Ruddy-cheeked was I at twenty. With fickle whims and dreams a-pier. Ne'er was bird more free and joyous. Naught in youth can long annoy us. Grind away! Gone that day! Then my glance was frank and gay. Ruddy-cheeked was I at twenty. Fickle dreams had I a-plenty. a-plenty;

Then came autumn, sere and yellow. The bird was grown a sober fellow, Chastened in his song and duller. Hair and cheeks half-robbed of color. Grind away! Change the lay! Formerly my skies were gay; Then came at tunn, sere and yellow. Sober grew the jaunty fellow.

Sorrow's snows keep gently falling,
Love-lit eyes, long gone, recalling.
Mother, at the mill-stone crooning,
Moves my heart to old attuning.
Grind away! Gone that day!
Once my song was free and gay.
But now my ditty.risine, failing,
Breaks for love long past recalling.
—Zacharlas Topelius.

CHANGING A CLIMAX.

~~~~~~~~~~~~ Thornton slowly uncoiled his length from the easy chair in which he had been sitting, stretched himself, and win a lazy sigh remarked, "Well, P've got to dig back and write a story."

Frank Ashton looked up with an amused smile. "Does he marry the girl?" he asked a slight sarcasm evi-

girl?" he asked, a slight sarcasm evi-

dent in his tone.
"Suppose you take the story," said
Thornton, as Ashton skillfully dodged
tne book thrown at him, "and find tne book thrown at him, "and find out. I've been at the machine all the afternoon, and I'm tired."

"It is not necessary," retorted Ashton, "I know very well that he does.

If I wrote stories like yours I should feel like a matrimonial bureau. Still, I'n take it down for you, not from curiosity, but out of pure friendship.

Thornton laughed lazily as he sank into the chair beside the typewriter.
"It's merely a commercial necessity,"
he explained, as Ashton placed himself in front of the keyboard. "If the chap doesn't marry the girl, you can't sell the story. And while the wedding peals are growing to be chestnut bells in this vicinity, I'd rather have checks and chestnuts than unhappy endings and printed slips commencing, 'The editor regrets that the inclosed manu-

script Asnton slipped a piece of paper into the carrier, "Go on," he laughed; "I'll be the best man and help you marry them off.

Thornton glanced at his friend thoughtfuny. "It's for your own good, Frank," he said, and then started in

It proved a love story, in which the hero, a cynical, and rather world-weary man, loved a girl to whom he was afraid to propose, lest the step should serve only to terminate a pleasant friendship which he had thoroughly en-It drew a picture of a girl hun-r the words of love the hero withheld, and devised a clever situation by means of which the real state of her feelings was exposed. When it was finished, Ashton moved back from the machine and fastened a wire clip

on the typewritten sheets.
"That was a pretty good story, Jim," he admitted, as he lit a fresh cigar, "but you have a most unholy habit of making copy out of your friends. I may be dense, but I'm at least clever enough to see that you are picturing Effic Goodwin and myself. The only differ-ence is that Effic wouldn't marry the best man on earth, and I'm several de-grees removed from being the best man. Sne's so wrapped up in her career that one can't even talk love to

er, let alone propose."
Thornton had returned to the armchair and was regarding his friend with quiet amusement. "You're clev-er at some things, Frank," he said, "but when it comes to knowing Effie you display the intelligence of an oyster. In spite of your fad for posing as man of the world, you're singularly

ton, quickly. "What do you know?"

Thernton blew out a great cloud of smoke. "Not much, if I let you tell it," he said, genially, "and if I told you all I know, you would be wiser than law. You need," it we to many a feather in it to wave.

"In coming to a point she was always right as to distance in point, but here."

Law. You need," they to make the plume are the properties. word.

He lay quietly in the chair, idly watching Ashton with half-closed eyes as the latter tramped restlessly around the library, examining with painful minuteness the bits of bric-a-brac with which the apartment was decorated. Presently he slipped on his coat, and, catching up his hat, came over to where Thornton sat. "So long, Jim," he said, with a badly assumed atr of carelessness; "I'm going to take a run down the street. Will you be down at

the onice tomorrow at 9?"

