

"ONE OF THE BOYS."

He is 'way beyond fifty, his hair's turning gray, But still he can laugh in the jolliest way;

Why, he can get up in the gray of the dawn, And be out on the road ere the others have gone,

He is ready to romp, or to hunt, or to ride— He has never sat silent and moody, and sighed

He will lie on his back in the shade of the trees And declare that he knows what is sung by the bees,

He is 'way beyond fifty, and folks think that he ought To devote lots of time to more serious thought;

—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in the Chicago Evening Post.

Sarah Brown's Effort.

By ELIZABETH I. SAMUEL.

"Present," said Sarah Brown. Then under her breath she whispered, "Six!"

The other girls—there were five girls and Dick Thurston in the class—knew what they could do.

For Sarah Brown there seemed to be neither could nor would.

She had time to think this over before the roll was finished.

It was over at last. Sarah held up her head with pride as she went out into the yard.

Suddenly she remembered that she had left her algebra in the dressing room and went back to get it.

She heard, too, Mr. Raymond's answer: "I'm afraid she tries to get a little more out of life than she is willing to put in."

The color mounted to her forehead, her blue eyes flashed and she almost jumped from the chair.

"I'm discouraged," she said, "absolutely, completely, entirely!"

"Willing to put in!" Was that not the very thing that she was so unhappy about?

Just give her a chance! After a little she straightened herself and reviewed the situation.

Prudence Hathaway was confident in general to the village. She said there were two reasons why everybody came to her house;

Her cottage stood between the church and the academy, and she was always at home because she could move about only in her wheel chair.

That she was not a passive receiver of confidences might have been inferred from a look at her strong, beautiful face, and evidence of this was not wanting, for Dick Thurston—motherless Dick—said, "Sometimes she's a regular bar of justice; sometimes she preaches you a sermon. You never know which is coming."

Sarah's face was so rueful when she entered the little sitting room that no preliminaries were needed.

"All the rest of the girls are going to do something after they leave school, and I've nothing to do but settle down and stay at home. And I wish my name wasn't Sarah Brown!"

"Do you think that you would be a different girl if you had a different name?"

"Yes, I do."

"Why not choose one?" asked Aunt Prue.

"Choose—a name?"

"Yes. Fathers and mothers give their children names just to get them started, but we all choose our own names in the end."

"Tell me, Aunt Prue." "If I had a name that I didn't like I should establish a synonym."

"I'm sure I shouldn't know where to start to establish a synonym for Sarah Brown."

"You might start almost anywhere. Sarah Brown might be somebody's word for cheerfulness, for instance."

"Oh! I see."

"You can't be sure yourself what your synonym will be, but Sarah Brown will stand for something to everybody that knows you."

"I think Dick would say that I'm in for the sermon, don't you, aunty?"

"What was my text?" "Putting in. I must go now. Good night, Aunt Prue!"

A weary head lay on Sarah's pillow that night. The weariness of eighteen may be as the weariness of eighty, for the tide of life is greater.

But morning brought courage, and a resolution shaped itself.

"I'll try," she said. Then her eye fell on the journal that she had begun at New Year's.

"Make a record of your efforts, Sarah Brown!" she exclaimed. "If you can't stand for anything else you can stand for effort. Go on, Sarah Brown!"

"I wonder what Mrs. Wilson would give as my synonym," she said to herself as she went down stairs.

"I think I'll start her on cheerfulness." She smiled rather grimly at the thought.

But her smile was pleasant when she went into the dining room, and she talked to her father a little more than usual.

Having made this effort she found herself looking for another, and the result of her search appeared when she told Mrs. Wilson that she would dust the parlor every day.

"Now I'll go over to see Margaret," she said when the last chair was dusted.

As she was starting, Mrs. Wilson asked her to do an errand for her.

For a moment Sarah rebelled at the hindrance to her plan, but she remembered her determination, and answered with at least a degree of willingness.

"Looks as if you would have to keep this thing up, Sarah Brown. There's some kind of a law about bodies that can't stop if they once get started. Good use to make of my training in physics, so long as I can't make any other use of it."

There were days, however, when she seemed almost to stop, but the record of her efforts served to steady her purpose.

