

VICTORY IN DEFEAT.

The soul that strives for higher destiny, A strength of will from baffled effort draws; And looks with clearer eye on victory, When once defeated in a noble cause. —Eugene C. Dolson, in Rural Magazine.

The Printer's Mistake.

"It's no use, Edna, the Lord never meant me to be very happy in this world. I'll have to take what I can get and be thankful."

The two girls were directly opposite types. Eleanor was tall, graceful, high-strung, nervous, full of life and energy. Her most attractive features were her eyes, dark and deep-set, with a longing, unsatisfied expression. Edna was a type much less interesting, cold, phlegmatic and clear sighted; a much smaller woman, too, with colorless gray eyes.

On the bed lay lingerie of the most alluring kind, the sort of things that only woman can appreciate. Pile upon pile of lacy stuffs were scattered about the room. Surrounded by these pretty things that women love sat Eleanor Godfrey, who to-morrow would be the bride of Tom Grant.

"There's one thing I can never regret," she said. "I told Tom everything before he took me. It was brutally frank, I admit, to tell your future husband that the best love of your life had been given to another."

"Poor boy," murmured Edna. "Poor boy, indeed. Don't I have to live with him? Don't I have to see him waste his life? And it is nothing that I have to eke out an existence crushing down my sighs, forcing back my tears?"

Walking across the room to where Edna sat she put her hands on a pair of very unsympathetic shoulders.

"How can you judge? You do not know the case. Now listen. Every breath I breathe, every prayer I utter, every breath of my aching heart is for Jack Winston. I've loved him ever since I was a little girl, but you see I could not very well marry him because he never asked me. Then, too, Jack is so poor, and all my life I've been longing for things that Tom Grant's money will buy for me. I don't deceive him. I said I couldn't love him; but he, still knowing this, wants to marry me, and I accepted. Now judge me if you will."

Edna straightened up a bit and the lines about her mouth seemed to grow deeper in an instant.

"One question, please, before I render the verdict. You take upon your soul the wrecking of this man's existence. You will suck the honey from the flower of his life and leave him nothing but the stem. This is easier for you than being an 'old maid.' Then, too, supposing that Tom was in love with some other girl?"

"I plead guilty to the charge, judge, and accept the sentence of the court. Your logic is getting stale; so let's go to bed that I may get my beauty sleep and make a handsome bride. Think of it, dear girl, to-morrow at this hour my visiting cards will read, 'Mrs. Thomas Kemp Grant.'"

The next morning was colorless, the air heavy; in fact, just the sort of day to make a bride look out of the window and wonder if she really were superstitious.

It was about 9 o'clock and Tom was whistling one minute and singing the next. He walked into the bedroom where his friend and best man lay peacefully sleeping.

"Get up, you lazy vagabond. We can't keep the bride waiting, you know. That's her privilege."

The best man rubbed his eyes, growled a bit, and finally crawled out. Tom was practically ready. After working about an hour on it, he had managed to arrange his puff tie to his entire satisfaction. He had buttoned and unbuttoned his waistcoat until his thumbs were blistered. He had pulled it down in front and buckled it at the back until the seams threatened to give way.

By 11 the men were ready and on their way to the house. As they neared it Tom became more and more nervous. There seemed to be a weight on his heart that he could not lift. At that moment the best man was hanging out the cab window, cursing the cab driver for the snail-like pace they were pursuing.

"I say, cabby, this is a wedding that we are going to, not a funeral. I'll give you an extra half dollar if you'll hurry."

"An extra half, is it? You talk like a politician. Well, sir, you might corrupt me, but the horse can't be bribed and wedding or funerals, his gait is all the same. Rest easy while you can, sir—the lady will drive you fast enough, once she gets the reins."

The best man was about to rail at the Irish as a nation, when Tom said: "If anything should happen—"

"Jumping Juniper, Tom, brace up. You look as if you had curvature of the spine. Pull yourself together, will you? Any girl who had such a looking object as you on her calling list would be ostracized by good society, and one who would marry you would be declared mentally incompetent."

"All right. I'll pull up, but I've a beastly idea that something is going wrong. Jack, old man, I can't do it. I'm in love with Edna Cross and not with Eleanor. I've just begun to realize it."

"You old poacher, then why did you ask Eleanor to marry you, when you knew that I have loved her all my life, and have been trying to forget

her for months? Night after night I went over and sat with Edna, trying to make myself think I was forgetting Eleanor."

