

### CLOVER PERFUME.

There's a thrilling, tugging feeling  
On each heartstring that I know,  
There's a perfume in my nostrils  
From the fields of long ago,  
There's a vision in my memory  
Making all the world grow dim,  
Taking me away back yonder  
Where we fellows used to swim.

And the vision's central picture  
Is a laughing blue-eyed maid  
Standing in the rippling shallows  
Where we used to go to wade;  
I can see her pink toes gleaming  
In the rippling stream where she,  
With her skirts held safe from wetting,  
Laughs across the years at me.

I can see trees we climbed in,  
I can see the streams we fished,  
I can see the log we sat on  
In those old days, when we wished  
That we two were grown up people,  
Gone out in the world and far;  
Now—the greatest grief I know of  
Is in knowing that we are.

I would rather be back yonder,  
Back 'neath childhood's skies of blue  
Than to count my wealth in millions;  
If I could go dancing through  
That we stream we loved to wade in,  
Climb the trees we used to climb,  
I would never wish to grow up,  
I'd be happy all the time.

Comes the thrill along my heartstrings,  
When the clover is in bloom—some not,  
Then my nostrils catch the far-blown  
Tantalizing sweet perfume  
From the fields I used to romp in,  
And I hear a bit of glee,  
And a maid, barefooted, blue-eyed,  
Laughs across the years at me.

—J. M. Lewis, in *Houston Post*.

### Two Meetings

A railway station—filled with a crowd of folk, some laughing, some crying, some pretending to be not. Victoria—11 o'clock, and the boat train for Dover.

"Good-by, Jim, take care of yourself!" The tall girl gathered her worn cloak closer round her—the lady who held the door handle of the next compartment, a first-class, was robed in sables. "I wish I were coming too!"

"So do I, old lady." A handsome man bent forward on the seat of the third-class carriage, and his hand closed over her slim ungloved fingers with a tender pressure.

His blue eyes looked most suspiciously moist—but what of that? It is not every one who can afford to be cautious.

"It seems such a long time—three years, Jim!" the girl said again, and there was a break in her voice. "And it's such a chance, a mere chance—"

"A mere chance—yes," the man echoed; "but we must just trust to chance, Monica; it's the only thing to be done, dear. Keep up a good heart, because I shall be coming back in three years' time. Think of that, little one. Three years, perhaps to-day, this very day, you may be standing at this very station, waiting for my train to come in; and I shall dash out—I shall be hungering for the sight and feel of you, darling, and you will throw your arms around my neck—"

"Jim!" the tears so bravely withheld up till now overflowed at last, and fell on to the neat but worn cloak.

The lady in the furs turned at the sound of the pain-filled tones, and her own voice grew a little husky as the train steamed off.

"Good-bye, Monica, my darling!"

A moment later Monica Ward was standing on an empty platform, with an empty, aching heart.

A hand touched her shoulder.

"Can I take you anywhere?" a pleasant, sympathetic voice said. It was the lady in furs. "I always think the first few moments are the worst—afterward—"

"Afterward," repeated Monica in dull tones.

"Oh! afterward one gets accustomed to it," returned the other lightly, "and one wonders why one felt so much. Come, will you let me just drop you anywhere?"

It seemed all one to Monica Ward what she did, and where she went. She nodded, and tried to smile.

"Thank you," she said, "it is very good of you to trouble yourself about a stranger—"

"After all—we are sisters," the other said a little dryly. "Come!"

And for the next half hour Monica bowed along in the lady's carriage, behind a pair of prancing chestnut horses.

She did not remember till she stood once more in the little room, which looked so deserted now that Jim had gone, that she had never found out the name of her friend in need.

And the days slipped into weeks and the weeks into months, and all the while Jim Ward, in a distant country, was trying to court the fortune which had failed to smile on him in England.

"It's due now, miss, quite due, and I don't think it's more than a few minutes late."

Monica Ward, tall and slim, with the pretty color coming and going in her soft cheeks, stood once more on the platform awaiting the train.

Suddenly there was a noise—a puffing, panting sound, and the train was in.

Monica's heart beat fast, and she was so excited that she could hardly see anything in front of her. Jim was coming home—home—

Was this Jim?—this man coming toward her with Jim's face, and yet not his face—with a rolling gait and unsteady eyes?

She shuddered; her color forsook her cheeks, her eyes looked fright-

ened—her feet shook so that she could hardly stand.

After all, as the other woman had said, one gets accustomed to it. Better—far better—if he had stayed away altogether than return to her like this!

Involuntarily she took a step backward; the advancing man noticed it and her.

