

A SEA GHOST.

Oh, fisher-folk, go in from the sea
And furl your wings.
The bay is gray with the twilight spray,
And the loud surf springs.
The chill buoy-bell is rung by the hands
Of all the drowned,
Who know the voice of the wind and tow
Of the tides around.
Go in, go in! Oh, haste from the sea,
And let them rest—
A son, and one who was wed, and one
Who went down unblest.

Ave, even as I whose hands at the bell
Now labor most,
The tomb has gloom, but oh! the doom
Of the drear sea-ghost.
He evermore must wander the ooze
Beneath the wave,
Forlorn, to warn of the tempest born,
And to save—to save!
Then go, go in and leave us the sea!
For only so
Can peace release us and give us ease
Of our salty woe.
—Cale Young Rice, in The Century.

JOHN LANE'S DAUGHTER.
By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Too far from home to go back very quickly, Cynthia Lane spent her Christmas holidays with her Aunt Sophy in Chicago. This was that brooding her in the very first week that the old Cynthia had disappeared and a new one had come in her place. The new one puzzled them. They liked her predecessor better.

Cynthia Lane, fresh from a little town in southern Ohio, had been perfectly satisfied to wear a red golf cape and felt to go with a black feather. Although many of her classmates had a larger and finer wardrobe than hers, she had not envied them or coveted their magnificence. With a light heart she had packed her little trunk, after Aunt Sophy's invitation came, and had gaily gone to the great city, feeling that she was prepared for every conceivable occasion.

Her mother's letter, which she found in the postoffice on her way to the train, said, "Cynthia dear, don't wear your best things every day at Aunt Sophy's. Remember that your brown cashmere must last for Sundays until spring. Your second-best frock will do very well unless they have company. Bear in mind, my child, that you are a little country girl, and a schoolgirl at that, and that nobody will expect you to compete with rich city cousins."

Wise advice! But Cynthia hardly took in its meaning. Her thoughts went dancing ahead, and she hummed a tune under her breath as the miles flew under the train.

Her first disillusion and dissatisfaction came the day after her arrival, when she overheard her cousin Gertrude, in the next room, say in a low voice, perfectly audible through the thin partition wall:

"The child has not a single thing fit to wear. Mother, we'll have to lend her Edith's clothes while she stays." "Hush, Gertrude!" Aunt Sophy answered. "I would not offer her such a thing for the world. My sister would never forgive me. Cynthia is all right for her home and for college. She's only to be here over New Year's day. What does it matter how she is dressed?"

Cynthia had not meant to listen, and flushing hotly from head to foot, she wished New Year's day well past and herself back at Elmore. Her eyes were opened. She perceived that she was not in the least like the girls who fluttered into her aunt's house, and poised on the wing to chat with Gertrude and Edith, girls elaborately dressed. She did not dream that the eyes of most people rested approvingly on her bright face and never noted anything wrong about her clothing. Gertrude had made her uncomfortable.

She went with her relatives on shopping expeditions. The great department stores were a revelation to her of the glory of this world. Silks, laces, jewels, silver, soft wools, dainty linens—what in all that bewildering variety was there wanting? Desire awakened in her soul, but she stifled it and held up her head proudly. She was determined not to let her cousins suspect that she had an ungratified wish, and with an instinctive pride she repressed any show of surprise at the city's marvels by the crowds and the wonders.

Edith Harper was to "come out" in January, and her mother was much occupied in preparing her for the functions in which a debutante takes part. A white evening dress especially enchanted Cynthia, who gazed at the folds of mousseline-de-soie, the delicate embroidery, the graceful demitasse. Oh, to have something like that!

"Cynthia," said Edith, suddenly, "you are coming again for Easter, aren't you? Why don't you let me make you a pretty gown for your birthday party? It would be a real economy, for you will want a dress later on to wear at commencement."

"I shall not be graduated this summer, Edith. I'm only a freshman. I've three years more before I'll need spurs. And then I'll be rigged out in cap and gown to receive my diploma. We don't dress at Ponkalo as you do here."

days. At first, as I dislike lending money, I was inclined to refuse your application. But I think I can trust John Lane's daughter, so here it is, and make a good use of it, I beg. Money does not grow on bushes, child."

Cynthia paid the dressmaker's bill. The dress was beautiful, a triumph of taste and skill. But with a revulsion of feeling Cynthia folded it in its box, and covered it with soft tissue-paper. She was glad that her roommate was at a recitation when the parcel arrived.

Into the farthest corner of the top shelf in the closet she thrust the box; then she sat down and wrote in a fury of hope and fear on the thesis that meant so much more to her now than ever thesis had meant before. She must win at all odds.

