

THE WEB WE ARE WEAVING.

God, what is the pattern I must weave? Is this a pattern drawn, dear Lord, by thee? What will I do with broken threads I leave? Can ever they again be tied by me? How can the tangled, tangled web of life be made a pleasing, lovely thing for thee? Can there come good to us through worldly strife? Can we make warp and woof from tangles free? How swiftly flies the shuttle and the fro, With careless hands we speed it on its way. Thy pattern marring by the sudden throw; The shuttle, then, on loom we sadly lay. Amazed to see how poor our work for thee, Could we our web of life but weave again. With greater vision we our work might see. Dear Lord, we feel we weave almost in vain.

O God! this tangled, tangled web of ours Except Thou take and mend it through and through, We cannot weave it through the carthy hours; Except Thou mend the threads it will not do. —Emmeline Peckham, in Christian Work

Terradelphia, the Lost

OUT in what used to be the swamp beyond the railroad, on East Carroll street, Trenton, N. J., one of the biggest and handsomest factories stands four stories high among surroundings of grimy coal yards and the accumulated refuse of railroad junk. Throughout the day the buzz of its industry sounds in the ears of a man who sits in a little shanty back of one of the coal yards pouring over his ledger with but one dominant thought that runs through all his labor: how he may once more come into possession of the big factory that he built and owned and lost and made it a home for the thousands of its former lodgers now scattered over the length and breadth of the continent. The man is Thomas M. Terradell, and the factory building with its surroundings was formerly a community which was to prove to the world the industrial worth of the so-called worthless—and all but succeeded.

Fifteen years ago, Terradell, then a man of 32, was an engineer on the Pennsylvania railroad. He had already seen life in many phases. As a school boy in Trenton he had blacked boots and sold papers to pay for his books and clothes. Thereafter he had been an iron molder, a jockey, a circus man, a minstrel and a jack-of-all-trades, wandering from place to place and constantly thrown in with the floating population of tramping. When he went into the employ of the railroad, as a fireman first, and then as an engineer, he found himself still in a position to see much of tramp life, and a certain fellowship which he had always felt for the knights of the high road, developed into a strong desire to be of some lasting benefit to them. In his years of experience and association with the tramp fraternity he came to the conclusion that the hobo, as a class, was not a member of the earth, but an unfortunate misfit, who, under the proper conditions, might be made of use to himself and the community.

How to establish the proper conditions was the problem which Terradell set himself to solve. The tramps themselves gave him little aid; their idleness was beyond the firm conviction that a permanent settlement for aged and worn-out tramps, where beds and food could be always found ready would be a grand thing for all concerned. This wasn't precisely Terradell's idea. He had no mind to set up a home for the idle. What he wanted to do was to make the tramp work and feel satisfaction in his work. While he was still deliberating on the matter he himself was incapacitated for work by one of the accidents incident to his business. The locomotive plunged off an embankment one day, and when they got the engineer out from under the wreckage there wasn't much left of him that was in place and unbroken. For months he was in bed, and after he was able to be up his health was so shattered that it was impossible for him to return to his old occupation, and he supported himself by odd jobs.

All this time the scheme for the redemption of the hobo was growing and solidifying in his mind, and to the idea of making something of this life for the tramp was added the hope of preparing him for the new, for Terradell had joined the church, and had thrown himself into religion with the fervor characteristic of the man in whatever he did. Though without regular employment, he contrived to get together a few dollars and, with the faith which afterward enabled him to achieve such amazing results, set out to build a tramps' home. For a site he selected a bit of swamp land near the railroad and the canal, partly because it was along these thoroughfares that his experience taught him the tramp would travel; partly because the land was so worthless that nobody cared to claim the ownership of it at that time. To build some sort of a shelter was the next consideration. Lumber was beyond Terradell's means. He waited for something to turn up. It turned up in the river in the shape of a raft of old telegraph poles which had broken loose from its moorings and was floating down stream to the great grief of the owner, who cursed his luck and wondered what he was ever going to do with it. Great was his astonishment when Terradell, who had heard of the arrival, appeared on the scene and offered him a price for the outfit. It was not such a price as the owner would have wished to ask, but it was better than he expected under the circumstances, and it involved no transportation, so the deal was con-

cluded, and with what little money he had remaining after paying for the old poles, Terradell hired help to take them over to the swamp and there plant them. The corner stone of the establishment, if a corner stone can be made of wood, was laid when the first pole was firmly planted upright on the edge of the swamp. A circle of poles was formed, and in the middle Terradell set a barrel and a seat. That was the office, and the hotel was declared formally open.

