DO SOMETHING FOR SOMEBODY.

Do something for somebody, somewhere,
While jogging along life's road;
Help some one to carry his burden,
And lighter will grow your load.

Do something for somebody gladly,
'Twill sweeten your every care;
In sharing the sorrows of others,
Your own are less hard to bear.

Do something for somebody, striving
To help where the way seems long;
And the homeless hearts that languish
Cheer up with a little song.

Do something for somebody always,
Whatever may be your creed;—
There's nothing on earth can help you
So much as a kindly deed.
—Rev. J. S. Cutler, in Universalist Leader.

# IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

## An Unusual Story of a Love Affair.

TWO figures came sauntering across a field. It was hot midsummer and the hay was down. The woman looked like one of the delicate blue butterflies hovering faithfully around the fading meadowsweet. Her blue frock, blue eyes and fluttering blue sunshade made a pleasant touch of color.

The man gazed at her with passionate eyes. He had watched this frail, fairy-like creature grow up at his side; they had been close friends since childhood, and to-day especially the old recollections crowded to his mind.

"If you would wait for me," he whispered, "I might make money in time. I would work very hard and with you at my side——"

She clasped her small white hands pleadingly; the blue veins showed through them with painful distinctness.

"Don't, Dick, dear Dick, ever think of it again! I am so fond of life! I must live——"

"You speak as if I had suggested killing you," he said in an injured tone.

"No, no. But you must understand. I am so horribly delicate, it would be madness for a poor man to marry me. I always have to winter in the South of France. I need luxuries; they are a fatal necessity to my existence. You want quite a different wife."

"No, I don't!"

"Some one strong and capable."

"I want you!"

His voice shook; his brow clouded suddenly with the dark shadow of despair.

"Oh, Dick," she murmured, "have I hurt you so deeply?"

He answered almost roughly, and though he looked at her, he could not see her face for the mist before his eyes.

"You misled me, Lily," he said; "unconsciously, no doubt, yet at times it seemed you would not let me escape. When I tried to go you asked me to remain; you did not weigh the consequences. I was a toy in your hands. If you had realized what you were doing, you might have spared me."

They had crossed the field and reached a little iron gate into Lilian's garden. He opened it for her, stepping back to let her pass.

"Won't you come in?"

The words rose naturally to her lips, giving color to his complaint—"You asked me to remain."

"No," he replied sharply. "I am going. Good-by."

"You have no right to be angry; it isn't as if I did not care."

"But you care so little."

His face had lost every vestige of color; he trembled as he spoke.

"I have always loved you," she declared; "but marriage is impossible. You think me heartless, mercenary, because I cannot face a life of poverty. Men are very selfish; they expect so much of women."

He took her hand silently, held it a moment with eyes fixed on the ground and then went back across the hay slowly, under the glare of the hot midsummer sun.

* * * * * * * * * *

A year had drifted away, and again it was midsummer.

"In the country," thought Lilian, "the hay is down."

She was enjoying the manifold delights of a London season as the fiancee of a man whom her parents explained would make a most "desirable husband."

"Lilian will have everything she wants," they told their friends. "She can now look forward to a life of perfect ease and personal indulgence. We always dreaded her marrying a poor man."

"I must see Dick once more before my wedding," she told herself. "Dear old Dick!"

She thought the matter out, and her desire for a sight of his face overcame her better judgment. Strange she should wish to stir to life those slumbering memories! But somehow the scent of last year's hay still lingered; the midsummer sun glistened temptingly upon the dainty curtains of her boudoir.

As if a brain wave sped through the air, at that same hour Dick, knowing she belonged to another, paced his small room in Pimlico, and thought of her. Lilian's photograph stood on his writing table, a sad little face with large eyes crowned by a halo of fair fluffy hair.

"I must see her again," he said, "just once before she is married."

He glanced at the clock. Perhaps he might find her in the park, catch a glimpse of her as she pased in her carriage. He hated the fashionable world, with its lavish display of wealth and grandeur; but for a sight of Lilian he mounted a humble omnibus and traveled on it to Hyde Park Corner.

He felt certain she would be there, and his heart warmed toward her with a great longing.

"She is the victim of circumstances," he told himself; "otherwise—it might have been!"

A victoria containing a lady alone drew up at the door of Dick's lodgings.

Lilian stepped out and nervously ascended the steps. She knew she was doing wrong.

"Is Mr. Urquhart at home?" she asked nervously, conscious that her voice faltered, and her cheeks grew crimson as she put the question to a stout landlady whose elephantine proportions blocked the doorway.

