

THE CRADLERS.

(AN OLD-TIME HARVEST SCENE.)

The golden wheat stands like a wall—
A twenty-acre field
The brawny cradlers—five in all—
Bare-breasted, hairy-armed, and tall,
"Allow that patch must yield,"
Their "grape vines" o'er their shoulders
swung
With fingers crook'd, and broad blades
hung,
Like fashions backward steed.
Like sons of Anak in their might,
They whet their shining blades,
Then to the charge—a thrilling sight—
Leads up the first, swings to the right—
Left sweep, through cereal glades,
The shorn stems on the fingers laugh,
Fat kernels peep through bursting chaff,
On heads gone to the shades.

Five crescents gap the grain a-pear,
As the five blades swing home,
Five golden gavels fall a-rear,
And five line-butted swaths appear,
Lain each inside its comb
As the five mighty reapers sway,
From side to side in slant array,
Like gulls o'er ocean's foam.
So, all day long, through rising morn,
And midday's shimmering heat,
The swish of severing scythes is borne,
Or whetstones chanting to the corn,
The death song of the wheat.
Only the noon-tide dinner call,
Awhile brings truce, and rest to all—
A lull before defeat.

Another, and another sweep—
The second man starts in,
So waits the third, in-cutting deep.
Then fourth and fifth at distance keep,
The same, ere they begin;
Now all with mighty rhythmic swing,
Advance, and then their broad blades
ring,
And gleam like burnished tin.

Hot, round and red, in western sky,
Sinks low the summer sun;
And still the swinging cradles sigh,
While all around the fallen lie
In sheaves, the fight near won;
Then binders all, and cradlers join,
And shock the sheaves, and cap, and
groin—
The day—the task is done.
—John B. Kaye.

The Stolen Cottage.

THE autocracy of love is indisputable; it breaks down all barriers when it asserts itself. The wonder is that any one who has felt its power should attempt to dispute its supremacy or lessen its obligations. From the remotest ages love has laughed at locksmiths, flipped giddy fingers at parents and guardians, evading safe conventional trammels to throw its future on that providence which extends its protection to children and fools. To which type Fred Marmon and Lillian Wickes belonged is uncertain, but circumstances would indicate that a fair blending of each type united in their ensemble.

It is safe to assume that the pair had no intention of being married when they took a Sunday trip to St. Joe. They were not even engaged, but lovers they certainly were, and had been since their earliest years. Let no sly smile when their ages are given. Fred was twenty-one and Lillian eighteen, old enough to know better, and young enough to stake all on a fund of love that must last a lifetime. So far they played to win.

With the details of their marriage escapade this chronicler has naught to do. They telegraphed the disagreeable truth to their respective families—said it was the result of a dare—and received all their belongings by express, comprising the hurried contents of six or seven trunks, five of them belonging to Lillian. They were opened in their room at the hotel and Lillian broke down and wept.

"My family of dolls that I played with when I was a happy child!" she sobbed. "I think it was real mean for mamma to put them in."

"And my tops and marbles, and 'Robinson Crusoe,' and all my old school books," whimpered Fred.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Fred with brave determination, "we'll show them we can live without them."

"I don't know how," retorted Fred.

"Haven't we got each other?" she asked tenderly.

"Yes, darling, but this is not a cannibal age. You are sweet, but I do not want to eat you, though I may live to be sorry I did not."

"I hope I'll disagree with you if you do," pouted Lillian. "But now let us empty our trunks and hang up our wardrobe."

"How long do you think we can live at this hostelry?" asked Fred.

"Did you dare me to marry you without a dollar in your pockets, Fred Harmon?"

"It looks that way, sweetheart."

"Oh, well, we'll come out all right. They'll kill the fatted calf in a week or two and beg us to come home. Wait and you'll see."

They waited, but the welcoming veal seemed to have gone into the meat trust; no hint of it came their way. Fred drew a little money he had in bank in his home city, and they left St. Joe, which was perilously near Chicago, and went to Petoskey, a point in Michigan, where none of their friends lived and where they had heard Indians roved the streets in blankets and moccasins, and they did not get very far from the truth, either.