Thornton nodded winout speaking, and a moment later the slamming of the outside door announced Ashton's

Thornton sat for a while, revolving his mind the plot of a story he wanted to take up, and then, sitting down at the desk, started to lay out the first draft. The family had gone to the theatre, and for two hours he wrote rapidly and without interrup-tion. Only the scratching of the pen disturbed the stillness. At last he stopped in the middle of the sheet. "Well," he said, unconsciously speak-ing aloud, "that will be all right, I

ton. That you, Frank? Certainly, come right up. I shan't go to bed for an hour yet. \* \* \* No. you won't disturb me in the least. I've just finished a story and I want to sit up for a while to cool off. \* \* \* Come up, and we'll have something to drink and a biscuit."

Twenty minutes later, he answered.

something to drink and a biscuit."

Twenty minutes later he answered a ring at the bell and admitted Ashton. "Come right in, Frank," he said; "the folks are going out to supper after the play, and they won't be homefor an hour yet." He led the way to the library, and again curled himselt up in the armchair, waiting patiently till Ashton had again inspected the bric-a-brac and was ready to speak. bric-a-brac and was ready to speak. Finally his friend drew a chair along-side and knocked the ashes out of his pipe into the fireplace. "Jim," he began, awkwardly, as he

replaced his pipe in its case with elaborate care, "have you seen Effie late-

"Not in a week,' answered Thornton. "Why?

"Well, he answered, "I dropped in there tonight, and I found her beastly blue. I thought maybe that had given you the idea for the story."
"The last time I saw her," he said,

she was looking as frisky as a Spring

Ashton swung around in his chair. Then why," he demanded, looking his friend squarely in the face, "did you write that story tonight?" Thornton smiled faintly. "I've had an idea how the case stood for a long

time, Frank. To tell you the truth, I was going to write another story when I asked you to take my dictation, but when you made fun of my eternal mar-

riages I changed my plot."
"Well," admitted Ashton, his face growing red, "it came out all right. He marries the girl next month. Will

you be the best man?"

Thornton shook his friend's hand warmly. "With the greatest of pleasure, old chap," he said, heartly; warmly. "With ure, old chap," "nothing would please me more." Then crossing over to the typewriter table, he picked up the sheets that Ashton had written earlier in the evening. They blazed brightly for a moment, then crumpled, a few charred frag-ments, in the fireplace. "What was that for?" asked Ashton,

curiously.

"Because," said Thornton, "it has fulfilled its purpose!" And Ashton understood.—New York Times.

BULLDOGS NOT GOOD POINTERS.

Might Be All Right if They Had Different' Noses and Didn't Eat Birds.

"Say, George, lend me your dog. I want to go out and get a bird or two for our supper; I want some kind of game food, and the only way you can get it in Colorado is to kill it your-

The one addressed as George was George C. Boniface, Jr. D. L. Don is the name of the would-be borrower. Boniface cast a withering look at the speaker, called his high-bred bull pup to him and they two ascended to the higher regions of the Adams.

"What in the name of common sense would you hunt with that bulldog?" was asked of Mr. Don.

"Birds." said Mr. D.

"Game birds? No?" 'Yes, game birds," said Don, who is a sharp in matters pertaining to game and owns a string of 14 of the best-blooded bird dogs in the country. "Never heard of such a thing?" in-

credulously. "Can't help it. Fact, though, I have hunted birds over a well-trained, full-blooded bulldog, and had good shooting, too. This dog was the property of a Syracuse gentleman, who began training her when she was a pup. She learned all the tricks readily, and was really far better than some bird dogs I have shot over. She ranged rapidly and widely, was well muscied, ambitious and untiring, and could put up as many birds as the next. No, she did man of the world, you're singularly nsc."

