

A LITTLE CHILD LAUGHED

A little child laughed—and the sun came out
A little child laughed—glory echoed his shout.
The birds caught the wonder and carried it far
In the song that they sang to the clouds and the star.

A little child laughed—and the shadows and mist
By the beams of love's beautiful sunshine were kissed.
A little child laughed—and our burden and care
Fell away as our sorrows fall away after prayer.

—Baltimore Sun

WILL MANNING, MODERN SPORTSMAN.

By RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Will Manning, his schoolmates said, could get more time out of a day than any other boy about the Saranac Lakes.

"Why," exclaimed Arthur Comstock, "he milks a cow and goes fishing before breakfast, gets his Latin before school-time, and after school splits a cord of wood, makes a boat-paddle and gets enough berries for supper! You never saw the best of it!"

Will's father is a section-hoss on the railroad, with little time to spare, and depends on Will to shorten his day by as much time as the woodpile or garden requires. Between times Will finds new pleasures of his own choosing. For a long time he preferred fishing or hunting, according to the season, but one day he read in a book that "in every woods scene a good eye selects the spot of typical beauty." A woods boy, too, used to arching trees, sloping mountains and pure-eyed lakes, Will had not thought to look for more than deer-tracks among the lily-pads.

That afternoon he paddled his home-made canvas canoe to Bluff Rock Island down the lake, and looked back over his course between the islands. "No wonder the Indians called this the lake of the clustered stars," the boy thought. "Wish I had a camera."

It was in some such way as this that most of the sixteen-year-old boy's desires originated. His father taught him to use a shotgun, but a deer-track led him to want a rifle—which he got by selling berries.

The more he thought about a camera the more he wanted one. Only the week before, as he was going up the Stoney Creek ponds on a camping-expedition, alone, he saw a deer among the lily-pads six rods, or less, away. "If he'd only had a camera!"

Months later, in the fall, over a partridge popple one night, he said to his father: "Can I get me a camera?"

"Yes. What are you going to get it with?"

"There's those traps you used to use."

"That's so," said the man. "I'd get me some and try for a fox if I were you."

So Will set a line of traps up the lake shore and through the woods to the top of Ampersand Mountain; but he caught only minks, muskrats and skunks; the foxes were too shy. At Christmas time he owned a camera that would do the kind of work he wanted of it fairly well.

His learning to take, develop and print pictures was in keeping with his setting traps. He went about it just as he had begun to shoot with a rifle. He put up a mark—Gyp, the hound—and exposed plates, "as at a time, observing the focus, stops and time. Then he went hunting with his camera. He ran foxing with his hound, but Reynard being a wise dweller of rocky hills beyond camera range, only photographed a rabbit.

"Gyp, as a mere dog, is a trite subject, but Gyp galloping on a fox-track is a picture of general interest." That was written by Will on his first good print, and he endeavored to make every subject a story in itself.

In the course of time the inevitable happened. Will saw the difference between his own 4x4 plates and the 5x7, 8x10 and 11x14 taken with a first-class lens; and in his mind he wished for a 5x7 of the finest quality. With such a one, he knew he could get beautiful pictures. He did a little work for which he was paid, and cleared the cost of his camera and materials in that way, but did not earn enough to buy a hundred-dollar lens.

One day in July there was news for the hunters and summer people around Saranac Lake. Before daylight that morning the long-drawn, quavering cry of a panther came thrusting down Ampersand Mountain, stirring the night echoes, startling the campers and bringing back memories of wilder days to the old-time sportsman. Will Manning was at Ampersand Pond that night with his camera, waiting for a sunrise snap shot at deer among the lily-pads. The cry was loud in his ears, so close that the screamer's breath seemed to lift the ripples of the quiet pond. A moment later Will heard a deer rush from the water into the woods. Then he knew what the screaming animal was. At daylight the yelling ceased.

Unarmed and alone, Will was frightened, too, for had he not heard the tales woodsmen tell of panthers that hunted men? Long after the sun rose, he started for his boat at the head of Lower Saranac. It was characteristic of the lad that he carefully tested his camera and carried it ready for use all the way.

