

THE INGLESIDE.

When the shadows downward glide
Fancy rules the ingleside,
And within the glowing fire
Lie the dream fields of Desire.

Brighter than the lighted lamps
Gleam the stars on far-off camps,
Warmer than the pine-log glow
Wait the lips of long ago.

There is not a lover fair
But her face is pictured there,
There is not a comrade true
But goes redly riding through.

There is ne'er a dream of fame
But takes shape in yonder flame,
There is ne'er a song of love
But is sung in yon red groove.

Soft and gray a cinder falls
Camp and grove and castle walls
Fade away in dust and flame
With our dreams of love and fame:

Yet, when shadows downward glide
Fancy rules the ingleside,
And we find amid the fire
Dream flowers of the old Desire.

—W. H. Ogilvie, in The London Outlook.

WITHOUT YOUR MAN.

Abner Wilson slipped out of bed, and dressed in the semi-darkness of the early spring dawn. Without looking at the little clock on the shelf, he knew it was a few minutes till five. Habit, born of continual custom, had taught him to arise at that hour. He tapped lightly on his wife's door and hurried down to the kitchen to start the breakfast fire. He found the bundle of pitch kindling in its usual place at the end of the woodbox, the matches in the corn-cob holder on the wall, and the waste paper in the rack near the stove. Abner left the damper open, knowing his wife would be down by the time he reached the barn.

It had always been a delightful thing to him to be bathed from hat to boots in the cool fragrance of the early morning. The hawling of the calves in the lot, the squealing of the pigs from the sty, and the hungry nickerings of the horses as they bobbed their heads over the stanchion when he opened the feedbox had always been music in his ear.

But on this morning it all seemed a mockery. The cries of his beloved beasts were a bedlam of discord that rasped his ear. It was all because Mary was going away—going to leave the ranch and return home. She was weary of the Oregon mountains, tired of looking always out over the endless array of fir-clad ranges, and her heart ached for the level prairies of Iowa. She would only be away three or four months—just long enough to visit the home folks and the old home place—but even that would seem a long time to Abner, since the two had been constantly together during the four years of their married life, all of which had been lived out in the hills. Most of all, he feared she would never again be content with the solitude of the fir-covered mountains.

They ate in silence, Abner concluding his second cup of coffee, his third slice of ham, and his fourth biscuit with the remark: "I'm afraid my flap jacks will be mighty heavy diet, Mary, after faring so long on these light slim-gems of yours."

"Oh, you will manage that part of it all right," she assured him; "the only thing I hate, Abner, is the thought of leaving you out here all alone. It seems selfish in me to go away without you."

Don't worry about that, little one," replied Abner. "I owe it to you. You've been loyal these four years. Most girls would have given up in despair. You should see your folks anyway. I've kept you from them long enough. It is possible that a sawmill will be placed in the gulch this winter and I can sell my quarter section of timber at a good figure. Then, we can both go back."

"Probably I ought to wait, but I'm awful homesick—awful tired of the hills," said the young wife.

"I know it, Mary, and there will be no waiting. We've planned for this trip of yours a long time, and I am just as happy as you in the thought that you can go. I'll have the roans around to the gate in ten minutes." He shoved back his chair, and giving his wife an affectionate pat on the head with his broad palm, bounded out of the door.

A half hour later the two were in the saddle, and entering briskly down the winding road toward the railway station. It was a clear May morning, and the air was wood-spiced with the fragrance of cedar and balsam fir. Though she had been secretly nappy in preparing for her return home, she now felt a pang of regret at leaving. She had believed it would be as if leaving a prison that had walled her in with mountains that could not be scaled, but somehow, this was not so. She saw beauty this morning where she had never seen it before—in the dancing of the light and shadows across the road, in the nimble scampering of the silver-gray squirrel across the road and in the tall fern that formed a noble canopy of broad fronds over the trail. She heard music and laughter and merriment in the chatter of the creek over the boulder, the whistling of the larks and robins, and the barking of the chipmunks. Greatest of all, she felt the warmth of Abner's love, his big-hearted manliness, his desire to sacrifice means and comfort that she might enjoy a visit home. But she prided herself that she had been a loyal wife, and had well earned a vacation from the solitude of the hills. It was this thought alone that prompted her on.

