MONASTERY BELLS.

Sometimes, when weary, the sad soul rebels
Against the strife and discord all around,
One seems to catch the faint and far-off sound
Of melody that softly sinks and swells.
It is the sound of Monastery Bells
In solitudes by sanctuary crowned,
From meditation peaceful and profound
Calling grave Friars to prayer from silent cells.
Then yearningly one craves to have release
From the world's revelries and worthless prize,
To find some spot where Glory's selfish sighs
And struggle's endless tribulations cease,
To join in vesper chant as sunset dies,
And pass life's evening in monastic peace.

But when resound, as day dawns dim and drear,
Moanings of anguish, sobbings of distress,
From hearthless homes of famished loneliness,
With none to rescue, nothing to revere,
Again one feels one still is wanted here,
To aid, admonish, comfort, and caress,
Smooth the hard pillow pallid sufferers press,
Stanch the fresh wound, and wipe away the tear.
So, though one longs as ever to depart,
And to gross sounds and sighs live deaf and blind,
Sorrowing one stays with sorrow, still resigned
To work, unhired, amid life's hireling mart,
To cherish in the crowd monastic mind,
And in a world profane a cloistered heart.

—By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate of England, from The Independent.

Charged by Sixteen Engines

By HERBERT COOLIDGE.

Sixteen engines on one snow-plow! It was a great sight. Snow on a level with the tops of the cabs; sixteen engineers on one side, sixteen firemen on the others, heavy eyes, their jays set.

The railroad needed men on the Siskiyou grade in the winter of '95; men no less of iron and steel than the engines driven by them.

For a week they had been bucking the drifts. Back for a running start, on at the bank with a full head of steam, a sudden burst in the rear of exhausts, a shower of sparks from two long lines of screeching drive-wheels, a few car lengths of snow forced aside then with a jerk they would reverse for another charge. It was catch-as-catch can for food and sleep, and back and forth, day and night, sixteen engines and thirty-two men ramming the snow blockade.

I was there, not as an engineer or fireman, only a lineman with instructions to snow-shoe on ahead and inspect the telegraph wires. All day long as I worked up the canon, I could hear the snow-fighters—the signals for reversing, multitudinous puffing of engines in sullen retreat, the down brakes whistle, the go-ahead whistle, a prolonged chorus of barking puffs merging into one long purring roar, doubling in volume t on violent burst, then quickly dying to nothing.

Darkness and a blinding storm overtook me as I returned, and the glow of the headlights rising from the long trench of snow gave a welcome promise of food and shelter. The locomotives had been halted for some time. They were six car lengths round a curve from the end of the line. I thought they were at the face of the blockade, and blundered headlong into the fourteen-foot cut.

Snow-shoes are awkward things to fall with. The snow packed between the rails was as solid as a pavement, and the shock knocked me half-conscious. I heard the go-ahead signal and the puffing and clanking of locomotives, and wondered without alarm if my neck was broken. The engines pulled up a bit, then reversed. From the way they jiggled back and forth I thought they must be jerking a derailed comrade into line.

I sat up, rubbed my neck, and then for the first time became aware of danger.

I jumped to my feet, and started for the snow-plow. Two long blasts of the whistle signaled "go-ahead." At the same moment I tripped on a broken snowshoe, and fell head-long.

Scrambling up, I plunged at the white bank. The snow tossed me back and I realized that the walls had been pressed aside and packed by the power of sixteen engines. The signal for down brakes sounded, and saved me from being frightened to madness.

Then I tried to rid myself of the broken snow-shoe, but I could not unfasten it with my numbed fingers. I found my voice, and yelled like a wild Indian; but the men were busy and round a curve, and no one heard me.

I finally got my knife open, slashed off both snow-shoes, and started on a run down the track. I rounded a curve into the blinding glare of a headlight when the whistle sounded the reverse, and choo-chy-chy! choo-chy-chy! clang-ity-bang! the sixteen engines receded down the cut. I yelled and waved my arms, but the lookout on the snow plow neither saw nor heard me.

I had matches and thought of building a signal fire of my snow shoes, but could find no kindling. I gave up all hope, and was sure I must die. I thought of climbing out at the wedge-shaped face of the blockade, and turning, raced up the track through the darkness, only to discover that the mold of the long-nosed, broad-based snow-plow was more like a trap than a place of ascending.

From afar down the dark trench one long blast of the whistle signaled down brakes. For moments that seemed like hours I stood thinking. The go-ahead signal sounded, the sharp coughing of sixteen engines merged into an angry, deafening purr; and still I stood—thinking, yet without a thought.

Of a sudden it became clear that I must burrow or die. But with what was I to burrow? With a quick thrill of hope I reached for my climbers, but did not find them. Supposing that they had become detached from my belt by the fall, I fumbled along the edge of the cut, but found nothing.

