By Abbie Farwell Brown. I wander through the woodland ways, And not a whispered sound,

KINDRED.

No shudder in the leaves, betrays The quivering life around.

And yet I feel the kindred near In every ambushed shade, From tree and grass they peep and peer,

Half friendly, half afraid.

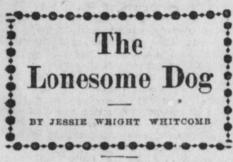
I bend above the magic tide; But veiled in beryl light The countless ocean-creatures hide, With crystal eyes and bright.

The rainbow shapes glide to and fro, Or gaze in still surprise; The wonder-kin I do not know, Yet feel their curious eyes.

Above, the starry mystery, With teeming space between; I feel its wonders close to me, Its presences unseen.

As in a childish game, I stand Blindfolded and alone. And stumbling reach an eager hand To kindred all unknown.

Bewildered in the living space With wistful arms I grope; Thrilled by a breath upon my face, A shadow-and a hope. -Youth's Companion.



A good, kind dog found himself all alone in the world. He was hungry and thirsty and lonesome, and thought he would see if he could improve his fortunes.

As he trotted through the streets of a town he smelled a fine smell.

"That means something for me at last," he thought, and traced the smell to a meat shop. The screen door was shut, but he waited patiently until some one went in and he followed close behind.

along up close to the counter. With furnace would generate upward of 20. grateful heart he waited for his share. It fell and he snapped it up. No soon- this enormous amount of waste fuel er had he done so than the butcher is the aim of the builders of gas ensaw him, and the butcher's boy and gines. Utilized for generating steam two customers and they all shunted at | by burning, about 1,000-h, p, could be him and jumped at him and hustled obtained; but if burnt directly in a him out of the shop, bereft of his modern large gas engine, the horsemeat and ashamed.

he ran down the street, tail between estimated that even if half this volhis legs, "I have learned one lesson ume should be wasted or used for

long, cool drink," and Roxie led the way encouragingly to the shady side of the house. There was a large crock. "This is for the birds," explained Roxle, "and now I'll fill it up for you," and Roxie turned in a stream from the hose. The thirsty dog drank and drank -never did water taste so good. He raised his grateful eyes and wagged

his tail. "Oh, you good dog," smiled Roxie, 'be my dog. I'll bring you something to eat in a minute. I'll be awful fast-now stay right-there"-impres.

sively. The dog scarcely knew what to do but while he was still undecided, Roxie came back with a pan of scraps. "These are my very own bones,' said Roxie. "I've been praying for

a dog for two days, and I've saved all my bones and scraps-now eat 'em!" The dog ate in a half-famished way

-such good scraps!

"What are you doing, Roxie?" called a voice from an upper room. "Feedin' my dog. God's sent him. Pretty good dog, too."

Roxie's mother hurried down, afraid she would find a mangy, sore-eyed dog, but instead she found a gentle creature, with a silky coat and beautiful eyes.

"Very well, Roxie," was the relieved answer. "We may as well settle this thing right now. If we find the dog belongs to any one else we can give it back."

"He doesn't," was the positive reply.

'Well-we'll play that way. We'll put the rest of the afternoon on the deg. We will scrub him and comb him and brush him and fix him a sleeping-place, and we will telephone right down to papa to bring up a collar. What name do you want?" "Theodore," promptly.

"Why, Roxie! Theodore isn't a dog's name!"

"It's this dog's name," in a final tone. "You told me yourself Theodore meant 'Gift of God'-and that's what my dog is." And the lonesome dog wagged his tail happily .-- Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

Blast Furnace Gas.

The amount of gas generated by a blast furnace to produce pig iron is so enormous that if collected and utilized for power purposes it would prove revolutionizing in manufacturing industries. Thus to produce in an ordinary well-equipped works A most excellent smell! He nosed about 150 tons of pig iron the blast 000,000 cubic feet of gas. To harness power generated would be several "My sakes," he said to himself, as times as much. Eminent engineers



At the climax of our powers from "ter seldom allowed themselves more one-third to one-half of our whole life is spent in sleep, and in our infancy nearly all our time is given to it. Yet, strange to say, while every human being from the time of Adam until this hour has known sleep from actual experience, no man can accurately define or explain it.

