

WHEN ADAM WAS A BOY.

Earth wasn't as it is to-day
When Adam was a boy;
Nobody's hair was streaked with gray
When Adam was a boy.
When the sun would scorch and stew
There wasn't anybody who
Asked, "Is it hot enough for you?"
When Adam was a boy.
There were no front lawns to be mowed
When Adam was a boy;
No kitchen gardens to be hoed
When Adam was a boy.
No ice cream freezers to be turned,
No crocks of cream that must be churned,
No grammar lessons to be learned,
When Adam was a boy.
There was no staying after school,
When Adam was a boy;
Because somebody broke a rule
When Adam was a boy.
Nobody had to go to bed
Without a sup of broth or bread,
Because of something done or said,
When Adam was a boy.
Yet life was pretty dull, no doubt,
When Adam was a boy;
There were no baseball clubs about
When Adam was a boy.
No street piano stopped each day
In front of where he lived to play;
No brass band ever marched his way,
When Adam was a boy.
There were no fireworks at all
When Adam was a boy;
No one could pitch a drop curve ball
When Adam was a boy.
But here is why our times are so
Much better than the long ago—
There was no Santa Claus, you know,
When Adam was a boy.
—Nixon Waterman, in Woman's Home Companion.

ONE MAN'S PRESUMPTION.

(A Short Story.)

The plaintive echo of the muezlin drifted through the open window where Mrs. Wildmering stood watching the big, red sun drop behind the pyramids as the Egyptian sky melted pink and saffron into a lurid after-glow. The quiet was intense, and the woman was congratulating herself upon the restfulness of Shepherd's hotel before the season had fairly opened, when a sharp rap broke the drowsy stillness.

She opened the door to a messenger bearing a tray of letters and cablegrams, directed to James Wildmering.

"Pardon, madam, a mistake in supposing Mr. Wildmering your husband."

"Not for me," she reiterated; then, impulsively—"find out for whom they are; if the gentleman is tall and of dark complexion, tell him that these were brought to me by mistake, and, boy—say that I am dining within half an hour. Hurry!"

Kitty Wildmering was bewilderingly beautiful tonight. She was wearing one of those soft, fluffy, white gowns with its indescribable ruffles and masses of foamy lace that make womankind so persuasive.

As Mrs. Wildmering drifted down the veranda to a table secluded by tropical foliage, she knew intuitively that the sender of the roses was watching, and was not surprised to receive his card bearing a scribbled message to be allowed to join her. Kitty was a woman of quick resources and infinite tact. She smiled acquiescence, through the intervening space, into the man's expectant eyes.

"How good of you!" he exclaimed, grasping her welcoming hand.

"I am glad to see you, Jim—immensely glad," she drawled in the low sweet voice that always had the power to thrill him.

"Pray, what turn of the wheel of fate has brought you here so early in the season?" she asked, blushing under his constant gaze and admiring his clear-cut profile and splendid physique as he stood before her.

"I simply drifted into Cairo; I had no idea of finding a friend here, least of all, you, Kitty. I have lost all traces of old friends during my long sojourn in India."

"Dine with me and let me tell you the news. Bring your chair over this side; one can't be confidential across a table," she said, daintily.

"Why did you not marry McQueen?" he persisted.

This time she met his eyes bravely. "Perhaps Mr. McQueen did not honor me with a proposal of marriage, or—perhaps I did not love Mr. McQueen as a woman should love the man she is to marry. Believe either way you wish. It is embarrassing to be questioned so persistently."

Kitty's cheeks glowed as she opened and closed her fan spasmodically; then lifting her shining eyes to his she said, with charming naïvete:

"All women have their limitations, and oh, Jim, I believe I am going to cry."

"Kitty," he ventured, leaning toward her, "if you continue looking at me like that I shall demand compound interest for all the misery I have suffered these past five years. Dear me, it is the same old story; I thought time had dulled all romantic passion in me; I thought it possible to meet you as a friend, but I was a fool, Kitty," he went on huskily, "you are incomparable; I am mad about you tonight, and my inner consciousness tells me you are not pretending but have suffered long enough. Let me read your heart through your eyes; they could not lie."

