

REALITY.
Of Love the minstrel sang, and drew
An easy finger o'er the strings,
Then laughed and sang of other things—
Of grass and flowers and azure blue.
Of Love the poet wrote, and soft
And sweet the liquid measures flowed,
E'en gave his moments to an ode,
And crooks and shepherds mentioned oft.
One day the singer met with Love,
And mighty music shook his strings,
While dreams and light imaginings
His new-roused spirit soared above.
Love met the poet on his way,
And kindled all his soul to fire,
Filled all his measures with desire,
And left no room for fancies gay.
The minstrel sang to Love one song,
And died for joy, yet lives in this.
The poet, touched by Love's warm kiss,
With echoes fills the acres long.
—Oscar Fay Adams.

THE ACCUSING CONSCIENCE

Montresson's limbs trembled beneath him as he stood up to receive the verdict of the jury. For three weeks the trial had waged about him—now an accusing witness dramatically reciting damning facts which brought the murder directly to the accused man's door; again one who recited what little there was to be told in the prisoner's favor. The voice of the attorney for the defense, striving to make the worst appear the better reason, had risen in conflict with the cold, cutting accusations of the district attorney. Victims of life and freedom were displaced by nightmares of the room with the little door—the gaunt chair—the twelve solemn-faced, professional witnesses, the sharp click of the key, the end!

Even the presence of his wife at his side had not served to lighten the load that he carried. He had felt at times as if he should be compelled to cry out, so ordinary and humdrum did it seem to everyone else—so vital to him. The pain of it all was acute, and the more so because of his feeling of utter loneliness—because of the fact that among all of them there, he alone, Basil Montresson, knew whether he had taken human life or not; whether he alone could say whether the tortures that he had endured through those three tumultuous weeks came from a consciousness of outraged innocence, or of remorse over the act and gnawing fear of the consequences.

"Jurors, look upon the prisoner—prisoner, look upon the jurors. How see you, gentlemen of the jury, do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty."

The words seemed to come from afar off. At first he wasn't sure that he had heard right. A low murmur of voices in the court room attracted his attention, and he glanced about in confusion. Then he felt a tug at his coat. He was drawn into his seat, and a woman's arms encircled him. A woman's head fell upon the shoulder.

"Basil, Basil!" she cried, "don't you hear? Don't you understand? You are free, free! Oh, thank God that it is so. Thank God! Thank God!"

Her cries awoke him from his stupor. He bent forward mechanically and kissed her. A pang went through him when their lips met. He vaguely felt that he had done something that he should not have done. His attorney took his hand and pressed it, saying:

"Congratulations, Montresson. It was a hard fight, but I never had any doubt as to the result. Come along, now. There is nothing more to hold you here. Come out in the fresh air. Brace up, man; brace up!"

He looked curiously at this advocate—the man who had wrought the wonderful thing, and mumbled a few words of thanks. But there was no warmth in the hand-clasp with which he returned the salutation of the lawyer.

The next thing that he remembered was being in the carriage beside his wife. She was holding his hand, alternately smiling and weeping, and murmuring her thanks for his deliverance.

"The children will be waiting for us," she crooned. "They will be glad. Think, Basil, if—if it had been—otherwise."

She shuddered and shrank back into the corner of the seat.

"But it couldn't have been," she hastened to say. "Oh, I was confident from the very beginning. I knew it was all a mistake. I knew that they would see it as I did. How could they believe that you, my Basil, could—Oh, it is all too horrible!"

"Yes," he said, suddenly, in a hollow voice, "it is all horrible. God, if I could only get the thing out of my mind!"

"But you are free now," she said, "degenerated, and the world knows that you are innocent."

He looked down at her with great, blood-shot eyes—peering, questioning eyes, eyes that seemed to read her through and through, wondering eyes, eyes filled with apprehension, fear, shame, remorse—for what?

"Please, please, Basil, don't look at me like that. You frighten me. Tell me what it is."

"What is it?" he repeated. Then he shrugged his shoulders, and his lips parted in a ghastly smile. "Nothing—nothing," he said hurriedly.

She nestled closely to his side once more, and her joy reached the supreme height in that, and in silence.

So they rode out into the suburbs of the great city, the man's gaze fixed wonderingly on the old familiar sights that now looked so strange to him. He had been in jail but nine months and yet the change seemed like that of a century span.

