

THE DECADENT.
Among the virile hosts he passed along,
Conspicuous for an undetermined grace
Of sexless beauty. In his form and face
God's mighty purpose somehow had gone
Wrong.
Then on his loom he wove a careful song,
Of sensuous threads, a web of wordy
lace,
Wherein the primal passions of the
race,
And his own sins, made wonder for the
throne.
A little pen-prick opened up a vein,
And gave the finished mesh, crimson
blot—
The last consummate touch of studied
art.
But those who knew strong passion and
keen pain,
Looked through, and through the pattern,
and found not
One single great emotion of the heart.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Century.

Twice Told Tale.

By LOUIS TIDDEMAN.

Mr. Gillingham proposed to me before he left for Australia, when I had just turned seventeen, he being ten years my senior. I went direct to my father, as was my wont at any trouble or perplexity, and told him, my arms about his neck, my head pillowed on his shoulder. For a while he did not speak, then he said fervently: "Thank God!"

That decided me—that the sudden clearing of his haggard, careworn face as he clasped me in a close embrace and spoke in flattering terms of my lover, affirming that he was of all men the one he would have chosen for a son-in-law.

"His father is my oldest friend," said he. "Jack is like him, brave as a lion, true as steel and honest as the day. God bless you for the news you have brought, my child; now I shall die happy."

I clung to him in a passion of tears and protested that he should not do, and that God would never be so cruel as to take him from me.

"No, no, not for many years yet, I hope," answered he, returning my caresses and comforting me as he alone knew how.

Soon after this Mr. Gillingham left, with the understanding that in three years' time I should go out to him, accompanied by my father. His voice shook as he bade me good-bye, there was even a suspicion of moisture in his eyes; mine were tearless. I was sorry, of course; we had been capital friends all through the summer, but since our engagement there had appeared to be something strained in our relationship.

At seventeen one is not, as a rule, much addicted to self-analysis, but it did occur to me that in choosing a husband a girl should be influenced by other motives than the desire to please a parent, however good and wise that parent may be.

Suppose that when I went into society I should meet some one I liked ever so much better? Nothing of the kind occurred; I returned from every ball I attended quite convinced that Mr. Gillingham was superior to anyone whom I had met.

Meanwhile each mail brought me long, lover-like letters, to which I responded in frank, friendly fashion. It seemed to me only natural that he should write as he did, for I, for my part, was not—at least so it seemed—at all sentimental, and it was contrary to my disposition to make any pretence.

Nevertheless, I was really sorry for him when, as the three years drew to a close, I found myself compelled to write and tell him that, owing to the state of my father's health, it would be impossible for me to keep my promise.

I felt for him in his loneliness, and grieved for his disappointment, all the more so because he strove to keep it in the background and to comfort me. "I can wait," said he, "and will be patient."

He had need for patience, poor fellow, for my dear father lingered on, and two more years passed before death touched him. Then my summons came—a manly, affectionate letter, and withal clear and business-like. I was to take my passage on board the Oriental. A friend of his—his dearest friend—would travel in the same vessel, and would be happy to do all in his power to be of assistance to me on the voyage.

I was glad to go; glad to turn my back on the familiar scenes amid which my life had been passed. Home was home no longer now that my father was dead. I stood on the deck of the vessel and watched the well-known shores recede from view, straining my eyes to catch the last glimpse of them.

Then, turning suddenly, I confronted Mr. Gillingham's friend. He was very tall, very bronzed, but for all that good to look upon.

I know now, as I look back through the mist of years, that there is such a thing as love at first sight, but in those days I should have ridiculed such an idea. But Mr. Gillingham's friend was the means of demonstrating its reality. Hour by hour, without mistaking, I sat and listened to his words, at first interrupting him by questions relating to Mr. Gillingham, but only at first.

Day by day he waited on me sedulously, anticipating my every want. Week by week I learned the silent language of the eyes, the hidden secret of a fleeting smile, and yet remained ignorant of my knowledge. He was so much older than I; besides I was engaged and had been so for nearly six years. There could be no danger.

Thus I dreamed on until the awakening came—came with a fierce flash of pain, an agony of self-abasement.

It happened one morning, when in the midst of a pleasant chat that he

fell back suddenly in a dead faint. He had had a severe illness recently, so he told me later, and had been subject to such attacks since then. But I did not know this at the time, and was terribly frightened.

I remember kneeling at his feet, frantically chafing his hands, sick at heart and trembling. At length his eyes opened slowly and rested on me. I think we both knew then how it was. In my mind, at least, there remained no shadow of uncertainty.

