

THE HAPPIER LIFE.

Forget the ache your own heart holds
By easing others' pain;
Forget your hunger for wealth
By seeking others' gain;
And make your life much briefer seem
By brightening the years—
For tears dry quicker in the eyes
That look for others' tears.
Heartache fades quicker from the heart
That feels another's pain;
The greed for wealth dies sooner if
We seek another's gain;
Life's sands run lighter if we fill
With kindness all the years—
And tears dry quicker in the eyes
That look for others' tears.
—S. W. Gillilan, in Los Angeles Herald.

The Emperor's Decision.

A STORY OF NAPOLEON.

"To be shot at dawn; those are your orders, sire!"
"Yes, General. There will be no reprieve," said Napoleon quietly with a frown and his chin on his breast.
A momentary gleam of satisfaction, nay, triumph, for an instant flashed across General Lazelle's face. It did not escape the eagle eyes of Napoleon, which saw everything.
"A clear case of desertion?" queried Napoleon sharply.
"Yes, sire. He, a drummer in your own guards, was found hiding among the rocks near the Somosierra Pass after yesterday's engagement."
"Found by whom, General?"
"By his own corporal. The prisoner admits running away."
"One of my guards, too," said the emperor, sadly. "I thought they were all proof against fear. What is his age, general?"
"Eighteen."
"He is young, but—well, general, he must pay the penalty—at dawn tomorrow."
General Lazelle saluted.
"Send his corporal to me immediately."
In another moment Napoleon Bonaparte was alone.
It was the day after the Somosierra Pass engagement. The enemy had been routed from an almost impregnable position by the combined forces of the Spanish and French. A superb dash by the emperor's guards and Spanish infantry had carried the day—a day that was stand out conspicuously in the history of the Peninsula war.
The emperor's heart kindled when he thought of it.
"My brave guards, it was you who won the battle, not I! Ah! my guards. They are magnificent," he thought.
He sat at a small table in his tent. Writing materials were at hand, and he had just signed the deserter's death warrant. The plain, black chapeau was at his side, and his uniform was that of a general. There was nothing to indicate his high rank save the Legion of Honor which decorated his breast, and that wonderful face with its fierce eyes and square jaws, which, once seen, were never forgotten.
"You summoned me, sire," said a voice, interrupting the emperor's train of thought. The corporal for whom he stood at the salute.
"Yes, Corporal," returned the emperor, looking up. "Ah! Corporal Gavairre," he added, with an almost imperceptible smile, "still at it?"
"Still fighting for my emperor, sire. Heaven grant I may yet go through as many campaigns as I already have done."
The grim old martinet, who had fought in numerous engagements, was a favorite of the emperor's. Gavairre stood motionless, but very pale. Napoleon noticed it.
"I want particulars of the deserter," said Napoleon, closely scanning the features of the corporal. "What is his name?"
"Gavairre, sire."
"Gavairre, sire?"
A slight tremor passed over Napoleon.
"A relation of yours?"
"Son, my emperor."
Again the hawk-like eyes of the great leader flashed and seemed to pierce Gavairre through and through. Then came silence.
"It is unfortunate, my corporal."
There was no answer, save for the jerky, labored breathing of Gavairre. The tone of voice in which the last words were spoken meant volumes. The corporal could have borne a torrent of abuse. The stinging, biting sarcasm was worse than anything.
"Repeat all you know," said the emperor coldly.
"A corps of your Imperial Guards at the entrance of the Somosierra Pass in the early hours of yesterday morning," began the corporal, in halting, measured tones. "A volley of musketry rang out, followed by another and another, right down the ravine. The Guards paused, and drew back. Then a drummer stepped slowly forward, quickly beating the charge. A cheer rang out, and the men, daunted for a while, were thrilled. They began to advance. The drummer still beat the charge with his right hand—his left was shot away. The men steadily marched on, and then they saw their beloved emperor on his charger. That instilled them with fresh courage. They rushed the ravine. In the excitement and melee the drummer, in the thick of the shot and shell, lost his head—and, well, sire, you know the rest, concluded Gavairre, white as death.
The hitherto impassive countenance of the emperor kindled with momentary enthusiasm.
"I remember the incident, corporal. Who was the drummer?"
"My son, sire."
"Your son is a brave fellow. How came he to desert?"

SPOTTERS ON TROLLEYS.

