WE MUST GROW OLD.

We must grow old! The years go by, Sometimes on wings they seem to fly: But why such haste? We know not why We only know that we grow old! Sometimes, alas! the years they go As if with leaden feet, so slow We faint from pain. We cannot know Wherefore or why, but we grow old!

Each vanished year its own sad tale

Of disappointment, wee and wall, Adds to the score, until we fail, Since we grow old! We must grow old.

The broken links of life's short chain Can never find their place again; The heart will bleed when pierced with

When loved ones die, and we grow old

Into the dark unknown we take The hopes misfortune could not shake, Pure as the mountain's snowy flake, Where all is well-when we are old. -Timothy Thomas Fortune, in N. Y. Sun



Army Life In The Philippines [Copyright, 1899, by F. Tennyson Neely.]

CHAPTER VI.

The great thoroughfare of that wonderful city, seated on more than her seven hills, and ruling the western world, was thronged from curb to curb. Gay with bunting and streamers, the tall buildings of the rival newspapers and the long facades of hotels and business blocks were gayer still with the life and color and enthusiasm that crowded every window. Street traffic was blocked. Cable cars clanged vain ly and the police strove valiantly. It was a day given up to but one duty and one purpose, that of giving Godspeed to the soldiery ordered for service in the distant Philippines, and, though they hailed from almost every section of the union, except the Pacific slope, as though they were her own children, with all the hope and faith and pride and patriotism, with all the blessings and comforts with which she had loaded the foremost ships that sailed, yet happily without the tears that flowed when her own gallant regiment was first to lead the way, San Francisco turned out en masse to cheer the men from far beyond the Sierras and the Rockies, and to see them proudly through the Golden Gate. Early in the day the guns of a famous light battery had been trundled, decked like some rose-covered chariot at the summer festival of flowers, through the winding lanes of eager forms and faces, the can moneers almost dragged from the ranks by the clasping hands of men and women who seemed powerless to let With their little brown carbines go. shoulders, half a regiment of regular cavalry dismounted, had gone trudging down to the docks, cheered to the gateway of the pier by thousands of citizens who seemed to envy the very recruits who, only half-uniformed and drilled, brought up the rear of the column. Once within the massive wooden portals, the guards and sentries holding back the importunate crowd, the sol-diers flung aside their heavy packs, and were marshalled before an array of tempting tables and there feasted, comforted and rejoiced under the ministra tions of that marvelous successor of the sanitary commission of the great civil war of the sixties-the order of the Red Cross. There at those tables in the dust and din of the bustling piers, in the soot and heat of the railway station, in the jam and turmoil at the ferry houses, in the fog and chill of the sea-ward camps, in the fever-haunted wards of crowded field hospitals, from dawn till dark, from dark till dawn, toiled week after week devoted women every grade of life, the wife of the millionaire, the daughter of the day laborer, the gentle born, the delicately reared, the social pets and darlings, the seamstre no one too high to stoop to aid the departing schlier, none too poor or low to deny him cheer and sympathy. The war was still young then. Spain had not lowered her riddled standard and sued for peace. Two great fleets had been swept from the seas, the guns of Santiago were si-lenced, and the stronghold of the orient was sulking in the shadow of the flag, but there was still soldier work to be done, and so long as the nation sent its fighting men through her broad and beautiful gates San Francisco and the Red Cross stood by with eager, lavish hands to heap upon the warrior sons of a score of other states, even as upon their own, every cheer and com fort that wealth could purchase, or human sympathy devise. It was the one feature of the war days of '98 that will never be forgotten. At one of the flower-decked tables near the great "stage" that led to the main deck of the transport, a group of blithe young matrons and pretty girls had been busily serving fruit, cof-fee and bouillon and substantials to the troopers, man after man, for over two hours. There was lively chat and merry war of words going on at the moment between half a dozen young officers who had had their eyes on that particular table ever since the coming of particular table ever since the coming of the command, and were now making the most of their opportunities be-fore the trumpets should sound the assembly and the word be passed to move aboard. All the heavy baggage and ammunition had, at last, been swung into the hold; the guns of the battery had been lowered and securely chocked; the forecastle head was thronged with the red trimmed uniforms of the artillerymen, who had al-

broadly intimating that it wasn't a fair deal that their rivals should be allowed a whole additional hour of lingering farewells.