It was a fifteen-mile ride to the railway station, and they reached it by eleven o'clock, an hour before the arrival of the train. They blanketed the roans, tying them in the fir grove near the depot.

Only one other person waited on the little platform. She was a woman of the mountains, and she leaned with stolid, saddened face against the baggage truck on which reposed a long pine box, ominously suggestive. She recognized the greeting of the two new

arrivals with the unexpressive stolidism of the people of the hills.

Mary was at once interested in the woman, and while Abner purchased her ticket and checked the trunk that had been brought down by wagon two days before, she opened a conversation with her.

"Are you going on this train?" Mary asked pleasantly.

"Yes," the woman replied. "That is good. I am going too. Are you going to travel far?"

"I'm going back to the States—back to Illinois," said the woman, without taking her saddened eyes from the pointed firs of the surrounding hills. "Tom and me came from there twenty year ago. Our two boys are grown up and gone, and I have to go. Tom's here in this box. He was killed by a falling tree. Oh, it's hard—hard to give up Tom, hard to leave the hills where Tom and me have lived so long."

The woman spoke without emotion, but there were lines in her face that told of hidden sorrow. She paused, and then, as if to change the subject, asked: "Are you going far?"

"I'm going back to Ohio on a visit. I have not seen my folks in four years."

"Is your man going?"

"No, he can't leave now. But I can't stay out here any longer, even though I have to leave him for a while."

"Your man ought to go too," said the woman. "There ain't anything when your man's away. Tom and me was always together, that's why I'm with him now. It's much better out here in the hills where it is all so quiet and peaceful, and where everything is so wide and high and deep; but Tom won't be here any more. No, there ain't anything without your man."

For the first time a tear trickled across the wrinkled cheek. Mary turned her face away. The great truth of the woman's words weighed suddenly heavy on the young wife's heart. It was a relief to her when Abner came out and gave her the ticket and check.

"There's no need of my waiting," said he. "I'll get back up to the ranch and do some planting in the garden." He put his arm around her and pressed a kiss on her cheek.

"Goodby, little one," said he; "have the best time possible and don't worry about me. Give my love to all the folks and write often."

Mary clung to his neck, tears filled her eyes. She could not speak. She raised her face and he kissed her again full upon the lips. He turned from the platform and walked hurriedly across the clearing to where the roans waited. The woman by the truck put her hands up to the box and turned to the sobbing girl, repeated: "It's too bad to have to leave him. There ain't anything without your man."

With a burst of tears, Mary retired to the waiting-room, and dropped sobbing into a seat in one corner. Once she lifted her face to the little window and saw Abner and the two roans disappearing in a roll of dust up the road. She ran out on the platform as if to call him back; but he was gone—gone from sight around a turn of the fir-shaded road.

She came suddenly to the decision that she did not want to go—not without him. He was more to her than she had believed. He had provided every needed comfort for her, had always been considerate and tender. Why should she leave him? Why not wait another year or two, or three, if by the waiting he, too, could go? She looked out of the door and saw the woman standing by the truck, her hand laid affectionately on the pine box, and the woman's words came home to her. "There ain't anything without your man."

No, no she would not go! She could not leave Abner! Her ticket was redeemable, as she had not yet boarded the train. She had it cancelled at once and the price returned. It was as if a great load was lifted from her heart. With dried eyes and smiling face she went out of the little station and across to the general merchandise store where she asked the privilege of the telephone. A branch wire ran out to the trading post five miles from the ranch and directly on the road. She waited a long time, and then by her request, Abner was stopped when he reached the post and called to the telephone box.

"Hello, Abner," said the wife, jubilantly. "I've decided not to go. I'm not going till you can go with me. Won't you come back and get me?"

Abner was too greatly surprised to make immediate reply. "Well, well," said he at length, "you're certainly a little thoroughbred. I had better remained and put you on board the train. Come and get you? Yes, I guess I'll have to and mighty glad of the chance."