EVERY ELECTRIC TRACTION COMPANY HAS A LARGE CORPS.

All Strangers to Each Other—Are Known by Number Except to Their Chief and to the Auditor—Watch Conductors and Motormen—Rules Governing Duties.
In all large cities having an electric railway system there is an important branch of service which never reaches the gaze of the public, states the Philadelphia Record. Few people have any idea that the company pays a number of men to ride on its cars as passengers every hour of the day. The object is to keep a strict watch on its conductors and motormen for any breach of the rules. These men are called inspectors by the company, but the employees call them "spotters."
It is not only the passengers who are ignorant of the identity of these men, but no one connected with the company except the chief of the inspectors know them. In making their reports all the inspectors must sign by numbers.
These are given then by the chief to use instead of their names. The chief is not permitted to give the name of any inspector to any one except the auditor when the payroll is made out each week. Another element in the absolute secrecy of the service is the fact that inspectors do not know each other. They do not work in pairs, as in other secret service, but each man works independent of any other along certain lines of directions given by the chief.

The duties of these men are many and exacting. They must make a careful study of all the rules, regulations and orders of the company and any infringement of these must be reported. These include the proper and polite treatment of passengers, careful running of the car on the part of the motorman in respect to cross streets, pedestrians, wagons and the application of the power and brakes. Perhaps the most important duty of all is to see that all the fares are collected, and what is still more important, that they are all registered correctly. It is this duty that requires tact, good judgment, an understanding of human nature and good eyesight. The inspector must keep constantly in mind the fact that the man he is watching may be a little sharper than he, and any false move on his part would prove fatal to his usefulness on that car. Each trip made by the inspector must be recorded on his final report. He must give the badge number of the conductor, the block number of the car, the street and time he got on, the street and time he got off, together with the register statements. All these facts must be kept in memory until he gets off the car, when he makes a record of them on his trip card.

At the end of his day's work he must make a final report of all trips made, amount of cash paid out for fares and a full descriptive report of any wrong doing or accidents witnessed by him. These reports are reported to the office, who in turn forward them to the general superintendent.
After a careful reading by the superintendent all the men who have been inspected and have no bad reports against them are given good credit on their record. On the other hand, if any have had reports made against them the reports are placed on file, and if any have been reported for stealing or where a number of complaints of a minor nature are on file, the man is ordered to be "specially" watched.
By this it is meant that on every trip the suspected man makes in a day, week or month, he has on his car an inspector. This fact shows how carefully the man is watched. Each inspector who goes on a "special" detail is required to make a full detailed report, either good or bad, of the man's actions. If a majority of these reports agree as to wrongdoing the superintendent makes the basis for discipline.

The position in itself is not permanent, nor does it offer any chance for advancement. These facts are told the applicant with emphasis on his first interview with the chief. A working day consists of nine and a half hours, with a sliding schedule of reporting hours for every week. He can have no holidays and very few Sundays off. About twice a week he starts at 4 a. m., and on two other days at 6 p. m. The other days of the week are means between these extremes. The wages of an inspector are \$2.25 per day and cash paid for fares.

Another thing to remember is that an inspector is on different divisions each day. His work is assigned each day by the chief, and as a result, he seldom rides a division more than once a month. Of course, he cannot inspect every car on a division in one day, but he is expected to make at least 18 trips of about 20 minutes each.
Although carefulness and secrecy are the watchwords of every inspector, the time soon comes when they are known to the motorman and conductor. This may be due to some slight indiscretion or movement on the part of the inspectors, which has caused the motorman or conductor to be guarded. Descriptions soon spread at the barn, and in about three months new men take their places, as the company has no more use for them.
When the cost of maintaining the system is considered, one would think that \$20,000 a year would be greater than the amounts stolen by employees, yet the officials say it is money well invested.

In the game of love diamonds often rank higher than hearts.

COMPRESSED FOOD FOR CAMPERS.

The United States Army Ration the Most Successful Yet in the Market.

The traditional woodsman, hunter, or trapper, who staggered under a hundred pounds or more of food and impedimental has had his burden reduced very greatly in the past five years. Lighter rifles and shotguns, ammunition of smaller calibre, and considerably less weight for modern rifles; thin pressed steel or aluminum dishes which nest compactly into one another so that not a nook or corner is wasted; packs, baskets, and straps of minimum weight and maximum convenience, have all taken something from the grievous load the camper used to "tote." Still more remarkable are the changes brought about by the condensed and compressed foods which, under one name or another, are for sale in all the "outing stores."

