prehistoric inhabitants of the United States, as well as sur-prising evidence of a northerly habitation by tribes which always have been regarded confined to the southern edge of the United States, is expected from a discovery just made in northeastern Wyoming by Harlan I. Smith, assistant curator of anthropology of the American Museum of Natural History, says the New York Herald.

In a letter to a friend here, Professor Smith announces that he has found and partly opened a quarry, five acres in ex-tent, full of evidences of its use as a supply source for the manufacture of flint weapons and implements by the long-forgotten inbabitants of North America. ry, arkable in location. south of it is the nearest similar quarry, and students of the American ethnology never have found evidences of so northerly a habitant of the tribes to which the implements found by Professor Smith are assigned. He has shipped to the mussum a large quantity of the various articles of flint he has dug out of the quarry and their arrival is eagerly awaited.

Pewter.

Antique pewter is on the high road to popularity, notwithstanding the fact that as a commodity it has little intrinsio worth. Yet this quality makes it valuable worth. Let this quality makes it valuable to the collector, for, formerly being of small value, it had little care, and while much pewter simply wore out with hard usage, many hundreds of pounds were melted for bullets in the Revolutionary war, and many more pounds were thrown out for the junkman to carry away. Thus

pewter today is comparatively rare. This metal-mixture of colonial days stands alone. It possesses a sheen peculiar to itself, and its unpretentiousness is its most valuable recommendation. Nearly every domestic utensil is repre-

sented in pewter, including jugs, flagons, spoons, forks, plates, tankards, teapots, mustard pots, snuff boxes, money boxes, ladles, coffee urns, tobacco jars, buckles, sugar bowls, trays, cups, and porringers. Historically, anique pewter is valuable and interesting, as certainly the larger share of it has seen the "light of other days." There is a considerable amount of "faked" antique, but these pieces are comparatively rare, as the process of manufac ture is long and the demand small.

Occasionally pewter is found bearing the trademarks of the maker-a castle on a rock, a rose, a thistle and crown, a tree, bird, or bell, but practically there are no hallmarks. One must learn by experience what pieces are really old and sparious.

We are told that the knowledge of the manufacture of this ware goes back to the tenth century, and that it has been made in China, Japan, France, Spain, Germany, Switzerland, and England. In America it is the eighteenth century pewter which it is the eighteenth century pewter which is most prized, as it was this output that was especially connected with Colonial his-tory. Not only was pewter used for do-mestic service, but during these pioneer times the communion wine was passed in heavy tarkents. heavy tankards. Such pieces are greatly valued as heirlooms by old New England families.

The care of pewter is something that requires both patience and persistence, as not retain its dull appearance, but then one is missing the beautiful luster that is its chief charm. Rubbing by hand is the only way to bring out the power of pewter, and this manipulation .- [G. H. H., in New York Evening Post.

Rats and Leprosy

Whether it is possible for rats to transmit leprosy to human beings is a question which, says a San Francisco special in the New York Herald, has come up pointedly here, following a report made by Dr. Geo. McCoy, past assistant surgeon of the Marine Hospital Service, to Surgeon General Wyman. A peculiar disease similar to leprosy has been discovered, among the considering whether it could be transmitted to persons. The reports of Dr. McCoy say: "Soon after being assigned to the exter-

mination of rats in San Francisco I was informed by the city bacteriologist that he had observed the leprosy-like disease in one or two instances. He also showed me gross and microscopic specimens of the

"I therefore, began to look for the condition and to keep notes on its occurrence. "During the period covered by this report 13,500 rate were examined and 20 cases of the disease observed. It is believ-ed, however, that the condition is more In addition to the unusual size of this frequent than these figures indicate, as all of the cases observed have been made in Many hundreds of miles to the full grown, large rate, and the lesions very well marked. "As to the relation of the disease to leprosy in man, Dr. W. R. Brinckerhoff, d rector of the leprosy investigation station at Molokai, Hawaii, states in an article which appeared in the transactions of the fifteenth annual meeting of the Hawaiian Territorial Medical Society, as follows : " 'The question immediately arises as to whether this disease of the rat may not be human leprosy occurring in that animal. Of course, with the data now available, it is impossible to give a categorical answer to this question, but the geographical dis-tribution of the disease speaks against an affirmative reply. It seems more probable that rat leprosy is to human leprosy as is bovine or avian tuberculosis to the human disease, rather than that it is like plague or glanders, a disease common to and trans-missible between two species.' "

In the evening, when all the clerks had

goue and he had put the big office to rights, he would begin inevitably to think of his own home-going and, consequently, of his wife.