They stopped at Cushman's, but saw their little stock of money going and began to look for lumber lodging, and Fred was willing to go to work at anything he could find ready to his hand. Like all college graduates, he thought he would confer a favor on any employer by working for him. Now this was the time for providential help, and it came. They went out in a thunderstorm and reached the door of a pretty cottage just as a bolt of lightning shot from the skies, striking a tree in the vicinity and frightening them badly. The cottage was remote from other dwellings and uninhabited. The windows were boarded up and the outside door fastened with a padlock which Lillian picked with a hairpin as easily as if it had been a prearranged feat. Fred managed to open the inside door, and they found themselves in the coziest of summer homes, prettily furnished, with matting on the floors, any quantity of bric-a-brac on shelves, trophies from Indian camps and an entourage of housekeeping articles in excess of what they needed. A clock on the mantel ticked merrily as if giving the young couple a welcome. They fell into each others' arms in an ecstasy of delight.

But when the storm was over and the blue sky appeared their spirits sunk to zero. What if they were arrested for breaking into a house?

"The people have just left for a few hours, for the clock is still going," said Lillian.

"Perhaps it is an eight-day clock and

they left it to run down," suggested Fred; "we must stay until they come and pay for any damage."

At dusk no one had appeared and they went to the hotel for their dinner and learned that the family owning the cottage had been suddenly called away. They were wealthy New York people. These inquiries were made surreptitiously, not at the desk or in the office. The next day the Harmons paid their reckoning and left the hotel, it was supposed for some distant point, but night found them occupying the pretty cottage. They had simply pre-empted the property on a dare. They would stay until the clock ran down.

And now these irresponsible young people found themselves in a rose colored Bohemia, which was all the more enchanting on account of their education from infancy on respectable conventional lines. They went where they pleased, they did what they pleased, turned night into day and day into night. Their chafing dish suppers were a reckless abandoning of convivial fastidious. All the prohibited dishes of their childhood were cooked and eaten. Fortunately their menu was a simple one, and did not include the luxuries, and the air of that exempt country gives one an appetite that is not fastidious. They made the most of everything, for they expected every morning that the clock would be silent and their lease expire, or that the owners of the cottage would come and turn them out.

But no such event occurred. The clock ticked on serenely, although they packed up at the end of eight days to move on, but there was no cessation in the steady tick-tock of the timekeeper on the mantel. So they decided that it was a thirty-day clock, and waited. When the month was up that clock had not stopped.

No, the clock did not stop. One morning Lillian was lifting golden spheres of fried mush from the chafing dish, and Fred was making the coffee for breakfast, when a loud knock sounded on the cottage door.

"The family from New York?" cried Lillian.

"The fatted calf!" said Fred, who caught the profile of a masculine Roman nose.

When they opened the door a pair of firm arms embraced them both.

"My children!" exclaimed Lillian's father, "why did you not let us know you were here? We would have flown to you on the wings of love."

"You've been a long time about it," said Mrs. Harmon, with dignity, as she reached over her father's shoulder to recognize her mother and sister, who were bringing up the rear.

"We have been jolly happy, sir," remarked Mr. Harmon, coolly; "there isn't any good thing we've wanted, is there, Lill?"

"Nothing but your approval," Lillian said graciously; she thought it prudent to let by-gones be by-gones.

As soon as they could get a moment to compare notes the two agreed not to tell the old folks the story of the cottage.

"They would have to be educated up to it before they would believe it," said Lillian, "and we won't tell them about the clock, either. Why, we could never convince them that it hadn't been wound up or that there wasn't any key."

The family stayed a week and made it evident that the calf awaited the young people whenever they chose to return and attend the banquet. Before they left the old gentleman stood before the mantel with a pleased expression on his face and his hands under his coat-tails.

"I see you have one of those anniversary clocks. Must have cost you something snug?"

