

## DEATH AT MORNING.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWN.

She died when dawn was sweeping o'er the land,  
When morning glories lit the gleaming wall;  
And one who watched her, holding her pale hand,  
Whispered, "Alas! that she should miss it all!"

The early sun, risen from his dark night,  
Flamed his great banners when she went away;  
And one said, "Lo! at coming of the light  
She has gone forth, and lost the beautiful day."

But she, from her poor mortal house of pain,  
Gladly released, went singing to God's place,  
And cried, "Dear Lord, after the bleak world-rain,  
I cannot bear the brightness of Thy face!"

—From "The Quiet Singer," (B. W. Dodge & Co.)

## A MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER.

By MATTIE DIER BRITTS.

Women are naturally afraid of rats. It is an established fact that a woman who will fly right in the face of death by wearing tight corsets, thin-soled shoes, or otherwise violating the laws of nature and common sense, will scream at the top of her lungs, if she does not go off into convulsions or a fit of hysterics, at the sight of a common sized rat.

Mrs. Harry Brown, being a woman, and withal an exceedingly pretty one, shared the common terror—indeed, had rather more than her share of it. One night there was company at Mr. Harry Brown's, and when the family retired the hour was quite late. Mr. Brown, with man's easy forgetfulness, soon slept the sleep of the just; but his wife tossed restless at his side, and longed in vain to imitate his example.

At length, however, she settled down, and was just dropping into a comfortable doze, when her attention was attracted by a faint sound, like the dripping of water upon some hard substance.

What could it be? Mrs. Brown's heart began to beat fast, but she raised upon her dimpled elbow and listened. Drip, drip, drip! Drip, drip, drip! Slowly and steadily the sound came through the stillness. Something was evidently wrong. Mrs. Brown grasped her lunge lord by the shoulder, and gave him a gentle shake.

"Harry, Harry! wake up! Something is the matter!"  
Harry turned over, gave a rather unmusical grunt, and subsided again. Mrs. Brown repeated the shake.

"Harry! Harry! I say! Wake up! wake up!"  
Mr. Brown half opened his eyes, and yielding to Mrs.'s pushes, sat up in the bed.

"Eh? What's up? What's to pay, Mary?" he asked.  
"I don't know. Somebody getting in the house, or something. It sounds like water dropping."

"Robbers getting in the house wouldn't sound like water dropping," said Mr. Brown. "You're always getting scared at nothing."

"I'm not! And it is something!" indignantly responded Mrs. Brown. "There! listen—don't you hear it?"

Mr. Brown listened, and did hear very plainly.

"It's the water-pipe. There's a leak somewhere," he presently decided. "It has to be stopped, too." So he tumbled out of bed and started in pursuit.

Mrs. Brown, not daring to be left alone, got up, too, and followed him. And to protect her shoulders from the night air, she caught up Mr. Brown's dressing-gown, which hung on a chair at the bedside, and threw it around her.

This dressing-gown was a very handsome affair, which Mrs. Mary, with wifely affection, had made and carefully ornamented with her own pretty fingers. At the waist she had sewed a long silken cord, with soft, heavy tassels, and as her stature was something less than that of her tall husband, when she walked these tassels dragged on the floor at her bare feet.

The leak, being diligently sought for, was at length discovered in the bath-room, and proceeded from nothing worse than one of the faucets of the water-pipe being left slightly open.

Of course, it was only the work of a single instant to turn the faucet and stop the leak, and having done this, Mr. Brown turned to renew his slumbers, followed by his devoted wife.

But scarcely had Mrs. Brown taken a single step, when she set her little foot plump down upon one of the soft, yielding tassels of the dressing-gown, and instantly the bathroom resounded with a succession of piercing shrieks bursting upon the appalled ears of Mr. Brown, and freezing the blood in his veins.

"Mary! Mary! what is the matter?" he cried, running to Mrs. Brown, who had fled in terror to the farthest corner of the bathroom.

"Oh! It's a rat! It's a rat, Harry! I stepped right on it! Oh, mercy-mercy! Do kill it, Mr. Brown! do kill it!"

"Where! where is it! Show it to me! I'll fix him!" bravely cried Mr. Brown, catching up a stick which lay upon the window-sill, and brandishing it above his head with a savage air.

