

### SANCTUARY.

I do not say your soul is carved  
In a house of prayer,  
And that the candles of the Lord  
Are lit forever there.

Not yet is it a garden green  
With strange exotics spread,  
Heavy with colors of the East,  
Or dark with roses red.

But rather is it just a room  
Open to morning's light,  
With windows looking to the sun,  
All pure and clean and white.

A little room where vandal feet  
Have never trod before,  
Nor yet shall tread while strength is left  
In me to guard the door.

—Reginald Wright Kaufman, in Smith's.

## CHINK: THE DEVELOPMENT OF A PUP.

By ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON.

Chink was just old enough to think himself a very remarkable little dog; and so he was, but not in the way he feebly imagined. He was neither fierce nor dreadful, strong nor swift, but he was one of the noisiest, best-natured, silliest pups that ever chewed his master's boots to bits. His master, Bill Aubrey, was an old mountaineer who was camped below Gannet Peak in the Yellowstone Park. This is in a very quiet corner, far from the usual line of travel, and Bill's camp, before our time, would have been a very lonely place but for his companion, this irrepressible, woolly-coated little dog.

Chink was never still for five minutes. Indeed, he would do anything he was told to do except keep still. He was always trying to do some absurd or impossible thing, or if he did attempt the possible he usually spoiled his best effort by his way of going about it. He once spent a whole morning trying to run up a tall, straight pine tree in whose branches was a snickering pine squirrel.

The darling ambition of his life for some weeks was to catch one of the peck-pick gobblers that swarmed on the prairie about the camp. These little animals have a trick of sitting bolt upright on their hind legs, with their jaws held close in, so that a distance they look exactly like peck-pick. Often when we went out on our horse when it was dark, Chink would go toward a gopher, thinking it was a peck-pick already driven in, and would find out the mistake only when it dived into the ground with a defiant chirrup.

Chink had determined to catch one of these gobblers the very first day he came into the valley. Of course he went about it in his own original way, doing everything wrong end first, as usual. This, his master said, was due to a streak of Irish in his make-up. So Chink would begin a most elaborate stalk a quarter of a mile from the gopher. After crawling on his breast from tussock to tussock for a hundred yards or so, the nervous strain became too great, and Chink, getting too much excited to crawl, would rise on his feet and walk straight toward the gopher, which would now be sitting, by its hole, fully alive to the situation.

After a minute or two of this very open approach, Chink's excitement would overpower all caution. He would begin running, and at the last, just as he should have done his finest stalking, he would go bounding and barking toward the gopher, which would sit like a pig of wood till the proper moment, then dive below with a derisive chirrup, throwing with its hind feet a lot of sand right into Chink's eager, open mouth.

Day after day this went on with level sameness, and still Chink did not give up. Perseverance, he seemed to believe, must surely win in the end, as indeed it did. For one day he made an unusually elaborate stalk, carried out all his absurd tactics, finishing with the grand, boisterous charge, and actually caught his victim; but this time it happened to be a wooden peck-pick. Any one who doubts that a dog knows when he has made a fool of himself should have seen Chink that day as he sheepishly sneaked out of sight behind the tent.

But failure had no lasting effect on Chink. There was a streak of grit as well as Irish in him that carried him through every reverse, and nothing could dash his good nature. He was always up and doing with the maximum of energy and the minimum of discretion, delighted as long as he could be into everything.

Every passing wagon and horse-mane and grazing calf had to be cheered, and if the cat from the guard-house strayed by, Chink felt that it was a solemn duty he owed to the soldiers to chase her and himself to chase her home at frightful speed. He would dash in twenty times a day after an old hat that Bill used deliberately to throw into a wasp's nest with the order, "Fetch it!"

It took time, but countless disasters began to tell; Chink began to realize that there were long whips and big, fierce dogs with wagons; that horses have teeth in their heels, that calves have relatives with clubs on their heads; that a slow cat may turn out to be a snark, and that wasps are not butterflies. Yes, it took an uncommonly long time, but it all told in the end.

Chink began to develop a grain—a little one, but a living, growing grain—of good dog sense.

It seemed as if all his blunders were the rough, asymmetrical stones of an arch, and the keystone was added, the structure, his character, made strong and complete by his crowning blunder in the matter of a large coyote.

This coyote lived not far from our camp, and he evidently realized, as all the animals here do, that no one is allowed to shoot, trap, hunt or in any way molest the wild creatures in the park; above all, in this part, close to the military patrol, with soldiers always on watch. Secure in the knowledge of this, the coyote used to come about the camp each night for scraps. Then, growing bolder, he came occasionally in the daytime. Finally he used to hang about nearly all day.