Lingering farewells there certainly were. Many a young soldier and many a lass "paired off" in little nooks and corners among the stacks of bales and boxes, but at the table nearest the staging all seemed gay good humor. A merry little woman with straw-colored hair and pert, tip-tilted nose and much vivacity, and complexion, had ap-parently taken the lead in the warfare of chaff and fun. Evidently she was no stranger to most of the officers. Almost as evidently, to a very close ob-server who stood a few paces away, she was no intimate of the group of women who with good right regarded that table as their especial and personal charge. Her Red Cross badge was very new; her garb and gloves were just as fresh and spotless. She had not been ladling out milk and cream, or buttering sandwiches, or pinning souvenirs on dusty blue blouses ever since early morning. Other faces there showed through all their smiles and sweetness the traces of long days of unaccustomed work and short nights of troubled sleep. Marvelous were Mrs. Frank Garrison's recuperative powers, thought they who saw her brought home in the Primes' stylish carriage, weak and helpless and shaken after her adventure of the previous day. She had not been at the Presidio a week and yet she pervaded it. She had never thought of such a thing as the Red Cross until she found it the center of the social firmament after her arrival at San Francisco, and here she was, the last comer, the foremost ("most forward" I think some one described it) in their circle at one of the most prominent tables, absorbing much of the attention, most of the glory, and none of the fatigue that should have been

equally shared by all. "Adios!" she gayly cried, as the "assembly" rang out, loud and clear, and waving their hands and raising their caps, the officers hastened to join their commands. "Adios, till we meet in Manila.'

"Do you really think of going to the Philippines, Mrs. Garrison?" queried a much older looking, yet younger wom-an. "Why, we were told the general said that none of his staff would be

allowed to take their wives." "Yet there are others!" laughed Mrs. Garrison, waving a dainty handkerchief toward the troops now breaking into column of twos and slowly climbing the "Who would want to go with stage. that blessed old undertaker? Good by-bon voyage, Geordie," she cried, blowing a kiss to the lieutenant at the head of the second troop, a youth who blushed and looked confused at the attention thereby centered upon him and who would fain have shaken his fist, rather than waved the one unoccupied hand in perfunctory reply. "When I go I'll choose a ship with a band and broad decks, not any such cramped old canal boat as the Portland."

"Oh! I thought perhaps your hus-band," began the lady, dubiously, but with a significant glance at the silent

faces about her. "Who? Frank Garrison? Heavens! haven't known what it was to have a husband-since that poor dear boy went on staff duty," promptly answered the diminutive center of attraction, a merry peal of laughter ringing under the dingy archway of the long, long roof. "Why, the Portland has only one stateroom in it big enough for a band-box, and of course the general has to have that, and there isn't a deck where one couple could turn a slow waltz. No, indeed! wait for the next flotilla, when our fellows go, bands and all. Then we'li see."

"But surely, Mrs. Garrison, we are told the war department has positively forbidden officer's wives from going on the transports"-again began her interrogator, a wistful look in her tired eyes. "I know I'd give anything to join Mr. Dutton."

"The war department has to take orders quite as often as it gives them, Mrs. Dutton. The thing is to know how to be of the order giving side. Oh, joy!" she suddenly cried. "Here are the Primes and Amy Lawrence—then the the regiments must be coming! And there's Stanley Armstrong!" Far up the westward street the dis-tant roar of voices mingled with the swing and rhythm and crash of martial music. Dock policemen and soldiers on guard began boring a wide lane through the throng of people on the pier. A huge black transport ship lay moored along the opposite side to that on which the guns and troopers were embarked, and for hours bales, boxes and barrels had been swallowed up and stored in her capacious depths until now, over against the tables of the Red Cross, there lay behind a rope barrier, taut stretched and guarded by a line of sen-tries, an open space close under the side of the greater steamer and between the two landing stages, placed fore and aft. By this time the north tide of the broad pier was littered with the inevitable relics of open air lunching, and though busy hands had been at work and the tables had been cleared, and fresh white cloths were spread and everything on the tables began again to look fair and inviting, the good fairies themselves looked askat their bestrewn surroundings 'Oh, if we could only move everything bodily over to the other side," wailed Madam President, as from her perch on a stack of Red Cross boxes she surveyed that coveted stretch of clean, un-

