

THE ROLLING EARTH.
Tired of the star-shine, impatient of moon,
Spinning through dawn on a search for the
moon,
Craving the day and then longing for
night,
Ever I flee from the dark, from the light,
Questing the seasons I circle the sun;
Bored wears me—winter, have done!
Zephyr in vain lays his hand on my breast,
Autumn allureth—haste, haste with the
quest!
Children of men, whom I brought unto
birth,
Cry not for peace—ye are dust of the
Earth.
—Lydia Schuyler, in the American Mag-
azine.

THE PROPOSAL

Having made up my mind to it, I was as enthusiastic as my friends said I had been slow before. If my deliberation had been characteristic, my ardor, once it was aroused, was no less natural. I assure you, for the Biddies, mother says, have always been a cautious race, but steadfast and devoted when once they have espoused a cause.

And it is but hereditary, I suppose, that never to this day have I seen anything remarkable in the fact that it took me ten years to make up my mind to propose to Sally.

It did not take me ten years to know that Sally was pretty, and good, and charming; but it did take me ten years to be sure that I wanted to marry her—that I admit.

But what is there amusing in that? Heavens! Has not a man a right to pause and consider so important a matter as getting married? And what right have people to link one's name with another's prematurely? Isn't it dreadful?

Now, I haven't told a soul before—not a living soul—and if I open my lips now it's because I am tired of hearing people titter when I approach, and because I think it's about time that some one knew the truth of the whole matter. I hope I am man enough—Down, Mimi, down!—I will put her out if she annoys you! Naughty! Naughty! Mimi, lie down! There!

Well, as I was saying, I had made up my mind, and I went to see Sally. I was full of the subject. Never had I felt so much of a man before. I was, don't you know, lifted up. I was nervous, of course. All men are at such times, I suppose, and I don't know how I managed to get into the house. I think I did remember to ring. Oh, I'm sure I rang! Of course I did! But what I mean is, that I was in such a state, don't you know, that I was quite unstrung.

Well, Sally came down, as pretty and darling as ever, and with a rose in her hair. She wore her gray crepe de chine—you know, the one she made for Mrs. Gale's reception, with the Venetian lace. I had never seen her look better—never! And that very fact disconcerted me. Still, when I make up my mind to anything, you know, nothing daunts me—nothing! It is not my way to let anything interfere. So, after the usual salutations, I said to her:

"Sally, I have something very important to say to you."
And I said this to her, mind, in such a way that I supposed she might guess the nature of my intended confidence, not so much by the words themselves, as by the—by the mellowness with which I—don't you know, for—would you believe it?—she did not dream of what I meant! She only laughed and said:

"Oh! I know; you've come to tell me about Mimi's puppies. Elaine told me yesterday. Aren't you going to give me one of them? I think you might."
Fancy! Fancy my feelings! Here I had come to her on wings of fire!—to offer my heart and hand. I was stunned. I did not know how to proceed. But I said:

"Oh, no! It wasn't that I came to tell you; though, of course, you shall have one if you like. It was to tell you—"
And right then a bright idea came to me—to turn defeat into victory!

"It was to tell you, Sally," I said, "that you might have all of them—all seven—and Mimi, too."
I wish you wouldn't laugh at me. How else could I put it—after what she had said to me? I thought I rather clever of me—rather neat, you know—to turn the phrase into what one might call its larger sense, and so seize victory from defeat. But even then she did not understand. She burst out laughing.

"Oh, I should like one," she said; "but what would I do with all seven, and Mimi?"
And she went on laughing at the notion until I was quite—oh, quite discomfited, you know.

"Sally," I said, "you persist in misconstruing my—my intentions."
"Why," she replied, "I thought you offered me all seven, and Mimi."
"So I did, Sally, in a way," I said. "Oh," she said, "then it was an Indian gift, was it?"
"An Indian gift?" I repeated, perplexed.

"Yes; a gift with a string to it. And what is the string, Freddie? Do tell me! I want to know!"
Well—would you believe it?—right then an idea struck me! Another idea! I suppose it was love that put so many new ideas into my head. Oh, it must have been love. So I said:

"Yes, there is a string to my gift, Sally; I am the string!"
"You!" she repeated.

