

THE BOYS THAT RUN THE FURROW.

You can write it down as gospel.
With the flag of peace unfurled.
The boys that run the furrow
Are the boys that run the world!

The glory of the battle.
Of clashing swords blood-red.
Is nothing to the warfare
Of the battle-hosts of Bread!

An Alpine Guide

Translated from the French of Ludovic Halévy.

By Eva Mills Anderson.

Have no fear, sir. You will not lose the train. It is now fifteen years since I began taking passengers to the station and never have I missed a train.

But that day the train was exactly on time and I lost it. My driver was furious. "You ought to give warning."

"Oh, yes," they all cried in concert, "ordinarily it is late. Certainly, sir, as the driver says, it is usually late."

"Go to see the Chaudron (meaning kettle or caldron). There is nothing like it anywhere."

"And where is the Chaudron?" "Upon the mountain at the right, about half-way up the hill. The way, however, is somewhat crooked, and the gentleman would do well to take a guide."

"All right, I will take Noiraud." "But it is necessary I should tell you, Noiraud is not a person."

"Your dog?" "Yes, Noiraud. He will conduct you as well as my husband could do it. He is accustomed to it."

"Certainly. For years and years my husband has taken Noiraud with him on every trip. Thus he has learned every path and now he makes the journey alone. He has frequently conducted travelers and we have always had compliments for him. So far as intelligence is concerned, he has no fear, he knows as much as you or I. All he lacks is language."

"Very well, where is Noiraud?" "He is sleeping in the sun in the garden. He has already conducted an English party to the Chaudron this morning. Shall I call him?"

"Yes, call him." "Noiraud, Noiraud!" "He came with a bound through the window. He was a small, ugly, black dog with long, shaggy hair, not prepossessing, certainly in appearance, but he had at the same time a certain air of gravity, of decision, of importance."

"To have lost one train was enough for me for one day. I had not intended to expose myself a second time to a similar misadventure, so I explained to Madam Simon that I had only three hours in which to go to the Chaudron."

"Ob, I understand that very well," she replied, "you wish to take the four o'clock train. Have no fear; Noiraud will bring you back in time. Go on, Noiraud; go on, my boy, go on!"

the sugar. Now go, my boy. To the Chaudron, to the Chaudron, to the Chaudron!" She repeated these words three times, speaking them very slowly and distinctly, and during that time I, in my turn, examined Noiraud with attention. He replied to the words of his mistress by a little movement of the head which became more and more decided, and at the end he showed a little impatience and bad humor. He seemed to be thinking, "Yes, yes, to the Chaudron, I have known that. The gentleman has the sugar, I understand; do you think I have no sense?"

Without waiting for the third "To the Chaudron," of Madame Simon to be finished, Noiraud, evidently offended, turned him around, placed himself opposite me, showing me the door, saying as plainly as it is permitted a dog to say "I am ready, come along."

I followed him obediently. Thus we went through the village, he before, I behind. The children who were playing in the streets recognized my guide. "Hullo, Noiraud, how do you do? Noiraud!"

"They wished to play with the dog. He turned his head with an air of disdain, the air of a dog who has no time to amuse himself, the air of a dog who has a duty to perform and who intends to earn thirty sous. And the children cried out, 'Let him alone. He is conducting the gentleman to the Chaudron. Pleasant journey, sir.'"

All smilingly repeated it, "Pleasant journey, sir." I smiled but awkwardly, I am sure. I felt embarrassed and a little humiliated. I was, in a manner, dominated by this animal. He was, for the moment my master. He knew where he was going, I did not know. I hastened to get out of the village and to be alone with Noiraud amidst the beauties of nature that it was his mission to make me admire.

These beauties of nature were at the beginning a frightful road, dusty and hot under a sun at its zenith. The dog went with a quick step and it wearied me to follow him. I tried to moderate his pace. "Noiraud, come; Noiraud, my boy, not so quickly."

Noiraud turned a deaf ear to me and held on to his steady gait without seeming to hear me. He was seized by an attack of anger, when I wished to seat myself at the corner of a field where a single tree gave a scanty shade. He barked in a fretful voice and threw irritated glances at me. Evidently I was acting contrary to rule. It was not the custom to stop there. His protestations were so sharp and excited that I got up and resumed my journey. Noiraud calmed himself immediately and began to trot gaily before me. I had comprehended. He was content.

