

WHEN OUR LOVE BEGAN.

By CLARENCE OUSLEY.

The year is young, but its lineage runs  
To the dawn of the far first day  
When the sun burst forth and the earth  
Was flung  
On its splendid starlit way.  
And so with the love we feel but now—  
It began in the earlier time,  
Ere the souls of men were garmented  
In the flesh of an earthly clime.

'Twas there in the morn of the primal  
state,  
In the world of the truly real,  
Our love was born, our souls were joined  
In a union fast and leal.  
We know it not in the sentient way  
Of the passionate embrace,  
For we had no ken of mortal things  
Nor the form of mortal grace.

With the sweet and fleet bewilderment  
Of a first beatitude,  
We touched and passed in the whirling  
throne  
Of the spirit multiple,  
Then sped our ways in the wilderness  
Of a human destiny,  
With only the feel of a faint caress  
And a mystic memory.

But ever we heard a mating call,  
And ever we sang the note  
Till the good God brought us eye to eye  
And we spoke from throat to throat.  
Now nothing matters of time or place  
In a mere mortality,  
For a twain that loved in the Soul's  
estate  
Are one for eternity.  
—Uncle Remus's Magazine.

The Sale of David.

By FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM.

Eliza was tired of taking care of David. Eliza was eight and David was two. In the morning before she went to school Eliza washed and dressed him and gave him his breakfast. When she came home at noon she gave him his dinner; when school was over at night Eliza took entire care of David till his bedtime.

Eliza's mother was a very busy woman with little money and seven children to clothe and feed. There was a baby younger than David; there were three children older than he and younger than Eliza, and only Eliza and Mary, a girl of twelve, to help the mother. Eliza should have been grateful that she was required to take care of David only.

But Eliza sometimes got very tired of David, very; though of course she was fond of him. This afternoon she was more than usually cross as she trundled him down the street in the cart her father had made out of a soap box on four squeaking, wriggling wheels.

Eliza tugged resentfully at the rope fastened through a hole in the box. David grinned delightedly at the sunshine, and enjoyed the squeak. Not so Eliza. Amy Winters had invited the girls to her house that afternoon to make candy. She had told Eliza she could not come if she must bring David. This was not so unkind of Amy as seems at first, for the girls were fond of David, who was the best natured baby in the world; but at the last candy pull David had attended, he had upset on his head a cup of molasses just ready for the stove. So, while the other girls had pulled the candy, Eliza had to wash David's face and hair.

Eliza went fast past Amy's house, beating up a cloud of dust about her downcast eyes. She walked on toward the postoffice. Here some boys were playing marbles. One of them stopped and greeted Eliza.

"Hullo, how's your kid to-day?"

The boys all called David "Eliza's kid."

Eliza did not deign to answer; she tossed her head and the wagon wheels creaked ominously.

"Kid for sale, kid for sale," called another, smiling good naturedly at David's happy face.

The silent Eliza went on faster than ever. When she had turned the corner, and was out of sight of the boys, she looked back at David. She wished he was for sale; she wished somebody would buy him. With his soft red curls and round blue eyes, he was pretty enough for anybody to buy. Now she remembered she had heard her mother say that very morning she wasn't rich in anything but children, and she wished somebody would buy some of them.

Eliza's mother was so busy moving about that a speech begun in one room was likely to end in another, so that Eliza frequently did not hear the end of her mother's remarks. Eliza did not hear her mother add that there wasn't a child she part with for less than ten million dollars. Eliza thought that perhaps her mother would be glad to sell David.

"I'll find him a good place," said Eliza, "with a kind, rich old lady, and she'd pay a good deal, and I wouldn't have to take care of him. I'd want him to have a nice big house."

The cart, the baby and the little girl went up the hill, where were some of the pleasantest homes in the town. Eliza stopped in front of one of these. On the side piazza sat a pretty lady dressed in black. Squeaking, squeaking, the cart came up the path. The diplomatic Eliza left David at the front and went around the side path toward the lady. David did not cry; David seldom cried.

"Are you the lady that lives here?" asked Eliza.

The lady took a moist handkerchief down from her eyes and looked with a start at the small Eliza standing at the foot of the side steps. She nodded.

"Would you like to buy a baby?"

"A—what?" asked the lady in a strange voice.

"A baby. I have one to sell."

The lady sat up very straight.

"How much is it worth?"

"I don't know; I'll let you see him and then perhaps you can tell."