Pr-r—r-r-r—pr-r—r-r-r! roared the sixteen engines. The rails were snapping and singing.

I snatched a heavy pair of pincers from the other side of my belt. At the same moment I discovered that I still carried my open knife; and with a weapon in each hand, I began a tunnel. A few seconds later common sense told me to make instead a niche the length and breadth of my body. A half-dozen strokes showed me that work with the pincers was wasted effort, and I threw them aside. Then I settled down to slashing the packed snow with my heavy knife-blade.

I was over my flurry now. Without the loss of a quarter-second by a tardy stroke or one too hurried I worked at my niche. From top to bottom and return, from top to bottom and return. Pr-r—r-r-r—pr-r—r-r-r! roared the engines; louder and louder sung the rails.

Every sweep of my arm peeled off a six-foot strip of snow two inches wide and knife-blade deep. Slash, slash, slash I went, determined, if die I must, to die digging.

The blinding headlight swung round the curve, the cut filled and quivered with a fresh burst of clamor. Then the head engine whistled down brakes, and tooted the danger signal. There was the thud and the jar of sixteen engines reversed, and I felt cheered somewhat and less lonely.

I spared one glance from my task, made ten more slashes, flattened myself against the face of my niche, dug my fingers and toes into the corners, braced my elbows and knees, and waited for the plow flange to scrape off my back—one second. Then the great blade shot by and shut out the light, a set of resisting drive-wheels screeched past, the locomotives jarred from a bunt against the snow, another set of drive-wheels ground by, the next approached more slowly, and halted with a terrific jar as the locomotives stopped and stood panting.

When they backed up I stepped out unharmed, less scared at the time than the brakeman who had sighted me from the snow-plow outlook.—Youth's Companion.

CITY IN PAWN 100 YEARS.

Sweden, Failing to Redeem Wismar, It Becomes a German Town.

Wismar, a port of 18,000 people on the Baltic, situated in the German duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, but belonging legally to Sweden, has recently become a German city, says the Chicago Chronicle. It was pledged to King Gustavus IV. for a loan of $1,000,000, and the king of Sweden having failed to redeem it within the century it has passed to the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schferin, from whose ancestors the money was borrowed.

In the early part of the eighteenth century the most powerful enemy of Sweden, after the destruction of the Hanseatic league, a kind of trade union established by certain German cities for safety and commercial purposes, captured Wismar and razed the fortifications. Afterward peace was declared and the city reverted to Sweden, but with the provision that she should not rebuild the fortifications. The place thus lost its strength and importance and became instead an element of weakness to the Swedes. Its great sea trade was ruined and its inland trade lost.

Under these circumstances it was not surprising that the Swedes tired at last of their white elephont. So in the reign of the incompetent and extravagant Gustavus IV., with the territory lost to the French in one war, with Finland lost to Russia, with defeat in a war against Norway, the Swedes seized an opportunity to relieve themselves of the burden of possession.

The direct opportunity was given by the cancellation by Gustavus of his engagement to the daughter of Duke Frederick Francis I. That person not unnaturally resented the insult and threatened dire things. Finally his threats crystalized into a demand for an enormous indemnity. The money had to be raised at once. The duchy of Mecklenburg advanced 1,258,000 richsthaler and took Wismar, Neukloster and the Island of Poel as security.

Under the conditions of the loan, the city of Wismar and the two government districts were to remain in pledges for 100 years. At the end of that time Sweden might claim and obtain the pledged city and land by paying back the original loan, with 3 percent compound interest.

A further provision, however, of the loan was that should Sweden fail to take any notice whatever of the expiration of the time, the contract would thereby be renewed for another 100 years. The sum which Sweden would have to pay if she wanted to claim Wismar and the two government districts is figured as amounting to $27,000,000, and this alone, quite apart from considerations of policy, operated, doubtless, as a bar against the assertion of her rights.

It will be seen that while the immediate business transaction dates back but about 100 years, any diplomatic squabbles over the city now would have to revert to the surrenders and armistices of the Thirty-Years' war—1618-48. And the fact that heretofore Wismar has been Swedish territory explains why Germany has not fortified the port, which is considered the finest harbor site of the entire Baltic coast. Under the Swedish-Danish treaty fortifications were not to be built, and when the Duchy of Mecklenburg took over the place the stipulation was renewed.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Prejudices are merely other people's opinions.

A close mouth is seldom open to suspicion.

Experience makes the cynic, lack of it the fool.

A woman drives a horse much as she does a tack.

Lots of us would rather be happy than be in love.

The man with a wooden leg naturally has a lumbering gait.

An innocent lie never hurts quite as much as a malicious truth.

The road to pleasure is much shorter going than coming back.

The office holder always believes that one term deserves another.

A man is either taken aback by criticism, or else he takes affront.

