

FOLDED HANDS.

Pale withered hands, that many changeful years had wrought for others, soothed the hurt of tears.

From the worn brow the lines of care had swept, As if an angel's kiss, the while she slept, Had smoothed the cobweb wrinkles quite away.

And given back the peace of childhood's day, And on the lips the faint smile almost said, "None knew life's secret but the happy dead."

So gazing where she lay we know that pain, And parting could not cleave her soul again. And we were sure that they who saw her last,

In that dim vista which we call the past, Who never knew her thus and laid aside, Remembering best the maiden and the bride,

Had sprung to greet her with the olden speech, The dear pet names no later lore can teach, And "Welcome home" they cried, and grasped her hands.

So dwells the mother in the best of lands. —Margaret E. Sangster.

The Peddler's Pack. VERY now and then the swinging signboard creaked and groaned as if it were determined to attract attention.

"What does that signify?" inquired a traveler, glancing up at the picture. "Ah! They don't carry things of that sort nowadays," answered the gray-haired landlady, pointing to a pile of commercial travelers' sample cases.

"but the 'road boys' were not such arisocrats when I was younger. Then, they used 'packs' just like you see pictured up there. I was a bit hard on them long ago, and ever since I've tried to make up for it by treating them as well as I can.

"I don't exactly know," said the landlady, softly, "but if there is anything that will bend a stubborn neck quicker than the arms of a little child, I'd like to know what it is. I put the tired little prisoner down by the fire, opened the door and held out my arms."

"And the mother—" "Yes," nodded the landlady, "they were both there, and, mister, I guess that's the end of my story," and the old man wiped his eyes.

"You must excuse me," he said weakly, "but that was a wet evening, and somehow I haven't got quite dry since." —Grand Magazine.

Whether on the high fjord or below the roaring fess, or in the wild fishing life which is common to the Norwegians along 2000 miles of rock-bound coast, you cannot fail to mark the extraordinary coyness of the Norwegian in the moment of peril, his marvellous indifference to exposure, toil and physical pain.

wouldn't even give him a bunch of straw in the stable, and no other house within twelve miles. Instead of complaining, however, he merely begged that I would let him leave his pack, which he said contained goods of value, under shelter from the rain.

"Yes; mean and bitter at the same time, for something about the man reminded me of Mary's husband a little. However, I locked and barred all the doors and windows, as usual, for some road agents had been around those parts about that time, and had stood up and robbed several ranchers, and, as I told you, I was all alone. Somehow, I couldn't go to sleep when I went to bed. After tossing around for awhile I got up and sat by the fire, brooding over my trouble and trying not to think of the poor chap shivering out there in the cold and rain somewhere.

I looked at his pack sitting up in the corner, and wondered what made it so long. As I watched it I fancied I saw it move." "Saw it move?" "Exactly. I wouldn't believe my eyes at first, but after watching intently for a while I distinctly saw the front of a hand pressed against the canvas from the inside. Like a flash, then, I understood the whole thing. The peddler was one of the road agents' gang, and knowing I had considerable money about the house they had adopted this plan for smuggling one of their crew inside the house.

After I had gone to sleep the fellow inside could let in the rest and finish the job. I walked quietly across the room, took my gun from the antlers, knelt down a few feet from the pack, aimed square in the centre and pulled the trigger." "Go on," murmured the listener, with a shudder.

"But the gun didn't go off," continued the landlady, clearing his throat. "The nipple was rusty and wouldn't work, so I laid down the rifle and got an axe from the kitchen. It had been newly ground that day, and when I lifted it over my head, I counted upon cleaving that pack, robber and all, clear to the floor. Just as I raised the axe and braced myself for the blow I saw a ghost."

"A ghost?" "Yes, sir. The pack opened, and I saw sticking out of its top the curly yellow head, blue eyes and rosy cheeks of my Mary when she was a little tot of four. The shock staggered me so that I sank on my knees. I wiped my eyes, and wondered if I had gone crazy. I was almost certain of it when the ghost stretched out a pair of clubby white arms and said, 'Deevin', grandpa!'"

"Ah," said the guest, with a relieved sigh, "I begin to see. And what did you do then?" "I don't exactly know," said the landlady, softly, "but if there is anything that will bend a stubborn neck quicker than the arms of a little child, I'd like to know what it is. I put the tired little prisoner down by the fire, opened the door and held out my arms."

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Viking Courage. Whether on the high fjord or below the roaring fess, or in the wild fishing life which is common to the Norwegians along 2000 miles of rock-bound coast, you cannot fail to mark the extraordinary coyness of the Norwegian in the moment of peril, his marvellous indifference to exposure, toil and physical pain.

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HOW OLIVE OIL IS MADE IN TUSCANY.

The Olive, Stone and All, is First Crushed in a Mill Run by Ox-Power—Succeeding Processes.

