

Bellefonte, Pa., August 13, 1909.

THE DREAMER LIVES FOREVER.

I am tired of planning and toiling Heart-weary of building and spoiling, And spoiling and building again.

And I long for the dear old river, Where I dreamed my youth away ; For a dreamer lives forever,

But a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of shallow seeming Of a life that is haif a lie; Of the faces lined with scheming In the throng that hurries by.

From the sleepless thought's endeavor I would go where the children pisy ; For a dreamer lives forever,

And a thinker dies in a day. I feel no pride, but pity, For the burdens the rich endure ; There is nothing sweet in the city But the patient lives of the poor ;

Oh, the little hands too skillfuil. And the child mind choked with weeds The daughter's heart grown willful, And the father's heart that bleeds

Oh, no! from the street's rude bustle. From the trophies of mart and stage I would fly to the wood's low rustle, And the meadow's kindly page. Let me dream as of old by the river. And be loved for the dream alway ;

For a dreamer lives forever,

And a toiler dies in a day. -John Boyle O'Reilly

UNDER THE JOSHUA-TREE.

Yes, the story of Little Sammy's career was different. It could not be told in a few words; and then it was ancient history. There had been some gossip about it in the clubs of Tonopah end Goldfield from time to time simply because it was different.
"But," said one of the small colony of

new millionairs as he sharpened a pencil with a gold-mounted, diamond-studded jack-knife, "we could furntsh you with only the ragged ends of the story. one of us is making his own history here on the Great Basin. Therefore it is diffi cult to follow very closely the history of one another. There is this absorbing stockboard, and we must talk over the Dia field strike—a new boom, don't you know, that will keep us watchful as prowling lynxes day and night. So you see there is no time for stories-especially old stories. Why, that must have been fully three years back. Think of it! Almost before the

world (our golden world) began." The others were likewise exasperatingly entered. The new ticker-the very first alkali-tape, they said—had just been in-stalled in the club. Here was something really new. I must listen to the wonder of it; what it had done and what it was going to do for the desert—this said with a wink by a notorious wildcatter.

I protested that I did not care a fig for their new tape. Stock tapes! Why, there were millions of them in clubs, saloons, and mahogany appointed gambling-places all over the world. I was keen, however, to hear about the Joshua-tree and Little Sammy. There was something fresh and new in the sound of that. It interested me vastly more than their stocks and mines and strikes on the Red Mule, and

latest millionaire of the lot, a plutocrat of only a week's growth, turning from the ticker savagely, "bave you not been informed that we new-comers do not know all the story—just a bit here and a bit there? Now, if you must learn about that old bandy-limbed Joshua-tree and Little Sammy, run down to Bullfrog and ask Jonesy. Surely you have heard of Jonesy, the little pink-cheeked snow-topped com-pounder at the Dizzy Ghost? He 's the oracle we all consult, a race mine of stories, and can tell them so they'll sink in.

'There now, son, run along to Bullfrog It is only seventy-five miles, and that German flyer of the new sixty-horse-power Rengine 'Bus Line will leave in exactly ten minutes-makes the run in two bours and a half over one of the best auto-speed ways in the world. Here is my anunal pass. It will save a few eagles." He tossed me a card, gilt-lettered, and sprang back

As I passed out the door and down the stairs there fell behind me a clamor, hyssprang distinct the scattered phrases: "The Bige Pig"—"twenty points" - "third with uncommon gravity: their Blue Pig was performing so nobly.
So I got me down to the Dizzy Ghost,

one hundred and fifty minutes in a big prevents us from showing our hands before German car that shot out of Goldfield with we are called. a warning drumming of the exhaust. like a roasting chestnut. The ranges of stark, naked hills flashed by with the monotony of a subway, though without its somber gloom. The sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling of the sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling of the sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling of the sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling of the sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling of the sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling of the sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling of the sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling of the sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling of the sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling of the sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling of the sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling of the sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling of the sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling of the sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling of the sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling of the sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling of the sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling of the sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling of the sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling of the sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling of the sunlight could not be called merely bright: and the sunlight could not be called merely bright: and the sunlight could not be called merely bright: and the sunlight could not be called merely bright: and the sunlight could not be called merely bright: and the sunlight could not be called merely bright. the horizon we raced at was walled with a to strangers.'

the horizon we raced at was walled with a to strangers.'

