

**Plato in Egypt.**  
Plato in Egypt, so the legend goes; And with the words the picture rises clear.—  
The scorching, boundless sands, the deep-browed seer Strayed from fair Greece in search of One who knows.  
Paused he not here, where Abou Simbel shows In tranquil majesty, without a peer.—  
A strange stone smile, benignant, calm, austere, Soulless and satisfied, past joys or woes?  
  
Did he, the wide-souled, who could deeply pry Into the Cause, could sift the False and True.—  
Did Plato ponder here the riddle why Man frets and seeks? Had Abou found the clue?  
Did Plato, too, depart hence with a sigh,  
While still the stone lips smiled as if they knew?  
—E. Boyle O'Reilly, in Putnam's.

## BISHOP'S WEAKNESS

Lady Althea Bullen sat quite alone in her boudoir, although Christmas Eve was more than half erased from the calendar of days.

Usually, at this time of the year, Dormy Place had not been big enough for the number of guests it was called upon to welcome, and in every room gay voices and laughter made an atmosphere of youth and well-being for the son of the house, who carried the joy of living in every feature of his debonair face, and every movement of his agile figure.

But the potentialities that lie in wait for contented mortals had changed all that—a week ago; and Lady Althea, having cancelled her thirty invitations, sat and endured the result—silence and loneliness.

Her handsome gray eyes, hard and bright, stared at the fire; her mouth, always a resolute one, set itself into firmer curves than usual, as though it would repress, by sheer force of will, a tendency to droop or quiver; her hands folded themselves in each other with a mutual assurance that they needed no familiar clasp to hold and warm them.

Lady Althea was alone by her own wish; she was determined not to regret it.

Yet when carriage wheels sounded on the drive, and the clang of the bell echoed through the empty rooms, she rose involuntarily and stood for a moment with the calmness all gone from her face, and two emotions battling with each other in her mind.

Then she moved to the speaking tube by the fireplace and blew sharply down it.

"I am not at home to any one," she said slowly and distinctly.

"A message is coming up, my lady," was the answer, and the next moment a footman entered, with a card on a salver.

The card had some writing on it, in addition to the name and address—"The Bishop of Ware, Wareham Castle."

The message ran: "I must apologize for intruding on you, but I am on my way to Mrs. Elliot at Senbourne, and the drive is a long one for me in my present state of health. I would be grateful for half an hour of your hospitality.—Ware."

Lady Althea considered, began a sentence and stopped, then dropped the card on a table, and said: "Show the Bishop up."

The faint flicker of a smile touched her lips as she shook hands with him.

"I have read of your illness in the papers," she said; "is it not very unwise for you, my lord, to be taking a long drive so soon?" She looked him straight in the eyes. They were keen but very kindly ones that met her own. "Though it is fortunate for me," she added more graciously, "since it gives me the pleasure of seeing you."

"I counted on your forgiveness," said the Bishop, "when I stopped at your door. I felt sure you would take our mutual friendship with Mrs. Elliot as a personal introduction, and would allow me to waive ceremony and ask for the warmth of your fireside on my way."

He held out his hand to the blaze; white, thin hands but fine in shape, and expressive as were his features, of nervous strength. The Bishop never allowed illness to impede him in his work.

Lady Althea handed him some tea. "Mrs. Elliot is an old friend of mine," she said, "and I have often heard her speak of you. But I am surprised that she did not tell you her nearest station is Senbourne. I suppose you came to Tangley. It must be eight miles off." Her tone was a little questioning.

"Indeed," said the Bishop, "is it so far as that?"

"Not very favorable weather for driving, either," continued Lady Althea, with chilly politeness.

"No," he assented meditatively. "I have known it colder at this season, and I have known it warmer. I should prefer one or the other. Extremes are so much easier to deal with than a temperature that is neither friendly nor inclement."

He had been looking at the fire, but as he concluded he glanced at

Lady Althea and smiled, and she found herself returning the smile, albeit unwillingly.