"I'll come back," he thought, "just as soon as I get a gun."

A mile down, the trail was a little muddy for a dozen feet. Here was the panther's track. Beside the big paw-prints were those of a smaller cat—the track of a panther kitten, which accounted for the mother's screaming. The sunlight shone on the tracks, and Will, hoping to preserve a likeness of them, made three

exposures of plates. A little way beyond he cut across through the woods for Loon Bay, where he had left his boat.

Of the three plates, one made a good negative, showing two paw-prints—one of the old panther, the others of the cub. Will took the plate to the village that afternoon to show Allen what he had done. A number of summer people were buying pictures of local places when the boy entered the store.

"Hello, bub!" greeted Allen. "Why don't you kill that panther the people up the lake are telling about?"

"I don't know," answered Will, rather embarrassed. "I saw where she'd been."

"Yes, you did!" said Allen. "Well, anyhow, here's a picture of her tracks," insisted the boy. This was an interesting announcement to the customers, who wanted to know how and when and where at once.

One of them said: "I've got the best camera I could buy, and I haven't got a good picture with it yet. I'd give it for a photograph of that panther and her cub."

"To me?" asked Will, who had seen the camera while Allen was examining it a few days before.

"Yes!" the man said, with a laugh. "You fetch me the picture to my Eagle Island camp, and I'll give you the camera on the spot."

Allen told Will how to use flashlight powder, adding that the panther would make a few good meals of him. But as it happened the flash-light information was not of value that trip.

At daylight the next morning Will was paddling up the lake again, a

fresh breeze behind him and six days' rations in his pack, besides three dozen of the best plates he could buy. He intended to get some good woods views at any rate, whether he saw the panthers or not. Moreover, he had a heavy revolver with a stock fastened to it. By noon he was at Ampersand Pond camp. He knew the chances of ever seeing the animals were a thousand to one against him, and then the chance was they would be in poor light. But no matter, he would try.

He circled the pond that afternoon, and finding no signs, he went over to White Lily Pond, half a mile distant. In the sand on its shore was a fresh track of the old panther, but not of the cub.

"If only I could find that little one!" thought Will, looking at the rock-studded and tree-grown slope of Ampersand Mountain. He returned to camp then, and caught a few trout for supper. At dark he went to sleep, tired out with all the day's work he had done. To tell the story of his patient and systematic search for the panther's lair during the next three days and of the pictures he took is not necessary. The fourth day had its reward.

A cliff rises on the south end of Ampersand, and is laved by a little pond called Tear-Drop, because it is on the face of the mountain. The outlet of the pond flows down a beaver meadow three rods wide and thirty long. On each side is a dense tamarack swamp. The water is a dozen feet across in the "meadow," but a mere brook, inches wide, where it leaves the open.

Half-way down the meadow a wide, flat rock raises its head to the level of the grass tops. This rock is covered with blueberry bushes eighteen inches high. Will, who had never seen the place before, arrived at the upper end of the meadow about ten o'clock in the morning. He started down the outlet to see how large a stream was there. Near the rock he noticed some drops of blood on the grass blades and the tracks of a plunging deer.

"Huh!" he thought. "Somebody's violating the law."

A couple of rods away the animal had fallen, as the matted grass showed. In the mud near by was the imprint of a panther's spread-out claws. A glance showed that the deer had been dragged to the top of the rock and covered with sticks and grass.

"Now's my chance!" thought Will. "She's gone for her cub and I'd better hurry."

With that he waded across the outlet up to his hips in water and mud, to set the tripod opposite the rock inconspicuously among some alders. He focused the lens on a twig lying

on the deer, got out his extra plate-holders and sat down out of sight, the shutter bulb in hand.

Then came dancing troops of mosquitoes, black flies and punkies, each individual with a sting of its own. The punkies felt like streaks of fire, the flies crawled along his temples into his eyes, while mosquitoes bored deeper and deeper. But Will had far-ol with which he kept his face and hands dripping, and so he bore the discomfort. The bit of log on which he sat worked through the crust of alder roots and slowly sank to the mud in which the boy's feet were already buried. Nevertheless, hours did finally pass.