The olives, stones and all, are first crushed in a stone mill run by ox-power. The mass of pulp is then transferred in flat wicker baskets to the "torchio," or oaken press, from which the oil oozes into a vat below. The presses at Dievole are very old, elaborately carved with the arms and devices of some early padrone. Tremendous pressure is applied through a primitive capstan arrangement, which the men work by heavy wooden levers, walking round and round on the stone floor in a track much worn by the tread of laboring generations.

There are no prizes for those who will not pay for them with persistence. When a man thinks more of his skin than of his soul he is likely to suffer in both. One of the keenest sorrows of life is the thought of the sins we leave to our children.

Some people never think of being grateful for one meal until they are hungry for the next. Men who put all their faith in gold generally ask if you belong to a church before they lend you any of it.

It is a pleasant sight to see anybody thanking God, for the air is heavy with the hum of murmuring and the roads are dusty with complaints and lamentations.—Spurgeon.

How often do we look upon God as our last and feeblest resource! We go to Him because we have nowhere else to go. And then we learn that the storms of life have driven us, not upon the rocks, but unto the desired haven.—George MacDonald.

Character is great and worthy in itself, and not because of the greater or less fame of a deed through which it manifests itself. It is not the kind of thing through which we show ourselves, but the kind of self we have to show, that counts.—Scottish Reformer.

A Long Nose. In a village in Maryland an old deacon, in shaving himself on Sunday prior to church time, made a slight cut with a razor on the extreme end of his nose. Quickly calling to his wife, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, he asked her if she had any corn plaster in the house. "You will find some in my sewing basket," she said.

The deacon soon had the cut covered. At church, in assisting with the collection, he noticed every one smile as he passed the plate, and some of the younger people laughed outright. Very much annoyed, he asked one of his assistants if there was anything wrong with his appearance.

"Well, I should say there was," answered the assistant. "What is that upon your nose?" "Court plaster!" "No," said his friend, "it is the label from a spool of cotton. It says, 'Warranted 200 yards.'" Query. Among the papers of R. H. Stoddard that Ripley Hitchcock edited there is a letter which Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet-physician, is said to have received. This letter was written many years ago by an ignorant country practitioner, and it is interesting because it shows the low level to which, in the early part of the last century, it was possible for medical education to fall.

The letter, verbatim, follows: "Dear dock I have pashunt whose physiol sines shoze that the wimpie is ulcerated of and his lung hav dropped into his stumick. He is unabel to swaller and I fear his stumick toobe is gone. I have giv him everything without effek his Father is wealthy honble and indusenshal. He is an active member of the M. E. church, and God noes I don't want too loose him wot shall I do?"—Kansas City Independent.

Which Honey is the Best? This question will probably be discussed as long as individual tastes differ, but mild flavored honeys will always be most popular and blended honeys will lead among them. In New England when the honey-flow is slow and the combs are filled from many kinds of flowers, then is the honey most delicious. The same is known to be true in some other parts of the country and doubtless is so everywhere. Such honey keeps the palate seeking for the elusive flavors and never cloy it. It is blended flavors which have made French cookery so famous.—American Beekeeper.

A Prayer Before Work. The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our way all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undisturbed, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen.—Robert Louis Stevenson.



CANINE CULTURE. A Boston spinster owns a dog. One of those high-toned "towers." That's so well bred and nice, 'tis said, He never pants—he "trousers." —Philadelphia Post.

REVISED QUOTATION. Orator—"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless mill—mill— Auditor—"Millionaires"—Life.

SURE TO REGRET IT ANYWAY. Fuller—"If you marry that girl, you'll regret it." Waller—"But no more, probably, than if I married some other girl."—Judge.

KNOWLEDGE. "I was surprised at the way you flirted with that young man. You know you're a married woman." "Yes, but he didn't."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE ENDLESS GRIND. "But why do you live in the city if you don't like it?" "I have to live here to make money enough to keep up my country place." —Town Topics.

NOTHING TO LONG FOR. "What a discontented, dissatisfied look Mrs. Fullerton has!" "Well, what could you expect? She has a husband who gets her everything she wants."—Town Topics.

A PREJUDICED IMPRESSION. "What is your idea of a classic?" "A classic," said Mr. Curox, "is something you have to listen to because somebody else said it was good." —Washington Star.

EARNINGS. Office Boy—"Wy, cert, I want more pay; I'm only getting 'four' a week, and give my mother all I earn." Proprietor—"What do you do with the other three and a half?"—Puck.

ENDLESS CHAIN. "A soft answer," remarked the party of the first part, "turneth away wrath." "True enough," responded the party of the second part, "but wrath also turneth away a soft answer."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HER POOR TASTE. He—"When I married my wife's eyesight was very poor." She—"Yes; it must have been."—Illustrated Bits.