"But Little Sammy didn't enthuse Mofence of flame, suggesting the edge of a precipice that let down into the pit.

one would find the town hall of a more sedate community. Jonesy, the white-haired little oracle of Alkali Land, was just mated he didn't seem to take hold that going off duty. As he tossed aside his white apron and put on his coat and narrow-brimmed brown hat, I pounced upon

him with the demand : "I have come all the way from Goldfield him. In a docile, believing way he listenby express to hear about Little Sammy and his quest of the Joshua-tree." He smiled strange emotions in an ossified imbecile. resignedly, and led the way from the He was the particular victim of Sandstorm thronged saloon to a restaurant across the eggs and coffee and excellent fried bam, a

mmy was a thrilling picture," he began without preiude, ''on the day he rode down the trail into Goldfield, then our new camp, but now the Big Noise of south"'And are all the good claims gobbled" ern Nevada, with a brand new city charter. up?"

"'Yes,' said Sadnetorm, his voice tremlow Tonopab. The boom was in its infan- bling with sympathy-all but one bonan- struck up a fierce discord meant for a cy, and the new diggings boasted only eight wooden shacks; seven salcons and one dance-hall. Lumber was precious in those days. Even the bank was cauvas. Winohesters served as grilles, and the tellers were walking masked-batteries. Bank burglars were scarce. Only one developed, Street. "Twas thus, lad:

and his development was arrested mighty

sudden and thorough. "So you may get it without the aid of a diagram that the ragged-eared bit of a burro with Little Sammy up didn't pull his tenderfoot freight into any metropolis. A few miles above the camp the stage pass him. It carried a full deck and a joker sitting on the hood. When I say the stage passed him, I do not mean it whizzed by without speaking the strange little craft. clamation points. But they didn't speak. What they saw was beyond words of comty thousand turns of the wheel and the lithe could button his vest on the knobs of his spine. He wore glasses ; not the dinky ones with the weazel-trap nose-catch. Nay, indeed! His were speed, glazed lavish. The rims were black rubber, as big round brim that looked like five laps to the mile, cowhide boots from which protruded two horse pistols, a belt buckled over his jump-

and a knife-sheath containing something like a Malay dirk ; also a red flannel shirt. 'Do you blame the boys for being silent while the stage stopped, or, rather, hesitated? It didn't even hesitate long-not after the mules glimpsed him. The stage | it." went on, then, coming into Goldfield with only one wheel touching and the boys wrapped round each other and parts of the bus-like a shipwrecked crew on a spar wading ahead of a typhoon.

"It can't be said Little Sammy came into Goldfield unnoticed. Even the three camp cats were lined up on Main Street, waiting. They got one look and skeed: but he and the burro came down the trail meeting. Didn't seem to notice the crowd ; tion be drove on: steered straight for the Hush-a-by saloon ; and climbed down off his dusty little mount. He walked into the Hush-a-by with the clank and rattle of a stamp mill in full blast. The crowd followed him in, quiet and hushed.

