

TWILIGHT SONG.

Through the chime, through the rain
We have shared the day's load;
To the old march again
We have tramped the long road;

But the road leads us all,
For the King now is dead;
And we know, stand or fall,
We have shared the day's bread.

Long ago, far away,
Came a sign from the skies;
And we feared then to pray
For the new sun to rise;

Through the shine, through the rain,
We have wrought the day's quest;
To the old march again
We have earned the day's rest;

Not a child stepped or stirred—
Where the light filled the land
And the light brought the word;
For we knew then the gleam

Where the road leads along,
Ere the night flies again,
Through the shine, through the rain,
—Edward Arlington Robinson.

A Twelve-Thousand-Pound Cheque.

THE hour grew late, and Mr. Brand paced his chamber in moody silence. The train had come in, but this messenger had not returned, and the merchant was troubled;

Mary bent forward to listen—Tom clasped her hand in his own. Mr. Brand sat opposite them, interested by the speaker's manner as he began:

Having heard rumors concerning a house with which he had extensive dealings, the merchant had despatched Lake to London, telling him to make inquiries, and in any case, to get the partners of the firm in question to settle their account.

"When I got the cheque I had an idea that all might not be well, so to make sure I presented it to the banker. There was, as I told you, a consultation before they cashed, and while the consultation was going forward, I noticed a stranger looking at me intently. I knew the man in my younger and wilder days. I had met him often at the race course, in billiard rooms, and in other places more or less respectable.

So Lake had gone from Liverpool to London. The time appointed for his return passed, and still he did not come.

"I took it, searching in vain for a spring, then returning it to him. It dropped and rolled under my feet. 'I stooped to pick it up, and so did he, but in that moment, while my head was down, he had me tightly by the throat, and threw me to the carriage floor.'

A lady entered, and stole to the merchant's side; her own sweet face was anxious, and there was a tremor in the music of her voice as she said: "Do you think he will be here tonight, dear papa?"

"His confederate was upon me in an instant. I could scarcely breathe, and could not struggle, for a heavy knee was upon my chest, and two strong, brutal hands were clutching the life from my throat."

"Do you think he will be here tonight, dear papa?" "I hope so, Mary, but it is very late."

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"The contents of the pocketbook were Mary's bridal dowry. The detective speaks of the senior partner in the firm of Brand & Lake as the most hospitable and generous man he ever met in the course of his professional career."

"I thought there was something more than a mere coincidence in this second meeting since we stood together at the banker's. He was in a cigar shop opposite."

"At the station they were handed over into the custody of the police. I was all right by that time. Vixen rode with me as far as the hotel nearest here, and to-morrow he will call to see if I am any the worse for my ride by express."

"There were a few moments of expectancy, and then Tom Lake came in. He went straight to Mr. Brand, only noticing with a bow the lovely face whose glance thrilled his soul."

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appear. Two men were in the compartment with me. I could not see the face of one, and the other was a stranger.

"The bell rang. The guard had just time to put a bewildered old gentleman by my side, and we were off. "The man whose face I had not seen turned toward me."

"I could scarcely repress an exclamation. There was no mistaking that frank, genial countenance, nor the lurking devil in those eyes, whose softness was so sinister."

"He had met me then at last! Vixen had broken his promise; and I was left to travel that perilous journey alone with the man who had followed me so skillfully—another who might be his confederate, and an old gentleman who, after grumbling out his indignation against all railway servants and locomotive traveling in general, was fast asleep in the corner."

"That the intentions of my billiard player were bad was manifest by the fact of his having assumed a false mustache and beard. They added to the beauty of his face, but left to his eyes that sleepy, cruel glitter that is characteristic of the Asiatic."

"He spoke to me, remarked the oddity of our being traveling companions, and grew pleasantly familiar. I answered him, not wishing to appear churlish or afraid, knowing that I could trust something to my own strength should the worst come."

"We had made the last stoppage, and were rolling swiftly through the gloom when, among other topics, our conversation touched on jewelry; he drew a showy ring from his finger, telling me it was a curious piece of workmanship, having a secret spring, which he said I could not discover."

"I took it, searching in vain for a spring, then returning it to him. It dropped and rolled under my feet. 'I stooped to pick it up, and so did he, but in that moment, while my head was down, he had me tightly by the throat, and threw me to the carriage floor.'