"Oh, he's here! he's here! He followed me right into the corner! Oh! look, Harry! look! Here it is!"

Mr. Brown caught sight of the tassel, which, of course, moved with every active spring which Mrs. Brown made, and down upon it he made a furious descent.

Mrs. Brown jumped out of the way, and, of course, the rat jumped too. And then began a wild race around the bathroom—Mrs. Brown first the rat after her, and Mr. Brown after the rat, making desperate lunges at the fierce little animal, without seeming to hurt it.

"I declare, I never saw such a rat!" he panted, breathlessly. "I know I've hit it a dozen times, and it jumps as lively as ever. Mary! Mary! jump up into the bathtub! He can't follow you there! Jump, quick!"

Almost exhausted with her struggles, poor Mary made a desperate attempt to leap into the bathtub, and succeeded in tumbling safely into it. But that wonderful rat did follow; and just as it went over the edge, Mr. Brown dropped his stick, and with frantic energy made a grab at it with his hands.

And the next moment, firmly clinging to his prisoner, Mr. Brown dropped himself on the floor; and such a roar of laughter as he broke into never shook the walls of that bathroom before.

"Oh! hold me! somebody! Hold me, or I shall burst!" he yelled, rolling on the floor in a paroxysm of mirth. "Here, Mary, here's your rat! Oh, my gracious, I know I shall burst! Here's your rat, look, he won't hurt you!" And Mr. Brown held up the soft, silken tassel, which had been the cause of all their woes, to the astonished eyes of his wife.

Well! it was too bad, after all Mrs. Brown's fright, that there was no rat in the case—though to this day she declares that there was one, and that she first set her bare foot upon a real, genuine rat, and after he got away, she mistook the tassel for him.

She begged Mr. Brown not to tell the story, but it was too good for a fun-loving man to keep, so he often entertains his friends with the story of Mary's terrible rat.

## THE USEFULNESS OF ICEBERGS

When an iceberg is launched upon its long journey its bottom parts are barnacled with sand, bowlders and other detritus gathered from the land surface over which it has made its tedious march to the sea. This burden it gradually casts off as it melts while drifting down along our continental seaboard. As a result of the deposits thus made through countless centuries, combined with the products of erosion carried seaward by the rivers, the seabed for many miles off shore has been gradually filled up, creating those vast, submerged plateaus known as "banks," which extend from Labrador to the Bay of Fundy, and form the breeding grounds of innumerable shoals of cod, herring and other valuable food fishes. In this way the bergs have performed an economic service of incalculable value, laying the foundation for one of the world's most important productive industries, and affording a means of livelihood to those hardy bands of "captains courageous" who each year reap the harvests of the sea. The bergs serve a further economic purpose in that to their tempering influence are largely due the climatic conditions prevailing over a great part of the interior of North America.—Alfred Sidney Johnson, in The World To-day.

**Target Practice Under Sea.**  
The second submarine flotilla, consisting of the Octopus, Tarantula, Viper and Cuttlefish, under command of Lieutenant Charles E. Courtney, has been smashing target records from twenty to fifty feet under the sea in Gardiner's Bay. The new periscopes have been used to excellent advantage by the helmsmen, and the new additions, it is said, have advanced the value of submarines largely.

Under the sea the submarines have been firing with Whitehead torpedoes at from 1000 to 1500 yards' distance against targets made of woven nets about sixty-five feet long. The submarines were run at full speed. When the submarines become attached to Commander Marsh's training squadron more extensive drills, with both night and day attacks, will be held.—Newport Dispatch to New York Times.

**Coal and Prosperity.**  
It has been computed that in 1840 the production and consumption of coal in the United States amounted to a quarter of a ton per head for the entire population; in 1860 the ratio had risen to half a ton per head; in 1880 it was one ton, and in 1890 five tons. As the population itself was increasing enormously all this time, the increase in the amount of coal produced and consumed was, of course, vastly greater than these ratios per head would indicate. The increase has gone hand in hand with the growth of manufactures and industries.—Philadelphia Record.