It cannot be wholly fatigue that induces sleep, else why should the feeble octogenarian sleep least and the infant who does nothing in particular sleep many times as much as its grandparents? Even modern science is most vague on this baffling subject and finds no better use for it than "the repair of wasted tissues."

Unquestionably research with the microscope does prove that fatigue, in some degree at any rate, exhausts and vitiates the nerve cells, while rest and sleep appear to restore them to the normal. When Lord Brougham returned home after his brilliant and exhaustive defense of Queen Caroline he retired at once to bed almost in a state of collapse and gave orders that he was not to be disturbed on any account, no matter how long he should sleep. His lordship's household obeyed; but their amazement grew into positive terror when the young advocate's "nap" had prolonged itself forty-eight hours! Brougham's physician afterward declared this marvelous sleep was nature's own remedy for relieving a terrific mental strain and had certainly warded off some serious brain disorder.

But, then, every one of us at least by Capt. Charles Griffin, our instrucknows the marvelous recuperative value of a long sleep. And yet all this time digestion, respiration and many other vital functions are in full power, just as in the waking hours. Only the senses and the higher cerebral manifestations are less active. It seems clear we need more than

three or four times as much nourishment while awake than asleep. And yet we wake in the morning without either hunger or faintness such as invariably accompany a long waking despatch from Gen. Warren to Gen. fast. Moreover, the first morning meal is ordinarily the lightest of the day, with people free to consult their own tastes in these matters.

How shall we explain this strange discrepancy in the action of the stomach by day and by night? It is no answer that we work in the day, hence waste and hunger: for the same craving for food during the day is experienced by a person taking little or no physical exercise as by the bricklayer, foundryman or other worker engaged in the hardest manual followed as a boy? toil.

It was when I was returning from this ride, and had nearly reached Obviously, then, a condition of Grant's headquarters, that the battery things has been superinduced in sleep came rushing by. They were regulars,



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-never to go into a place that smells heating the air blast of the furnace. as good as that again!"

vines. There was no fence.

"It is quite free," thought the tired dog, "and I am glad of a place to rest." So he went over to the flower bed, turned around and around on the cool soil until he had crowded out for himself a comfortable resting the Tarn and Garonne, has already place among the plants.

as he panted for breath, "how kind these people must be!"

He was just dozing off, when he heard a scream above him. "Peter! quick! quick! an awful dog! right in | ish priests of Mayet de Montagne, in the flower bed! Drive him away!"

could not get away before he had been pelted with all sorts of things, and had been called all sorts of names, which hurt him almost as much as the missiles.

He ran as far as he could without stopping, but he was so intolerably thirsty he kept looking for a place to drink. There seemed to be no water in all that town. As he lagged slowly along one street he reached a latticed kitchen porch. The porch door stood open. He knew there was water on that porch. The open door invited him. "These people know how it feels to perish of thirst," he thought, "they have left their door open.'

Up the steps he crept; he could see the pail of fresh water; he was just about to bury his nose in the pail and drink his fill, when the kitchen door slammed back, and a broom descended on his head, and he was ordered off in no uncertain tones. With his head aching from the blow, and thirstier than ever, he ran slowly along.

"There is no place for me," he thought wearily, "nor any food, nor any drink. I do not understand it.

He ran by more houses with vines, and flower-beds, and green lawns, and no fences, but he did not venture in. A pretty child sat on some steps and called. "Here doggie, here, doggie!" How he would like to be called that

way! He turned his head imploringly. "Here doggie-good, pretty, kind doggie, come to Roxie."

mean him? Was it a boy? Some children were boys and some were girls. But he couldn't tell this one, canal, and in the northern part, where Some boys were named John and Tom and David, and some girls were railways are more prosperous. Engnamed Daisy and Lulu and Sally, but he didn't know Roxie.

"come-I'll give you a drink-a nice, canal systems.-Century Magazine.

there would still be sufficient to pro-When he could run no more, pant- duce between 3,000 and 4,000 horseing with the heat, and with his ton- power. Such an enormous gas gengue hanging out of his mouth, he erator would thus prove of the great looked for a place to rest. He had est value for ordinary manufacturing reached a house with green grass, purposes. Likewise, the gases of coke and with vines on the porch, and ovens can be utilized in the same with a soft, damp-looking flower bed, way, adding greatly to the import full of bright flowers, in front of the ance of the gas engine in its new field .--- Mining World.