There was a pause and Mary started

to hang up the receiver when Abner again spoke: "Say, little one, I met Major Simmons on the way up, and had quite a talk with him. He's going to build a sawmill down in the gulch at once. I sold him the quarter section. We'll close the deal next week. That means we can both go back next fall after the crop is in."

Light of heart, Mary tripped joyously over to the depot. The train was delayed and the woman still stood by the truck and waited. "I've changed my mind," said the wife. "I'm not going now. Abner and I will both go this fall."

"You're a wise girl," said the woman. "You'll soon get the spell of the hills, and you won't care to go." Then the train rushed in and the woman stood closely by to see that the long box was deposited safely in the baggage car. As she mounted the steps she turned and delivered her farewell message to the young woman on the platform: "There ain't anything without your man."—Farm and Home.

DIAZ AND THE BRIGANDS.

Instead of Hanging Them He Hired Them as Rural Guards.

When Porfirio Diaz became President in 1884 Mexico was full of brigands and cut-throats. The mountains swarmed with bands of outlaws in league with confederates in the cities who kept them posted as to the movements of travellers.

Diaz knew that the resources of Mexico could not be developed until brigandage was stamped out, so the orders were to execute all brigands. He over-awed to a great extent the lawless population, but the mountains were still fastnesses for thieving bands.

Then a bright idea came to him, says the *Agencia*. Many, perhaps most, of these men had lost all they possessed during the fierce wars. They had become outlaws largely through force of untoward circumstances. Might it not be a wise thing to offer these Ishmaels of civilization the opportunity to regain their foothold among law-abiding citizens? Accordingly, when the brigands were caught they were questioned.

"How much money do you own—about a week on the average in your lawless and criminal life?"

The prisoners answered. Diaz pondered. At last he announced that he would pay the bandits double the amount which they claimed as the average they obtained by thieving.

He would enroll them as members of the Mexican Constabulary or Rurales, and they were to extend this offer to all the members of the bands they knew; but each man must swear to serve the State with fidelity, and if any bandits refused to accept this offer they were to be hunted down and killed wherever found. The idea worked admirably. Soon Mexico was like another land and the Rurales became the strongest military and police arm of the republic.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

It is estimated that 20,000 tramps are wintering in Chicago.

Japan consumes five hundred tons of whale meat a month.

There are no fewer than 238 different characters in the Abyssinian alphabet.

In France a method of seasoning wood by electricity is reported successful.

One of the newest improvements in the carpenter's kit is a square which may be quickly taken apart for packing.

During the twenty-five years of existence of the workmen's insurance in Germany \$952,000,000 has been paid out to 60,000,000 people.

A London firm of electro-plate makers has in its service eighteen men and women who have been working for it from fifty-six to sixty years.

Appendicitis has made such steady progress in Germany from year to year that medical societies have taken it up for special extended study.

England's potato crop averages over six tons an acre. Russia grows barely two tons to the acre, and Italy little over one and three-fourths tons.

It is proposed to substitute solitary confinement during six years for the death penalty in France. No death sentence has been executed recently.

The plans for the handsome building which will contain the negro exhibit at the Jamestown exposition were drawn by W. Sydney Pittman, a negro architect, who started in to learn the trade of wheelwright at Tuskegee and later became an architect.

A rifle ball moves 1000 miles per hour.

Rapid rivers flow seven miles per hour.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

Gold was discovered in California in 1848.

Electricity moves 228,000 miles per hour.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

A moderate wind blows seven miles per hour.

For Non-Support.

She—I can't understand why Lord Busted wants a divorce. His wife had half a million when he married her. He—Yes, and she's got every penny of it still. That's the trouble.—Pick Me-Up.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Two Silver Keys.
In the castle of Smiles there are two closed doors.
Behind which, waiting there,
Are beautiful gifts for every child,
Useful, lovely, and fair.

But the two closed doors are locked quite tight.
Each with a silver key,
As each little lad and each little lass
Can very plainly see.

And no matter how hard they tug and pull,
The doors will not unclose.
Without the two little silver keys,
As every good child knows.