One night, as she wrote in her journal, "Took care of the little children at the picnic while Aunt Prue read to the rest," obeying a sudden impulse she signed her name, "Sarah Brown." The name seemed to mean something.

Margaret asked her once in a letter filled with an account of her own work at college, what she was doing to keep up her English, and she wrote, smiling over it, "I'm doing special work in synonyms."

Her chief "effort" during the winter was an old woman who lived a mile from the village, and whose unhappy disposition offered a special opportunity for conquest. Sarah had determined to make her smile.

Late one afternoon, when she was hurrying home from a visit to this woman, she heard a call for help.

Looking toward the river she saw that some one had broken through the ice. She ran down the bank, and found that it was Dick Thurston.

"Help a fellow out, can't you, Sarah? I'm caught here. Get a fence rail or something, quick."

She found a rail, and soon Dick was safe. "How long had you been there?" she asked.

"Seems as if I'd been there half an hour," answered Dick, "but I suppose I hadn't. I can tell you one thing, Sarah Brown, if you hadn't come along I should never had got out alive!"

Everybody talked about how Sarah Brown had saved Dick Thurston from drowning, but Sarah wrote in her journal that night, "Went out and spent the afternoon with old Mrs. Davis. Made her smile."

It was some time before Dick was out again. Then he went to see Aunt Prue. He talked to her a few minutes, then went to the window, so that she could not see his face. "I

told father this morning that I would go to college," he said.

"How did you happen to change your mind?"

"Another result of being nearly drowned. The fact is, Aunt Prue, that when a fellow is up to his neck in cold water, with a prospect of going under, he is likely to change his mind about many things. They look different."

"I'm ever so glad that you are going, Dick."

But Dick, suspecting that the conversation might become personal, remembered his appointment with the doctor, but he added as he went:

"When you have a fellow that you can't manage, Aunt Prue, just drown him temporarily. He'll change his point of view."

In the spring vacation Margaret called a class meeting. The girls were surprised when Dick appeared.

"Heard you were going to talk over experiences," he said, "so I've come, for I've had an experience."

As Sarah listened to the other girls she felt that she had little to say, and a touch of her old discouragement came over her.

When her turn came she said, "I've done a little of everything—"

"Such as saving a fellow from drowning," cried Dick, springing to his feet. "Allow me, ladies, to introduce Sarah Brown, herofe."

"But I never believed that you would have drowned, Dick," said Sarah.

"It's very humiliating, girls. Sarah never did make anything of saving me from a watery grave. Perhaps when I'm on the Supreme bench she'll point to me with pride, and say, 'I saved the judge from drowning.' Anyway, I'm going to college, and the cold water and Sarah Brown did it."

"See here, Sarah Brown," said Mary Davidson, "I've an account to settle with you. I thought people were going to miss us girls when we went away, but when I asked mother who took my place in the library, she said, 'Sarah Brown.' I haven't asked about anything else that we girls used to do that she hasn't answered, 'Sarah Brown.'"

"That's so," said Margaret. "I can't see that we've any of us been missed."

"I've only done things as they came along," said Sarah, half in apology, but down in her heart she was glad.

Just before commencement Judge Thurston sent for Mr. Thatcher and Mr. Raymond.

"I'm getting to be an old man," he said, "and I want to invest my property in something that will bring returns after I'm gone. I want to invest in lives," he went on. "I love the old academy, and I've decided to establish a fund to send one graduate of the school to college every four years. It seems to me that I should like the first one to be a member of my grandson's class"—the judge had been watching Sarah Brown—"and I want you to advise with me as to who shall be sent."

Mr. Raymond looked at the minister.

The minister said, "There's Sarah Brown."

"Yes," said Mr. Raymond, "I don't know anybody who would make a greater effort or do the academy greater credit."

"I am glad you both agree with me," said the judge.—Youth's Companion.

THE ECLIPSE OF A LEGAL LIGHT

A TRAGEDY IN BUSINESS CARDS.

CONSTITUTIONAL FEDERAL AND CORPORATION PRACTICE. ALGERNON P. VAN NUYS A.B. LL.B. (YORVARD, '06) COUNSELLOR AT LAW 9-11-13 TOPLIFT BUILDING

JUNE SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO COLLECTIONS. ALGERNON P. VAN NUYS LL.B. ATTORNEY AT LAW 9-11-13 TOPLIFT BUILDING

AUGUST TYPEWRITING. PUBLIC PHONE OFFICE. A. P. VAN NUYS LAW, LIFE INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE NOTARY PUBLIC. 9-11 TOPLIFT BLDG.

