

THE HUSHED HOUSE.

I went at nightfall,
Came again at dawn;
On Love's door again I knocked—
Love was gone.

He who oft had bade me in
Now would bid no more;
Silence sat within his house,
Barred its door.

When the slow door opened wide
Through it I could see
How the emptiness within
Stared at me.

Through the dreary chambers
Long I sought and sighed,
But no answering footsteps came;
Naught replied.

Then at last I entered
Dim a darkened room;
There a taper glimmered gray
In the gloom.

And I saw one lying
Crowned with heliochrysis;
Never saw I face as fair
As was his.

Like a wintry lily
Was his brow in hue;
And his cheeks were each a rose,
Wintry, too.

Then my soul remembered
All that made us part,
And what I had laughed at once
Broke my heart.

—Madison Cawein, in Harper's Magazine.

AN ACCIDENT AND ITS SEQUEL.

By KATE RATHMORE.

I REMEMBER it as well as if it were yesterday. The carriage stood at the door, and I was to go back to school for the spring term. My mother gave innumerable instructions, smoothed my collar, and adjusted my cap on my head properly, then gave me a kiss and stood looking wistfully at me as I went down the walk and got into the carriage.

A month or two later—it was in June, I think—after a hard struggle one afternoon with some figures, all about a ship and a cargo and the profit and all that, I went out to join the other boys.

When I reached the playground they were gone, and there was nothing for me to do but amuse myself as best I could.

I strolled about the house with my hands in my pockets—which my mother had told me distinctly not to do—and, suddenly remembering her instructions, took them out again; then, for want of better amusement, I began to whistle.

Next to the school there was a pretty cottage separated from the schoolhouse by a board fence. The two houses were not a hundred feet apart, and I could look right through under the trees, and there on the tennis ground stood a girl a trifle younger than myself, looking straight at me.

Now, when a boy suddenly finds himself observed by a girl, he feels somewhat queer. I remember that very well. My hands went right into my pockets, but remembering that that was not the correct thing to do in the presence of a girl, I took them directly out again.

Then I concluded that it would be a good way to show how little I was embarrassed by turning around upon my heel, a movement on which I greatly prided myself. After that, I don't remember—it was so long ago—what new capers I cut. But one thing is very certain. I was soon hunting for something I pretended to have lost in the grass beside the fence.

"If it's your knife you've lost," I heard a muffled voice say, "it isn't there. I picked up a knife there a week ago, but it was all rusty and no good."

"Oh, never mind," I said, looking up into two eyes peeping out from a sun-bonnet; "it wasn't much of a knife, and I've got another."

"Are you one of the boys at the school?"

"Yes."

"What class are you in?"

"The fourth."

"Do you study geography?"

"Yes."

"What's the capital of Austria?"

I scratched my head.

"I don't remember that," I admitted, reluctantly. "I'm first rate on capitals, but I can't recollect that one."

"Why didn't you go off with the boys?"

"I was behind with my sums. I suppose they've gone to the river. I like the woods pretty well; they're full of squirrels."

"And lizards," she added. "I'm not afraid of lizards. I suppose you're afraid to go there."

"No, I'm not."

"If you want to go there now, and are afraid, I don't mind going with you, just to keep off the lizards and things."

She looked wistfully out at the wood. I can see her now leaning on her wicket, deliberating—if such a process can be called deliberation where the conclusion was determined—the straight, little figure poised between the racket and one foot, one little leg crossed on the other—peering out at the forest.

Suddenly, without any warning, she dropped the racket and started for the wood.

We were not long in crossing the field, and were walking in the dense shade when she stopped, and looking at me with her expressive eyes, said: "How still it is in here! It seems to me I can almost hear the silence."

"Yes, it is pretty solemn," I replied. "Let's go on; the river winds about down there, and we can see the water go over the dam."

I heard a distant voice calling "Julia." It was very faint; she did not hear it. I stood a moment hesitating.

"Come, let's go," I said, starting forward.

"Julia," I heard again, more faintly than before.

I hurried on, fearing she would hear the voice and turn back.

Presently we emerged from the wood and stood by the river. I was familiar with the ground, and led my little friend directly to the dam.

"Most of the boys are afraid to walk out on that dam," I said.

"I'd be afraid."

"But you're only a girl; a boy

further encouragement for me to go on.

