

Rest.  
There is a little grove beside the hill  
Where aspens shake and thrill,  
With silver stems beneath their shimmering green  
Against the pines' dark screen.  
And all day long the rain unceasing leaves,  
Ripples of light among their tremulous leaves,  
And all day long the moss against their feet  
Tufted, and starred, and sweet,  
Flashes in flickering splendor with the crown  
Of diamond drops swept down.  
  
Through pillared arches of the forest aisles,  
Sacred untrodden miles,  
The voiceless throngs in this God's temple dim  
Bow to the rain's soft hymn;  
Walls on whose pile no axe nor hammer wrought  
The Master-builder's thought,  
Unchiseled font and granite altar stair  
Wait on the wordless prayer.  
And overhead against a brooding sky  
The priestly pine trees high  
With lifted hands invoke on vale and crest  
Infinitudes of rest.  
—Mabel Earle, in The Atlantic.

### COTA'S DEFENSE

When I was in Lower California, several years ago, I found employment with an American who was erecting a stamp-mill at Agua Dulce, a small mining-camp forty miles east of Ensenada. Among the freighters engaged in hauling the machinery was a Mexican named Jose Cota, a noted horseman and hunter.  
One evening, when the wagons were camped at the mine, I joined the teamsters and swamper who sat around the fire telling stories. Cota told this one. An apology is due for not reproducing him in his own quaint vernacular.  
Cota was on his way to visit a relative—quite a distant one, he naively explained, being the cousin of his mother-in-law—who lived at the end of a trail across three hundred miles of mountain and desert.  
Not wishing to leave all his family behind, he rode the calico-colored Pinto, this animal being 'just like a brother,' and besides, according to Cota, the best horse in all Mexico. For the fox-trot of Pinto excelled in soft-footed ease of effort that of the lithe bushy-tail for whom the gait was named.  
Then, too, Pinto would eat brush and grow fat like a burro; all this despite the fact that he was in years past twenty. The narrator elaborated these points in order that we might better understand him further down the story.  
Traveling with the excellent Pinto—and in addition Cota had a pack-mule that followed like a dog—ordinarily insured a safe and pleasant journey. Doubtless the jacob of the distant relative would have been reached without adventure had it not been for an untoward meeting just over the Pichango divide.  
Cota was riding along a trail that cut into the face of a bulging precipice of dizzying height, and driving his mule before him in order that he might keep an eye on the pack, when both animals halted abruptly and stood snorting.  
Looking ahead, the traveler saw a big grizzly bear coming toward him round amount of rock about 50 yards distant. Even on the narrow trail it would have been a simple matter for beast with claws bristling about face and retreat, and Cota fired his revolver in the air, fully expecting the bear to make off in fright.  
But it is hard to divine the moods and motives of a grizzly. This one chose to consider himself cornered or attacked, and started forward on a swinging shuffle. Then both of the traveler's animals tried to whirl on a trail where there was no room to whirl, and on the brink of a sheer descent into a canon where the cottonwoods dwindled to the size of sage-brush.  
It chanced that Cota had his riata in hand, having used it to urge the pack-animal across dangerous places, and no sooner did the mule's ears say "I turn" than the bite of the rawhide rope struck him on the cheek.  
The blow turned him to the cliff, and the mule, blinking, stiff-necked and desperate, began a scuttling retreat.  
Cota gave way rapidly, holding Pinto to the wall, and pulling him back, back, back on a trail where a false movement of his hind legs could mean nothing less than a mangled pile at the base of the precipice. With every step to the rear the mule attempted to head about, but his vigilant master literally held him in place by a shower of stinging blows with the doubled riata.  
Fast and furiously he swung the rawhide, with delicate dexterity he reined and spurred Pinto, and trembling and snorting and sweating from fright, the animals were kept in orderly retreat.  
Then a wheezy grunt from the approaching bear drove the mule entirely frantic, and squarely against the raining blows he turned Douling himself, he whirled nimbly sidewise, drawing his forefeet far under him in an attempt to pivot. But his rump bumped the face of the cliff and toppled him forward. With muscles tense as cables, the scared brute struggled for a moment to recover his balance, and then fell headlong.

