

HE'S OLD, BUT YOUNG

Editor Dana a Sprightly Intellectual Athlete at 73 Years of Age.

SIMPLE RULES OF LIFE.

Vacations and the Ability to Control His Mind Account For

HIS GREAT CAPACITY FOR DOING.

Memories of His Poetic and Intellectual Life at Brook Farm.

CRAWFORD'S PEN PICTURE OF THE MAN

One of the most notable figures in American journalism is that of Mr. Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun. He has had over 50 years' experience as a manager, writer, correspondent and editor.

annce myself, go to the theater or visit friends. "You have the reputation of being a great traveler. That is done around the shops and when traveling. "You are said to be a great cultivator of roses. "I am not. I have a small place down on Long Island called 'West Island' and there I cultivate every tree and plant of the temperate zone, and there is a very extensive collection of plants, but all that is situated on Sundays and afternoons after I get home.

"How can you utilize the time?" "Thirty miles is about an hour's ride; takes about an hour and three-quarters from the office to the house, and there I see a good many people. In the morning I read the papers, and after that sleep and take a nap. No time is not wasted when you are not doing anything.

"What is the idea of the Puritans that it was?" "The Puritan's idea was that there should not be any pleasure in the world."

"Do you think that your habit of letting your work go and devoting yourself to congenial things, as much as anything, has given you your strength and ability to work?"

"It is a vacation—it is a vacation." "Your work is your vacation?"

"No, the other way around. I bought this country place 20 years ago, and spend a great deal of time there, including all the Sundays, and I think it is so much gain, apart from the pleasure."

"How much of the time do you actually devote to the detail work of the paper?" "Here, to-day, for instance. I came here at 10:30, rather later than usual, and I shall go away at 3:45. That is about four, five or six hours, but generally, I should say, taking the year through, five or six hours."

"What class of work do you do on the newspaper?" "Pretty nearly every class. I do not write a great deal, but I always have a stenographer."

"I take an excursion every year of one, two or three months; generally go to Europe."

"I regard it as very important to get entirely out of the rut; to go where nobody can reach you with any questions, telegrams, avoid the necessity of writing letters of recommendations—anything, that is a pure vacation."

"Do you observe any special rules to keep yourself in good physical condition?" "I never saw anyone of your age who does so much work in such fine condition."

"The only rule is, not to eat too much." "Do you sleep?" "If you don't sleep, you can't work. I sleep at least eight hours."

"Do you use any wines?" "I take a little whisky and water. When I was a young fellow I drank wine, but now the doctors say I must let it alone, or I will have the gout."

"Do you smoke?" "Never. But I am smoked of it. When I was about 13 I smoked a cigar that was too much for me; I have never smoked since. Yet I am very fond of the odor and flavor."

"Don't you think that much of your physical condition comes from your tranquility of mind. You are not easily worried?" "My nerves are good, and I don't easily get excited. One inherits these things."

"Do you take exercise?" "I take a great deal of exercise. A man who travels 80 miles a day on the railroad, and by carriage—drives himself out walks around his place half an hour or so gets quite a good deal of exercise. I don't take any regular exercise."

"Do you follow what is called an American diet? Do you take a heavy breakfast?" "When I live in France I follow the French system. Here I have to take it as I can get it."

"When you write do you dictate or write with your own hand?" "I always dictate."

"Once heard Mr. Blaine say he did not think the highest class work could be arrived at by a writer who dictated."

"I don't believe that. It is a mere question of thought. If you have the thing in your mind you can express it yourself, or dictate it to anyone. I don't think it makes much difference. If your articles have the ideas and thoughts, the principal thing, they will produce their own effect. Whether they are signed John Smith or Horace Greeley, what difference does it make, except a man may be attached to certain things, but generally speaking, the effect is in the idea."

"The newspapers must pay." "What is the prime object, from your standpoint, in the publication of a newspaper?" "That is a complicated question. The great object, of course, is business. A newspaper is published for the sake of profits, like any other business; then there comes in the intellectual motive, the success of a cause, the supremacy of one party over another, and these things which intellectual men contend about, but no newspaper could be published unless it paid, and when you take a modern newspaper, with the capital invested, it is required to carry it on, where, for instance, it costs \$150,000 each, it is plain there must be a considerable profit or the enterprise would not live."

"What is the great expense of producing a metropolitan paper for a day?" "I never calculated. I should say, take the whole thing, all around, month by month, it would cost more, but I don't think it would not vary much, I think."

"Then you don't think the question of centrality, or improving the public, enters any more into the conduct of a newspaper than any other business?" "Yes, a little more, because the intellectual character of newspaper requires it to discuss political moral questions, which is not the case of most other businesses."

"Is there any place to work?" "At home?" "Nothing but get my dinner."

THE VALUE OF TIME.

Rev. George Hodges Puts True Old Thoughts Into New Dresses.

A TALK ON COMMENCEMENT DAY.

The Hour is Worth Just What Is Put Into It by Each Individual.

DOLLAR TIME PUT INTO PENNY JOBS

It was the privilege of the parson, not long ago, to address a company of young men upon the occasion of the graduation of a dozen of them from one of the best schools in the United States of America. At the request of the faculty and the seniors the words then spoken are here written out, as well as memory permits, for the sake of any other boys who care to read them.