**An Attractive Offer.**  
Genial Clerk—"Now it is not the limpid purity of its tone, nor the superb quality of its case which makes us certain you will be pleased with one of our pianos, but the fact that when you remove the wrappings, on delivery, you will find inside 1000—all different—souvenir post cards of New York and vicinity."—Puck.

**About the Size of It.**  
Hyker—"Money is a conundrum." Pyker—"What's the answer?" Hyker—"Everybody has to give it up."—Chicago News.

## Some Absurdities of the Stage

By HENRY E. WARNER.

Some of the stock absurdities of stage business familiar to every theatergoer have become artistic functions which not even the spirit of progress in realism would dare to challenge. The maid, for instance, whose business it is to dust the furniture, enters with a duster which has never lost a feather and makes straight for some article which will get her into the first succeeding picture or situation. The general rule is that both she and the stage director have thought more about getting her into that situation than about the immediate business of her part; so she attacks one leg of a chair and dusts it into splinters, while the mantel-piece, piano, table and woodwork groan and grunt in vain for their share of caressing.

Using the telephone on the stage is nearly always a piece of absurdity. The player puts the receiver to his ear, instantly gives the number and as instantly gets his connection. Excepting in comedy there never was the least trouble getting central, there never was the slightest delay in making connection, the call was always answered promptly and no third party ever crossed in on the wire! Delightful to contemplate, but absurd as to fact.

As a general rule the use of mechanical devices on the stage and in the hands of any character leads to absurdity. For instance, in Clyde Fitch's "Girls" Ruth Maycliffe plays the part of a stenographer, and the speed she makes across the machine is not less than 210 words a minute, while she never uses the space bar! Were she really a good operator she would be blowing gum and reading a novel, devoutly hoping that the head of the firm would break a leg on the way to the office. In "Three Twins" there is a canoe that is supposed to be paddled across a stereopticon lake by beautiful maidens. The maidens in the case, being far removed from canoe life in daily practice, paddle this particular canoe after their own conception of how a canoe should be propelled. One waves her paddle as she would a fan, gracefully and with languor—for is not the audience watching? Another energetically thrusts her paddle in to the half, while a third backs water so violently and erratically that, if it were a real canoe on a real lake, the logical sequence of events would lead quickly to a swimming match or a drowning event.—The Bohemian Magazine.

## Ferro-Concrete For Vessels.

An Italian engineer, Signor Gabelini, of Rome, has advocated for many years the use of ferro-concrete for the construction of vessels and other kinds of floating structures. After being applied successfully in a great number of cases, his system has recently been officially approved by the Italian Government, which has decided to adopt it for certain purposes connected with the Italian navy. Under this system the metallic framework, or skeleton, of reinforcing iron is arranged in accordance with the actual distribution of stresses, and this frame is covered with expanded metal, which supplements the protective action by the distribution of the armor over a large area, while it unites the various portions of the mass in such an effective manner as to preclude any risk of fracture. This process dispenses with the provision of costly moulds and renders it permissible to employ extremely thin walls to serve as the outer skin.—Philadelphia Record.

## Light Evidence.

An Irish soldier on sentry duty had orders to allow no one to smoke near his post. An officer with a lighted cigar approached, whereupon Pat boldly challenged him and ordered him to put it out at once.

The officer, with a gesture of disgust, threw away his cigar, but no sooner was his back turned than Pat picked it up and quietly retired to the sentry box.

The officer, happening to look around, observed a beautiful cloud of smoke issuing from the box. He at once challenged Pat for smoking on duty.

"Smoking, is it, sorr? Bedad, and I'm only keeping it lit to show to the corporal when he comes, as evidence agin you."—TH-Bits.

## Exempt.

The Teacher—"And why didn't you come to school yesterday?"  
The Pupil—"Please, ma'am, me mudder didn't know school commenced yestidday, and she borrowed Mrs. Green's almanac an' it wuz a last year's one."

The Teacher—"And didn't your father know the day that the school opens?"  
The Pupil—"No, ma'am, he doesn't know nuffin 'bout days."

The Teacher—"How is that?"  
The Pupil—"He work nights."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Queen Alexandra's Favorite Roses.

