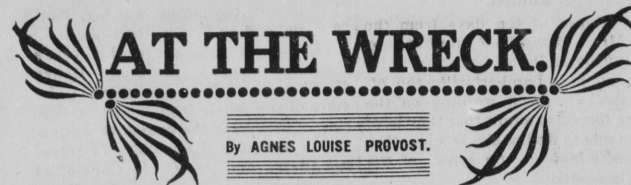


THE BACHELOR'S CHILD.

He tosses her above his head,
He romps until his face is red,
He holds her arms-length just to see
The wonder of her witchery;
He talks in language soft and slow
That only babies know,
He pauses now and then to gaze
Far off, as if 'twere in a maze,
And then with sudden sigh and start
He presses her unto his heart.

He lets her sink upon his breast,
He sings her little lays of rest,
And when her little eyes are closed
And all her baby grace reposed,
He sits beside her little cot
Thinking of things so long forgot,
So far down the long ago
Wherefrom the tender echoes flow
Of songs he heard, of gay love-rhyme,
On lips whose roses fade betime.



"Isn't there going to be a storm, captain?"
"Humph! I guess there is, but I'd be much obliged if it would wait until next week."
Captain Japhet Trill stood in the doorway of the little life-saving station and surveyed the weather indications with disapproving eye. A rising wind was blowing in from the sea, whistling a low note among the dead grasses and patches of scrub pines. Out at sea it whipped the sullen green expanse into ominous little whitecaps; on shore the boom of each wave striking the sand was heavier than it had been two hours before, and the undertow which sucked back the swirling waters was perceptibly swifter. On the captain's right was a huge beam, once part of a vessel, half-buried in the sand, and on it a young girl perched comfortably, watching the head of the life-saving crew with interested eyes.

She had just come down here, a good two miles from home along the wind-swept beach, but Jean Redfield was a good walker, and only her red cheeks and tossed hair showed what a fine struggle that strong east wind had. "Why next week?"
"Don't want any wrecks now," he said, briefly. "I'm short-handed. Won't you come in and get warm?"
Jean hopped briskly down from the beam and followed Captain Trill into the hospitable warmth of the life-saving station. It was always a fascinating place to her. Her host was silent for a few moments, and then started his remarks where he had left off. The station was isolated and lonely, and he enjoyed the girl's daily visits.

"Peter's is away," he volunteered. "Billy's got the lumbago, and there's nobody but me and the Prices and your folks that can get together in any kind of a way."
"But we don't often get together?"
"M'm, no, they don't often come close enough to shore along here, unless they lose their bearings. 'Tain't safe. But there was the bark Polly Saunders, that was beat to pieces right before folks' eyes four years ago, and every soul on her drowned. It was the next summer that the government built this station, and long in November comes another tearing big storm, and a wreck with it. We saved every life on that one, down to a cat that came ashore clawing tight to a keg, and was fished in by Eb Peters. You were away to school then, I recollect. That was the last, sissy, but we ain't anxious for any more. These February gales is mean things to deal with."

Jean's eyes were big with attentive interest. "I had heard the same thing many times, but it was ever fresh to her. She had never seen a wreck in her life. Her father had moved here from an inland village a few years before, but each succeeding winter she had been away at school, and only the letters from home told her what terrible things the sea did in the winter months. She walked round slowly, examining for the fiftieth time the simple appliances of the life-savers.

"It must be wonderful to rescue people like that," she said, impulsively. "Being a girl is dreadfully humdrum, Captain Trill. I think I should be happy all the rest of my life if I could do some of the things you do."
"You'd get most awful wet lots of times," remarked the captain, practically. "and pounded black and blue with the waves, and froze stiff's a board. Don't you fret about being a girl, sissy. We can't get too many of the right kind. Must you go?"
"Oh, yes, mother is still away, you know, and I must get home in time to have supper ready for father and the boys. You have no idea how hungry they are when they come home these cold days. Come up to supper some night, and I'll show you how boarding-school girls can cook."
She was gone with a bright nod of farewell, bending her head before the blast of wind which struck her as she opened the door. It seemed to have increased in violence in the last ten minutes. A fine spray was flying in with it, the clouds were gray and hung low, and the bare fields stretching inland looked bleak and chilly.