"Oh, not so much," mumbled Fred indifferently.

"It's a beauty," continued the pater, touching the glass case with appreciative fingers. "I saw them at the exposition in Paris and now Chicago is full of them. I understand. Their main value is that they only need winding once a year."

The two castaways looked at each other, then they giggled, and pulled themselves together in time to say good-bye with becoming gravity. And they promised to finish their outing and go home soon, a promise they will undoubtedly keep. — Chicago Record-Herald.

The Czar's Suite.

Among the Czar's suite of 173 people fifteen only are members of the Imperial family; 128 are Russians, the rest being Germans, Poles, Greeks, etc.

RUBBER BANDS.

They Are Largely Taking the Place of String.

The elastic band is gradually superseding string. The use of the handy rubber article has been growing steadily for the past few years, and this season's sale is expected to break all records. The price has been lowered, on account of increased facility of production, and now, for fastening small packages, the bands save money as well as time.

A local dealer said yesterday: "We expect to sell at least twice as many bands this year as we did last year. From this store alone go tons of them. I have figures that will startle you. Take the No. 8 band, the one used by druggists and jewelers for small packages. We sold fully 3000 pounds of those last year. There are 9000 of them to the pound; therefore, we sent out 27,000,000 of this size last season. Suppose they were opened out and tied together. Allowing half an inch for tying, we would have 27,000,000 inches, or more than 409 miles of rubber, for the bands are an inch and a half long when opened out.

"A band will stretch five times its length easily, so that our string could be made to cover 2045 miles. Or, in other words, you could stretch the line along a perfectly straight railroad track and starting at one end ride for a day and a half at sixty miles an hour before you would reach the other. Double that estimate for 1902, and remember, those figures are for one size only, and for but one store in the city, then you may be able to get an idea of the elastic rings used in Philadelphia and vicinity."

"They come in all sizes, from the tiny 'election ring,' so called from its use around bunches of ballots, to the heavy bands running twelve to the pound. They are used in various ways. Large stores send in orders for from 500 to 1000 pounds. And women come in for half an ounce for hair curlers. In the latter case a simple device of rubber and hairpins takes the place of a patent curler, is just as effective and costs one-hundredth as much."—Philadelphia Press.

WISE WORDS.

Patience is the key of content. Common sense is the genius of our age.

When faith is lost and honor dies the man is dead.

It is only our small miseries that we tell to the world.

There are habits that cost more to rear than a family.

The less trouble we take in bearing trouble the less of it we have.

To be uncomfortable without being unhappy one must be a philosopher or a woman with tight shoes.

It would be just like science rudely to discover, one of these days, that a cucumber is no cooler than a potato.

One of the greatest accomplishments in the world is to be able to back up the minute you find yourself going wrong.—Atchison Globe.

We are not content to accept truth in her nakedness, but dress her up in many shapes, so that we do not always recognize the being of our own dressing.

The real blessing, mercy, satisfaction, is not in the having or the lack of merely outward things, but in the consciousness that the true sources of life and happiness are deeper than all these.

Death is the reminder we sorely need that this world of the senses is not all our life, that there are realities beyond sight and hearing; nay, that these unseen, unheard things are the more real because they are not temporal, ever changing from one state to another, but are eternal, abiding, always the same.

Girls Work at the Forge.

There is a sturdy smithy at Leeds, England, who has eight muscular daughters, all of whom he has trained to assist him at his work. At present four are at work in his shop. The other four wielded the hammer for several years and then left the business to take up the duties of running homes of their own. Every one of these four daughters of the master smith are to be seen at the anvils following the trade of their father. They are up early and spend the working hours in making gas hoods—broad, bent nails which are used by plumbers for fastening gas pipes to walls. It is not such a hard task, yet the work requires great patience and enduring strength.

The heavy part of the work is performed by a machine worked with the foot. After the mechanical device has finished its labors the fair blacksmiths, with sleeves rolled up, put the finishing touches on the books with a hard hammer and get them ready for market. They toil on a piece-work basis, and the ingenious blacksmith calls each a "full hand."—New Orleans Picayune.