These young men, the parson said, are richer than many of us, because they have more time now than we have—a great deal more time, I hope, in the future; and certainly more time now. And time is one of the most precious of all human possessions.

It is not likely that you realize how rich you are. You think, perhaps, that when you get out of school, and time, as you say, is your "own," that you will have more leisure. But that is a great mistake. You will find as you grow older that the years grow shorter.

As you grow older, you will very often find yourself saying, "My days were 48 hours in every day, and no night at all. Modern Savings Banks for Tim."

The latter half of this century has been remarkable for the invention of appliances for saving time. The railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, the typewriter, the phonograph—not to mention the great machines which save time in the mills—have all been inventions of the modern world.

There is a proportion which they serve as savings banks for time. And yet somehow comes about that the more time we save the less we have.

No generation that has lived upon the planet since the day when the morning stars sang together at the creation of the world, has ever known such a famine of spare time.

Some of you are in the century dictionary to see if the word "leisure" is still a part of the English language. Perhaps they have marked it obsolete.

Certainly in this century of ours, it is in a perpetual hurry. We must be all the time doing something. We are ashamed to be caught enjoying ourselves as long as we are stealing—stealing time.

Accordingly, the word which I want to speak to you is about time.

You have learned, no doubt, long since that an hour is 60 minutes, and that a yard is 36 inches long. It is just so, however, that these words, "an hour" and "a yard," are terms not of value but of measurement.

The value of a yard depends upon the length of the standard yard-stick. It may be a yard of cotton cloth; it may be a yard of ground along the chief street of a great city.

So the value of an hour depends upon the way in which the hour is spent, and partly upon the person who spends it.

Think of the precious hour as the sun measures it out to every globe. There are 60 minutes in it, 60 minutes on this beautiful hill, in the midst of these scholarly surroundings, in the heart of the great city, where men and women with unclean hands and faces, and hearts no much better, are this moment drinking and eating and drinking and eating.

There is a difference between the two. The one is a man of great genius, and the other is a man of average ability. The one is a man of great genius, and the other is a man of average ability.

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A HOLE FULL OF CATS.

The Fun Two Boys of Pennsylvania's Wilds Had in the Woods.

TIBED OF PLANTING POTATOES.

They Thought They Could Make More Killing Mountain Screamer.

HOW THEY WERE WRECKED IN A RUT

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) ROULETTE, PA., July 1.

HEN I was fishing down on Barber run, Doc Barnes came one day and said he had just been up to farmer Ben Pomeroy's and Jim Crane, taking some stitches in Ben's boy Sam and Jim's boy Joe. The circumstances that led to his call up in that neighborhood, as a near as I could gather it from authentic sources, was substantially as follows:

Fourteen-year-old Sam Pomeroy was industriously planting potatoes in a back field on his father's farm, that forenoon when 13-year-old Joe Crane came along.

"Plantin' taters," said Joe. "What do you git fer doin' it?" asked Joe.

"Don't git nothin' fer doin' it," replied Sam. "For no other reason but I like it."

"Then there was a silence for a moment or so. By and by Joe said: 'It's too wet to plant taters.' He lit his pipe."

"Don't seem to strike my pap that way," said Sam, and he planted along. Silence for a spell. Then Joe said: "This is a wild cat in a piece, Sam."

A Temptation Worse Than Adam's. "Go 'way!" exclaimed Sam, straining up and leaning on his hoe, "where 'bout?"

"This beyond the laurel patch, right edge of the Devil's Rut," replied Joe. Sam pondered in silence for a minute with his chin on his hoe, and then, sighing deeply, resumed his planting; Joe broke the silence again.

"Can't you sneak your pap's gun?" said Joe. "I've seen 'em pap's," said Sam, leaning on his hoe with one hand, and scratching his head with the other. "You'll lick me like tarantula fer knockin' off plantin'."

"That's two dollars bounty 'st fer the wild cat's ears," insinuated Joe. "An' the wild cat's ears are worth a whole lot more than that!"

"That's so!" said Sam shaking his head dejectedly. "Durn the taters!"

"There's a circus over to town next week," said Joe, "and I'll let you go to the Fourth of July. I'll pose your pap'll give you \$2, or more, to take 'em in."

"Not by a jugful, he won't!" exclaimed Sam, dropping his hoe. "Where'll I meet you?"

"By the rock spring," replied Joe. "I got pap's gun hid up there."

And Joe went back to the woods, while Sam took a circuitous route for some time, as his father was plowing on the direct route. In less than a quarter of an hour he and Joe loaded their guns on the rock spring, and crept to the place where the wild cat was alleged to be lurking.

It wasn't a Wild Goose Chase. That there was a wild cat in the vicinity, and a big one, was well known. Some said there were two. One had been seen several times at any rate, and a number of lambs had been carried off, and poultry yards had been thinned out in a way that denoted the methods of the wild cat. So there was no doubt that one of these destructive prowlers, at least, was operating in the neighborhood.