It was nothing to the race which began when the coyote turned on his pursuer. Chink realized all at once that he had been lured into the power of a Tartar, and strained every muscle to get back to camp. The coyote was swifter and soon overtook the dog, nipping him first on one side, then on the other, with manifest glee, as if he were cracking a series of good jokes at Chink's expense. Chink yelped and howled and ran his hardest, but had no respite from his tormentor till he dashed right into camp; and we, I am afraid, laughed with the coyote, and the puppy did not get the sympathy he deserved for his trouble in doing as he was told.

One more experience like this on a smaller scale was enough to dampen even Chink's enthusiasm. He decided to let that coyote very much alone in future. Not so the coyote, however; he had discovered a new and delightful amusement. He came daily now and bawled about the camp, knowing perfectly well that no one would dare to shoot him. Indeed, the lock of every gun in the party was sealed up by the Government officials, and soldiers were everywhere on watch to enforce the law.

Therefore, the coyote lay in wait for poor Chink, and sought every opportunity to tease him. The little dog learned that if he went one hundred yards from camp alone, the coyote would go after him, and bite and chase him right back to his master's tent. Day after day this went on, until at last Chink's life was made a misery to him. He did not dare now to go fifty yards from the tent alone,

and even if he went with us when we rode, that fierce and impudent coyote was sure to turn up and come along—troting close beside or behind, watching for a chance to worry poor Chink and spoiling all his pleasure in the ramble, but keeping just out of reach of our quirts, or a little farther off when we stopped to pick up some stones.

One day Aubrey moved his camp a mile up-stream, and we saw less of the coyote for the reason that he moved a mile up-stream, too, and like all bullies who are unopposed, grew more insolent and tyrannical every day, until poor little Chink's life became at last a veritable reign of terror, at which his master merely laughed.

Aubrey gave it out that he had moved camp to get better horse-feed. It soon turned out, however, that he wanted to be alone while he enjoyed the contents of a whisky-flask that he had obtained somewhere; but one flask was a mere starter for him. The second day he mounted his horse, said, "Chink, you watch the ranch," and rode away over the mountains to the nearest saloon, leaving Chink obediently curled up on some sack-ling.

Now, with all his puppyish silliness, Chink was a faithful watch-dog, and his master knew that he would take care of the tent as well as he could. Late that afternoon a passing mountaineer came along. When he was within shouting distance he stopped, as is customary, and shouted:

"Hello there, Bill! O Bill!" But getting no answer, he went up to the door, and there was met by an odd-looking pup with his bristles all on end; and Chink, for of course it was he, warned him in many fierce growls to keep away.

The mountaineer understood the situation and went on. Evening came and no master to relieve Chink, who was now getting very hungry. There was some bacon in the tent wrapped in a bag, but that was sacred. His master had told him to "watch it," and Chink would have starved rather than touch it.

He ventured out on the flat in hope of finding a mouse or something to stay the pangs of hunger, when suddenly he was pounced on by that brute of a coyote, and the old chase was repeated as Chink dashed back to the tent.

There a change came over him. The remembrance of his duty seemed suddenly to alter him and brace him up. Just so the cry of her kitten will turn a timid cat into a tiger.

He was a mere puppy yet, and a little fool in many ways, but away back of all was a fiber of strength that would grow with his years. The moment that coyote tried to follow into the tent—his master's tent—

Chink forgot all his own fears, and turned on the animal like a little demon.

The beast's feet the force of right and wrong. They know moral courage and cowardice. The moral force was all with the little, scared dog, and both animals seemed to know it. The coyote backed off, growling savagely, and vowing, in coyote fashion, to tear that dog to ribbons very soon. All the same, he didn't venture to enter the tent, as he clearly had intended doing.

Then began a literal siege, for the coyote came back every little while and walked round the tent, scratching contemptuously with his hind feet, or marching up to the open door to be met at once, face to face, by poor little Chink, who, really half-dazed with fear, was brave again as soon as he saw any attempt to injure the things in his charge.

All this time Chink had nothing to eat. He could slip out and get a drink at the nearby stream once or twice a day, but he could not get a meal in that way. He could have torn a hole in the sack and eaten some bacon, but he would not, for that was in trust, or he could have watched his chance to desert his post, and sneaked off to our camp, where he would have been sure of a good meal. But no, adversity had developed the true dog in him. He would not betray his master's trust in any way. He was ready to die at his post, if need be, while that master was away indulging in a drunken carouse.

For four days and four nights of misery did this heroic little dog keep his place, and kept tent and stuff from the coyote that he held in mortal terror.