The next thing was to find lodgers. The founder went out to the railroad track and sat down to wait. He didn't have long to wait. Three tramps presently appeared, and one of them was recognized by Terradell, who possessed that quality invaluable in an organizer—a tenacious and accurate memory. He hailed his former acquaintance.

"Hello, Hardy! Don't you remember me? I gave you a lift from Bristol once when you were peddling on a bum stump." (Walking with an injured leg.)

"It's the engineer," said the tramp. "Lost your job? Are you on the pad too? Come along with us. I made a good touch back on the pad and I'll stake you to half my pile."

"You come along with me," said the other; "you and your friends, and I'll put you up for the night. I've started a lodging for the boys."

"What's the hold-up?" asked one of the trio.

"Nothing unless you want to. But I want a little help."

"Come along, boys," said Hardy. "He's on the level," so the party set out for the swamp. With some old nails which Terradell had picked up and stoves for hammers the four soon had a sort of shelter built across a small segment of the circle in which they slept that night. Two of the tramps took the road again early in the morning, promising to tell any of the guild whom they might meet of the new hobo colony. Hardy stayed several days helping Terradell about the place, and when he left he contributed a pair of good second-hand blankets which he had bought in town. It wasn't long before the hotel was known on every high road in this part of the country, and lodgers came in rapidly. None was turned away by the proprietor, but each man who was able was expected to do an hour or two of work about the place, with the result that it was soon completed and a stranger-looking building was probably never raised since the day when every man was his own architect.

The place was orderly, for the proprietor, while liberal in his allowances for hobo nature would tolerate no riotousness. He was an unwise hobo who attempted to disregard orders, for Terradell had too many friends among the tramps who were ready at any minute to take up his cause. A case in point is that of a tramp who was found unconscious beside a roadway near Railway several years ago. The police thought they had a murder mystery on their hands, but the man recovered after a long stay in the hospital and finally left, refusing to tell how he came by his injuries. Two years later a vagrant who was jailed revealed the secret. The injured man had fallen in with some of his fellow hoboes and, being drunk, had boasted of having robbed Terradell's till of half a dollar, whereupon the whole party set upon him and beat him into insensibility. That was the only time the till was ever robbed; indeed, most of the time it would not have paid anyone to rob it.

Work was found for Terradell's tramps when they wanted it. He set up a wood-cutting industry and made a little money that way which he used in improving his place. Trenton people, who had become interested in the experiment, found jobs for the lodgers, and though by far the greatest part of the hotel's clientele was of the strictly transient order, some few from time to time would express a desire to stay and make a regular living. It was for this class that Terradell was laboring and for them he set out to establish a permanent plant. By what slow and painful steps, with what patience irresistibly surmounting all reversals and disappointments he achieved his ends he alone knows.

Unremitting toil and devotion brought about, in the course of years, the wonderful transformation wrought by the peniless and unemployed Terradell. In the swamp land where his curious structure of telegraph poles and boards had sheltered his hobo friends rose the four-story building of vitrified brick with brownstone trimmings, and around it small cottages were put up, 27 in all, for such families as might join the new community. Where and how did Terradell get the money for such an establishment? People asked this question with wonder, but nobody ever answered it. Doubtless there were rich men who, believing in Terradell and his project, gave liberally to help him, for not only was his building costly, but the land which before was regarded as so much waste space had acquired a value and nearly \$50,000 was laid out on land alone. Terradell himself worked with the builders, spurring them on by his example, and when the big industrial building, as he called it, was finished he was the proudest man in America. There was a \$50,000 mortgage on the place, but he had perfect faith that the worst of his work was over and that success was close at hand.