She walked more rapidly going back, for, as she had said, there was a generous hot supper to be prepared for her father and brothers. This was her first winter at home after all the fun and business of boarding-school days, and had it not been for the manifold duties of the house she would have been sadly lonely at times, for the dear little mother had

broken in health, and was away for a long rest.
In spite of her warm wraps, Jean began to feel chilled before the first mile was covered. As she reached home, a few scurrying snowflakes began to fall, and she looked anxiously out at the heaving sea, remembering what Captain Trill had said.
Jean found it almost impossible to sleep that night. The noise of the sea had deepened into a heavy roar, and the wind buffeted the house until every timber seemed to be squeaking a protest. Half a dozen times she awoke, and the last time, about 4 o'clock in the morning, it was with a new sound in her ears, a muffled boom, which was neither sea nor wind. As she flew out of bed she heard it again, and a moment later her brother Dick pounded on her door.

"Hey, Jean! Did you hear the signal-guns? There's a wreck! We're going!"
"Oh, wait for me! I'll be there in two minutes! Do wait!"
"Well, you must hurry! We have work to do."

Dick bounded down the hall to complete his own hasty toilet, and Jean's fingers flew. Every look and button seemed to escape her excited grasp, but nevertheless she was downstairs in an incredibly short time, bundled in her warmest wraps. She clutched at her father's arm as they started out, half-frightened by the blackness and violence of the storm. Dick and Will were running ahead, and they gave a shout as a rocket suddenly shot up offshore.
"She's right off here!" Dick called back. "Captain Trill has two miles to come! Let's go meet him and help drag up the stuff."
They turned abruptly down toward the life-saving station, but they had not gone far before they met Captain Trill and the two Prices, dragging the little mortar as they ran, panting with haste and looming up like huge bears in their oil suits. Captain Trill shook his head as Mr. Redfield shouted a question to him over the tumult of wind and waves.

"It's pretty bad!" he roared back, hoarsely. "There ain't a boat made that could be launched or landed in that surf. We've got the breeches-buoy, but I don't know how we're going to get a line to 'em in this wind! Come on, she may go to pieces any minute."
Jean shuddered, but in spite of herself her heart gave a leap of excitement. The breeches-buoy? How many times she had hovered around it in the life-saving station, getting Captain Trill to tell her how it was that people came ashore in that little thing, with only a rope above them and a black and boiling surf beneath! She would see it! If human hands could do it this night, she would see that shipwrecked crew come ashore in it, one by one, over that howling tumult of waves. She was almost crying with excitement as she looked over toward the dim figures of her father and the boys, and thought that they were lending a generous hand to this fine work.

Another rocket went up from the distressed vessel, and Captain Trill sent up an answering signal from the shore, volunteering the shouted opinion that she was a three-masted schooner, and by her location momentary danger of being pounded to kindling-wood, but to Jean there was nothing but a shapeless blot against the darkness. Ugh! How cold it was!
With terrible earnestness the men on shore bent to their work. In the gloom their faces were strained and anxious, and Captain Trill's quick orders showed him an entirely different man from the bluff, good-natured sailor of the afternoon before. One—two—three—four—five life-rockets soared out one by one toward the vessel, but each time the wind sent the rescuing line wide of its mark. Captain Trill shook his head impatiently, and tossed the sixth life-rockets aside, turning the sixth life-rockets mortar toward the wreck. Perhaps that would do better.