at me with a comfortable, home-like grin

and said : "My dear man, I'm borribly thirsty. Kindly set me out a bottle of lemon soda. Then he turned on the mob grouped about, entranced, carefully removed from his nose and ears the rubber scaffolding and dormer windows, wiped them with a blue silk bandana, put them on again, cleared his throat, and said breezily: "'Well, old throat, and said breezily chaps, what will it be?' His accent was chusetts, eight inches across the a. The boys were still dazed and dumb, but when he offered his hand all round, they most shook it off. Only about fourscore could squeeze to the bar when Sandstorm dows of yours rigged on my peepers I 'd Smith recovered his plumb and offered a done better. Crawling round the desert a

toaet, which was :
"Here's to the little stranger! May he live long; but the Lord help us if he ever unlimbers his artillery and begins getting bad !" The toast was drunk in silence extept for a little coughing and an

coasional splutter.
"Littie Sammy smiled sort of wistful as he looked around and couldn't see a gun lizard that hums a tune under a mountain in sight. Then looking down at his own slide and pulls himself out of an avalanche terrific armament, he stammered to Sand- in gay spirits. He'd absorbed Sandstorm Smith : 'I guess I'll have to regard storm's every word as plumb authentic, these deadly weapons as superfluous orna-ments. I thought from what I had read it of that Joshua tree. Also he inquired Yellow Dog, and Humpty Dumpty 2ud. | was good form to wear them. I practiced | particularly about the family of chuckwal-I must confess I am still afraid of them, looking as a gila.
they kick so infernally. I judge from the "Seven feet ta in style ; so I will put them away in my

Why, Mr.—er—um—Mr.—'
"'Harbin,' filled in the little tenderfoot—'Samuel Harbin. I beg ten thousand pardons for not introducing myself before. " 'Not at all,' said Sandstorm, soothing-ly; 'but as I was remarking, if you happened to get careless with that light artillery, you'd shoot cruel apertures through some of us simple sage brush folk. We don't carry that long barreled breed of cannon at all."

glasses, 'that it isn't customary to carry revolvers down here? Some of the boys were down on the floor by this time, rolling ; but there didn't appear a crack in terical and incoherent, out of which there Sandstorm Smith's features as he went on,

" 'That ain't just the point, Mr. Har-Blue Pig"—"twenty points"— "thirty points"— "Ki!" Yi!"— "Whee!"— bin. I suspect there's a gun or two in this polite assemblage, in addition to the this polite assemblage, in addition to the points"-then a crashing of feet that meant | few howitzers with which your distinguisha wild, delirious dance. Little wonder ed person is draped; but, you see, we althat my curiosity was so annoying when kali eaters is part civilized, if some savage. It's not de rigger to carry bard ware about in carload lots, and our innate modesty

'Gunfighting is done more artistic in There had been a gentle cloudburst on the this electric age, and in your shoes I'd Death Canon. And they never came back, night before, wetting this auto-speedway stow tha battery right soon. Nobody of the desert to the hardness of planed basalt, but in some places plowing ruts that made the ponderous machine bounce like a roasting chestnut. The ranges of lowed close by our shrewd undertaker. By hearty, and always ready to talk business

recipice that let down into the pit.

I found the Dizzy Ghost as readily as ne would find the town hall of a more sethe boys were jollying him ; just seemed to drink in everything as gospel. His respectful, attentive manner was amazing, considering the yarns that were wove for strange emotions in an ossified imbecile.

Smith, and appeared to hang on his words street, where there was quiet and a fresh like a new believer clinging to the discourse orate of eggs from Las Vegas. Over the of a high-pressure prophet. "One day he and Sandstorm came into monotonous, but always safe and nourishing, desert diet, Jonesy told the story of Little Sammy and the Joshua-tree. the Husb a by arm in arm, Sandstorm orders constant, sleeping on their instruthe Husb a by arm in arm, Sandstorm orders constant, sleeping on their instruthe Husb a by arm in arm, Sandstorm orders constant, sleeping on their instruthe Husb a by arm in arm, Sandstorm orders constant, sleeping on their instruthe Husb a by arm in arm, Sandstorm orders constant, sleeping on their instruthe Husb a by arm in arm, Sandstorm orders constant, sleeping on their instrutalking away with the exhaust blown out
and Little Sammy listening so hard his "Two weeks hed backed into the old ears were doubled flat against his cheeks.

