

BRAVE LOVE.

He'd nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song;
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long;
And when we rested by the hedge
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.

We sometimes sipped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay;
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old songs, the dear old tunes—
We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet love-song.

The world has aye gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one;
Our homeless wandering down the lanes—
It long ago was done.
But those who wait for gold or gear,
For house or for kine
Sill youth's sweet spring grows brown and
And love and beauty pine
Will never know the joy of hearts
That met without a fear
When you had but your violin
And I a song—my dear.

—Mary Kyle Dallas.

The Lady of the Rock

GILBERT CURTIS had run up to Deephaven to put in a few days there with a friend. The reports of the quaint old town by the sea fascinated him.

His friend Alden had gone to Deephaven early in the summer, and had written as laudatory letters as possible. Then he began to speak of another charm Deephaven afforded. "I can't help pitying her a little, though it's absurd to say that about Mrs. Worthington. But she's so young, and has such a bright, unaffected vivacity, and her eyes are very round, and her eyebrows so arched, and on her temples there is the dimmest little touch of a wandering blue vein, such as shows sometimes through a baby's skin. You can analyze, Curtis, and I can only sympathize. She has been married once, and lost her husband. That was over two years ago."

Each subsequent letter had some allusion to Mrs. Worthington. Then there was no letter at all for a week. Then a short letter without any allusion to her. But Alden urged, almost plaintively, that Curtis would come to Deephaven for a while.

The day Curtis arrived the two men got a boat and drifted around in the little bay. They passed a small promontory jutting picturesquely out into the rippling water. Alden looked glowering at the top of it.

"You see that miserable little cape?" he asked, indicating by his glance the charming promontory. "Ten days ago Mrs. Worthington refused me up there."

"What shocking taste!" murmured Curtis consolingly. "Not in scenery, but in husbandry."

"My dear fellow," went on Alden, impressively, "listen; the afternoon I made such a fool of myself I began to skirmish about for an opportunity to avow my sentiments. She detected the symptoms, and led me to the top of that cape. There is a very comfortable rock there for sitting on, and just below it a small grassy shelf where a man can stretch himself out. Mrs. Worthington perched herself cozily on the rock and looked at the sea. I sprawled out on the grassy ledge and looked at her. Well, when I had made the plunge she was 'so sorry' if her manner had led me to suppose that I had engaged her affection. 'I think,' she said in a real childlike burst of innocence, 'that the air of this place must have something to do with it. You are the seventh man who has proposed to me this summer on this spot! Isn't it odd?'"

"I think it's a nice humorous spectacle," said Curtis. "The little widow leading her victim to this rock when she scents a proposal and giving him his coup de grace there. But, Tom, what a connoisseur she must be by this time in masculine love affairs!"

"She said I did it very nicely," one of the best, in fact. But she may have told each of the others something equally flattering. The better I did it the more humiliating the throw-down."

"But what a consolation, though, in knowing there are six others in exactly the same boat!" exclaimed Curtis, comfortingly. "Gad! I am keen to see this belle dame sans merci."

"I've no doubt she would be delighted to add you to her list as the eighth," retorted Alden. "This strikes me as a very pretty record in scalps for one summer in a quiet place like Deephaven."

"Well, you are forewarned. When you find her steering you toward that rock, either change your course or your conversation. It is evidently dangerous for lovers. What a triumph it would be for her to wing such a coy old boy as you, Curtis. By Jove," he added, kindling with a new idea, "why don't you catch a lance for your devastated sex? Go in, make the widow love you, and then 'be so sorry' that you could have done anything to have aroused such hopes." Be the 'Avenger of the Seven!'"

Three weeks later two figures loomed up on the crest of the little cape, and were silhouetted for a moment against the pure blue sky. The lady had seated herself upon the rock.

"This is a beautiful spot," murmured the lady. "I love to look out on the bright, happy, sparkling sea."

"Yes," assented the man, "but how much more beautiful it would seem to a man who could look at it knowing that the only woman he had ever loved

loved him, and was gazing at it by his side."

The lady's eyes became more dreamy as she turned them from the breezy blue of the sea and let them rest tenderly on the back of his head.

"Esther," he said after a moment, not altering his position, and calling her by her first name with perfect calmness, though he had never so addressed her before, "why did you refuse those seven men this summer?"