On the fifth morning old Aubrey had awakened to the fact that he wasn't at home, and that his camp in the mountains was guarded only by a small dog. He was tired of his spree now, and he got on his horse and set out over the hills, sober, but very shaky. When he was about half-way on the trail it suddenly dawned on his clouded brain that he had left Chink without any food. "Hope the little beast hasn't spoiled all my bacon," he thought, and he pressed on more briskly till he came to the ridge commanding a view of his tent. There it was, and there at the door, exchanging growls and snapping at each other, were the big, fierce coyote and poor little Chink.



### Woman's Creed.

It is the creed of the up-to-date woman never to give herself away. A cup of coffee may be spilled over her delicate silk gown, she simply folds the breadths together and goes on with her flow of feminine talk. "Enfant terrible" makes agonizing remarks, a rival gives some cruel stab; all is met with the same absolute immobility of countenance.—From the Lady.

### Brave Women.

On the western coast of the United States, at Monterey, Cal., Mrs. Fish keeps the lamps lit in the Point Pinos Lighthouse. On the eastern coast, at South Portland, Me., Mrs. Gorden earns her living by working as a deep-sea diver. Sprinkled over the country by these two women are thousands of other members of the sex who deserve to be enrolled as auxiliaries to Mr. Kipling's corps of "Unafraid Gentlemen."—Technical World.

### Invisible Clothes.

It's coming to that. We have the linear blouse. The latest is the lace corset cover. It is made of Cluny, ten inches in width. It is modeled on the old embroidery favorite. Ribbons or lace insertions are run over the shoulders. A strip of lace insertion serves for the waistband. Cluny of suitable width costs \$5.50 a yard, and most fair ones need a yard. Those who frowned upon the peek-

### French Omelet.

Break three eggs, one at a time, in a cup, to be sure they are fresh. Turn into a bowl and beat light, but not as long as for a cake, add three tablespoons of milk. Heat a level tablespoon of butter in a small omelet pan and when hot turn in the eggs. As the omelet cooks pick it up in several places so that the uncooked mixture may run under the edges. When it looks creamy, but before it is cooked hard, slip a broad knife round the edge, then under one side and fold over. Serve on a hot platter by laying the platter on the omelet pan and then inverting both, when the omelet will be on the platter unbroken.

### Our Cut-out Recipe.

Paste in your scrap-book.

aboo blouse, with its perforated frankness, little thought to see it supplanted by a corset cover even more open work.—Philadelphia Record.

Vassar Blondes, Blacks and Reds. Finding part of the school year rather lacking in sensations, twenty young women students in Vassar have organized a hockey tournament in which the competing teams shall be distinguished by the color of their hair. In a match which took place on the college campus recently the members of one team were brunettes, while their opponents were selected from among the undergraduates having red hair. After an exciting and hard-fought contest the latter won. During the game the grounds were crowded with the friends and supporters of the contestants, who cheered vociferously for their favorites. The "blacks" made the first goal on a clever play by Miss Polly Gardner, but following this Miss Ann Cook, of the "reds," became the star of the day by making two goals in rapid succession.

The team of blonds challenged the victorious "reds," confident of winning. Many boxes of fudge were wagered on the result.—Fouke's Dispatch to New York Herald.

### The Friendly Girl.

The girl who makes friends wherever she goes is delightful. She comes into a room like a sea breeze, fresh, laughing, nodding right and left with happy impartiality. She is ready for anything, and never throws cold water on your plans. She generally sees the funny side of things, and she has such a whole-hearted way of describing them that you feel as if you had seen them yourself. She does not retail gossip, though, and she does not know how to be spiteful, or sarcastic, or bitter, and she never exaggerates to produce an impression. She knows how to be clever and funny without being unkind, or untruthful, or coarse. She likes everybody, not considering it her duty to suspect any one of evil until they have proved good. She prefers to consider the world good and honest until it proves itself otherwise. She always gets along, for she has friends everywhere. Her heart is big enough to contain everybody, and she never forgets her friends, or is forgotten by them.—McCall's Magazine.