Cota declared that up to this time nothing but Pinto's stock-driving instinct had rendered him controllable; that upon the moment he found himself without an animal ahead to keep in place he became as crazy as a beetle.  
It seems more reasonable to attribute the mustang's panic to the wild flurry of the mule and the unobstructed view of the approaching grizzly; but at any rate, with the fall of the pack-animal Pinto lost his head completely.  
Oblivious to the pressure of the cruel Spanish bit, he essayed desperately to pivot about. Cota sent him back to the cliff with a bloody spur mark upon his shoulder, whereupon the little horse stood as if dazed for a second, then shook his head in the violent, angry way that presages backing or rearing.  
Long experience with all sorts of horses had taught his master the significance of that movement, and the exact and only way of offsetting the certain destruction it threatened. Raising himself in his stirrups and at the same moment drawing and reversing his revolver, he struck the mustang a quick, light blow on the vulnerable protuberance just back of the ear.  
Pinto settled down into a loose heap on the trail, and the rider saved himself from being crushed against the wall by leaping lightly to a standing position on the saddle.  
It was the same as raising his hand against a grandfather, Cota declared, thus to strike down the venerable friend who had helped to raise his family; but—the narrator with the odd facial and shoulder contortion of the Mexicans, depicted his horror of the yawning abyss below and the necessity of immediate, desperate action with a vividness that required no amplification. Cota had been careful not to kill the mustang, and his care added still another to the perils that crowded upon him. For Pinto immediately showed that he was not quite stunned, and his master barely escaped being pitched over the cliff as he leaped astride the struggling animal's head, and with two quick turns a woolen scarf bound the eyes tightly. Once blinded, Pinto subsided into a quivering heap, and the Mexican assured himself that he would make no further move, even if the bear should approach and devour him.  
During the traveler's fracas with his animals the pig-brained foe had shuffled off about half of fifty yards that had at first separated them, and he was now bearing down on the horse and rider with eager ferocity.  
Only a year before Cota had been clawed by a grizzly, and had solemnly vowed never again to attack one of the dangerous brutes. But on this occasion it was different, far different—and here the Mexican recapitulated the fox-trotting, brush-eating excellences of the "best horse in Mexico." No, he could not leave him; he would rather fight a grizzly.  
Turning to reach his rifle from the horn of the saddle, he was confounded by finding it jammed firmly against the rock wall. There was nothing for it but to get the gun out or to flee. Cota, true to an unchangeable determination, risked a plunge over the precipice on the belief that a Mexican-trained mustang invariably lies motionless when blindedfolded. Balancing himself warily, he stepped up on his quivering mount, took firm footing on the saddle, and wrenched and tugged like mad until he at last succeeded in extricating the firearm.  
With a hasty glance to assure himself that the weapon was in working order, he clambered back over Pinto's rump, and made a stand against the grizzly.  
But when he raised the trusty rifle for a shot, he found his heart pulsating with a thump! thump! thump! that jarred him all over, while his hands shook like the tremulous leaves of the cottonwood. So affected was he by the strain of hard lifting in a high altitude that, as Cota declared, he could not have spattered the animal, steer-sized though it was, with a shotgun. Several times in his life the Mexican had faced death without a moment's cessation of clear thinking; but this last complication unnerved him, and pointing his wabbling gun in the direction of the grizzly, he opened fire.  
To add to his confusion, the smoke lifted sluggishly. Out in the open he would have leaped to one side and been steadied, perhaps, by the change of posture; but here, held to his tracks by a sheer wall on one side and a sheer precipice on the other, it is any wonder that he became completely confused, and with wild abandon pumped lead at the hazy outline of the brute that now charged furiously.  
Ker-click, bang! Ker-click, bang!  
His repeater spoke as fast as he could work the lever and pull the trigger, and the bullets scattered as if thrown by hand. Some he heard strike the rock wall and go skid-skiddering out across the chasm; others struck not at all; one or two might have grazed the bear, for twice the beast let out a grunt, and increased his speed with a savage lunge onward.  
There was nothing about the situation to reassure a nerve-shaken man. Cota reverently declared that it was the good Dios who strengthened his heart; for of a sudden, just after a chill wave of despair as the bear loomed close through the smoke, his mind became as clear as the sky-line of the desert. To be sure, his hands were still trembling violently; but now that his brain served him true, he could shoot, despite their shaking.