Searching For an Atom of Time.

A conference and series of experiments is now taking place, in which English and French astronomers are figuring, to endeavor to explain a difference of 16-100 of a second which has always existed in the calculations made at Greenwich and those made at Paris. The investigations will cover a period of two years.

Woman's Work.

More than 6,300,000 French women work for their living. Most of those outside workers (more than 2,700,000) are employed in forestry or agriculture, including women land owners. Industrial occupations claim nearly 2,000,000 more, the cloister 120,000, and the professions 138,400.

CHATS WITH GIRLS AND BOYS



A Prudent Maid.
Miss Dorothy Dot, before going to wade, Takes her little tin bucket and little tin spade, And Bobbie and she work away with a vim Till her little tin bucket is full to the brim. "With this sand we can build us a little dry spot If the ocean's too wet," says Miss Dorothy Dot. —Harriet Brewer Sterling, in St. Nicholas.

MYTHS OF THE NORSEMEN



TUESDAY, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday all were named from the gods of Norse mythology. In another way also these stories of northern lands are closer to us than the Greek or Roman myths, for they were born in the minds of our own ancestors, Teutons, and handed down by them. Though we may not find the same dainty grace we may well be proud of the determined will and mighty power which characterize these spirit children of the north. That same will and power have made the Teuton nations the masters of the world to-day. We are less surprised to know that our ancestors thought the earth flat than we are that they divided it into nine different worlds. Had the Teutons of those early days possessed a written language their geographies would have contained a map of the world something like this: Highest of all was Asgard, the home of the gods, over which Odin, or

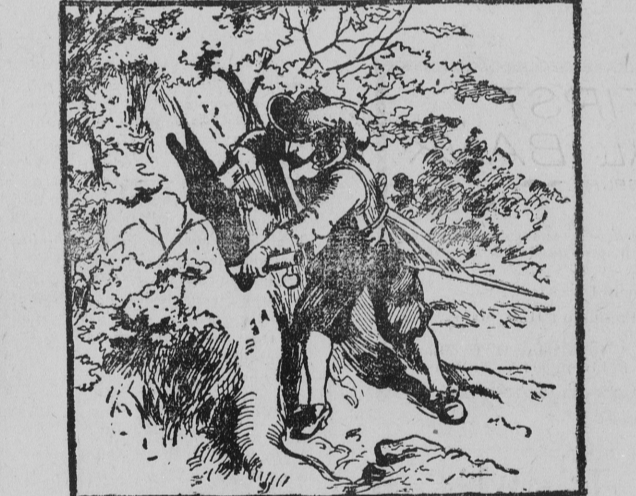
ell, and decided to bind him with an iron chain. Immediately the smithy was set at work and a great chain, more powerful than had ever been made before, was forged. With this the gods proceeded to Fenrir and asked him to amuse them by trying his strength on it. The wolf gave it but a



"THE GODS DECIDED TO BIND HIM WITH AN IRON CHAIN."

glance and then submitted quietly to be bound with it, for he knew he could break it instantly. And so he did. With one stretch of his mighty limbs the links parted in half a dozen places. Chagrined as they were, the gods were still determined and proceeded at once to have another chain made with the utmost skill and care. This was so heavy when completed that as Fenrir saw the gods come dragging it along the ground he suspected their purpose and refused to be bound. With taunts which appealed to his pride they finally persuaded him, however, and stood back to watch the struggle. But the result was no better than before. In dismay the gods then appealed to the dark elves, for sometimes their magic went beyond the skill and knowledge even of the gods. Were it not so the gods never would have put

HISTORICAL PUZZLE.



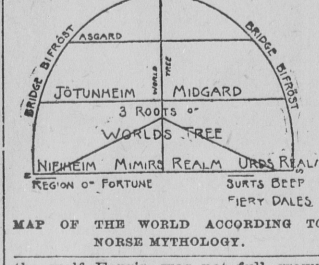
Find King Charles and Governor Andrews, who were particularly interested when Wadsworth hid Connecticut's charter.