So, if these beautiful gifts you wish,
You must carry the silver keys
That unlock the doors to the castle of Smiles.
They are "Thank you" and "If you please."
—Home Herald.

Maine Woodpeckers Innocent.

Ingles Stuart writes to the *New York Sun* that in his opinion the Maine woodpeckers are innocent of tearing up the Maine hornet nests in winter to get at the cold-storage food inside. "According to my observation, extending over many years," he writes, "these nests are sought by the small snow birds as a shelter winter nights. These birds can readily squeeze through the entrance hole, and once inside bestow themselves snugly between the combs. The passing in and out of creatures far more ponderous than the agile hornets tends after a comparatively short period to rip the home apart."

Pony That Eats Tobacco.

Williamsport, Ind.—A pretty Shetland pony that carries a lame girl to the Methodist church three times each Sunday at Indianapolis is a tobacco-chewing fiend. While the girl is in the church the pony is tied to the hitching rack. It stands quietly if it has tobacco to eat, but attempts to break away if passersby do not give it the weed. When the pastor of the church approaches, the pony puts its nose in the minister's pocket and whinnies what may mean in horse talk: "Give me a chew," but the pony soon shakes its head in a dissatisfied manner because the pastor does not use tobacco. The little girl is unable to cure the pony of its bad habit.

Striking of Clocks.

The clock of our grandfathers time came from England, and struck every quarter of an hour.

Another ancient one plays old songs and hymns instead of striking.

A clock that was once very common portrays stars, moon and sun, moving slowly overhead as the clock strikes.

A heavy striking clock is made for a library, not for a bedroom.

Fit the clocks to the general appearance of the room. Often they are the only misfit things in it.

Those tall gilt clocks, with the intermittent alarm, which rings at intervals of a half minute each for 20 minutes, are just the thing for Miss Lie-a-bed.

In France some of the new clocks strike up to twenty-four, instead of twice twelve—a very sensible plan.

After all, one grows to love the striking of one's own particular clock, and sometimes the striking of a once-familiar clock awakens long-dead memories.—*New Haven Register*.

"Mrs." Kangaroo.

"Mrs." Kangaroo has a big pocket in which she carries her young ones. It is the coziest kind of a place for a little kangaroo, and sometimes you will find a whole family of brothers and sisters in the pouch at once.

However, this is not the only way "Mrs." Kangaroo has of carrying her children. When hunters pursue her she puts all her babies into her pocket and runs for dear life, but if she feels that the enemy is gaining on her and that she is in danger of being captured she seizes one little one after another with her forepaws and hurls it out of the pocket to one side of her pathway as far as she can throw it. She takes care to do this only at times when the enemy is not in sight. In this way she is relieved of the weight of the youngsters and she can run faster.

At the same time her motive is not a selfish one. She throws her babies out in so skilful a manner that it does not hurt them. They are soft little creatures, and when they land in a brush heap they are none the worse for it. The hunter loses all scent of the little kangaroos by this movement on the part of the mother, and at the most the pursuing party can capture only self-sacrificing "Mrs." Kangaroo.—*Chicago News*.

The Magic Shoes.

Of course when Jack found the wooden shoes down by the river he did not know that they were magic shoes. If he had known, perhaps he would not have touched them. Magicians ought really to be careful not to leave their shoes about.

Jack put them on just to see what wooden shoes felt like. Then he sat down by the river and said: "I wish I had a boat. I should so like to ride on the water."

When you have magic shoes on, everything you ask for comes to you, and Jack had no sooner wished than a big fairy boat sailed up and cried: "Get on my back if you want a ride."

Jack jumped on, and they started away with a wild duck towing them along.

Jack shouted for joy, for it was so jolly to feel himself sailing along on the water.

But it was a pity he shouted so loudly, for the old magician, who was picking herbs on the river bank, heard him, and when he saw Jack being

pulled along by the swan he knew Jack must have put on the wooden shoes.

"Bring me my shoes at once," he cried, "or I'll wave my wand and send a flight of butterflies after you."

Jack only laughed and shouted, "I love butterflies," and the butterflies flew all around and looked pretty in the sunlight, but they didn't hurt Jack.