### What the Eyes Tell.

Steady, widely opened eyes that are not afraid to meet your eyes mean sincerity and honor. But the steady, glistening eyes that look through half-closed lids at you would rather indicate a cold and suspicious nature. Beware of the shifting, faltering eyes that always look away from you. Small eyes usually mean an alert mind. If they look straight out at you steadily and brightly, like a squirrel's, you may expect the right sort of cleverness, a quick tongue and a gift of repartee. But if the small eyes are more dim and do not look straight into yours, you may look for the wrong kind of cleverness, for little dishonesties and equivocations and for a business sharpness that is willing to sacrifice too much for a little money. Your large, tranquil "cow-like" eyes, on the other hand, are less re-

## NEWS OF PENNSYLVANIA

### Car Hits Funeral Cab.

Norristown.—A trolley car crashed into a funeral cab, injuring four persons, one seriously. The injured were all mourners from Frankford, Philadelphia, who came here to attend the funeral of Allen Martin. They were Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Rebecca Reiger, Mrs. Clara Dean and Reuben Dean. Mrs. Martin was injured internally, has a broken nose and an injured back, and mouth. Her condition is critical. Mrs. Reiger has a bruised and contused hip. The accident occurred while the funeral cortege was on the way to the cemetery, Jeffersonville. The fourth cab was crossing Marshall Street on high Avenue, when the trolley car, bound for Conshohocken, came down Marshall Street. The conductor tried to get through the procession. There was a crash and the cab was overturned and the horses thrown. The driver of the cab, David Pollock, was thrown from his seat, but landed on his feet uninjured. When the cab was struck, it frightened the horses of the cab following, but the driver prevented a serious runaway. The cab was wedged against the trolley car, which had to be moved before the wreckage could be taken from the wreck. Assistant Secretary Miller, of the Y. M. C. A., assisted in the removal of the cab. The cab was badly wrecked, and another vehicle was secured to take the injured from the scene to the house of mourning. The informant, H. E. Dotts, escaped injury. Mr. Martin was buried from the home of his daughter, Mrs. Baker, 1034 Cherry Street.

### Money For Library.

Cotestville (Special).—The teachers of the Cotestville High School are working to raise money to purchase a library for the use of the students. The school is without a library and aside from the small library in the Cotestville Y. M. C. A. there is no library in the town. The teachers, under the direction of Prof. Smith, the principal of the school, have started out to raise the \$500 needed.

### Veteran Hero Dies.

Huntingdon.—Captain William C. Gayton, of Mount Hope, Huntingdon County's oldest Mason, died in his 82nd year, and on the fifty-sixth anniversary of his marriage. He was captain of the Twenty-second Pennsylvania Cavalry during the Rebellion, and his daring capture of the Rebel General Carter, after a five-mile race, was one of the thrilling incidents of the war.

### Great Stock At Cotestville.

Cotestville.—The farmers of this section are jubilant over the fact that contracts have been forwarded from some of the big circuits and Wild West shows for the quartering of the show stock during the winter months. This means the spending of more than \$15,000 in and around Cotestville. The contracts were late in arriving and many of the farmers feared the stock would be quartered elsewhere.

### Backs Indicted Men.

York.—Glen Rock residents have formed an organization for the purpose of upholding the rights of W. L. C. Grove, J. M. Grove and I. F. Grove, who were indicted on charges of polluting the south branch of the Codorus Creek. The prosecutions were brought by the State health authorities.

### His Back Broken.

Hanover.—The first fatal street car accident in Hanover occurred when John H. Schwartz, a drayman, 54 years old, was killed in a peculiar manner. His wagon was backed against the curb when his horse suddenly turned in front of an approaching car. Schwartz succeeded in getting his horse off the track, but in doing so the car hit him in the back, breaking his spine and causing death several hours later.

### Offers Wedding Supper.

Felcroft.—Justice of the Peace Harvey Morrison, who as yet has not had the honor of performing a marriage ceremony, goes on record as saying that he will give an elaborate wedding supper to the first couple wedding before him to have the marital knot tied, in addition to his blessing. It is said that all the girls of marriageable age in Felcroft are married or are to be wed, and he thinks of it, so that "Squire" Morrison comes out with an inducement to hurry some couples along.

### Parents Start Sewing Class.

Darby.—The members of the Parents' and Teachers' Association, of Darby, which was recently organized, inaugurated its first work when a class in sewing was started. All girls above the fifth grade are eligible for membership in the sewing class, which will meet every Wednesday afternoon. Instruction in sewing is to be given by the members. The association will meet on the second Thursday evening of every month.

### Woman Grapples With Robber.

Williamsport.—Mrs. H. W. Miller, who conducts a grocery store in the east end of the city, found a thief crouching back of the counter and gave him battle, while calling for help. The fellow threw her violently against a refrigerator and got away badly bruised, just as a customer entered the store.

### Find Valuable Coal Veins.

Shanklin.—In tunneling from the deep shaft at the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company's colliery, workmen tapped three veins of coal which the company thought could never be reached. It is expected the supply will last for twenty years.