Every minute had its novelty. Dragon-flies swept over the rock, great meat-flies gathered at the panther's cache. Shrikes and blue jays hopped among the tree branches, coming closer, all eyes for danger. A mink searched in and out among the grass hummocks for sweetmeats it could smell but could not place. The drowsy hum of insects made it a sleepy scene. Drowsing, the watcher was roused by dropping twigs, or a mosquito's attack. At about three o'clock, the shadow of the top twig of a pyramidal balsam showed, and then that of the bare side of the rock. Will watched it climb to the white ice line, over the lichens and moss into the quivering leaves of the bushes. He was worried lest a shadow should cover the panthers when they came. If they came after sunset, would they stand still long?

These thoughts were suddenly interrupted. A kitten not three feet long came down apparently from the sky on the deer, growling and showing its teeth, trying to look more ferocious than playful. Will's jaw dropped. The sticks covering the deer were clawed aside, and in a moment the kitten was purring at the bloody throat. A low bunch of alders beyond the rock stirred, and the great face of the mother bear rose slowly as she stepped gently to the rock, eyeing her kitten with short glances and the swamp borders with longer ones.

Suddenly she growled low and sharp, stiffening every muscle to the one that showed her teeth. The air currents, baffling to the mink, had warned her of danger. The kitten stopped mauling its prey to lift its

head. The old one began to crouch, her claws curling the bushes three feet away as she sunk into the roots for a good hold. That was a spectacle that stopped Will's breath, and drew his hands into his fists, one of them on the rubber bulb. A little click overhead told him of a forgotten but faithful camera.

The cats heard it, too, and sprang away into the swamp, fluttering the leaves and twigs like birds, leaving a lad weak with excitement, wondering that his hand should have closed at the right moment, and hoping that the plate would make a good negative.

Never did this way home seem so long to Will as on that day. Toward dusk he felt that behind him was a silent, fierce-eyed creeper following him, now on the right side, now to the left, then so close behind that claws seemed about to grip the back of his neck. The breaking twigs under his feet, the rustling of leaves over his head, the dread that was in the air sent him on fast and faster. Time and again he turned to face—nothing that he could see.

It grew darker; the mountains cast deeper shadows. Dusk settled down relentlessly. Something cracked a twig behind him—a veritable something. Will turned and fired with his revolver—once, twice, three times. The echoes died away. A minute passed, then another. From the ridge over which he had come came the panther's cry; again, muffled, from the hollow beyond; then, loud and clear, from the foot of the mountain, farther away each time. At last far away, just over the top of Ampersand Mountain a farewell scream.

A few rods farther on his trail was Will's canvas boat. He carried it from its hiding-place to the water of Loon Bay, launched it, and paddled to a rock island, where he ate a good meal by a fire. Then he started down the lake, strong and vigorous once more, singing songs that caused island camps to listen wondering.

On the next day, Will developed his plates one by one. Two or three were blanks, but the panthers showed up clear above the twigs and leaves. He carried that plate, as soon as it had died, to the Eagle Island camp, and when he returned, the coveted camera was his own.

Now with the old camera he plays; with the new one he seeks on the beechnut ridges for bears. As for the panthers, Will Finch, of Northwood, eighty miles over the woods from Saranac Lake, told me that he saw their tracks at Moose River last fall, four months after young Manning's adventure. —Youth's Companion.

MAKING DYNAMITE.

Annihilation Threatens Workers at Every Turn.

So thoroughly deceptive is dynamite in the making that you are apt to be disappointed on viewing the surface of things. You could more readily fancy thunderbolts leaping and crashing from tender blue skies than that the most fearful forces in creation are hidden under such a peaceful exterior. Nitroglycerin, a cupful of which would distribute you over square miles of landscape, is diligently mixing around you in hundreds of thousands of gallons. It is making itself in big iron retorts, cascading down leaden gutters, and merrily tumbling in minute Niagaras into immense vats, where the deliquescent yellow peril pursues its journey powderward. Out of one receptacle it fares furiously through special lead coils, driven only by cooling blasts of air, and is drawn off like draught ale and piped on to the next perfecting stage. Gaze with the nitroglycerin expert into one of those big caldrons. The interior is brilliantly illuminated by electricity, the only illuminating agency permitted in or about the danger houses.