Men had hunted for it, and trapped, but to no avail. It had tried fur eluded hunter and trapper. The day Joe Crane appeared to Sam Pomeroy in the potato field, he had been looking for a hawk's nest that he had been told was somewhere about the old pine stubs around the Devil's Rut, when he ran across a big wild cat, which ran up a tree, roused in the fork, and glared back at him.

He had thereupon hurried home, "sneak" his father's gun, and with rare diplomacy induced Sam to "sneak" his father's gun, and join in a campaign against the wild cat and sars.

Joe, as arbiter of the hunt, sent Sam through the laurel patch when they got there, where he shrewdly suspected the catmound had his refuge, while he himself went around the patch to be ready for the wild cat if Sam routed it out. Sam started the big cat and got a shot at it.

The Game Dead but Out of Reach. He broke one of his hind legs, but the wildcat bounded out of the laurels on three legs. It came out near Joe, and he gave it a charge from his pap's gun, and tumbled it heels over head. It fell, and lay right on the edge of the Devil's Rut, and its dying kicks carried it over the edge and it fell headlong to the bottom of the rut.

The Devil's Rut, so called, is a canon on a small scale. It is a seam in the rocks, not over 100 feet wide at its widest part, 30 feet deep and a quarter of a mile long. Joe and Sam looked down into the Devil's Rut, and could see the wildcat lying there dead. To climb down the side of the opening was an impossibility, and it looked as if the hunt was to be a fruitless one, after all.

"We're dished!" said Sam, "I'm a heap worse off than nothin', for I'll git no 'til 'er pap's lickerin'!"

But Sam was too much of a pessimist. Joe was optimistic and resourceful. If he hadn't been he would have lost the wildcat's bounty and his skin, but both he and Sam had been returned here, but with some skin of their own that they did, to say nothing of clothes.

It is a great place for wild grapes around the Devil's Rut. The vines are so thick and tend from tree to tree, some of them in a continuous stretch for 50 feet or more. It took Joe Crane no longer than two minutes to think out a plan for securing the wildcat and all that it implied.

A Rope Prepared by Nature. He traced out a vine that had thrown it itself through the trees for 15 or 20 yards from the patch edge. He climbed the tree

IN SUCCESSION, CUTTING THE WILD CATS FROM THE BRANCH VINES AND TENDRILS THAT HELD IT, AND AT LAST HE GOT FREE.

long rope fully 50 feet in length. The two boys tested its strength by both pulling their weight on it at once, and hanging from it. It held staunch and safe to its native tree. Joe lowered the vine to the bottom of the Devil's Rut and threw down upon it into the ravine, hand over hand.

His intentions were to fasten the wildcat's carcass to the vine and have Sam haul it up, but while Sam was waiting for the signal to pull away he heard Joe shouting something else.

"Hello, Sam," Joe's voice came up from the Rut. "Drop down here with the gun! This is a hole full of wildcats!"

Sam couldn't drop down with the gun, so he tied them to a long grapevine and lowered them to the bottom. Then he dropped the signal to pull away and joined Joe in the Rut.

"Look in yander!" said Joe, pointing to a big hole in the rocks. Sam looked and saw four balls of fire, all in a row.

Counting Chicks Before the Hatching. "Each pair of 'em bolls o' fire," said Joe, "is 'two dollars fer bounty and two dollars for hide. That's taters four is eight, and this hole's full of 'em bolls. Two is four, makin' twelve, 'coridin' to Sabel. You take the two bolls on the right side, Sam, an' I'll take the two on the left side. But I say three, let 'er him!"

It seemed a good while to Sam before Joe said three, but when the word came he "let 'er him," according to directions. Both appeared at once, and the four balls of fire disappeared. But something else came in sight. Two wildcats bounded out of the hole over the bodies of the two boys and yaller down the report of the gun was still bowling along the narrow passage in booming echoes, and before the boys had time to be surprised, they found themselves on top of the rock bottom of the Devil's Rut, with the wildcat's grapevines, guns and stones in such a way that the impress of it on their minds will be fresh and vivid long after the impressions made on their bodies have healed up and disappeared.

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A WARNING OF DEATH

Scientific Explanation of the Ticking of the Death Watch.

IT'S THE ANTIC OF A BEETLE.

Fixing the Eyes on Distant Objects Is a Cure for Seasickness.

TOWING BARGES ACROSS THE OCEAN

There is a more or less clearly defined thread of superstition running through the minds of most people, and not a few who have at various times been involuntary listeners to the sound of unfamiliar ticking, especially during the hours of darkness, have been unable to prevent their imaginations leading them back to the stories told them in childhood of the dreaded omen of the tick of the death watch, which precedes a death in the family.

It is now well known that the ticking is produced by an insect, and a Parisian chemist has not only taken the trouble to investigate the subject thoroughly, but has sent to a Paris party two insects actually caught in the act of producing the sounds alluded to. They were on the same sheet of packing paper (strong tarred paper), but on the opposite sides and at a distance of about four inches apart. One struck forcibly with his head at the rate of six blows per second, and the insect on the lower side answered as soon as the other had finished.

The insect is a tiny beetle, barely a quarter of an inch long. It is generally during the night that it