Wodan, ruled, Midgard, around which flowed the river Ocean, was the home of men, and Jotunheim, on the same level, but separated from Midgard by the Ocean, was the upper giant world. Below these lay the under world, containing four, of the nine worlds—Nifheim, the lower giant world, cold, dark and damp; Urd's Realm, the kingdom of the dead; Mimir's land; and to the west of Mimir's land the home of the baner, the demigods of the north. The bridge Bifrost (the "milky way") and the world tree were all which united these worlds.

May we not be thankful we have not so complicated a geography now. Generations of scholars have worked their lives out in simplifying the ideas scattered through the Norse and Icelandic literature into this map. Think, boys and girls, of having to be able to give the boundaries, products and inhabitants of nine worlds!

Tuesday comes from Tyr, the unselfish god of war, who sacrificed his arm to save his fellow-gods from danger.

Loki, the god of evil, had three monstrous, terror-bringing children. One



the wolf Fenrir, was not full grown when it came into the hands of Odin. He, not realizing the danger to come, brought the monster to Osgard and bade Tyr watch over him. Tyr for a time succeeded well, but as the wolf grew he waxed so strong that even Tyr began to doubt his power to guard him. The gods, therefore, held a coun-

their trust in the silken string which the dark elves sent back. Yet well might it be strong as well as soft and smooth, for it was made of the foot-falls of a cat, the beard of a woman, the roots of a mountain, the sinews of a bear, the breath of a fish and the spittle of birds.

To mislead Fenrir the gods then planned a trip to a rocky island, where they would engage in wrestling, racing, shooting with the bow and all trials of strength. After the games one of the gods drew out the silky cord and said to another: "You would not think this strong, but try to break it if you can."

When he failed it was passed about wonderingly until all but Fenrir had tried it. Then, jokingly, some one suggested that if he did not scorn to be bound by so slight a bond he also test its strength.

But Fenrir refused. No taunts nor insults would move him. At last, however, he agreed to allow himself to be bound if one of the gods would place his right hand in the wolf's mouth during the process, as surety of good faith. With a laugh Tyr, whose arm was almost the strongest there, thrust his hand into Fenrir's mouth till he was tied. Mad with rage and despair when he found he could not burst the bonds, the monster bit off the arm of the unselfish Tyr. And that is why he is known as the "one-armed god of war."—Lelia G. Fish, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Luifer.

The first box of matches ever sold is said to have been bought by an old coach driver for a shilling. Sir Isaac Holden did not invent the luifer match. Though he discovered it himself, he had been anticipated by two years by John Walker, of Stockton-on-Tees. The inventor refused to patent his discovery, and made a present of it to the nation.

Czar's Physicians.

Seven physicians are attached to the personal retinue of the Czar.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED.

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Big Coal Mine Sale—Ministers Ordained—Burglars Defeated—Strike Declared Off.

The following names were added to the pension list during the past week: Woods F. Robinson, Canoe Creek, \$6; Cain Ransom, Blairsville, \$8; Peter Keil, Pittsburg, \$8; Benjamin Brown, Beaver Falls, \$6; John McClellan, Polk, \$8; Willard A. Levens, Bradford, \$10; Mary E. Wogan, Shirleysburg, \$8; Henry Gottman, Titusville, \$6; James Bennett, Brockport, \$10; Miles W. Brown, Sallito, \$24; David H. Phillips, West Franklin, \$14; John Ackerman, Pittsburg, \$8; Alexander H. Zimmerman, Bakerstown, \$8; William Fieding, Slippery Rock, \$10; Elmer F. Lewis, Renwick, \$16; George Aten, Paris, \$10; Katherine V. Gilmore, Enon Valley, \$8; Laura Miller, Harrisburg, \$8; Rebecca L. Madge, Mercers, \$8; Elizabeth Stiefel, Ironva, \$8; Mary Brabender, Erie, \$12.