Salt pork, cornmeal, white beans, and tea, reinforced, of course, by fish, game, and native fruits, the dietary recommended and many a "Pocket Guide to Hunting and Trapping" was bulky and also heavy in proportion to its nutritive value. Canned goods until recently took up practically as much room as the same articles in their natural state, and there was little gain in buying them, except for boat or canoe trips when there was plenty of space.
Canned soups of the standard brands were put up ready to serve without dilution, and the only portable substitutes were the time-honored "soup cakes" of the kind used in the "Swiss Family Robinson." As soon as the idea was conceived of manufacturing something between these two extremes, it was taken up by several makers. The condensed soups of today are thick and require to be mixed with several times their bulk of water, but they have not been boiled down so far as to sacrifice their flavor and delicacy.

Experiments in the way of "food tablets" have met with varied results. A large firm of packers once advertised a compressed tabloid of meat and various vegetables, dried and closely pressed so as to keep, in the language of advertisements, "for years in any climate." The trouble with this particular viand was that it did not taste good.
The United States government in its experiments with the army's food supply has incidentally accomplished a great deal for the camper's benefit. The regular emergency ration is perhaps the most successful preparation of its kind on the market. A square pint can, no larger than the ordinary pint fruit can, is supposed to contain three meals, not hearty repasts, however, for a really hungry man. There is a packet of tea inside the can, another packet of seasoning, and a solid lump of a mixture of a partly dried meat with vegetables. The adaptability of this ration to various purposes is its strongest point. Mixed with water to the consistency of a thick paste and brown in a pan, it becomes hash. Thinned with a trifling water it can be shaped into balls or flat cakes and fried as Hamburg steak. Stirred up with a larger proportion of water, a savory stew is the result.
Several of the packing and canning firms have put on the market recently an assortment of flat cans containing all the staple meat and fish products, practically without juice, in the cans, and squeezed into the smallest possible compass. The flat can is a convenience for packing which the makers seem to be slow in appreciating.

At the opposite extreme from the pork and beans are the malted-milk tablets and similar preparations which supply nutriment in its least compass but do not pretend to take the place of the regular diet for healthy persons doing active work. Druggists testify to the extensive use of these in place of noonday luncheon by business men of poor digestion and nervous temperament, but they are not to be considered in supplying the woodsman's pack.

Folks, Though Needy.
"Excuse me," said a shabby-looking man as he walked up to a cadaverous-looking stranger, "but may I ask you for a bit of information?" "Certainly, you may," said the stranger, and the shabby-looking man smiled pleasantly. "And you will not consider me at all impertinent, will you?" "Not in the least," said the stranger. "And it will not be taking too much of your time?" "On no." By this time the stranger was becoming a little vexed, but the shabby-dressed fellow was apparently in the best of spirits. "No doubt you are a resident of this city?" in a questioning tone. "But what can I do for you, what information do you seek?" asked the vexed stranger. "Well, you see," said the shabby man, "you will pardon me, but I am a stranger here. In fact I have just arrived. Now you will please excuse me for taking up so much of your time, but as I said before I have just arrived here and am a perfect stranger here." "What is it you wanted to ask about?" said the listener with a show of impatience. "Well, you see," the man replied, "I hope you will not think it impertinent in me to ask if you are in a condition at this time to give me some little assistance in a financial way?" "No, I am not," was the blunt reply. "Then you will excuse me," said the polite beggar, "and I'll not ask you to do it for fear of embarrassing you," and the shabby man bowed and smiled, and walked down the street.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

For Polley's Sake.
Howson—I always lie on my right side.
Bowser—Yes, and you lie to get on the right side of other people, too.—New York Press

SHADOWED A BANK TELLER.

The Gratifying Result of a Sleuth's Investigation of Queer Doings.

