

BALLAD OF DOUBT.

Forever a-dream and adrift with doubt—the peace of the past forgot;
And "He loves thee, heart—he loves thee," and "Heart, he loves thee not,"
The exquisite pain that is sweetly vain—that leaps at a touch, a sound;
And "He loves thee not, dear heart," she saith, with the arms of love around!

Forever a-dream and adrift with doubt! She is there, at the garden gate,
And she weeps good-bye 'neath a fancied sky that burns with the stars of fate!
And he whispers: "Dear, I love thee. Be the pain and the grief forgot."
But she heareth only an echo that answers: "He loves thee not!"

Oh, tyrant-love that tortures a life with thorns and fears—
Her beautiful eyes contending forever with smiles and tears!
He hath given her life's sweet roses—the lilies shall be her lot;
But she winnows the thorn from the rose-leaf and weeps that he loves her not!

And so they tain go sighing—sighing the world along,
Where faith is a flower undying and love is a deathless song!
The exquisite pain that is sweetly vain still throbs at a touch—a sound;
And "He loves thee not, dear heart," she saith, with the arms of love around!
—Frank L. Stanton, in the Atlanta Constitution.

A Lazy Lover.

By Hattie Whitney.

THEY were out on the lake, Roy Adams and Ruby Lane, paddling about among the water lilies. He had just come as near proposing to her, and she to refusing him, as it was possible to do and miss, this being their customary daily diversion. Now he was watching her lazily. That was what irritated her so—his inordinate laziness.

He was large and blond, with placid blue eyes like a sleepy baby's. She was little and trim as waxwork, and her gray eyes were clear and keen. The exciting point of the day's program over, Roy had settled down to his usual comfortable nonchalance.

"I don't know what kind of a fellow you want," he grumbled, amiably, with an indolent movement of one oar, and somehow his laziest motion seemed to accomplish a good deal.

"I know," said Ruby, positively. "Let's hear about him," Roy responded.

"He's brisk," Ruby replied, "and energetic."

"Think I've got him in my mind's eye." Roy gave the other oar an easy touch. "Small and bustling—and chipper, like the little cock sparrow who sat on a tree."

"He isn't like that in the least," Ruby sat up prim and stiff, and rosy with indignation.

"Oh, isn't he? Beg his pardon. Where is he now?"

"At work," Ruby replied, promptly, her tone implying a comparison between a man thus profitably employed and one who idled his time away at a summer hotel.

"Perhaps he has an object in view," Roy insisted.

"Perhaps," Ruby admitted, demurely. "And—um—is the object to be attained soon?"

Ruby let her eyes droop toward the ruffle of her blue organdie.

"I—don't know exactly; not before next spring." She was dabbling her hand in the lake, her eyelashes still slanting downward.

"Ah! Congratulate him, and everything. Shall we row over to that bunch of willows, or down to the little cove?"

For an instant Ruby wished she might tip the boat over, just to see if his exasperating equanimity would be disturbed even by such an emergency.

"I don't believe it would," she decided, in disgust. "He'd get us out if he could conveniently, and if he could not he'd drown with that contented smile on his face, as serenely as if he were a wooden shem out of a toy Noah's ark."

Mrs. Albert Loyd was peacefully crocheting a pair of bedroom slippers for Mr. Albert Loyd, chanting such incantation as: "Chain two; double in second loop; turn; five singles in loop; chain two," when her sister Ruby whirled in upon her, cast herself into a rocking chair, and rocked tempestuously for three minutes. Mrs. Albert viewed her quietly, suspending her crochet hook for a moment.

"Three singles in loop; chain two—been fencing with Mr. Adams again?" she queried, mildly.

"Yes," Ruby answered, "but I hardly think he'll care about fencing any more."

"No? Why not? Turn; five singles."

"I practically told him I was engaged."

"Dear me! chain five—and to whom? Turn."

"A person I invented."

"You unprincipled little wretch! What did you do it for?"

"Just to see what effect it would have."

"Two singles—and what effect did it?"

"None at all. You couldn't stir him up to move an eyelash, whatever you did; he's too sublimely lazy even to lose his temper."

Mrs. Albert shook her head gently.