French Priests Earn a Living.

Some of the clergy have taken to poultry rearing, others breed rabbits. The parish priest of Labourgade, in earned a reputation for his jams and "Oh, how good this is," he thought, jellies. Many priests have become workmen. The parish priest of La Ponnonie is a turner, another in Averdon in the Loire et Cher, mends bicy. cles and sewing machines. The parthe Allier, and of Serriera, in Corsica, Move as quick as he could, the dog manufacture acetylene lamps, and the priest who officiates in the parish church of Maurages, in the Meuse, is a working locksmith. One of the industries most generally adopted by the clergy is that of watch and clock maker. Seven parish priests are already so employed. The parish priest of Cavier, in the Gard, is a tailor, and his colleague in Negron, in the Indre et Loire, is an upholsterer. A dozen others knit stockings and waistcoats, while the priest of Hericourt, in the Haute Saone, has become a printer. A certain number of priests are bookbinders, and many are photographers Two parish priests-one of Saint Paul, in the Oise, and another of Magnilles Reigners, in the Vendee-are artists, the former painting pictures and the second using the sculptor's chisel-Tablet.

Foreign Waterways.

Since we began the neglect and abandonment of canals France has quadrupled her waterways. According to figures furnished by commercial associations the British isles have 8,000 miles of canal, and it does not all antedate the railroad. The Manchester canal was built at a cost of \$75,000,000 to reduce freight rates for a distance of thirty-five miles, and while it did not prove a good interest bearing investment on such a large expenditure, its indirect and more permanent benefits are said to have warranted it. Germany has 3,000 miles of canal carefully maintained, besides The dog hesitated; could the child 7,000 miles of other waterway, France, with an area less than we would consider a large state, has 3,000 miles of the canals are most numerous, the land, Germany, France, Holland and Belgium are all contemplating further "Come, doggie," urged Roxie, extension and improvement of their

which involves not only a discontinuance of intercourse with the world, but a positive suspension of some of the sternest exactions of our nature.

There is another result of deep sleep which is seldom remarked. Lie down upon bed or couch, and however tired you may be you will rarely remain in one position long if you be awake. At frequent intervals you feel an impulse to turn over or move some of your limbs to relieve what has become an uncomfortable position. On the other hand, when you fall asleep, even though you have the hard ground for a couch and, like Jacob, a stone for a pillow, you may lie quietly for many hours without moving, except for involuntary respiration. Nor when you awake will you experience any discomfort even in that part of the body which has borne the most pressure, such as could not be contentedly endured for five minutes when awake.

Indeed, not only will there be no sense of pain or discomfort, but rather one of positive refreshment. It is said-among the myriad theories of sleep-that this condition is merely "the assertion of the lower or vegetative consciousness;" and, further, that if the higher intellectual consciousness could hold permanent sway sleep would cease altogether.

The length of time a man can preserve his mental faculties without sleep varies with the individual constitution; but the inevitable result is delirium before many days. The the very ground of their origin. There Chinese punish certain flagrant criminals by a system of diabolical teasing so as to prevent sleep altogether; and this is regarded with the utmost horror even by the most hardened criminals.

When Napoleon attempted the conquest of Hayti, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who had become commander-inchief of the negro troops, could not venture on a pitched battle with the Napoleonic veterans, but had recourse to a less risky, yet more effective method. No sooner had the French troops fallen asleep at night and September, the beautiful silver than Toussaint made a feint of at- salmon arrives, the prettiest fish in tacking them, thus rousing them all all the world and one of the most under arms and in a state of great palatable. excitement. These tactics were repeated so frequently that even the a single battle.