I knew now what love meant. It was no calm, friendly feeling, but a great, unquenchable passion. Shame-stricken, I fled from his presence, and fought my own battle alone; the strength of my own feeling was a revelation to me. I had at least sufficient honor to despise myself.

Next day I feigned illness, and it was not until the voyage came to an end that we met again, and he stood at my side once more, helpful as ever but reserved and distant. It made my heart ache, but sympathy, possessing the rare tact that pierces through conventionality.

"My dear," she said, after we had dined, "you wish to be alone; you are in no mood for talking."

I was about to reply as politeness dictated, but she only smiled, and shook her head as she led me in to the cozy library, settled me comfortably in the armchair by the fire and left me. How I blessed her for her kindly consideration. Left to myself I could at least try to think.

I would be true to the promise I had given so many years ago, but I would not deceive the man who loved me—I would tell him all.

So I sat there in the dark room and waited till, out of sheer weariness, I fell asleep.

A slight sound awakened me. I rubbed my eyes and peered through the gloom. Surely that was a man seated at the table his head buried in his hands.

"Mr. Gillingham," I whispered, "is it you or am I still dreaming?"

The vessel had arrived a day earlier than was expected. Mr. Gillingham was not there to meet me, and I was conducted by his friend to the house of his aunt, who had offered to receive me as a guest. She was a model hostess, gentle and full of I knew it was best so; indeed, I mistrusted myself so greatly that I would have shaken him off had it been possible. Unfortunately it was not.

"It is I," he replied in a strange, hollow voice. "And so my wife has come to me at last, after six weary years of waiting."

The word "wife" stung me into acute self-consciousness.

"Yes, I answered slowly, "I have come, but do not come near me, do not touch me till you have heard all."

He appeared little inclined to do so. He might have been a figure carved in stone, still and rigid, cold and hard. "Listen," I cried, flinging myself at his feet; "I will be a faithful, loving wife to you who have waited so long and so patiently; but I will not come to you with a lie upon my lips. I have not been true to you."

"Not true!" he cried, rising to his feet; "not true! Child, do you know what you are saying? Who has come between us?"

"Your friend, and that by no fault of his own. I alone am to blame; he never tried to win my love; he was only kind—oh! so kind and thoughtful."

"So kind and thoughtful!" My words were re-echoed mockingly, but I paid no heed.

"It's all over now," I continued; "trust me, I will never see him again. From this time forth I will put him out of heart forever."

"No, no," cried my lover, "not forever. I hope. Surely there is no need for that."

Then he clasped me in his arms and covered my tear stained face with kisses. It was good to know myself forgiven, good to feel those strong arms about me.

For a space I hid my head upon his shoulder; when I had courage to lift my eyes to his I understood. "Sweatheart," he said, "it is for me to ask forgiveness, for you to forgive. I am both John Gillingham and his friend. You gave me, your promise so long ago that strange doubts and fears beset me, and I was fain to do by woeing over again. This time, thank God, I have won."—From The New York Evening Journal.

The Sphinx and the Infinite.

I can imagine the most determined atheist looking at the Sphinx and, in a flash, not merely believing, but feeling that he had before him proof of the life of the soul of Khufu beyond the tomb of his pyramid. Always as you return to the Sphinx you wonder at it more, you adore more strangely its repose, you steep yourself more intimately in the aloof peace that seems to emanate from it as light emanates from the sun. And as you look on it at last perhaps you understand the infinite; you understand where is the bourne to which the finite flows with all its greatness, as the great Nile flows from beyond Victoria Nyanza to the sea.—From Robert Hichens's "The Spell of Egypt" in the Century.

In Need of Change.

A small girl recently entered a grocer's shop in the suburbs of Whitechapel and said to the shopman in a shrill, piping voice:

"Please, sir, I want 'arf a pound of butter and penn'orth of cheese and mudder ses she will send a shilling in when farver comes home."

"All right," replied the man.

"But," continued the child, "mudder wants the change, 'cos she 'as got to put a penny in the gas meter."—London Telegraph.

A Waning Christianity --and a-- Waxing Mammonism THE TWIN SPECTERS OF OUR AGE

By President Schurman of Cornell.

WHAT is the blight and malady of our time? Is it not the mean and sordid conception of human life which everywhere prevails? Among all classes and conditions of people do you not find a vitally active, if generally unexpressed, belief that the life of human beings, like the brute creatures about them, consists in the enjoyment of the material things which perish in the using?