"You're off the track," she commented, unwinding more scarlet wool; "he may perhaps be guilty of always keeping his temper, and let me tell you, a married woman would consider that a very good falling, but as for being lazy—Albert's friend, that little Mr. Higginson, who knows him well, says he works in his office like a galley slave ten months of the year, and although he has that lazy way and looks as if he were letting things go to smash if he were to let them, he has his eye on everything, and every move he makes counts. I shouldn't wonder if you've put your silly foot in it for once with your invented man. Albert says there isn't a more whole-souled fellow living than Roy Adams, but just because he

doesn't hop around and fuss over everything like a banty chicken—as you do—you must get scornful and snub him. You've done it all summer, you know you have, and he's been as faithful to you as the needle to the haystack, or whatever it is a needle is supposed to be faithful to. You always were a fractious child, and you aren't a whit better now than when you were six years—"

Mrs. Loyd ceased her lecture as she found herself talking to a dissolving view of blue organdie ruffles and a couple of whisking sash ends, and returned to her chaining, doubling and looping.

Roy appeared before Ruby early the next day in his usual calm frame of mind and his boating rig.

"Think he'll object to your going out on the lake with me just once more?" he asked. "I'm going away early to-morrow morning."

"What for?" she asked.

"Have to," he responded; "vacation comes to an end to-night. Can you go?"

She ran out and slipped her boating hat on in silence. She was reflecting dimly that she must either confess her little romance of yesterday an unfounded one, or bid good-bye forever to this exasperating man, and she knew now that the latter was something she could not do and retain any shred of happiness. She waited, however, until they were out on the blue, soothing bosom of the lake. Then she rushed into it.

"He couldn't object, you know," she said, reverting to his remark of some time before, "because he's only fiction."

"A dream-man?" he asked. She nodded, blushing uncomfortably.

He hummed a bar of "When a Dream Came True," and settled back easily. Ruby looked down in silence. She was waiting for him to say something else—and he was carelessly moving an oar now and then, and apparently thinking of nothing at all. She noticed for the first time how strong his brown hands looked; they were not the hands of a lazy man.

"They drifted along aimlessly."

"It was a silly story to tell," Ruby said, at last.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered, indulgently. "I rather thought you were fabricating. But you might realize him yet, you know."

"I don't want to." Her voice was a little uneven.

"Poor dream-man; sympathize with him, I'm sure. Like to have that pond lily?"

"Thank you, I don't care for it; let's go back."

He agreed amiably. "I ought to get back early," he said. "I promised Kingsland to come over and go fishing this afternoon, so we may not see each other again. Caesar, isn't this a day for fishing, though?"

Ruby's cheeks tingled as she walked silently beside him through the light, dry grass on the way to the hotel, while he stalked cheerfully along, making irritatingly pleasant remarks about the scenery.

"They came to a standstill at the summer house on the lawn. It was empty, and Ruby did not want to walk into the crowd of people on the hotel porch."

"I'm tired," she said; "I'll rest a while, and we can say good-bye here."

He held out his sunburned hand and clasped hers closely for a minute.

"Good-bye," he said. "If you should come to terms with the dream-man, don't forget to let me know."

She watched him going across an adjoining field, as she fell into the big willow chair and began to rock. Then she looked off dully toward the misty hills. They were dimmer than the light summer haze warred.

"Only a summer flirtation—only a summer flirtation," creaked the chair, maddeningly.

She turned her eyes to the field again. She could still see the tall form loitering along. When it should disappear, the end of things would have come. He stooped, seeming to pick up something; then he turned slowly and began his easy stride back toward the summer house. It seemed ages before he reached the door and looked in, holding toward her a flower on a stalk, just a fringe of pale lilac petals uncurling from a tawny golden centre.

"See, I found the first aster, and came back to bring it to you," he said. She accepted it silently. He looked curiously at her eyes. The rims were decidedly pink. He folded his arms and leaned against the door casing.

"Sure you aren't going to marry the dream-man?" he asked, after a casual survey of the landscape.

"Didn't I tell you there wasn't any?"

"I thought you might be fibbing again. If there really isn't—"

"Well?"

"Couldn't you reconsider things and take me, after all?"—New York News.

LONGEST WORD IN THE WORLD.
Used by Aristophanes in a Comedy, and Has 177 Letters.