"I!" I said.
"The string?" said Sally.
"The string?" said I. And then passionately: "Oh, Sally! Don't you comprehend me? Don't you? Have you never heard the old, old saying: 'Love me, love my dog?'"

"She was pink all over, and I would have taken her in my arms—I really would—had she not said to me: 'Well, I have already told you, Freddie, that I might take one of the puppies, but not all of you!'"
She did. She used those very words to me, and I was—oh, I was crushed, don't you know. But I rose to the occasion. I would not let her see my despair. I was determined, at all hazards, to assert my manhood, and so, with an air that—if I do say it—was quite, was quite in the old-time manner, don't you know, I said:

"My dear Sally, you have told me that you accept one of the puppies, it is true; but you have not told me which one."
I think I smiled. Oh, I am sure I smiled as I said those words, and I know I bowed slightly. But I shall never, never smile again, for she said: "Oh, it doesn't matter in the least which one you give me, Freddie; they're all such dear little wabbling things. But since you are so kind—"

And then she blushed.
"I would like one that I could call Sissy."
Now, there is the point: Was it an acceptance, as Tom Larkin swears it was—a velleed acceptance, don't you know—a kind of poetic license, Tom says; or was it the refusal I took it to be? I've thought and thought about it, and I simply can't make it out. Do tell me which you think it was. I'm dying to know.—New York Evening Journal.

The Unfolding of the Present

By FLORENCE L. BUSH.
That young person is aimless who does not earnestly hope he may be worthy to hold some position of honor and trust in the future. But when hope degenerates into idle day dreaming, it is hope no longer. Tell me how a lad spends his time and I will tell you how much his plans for the future are worth, for as a writer has well said, "The future is but the unfolding of the present."

Strength of purpose is shown in the grasping of daily opportunities. The school-room, the office and work shop, the most menial employment presents advantages. By their neglect we are handicapping ourselves for the days which are to come.

There is told a quaint story of a lad who went to a nobleman's estate in search of employment. He was earnest of purpose and resolved that whatever he was given to do should be done to the best of his ability.

When he came in sight of the great stone turrets of the castle his heart began to beat more quickly, but he trudged sturdily on and at last stood face to face with the overseer of the estate who spoke to him roughly and sent him to break stones on the highway.

"For a moment the boy faltered. 'I had hoped to find a place in which I might grow and be fitted for something useful when I became a man,' he said to himself, 'what can I learn breaking stones on the highway?' But he followed the overseer, although with a downcast heart, for he remembered his resolve when he set forth that morning.

Presently he found himself alone on the broad road before a pile of stone, and plucking courage anew he briskly began his task. The sun's rays grew fiercer and the breeze died down until hardly a breath reached his burning face, and still the lad worked on all that day and the next until his arm was numb and his back stiff and lame with the unaccustomed labor.

The third morning he viewed the scarcely diminished pile of stone with dissatisfaction. "I am not doing my best," he thought. "I must discover some way to accomplish more." And that day he worked slowly and thoughtfully, and long before nightfall he had found the secret.

"Who would have thought there could be anything to learn at so simple a task," laughed the lad, and he began whistling cheerily. He did not see a man watching him from a hedgerow until he heard the question: "Why do you whistle so merry over such a hard task?"

"Because," was the reply, "I have learned to make it far easier and yet accomplish more. The stone does not need so heavy a blow of the hammer to shatter it, if it is struck in the right place," and he suited the action to the word.

Then the nobleman, for it was he, called his overseer. "Take this lad from the highway," he commanded, "and put him where he can have the best opportunities. He who can learn something at a stone pile has the making of a prime minister."

The truth hidden in this story is a valuable one. We cannot fail to learn something at the humblest task if it is performed in the right spirit, and the future may prove it to be one of our most important and helpful lessons. We may cherish close in our hearts a beautiful hope for the years which are to come, but let us not allow the days and hours to slip heedlessly by, for they are the gradual unfolding of the future. Many are there in the lowly places of life who, if they were only discovered, would rise to places of usefulness.