To get and to have is the motto not only of the market, but of the altar and of the hearth. The energy of the nation is pouring itself into production; we are coming to measure man with his heart and mind and soul—in terms of mere acquisition and possession.

A waning Christianity and a waxing Mammonism are the twin specters of our age. And between them not only the natural idealism of the spirit, but the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule are disavowed or disregarded, and in their place, at least for the six active days of the week, is the ruthless struggle for life and the success of the strongest, the most cunning or the most highly favored, whether by powers supernatural or by powers infernal.

But the vast majority are fatally handicapped, and goaded either by the pangs of hunger or the pricks of envy or the stings of injustice, they bitterly denounce a social order in which favored classes monopolize what they deem the good things of the world.

The call to earn a livelihood is two-fold. If you don't you become a parasite on the community and you stunt your own nature. The idle rich are an excrescence in any properly organized community.

The vice of the age is that men want wealth without undergoing that toll by which alone wealth is created. Among the rich and well-to-do business and professional classes "grafting" has been so common that the very idea of commercialism has become a by-word and a reproach.

Financiers, capitalists, corporations may be the most conspicuous sinners; but equally guilty is the merchant who cheats his customers, or the lawyer who shows his client how to circumvent the laws, or the scholar who glorifies his patron's success in business, irrespective of the method by which that success was achieved, or the preacher who transfigures the ruthless oppressor and robber of six days into the exemplary Christian of the seventh.

We are dealing with the virus of a universal infection. The whole nation needs a new baptism of the old virtue of honesty. The love of money and the reckless pursuit of it is undermining the national character.

But the nation, thank God, is beginning to perceive the fatal danger. The reaction caused by recent revelations testifies to a moral awakening. At heart the nation is still sound, though its moral sense has been too long hypnotized by national prosperity.

The Unlimited Power of The People

By Ex-Governor Frank S. Black,
of New York.

IT must be remembered that the people are all-powerful. They can do whatever they decide to do. They are now checked by their Constitution, but they made even the Constitution and they can unmake it. There are at least two methods of doing this—one by amendment and the other by revolution. But the prayer of every patriot in the land will be that the Constitution shall not now be changed. The ideas now most popular are also most dangerous. The clamor is for the limitation of fortunes, forgetting that that also means the limitation of industry; for the curtailment of the power of the courts, forgetting that that means death to the freedom of the individual; for the equality of men by arbitrary rule, forgetting that this means to clog the industrious and help the lazy. The spirit now abroad if given rein would make the incompetent equal by law to the skilled, the dissolute equal to the sober, the cheat and shirk equal to the honest man. The people, when they try, can raze everything to the ground. They may unmake or remake their Constitution. They may, if they like, abolish their courts and legislatures and take the reins of government directly in their own hands. This means revolution, but are there no precedents for revolution? Is there any prophet abroad in these days who can say how far the people would go in their present temper? Would the majority vote to limit private fortunes? Would they vote to redistribute private estates which were large enough to tempt their cupidity? Would they curtail the power of the courts? You can answer these questions as well as any body of men now living, and you can also answer whether the suggested changes would be wise.

∴ Sleeplessness ∴

By George Lincoln Walton, M. D.

NO one can acquire the habit of sleep who has not learned the habit of concentration, of devoting himself single-mindedly to the matter in hand. If we practice devoting our minds, as we do our bodies, to one object at a time, we shall not only accomplish more, but with less exhaustion. Training in this direction will help us, on retiring, to view sleep as our present duty, and a sufficient duty, without taking the opportunity at that time to adjust (or to try to adjust) all our angles; to review our past sources of discomfort, and to speculate upon the ills of the future.

A walk, a bath, a few gymnastic exercises, will often serve a useful purpose before retiring, but if they are undertaken in a fretful and impatient spirit, and are accompanied by doubts of their effectiveness and the insistent thought that sleep will not follow these or any other procedure, they are likely to accomplish little.

The best immediate preparation for sleep is the confidence that one will sleep, and indifference if one does not. This frame of mind is best attained by the habitual adoption of the same attitude toward all the affairs of life. It is an aid in its adoption as regards sleep to learn that many have for years slept only a few hours a night, without noticeable impairment of their health or comfort.—From Lippincott's.

Society's Responsibility for Crime

By Deputy Commissioner Woods, of the New York
Police Department.