"What is the longest word in the world? I am not rash enough to attempt to answer that question," said a well-known author to the Boston Journal. "There is a certain Welsh name of a place which reaches me every now and then, and which I have printed more than once, which is sufficiently formidable. I believe that the patient and serious Germans have turned out some verbal monsters, and it may be that the Chinese, the Russians and others with whose literature I am unacquainted have produced series of linked letters, long drawn out, which are called words. So I carefully abstain from saying which is the longest word in the world."

"But I think I may venture to suggest that there are not many words longer than one which may be found in Liddell and Scott's Greek lexicon. Here is the modest tribute:

"Lepidotemachoselachogaleokranioleiphanodrimputrimmatiphiloparaomelittokatechumenokhlepikossuphoktopolesteralektronoptekpaphalokigokloleololagoostrilobalotraganopterugon."

"I hope I have copied it correctly, but there may be a slip here and there, and life is not long enough to write it out twice, and the good printer, in whom I have the utmost confidence, may be excused if he stumbles now and then. In English it ought to have 177 letters—there or thereabout."

"In its original Greek form it would not be quite so numerous, as 'ch,' 'ps' and 'ph' are represented by one letter. The word is used by Aristophanes, who was a comedian, and who, therefore, must have his little joke, and some of his little jokes, by the way, are not quite nice. As to its meaning, the learned lexicographers state that it is 'the name of a dish compounded of all kinds of dainties, fish, fowl and sauces.'"

"It would look well on a menu, and I should like well to bear a badgered waiter trying to shout it down a long-suffering tube or a gentleman who has already dined fairly well bawling it out toward the end of the banquet."

Not Genuine.

"I think Sir Walter Scott is largely responsible for the superstition as to opals," said the traveling salesman of jewelry. "Be that as it may, it is still widespread. There is a large jewelry house in one of the big cities which will not handle opals. This means a loss of thousands of dollars annually. The founder of the house put the bar on opals, and the third generation is keeping it up."

"I had an amusing experience when I was behind the counter of a house in the East. A lady came in, and handing me a breast pin set with opals, said:

"Mr. Jones, what will you give me for these stones? They were an heirloom in my husband's family, but since they have come into my possession my husband and I have had nothing but misfortune. We have lost our residence by fire; there has been sickness in the family all the time, and he is experiencing business reverses. I must get rid of the opals, so make me an offer."

"Madam, I said, 'are you sure that your troubles are due to them?'"

"Oh, perfectly sure."

"You cannot think of any other cause?"

"No. Make me an offer, please."

"Madam, I replied, deferentially. 'I regret to inform you that these stones are imitations.'"—Birmingham News.

Silk Worms in California.

Through the efforts of Professor C. W. Woodworth, of the department of entomology of the University of California, a second attempt is now being made to determine whether or not silkworms can be raised in California on such a scale as to make the venture a commercial success. Some years ago money was appropriated by the State Legislature for experiments along these lines, but no favorable results were reached. The apparatus used in the experimenting was turned over to the university. The problem is now being attacked by Professor Woodworth in a thorough manner.

Through the good offices of N. Yokoyama, a Japanese, of San Francisco, who has lately returned from the Orient, Professor Woodworth has secured four or five million eggs of the silkworm, which are now being hatched at Berkeley. Three varieties of worms will be used in the experiments. They are the Japanese, the Russian and the Persian varieties.

The experiments now being conducted will be watched with interest, as the plan of raising silkworms in this country has been tried in many places besides California. The only exception to the list of failures is recorded in the history of some experiments carried on in Pennsylvania.—San Francisco Chronicle.

To Tell the Time at Night.

Professor Friedrich Hirth, of Munich, has invented an ingenious bedside apparatus by which a person in an electrically lighted bedroom can tell the time with hardly any movement. The invention consists of a lamp, which on a button's being pressed throws upon the ceiling an optical representation of a small watch lighted by electricity. The figure is sharp and distinct, and is enlarged to the size of a church clock.—London Star.

Filipino Dainty.

The Filipinos eat large quantities of dried grasshoppers, and also prepare them in confections.



The Birmingham school authorities not only teach the children how to cook, but how to shop economically.

In nearly forty instances languages have been first reduced to writing by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

In Persia, India and China the lower classes still live, as a rule, together with their animals in the same dark and unventilated huts.