At the bottom is a molten, sullen fluid. Glancing cautiously at the thermometer, the guide tells you that the writhen mass is nitroglycerin. It is being fused with nitric and sulphuric acids, and you are casually informed, as the expert sends a cooling stream through the pipes, that it is very necessary to keep the temperature below eighty degrees. Once above eighty degrees dead line, so to say, the treacherous liquid might instantly voice itself in such a deafening explosion as those in close proximity may never hear but once. Let the composition be quiescent for but a few seconds, and its stillness suddenly becomes that of death, in consequence of which extreme vigilance is practiced in keeping it constantly agitated as well as properly temperatured.

Around you are other houses, at uniform distances apart, and connected by a series of narrow gauge tracks, wherein workmen are rail-roading nitroglycerin from here and pulp cotton from there, to be compounded into dynamite and blasting gelatin. Greatest care is taken in selling the powder from house to house. As soon as a loaded cart is ready to pass out of the nitroglycerin house, for instance, a semaphore signals from an adjoining station, to which the consignment is carefully hurried. Around you are long store-houses packed with pulp in tons of innocent whiteness. Presently this pulp will assume a tan color under the nitrating process, and then suddenly becoming carbonite, red cross, hercules, judson and giant powder, forcite, or what you order, it develops the quasi virtues of dynamite—dynamite or blasting gelatin, in which more natural forces are condensed to the cubic inch than exist anywhere else in creation. Death, curbed and sleeping, enircles you in gallons and turns. Annihilation threatens at every turn, in the form of potential pulverizing forces. But the man and the mercury are there also, alert, responsive, reliable. —Leslie's Weekly.

Appendicitis.

The French have maintained for some time that the causes of appendicitis was to be found in our cooking vessels, and that in striving for healthful, clean utensils we had unconsciously produced a class of goods that was responsible for the inflammation of the appendix. Still in these days we have little of the deaths that were fairly common in the days when the old copper kettle was in general use. In France the copper kettle continues in general use, and there are more cases of veridigris poisoning there than here.

It is doubtful if the causes of appendicitis can be traced to any material of which cooking utensils are made. The question is one of cleanliness. An enameled or copper pan will cause injury if not kept clean, and food cooked in the same dish would probably be harmless if the receptacle was scoured and scrubbed before using in the manner prevalent among all good housewives of former times, but which unfortunately seems to be out of date in our own day. Cleanliness in cooking is more than a matter of delicacy and good taste—it has the most intimate bearings on health. —Buffalo Times.

A Roast That Went Wrong.

The minister had just finished a little opening talk to the children, preparatory to the morning service, when Mrs. Berkeley suddenly realized with all the agony of a careful housewife, that she had forgotten to turn the gas off from the oven in which she had left a nicely cooked roast, all ready for the final reheating. Visions of a ruined dinner and a smoky kitchen roused her to immediate effort, and, borrowing a pencil from the young man in front, she scribbled a note. Just then her husband, an usher in the church, passed her, and she thrust the note into his hand, and he, with an understanding nod, turned, passed up the aisle, and handed the note to the minister. Mrs. Berkeley saw the act in speechless horror, and shuddered as she saw the minister smilingly open the note and begin to read. But her expression of dismay was fully equalled by the look of amazement and wrath on the good man's face as he read the words, "Go home and turn off the gas!" —Lippincott's.

The first English regatta took place upon the Thames, between London bridge and Millbank, June 23, 1775.

PENNSYLVANIA

Interesting Items from All Sections of the Keystone State.

SHOT BY HIGHWAYMEN

Maurice Snyder is Seriously Wounded and Robbed of \$300.

Oil City.—Maurice Snyder, a hotel man of Fryburg, Clarion county, was shot and robbed by two highwaymen while driving along a country road near that place. The bullet lodged in his head, and his condition is serious. The robbers secured \$300 in cash and a watch.