Good deeds may never die, but lots of them seem to go into a trance.

A girl can either make a fool of a fellow or make him make one of himself.

The fellow who is all wrapped up in himself is naturally a bundle of conceit.

You can't expect a mere man to be perfect when even the sun has spots on it.

It's too bad a man can't get into heaven with his tombstone inscription as a passport.

There is only one thing a woman loves better than to be told a secret, and that is to find it out herself.—From the "Gentle Cynic" in the New York Times.

OLDEST ORCHARD IN AMERICA.

Is 200 Years Old, and the Windfalls Lie Two Feet Deep.

The oldest apple orchard in America, if not in the world, is in the centre of the ancient of Manzano, 18 miles southwest of Estancia, Torrance county, New Mexico. Many of the trees are more than six feet in circumference, but all are still fruitful and vigorous although neglected for generations. Little is known of the history of this orchard, but the oldest inhabitants of the valley of the Rio Grande remember the orchard from childhood and say that the trees have not changed in appearance since then. Venerable Mexicans and Pueblo Indians tell of visiting the orchard as far back as they can remember and finding apples on the ground in all stages of decomposition at least two feet deep.

The Estancia Valley has been people for ages, probably by the kinsmen of the natives found by the Spanish explorers at Gran Quivira, Abo and other ancient cities. Probably in the early days of the Spanish occupation some Franciscan monk found his way to Manzano and there planted the seeds that have developed into these venerable trees. They are no doubt fully three hundred years old.

Close by the orchard is a little lake fed by a large spring. A short distance away is a grove of pines and cedars, making an ideal place for picnic and camping parties.—New York Herald.

Sully's Courtship.

While on a secret mission to Paris in 1583 Rosny had fallen in love with the daughter of the president, St. Mesmin. The young lady was handsome and kind, but while paying her his addresses he heard of a Mlle. de Courtenay, who was reported to be beautiful, well-born and wealthy besides. Prudence suggested that he should make her the Baroness de Rosny, but he was already half committed to the other. While he was pondering the subject he arrived one day at an inn in Nogent and found, to his dismay that by an unlucky chance both ladies were lodged in it, Mlle. de St. Mesmin in the left wing and Mlle. de Courtenay in the right. Both were ready to marry him, and he was ready to marry one of them, but could not decide which. It was a very awkward position for the wavering lover, and at first he thought of saving himself by instant flight. While he hesitated Mlle. de St. Mesmin's younger sister saw him and expressed her surprise that he had been half an hour in the house without visiting them. The decisive moment had evidently come. "Turn to the right," whispered the friend who was with him. He did so, and Anne de Courtenay became his wife.—H. C. Macdowell, in Macmillan's Magazine.

Doubly Sold.

The newly appointed master at a school in Wigan had learned all about "cribbing" and such little dodges as schoolboys practise, and had not forgotten them.

One day, during a lesson in history, he observed one of his pupils take out his watch every minute or two.

He grew suspicious.

Finally, he strode slowly between the desks and stopped in front of the boy.

"Let me see your watch!" he commanded.

"Yes, sir," was the meek reply.

The master opened the front of the case. He looked somewhat sheepish when he read the single word, "Sold!"

But he was a shrewd man. He was not to be thrown off the scent so easily.

He opened the back of the case. Then he was satisfied, for he read, "Sold again!"—Smith's Weekly.

A New Dairy Section.

The Long Island railroad is trying to develop the island as a dairy section. Its agents have shown by trial that the alfalfa crop is so far at least, a success, producing three crops a year.

Why Not Get Full Value For Your Cigar Money

If you were going to spend $50 or $100 for anything, you would make dead certain before you paid out the cash that you were going to get your money's worth for it.

Wouldn't you?

It's certain you would use every precaution anyway, isn't it?

How about the $50 or $100, or over, which you spend every year for cigars? Ever think of it that way? Goes out in five or twenty-five cent pieces, perhaps; but that's no reason why you should not get the square deal you are entitled to just the same.

You can't afford to take any old cigar that's offered you.

Every man wants to get enjoyment out of the cigars he smokes, even if he does have to go to a little trouble to get the right kind of a cigar.

Yet it's the simplest thing in the world to be sure of getting good cigars every time you buy. You'll find this "Triangle A" stamped on the boxes of the best cigars made. There are different brand names—different blends to suit different tastes, and different prices to suit different pockets—but

every brand guaranteed by the "Triangle A" gives honest cigar value and the best quality you can buy at its price.

It costs *you less to prove this statement* than it does *for us to make it.* And it's worth just as much to you to know you can always be sure of good cigars as it is for us to win your patronage on the actual merit that you will find in the cigars we make.