It is noteworthy in this connection heads literally swarm with them." that the world's greatest intellects have done with very little sleep. Bismarck, Gladstone and Zola rarely exceeded six hours; Napoleon himself. with Goethe, Schiller, Balzac and Humboldt, took but a bare four; while itary and naval officers killed in the ing theatrical manager .--- Yonkers Lord Bacon, Jeremy Taylor and Bax- war with Russia.

and I did not know which battery it was till, as the trail of one of the pieces fell, the sergeant turned; his eye brightened and then, much to my surprise, he smiled at me; and behold! It was the old West Point Battery! and I recognized the sergeant as the leader of those little devils, the West Point drummer boys of my day! My heart never spoke more warmly or sincerely than at that moment as my glance met his, and if I could have done so. I'd gladly have grasped his hand. Yes, we and the guns of the West Point battery came to know one another right well after that sunny day when we first met on our way to the adjutant's office .-- Morris Schaff

SALMON FAMILY IN ALASKA.

in the Atlantic Monthly.

Curious Habits as Observed by a Res ident of the Territory.

slopes. The few scattered hunters "There is nothing more curious con and settlers whom he met received nected with the finny tribe than to Robertson with rough, untrammeled watch the doings of the salmon fam hospitality, and their kindness ily in Alaska," said Frank Watsen of strengthened his wish to make his that territory. future home among them.

"The most singular thing of all it that after the females deposit their spawn their earthly career termin ates, and I have seen the bottoms of creeks covered with their dead bod ies. They give birth to thousands of their kind and immediately die. . The young ones are then taken care o! by the male salmon, and it is a well known fact that in three years from their birth the offspring reappear on are four varieties of this superb fish

which make their appearance in regu lar order of succession. "In the spring the first to arrive it the magnificent king salmon, which

clue as to his whereabouts. His horse became lean and weak, and he was weighs all the way from 15 to 96 forced to abandon it. Mountain mista pounds. I have myself caught one and frequent rains spoiled his powweighing 52 pounds. About June 1 der, and he was compelled to live comes the sockey or red salman upon berries and nuts. Wolves and which visits our shores in enormour bears and the mountain cougar added numbers, and which is the common their terror. He became at last so canning variety. A little later appears ill and famished that he could scarcethe log salmon, which only the In ly gather wood for a fire or strike a dians will eat, and finally, in August spark with his flint. A less courhave lain down to die, but Robertson after unspeakable hardships, chance

"When the salmon enter the fresh water, by a curious trick of nature greatest of the Napoleonic warriors their skin becomes red, but this pink were utterly worn out, and in time an hue does not affect the whiteness of army of 30,000 was reduced to a bare their flesh. It is seldom that salmon 5,000 effectives, without having fought | will journey up a glacier stream, but the streams that have lakes at their

> everything he goes into," said the man at the door. The Mikado and the Crown Prince of Japan are each having an album made of photographs of all the mil-Statesman.

MAKING OF A PIONEER LEADER. General James Robertson achieved

Selecting a domain he planted a

crop of corn and awaited its harvest.

hunting and making friends the while

with his fellow adventurers and im-

pressing them with the strength and

force of his character. In the fall he

started on his solitary trip East to

bring his family to his new planta-

tion, and encountered the first of that

harrowing series of adventures of

which his subsequent career was to be

so full. In the passes of the moun-

tains he became confused and finally

Among the rocky summits he wan-

dered for days without gaining any

ageous and determined man would

crawled and staggered on. At length.

led him into the path of two hunters

who aided him to reach friends .---

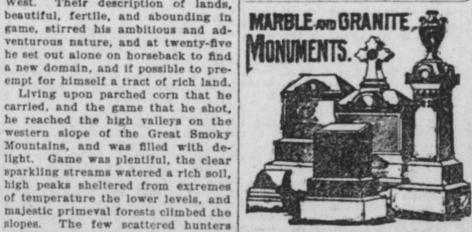
Father of Tennessee," by Lynn Tew

SUCCESS WANTED.

Sprague, in The Outing Magazine.

lost.





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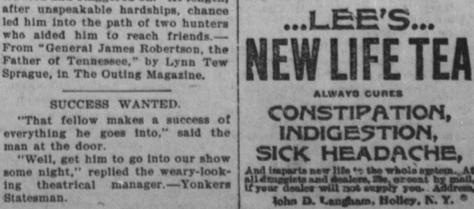
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"Well, get him to go into our show some night," replied the weary-look-