

FIGHTING FOR A "ZOO."

Langley's Persistent Efforts to Preserve Wild Animals.

The National Zoological Park at Washington, Ernest Thompson, the author-artist, what hard work Prof. Langley...

Langley's persistent efforts to preserve wild animals. The National Zoological Park at Washington...

FROM A CAR WINDOW.

One Man Who Will Not Throw Things Out Any More.

The drummer sitting next to the window was about to throw his cigar out when the drummer opposite...

Spread of Our Language.

Writing on the decline of the French language, M. Jean Finot points out that at the end of the last century...

Honey and Money.

The bee industry employs 300,000 persons and the revenue from it is about \$20,000,000 a year.

Parson—If dar's enny body hear...

Parson—If dar's enny body hear dat hez enny reasons why dis couple should be jined, let 'em now specify de same or foreberber keep deir mouf shut.

HE SAYS WE NEED NOT DIE

If We Will But Follow Certain Scientific Rules.

IEWS OF PROF. TYNER.

He Claims That Death is Not Inherent in Living Matter, But in the Violation of Natural Laws—Yet Probably We Shall All Die Just the Same.

Prof. Paul Tyner, lecturer on applied metaphysics, says men and women may live forever if they follow scientific methods. Says this professor of the New Thought:

"Life is not in the flesh, nor in any organization of flesh in itself. It is in the universal ether and in the sunshine that warms and lights an atom's sphere."

"I contend that life in its very essence is universal, infinite and indestructible; consequently the living human organism must be consciously controlled and directed so as to absorb or appropriate all the life it can use."



(Prof. Paul Tyner.)

constantly, Weismann's discovery of the immortality of the protozoa—the simplest form of animal life—demonstrated that death is not inherent in living matter.

"This gave science the problem of accounting for death in the higher animal organism and particularly in man. For ten or fifteen years the scientists have struggled with the problem. The only attempt to answer it is that of Prof. Virchow of Vienna, who maintains that in the higher animal organism the protoplasmic cells are taken out of this natural environment. This hypothesis I attack, believing that it can be clearly shown that a marshalling of the atoms out of chaos into order, a bringing of them into the more orderly relation possible in the highest organism instead of depriving them of their inherent immortality, should only serve the higher and fuller expression of that immortality. Men go down in disease and weakness to the grave because they do not open the system to the inflow of life, ready to pour in when the way is open. We are all eligible to physical immortality, we are heirs of our forebears only in so far as we choose to accept that inheritance, neglecting our duty to better it. But our larger inheritance, I feel positive, is from God—an inheritance of eternal life and endless growth, or rather a continuation of this existence without the necessity of dying."

"I arise in the morning, I stand in my room, facing the east, placing myself in an attitude of breathing from the sun and to the sun my thoughts centered at the solar plexus. Beginning with my single breathing exercises intended to bring the system into harmony with the larger harmony of outer nature. From this point we proceed to control and govern the breath in its movements and attitude of the body for longer and shorter periods and to particular ends and objects."

"A man of highly nervous temperament is brought into poise and balance through lowering his vibration, while a man of phlegmatic temperament requires a rising of vibration. This is secured by transference of mental conditions by induction from operator to subject. If we would know ourselves we must get acquainted with the sun in our bodies and give it a chance to feel and vibrate in harmony with its other half. Absorb sunshine through every pore, inhale it with every breath, drink it with every draught, eat it in fullness and sweetness and ripe lusciousness of fruits."

The Missing Commandments.

The brilliant young preacher, when he makes his parochial calls, endeavors to cultivate an acquaintance with the development of the younger minds, thus after a fashion keeping tab upon his Sunday school teachers.

The Lot of Woman

"You certainly can't call the ell skirt very sensible." "No, it seems to be decreed that a woman cannot show good lines and a good sense at the same time."—Detroit Free Press.

Lolling Luke

Lolling Luke—"Did yer digestion ever go back on yer, Hungry?" Hungry Joe—"Omet." Lolling Luke—"When was dat." Hungry Joe—"I hooked a box one night wot I thought was candy lozenges, and et some in de dark, but dey was not." Lolling Luke—"Wot was dey?" Hungry Joe—"Yeast cakes." Cholly—"I think in me heart—" Daisy—"Why, Cholly, you must be a freak. Every one else thinks in his head."