"And every night," said Tom, "I went to see Eleanor because you were over at Edna's, and I had no right to trespass on your preserves. A nice mess we've made of it. What are we going to do?"

"Do? Why, that's easy enough," assured Jack. "I am going to be the groom, and you can just slide back into my boots as best man. We'll blame the whole thing on the printer. Trust me, old man. I said I'd see you through this ordeal, and I'm going to keep my word."

As the cab finally reached the house the men stepped out and were ushered into the room where the minister was waiting for them.

No word of explanation was uttered and the men took their places by the minister who was to pronounce them man and wife. The wedding march was played, and as Eleanor, in her gorgeous robes, came forth to meet the man of her choice, Jack Winston stepped forth and offered her his arm.

Eleanor was speechless, but too happy to resent, and before the gaping crowd the minister tied the knot that made them one "till death do them part."

Then Jack began his explanations: "Simplest thing in the world," he said. "You see, Tom ordered the invitations, and, of course, the printer took it for granted that it was his wedding—merely a typographical error, nothing more."

Eleanor's mother stepped in at this moment, and with a haughty manner inquired:

"Then, may I ask why Tom gave the bachelor dinner—why Tom bought the ring?"

"Yes, mother," said Jack, with a very proprietary manner, "you see I was broke at the time, and Tom, as you all know, is just loaded with money, so I gave him carte blanche to go ahead as if it was his own wedding, and I'd pay him back in good time. You see I only came into my inheritance yesterday, and that would have been too late to order invitations, give dinners, etc. Anyway, how could you ever think that Tom was going to marry Eleanor? Why, he's engaged to marry Edna, and if you don't believe me, ask them for yourself. I tell you it was a typographical error, nothing more."

The color that suffused Edna's face and the smile that glorified Jack's verified the statement, and the guests were in a flutter of pleasurable excitement, while, in the corner, Jack was shaking Tom by the hand and saying:

"Didn't I tell you I'd see you through it, old man?"—J. H. Wadsworth, in the Brooklyn Times.

The Nervy Young Man.

By CHARLES C. MULLEN.

"Sir," said the nervy young man, coming into the rich merchant's office and taking a seat near the head of the firm, "I would like to ask you for your daughter's hand!"

"Why, I don't even know you, sir!"

"Oh, don't let that bother at all, sir. We'll soon get acquainted."

"So you, a perfect stranger, ask for my daughter's hand, eh?" said the rich merchant, gazing in amazement at his caller. "Which daughter do you mean? I have three."

"I mean the one with the golden hair," imparted the young man, unabashed.

"I am still in doubt, young man. Two of my daughters have golden hair. Do you mean Ellen or Maria?"

"Can't say which, sir. I had only a moment's view of your daughter, and have never met her to know her name. But the moment's sight of her was enough to tell me that I love her, sir!"

"And you come here to get my decision without consulting or even seeking an acquaintance with my daughter?"

"Yes, you see, sir, the time is short. Yesterday I came across your daughter and a young man in the park. Just as I had made up my mind that I loved her, I heard the young gentleman tell her that he was coming here to-day to ask you for her hand in marriage; so I hurried right along to get in my bid ahead of him."

"Young man," gasped the fond parent, "it's a foregone conclusion that you will accomplish what you start out to do. And you've certainly got the nerve! So go ahead and obtain an introduction to the daughter of your choice and do the rest. You've got my consent!"—From Judge.

A Smile From a Stranger.

Most of us owe debts of gratitude to strangers whose kindly smile has sent sunshine into our aching hearts, and has given us courage when we were disheartened.

It is a thing to go through life with a smiling face. It costs little, but who can ever estimate its value?

Think how the pleasure of life would be increased if we met smiling faces everywhere—faces which radiate hope, sunshine and cheer! What a joy it would be to travel in a gallery of living pictures, radiating hope and courage!

Who can estimate what beautiful, smiling faces mean to the wretched and the downcast—those whose life burdens are crushing them?

Many of us carry precious memories of smiling faces which we glimpsed but once, but whose sweet, uplifting expression will remain with us forever.—Success Magazine.

The Farm Colony Bill

Why It May Be Considered as a Measure of Self-Defence.

By Edmond Kelly.