"His confederate was upon me in an instant. I could scarcely breathe, and could not struggle, for a heavy knee was upon my chest, and two strong, brutal hands were clutching the life from my throat."

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SLAUGHTER OF RICE BIRDS.

Thousands Shot and Trapped Along South Carolina Coast Lands. The rice bird or bobolink or reed bird, as the game is known further north, is now in great abundance on the rice fields about Charleston and the coast section of South Carolina, and thousands of the birds are being killed every day, with no evidence of any diminution in the supply.

The business of killing the birds is a profitable one for those who engage in it, whether they indulge in the exercise as sportsmen in bringing down the game for the pleasure of shooting and supplying their own tables or kill the little birds for market and to exterminate the destroyers of the small grain. There are hundreds of parties all over the lower section of South Carolina hunting the birds, and although great quantities are killed, yet the birds seem as numerous as ever during the morning and evening, when they feed.

Killing the birds for sale is mostly done in "pot killing" fashion in this section, a system of killing the birds which is not in vogue in any other place where the kind of game is found. A large fire is built on the marsh and a big net is arranged in such a way that escape is impossible when the bird once enters it. The marsh is beaten and the flying birds, attracted by the light, enter the nets and are caught in large quantities. The birds are killed and shipped to market. Many negroes are employed in this work of trapping and killing the game, working for themselves in some cases and in others for firms which make a regular business of dealing in the dainty and succulent morsels.

Where a gun is used the 12 gauge double barrel shotgun is generally preferred, although some sportsmen use a gun as small as a 29 gauge. As the birds are not hard to kill, and a lot of shooting has to be done in the average day's sport, this smaller shooting iron is desirable. The shell usually taken along is loaded with one ounce of No. 10 shot, backed by two and a half to three drams of powder of the semi-smokeless or smokeless variety. Dogs can be taken, but are not necessary, and in some sections, where skiffs are used in whole or part, the dogs have to be left at home.

The birds are found in the eastern section of the country at this season of the year, subsisting on rice, oats, millet and other grain grown in swamps and marshy places. It is a mystery where the rice birds come from. Many of the knowing ones are of the opinion that they bury themselves in the mud from season to season, after the manner of snakes and frogs, but the most plausible theory is that they came and go in the night. The birds do not fly any great distance in the daytime, rarely more than thirty or forty yards. That they do most of their flying at night is proved by the fact that hundreds of birds may be picked up in the morning dead, having come in contact with live electric wires in places where these agencies of modern civilization are found. The birds disappear almost as suddenly as they show up.

When the birds first show up they are very thin and ragged looking. When they strike the rice and oat fields they soon fatten up, and after three or four days of gluttony they are as fat as the proverbial butterball. The birds are slow fliers, which makes it possible for a man of only ordinary skill to bring down large numbers with his gun in the course of his day's sport. The size of the bag depends, of course, upon his skill, and remarkable stories are told through this section of the number of the little birds which have been killed at a single shooting, but, as stated above, the slaughter of the birds seems to show no diminution in the supply, which gives an idea of the great quantity of the birds which infest the country.—Charleston Evening Post.

Too Early. There is an interesting anecdote given in the Boston Herald of a Mr. Capen, an old resident of one of the seaport towns of Massachusetts. He is now employed as driver of the coach which conveys travelers from the trains to the hotel.

One Saturday evening in the latter part of September three men arrived on the afternoon train from Boston. Mr. Capen was sitting on the driver's seat of the coach, waiting to take them to their destination. They looked about the station, and evidently were not favorably impressed by the surroundings, for one man was heard to say:

"What a desolate country! We certainly have come to the jumping-off place this time. I don't believe we can even get a Sunday paper in this place, can we, driver?" There was silence for a moment, and then Mr. Capen drawled out, "Wal, not tonight."

