Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., June 27, 1924.

LIFE.

Life is a puzzle, life is a game, Life is something we love, just the same; Life makes us happy, life makes us blue, Life's always bringing in something that's new:

Something that's different, maybe a smile, Maybe a something that's wicked and vile.

Life brings us poverty, life brings us gold ; Life brings us death, when we're feeble and old.

Millionaire, pauper-it's life just the same Hardly a difference, except in a name.

Onward and onward, the same as before Many with riches, the most of us poor; Some of us sorrowful, some of us glad, Some of us hopeful, and some of us sad. Days filled with toiling, the same bitter grind,

Nothing ahead of us nothing behind.

Struggling, idling, on through the years, Most of us smiling, often through tears; Dreams that are wonderful, dreams that are sweet,

Soar to the heavens, then crash at our feet;

Poverty, riches, joyousness, strife; What is it, anyway? Nothing-just life. -Lamar Wendell Phillips

#### THE FUGITIVE FROM FINLEY'S ALLEY.

## A Story of a Rescue and a Revelation.

He was a tramp—ragged, dirty, un-kempt, with the half-suspicious, half-surly manner that comes from continued painful contacts with life. His brown eyes were all that gave the lie go; he would get along somehow. to his general disreputable appear-ance, and most people did not trouble to look at them until they had given him a quick kick or cuff. Then it was too late, for the shaggy curtain of his brows was drawn, and the snarl he had been forced to cultivate in self-defense was revealing his white teeth instead.

Nobody but a stray child here and there had ever discovered those limpid brown pools of absolute longing which were his eyes. For in the strange cosmic scheme of things he had been perfectly made, this homeless, friendless tramp, for one end and one onlyto love, to worship, to serve loyally a

fight for a bite of moldy bread or other questionable scraps—anything that would prolong his life and thereby prolong the quest which the speck of sentient matter within his tattered, tired little body never gave up. Somewhere,--vaguely his god must be waiting, and he must seek to find him.

On this dry, hot June morning, he scudded at last out of Finley's Alley, edge of the macadam, and autos be-

that the other girls who always came was any less attentive now than be- ject that shone in the sun. Dan step- or the children who are hers, the love at various times through the summer fore they were married.

weekly dinner dances at one of the summer.

Dan stared in heavy amazed si-lence as Helene finished the letter and cried, "Isn't it too glorious? I didn't know whether she would keep on inviting me now that I'm married!" Dan still stood, looking down at her, the rosebush in his hand, the seed en-

velopes protruding from his pocket. "But, Helene, you don't mean you're going for all summer!"

hotels.

Helene's blue eyes changed ex-pression; her lips fell too easily into a pout. The amazement was now

transferred to her face. "Going! Why, Dan, what do you mean? Would you want me to stay here all through the awful heat, just to cook your meals? And miss all

be delighted that I have the chancel" days. You'll get your visit all right." "But...the garden! You won't be here for any of the— What'll be the good of it now? And you know we pale and shaky, was out of bed. Hel-were going to get the awning for the were going to get the got the were going to get the awning for the were going to get the got the were got the got the were got the got the were got the got the got the got the were got the got the got the got the were got the got the got the got the were got the got the got the got the were got the got the got the got the were got the got the got the got the the got the got the got the the got the got the the got the got the got the the got the the got the got the the got the got the the got the the got the the got the got the the porch and those chairs... and fix the distracted nurse. There had been an afternoon's shopping and a vast amount of planning, and delicate amount of planning, and delicate the distracted nurse. There had been an afternoon's shopping and a vast amount of planning, and delicate the don't belong to nobody. He's a tramp, he is; I'm going to shoot him. He'll make the distracted nurse as she hurried past the bed with a column of the distracted nurse. There had been an afternoon's shopping and a vast amount of planning, and delicate the don't belong to nobody. He's a tramp, he is; I'm going to shoot him. He'll make the distracted nurse as she hurried past the bed with a column of the distracted nurse. Helene, this is all summer!" They discussed it that evening;