"My pretty dear!" he cried thickly—and Monica was just recoiling in horror when a man laid his arm on hers.

"Monica!" a well-known voice said.

She turned—Jim, the real Jim, was standing behind her smiling and holding out his hands.

"Monica!" he cried, "surely you haven't forgotten me?"

And then, somehow or another, she found herself in his arms—sobbing and laughing in one breath out of sheer joy and relief.

"That other man!" she cried a little incoherently, "he was so like you—that I thought it was you, Jim—"

"Monica!" returned her husband reproachfully, "and that fellow was drunk! Never mind, darling," slipping her hand through his arm, "come home—somebody has come to claim him—somebody—some poor devil of a somebody."

Monica looked half fearfully across the platform. Not far away stood the man whom she had mistaken for Jim, standing surrounded by porters, and a small crowd of gapers—a footman was urging, imploring. By his side, bravely facing them all, stood some one whom she recollected as in a dream.

"Afterward, one gets accustomed to it."

The words cleared Monica's brain, they echoed in her ears—the bright, panting engine throbbed to the same refrain.

Ah! she remembered. It was her friend of that black day three years ago, whom she had not seen since. What chance—what irony of fate had brought them together again.

"Jim," she said, suddenly, "that man over there—he won't move—they can't do anything with him. Can't you, won't you, go over and see if you can get him away from those gaping crowds? That's his wife—she was kind to me—the day you left. Ah! Jim, if it had been you!"

Jim Ward needed no second bidding. With a few steady strides he reached the little group. The lady in furs was pleading, scolding, threatening, but all to no purpose.

What she could not accomplish, Jim's strong voice and steady, authoritative manner did. In a few minutes he had escorted the traveler to the waiting carriage and left him there.

Monica stood just outside the door, and he linked her arm in his once more as they walked to the cab.

"How could I have thought it was you, Jim?" she said in a softly happy voice. "I'm so glad—and yet—that day, that miserable day—I envied her!"

They were in the cab, and he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"But you don't, now?" he asked passionately.

"No, I don't, now," she answered in tones of deep content; "I almost think—it was worth letting you go—to have you back again, Jim!"

And for the moment he thought so too.—Black and White.

### Grumbling Husbands.

As the grumbling husband is practically unknown in the United States the letters which appear daily in the columns of your paper are most interesting and illuminating to an American woman. With us the man who marries takes a wife to be the partner of his joys and sorrows. Furthermore, the American wife is quite as fastidious about her food as is her husband, and would as soon resent "stewed bacon and burnt eggs," the result being that while she may not actually prepare it, she can at least direct her servants in the preparation of the meals.

To the young and "Unhappy Wife," whose letter appeared in Friday's issue and whose eyes "fill with tears," I would say that tears and crinolines went out of style at about the same period in the United States, and that an American woman would feel that she was taking a mean advantage of her husband should she take refuge in tears. Don't feed your husband on delicate entrees; give him roast beef, boiled potatoes and stewed fruit. It is the menu most appreciated by the average Englishman, and it surely requires no very high order of intelligence to cook it. Be your husband's equal, not his dependent, and above all things don't whine.—"American Woman," in *London Telegraph*.

### Aztec Women.

The feminine direct descendants of the famous Aztecs are tiny creatures, exquisitely formed and refined in feature. They carry the head with the upbearing grace of the full-blooded Indian; their skins are not red, but a clear, smooth copper color that shines like gold in the sun; their hair is coarse and black as ebony, and they are decorated with bright feathers and gay ornaments. These women make the most wonderful pottery that comes to us from Mexico, for they have kept the old Aztec forms and decorations in their art, and they also weave wonderful baskets and do exquisite embroidery.—*Scott Valley (Cal.) Advance*.

Under the workman's sickness insurance law about \$9,500,000 was spent in the treatment of tuberculosis patients in the years 1901 to 1905.

### Woes of Women's Dress

By Dr. Abby Shaw Mayhew,  
Assistant Professor of Physical Training, a  
the Wisconsin State University.

HERE are three principles which must be adhered to if we wish to dress healthfully and comfortably. The first principle is perhaps all inclusive, and that is freedom. To dress so that one has perfect freedom of movement, that is what we should strive for. To dress so that we can stand and walk easily and correctly, so that we can use all of our lungs, and so that we shall not be conscious of our clothes, that will mean more in bringing health and vigor to many women who have made themselves the slaves of dress.

There are four points of the body which we restrict more or less. They are the neck, the waist, the knees and the feet. Just now fashion dictates a loose lacy collar, so that we are not binding our necks as we did formerly. We can hardly expect to have good circulation in the brain if we bind the neck, and I believe we can trace many throat, head and eye troubles to the tight dressing of the neck.