DIVISION OF LABOR. "How do you and your wife spend your leisure time?" "Well, I think up schemes to make money." "And she?" "Thinks up schemes to spend it."—Cleveland Leader.

A PRUDENT SUGGESTION. "Many people have suffered embarrassment because of their social aspirations." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "Before you insist on getting into the swim you want to make quite sure you are a swimmer."—Washington Star.

NO PAIN. Casey—"I seen in the paper the other day that a docthor out West performed a surgical operation on himself 'an' cut off his own thumb. What d'ye think o' that?" Cassidy—"Oh, I suppose he put himself under the infloence of ether before he done it."—Philadelphia Press.

ABSDURD. "I see that a prominent statistician says that considerable more than one-half of the world's population is feminine." "I don't believe it. If that were so, how would we account for the fact that 'one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives'?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND. "I tell you," said the passenger with the skull cap, "there is something wrong with a country where a prize fighter can make more money in one night than a college professor can make in five years!" "You're right, pard," said the passenger with the loud check suit. "There's too blamed many college professors and too blamed few prize fighters."—Chicago Tribune.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

J. M. Barrie is extremely fond of his native Forfarshire. The King of Belgium is developing a mania for building. President Loubet has finished his sixth year in the French Presidency.

King Edward receives daily no fewer than 3000 newspapers and 1000 letters. Edward Everett Hale thinks that everybody should sleep ten hours a day. John Alexander Dowle has secured options on \$500,000 worth of land in Mexico.

The Pope has consented to sit to M. Carulus Duran, the French artist, for his portrait. The Emperor of Abyssinia has decorated the German Emperor with the Star of Ethiopia. Chauncey M. Depew still holds more directorates than any other man in the United States.

The King of Belgium is developing a mania for building that recalls King Ludwig II. of Bavaria. Theodore Roosevelt has been made an honorary member of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association. M. Combes, recently Premier of France, has returned to the practice of medicine in his native village.

Lord Kitchener is making an annual custom of a "Peace day dinner," to celebrate the conclusion of the South African War. Ambassador Whitelaw Reid has given \$500 for the endowment of a bed for American sailors in the Union Jack Club, London.

The King of Spain has inherited his father's remarkably sure eye and steady hand, and he is already one of the best shots in his kingdom. The Czar of Russia, it is said, holds some \$6,000,000 worth of stock in the Pennsylvania Railroad, the New Jersey Central, the New York Central and the Northern Pacific.

W. B. Jennings' Proper won the Long Island Handicap. Bryn Mawr polo team defeated the Rockaway Hunt quartet at Cedarhurst, L. I. F. J. Dwyer's two-year-old colt Quorum won the Atlantic Stake at Brighton Beach, N. Y.

James B. Brady's high-priced colt Osceola won the Spindrift Stake at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y. Sydney Page's Cairngorm won the Bay Ridge Handicap at the Coney Island Jockey Club course.

Arthur Smith, with a score of 278, won the Western open golf championship at Cincinnati, Ohio. The American Yacht Club's Mimosa III, won the first race in the challenge series for the Manhasset Cup.

In a close finish the Queen's Westminster Volunteers defeated the Seventh Regiment team, of New York. "Alec" Smith, with a card of 70, established a new golf record for the public links at Van Cortlandt Park, New York City.

Squadron A. N. G. N. Y., defeated Great Neck at polo by a score of 9% to 6% goals in the final match for the Runson cups. Charles E. Courtney, coach of the Cornell navy, urges that the distance of intercollegiate races be reduced from four to three miles.

Miss Mary Sutton easily defeated Miss Winifred Longhurst, the Irish woman lawn tennis champion, in the all-England championship tournament. Winners in the round robin lawn tennis in doubles at the Ardsley Club were H. F. Allen and C. F. Watson, Jr., and George L. Wrenn, Jr., and Reginald F. Pincke.

Marvin Hart knocked out "Jack" Root in the twelfth round of a finish fight at Reno, Nev., and is hailed as the heavyweight champion by James J. Jeffries, the retired champion. Hundreds of Indians want work. John R. Brennan, Indian agent at Pine Ridge agency, has sent a circular broadcast over the Western country, stating that he has at his disposal 800 able bodied Ogalalla Sioux Indians who want employment for the season. He calls the attention of contractors to the fact that these men are good workers. They will work at railroad grading, ditch digging, sheep herding or ranching.—Custer Correspondence Denver Republican.

When former Confederate generals speak by invitation at Memorial Day exercises in the North, and the President of the United States sends flowers to decorate the graves of Southern dead at Arlington, on the Confederate Memorial Day, there can no longer be doubt that the chasm between North and South has closed and that there is once more a united country, asserts the New York Tribune.

NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER R. R. (Pennsylvania Division).