Dropping the muzzle of the gun as if for a low shot, he lined his sights; with a quick movement he jerked the weapon forward and pulled the trigger as the bear crossed a point where a bullet would wound deeply.  
There was a soft, fleshy thud as the bullet struck into the vitals; the bear whirled as if to bite the wound, and his hind quarters slipped from the edge of the cliff.  
With Herculean scrambling and scratching, the great brute struggled to draw himself back to the trail; the Mexican fired for the spinal column, the bullet whacked into bone, and the grizzly, with a hoarse cry, rolled backward into the chasm.  
Cota had all his wits about him now. He examined Pinto carefully, decided that help must be obtained to raise him to his feet in safety, and set off on the back trail.  
But when the path had wound away from the precipice, he seated himself under a pine in a peaceful, shaded valley, and suddenly found himself twitching from head to foot and scared beyond comprehension. And after Pinto's fox-trot had put many miles between him and the scene of peril, the tremors would occasionally overtake him. Even now, although many years are passed, he would not meet a grizzly on a trail that cuts into the face of a bulging precipice—no, not for all the herds and flocks and fields of Lower California.—Youth's Companion.

### TO PROVE WHO YOU ARE HARD.

John Smith May Not Testify in Court That He Is the Son of Robert Smith.  
Paradoxical as it may seem, the most difficult thing to prove in a court of law is who you are. It is a simple matter if you have still living plenty of relatives of an older generation, but suppose your parents and uncles and aunts are dead, it becomes well nigh impossible. As a matter of fact, your knowledge of your identity is absolutely hearsay. You know your father and mother called you their son, and to that fact you may testify if the question of your identity should ever come before a judge and jury. But the testimony goes before the jury with the warning from the judge that it is only hearsay, for you have no personal knowledge of the matter.  
Official town or parish records are valuable, but by no means conclusive. Suppose you are John Smith, son of Robert and Mary Smith, born at Albany on Aug. 1, 1865. The record of births in the Bureau of Vital Statistics at Albany will prove that a son named John was born to Robert and Mary Smith on that date; the register to the church may prove that John, son of Robert and Mary Smith, was baptized on a certain date, but they do not prove you are the John Smith, of whom these are records.  
To establish the connection between you and the person mentioned in the records, in other words to prove your own identity, is the difficulty. If your mother is alive she can do it; if any relative who has known you since you were born is alive he can do it.  
The successive suits for the estate of A. T. Stewart failed on such grounds as these. The plaintiffs, cousins of the late Mrs. Stewart, were unable to prove their relationship. It was necessary in one of these cases that a man should prove his late father and A. T. Stewart to have been brothers, but he had no personal knowledge of the matter; he had heard his father in Ireland refer to A. T. Stewart as his brother, but the Court would not let him testify even to that, and, as the defendants denied the relationship, the case fell to the ground.  
The identity of a person becomes even harder of proof after he is dead. In the Royal Arcanum there are several hundred thousand dollars of death benefits tied up because of the inability of heirs to prove that the insured man is dead.  
Very often it is necessary to succeed in litigation over an estate to prove not only who were your parents, but who were your grandparents. Family Bibles, with the records therein, help out in this, but are not at all conclusive. Birth and marriage certificates are accepted as corroborative, but it requires quite a mass of such matter, together with at least some witnesses who can testify of their own personal knowledge, before a court will accept such a fact as proved to its satisfaction.  
All of this illustrates the great value of keeping family records, for these, while not conclusive, are strong corroborative evidence of identity, especially if the handwriting of the successive heads of the family, in which the entries are made, can be proved, which is generally fairly easy. Many a great estate has been lost to its rightful owners solely because of their inability to prove who they were.—New York World.