Helene, petulant and eager by turns, setting forth all the delights of the visit; Dan, listening, anxious, hurt, then repeating again and again his

first amazed expostulations. In the end, however, Helene wept bitterly, and Dan kissed away the tears and said that of course she must

lain awake for a long time, thinking. There was something wrong. Mar-riage was not what he had dreamed it would be—a blissful partnership. There had been growing, he knew it

now, all through the months, a vague feeling of something lacking, something fine and sweet and essential. His loyal, loving heart had brushed the thought aside before. How dared he harbor it in connection with Helene! The little dancing fairy! Lovelier in his eyes than anything of and ash cans of Finley's Alley he slunk, furtive, watchful, ready to snarl brief and ardent wooing alignment a which he had dreamed! Helene, who It was not till the tender, blind worship of the honeymoon was over and they were settled in the Dutch Colonial that Dan began to find a small wistful feeling growing. He had worked hard; he had put himself through college; he had made a place for himself in the world of business;

it looked as though some day there might come real wealth. But never evaded a hurtling stone by a hair's since his boyhood had there been anybreadth, and turned into a road that led out of the city. He trotted alertly along until the weeds appeared at the give—and wives. He knew what it was to be homeless; to be very ill in a city boarding-house, and have nobody to the fences, nose sniffing, eyes peer- to care; to be weary and discouraged when night came, and have no haven So, deep in his heart, as he gave all sweet-smelling grasses, where small, the strength of his love to Helene, soft quick bodies were always darting he had kept certain shamefaced expectations, built upon what he imagined a wife would mean to him. But they were not fulfilled. Helene seemed to assume that husbands pressing on yearningly, but no part of were made to serve and give and do, him suspecting that on this golden as a matter of course. It never appeared to enter her pretty golden head that there was such a thing as reciprocity. One February night, when Dan and Will Carson, a neighbor, had walked from the station through a sudden drenching rain, the yearning in his heart had grown greater than ever. "Holy Mackerel!" Will had sputtered, as he pulled his hat further over his face. "Won't we be the coddled little boys when we get home? Gee, Amy will have me in bed with hot-water bottles if I don't stop her! Women are all alike—always fussing over a fellow!"

fore they were married. In the end, Dan wrote a check for thing in the small, forlorn, desperate yearns over and cheers, that knows

provide spending money during the long, lonely summer foreshadowing him. He knew when he got home that something more than ordinary wearito Dan's legs.

ness was the matter. Even Helene was startled. But her cry, "Oh, Dan, you're not going to get sick now!" somehow did not ease the pain. The doctor came, pronounced it summer flu, a light attack—a week in

inquired. bed, possibly—not longer. Helene futtered about. She told the doctor nervously, appealingly, about her trip. The old man, falling under the spell of her blue eyes, as most men did, pat-ted her shoulder reascuringly.

to cook your meals? And must an this wonderful time just because you have to stay? Why, Dan!"—her voice was half reproachful, half indig-nant—"I never dreamed you wouldn't be delighted that I have the chance!" "But...the garden! You won't be

lar and cuff set she was working on, he reached for her hand and laid it across his eyes. Her cool, soft little ing wrong with the dog except that

palm! But Helene only said, "If your head

starts to ache, I'm to give you one of the white tablets." On the doctor's last visit he pre-scribed for the patient plenty of eggs and milk, with a round of golf each morning before Den storted for the morning before Dan started for the

office, and very light work for some time to come. Dan felt weak. He hated himself

walks and threw himself down wearily on the davenport, he hoped that Helene would come to him, would say the words that would knit their hearts together, establish the perfect bond, lift the barrier.

But Helene was busy working on a meals.

As May moved brightly on its way to June, Dan grew more and more quiet, as Helene grew more busy and nervous and irritable over her prepa-rations. After his first day back in the office, he was exhausted. It was

Helene's blue eyes went wide with distress. "Why, Dan, now when I'm all ready! You know Aunt Marcie wouldn't like it. She's having Maude Warren there the first two weeks for lonely heart out in joyous yelpings;

the limpid brown eyes of the little Then, toward the middle of May, there came to Dan a hot, hard day in the office, a blinding headache, with the heavy weight on his heart and the long, lonely summer foreshadowing Dan; he jumped up and licked the outstretched hand with queer, stifled

> Dan picked him up as the red policeman approached. "What's the trouble, Officer?" he

one brown eye, pleading, looked up at

mebbe go mad an' bite somebody." "Well," Dan said, "I hate to hand him over to be shot. If there's nothhe has no home, I'll remedy that. I'll take him with me."

The policeman, still breathing out threatenings and slaughter, put up his revolver, and Dan, carrying his charge, turned, picked up his golf bag for hoping, but each day, as he came and went to his car. A queer elation home from his short experimental filled him. He had won in a sharp contest, and here was a small living creature that seemed to appreciate his efforts.

