

WOULD FATE BE KIND?

RONDEAU REDOUBLÉ

Would Fate be kind, and give our childhood back,
All the long years which we have left behind,
And bid us walk again the self-same track
Which we have followed, ignorant and blind—

Should we be glad the same old path to find,
With every sorrow, every loss and lack,
And every burden for the heart and mind—
Would Fate be kind and give our childhood back!

Would Grief's wild storms, Disaster's Thunder-crack,
Be recompensed by all Life's joys combined?
Would we toil on beneath Care's heavy pack,
All the long years which we have left behind?

Fair fruits were bitter, underneath the rind;
In bluest skies the tempest gathered black;
Would we rejoice, should Fate her skein rewind,
And bid us walk again the self-same track?

Why change the dates in Time's grim almanac?
Safe with the past let them remain enshrined;
Nor crave the path in Life's cramped zodiac,
Which we have followed, ignorant and blind.

We should not be more happy or resigned,
Nor suffer less from scourge, and knout, and rack,
Briers and thorns with nettles intertwined,
If she should send us on the self-same track,
Would Fate be kind?

—Elizabeth Akers, in Putnam's.

HEMMED IN BY FIRE.

For five years I had been confined to my armchair by paralysis. Occasionally I would be carried down to an open carriage and taken for an hour or two through the city, or the neighboring country. My legs—well, there is no necessity to speak of them; one of my arms was still able to move, and, thanks to it, I could still eat alone. But my eyes were good and my hearing was acute.

One day, when the time was extremely dull, I fancied that I would regain complete calmness if I could hear an opera. My friends remonstrated, but I insisted. I cannot tell how happy I was—I was going to be filled with music, good music. By an unexpected chance they played "Le Prophète," one of the works that I had always preferred.

At last the hour came. My niece of sixteen was to accompany me. Two strong men carried me to my chair. Fortunately we did not live very far from the theatre.

My nephew had thoughtlessly secured seats in the first circle. No matter, my two bearers installed me there, me and my armchair. I was directly in the centre, just opposite the stage, and I saw admirably all the theatre, from the pit and the orchestra chairs to the boxes of the fourth circle, that legendary place where you are not accommodated by the chandelier—you see over it. I remained alone with my niece, who was as much enchanted as I was.

They played the first act. I do not remember ever to have enjoyed in my life happiness so complete, so heavenly. The second, third and fourth acts were rendered in a manner that I thought perfect.

During the intermission I noticed between two violoncellos an odd little creature, in whom I felt unaccountably interested. He was a poor, miserable fellow, shockingly deformed, but his features were quite regular. When he played all his body moved and appeared to wrap itself around the violoncello in a fantastic and loving manner; forming a singular contrast, his face assumed a serious and almost austere expression, and the light of enthusiasm illumined his eyes.

I mused in silence until the moment when Jean de Leyden thinks that he should reveal his accomplices that they must die with him. Then a white smoke rose on the scene through the cracks in the floor. It excited no attention, and was only thicker than the smoke usually employed, but suddenly there was an explosion and a flash that dimmed the lights in the auditorium; then all the dancers rushed toward the wings; the tenor lifted his white robe and literally took flight, and all the other singers and chorists disappeared one after another.

"What does this mean?" demanded some of the audience, already alarmed.

Here a young woman appeared on the stage, running. The most frightful terror was expressed in her face. The poor girl, distracted, sprang into the orchestra, screaming in a choking voice: "Fire!"

The audience started with one sound. Oh, I remember all as if it were still passing before my eyes. The musicians stopped suddenly, but not all together, for some random notes broke forth, here and there, on the air. Frantic with fear, they rushed toward the door of the orchestra, but quickly returned. The retreat was cut off. They must escape by the auditorium.

The auditorium! Ah, there everything was frightful, horrible, inconceivable! It was a battlefield. At first I did not appreciate the danger, and then I trembled and shook with an unnatural fear. Alone with Jeanne—alone with that child who could do nothing for me and who remained calm. I realized that I must remain where I was, without being able to stir, at the mercy of the fire, which would slowly advance to lick me, to burn me alive, to consume me. Nevertheless, I did not lose my presence of mind.