Eliza trotted around to the front, gave David's red curls a rub in the right direction, sighed at his dirty hands, then pulled the cart around to the side.

"So that is the baby," said the lady. "Take him out and let me look at him."

Eliza pulled David out of the box and tugged him, limply indifferent,

up the steps. The lady looked at him. She held out her hand and David caught at her finger; then, with a gurgle of pleasure, fell against her knee. The lady bent over him. "This baby is worth a great deal," she said. "Why do you want to sell him?"

"Because there's six more like him—not exactly like him 'cause I'm one; but we've got a good many babies and not much money, and I thought—I—I have to take care of him all the time—and the girls don't always like to have him 'round."

"Do you think he's worth a hundred dollars?" asked the lady.

A hundred dollars! Why, of course, no baby in the world could be worth that!

"I—I think ten would be enough," said Eliza tremulously.

"I can't pay you all at once," said the lady. She stooped and lifted the baby into her lap and he leaned against her, laughing contentedly. "But I'll pay by installments."

SOME GOOD THINGS SAID ABOUT FARMING.

The withered leaf is not dead and lost, there are forces in it and around it, though working in inverse order; else how could it rot? —Thomas Carlyle.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt, Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything. —William Shakespeare.

The great cities grow like creeping paralysis upon freedom, and the man from the country is walking into them all the time because the poor, restless fellow believes wealth awaits him on their pavements. —Owen Wister.

Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into. —Henry Ward Beecher.

Farmers may well be congratulated on the interests of farmers in economic and political affairs and on their independent thinking and independent voting. —John M. Stahl.

If we can not find God in your house and mine, upon the roadside or the margin of the sea, in the bursting seed or opening flower, in the day duty and the night musing, I do not think we should discern Him any more on the grass of Eden or beneath the moonlight of Gothsemane. —James Martineau.

Suppose you sit down and tell us of any industry that will not be helped along with any help given to agriculture.

Henry Ward Beecher once said: "The best fertilizer for any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence; without these lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl and guano will be of little use."

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the law of the land he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, feels more strongly than another, the character of a man as the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by His power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his from the centre to the sky. —Edward Everett.

"What's that?" asked Eliza with dread.

"Why little by little, you know. If he suits me, I'll pay it all; but meantime I'll give you—how much shall I give you till we get acquainted?"

"Ten cents would do for to-night," said Eliza.

The lady took up a dangling silver purse and, holding it out of reach of the baby's fingers, she extracted a dime.

"I suppose you'll give this to your mother," she said gravely.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Eliza with greater gravity.

"And here's one cent for you to spend. And here's my card to show your mother who's bought the baby."

Eliza stood looking at the lady.

"Good-by," said the lady. "What's his name?"

"David," answered Eliza.

"David and I are going into the house," said the lady. She gathered the baby up in her arms, and he, playing with the silver purse, never looked at Eliza.

"Do you—do you"—asked Eliza, "know how to take care of babies?"

The lady's lips quivered. "Very well indeed," she said, and then she went into the house and shut the door.

"I'll leave the cart," shouted Eliza; "you may need it."

Nobody answered, and Eliza walked slowly away. She tied the card and the dime in the corner of her pocket handkerchief, but she held the penny in her hand. When she reached the postoffice the boys were gone, so she went in and bought ten candy marbles for a cent. Then she went on to Amy's house. The candy was delicious and sticky and Eliza's marbles were delightfully hard. The little girls kindly inquired about David, but did not follow up Eliza's evasive answers. Eliza ought to have had a beautiful time; but she did not.

"I'll walk home with you," she said to Catharine Whitney, who lived at the other end of the village.

"It's out of your way," said Cath-

arine, with more truth than politeness.

"I don't care," said Eliza; but she walked so slowly that Catharine protested:

"You act dreadful queer, Eliza; are you sick or anything?"

"No," answered Eliza.

She said good-by to Catharine at the gate, and then she waited some time before she began to walk toward home. The sun was setting and pouring a golden glory over the world, but it all seemed dark to Eliza. She walked more and more slowly. Her head was hanging low, so that those who passed should not see the tears in her eyes. What was the matter? She took out her handkerchief and felt the ten cents in the corner. She was coming to the postoffice now. Up that street she had trundled David to his new home. Eliza stopped and threw up her head.

"David!" she called; then went up the road like a deer.

The maid of the lady who had purchased David had just said at the door of an upstairs room:

"A little girl to see you, mum," when Eliza pushed past her.

Eliza was breathless; there were tear streaks on her cheeks; she threw herself on a baby sitting in sweet placidity on the floor.