To support the institution, Terradell looked to the workshops, which took up all the industrial building except the dormitory space and the eating rooms and office. There was a shop for broom and brush making and one for the manufacture of crates and packing boxes, and in one or the other of these any man who was honest and would work could find employment no matter how little experience he had had. If he didn't know the trade some

work would be found for him until he could learn it. Men out of employment flocked to him and many of his former hobo friends came and took regular employment to his great joy, though he never felt sure of them, for they would work through a winter faithfully, but the first sounds and scents of spring would set them back on the road again. The irreclaimable hobo, who had no intention of doing regular work, could find shelter there for two days and nights conditional upon his doing a certain amount of work in cutting wood or cleaning up about the place. Three meals of coffee and bread were given to him each day while he was there. If a sick tramp came there he was cared for and medicine that the establishment could ill afford was given to him until he was able to proceed or had qualified for hospital treatment. Terradell held religious services and tried, with varying success, to convert his associates. The 27 cottages were rented at low rates.

Regarding his community as a city of itself Terradell decided to name it. A geographically learned hobo suggested "Terradell Fuego" as appropriate. The founder accepted part of the suggestion and named his community "Terradelphia." For a time Terradell flourished. Merchants and manufacturers who were interested in Terradell gave him orders and the output of the place found good sales. The cottages were filled and apparently the community flourished. Terradell projected another factory building, and the future of the community seemed assured, when hard times began to be felt in '94. A year later there was no question about extending Terradelphia; the question was whether it could maintain itself. Workmen out of employment poured in, but there was no market in the stagnation of '95 for the products of the factory. The cottages ceased to pay rent, for Terradell had not the heart to turn the occupants out. Sometimes he went hungry himself that others might have food, and throughout he worked with undeviating courage and faith. Nothing else could have carried Terradelphia through that year and into 1896. But it was a hopeless fight. The friends of the institution saw that it must go under. The mortgage was foreclosed and "Glad Hand Tom," as Terradell had come to be known by the hobo fraternity, took up his hat and went out into the world again.

At first he intended to lecture here and abroad in the hope of raising funds for a new Terradelphia, but found no encouragement. An agency in the lumber business was open to him and he took it, fixing his office in a little wooden structure almost under the walls of the main building of Terradelphia. There he sits, an eager, restless man, bowed with sickness and hard work, but bright of eye and still possessed of that strenuous energy and enthusiasm for the one devotion of his life, characteristic of whom we call a crank or a genius according to the measure of his success. Occasionally some hobo who has been out of the tide-drift of tramp life for a long time, in jail, or hospital, or foreign parts, and has lost track of the news of hobodom, applies at the factory for a night's lodging. They direct him to Terradell, and "Glad Hand Tom" gives him greeting and help if he needs it, and Godspeed, and tells him that some day there will be built a new Terradelphia with bed and food and work and play for all. For despite the wreck and ruin of his great project Terradell believes still, with a deathless faith, in his mission to prove the worth of those who have been branded as worthless, and their right to a place in the economic world.—N. Y. Sun.

GAME IN GIPPSLAND.

There Are Many Quicer Birds and Benets in the Wilds of Australia. The kangaroo, wallaroo and wallaby are to be found in every district. Bears are in all cool regions. The wild boar is common on the Murray, and on most of the other large rivers of New South Wales. Deer are plentiful in South Gippsland, in Birregurra and Cook's river. The opossum is as ubiquitous as he is funny, and the dingo, pure or mongrel, which is found on the confines of all settled districts, will repay the hunter for any pains endured while chasing him. In the steppe country of South and West Australia wild horses afford some fast work to the sportsman who drives them into snares, while the slow-coach can take his fill of pleasant musings waiting at some drinking-hole for his big game to come in. Buffalo are now to be met with in large numbers in West Australia. Wombats give excellent night sport; and flying foxes, squirrels and bats of immense size afford interest to those who are able to bring them down by the light of the moon. Pademelons, kangaroo rats, bandicoots, tiger-cats, rabbits and hares abound in all the southern colonies, and stalking them affords easy, pleasant sport for those who do not care for the rough labor which bigger game entails.

Wild fowl abound in splendid variety. Pelicans, spoonbills, herons, cranes, ducks and black swans are scattered over well-nigh every sheet of water or river. In New South Wales, South Australia, and Queensland, "native companions" and emus afford splendid rides. Cassowaries are found in Queensland and on the islands near the mainland. The lowan is interesting to the sportsman who has a taste for subtleties in nest-building and doesn't mind being fooled occasionally by a bird smarter than himself. The lyre-bird is another pretty rascal—given to tricks which cannot fail to exasperate.—National Review.