Some moments after we entered upon a beautiful road, all flowers, all shade, all perfume, all full of the freshness and murmur of streams, Noiraud immediately slipped under the trees, took up a gallop, and disappeared in a little footpath. I followed him, hesitating a little. I had not taken a hundred steps when I found Noiraud awaiting me, his head high and his eyes shining, in a sort of half bow, and he seemed to say to me, "see, here is a place to rest. It is fine; it is cool. You were foolish, you wished to stop in the burning sun. Come on now, seat yourself, I permit it."

I stopped. I seated myself. I lighted a cigar. I even made a movement to offer one to Noiraud. Perhaps he smoked. But I thought he would prefer a morsel of sugar. He caught it very adroitly in its flight, ate it with evident relish, and then lay down and snoozed a little at my feet. He was evidently accustomed to make a brief halt and to take a little nap in this place.

He slept scarcely a dozen minutes. I was, for my part, perfectly tranquil. Noiraud had inspired in me an absolute confidence. I was resolved to obey him unreservedly. He roused himself, stretched, and cast at me a sidelong glance which signified "Come on, my friend; come on."

Behold us! Like two old friends sauntering under the trees, Noiraud enjoyed the charm, the silence, the sweetness of the place. Upon the road, having hastened to escape the heat and dust, he had traveled at a rapid pace. He marched in order to arrive. But now, refreshed, Noiraud loitered for the pleasure of the walk upon one of the prettiest byroads of the canton of Vaud.

A path to the left presents itself. Noiraud hesitates briefly. He reflects. He passes it and continues his way straight before him, but not without

some uncertainty in his demeanor. Then he stops. He has evidently been mistaken. Yes, for he returns over the road we had come and takes the way to the left which suddenly, about a hundred steps onward, brings us to a circle; Noiraud, with his nose in the air, invites me to contemplate the very respectable height of the unscalable wall of rock that surrounds the circle.

When he thinks I have admired this sufficiently, he turns about face and we again take our way through the wood. Noiraud had forgotten to show me the circle of rocks, a small omission which had been quickly repaired.

The road soon becomes very hilly, uneven and difficult. I advance slowly, with infinite precaution. Noiraud bounds lightly from rock to rock, but he never leaves me. He waits for me and casts looks of the most tender solicitude upon me. Finally I commence to hear something like a bubbling spring. Noiraud barks joyously. "Courage," he says to me, "courage. We are nearly there. You will see the Chaudron."

It is really the Chaudron. A fountain modest enough, of a height equally modest, falls with gushing and rebounding in a great rock slightly hollowed out. I would never have consoled myself for my effort to see this mediocre marvel if I had not had as a companion the brave Noiraud, who was much more interesting and remarkable than the Chaudron.

On each side of the spring, in two little Swiss chalets, were installed two dairies, attended by two Swiss maidens, one blonde, one brunette, each expectantly awaits my arrival on the threshold of her box of a house. It seems to me that the blonde has the prettiest eyes, and I make three or four steps toward her side when Noiraud, barking furiously, bars the way. I change my direction. That is well. Noiraud is appressed as by enchantment when he sees me seated at a table before the quarters of his young protegee. I ask for a cup of milk. The friend of Noiraud enters her little handbag and Noiraud follows her. The wretch! He is served before myself. It is for him she pours a great cup of milk. He has been bribed.

After this, with the white drops suspended from his mustaches, Noiraud comes to bear me company and to see me drink my milk. I give him a lump of sugar. Then we too, absolutely satisfied one with the other, filling our lungs with the pure air of the mountains, pass a perfectly delicious half-hour.

Noiraud commences to show signs of impatience and agitation. I read him now like an open book. It is necessary to leave. I rouse myself and advance toward the right-hand path by which we ascended the mountain. Noiraud goes toward another road at the left. He casts a glance serious and severe upon me. What progress I have made in the last two hours and how familiar the silent eloquence of Noiraud has become to me!

"What opinion have you of me?" says Noiraud. "Do you think I am going to allow you to pass twice over the same route? No, indeed; I am a good guide, I know my business. We will go down by another path." We descend by another way, which is much prettier than the first. Noiraud, brimming over with joy, frequently turns to me with an air of triumph. We go through the village to the railway station. Noiraud is assailed by three or four dogs who appear in the humor to have a romp with their comrade. They try to stop him but Noiraud, growling, represses their advances.

"Do you not see what I have to do? I must take this gentleman to the station."

It is only when I am in the waiting room that he consents to separate himself from me, after having eaten the last two morsels of sugar. This is how I interpret his parting salute.

"We are here 20 minutes before train-time. It is never by me you would lose your train. Go on; goodbye, good-bye!"