He speculated if the world would ever again look to him as it did before that night—that night when the gale drove the clouds in great black masses across the night and the hawk cried shrilly; that night when the moon leaped suddenly into a blaze of spectral light, showing the house—the trader who had come to sleeping room above the carriage buy corn—the up-turned face—that night when a stifened groan was answered back by a sharp cry of the hawk calling across the void.

He shuddered as these disconcerted pictures framed themselves before his gaze. The remark of his lawyer flashed across his mind.

"I never had any doubt of the result."

He wondered why. Truly it was a wonderful thing—this justice. He felt the warm clasp of the lawyer's hand and glanced furtively at his own. Was there anything on it? He became sensible of a feeling of antipathy toward the man who had set him free. There was something in the hearty, open, honest frankness of the lawyer that grated on him. He turned his gaze upon his wife, who met it with a serene smile, her lips half parted.

"I trusted you all the time," she whispered.

There it was again. She, too. She grated on him as did the lawyer. He wished that she didn't have so much trust in him—all of this confidence touched a cord in his nature that cried out in mocking protest. If it hadn't set all his nerves tingling, he would have been tempted to laugh uproariously.

Then suddenly his mood changed. What was the use of all this? He was free, acquitted by a jury of his peers. That was a fact. He had stood his trial—hadn't it been fair and impartial? And here he was—yes, it was really riding back to his home, the stain of murder wiped from his scutcheon, privileged once more to hold his head high.

These thoughts rushed through Montresson's brain, and with a great effort he sought to cast his burden aside. A sort of smile spread over his face. He gathered his wife in his arms and kissed her.

"Thank God! Thank God!" she murmured.

They were nearing the house now. From the door the little ones came rushing to meet the carriage. Before he knew it he was out and they were capering about him—their kisses burning into his flesh, their merry laughter driving his tortured soul to desperation.

"Bad man shut darling papa in nasty prison," lisped the youngest.

He looked down on her with an expression of great longing, and then turned as the little six-year-old scrambled to his knees.

"Papa, tell your little daughter—you wouldn't kill a man, would you?" His head fell forward on his breast, and great tears coursed down his cheeks. The mother hastily gathered up her brood and dragged them from the room.

And then he rose up, and with mighty strides went out by the side door and proceeded directly to the carriage house. Entering, he silently closed and barred the door, and then mounted the stairs to the room above.

He paused on the threshold and his eyes became riveted on the bed.

"I was mad, mad," he murmured fiercely. "But now I am sane. Here he fell, struck down by me. And here I—" he strode over to a dresser, and opening the bottom drawer fumbled about for a minute. The muscles of his face tightened.

"Pitiful, pitiful law," he murmured. "Blind, aimless justice. You remove the scar from a brow by driving it into the soul."

With a feverish jerk he drew a revolver from the drawer, examined the chamber to see that the cartridges were there.

He laid the muzzle of the revolver against his temple and pulled the trigger.—Boston Cultivator.

CHARITIES BESET BY POOR COLLEGE MEN.

Mission Workers Say Most Employers Refuse Men With Higher Education.

As the result of a month's careful observation those in charge of charitable institutions which care for the needy men of the city declared last night that a surprisingly large number of college men are among the unemployed. Further it was stated that it is very difficult to find work for such men even in minor capacities, as employers are doubtful of their usefulness as practical men.

More than 400 graduates of students who had not finished their courses at prominent universities and colleges were applicants at Bowery missions and East Side charitable organizations during the last month for work of any kind. The employers who take men recommended to them by the missions almost invariably preferred those without a college training regardless of the physical equipment of the college men to do the work.

The fact in itself that so many college men are seeking work has become an interesting study for the sociologists who have to deal with them, and during the last month they have been put through a course of questions.

Although each man has given an individual reason to show why he was seeking work, the lack of practical training was common to all the answers. Ambition in many cases took men away from college and sent them out in the world to seek a living for themselves.

In explaining the cause of their failure to get out of college a training that would fit them to earn a living, the following reasons were given by many of the men seeking employment:

"Too much 'bossing' by instructors. Discouragement over failure to pass examinations.

"Unhappy marriages which began with elopements from college.

"Tired of the restraint of college life.

"Anxious to get out in the world for themselves and enjoy living on the money which they actually earned.