"Bring me my shoes or I'll send a swarm of bees after you," called the magician louder than before.

"Bees make honey, and I love bees," answered Jack. And the bees flew all around and then began to kiss the lovely flowers.

"Bring me my shoes or I'll send a swarm of wasps after you!" thundered the magician. And Jack was so frightened at the very name of the wasps that he took off the shoes and threw them on to the river bank. The next minute he was sitting where he often played and the swan and the magician had both disappeared.

Jack sometimes looked for the wooden shoes afterward, but the magician is careful not to leave them about again.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Queens of England.

Marguerite of France, second queen-consort of Edward I. of England, was early orphaned by the death of her royal father Philip le Hardi, King of France.

She was a sweet-tempered, high-minded damsel, and retained these fine traits of character throughout her life. She was a thoroughly educated young princess, being as virtuous as she was refined and cultured.

While Marguerite was still very young her elder sister, Princess Blanche, became the reigning beauty and favorite of Europe. Edward I. of England, having heard her praises sung from afar, sought her hand in marriage. At this time he was a grief-stricken widower, still mourning the loss of his beloved Queen Eleanor. But he hoped to banish his heavy sorrow in the smiles of a second beautiful queen.

Thus negotiations for the hand of the beautiful Blanche were begun by the King of England, and the historians of those times declare that the Princess Marguerite was substituted in the marriage treaty in the place of her more favored sister Blanche "by a diplomatic maneuver unequalled for craft since the days of Leah and Rachel."

However this may be, the name of Marguerite appears in the marriage treaty where that of Blanche was supposed to be.

At the time of her betrothal to Edward the Princess Marguerite was just entering her 12th year, but the final arrangement by which she became Edward's consort was not consummated till many years later, as both Edward and his brother, the Duke of Lancaster, bitterly resented the substituting of the plain child, Marguerite, for her gloriously beautiful sister, Blanche, who was in the full bloom of her young womanhood. This piece of "diplomacy" was the work of Philip le Bel, brother to Marguerite and Blanche and King of France, who had other and higher plans for the disposal of his sister Blanche.

The misunderstanding between the two kings seems to have been righted, for on the 8th of September, 1299, Marguerite of France was married to Edward I. of England.

To quote from a record of that time: "On Tuesday, the day of Our Lady's nativity, in the 27th year of the king, arrived dame Marguerite, the daughter of King Philip, at Dover, and proceeded the following day to Canterbury; and the present Thursday after came Edward, King of England, into the Church of the Trinity of Canterbury, and espoused the aforesaid Marguerite, Queen of England, of the age xx years."

It is a fact worth mentioning that Marguerite of France is the first queen since the Conquest not to enjoy the honor of a coronation; but the royal chequer was in such distress from continuous warfare that the cost of such a ceremony was not to be indulged in, however much Edward might have wished it.

To quote: "Marguerite, queen-consort of Edward I. of England, is the first queen since the Conquest who was not solemnly crowned and anointed."—By Mary Graham.

A Town of Many Languages.

There are few cities in the world having more newspapers, and of such varied languages, than Buenos Ayres. Altogether the number of dailies, weeklies, monthlies and irregulars published in the republic fluctuates about 150. Besides, of course, the "national" language, with its wide divergences from Spanish, there are papers published in Castilian, in Catalan, in Italian, French, German and English; in Basque, in Norwegian and in Danish, in Arabic, Syrian, Hebraic, Servian and in several dialects; while in the Chubut Territory the Welsh organ has considerable sale and influence.—*The Herald of Buenos Ayres*.

Wires Like a Rest.

Messages (said a telegraph operator) always slide over the wires better on Monday than on any other day. The wires, you see, have profited by their Sunday rest.

It is a fact that inanimate as well as animate things get tired and need a vacation occasionally. You know how true this is of razors, of automobiles, of locomotives—and it is just as true of telegraph wires.—*Portland (Ore.) Journal*.

KEYSTONE STATE COLLINGS

THOMPSON TAXED ON \$8,000.00

Unintown Banker Tried to Have Coal Land Valuations Reduced—Coal Men Protest.