THE NIGERIAN BABY.

Water Soaked Inside and Outside at the Morning Toilet.

Matrons of the West may be interested to hear the details of the Nigerian native baby's morning toilet. Anything over three months old is no longer a "baby" to the native mother-familias and is bathed with the other children, generally a numerous brood, in the chill morning air before sunrise. The little mite yells lustily while the cold water is splashed over his brown body and generally continues the chorus when put aside to dry. Towels do not form part of the household equipment. The bathing process finished, the infants are subjected to a sort of water cure treatment. The mother seizes a child, scoops up a handful of water and, using her thumb as a kind of spout, squirts it with extraordinary dexterity into the youngster's mouth and down its throat. Protests in the shape of loud gurgles, horrible chokings, and desperate struggling are quite unheeded. The steady stream of water continues to pour down the child's throat until the mother's practiced touch on the patient's distended stomach tells her that the limit of capacity has been reached. All babies are subjected to this treatment, which is believed to have a most strengthening effect.—London Standard.

Quite Right.

She (indignantly)—You had no business to kiss me! He—But it wasn't business; it was pleasure.—New York Journal.

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

Table showing Amount Outstanding 1902, 1904, 1905, 1906 and 1907. Columns include Year, District and Collector, County, Poor, Bond, State, Dog.

Table showing Amount Outstanding for 1908. Columns include Year, District and Collector, County, Poor, Bond, State, Dog.

Table showing Receipts and Expenditures for 1908. Columns include Amt. in Treasury January 1, Receipts, Expenditures, Total.

Table showing Receipts and Expenditures for 1908. Columns include Amt. in Treas. last settlement, Receipts, Expenditures, Total.

Table showing General Statement. Columns include ASSETS, LIABILITIES, Total.

Table showing Amt. due from Clearfield County Poor District, Cash in treasury, including treasurer's percentage, Total.

Table showing LIABILITIES, Amt. due on salaries, Miscellaneous bill unpaid, Assets over liabilities, Total.

Table showing Poor Building Fund RECEIPTS, Outstanding tax, 1907 and previous, Unsettled tax lien record, Seated tax lien record, Interest on unseated tax, Amt. due treasurer, exclusive of percentage, Total.

Table showing LIABILITIES, Bonds outstanding, Interest on bonds, Total.

Table showing Inventory of Produce and Stock Raised. Lists various agricultural products and their quantities.

JEFFERSON COUNTY, SS: Pursuant to law, we the undersigned Commissioners of Jefferson county, publish the foregoing statement of the receipts and expenditures of said county for the year 1908, and also present the assets and liabilities of the county on the 1st day of January, 1909.

A. F. REITZ, (Seal) E. T. McGAFF, (Seal) J. N. KELLY, (Seal)

W. A. KELLY, Clerk.

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.

SMITH M. McCREIGHT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Notary public and real estate agent.

DR. B. E. HOOPER, DENTIST, Resident dentist, in the Hoover building.

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

DR. R. DEVERE KING, DENTIST, Office on second floor of the Syndicate building.

HENRY PRIESTER, UNDERTAKER, Black and white funeral cars.

LABOR WORLD. A clockmakers' union was recently organized at San Francisco, Cal.

In Sweden the government has ordered a general census of the unemployed.

A co-operative company has been organized by workmen of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The state of trade is bad in the larger towns like Stockholm and Malmo, Sweden.

A movement is under way for the organization of a pipe trades council in Minneapolis, Minn.

The awards of the umpires in the coal trade are adverse to the miners, both in Scotland and South Wales.

Statements have been made that Ohio coal mine operators are considering making inspection of their mines daily.

The Canton of Vaud, Switzerland, granted the women members of the National Protestant Church a vote in church affairs.

The recent Socialist congress, in Paris, has greatly strengthened the hands of "King" Pataud and the General Confederation of Labor.

W. E. McEwan, Duluth, member of the United Association of Plumbers, for many years secretary of the Minnesota State Federation of Labor, has been made State commissioner of labor of Minnesota.

The twenty-second annual report of Oscar S. Straus, Secretary of Commerce and Labor of the United States, has been issued containing the laws relating to labor in every State in the United States, together with Court decisions.

The Canadian Department of Labor in reviewing the industrial conditions of Canada says that the recent immigration restrictions are having a good effect and that labor conditions were better at the end of 1908 than they were at the close of 1907.

Some people will do almost anything to save trouble, moralize the Philadelphia Record, while others are equally anxious to get rid of it.