"What do you mean?" asked Ashsee a good Chesapcake do, neither did she keep her tail waving like a plume

sessed by any animal other than maniguess, when it's polished up, though it's another one of those marriages that are not made in heaven, but are contracted purely because the editors insist upon it. I suppose that Ashton will jeer at it, but—"

The ringing of the telephone bell prevented the completion of the sentence. Thornton reached from the receiver. "Yes," he said. "this is Thorn-

the World's Treatment, the Law's Treatment and the Saviour's Treat-ment of the Erring.

New Yorks CITY. — The distinguished exangelist, the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, has prepared the following sermon for the press. It is entitled "Three Ways of Treating a Sinner," and was preached from the text: "Neither do 1 condenn thee; go, and sin no more." John 8: 11.

There is something exceedingly pathetic in the beginning of this chapter where we read Jeans went unto the Mount of Olives. I know the critics say that this story does not belong to the New Testament, but did you ever see a better representation of Christ, first, in His going out to the Mount of the State of the Mount of the State of Christ, first, in His going out to the Mount of the His service. Thirdly, in His situation of the State of His service. Thirdly, in His situation of His service. Thirdly, in the seon with which He treated the Pharisees as they condemned this poor, unfortunate woman, when He said. "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her," and finally in His tender treatment of the sinner herself when He said. "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." This is all very like Him. and somehow I cannot get it out of my mind that it belongs just where we have ever found it, and that anything which has so genuine a ring as this must have been given and the his south of the his went of the his went

First, the world's way, which is as re-the extreme.

Second, the law's way, which is as re-lentless as death.

Third, the Saviour's treatment, which presents to us a sublimer picture than any-thing the world has ever seen.

I.

and widely was well muscled, and the thous and unitring, and could put up as many birds as the next. No, she did not lift the forefoot as you so done in the air. Third, the Saviour's treatment, which must be also the passing the pattern of the passing she had a stump tail, with any a feather in it to wave.

"In coming to a point she was always right as to distance in point, but her nose was a little too wide for concentration and your birds sometimes get up so far to right or left as to make you do your work pert and lively. For a crack shot she was a bird of a dog. She had only one fault—would eat every she had only one fault—would eat the passing street cars.—Bourer Fost, it is a woman to an avoid think, the passing street cars.—Bourer Fost, and parrod daily. During the carries a baby's mind the infant was placed not trace the stages of development of a baby's mind the infant was placed not race the stages of development of a baby's mind the infant was placed not trace the stages of development of a baby's mind the infant was placed not trace the stages of the test he simply looked at his reflection as a for the passing street cars.—Bourer Fost and the passing street cars.—Bourer

there for 200 years, and many of us have allowed sins to enter our hearts in the days of our youth which have pursued us until old age and caused our wreck. If women are not exempt from sin God pity

days of our youth which have pursued use until old age and caused our wreck. If women are not exempt from sin God pity the men.

But this mob that hurried this poor woman into the presence of Jesus was not an honest company of men. I know it because in the seventh chapter I read they called Him a deceiver, while in the eighther, the seventh of the property of the seventh of they brought this woman, tempting Him, for they wanted to catch Him on either one of these two points, first, if He accepted Moscs' law then they would turn the Roman citizens against Him and condemn Him because He would put another to death. If He repudiated the law of Moses the Jewish populace would have been His enemies, but nevertheless it is a true picture of the world. Have nothing to do with it, therefore; as you love your own souls, beware of it. It has slain its shousands and tens of thousands. What ruined Lot's wife' the world; what ruined Achan until he defeated the whole camp of Israel? the world; what ruined Judas until he sold his very soul for greed of wealth? He world; what has ruined ten thousand souls that are to-day shut away from God and hope, this same old world. "And what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

First, the world is critical. It will find every flaw that exists in your nature; imperfections to which your Joved ones would be blind, and which you yourself were hardly aware of will be pointed out and vulgard displayed.

The the world is critical. It will find every flaw that exists in your nature; imperfections to which your loved ones would be blind, and which you yourself were hardly aware of will be pointed out and vulgard displayed. There is no forgiveness in the world. There may be some

the when the tide is against him it bagss hat his despair and mocks at his hopelessness.