J. V. Thompson, the Unintown banker and coal operator, spent a day at Waynesburg with the County Commissioners summing up coal acreage he owns in Greene County and endeavoring to secure lower valuations. Deeds on record give him title to about 60,000 acres of the Pittsburgh vein of coal in the county, which is valued by the assessors at from \$50 to \$200 an acre, making the taxable value of his holdings nearly \$8,000,000.

The recovery of interest amounting to \$27,353.21 due the state on deposits of the capitol building commission funds held by the Harrisburg Trust Company from the time of the original appropriation of \$4,000,000 in 1901, to the present, was told to the capitol investigating committee. This interest was paid on February 6, 1907, two days after the arrival of James Cameron, manager of the Audit Company of New York, to assist in the probing. Further information equally as interesting, relating to generally loose methods of bookkeeping and lack of system in keeping track of transactions was brought out.

Legislative Proceedings.

The senate calendar was cleared of first and second reading bills, after which the following bills passed finally:

Providing that if a township officer refuses or neglects to perform his duties he may be removed by court.

The Roberts bill increasing the compensation of members of the Pennsylvania Legislature from \$750 to \$1,500 a year.

A joint resolution to amend the Constitution by abolishing spring elections and increasing the terms of the State Treasurer from two to four years and Auditor General from three to four years.

Creating the office of Assistant Attorney General.

Exempting from taxation land planted with sprout forest and timber trees.

The House passed the following bills finally:

Requiring newspapers to print conspicuously in each issue the names of the owners and managing editors.

Giving State hospitals the right of eminent domain as regards lands for the purpose of getting pure water for the institutions.

Under a resolution introduced in the House by Representative Davis, of Chester, a commission is to be appointed to make a thorough investigation of the Soldiers' Orphan schools of the State. The bill makes the change that the schools are no longer to be for the purpose of their creation and asks that a commission be appointed to look into the records of each and every inmate and the record under which they were admitted to the school, whether the existing conditions make it desirable that the institutions be continued under a different name than at present, for the care of indigent orphan children, whether or not the schools should not be consolidated into a smaller number and measures taken for their entire abolition.

Pittsburgh gets nine additional post-office clerks under the emergency appropriation of \$360,000 made in the postoffice appropriation bill passed at the late session of Congress. This item provided for 600 additional clerks in various offices throughout the country, where business has increased rapidly and the existing force was compelled to work overtime to keep up with it. Other Western Pennsylvania towns that get additional clerks are Allegheny, Butler, Erie, Grove City and West Grove, one each. All these clerks go on duty at once at a salary of \$600 a year.

The larger operators in the bituminous coal fields of Pennsylvania appeared before the emergency committee of the house to protest against the proposed tax of one cent a ton. With them were the officers of the Mine Workers' unions. It was made plain to the committee that if the new burden is placed, because of competition with other states, the wages of the miners must be reduced. Chairman Howard of the ways and means committee, said he introduced the bill because more revenues were needed.

The religious revival that has been continuing at Marion Center, for three weeks has brought more than 100 new members into the Presbyterian church and there were more than 30 baptisms on Sunday. The services are conducted by the Rev. A. C. Powell, A. H. Gettman, J. N. McCay, Jas. A. Cowen and M. R. Hackman.

Chief Burgess John S. Sell of Greensburg, has donated to the Women's association of the Westmoreland hospital and the Children's Aid society of Westmoreland county his salary for the year ending March 4. The salary is \$450.

James March, the oldest resident of Lebanon is dead at the age of 107 years. In his active years Mr. March was a railroad contractor.

The six mills of the Standard Tin Plate Company at Canonsburg, where a strike was recently declared, are now in full blast and the indications are that Manager Richards will keep the works in operation at full capacity.

J. T. Haviland of 20 Broadway New York, who says he is a stock specialist, was arrested at Scranton on a charge of embezzlement. He is accused of making away with \$23,000 entrusted to him by Scrantonians for investment.

James Jeffries, 60 years old, employed at the H. C. Frick car shops, was killed by a train at Everson.