two mules and a buckboard, and plumb and countenances carved solemn. They vanishes for 'most a month. When he met Little Sammy half way, saluted with comes back he has only one mule and the both hands, and, making a wide circle, buckboard, and poor crister, the mumps. The other mule died of eating a rose-bush in an oasis some miles across Funeral Range. The thorns did n't take kindly to him, spite of the digestive faculties of his

" 'I met Buttsy coming in, and he was a It hesitated some while the boys looked it sure sick man. When the fatal symptoms over and mentally shed a few forms of ex- developed I was with him, trying to soothe his uneasiness by reading out of a medical dictionary the terrors of other diseases a his stirrups, he purred : ment. They just gazed him. He had all blame sight worse and more aggravating recently discovered tenderfoots heaten thir- than the mumps. But peculiar as it may seem, this only made him more peevish, tle ivory ball burned to a cinder. Absorb and while I was reading most musical be the picture now—five feet tall, and so thin got hold of his gun and shot the book out he could button his vest on the knobs of of my hand, carrying away some of one thumb and a pinky.

"'O' course Buttey was sorry for his impetuosity, and by way of making good, he said: "Sandstorm, I'm drawing for my as a horse collar, and with a black shaft last jackpot, so please purify your talk reaching over each ear. He had on blue and wipe off that burt expression. I'm overalls, blue jumper, a sombrero with a going to do you a turn that 'll make your memory of me golden and glorious, Lis-ten." His voice was going and he could just whisper-"I struck one of the richest treasure hummocks in southern Nevada er with two holsters carrying navy Colte, last trip, and it 's only eight miles west of this camp. You can't miss it, for it 's marked by a Joshua-tree seven feet high, with eleven branches, and there 's a fam-ily of six chuckawallahs lives under

" 'What 's a Joshua-tree?' asked Little Sammy. Sandstorm explained that it was restaurant. one of those perpendicular cactus plants with the bends. He pictured it as a sawedoff Christmas-tree, with most of its branches shot away, and the remaining ones twisted and curled, and coated with needles sticking out like the fur on a mad cat's tail, which was going some long or description for Sandstorm Smith. But just as solemn as a Quaker headed for after reaching for another goblet of inspira-

" 'Well, when I 'd examined the piece of quartz Buttsy dragged out from under his blankets, I got so excited I came near bugging him, mumps and all. That rock was more 'n half free gold, and assayed quiet and hushed.

"He wasn't a bit fazed, this weird little tad of a tenderfoot; smiled across the bar set out to find that Joshua-tree. But somehow I missed it, notwithstanding that I ornised around the desert 'most a thousand miles.

" 'Perhaps the poor fellow was deliri ous,' said Little Sammy.

"'And maybe that piece of quartz was intoxicated with gold,' snapped Sandstorm, "'Is n't it possible,' asked Little Sammy, 'that you did n't search thoroughly and with sufficient care?'

"Sandstorm snorted and looked down with a pitying eye on the five-foot tenderfoot. Then he said rather custing.
"'Maybe if I had those cathedral win

thousand miles, mostly on your hards and knees, may not seem proper searching to you folks in the East, who are used to the rigors of "Button, button, who 's got the "But Little Sammy did n't shrivel or wriggle under the scorch of sarcasm. was sure hard-shelled as an armor-olad gila

" 'Seven feet tall,' said Sandstorm, delooks of things, however, that they are not scribing the tree by raising his band a few inches above his head, 'and it had eleven of his pet liking for his study of Robert widle-bags.'

''Good plan,' said Sandstorm Smith, trees look like Injun ghosts devil-dancing works, in some of which he placed a line helping himself to more liquor with a with a superfluity of arms. As for a chuck-trembling hand; 'guns like that is cruel. awallah, a man has got to be delirious to awallab, a man has got to be delirious to describe it. Just wait till you see one, and it 'll never erase from your memory or dreams.

" 'And have you given up search?' said

Little Sammy.
... 'Yes,' Sandstorm sighed, 'I have, caring to cash in my last chip on the desert afore my time.'

