

HIS GIFT.
My little boy of six, one day, came
in and wheedled me—
With heart as light as thistle-down,
As every boy should be—
To make for him some overalls, and
so I made almost lives in them—
And now he almost lives in them—
we're miles from anywhere;
He wanted just one pocket, and its
size is six by three,
But how he makes it hold so much
is always puzzling me;
He came in all puffed up this morn,
and in my apron laid
The contents of his pocket, and he
said: "Don't be afraid,
They're just the beautifullest things
I think you ever had."
He was so happy that I had not heart
to make him sad;
I praised his gift! My apron held two
worms tied to a nail,
A lizard, crawfish, turtle, toad, a
dragon fly and snail.
Afraid! How could I be afraid with
sharp eyes watching me!
I took the ugliest in my hand and
stroked it, gingerly.
—M. Winchester Adams, in New York
Times.

Architects of Fate.

By LOUISE SANBORN.

Herbert Bryce was not a sentimentalist, but a practical, hard-headed young man of stern New England parentage, whose rugged manhood had been formed in the school of economy and self-denial. As for love at first sight he would have scoffed at the idea if it had ever been suggested to him, but his thoughts had never wandered into the rosy realms of love, and none of his friends would have considered asking his opinion upon any phase of that subject.

He had never found time to enjoy the society of the gentler sex, intent as he was upon making a success of his chosen profession—that of an architect. Nevertheless, almost unconsciously he had formed an ideal of a home that some day would be his, and of the quiet, sweet woman modeled in his imagination after his mother, who should sit beside a work basket under the lamplight to cheer him when his day's work was done. Into this very conservative air castle there came crashing one day a beautiful, tropical creature, the exact antithesis of the lady underneath the visionary lamplight, and who so filled the modest picture-home that it burst like a soap bubble and the work basket vanished into thin air. In the flash of an eye Herbert Bryce had fallen in love, and he was to be totally unprepared. The ground seemed swept from beneath his feet and he to be floating in chaos.

Madeline Carter was beyond his reach, that he well knew. And there-in lay his despair. Moreover she belonged to the class that he himself had been wont to characterize as the "idle rich," whose sole purpose in living was the indulgence of self. Family instinct and tradition urged him to condemn her as unworthy of his love. But the grim fact remained that Bryce was face to face with the greatest of human forces, and he recognized it. His well-ordered plans were wrecked. The lady under the lamplight was henceforth impossible; everything was impossible! And he had seen her only once. He strove with all his strength to shake off the spell. He called himself a moaning fool and applied either unpleasant and undesired epithets to himself. But he could think of nothing and no one but her.

She had sent for him to thank him personally for having saved her life, and he had sought excuses for putting off the call. His physical courage had not faltered when he had sprang into the street to seize the heads of the runaway pair that threatened the lives of the two women in the swaying victoria. It was when he was being lifted, half-unconscious, but not seriously injured, from under the horses' feet that the look from her wonderful eyes had entered his soul. And now he had not the moral courage to be in her presence and know what she was not for him.

In those days of torment his intimate friend, Horace Turner, wrung his secret from him. For the first time Bryce learned that his friend was a distant cousin of Miss Carter. Turner had never mentioned the relationship, for, as he laughingly said: "It seemed like bragging. But I know her well, old man," he said. "Go in and win. She's not a spook, and you are equal in manliness to the best of them."

But Bryce's jaw set itself. "I would never marry a woman so much richer than I. What could I offer her?" The ghost of his air castle flickered before him a moment. "She would not fit into a home that I could give her. I shall call once, as courtesy demands, but that shall be all."

But he didn't call. Miss Carter left suddenly for her country home.

In a week Bryce received a note signed "Frances Carter," explaining that the writer was Miss Madeline Carter's cousin and secretary. That Miss Carter wished him to prepare plans for a bungalow which she wished built on a part of her land overlooking the ocean. That Miss Carter wished her (the writer) to deal with

him and make arrangements to spend a week at Miss Carter's home and study the ground before drawing any plans.

Bryce's lips tightened as he read. "She has turned me over to the poor relation," he thought cynically. "So much the better for me."

When Bryce alighted from the train it was the woman of his waking dreams that smiled at him from the dog cart.

"I am Miss Frances Carter," she explained. "My cousin wants to rest this summer and has turned over this work to me."

Bryce recovered himself with difficulty from the revulsion of feeling caused by the discovery that the girl he had taken for the rich Miss Carter was only her secretary after all. The other quiet girl in the victoria had been the heiress. He could hardly restrain his happiness, but he managed to murmur a suitable commonplace.