By the flash of an electric spark one hundred and twenty-five millionths of a second in duration a rifle bullet can be photographed in its flight.

The most valuable almanac in the world is preserved in the British Museum. It is written in red ink on papyrus, and it is believed to be about 3000 years old.

The life of a dime is only four or five years, because it changes hands ten times while a half a dollar is moved once from one person's pocket into the till of another.

The smallest coin in the world having a genuine circulation is probably the Maltese "grain," a tiny fragment of bronze about as big around as the top of a slate pencil and having a value of only one-twelfth of a penny.

The deepest hole in the earth is near Ketschau, Germany. It is 5735 feet in depth, and is for geological research only. The drilling was begun in 1880, and stopped six years later because the engineers were unable with their instruments to go deeper.

John Burns, member of Parliament for Battersea, recently took a 200 mile walk with an infantry battalion in order to see the work done by the army. He made an average of twenty-five miles a day and declared at the end of the trip that he enjoyed it greatly.

The largest dwelling house in the world is the Freihaus, in a suburb of Vienna, containing in all between 1200 and 1500 rooms, divided into upward of four hundred separate apartments. The immense house, wherein a whole city lives, works, eats and sleeps, has thirteen courts—five open and eight covered—and a garden within its walls.

A Queer Snake.

Some timbermen who were working out railroad ties near Schultz Creek, a short distance from Fullerton, Ky., recently caught the first large snake of the season. After they had landed him they became greatly perplexed from the fact that he was of a variety they had never before seen or heard of.

They brought him to town, where his snakeship was carefully inspected at a respectable distance.

He bore all the marks of a common blacksnake, but protruding from his neck at one side near the head was a long horn, apparently as sharp as a needle. Nothing like this had ever been seen or heard of before.

The snake was finally despatched, when careful investigation revealed the fact that he had swallowed a small game cock and one of the steel gaffs had protruded through the reptile's neck.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

The Talk of the Day.

A school for dogs is the latest development of the educational movement. It has been established in Paris, with the object of teaching, not letters, but politeness. The school-room is furnished with chairs, tables and rugs, to give the necessary "local color" to the surroundings. The dog pupils are trained to welcome visitors by jumping up, wagging the tail and giving a low bark. When the visitor leaves, the dog accompanies him to the door and bows his farewell by bending his head to the floor. He is trained likewise to pick up a handkerchief, glove, or fan that has been dropped and return it to the owner. He is taught further to walk with "proud and prancing steps" when out with his mistress.

Dance to Take Strain Out of Muscles.

Dr. Bishoff, of Vladiv, Chile, describes the hard work of the mining people, who carry 150 pounds of ore in bags strapped to their shoulders while they climb up hundreds of feet on ladders, often consisting only of notched trees. They toil without a recess from 6 a. m. to 2 p. m., and might seem to be in need of all the rest they can get, but before supper they prefer to take the strain out of their muscles after a fashion of their own—viz., dancing vehemently to the sound of a fiddle for an hour or two, or even longer if their lady friends happen to muster in force.—Health Cure.

An Odd Custom.

It is an old fact in modern history that the tombs of the Kings of Sardinia and the cradle of their destiny, Savoy, are now in the hands of France. Only Kings Victor Emmanuel II and Humbert I. are buried in Italy. The rest, from the thirteenth century, and numbering twenty-eight, lie in the Abbey Church of Haute-Combe, near Chambéry, which the peace of Villafranca, in 1860, transferred to France, with the rest of the provinces, in return for French aid against Austria. By a strange oversight, the tombs of the kings were not "extra-territorialized."

TO GROW MEDICINAL PLANTS:

Falling Supply Has Rendered This Course Necessary.

The demand in the United States for medicines of vegetable origin has steadily increased with the population, and the export demand has also increased with the introduction of our medicines abroad, but the supplies of plants which formerly grew wild in this country have in many instances greatly decreased, and the point has now been reached where it is not infrequent that it is extremely difficult and sometimes impossible to obtain certain varieties of native medicinal herbs and barks for any price. This condition has been gradually growing worse of recent years and the only relief, according to the manufacturers who daily need these rare native plants, is to begin to systematically cultivate them, instead of depending, as formerly, upon the natural growth. That this can be done with profit is claimed to be without question, as prices frequently soar, owing to the short supplies, and if the cultivation be so regulated that it will not be in excess of the demands of the trade, there is no reason why a rich harvest cannot be reaped by the producers, as well as the manufacturers of medicines in which they are used. The latter are anxious that the cultivation of the plants be taken up by reason of the fact that it would do away with the inconvenience which they now frequently experience, as well as with the exorbitant prices which they are forced to pay by those who manage to corner the available supplies when they are short.