The men were hidden in a clump of bushes and jumped out as Snyder drove past. When he refused to stop they shot.

The sheriff and a posse of citizens with bloodhounds are searching the neighborhood. The county commissioners have offered a reward of \$500 for the apprehension of the highwaymen.

CHILDREN MEET BEARS

Tots Escape from Bruin by Rolling Down Hillside.

Lewistown.—To come face to face with a full grown female bear and her two cubs on a barren ledge of the mountain road was the experience of two children of McCurdy James of Neelytown, near here, while on the way from Sunday school to the home of their parents in Path valley.

The boy 9 and a girl 11 years old saw the animals at some distance, but never dreamed they were real live bears until they were almost on them. The little girl screamed from fright when the mother bear arose on her hind legs and growled. The children rolled and tumbled together down the steep embankment and took a circuitous route home.

OLDEST WOMAN DIES

Mrs. Elizabeth Freeman of Red Bank, 114 Years Old, Passes Away.

Oil City.—Elizabeth Freeman, 114 years old, said to have been the oldest woman in Pennsylvania, died at Red Bank, where she had resided for more than 50 years.

Mrs. Freeman, born near Connellsville, Fayette county, Pa., October 4, 1794, her maiden name being McKnight, until after passing the century mark was active in mind and body, capable of doing her own house work, had excellent recollection of past affairs and was well posted on current events.

Two Engineers Wounded.

Oil City.—Edward G. Miller, engineer, and Edward W. Houghton, fireman, of a fast Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh railroad train, were injured by shots that entered the cab while the train was running 50 miles an hour, near Pearl station. McKean will probably lose his right eye. Lane county. Miller was struck in the back of the head, while Houghton Orlando, an Italian, is in jail, charged with felonious shooting.

Altoona.—Edward McConnell, a Pennsylvania railroad engineer, while riding along the mountain west of here, was wounded by scattered shots from a hunter's gun. The missiles went through the cabin window, striking him in the face. The hunter escaped recognition by jumping over an embankment and running into the woods.

Fayette Democrats Eat.

Connellsville.—Five thousand residents of the coke region had soup and an ox roast in connection with a Democratic rally here. Borough Treasurer J. W. Rutter, a veteran Democrat, who is 85 years old, presided. Those who spoke were Harry C. Grim of Bucks county, H. S. Dumbaid and Wooda N. Carr of Fayette county, George J. Neale and P. W. Wilson of Ohio. Two giant oxen were roasted and 100 gallons of soup were served.

Home for Superannuated Masons.

Pottsville.—Delegates representing 12,000 members in 890 local branches of the Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers' International Union of Pennsylvania met in annual convention here. A resolution calling for a home for indigent and superannuated members was referred to a committee to devise ways and means.

Dynamite Explosion Injures Three.

Stroudsburg.—Andrew Gower was fatally hurt and Harry P. Nyce and Pasquale Zuomo were severely hurt here by the premature explosion of dynamite. They were preparing a blast when the explosion occurred. Gower received injuries from which he died after being removed to his home.

Firm Secures Big Contract.

Oil City.—The Oil City Boiler works, manufacturers of marine boilers for the navy, have let a contract to Kratzer & Company of Pittsburgh for the erection of an addition to the plant to cost \$100,000. Work will commence at once and will be completed by April 1, when 250 more mechanics will be added to the force.

Fifteen Years for Cutting Wife.

Akron.—Judge George Hayden sentenced Hoyten Royer to the penitentiary for 15 years for cutting with intent to wound. Royer, on his release from the workhouse on a non-support charge, quarreled with his wife when she refused to live with him again, and cut her throat.

Bellefontaine.—Lloyd Easton and Lon Tabor of Rushsylvania, became separated while hunting. Eaton noticed a bush moving and fired into it. Forty shots entered Tabor's body. It is thought he will recover.

COLD STORAGE STUFF

Dairy and Food Commission Aims to Have Law Regulate Business.

