

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

the nursery is lonely, and the garden's full of rain...

Over there my boat is sailing, all alone upon the pond...

You see how calm I am when I can speak these words without convulsions.

When Victorine was alone with her dear, she had a wild outburst of passionate grief...

"Hector de Granter," she said, addressing the cold clay, "if my Creator spares my life, your son, whom your eyes were never to behold, shall be your avenger."

Two months after the funeral the friends of the family were apprised that the widowed lady was the mother of a daughter!

Sixteen years passed away, and then Victorine de Granter, still wearing a widow's weeds, again resumed her residence in Paris.

Although his rejection was couched in the most respectful terms, it roused his worst passions, and he swore to wreak a deadly vengeance on the rival who prospered where he had failed.

It must be borne in mind that this project of vengeance was a secret locked in his own heart, to be divulged in action, not in words.

One morning when she woke up she missed her husband from her side, but this caused her no surprise, for he was in the habit of rising without disturbing her.

Madame de Granter ordered the breakfast things removed, after making a slight repast, and then took up a book to while away the time until her husband's return.

"My husband! Have you seen anything of him?" she asked.

"I have been with him all the morning, madame."

"Where is he? Why did he not return with you? How has he been engaged?"

Capt. Beuregard replied to the last question: "In an affair of honor, madame."

"A duel?"

"Yes; and he has been wounded. I thought it best to prepare you for the accident."

"He is dead!" shrieked the unhappy lady, as she fell back in convulsions, for she had read the terrible truth in the captain's face.

Beuregard rang the bell and left her in charge of her maid, while he went into another room. It was agony bitter as the pangs of death to listen to her wails, and sobs, and shrieks; but in an hour, Florette, the waiting maid, pale, frightened, with swollen eyes, for she, too, had been weeping bitterly, came to say that Madame de Granter was calmer, and desired to speak with the captain.

The officer found the lady white as marble, but strangely quiet and collected.

"Hector is dead?" she half asked, half asserted.

Her friend drooped his eyes. The answer was sufficient.

"Now tell how this happened," said the lady. "Hector was kind, and gentle, and courteous. He had no enemy—how could he have, for he never wronged a human being?"

"That did not prevent his having an enemy—a mortal foe—who last night publicly insulted him, even struck him, and thus forced a challenge from your husband."

"Ay, honor compelled Hector to draw the sword. But the name of that villain—the murderer?"

"Raoul Maltravers."

"He! The man whose hand I rejected! Oh! My poor, dear murdered Hector! Why did we ever meet? Fatal was the hour in which you saw and loved me! Often have your lips told me that I had made you the happiest of men. Little did you dream that I would give you death as well as love."

"I implore you, madame," said the captain, "not to view this tragedy, in that light. An unforeseen calamity has fallen on you, and my heart bleeds at sight of your distress. But I can do more than pity; I can and will avenge Hector. Raoul Maltravers dies by my hand!"

"Hold!" cried the widow, with sudden and startling energy. "I forbid you to espouse this quarrel. I have my own purpose of vengeance, and no man, not even you, shall be permitted to stand between me and my predestined victim. He has robbed me of more than life, but I will punish him. I was a fond, weak, gentle, loving, happy girl. They who know me henceforth will know me as a tigress thirsting for human blood. But no word of this to others. Be my friend in this extremity, and as you were his true and loyal friend to the last moment, I wish you to conduct the funeral rites."

English "Half-Sheeters."

Phrases are more influential in British politics than in American. The latest to come into general use is "half-sheets." It describes those who accept the prime minister's fiscal policy, which he said was so simple that he could write it on a half-sheet of note paper.

Why John D. Rockefeller is Not a Successful Man

By the Editor of Life.



THE Congregational ministers who petitioned the American board of commissioners for foreign missions not to accept from Uncle John D. Rockefeller a gift of one hundred thousand dollars to promote the dissemination of the gospel in foreign parts, raised an interesting issue.

There is no question about the wide prevalence of a conviction that there is something vitally wrong about Uncle John and his pile. His methods are believed to have been culpable. We presume they were. But it is the formidable, awful, effectiveness of them that has made most of the trouble.

The accumulation of such enormous fortunes as we have today, by such means as have been used to gather some of them, is not popular. It is unpopular because it fosters a ridiculously inequitable distribution of the country's available wealth, and because it imperils the stability of democratic government.

Let the Woman Alone

By the Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.



THE newspapers are full of woman's argument about herself. The woman of today is intensely, persistently, and may say morbidly introspective.