But everything blocked the way. An inopportune attack of grippe laid her aside for a fortnight, and when she recovered it was to face an accumulation of work that had to be made up. She lost instead of gaining ground with the professors, who began to complain that she was dreaming and spent time in wool-gathering when she should have been alert.

The dean, in a frank conversation, said that she was not doing herself justice, because she had overworked, and the Latin tutor detained her after class one day to ask if she did not require some special assistance. Cynthia gasped. She, who had aspired to coaching backward students, to be placed with the backward ones herself.

However, she toiled valiantly at her thesis. Although her sentences were laden and her pen dragged, she kept stubbornly on, and at the proper time handed in her manuscript.

Then followed a weary month of waiting for the verdict. Not once in all this time did Cynthia so much as glance at the white gown, which had assumed in her eyes the form of a hateful penitential robe. One wordless prayer was in her heart by night and by day, that she might receive the prize and be able to repay her great-uncle.

She checked off the dates on her calendar. The days were most contradictory, slow in one aspect and swift in another. Now and then her modest little allowance came from home, from the father who trusted her, and it smote her heart as she received it.

At last, one morning, the names of the prize-winners were posted on the bulletin-board in chapel. Cynthia Lane's was not among them; she stood far below the necessary mark, and was nowhere near the top of the competition. Another girl had won the money prize. Cynthia had honorable mention and a scholarship.

The dean was sitting in her private parlor that evening when, after a slight tap for admittance, Cynthia Lane entered, and threw herself down in a sobbing heap. The dean remonstrated.

"Cynthia, you are not crying in this way because you've lost the prize?" "I'm crying because I've been a coward and a cheat, and I don't know what in the world to do. Dear Mrs. Morgan, may I tell you all about it?"

"Stop crying, Cynthia, or I can't understand. There, there! Nothing is helped by tears. Let me hear what has happened. Then maybe I can see a way out."

With the funny fellows

Revised.
Early to bed and early to rise,
Is the way to look stupid and red round
the eyes.

Success Symptoms.
Dusty—"What makes you think he has not realized all his ambitions?"
Crusty—"He is so agreeable."—Judge.

Experience.
Johnny—"Papa, what is experience?"
Papa—"It is what we get in place of the advice we refuse to take."—Town Topics.

Indispensable.
"The Police Department is in hot water."
"Well, it takes hot water to clean some things out."

Cool and Collected.
Clara—"She isn't a bit nervous, is she?"
Olive—"Not a bit. I don't think a proposal would make her nervous."

Worse Still.
"So the specialist said you'd have to give up smoking for a while, eh?"
"Yes, and he also said I'd have to give up \$15 for good."—Collier's Weekly.

That Silenced Him.
"Give the devil his due," he said, sharply.
"What will become of me, then?" she asked. "You have no life insurance."—Atlanta Constitution.

Everything in Its Place.
She—"I hid a \$5 bill in this dictionary yesterday and I can't find it anywhere."
He—"Did you look among the V's, dear?"—Yonkers Statesman.

His Art.
"I wouldn't call Daubson an artist. The pictures he paints are frightful."
"But you ought to see how easily he hornswoogles people into buying them. He's certainly an artist."—Kansas City Times.



Mr. Jingo—"I don't believe in all this new fangled sterilizing business. Our ancestors never used such methods."
Mrs. Jingo—"Yes—and what's the result? Why, they are all dead."—Philadelphia Record.

An Endless Chain.
"A soft answer," remarked the party of the first part, "turneth away wrath."
"True enough," responded the party of the second part, "but wrath also turneth away a soft answer."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

His Attendance Accounted For.
Rev. Dr. Torker—"I'm pleased to see that you attend church so regularly. I hope you have found grace."
Farson—"Excuse me, but her name is Helen—Ah! there she is now—good morning!"—Life.

Only a Dream.
Dinguss—"You had a delightful dream last night? What was it about?"
Shaobolt—"I dreamed you were paying me all the money you have borrowed from me at various times."—Chicago Tribune.

A New Rule.
The irritated Poetess—"You ask me to write on one side of the paper only. Which side do you recommend?"
The Goaded Editor—"Always use the thick side, ma'am, unless you are cross-eyed or left-handed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two of Them.
Hungry Hawkes—"On de level, boss, I got a hungry family at home dat don't know where its next meal's comin' from."
Whitty—"So have I. My wife had a falling out with our regular butcher today."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Experience.
Judge (impudently interrupting a lawyer's carefully selected citations)—"You take for granted that I understand an ordinary point of law?"
Lawyer (coolly)—"Your Honor, that's the mistake I made in the lower court, where I lost my case."—Sunshine.