HAWKINS' REWARD.

A reform movement had been started at Tough Luck. It was needed, too, for the morals of the camp were at a low ebb.

Dick Redburn was the first victim of this reform movement. The grave crime of which he was accused was vagrancy, but his real offense was that he refused to be robbed by the gamblers.

Redburn treated the notice as a joke and made no pretensions of obeying it. When twenty-four hours had passed and the reformers found him still in the camp they decided to take a more decisive step. They would punish him for his defiance of their authority and at the same time make him an example for other evildoers. They would give him a slight taste of hanging—just enough to show him what it was like.

Accordingly a half-dozen men, with Jack Brown at their head, went down to Redburn's cabin with a new rope. They called Redburn out, and Brown, the worst gambler in the camp, by the way, informed him of their purpose.

"Surely," Redburn cried in alarm, "you do not mean to treat me that way?" "We surely do," Brown replied coolly. "We've got to tune up the morals of this camp and to do that we've got to weed out the dangerous characters."

"You defied our warning, and now we'll hang you a little, just to impress it on your mind that we are in earnest. Boys," he added to his companions, "do your worst."

The man who held the rope advanced to put it about the old man's neck, but at that moment a stalwart young man appeared in the doorway holding two pistols which were pointed right at the mob. The man with the rope recoiled instantly. The man with the pistols was Bob Hawkins, a hard-working miner well known in the camp.

"I'll shoot the first man who lays a finger on Redburn to hurt him," Hawkins announced. "I mean what I say, too."

Brown started to say something in answer, but instead of speaking he stood with his mouth open and his eyes staring in amazement at a beautiful young woman who at that instant appeared at the door. Finally he ejaculated:

"Ah!"

"Ah!" she cried in turn. Fully a minute more the two stared at each other in silent astonishment. At last, however, Brown managed to say: "Minnie, how on earth do you happen to be here?"



"Well, name it."

"He," she replied, pointing to Redburn, "is my father. I came to see him."

"Your father!" Brown gasped. "Yes, my father," she answered. "And now, sir," she demanded severely, "why are you here?"

Brown let his head droop and a flush spread over his face. "I never suspected," he said at last, "that he was your father."

"If you had suspected you would have spared him?" "Certainly, I love you too much to injure any one so closely related to you."

"Thanks. Now you take your love and leave here. I despise the sight of you."

Brown hesitated but Hawkins spoke up, giving him and his men one minute to disappear and they turned and sullenly walked away. When they had gone a short distance, however, Brown whirled about and cried defiantly:

"We go, but in less than an hour we'll return and we'll come with enough to help to carry things our way. We'll kill Bob Hawkins—and Minnie, you will have your choice either to marry me or see your father hung."

When Brown and his gang were gone Hawkins hastily informed Redburn that he would go to the miners for more assistance. Redburn agreed that was best but Minnie was loath to let Bob go. She felt so secure under his protection.

"Suppose," she said, "those men should get back before you! What would become of us?" "It is absolutely necessary to have help," he assured her, "and I will not lose a moment."

"Then go," she said, "but hasten." Hawkins had been gone about half an hour when Minnie, walking to the door and looking out up the road, saw a body of men approaching.

but found nobody. The cabin was deserted.

"Quick, men!" Jack Brown cried. "Scatter in every direction and search for them. They cannot be far away, for I saw them at the door as we came down the road."

The mob dispersed and ran about in every direction. They searched everywhere, but it was of no use. Dick Redburn and his daughter had disappeared as effectually and mysteriously as though they had faded away. Nounplished and disappointed, the men collected again at the cabin, and while they were standing there puzzling over what had transpired Bob Hawkins and a body of miners charged down on them.

The miners supposed that Redburn and his daughter were in danger, so they opened fire on the mob. Some members of the mob fired a shot in return, but the greater part of them ran away at the first evidence of danger. Jack Brown alone stood his ground. He fired two shots at Bob Hawkins, one of which inflicted a flesh wound, while the other cut through Bob's clothing just under his left arm.