ministrations of the Red Cross, and his orders are imperative-to allow no one to intrude on that space," and madam looked as though she would rather look anywhere than at the animated sprite above her. "What nonsense!" shrilled Mrs. Gar-

rison. "Here, Cherry," she called to a pretty girl, standing near the base of the pile, "give me my bag. I'm army woman enough to know that order re-ferred only to the street crowd that sometimes works in on the pier and steals." The bag was duly passed up to her. She cast one swift glance over the heads of the crowd to where a handsome carriage was slowly working its way among the groups of prettily-dressed women and children—friends and relatives of members of the depart-ing commands, in whose behalf, as though by special dispensation, the or der excluding all but soldiers and the Red Cross had been modified. Already the lovely dark-eyed girl on the near side had waved her hand in greeting, responding to Mrs. Garrison's en-thusiastic signals, but her companion, equally lovely, though of far different type, seemed preoccupied, perhaps unwilling to see, for her large, dark, thoughtful eyes were engaged with some object on the opposite side-not even with the distinguished looking soldier who sat facing her and talking quietly at the moment with Mr. Prime. There was a gleam of triumph in Mrs. Garrison's dancing eyes as she took out a flat notebook and pencil and dashed off a few lines in bold and vigorous strokes. Tearing out the page, she rap idly read it over, folded it and glanced imperiously about her. A cavalry ser-geant, one of the home troop destined to remain at the Presidio, was leaning over the edge of the pier, hanging on to an iron ring and shouting some part-ing words to comrades on the upper deck, but her shrill soprano cut through the dull roar of deep, masculine voices and the tramp of feet on resounding

woodwork. "Sergeant!" she cried, with quick decision. "Take this over to the officer in command of that guard. Then bring a dozen men and move these two tables across the pier." The cavalryman glanced at the saucy little woman in stunning costume, "took in" gold crossed sabres, topped by a regimental number in brilliants that pinned her martial collar at the round, white throat, noted the ribbon and pin and badge of the Red Cross, and the symbol of the Eighth corps in red enamel and gold upon the breast of her jacket, and above all the ring of accustomed authority in her tone, and



All by this stage! Why?

never hesitated a second. Springing to the pile of boxes he grasped the paper, respectfully raised his cap and bored his stalwart way across the pier In three minutes he was back-half a dozen soldiers at his heels. "Where'll you have 'em, ma'am

miss?" he asked, as the men grasped the supports and raised the nearmost table.

"Straight across and well over to the edge," she answered, in the same crisp tones of command. Then, with total and instant change of manner, "I suppose your tables should go first. Madam President," she smilingly said. "It shall be as you wish about the others."

And the Red Cross was vanquished. "I declare," said an energetic official, a moment later, leaning back on her throne of lemon boxes and fanning herself vigorously, "for a who

two most prominent and distinguished women of San Francisco society, and

requested to issue instructions as to the moving of the other tables. "Certainly, ladies," she responded, with charming smiles. "Just one minute Mildred. Don't drive farther yet." and within that minute half a dozen boys in blue were lugging at the first o the tables still left on the crowded side of the dock, and others still were bear ing oil stoves, urns and trava To le than it takes to tell it the entire Red Cross equipage was on its way across the pier, and when the com-manding officer of the arriving regiment reached the spot which h planned to occupy with his band, his staff and all his officers, there in state and ceremony to receive the citizens who came in swarms to bid them fare well, he found it occupied by as many as eight snowy, goody-laden tables presided over by as many as 80 charming maids and matrons, all ready and eager to comfort and revive the inner man of his mighty regiment with coffee and good cheer illimitable, and the colonel swore a mighty oath and pounced on his luckless officer of the guard. He had served as a subaltern many a year in the old army, and knew how it was done. "Didn't I give you personal and posi-

tive orders not to let anything or any body occupy this space after the baggage was got aboard, sir?" he de manded. "You did, sir," said the unabashed

lieutenant, pulling a folded paper from his belt, "and the Red Cross got word to the general and what the Red Cross says-goes. Look at that!"