A Government commission is struggling with the problem of exterminating the Nun butterfly, which has become a plague in Bohemia.

HARD TIMES, THESE, IN LIGHT LITERATURE

The Publishers Are Not Buying Bright Thoughts Except When Under Contract—But the Sky is Clearing—Principally Because the Magazine Stock of Refrigerated Literature is Running Low—Some Experiences.

All winter it has been hard times for literary lights. There has been absolutely "nothing doing" with the magazines for most writers; the monthlies were living on "refrigerated stuff" and buying nothing. Last week, however, brought out the fact that the magazine with the reputation for paying the highest rates in this country has not only been relying on its accumulated store of literature for its weekly issues, but has even been trying to sell off some of its accumulated verse at bargain rates. This letter was received by the editor of one of the few magazines which has been buying throughout the winter:

"My dear : As your probably know from your own experience, we editors accumulate a great deal of material, which after a while we find to be unsuitable for our use. In looking over our accumulated material I find a good deal of verse. Some years ago we used much, but latterly have found it impossible to give up much space to rhyme. For this reason I am sending you proofs of some of the things we now have on hand, thinking that you may be interested, and that perhaps you might care to buy some of it."

After this little preamble came the prices for an absolute slaughter sale in literature. A verse, bought for \$75, together with the pictures drawn for it by a well known illustrator at the cost of \$250, was offered at the bargain price of \$50. There were also four sonnets, with their accompanying "cuts," to be gladly disposed of at \$20 apiece, the magazine having purchased them at imported rates. Slight bits of "verse de societe" were knocked down at the extraordinary sacrifice of \$2 apiece. One stray rhyme, "The Expressman," was even to be allowed to disappear for the really negligible consideration of \$1 cash.

A church publication of fair standing has been coming out for some months remunerating its writers only with four perfectly good, new copies of the issue in which their work appeared.

As a result of this slightly Bohemian state of affairs, one magazine writer who usually has enough orders ahead to keep her busy, has temporarily left the fields of literature for the more certain gleanings of school teaching. Beginning with December, her name appeared on the payrolls of the Board of Education as a substitute teacher in the high schools, which place brings her in some \$73 monthly.

"It isn't the grandest salary in the world," she told the reporter, "but at least it comes in every month, and it pays for bread and butter. Once in a while I receive a check for some one of my articles, but that is so uncertain in these days that when one appears it is like a sure-enough surprise party."

Another woman writer, whose name frequently heads the tables of contents in the popular fiction magazines, confesses that last winter she had recourse to an old-fashioned refuge in time of trouble.

"I am not even trying to sell any copy," she said. "I am living on my husband," she said. "I know that the magazines aren't buying anything, and I do not intend that any editor shall get into the habit of returning my copy. So whenever I finish a story I lay it gently aside in my bureau drawer. Some day when this cruel war is over I'll attempt to market my stuff again, but not now."

According to the editors, the only story they will buy is a bit of first-class humor. If it is funny enough to make them forget their own troubles they are willing to purchase that tale. One wielder of the blue pencil says he will also buy a "crackerjack love story if I can get one, although I haven't found one yet quite good enough to make me buy it. However, I will take one love story, but it has got to be a crackerjack."

Another editor makes the statement that only one monthly, one weekly and one "funny" paper of the legion published in New York, have received no orders from the financial department to "go slow" on purchasing.

One monthly, in need of a serial novel, took this unusual method of getting one for almost nothing. Two years ago the publication had submitted to it a story which was not "quite up to our standard," as they wrote the author. She was asked, however, to call and talk over her future work. The author called. She turned out to be a girl of about twenty-two, then a junior in college. The girl is now a senior. A month ago she unexpectedly received a letter from the publishing firm asking if that novel had been disposed of. It had not, and the young author finally dug it out from beneath the pile of tennis shoes, rackets and discarded note books in her closet, and again submitted her first novel to the editors. They were not quite so particular about "our standard" this time. The matter was arranged. The magazine got the serial story, and the girl is getting glory, but not so much in the way of worldly reward as she would have received a year ago.