"Quick!" I said to little Jeanne, "fly, my child, and hasten to find some one who will take me away, if there is time."

A young man who had noticed my niece hurried toward her.

"Come, little one," said he to the child. Without ceremony he pulled her along by the hand.

"But my uncle, my uncle!" cried the girl.

"Oh, let him come," sharply answered two or three voices from the crowd who were crushing themselves without mercy at the narrow door. They left me there.

During this time the struggle was desperate in the orchestra chairs, stalls and pit. There were only four doors, each three feet wide, for this torrent that wanted to rush out in two seconds. The terrified people used all their efforts to reach these doors. Each wished to pass those who were in advance. They pushed, cried, shrieked and fought with fury.

Two strong men braced themselves back to back near an opening that they intended to pass before any one else, and during that time no one, neither they nor the others, could escape. Behind them were sobs and imprecations, and the crowd pushed with blind fury.

I saw some young men who had already felt the heat of the flames jump on the seats and then on the shoulders of those nearest the door. Thus they crawled along on their fellow sufferers.

Meanwhile the scenery was burning. The flames were rapidly approaching the auditorium. The heat had become more intense. I was perspiring freely, but it was more from fear than from heat. Already the spectacle was sublime—sublime and grand. In spite of the anguish which chilled my heart, I found something violently gay in those enormous tongues of fire, frisking before me and caressing the front of the stage.

At the doors the contest was becoming more violent, more compact, more frantic. Oh, woe to the weak! Woe to the kind! Woe to all those who had not yet consented to become ferocious beasts.

I saw a great demon, his eyes distended with fear, stretch out his hand. He seized by the shoulders a young woman in front of him, and dragged her backward, so as to gain her place, at least. The contracted fingers of that giant hand were driven into her flesh, and bruised and scratched it. But she resisted madly, fighting with all her strength and trying in her turn to plunge her nails into the face of the cruel man. That dastard I knew by sight. He was regarded in society as a polished gentleman.

Suddenly a fireman appeared. Why had he come? I called out. He looked at me, seeming to ask what I was doing there, and disappeared. I supposed he was coming to my rescue. Not at all.

Little by little, however, the theatre emptied. Some who had waited until the last still had the courage to draw into the corridor the vanquished on whom the crowd had trampled. Among them many women were mortally wounded.

The fire had reached the orchestra. The stands were overturned; violins, hautboys, flutes, clarinets lay on the floor. Scarcely any one had the presence of mind to take away his instrument. On some of the stands, still erect, there were scores and sheets of music already scorched. The smoke, quite thick from the first, was drawn toward the roof by some phenomenon of ventilation.

The sheets of music curled slowly; the heat was becoming intolerable, and a violin string broke from the heat of the fire. That sound of the dying instrument was heartrending in its sadness. Soon all the harp strings snapped, one after another. This admirable, exquisite instrument seemed to sing its death song in that agony. A melody flew away into the flame with its soul. After the harp, the strings of the bass-viol broke, with a sharp sound, like the reports of a revolver.

At this moment a head rose in the door of the parquet to the left. It seemed to be a child's head. Soon the body entered. Suddenly it took two steps forward, and I screamed. It was not a child. It was the little, deformed musician. Deliberately he walked toward the orchestra. A volume of fire stopped him. He recoiled but appeared not to renounce some mad project. Seizing a favorable moment, he darted forward. His arms covering his face to protect it, he approached his place among the musicians. He had returned to seek his friend, his companion—his violoncello. I saw him take the instrument in both hands and try to lift

it over the railing which separates the orchestra from the parquet. What folly! I trembled violently with anxiety. Involuntarily, and in a terrible voice, I roared: "Go away! Go away!"

Then, all at once, he seemed to succeed. The violoncello, finally extricated from the chairs which encumbered it, moved toward him, when, nearly at the same instant, all the violins and violoncellos, the light wood of which had become overheated, burst into a blaze simultaneously.

The little fellow relaxed his grasp, tottered and fell forward headlong into the orchestra, and upon his burning instrument. For some seconds I gasped and stretched out my arm—my one arm—to the place where I had seen that strange and sombre figure rise. I saw him, still moving in the midst of the flames, extending his blackened arms, and then sink into the glowing coals.