In a few exceptional cases the appetite for liquor has been confessed, but most of the men who have applied at the Bowery missions have been splendid examples of physical manhood.

One of the men who has been a close observer of the unemployed said last night that the fact that college men were wandering in large numbers about the East Side in search of work was due to over-production from the colleges. Years ago it was an exceptional case to find a college man at manual labor. That was because there were but few college-bred men at that time.—New York American.

HOW THE JAPANESE USED TO TELL TIME

By UME TSUDA.

Japan's progress, not only in her army and navy, but in her knowledge of science and commerce and Western arts, dates from the opening of the country to the world, the revolution which restored the Emperor to his power, and the establishment of the present government, all of which has taken place within fifty years.

Now the gun booms out the noon hour in Tokyo from the Imperial Observatory, and every one takes out his watch to look at the time. Even the students have watches, and clocks are found in all the villages, even way up in mountain districts.

Yet less than forty years ago time was told in a very curious way. No one owned anything like a watch, and the clocks they had were very odd ones.

Nor was time divided up into twelve hours and these into minutes. The length of the hour changed all the time, according to the season of the year.

The rising and the setting of the sun were the two fixed points of time, and the periods from one to the other were divided into six hours of time, so that an hour in the winter day was short, just as it was correspondingly long in summer; but the short winter hours of the day were made up by the long hours of the night. One could work at an hour's job on winter days and cheat time out of thirty minutes or more, but it had to be made up in the summer, for an hour then was about our present two hours and a half. Only in September and in March did the hours get even with themselves, and the sun rose as it should at six and set at six, and each Japanese hour was two of the present hours.

This is the way it was counted:

12 a. m. was called the 9th hour of the morning; 2 a. m. was called the 8th hour; 4 a. m. was called the 7th hour; 6 a. m. was called the 6th hour; 8 a. m. was called the 5th hour; 10 a. m. was called the 4th hour; 12 p. m. was called the 3rd hour of the afternoon.

And so on again, beginning again at the ninth hour, and going down to the fourth hour. Sunset and sunrise were always the sixth hour.

Now notice how odd it seems to have the hours run backward—just as they say everything is done opposite in Japan.

I asked an old gentleman why the hours went from nine backward, instead of from some number onward, and he said that the lessening of the hours showed that the hours of the day were getting fewer, and we should be more likely to use what remained in a better way. I also asked him why there was no first, second and third hour, and the answer was that the time was always made known to the people by the striking of bells. To strike one or two might not be heard or noticed, so they used only the higher number from four to nine.

Of course there were no clocks which would regulate themselves in this way, lengthening the day hour and shortening the night ones in summer, and acting vice versa in winter. Such wonderful clocks could not be made, and common people only listened for the bells which rang out in the castle grounds of the noblemen, where were clustered the homes of the retainers, or in the big city of Yedo (now Tokyo); and in the country there were fixed places where the timekeepers rang out the hour so that it was heard throughout all the streets. These watchmen possessed the only clocks that existed.

In a shallow box, full of ashes, was packed in long and narrow coils a substance called makko, which looks quite like fine sawdust, and is made from cedar-wood and the dried leaves of a plant. It burns with a fine fragrance like incense. This powder-like substance has the quality of burning very slowly and evenly. If lighted at one end of the long coil, it would slowly burn all day like a fuse, and would always take the same length of time to burn a certain length.

The timekeeper had a measure which told him how long the day must be at each season, and the length of the coil, and he would divide the whole length of makko into six divisions for the six hours from sunrise to sunset. A different length was used for the night hours.

Although the sun changes each day, the measure was not changed daily, but only once in fifteen days, which was quite near enough to keep up with the real sunset and sunrise time for ordinary purposes.

In some places water clocks were used, formed by the dripping of drops of water into a vessel. When the water got to a certain height it marked the hour; but, as in the case of the fire clock, the measure for summer and winter and for day and night differed.

There was, however, another way to tell time, in which time was divided up from noon till midnight into one hundred equal parts, each part being about seven or eight minutes, and these again subdivided into ten. And by this method exact time could be really kept, but it was so difficult that it was known only to the learned men who kept the almanac and studied astrology and astronomy. The other way was the common one for ordinary people.—From Youth's Companion.

PENNSYLVANIA

Interesting Items from All Sections of the Keystone State.