On the whole the men are faring better than the women. Most of them

with reputations work under contract, and usually written contracts at that. Robert W. Chambers and "O. Henry" are really clever business men when it comes to the matter of a contract. But the man who is probably making the most out of the magazines this season is an ex-Washington correspondent of a New York newspaper, who gave up his post in Washington to devote himself to magazine work. The paper offered him an increase of salary as an inducement to keep at his usual work. The correspondent declined, displaying contracts with four magazines, amounting in all to more than \$20,000, and the contracts are so drawn that the publishers must, good times or bad, stand by them.

To one owner of a successful woman's paper was offered a certain periodical as a gift if he would pull it through this season. The owner, however, declined to take the risk, saying that he had his pile carefully saved up and had no intention of taking such big chances with the money he had set aside for a comfortable and unwarmed old age. With that the owner embarked himself and his family for Egypt, to stay abroad until the trouble was over, lest he be tempted to reconsider his declination.

One of the cheaper monthlies has taken advantage of this distress to get hold of some excellent stories. Whenever the editors receive a manuscript from a well known author they realize that he had probably sent it to all the larger houses first, but it had not been accepted for lack of funds. On receiving such a story the editor of the cheap paper immediately writes to the author accepting the story, but offering about one-fourth the price, and only half as much as even the cheap magazine was used to paying, but stating that "a check will be sent immediately on receipt of your letter of acceptance." In almost every case the author has been taken by the chance for real money on the spot, and has let his work go at far below his regulation rates. As a result, the cheap monthly has been getting excellent fiction this winter at very reasonable rates.

Still, the clouds are clearing from the literary sky. A magazine which has actually not bought a single story since last October has recovered all of its pre-panic advertising, with the exception of six pages. Also, although this is not told abroad, there is not enough refrigerated stuff left to keep the publication going later than the October issue. If others are in like plight, the authors who have been having "slim pickings" this winter will then have their innings.—New York Times.

A WORLD WIDE SCOURGE.

Warning Called Out by Rapid Spread of Plague.

Surgeon General Wyman, in the public health reports, has issued a warning to the world on the prevalence of the plague. The spread of the terrible disease since it first made its appearance in 1894 in China has been appalling. In 1896 it appeared in India, Japan, Asiatic Turkey and Russia. In 1898 Africa was invaded, and in the following year it swept over the border lines of Europe and claimed its thousands of victims in Austria and Portugal. By the year 1907 it had made its ghastly appearance in almost every civilized country, even the United States being invaded on the Pacific Coast. To give an idea of the horrible ravages of the disease, the reports from India on the first year of its appearance showed 3000 deaths; in 1907 there were 1,400,000 cases reported, with 1,200,000 deaths. In 1894 there was only one country infected; in 1907 there were fifty-one countries.

Dr. Wyman in his article urges the most vigorous international warfare against the scourge. Rats and the fleas that they carry are believed to be the most common means of the plague's spread, and he therefore advocates a campaign of extermination against the rodents. Coal oil has been found to be a most valuable aid in preventing the spread of the plague, for fleas cannot live where it is used freely. The scientific investigators employed by the British Government found that the coolie employes of the oil works in Bombay and Calcutta were singularly immune from the plague, although they lived in settlements where thousands of others were dropping dead almost daily. Dr. Wyman recommends that the authorities of all seaports compel the unloading of vessels from plague ports by lighter, and advises until they have been unloaded and freed of rats all such ships shall be kept at least a quarter of a mile from shore, so that the rats on board will not be able to swim to land.—New York Tribune.

London in Clouds.

Every great city impresses itself upon the atmosphere, and has a kind of aerial double. Smoke, dust, rising heat currents and many other things give a particular character to the air over a town like Paris, London or New York, which even passing storms cannot altogether obliterate or drive away. The British capital is especially famous for its effects upon the atmosphere. When one of its great fogs is in full swing the vast city is lost to sight for its inhabitants, but viewed from the upper air, it would then present the appearance of a metropolis of vapors. Some idea of this spectacle may be obtained from a photograph taken over London from a balloon by the late J. M. Bacon, the aeronaut. Knowing what lies beneath it, that cloud becomes for the thoughtful onlooker a symbol of congregated activities.