WOMANLY BEAUTY?

The well known writer, Evelyn Hunt in her book entitled "Womanly Beauty" says: "It is my contention that every woman not only may but should possess a charming personality of face, figure and manner. To attain and preserve beauty is the proper study of womanhood. A meagre figure may be developed; harsh, uneven features may be softened, refined and rendered harmonious; a sallow or muddy complexion may be freshened, brightened and made clear; dull eyes without expression, may glisten and sparkle and smile; thin lips and every kind may be reformed. Facial defects and shrunken, impoverished, undeveloped features may be permanently remedied and womanly beauty acquired and retained. It is every woman's duty to accomplish these results." The Marilla Company, 108 Fulton Street, New York, offers to send a copy of Evelyn Hunt's book free, with a small size box of "Cassandra Cream" and a free cake of "Cassandra skin soap," to any lady who sends five two-cent stamps to cover expense of mailing. The regular price of this book is 50 cents and it contains valuable information, information and is full of good advice for ladies who desire to acquire and retain loveliness of face and form. "Cassandra Cream" is a wonderful beautifier of the complexion and makes the skin soft, fresh and white by removing all impurities and discolorations. It is a perfectly pure preparation and will not injure the most sensitive skin. 4-19-12.

A GORGEOUSLY BOUND work of art has just been issued in New York at an outlay of over \$100,000 for which the publishers desire a Manager in this County, also a good collector, good pay to right party. Nearly 100 titles of the most valuable literature, illustrated covers and bindings, over 200 golden titles in the maroon bindings, nearly 100 golden titles in the cloth bindings. Sells at eight prices ranging from a night's entertainment to the sale. Christian men and women making fortunes taking orders. Rapid promotions. One Christian woman made clear in four weeks taking orders among her church acquaintances and friends. Write us. It may lead to a permanent paying position to manage our business and to the largest correspondence, which you can attend to right at your home. Address S. C. Knowles General Secretary, 12 East Fifteenth Street, between Broadway and Fifth Ave., New York.

REGISTERED NOTICES.—Notice is hereby given that the following named persons have filed their Administrators', Guardians' and Executors' accounts in the Register's Office, Snyder County, Pa., and the same will be presented for confirmation and allowance at the Court House in Middleburgh, Monday, June 10, 1906.

The first and final account of Lydia H. Holmbeck and W. F. Holmbeck, administrators of the estate of Daniel Holmbeck, late of Snyder County, Pa., deceased, elected to be taken under the \$300 exemption law.

The first and final account of Geo. M. Wentzel, executor of the estate of Elias Wentzel, late of Union township, Pa., deceased.

The first and final account of Charles Hoover, administrator of the estate of Hiram Singer, late of Chicago, Pa., deceased.

The first and final account of W. D. Blazer, executor of the last will and testament of Amelia Blazer, late of Jackson township, Pa., deceased.

The first and final account of Wilson Herrold, executor of the estate of a Christiana Herrold, late of Chapman township, Pa., deceased.

The first and final account of Amanda Meyer, executrix of the estate of Israel Meyer, late of Beaver township, Pa., deceased.

The first and final account of Samuel T. Hiltch, executor of the estate of Philip Hiltch, late of Penn twp., Pa., deceased.

The final account of G. W. Sier, executor of the last will and testament of Michael Menzel, late of Perry twp., Pa., deceased.

The final account of Jacob Cramer, administrator of the estate of Rebecka Cramer, late of Beaver twp., Pa., deceased.

The first account of David Womer and Geo. E. Hepper, executors of the last will and testament of John Hepper, late of Washington twp., Pa., deceased.

The first and final account of Elizabeth Reitz, administrator of the estate of John Reitz, late of Franklin township, Pa., deceased.

The first account of John H. and H. C. Hoover, executors of the estate of Elias Hoover, late of Penn twp., Pa., deceased.

The first and final account of J. C. W. Bassler, administrator of the estate of Catherine Bassler, late of Washington twp., Pa., deceased.

The account of John F. Miller, guardian of Mary Alice Lowe, now Mary Alice Miller, a minor child of Mary Lowe (born Bassler), late of the county of Snyder, Pa., deceased.