The colonel looked, read, fooked lazed, scratched his head and said: "Well, I'm damned!" Then he turned to his adjutant. "You were with me when I saw the general last night and he told men to put this guard on and keep this space clear. Now, what d'you say to that?" The adjutant glanced over the pen-

ciled lines. "Well," said he, "if you s'pose any order that discriminates against the Red Cross is going to hold good, once they find it out, you're bound to get left. They're feasting the first company now, sir; shall I have it stopped?" and there was a grin under the young soldier's mustache. The colonel paused one moment, shook his head and concluded he, too, would bet Taking the pater grin and bear it. per in his hand again he heard his name called and saw smiling faces and beckoning hands in an open carriage near him, but the sight of Stanley Armstrong, signaling to him from another, farther away, had something dominant about it. "With you in a minute," he called to those who first had summoned him. "What is it, Armstrong?' "I wish to present you to some

friends of mine-Miss Lawrence-Miss Prime-Mr. Prime-my old associate, Col. Stewart. Pardon me, Mrs. Garrison. I did not see you had returned." She had, and was once more perched upon the step. "Mrs. Garrison-Col. Stewart. What we need to know, Stewart, is this: Will all your men board the ship by this stage, or will some go aft?'

"All by this stage-why?" But the colonel felt a somewhat mas-sive hand crushing down on his arm and forebore to press the question. Armstrong let no pause ensue. He spoke, rapidly for him, bending for-ward, too, and speaking low; but even as she chatted and laughed, the little woman on the carriage step saw, even though she did not seem to look, heard, even though she did not seem to listen:

"An awkward thing has happened. The general's tent was robbed of important papers perhaps two days ago and the guard-house rid of a most portant prisoner last night. Canker has put the officer-of-the-guard in ar-rest. Remember good old Billy Gray who commanded us at Apache? This is Billy Junior, and I'm awfully sorry." Here the soft grav eyes glanced quickly at the anxious face of Miss Lawrence, who sat silently felgning interest in the chat between the others. The anx-ious look in her eyes gave way to sudden alarm at Armstrong's next words: The prisoner must have had friends He is among your men, disguised, and those two fellows at the stage are detectives. A low cry came from her lips, for Mrs. Garrison dropped at the instant and lay half under the wheels in a deathlike swoon upon the dock.

HE LIKES WESTERN CANADA. Duhamel, Jan 24, 1900.

Dear Sir and Friend:

We had a lucky trip, made good con-nections and got to Wetaskiwin Monday afternoon, stayed there all night, day alternoon, stayed there all night, bought a pony and saddle for the boy and hired a three-seated rig for the balance of us and got home to dinner next day; eaught the boys cleaning up and getting ready to come after us. Wednesday the snow was all gone and we had bare ground and bright sunshine for a month, and it has been pleasant weather ever since. The ground is frozen about two feet and about six inches of snow-just enough for sleighing. We had one cold spell in Decem The thermometer went down to 32 below zero; but we did not suffer with the cold at all. We have worked every day all winter, are all well and feeling well. Have built a log house 18x18, two log stables 16x18, and are now busy on a well. We have ten cows, three other cattle and six head of horses. The boys send their best rewill talk to him enough to pay for not writing when he gets up here. Will write you again next Spring and tell you all about the Winter. We all unite in sending you and family our best wishes and respects and hope this will find you all well.

Yours very respectfully,

(Signed) THOMAS TATE, Duhamel, Alberta, Canada. P. S. It has been down to zero this month; it is 22 above now.

Getting At the Facts.

Getting At the Facts. Wife (after the honeymoon)--Why did you deceive me about your income? Husband--I didn't, my dear. "Yes, you did. You told me you were getting \$50 a week when you asked me to marry you." "You evidently misunderstood me. I said my position was worth \$50--and so it is--but for some reason best known to the boss he gives me only ten dollars." - Chicago Evening News.

Ghost of the Glacier

Ghost of the Glacler And Other Tales, including Making a Revo-lution, Susquehanna Trail, Sculpture of the Elfs, Once a Pillar of the World, Feathers of Fashion, and others. A delightful volume, beautifully illustrated. Ready for distribu-tion about May 1. Send 10 cents to T. W. Lee, General Passenger Agent Lackawanna Railroad, 26 Exchange Place, New York City. Edition Limited.

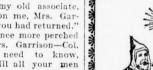
In the spring a man forgets where he puts things, and places the blame on the house-cleaning.—Atchison Globe.



for instant

St. Jacobs Oil







 \mathbb{Z}

B

P



he east line of Franklin Housler's farms, m the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891. HENRY AUCHE,

Prendent

FINE LIQUOR STORE EMPORIUM, PA.

38-tf.