The Queen's favorite rose is one of the old time sorts known as Hermosa, a lovely free flowering pink rose which yields a rich harvest of beautiful fragrant blossoms. So fond is the Queen of this rose that she has caused it to be grown by thousands in huge borders near her favorite dairy, as well as in the gardens surrounding her home.—Girl's Own Paper.

Slate valued at \$5,019,220 was quarried and sold in the United States in 1907, an increase over 1906's output of \$350,875.



## A HERO OF THE HIGH SEAS.

The adventures of no dashing rover of fiction make more exciting reading than the true history of Captain John Manly. The valuable aid of the privateers during the Revolutionary period has always been recognized and acknowledged by the navy, and it is in appreciation of the fact that "Torpedo-Bomb Number 22" bears the name of the gallant captain. Mr. Edgar S. Maclay, in his "History of American Privateers," gives an account of Manly's services to his country.

Captain Manly took charge of the Cumberland in 1779. Soon after he took command he was captured by a British frigate and carried to Barbados, where he was cruelly treated. His escape from prison was most audacious. He bribed the jailer, fled from his confines, seized an English government tender, placed the crew in irons and made his way to the United States.

He was immediately placed in charge of the fine ship Jason of twenty guns. He had hardly left port when a squall carried away his masts and left him helpless. The fact of this disaster, coupled with his misfortune on the Cumberland, made the crew suspicious, and they mutinied.

A disabled ship and a rebellious crew are difficulties enough to dishearten any commander, but Manly was not to be downed by untoward circumstances. With the vigorous help of a cutlass he reduced the mutiny and brought his ship to port for repairs. More than that, he took two prizes, the Hazard and the Adventurer. These he carried to Boston. There he heard that a British fleet of merchantmen, homeward bound, were supposed to be skirting the New England coast.

Manly could not lie quiet under such news, and off he started in pursuit. One thick day the fog suddenly lifted and revealed to the Jason a fleet of forty large ships in alarming proximity. This was a bit too much, even for the bold captain, and by the aid of the fog, which fortunately shut down again, he escaped.

Not long after this the Jason came up with the British vessel Surprise.

"Heave to or we will fire into you!" shouted the English captain.

"Fire away! We have as many guns as you!" coolly replied Manly. He fought bravely, but again his crew mutinied and the Jason was captured. Manly was carried before the lord admiral.

"Are you not the same Manly who commanded the Cumberland?" questioned the admiral.

"Yes."

"Did you not escape by bribing the jailer and taking the king's tender?" roared the admiral.

Manly did not wish to incriminate the jailer so he held his peace. He was sent to England to be kept in Mill Prison until the end of the war, but in 1782 he was exchanged. He was at once put in command of the Jague, and in thirteen days had captured a valuable prize ship. How much more he would have harried British shipping is not known, for he was run into Martinique, and blockaded there until peace was declared.

## KOEPENICK OUTDONE.

Low that the cobbler "Captain" of Koepenick has been released from prison, where he has been serving on account of his trick with the German guardsmen, whom he used to arrest a Mayor and rob the municipal treasury, Henry Chamberlain, a retired Lieutenant of the Royal Navy, has sent to the press the story of a similar experience of his own, which happened before the Koepenick affair.

Mr. Chamberlain was making a tour of Germany on foot. He says he looked a typical Briton in his old, gray suit, old felt hat, fannel shirt and shooting boots, and carrying a cotton umbrella. His German vocabulary consisted of probably forty words. He was walking through some woods when he came upon about a dozen German soldiers lying in the grass. Their coats were unbuttoned and sword belts unbuckled. The traveler, aided by signs, asked if the soldiers were Prussians. No, they were Saxons. "I am Anglo-Saxon," replied Mr. Chamberlain. To his astonishment, the men got up and shook hands with him. Casually he mentioned that he was a naval officer. At that last word the men quickly buttoned up their tunics and replaced their sword belts, got into line and saluted the stranger.

"Are you going to Niederbronn?" was his next question, writes Mr. Chamberlain. "Yes," they replied, "we are going to walk to Niederbronn and there take the train to Bitsch." What evil genius prompted me to make the next remark I cannot tell, but, though uttered in joke, its consequences were perfectly astounding. "I, too, am going to Niederbronn. You are my regiment, I am your Colonel!"