> As he drove back home, the dog snuggled close to him, rubbing against his arm, scarcely moving the brown

way to the house. The little beggar ed the steps, and, yes, beyond were was probably starved. It was a right good thing Helene was gone, he thought, as he let himself into the kitchen. He brought bread and cold meat and milk and placed them on

would it be in a restaurant? "Helene," he said slowly, one even-ing, "it's going to be pretty hard without you. You don't suppose you could wait a few weeks longer, till I get a little bit more on my feet?" Helene's blue eyes went wide with

Had the neat garden just outside

dates arranged. She was also to the wardrobe that made him wince a bring more party dresses this summer little, and the price of the awning and the shining object, touched him. and the tender fears of the night than usual, because there were to be the porch chairs went into Helene's He whistled softly. He held out one watches the loss that sustains, that little, and the price of the awning and the porch chairs went into Helene's beaded bag to pay for the trip and provide spending money during the

as miraculously as the water rolled

Dan pulled himself together at last, with the shame any strong man feels barks, then cowered, shivering, close when he has given way to his emotions.

The dog ate greedily now, and then trotted happily behind him to the ga-rage, where Dan left him with some extra food, before hurrying off to the station.

That day marked the crest of the early heat wave. Stifling! Intolerable! The city steamed and glared and blistered. Dan tried to work, but strange black spots kept dodging in front of his eyes. In spite of the pleasurable feeling in his heart caused by the dog, his mind kept traveling wearly on its old circles. Their life together—Helene's and his. What were they going to make of it. At four o'clock he left for home.

At five he was starting up the street that led to the Dutch Colonial. He wondered how the new occupant of

the garage had spent the day \* \* \* if Helene had finished packing \* \* \* if she had time to prepare anything tasty for dinner. Not that it mattered much with the little appetite he had.

He had come in sight of the house. He looked up at it, as he always did at this spot. Then he stopped, startled. He rubbed his eyes; he muttered to himself, then started hastily forward. Was there something wrong with his head? One, two, three, four, from the corner—that was certainly his house. But why-how- what the

This house he was regarding was shire pigs have just been sent to the not the one he had left that morning. Pennsylvania State College by about This house had a lawn that had been forty breeders in all parts of the state, freshly sprinkled. The steps that led to the front door were damp and clean. And the porch! Could it be? Instead of the bare, dusty spot of the morning, here was a cool refuge for a hot, tired maan. A wide awning of the pattern he had admired gave a comhemstitched voile dress. She left it those days only to prepare their hasty meals. eves from his face. He put the car in the garage, lift-ed the waif from the seat and led the the seat and led the seat and led the the seat and led the seat and

two deep, easy porch chairs! Then his eye caught the last detail. Then his eye caught the last detail. On the lowest step, one ear cocked, waiting, eager, sat the small tramp dog! But, oh, no longer a tramp. A gentleman dog now, from his clean washed, shining brown head to the tip turing second place and sold at a of his smooth brushed tail! He had caught sight of his master. Like a streak of living joy he came toward him.

Dan's heart was pounding with a load before they go to the big show fearful ecstacy. He climbed the steps; and to see the college hog plant with 

#### FARM NOTES.

-Use disinfectants before the mites become too plentiful in the poultry buildings. Spray the quarters three times at about three day intervals. Many people use the drainings of the auto crank case for the roosts and dropping boards, and a finer material to spray the walls and nests. Clean the nests frequently during the summer months.

-One hundred pounds of average milk contains about 87 pounds of water. The dairy cow's water supply therefore, demands the dairyman's most careful attention. Cows giving milk drink about four times as much water as dry cows. High-producing cows sometimes drink from 200 to 300 pounds of water a day. See that your herd is supplied with plenty of pure, fresh water this summer.

-Due to the wet, cold spring, corn is from two to three weeks behind and many of the fields are likely to have a poor stand. If your stand is 60 per cent or better, it is probably not ad-visable to replant. There is no crop which can replace it at this time that will pay out any better. What may seem to be a poor stand now may be found to be a sufficient stand when the corn is fully developed. Good warm weather from now on and a late fall may still mature a good corn crop.

-A flock of pullets that can be brought to laying in the fall will give the largest yearly profit. The average poultry keeper fails either to hatch early enough in spring, so that the pullets may reach laying matur-ity in October, or he does not keep them growing rapidly enough to bring this about. Pullets that do not get to laying well before the arrival of cold weather and the short days of December will seldom start egg production before February. Thus two or three months of additional feeding are required, and the advantage of this period of highest egg prices is lost.