Golden seal is a case in point. It formerly could be obtained in abundance throughout the Ohio Valley and eastward. It is now hard to obtain in commercial quantities, and the price has been forced up to seventy-five cents a pound. Twenty years ago the production of golden seal in the United States was given by Lloyd at 150,000 pounds.

Experiments are now being made in the cultivation of seneca snakeroot, cascara sagrada, and the cone flower, also native drug-producing plants. The field for cultivation is in the sections where the plants formerly thrived naturally, before the increasing demand and the higher commercial value caused their practical extermination—New York Times.

To Protect Fish From the Sun.

Building sheds over lakes up in Vermont to keep the sun off little fishes is a remarkable proceeding, but Fish Commissioner Bowers, during a hearing at the Capitol, declared that was what the Government has been compelled to do.

It was at St. Johnsbury, where influential statesmen insisted on having a Government fish hatchery, although the water supply was inadequate. In summer the water there becomes too warm, because it is very shallow, and so Mr. Bowers says, the fishes sometimes all die in a night. That was why he built sheds over the water to give them proper shelter. But after a long fight he has persuaded the Senate Appropriation Committee to transfer an appropriation of \$20,000, which was made several years ago and which would have been wasted, had it been expended at St. Johnsbury, to some other locality to be designated by Secretary Cortelyou.—Washington Post.

Cardinal of York Was a Bore.

Henry Stuart, Cardinal of York, British prince as he was, and descendant of the lovely and witty Queen of Scots, was himself but a dull and prosy man. He had all the good things of this world—honors, wealth and position. But while all respected him, many were greatly bored by his platitudes. Pope Benedict XIV., who was his best friend, once expressed the general opinion. He had listened to the cardinal's prosy talk for an hour and a half on a day when he was more than usually busy. He remarked, with a sigh of relief when the audience was over, "that it did not in the least surprise him that the English should wish to be rid of the race of Stuart, if they were all dull and tedious as the Cardinal of York."—London Modern Society.

An Honest Tramp Gives Up \$10,000.

Two \$5000 packages of gold shipped by a bank and carelessly thrown by Express Messenger Andrews from a Great Northern train to a fellow messenger on another train, fell into the snow near Chlawaum, in Chelacy County, Washington, last Tuesday. Its loss was not discovered for several hours, and vain search was made for two days. A tramp found the gold and returned it to the railroad company. As a reward he has been given employment.—Denver Post.

"Black Teeth" Men.

Emigrants from South Italy are, many of them, disfigured by what is known as "black teeth." The teeth of these persons are affected during the period of growth by some gaseous constituent of drinking water, probably from impregnation with volcanic vapors. The defect often gives a sinister look to an otherwise handsome face, but fortunately does not, it seems, affect the strength or durability of the teeth.

Röntgen Rays Aid Women.

The use of Röntgen rays in the hospitals of Germany has opened up a new field of work for women. The service of nurse for patients treated by X-rays and as assistants at the use of them is of a very delicate nature, and in Berlin courses of instruction for X-ray nurses are to be instituted.

Youngest American Officer.

First Lieutenant R. E. Snipe, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is the youngest officer in the army, having been born in 1882.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

RAILWAY DEAL CLOSED.

New Corporation Owns Lines and System to Connect Uniontown and Brownsville, Pa.

Uniontown, Pa., July 7.—A deal was closed in Uniontown whereby John R. Byrne of Everson, with Uniontown and eastern capitalists, secured control of the property, charters, stock and franchises of the Brownsville, Bridgeport & West Side Street Railway, the Brownsville & Uniontown Street Railway, the West Brownsville & Washington Street Railway and the Brownsville Junction & California Street Railway. These charters and franchises cover a large extent of territory along the Monongahela valley, in the neighborhood of Brownsville, and extend from Brownsville, along the river in both directions. It is the intention to merge and consolidate the four companies into a new corporation with a capital stock of \$1,000,000. The work of building the lines of railway in Brownsville to Uniontown will be commenced at once, and it is expected that Brownsville and Uniontown will be connected by trolley within a year.