"Up they sprang to their feet, fell in two deep and kept silent, as if on parade. 'Right turn!'—and off we marched, I carrying my umbrella as if it were a sword. Breasting a grassy

slope we marched up to the top at a swinging pace, still observing perfect silence and in step. A short distance off was a solitary soldier of the same regiment, lying at full length on a bench near the entrance to a wood—tunic unbuttoned, sword unbuckled, etc. On catching sight of the approaching squad he jumped, buttoned his tunic, buckled on his weapon, stood rigidly at attention, and when the 'regiment' came by 'tatted on' as if it was the most natural thing in the world to do.

"A disconcerting thought arose: 'What will happen if we chance across a German officer, and how, in my broken German can I ever hope to explain this extraordinary assumption of command of the forces of the Kaiser?' So, without a moment's further delay, I said to the men: 'I must go to my hotel, which is over there,' and bade them good-bye. These docile and amiable Saxons, with one accord, taking time by the leading file, saluted, and I, having returned their salute, got out of sight as rapidly as possible. On peeping around the corner of a house, there was my late 'regiment' still marching with the regularity of clockwork."

## NOT LIKE BEN BATTLE.

The only one-footed man who ever served in the United States Army is C. E. Whitmore, an employe of the Tremont Hotel, Galveston, Texas, and he also enjoys the distinction of being the champion military bugler of the United States and of being the only one-footed man who ever served in the United States Revenue Cutter Service.

Whitmore, during the Spanish-American War, had his foot shot off by the Spanish, but he was not injured and was only temporarily disabled. It was cork.

His service in the army lasted two years, and he was in both the cavalry and artillery branches of the Government's fighting force. He served in the Revenue Cutter Service eleven years and two months and retired only when more stringent regulations made it impossible for the authorities to further overlook the absence of his natural foot.

During the thirty-two years which he spent with the United States forces Whitmore saw service in almost every branch of the military and naval forces. His service began when he was thirteen years old. At that age he enlisted as an apprentice on the Philadelphia, and was first assigned to the gunboat Saratoga, under Fighting Bob Evans. He served under Evans four years and rose to be chief bos'n mate.

Whitmore's title as champion bugler of the United States was won in 1900, when he was trumpeter at the West Point Military Academy. He blew 125 calls, ordered at random, in one hour and thirty-five minutes, winning the prize, a silver bugle. This he presented to the Military Academy, and it is there now among the institution's relics.

During the Spanish-American War, Whitmore served under Generals Slaughter and Wood, and it was at Siboney, on June 29, that his cork foot was shot off and he was ordered by General Wood to report to the wheelwright for surgical attention.

Whitmore blew the last bugle call that President William McKinley ever heard. At that time he was a civilian attached to the military force at the Pan-American Exposition, and as President McKinley entered the Temple of Music he sounded three flourishes, announcing the approach of a distinguished personage to the people gathered within. Hardly had the notes died away when Colgoz's shot rang out. Whitmore was near enough to be an eye-witness to the assassination, and his testimony regarding the occurrence is on file in Washington.

Whitmore's foot was torn off in Galveston harbor when he was serving on the revenue cutter Galveston in 1892. While a wire rope was being unreeled it caught his foot and tore the member off. After several months in St. Mary's Infirmary here he was able to get about and devised a foot which enabled him to walk almost as well as he formerly walked with his natural foot.

In 1895, despite the absent foot, Whitmore applied for admission into the army and was examined personally by Surgeon-General Sternberg. This examination was supplemented by another in which experts of the Johns Hopkins Hospital participated. They pronounced him capable of doing military duty, and he was permitted, on the authority of a special board, to continue his military career.—Houston Post.

## Microscopic Tests of Wood.

The microscopic examination of wood after it breaks in a testing apparatus has just been started by the Office of Wood Utilization in the Forest Service of the United States. Every species of wood has several different kinds of cells, each of which has its own size and form. There is also a wide variation in the number and arrangement of the cells in different species. These differences in structure have their bearing on the strength of the wood. For some time past the Forest Service has been carrying on a large number of tests on many kinds of wood, in order to determine their strength, stiffness, elasticity and other physical properties, so that they may be used to the best possible advantage in construction. The application of microscopic work to such tests is expected to give a better knowledge of the conditions on which the strength of wood depends. Other problems connected with the structure of wood, such as the preparation of wood pulp and the treatment of wood with preservatives, will probably be aided by this new study.—Philadelphia Record.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**E. NEFF**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,  
Pension Attorney and Real Estate Agent.  
**RAYMOND E. BROWN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BROOKVILLE, PA.