"I have had all sorts of experiences," said a detective, "but last night I had an entirely new one. Two days before the president of a banking house sent for me and said that he feared there was something wrong with his assistant teller, who appeared to be laboring under some excitement, and who showed signs of late hours and dissipation. I was asked to shadow him, and to look out for evidence of irregularities.
"It was then noon, and I started at once by following my man to a cheap restaurant. I supposed that he was going for his luncheon, but he went into a telephone booth and closed the door. It was impossible for me to hear with whom he was talking, so I went to the proprietor of the place and made some inquiries, and learned that my man telephoned every day at that time, and seldom bought more than a sandwich.
"That day he paid the telephone toll, but bought nothing. As I followed him into the street I made up my mind he was in communication with a stock broker, and that financial trouble was the cause of his strange actions. That was nothing new in my experience.
"When he left the bank that afternoon he was in a great hurry, and I followed him toward his home in the car behind the one he was in; but by some means he gave me the slip, for he didn't get off at the corner nearest his home or several blocks afterward, as far as I saw. I went to his apartment to wait for him, and meeting a little girl just entering the street door, I inquired if she knew him.
"He is my papa," she answered, "and will be home in a few minutes. He always stops to see the doctor after he leaves the bank, because mamma is very ill, and we are afraid she will die. The doctor comes every noon and telephones to papa, and then he stops there on his way home. If you will come in you won't have long to wait, or you can call again, for he never leaves mamma after he comes home, and sits up all night with her."
"I said that I might call again, but instead I went to the home of the bank president and made my report. This morning that teller got a letter from the bank granting him two weeks' vacation and telling him that his salary was increased \$20 a month."
—St. Louis Republic.

Unary.
During the active days at the great Muscle Shoals improvement conditions prevailed somewhat similar to those often found in new mining districts; nothing akin to calm.
A fellow who had occasion to take a long ride in a great hurry, "borrowed" a native horse without stopping to speak to the owner about it.
But in the course of a few days he returned the animal.
The native did not take a kindly view of the situation, but concluded to be content with legal redress. He announced his intention of having the offender arrested.
"What'll you have him arrested for?" was asked.
"For horse stealin', of course."
"How can you make horse stealing out of it, when he returned the horse?"
"Ain't it stealin' if he brought 'im back?"
"I'm not a lawyer, but I don't see how it could be."
"All right, then; I'll have 'im arrested for usury."
"I don't see how you can make usury out of it, either."
"Why, — it all! he used 'im, didn't he? Yes, Sir, he used 'im three or four days, and used 'im mighty hard, too, by the looks of 'im."
Of course a thoughtful person would have seen at once that e-lope-ment was the crime committed.—New York Times.

Mr. Gladstone's Catch.
"How many members of this house," asked Mr. Gladstone once in the course of a debate on electoral qualifications, "can divide £1330 17s. by £213s. 8d?"
"Six hundred and fifty-eight!" shouted one member.
"The thing cannot be done!" exclaimed another.
A roar of laughter greeted the last remark. But it was true, nevertheless, says the Pittsburgh Gazette. You cannot multiply or divide money by money. You may repeat a smaller sum of money as many times as it is contained in a larger sum of money, but that is a very different thing. If you repeat five shillings as many times as there are hairs in a horse's tail, you do not multiply five shillings by a horse's tail. Perhaps you did not know this before. Never mind; you need not be ashamed of your ignorance, for it was shared, as has been demonstrated, by the entire House of Commons (bar one member), including the then chancellor of the exchequer.

Workmen Wins a Fortune.
According to the Francis, the winner of the chief prize—£10,000—in the Consumptive Children's Lottery, in France, is a workman named Duthell.
He was repairing a slate roof when he heard the newsboys calling out the result. He bought a paper and found that he had won. He had not a penny in his pocket at the time.
So overjoyed was he that he ran away from his work and danced like a lunatic. He has a wife and three children.
Height of Englishmen.
In 50 years the average height of British men has risen an inch. The present average height for a man of 30 of the upper classes in Britain is 5 feet 8 1/2 inches.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED.

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Railroad Sold—Fair Declared Off—Smallpox Victim on the Street—Asks for Troops.