His wife ! How often he had expressed to himself in incoherent terms, at such moments as that, what a travesty on proper reward for all his long days' effort were those home comings of his to her !

It was part of his little tragedy that, as though at his making he had been bail intended for better uses, he should be able vaguely to appreciate the values of what other people had and he was missing. What should be, even among the people of whose especial class he was, the legitimate expectation at such an hour, with home in view? Simple, warm coziness, without a doubt ; a soothing sense of snagness engen dered of pleasant, tranquil companionship in cheerful setting But what, in place of that, had he to anticipate?

He always knew exactly how he would find his wife : At the stove in the kitchen of their gloomy little flat, her face blotched and shining from the heat of frying food, ber thin hair stringing down around her coarse, oreased nock, her shapeless figure wrapped in a faded and stained working dress. And he always anticipated even the expression with which she would receive him at his home coming ; an expression of recognition without welcome, signifying an almost sullen acceptance of his presence-as though, in her opinion, there was in him some constant, subtle cause for resentment and hostility.

What could be the solution of this fur tively hostile riddle which was so apt to appear in his wife's eyes as soon as she turned them on him?

He had too little intuition or capacity for seeing even himself clearly to find the answer. But he could understand that something intaugible was, nowadays, always between them-something that she who had so evidently raised it up herself, seemed always with curious, wicked injustice to be blaming him for.

Whatever, unconsciously or not, she meant by this, how blighting an effect it had on him, coming home with timorous aspirations toward peace and tranquility, always to be so greeted ! That maddening look of hers-sometimes he almost fixed it as a sort of tired contempt-would fill him . with a weak, bewildering rage. The strange inequity of it ! He would get swiftly a deto retaliate for it upon the one person in the world on whom he could feel per-fectly safe in retaliating. Then, casting about for means of retaliation, he would most easily find them just in seeing her as she was, with olear, spiteful eyes. He would see her as she was after all the yep-s they had lived together in absolute, gross intimacy, without any appreciation of the saving quality of carefully preserved ideals, having destroyed every illusion. There would be no little repulsive detail in her conduct or appearance that he would not remember and observe, that he would not mark vindictively. And his reprisal would come when she would see-and she could not help seeing-written on his face, his comprehensian of her stale state of degen. eration and his repuynance at it. It was through his expressed contempt for her existing self, aged, grown slatternly and ug-ly, become something that he had never hall, the few great paintings on the wooden

such as he. Ah, the guastly, wicked inhumanity of the conditions that allowed

He passed from the refulgent section of that avenue into the quieter, darker parts. the only dootrine which he knew-the Here were silent stretches of massive and barmonious dwelling-houses, solemaly grand, suggesting discreetly for him, just by the illuminated richness to their wide

doorways and drawn window curtains, un-told magnificence within. Among these he nothing. How vividly that villainous found the house of his employer. He rang the bell at the servants' door and presently was admitted.

A maid, leading him back through a narrow hall, passed him on to a man ser-vant whom-at first sight of his tall, correctly clothed figure—the intrader took for a gentleman. This imposing domestic heard the other's errand with an air of reluctance and disfavor and then told him coldly, as though he were responsible for being there, that he had chosen a very bad him and his employer unalterably far apart time. "How long will you be ?" the servant inquired bruskly. "At any rate, you will have to out it short. There's a dinner party to night and you must get out of here before any one arrives." He preceded the other quickly through a door and into the main part of the house.