Jean shivered and drew her wraps closer. The darkness was slowly beginning to lift, although she could not yet distinguish the outlines of the unfortunate vessel.
The snow of the afternoon before had turned to a fine sleet rain, which froze as it fell; the waves were mountains of angry foam, and a flying spume out the face like needles. Little icicles dripped everywhere. How terrible it must be for the poor souls out there!
Suddenly the slender line was shot

out over the waves, and Jean strained her eyes to follow it, but it was lost in the gloom. It fell short, and at the second trial the wind beat it back like a feather; but Captain Trill set his teeth and waited for a momentary lull. Then there were a few seconds of aching suspense, followed by a lusty cheer from the shore as the tightening of the line showed that the eager hands were fastening it to the mast. A little more of the good work and the first sailor would be making that wonderful journey toward land.
Jean's heart was pounding with excitement, but as she moved nearer she heard the words, "Perishing cold, poor souls!" jerked out grimly by her father as he worked, and a sudden idea came which nearly took her breath away. Less than an eighth of a mile away the light in their kitchen window shone like a friendly beacon. The sailors would be dragged to shore drenched, numbed, exhausted. The limited hospitality of the life-saving station was two miles away on one side, and the village a mile and a half on the other. Her own home was the nearest, and she—she was hostess while her mother was away.

Holding her lips tight for fear the good determination would somehow escape, Jean turned and ran for home, not daring to look back again at the buoy, now bobbing out bravely over the crashing waves. It was still fairly dark, and bushes and shadows took on terrifying shapes, but there was no time to be frightened. Into the kitchen she darted like an impetuous young cyclone, threw her wet coat on a chair and commenced to work energetically at the fire.

It seemed hours before the fire would burn properly, and whole gases before the kettle finally began to sing, but all the time she was rushing busily round the room, opening the spare room, bringing out extra blankets, and doing everything which could minister to the comfort of half-frozen guests. Once she paused, between a sob and a laugh, and wiped her eyes.

"I know I am too greedy and selfish to live, but I did so want to see them bring the crew ashore. I'll never get another chance, never!"
When she hurried out again, the gray of a wintry dawn showed the dismantled hulk of a vessel offshore, pounded by huge racing waves which seemed about to engulf her. The little group on the shore was now much larger, re-enforced by people who had hurried down from the village, and they all were gathered about a drenched, storm-exhausted group of seamen. One of them lay flat on the sand, with several people working over him.

A few moments later her father and Captain Trill, standing side by side, looked down in amazement at a slender, breathless girl, swaying under the weight of a kettle which gave out the most enticing odor of hot coffee. Over her left arm she carried several cups, strung by their handles over a bit of string.
"You can bring them all up—to our house!" she panted. "It's warm—and beds ready—and here's some hot coffee for them—for all of you. O Captain Trill, have they all come in?"

She laughed next day as she recalled the desperate emphasis she laid on the word "all," but Captain Trill had had girls of his own, and he understood in a minute. Her father patted her shoulder comfortingly, and smiled over her head at the captain as he took the kettle away from her.

"Why, no, sissy, not quite," said Captain Trill, cheerfully. "You're in time to see the last and best man of all. We've just sent out for the captain. Stand right here. Your pa'll look after the coffee."
A few moments later it was all over, and she had seen it. The waves were bounding high over the schooner Beresford, but her captain, dragged out of the water by the teeth of the surf, stood in the midst of his crew, and offered a grateful hand to Captain Trill.
"You are brave men, sir. You have saved every soul of us, and I did not think there was a man alive could do it."
Before them all Captain Trill reached out his big, rough hand and drew Jean toward him.
"We only did our part, sir, only our part. Cap'n, let me introduce my first mate. She's here to keep you alive, now that you've landed. Try some of her coffee. It's first-rate."
Half a year later, when Jean, a rather young but very ambitious teacher, had taken her first school in a near-by town, she received a package with a foreign postmark. On a little slip inside was written, "Compliments of the Beresford, and underneath it was a gold chain of quaint and delicate workmanship, with a pendant attached. On one side of the pendant was engraved a tiny schooner, and on the other these words:
Jean Parsons Redfield,
For distinguished services at the Wreck of the Beresford, February 20, 19—
—Youth's Companion.

The Dread of Riches.
The man of \$10 a week income had just been rejected. Vainly he pleaded to have the case reopened.
"No, George," said the girl firmly, "I have read that all millionaires begin on \$10 a week or less, and I deem myself unworthy to be the wife of a millionaire. Some poor fellow with about \$20,000 a year might catch me, though," she added thoughtfully.—Portland Advertiser.
The world uses at least 170,000,000,000 matches yearly.