OCTOBER MICHAEL HENNESSY. AL. VANNESS HENNESSY & VANNESS MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS AGENTS FOR THE "LITTLE WONDER" CORKSCREW PIZZLE GAS MASTERS BARTON'S K.M. FOR BREWERS. 9 TOPLIFT BUILDING

DECEMBER THE ALAMO. While the Alamo is situated in the city of San Antonio, it is the treasure property of the people of all Texas.

The "Ins." England's new armored cruiser, the Indomitable, has been launched, and soon the inflexible and the invincible are to be given to the waves.

Episodes in the Career of Gordon Cumming, Greatest of Lion Hunters

The name of Gordon Cumming is, to the popular mind, perhaps the most familiar in the annals of African sport.

To middle aged and elderly people he is still the lion hunter, par excellence, of South Africa, the very type and example of those adventurous Nimrods who have earned their fame in the wilds of many countries.

The second son of Sir William Gordon Cumming, of Altyre, Rouleyn Gordon Cumming was born in 1820. After a brief period of soldiering in the Madras Cavalry, the Royal Veteran Newfoundland Companies, and the Cape Mounted Rifles, Gordon Cumming, always a passionate lover of sport, became so enamored of the life of the hunting veldt that he resigned his commission in the Cape Rifles and for the next seven years devoted himself with irresistible ardor to the pursuit of South African great game.

Few hunters ever had greater success. He slew every variety of quarry to be found between the Cape and the Limpopo; many a grim lion, scores of elephants and rhinoceroses fell to his rifle.

His athletic figure, clad as often as not in a flannel shirt, a Highland kilt and a broad brimmed hat, with bare, brawny arms and legs, and red beard, became familiar at many a Boer outspan and homestead and in many a native village.

One of the most unconventional and picturesque heroes of the good days in South Africa, Gordon Cumming's strong personality and daring feats will remain always enshrined in the annals of South African pioneers.

The great hunter made his first real appearance in the veldt in 1843, when he shot many a head of game on the northern plains of Cape Colony, between Colesberg and the Orange River.

Springbucks in tens of thousands, black wilde-beest, quagga, blesbok and gemsbok were here met with, and many a fine trophy fell to his rifle.

Pursuing his way steadily northward, Cumming crossed the Orange and enjoyed much sport, shooting many varieties of game—hartebeest, brindled and white-tailed quagga, koodoo, Burchell's zebra and roan antelope. Mighty herds of blesbok, almost as innumerable as springbok, were seen.

Gordon Cumming's first adventure with a lion happened in this wise, in the Griqua country—now Griqualand West. A lioness was found devouring a blesbok.

At first she sallied out at her disturbers, but thinking better of it, started at a smart canter for a range of hills. Mounted on his good horse, Colesberg, the Highlander spurred briskly in chase, and, finding herself overhauled the lioness subsided to a trot and presently sat up on her haunches like a dog, with her back to Cumming, appearing, as he describes it, to say to herself, "Does this fellow know who he is coming after?"

Now she sprang to her feet, and, showing her teeth and growling fiercely, made a short run forward, making a loud rumbling noise like thunder. Finding she could not intimidate the hunter, she quietly lay down. All this, it is to be remembered, happened upon a bare, open plain. There was no escape, one or the other must go down. The Hottentots came up and Cumming arranged that one of them, Kleinboy, was to hand him his spare rifle in case his first shot proved insufficient.

By this time the men were in a precious stew; their faces assumed a ghastly paleness. The lioness ran forward, and "I had," he says, "a painful feeling that I could place no reliance on them. Now, then, for it, neck or nothing! She is within sixty yards of us and keeps advancing. Turning the horse's tail to her, I knelt on one side, and, taking a steady aim at her breast, let fly. The ball cracked loudly on her tawny hide and crippled her in the shoulder, upon which she charged with an appalling roar, and, in the twinkling of an eye, was in the middle of us. At this moment Stofolus (a Hottentot) his rifle exploded in his hand, and Kleinboy, whom I had ordered to stand ready by me, danced about like a duck in a gale of wind; the lioness sprang upon Colesberg (the horse) and fearfully lacerated his ribs and haunches.