"For the excellent reason that I did not wish to marry any one of them," the lady replied promptly, and with a slight asperity; "I did not love them, as if her thought was of what love meant, rather than of the unloved seven."

"Yet you proposed coming out here this afternoon," he persisted, without changing his glance, "to this Rock of the Departed Seven. Why?"

"Perhaps, because I thought the air of the place would be good for you," she murmured, regarding him with a faint, arch smile.

He remained motionless and silent for a moment. Then he shifted his head so that his chin rested in the hollow of his hand, and said, as if abstractedly: "Seven plus one is eight." With a somewhat flippant air, he added: "Are you so very fond of addition, Mrs. Worthington?"

He heard no reply. Turning his head quickly, he saw that the soft smile with which she had been regarding him had faded from her lips. Her beautiful eyes were turned toward the sea, with a veiled expression in them. Just then, too, there was the faintest quiver of her lips.

He sprang to his feet, took a step forward, sank upon the grass, so close to her that her knees pressed against him, and grasped both her hands tightly. His eyes, like sapphire lights which love had kindled, and with the passion breaking forth in his voice at last, he said hotly: "Esther, I love you. You shall marry me."

"Dear Alden—You are asleep, so I leave this on your table where you will get it early in the morning. As an 'avenger' I am a ghastly fizzle. I have been to the rock! When we left it we were bound for the altar, which we hope to reach early this autumn, as we both hate a long engagement. Don't be sore with me, old man, I am loaded with gratitude to you. If you hadn't got me up here I might never have met her! Of course I want you to be the best man. There is one thing the seven can be proud of, and that is, unquestionable taste. Poor Esther! She did not realize what it meant to you, for then she had never been in— But I mustn't talk about Mrs. Gilbert Curtis that is to be, or I would write too much. Yours, GILBERT CURTIS."

"P. S.—She says I did it worse than any of you."—New York News.

SHORT LIVED DOCTORS.

The Habits of the Physician That Cause His Eventual Ending.

The diseases which claim the most victims among physicians relatively to all males are gout and diabetes, and there is a high relative mortality from diseases of the nervous system and kidneys.

From the nature of his habits the physician is not subject to accidents, and, though he is brought into contact with infection to a greater extent than other men, his preventive means are successful and his mortality from infection is very low. Freedom from prolonged muscular strains and high blood tension apparently saves him from arteriosclerosis, but suicide claims many, and so do the drug habits acquired by the nervously exhausted. It has been said that three-fourths of French morphine users are physicians.

The cause of the physician's early death is evidently the excessive nervous expenditure, insufficient rest and defective nutrition, inseparable from his calling, with its broken and restricted sleep, irregular hours of work, rest and meals, the worry when lives depend upon his judgment and the lack of a day of complete relaxation in each week. The physician who sees his patients every day in the week, month after month, and cannot learn to forget them when he goes home, merely burns the candle at both ends. He violates the law obeyed by every other animal, that there should be short periods of moderate exertion interrupted by longer periods of rest when repairs are made. It is not too much work as a rule, but scattered work, which prevents rest.—American Medicine.

Stories of Places.

In any Serbian village there is only one swineherd, and he leads all the pigs of the community. In the morning he goes through the streets blowing his horn and the pigs come out of their own accord and fall in behind him and follow him to the pasture. At night he brings them home and they disperse to their sties in the same orderly way as they pass the houses to which they belong. They require no attention and no singling out.

Australia has adopted the system of drying milk. The milk is dried between steam rollers and sold as a powder, from which nothing but water has been extracted and to which nothing but water requires to be added to make wholesome, clean and sterile milk. A leading medical officer is reported to have said that the adoption of dried milk at some of the asylums for consumptive patients and in general hospitals has proved a success.

This winter the Norwegians have varied the excitement of ski running by yoking the runner to a motor cycle by a long leather strap, which he grasps with his left hand. The speed attained is enormous and great skill is required to avoid being pulled over, as the body is apt to outrun the feet. The pastime is growing very popular.—Chicago Daily News.

The Root of Gambling ..

Traced to Primitive Man in This Chicago Theory.