Probably he did not hear me. The fire spread all around him. He stood on a chair, and then placing one foot on the separating railing, he dragged his violoncello.

I almost forgot my own situation in the excitement. Poor little creature, so brave, and who must have been good and intelligent, and to whom I had never spoken! I see him still there, before my eyes, standing on that chair, and making those great efforts.

The flames became more violent. It was like a furnace. The cornices and other projecting parts of the front of the stage kindled rapidly now. I could scarcely distinguish anything more. The smoke blinded and choked me. My time had come. I was going to die.

The enemy advanced slowly and steadily. Had I lost all hope of being saved? No, I must admit I had not. Yes, I hoped still. My hopes were carefully built on the death of the poor cellist. Since he had been able to return for his instrument, others would be able to enter in search of me and carry me out.

Then, like an immense wave, another volume of smoke enveloped and stifled me. Although the fire had not yet reached the woodwork of my box, the heat was so violent that I began to feel my blood boiling. The sensation of burning became terribly appreciable. I knew I would not be able to retain consciousness much more than two minutes longer. The sweat ran from my forehead and temples down my cheeks and beard.

A brand detached from I don't know where described a curve through the auditorium and fell into the box next me. My resignation could not withstand that. Decidedly I did not want to die. Save me! Save me! I had no other wish, no other desire.

But my fury, my heartrending cries, my frantic gestures, were all in vain. No one came. My beard was scorching and commencing to burn. I felt an itching sensation in my face, on my neck and at the roots of my hair. Now I made a great effort and moved in my chair.

"There is still time," thought I. I determined to rise and walk. It was only for a moment. After inclining my body forward, I made a sudden movement. My eyes flashed. I believed I was going to walk. It was only for a moment. No, no; my legs were not willing. They remained reluctantly paralyzed. My excitement again became violent. I tried once more. No, no, no. Now I felt only that I was dying. It was no longer possible to endure one degree of heat more. Before my eyes a blinding light; around me, everywhere, above me, below me, the fire. I remained passive; perhaps I fell. I know nothing more. I was abandoned.

Eight hours afterwards I found myself in bed again. My little niece in running for help had fallen and was severely wounded in the head. She had been carried away fainting, and it was only after recovering her senses that she was able to speak. Two men were dispatched to my rescue, and drew me from the furnace just as I became unconscious.—Translated from the Argonaut, from the French of Camille Debans.

RICHES IN CORNSTALKS.

Enough Power Now Wasted to Run All the Nation's Machinery.

Prof. Wiley, of the Department of Agriculture says that inasmuch as every 100 pounds of cornstalks will yield six and a half pounds of absolute alcohol it is obvious that the ignorant agriculturist has been allowing an enormous amount of wealth to go to waste.

Say that one acre will yield from ten to twelve tons of grain stalks, or about 20,000 pounds, and you have a quantity of raw material which will produce 1300 pounds of absolute alcohol, or 216 gallons. Alcohol at the present time is worth forty cents a gallon.

Ground in a wet condition and dried, cornstalks may be kept indefinitely, and are ready at any time for conversion into alcohol. Prof. Wiley says that the alcohol derivable from the cornstalks that now go to waste in this country would not only drive all the machinery of our factories, but would furnish the requisite power for all our railroads and steamboats, run all of our automobiles, heat and illuminate all of our houses and light the streets of every city in the Union.—From Leslie's Weekly.

Dodging the Spotlight.

Courtesy is becoming so rare that the man who gives up his seat in a street car feels as if he were playing to the grand stand.—Cleveland Leader.

THE MISER.

I walked uptown for thirty days
And saved five cents each day;
The sum was just a dollar and a half.
I'll save in many ways.
I thought: "Each little saving pays;
My common sense began to make me laugh.
I never went to any play
Nor to a good café;
I saved a hundred dollars and some cents.
I said: "By every means I'll save,
To saving be a slave;"
My money madness soon became witless.

Cigars and drinks I cast aside,
At cigarettes I shied,
And every day I grew to be more mean.
I thought: "I even will not lend
To help a starving friend;
I saved on soap and gave up being clean.