Third, it is heartless. There is no forgreeness in the world. There may be some time a disposition to everlook but not to forgiveness has the state of the state o

but thank God we are not shut up to the world. There is an open door before us to that which is infinitely better than anything the world has ever seen.

II.

The law's treatment. "Now, Moses in the law commanded us that such should be stoned, but what sayes! Thou?" Verse 5. This statement is perfectly true, that is the law. It was written by Moses and written to him of God. There are only two forces in operation to-day in the moral world, law' and grace. Through one or the other of these forces we have submitted ourselves and by one or the other we must hope to stand before God. By the way of the law the case would seem to be hopeless. One act of sin is sufficient to incur the penalty of death. It is always so with law; if a man takes one false step in the mountains he lands himself at the bottom of the abyse; there is no mercy shown by the law. Dr. Parkhurst gives the description of his climbing the mountains in Switzerland with a rope around his waist, held by two guides, one leading and the other following after him, when he stood upon a little piece of rock not two inches broad and looked down into the depth, which measures 3000 iect. If he had broken the law of gravitation and stepped out from the narrow ledge nothing could have saved him from a horrible death. We can cuite understand this in nature; the same thing applies in morals. If you sin against your health you suffer. Law is a shrewd detective, and is ever on the watch. One wheel broken in the machinery and the whole is ineflicient; one piece of a rail displaced means fearful disaster. Just one transgression of God's plan brings down upon you aburden vou cannot well bear.

Second, ou will be found out. No man has sufficient ingenuity to cover up his sin, and no grave has yue and stath the least offense of the law means a breaking awayfrom God. I repeat my statement that there are but two forces in operation today in the moral world, law and grace. If you have rejected Christ then your only hope is in the law, and I should think every man here must

First, "He stooped down and wrote in the dust." Some one has said that He did it just because His mind was occupied with thinking what He should do with the sinner, and it was much the same spirit as you would have if you would scribble upon a piece of paper while your mind was taking in some weighty problem. Some one else his suggested that in the purity of His nature, standing in the presence of the woman of sin, He stooped down to write because He would hide the flushing of His own face. That dust that was then at His feet is gone forever; only God Himself could bring it before us to-night I become the would be righten the sold being the sold being the head of the sold being the sold

no more.' And we are ever to remember three things in connection with our Saviour:

First, there is never a question as to how deeply we have sinned; the stories of the greatest sinners are told in the New Testament for our hope.

Second, there is power enough in the blood of the Son to blot out the deepest sin. Though your sins be as searlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be crimson they shall be as wool.

And the third thing to remember is if the man with sin is like the sands of the sea for number if he would feel the power of the shed blood of the Son of God he must by real faith and honest confession lay hold upon Him for eternal life.

His kindness lifted her burden, and the world is just dying to-day for the want of sympathy. I think the time is long past when men are willing in these days to spend an hour in listening to abstract reasoning or deep theological discussions. I feel confident that the time is upon us when haven are ready to explain to that church, or that minister ready to bestow a word of cheer, ready to help a little in bearing the burden of life.

A woman came with a handful of sand to her minister and said. "Take the sand back to the sea and let a wave roll over your handful of sand and they will be gone. To night I bring you to the sea greater than any the world has ever looked upon.

"There is a fountain filled with blood,

greater than any the world has ever looked upon.

"There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's vein, And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains."
"Neither do I condemn thee," said Jesus when all her accusers had slipped away. We do not know what became, of this woman, but I am perfectly sure that she never suned again. This is the secret of victory over sin: Catch a glimpse of the face fairer than all the sons of men, listen but once to the sound of His voice, sweeter than all the music of earth. How the man that preaches the development of character can match this matchless story I cannot see; how the man who takes the blood out of the word of God and the sacrificial part. away from the death of Christ can for a moment compare his message with this story of the divine Son of God is more than I can tell. I bild all burdened ones weighed down because of sin to come into His presence to-night and you can hear Him say "Neither do I condemn thee; go and so the same of the

The Example of Patience.