The better cigar value we are able to produce through our new scientific manufacturing methods is at once noticeable in

The New CREMO

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Every box is now extra-wrapped in glassine paper, sealed at each end with the "Triangle A" in red, keeping the contents in clean, fresh and perfect smoking condition until the box is opened.

Merit Mark

AMERICAN CIGAR COMPANY, Manufacturer

LABOR WORLD.

Street railway men of Sacramento, Cal., have received a voluntary raise of three cents an hour.

In several States the machinists' unions have increased nearly 500 per cent. in membership during the last year.

Chicago (Ill.) machinists propose to raise a defense fund of $20,000 in the local district to meet any strike emergency that may arise.

Fourteen new unions have affiliated with the Minnesota State Federation of Labor since the beginning of the year, and five applications are pending.

San Francisco (Cal.) union men affiliated with the iron trades council have voted to strike May 1. Over 6000 men are involved. They demand an eight-hour day.

Chicago (Ill.) elevator men have been negotiating with the building managers for an increase of $10 a month in wages and the matter has been submitted to arbitration.

The International Union of Bill Posters and Billers have articles of agreement with all circuses and outdoor shows, through which all bill posting and billing will be done by union men.

A new wage scale increasing the wages of the union barbers of Oakland, Cal., is under discussion between the bosses and the employes. The wages will be arranged upon a sliding scale.

Many members of the United Association of Plumbers, Gas Fitters and Steam Fitters are urging that the organization establish a home for the aged and infirm, along the same lines as the typos.

Chicago (Ill.) electricians wish a scale of $5 a day, an increase of fifty cents a day over their present scale. They set their own working rules, and they have had no trouble in enforcing them for several years.

POTATO MUFFINS.

Use three large, mealy potatoes, 2 ounces of butter, 2 eggs, a cupful of yeast, 3 pints of flour, 1 pint of warm water, 1 small teaspoonful of soda and a little salt. Boil and mash the potatoes, keeping them as dry as possible. Beat them smooth with the butter and salt, adding sufficient warm water to make the consistency very thick cream. Well whip the eggs, mix them in and then add the dried and sifted flour. Mix all together, add a pint of warm water, stir in the soda and yeast and allow the mixture to stand all night. Next morning bake the muffins on a griddle until they are a pale brown.

Two hundred and fifty-seven millions of cigars may look like a heap to the New York Sun, but at that rate it would take the island of Cuba thirty years to supply the American requirement for cigars for a single year.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

Americans will run Cuba at least a year longer.

The Russian lower house has agreed to the restrictions imposed by the Premier.

Improvement in taste in art in America is marked, says M. Jules Lowengard, of Paris.

John W. Yerkes, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, resigned office to resume the practice of law.

The meeting of the sovereigns of Great Britain and of Spain may materially influence the balance of power in Europe.

Figures disclosed in a suit show that $1,275,000 was paid in royalties under the Selden patent by automobile manufacturers in four years.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, of Canada, and General Botha arrived in London; a remarkably hearty welcome was given to the former Boer leader.

Samuel Gompers, president of the Federation of Labor, at a meeting of 2000 telegraph operators declared himself in favor of international peace.

Commander Robert E. Peary, at Portland, Me., announced plans for his proposed voyage, when he will make another attempt to reach the North Pole.

Residents of Pittsburg say that Harry Thaw has so greatly depleted the family's fortune that there would not be enough left to spare for bail in case the Court would accept it.

A London dispatch states that as the result of a controversy it has been decided that Sudbury, a small Suffolk town, is the original of the famous Eatanswill of "Pickwick."

The annual depreciation in the value of warships is shown by the sale at auction of six British war vessels, among them the Sans Pareil, which cost $3,597,210, and which brought $133,000.

Two Points of View.

A junior barrister was hurrying across the Law Courts when he almost collided with a cab. The driver, who had pulled up with a jerk, pronounced his opinion in plain English about absent-minded people.

"Couldn't you see the bloomin' 'oss?" he asked with withering sarcasm.

"See him!" gasped the startled barrister, looking contemptuously at the animal between the shafts. Then he stepped on to the curb. "I didn't see your horse when I stood in front of him," he added, "but I can see something when I look at him sideways!"—Tit-Bits.

At a depth of sixty-six feet the water of the Dead sea contains twice as much salt as that on the surface.

Women always consider it an unfair advantage for a pretty widow to have curly hair, notes the New York Press.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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Between 12th and 13th Sts., on Filbert St.
Three minutes walk from the Reading Terminal. Five minutes walk from the Penn'a R. R. Depot. European plan $1.00 per day and upward. American plan $2.00 per day.

More railroads for the Philippines may settle the insurgent question, remarks the Atlanta Constitution. Give 'em all free passes; they'll stick the flag in their caps and ride themselves to death.

"Hire deskroom in Wall street and run a railroad," is the modern way according to the Ohio State Journal.