Omissions of History.
"What will you order, sir?" asked the waiter.
"Give me liberty or give me death," absent-mindedly responded the man at the table.
"I don't think we've got either of them on the bill of fare to-day, sir, but if—"

"I beg your pardon," said Patrick Henry—for it was he—rousing himself: "I was practicing on the speech I am going to make to-morrow."
Hastily opening a copy of one of McGuffey's readers and looking to see if he had quoted the saying correctly, he ordered a plate of corned beef and cabbage.—Chicago Tribune.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS
STATE LOSES NOTHING

Gov. Pennypacker Issues Statement on Settlement of the Enterprise Bank Account.

Gov. Pennypacker issued an official statement announcing that the commonwealth of Pennsylvania has recovered all the public funds, amounting to \$1,039,000, on deposit in the Enterprise National bank of Allegheny at the time of its failure. In his statement he says: "The deposit of \$1,039,000 in the Enterprise National bank which failed on the 18th day of October, 1905, together with interest, \$14,343.15, has been paid into the treasury of the commonwealth and in behalf of the people of Pennsylvania I thank the state treasurer for the care with which this deposit, when made, was safeguarded, and for the promptness with which it has been collected."

Five men were badly hurt by the premature explosion of a blast while at work excavating on the Pittsburg, Bessemer & Lake Erie railroad at Unity. The injured men were taken to the Butler county General Hospital on a Bessemer & Lake Erie train. They are: Joseph Fleming, aged 61, boss of the gang; John Pila, a Slav, aged 44; Michael Brosman, Slav, aged 25; Bruno Morittto, aged 37; Aurego Sinsot, aged 37. All live at North Bessemer. The faces of the injured men were mangled until scarcely recognizable. Brosman's left cheek was blown off. All have broken arms and hands and their eyes are filled with particles of sand and rock. The explosion occurred while the men were standing about a hole in a rock in which they were placing a charge of dynamite. It is believed that while forcing the charge to its place enough force was used to explode it.

The Manor Valley Railway Company has selected the route which its trolley line will be built. The main line will run from North Irwin to Irwin; thence south paralleling the Yough branch of the Pennsylvania railroad through Killton and Hermine to West Newton. Connection a mile south of town will be made with the Pittsburgh & Westmoreland line from Irwin to McKeesport. Another section will run from North Irwin to Manor on the north side of the main line of the Pennsylvania. From Manor the road will run north to Claridge and Export.

While drawing stumps in the Larimer mine several men were caught in a cave-in. One was killed and one seriously injured. Pringle Hardy was buried alive under the debris and crushed and William Dauberly was released by men working nearby. His injury was confined to a broken leg. Hardy came to this country from Scotland. Recently he sent money back to pay the passage for his wife and several children and they are now enroute to join him.

The mistake of an engineer in reading Friday's orders instead of Saturday's is alleged to have caused a wreck on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad near Renfrew. brakeman Edward Hartman, of Foxburg, was killed. brakeman McGinley, Engineer James Blaisdell and two other trainmen were badly injured. A Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh and Baltimore and Ohio freight train collided head-on. The engines and a loaded dozen cars were piled up, the debris blocking traffic for several hours.

It was discovered that the bronze tablet on the monument erected by the State to the late Governor Geary had been stolen by vandals. The monument was erected in the Harrisburg cemetery several years after Governor Geary's death, surmounted by a military statue. The tablet was three and one-half by two feet square, and weighed 50 pounds. The thieves, it is believed, will break the tablet up and sell it for junk.

A thief entered the bedroom of Capt. W. A. Edmiston, cashier of the Monongahela National bank, at Brownsville, stole his trousers, containing \$35, keys to the bank's vaults and many notes. The trousers, keys and notes were found the following day in a vacant lot.

Four bridge builders of Portland, Me., employed on a dam which is being erected across the Susquehanna river at McCall's Ferry, 25 miles south of Lancaster, were drowned by the capsizing of a boat. The names of the men are Bissat, O'Connell, Neal and Smith.

That District Attorney Thomas H. Hudson, of Fayette county, is determined to stop local fruit stores and news stands from doing business on Sunday is evident from his action in making information against 10 Uniontown dealers for keeping open.

Thomas Jones, of Amsbury, aged 36, was killed by an explosion of gas in the Pennsylvania Coal & Coke Company's No. 16 mine near Galitzin. Three other men working in the mine escaped injury.