To free the waist, we must discard corsets and bands and wear all of our clothes in one piece so far as possible. Healthy, free waist muscles mean far more than we dream; a fine poise, good digestion and a better performance of all of the functions of the body. The wearing of tight shoes, I had thought, need not be preached against, but a shoeman made the statement the other day that many young women wear shoes one or two sizes too small for them. The reform in shoe making has done more to give freedom to the feet. And, yet, one sees many shoes far from hygienic on the street. The broad toe, straight last and low, broad heel are essential if we would have well-formed feet. The low shoe and gaiter gives the ankles more freedom.

The second principle of good dress is: The weight of the clothing should be fully distributed. This is more easily accomplished by wearing the one-piece undergarments, and by having the waist and skirt of the gown thoroughly fastened together. Then, if we wear a light petticoat and dress skirt, we shall have approached an ideal in healthful dressing.

The corset and girdle brings pressure upon the body at just the most susceptible part. The part which can be easily moulded to fit a form. So, when we say the girdle does not bind us, we must remember that our body is continually adjusting itself to it, so that we do not realize the pressure.

The third principle is that there should be an even distribution of thickness. We pile the clothing on the trunk which contains most of the blood of the body, and remove from the limbs and suffer from cold in the extremities. Unless we wear union suits we double the thickness around the waist and abdomen. The heated parts become the relaxed parts, and are, therefore, most subject to disease.

### How.. Sad a Thing Is Wit!

By Wallace Irwin.

ERIOUSLY speaking, a funny story is no laughing matter. Humor is one of the world's great institutions, a thing to be approached with reverence akin to awe, as something cold as the pole, imperishable as the pyramids—and often a great deal more ancient. If we abuse ourselves before ancient and holy things, can we afford to laugh at the capers of the convict chimpanzee, who, in point of ancestry, antedates the Peter Lelys and Joshua Reynolds of our baronial halls?

Funny stories, furthermore, are usually based on something which is not funny at all. Their points, in fact, often depend solely upon an unsympathetic view of some great human misfortune. What is more pathetic to a sane mind than a funeral, or a harelip, or a divorce, or a mother-in-law—yet, shades of Ramezes, how useful they have become in vaudeville!

I don't think that there are any really side-splitting stories in the world. Some are merely a trifle less sad than others, that is all. How admirable is the calm philosophy of the man who refused to ride with his mother-in-law, at his wife's funeral "because," as he explained, "it would spoil the day's pleasure for me!" And yet there are persons so careless as to regard this as mere buffoonery.

And so the endless procession of anecdotes files by, none of them, as I have said, really funny—but some a little less sad than the others. In the jocund days of heraldry—old when the woods were teeming with parfit knights, and the snare of humor was less particular than nowadays, every king had a jester hired by the week; and the clown was furnished with a certain appliance which made all his jokes immediately appreciated. What, prithee? Nothing more than a bladder-on-a-stick. When the jester came to the point of the joke he poked the bladder smartly on the floor. That was a signal, "All laugh!" So the uproar was deafening. Those were golden days to live in!—Success.

### Don't Ignore the Money Side

By O. S. Marden.

No matter what your vocation may be, you must be a business man first, or you will always be placed at a great disadvantage in the practical affairs of life. We cannot enviously ignore the money side of existence any more than we can the food side, and the very foundation of a practical, successful life is the ability to know how to manage the money side effectively.

It is infinitely harder to save money and to invest it wisely than to make it, and if even the most practical men, men who have had a long training in scientific business methods, find it a difficult thing to hold on to money after they make it, what is likely to happen to people who have had practically no training in business methods? If every child in America had a thorough business training, tens of thousands of promoters, long-headed, cunning schemers, who have thriven on the people's ignorance, would be out of an occupation.

I believe that the business colleges are among the greatest blessings in American civilization today, because they have saved thousands of homes from being wrecked, and have made happy and comfortable tens of thousands of people who might otherwise be living in poverty and wretchedness.—Success.

### That Feeling Called Love ==

By Wade Mounforth.

HERE lives somewhere in the depths of every human heart the divine spark that we call love. It is the voice of the universe slumbering in its narrow cell to be awakened by a whisper or to cry out in dear desire and hear the echoing answer from another soul. Without it life would be a pale, relentless episode. Without its quickening force no temples would be reared by human hands, yet hovels where in it dwells become more glorious than palaces. Ambition, fame and fortune are its slaves; it chains the mind in sweet imprisonment, makes credulity a guardian queen and lulls suspicion to repose.