Pensions were granted to the following during the past week: Allen S. Goodwin, Kennett Square, \$12; John Haas, Erie, \$12; Mary S. Geist, Neffsville, \$8; Ann E. Kissell, Royaltown, \$5; Joseph Dowden, Blythesdale, \$12; Alfred C. Keys, Harrisburg, \$10; George Shreffler, Millintown, \$12; John A. Nagle, St. Bonifacius, \$10; Joseph D. Atchison, Berlin, \$12; Joseph Smith, Snow Shoe, \$8; John P. Vanier, Lewistown, \$12; John F. Jure, \$8; Leontos Mills, \$12; Thomas McDowell, Scenery Hill, \$10; Joseph Boyer, Osceola Mills, \$10; Aaron Garman, New Brighton, \$5; Martin MacLaughlin, Frugality, \$8; Seymour Smith, West Franklin, \$17; Jesse L. Penton, Tyrone, \$14; May J. Hewitt, North Clarendon, \$8.
The home of Patrick Coleman, of West Bridgewater, was entered by a burglar while the family was absent. Mrs. Coleman upon her return heard an unusual noise. Grasping her revolver she opened the door and almost immediately the midnight intruder. She did not wait for an explanation, but opened fire upon him at once, causing him to beat a hasty retreat before he had time to secure any booty.
James Boyle, alias James Brown, charged with robbery and jail breaking, was brought back to Sharon from Cleveland, O., by Constable Russell, then taken to Mercer. Judge S. H. Miller, fearing that Boyle might make a second attempt to get out, had him placed in the dungeon and a special guard put over him.
The action of the Washington county court in confirming the report of the grand jury in favor of the annexation of a portion of Canton township adds a section to Washington borough which has a valuation of \$249,046. This raises the total property valuation of Washington borough to \$7,560,759.
County Treasurer Wm. O. Thompson, charged with embezzling county funds, at York, was arrested and placed under \$50,000 bail. Thompson waived a hearing and will take his case direct to the grand jury. He was arrested on 10 specific charges, a warrant having been sworn out on each offense.
For the first time in 15 years the Mahoning county fair at Youngstown has been in operation it has been necessary to declare it off. Rain started on Wednesday, the opening day, preventing the races. The rain continuing the officials declared off everything for this year.

Mabel Van Horn, a pretty 16-year-old Fremont girl, near Hazleton, was kidnapped as she left church and driven, bound and gagged, to a gypsy camp at Sandy Run, eight miles distant, where she was held prisoner until morning, with the explanation that she was not the girl wanted.
Great interest was excited at New Castle over the alleged confession concerning the murder of City Treasurer John Ewins, of A. B. Ruth, who was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the Western penitentiary, who claims that an ex-convict committed the crime.
Mrs. Mary Button, who left her son's home at Haneyville, near Altoona, to walk to the home of another son several miles away, and has been missing for several days, was unexpectedly found by two hunters at Cross Forks and nearly dead from exposure and hunger.
Albert Wachtler, 5-year-old, was burned to death at New Kensington while playing with matches, his clothing caught fire and his face, neck and hands being burned almost to a crisp before his mother, who heard his screams, could extinguish the flames.
An outbreak of smallpox at Midway, near Canonsburg, has resulted in the quarantining of the village by the State board of health. The number of cases has increased from five a week ago to 25. So far no deaths have occurred.
The fifth victim of the Bessemer & Lake Erie railroad wreck died at the hospital in Mercer, being Brakeman T. R. Strauss, aged 30, who resided in Greenville. H. R. McLaughlin, also injured in the collision, is in a serious condition.

In attempting to enter the house of John Riley, of Ellsworth, near Monongahela City, Reuben Towars admitted, known as the "Bully of Homestead," and a man giving his name as Ames Fitch, of Louisville, Ky., were captured.
An explosion occurred at Helvetia mines, 13 miles east of Punxsutawney, on the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh railroad, by which seven miners, all foreigners but one, were so badly injured that most of them will probably die.
Edward Wood, a non-union workman at one of the Lehigh Valley Company's collieries, at Mahanoy, was admitted to the hospital suffering from a serious gunshot wound in the back. He had been fired upon from ambush.
Chambers Lightcap, one of the best known farmers of Westmoreland county, while returning to his home near Crabtree, crawled under a box car to escape the rain. He was run over and lost both legs.
The third day of the fair of the Beaver County Agricultural Society was a bitter disappointment to the management. Owing to the rain the grounds were converted into a quagmire.
The Pennsylvania Midland Railroad, chartered in Bedford, Blair and Somerset counties, was sold at foreclosure proceedings to J. M. Reynolds, of Bedford, for \$50,000.
Three children of James McKeever, of Butler were poisoned by eating toadstools in mistake for mushrooms.
C. M. Bracuse, a farmer, was found walking the streets of Erie with a fully-developed case of smallpox.