"I see the wood has been cut away," I added, glancing toward it.

"No; it does not seem to be."

"Were you ever there?"

"Oh, yes, often."

"And is that old dam still across the river?"

"I believe it is."

She looked at me curiously. I went on without waiting for a reply: "Would you mind showing me the way to it?" It is a long while since I was there.

She drew herself up with slight hauteur. Then, thinking that perhaps I was unaccustomed to the conventional ways of civilized life, she said, pleasantly: "You have only to walk through the wood straight, at the back of the house and you will come to it."

"Thank you," I replied; "but I hoped you would show me the way."

She looked puzzled.

"Miss Julia," I said, altering my tone, "I once met you when I was a boy here at school."

"I knew a number of scholars," she said, more interested; "who are you?" I directed to tell her. "If you will permit me to the dam," I said. "I will inform you."

She thought a moment, then turned and looked out at the wood. With the quick motion with which she had made the same move as a child, she started forward.

We walked side by side to the wood, through it out on the river bank. There was the water and the dam; everything as it had been ten years before.

"Did you ever try to walk out there?" I asked.

"Once, when I was a child, I came here with a boy, and we walked to where the water pours over. I met with an accident. I fell in."

"The boy overpersuaded you, I suppose?"

"It was difficult for me to conceal a certain trepidation at the mention of my fault."

"No, I went of my own accord."

"He certainly must have been to blame. He was older and stronger than you."

"On the contrary," she said, with a slight, rising irritation, "he jumped after me like the noble little fellow that he was."

I turned away on pretense of examining a boat down the river.

"At any rate, he must have begged your forgiveness on his knees for permitting you to go into such a danger!"

"I never saw him again. He went away."

I fancied—at least, I hoped—I could detect a tinge of sadness in her voice.

"I have often wished," she went on, "that he would come back as the other scholars sometimes do, as you are now, and let me tell him how much I thank him for his noble effort."

"Julia," I said, suddenly turning and facing her. "This is too much. I am that boy. I led you into the wood. I forced you to go into the dam with me. I permitted you to fall in."

"And more than atoned for all by risking your life to save me!"

Ah! that look of surprised delight which accompanied her words! It was worth all my past years of suffering, of fancied blame; for in it I read how dearly she held the memory of the boy who had at least shared the danger for which he was responsible.

I do not remember if she grasped my hand or I grasped hers. At any rate, we stood hand in hand, looking into each other's faces.

I blessed the Providence that ended my punishment; I blessed the good fortune that had led me to a knowledge of the kindly heart beside me.

Of all the moments of my life, I still count it for the happiest.

Then we walked back through the woods, over the intervening field, and stood together leaning against the fence between the old school and her home.

We did not part after that for another ten years, which she spent as my beloved wife. Then she left me to go whence I can never recall her to go, and one of the tramping places in the woods, through which we once passed as children, and often afterward as lovers.

There I watch the fleeted sunlight, and mark the quietness, and it seems to me that I can "hear the silence."

More than that, I know the pure soul looks at me through her honest eyes.—New York Weekly.

A Detective Fox Terrier.

The story of the dog which recently caused the discovery of a tragedy at Brigden by barking outside the house in which it was committed recalls a sensational incident that took place in Grand Canary a few years ago. A young American was murdered for his money in one of the Spanish inns near the harbor, and his fox terrier was carried off to a plantation in the hills by one of his accomplices. Two years later the dog was brought back again to the town, and it immediately went to a certain spot in the road, tried to scratch a hole in it, and howled so piteously that it attracted the attention even of the Spanish policeman. This led to the discovery of its master's body and the final conviction of his murderer.—London Chronicle.

A Poor Chicken.

A well-known professor has a bright little boy, who one day appeared in his father's study, clasping a forlorn little chicken. "Willie," said the father, "take that chicken back to its mother." "Ain't dot any mother," answered Willie. "Well, then, take it back to its father," said the professor, determined to maintain parental authority. "Ain't dot any father," said the child, "Ain't dot anything but an old lamp!" —New York Times.

A NEW GAME OF DECEIT.

Passing Confederate Money on Unsuspecting Foreigners.

When you see a bill fluttering to the ground from the pockets of a pedestrian don't pay any attention to it, and if the finder volunteers to split it with you hang on to your money. Michael Arzmann wishes he had followed this advice.