PROF. I. W. THOMAS, of the University of Chicago, has a new and interesting theory on gambling. He looks at the passion from exactly the opposite point of view held by most of us, and one of the conclusions he draws is that the problem is not so much to account for the gambler in the midst of us as for the staid and matter-of-fact man of business.

All classes of society and the one sex, quite as much as the other, argues Prof. Thomas, have a deep interest in all forms of contest involving skill and chance and that interest mounts higher and higher as the risk and damage become greater and greater. And this is not natural, for the conflict arouses in us the instincts awakened during the childhood of the race in the struggle for food and the rivalry for mates. An organism such as man's, dependent on offensive and defensive movements for food and life, could not have been developed without having developed at the same time an interest in dangerous or precarious situations.

The fact that our interests and enthusiasms are aroused by situations of the conflict type can be shown by a glance at the situations that arouse them most readily. War, for instance, is simply an organized form of fight, and as such is most attractive—or, to say the least, it arouses the interests powerfully. With the accumulation of property and the growth of intelligence it became apparent that war was a wasteful and an unsafe process, and political and personal considerations led us to avoid it as much as possible. But deprecate war as much as we may, we still are quick to acknowledge that it is the most exciting of games.

Recently the Rough Riders in this country and more recently still the young men of the aristocracy of England went to war from motives of patriotism, no doubt, but there are unmistakable evidences they also regarded it as the greatest sport they were likely to have a chance at in a lifetime. And there is unmistakable evidence that the emotional attitude of women toward war is no less intense.

So gladiatorial shows, bear baiting, bull fighting, dog fighting, cock fighting, prize fighting and football may be mentioned as examples of conflict that awaken in us the emotional feelings of the contest and give us by suggestion the emotions similar to those endured by the contestants, without subjecting us to the danger of injuries that they are obliged to undergo.

Now, as long as man was in a state of nature, following his instincts, roving, fighting, hunting, wooing, contriving, he was happy; and such tasks as he imposed upon himself he found pleasurable and not irksome. This sort of life continued for an immense stretch of time, and it was but as yesterday in the history of the white race that population became dense or game was exhausted, and man found himself obliged to adjust himself to changed conditions or perish.

Instead of slaughtering the ox he fed it, housed it in winter, bred from it, reared the calf, yoked it to a plow, plowed the fields, sowed seeds, dug out the weeds and gathered, thrashed and ground the grain. This was a labor, mechanical and irksome, lacking the constant change and the excitement and the nervous tension that man experienced in the state of nature.

But, while this labor itself was disagreeable, its product served to satisfy man's physical wants. The habits of the race adjusted themselves to what the members of it were far from enjoying emotionally. Not all social groups reconciled themselves to a life of labor and many individuals of our own race failed to conform to it. Many men whose natural opportunities or intelligence in various industries—brewers of wood or drawers of water—have drifted instead into various occupations where there are possibilities of excitement, or where at least the mechanical or routine elements are absent. Policemen, firemen, detectives, livery stable men, coachmen, barkeepers and barbers are more or less valuable to society and many of them are very hard workers, but their occupations differ from hard labor in affording considerable opportunity for sitting about and an occasional chance to see or join a fight or game, to talk or play the races. Finally, we have the extreme cases of the tramp and the criminal, refusing to accept the social arrangement at all.

On the other hand, business of most kinds and industrial pursuits represent artificial habits; they are more or less regular, monotonous and recurrent, the same situation coming up again and again. They present no problems that throw an exciting strain on the attention and they produce no emotions like those of the conflicting interests.

We are now in a position to understand how gambling comes to exist and why it is so fascinating. It is a means of keeping up our interests in conflict and it secures for us the sensations and the excitements of conflict with little effort and no drudgery. In gambling, too, the risk is imminent, the attention is strained, the emotions are strong and even where the element of skill is removed entirely and the decision is left to chance, the player has feelings akin to that of being in a conflict himself.

From this point of view it is less difficult to account for the gambler than for the man of business. The gaming instinct is born in all normal persons; it was acquired during the earliest ex-

periences of the human race. The instinct is in itself right and indispensable, but we make a difference in the uses to which it is put. It is valued in war and business. It expresses itself in a thousand forms in the games of children and in college athletics. It meets with approval in such expressions of the passion as golf, tennis and billiards, but society justly condemns the instinct if it is not used in some way to further production or create values. The value may be in the increased health and vigor which the business man derives from recreation, or it may be in the creation of wealth by this same man in competitive business.