"Little Sammy did n't say no more. was affected speechlese. For half a week he went round hunting up Joshua-trees "'Do you mean to say,' asked Little and studying them; then one day Sand-studying them; and grabbed the bar-rail to brace himself. He was shaking like a jelly-man in an earthquake, and I got out some of the highest proof in stock to steady him. He keyed together a little and then gurgled:

'He 's gone after it !' " 'Who 's gone after what?' I said.

" 'Little Sammy's gone after the Joshua tree. Just saw him rolling up the western trail on a burro and leading a three mule commissary. He 's taken grub and water enough to last a month. This is too much!' Sandstorm slumped into a chair with a

groan of costasy.
"I could n't focus it quite so hilarious, for I'd seen more than one tenderfoot go up over that western trail through Little

got a bag full of compasses and navigating-tools. He's played his whole stack on his outfit, Little Sammy has; nothing left but a few pounds of silver and his ticket home. But the folks 'll be glad to see him, and he ain't cut out for this sort of game.'

"Sandstorm went about telling the story with joyous effect, so that the boys finall; planned to give Little Sammy a grand josh welcome home. Smith used up two days recruiting a band from Tonopah and Goldfield. By the great yellow lode of Blue Mountain, that band was a wonder! There was one trombone, five month organs, a bass fiddle, two concertinas, and a kettle drum. The uniforms were overalls, plug hats, and sage-brush wreaths hung round the neck. Then the boys organized a lookout patrol to watch for Little Sammy day and night. The band was under marching

calendar when one day about sun-dip there was a shout from one of the lookouts that was taken up and echoed over the camp

and out to the hills. " 'He comes ! By Joshua, he comes !' the entire community chanted. The band march, and headed by Sandstorm Smith, who wore a frock-coat, golf pants, and a brimless derby, set out for Little Death Canon, a narrow gully between two straight- shouldered hills.

knew all the boys were in behind that ter- rule.

" 'Mr. Butts went out prospecting with rific band, keeping step, with eyes front The New Pennsy Station in New menceavered him in behind the band. Then they headed back to camp, the band still murdering the same tune. There wasn't a murmur or even a chuckle in the ranks as the band swung up Main Street and wheeled into the Hush-a-by, led by Sandstorm, the music, and Little Sammy

Harbin, still on hls burro. "Little Sammy was smiling clear round to the back of his neck. Standing up in

" 'Sandy, how did you guess is ?' ' 'Guess what?' asked Saudstorm, hoarse

and gaspy. "Why, that I found it,' Little Sammy cried-'found the tree just as you saidseven feet high, with eleven branches, and chuckawallahs hobbling all about it. Yes and it was growing over one of the richest dykes that ever cropped out of a gold mine. I blasted down about ten feet, and it gets better under. Here are some of the samples.' And he drew out of his pockets a bandful of high grade ore as rich, if not richer than anything scooped out of the

"The sight of that quartz shot the crowd of fuony men full of zero. Sandstorm fell back against the wall limp as a water-scak ed cracker.

Jonesy got up suddenly and pointed to ward the door. A lead colored automobile was sliding poiselessly with the clutch out through the gray alkali dust that the afterpoon wind swirled past the windows of the

'See that little goggled chap at the wheel?" be said. "That is Little Sammy in his new steamer. He is something of a roller now, with his string of mines and millions."-By Barton Wood Currie, in the Century Magazine.

canned goods and dried fruits, Seobler &

Saint-Guadens on Stevenson

From "The Reminiscences of Augustus Saint-Gaudens" in the June Century.