A Great Character. Very able and adroit men tried to find some opening in the armor of that character (Mr. Cleveland's) through at least three national campaigns, but the search was futile. The very name Grover Cleveland stands for probity in the minds of the people more distinctively probably than any other. We, in common with many, believe there are thousands of Americans as honest as the sturdy ex-president, but there is a unanimity of opinion respecting his integrity which does not seem to apply to anybody else. Attack by innuendo or any other method in this particular instance not only proved to be futile, but seemed inexpressibly silly. So we may conclude that, after all, a good name is still an asset.—Harper's Weekly.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The Duke of Athol holds nineteen titles. John D. Rockefeller's income is now computed at \$2.06 per second. Count de Brazza, known for his explorations in Central Africa, has died. A. H. Lee, civil head of the British Admiralty, comes of a family of sailors. William E. Hall owns 20,000 acres of land in Oklahoma and 200,000 in Texas.

Theodore Roosevelt has a larger collection of college degrees than any of his predecessors. Alois Reicher, professor of philosophy at the University of Berlin, has for a motto, "Back to Kant." Charles M. Schwab is to have a carved silver dinner service manufactured at a cost of \$150,000. Lord Inverclyde, the Chairman of the Cunard Steamship Company, has succumbed to pleuro-pneumonia. Dr. Adolph Fritzen, Bishop of Strassburg, has again issued an edict forbidding priests within his diocese to use bicycles.

Field Marshal Edhem, who defeated the Greeks in the war with Turkey in 1897 and was a hero of Plevna, is dead at the age of fifty-four. Captain Picard, on his recent return from the Sudan, presented to the Zoo in Paris a white monkey (Cercopithecus Pataca), the only one in Europe. Clifford W. Barnes, general secretary of the Religious Education Society of Chicago, is to be sent abroad to investigate religious education in Europe. King Edward VII. has made Count Katsura, Prime Minister of Japan, a member of the Order of the Bath, and Baron Komura a member of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Ex-Congressman L. Cass Carpenter, of Denver, Col., owns the first American dog fired on in the Civil War.

LABOR WORLD. Texas and Oklahoma farmers have labor unions. New York's bologna makers are thinking of going on strike. A union of shoe workers was formed in Yauco, Porto Rico, recently. Laundry wagon drivers of Los Angeles, Cal., have been reorganized. The strike in Moscow is spreading and agitators are openly preaching a revolution.

The strike of workers in the harbors of Buenos Ayres and Rosario is still in progress. At Waltham, Mass., the Master Masons will hereafter be included in the Masons' Union. In Holland the textile workers have an independent organization numbering about 2000. The Strike Committee of the Social Democrats, of Germany, has published a report for 1904. To-day the miners' unions in Illinois sold nearly 250,000 of the best organized men in the world.

The strike of carpenters and joiners at Glasgow, Scotland, has been settled by mutual concessions. Victoria, B. C., has been chosen for the next convention of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress. A \$1,000,000 plant to employ 5800 persons will be erected on Staten Island by the Proctor & Gamble Company. The idea of compulsory insurance is being adopted against great opposition by several American labor organizations.

Residents of Elsdon, Ill., drove out of town every non-union man ready to take the place of striking switchmen of the Grand Trunk Road. William Huston, a member of the National Board of the United Mine Workers of America, has been organizing the coke-workers in Pennsylvania.

SERVING SOME DISHES. Curries, ragouts or fricassees are more ornamental if served in a border of rice or mashed potatoes. These are molded in pretty fluted forms and decorated by brushing the rims and raised points with the white of a raw egg, and then sprinkling with chopped parsley. Small baskets about the size of a teacup are made of mashed potatoes to hold creamed chicken, fish or oysters. The potato is forced in a rotary motion through a pastry bag, brushed over with egg white, and placed in a cool oven to dry. Handics are emulated by sprigs of parsley arched to meet above, and green rims are given with chopped parsley.

The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle says: It has frequently been stated during the past few weeks, as a gossip item of news, that 100 lawyers are serving sentences in New York penal institutions. For some unexplained reason the statement has not elicited great interest, either among laymen or members of the legal profession.