But the gamster pure and simple is not regarded with favor by society, because he creates no values, and is, therefore, parasitical and a disorganizer of the habits of others.—Chicago Daily News.

REASON AND FUN IN ANIMALS.

Performance of Beetles That Hint at Possessing Human Traits.

The sagacity of ants is so well known that it has led a few naturalists to suspect that many are endowed with reason. In a recent issue of Nature, W. Galloway describes the behavior of some tiny black beetles which seem to point in the same direction, and even to a sense of fun, also.

The insects were about three-eighths of an inch long, and were engaged in rolling on a gentle slope balls of material, half an inch in diameter, which they evidently meant to store for food. Generally they would work in pairs, one beetle in front of the ball, pulling on it, and the other behind, pushing. Occasionally the ball would run away, but the beetles would follow and recover it, and conduct it to its destination. Once a ball that had escaped changed its course abruptly. The pursuing beetles went down the grade to its foot beside a water course. Falling to find it, they traversed the route up and down several times, but without discovering where it had gone. This behavior was not so very wonderful, perhaps, but an additional incident mentioned by Mr. Galloway is certainly a little more so.

A solitary beetle rolling a comparatively new ball had reached a distance of nine or ten inches from the heap when a second unoccupied beetle, coming from the opposite direction, stood up in front of the rolling ball as if with the intention of pulling it forward and assisting the first. Instead of doing so, however, it brought the ball to a dead stop. In vain the first beetle tried to move the ball; the second held it fast. The first then got down and peered round the side of the ball, apparently with the object of ascertaining the nature of the obstacle. While this examination was proceeding the second, with its forefeet still resting upon the upper part of the ball, neither pushed nor moved in any way.

The first then stood up again behind the ball and pushed it as before, but still the ball did not move. For the second time the beetle got down, made an examination as before, then, crouching with its back well under the lower curve of the ball, heaved with all its might—in the same way as a workman does in similar circumstances—but the ball remained stationary. The first beetle then came out from under the ball, and was proceeding round its right hand side with some new intention, when the two seemed to catch sight of each other. The second beetle threw itself on the ground with the quickness of thought, and fed pursued by the other, both running at their utmost speed.

Fear, and a sense of guilt, seemed to spur the flight of the one, resentment and anger the pursuit of the other. In a chase which was continued for a distance of six inches the fleeing beetle, which had started with an advantage of about an inch and a half, increased the distance between its pursuer and itself to more than two inches, when the former, seeing the futility of further pursuit, stopped, turned to the ball, and resumed its occupation of rolling it.

The reason why the second beetle stopped the ball, remained absolutely motionless when the other got down to reconnoitre, and ran away when it saw it was discovered, is not apparent. Mr. Galloway suspects, though, that the performance was inspired by a love of amusement.

Case of Sad Disappointment.

The phone in the office of a downtown establishment devoted to dry goods and various articles of feminine apparel rang sharply and the head bookkeeper responded. The voice he heard was a feminine voice. It was somewhat indignant and it began conversation without preliminaries.

"These bones you sent up are altogether too large," said the voice. "I told you I wanted small bones. This is my little dog's birthday, and I wanted to give her some nice, dainty little bones as a special treat. And here you have sent up some great enormous things, only fit for a St. Bernard. My poor Flossie, with her dainty little teeth, never could manage them in the world, and she and I are both awfully disappointed."

"I beg your pardon, madam," said the bookkeeper in astonishment, "but I am afraid you have rung up the wrong place. This is not a market, and the only bones we ever send out are the kind that come in corsets."—Providence Journal.

Artistic Races.

In the recent great athletic meeting at Canton, China, arithmetic races were a feature. Pupils from the schools carried slate and pencil, and in the course of the race they encountered a blackboard containing a sum to be solved. The boys were lined up as they reached the goal, and those whose calculations were wrong were then eliminated. The first three left in the line were counted winners.



For a man to speak to a Turkish woman on the street would be as much as his life was worth. Even brothers do not greet sisters or husband wives.

In one of the English towns which opened an employment bureau for the unemployed a month ago, only four applications have been received, and one of these was from an out-of-work grave-digger.