"I was cool and steady and did not feel in the least nervous, having fortunately great confidence in my own shooting, but I must confess that when the whole affair was over I felt it was a very

awful situation and attended with extreme peril.

"When the lioness sprang on Colesberg, I stood out from the horse, ready with my second barrel for the first chance she should give me of a clear shot; this she quickly did, for seemingly satisfied with the revenge she had taken she quitted Colesberg, and turning her tail to one side, trotted sulkily past within a few paces of me. Taking one step to the left, I pitched my rifle to my shoulder and in another second the lioness was stretched on the plain."

One dark windy night on the Limpopo River a terrible tragedy happened in his camp. The appalling roar of a lion was heard, followed by the shrieking of Hottentots, then one of them, Stofolus, rushed up to his master's wagon shrieking out, "The lion! The lion! He has got Hendrick. Hendrick is dead!" It was too true. Hendrick, Cumming's most trusted Hottentot, had been seized by the camp fire and carried off. They did what they could, but on such a night, pitch dark and windy, little could be attempted. The dogs were encouraged to attack the dangerous brute, but the lion repeatedly drove them off, and, safe in his bushy lair, actually devoured the unfortunate man within fifty yards of the camp. "As day broke," says Cumming, "we heard the lion dragging something up the river side, under cover of the bank, and we proceeded to inspect the scene of the night's awful tragedy. In the hollow, where the beast had consumed its prey, we found one leg of the unfortunate Hendrick, bitten off below the knee, the shoe still on his foot; the grass and bushes were all stained with blood, and fragments of his pea coat lay around. Poor Hendrick! I knew that old coat, and had often seen some of its shreds in the dense coverts where the elephants had charged after my unfortunate after-riders. Hendrick was by far the best man I had—of a most cheerful disposition, a first-rate wagon driver, fearless in the field, very active, willing and obliging, and his loss to us all was very serious. I felt sick at heart, and could not remain at the wagons, so I resolved to go after the elephants to divert my mind." Gordon Cumming shot an elephant and returned to camp two hours before sunset; then he orders horses to be saddled and goes in search of the man-eater. The lion had taken covert in some reeds, and the dogs were sent in to dislodge him. He held up the river bank, but presently turned and stood at bay. "As I approached," says Cumming, "its horrid head was to me, his jaws open, growling fiercely and his tail waving from side to side.

"On beholding the brute my blood boiled with rage, and setting my teeth I dashed my steed forward within thirty yards of him and shouting, 'Your time is up, old fellow,' placed my rifle to my shoulder and waited for a broadside. This the next moment he exposed, when I sent a bullet through his shoulder and dropped him on the spot, he again rose, but I finished him with a second in the breast. The natives now came up in wonder and delight, and ordering John to cut off his head and fore paws and bring them to the wagons, I mounted my horse and galloped home, having been absent about fifteen minutes. When the Bakalahari women heard that the man-eater was dead they danced for joy, calling me their 'father.' Thus was poor Hendrick avenged."

Fear, however, was a thing absolutely unknown to such a man. He would tackle anything living. The great python of Africa is not the kind of creature that the average man cares about handling in the wild state. A fearsome looking serpent, having great constrictive power and attaining as much as twenty feet in length, it is far from an attractive object in natural history. Yet Cumming once seized one of these monsters by the tail just as it was entering a crevice beneath a mass of rock, and getting a rawhide thong round the middle of its body tugged at it with the aid of his Hottentot Kleinboy until the reptile relaxed its hold. The snake suddenly springing out at them open-jawed, snapped within a foot of their legs. Releasing his hold Cumming quickly overtook the monster and laboring its head with a big bough, presently killed him.—Forest and Stream.

Why Railways Are Being Electrified The final arguments for the electrification of a steam railroad are reduction in operation costs and increase of earning capacity of the present tracks.

Homeless Dogs. One result of the new act requiring every dog to wear a collar with its owner's name and address seems to be a promise of a great increase in the number of lost dogs which find their way to the Battersea Home.