PENNSYLVANIA

Interesting Items from All Sections of the Keystone State.

GUFFEY UPHELD

State Democracy Vindicates Leader and Denounces Action of National Convention Against Him.

Harrisburg.—The Democracy of Pennsylvania denounced, in unqualified terms, the action of the national convention at Denver in throwing out eight legally elected delegates from this state, and placed its stamp of approval on the course pursued by National Committeeman James M. Guffey at Denver.

Mr. Guffey was declared to be the legally elected national committeeman from this state, and by resolution was recognized as the real party leader in this Commonwealth.

The Democratic State central committee showed its fealty to Mr. Guffey by giving him a complete vindication and at the same time administering a stinging rebuke to those who attempted to unhorse him at Denver. It was a thorough victory for Mr. Guffey.

The opposition attempted to justify its attack upon Guffey and the state organization in a series of apologetic statements.

George M. Dimeling, of Clearfield, was re-elected chairman of the state central committee by acclamation and in the same way B. F. Myers of Harrisburg, was re-elected treasurer. Both men were endorsed by Mr. Guffey. In fact, the friends of Mr. Guffey had absolutely control of the committee.

NEW STEEL PLANT

Ground Broken for an Addition to Works at Monessen.

Ground has been broken at Monessen by the Pittsburg Steel Company for a \$1,000,000 addition to the big new plant it has just completed at a cost of \$4,000,000.

The new plant is to be used for the manufacture of steel rods needed in the making of wire. It will occupy a space approximately 800x400, and when completed will provide jobs for about 500 additional men.

This announcement is regarded as unusually important in industrial circles, owing to the fact that the company had just finished an enormous expenditure on a big mill, which includes eight furnaces. The total cost of these improvements of the Pittsburg Steel Company at Monessen therefore is \$5,000,000.

Purchases Large Coal Tract.

Washington.—For \$48,004.71 J. V. Thompson of Uniontown, has secured 400 acres of valuable coal in Morris township. The tract was sold to Mr. Thompson by the New York Coal Company. It is the general belief that Mr. Thompson is shaping up a large tract in Morris township to be sold to some coal company which will operate the territory.

Capture Alleged Murderer.

Johnstown.—As the result of the shooting here of Frank Padeaux, aged 28, of Nant-y-Glo, and Bert Bland, aged 20, the former dying from his wounds, Chester Gibson of Cresson, Pa., is under arrest in Ebensburg charged with the crime. The shooting, it is said, was the result of a drinking bout.

Disagreement Delays Opening.

Butler.—The opening of the new Pittsburgh, Harmony, Butler & New Castle trolley line between this city and New Castle was blocked by a disagreement over the type of crossovers constructed at five points in Butler where the lines of the Butler passenger railway are crossed.

Town Fathers in Trouble.

Uniontown.—Proceedings were begun in court to oust four members of the Masonic trolley. The memos are Dr. M. H. Cloud, D. O. Larson, J. B. Sterling and William Homan. The men are said to have awarded grading contracts to a grading company in which they were interested.

Wagon Plunges Over Mountain.

Johnstown.—Near South Fork a delivery wagon in which there were three persons fell 15 yards down a mountain side. William Schofield, aged 3 years, son of Henry Schofield, was instantly killed; Samuel Penrod, the driver, was badly injured, and Letitia Norris, aged 6 years, escaped without a scratch.

Fell Dead.

Grenville.—While preparing to attend the funeral of a neighbor, William McGranshaw, a well known horseman, of Sheakleyville, remarked, "I wonder who'll be the next one to go?" when he sank to the floor, dying, almost instantly.

Hundreds Return to Work.

Kittanning.—The Kittanning Plate Glass Company is preparing to resume in a few days. The coal miners have been ordered to return to work. The plant employs 400 men and boys when running full.

Washington.

The biggest piece of blown glassware ever turned out in the United States was successfully blown at the Phoenix glass plant here. William Pastors, a skilled blower, did the work, which was perfect in every respect. The piece of ware was a huge globe ordered by a Los Angeles company.