At sordid tricks I thus got wiser
Until I was a miser.
My savings grew and grew and grew and grew.
I said: "I'll wed a pretty girl;
I did: she was a pearl.
The money flew and flew and flew and flew."
—New York Sun.



"Edgar is a splendid talker, isn't he?" "One of the finest I ever escaped from."—Life.

Mr. Jawback—"The biggest idiots always seem to marry the prettiest women." Mrs. Jawback—"Now, you're trying to flatter me."—Cleveland Leader.

"What makes that goat shiver so, Mike?" "He ate a lot of sleigh bells the other day, an' 'ivry time he moves they jingle, an' he thinks it's winter."—Denver Post.

Candidate for Crew—"Could you tell me where the rhetoric class is being held?" Candidate for Football—"I don't know, I'm a student here myself."—Town Topics.

If money talks,
As some folks tell,
To most of us
It says: "Farewell!"
—Lippincott's.

Admiral—"And what made you wish to become a sailor, my boy?" Navy Candidate (in perfect good faith)—"Because he's got a wife in every port, sir."—Punch.

Little Edna—"What is 'leisure, mamma?' Mamma—"It's the spare time a woman has in which she can do some other kind of work, my dear."—Chicago Daily News.

He (sententiously)—"I always speak my mind." She (tartly)—"I suppose that is why you have the reputation of being a man of so few words."—Baltimore American.

"What have you in the shape of cucumbers this morning?" asked the customer of the new grocery clerk. "Nothing but bananas, ma'am," was the reply.—Christian Register.

Mother—"Whatever are you doing to poor dolly, child?" Child—"I'm just going to put her to bed, mamma. I've taken off her hair, but I can't get her teeth out."—Sourire.

"The suitable garment for chauffeurs," said Sticker, "is settled at last. The fabric is quite unessential. So long as the colors are fast!"
—Lippincott's.

Nell—"Yes, she said her husband married her for her beauty. What do you think of that?" Belle—"Well, I think her husband must feel like a widower now."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The judge was at dinner in the new household when the young wife asked: "Did you every try any of my biscuits, judge?" "No," said the judge, "I never did, but I dare say they deserve it."

Mistress—"Bridget, have you cemented the handle on to the watering which you dropped yesterday?" Bridget—"I started to, mum, but most unfortunately I dropped the cement bottle."—Punch.

THE DAY OF THE FARMER.

The farmer who is an amateur is a really increasing factor in to-day's life. In fact, farming is rapidly becoming one of the professions. We have our agricultural schools, just as we have our law schools.

It is getting to be a business as well. Farmers have their trusts, like other manufacturers.

It is a far cry from the New England farmer, trying to arrange an exploded granite quarry into a stone wall that he may have room in which to plant his crop, and that master of capital, science and black earth ten feet deep who plows with a traction engine and reaps with a ten-horse team. And between these two types of farmers the drift is steadily toward the latter.

The comic paper does not laugh at the "granger," as frequently as it used to laugh. It wants his subscription.

The capitalist does not foreclose mortgages on the prairie farm now. He borrows money from his owner.

And, what is vastly more important, the entire country looks with a respect bordering upon apprehension on this new type of American who has decided views on railroads, trusts, and, in fact, on every subject, from the "green bug" to the lecturer at his Chautauque. This rise of the farmer into national significance is welcome in view of the inundation of great cities by immigrants who have significance only on masse.

The farm is the nursery of individualism. If you are a cliff-dweller in the city send your boy there this summer, and let him see what it means to create wealth with the help of nature rather than with the ticker. You will help make him a better American.—Editorial in The World To-Day.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE NEWS

MRS. WALKER GIVES \$50,000

Franklin Institute of Philadelphia Now Assured of Building.

As a memorial to her father, who for years was interested in scientific research, Mrs. Anna Weightman Walker has contributed \$50,000 to the fund for a proposed new building for the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Walker inherited \$50,000,000. As the result of Mrs. Walker's gift the society will be enabled to secure the \$125,000 known as the Franklin fund, which was founded by Benjamin Franklin and which is controlled by the board of city trusts of Philadelphia. The latter board over a year ago voted to turn the fund over to the institute on condition that \$200,000 be raised by outside contributions.