"Oh, David, David," she cried, "don't you know sister, don't you love Eliza?"

David gurgled and thrust the nose of a woolly lamb in Eliza's face. Then the lady who was sitting very, very near David said:

"What do you want, little girl?"

"This is my baby, I bought him to-day."

"Oh, no, he isn't, he isn't, he's mine." Eliza caught David around his fat shoulders and dragged him toward the door. "I'll give you back your ten cents and your penny when I earn another, but you can't, you can't have him."

"Wait, little girl, wait, you are hurting him," for David had begun to whimper. "Let me speak to you for a moment, dear."

Something in the lady's eyes made

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Cap Burns Slightly in Transit—As Result City Solicitor Is Still Alive.

Easton.—That City Solicitor N. R. Turner of Easton, was not blown to pieces as the result of some enemy now living in Italy.

The attorney received a package in the mails from that country today and when he opened it he found it contained a stick of dynamite one end of which was attached an explosive cap. Fortunately the cap burned a little in transit, destroying its power to explode the dynamite when the package was opened as had been planned by the sender.

Turner was formerly assistant to the district attorney, and it is supposed that the dynamite was sent to him by one of a number of Italians prosecuted and who have since been released from jail and gone home.

SAWDUST IS POISON.

That is When Dumped into Streams, Rules Commissioner.

Harrisburg.—State Fish Commissioner Meehan has instructed his wardens that hereafter sawdust will be considered a "poison" under section 26 of the act of 1901, relative to the pollution of streams, and that they shall prosecute all persons who pollute streams with this substance.

There is scarcely a district in Pennsylvania which is not more or less affected. Many lumber mills get rid of sawdust by dumping it into streams, and then it kills the fish by choking up their gills.

BRYAN PARTY LAUNCHED.

Philadelphia. —Papers claiming the right to the exclusive use of the title "Bryan party" for the nomination and election of candidates in Pennsylvania this year were filed in the prothonotary's office by Ludwig Huebner, James Saville, Jr., Thomas Quinlan, Thomas Scully and William A. Carr of Philadelphia.

The signers set forth that they aim to form a party to support the principles of Bryan and "for the further purpose of assisting to defeat the devices of the false leaders."

ELEVEN YEARS FOR FORGERY.

School Board President Pleads Guilty of Forging Bonds.

Doylstown.—J. Frank Afferbach, president of the Perkaste school board, plead guilty to forging \$14,000 worth of bonds for Perkaste school district. He was sentenced by Judge Stout to the Eastern penitentiary for a period of 11 years at hard labor.

Two Killed by Engine.

Brockwayville.—A freight engine running west for half a mile through the Erie Railroad yards here this morning crashed into the rear of a freight train at the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway intersection, killing two men. The dead: Thomas E. Powell, aged 35, Bradford, married; Charles Fox, aged 43, Bradford, married.

Mine Receives Heavy Orders.

Washington.—Over 1,000 miners in the Cherry Valley district resumed work when the mines of the Pittsburgh and Eastern Coal Company were reopened. These mines supply principally the lake trade. The company has just received heavy orders, and is the first in the Pittsburgh district to capture lake trade this year.

Sentenced on Murder Charge.

Greensburg.—John and Frank Krupic, brothers, convicted of murder in the second degree for killing Vete Jerrick, were sentenced to 12 and 10 years, respectively, in the Western penitentiary. The crime was committed January 14, last, when Jerrick was struck on the head with a beer keg.

Hungarian Banker Settles.

Butler.—John Ljubec, Hungarian banker, walked out of Butler jail, following a settlement of creditors' claims against the International Bank of Lyndora, which was closed last October. Ljubec was proprietor of the bank. The creditors received 50 cents on the dollar.

WALKS IN FRONT OF TRAIN.

Foreigner Holds Kerchief Before Eyes as He Meets Death.

Oil City.—Joe Papoic, aged 40 years, committed suicide by walking in front of a passenger train on the Pennsylvania railroad near Templeton.

Ignoring the shouts of bystanders and signals from the locomotive Papoic held a handkerchief in front of his face and deliberately stepped on the track. His body was cut to pieces.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE NEWS.

DIRECTORS OF BANK MUST PAY.

Officials of Waynesburg Institution Called Upon by Receiver to Pay \$1,500,000.

Waynesburg.—Receiver Strawn of the closed Farmers and Drovers National Bank, has notified the former directors of the bank that they will have to contribute the sum \$1,500,000 as a result of the failure of the bank.