TWELVE years ago a farm colony bill was drawn by a committee appointed by all the charitable societies in New York; but it did not secure at Albany a moment's serious attention. We are told by our legislators that poverty is not a crime. When we answered that our bill did not make it more of a crime than the penal code, but only proposed to substitute for the expensive and degenerating system of the misnamed workhouse, inexpensive and regenerating work on a state farm, and that the plan had operated effectually in Holland and Belgium for over a hundred years, we were told that the plan might do in Holland, but it would not do here. So also in the archives of the French senate may still be read the report made by Thiers, when appointed by Louis Philippe on a committee to investigate the first railroad ever built, which concludes as follows: "Railroads may serve a purpose in England, but they are not suited to France."

A similar bill, improved by borrowing from late experience in Switzerland, has been drawn once more by a similar committee, to which was added our Commissioner of Charities, Mr. Hebbard. This bill is likely to receive a better reception at Albany than the previous one because it will be introduced and supported by the great railroads of New York state; for the railroads have discovered that the tramp is an intolerable nuisance. Col. Pungborn, of the Baltimore and Ohio, has lately estimated that the damage occasioned by tramps to railroads in the United States amounts in a single year to \$25,000,000. For the tramp in America does not tramp; he rides on railroads; he sets fire to freight cars and freight stations; he obstructs the lines, wrecks trains, and is a fruitful cause of action for damages. The measure, therefore, which was thrown out by the Assembly when proposed from motives of humanity, will be passed as a measure of self-defense. And self-defense thus constitutes an element of the power always at work on the side of progress that neither ignorance nor interest will be able to resist. Just as cholera forced from the British Parliament in 1830 hygienic measures which up to that time the landowners had been able successfully to resist, so every evil carries within itself the agent of its own destruction, and the very men who now resist progress will one day awaken to the fact that they themselves, even in their moments of bitterest resistance, have all along been the unconscious instruments of this very power which some of them today affect to despise.—From the Century.

Model Heathen Marriages

By Maud Churton Braby.



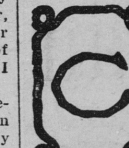
THE more one studies the problem of marriage the more plain does it become that many of the heathen ideas on the subject are infinitely superior to ours. One of the dreams of Socialist reformers, for instance, is the endowment of motherhood. They regard it as a Utopian vision of the far future, not likely to be fulfilled for years to come. Among the Mohammedans this dream is a reality. The maintenance of children devolves so exclusively on the father that the mother is entitled to claim wages for nursing them! The importance of her services to the state in rearing healthy citizens is thus recognized in the most practical manner.

We hear a good deal of agitation nowadays about making the conditions of divorce equal to both sexes. Among the Shawanees this is already done. An unfaithful husband can be turned adrift by his wife, who retains all his property. They go on better and make drunkenness also an offense for which divorce can be obtained.

The savage tribes whom we strive to convert have apparently a much clearer idea of the real basis of marriage, the end for which it was ordained, than we, who seem to marry for almost every other reason than the desire for children. With savages the offspring is the main purpose of wedlock. Married couples in some tribes do not live together at all until shortly before or sometimes actually after the birth of the first child, and in some cases the marriage is not binding until a child is born. Among others a childless wife can at any time quit her husband, but may not marry again. Westernmark is authority, but I cannot recall the names of the tribes from memory. These poor heathens recognize, it will be seen, that children are the chief tie—the only real bond—that unites a man and woman permanently—in short, that "marriage is rooted in family rather than family in marriage."

The Corporate "We"

By the Rev. Dr. Robert Mackenzie, of the Rutgers Riverside Presbyterian Church, New York.



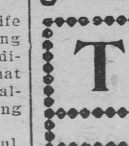
CORPORATIONS, they say, have no conscience, and this is true, for there is no longer the personal "I" but the corporate "we." The church has no conscience, the college class has no conscience. Conscience cannot be distributed among any more than a suit of clothes can be distributed among a hundred men. It is like the seamless robe of Christ. You can cast lots for it, but you cannot distribute it. Conscience is personal. Hence there is nothing more lawless, inhuman, brutal than a company of men who have sunk the "I myself" in the corporate "we." This is the central issue, as it is the central danger of this day. Manifold drifts of opinion are setting toward all that is corporate, collected, communal, to the threatened submergence of the personal self.

But whether you are one of four hundred or of two, let not the artificial corporate body blind you to the natural responsibility of self. The wrong will be shared by all. The responsibility will be shared by each. It is the very task of legal science to make a combination of many as to evade the responsibility of each.

We have, therefore, to wrench away the self out of the entanglement of the many. As men in a mob are suffocating we elbow our way to the edge that we may breathe. "Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin as self-neglect."

Judges Must Not Be Swayed by the Mob

By Judge J. Otis Humphrey, of Illinois.