"No!" she smilingly demurred, fusing in happy bewilderment and surprise. Then recklessly, she went on. "Why do you say these things to me? Why do you remind me of—of all I ought to forget?"

Her glorious eyes flashed a challenge; then a deathly pallor spread

over her face as she saw that the woman entering the dining room was the one who had come between them.

Neither spoke. Every man's eyes were riveted on the barbaric beauty of the newcomer.

"Jim, I have been cruel. I knew this must happen when I sent word to you. I wanted to see with my own eyes, if you still care for her."

"Care for her!" he exclaimed, scorn, hate and fury all compressed in the three words. "Kitty, some time I want to tell you how that woman crept into my life; when you know all—and there is nothing you may not know—perhaps your woman's heart will pity and forgive."

He saw that every nerve was at its highest tension and her self-control must soon give way.

She followed him without comment.

"Kitty, it is not yet 10 o'clock; my dahabeeyah is tied up a short distance below. I would ask a favor of you if I had not forfeited the right."

"Jim, I know that you want me to come out on the river. Very well, I will come. I love to do unconventional things occasionally."

The clumsy dahabeeyah loomed up as they neared the river bank.

Wildmering gave orders to the dragoon, and scattered coins among the crew, as he assisted Kitty on board and made her comfortable with many pillows in a cozy corner of the open cabin.

When they were well on the voyage Wildmering threw himself on the rug beside her, saying:

"Five years ago circumstances were against me; you judged that I was unworthy of you, and told me that I had ruined your life; you said you hoped never to see me again, accusing me in your inmost heart of shameless and unthinkable things."

"The best women are always the most cruel. Before God, Kitty, you misjudged me. I wanted to make a clean breast of the whole affair, but you were cold and unresponsive, and would hear no explanation; so, knowing McQueen adored you, and thinking you had grown to despise me, I got out and gave him a chance—it seemed the only reparation possible. I went to India; it hurt—I loved you so, dear, God only knows the diabolicalness of these past years."

"I never knew—I never knew," she wailed, shivering nearer to him. "I was not very angry with you, Jim; just frightfully jealous, I didn't mean half I said. I was simply desperate—to think that you were learning to care for someone else. I would not receive McQueen after you had gone away."

Two strong arms drew her face down to his until their lips met, stinging hers with the sweetest bliss she had ever known. Then, dropping his arms comfortably about her waist he said:

"Oh, they understand," Wildmering answered. "I mentioned at the desk that you were my wife and that we were leaving in the dahabeeyah for Memphis. I also told your maid to pack whatever was necessary for your immediate comfort and take it over to Memphis with her in the machine, which my man is motoring over early tomorrow morning. The other baggage will be forwarded."

He lowered his eyes to hide their look of glad triumph as Mrs. Wildmering accepted the situation with a laughing exclamation of:

"That's just like a man's presumption!"—Illustrated Tid-Bits.

COLLEGE BOYS ON FARMS.

A Place for Graduates to Learn Applied Economics.

Kansas has sent forth her annual cry for harvest hands. She wants 21,000 young men to bring in her crops from the fields, and offers the usual promises of "high wages." As usual, Kansas so times her demand that the colleges have turned out their thousands. The quota of workers will be largely made up of college graduates, who will here learn their first valuable lessons in the practicalities.

They will work blisters on their hands and their muscles will ache from two months of unrelieved physical toil, at any price their shrewd employers choose to pay, for being far from home and moneyless, they may not rebel.

All of which is a wholesome experience for young men who thus learn the ways of the world. In addition to learning to earn their own living in the sweat of their faces, and to bear disappointment, they may in Kansas learn much of applied economics, for every Kansas farmer is a past master of larger politics, and knowing how to run a state, so runs it. Sitting at the feet of such wisdom the young collegian cannot but absorb much knowledge that will benefit himself and his community when he shall have journeyed home—by the box car route.