At once the stranger stepped, with a thrill of amazement, into a region of ex-traordinary and stately beauty. He stared ample of idleness rewarded with crimina about him with no definite comprehension of the suggestive details in those decorations ; the extensive, soft-colored ruge shining on the stone floor, the massive, bargained for, that he would strike back at walls, or the bulky, green-bronze group of her. It was not by ingenious understand- consummately molded figures at the base

his inadequate measures of ex perience, hardly a woman.

The cold air struck his forehead and neck, hot and moist from his late confusion. The door was slammed shut bebind him. He looked up and about with the manner of a man suddenly waking out of unrealities. Slowly he set out for home. As he went, at once inevitably there oc-

curred to him a comparison between the place he was leaving and that to which he was now going ; between the woman he had just seen and the one he would see presently. Two images stood suddenly before him in cruel contrast : the images of his employer's wife and of his own.

The difference in that comparison, as vast by what he would have termed its injustice. Both of them, he reflected, after all just men, the one had everything that signified contentment and enjoyment in prosperity, the other had nothing. Both of them busbands, the one possessed a wife fection of womanbood by which the other was actually bewildered. And this shabby ity, was going home to the woman allotted to him-his own wife. He would find her sheveled, red-faced, coarse, nowadays repulsive even to him, ready to greet him with her old look of mean, perpetual hostility. At that moment, his whole weak nature crying out against the cruelty of it the instruments of his punishm

Punishment ! But what had he done t deserve his punishment?

That was, be thought then, the worst of it; there was no justice at all in a world where such conditions were possible. By illogical doctrine which teaches the poor

should be able to take everything, and such wrong stood out hefore his eyes tonight, on his realizing all the tremendous difference between his employer's fortunes and his own, between their homes, their wives,

He stopped in the street as this thought seized him. Yes, between themselves, too. He was not thinking then of their differ-ences of clothing and cleavliness, of education and refinement. He was thinking of something beyond these things, setting -something which he was trying to identify. . . . His mind, unadapted for any consecutive reasoning, seized clumsily on his new idea and began to grapple with

He remembered his employer as he had seen him in his private office, still at his post after every one else had gone-surely ample of idleness rewarded with oriminal prodigality. His was a face fashioned in a superior mold. Power and ability and perfect self-reliance were written on to the clearly ever to have replaced other sorts of lineaments erased. Those qualities, so ex-the lecturer. "So we will," said one of the audience, "So we will," said one of the audience, erfect self-reliance were written on it too a very high pitch.

a cracking voice, striving to express for her his piercing realization, he cried : "My wife.... My poor wife...." Could it have been merely a contagion of emotion which leaped from him to ravage her susceptible, feminine nature ? Peculiarly her mouth, in a swift, sympathetic response, was suddenly contorted as though from pain. And then, going all limp, she clung to him, her coarse bands clutching his threadbare shoulders, her unkempt hair pressed against his cheek. Their sobs, their bungling motions, were incoherent. Perhaps even their agitation was to them, just then, inexplicable, roused they knew not how and shaking them they knew not to what purpose. But at that sudden mutual crumbling into emotion, all at once miraculously all their ong bitterness and all their ornel, reoriminative thoughts were gone. All in an instant those unexpected, unfamiliar tears swept away the sullen barriers between them-the angry sense of rights and wiones, the wanton injuries and ghastly processes of retaliation. And perhaps, after all, gifted then divinely with a gold-

en intuition, each saw without a word needed to explain, all of the others tragedy standing in brimming eyes, and finally understood.-By Stephen French Witman,

Weather-Prophete

in Collier's.

walker.

If you go out in the morning and find the ants busily engaged in clearing out their nests and dragging the sand and bits of earth to the surface, you may be sure, no matter how cloudy it is that there will be no rain that day, and possibly for sev-eral days. If, however, in the afternoon you see the ants horrying back to their nests, and the sentinels hunting up the stragglers and urging them to go home, you may be certain that there will be rain that afternoon or night. How the ants know, we have no idea, but they do know

man over there?" whispered the manager of the big department store. "He's absent-minded," replied the floor-

"Absent-minded?" "Yes, he says his wife sent him down

here to get some article that's full of holes and he can't remember whether it is a porous plaster or a peekaboo waist."