The week that followed was an Arabian Night's dream to the young architect. He found the beautiful secretary to be a sensible girl of liberal education with a technical knowledge of his art that pleased and surprised him. Here was a noble woman who could fit into his life as his heart. He could even imagine her with a work basket in her elbow. In fact he had actually seen her engaged with that symbol of domesticity. But the fear that she could not love such a dull plodder as he considered himself beset him daily.

Some months after that first happy week they stood together in the completed bungalow one cool autumn morning looking out upon the sparkling sea. Then he told her of his love, and she unveiled her beautiful eyes and he saw in them the love he craved. And then he told her of his hopes, and of his modest fortune, and of the slightly lot of land he owned upon which they would build a house together, providing she felt she could give up the luxuries of her present home.

With her lovely head upon his breast and her heavenly eyes raised to his she answered him, "The luxury of your love is the only one I want. But when you know how I have deceived you perhaps you won't care for me." He only held her closer. "My name," she continued, "is Madeline Frances, and that of my cousin is Frances Madeline. Horace Turner told me of your dislike of an idle woman, and to disarm you of your prejudice and prove to you that I am not a worthless drone I dropped my first name and changed places with Frances, for I loved you from that moment when you looked up at me from beneath my horse's feet. Can you forgive me?"

His answer was not in words, but it satisfied her.—Boston Post.

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According to expert Government reports on fuel the gas engine is capable of generating from two and a half to three times as much power from a given amount of coal as the steam engine.

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The lignite coal of North Dakota, says the National Magazine, has thus been made to give out as much gas engine force as the best West Virginia and bituminous coal used under steam boilers.

Some sort of coal is indigenous to almost all parts of America, but the fact that in the average steam engine only 5 per cent of the coal energy is transformed into actual working power made low grade coal of little commercial value until the perfection of the gas engine, which increases the efficiency of fuel by almost 12 per cent.

Time was when the big mills had to be placed beside some swift running stream to secure water power. Later on factories sought the vicinity of the great coal fields, but today, with the generating power of the gas engine, it is a matter of little importance—so far as power is concerned—where a plant is built.

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State of Pennsylvania

Demand Bibles.

Norristown.—A score of boys and girls of the Bridgeport schools refused to attend sessions because of the action of School Board in barring the reading of the Bible and reciting the Lord's Prayer at opening exercises. The children instead of attending school waited upon John Blair, the director who has opposed the proposition of Director Miles Lawless, and while he counseled them to abide by the decision of the majority of the directors, they declared that they would only attend school when the Bible was restored. Parents are back of the children, and as the general sentiment is against the board's action, it is believed that a special meeting will be held to reconsider.

Sportsmen Choose Officers.

Pottstown.—At the closing session of the first annual State camp of the United Sportsmen of Pennsylvania at Collegeville, these officers were elected: President, Howard A. Chase, Philadelphia, vice president, Oscar C. Thompson, Phoenixville; treasurer, J. W. Criswell, Harrisburg; recording secretary, Phil D. Davis, Pottstown; corresponding secretary, William E. Meehan, Philadelphia. Harry E. Trumbauer, of Ropersford, was awarded the silver trophy cup, breaking 92 out of a hundred targets.

Convicted Of Arson.

Carlisle.—A verdict of guilty was rendered by Cumberland County jury here against Charles Shearer and Harry Martin, charged with burning at different times the large local manufacturing establishments known as the Axle Work and the Carlisle Manufacturing Company's frog shops, which caused the loss of over \$200,000.

Physician Acquitted.

Pottsville.—Prosecuted by the county medical society because he is not registered as a physician by the State Medical Council, although he is practicing as a physician, a jury acquitted Dr. C. C. Gallagher, of Coaldale. It was admitted that Gallagher has not passed a State examination, although he has a diploma from the Atlanta Medical College. He is a dentist and claimed the right to practice on that score.

Dies Of Lockjaw.

Huntingdon.—Andrew J. Tyson, a well known contractor of this county, died of lockjaw, aged 68. A week ago, while working on a house at Barree Station, he fell from the roof and received the injuries which resulted in his death. A few weeks ago his son, Station Agent Tyson, of Barree, was accidentally killed by falling under the wheels of a Pennsylvania freight train.

Rope Breaks, Miner Dead.

Shenandoah.—A rope broke on No. 5 slope at Kohinor colliery as a dozen mine workers were on their way up after finishing their work for the day. Two wagons dashed down the slope at a terrific speed, doing great damage and instantly killing Timothy Ferguson, aged 23 years, and the mule he drove. The twelve men had a miraculous escape.

Fighting "King Credit."