### Benjamin Apple Gets Plump.

Sunbury.—Benjamin Apple, former superintendent of the county public schools, received the appointment as supervisor of census for the seven Congressional Districts, comprising Northumberland, Sullivan, Columbia and Montour Counties.

### Dies On Trip To Court.

Lancaster.—Isaac S. Snowden, of Oxford, Chester County, who had been attending court here, was found dead in bed at a local hotel. He was 79 years old.

### William K. Seltzer.

Lancaster.—William K. Seltzer, one of the best known men in the county, died at Ephrata, aged 65 years. He was a veteran of the Civil War, was prominent in Republican politics, and stood high in the Lutheran Church and Masonic circles.

### Foot In Fork Breaks Fall.

Williamsport.—Clarence Bricker, of South Williamsport, owes his life to the fortunate catching of one foot in the fork of a tree through which he was plunging.

### Girl Sees Mother Burn.

Lewistown.—Mrs. Aaron Wender, 50 years old, residing near Maitland, was burned to death after the explosion of a bottle of turpentine. She was suffering from a cold and was holding the bottle over the stove to heat the liquid before rubbing it on her chest, when the fluid exploded scattering the burning oil over her clothing. Her daughter watched her mother die in agony.

### The Interborough Railway Company.

The Interborough Railway Company of New York will make use of steam turbines to utilize the exhaust from the reciprocating engines.

### PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

Fashionable fans are very small. Most of the new coats show added fullness. Many parasols are made of English cloth. Some of the smartest hats are cinnamon-toned. Shadow-striped mohairs are excellent for traveling wear. All the pretty, faded, washed-out dyes continue to be modish. Birds perched on top of parasol handles are seen everywhere. Sheer silk and chiffon wraps figure prominently at the resorts. Oriental designs and colorings have a great vogue among parasols.

New turbans are all large and generally are very simply trimmed. There is a rumor that jackets will not figure in the coming styles. High-waisted, one-piece frocks are quaint and charming for children. "Middy" blouses for young girls are popular for out-of-door sports. Narrow embroidered silk ties are worked in colors on white or a color. A number of the straw hats are of the color of corn, ripe from the fields. Cabochons of straw with jewel centers will be seen on some of the smart hats. Romanian embroidery appears on many hats, blouses, frocks and coat suits. Black sashes accompany many colored gowns and are even worn with white. Gold and silver chatain bags are in bad form for tailormades and other forenoon wear. Fillet lace or embroidery on netting is one of the most fashionable trappings of the hour. Amethyst and wistaria, in spite of their long vogue last year, seem to be bobbing up severely. Bronze pumps, finished with a single strap and large rosette or buckle, are in great favor. Sashes are used wherever a line needs lengthening or floating ends will enhance an effect. Cross-stitch embroidery has a revival. It is used on cushion covers, table covers and bags. Green is almost garishly bright for costumes. On millinery it frequently gives just the touch needed.

### Whirled To His Death.

Shanklin.—Oliver Sheets, machinist at Bear Valley colliery, was walking a plank suspended above a large fly-wheel of an engine when he became dazed, lost his balance and was whirled to death by the revolving engine wheel and was whirled to death.

### Thrown From Carriage.

Collegeville.—Dr. M. Y. Weber, of Evansburg, had a narrow escape from death when he was thrown hard pike as his horse frightened at a steam roller. The accident happened near the Germantown Pike, near Providence Square about 9 o'clock.

### Killed Bear.

Lewistown.—Raymond Yeater, a 16-year old boy of Maitland, Pa., shot and killed a large black bear on Shade Mountains with ordinary squirrel shot. Yeater and several boy companions carried the bear to his home, a distance of several miles. The animal dressed 282 pounds.

### Mad Dog Shot.

Lancaster.—An epidemic of rabies among the dogs of Manheim broke out afresh. A valuable hunting dog belonging to Traber Herberly suddenly went mad after running several miles, bit dogs belonging to H. S. Weidman, Garfield Herberly and others. It attacked a young son of Amos Witman, who had been attracted by his son's screams. Strict quarantine is now being observed in Manheim and vicinity.

### Shot Calf For Bear.

Williamsport.—With bear appearing so numerous in Nippenox Valley, a few miles southwest of this city, that the farmers have been paying little attention to them, there has been a rash of local hunters to the valley. Henceforth the lot of the hunter who trespasses on farmland will be hard, however. Wilson Ramsey, of Oriskany, found a valuable calf lying in a field. It had been shot, and apparently the work was done by a green hunter, who mistook the calf for a bear.



Here is a novel suggestion for the girl who is hunting for something really new. The full fitted skirt is topped by an apron over-skirt and this sleeve is all in one with the blouse. On the right girl it would be very fetching.