No censorship of right or wrong can light the way of love; it walks in pathways all its own; it laughs at reason; it dispels despair. It is the lisping word of children, the puzzle of philosophers, the talisman of rulers. It is the first and last of life—murmured at the cradle, cherished at the grave. It is the rainbow after tears, the cure for every sorrow, the joyous impulse that rules the whole wide world.

### KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

BOYS TRY TO WRECK TRAIN

Switch Is Turned and Locomotive  
Narrowly Escapes Plunge  
Into Creek.

Youthful desperadoes attempted to wreck the passenger train on the Pickering Valley Railroad at Chester Springs, and but for the presence of Hughes, would have hurled the train down a thirty-foot embankment into French creek. When the train struck the open switch the locomotive left the rails and jumped over the ties for several hundred feet. As the nose of the locomotive protruded over the embankment Hughes succeeded in stopping the train. Passengers in the coaches were much shaken up and badly frightened. The smithy of Harry Himes, at Chester Springs, had been entered by the wreckers and tools necessary to turn the switch were taken. The authorities declare that the wreckers were a gang of boys who have been causing them considerable trouble for a year past.

A fine of \$500 and three years in the penitentiary was the sentence imposed on Roy Baldwin, James McGill and George Beatty, the three boys convicted of robbing the residence of Ernest Sauer at Brookford. About \$1,500 was stolen and \$700 is still missing. If the boys tell where this money is located the sentence may be modified. McGill and Beatty said they hid their shares under a stone fence. Sheriff M. A. Kiefer was authorized to make a search for the money under their guidance.

The Mount Holly Paper Company, located at Mount Holly Springs, went into the hands of receivers. The court appointed Charles H. Mullin and James A. Steese receivers under bonds of \$300,000. Inability to realize on the large stock on hand, it is said, caused the suspension. The company operates two immense mills, and is one of the largest industries in this state. The company was incorporated in 1867.

Four men were killed and one seriously injured by an explosion in the dry house at the Dupont Powder Company's plant, one mile north of Tamaqua. The dead are Thomas Purcell, Wilson Sassaman, Calvin Gerber and Edward Treibach. Loren Dwire, a painter, who was working near the dry house, was seriously injured, one of his legs being blown off. The shock of the explosion was felt for a radius of 10 miles.

James Kennedy of Grove City shot a large cinnamon bear three miles south of Conneaut Lake. The bear, the first seen in this section for 40 years, chased James Washington, negro steward of the Iroquois Club, through the woods back of the club house a few days before. Washington found refuge in the cottage of D. A. Stewart of Pittsburg. Bruin disappeared when a posse of hunters went after him.

While upon a chestnut tree knocking off burrs, Clyde Auman, the 12-year-old son of Joseph Auman of Penn township, Center county, was shot and fatally wounded by some unknown person. Whether the boy was mistaken for a wild animal by some hunter and shot or whether he was shot for taking the chestnuts is not known. He died without regaining consciousness.

The superior court in a decision handed down decided the West Washington borough authorities and not the state had jurisdiction over West Chestnut street, formerly the old national pike, now under state control. The question was brought up when work on a street railway extension was commenced by the Pittsburg Railways Company.

In a head-on collision of two freight trains at Sheffield, a little town on the Pittsburg & Eastern railroad east of Corry, George Harvey, fireman, 29 years old, of Warren, was instantly killed. Twelve cars were derailed and reduced to kindling wood. Harvey was caught in the debris and both legs were severed. He leaves a wife and two children.

The jewelry store of F. P. Blair & Co., at Bellefonte, was robbed of several hundred dollars' worth of jewelry, principally watch fobs with solid gold charms, rings and gold chains. The burglars did not molest a large lot of Masonic emblems and Catholic crosses.

The Bucks County Coroner's Jury in the case of the accident on the Pennsylvania railroad near Eddington, on September 29, in which three persons were killed and about forty hurt, rendered a verdict exonerating the crews of the two trains involved.

A verdict against the Pulaski Fair Association was reached in the Mercer courts in the suit of the South Sharon Lumber Company. The latter claimed \$450 for lumber furnished, with \$55 interest. The jury awarded the entire amount.

Robbers entered the store of Adamson & McClelland at Midway, and secured clothing valued at \$1,000. The burglars had a wagon to haul away their plunder. The firm has offered a reward of \$100.

At Corry, Samuel W. Wellman was awarded a verdict of \$2,750 by a jury. He sued the Pennsylvania railroad for \$25,000.