WHENCE THE HOT WATER CAME.

Solution of Mystery in a Comfortable Cottage in the Woods.

The letter said—it was about a cottage they were thinking of hiring, belonging to a hotel at a summer resort in the woods—that the cottage had three large bedrooms, each with two windows, a sitting room, with a large open fireplace and a bathroom, with hot and cold water. They were ready to believe all the things said about it; the only thing they couldn't exactly understand being about the hot water. They couldn't just see how this cottage, situated as they supposed it must be, could be supplied with hot water.

But there is, you know, about a letter, as there is about the spoken word, an air that tells you whether it is true or not, and they believed this letter to be true, and so they wrote and took the cottage.

When in the early morning, after a drive of some miles from the railroad station, they reached the hotel they were met by the proprietor, who himself escorted them to the cottage and with his own hands lighted the fire already laid on its hearthstone. A most hospitable and graceful welcome, and the cottage itself proved to be more than they had expected.

It was a rustic cottage, all bark on the outside, and with a wide veranda, this with its columns and railings all of bark covered timbers.
Inside the house was natural wood everywhere, and all bright, fresh and pleasing to the eye.
The rooms were ample in size. Here was the sitting room, with its big open fireplace in a broad stone chimney, and there was the bathroom, twice as big as many a city bathroom, and with a most modern bathtub.

When they tried the hot water faucets, why, there was hot water, and that they still wondered. They could understand the cold water supply—you can pipe cold water any distance, but this cottage was 500 feet, at least, from the hotel, and even if they had laid a system of hot water pipes for the supply of the cottages it wasn't possible that, however jacketed, a pipe would keep water, intermittently used, hot at such a distance. So the source of the hot water supply remained a mystery.

There was a hot water boiler, apparently quite isolated, standing in one corner of the bathroom, hot to the touch, as hot water boilers ought to be, and when the hot water faucets were turned you got hot water, but where it came from no one could guess. And so they remained mystified for about three days, when they made a discovery.

Projecting diagonally downward from the side of the boiler toward a partition between the bathroom and a bedroom in front, adjoining the sitting room, they discovered two pipes running through this partition and down nearly to the floor of the bedroom. On looking to see where their other ends went they discovered that they ran close to the floor in the bedroom the pipes passed through the back of the chimney, which formed a part of one side of this room, through the back of the chimney toward the sitting room, and when they came to look for the pipes in that room the mystery was solved.

The androns in the fireplace were of iron piping, through which the water circulated, and so with a fire in the fireplace there was always hot water in the boiler.
It was really very simple, but it was also rather clever, don't you think?—New York Sun.

Poor Weapons.
Mr. Lafferty had asked the druggist for something to kill moths, and the druggist, says a writer in the Chicago Record-Herald, sold him ten cents' worth of moth balls.
The next day Mr. Lafferty returned, and holding out the crumbled remains of some of the moth balls, he said, "Are yez the young man that sold them things to me yesterday?"
"I am. What's the matter with them?"
"The idea of a decent store selling them things to kill moths or anything else! If yez can show me a man that can hit a moth with one of them I'll say nothing about the pitchers and the looking glass me an' the ould woman broke."

Few Stuttering Women.
"Did you ever see a woman who stuttered?"
"No; now I come to think of it, I never did."
"They are very rare," said the physician. "I think it is safe to say that the average person passes through life without ever meeting a stuttering woman."
"There are two reasons for this. First, woman naturally—I don't know why—is less liable to the disease of stuttering than man. Second, if she develops this disease, she sets out with the determination to cure herself, and she succeeds; whereas, careless man, rather than take the trouble of a cure, will go stammering to the end."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Missouri Four-Story Farm.
An American firm of brass founders was recently surprised at receiving an order for ten and one-half tons of seamless brass tubing for an English buyer. In commenting upon this a trade journal says the order came to America because of the custom of the rolling mills in the two countries. The American practice is to turn the tube to certain sizes, smoothing off all the rough edges and making no extra charge for the service, while the British charge extra for this work.