Michael had a bad streak of luck yesterday. He is a hard working employee in the rolling mills. For two years he has been saving his money to bring his wife from Germany. She arrived in Milwaukee a few days ago. Michael had found a suitable flat and paid \$3 down to clinch the bargain. Clutching \$7.50 in his hand he started off to pay the balance of the first month's rent. Crossing Sixth street he saw a man ahead of him drop a bill which appeared to be money. He picked it up, thought it was \$50, and was in the act of calling to the stranger to notify him of his loss when another approached him and said:

"Get on to the guy trying to show off that he has money. I know him well. Used to pal with him. He would not even thank you if you returned the money. He has stacks of that. I'll tell you what. You keep the bill and just give me one-half in change and no one will be the wiser."

"Good God, do I look as if I had that much money about me? This is all that I have," showing the \$7.50.

"You seem to be an honest chap, and on second thought I do not need the \$25 as bad as you, seeing that your wife has just blown into town. Give me what you've got and I'll call around for the balance later on."

Michael turned over his money and pocketed the bill.

Michael hurried to his landlady. With a profound bow he handed her the newly found bill.

"Man, what are you trying to do!" exclaimed the landlady fiercely. "I'll teach you, that I am not to be trifled with."

She jumped upon the next car and saw Inspector Riemer. After he had heard her charges against Arzmann, whom she accused of trying to pass counterfeit money on her, he sent for the unsuspecting Slavonian. As soon as the inspector saw the scrap of paper he smiled:

"That's Confederate. The war is over." —Milwaukee Sentinel.

Trail Signs.

First among the trail signs that are used by Indians and white hunters, and most likely to be of any use to the traveler, says a writer in Country Life in America, are axe blades on tree trunks. These may vary greatly with locality, but there is one everywhere in use with scarcely any variation. This is simply the white spot, knicked off by knife or axe, and meaning "Here is the trail."

The Old-Jaws and other woodland triles use twigs for a great many signs. The hanging broken twig, like the simple blaze means, "This is the trail." The twig clean broken off and laid on the ground across the line of march means, "Break from your straight course and go in the line of the butt end," and when an especial warning is meant, the butt is pointed toward the one following the trail and raised somewhat in a forked twig. If the butt of the twig were raised and pointing to the left it would mean, "Look out, camp," or "ourselves, or the enemy, or the game we have killed is out that way."

The old buffalo hunters had an established signal that is yet used by mountain guides. It is as follows: "Two shots in rapid succession, an interval of five seconds by the watch, then one shot, means, 'Where are you?' The answer, given at once and exactly the same, means, 'Here I am; what do you want?' The reply to this may be one shot, which means, 'All right; I only wanted to know where you were.' But if the reply repeats the first, it means, 'I am in serious trouble. Come as fast as you can.'"

Artificial and Natural Silks.

Several processes are now employed in Germany, Switzerland and France for the manufacture of artificial silk, and one of the German associations is said to be negotiating for the establishment of a factory in the United States. In one of the latest processes cellulose dissolved in ammoniated oxide of copper is directly separated from this solution in the form of threads by the aid of an acid. Under the microscope all artificial silks are seen to differ from natural silks by possessing thicker threads. The artificial silks are also distinguished by water, the threads increasing from one-third to one-half in thickness, while natural silks do not perceptibly distend when wet. Artificial silk is used instead of straw for making hats. It serves well for parasementaries and embroideries, and produces an excellent quality of human hair.

A Cute Oklahoma Woman.

The women of the Yankee States may think that they are clever at driving bargains, but the claim is made here now, without evasion or equivocation, that in Guthrie lives a woman without a parallel for commercial wit. Several months ago she entered a large department store in New York City to buy a yard of silk, which the clerk told her would cost her thirty-five cents. Her husband's yard, the clerk suggested that she buy the remnant. "What will you take for it?" asked the Guthrie woman. "Twenty cents, Madam," replied the clerk politely. "Well, I'll take it, but you can keep the yard you've just torn off." The clerk was staggered for a moment, but appreciating the humor of the proposal sulkily made the exchange. Not the least merit of this story is that it is true.—Kansas City Times.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

SAND-BAGGED AND ROBBED

West Penn Railroad Conductor Relieved of Considerable Money on Street at Freeport.