-Eighty head of purebred Berkand will be put on feed immediately in preparation for the International Livestock Exposition at Chicago next fall. This project of sending a car-load of Berkshires to the famous fat stock show is made possible by the Pennsylvania Berkshire Association cooperating with the animal husbandry department at the college.

Outstanding barrows have been sewas assembled and succeeded in cappremium price. A Berkshire Field Day has been scheduled at State College on October 18, when all the breeders are invited to inspect the car-

-Very few eggs are secured on the warren there the hirst two weeks for me. It would be awful for me not to go when she has everything planned! And it would just break my heart to miss Maude. Why, Dan!" The voice was full of anguished reproach. "If was full of anguished reproach. "If by sically weak; he was nervously ex-hausted; he was hurt and lonely and love-hungry! And because there was no one to see or hear, he buried his face in the dog's dusty, ragged coat, and given separate free range. "Dan, dearest, I'm not going! I'm staying here with you \* \* \* to make you happy \* \* \* \* I love you so, Dan \* \* I love you so, Dan \* \* I love you so, Dan \* \* I love gou so, Dan \* \* \* I love gou so, pullets. Their maturity will be re-And even in this, the great, shining tarded if too many are kept together, or if they are annoyed by lice or mites. Frequent inspection of the houses, especially after the pullets have gone to roost, is advisable. If mites are seen meet the eager brown head of the dog crawling on the perches or are found by a careful inspection of the house, prompt measures must be taken to kill them by spraying the interior of the house, as advised by the United DIPLOMAS IN MID-SUMMER. States Department of Agriculture, with crude petroleum, kerosene, cresol So many students of The Pennsyl-vania State College are now complet-fective solution. Body lice frequently ing their courses at the summer ses-sion that arrangements are being growth and maturity. Individual treatment of each pullet with sodium floride or mercurial ointment will clean up these pests on the birds themselves. Feed freely of a good egg-laying ration, give plenty of range, and be if mixed with milk, may induce them to eat a little more. If 25 per cent of Degrees will be awarded in the us- buckwheat middlings is added to the ual manner at that time by president John M. Thomas. There are about 250 of the winter term students now eagerly by the pullets and force them enrolled for the summer session which along a little faster. A liberal amount of meat scrap in the mash is advisable at this time, particularly if Corn, wheat, oats and barley are the principal grains fed. Kafir and so generally available and usually cost more. Corn and wheat are the two best grains and are about equal rollment of 2000 or more for the Penn in value, although wheat can be fed alone better than corn, which is inclined to be fattening. Oats and bar-ley, on account of their hulls and higher fiber content, are not so good Wheat screenings or slightly damaged grains sometimes may be bought to advantage, their value depending entirely upon their quality and condition, but as a rule only sound grains in good condition should be fed and moldy grains should never-be used. The locally grown grains which poultry will eat freely may generally be used to the best advantage. A scratch mixture, consisting of whole or cracked grains made of a combination of any two or more of those mentioned, can be fed to advantage. It is not advisable to feed continuously any single grain, especing" out of his labors. But it must be ially corn, owing to its fattening pro-Corn meal, wheat bran, wheat middlings, and meat scrap form the basis on the many light operas and lyrics of a good mash, while corn chop, written by him or in collaboration corn-and-cob meal, ground oats, and low-grade flour also may be added or substituted to advantage. Just as good results can be obtained from a

came less plentiful; then he ran close ing. Even though he had to return to the Finley's Alley region at night for of sympathy and cheer. a bite to eat, he would wander now in here and there.

So ran the little tramp dog, his four bruised paws thudding softly, that tiny sentient spark within him always June day there lay waiting for him just around the corner Death and Fear and Flight and Freedom and Joy Supreme, and the End of the Quest!

At that moment, in one of the neat suburban residences which had been advertised as "Dutch Colonial, six rooms, tiled bath, fire place, garage, cash deposit, balance as rent," there was approaching a crisis. Dan Hast-ings knew it as he slowly dressed for the day. He wondered if Helene realized it too. She had been early astir, and with few words, except that she must go to the city that morning to buy one or two things, had hurried down to get breakfast.