Pennsylvania Railroad. In effect May 29, 1904. Main Line. Leave Cresson—Eastward. Sea Shore Express, week days..... 6:20 a. m. Harrisburg Express, (ex Sun.)..... 9:20 a. m. Main Line Express, daily..... 11:01 a. m. Philadelphia Accom., (ex Sun.)..... 12:35 p. m. Day Express, daily..... 2:37 p. m. Mail Express, daily..... 5:31 p. m. Eastern Express, daily..... 8:11 p. m. Sundays..... 12:55 p. m. Leave Cresson—Westward. Sheridan Accom., week days..... 8:10 a. m. Pacific Express, daily..... 8:32 a. m. Way Passenger, daily..... 1:55 p. m. Pittsburgh Express..... 3:57 p. m. Chicago Special..... 4:34 p. m. Philadelphia Accom., (ex Sun.)..... 4:53 p. m. Sheridan Accom., week days..... 7:07 p. m. Main Line, daily..... 7:56 p. m. Cambria & Clearfield Division. In effect May 29, 1904. Leave Patton—Southward. Train No. 703 at 6:50 a. m. arriving at Cresson at 7:50 a. m. Train No. 709 at 3:38 p. m. arriving at Cresson at 4:25 p. m. Leave Patton—Northward. Train No. 704 at 10:47 a. m. arriving at Mahaffey at 11:43 a. m. and at Glen Oupbell at 12:45 a. m. Train No. 708 at 6:07 p. m.

NEE & HUBBARD (Pennsylvania Division)

Beech Creek District. Condensed Time Table.

Table with columns for Read up, Exp. Mail, No. 37, No. 38, and Read down, Exp. Mail, No. 30, No. 36. Includes stations like Patton, Westover, Arcadia, Mahaffey, Kermmoor, Gazann, New Millport, Ocala, Mitchell, Clearfield, Woodland, Wallaceton, Morrisdale Mines, Mansour, Phillipsburg, Winburne, Penie, Gillingtown, Snow Shoe, Beech Creek, Mill Hill, Lock Haven, Oak Grove, Jersey Shore, Williamsport.

Connections—At Williamsport with Philadelphia and Reading Railway; at Jersey Shore with the Fall Brook District; at Mill Hill with Central Railroad of Pennsylvania; at Phillipsburg with Pennsylvania railroad and N. Y. and P. C. R. R.; at Clearfield with the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh railway; at Mahaffey with the Pennsylvania and North-western railway.

Pittsburg, Johnstown, Ebensburg & Eastern R. R.

Table with columns for Leaving Ramey, a, m, p, m, p, m, p, m. Includes stations like Fernwood, Waitzville, Ramey, Houtzdale, Osceola, Philadelphia, and Fernwood.

Table with columns for To Philadelphia, a, m, p, m. Includes stations like Fernwood, Waitzville, Ramey, Houtzdale, Osceola, Philadelphia, and Fernwood.

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., 12:25, 4:30, 11:30 p. m. Sunday 10:30 a. m., 11:30 p. m. For New York via Easton 10 a. m., 12:25 noon, Sundays 10 a. m. For Philadelphia, Reading, Tamqua, Mahanoy City, Ashtabula, points in Schuylkill coal region 7:30, 10 a. m., 12:25, 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 12:30 a. m., 1 p. m. Leave New York via Philadelphia 12:15, 4:55, 8:00, a. m., 2:30 and 7:30 p. m., Sundays 12:15 a. m., 4:25 a. m., 12:50 and 4 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 4:30 a. m., 8:38 and 10:20 a. m., and 4:35 p. m., and 11:30 p. m., Sundays 4, 10:30 a. m., 4:30 p. m., and 11:30 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.

Huntingdon & Broad Top 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 11:30 a. m. Train No. 3 (Mail) leaves Huntingdon (every day except Sunday) for Mt. Dallas arriving at Mt. Dallas at 7:30 p. m. Train No. 7 (Sundays only) leaves Mt. Dallas for Mt. Dallas at 8:35 a. m., and Mt. Dallas at 10:30 a. m. All trains make connections for Bedford, Pa., and Cumberland. Northward. Train No. 4 (Mail) leaves Mt. Dallas (every day except Sunday) for Huntingdon at 10:30 a. m., and 1 p. m. Train No. 2 (Fast Line) (every day except Sunday) for Huntingdon at 3:40 p. m., arriving at Huntingdon at 5:30 p. m. Train No. 8 (Sundays only) leaves for Huntingdon at 4:30 p. m. All trains make close connections for Mt. Dallas and west at 10:30 a. m. CARRINGTON

The most significant movement in the change of the Chinese mind toward learning, the Baltimore Till recently this attitude literally to the merits of "foreign devils" could teach the Japanese—would dilute Western learning and against them in object lesson stands a larger lesson.