BLACK HAND DENIES

Attempts to Impeach Confession Made by a Member.

The defense of Antonio and Carlo De Grosse and Antonio and Gaetano Scimis, alleged members of the Black Hand Society, who are charged with having written threatening letters to John Albertoletti, a wealthy Jeannette Italian, was begun in Greensburg.

The defendants entered a general denial to the confession made by Semme De Grosse, who was arrested, as he was taking a package from the spot designated in the letters to Albertoletti. He turned state's evidence and on the witness stand told the details of the alleged plot. He claimed that with a revolver placed to his head by Gaetano Scimis he had been compelled to take oath he would obey instructions and not tell of the existence of the society.

TAXPAYERS TAKE ACTION

Greene County to Co-Operate in Construction of Bridge at Millsboro.

More than 200 Greene county taxpayers filed a petition for the appointment of a board of viewers to meet a similar board from Fayette county and take action on the question of building a bridge across the Mononahela river at Millsboro.

The court appointed Engineer J. C. Webster, D. L. Donley and N. H. Biddle. The Fayette county board has already been appointed, and the two boards will meet on the site of the proposed structure.

AFTER PROMOTOR

Man Who Worked Alleged Fake Mining Scheme Held Up.

Attorneys D. M. Hertzog and H. L. Robinson of Uniontown have gone to Falton, Cal., to hear testimony before a notary in the case of Dr. S. S. Stahl, of Connelville, Pa., who is charged in 21 counts with receiving cash and subscriptions for gold mining stock, which it is claimed proved to be practically worthless.

Many prominent Fayette county people are among the plaintiffs.

HUNTER SHOOTS HIMSELF

Lies Mortally Wounded Before Cries Are Heard.

Jacob Phillip, 35 years old, of Blacklick township, Somerset county, is dead, as the result of an accidental shooting.

Phillip was hunting alone, when his gun fell from a log and both barrels were discharged. The charges entered an arm and a leg. He suffered for hours, when his faint cries were heard by John Phillip, a brother. He died from the loss of blood. A widow survives.

Want Oleo Law Changed.

Secretary of Agriculture Critchfield and Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust have prepared a joint letter which is being sent to every Pomona and subordinate grange in Pennsylvania, urging that dairymen shall circulate petitions to send to United States Senators and members of Congress asking that the oleomargarine law be so changed as to protect the dairy interests of the country.

Bank Has Proud Record.

The First National Bank of Uniontown, of which J. V. Thompson is president, declared its semi-annual dividend of 11 per cent, and added \$46,000 to the surplus fund, which is now \$1,173,000 on a capital stock of \$100,000. The bank earned \$57,000 since the dividend of last May. Its resources are now over \$4,000,000. This bank stands first on the roll of honor among the National banks of the United States.

Acquits Girl on Self-Defense Plea.

Lydia Rishen was acquitted at Greensburg of the murder of James Blakeny at Cokeville, on October 16. The girl made a plea of self-defense. While she was at the home of Mrs. Maude Kauffman, Blakeny called and demanded admittance. When he was told to go away he battered down the door. It was brought out in the testimony that the girl did not shoot until Blakeny seized her throat.

Announcement is made that the Philadelphia Mining Exchange has passed out of existence after living a year. The exchange at one time had a membership of 57 and during its life trading amounted to a little over two million shares. In recent months business dwindled to almost nothing.

New Record in Revenue.

Estimates made by Auditor General Young indicate that the state revenues for the current fiscal year, which ends November 30, will amount to \$25,500,000. The revenues last year aggregated \$25,818,000.

After deliberating less than an hour, the jury at Greensburg, returned a verdict of guilty in the case of Antonio and Carlo De Grosse and Antonio and Gaetano Scimis, who were charged with writing threatening letters to John Albertoletti, a wealthy Jeannette Italian.

HIS BANK DISAPPEARED

Hungarian Deposited Money in An Old Gum Boot.

John Vanca, a Donora Hungarian, who used a rubber boot for a savings bank, has had a lesson in finance.