**Projects Now in the Lead.**  
A new type of projectile, which will play an important part in future warfare, and which, according to Sir Howard Vincent, will pierce any armor yet made, has been introduced by the Hadfield Steel Foundry. This announcement was made by Mr. R. A. Hadfield at the annual meeting of the company recently at Sheffield. He mentioned also that the firm had introduced a new steel called "Era," an entirely British product, for which the Admiralty had given them facilities for testing. It had proved of exceptional quality, and was rapidly coming into use for ship construction.—London Standard.

### STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

#### Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts.

Ethel Buck, aged 15 years, was struck by a passenger train on the trestling west of Third Street, Ashland, and instantly killed. Eva McConnell, a companion, who was with her at the time, narrowly escaped the same fate.  
Alfred A. Eyrer, proprietor of the Alvarez Cigar Factory, and one of the most extensive tobacco dealers in the State, died in Allentown, aged 48 years.  
A new town will be built near Hertzler's Mill, near the Reading Station of Grantham, Cumberland County, to supply workers for a large macaroni factory which will be established there.  
New York Central brakeman Clarence Tomb was fatally crushed by his own train at Cedar Run, Lycoming County, near his home. He attempted to make a coupling and was caught between the bumpers. A special train hurried the injured trainman to the Williamsport Hospital, where he died. The distance of over fifty miles was covered in forty minutes.  
Amalfi Commandery, 392, Knights of Malta, was instituted at Perkasio by Grand Recorder John F. Hoffmann, assisted by members of Quakertown Commandery. One hundred and five members were received into the new commandery, which was organized by C. F. Hendricks.  
The body of Steve Simcoe, the last of the three Austrians killed by a big fall of rock in the quarries of the American Lime & Stone Company, at Bellefonte, on December 7, 1906, was only found Wednesday. It had been buried under several hundred tons of rock and earth.  
Mrs. L. W. Rossiter, of Chester, received a letter containing \$25 from a man whom she had befriended two years ago when he called at her home and asked for assistance. At that time she had given the man, who was unknown to her, twenty-five cents.  
A trolley car was grazed by a Royal Blue Flyer on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad at the grade crossing at Twelfth and Upland Streets, Chester, and fifteen passengers had a narrow escape from death. A watchman failed to lower the gates.  
Five years ago, while impersonating Santa Claus, some glassware was smashed and Miss Dora Brown, of Friedensburg, unknowingly had a large piece of it enter her arm. The nerves of the member were practically destroyed and blood poisoning being feared, surgeons intended to amputate the member. Upon an incision being made a piece of glass an inch thick was removed. It is now believed the member will be fully restored.  
Eight nurses will be presented with diplomas by Governor Stuart at the second annual commencement of the Harrisburg Hospital Training School for Nurses, to be held May 14. The members of the graduating class who have spent three years in training at the hospital are: Miss Margaret Siebert, Fannettsburg; Miss Sarah McFadden, Harrisburg; Miss Agnes Campbell, Phillipsburg; Miss M. E. Ellsworth, Johnstown; Miss Anna Mayne, Shippensburg; Miss Vicena Grindel, Clifton, O.; Miss Jessie McClure, West Virginia; Miss Anna B. Frey, Millerstown.  
Antonio Cassale, a young Italian, of Scranton, has patented an electrical device which railroad men declare will cause a revolution in the matter of signals and will prevent collisions. On the approach of two trains running on a double or a single track system, a warning signal will be sounded in the cab of each locomotive, while part of the apparatus will automatically shut off the steam, reverse the machinery and apply the air brakes. Cassale was a telegraph orator in Italy. He found difficulty in perfecting his discoveries there and came to this country four years ago.  
Paul Shevak, aged 15, of 504 Bell Avenue, North Braddock, was sent to jail to await trial for arson. The boy's stepfather said he chastised him Saturday. The lad left the house, but returned about midnight and hid in the cellar. He procured some straw and packed it against the wall where it could fire the woodwork, set fire to it. The family had retired but was awakened by the smell of smoke. The fire was put out, and when the father accused the boy with having started the blaze, he is said to have acknowledged the act.  
Burned about the body and face by an explosion of powder at the Pancoast Mine in Troop, Walter Vecusky, aged 25 years, died at the State Hospital. Vecusky was standing close to a can of powder, the cover of which had been left off by some other employee. A spark from his lamp dropped into the can and here was a terrific explosion. The flames enveloped Vecusky and his body and face were badly burned. He lived only a few hours.  
Patrick Markham, of Bloomsburg, a few days ago recovered a ten-dollar gold piece that he had lost twelve years ago. Carpenters are remodeling his house, and found the coin wedged between two partitions. Markham had nearly forgotten the incident.  
William B. Parry and A. T. Praul on May 1, will inaugurate an automobile service between Langhorne and Morrisville.  
Congressman M. C. L. Kline it at the head of a new trust company to be started in Allentown shortly, the entire capital of which has been subscribed.  
Adams County is more peaceful than ever before in its history, not one criminal case being up for trial when April Court convened. This is an absolutely unprecedented state of affairs.