KEYSTONE STATE GULLINGS

HORSE TAKES DEAD BODY HOME

Farmer is Murdered in His Buggy and Faithful Brute Continues on Unguided.

Josiah Dale, prominent farmer of Center county, was murdered while on his way from his farm on Nittany mountain to his home in Center Hall. Dale, who had been at his farm nearly all day, did not start for his home until dark. When he did not reach home at 9 o'clock friends started out to search for him. The searching party had not proceeded far when it came upon Dale's horse and buggy with the lifeless body hanging over the dashboard of the vehicle. Dale had been shot in the back about two inches below the left shoulder blade. The entire charge of shot penetrated Dale's body boring a hole nearly two inches in diameter.

To meet shippers' constantly growing complaints of the slow movement of freight the Pennsylvania railroad has ordered at its Altoona shops 25 new freight engines. They will be the largest and heaviest locomotives ever constructed by the Pennsylvania. The new engines, which will be experimental for the time, will be known as the 38 consolidation type. Their four driving wheels will be 62 inches in diameter, or 6 inches more than the present standard. The new engine will have a tractive power of 43,000 pounds, and will weigh, in working order, about 225,000 pounds. The new engines will be constructed with a view to increasing the speed at which the heavy freight trains may move.

Matches, presumably left in his shirt pocket by a patron, burned down the William Penn laundry at Philadelphia, causing a loss of \$50,000. Trampled on by their fellow-workers in the panic that followed the cry of fire, 20 girl employes of the laundry were badly injured. Forty-five girls on two floors above the basement rushed for the stairway and a number fell down the stairs, and their fellow-workers rushed over them in their wild flight. This was where most were injured.

Dissension has arisen between the council and school board of Washington over the placing of free telephones. The Bell company, in return for a franchise enabling it to lay telephone conduits in the town, gave 10 free telephones. Previously there were several free phones in the schools, but council decided to remove these and place the telephones in the residences of the councilmen. The school board charges graft and will fight the removal of the phones.

Gen. W. H. Koontz of Somerset, fusion candidate for state senate in the district composed of Somerset, Bedford and Fulton counties, will contest the election of his opponent, Dr. William C. Miller of Bedford. Koontz asked the 171 votes in the east ward of Windber borough be thrown out. There was no registry list in that precinct and persons offering to vote were required to make affidavits.
The Natural Gas Company of West Virginia tried a novel experiment to produce a flow of oil in the Dague well in East Finley township, Washington county. Instead of pumping the well, a high pressure of gas was introduced by means of a small pipe. The result was a flow at the rate of 200 barrels a day. The method will be attempted in other wells.

Mrs. Margaret Washington, a negro, was drowned in the Beaver river at Beaver Falls, and Joseph Reynolds, a negro, is in jail, held on suspicion. Reynolds says he and Mrs. Washington were at the home of a friend over night. On their way to the river's edge and fell in. She was 54 years old and leaves a husband and five children.

At a citizens' indignation meeting held at Freeland, sensational charges were made by Assessor Davis against the borough solicitor, and by Burgess Hartman, who alleged a bribe had been offered him to sign the light ordinance. Resolutions were adopted commending Assessor Davis and condemning action of the commissioners in granting abatements.
It has been officially announced the Carnegie Steel Company will remove its steel hoop mill from Monessen to Duquesne where all the hoop mills of the corporation will be concentrated. Duquesne will get the hoop mills, McKeesport the tube mills and Monessen the tin plate mills.

Irregularities in election returns were disclosed by the canvassing board of Butler county which closed its work. The vote of one precinct was thrown out and several election boards were held to answer to court for imperfect returns.
Fire destroyed the two large stock houses of the Nazareth Portland Cement Company at Nazareth, near Easton. The loss is placed at \$175,000. One of the stock houses was empty, but the other contained 20,000 barrels of cement.
Margaret Sanders of Danville, aged 100 years and 12 days, died at her home of pneumonia. She had been ill only four days.
Scranton policemen want more pay, and have requested Mayor Dimmick to help them get it.