James H. Ekas, one of the best known residents of Tarentum, and bookkeeper of the National Bank of Tarentum, was placed under arrest, charged with having embezzled several thousand dollars belonging to the financial institution by which he was employed. The arrest of Ekas caused a sensation in that place. The small depositors crowded about the institution during the day, and many of the accounts were withdrawn. The information against the bookkeeper was made by J. W. Hemphill, president of the bank. When taken in custody he is said to have made a confession of his peculations, which cover a period of over eight years.

A short distance from Ehrenfeld station, at the same place where an engine exploded two months ago, killing four, engine No. 177, drawing an eastbound freight train on the Pennsylvania railroad, exploded, killing three men almost instantly, probably fatally injuring two and slightly injuring several others. The dead are: John Wessinger, engineer, of Conemaugh, 45 years old; Daniel C. Crouch, fireman, of Conemaugh, 28 years old; Charles Ross, flagman, of East Taylor township, 21 years old. Seriously injured: J. B. Smith, flagman, of Conemaugh. In addition to the foregoing, five others received slight injuries.

Harry M. Shoff, 31 years old, an attorney of Coalport, Clearfield county, was murdered by Romey Loyerne while attempting to collect a bill for legal service. Early yesterday Shoff defended Loyerne in an assault and battery case, and while on his way home at midnight stopped at Loyerne's to collect his bill of \$5. An argument and fight followed, and young Loyerne crushed Shoff's skull. The murderer gave himself up a short time after the killing.

At Butler, Judge Galbreath granted tavern licenses to Captain Herman Liebold of the Hotel Arlington, Earl D. Clinton of the Standard, Charles Gels of the Lyndora, Ralph Gregg of the Park, Simpson and Brown Nixon of the Nixon, Daniel F. McCrea of the Butler, Alfred Klein of the Willard and George Haworth of the Bowman. The application of C. H. and H. B. Kemp for the Hotel Lawry was refused.

The satchel of Walter Scott, said to have contained \$12,000 in gold dust, taken from a Pennsylvania train near Philadelphia, was found yesterday morning by Foreman John Forehand, of Supervisor Hippey's division near New Florence. It had the appearance of having been roughly torn open and was lying on a pile of ties, and empty. Inscribed on the satchel was "Scott & Gearhard, 234 Fifth avenue, New York."

Four New Castle men were arrested while driving through Youngstown, O., being charged with stealing chickens. They were later released, it being shown that the chickens they had were to be used in a cooking main, which was prevented.

By order of the Venango county court the verdict of \$41,200 damages received by Stuart Simpson, of Oil City against the Pennsylvania railroad company, has been reduced to \$22,000. The plaintiff is given 15 days to accept or refuse.

The following fourth-class Pennsylvania postmasters were appointed: Haysville, Allegheny county, Samuel J. Pair; Lamartine, Clarion county, James T. Laughner; Polk, Venango county, William W. McClelland.

After a steady run of 18 months the two tin mills at New Castle closed for an indefinite period. The employees are satisfied with the settlement of the wage question at Pittsburg last night.

The entire plant of the American Tin Plate company, at South Sharon, has closed for repairs. In view of the scale being signed it is expected that the plant will be idle for a shorter period this year than usual.

Pennsylvania food inspectors purchased samples of 82 dairymen at Johnstown, but were unable to find any traces of adulterations. Nineteen dairymen were arrested in a raid a year ago.

On account of delay in the work, the laying of the cornerstone of the new \$50,000 Masonic temple at New Castle, has been postponed.

Charles E. Pinkerton, of Ellwood City, a Baltimore and Ohio railroad brakeman, was caught between two cars and crushed so badly that his recovery is doubtful.

Thomas Troutman, of Sheakyleville, Mercer county, is suffering from tetanus, the result of being burned while shooting a toy pistol. It is thought he cannot recover.

Over 600 miners went on a strike at Rossiter as the result of a disagreement between the company and the drivers in mine No. 1 over two hours wages.