THE undersigned has opened a first-class Liquor store, and invites the trade of Hotels, Restaurants, Se We shall carry none but the best American losn and Imported



PROPRIETOR, EMPORIUM, PA.



tind Work

hampered flooring. "And why not?" chirruped Mrs. Garrison, from a similar perch, a tier or two higher. "Here are men enough to move ountains. All we have to do is to say the word.

"Ah, but it isn't," replied the other, gazing wistfully about over the throng of faces, as though in search of some one sufficient in rank and authority to serve her purpose. "We plead in vain ready been embarked and were now ierlously clamoring that the troopers should be "shut off" from the further with the officer-of-the-guard. He says

been trying to move that officer's heart and convince him the order didn't apply to us. Now how did—she —do it?" "The officer must be some old—some

personal friend," hazarded the secre-tary, with a quick feminine comprehensive glance at the little lady now being lifted up to shake hands with the carriage folk, after being loaded with compliments and congratulations by the ladies of the two favored tables "Not at all," was the prompt reply "He is a volunteer officer she never set eves on before to-day. I would like to know what was on that paper. But now the roar of cheering and the blare of martial music had reached the very gateway. The broad portals were thrown open and in blue and brown, crushed and squeezed by the attendant throng, the head of the column of infantry came striding on to the pier. The band, wheeling to one side, stood at the entrance, playing them in, the rafters ringing to the stirring strains of "The Liberty Bell." They were still far down the long pier, the slop ing rifles just visible, dancing over the heads of the crowd. No time was to be lost. More tables were to be carried, but-who but that-"that little army woman" could give the order so that it would be obeyed. Not one bit did the president like to do it, but comething had to be done to but something had to be done to obtain the necessary order, for the soldiers who so willingly and prompt y obeyed her beck and call were now edging away for a look at the newcomers, and

Mrs. Frank Garrison, perched on the carriage step and chatting most vi-vaciously with its occupants and no longer concerning herself, apparently, about the Red Cross or its tables, had the gratification of finding herself ap[To Be Continued.]

The Reason Why.

A gentleman was riding on one of the oaches in the Trossachs of Scotland, when the driver said to him: "I've had a coin guv me to-day 200 years old. Did

you ever see a coin 200 years old?" "Oh, yes," was the reply. "I have one myself 2,000 years old.

"Ah," said the driver, "have ye?" And he spoke no more during the rest of the journey.

When the coach arrived at its destina-tion the driver came up to the gentleman with an intensely self-satisfied air and said

"I told you as we came along that I had a coin 200 years old." Yes

"And you said to me as you had one 2,000 years old."

"Yes, so I have." "Now, you be a liar!"

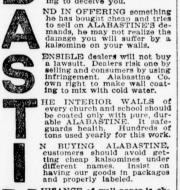
"What do you mean by that?" "What do I mean? Why—it's only 1899 now!"—London Answers.

Liberty.

New Cook-Then I am not to wear your bonnets when I like? Mistress-No, but think how large your wages ale. New Cook (haughtily)-My liberty is not for sale!-Detroit Journal.

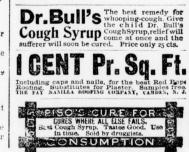
A Slight Misunderstanding. Judge-Did you see the prisoner at the bar? Witness-Naw; when I see him be

was on the street where the bartender chucked him out.—Puck.



EWARE of the dealer who says he can sell you the "same thing" as ALABASTINE or "something just as good." He is either not posted or is try-ing to deceive you.

UISANCE of wall paper is ob-viated by ALABASTINE. It can be used on plastered walls, wood cellings, brick or can-vas. A child can brush it on. It does not rub or scale off. STABLISHED in favor. Shun all imitations, Ask paint deal-er or druggist for tint card. Write us for interesting book-let, free, ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.



bouiling works, IOHN McDONALD, Proprietor. Near P. & E. Depot, Emporium, Pa C COM Bottler and Shipper of Rochester Lager Beer, BEST BELTDS OF EXPORT. The Manufacturer of So Drinks and Dealer in Choi Wines and Pure Liquors. R P.C.S.

We keep none but the very best Beer and are prepared to fill Orders on thurs notice. Private families served laily if desired.

JOHN MeDONALD.



UN OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U

C.A.SNOW&CO OFP. FATENY OFFICE, WASHINGTO

NEW YORK MEN

A. H. KELLCOD NEWSPAPER CO