Girard.

Frank Paglora was arrested here by Baltimore & Ohio railroad detectives, charged with stealing 180 brass journals valued at \$583, from the railroad company.

PHENOMENAL FRUIT CROP

Hundreds of Bushels of Huckleberries Being Shipped.

Bellefonte.—From all indications Center county will have the largest crop of peaches this season ever grown here. One of the largest peach growers in the county is Colonel W. F. Reynolds. He will have a crop of at least 10,000 bushels, while Charles Schad will have at least 10,000 bushels. Apples, plums, pears, small fruits and berries are prolific. The huckleberry crop, which is just now being gathered, is one of the largest in years, and produce dealers are shipping the fruit to Eastern markets by the hundreds of bushels.

\$30,000,000 HALL WEAK

Philadelphia City Building in Danger When Pier Threatens to Collapse.

Philadelphia.—Discovery by workmen in the basement of Philadelphia's great city hall that a pier supporting a portion of the seven-story wall on the east side of the building has become weakened and threatened to collapse, led to the employment of a big force of men to shore up the shaky support.

Physician Strikes Oil Gusher.

Butler.—Dr. E. L. Wasson of this city has brought in a 250 barrel gusher on the Patton farm, near Bakers-town. The striking of the pool has created great excitement, as the territory has been little drilled and is regarded as one of the wildcat order. The well is flowing at the rate of 10 barrels an hour, and is expected to settle down to a good 100 barrel producer.

Building New Trolley Line.

Washington.—Two hundred men have been put to work on the construction of the new trolley line running from Masontown, Fayette county, to New Geneva on the Monongahela. With the proposed bridge across the river at that point Greensboro, Greene county, will have connection with Uniontown. The road will eventually be built to Waynesburg.

Aged Man Loses Sight.

Berlin.—Alexander Berkible, aged 78, was stricken totally blind. He has never had any optical trouble and on Saturday last was able to read a newspaper without spectacles. For years he suffered from dropsy and Saturday was stricken with the old trouble, immediately following the loss of his vision. He is in a dangerous condition.

Would Connect Two Towns.

Washington.—It is stated on good authority that the Pittsburg Railways Company has made a proposition to the commissioners of Washington county that the company will grade and drain the road from Donora to Monongahela, providing the company is given the right of way between the two towns on which to build a trolley line.

Bought Bank Building.

Waynesburg.—A deal has been closed here by which Dr. W. J. Hawkins of this place, purchased the Farmers and Drivers National bank building. The consideration for the property is \$45,000, which includes all the banking fixtures, which are valued at several thousand dollars. Dr. Hawkins is to have possession of the building the first of January, 1909.

Provides for Chinese Church.

Philadelphia.—Through the bequest of Lee Chi, who was murdered in the Chinese quarter here by George Lee, the first regular church building to be established by Chinese in this country will be erected in this city. The church is to be Baptist in denomination.

Ore Crusher Destroyed.

New Castle.—Twenty-five thousand dollars loss was inflicted by flames that destroyed the big limestone ore crusher of the Carbon Limestone Company. The crusher was located about 10 miles west of here and was owned by Robert Bentley of Youngstown. There was little insurance.

Valuable Barn Destroyed.

Berlin.—The large barn of Harvey L. Countryman, two miles north of town, with all its contents, was destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at \$11,000. The fire is thought to have been caused by spontaneous combustion.

Burglars Overlook \$1,000.

California.—At Daisytown burglars entered the home of John Michens, a Hungarian miner. A trunk was broken open and \$20 secured, but the thieves missed \$1,000. Michens has taken his money to a bank for safe keeping.

New Industry for Sharon.

Sharon.—If the board of trade is successful in raising \$2,000 within the next four days, Sharon will land another industry. It is a plant for the manufacture of barn door hangers and a line of hardware. John B. Howatt of Sterling, Ill., heads the concern. It is capitalized at \$75,000, and employment will be afforded about 50 skilled hands. It is proposed to purchase two acres of ground in the Budd field and buildings will be erected at a cost of about \$50,000. The members of the board are confident of raising the money.