The example of God's forbearance and the incentive of His trust help to prepare us for that self-control and patient waiting which are, perhaps, the most difficult arts of living. Preachers of the strenuous life often forget that for one who dares to act there must be many who are compelled to wait and to endure. It is not the charge which commanders dread for their commands, it is the waiting before the word to charge is given. Action relieves the tension of the nerves and occupies the thought. The example of God's patience is not in itself a sufficient incentive in our time of ward. God waits because He knows. He The Example of Patience. self a sufficient incentive in our time of need. God waits because He knows. He sees the end from the beginning, and is never tempted to gather unripe fruit as we so often are. He asks us to be sharers of His patience by the exercise of faith. We can wait because we believe. He trusts us in the partnership of work and waiting, and we renounce and have patience because we trust Him for the end He promises.—The Congregationalist.

Work.

Work.

Work is given to men not only, nor so much, perhaps, because the world needs it. Men make work, but work makes men. An office is not a place for making money; it is a place for making men. A workshop is not a place for making men. A workshop is not a place for making men, it is a place for making souls, for fitting engines and turning cylinders; it is a place for making souls, for fitting out honest, modest, whole natured men. For Providence cares less for winning causes than that men, whether losing or winning, should be great and true; cares nothing that reforms should drag their cause from year to year bewilderingly, but that men and nations, in carrying them out, should find there education, discipline, unselfishness and growth in grace.—Henry Drummond.

Politeness An Attitude.

Politeness An Attitude,
Politeness appears to be what goodness
really is, and is an attitude rather than an
action. Fine breeding is not the mere
learning of any code of manners any more
than gracefulness is the mere learning of
any kind of physical exercise. The gentleman apparently as the Christian really,
looks not on his own things, but on the
things of others, and the selfish person is
always both un-Christian and ill-bred.—Ellen T. Fowler.

A Perpetual Life.

We have not divined the whole Gospel when we point to the four Gospels and say: "It is all there." Only in a limited sense is that true, for the life they record is a perpetual life among men. There are volumes of it in the life of to-day that are not put into print and bound up in a book.

—Rev. J. A. Rondthaler.

## KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Sergeant Wadsworth Arrested-Burglars Foiled-Model Town-Poisoned the Stock.

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Pensions were granted during the past week to the following: William E. Thomas, Hoytville, \$12; James Bryant, Towanda, \$24; Harrison Lohr, Reitz, \$10; John Bottorff, Benore, \$17; William Bice, Mt. Union, \$10; Isaac Ling, Imler, \$17; Michael Summers, Hooversville, \$17; Anna Williams, Richardsville, \$\$1; Lucia C. Garrison, Granville, Center, \$12; George Vandergrift, New Castle, \$24; John A. Lewis, Havine, \$17; William H. Cronce, Blossburg, \$24; Joseph Murray, Oakmont, \$10; Thomas Jolly, Big Bend, \$10; George M. Burbank, Honoye, \$12; Alexander S. Alexander, Reeds Gap, \$24; John Gilford, Titusville, \$24; Cameron Winship, Annincreek, \$17; Sidney A. Nowell, State Line, \$8; Nettie Bly, Osceola, \$8.

The Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsberge Bathers Company Comp

Line, \$8; Nettie Bly, Osceola, \$8.

The Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Railway Company will install along its entire system telegraphones instead of telegraph. This new and peculiar system permits the sending of telegraph messages and of talking both ways at the same time over the same wire. Instruments will be placed in cabooses, freight engines, stations and blind sidings. In case of accident connections can be made within one minute, so the contractors claim.

Patrick Delaney, of Hollidaysburg, Patrick Delaney, of Hollidaysburg, is under arrest, charged with feeding poisoned apples to the live stock on the farm of John Henry, of Blair township. Small chunks of dynamite were found lying exposed in the fields where the cattle grazed. A favorite trick of the poisoner was to hollow, out an apple, fill it with paris green and then place it where a cow or horse would see and eat the supposed dainty.