Through summer's heat and winter's cold, in club, and convention, and conference and congress, the woman is devoting themselves with a tremendous ardor and enthusiasm to the task of self-inspection; analyzing themselves, making close and "scientific" diagnoses of their physical, mental and moral condition.

As a result of the business we have the "New Woman," the "Ideal Woman," the "Coming Woman," the "Emancipated Woman," the "Physical Culture Woman," the "Kangaroo Woman," and last, but not least, the "S Shaped Woman," with the returns still coming in!

In the meantime the creature that God made to work along with Adam, and called "Good," is gasping like a fish out of the water. She is being analyzed, diagnosed, criticized and discussed to death, and if the business goes on much longer there will be nothing left of her.

The thing to do is to let woman alone. She may be sick, but she is not so sick but that she may recover, provided she is left in peace and quietness for a time.

Before this everlasting self-inspection set in, with the innumerable privacies going along with it, for the "promotion of individuality," and the "realization of the ideal," woman was all right. If there was anything in particular, the matter with her she didn't know it. It is to be noted, in passing, that this untroubled woman was the mother of such sons and daughters as do not seem to be coming into the world these days.

She gave to the world the Shakespeares, Newtons, Goethes, Humboldts, Darwins, Washingtons, Franklins, Jeffersons, Websters, Lincolns, Emersons. She was simply a woman, and yet she was the mother of these giants, these great creative men, whose genius has made the world what it is.

The Greek women, the mothers of the handsomest, brainiest, manliest men that planet has ever known, the immortal poets, orators, artists, statesmen, whose glory will abide forever, were simply women who lost no sleep in dreaming of the "promotion of their individuality" and the "realization of the ideal."

The mothers of the magnificent men who bulled the "grandeur which was Rome," had no "pink tea" theories about the "emancipation of the sex" and the "reduction of the diaphragm to the life of beauty."

They strove to be healthy, to be sensible, to be faithful to their duties as wives and mothers, and that, they felt, was enough.—New York American.

The Great Riddle Materialism Offers No Rational Explanation of the Universe's Existence.

By C. M. Depew, Jr.



THE philosophical discussion which has been running in The Sun I have noticed several times the assertion that the supernatural is no longer accepted. This is absolutely untrue. The overwhelming majority of the population of the world accepts it and has always done so.

The basis of objection to the supernatural is that it is not sufficiently established. But what facts have we concerning natural phenomena which are well established? What is the operating force of the physical universe? What is ether? What is matter? What is mind? What is life? We do not know the facts concerning these which are most elementary.

The only investigations along this line have been due to physical science, efforts which have received far too little popular support. But when we inquire of what the knowledge acquired consists, we find that it consists chiefly of theories which change from one generation to another, so that on the ground of knowledge the natural can hardly be accorded a superiority to the supernatural.

The records of supernatural occurrences which have been accumulating from the earliest times are too numerous and too well established to be disregarded. Of course, a good deal has been recorded which was false. But is not a large proportion of the evidence reported in regard to various branches of normal phenomena found to be false? This is no reason for rejecting everything connected with it. It must also be remembered that the spiritual offers the only hope for a rational explanation of the universe, and that upon it our civilization and morality have been built. Without this we would have general anarchy, as was shown in the last days of the Roman Empire and in the period of the French revolution.

Fortunately, however, there is no indication that materialism is making any more progress at the present time than it has made in the past.

HER TRANSFORMATION.

She drank quantities of water, ate a lot of starchy foods. Abstained from exercising every day; she assimilated lacte and a case of malted goods.

But one day she fell to laughing in a strange, hysterical way. Just in thinking how ridiculous it proved.

Why, she chuckled out her wrinkles, and she snickered out her frowns. And then took to all the things she shouldn't do.

Now she's grown as fat as butter, and has outgrown all her frowns; but she laughs away at that disaster, Elliot Walker, in the Woman's Home Companion.

JUST FOR FUN



"Yes, indeed, my husband tells me everything." "He does? I'm glad you told me. I'll warn my husband."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Van Brush says he is wedded to his art." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "But they don't get on very well together."—Washington Star.

George—So you love that fellow from the bottom of your heart? Where do I come in, then? Hilda—There's always room at the top, you know.—Judge.

First Passenger—Are they a happy family. Second Passenger—I'm afraid not. The old man is seasick, but his wife and the girls have mal-de-mer.—Harper's Bazar.