The bedroom was large, but it seemed to Dan to be choked with garchair were dresses, skirts, hats, shoes. The whole house, indeed, had had

for a week the dusty, disordered look which a house acquires when left entirely to care for itself. There had been shopping and sewing, and more shopping and sewing; there had been dinners hastily prepared and carelessly cleared away; there had been quick words and still more deadly silences. And all this because Helene was going to Maine.

It was on a day in April that the letter had come from Helene's aunt Marcia. Dan had come home early to work in the garden, of which he was inordinately fond. A home of their own! A garden! No boarding-house stuff that summer. Fresh peas and lene's! How could she do such a beans and lettuce of his own raising! Ihing? She knew how he had worked And sweet peas and nasturtiums for and planned for the garden! How Helene to gather for the house! He could she go away for three months had begun to plan for the garden in and leave him alone! Their first sum-January, to Helene's great amuse-ment. He had pored over catalogues mer!

and sketched his careful diagrams long before it was time to turn over the first spadeful of earth. brain that, instead of a comrade, a woman, steady and true of heart,

He had come home jubilantly this evening with six more packages of seed and a rambler rosebush for the radiant. His heart the sky! always did at her bright beauty. Hair like golden mist; eyes like the sky! "Dan!" she had cried, without wait-ing to look at the rosebush. "What do you think? I've had a letter from Aunt Marcia! Listen, I'll read it!" Aunt Marcia! Listen, I'll read it!" Aunt Marcia! Listen, I'll read it!"

his face in the pillow while waves of bitter fear swept over him. The next morning Helene was bright, and full of carelessly happy lang for her trin She wave in the shout there her own heart shiften? To save him! To shield him from these monsters! To bring back to him gladness and strength! And oh, to lift from herself this new burden tember, and Dan also for his two weeks' vacation the last of August. She did not expressly state it, but plans for her trip. She would need life. there lurked in the letter the suggestion that any girl who had kept house for six months, without a cook and a butler and two maids, such as Aunt Marcia herself had, must be a wreck. Helene was to reply promptly, so

Will's tone had in it the proper masculine contempt for such weakness, but beneath it poor Dan caught ments. A trunk, half filled, stood the triumphant note of a man who near the door: the trays, already knew he was loved! Who, in spite of packed, lay on either side. On every his lordly disclaiming of attention, would inwardly gloat over every precious, foolish feminine fear for his

health and safety. Helene on that occasion had not thought of the rain in his connection at all, though she showed concern later when she found his wet shoes on the light bedside rug.

Of course, Dan stoutly maintained to himself, it was a man's place to take care of a woman and be solici-

tous about her. Any man who didn't carry more than half the burden was no man at all. Oh, he ridiculed himself mercilessly. And yet-that long-ing, lonely corner of his heart! As Dan lay awake this spring night his heart was sore. This visit of He-How could she do such a

And without allowing the words to form, Dan knew in the back of his

ready out of her devotion to sacrifice something for him, as he was to love her to the uttermost, Helene, with all porch, to find Helene waiting for him, her bright beauty, was a child, with radiant. His heart leaped as it a child's self-centered desires, a

new clothes, quite a number. Where would Dan take his meals? He could to see better. Another short made up

you were really ill! But the doctor said all you needed was to get out more in the fresh air and not to work so love-hungry! And because there was no one to see or hear, he buried his

So Dan went on keeping his own counsel. Each morning he drove du-tifully to the public golf course in Lockwood Park. He tried to get back in foolish, choking sentences. some of his old energy, his enthusiasm for the game, but he had to stop after three holes. He worked as little in the office as his conscientious soul would permit, and reached home each follow me to the corner in the mornings and watch me out of sight! And evening as dead tired as he had been you'll be here when I come home evenings. You'll be looking out for the night before. He was not gaining strength. And in his dispirited heart me and be restless and anxious if I'm he felt that no one in the world cared.

late. Then you'll run to meet me, and One frail hope alone occasionally projected itself: Dan wondered in jump and whine and lick my hands!" Dan's voice broke in a great sob, as he held the small body to him. "You'll his earnest, just, seeking soul, whethlove me, you loyal little mutt! You'll love me!" er he might be misjudging Helene. Was it possible that far beneath her careless exterior there lay a tenderness asleep?

Could it be that the petted, spoiled, care-free years of her girlhood had imposed upon her merely a veneer of selfishness for which she was not in truth responsible?