THERE is no such thing as a criminal class. Any statement with reference to the so-called criminal class makes the prosperous feel entirely too comfortable, sitting at the club with their after-dinner cigars. It removes the feeling of responsibility from that section of society where it properly belongs, and places it on heredity and circumstances over which we have no control. In a large proportion of cases the criminal is society, and not the poor fellow who has gone wrong from lack of work, poverty, strangeness to the customs and language of the country, or the sudden flash of passion common to all of us. Economic pressure and social maladjustment, well within the scope of our power to remedy, will explain very much of the crime and the making of very many of our criminals. And a great evil in our present social system is that it too often makes a criminal of the first offender—the citizen who has slipped over into wrongdoing once. It makes him hardened instead of dealing with him as a human being.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE NEWS

DISBURSE HUGE SUMS.

But Pennsylvania State Treasury Still Shows Healthy Balance.

Harrisburg.—Since the first of January Auditor General Young has collected \$6,655,279 of state revenue, which is \$213,608.31 more than the total collections for the like period of last year. The revenues for March were \$1,796,640.87 and for February \$2,219,331.75. Including the quarterly payments on appropriations to hospitals and charitable institutions the disbursements for March were \$1,885,023.85.

The treasury statement issued April 1 shows a balance of \$11,090,952.52 in the general fund. One month ago it was \$11,167,219.12. The sinking fund contains \$2,492,458.42, as compared with \$2,504,599.70 last month.

MONEY IN THE FIRE

Renner's Children Used His \$400 Roll to Play With.

Beaver Falls.—Distrusting banks, Alexander Renner, a grocer, has been keeping his money at home. A few days ago he took from a cupboard \$400 in bills and placing it on a table began counting it. Renner was called away for a few minutes and his two little sons began to play with the money.

Finally one threw the roll of bills at the other. Missing its mark, the roll landed in an open grate fire where it was burning when the father rushed in. After severely scorching both hands, Renner rescued most of the money in a partly destroyed condition. This morning the charred bills were forwarded to the United States treasury for redemption.

SAW FOUR COFFINS

Dream of Dying Girl Is Fulfilled Quickly at Washington, Pa.

Washington.—When the remains of Mrs. Wilson L. Smith were buried in the Washington cemetery the dream of a dying girl was fulfilled.

Miss Bertha Breesa, a sister of Mrs. Smith, while ill five months ago, had a vision in which she saw four coffins, each occupied by members of the family, one being herself. She died shortly afterward. A few weeks ago a 3-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Smith died suddenly. Two months ago a 5-month-old baby passed away and last Sunday Mrs. Smith's death occurred.

THOUSANDS RESUME WORK

Reading Collieries Will Begin Operations Again Today.

Reading.—The Reading Company is making active preparations for the resumption of mining at its collieries. Mahoney Plane, which has been idle since the shutdown, will be started up and the thousands of idle mine workers will go back to the mines with prospects of continued work during the summer.

BALM FOR HER FEELINGS

Wealthy Young Farmer Sued for Breach of Promise.

Washington.—Miss Margaret P. Hewitt, daughter of the late Samuel Hewitt of West Bethlehem township, entered suit for breach of promise against Joseph A. Wise, a wealthy young farmer of the same township. Miss Hewitt states that she is 22 years of age and that she and Wise, who is 12 years her senior, became engaged in 1901. The marriage agreement was renewed, she says, from time to time until last fall, when Wise went west. She claims that after his departure he informed her by letter he had decided to break the engagement.

Wages Reduced at Lebanon.

Lebanon.—Notices were posted at the car barns of the Lebanon Valley Street Railway Company, notifying the employes of a general reduction of wages. The reduction brings the wages down to 15 cents an hour for conductors and motormen and a 10 per cent decrease for car barn hands.

Expensive Chicken Coop.

Canonsburg.—Albert Strimmel of Cecil, was arrested by Constable J. Nugent and received a hearing before Justice of the Peace T. M. Reese on a charge of building a chicken coop on Sunday. Strimmel pleaded guilty and was assessed a fine and costs, amounting to \$8.42.

To Collect 700,000,000 Eggs.

Harrisburg.—The state department of fisheries inaugurated its annual field work in gathering the eggs of wild fish. Large quantities of eggs of perch, shad, Susquehanna salmon, pike and pickerel will be collected. The estimate for this year being about 700,000,000 eggs.

Butler.—The exodus of foreigners continues in the Butler district. 200 more having gone to Europe. Three thousand have left for the old country in three months. Transportation agents say the foreigners will not return until after the presidential election.

Oil City.—During a severe electrical storm, lightning struck the house of George Mudge, tearing a hole in the roof. Mrs. Thomas B. Platt and Mrs. Claude Hankey, who were in a house two squares away, were rendered unconscious by the shock.

Card Game Ends in Murder.