The institution was closed on December 12, 1906, and it has been ascertained by the receiver that the shortage amounts to \$1,500,000. The directors have been notified by the receiver that should they fail to comply with his request proceedings will be taken against them.

The demand for the money has caused not a little excitement here, as United States banking officials seldom hold directors financially responsible for the closing of a bank, unless they were negligent in the discharge of their duties.

MUST OBEY INSPECTORS.

Judge Decides Their Appeal Against Mining Companies.

Uniontown.—Decisions important throughout the entire Bituminous mining district were handed down by Judge J. Q. Van Swearingen, when he sustained the action of mine inspectors in serving notice on operators that unless they put their mines in safe condition the inspectors will apply for injunction suspending operation.

The companies affected are the Pittsburg Coal Company, the United Coal Company and the Atlas Coal Company. The mines the inspectors say they found defective are the Banning, Naomi and Lafayette. The case came before the court on a motion to strike off an appeal of the Pittsburg Coal Company from what the company claims is a "decision" of the mine inspectors of the nineteenth bituminous district, given January 27 to the superintendent of Banning mine No. 1 in this county to provide more air, use locked lamps and sprinkle dust 100 feet back from where shots were fired, else the inspectors would ask for an injunction. The other notices were similar.

The company chose to consider the communication from the inspectors as a final decision, from which to obtain relief they would have to appeal. The inspectors claimed it was only a notice from which no appeal can be taken.

DYNAMITE STICK SENT BY MAIL.

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AFTER DISHONEST OLEO MEN.

All Arrested Must Hereafter Stand Court Trial—No More Easy Aldermen's Fines.

Harrisburg.—Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust is about to institute proceedings that promise to arouse a lively interest among some of the dealers in oleomargarine doing business in Allegheny county. There are 155 oleo dealers in the county and about 2,000 grocers or dealers in butter. Of the former not less than 48 are systematically engaged in the unlawful coloring or sale of oleo. That is to say, uncolored oleo is purchased and afterward colored, by which means the federal government is defrauded out of 9 1/2 cents per pound tax. Thus the government is annually cheated out of many thousands of dollars' revenue, and pure butter is subjected to an unequal and illegal competition, as well as the deception practiced on the consuming public, as colored oleo is always sold as and for creamy butter.

The more than 100 dealers who are doing a legitimate business, selling uncolored goods according to law and trying to act the part of honest business men, are also indignant at this unfair competition and have sent Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust a "vigorous protest." They have also called the attention of the Allegheny County Merchants' Association, representing the grocers and butter stores, demanding that an end be promptly made of these violations of law, alleging it is impossible for them to meet such competition.

ALL WERE STARVING.

Demented Mother and Three Small Children Found in a Pitiable Flight.

Johnstown.—With nothing to eat and quartered in the same room with 13 chickens, two dogs and a cat, Mrs. Nancy Nedrow and three small children were found in the mountains near Jumourville by Constable S. H. Crawford. The children who ranged from 4 to 9 years, were scantily clad and barefooted, and were huddled closely around a smoldering log in an effort to get warm.

No food could be found except a pound of flour and it appeared the woman and children lived mostly on the milk of a cow owned by Mrs. Nedrow. The mother seemed demented and it is alleged she said she would rather starve than eat one of her chickens. Her husband died some time ago and left her an acre of ground and the house in which she lived. Mrs. Nedrow and her 4-year-old Flossie were taken to the county home and the two other children, Margaret and Jacob, taken to the Children's Aid Society headquarters.

INDELIBLE PENCIL FATAL.

Girl Who Constantly Poisoned Its Point Dying From Poisoning.

Wilkes-Barre.—Miss Mayme Shales is dying from poison, the result of putting an indelible pencil in her mouth.

Miss Shales was employed in a local laundry to mark articles sent in. To keep the point of her indelible pencil moist she put it continually between her lips. A few days ago she was taken ill and physicians have given up hope of recovery.

Blows Up His Own Home.

Greensburg.—Accused of blowing up his own home with dynamite because his father would not let him attend a dance, Joe Dibush, an 18-year-old Slav of Donohoe station, was brought to the county jail. One end of the building was wrecked, and it was only by hard work that the rest of the house was saved from fire. Eight persons in the kitchen were stunned.

PERISH IN FLAMES.

York Woman Rescues Two From Fire—Overcome on Returning for Babe.