"Some time ago," she said abruptly, "when I was quite a girl, I heard you preach a sermon. The text was, 'Forgive us our trespasses.'"

"I remember every word of it," he answered. "I preached it at St. Mary Abbott's. I hope you liked it."

"Some of it," she said, "not all. I have not a very forgiving nature."

Then it must be a matter of great self-congratulation for you when you persuade yourself to be lenient to those who have trespassed against you. Lady Althea—you have son."

Her face hardened, and she said mentally: "I thought so; I was sure of it." Aloud she answered: "We won't speak of him, if you please, Bishop."

"I cannot calm any privilege of friendship yet," he said earnestly; "but will you grant me the privilege of an invalid and let me disregard your prohibition?"

She was silent. The Bishop's voice was melodious at all times; with this persuasive accent, this hint of appeal, it was irresistible.

"I have met your son," he said, rising and speaking quickly; "not through Mrs. Elliot, as I see you are thinking, but by a singular chance. A curate of mine in my first living died a year ago, and his widow came to me recently to remind me of my old friendship for her husband and to ask my advice. He was one of the best fellows that ever lived, and I was glad to meet Mrs. Dereham again. She had one daughter—"

Lady Althea interrupted him with a startled cry. "Eva Dereham," she exclaimed, seriously, "I have one son, and she has taken him away from me—forever."

She made no answer.

"Lady Althea, I implore you take this opportunity," the Bishop pleaded. "Think of the long empty years—think of the endless days, as lonely as this has been—the dreary Christmas Eve—think of your boy's new found happiness, blighted and shadowed by the loss of his mother, whom he loves."

A sharp whistle sounded and she made an impulsive movement to the speaking tube and lifted it to her lips. "I take it all back!" she breathed with soft emphasis. "You shall bring your Eva to me as soon as you like. But come to me now at once."

The Bishop rose and caught her hand in a swift, strong pressure. "It will be all right?" he questioned.

"Those whom the telephone hath joined together—" began Lady Althea, in a mischievous voice.

"Let no man put asunder," concluded the Bishop. "I shall be ready to say the higher rendering whenever you send for me. I can manage the rest of my drive quite easily now, Lady Althea, and as I am due home for Christmas Day I think I shall go back by train." His eyes twinkled, and he made for the door.

As he reached it a young, impetuous figure passed him without a word.

"Mother!" said a glad, eager voice. "Baby! How could you stay away so long?" answered Lady Althea.

And the Bishop closed the door, murmuring as he hurried downstairs, "Suaviter in Modo, fortiter in re."—The Bystander.

day on purpose to take me en route. She told me long ago that if you had a weakness it was for playing the part of peacemaker. Now isn't that true?"

The Bishop attempted no denial. "Not an unforgiving weakness, I hope," he said. "Are you going to let me go away ungratified? What did you both pledge yourselves to exactly? Tell me the precise words—if you remember them."

"Of course I remember them," Lady Althea answered scornfully. "His very last words were, 'Mother, you can't look me in the face and tell me you are not sorry.' I said, 'I will never look you in the face and tell you I am sorry—never—never!' That was my last word."

The Bishop's face lit up and his eyes wandered to the speaking tube hanging near him.

"Where does this go?" he said, lifting the mouthpiece.

"To the housekeeper's room."

"May I speak through it? I want to send a message out to the fly."

"Certainly."

The Bishop blew down the tube and an answering signal came up.

"Will you ask the gentleman in the fly," he said, "to come and speak to me through this tube? I have an important message for him."

He did not look at Lady Althea, though he was conscious that she had risen and was confronting him.

"Bishop—" she began; but he made a deprecating protest with his hand.

"After all," he said, "I think you are right. The drive has been rather too much for me. I am still far from strong. Do me one favor before I go. Say into that tube the words that are clamoring for utterance at your lips."

She made no answer.

