

THE SPUB.

Because of your strong faith I kept the track. Whose sharp-set stones my strength had well-nigh spent; I could not meet your eyes if I turned back: So on I went.

Because you would not yield belief in me, The threatening crags that rose, my way to ban; I conquered inch by crumbling inch—to see The goal afar.

And though I struggle toward it through hard years, Or flinch, or falter blindly, yet within, "You can!" unwavering my spirit hears; And I shall win.

Having thrashed several of the likeliest looking boys standing in the line outside of Cathcart's door, it naturally happened that this rising young attorney, perceiving one bright alert face in the handful of boys, who were merely looking for jobs, decided to employ Master Robert Redmond.

"I ain't looking for much salary," explained Robert when the fact was explained to him that a dollar a week would be paid at the start. "I want to make a career for myself—and I'll be worth more to you soon."

This idea of a career pleased Cathcart. He, too, was still looking for a career. He had a law office, it was true, and his sheepskin hung upon the wall, but the clients were still few and Cathcart had a boyish idea that he and Bobby would find a career together.

As the days passed, he began to take a live interest in Bobby. With wit sharpened in the school of the street, the boy had resisted the taint of the gutter and had acquired its alertness with but few of the bad habits of the gamins. It is true that he smoked when he could afford the price of a pack of cigarettes, and his language at times was more emphatic than polite, but he swore only under stress of circumstances and sought to break himself of the trick. He had noticed that Cathcart seldom used an oath, and he was making Cathcart his pattern.

Times were easy in the Cathcart office. Cathcart did not really need a boy, but it looked better and then he came in very handy to take notes to Lorna Stanley. Most of the time when other lawyers were writing briefs Cathcart was writing notes, not that he did not care for briefs, but because they did not come to him. Some of these days the briefs would come and with their coming he would marry Lorna and live happily ever after.

At present the course of true love, as Bobby put it to himself, was "as crooked as a corkscrew with the cramps." Old Mrs. Stanley had a double objection to Cathcart. In the first place he was poor—which might be forgiven him—and he was a lawyer. When her husband, Gordon Stanley, died there had been much litigation over the estate. Mrs. Stanley was finally the victor, but she had promptly crossed all legal lights from her visiting lists and regarded the entire profession as unhung thieves because of the machinations of a few sharpers who had urged bogus claimants on to tedious litigation. This was the principal rock which Cathcart found in his path. He would not elope with Lorna, and he could not gain the old lady's consent. The third alternative—that of giving Lorna up—was equally impossible and so the affair lagged.

Bobby was quick to sense the situation. Even had he not carried so many notes he would have understood, and the case troubled him. So it happened that he sat in the Stanley parlor one Sunday afternoon confronting a very puzzled old lady.

"The kids down at the club was telling me that you take an interest in boys," explained Bobby, "and I've come to see you about my career."

"I am always interested in the development of character and the inculcation of the habits of industry."

of course, when the office was prosperous there would be a chance for my career, too. Won't you let Mr. Cathcart marry Miss Lorna—and give me a chance?"

The old lady sat inflexible in her chair. There was no sign in her retreating in the cold, gray eyes and Bobby tried again.

"Suppose that you had a little boy," he began. "Suppose that you died when he was a kid and he had to take up to the newsboys' lodging-house and the best he could. Suppose that little boy was anxious to get ahead and no one would take him because he was just a newsie."

"Then suppose a chap came along and said, 'Robert, you look good to me. You travel the straight and narrow path and I'll give you a dollar a week and a chance for a career.' What would you think if I was your boy?"

Bobby spoke with a simple earnestness that carried conviction. He did not know that far back in the early days when Stanley was making the money that had left him a millionaire there had been a little boy who had sought a career. He had been compelled to work along with the rest and the mines had killed him.

In the gleaming eyes a tear now glistened and Bobby talked on unchecked. He told of the trouble he and Cathcart had when the funds were low, of how Cathcart had gone without money himself because he would not take the cases he knew to be dishonest, and in the end his boyish talk did more than all the pleadings of Lorna and Cathcart together. The old lady planted a kiss on the freckled cheek.

"Run along now," she said in a voice that trembled. "I will see that you have your career—and Mr. Cathcart, too."

Bobby returned the kiss with a hug for interest and sped from the room. He knew a spot in the park where Cathcart and Lorna were apt to be and he made for this trust with all speed. He met the lovers on their way home and halted them to give salutation.

"Boss," he said gayly, "don't beat it at the corner. Take Miss Lorna all the way home. Mrs. Stanley wants to talk to you about getting married—and about my career." Helen Sanborne, in New Orleans Picayune.

"Doctors," said he, "hadn't you better put buttons on me?"—New

A Born Financier.

By A. B. LEWIS. "Sonny," began the book agent, "would this be a good time to see the boss?"

"Got yer life insured?" queried the office-boy. "Now, look here, old man," continued the fellow, in confidential tones, "you and I must fix this little matter up. Your business is to keep us fellows out of the office, isn't it?"

"Dat's right." "At the same time, you need a little extra coin for balls and parties and Delmonico dinners?"

"To say nuttin' of grand opera." "Of course. Now, old pal, I'll tell you what we'll do. You get an interview for me with the head of the firm, and I'll hand you half a dollar before I leave. Why, I've got a book proposition here that he'll jump at."