Members of the State Pharmaceutical Examining Board have been notified by Governor Pennypacker that he has removed Paul W. Houck of Shenandoah from the board and from the position of treasurer.

D. A. Dunlevy was appointed receiver for the Mt. Holly Stationery and Printing Company. The Echo, a weekly newspaper, is published by the company.

Two valuable horses belonging to the Hoster Brewing Company of Columbus, were found dead from arsenic poisoning at their stable at Altoona.

### FRESH AIR TOWERS.

Nervous People May Have Elevated  
Places Upon Which to Rest.

"Fresh-air towers" for weary town dwellers are proposed by Dr. Scherl, a great German authority on public health.

The Berlin city council is considering a suggestion by Dr. Scherl to build elevated pavilions at various points in the city, about 100 feet above the streets, where persons whose nerves are racked by the din and unrest of city life may rest under the soothing influence of the upper air. Dr. Scherl's idea was undoubtedly borrowed from the roof gardens on New York sly scrapers.

His plans provide for the pavilions to be erected on steel frames and reached by elevators. Music, refreshments and comfort would be provided, and everything done to make men forget they are in the middle of Berlin. Dr. Scherl is convinced that he could run such places at a good profit.

### New Fruit Found in Africa.

A wonderful fruit has been found in the neighborhood of the coast of the Gulf of Guinea, in Africa. It has the power, says a report, to "change the flavor of the most acid substance into a delicious sweetness." An official has found it effective after a dose of quinine and adds that "if a lemon be sucked within two or three hours of eating one of the fruits its acid flavor is entirely counteracted. The fruit resembles a small plum, with the seed invested in a thin soft pulp, wherein lies the peculiar sweetening property.

### Substitute for Cold Storage.

"For long it puzzled me," Sir Brooke writes in *Country Life*, "to know what Irish poachers did with the birds they shot in July. There is no cold storage in the north of Ireland, but they have discovered an excellent substitute. The birds are buried four or five feet deep in dry peat, and, I am told, come out perfectly fresh at the end of two or three weeks."

### INTERESTING CONTEST.

Heavy Cost of Unpaid Postage.

One of the most curious contests ever before the public was conducted by many thousand persons under the offer of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., of Battle Creek, Mich., for prizes of 31 boxes of gold and 300 greenbacks to those making the most words out of the letters Y-I-O-Grape-Nuts.

The contest was started in February, 1906, and it was arranged to have the prizes awarded on Apr. 30, 1906.

When the public announcement appeared many persons began to form the words from these letters, sometimes the whole family being occupied evenings, a combination of amusement and education.

After a while the lists began to come in to the Postum Office, and before long the volume grew until it required wagons to carry the mail. Many of the contestants were thoughtless enough to send their lists with insufficient postage and for a period it cost the Company from twenty-five to fifty-eight and sixty dollars a day to pay the unpaid postage.

Young ladies, generally those who had graduated from the high school, were employed to examine these lists and count the correct words. Webster's Dictionary was the standard, and each list was very carefully corrected, except those which fell below 8000, for it soon became clear that nothing below that could win. Some of the lists required the work of a young lady for a solid week on each individual list. The work was done very carefully and accurately, but the Company had no idea, at the time the offer was made, that the people would respond so generally, and they were compelled to fill every available space in the offices with these young lady examiners, and notwithstanding they worked steadily, it was impossible to complete the examination until Sept. 29, over six months after the prizes should have been awarded.

This delay caused a great many inquiries and naturally created some dissatisfaction. It has been thought best to make this report in practically all of the newspapers in the United States and many of the magazines in order to make clear to the people the conditions of the contest.

Many lists contained enormous numbers of words which, under the rules, had to be eliminated. "Pegger" would count, "Peggers" would not. Some lists contained over 50,000 words, the great majority of which were cut out. The largest lists were checked over two and in some cases three times to insure accuracy.

The \$100.00 gold prize was won by L. D. Reese, 1227-15th St., Denver, Colo., with 921 correct words. The highest \$10.00 gold prize went to S. K. Fraser, Lincoln, Pa., with 921 correct words.

A complete list of the 331 winners with their home addresses will be sent to any contestant enquiring on a postal card.

Be sure and give name and address clearly.

This contest has cost the Co. many thousand dollars, and probably has not been a profitable advertisement, nevertheless, perhaps some who had never before tried Grape-Nuts food have been interested in the contest, and from trial of the food have been shown its wonderful rebuilding powers.

It teaches in a practical manner that scientifically gathered food elements can be selected from the field grains which nature will use for rebuilding the nerve centres and brain in a way that is unmistakable to users of Grape-Nuts.

"There's a reason."