"It is singular how one will forget im ortant things. I was about to overlook my experience with Robert Louis Stevenson, which took place in the autumn of Shortly before this time my friend Mr. Wells, a man of delicate taste and judgment, great learning and delightful conversation, as well as a keen lover and 'New Arabian Nights,' by a young author just making himself known. I unfortunately, very little of a reader, but my introduction to these stories set me aflame as have few things in literature. So when I subsequently found that my friend Mr. Low knew Stevenson quite well, I told him that if stevenson ever crossed to this side of the water, I should consider it portrait. It was only a few weeks after this that Stevenson arrived in America on his way to the Adirondacks. He accepted my offer at once, and I began the medallion at his rooms in the Hotel Albert in Eleventh street, not far from where I lived

in Washington place.
"Al! I had the time to do for him then was the head, which I modeled in five sitwith pillows, and either read or was read

that he believed 'Olala' to be his story, or that he liked it best, and that George Meredith was the greatest English literateur of the time. Also he told me or two. In 'Virginibus Puerisque,' be wrote, 'Read the essay on Borns. I think it is a good thing.' Thus the modest man! "Again, at the end of one of the sittings, as I was about to go out, he rose from his

bed, and we chatted concerning some com-mercial arrangement he had his mind on. He asked my advice. I gave it, such as it was, parenthetically observing, 'Oh well, everything is right and everything is

wrong.'
"While I was speaking, he had entered a little closet to wash his hands. He came out wiping them.
"Yes, yes, that is true, that is true,' he said continuing to rub his fingers: 'yes,

everything is right and everything is wrong.'
"I also recall his saying that 'The man who has not seen the dawn every day of

bas not lived.' "In connection with this vein in his pergloom, the lamp being in another room. I sat on the bed's edge, barely able to discern his figure in the dimness. He talked over, he said with great feeling that his chief desire in the world was the power to knock down a man who might insult him. and that perhaps the most trying episode in his life was one in which he had a conversation with a man that, had it taken a certain direction, left no alternative but one of a personal altercation, where he could present but a pitiable figure. impressed me as being the most feeling thing he ever said to me.

-Do you know where to get your garden seeds in packages or by measure echler & Co.

Almost every woman suffers from "femore serious forms of such disease that active steps should be taken to effect a cure. Pain and suffering deliver that exhortation end of the waiting-room. every day. It is the fortunate woman The dignified design of the interior Pain and suffering deliver that expectations of the dignified design of the interior every day. It is the fortunate woman whose disorder is seemingly slight who of the general waiting-room, while needs to be warued. Just a brief use of fully adapted to modern ideas, was sugnered. Favorite Prescription in her gested by the great halls and basilicas of the baths of Caracolla, Titus case will establish her in sound health. Neglect always means complications and slower cure. Women who suffer from chronic forms of diseases of the womanly organs are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, falo, N. Y.

some the wife of a man to find bim out.

The Pennsylvania Railroad placed in position the last piece of stone in the exterior of its new station in New York city, on Saturday, July 31st. This involved the completion of stonework enclosing some eight acres of ground, and marks a most important step in the further progress of this undertaking.

To enclose this vast area has necessitated the building of exterior walls aggregating 2,458 feet-nearly half a mile-in length, and has required 490,000 cubic feet of pink granite. In addition, there have been utilized inside the concourse 60,000 cubic feet of stone. A total of 550,000 cubic feet of gravite have thus been utilized in the construction and ornamentation of this building. It took 1,140 freight cars to transport these 47,000 tons of stone from Milford, Mass.

In addition to the granite, the construction of this building has called for the use of 27,000 tons of steel. There have also been set in place some 15,000,000 bricks. weighing a total of 48,000 tons. The first stone of the masonry work on the building was laid June 15th, 1908. The entire masonry was thus completed in approximately thirteen months after the work was

Built after the Roman Doric style of architecture, the building covers the entire area bounded by Seventh and Eighth avenues and 31st and 33rd streets. The depth of the property on both streets is 799 feet 111 inches, and the length of the building -Do you know where to get the finest is 788 feet 9 inches, thus allowing for extrawide sidewalks on both avenues. The walls extend for 430 feet 6 inches from 31st to 32nd streets, the Seventh avenue facade signalizing the main entrance.