Vanca boarded with Lucius Spiric, and secretly deposited his savings in the rubber boot, which he found hanging in an attic room. Vanca's savings amounted to \$150.

Recently Spiric decided to visit his native land, and in his trunk packed his rubber boots. When Vanca desired to make another deposit he found the bank had disappeared.

The Hungarian rushed frantically about the house, shouting that he had been robbed, until Mrs. Spiric explained the situation. Vanca hopes to recover the money. In the meantime a surprise awaits Spiric when he pulls on the boots in his native land.

FIRE CAUSES \$20,000 LOSS

Apollo Coöperage Plant Burns in the Early Morning.

Fire causing \$20,000 damage, occurred in West Apollo, destroying the entire plant of the Apollo Coöperage Company, the Benjamin residence adjoining and six box cars standing on the siding of the West Penn Railroad, loaded with supplies from the coöperage company. The origin of the fire is unknown.

The residents of West Apollo fought the fire alone for some time until the department of Apollo was summoned. By the time it arrived it was impossible to save either of the buildings. The greatest loss is on the machinery of the coöperage plant, the loss on the house being only \$2,000.

ORGANIZE CLEARING HOUSE

Bankers Meet and Prepare to Issue Certificates.

The Eastern banks organized a clearing house association. The Eastern National Bank, the Eastern Trust Company and the Northampton Trust Company are the organizing institutions. E. J. Richards of the Northampton National Bank was elected president of the clearing house association.

It was decided to issue clearing house certificates in denominations of \$1, \$2, \$4, \$5, \$10, \$15 and \$20. Institutions which ordinarily pay interest on deposits were asked not to do so for a period of 90 days.

SWIFT JUSTICE METED OUT

Prisoner is Sentenced in One Day on Second-Degree Verdict.

Tried, convicted and sentenced in a single day, was the experience of Jos. Pettie, charged with murdering Jos. Fenoglio of Penn station, Westmoreland county.

Pettie was a suitor of Fenoglio's daughter, but the father objected. The two men quarreled last September, and it is charged Pettie shot Fenoglio. The jury returned a verdict of second degree murder. Judge Doty imposed a sentence of seven years and five months in the Western penitentiary.

SHOOTS RELATIVE

Patrolman Opens Fire on Son-in-Law as He Flourishes Knife.

George Geist, special patrolman in Ringing Rocks park, near Pottstown, fatally shot his son-in-law, Oscar Davis, twice in the abdomen.

Immediately after the shooting Geist took his victim to the Pottstown hospital. He then went to the police station and admitted the shooting.

It is said that Davis drove his wife from his home, and threatened to kill her. Later he entered the Geist home, flourishing a butcher knife and was shot.

THREE KILLED IN WRECK

Collision of Freight Trains Fatal to One Crew.

At Howard's siding, near Emporium, a freight train was standing at the water tank, when another train ran into it, the engine crashing through the caboose. Three trainmen in the caboose were killed.

The dead are Thomas Welsh, Casper Erve and Mr. Cleary. One man was flung upon the headlight of the engine; the others were buried under the debris, which took fire.

Make Lighting Contract.

A contract was awarded by the board of public grounds and buildings to the Keller Pike Company of Philadelphia at its bid of \$13,197, to connect the capital lighting plant with the wires supplying current to the capitol park, now being lighted by a private concern. The board figures that a saving of \$1,000 a month will be effected.

Pronounce Jail Unsanitary.

After inspecting the Kittanning jail R. W. Holmes, prison inspector of the department of charities, pronounced it unfit for the worst criminal ever arrested. He demands changes to make it sanitary.

Seven freight crews on the Chautauque & Allegheny Valley division of the Pennsylvania railroad have been laid off in pursuance of orders from Philadelphia.

THE OFFICIAL RETURNS

Sheatz's Plurality in Recent Election is 147,228.

The state department completed the compilation of the official returns of the recent election for state treasurer in Pennsylvania. The vote follows:

Sheatz (Republican), 459,965; Harman (Democrat), 312,737; Stevenson (Prohibition), 29,830; Clark (Socialist), 14,346; scattering, 5; total, 817,883. Sheatz's plurality, 147,228; Sheatz's majority, 103,047.