The Methodist Episcopal conference at Oil City ordained five young men, Bishop Andrew officiating. The motion to reduce the amount donated to the supernumerary preachers' fund from 2 to 1 per cent of the yearly salary of each minister occasioned lively debate and was lost. The charges of unministerial conduct made against Rev. H. H. Moore were sustained, but he was restored in the conference, the committee advising leniency.

Two outlaws broke into DuBois in Wild Western style and attacked the home of William Kotoski, where it was believed a large sum of money was concealed. The robbers held everyone up on sight in the residence, and after a brief search secured \$100. Shots were exchanged between the outlaws and townspeople, one of the robbers, Pete Larkin, being fatally wounded and captured. The other escaped.

A committee representing the State legislative board of railroad employees were closeted with President Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers, for three hours at Wilkesbarre. At the conclusion of the conference the committee expressed the opinion that an extra session of the Legislature depended altogether on the result of the conference between Governor Stone and President Mitchell.

At the United Evangelical conference at Franklin the college consolidation committee submitted its report. The merging of the educational interests in the East Pennsylvania, Central Pennsylvania and Pittsburg conferences, that the two colleges of Central Pennsylvania and the Albright colleges be united in one, the location not to be farther east than Harrisburg.

Through an article in a magazine, Mrs. Sarah Ann Major, of York, thinks she has almost certain news of a long-lost brother, George W. Davis, recently made a major general in the regular army of the United States. When her brother George was a little boy he was taken into a family named Smith, with the understanding that the boy's name should not be changed.

A cyclone passed south of Harbor creek, Erie, destroying a great deal of property. Houses and barns were unroofed and many narrow escapes were reported. A farmer named Thomas sought refuge behind the biggest tree in his orchard and it was overturned and fell on him, but he was not seriously injured. The damage is estimated at \$50,000.

At New Bedford, Lawrence county, two bloodhounds on the trail of a band of gypsies who were charged with kidnapping John Jones, a Youngstown (O.) boy, attacked two tramps along the road, badly lacerating them before the brutes were clubbed off.

Charleroi is without a board of school directors. Each member handed in his resignation. A special vote was taken on a bond issue of \$60,000 for the purpose of erecting a new school building. The issue was voted down.

Dr. J. B. Keagy, of Allegheny, sold to the Keystone Coal Company 310 acres of coal land lying a half mile west of Greensburg. The consideration was \$90,000. Ten acres of surface are included in the sale.

Fire of incendiary origin nearly destroyed the town of Rousseville, one of the oldest villages in the oil regions. Many residents were left homeless and lost everything. Total loss about \$30,000.

By the collapse of the top of an oil well derrick on the Peter Rader farm at Connoquessing L. T. Miller, aged 35, was instantly killed by being struck by a piece of falling timber.

At Beaver Judge J. Sharp Wilson sentenced John Parsons, alias Cockney Reed, convicted of horse stealing, to 11 years' solitary confinement in the Western Penitentiary.

Governor Stone had an interview with P. A. B. Widener at New York relative to a conference with J. P. Morgan looking to a settlement of the anthracite miners' strike.

Richard Reynolds, of Altoona, division brakeman, was run down and killed at Kittanning Point by an engine. He stepped off his train directly in front of the locomotive.

The State Embalmers' convention at New Castle decided to hold their next convention at Pittsburg at the same time the funeral directors meet, which will likely be in June.

The large barn of James Lees, of near Mercer, together with the season's crop, was destroyed by fire.

Tube Workers' Lodge No. 2, of Reading, has reinstated 33 members. Seven new members were elected and 20 propositions for membership were received.

The strike at the J. G. Brill car works, Philadelphia, was declared off after 13 weeks' duration without any concessions on the part of the company.

The Claire furnace at Sharpville resumed operations after a two-months' shutdown. The annual reunion of the North-western association G. A. R. was held at Oil City.