But those two shots were the last Jack Brown ever fired, for a ball, sent by a steady hand, sped straight through his heart.

That ended the fight and the reign of reform in Tough Luck. The miners took matters in hand and inaugurated a new system of things. They ran several of the more disreputable characters out of the camp, though plenty who were not above reproach remained.

Several weeks passed before Bob Hawkins recovered from his wound. During that time he thought often of Minnie Redburn, and every day he wondered what had become of her and her father. He learned of their mysterious disappearance, and he had never been able to understand it. If they were alive they certainly ought to write to him. He had won enough for them to entitle him to that much consideration.

The summer passed, and along in the fall Bob went down to "Frisco. He had begun to hope and had lost his zest for work, so that the miners said he was not much good any more. They thought he was being heart-since fortune had fought shy of him in all his mining efforts, but they were mistaken. He was simply lovesick.

His purpose in going to "Frisco was, ostensibly, to look after some business matters, but in reality he went there in the hope of finding some trace of Dick Redburn and his daughter, and particularly the latter. But he had spent a month there, and though he had scoured every directory and made every possible inquiry, and frequented churches, theatres and every other place that he thought it possible Minnie might go, he had seen nothing of her nor found anything that gave him a trace of her whereabouts.

At last he gave up the search and started to return to Tough Luck. He was on his way to the stage-coach office to take passage for the mountains. He was down-hearted and sad, for the last hope of finding the woman he loved was gone. He walked with his head down, taking no notice of what was passing about him. Nothing was of interest to him.

Then in a moment he was electrified into life and energy and his blood was sent coursing through his veins, while his brain went all in a whirl. A well-remembered voice—a voice he could never forget—had spoken his name and he had looked up to behold Minnie Redburn, more beautiful, more lovely, more enchanting than he had thought her.

Of course she invited him to come to see her father. It was the most natural thing in the world for her to do that, after all he had done for her and her parent. Equally of course, he accepted the invitation.

Matters progressed until one day Bob called on Redburn and said to him:

"You remember a promise you made to me that day up there at 'Tough Luck'?" "Yes, I remember."

"Well, I have come to make a request now."

"All right, it is yours if it is in my power to grant it."

"It is in your power, but I warn you now that I am going to ask you for a great deal. I am going to ask for the most valuable, the most precious thing of all your possessions."

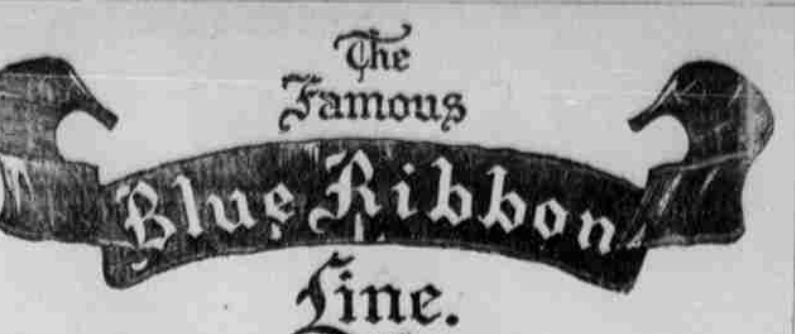
"Well, name it." "Then I want you to give me your daughter."

The old man gave a long whistle. "Is that all?" he asked with a smile. "That is enough," Bob replied.

"Well, you can have her and welcome, though, I think you are letting me off entirely too easy. I expected that you would ask for something of real value."

Hawkins laughed. "I have," he said, "I have asked for something of inestimable value."

"Well, I suppose it is all a matter of taste," Redburn said, with a shrug. "But I will give you my mine if you will give me your daughter or gift less."



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CUMBERLAND VALLEY

TIME TABLE—Nov. 19, 1909.

Leave No. 1 No. 2 No. 3 No. 4 No. 5 No. 6

Table with columns for station names and times for various trains.

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SOUTHERN PENN'A R.R. TRAINS.

Table with columns for station names and times for Southern Pennsylvania Railroad trains.

Connection for all stations on Cumberland Valley Railroad and Pennsylvania Railroad system.

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