AUTO WRECK INJURED SIX

Mahoningtown Tourists Victims of Bad Accident Near New Castle.

New Castle.—Six persons were injured, several seriously, in an automobile accident at Wampum. They are: John Brothers, Mahoningtown, severe bruises and contusions; Mrs. Brothers, right wrist broken, seriously injured internally, condition serious; Miss Mary Brothers, right arm broken; Miss Clarinda Wallace, Mahoningtown, cuts on face and head; Miss Bessie Wallace, face cut.

Medical aid was received and the party taken care of at a hotel in Wampum until all could be taken to their homes. They had been out for the day in a large touring car and while traveling rapidly through the village on their return home the machine skidded at a curve in the road and went into a ditch, turning turtle.

SCHOOL LAWS CONSIDERED

New Code Being Framed by State Educational Commission.

Harrisburg.—The State Educational Commission began framing the new school laws of the state, having held eight public hearings in various parts of the state, and will spend a month preparing its draft. This draft will be presented to Governor Stuart, who will transmit it to the legislature. A complete new code, doing away with many conflicts and simplifying matters will be considered.

The commission consists of Dr. Nathan C. Schaefer, state superintendent of public instruction, president; Martin G. Brumbaugh, superintendent of schools in Philadelphia; J. M. Conghlin, city superintendent of Wilkes-Barre; G. M. Phillips, principal of the West Chester Normal school; David B. Oliver, president of the school board of the North Side, Pittsburg; John S. Rilling of Erie and William Lander of Riddlesburg, Bedford county.

BIG COAL LAND PURCHASE

Republic Iron and Steel Company Closes Important Deal.

Announcement was made that the Republic Iron and Steel Company had purchased control of the Martin Coke works and Connelville coal lands owned by the Bessemer Coke Company of Pittsburg, comprising 420 acres of Connelville coking coal, together with 196 coke ovens, mine equipment, railroad tracks, houses, stores and other property. The Republic Company already own an undeveloped tract of 500 acres adjoining the Martin coal lands, which had remained undeveloped because of the high cost of opening up the property.

Pittsburg Concerns Incorporated.

Dover, Del.—Articles of incorporation were filed here as follows: Great Western Land Manufacturing Company, Pittsburg; incorporators, J. E. Johnston, John Betz, John Vohr, all of Pittsburg; capital stock, \$500,000; Keystone Tube Works, Incorporated, Pittsburg; incorporators, Israel W. Bollinger, Pittsburg; Charles G. Gray and S. E. Decker, Wilmington, Del.; capital stock, \$200,000.

Bear Got Away.

Altoona.—Thomas Wilson, a hunter, returned home after a thrilling experience in Brush Mountains. While taking a rest he fell asleep and awaking he found a bear standing over him. Bruin was equally scared and fled. Wilson recovered his self-possession and followed, but the bear got away.

B. Frank Hall a Suicide.

Philadelphia.—B. Frank Hall, a wealthy resident of St. Mary's, Pa., and a brother of State Senator J. K. P. Hall and Judge Harry Alvin Hall, shot and killed himself in a parlor car on the Buffalo express on the Pennsylvania railroad.

Theater Changes Hands.

Greensburg.—The St. Clair theater here has been sold to a syndicate of local business men by the Good family. The consideration has not been made public. Kirk & Allison of the Nixon and Duquesne theater, Pittsburg, have been made managers. The St. Clair is the only large theater in Greensburg.

Thirty-Six Years for Burglar.

Pittsburg.—Convicted on 11 charges of burglary, John ("Chief") Loar, the leader of the negro gang of thugs that has looted at least 10 residences in and around Pittsburg in the past six months, was sentenced to 36 years in the Western Penitentiary by Judge John A. Evans in Criminal court.

Coal Tract Sold.

Pittsburg.—James Evans, president of the First National Bank of McKeesport, sold to Josiah V. Thompson, president of the First National Bank of Uniontown, Pa., 2,500 acres of coal land located in Greene county, Pa., for \$500,000.

A BLOOD ATONEMENT

Unusual Motive for Suicide of the Japanese Woman at Easton.

Easton.—An unusual motive for suicide was assigned at an inquest here in the case of Teru Utsonomia, the Japanese woman, who was found with her throat cut in the cellar at the home of Frank McKelvey.