In designing the exterior of the building, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, the architects, were at pains to embody two ideas To express in so far as was practicable, with the unusual condition of tracks far below the street surface and in spite of the absence of the conventional train shed, the exterior design of a great railway station in a genappreciator of music, drew my attention to erally accepted form; and also to give to the building the character of a monumental gateway and entrance to a

great metropolis. Apart from these two ideas, the plan o the station was designed to give the greatest number of lines of circulation. The structure is really a monumental bridge an honor if he would allow me to make his over the tracks, with entrances to the streets on its main axes and on all four sides. In this respect this building is unique among the railway stations of the world, affording the maximum amount of entrance and exit facilities possible.

The Seventh avenue facade is composed principally of a Roman Doric colonnade, tings of two or three hours each. These double at the carriage entrances at the were given me in the morning, while he, street ends and at the main front entrance as was his custom, lay in bed, propped up for pedestrians in the center, each of the columns being 4 feet 6 inches in diameter to by Mrs. Stevenson.

"I can remember some few things as to and 35 feet high. Above the central colonmy personal impressions of him. He said nade is an entablature surmounted by a center of this clock is on the axial line of

32nd street, and 61 feet above the sidewalk. This Seventh avenue facade was conceived especially to express in largest possible fashion a monumental gateway. It may I think be compared in a greatly magnified manner to the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin, through which passes so much of the traffic of that

> The main body of the building approximates in beight the Bourse of Paris, reaching 76 feet above the street level. With entrances through each of the two corners of the station on Seventh avenue there are carriage drives, each about 63 feet wide, or the width of a standard New York City street, fronted by double columns and terior of the carriage drives are of pilaster

sonality I remember calling on him one evening when he lay on his bed in the balf also sculptured groups supporting large ornamental clocks. For 116 feet beyond there are interrupted colonnades, after kinds of domestic and foreign cheese, and

on the plan of pilasters except for 44 feet 6 inches which are broken by columns into intervals of three spaces to mark another spacious entrance to the main floor of the concourse.

One of the distinctive features of this building is the waiting-room, which extends from 31st to 33rd streets, its walls men and breeders. paralled to Seventh and Eighth avenues for a distance of 314 feet 4 inches. The height of this room is 150 feet and its width 108 feet 8 inches. The walls of the waiting-room above the main body of the building contain on each side three semimale weakness" in some form. There is circular windows of a radius of 33 feet 4 no need to exhort the sufferers from the implies and 66 feet 8 inches wide at the base inches and 66 feet 8 inches wide at the base. There is also a window of like size at each

Rome, such as the baths of Caracalla, Titus and Diocletian, and the basilica of Constantine, which are perhaps the greatest example in history of large roofed in areas

treated in monumental manner.

While the facades of the station were by letter, free. All correspondence confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buf- intended to suggest the imposing character of these ancient Roman temples and baths, -Edith—They say you have to beview of the exterior of the general waiting. traight- shouldered hills.

Helen—Oh, then you find him out all room with its huge semi-circular windows, "I couldn't leave the Hush-a-by, but I right. Out at the club every night, as a is that of one of the leading railway stations of the world.

BIOS-OPSIS.

Fades the rose and falls the leaf-Would you have no flower or tree? Though our life seem all too brief tter 'tis than not to be

Life is good; 'tis worth the while To behold the sky's parade, Evening's veil and morning's smile,

Endless fugue of light and shade. Worth the while by stabs of pain

Truth and virtue to attain

Through the spirit's storm and stress Precious is the welcome shining From the face of friend and brother; Priceless is the love entwining

Heart of child with heart of mother Painiers, deathless,-man would move Like a soulless sad machine:

Worse than Wandering Jew he'd prove; Love would leave the earth, I ween

Life with death is ever blending In a pauseless onward wave; Life is good, e'en though its ending Be the silence of the grave. C. C. ZEIGLER.