HERE are many citizens whose action is such that they at least allow us to believe that they expect the judicial department of the government to be run in accordance with public sentiment. When the day comes—let us trust that it may never come—that the judicial branch of government is swayed from its official duty by the clamor of the populace, the end of the government is not far distant. No government can long survive whose judiciary yields to the popular frenzy that follows for a moment the mere clamor of the unreasoning, uneducated, in that particular case, opinion of the public or even of the press. Law is not the arbitrary creation of a majority's will or of any will, but it ought to be, as we trust it may ever be, the well-rounded, well-considered justice of the state, enlightened by the reasonings of the court which enforce it. You would have little respect, I think, for a court who curbed its views to meet the popular clamor.

PENNSYLVANIA

Interesting Items from All Sections of the Keystone State.

FIRED ON OFFICER

With Bullets Falling About Them Police Consider It No Disgrace to Run.

Butler.—Charged with felonious shooting, Harry Young and Mrs. Katherine Kimmel of Butler township, were jailed.

Special Officers Harvey McKee and Stephen H. McBride went to the Young house to serve a warrant. Occasioned by the discovery of the occupants of the house for the night. Several attempts were made to reach the house, which stands on a knoll on the Mercer road, but each sally of the officers was met by bullets.

Next day Special Officer George Rogers and Constable Aaron Fisvitz arrested the pair without resistance.

RAPS TWO-CENT FARE LAW

Court Rules Against County in Favor of Railway.

Wilkes-Barre.—Judge Fuller in the county court here issued an order restraining the county commissioners from bringing suits against the Wilkes-Barre and Hazleton Electric railway for violations of the rate law since the passage of the two-cent fare law by the last legislature. The company has been charging two cents a mile, but claims it was losing money.

After examining the earnings of the road Judge Fuller is satisfied the contention of the company is correct and that the low rate has greatly reduced the profits, giving no adequate return for the capital invested.

VETERANS MEET

Observe Forty-Sixth Anniversary of Their Leaving Pittsburg for the War.

Rochester.—Survivors of Company H, One Hundred and Thirty-ninth Pennsylvania volunteers, were entertained at the St. James hotel by the proprietor, J. M. Hays, a member of the command, which 46 years ago started in cattle cars from Liberty street, Pittsburg, for the front, with Colonel H. F. Collier of Pittsburg in command. The guests were from Carnegie, Webster, Pittsburg and Beaver county. "Fin" McDonald of Webster, a drummer boy during the war, sang old-time patriotic airs.

OPEN GRAVE FOR PAPER.

Heirs Seek Certificate to Prove Right to \$20,000,000 Estate.

Shamokin.—Heirs of the late John Rupp, who died in Numedia in 1838, opened his grave in an attempt to procure the birth certificate of the deceased, who, it is alleged, was the direct descendant of a relative in Germany who died leaving \$20,000,000, which the government holds for distribution when the legal heirs come forward and prove their claims. It is said that the heirs found the papers.

QUAKER CITY'S BIG LOAN

Issue Bonds for \$10,000,000, Redeemable in Thirty Years.

Philadelphia.—Bids were opened at the mayor's office for a new municipal loan of \$10,000,000, the bonds to bear interest at the rate of 4 per cent and to be redeemable in 30 years. The loan was heavily oversubscribed, there being three bids by different syndicates for the entire issue and other bids for from \$500 to \$6,000,000. The premium offered ranged as high as \$3.59.

Independence Party Ticket.

Harrisburg.—The Independence party took out its first papers to make a nomination in Pennsylvania. The papers were taken out by James Wheeler of Philadelphia. No statement was made of the offices for which it was proposed to nominate. There is also an Independence party in Pittsburg, which presented the name some time ago.

Capitol Cases Next Month.

Harrisburg.—Deputy Attorney General Cunningham returned to this city after a six weeks' trip to Europe, and as soon as the routine business of the office is disposed of will take up the capitol cases. It is expected to have the argument on the motion for a new trial for Sanderson, and the convicted officials on October 6.

New Wilmington.—The last vacancy in the Westminster College faculty has been filled by the election of Prof. Owen W. Mills of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., to the chair of biology. He succeeds Dr. A. D. Howard who resigned.

Drinking Cup for Each Pupil.

Homestead's school board adopted a resolution to provide each pupil with an individual drinking cup, so as to prevent epidemics of contagious diseases.

City to Spend \$500,000.