**G. M. McDONALD,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Real estate agent, patents secured, collections made promptly. Office in Reynoldsville Hardware Co. building, Main street Reynoldsville, Pa.

**SMITH M. MCCREIGHT,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Notary public and real estate agent. Collections will receive prompt attention. Office in Reynoldsville Hardware Co. building, Main street Reynoldsville, Pa.

**DR. B. E. HOOVER,**  
DENTIST,  
Resident dentist, in the Hoover building Main street. Gentleness in operating.

**DR. L. L. MEANS,**  
DENTIST,  
Office on second floor of the First National bank building, Main street.

**DR. R. DEVERE KING,**  
DENTIST,  
Office on second floor of the Syndicate building, Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

**HENRY PRIESTER**  
UNDERTAKER.  
Black and white funeral cars. Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

## SPORTING BREVITIES.

Ketchel now says that he will not fight Papke again.  
Strict rules were adopted to govern the next Briarcliff auto race.

Harvard won in three events this year—crew, baseball and football.  
Harvard's football victory marks a return of athletic vigor at the Cambridge university.

E. W. McDonald, 1910, has been elected captain of the Colgate football eleven for 1909.

The Associated Cricket Clubs of Philadelphia received an invitation for a team to tour the West Indies in February.

Bender, the Athletics' Indian pitcher, won the open live bird handicap shoot of the Penrose Club by killing fifteen straight.

Cincinnati University has offered the position of football director to former Captain Hollenback, of the University of Pennsylvania team.

The Board of Review of the National Trotting Association exonerated Oliver H. Bair on charges of drugging horses in a double team race.

M. Deroze, a mechanic, was killed, and Juan Junasz, a driver, badly injured while practicing in an S. P. O. car on the Savannah automobile course.

A committee of the New York State Football Association will arrange a series of "knockout" matches for a cup. Play will begin the last week in February.

Abe Atwell now says that he will never meet a man again that weighs more than 126 pounds. He does not care to go out of the featherweight class in future.

James Gordon Bennett has presented to the French Aero Club an international aviation cup, valued at \$2500, as well as three sums of \$5000, to be added as prizes in the first three annual competitions.

## PROMINENT PEOPLE.

President-elect Gomez of Cuba greeted the people of the United States.

King Haakon was the first contributor to Captain Amundsen's Polar expedition. He gave \$5000.

J. Pierpont Morgan belongs to thirty-five clubs, and his membership dues figure over \$7000 annually.

Giuglielmo Ferrero, in a lecture at Columbia University, shattered the romance of Antony and Cleopatra.

Premier Asquith said he will not dissolve Parliament at the dictation of an "irresponsible chamber" (House of Lords).

Jay Gould joined the Aero Club of Columbia University, and announced he would begin ballooning around New York City.

Colonel Goethals has prepared a report denying the existence of a lake under the Gatun dam at Panama or any sinking of that structure.

Mr. Bunau-Varilla, in an interview specially cabled from Paris, declared that the Panama Canal would result in the greatest disaster in history.

Alfred Clifford was elected a director of the United States Steel Corporation, taking the place on the board made vacant by the resignation of James Gayley.

Friction is said to have driven Judge Wilfey from his post at Shanghai, China, he having demanded the recall of two high American officials before he resigned.

## SAND TARTS.

A little cookie that will keep nicely is well to have on hand, and the following recipe is for just such an article. It can be made out in various shapes and is even more delicious with a blanched almond at the middle of each. Take one teaspoonful of butter, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of sugar, two eggs, three teaspoonfuls of water, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus and just enough flour to make a stiff dough that will roll out very thin. Cream the sugar and butter together, add the eggs, which should be well beaten, then the water, and lastly the sifted flour, in which the saleratus is put. Brush white of egg over the tops and sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar.—New York Tribune.

Stand by your colors, advises the Dallas News, provided they are not blue or yellow.