An increase of 700 per cent in value in less than seven years is the record of coal lands in Westmoreland county. Eight hundred acres have just been sold for \$800 an acre for the coal. This is an increase of 100 per cent a year on the original price of \$100 an acre, for an average increase of \$100 an acre each year.
A burglar attempted robbery at the home of Charles Cole, a tax collector of Wayne township, Greene county. Mrs. Cole saved the township tax of \$1,200, outwitting the robber and fleeing from possible death with her three-months-old baby.

Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliance vanish like the bloom from a peach which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change. Ignorance and neglect. Few young women appreciate the shock to the system through the change which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too often come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the cheeks of its freshness and the form of its fairness.

As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate womanly organs, so surely when these organs are established in health, the face and form at once witness the fact in renewed comeliness. Nearly a million women have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label—contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. Made wholly of those native, American, medicinal roots most highly recommended by leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments.
For nursing mothers, or for those broken-down in health by too frequent bearing of children, also for the expectant mothers, to prepare the system for the coming of baby and making its advent easy and almost painless, there is no medicine quite so good as "Favorite Prescription." It can do no harm in any condition of the system. It is a most potent tonic and strengthening nerve tonic adapted to woman's delicate system by a physician of large experience in the treatment of woman's peculiar ailments.
Dr. Pierce may be consulted by letter free of charge. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Married Four Times.

Carmen Sylva, Queen of Rumania, story writer and poetess, was married to her husband four times. According to the German civil code, according to the Lutheran religion, according to the Roman Catholic Church and according to the rites of the Greek Church.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
WERT & TRACY, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

FIRST AMERICAN COLLEGE

Institution in Virginia Founded Before Harvard University.
The first university or college in this country, according to the Philadelphia "Press," was not Harvard, which was founded in 1636, but one founded by the Virginia settlers at Henrico, near what is now Dutch Gap, in 1619, a year before the landing at Plymouth Rock. In 1619, 12 years after the first settlers landed at Jamestown, the London Company, seeing the necessity for such an institution, set aside 10,000 acres of land for the support of a college. George Thorpe, a gallant English gentleman, was sent over to Virginia to take the position of superintendent of "college lands." The college was divided into 100 plantations by the company and leased to tenants. Half of the proceeds were to go toward the maintenance of the college and the other half to the company. In 1622 the Rev. Patrick Copland was sent over from London in the capacity of "rector of the university," that title being equivalent to the principal or president of a college or school of the present time. The first Legislature that ever met in America, in 1619, at Jamestown, passed a law providing that every town or borough in the Dominion should be required to fit their children and those of the natives for admission to the college. On March 22, 1622, the Indians attacked the village and murdered most of the inhabitants. So absolute and awful was the destruction that the town was never rebuilt or the college again continued, and to-day that section of Henrico county, where the little town stood, is wild and uninhabited.

COFFEE IMPORTERS

Publish a Book About Coffee.

There has been much discussion as to coffee and Postum lately, so much in fact, that some of the coffee importers and roasters have taken to type to promote the sale of their wares and check if possible the rapid growth of the use of Postum Food Coffee.
In the coffee importers' book a chapter is headed "Coffee as a Medicine," and advocates its use as such. Here is an admission of the truth, most important to all interested.
Every physician knows, and every thoughtful person should know, that habitual use of any "medicine" of the drug-stimulant type of coffee or whisky quickly causes irritation of the tissues and organs stimulated and finally sets up disease in the great majority of cases if persisted in. It may show in any one of the many organs of the body and in the great majority of cases can be directly traced to coffee in a most unmistakable way by leaving off the active irritant—coffee—and using Postum Food Coffee for a matter of 10 days. If the result is relief from nervous trouble, dyspepsia, bowel complaint, heart failure, weak eyes, or any other malady set up by a poisoned nervous system, you have your answer with the accuracy of a demonstration in mathematics.
"There's a reason" for Postum.