She was to have joined the church and it was asserted that she killed herself because she thought "blood atonement" in its literal sense was necessary before she could become a Christian.

COAL BUSINESS IMPROVING

Accumulated Slack of Irwin Field Going Out Fast and Big Orders Received.

Irwin.—The coal and coke trade in this field has shown marked improvement since the election. It is estimated that fully 100,000 tons of slack had been piled up during the past six months on account of mills with patient stokers having been idle. This slack is now going out.

The Jamison Coal & Coke Company reports all its idle ovens have been fired, except 150, which cannot be operated on account of shortage of water.

The Keystone Coal & Coke Company reports orders that insure full operations within a few days.

The Penn Gas Coal Company has been running full the last week, while the Westmoreland Coal Company reports the receipts of large orders in the last few days.

DEPOSED PASTOR ASKS \$25,000

Rufus T. Cooper Sues M. E. District Superintendent for Conspiracy.

Declaring he has been deprived of means of livelihood, the Rev. Rufus T. Cooper, deposed pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Hillsville, has brought suit, charging conspiracy, against the Rev. O. W. Holmes, superintendent of the district; E. E. Miles and T. W. Douglas. Damages of \$25,000 are asked.

Cooper claims he was maliciously persecuted and that he was deposed on a charge of having been guilty of "gross and indecent" conduct at Miles' office.

"Limited" License Refused.

Washington.—When the clerk of courts was about to grant a marriage license to Fred Carnell and Maria Dunoio, he was informed through the interpreter that the couple wanted the license for three years only. Both are married, but the wife and husband, respectively, still live in Italy. These latter expected to come to this country in about three years and during their absence Carnell and the Dunoio woman wanted a limited contract. Refusal was prompt.

P. R. R. Men Are Promoted.

R. M. Durborow, superintendent of motive power with headquarters in Altoona, is to become assistant to the general manager of the Pennsylvania railroad, W. W. Atterbury, January 1. D. M. Perrine, master mechanic of the Pennsylvania shops at Pittsburg, is to become superintendent of motive power, the place vacated by Mr. Durborow on the same date. Messrs Durborow and Perrine are both graduates from the Altoona shops.

Firebugs Busy Again.

Philadelphia.—What the police declare to be the fifth incendiary lumber yard fire to occur in this city within three weeks wiped out the plant of the Improved Moulding Manufacturing Company, in the northwestern section of the city. The loss is estimated at \$40,000. The lumbermen's exchange of Philadelphia, as a result of numerous fires, has offered a reward of \$1,000 for the arrest and conviction of a firebug.

Colliery Resumes Work.

Pottsville.—The Darkwater Coal Company's colliery, at Broad Mountain, which has been idle for a number of months, will be started with a full working force. The company is working the old Reppeler operation, which was abandoned a number of years ago. By tunneling they reached a 30 foot vein of coal. The colliery is one of the largest producers in the southern anthracite field.

Lenhart Trial Postponed.

Washington.—The case of the Commonwealth against William L. Lenhart, of Brownsville, charged with conspiracy to defraud the Peoples Bank of California, has been continued to the February term of court at the request of the defendant's attorneys. Lenhart is in a serious condition as the result of injuries sustained in his cracker factory at Brownsville last week, when an arm was crushed.

Uniontown—Jesse Rice, a negro, is dead; Constable William Brown is in the hospital with six punctures in his intestines, and the latter's son, Charles Brown, is suffering from a wound in the right arm as a result of an attempt to arrest Rice at Riverside. The negro was wanted for attacking a young woman.

Killed by Train.

Greenville.—Warren Fitek, 46 years old, was instantly killed and William Freeland seriously injured when the vehicle in which they were driving was struck by a Bessemer & Lake Erie engine at the South Main street crossing at night. The vehicle was demolished and the horse killed.

New Castle—Services in memory of Ira D. Sankey, the evangelist, who was born and reared here, were held Sunday at the First Methodist Episcopal church, of which Mr. Sankey was a member. The services were under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., for which Mr. Sankey erected a \$40,000 home, 18 years ago. Several of the evangelists' most famous hymns were sung by Charles C. Sankey, a cousin. Rev. J. Elmer Campbell, Rev. Dr. Clayton S. Brooks, Rev. Dr. E. E. Higley, Rev. Scott Hershey, Rev. J. H. Whalen and Rev. J. S. Martin, assisted in the service.