Henry Brombach, a freight conductor employed by the West Penn railroad was sand-bagged and robbed of \$147 and his ring while passing the Guckenhimer distillery at Freeport. Mr. Brombach was painfully, but not seriously hurt. He notified the police as soon as he regarded consciousness. A young man named Edward Petsinger was arrested on suspicion.

To increase its freight classification yard facilities the Pennsylvania Railroad company has purchased four of the largest truck farms in Central Pennsylvania, located in South Hollidaysburg, for \$162,000. The purchase almost wipe out the trucking industry in Blair county, and Altoona and Hollidaysburg must hereafter depend upon the Baltimore and Philadelphia markets for vegetable produce. The Berwind-White Coal and Coke company has taken an option on land in East Hollidaysburg adjoining the new freight classification yard of the Pennsylvania Railroad company. It is stated that a large pressed steel car constructing and repair plant will be erected on this land, which is an ideal location for that purpose.

While answering an alarm of fire the truck became unmanageable going down the hill on Forty-third street, near Plummer street, Pittsburgh. In an effort to stop the team the horses were pulled from the road to the sidewalk at the southwest corner of Forty-sixth and Plummer streets, crashing into the house of W. H. Bizzess. Men, women and children were knocked down and trampled on by the fire horses. Sixteen were injured, two of them so seriously that they were taken to St. Francis hospital.

An attempt was made to blow up the general store of the Alexandria Supply Company at Crabree, Westmoreland county. It is said defective dynamite was all that saved the building and several persons who were sleeping on the premises from destruction. Only a small portion of the dynamite was ignited by the slow fuse placed under the building. The building was damaged, but no one was hurt. Constable James Martin arrested John Kerfimo and Mates Hafo on suspicion.

A deal in real estate believed to make certain that the Pennsylvania railroad will build the proposed new four-track line from Beatty to Greensburg has been consummated. The farm of Lee Swaney, of Youngstown, which lies to the north side of the railroad's present line, was sold to Recorder of Deeds James Gallagher, who it is believed is acting for the railroad company. The proposed line runs through the farm. The consideration was about \$7,500.

While surveying for the new ovens at Grays Landing James A. Kennedy, of the Fayette Engineering company, found the remains of an Indian chief. The bones were all in a good state of preservation, especially the jawbone. In the midst of the bones were found 44 beads, each about two inches long, which were evidently made from bear tusks. The beads were attached to a chain around the body of the chief.

During a severe electrical storm which passed over Connellsville and Fayette county one man was killed and several places were struck by lightning. The man killed is unknown and was on Division island, in the Younghiogeny river, with three companions. All his pockets contained a Baltimore & Ohio waybill containing the words, "pick up at Barpstown, W. Va."

Martin Shultz, a coke worker, was beaten to death while on his way to work in Continental mine No. 1 near Uniontown. Justice of the peace M. B. Clifford found the body about daylight. Shultz's head was mashed so badly that he could hardly be recognized. County Detective Alexander McBeth has made information against Andrew Masticheck, charging him with the killing of Shultz.

Dr. O. L. Blachley, of Wilkingsburg, received a telegram notifying him of the drowning of his son at Jackson's Point, Canada, on July 4. The young man had gone to Canada with his brother, Stephen, and Mr. and Mrs. L. Thomas, of Wilkingsburg, a week ago. He was a sophomore at Washington and Jefferson College.

The Connellsville Machine and Car Company, one of the oldest manufacturing concerns in the coke region, has been reorganized with a capital of \$150,000. Its plant was burned several months ago. The new plant will be built on the site of the old one.

In the Legionville district, Beaver county, Snyder & Co. have drilled their test on the Simon Phillips farm through the 100-foot sand and have a slight show of oil. They will tube and test. A considerable flow of salt water was encountered.

James D. Moffat, Jr., a Washington and Jefferson student, son of President James D. Moffat, was shot in the right arm by a colored man, who had been angered by an injury inflicted upon him by another person.

Patrick O'Rourke, a fireman in the employ of the Lehigh Valley railroad for the past 36 years, was struck by a Delaware and Hudson railroad freight engine and killed. He was 51 years old.

L. B. Fletcher of Pittsburgh purchased the Peerless lead glass works of Ellwood City at public sale, the purchase price being \$10,150. Fletcher will operate the plant, which employs over 150 men.