York.—Mrs. Frank Hafer, 32 years old, and her one-year-old daughter were burned to death at their home in Abbottstown, when an overturned lamp set the house afire. Mrs. Hafer succeeded in getting two of her children to a place of safety and returned for the third. She had clasped the little one in her arms, when she was overcome by smoke and perished with the child.

MONEY TO BURN.

A miser who has money to burn, usually goes to the right place to burn it when he dies.

What Causes Headache.

From October to May, colds are the most frequent cause of Headache. Laxative Bromo Quinine removes cause. E. W. Grove on box. 25c.

Robbie's Recitation.

"This is a warm doughnut; step on it," drawled Robbie. "No," corrected his teacher. "This is a worm; do not step on it."—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Cow's Udder is Kept in a Clean, Healthy and Smooth Condition by

washing it with Borax and water, a tablespoonful of Borax to two quarts of water. This prevents roughness and soreness or cracked teats which make milking time a dread to the cow and a worry to the milker.

Eat Horses and Dogs.

In 1906 there were slaughtered for food in the kingdom of Saxony 12,922 horses and 3,736 dogs. This was an increase of 224 horses and 133 dogs over the year 1905.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children

teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Musings.

"All things are comparative," mused a New York philosopher. "Some men would consider \$2,000 per year an ample amount—for cigarette money."

Billion Dollar Grass.

Most remarkable grass of the century. Good for three rousing crops annually. One Iowa farmer on 100 acres sold \$3,800.00 worth of seed and had 300 tons of hay besides. It is immense. Do try it.

FOR 10c AND THIS NOTICE

send to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., to pay postage, etc., and they will mail you the only original seed catalog published in America with samples of Billion Dollar Grass, Macaroni Wheat, the fly miller mixer, Sainfoin the dry soil luxuriant, Victoria Rape, the 20c a ton green food producer, Silver King Barley yielding 175 bu. per acre, etc., etc.

And if you send me will add a package of new farm seed, never before seen by you. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. A. C. L.

Russians in Our Army.

A curious racial tendency has been shown lately in the new enlistment in the ranks of the United States army, as many as 80 per cent of the work of the recruiting stations in this city is concerned. An unusually large number of Russians have been enlisting for the service, the percentage sometimes running up to well above 50 per cent of the total enlistments.

At one of the local recruiting stations in this city the officer in charge reported that out of 13 enlistments made in a single day last week, no more than six were Russians. On other days even this high percentage has been exceeded.

"A large number of the Russians who are now enlisting in the United States army," said one of the recruiting officers lately, "have already seen service in the Russian army. I think it would be safe to say that 75 per cent of them have seen such service, and of those who have served in the Russian army nearly all were engaged in the recent conflict with Japan."—New York Sun.

Warning to Letter Writers.

A young man who is very particular about his washing recently wrote a note to his washerwoman and one to his sweetheart, and by a strange fatality he put the wrong address on each envelope and sent them off. The washerwoman was sent the invitation to take a ride the next day, but when the young lady read: "If you tumble up my shirt bosom any more, as you did last time, I'll go somewhere else," she cried all the evening, and declared she would never speak to him again. —Washington (Kan.) Star.

OLD SURGEON.

Found Coffee Caused Hands to Tremble.

The surgeon's duties require clear judgment and a steady hand. A slip or an unnecessary incision may do irreparable damage to the patient.

When he found that coffee drinking caused his hands to tremble, an ill-surgeon conscientiously gave it up and this is his story:

"For years I was a coffee drinker until my nervous system was nearly broken down, my hands trembled so I could hardly write, and insomnia tortured me at night.

"Besides, how could I safely perform operations with unsteady hands, using knives and instruments of precision? When I saw plainly the bad effects of coffee, I decided to stop it, and three years ago I prepared some Postum, of which I had received a sample.

"The first cupful surprised me. It was mild, soothing, delicious. At this time I gave some Postum to a friend who was in a similar condition to mine, from the use of coffee.

"A few days after, I met him, and he was full of praise for Postum, declaring he would never return to coffee, but stick to Postum. We then ordered a full supply, and within a short time my nervousness and consequent trembling, as well as insomnia disappeared, blood circulation became normal, no dizziness nor heat flashes.

"My friend became a Postum enthusiast, his whole family using it exclusively.

"It would be the fault of the one who brewed the Postum if it did not taste good when served.

"The best food may be spoiled if not properly made. Postum should be boiled according to directions on the pkg. Then it is all right, any one can rely on it. It ought to become the national drink." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.