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Wildcat on the Wire.

The Butte office of the Butte Electric and Power Company received a telephone message yesterday morning from some ranchmen up on the Big Hole River stating that a pole supporting a line was burning and endangered the line.

George K. Aitken, foreman of construction, and an assistant were sent out to investigate and put out the fire. About fifteen miles from Butte they saw the pole, which had been nearly consumed. The fire was smothered, and then upon looking for the cause of the fire the linemen discovered at the bottom of the pole the badly torn fragments of a wild cat or mountain lion, and at the top of the pole, where it had become mixed with the wire, were the tail, the feet, and a few other shreds of the cat.

Either through curiosity or by being chased and frightened, the wild cat had climbed up the electric power pole during the night and attempted to take refuge on the crossbar. The moment it touched the wires it created a short circuit and got through its body the full 2,000 volts of electricity. That made a mess of the wild cat and set fire to the pole.

The linemen brought a few claws to Butte as a souvenir of the cat's adventure.—Anaconda Standard.

The Best Razor Strop.

"The best razor strop I ever had was a piece of glass," said the club barber. "An old barber gave it to me, and I tell you it worked fine. Unfortunately I let it fall and it broke, and I have never been able to get one like it."

"There's some kink in the grinding which I can't seem to figure out. In these days a good razor strop is a mighty hard thing to find and I would give a good deal if I could only get that piece of ground glass back again. It sure did put a cutting edge on the razor!"—New York Sun.

Every soldier in the Russian army is to be provided with a pocket compass with a luminous needle, and 300,000 compasses, costing \$40,000, have already been ordered.

It is proposed in Great Britain to reduce the duty on industrial alcohol so that motorists can get it for six-pence a gallon.

The French Department of Justice has ordered an investigation of the case of Paul Roy, the Frenchman accused by his American wife, "Glacia Cala," of killing her brother at Newington, N. H.

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PROMINENT PEOPLE.

W. R. Hearst is a business man, with a payroll of \$5,000,000.

Colonel Goethals says the Panama Canal will be open for business January 1, 1915.

John D. Rockefeller complimented the Rev. Dr. Aked on a sermon concerning race tracks.

Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, in a speech at Shiloh battlefield, said recent Supreme Court rulings tend to class States as federal dependencies.

Many years a director and for a time president of the New York Life Insurance Company, Alexander E. Orr, retired on account of advancing years.

Prince Nashimoto, a cousin of the Emperor of Japan, has arrived in Paris, where for two or three years he will devote himself to military study.

The death of Charles H. Parker in his ninety-second year removes the oldest graduate of Harvard College, in which he was a member of the class of 1831.

McGill University will bestow upon Sir Caspar Purdon Clark, director of the Metropolitan Art Gallery, New York City, the honorary degree of Doctor of laws.

Ex-Governor Morrill, of Kansas, now worth half a million dollars, was once so hard up that he lost a quarter section of land because he couldn't pay the taxes.

Secretary of State Elihu Root has completed his sixty-third year. During his term he has traveled farther than any of his predecessors in the office. He has visited South America, Mexico and Canada.

At Milford, Conn., Lieutenant Charles A. L. Totten, U. S. Army, retired, and former Yale professor, died a few days ago. He was widely known because of mathematical deductions upon which he based prophetic interpretations of Scriptures.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

Hamilton, Ohio, has sixty-cent gas.

Chicago will establish a curb market.

Independent automobile manufacturers plan a traveling exhibition of cars.

The German Imperial Government is thinking of establishing a petroleum monopoly.

America leads the world in trade with Japan, according to figures published in Tokio.

The National Civil Service Reform League in a pamphlet attacked the Crumpacker census bill.

Federal Judge Grosscup, speaking in Philadelphia, assailed President Roosevelt's attitude on the Anti-Trust Law.

Three thousand Chinese, residents of Manila, are held at Amoy on account of the prevalence of trachoma among