Sorgeant Authur Wadsworth of the

Sergeant Arthur Wadsworth, of the Eighteenth regiment, who, while in the line of duty, shot and instantly killed William Durham in the mining regions, was arrested on a warrant issued in Schuylkill county at Pitts-burg. He was taken before the state supreme court on a writ of habeas corpus and released on \$500 ball pending argument before the court in January at Philadelphia.

in January at Philadelphia,

A fatal shooting, surrounded by considerable mystery, occurred at Altoona. Ambrose Gehl, a 15-year-old boy, was the victim. He was shot in the neck and died an hour later. Two boys, Blaine and William Dodson, aged 16 and 19, respectively, and Mrs. Rachel Brode and Mrs. Lizzie Shambaugh are under arrest, charged with the crime.

Charters have been issued to the following: The P. W. Kuehner Com-pany, Beaver Falls, capital, \$12,000; Saw Mill Run Coal and Supply Com-Saw Mill Run Coal and Supply Company. Allegheny, capital \$1,000; Eatdhelor-Steirrett Company, Monaca, capital, \$1,000; Foster Oil and Gas Company, Bradford, capital, \$20,000; Hoffman Natural Gas Company, Bradford, capital, \$20,000.

G00: Hollman Natural Gas Company, Bradford, capital, \$20,000.

Charles Higby, a stone cutter, at Warren, was shot in the shoulder by Detective Gallegher, of the Pennsylvania railroad. Higby boarded a freight train. He was discovered by the officer and ordered off. He jumped and started to run, when the officer fired twice, the second shot taking effect in the shoulder.

Frederick Barkaroff, a Russian miner arrested and put in the Irwin lockup on a charge of drunkenness, attempted to hang himself in his cell. Officers, attracted by groans, found Parkaroff suspended from the cross bars and slowly strangling to death. When discovered and cut down life was almost extinct.

Chalmers Hite, aged 17, while huntier in the reciebsphered of his how

Chalmers Hite, aged 17, while hunt-Chalmers Hite, aged 17, while nunting in the neighborhood of his home at Glade Run station, Butler county, attempted to pull his gun through a crack in a fence. The weapon was discharged and the entire load of shot entered the boy's right lung. He will die.

Eurglays were discovered in the

will die.

Burglars were discovered in the building of the Saltsburg National bank and there was an exchange of shots between Mr. Taylor, who resides on the opposite side of the street from the bank building, and the burglars. Nothing was stelen.

A syndicate of New York capitalists has purchased ground in Juniata borough, a suburb of Altoona, and will erect a model town of 100 houses for rental or sale to the employes of the Pennsylvania railroad shops.

the Pennsylvania railroad shops.

Warren Billingsley, aged 18, of California, was lodged in jail at Washington on a charge of forgery preferred by the First National bank, of California. It is alleged that Billingsley presented a bogus check for \$42.

Pennsylvania Railroad Engineer Thomas H. Burke met his death on the sidetrack at Berwind-White Eureka mine No. 6 as the result of a mistake by a new brakeman, who left a switch open.

Near Bellefontaine Farmer Minow

a switch open.

Near Bellefontaine Farmer Minow
Headings ordered Christopher Fetters not to hunt on his farm. Fetters assaulted Headings with his gun and
Headings has sued for \$5,000 for in-

juries.

A. E. Ross, a telegraph operator at Adamsville, is in a dying condition at the hospital in Mercer, the result of a fall.

Towns along the line of the Pennsylvania railroad between Pitcairn and Greensburg are making a move toward getting a suburban service from Pittsburg.

The Alest Eurages of the Sharen.

The blast furnace of the Sharon Steel Company at South Sharon has closed down on account of an acci-dent. The plant may be idle for six weeks.

David E. Beack, of Chambersburg, has been appointed a special laborer in the New York Navy Yard. The residence of Edward Binder, at Ford City, was wrecked by a gas exSan erne con heir tric dist teer Two hou

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