Couldn't Survive Money Loss. Ernest Sauer, aged 58, who was robbed of all his savings, \$2,000, at his lonely home near Bradford last August, died April 22. Brooding over his misfortune brought on his death.

KEYSTONE STATE COLLINGS

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

Number of Bills Passed by the House—Funds Secured for Beaver College.

The following bills were passed finally in the House:

Requiring all newspapers to print the name of the owner in each issue. Prohibiting the sale of game birds and animals.

Making unlimited the number of rods, poles and hand lines to be used by any one fisherman.

Legalizing fishing for any fish not game or food fish in private waters at any time or by any method.

Authorizing boroughs to erect and maintain garbage furnaces.

The following bills were defeated on final passage:

Joint resolution proposing to amend the Constitution so as to establish courts subordinate to the Common Pleas Courts.

Prohibiting the use of automatic guns in hunting game or wild birds. This vote was later reconsidered and the bill postponed.

Put Up the Needful \$1,000. The tangle over a site for Greensburg's public building has been settled by the raising of \$1,000 by citizens. At the last session of Congress an appropriation of \$25,000 was granted. At condemnation proceedings the lot of Paul H. Hacke, of Pittsburg, selected by the supervising architect of the treasury department, was valued at \$27,500. Hacke agreed to accept \$26,000, and the \$1,000 was raised through the efforts of Postmaster Lyon.

Big Mortgage Put on Record. A mortgage to secure the \$25,000,000 bond issue of the American Union Telephone Company, as the corporation controlling most of the independent lines in Pennsylvania and adjacent states, is known, was filed of record in the Dauphin county court. The mortgage was given to the Fidelity Title and Trust Company of Pittsburg, which is trustee for the issue. Similar papers will be filed in all other counties where the company has property.

Dies in Her Hundredth Year. Mrs. Alice Cavanaugh, the oldest resident of Dunbar, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Kerwin. She was in her 100th year. She was born in County Wicklow, Ireland, and emigrated to this country 24 years ago. She was the mother of 11 children. Mrs. Sarah Yates, of Allegheny, is a daughter. There are 21 grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren.

Shows Good Production. There is much excitement in the new Volant oil territory north of Butler. Thousands of acres have been leased within a few weeks in a section practically unexplored. Many fine producing wells are being brought in, found in the Berea grit. The T. N. Barnsdall Company, of Pittsburg, is the heaviest operating company and is bringing in a well a day.

Better Wages for 300 Men. The Central Pennsylvania Traction Company, of Harrisburg, posted notice of an increase of wages for 300 motormen and conductors, to take effect May 1. The new scale is as follows: For first year's service, 17 cents an hour; second and third consecutive years, 19 cents; fourth and fifth years, 20 cents; after five consecutive years, 21 cents.

Will Build Coke Plant. The Bessemer Coke Company is preparing to build a large plant on Ten-Mile Creek, in Greene county. From 450 to 500 ovens will be constructed.

Birds on Hats Forbidden. The bill prohibiting buying, selling or wearing for ornament any Pennsylvania wild bird or part thereof was finally passed by the House, 116 to 13.

Jacob Shenk testified before the capitol investigators that he lost the contract to furnish marble for the capitol because he refused to double his price and divide the resultant profit from the state with a small coterie of men. Payne & Co. made out bills on billholders of sub-contractors without the latter seeing the figures or authorizing them.

The biennial report of Warden W. M. Johnston, of the Western penitentiary, shows Allegheny county leads with 236 prisoners, Fayette is second with 105 and Westmoreland third with 60.

The Rev. W. E. Brown, pastor of the Crafton Lutheran Church, tendered his resignation on Sunday, and will accept a call to the pastorate of the church at Middletown, Md.

Somerset County Court decided that the Berwind-White Coal Company must not remove the pillars in its mines so as to endanger surface property.

State Chairman Andrews has called the Republican convention to meet in Harrisburg on June 6, to nominate a candidate for state treasurer.

The factory and storage house of the Pennsylvania Ice Company, near Cresson, was destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of \$150,000. The building burned away and left 3,200 tons of ice exposed. The origin of the fire is unknown, but incendiaries are suspected.

The eyeball of the mole can be projected forward several times its own diameter, and retracted.