-During a lecture at one of the schools on the subject "Ventilation and Architecture," the temperature of the room rose to

man's good fortune. Surely he had been wiping his brow, "unless you open some born with them. Surely they had urged of the windows."

One mile east of the junction of Old Woman Creek and Hat Creek is the location of the quarry found by Professor Smith, who writes from Arvada, a point many miles distant from his camp. He is enthusiastic over his find, but gives few details, evidently realizing that the mere fact of such a discovery in that country will astract intense general interest among scientists. Large hammers of stone, used to quarry out the flint, were found in quantities, he says, and many of the implements fashioned from the flint also.

Though the greater part of this continant has been raked over by the various exploring parties of the United States Geological Survey, which would be quick to take note of such a quarry, and similar searches have been made by parties sent after fossils and ethnological specimens by various educa-tional and scientific institutions, it so happens that the northeastern portion of Wyoming never had been explored for such purposes until last month.

Cowardly Women.

A great many times a woman is regarded as cowardly because she fears to be alone at night, starts at unusual noises and faints if startled or shocked. It's not cowardice but sickness. There is a nervous condition which in its extreme sensitiveness renders life a daily torment. If the door slams, "it seems as if the sound goes right through me," cries the startled sufferer. Behind the nervous condition will young and always beautiful, dancing joygenerally be found a diseased condition of the delicate womanly organs. The functions are irregular, or there may be an en-feebling drain. Inflammation may be scorohing or ulceration eating into the delicate parts. Such conditions are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It heals the diseases which cause pervousness. backache, beadache, etc. It works wonders for nervous women. "Favorite Pre-scription" contains no alcohol, and is absolutely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.

Birds as Weather Prophets

If birds in general peck at their feathers, wash themselves and fly to their nests extheir feathers and are wakeful the evening before a storm. If the peacock ories when he goes to roost it is a sign of rain. Long and loud singing of robbins in the morning denotes rain.

---- "Divorce is almost as easy an accomplishment as marriage." "Yes. You will observe that only a

transportation of two letters is needed to effected. make 'united' 'untied.' "

as be walked the floor with his howling offspring in his arms, "it is much easier to compose a grand opera than a wakeful baby !" The White Birch

The white birch of our northern woods ems to hold within its veins more of the elixir and aucient Pagandom than any other of our impulsive, untended wood-growths. Its waving elegance, its white moothness of limb, the misty inefficiency of its veil of green, even its sby preference for untrodden earth and unappropriated billsides, gives it a half fleeting suggestion of the fabled days when nymph and fann danneed with the shadows of the songbaunted forest.

Coleridge calls the white birch "the lady of the woods," hut beyond the poetical suggestion of sex and award of beauty given by such a phrase from such a source, there is a hint in the young white birchtree of something far apart from the present of simple, perfect tree-life. One is haunted by visions of slender nymphhood always ously through rainbow-colored days and sleeping lightly through mists of star-threaded darkness, waiting for the golden call of the sunbeams to begin again the rhythmic waltz of motion. One has only to sit long enough with a birch-tree in the bewilderment of summer hours, to hear and see and feel its relation to the dreams which long ago peoples have dreamed-its relation to a life without self-made law, lived as the birds live, with their only code written within their natures by the which made them .-- [Candace Wheeler, in the Atlantic.

Life is a ceaseless struggle hetween the had and the good, and it must be always remembered that the good is inherently wash them-elves and fly to their nests ex-pect rain. Partots and canaries dress the side of the good and whenever a man puts himself in line with Nature to fight the had within or without him, he is practically invincible. The struggle of health is a struggle between good blood and bad. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has helped thousands to health because it works with Nature. It cures diseases by supplying good blood in place of bad, the only way in which permanent cures can be

-Mr. Bunsby-"If that young man's -"Ah," remarked the great musician coming here to see you every day in the walk d the floor with his howling week, you had better give him a hint to

come after supper." Miss Bunshy-"I don't think its neo-essary, pa. That's what he comes after."