Wail From the Sollindes.-The Fica. My acquaintance with the camiverous reature called the flea is of somewhat recent date, and I may truthfully add, it

was not of my seeking. Subsequent events have caused me to believe that the avenger-on-general-principles in question is of ancient origin. It was evidently the original wearer of a coatof- mail. The military heroes and knights of ancient history quite possibly learned the advantages of wearing mailed armour

from the flea. It is not a large member of the animal kingdom ; but what it lacks in size is amply supplied in activity. It is eratio in disposition, tires of one locality and changes its base of operations very frequently and unexpectedly. Yet, it has staying qualities-stays right with you all the time. And it is a model of energy and

application. There seems to be a popular desire to suppress the flea. Though not any of the governments have yet offered a premium for the scalps ; neither have they taken any measures to protect this irrepressible

combination of activity and aggressiveness. It is a sad fact that all the Peace Congresses that can assemble cannot prevent war between the omnivori called man and

the carnivori known as the flea. The method of warfare is an unsettled question however. Some suggest rolling it about and rubbing it until it becomes unconscious, and then beating out its brains with some blunt instrument. This method has been tried but found to be unsatisfactory on account of the promptness with which the flea recovers consciousness, and disappears while you are looking for some-

thing with which to deal the fatal blow. The plan of keeping a bammer near as hand and giving the offender a smart rap, when and wherever it is found, has been considered. But the surface on which the flea spends most of its time is too pliable to offer the necessary resistance for a successother objections to this method.

There is reason to believe that fame and fortune await the man who will invent an automatic machine which will catch and throttle the flea while you wait.

KENDRICK J. ARENOTTE. Supplied by M. V. Thomas.

-Do you know that you can get the finest, oranges, bananas and grape fruit, and pine apples, Sechler & Co.

The U. S. Dairy Division Will Help.

Secretary Wilson of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, and Mr. B. H. Rawl, chief of the dairy division, assured Manager Van Norman of the National Dairy Show, that the U. S. Dairy Division would co-operate in the educational fertures of the next pediments. The frontage on 31st and 33rd National Dairy Show. Plans are under streets are similar. The walls of the ex- consideration with a view of making the practical features conspicuous. Such fea-tures as a working dairy herd milked with his life has not lived.' And again, in speaking of crossing the ocean and traveling by sea, he referred to its charm and danger, and added. 'The man who has not taken his life in his hands at some time or other has not lived.'

treatment for a distance of some 279 feet.

Midway along the sides of the building, milk produced, and cost of production.

The actual making of butter, cheese, ice oream and the bottling of milk are all being considered. A display of finely considered. Eighth avenue facade, for a distance of 117 horses which will rival the packing house teams, is another feature that will dis-

in the monotonous tone one frequently assumes when in the twilight, speaking of his keen admiration for Stringer Lawrence, governor of India. Then I first realized his reverence for men of action, men of affairs, soldiers and administrators. Moreover, he said with great feeling that his Yukon-Pacific Exposition. An effort is being made to have on exhibition the cow in each breed which has produced the largest amount of butter in a year. Each breed boasts one or more cows that have produced butter fat enough to make over a thousand pounds of butter in a year. The chance to see these queens of the dairy breeds will be worth no little sacrifice on the part of dairy-

> People strive to make their houses thiefproof. When a thief does enter it is usually through the householder's carelessness, in forgetting to look a door or fasten a window. Disease is the great burglar who breaks into the body. Everybody takes precautions against disease, more or less thorough. When the burglar disease does effect an entrance to the body it is generally through carelessness. The busy man gets his feet wet in some sudden rain storm and tramps about through an afternoon in this condition. He takes cold. A cough fastens on him. He begins to bleed from the lungs. The spectre of consumption rises up to affright him. The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery when the cough begins will almost invariably prevent the spread of disease. Even when the cough has been persistent and the hemorrhages frequent, "Golden Medical Discovery" always helps and almost always heals. It completely cures ninety-eight per cent. of those who give it a fair and faithful trial.

-Do you know we have the old style sugar syrup pure goods at 40 cents and 60 cents per gallon, Sechler & Co.