But this hope always flickered and went out in the face of the daily facts. trying to get an early start from His outward relationship with Helene had grown mechanical. He tried Helene had only just closed the kitchto acknowledge with animation that en door and reached her room to her dresses were pretty, her new sweater becoming; he consulted time-tables, ordered her reservation, promchange her dress. She heard the door open, and came to the landing on the back stairs and peered down. And then as she saw \* \* \* and heard \* \* \* her face grew flushed, and ised to write every day. He tried honestly to see her side—every reason for her going. He called himself weak, silly, exacting. But under it all was the heavy fear that a crisis was comthen turned deadly white. Her hands clutched the railing; her eyes, straining, was almost here. A time when something dark and impenetrable ed, intense, were riveted on the scene below.

would shut his heart away from Helene's, and leave between them nothing but empty physical contacts. It was with this thought upon him

been suddenly rent by an earthquake, there would not have come upon Helene a more astounded terror than she that he dressed slowly on the morning felt at that moment! of the day before Helene left. It was Dan, the strong, the unfailing, the self-contained! Quiet, steady, un-changeable Dan! Who had never in still with him as he kissed her goodby and started for the golf course. She was going into the city as soon as all her knowledge of him lost his selfhe left, for the last purchases, so control or his firm poise by a hair's when he brought the car back to the house she would be gone.

breadth! To see him now, broken, shaken, clasping to his breast a strange, dirty dog! Raising his face Dan drove slowly through the fresh, early morning air. Sweet odors were abroad even on the traveled highway. hungrily for the animal's caresses! To hear his voice—Dan's low, sure, It was a time for hearts to love and comforting voice-now sobbing! Cry-ing out for love, with that agonized rejoice. And his own had never been loneliness.

more heavy. He reached the links and found, early though it was, a half-dozen men before him. He tried to interest himself in the teeing off; he concentrated on following each ball.

Suddenly, as the sixth man stood poised, there was a shout from the driveway that skirted the small lake and the woods. After the shout there her own heart smitten!

"If strange happened to Dan. He was a wife who loves even as she is loved, and given separate free range.

moment of his life, as he held his wife to him and felt again the thrill of in foolish, choking sentences. "You little loyal mutt! You Godlove, confident and supreme, Dan resent little beggar, you! You care what happens to me! You care! I know! You'll never leave me. You'll membered to reach a hand down to that was raised to its god!-By Agnes Sligh Turnbull.

# PENN STATE TO GRANT

So many students of The Pennsylmade for a special commencement on Thursday evening, August 14th, the Now, if the iceman had not been day before the coming six weeks' ses-

late and the milkmaan had not arriv-ed with his bill that morning, there sion is closed. Heretofore it has been customary would have been no witness to this for those completing their collegiate extraordinary scene taking place upwork during the summer session to return in January to receive their de-grees at the mid-year convocation. But the number has increased to such on the kitchen floor. As it was, how-ever, there had been the delays which every housekeeper experiences when an extent that the summer commencement has been made necessary.

When Dan drove into the garage, begins on July 7, and it is possible that fifty or more of these may quali-fy for graduation. This will make three graduation periods for Penn Corn, wheat, oats and barle State during the current year. The mid-summer commencement feature buckwheat also are used, but are not will be continued as long as it is jus-

tified. Present indications point to an en-State summer session this year. Ap-plications are coming daily to the office of Dr. Will Grant Chambers, director of the session. The special higher fiber content, are not so good courses for athletic coaches, school as corn or wheat. Rye is not well nurses, in speech correction and ex- relished and is seldom fed. pression and in modern geography are proving more popular than ever.

### A Pretty Good Estate.

The announcement that the estate of Victor Herbert, famous composer and conductor, is valued at only \$5,000 will occasion considerable surprise among those familiar with Mr. Her-It was as though the solid foundabert's popularity and varied activitions of her life had given away! It ties during the past quarter of a cen-tury. And yet it will be recalled by was as though the great forces of Pain and Despair, which had been to the musician's close friends that he her before but vague names, were now beating upon Dan, under her very eyes, with strong, merciless, living had frequently declared he had never acquired much more than "a good livhands; and with every blow she felt remembered, also, that it is impossible perties.

to place an exact valuation upon his interest in copyright and royalties upwith others. This revenue will con-tinue for many years, and for some of crushing guilt! And with the thought, something time it may be expected to be heavier

than usual, for there is already an in-creased interest in his works since his sudden death last month.—Philadel-phia Record.