Harrisburg.—Legislation to prevent the sale of cold storage poultry or eggs except when distinctly labeled as such and to drive out of business compounds of partially spoiled eggs which are sold as egg products, is now being considered by Dairy and Food Commissioner James Foust. It is Mr. Foust's idea to require that fowls and eggs kept in cold storage for more than 10 days shall be classed as "cold storage" and before being exposed for sale be labeled in letters at least an inch long. Furthermore, the bill will provide that no fowls shall be placed in cold storage and then offered for sale unless they have been cleaned.

The manufacture of egg products from eggs partly decomposed, "spotted" or "specked" in trade terms, will prohibit the use of any part of an egg which has been laid aside or candled as not fresh.

WORRY CAUSES INSANITY

While Mentally Unbalanced Woman Attempts to Wreck Train.

Oil City.—Insane from worrying over her husband, Mrs. Charles L. Black of Wilkes-Barre was arrested while placing boards on the Pennsylvania railroad track as the Pittsburgh express train was approaching. In a cell she became violent and tore the electric light wires and lamps from the wall.

The woman will be sent to the state hospital at Warren. Mrs. Black's husband is said to have left her several months ago.

Woman Shares in Capture Reward.

Indiana.—With the return to the county jail here of Joe Veltra and Bruno Carbone, convicted murderers who escaped, the \$500 reward offered by the county commissioners was divided among the four persons who accomplished the capture near Wishaw. —Mr. and Mrs. David Campbell, Albert Reed and Jacob Pifer, the county commissioners insisted on the money being divided equally, claiming that had not Mrs. Campbell noticed the two fugitives passing and summoned her husband they would have escaped.

Wigton Loses His Case.

Hollidaysburg.—The trial of the suit against the Altoona Bank of Altoona by Theodore H. Wigton of Philadelphia, its former cashier, terminated in a verdict in favor of the bank for \$46,985.27. Wigton sued the bank to recover \$18,000, which he alleged was due him on a surety agreement made to protect the bank from losses arising during his administration. The bank declared Wigton owed \$46,985.27 more than the amount of his claim, and therefore was entitled to a verdict for the excess.

Serve Notice on Mr. Sheatz.

Harrisburg.—State Treasurer John O. Sheatz was served with notice that he had been made defendant in an action to prevent him from entering suit against the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company of Baltimore as a surety for the State deposits in the Allegheny National bank. Steps are now being taken to secure the State's deposit in this and the Cosmopolitan bank of Pittsburgh, which closed its doors this fall.

Scalp Torn By Shot.

Waynesburg.—While hunting, Robert Moredock of Rice's Landing, was accidentally shot in the head by Stanley Sprolls. A rabbit had been scared out of a brush heap and Sprolls fired when only 10 feet distant from Moredock, the shot plowing along the side of the latter's head. Four inches of Moredock's scalp were torn off. He will recover.

Three Meet Violent Deaths.

Connellsville.—Three residents of Fayette county met violent death Sunday. Tony Bidlow was killed by a Baltimore & Ohio train at Dunbar; Socoros Gambale was ground to pieces in attempting to alight from a Baltimore & Ohio train at Oliver and James Edison was caught under a large iron bucket in a mine shaft at East Millsboro and crushed to death.

Workman's Terrible Death.

Greensburg.—His head crushed between the jaws of a powerful "squeeze" machine at the Kelly & Jones works here, Clayton Bushyger, aged 25, was fatally injured. He was working on a bench machine when the accident, which has not been explained occurred. Before the machine could be stopped the man's head was crushed.

Goes to Thiel College.

Greenville.—Dr. Franklin B. Sawvel, of the Canfield (O.) State Normal school, has been elected a member of the faculty of Thiel college and will assume his duties at the opening of the winter term.

Wading the Ohio.

Syracuse.—The Ohio river was never known to be so low at Wolf's Bar as now. Men and women are wading the stream here and many bugles and wagons are crossing. Thousands of people from the surrounding country are visiting the place to witness the unusual sight.

Brady to Leave Toledo.

Toledo.—Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady of Toledo, announced his resignation as rector of Trinity parish. He goes to Kansas City to the St. George Episcopal church.