Johnstown.—With a view of relieving a water famine, which several hundred families in the higher parts of the city have experienced for weeks, the Johnstown Water Company decided to increase its indebtedness \$500,000 in order to improve the system. A petition signed by 100 property owners of the Seventeenth ward section was sent to Attorney General Todd at Harrisburg, asking that the State compel the water company to adopt immediate measures for relief.

City of Spangler.

Johnstown.—Over \$10,000 damage was done when fire destroyed four buildings at Spangler, north of Ebensburg. The losses are: Joseph Ginter, store and dwelling, \$5,000; Stupey & Williams, store and dwelling, \$3,500; George Swartz, double house, \$2,200. A bucket brigade was inadequate to save the buildings.

Scranton.—It a strike riot at Dunmore Mrs. Adam Kavalko and Mrs. Anna Cordlach, wives of miners, were shot by stray bullets, the source of which has not yet been clearly ascertained.

Clergyman Is Candidate.

Harrisburg.—Rev. Dr. W. L. Wiest, manager of the publishing house of the Evangelical Church in this city, and one of the best known ministers of that denomination, was nominated as the Prohibition candidate for senator from the Dauphin county district. He will oppose Senator John E. Fox.

Altoona.—Finding a box of liver pills little Fred Kleffman, aged 2, ate them, death resulting shortly afterward.

MURDER MYSTERY

Investigation of Death of One Man Leads to the Discovery of Another.

Washington.—Coroner W. H. Sipe had scarcely begun his investigation into the death of an unknown man, whose body was found two miles from Scenery Hill, when the mystery was deepened by the discovery of another body lying 15 feet from the first in dense underbrush. A Monongahela & Washington railroad section gang found the first body in a thicket close to the tracks. It was practically decomposed. Near by was a revolver with a handkerchief wrapped around the butt.

Men searching about the thicket for clues to the man's identity were horrified when they stumbled upon another partly decomposed body. Another revolver was on the ground and a search revealed three hats, indicating that three men were involved in the strange tragedy.

TOWN HAS \$25,000 BLAZE

Boys Smoking Corn Silk in Barn Start Fire That Threatened to Wipe Out Place.

Reynoldsville.—Boys smoking corn silk in a barn started a blaze that destroyed half the pioneer section of the town, causing a loss of over \$25,000 and for a time threatening buildings in East Main street.

Starting in M. C. Coleman's barn the fire quickly consumed three other barns, leaped across to Coleman's drug store and headed for the center of the town. Reynoldsville firemen being unable to check the flames DuBois' fire department was summoned. When it arrived the drug store was in ashes. A vacant store adjoining owned by James Spry; Mrs. Lucas' residence and one occupied by foreigners—all on the same side of the street—were doomed.

AN OLD OFFENDER

Eighty-Year-Old Woman Charged With Illegal Liquor Selling.

Philadelphia.—Rose Brennan, aged 80, tottered before Magistrate Beaton to face the charge of keeping a speakeasy at 1628 Phillip street. Police-man Lenahan testified that he had gone to Mrs. Brennan's grocery store and had purchased in all 16 drinks of whisky, which he absorbed and paid the price demanded by the aged proprietress of the store.

He says Mrs. Brennan had been arrested several times for selling liquor without a license, but that he had never been convicted. The woman was held in \$1,000 bail for trial.

LAMP EXPLOSION FATAL

Woman Sustains Terrible Burns When Light Lets Go.

Erie.—The bursting of a kerosene lamp carried by Mrs. Anthony J. Schmidt, at the family's summer home, west of this town, at midnight, cost Mrs. Schmidt her life.

She was hurried to Hamot hospital, where it was found she had been burned from head to foot and that the sight of both eyes had been destroyed. She died.

Loss More Than \$40,000.

Harrisburg.—Twenty buildings, 12 of them dwellings, were entirely destroyed in the borough of Shiremans-town, seven miles from this city. The town is without a fire department, and has no water supply, except from wells and cisterns, and the loss would have been far greater had not chemical engines from this city and Mechanicsburg stayed the flames. The loss was run over \$40,000, of which fully \$9,000 will fall on St. John's Lutheran congregation, whose handsome brick church was destroyed.

Still Purchasing Coal Lands.

Washington.—Following the purchase early last week of over 6,000 acres of coal in Morgan and Washington townships for \$1,500,000, another big coal sale was consummated in Greene county. J. V. Thompson was again the purchaser, getting 200 acres for \$400 an acre, almost a record price for coal in this undeveloped field. Thompson has options on other large tracts.

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