Beech Creek District. Condensed Time Table.

Table with columns: Read up, Exp. Mail, No. 37, No. 33, June 10, 1904, Read down, Exp. Mail, No. 30, No. 35. Lists train numbers and destinations like Patton, Westover, Arcadia, Mahaffey, Kermoor, etc.

Connections—At Williamsport with Philadelphia and Reading Railway; at Jersey Shore with the Fall Brook District; at Mill Hall with Central Railroad of Pennsylvania; at Philadelphia with Pennsylvania railroad and N. Y. & P. R. R.; at Clearfield with the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh railway; at Mahaffey and Patton with Cambria and Clearfield division of the Pennsylvania railroad; at western railway.

Geo. H. Daniels, W. H. Northrup, Gen. Pass. Agt., New York, Williamsport, Pa. J. P. Bradfield, Gen'l Supt., New York.

Pittsburg, Johnstown, Ebensburg & Eastern R. R.

Condensed Time Table in effect June 8, 1904. Leaving Ramey.

Table with columns: am, pm, p, m, p, m. Lists destinations like Fernwood, Walthvale, Osceola, Houtzdale, Ramey, etc.

To Philadelphia. Connections—At Philadelphia (Union Station) with Beech Creek railroad trains for and from Bellefonte, Locust Haven, Williamsport, Reading, Philadelphia and New York, Lawrenceville, Corning, Watkins, Geneva and Lyons, Clearfield, Mahaffey and Patton; Curwensville, Dubois, Furguslawney, Ridgway, Bradford, Buffalo and Rochester.

Connections at Osceola Mills with Houtzdale and Ramey with P. R. R. train leaving Tyrone at 7:30 p. m. For full information apply to J. O. REED, Superintendent.

Philadelphia & Reading Railway.

Engines Burn Hard Coal—No Smoke. IN EFFECT MAY 15, 1904. Trains Leave Williamsport From Depot, Foot of Pine Street.

For New York via Philadelphia 7:30, 10 a. m., 12:30, 4:00, 11:30 p. m. Sunday 10:00 a. m., 11:30 p. m. For New York via Easton 10 a. m., 12:30 noon, Sundays 10 a. m.

For Philadelphia, Reading, Tamaqua, Mahanoy City, Ashland and all points in Schuylkill county region 7:30, 10 a. m., 12:30, 4 and 11:30 p. m. Sundays 10 a. m., 11:30 p. m.

Trains for Williamsport. Leave New York via Easton 4, 9:10 a. m., 12:30 p. m., Sundays 4:25 a. m. and 1 p. m. Leave New York via Philadelphia 12:15, 4:25, 8:50, a. m., 2:50 and 7:00 p. m., Sundays 12:15 a. m., 4:25 a. m., 12:00 and 9 p. m.

Through coaches and parlor cars to and from Philadelphia and New York. Tickets can be procured in Williamsport at the City ticket office and at the depot, foot of Pine Street. Baggage checked from hotels and residences direct to destination. EDSON J. WEEKS, General Passenger Agent. A. T. DICE, General Superintendent. Reading Terminal, Philadelphia. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Huntingdon & Broad Top Mt. Railroad.

In effect Sept. 7, 1903. Southward.

Train No. 1 (Express) leaves Huntingdon (every day except Sunday) for Mt. Dallas at 8:30 a. m., arriving at Mt. Dallas at 10:25 a. m. Train No. 3 (Mail) leaves Huntingdon (every day except Sunday) for Mt. Dallas at 5:55 p. m., arriving at Mt. Dallas at 7:30 p. m.

Train No. 7 (Sundays only) leaves Huntingdon for Mt. Dallas at 8:30 a. m., arriving at Mt. Dallas at 10:55 a. m. All trains make connections at Mt. Dallas for Bedford, Pa., and Cumberland, Md.

Train No. 4 (Mail) leaves Mt. Dallas (every day except Sunday) for Huntingdon at 6:35 a. m., arriving at Huntingdon at 11:10 a. m. Train No. 2 (Fast Line) leaves Mt. Dallas (every day except Sunday) for Huntingdon at 8:40 p. m., arriving at Huntingdon at 6:15 p. m.

Train No. 8 (Sundays only) leaves Mt. Dallas for Huntingdon at 4:00 p. m., arriving at 5:30 p. m. All trains make close connections with R. R. both east and west at Huntingdon.

CARL M. GAGE, General Manager. Blaine's Friend Was Still. Blaine had a personal friend in the custom house at Portland, Cleveland, had been elected and inaugurated, and Federal officeholders were hanging to their jobs by their eyelids.

Blaine called at the custom house one day, and seemed surprised to meet his old friend, saying: "What, Bill, you here still?" "Yes," whispered Bill, "mightily still." Boston Herald.