A masked man entered the Erie railroad ticket office at Greenville, and at the point of a revolver held up Night Operator R. F. Rose and robbed the cash drawer of over \$100. The robber escaped.

Rural free delivery route No. 2 was ordered established September 15, at Mosgrove, Armstrong county, serving 490 persons and 98 houses.

A WOMAN'S MISERY.

Mrs. John LaRue, of 115 Paterson Avenue, Paterson, N. J., says: "I was troubled for about nine years, and what I suffered no one will ever know. I used about every known remedy that is said to be good for kidney complaint, but without deriving permanent relief. Often when alone in the house the back ache has been so bad that it brought tears to my eyes. The pain at times was so intense that I was compelled to give up my household duties and lie down. There were headaches, dizziness and blood rushing to my head to cause bleeding at the nose. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills benefited me so much that I continued the treatment. The stinging pain in the small of my back, the rushes of blood to the head and other symptoms disappeared."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers, 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Quebec's New Fortifications.

The Dominion government is about to enter upon the construction of gigantic military works in the city and district of Quebec. The old citadel is to be overhauled, and the three forts at Point Lewis, and big guns put on all of them. At Beaumont, nine miles from the city, on the south shore, two large fortresses are to be constructed, commanding a full view of the channels up and down the river and costing about \$3,000,000. When they are done Quebec can go to sleep at night with an added sense of security, though it is a question whether it will be a bit safer than it is now and has been ever since Wolfe and Montcalm, for the time being, settled its status on the Heights of Abraham.

LaRue Can't Wear Slippers.

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, itching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores. 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package Free by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Leno, N. Y.

Russia has eighty-six general holidays in a year.

The Jews celebrate this year the 250th anniversary of their settlement in the United States.

BABY'S TERRIBLE SORE

Body Raw With Humor—Caused Untold Agony—Doctor Did No Good—Mother Discouraged—Cuticura Cured At Once.

"My child was a very delicate baby. A terrible sore and humor broke out on his body, looking like raw flesh, and causing the child untold agony. My physician prescribed various remedies, none of which helped at all. I became discouraged and took the matter into my own hands, and tried Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment with almost immediate success. Before the second week had passed the soreness was gone, not leaving a trace of anything. Mrs. Jeannette H. Block, 281 Rosedale St., Rochester, N. Y."

Hidden Money Produced.

Not very long ago William Martin, a business man of Martinsburg, Washington county, has brought into New Albany a considerable sum of money, which consists entirely of old "greenbacks" issued before 1865. A great part of this money had evidently been secreted for many years, as it was covered with mold. It had apparently not been in circulation. Several hundred dollars of the money was in compound interest notes issued during the last years of the Civil war. The money, Mr. Martin said, was a part of a large sum left by a wealthy farmer of Washington county, Ky., who died a few years ago, and was being put in circulation by the heirs of his handsome estate. While not at all miserly, he was careful and prudent, and being distrustful of banks, he had kept his money secreted about his house. The greater part of his accumulations had been on hand for more than forty years, and had the money been put at interest it would have more than doubled itself during the years it had lain idle. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Longest Tunnel.

The Simpson is the longest tunnel in the world, and has been finished in the face of tremendous difficulties, most of which were entirely unexpected, and many of which presented new problems for engineers. It extends from Brieg in Switzerland to Iselle in Italy, the total length being a little over 12 1/2 miles—21,576 yards in fact.

COMES A TIME

When Coffee Shows What It Has Been Doing.

"Of late years coffee has disagreed with me," writes a matron from Rome, N. Y., "it's lightest punishment was to make me 'loggy' and dizzy, and it seemed to thicken up my blood."

"The heaviest was when it upset my stomach completely, destroying my appetite and making me nervous and irritable, and sent me to my bed. After one of these attacks, in which I nearly lost my life, I concluded to quit and try Postum Food Coffee."

"It went right to the spot! I found it not only a most palatable and refreshing beverage, but a food as well."

"All my ailments, the 'loginess' and dizziness, the unsatisfactory condition of my blood, my nervousness and irritability disappeared in short order and my sorely afflicted stomach began quickly to recover. I began to rebuild and have steadily continued until now. I have a good appetite and am rejoicing in sound health, which I owe to the use of Postum Food Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason,
Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," found in each pkg.

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