The first and final account of E. D. H. Walter, executor of the last will and testament of Geo. Shambach, late of Franklin twp., Pa., deceased.

J. H. WELLS, Register. Middleburgh, Pa., May 27th, 1906.

WIDOWS' AFFAIRMENTS.—Notice is hereby given that the following Widows' Affidavents under the \$300 law, have been filed with the clerk of the orphans' Court of Snyder County for confirmation June 4, 1906.

Appraisement of Mary D. Meyer, widow of Henry Meyer, late of Penn Township, Snyder County, Pa., deceased, elected to be taken under the \$300 exemption law.

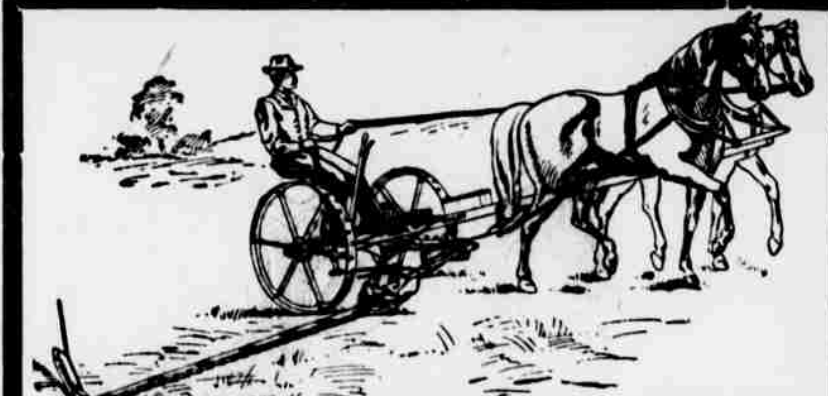
Appraisement of Maggie Hummel, widow of Simon Hummel, late of Monroe Township, Snyder County, Pa., deceased, elected to be taken under the \$300 exemption law.

G. M. SHINDLER, Clerk. Middleburgh, Pa., May 27th, 1906.

Prothonotary's Account.—The following account has been filed in the Prothonotary's Office of Snyder County, and will be presented for confirmation Monday, June 4, 1906.

The account of Rev. Peter Born, deceased, who was a trustee of Jane Born, deceased, the will of John Hill, late of Highcastle, Pa., deceased, as filed by John B. Focht, et al., executors of said Peter Born, deceased.

G. M. SHINDLER, Proth'y. Middleburgh, Pa., May 5, 1906.



FARMING IMPLEMENTS. The attention of Snyder County's farmers is called to my stock of farm implements. I handle Farmer's Friend & York Drill, Manufactured in New York, Hay Rakes, Corn Planters, Plews, Harrows, Plow Shares, Threshing Machines, DEERING BINDER, Roller and Ball Bearing all the way through, easy running and noiseless. I also keep Binder Twine and Oil. GEO. W. BEAVER, MIDDLEBURG, PA.

Frank S. Riegler, DEALER IN PIANOS, ORGANS, AND SEWING MACHINES, Middleburgh, - Pa. Inquire for . . . Prices and Terms.

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BE SURE . . . That your eyes and your Children's eyes are in good condition. They may not complain, and you may not know that their eyes are weak, but time will develop many nervous disorders as a result of neglecting this important matter. We test the eye with absolute accuracy. No glasses recommended unless they are needed. If you need medical treatment we will tell you so. No one can do more. We have the latest appliances, the newest ideas and methods in sight testing. This combined with experience and skill in the use of such instruments. Making mistakes a thing of the past. No drugs used. B. F. SHEBLEY, Jeweler and Refracting Optician, 21 W. Market St., Lewistown. Graduate Philadelphia Optical College.

PATENTS GUARANTEED. Our fee returned if we fail. Any one who sketch and description of any invention promptly receive our opinion free concerning the patentability of same. "How to Obtain a Patent" sent upon request. Patents secured through us advertised for sale at our expense. Patents taken out through us receive notice, without charge, in THE PATENT PATENT sent upon request. Widely circulated by us. Consulted by Manufacturers and Inventors. Send for sample copy FREE. Address: VICTOR J. EVANS & CO. (Patent Attorneys), Evans Building, WASHINGTON.

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