Bangor.—All the merchants of Bangor, East Bangor, Penargyl, Nazareth, Slatington, Allentown and Easton were represented in a district convention at Penargyl and were addressed by State Organizer Rittenhouse at a big meeting there on the subject of "King Credit." The merchants' next step is to do business on a cash basis, they say.

Crushed To Death.

York.—Lester Phillips, 22 years old, was crushed to death at New Holland, when six tons of rock fell from the side of a quarry in which he was working. Two other workmen had narrow escapes from death. At the time of the accident Phillips with several workmen was drilling a hole preparatory to a blast. He had no warning of the danger from overhead and was unable to escape.

Station Burned.

Doylstown.—Chalfonte station was destroyed by fire of a mysterious origin. It is believed by the authorities that thieves started the blaze to cover all traces of their work. The station has been robbed several times before.

Falling Coal Kills Miner.

Shenandoah.—John Sakalosky, aged 40, an experienced contract miner, was instantly killed by a fall of coal at the William Penn colliery.

Pastor A Census Supervisor.

Lewistown.—George Joseph, a clergyman, has been appointed census supervisor of the Thirteenth Pennsylvania District, in which his ministerial work during the past thirty years has chiefly been performed.

Insane From Cigarettes.

Pottsville.—Smoking for some time past from twelve to fifteen packs of cigarettes a day, George Butts, aged 26, went crazy here and was committed to prison, violently insane. Butts labors under the hallucination that he has been followed by scores of women and regiments of soldiers.

New Industries For Easton.

Easton.—At the monthly meeting of the Easton Board of Trade it was announced that two new industries had been secured for this city, one a taxicab manufacturing plant, the other a leather belt industry. Joseph M. Hackett has donated the land for the two industries. It was announced also that the committee appointed for the purpose had raised \$455,000 of the half million guarantee fund that the board will create to aid in establishing industries here.

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Famous Commercial Travelers

By FORREST CRISSEY.

Marshall Field was a commercial traveler; so were John Wanamaker and Tom Murray. So also were Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, and Richard Cobden, the famous English statesman and writer. Ex-Governor Frank Black, of New York, followed "the road" with his sample cases before beginning his legal and political career. Walter D. Moody, one of the chief executives of the Chicago Association of Commerce and author of "Men Who Sell Things," was for fifteen years a road salesman. This list might be extended almost indefinitely.

Occasionally the commercial traveler leaves the road to enter one of the professions. Milton J. Foreman, one of the leaders of the Chicago bar, president of the Chicago Charter Association, alderman, and a power in local politics, was a "star" hat salesman and took his law books on the road with him until he was well grounded in the rudiments of the profession.

Another commercial traveler, Charles N. Crewdson, took a course in the University of Chicago after he was married. There he became interested in Egyptology and later, between his regular commercial trips on the road, visited Egypt and studied the ancient ruins at first hand. This brought him into print in a series of travel articles, and he found that he could write, and write well. Later he began to draw upon his experience as a commercial traveler for literary material and scored a success and a National reputation. But he resolutely withstood all temptation to be drawn away from the road. His work kept him in touch with the world of affairs, and one day his alert eye caught sight of the opportunity to start a novel business "on the side." His "road partner" became his actual partner in the new enterprise. Their work for their respective houses took them where they most needed to go in the interest of their private venture. To-day one of these men draws a salary of \$12,000 and the other a little less than that, while their private venture probably yields them more than they earn from their regular calling.—Everybody's.

TREASURE HUNTING IN EGYPT.

A certain native discovered the entrance of a tomb in the floor of his stable, and at once proceeded to worm his way down the tunnel. That was the end of the man. His wife, finding that he had not returned two hours or so later, went down the newly found tunnel after him. That was the end of her also. In turn three other members of the family went down into the darkness, and that was the end of them. A native official was then called, and lighting his way with a candle, penetrated down the winding passage. The air was so foul that he was soon obliged to retreat, but he stated that he was just able to see in the distance ahead the bodies of the unfortunate peasants, all of which had been overcome by what he quaintly described as "the evil lighting and bad climate." Various attempts at the rescue of the bodies having failed, we gave orders that this tomb should be regarded as their sepulchre, and that its mouth should be sealed up. According to the natives, there was evidently a vast hoard of wealth stored at the bottom of this tomb, and the would-be robbers had met their death at the hands of the demon in charge of it, who had seized each man by the throat as he came down the tunnel and had strangled him.—A. E. P. Weigall, in Putnam's Magazine.

Invisible Forces.

All great forces are invisible and silent; only their effects are seen. The power of a true life, who can measure it?

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