"Nuttin' doin'," replied the boy, after a few moments' thought. "But why not?" "Becus a guy as smooth as you would sell our easy boss so many books he'd be broke for months, an' I'd lose a dollar a week in tips he hands me. It's your move, Algeron."

And the book agent sighed and moved on.—From Judge.

WISE WORDS.

The truth often gives a jolt to pride. A tax on bachelors would tickle most married men to death. Love is a tonic that intoxicates some men and sobers others up. Even honesty is apt to become tarnished unless it is in constant use. The man who is on the level frequently finds it hard work to get along. Some rich men are as crooked as the dollar mark that denotes their wealth. Some people even take pride in their humility. Our best intentions are easily contaminated. It isn't always the high flyer who gets to the top. Those who trust to luck don't always have the best credit. Treading on other people's toes won't get you very far up in the world. The dead are soon forgotten, and some people don't have to wait that long. An optimist is merely a person who saves a little sunshine for a rainy day. Always be prepared for an emergency, and you will generally find that it doesn't turn up. The girl who wants to make a name for herself as a rule can't even make a loaf of bread. The happiest people in the world are those who are satisfied to let others do their worrying for them. Even the man who is thankful for what he gets sometimes forgets to be thankful for what he doesn't get. When a fellow is always making new friends it may merely be a sign that his old friends are on to him. Occasionally a man finds that it is hard to live up to his reputation as a woman does to live up to her photographs. To love our neighbor as we love ourselves would simply transform the world into a mutual admiration society.—From "Musings of a Cynic," in the New York Times.

A Frugal Mind.

Cleverton (who has hired a taxicab to propose in)—"Say 'Yes,' darling!" Miss Calumet—"Give me time to think." Cleverton—"Heavens! But not in here! Consider the expense!"—Tit-Bits.

Commissioners' Statement of the Year 1908. Finances of Jefferson County

Table with columns: Year, District and Collector, County, Poor, Bond, State, Dog. Rows include 1902-1907 data for various districts like Polk, Barnett, Brookville, etc.

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Table with columns: Receipts and Expenditures for 1908. Rows include Amt. in Treasury January 1, 1908, State tax, etc.

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Table with columns: Amt. due on Clearfield County Poor District, Cash in treasury, etc.

Table with columns: Amt. due on salaries, Miscellaneous bill unpaid, Assets over liabilities, etc.

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THE ETHER HABIT SPREADING

A New Contagion That is Causing Terrible Ravages in Paris.

According to the fashionable doctors of Paris, a new contagion is at present causing terrible ravages in the capital. Attempts have from time to time been made to proscribe opium, morphia, hashish and other poisons. Some have even suggested the prohibition of absinthe, but at the moment it is none of these that is causing anxiety—it is ether. The ether passion has spread with such rapidity in Paris that the number of "etheromanes" is almost incredible, and every day new recruits are added to the ranks of those who have been enslaved by the insidious fluid. Opium and hashish only appealed to certain categories of people, but ether finds its victims among all classes. As a means of intoxication it is within reach of all purses, and although its effects are less deadly than those of certain other drugs, its consequences cannot be regarded with a complacent eye. To take only one example, at Rochefort-sur-Mer there is a maritime hospital frequented by students who later will qualify for naval surgeons or colonial doctors, and among these young men, when the "grind" becomes too irksome or the discipline too severe, ether has been a frequent remedy. The consequence is that its ravages have been considerable, and last year several suicides were traced to overindulgence in the fatal passion. An attempt was made by the authorities to keep the fact from leaking out, but it gradually became known. It is not in the provinces alone, however, that the ether habit has manifested itself. "Etheromanes" are frequently met with in Paris, and when reproved for their addiction to the drug, they defend their weakness by exaggerated descriptions of the joy and delightful intoxication they find in the absorption of the fluid. Some of them are accustomed to drink ether in the form of a syrup, much as they would take any other alcohol; others let a few drops of

THE NATIONAL GAME.

"Ee-ah" has been discarded by Hugh Jennings. First baseman Harold Danzig, the giant of the Boston team, is known as "Babe." Minneapolis claims the scrappiest catchers in the minor leagues in Rapp and Block. St. Louis writers predict that first baseman Tom Jones will have a good year with the Browns. Outfielder Clyde Engle, the Newark recruit, is doing some great work with the New York Americans in practice. President Dreyfuss has issued an order forbidding cigarette smoking among the Pirates during the training season. Seven Boston American players claim Harry as their given name, namely, Lord, Niles, Gessler, Hooper, Danzig, Walter, Morgan. Manager Stallings isn't permitting any player of promise to slip away. He doesn't want to hear any one ask, "Why did you let him go?" The Anderson (Carolina Association) Club has signed outfielder Leo McHugh, late of the Harleton Club, of the outlaw Atlantic League. An Indianapolis dispatch states that the local Methodist Ministers' Association will test the constitutionality of the new Sunday ball law. Manager Jack Dunn, of the Baltimore (Eastern League) Club, has signed Joseph A. Lewis, a promising young West Philadelphia player. Clark Griffith is drilling the Reds in batting against the spit ball. Griff says that pitchers will shove the glove thing when his eager youngsters show their skill against it. Detroit has a bowling team made up of McIntyre, Willett, Mullen, Bush and Killian. Unless Manager Jennings raises his voice, games will be arranged in American League cities. Woman is considered the weaker vessel—and there is an old maxim to the effect that the weaker the vessel the thicker the paint.—Chicago News.