Washington.—A poker game and all-night carousal at Westland, resulted in the murder of Lee Oliver. The man who is accused of the killing, Richard Lee, went to Constable Ayers at Westland and gave himself up, claiming he shot in self-defense. He was brought to jail at Washington.

Gored to Death by Bull.

James McAlilly, aged 60 years, was gored to death by a bull while feeding his stock on his farm near Crown, Clarion county.

BRIDGE IS CONDEMNED

First Structure to Span Allegheny at Oil City Probably Will Be Removed.

Oil City.—The petroleum bridge, the first structure to span the Allegheny river at this point, connecting the north and south sides of this city, has been condemned and closed to vehicles and street car traffic.

An examination was made by E. K. Morris, a bridge expert of Pittsburgh, at the request of the county commissioners. The piers are declared to be shifting down stream and the super-structure has weakened. It is thought the bridge will be closed for a year until the new one can be erected.

It was built 35 years ago by a private corporation and only recently purchased by the county. It is nearly a quarter of a mile long.

SCREAMS SCARE ROBBER

Chloroform Fails to Silence Miss Pickett, but Thief Escapes.

Washington.—Miss Ann Pickett, who lives with her brother, Peter Pickett, was aroused early in the morning by the pressure on her face of a chloroform-saturated sponge. Her screams drove the robber away and aroused her brother. Pickett followed the robber and overtaking him seized the thief's coat. The robber wigged out of the garment as he ran and turning into a dark alley escaped.

MORE MILLS RESUME

American Sheet and Tinplate Plants Again in Operation.

Vandergrift.—All the sheet floors, blooming and bar mills and one-half of the open-hearth steel departments of the American Sheet and Tinplate Company here were put in operation this morning, making 10 more mills to resume operation after being closed for several weeks. Workmen of the company from Leechburg, Hyde Park and Saltsburg, where the mills are still closed down, are employed at 10 of the Vandergrift mills.

To Openly Court Bachelors.

The Women's Leap-Year Courting Club of Independence this county, has decided to abandon its policy of secrecy, adopted at first, and will hereafter conduct its operations as fishers of men openly. Bachelors residents of the community are uneasy. "Once a week hereafter we shall hold a meeting," said a member of the club, "and we are confident of more success."

Children in New Home.

Washington.—The 70 inmates of the Washington County Children's home were moved from the old home at Caldwell to Arden, where a new building has been completed. The home has been newly furnished throughout. The 10-mile journey was made overland, 12 big moving vans transporting the youngsters and their effects.

Lehigh Collieries to Resume.

Hazleton.—Orders were issued for the resumption of collieries of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company, in the Hazleton district, April 1. This includes the Hazleton Colliery, employing 400 hands, which has been idle since December 1 on account of repairs.

Children Burned to death.

Scranton.—Locked in their home at Hughestown, near here, while their mother, Mrs. Dominick Jimitto, went to the butcher shop, the house caught fire and three children—Mary, John and Joseph—were burned to death. They were all under six years of age.

Durham Back from Florida.

Philadelphia.—Israel W. Durham, who has been at St. Lucie, Fla., has returned home. Mr. Durham made it clear that he had nothing to say her publicly of writing anonymous letters.

Sues for Slander.

Sharon.—Mrs. J. H. Harford entered suit against M. P. Billig, alleging slander and asking \$10,000 damages. They are members of the same lodge and Mrs. Harford says Billig accused her publicly of writing anonymous letters.

Confesses to Murder.

Washington.—Louis Boje, charged with being implicated in the murder of Alex. Shumaker at Meadowlands, admitted that he and not Shumaker's brother committed the murder. He is held without bail.

Whooping Cough at 72.

Uniontown.—Mrs. Mary Jane Jacobs, aged 72 years of Masontown, is ill with whooping cough, which she contracted while taking care of a child who had it.

Warren.—A \$30,000 addition is to be built in the rear of the Presbyterian church. The basement will be given over to meeting and reading rooms, a gymnasium and a domestic department.

Washington.—Seth Holmes of this place entered suit against the Supreme Tent, Knights of the Macca-bees to recover \$1,000, with interest from September 22, 1907, on an endorsement certificate.

Reading Lays Off Men.

Reading.—The Reading Railroad Company indefinitely suspended 300 men at its car and locomotive shops here. More, it is expected, will be laid off. The company's monthly payments here have dropped from \$350,000 to less than \$200,000.

Washington.—James M. Lewis and A. B. Trockmorton, candidate for Democratic nomination for register and recorder of Greene county, have withdrawn from the race. This leaves nine candidates.