Helen, the 2-year-old daughter of Phillip Haburger, of New Castle, was probably fatally scalded by falling into a bucket of boiling water.

Two Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh freight trains collided at Fenelon. Fireman D. L. Edwards of DuBois, was injured.

The Choice of Paint.
Fifty years ago a well-painted house was a rare sight; to-day an unpainted house is rarer. If people knew the real value of paint a house in need of paint would be "scarcer than hen's teeth." There was some excuse for our forefathers. Many of them lived in houses hardly worth preserving; they knew nothing about paint, except that it was pretty; and to get a house painted was a serious and costly job. The difference between their case and ours is that when they wanted paint it had to be made for them; whereas when we need paint we can go to the nearest good store and buy it in any color or quality ready for use. We know, or ought to know by this time, that to let a house stand unpainted is most costly, while a good coat of paint, applied in season, is the best of investments. If we put off the brief visit of the painter we shall in due time have the carpenter coming to pay us a long visit at our expense. Lumber is constantly getting scarcer, dearer and poorer, while prepared paints are getting plentier, better and less expensive. It is a short-sighted plan to let our valuable lumber of our houses go to pieces for the want of paint.

For the man that needs paint there are two forms from which to choose; one is the old form, still favored by certain unprogressive painters who have not yet caught up with the brief visit of the painter we shall in due time have the carpenter coming to pay us a long visit at our expense. Lumber is constantly getting scarcer, dearer and poorer, while prepared paints are getting plentier, better and less expensive. It is a short-sighted plan to let our valuable lumber of our houses go to pieces for the want of paint.

Mixed paints are necessarily cheaper than paint of the hand-mixed kind, because they are made in a large way by machinery from materials bought in large quantities by the manufacturer. They are necessarily better than paints mixed by hand, because they are more finely ground and more thoroughly mixed and because there is less chance of the raw materials in them being adulterated. No painter, however careful he may be, can ever be sure that the materials he buys are not adulterated, but the large paint manufacturer does know in every case, because everything he buys goes through the chemist's hands before he accepts it.

Of course there are poor paints on the market (which are generally cheap paints). So there is poor flour, poor cloth, poor soap; but because of that do we go back to the hand-mill, the hand-loom and the soap-kettle of the backwoods? No, we use our common sense in choosing goods. We have had the reputation of the different brands of flour, cloth and soap; we take account of the standing of the dealer that handles them, we ask our neighbors. So with paint; if the manufacturer has a good reputation, if the dealer is responsible, our choice will be a satisfaction with it, that ought to be pretty good evidence that the paint is all right.

"Many minds of many kinds"—but while prepared paints differ considerably in composition, the better grades of them all agree pretty closely in results. "All roads lead to Rome," and the paint manufacturers, starting by different paths, have all the same object—to make the best paint possible to sell for the least money and so capture and keep the trade.

There is scarcely any other article of general use on the market to-day that can be bought with anything like the assurance of getting your money's worth as the established brands of prepared paint. The paint you buy today may not be like a certain patent medicine, "the same as you have always bought," but if not, it will be because the manufacturer has found a way of giving you a better article for your money, and so making sure of your next order.

As Good as the Mothers of Old.
New York and its people are not half as bad as they are painted. The doings of the people in olden times make the weaknesses of the smart set of to-day look as mild as the doings of a well-to-do Sunday school convention. All this and more Mrs. Frank Cronise told the Minerva club at its meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria. She also said that Rev. Dr. Parkhurst and Rev. Madison C. Peters are the Jeremiahs in every age. At this the audience burst into applause, for the club has had troubles of its own, and has no use for Jeremiahs of any kind.

"You see a few women drink and gamble, and therefore we forget the millions who do neither, and the hundreds of millions of men who do both," remarked Mrs. Cronise, addressing figuratively Rev. Dr. Peters, whom she called "the apostle at large to the women of Gotham." "I contend," she went on, "that we are quite as good wives and mothers as the women of past generations. We differ in degree and not in kind. The standard of living has changed, and we have changed to meet it."

Mrs. Cronise ventured the assertion that the clubs of our country and city contain as fine housekeepers as ever managed a household whose cooking would make the best professional chefs turn green with envy.

Millions of Cantaloupes.
Twelve million six hundred thousand is the estimate of the number of the famous Rocky Ford cantaloupes shipped from the Rocky Ford district in Colorado last season. Seven hundred cars were sent out, as against 592 carloads the previous year.

Parents too Strict.
Fearing that he would be punished for spending 7 pence on sweets instead of buying fruit for his mother a schoolboy at Adorf, Saxony, threw himself in front of a train and was killed.