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### ARKWRIGHT'S STRANGE CASE.

Strange, indeed, was the case of Henry Arkwright, a man of twenty-nine, aide-de-camp to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who more than forty years ago was traveling in Switzerland with his family. They went to Chamoni, and Arkwright, though no climber, resolved to ascend Mount Blanc. A sister went with him as far as the Grands Mulets hut. Another party of two also resolved upon the ascent. On October 12 they left Chamoni, crossed the crevassed Glacier des Bossoms, and reached their night quarters. While the climbers were absent next day, Miss Fanny Arkwright busied herself writing letters. Meanwhile the two parties set out early and hurried up the snow slopes.  
Suddenly ominous cracks were heard to the right amid the towering seracs or pinnacles of solid ice. "Lie down!" screamed the guides, but the irresistible wind that goes before a mighty avalanche caught them all.  
Sylvian Conette, the porter, drove his alpenstock into the hard snow, crouched on hands and knees, and turned his bent head to the hurricane. After eight or ten minutes, he untied the rope about his waist and began to descend. At one hundred and fifty feet below he came on Francois Tournier, the guide. He was dead, his face frightfully mutilated and his skull crushed by a mass of ice. The porter, after herculean efforts, got the body down to the Grands Mulets.  
Thirty-one years passed away. One morning in 1897 Colonel Arkwright, a brother of this Alpine victim, was astounded to receive this telegram from the Mayor of Chamoni:  
"The remains of Henry Arkwright, who perished on Mont Blanc in 1866, have just been found."  
The glacier had given up its dead at last, after having borne the body of its victim to a spot nine thousand feet below in the ice. Slowly, slowly, the grinding river of ice gave up other relics. First came a handkerchief, then a shirt front, next a gold pencil case, watch chain, and gloves, with other odds and ends.—Sunday Magazine.

### Bear Opens Lips of Silent Hermit.

William Woodruff, a hermit who lives in a cabin near Winsted, Conn., where he has kept to himself for twenty years, was gazing at the stars through a telescope when he heard a noise and saw a huge bear making toward him. The hermit went in the cabin and bruin sat down by the door. All night the enemies waited for each other. Woodruff with his rifle inside, and the bear outside. The latter left at dawn, and for the first time in a score of years the hermit spoke to a man who happened to pass. He said he wanted some ammunition for his gun and asked Stage Driver Blythe to get it for him.

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