The Senior—I'm due to turn in a thesis subject this week, and I simply can't decide on one." Her Sophomore Sister—How would the Molecular Energy of Fudge do?—Puck.

"Mrs. aWitts Trumps didn't attend the last session of the whist club, did she?" "No," she can't talk very well yet with her new set of false teeth."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Are you used to looking after horses and other animals?" Been used to 'orses all my life." "What steps would you take if a lion got loose?" "Good long uns, mister!"—Punch.

"Is he rich?" asked the seeker after truth. "Rich!" exclaimed Mr. Conn. "I should say so. Why, he so rich he can eat with a knife in a first-class hotel dining room."—Portland Telegram.

The Vicar—How is it that some members of the choir sing so much more than the others? The Choir-master—I'm sure I don't know. They all have the same chants.—Washington Life.

"Honesty," said the man who is earnest, but not original, "is the best policy." "It may be the best policy," answered Senator Sorghum, "but you can't convince me that it's the best politics."—Washington Star.

First Village Dame—Did I bring you back that basket you lent me last week? Second Dame (emphatically)—No, indeed, you did not. First Dame—That's a pity, for I just came round to borrow it again.—New Yorker.

"I understand that Russia is on the verge of a revolution," said one South American. "It must be something worse than that," answered the other. "They wouldn't have all this difficulty over a mere revolution."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Subbuss (just home from shopping)—I saw the loveliest pink lawn today. Mr. Subbuss (who has been mowing the grass)—Great Scott! If I talked about seeing pink lawns you'd accuse me of being crazy!—Philadelphia Record.

The City Man—I wonder why stores in the city won't deliver an order of goods free in the suburbs unless it amounts to more than \$5? The Suburban Man—I guess they know that any suburbanite can carry easily \$5 worth of stuff.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Young Man—I have called, sir, to request the hand of your daughter in marriage. Old Grumbleigh—Has she accepted you? Young Man—Yes, sir. Old Grumbleigh—Then what do you want to come around and bother me with your troubles for?—Chicago Daily News.

Landlord—You paid no rent last month, sir; I suppose you're aware of that? Tenant—No. Well, I suppose you'll hold me to the agreement. Landlord—Agreement! What agreement? Tenant—Well, when I rented the flat you said I must pay in advance or not at all.—Judy.

"All the room in a sleeping car appears to be used for the passengers," said the inquisitive old gentleman to the Pullman porter. "Where are your quarters?" "Well, sub," was the answer. "Ah totes 'em in a suit case till we come to de end ob de trip, an' den Ah invests 'em in real estate.—Cleveland Leader.

"I should think," remarked the kind lady, who had just staked the husky baby to a hand-out, "that a strong, healthy looking man like you would be at work." "An' I would be but for one ting, lady," replied the weary traveler. "It keeps me so busy lookin' for sumthin' t' eat dat I ain't got no time for work."—Chicago Daily News.

A party of Franciscan monks will work in the hop fields of Kent, England, during the picking this summer.

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MARKETS.

Table with columns for Grain, Flour and Feed, and various market items with prices.

Table with columns for Dairy Products, Poultry, and Fruits and Vegetables, with prices.

Table with columns for BALTIMORE and NEW YORK markets, with prices.

Table with columns for PHILADELPHIA and LIVESTOCK markets, with prices.

Table with columns for various market items including Hogs, Sheep, and Calves, with prices.

Work the Supreme Need. The advice of the President to parents to bring their children up to work is sound. What this country imperatively needs is a system by which men can get money only by earning it.

According to the federal census there were about 43,000 engineers and surveyors in the United States in 1900, states the New York Tribune. Our contemporary estimates that not more than 40,000 persons were entitled to be regarded as such. Still, without making any discount whatever, it appears that only a year or two later fully one-third as many young men were studying with the intention of engaging in the same pursuits. The actual addition to the various branches of the engineering profession is to be computed, of course, from the number of graduates, and it is not an extravagant estimate which puts the average for the last three or four years at 4,000 or 5,000, or from eight to ten per cent of the total number of those who are actively employed as engineers and surveyors.

A modern man of war is a formidable looking piece of mechanism, but the danger it presents to an enemy in war is altogether dependent on the sighting ability of the man behind the gun, avers the Atlanta Constitution. Russia had some up-to-date warships, but their gunners were as children playing with toys.

The lighthouse at Corunna, Spain, is believed to be the oldest one now in use. It was erected during the reign of Trajan and rebuilt in 1634.