Indeed, it would be well to make it obligatory upon all college men to serve a turn in the Kansas fields as the best possible postgraduate course to fit him for the affairs of life. Kansas is something of a "model state" in its governing, and its older citizens are qualified professors of political economy.

It should be recognized as a university and all young men compelled to attend it, as those in Germany are compelled to serve a term in the army. "Graduate of Kansas" would be a certificate of worthy citizenship.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

At the village of Botesford, in the vale of Belvoir, England, the ancient custom of ringing the curfew bell is still observed. The day of the month and month of the year are also tolled on separate bells every evening.



Not Only Lower Prices But Improved Quality Also

If the straight-line methods of the National Cigar Stands did no more than to show the reduction in prices which all their cigars do show, the triumph of the idea would be plain enough. But the plan has effected more than mere price-saving—it has given better average quality throughout, a better system of cigar keeping, an invariable uniformity of character—in short, a higher degree of safety to the customer.

The purchaser of a cigar of any one of the thirty exclusive National brands takes no chances whatever. He is definitely assured that he is getting

The Best Cigar Value the Money Has Ever Secured

Whatever the price he pays, it purchases better tobacco and more of it than the same price has ever bought before. He is getting the cigar nearer to the actual cost of production than cigars ever retailed before the National plan was evolved. He is getting a cigar that was made in million lots (thus ensuring uniformity), and which came direct from the producer, thus saving cost.

The drug stores which belong to the combination, display the National Cigar Stands' emblem in their windows, and sell from a new, scientific, condition-proving case the following brands, among others:

- Black and White**—Seed and Havana; as good as was ever bought at 3 for 25c. 5c
- Cuba-Roma**—Clear Havana; Cuban leaf, 3 for 25c. grade 5c
- College Days**—The best domestic cigar ever sold at 6 for 25c
- Adad**—A first-class domestic cigar, presenting superior workmanship 7 for 25c
- Stirling Castle**—Fine, clear Havana cigar, 10c. quality 6c
- La Idalia**—Choice clear Havana in many popular sizes at 3 for 25c and up

THE STOKE & FEICHT DRUG CO., REYNOLDSVILLE.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Major Alfred Dreyfus will retire from the French army in October on a pension.

Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles and General Anson Mills are abroad for a pleasure tour.

The Hon. Henry Lindhurst Bruce, son and heir of Lord Aberdare, will marry Miss Camille Clifford, an American actress.

Sir Robert Hart has written to a friend that he has finished his work for the Chinese customs, and proposes to retire to England.

King Edward is largely his own physician, and a happy combination of exercise and self-denial accounts for the preservation of a fine constitution.

Professor Adolph Harnack and probably Dr. Koch will be among the Germans to visit the United States in 1907 as guests of the Carnegie Institute, of Pittsburgh.

The largest single gift ever received by the University of California, \$800,000, is the estate of M. Theo. Kearney, of Fresno, who died last May while on his way to Europe.

Sidney Smith Lee, son of Captain Dan Murray Lee, grandson of Captain Sidney Smith Lee, of the Confederate navy, and grand-nephew of General Robert E. Lee, will be appointed second lieutenant in the marine corps.

Professor Edward Perkins Clarke, the newly appointed principal of the Central New York Institution of Deaf Mutes, was led to make the profession of teaching the deaf his life's work owing to the fact that both his parents were deaf.

Major-General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, since 1903 commander of the Eighth Division of the Third Army Corps, and who distinguished himself in East Indian and African campaigns, has been retired. General Pole-Carew is fifty-three years old.

Whether journalism be classed as a trade or a profession is a matter of no consequence whatever, observes the New Orleans Picayune. The fact remains that much of it must be learned in the shop, while at the same time all the universities in the world are not beyond the reach of its demands. There is no real school of newspaper art and science but the newspaper office itself, and yet all human knowledge is needed in the conduct of a newspaper.

SPORTING BREVITIES.

George G. won the gold cup for free-for-all-trotters at the Pittsburg matinee races.