The Egyptian Exploration Fund workers have unearthed in the oldest part of the ruins of Thebes a complete chapel to the goddess Hathor. A life-size figure of a cow remarkably well sculptured and with its colors and gilding still fresh was found in place—the cow being Hathor's emblem.

The oldest woman in the world is said to be one of the inmates of a home for the aged in Madrid. The venerable dame claims to have been born in 1781, and gives every evidence of being likely to enjoy several more years of solemn wonder and admiration.

The late Mr. Harrison Weir bequeathed the "large silver bowl and black stand that a few lovers of cats presented to me in commemoration of my having instituted the first cat show held at the Crystal Palace," to the Mayor and corporation of Lewes, England, of which borough he was a native.

Rats, mice and squirrels unceasingly gnaw at something, not out of pure mischief, as people generally imagine, but because they are forced to. Animals of this class, especially rats, have teeth which continue to grow as long as the owner lives. This being the case, the rodent is obliged to continue his gnawing so as keep his teeth ground off to a proper length.

It is interesting to read that the penny-in-the-slot machine antedates the Christian era. It is a curious fact that this ancient invention had escaped notice of the Patent Office until long after patents were granted for these automatic selling machines. It is stated that more than 2000 years ago Egyptian priests sold holy water to the faithful by a similar machine.

The use of choice roses as rat bait is to be experimented upon by the Biological Bureau of the Department of Agriculture. The bureau has been informed of a number of cases where rodents that spurred tempting cheese and crackers were easily enticed by a rose, and it is believed that the result of the experiments proposed by the bureau will be to show conclusively that these flowers surpass cheese, crackers, rinds of bacon and other baits that are commonly used to entice rats into traps.

LINCOLN'S WIT.

That and Ridicule Were His Weapons of Offense and Defense.

Wit and ridicule were Lincoln's weapons of offense and defense, and he probably laughed more jury cases out of court than any other man who practiced at the bar.

"I once heard Mr. Lincoln defend a man in Bloomington against a charge of passing counterfeit money," Vice-President Stevenson told the writer. "There was a pretty clear case against the accused, but when the chief witness for the people took the stand he stated that his name was J. Parker Green, and Lincoln reverted to this the moment he rose to cross-examine. 'Why J. Parker Green? What did the J. stand for? John? Well, why didn't the witness call himself John P. Green? That was his name, wasn't it? Well, what was the reason he didn't wish to be known by his right name? Did J. Parker Green have anything to conceal, and if not, why did J. Parker Green part his name in that way? And so on. Of course the whole examination was farcical.' Mr. Stevenson continued, 'but there was something irresistibly funny in the varying tones and inflections of Mr. Lincoln's voice as he rang the changes upon the man's name; and at the recess the very boys in the street took it up as a slogan and shouted 'J. Parker Green' all over the town. Moreover, there was something in Lincoln's way of intoning his questions which made me suspicious of the witness, and to this day I have never been able to rid my mind of the absurd impression that there was something not quite right about J. Parker Green. It was all nonsense, of course; but the jury must have been affected as I was, for Green was discredited and the defendant went free."

—From Frederick Trevor Hill's "Lincoln the Lawyer," in "The Century."

The Town Kicker.

This bit of philosophy is being passed around by the country papers: The kickers on the farm are not as hard to get along with as the kickers in the towns. On the farm there is the kicking cow and our long-eared friend, the mule, while in town there is the old moshack, who wants all the privileges of municipal living without paying for them, and blocks so far as he can every municipal improvement. The cow may be sold for beef and the mule traded for a shotgun, but nothing but a funeral will get rid of the town kicker.—Kansas City Star.

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It was a grim joke for the workmen of St. Petersburg to elect Rosa as their delegate to the National Assembly; the aforesaid Rosa being a four-footed creature of the canine species. The argument, declares the Philadelphia Record, of the voters was that the dog would cost only seven kopecks a day for its keep, and would be quite as useful a representative of their interests as any other candidate of theirs who would have a chance of election.

The sturdy oak of the English language has attained its present overshadowing dimensions in the open sunlight and by natural processes of growth. The proposal to let a number of experimenters put it in a hothouse and prune and lop it as they will is not likely to commend itself to the English speaking world in general, laments the New York Tribune.