The Joy, owned by W. H. Childs, won first prize in the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club's seventy-mile race.

Captain J. C. Semon, of the Ohio National Guard, won the Wimbledon Cup on ranges at Sea Girt, N. J.

The Auk, an American yacht, won the first race in the series with German small boats for the Roosevelt Cup.

Angus Pointer won the 2.04 pace at the Hudson River Driving Park in 2.03 1/4 and 2.03 1/4, record for the track.

William Marsh, of Boston, won six events at the fiftieth annual games of the Caledonian Club, at Washington Park, Maspeh, L. I.

Richard Glendon, of Boston, has been engaged to coach the Naval Academy crews next year for the fourth consecutive season.

W. J. Clothier won the national lawn tennis championship by defeating Beals C. Wright, the holder of the title, in the challenge round.

Private E. C. Simpson, of Connecticut, with a total score of 193, won the President's match and military championship at the Sea Girt ranges.

Frank B. Greer, of Boston, won the senior singles, quarter mile dash and senior doubles with Courtney Guild at the Middle States' Amateur Rowing Regatta on the Potomac.

Driven by James Butler, the black stallion King Direct, paced the fastest mile on record in a race at an amateur meeting, turning the Empire track, New York, to wagon in 2:04 1/4.

Nut Boy, owned by Lotta Crabtree and driven by M. E. McHenry, won the Charter Oak Stakes of \$10,000 at the Hartford Grand Circuit meeting, trotting in 2:07 1/4 and 2:07 1/2.

To all external appearances, even in Russia are shaping themselves for the enactment of a drama which may outvie, in its somber and portentous settings, anything in the long perspective of the chronicles attending the birth and the death of nations, prophesies the Atlanta Constitution. Nicholas, consistent only in weakness and vacillation, has found the thing of his own creation—the duma—a veritable Frankenstein. The work largely of his own hands and those of his advisers, it has grown beyond his reach.

Of every 1,000 miners in Great Britain 1.24 lose their lives by accident annually. In Germany the rate a 1,000 is 1.90; in the United States, 3.35.

"NOTHING LIKE IT"

PITTSBURG EXPOSITION

Opens Wednesday Evening AUGUST 29

GREATEST MUSICAL PROGRAMME EVER PRESENTED

CREATORE - August 29 to September 8
HERBERT - September 24 to 29

THEODORE THOMAS ORCHESTRA - September 10 to 15
ELLERY'S BAND - October 1 to 6

BOUSA - September 17 to 22
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One Fare for Round Trip on All Railroads

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The true moral is that of Solomon: "Who maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent." If Mr. Rockefeller is confident that he has made all his money by the practice of those principles which he professes, suggests the New York Times, he can entirely afford to let the barkings of the yellow journalists and the yellow magicians, and even the yellow clergy men, pass by him as the idle wind which he regards not. But if he has any doubt on that crucial point, then he is necessarily "hurt," and his hurt is of a kind and degree to compensate for the absence of purely legal pains and penalties. The yellow prosecutors, of whatever class, should be somewhat assuaged by that consideration.

SWEET POTATOES.

Wash and scrape (do not peel) the skin off of six or eight sweet potatoes, cook with meat (either pork or beef) with a tablespoonful of sugar. Let boil down dry, but don't let scorch. Of if preferred, when tender, it may be put in a shallow pan, with brown sugar sprinkled over, and set in the hot oven to brown. Another way is to stew in clear water till tender, drain and make a gravy out of the water with flour, adding butter and sugar.—E. E. W., in the Epitomis.

HIS IDEA.

Mr. Otto Bile—"I came very near running over a man this morning with my automobile."
Mr. P. DeStrin—"You were fortunate."
Mr. Otto Bile—"I should say so. Why, I just had it painted last week." Indianapolis Journal.

The most awful accident in history was the fall of a Roman amphitheater in the time of Tiberius. Fifty thousand people were crushed.

THE TRUTH OF IT.
The world is doin' purty well,
An' even would do better
If some would jest git out the way
An' only let her!

—Atlanta Constitution.