"No, miss; he went out about ten minutes ago."

Lilian's face fell, a sense of bitter disappointment stole over her, and with it a longing to see the room Dick had so recently vacated.

"May I write him a letter?" she asked, walking into the narrow passage, and trying to speak unconcernedly.

"Certainly, miss. This way." A door was flung open and Lilian breathed the atmosphere in which Dick had so lately moved. She glanced at the scattered papers on his desk, and the faded portrait of herself.

The landlady retired, closing the door behind her.

"I can't write. I shouldn't know what to say; but I'll leave these lilies," unfastening her namesake flowers from the soft chiffon of her dress.

Carelessly she let them fall to the ground, as if by accident.

"He will find my lilies," she thought, "and they will speak to him of me."

As the carriage containing its fair occupant rolled away the landlady walked wonderingly into the room Lilian had invaded with her gentle presence.

"Dear me, it is untidy!" she muttered, stooping down to brush up some tobacco on the carpet. "Lor! what beautiful flowers, all among the dust and tobacco!"

She bore them in triumph to her kitchen, and placed them in water on the dresser.

The lilies lasted for some days, and they looked very nice in the landlady's vase.—New York News.

### Letters From the Dead.

There is a young widow in Brooklyn who continues to receive letters from her husband, although he has been dead these many months. He was a soldier, serving in the Philippines. On the occasion of the Moro troubles in Mindanao last spring he was sent to that island, where, after a few weeks, he was slain in an engagement. The War Department, having received information by cable, soon notified the widow, but the Postoffice Department, with its few facilities for handling mail in those far-off islands, had not yet delivered any of the many letters he had sent during his life there. Since learning of his death she has received many of these letters, full of loverly hope and tender sentiments, and they are still coming. Sometimes she keeps them unopened for days before she can summon courage to face her loved one in the full vigor of his glad young life; for every message that thus brings him back to her renews the ineffable agony of her first great loss. Yet, on the other hand, she cannot, of course, suffer a word of his to go unread. Poor little woman! Hers is an inexpressibly sad lot.—Brooklyn Eagle.

### Modern Heroism.

It is one of the compensations, perhaps the only one, of the awful and needless tragedy at Westfield that it revealed at least two notable instances of heroism that makes one feel proud of his kind. One of these was the dying and unknown hero who said to the rescuers:

"Don't mind me. I'm done for. See what you can do for some of the others."

The other—and fortunately the world now knows her name—is Mrs. Harksen, who lives at the scene of the wreck, who saw the frightful crash and at once notified the Fire Department and then promptly turned her home into a hospital, used her revolver on two tramp ghouls, and was a ministering angel to the dying and injured.

There are others worthy of grateful memory for their bravery and devotion at the scene of disaster, but these two—a man and a woman—proved again that true chivalry and real heroism are not lost to the world.—New York World.

### Mere Opinion.

It is foolish to try to win a man's good will by convincing him that he doesn't know what he is talking about.

If people could always stop talking at the right time every one might be a victor in the strife.

The difference between a fanatic and a crank is that the latter may listen to reason if properly clubbed.

A woman need not fear that her husband is drifting away as long as she can get him to button her waist down the back.

A poor excuse is worse than none, if it isn't believed.

Jewelry hath charms to soothe the womanly breast.

Nothing makes a woman so happy as to see that her dearest friend is getting wrinkled.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Heroism of Two Hens.

Following hard upon the story of the setting hen that stuck to her nest in a New Jersey barn while flames were devouring the building comes one from Mount Vernon of a heroic fowl that hatched out a brood of six chicks on the coldest day, her nest being flanked on one side by a snow bank and on the other by an ice-coated rock. Who will dare to say "chicken-hearted" now?—New York Sun.

## Black Adventure.

### DOWN MOUNTAIN WITH BEAR.

FRITZ STEIN is a Pennsylvania peddler known by every one on the road between his home at Hackensack and Stranton. He carries in his red wagon box everything from a darning needle to a stove. Fritz was driving his sleigh along the road down Pocono Mountain near Manunka Chunk on a recent Friday at twilight, singing because of the good sales of the day, when, with a savage spring, his horse jumped into the air and lurched forward.

Fritz's hair stood on end, for right ahead, in a bend in the road, was a huge black bear. The brute shambled forward and struck at the horse, which gave a sudden spring, twisted off the thills, and went down the mountain at a furious pace. The sleigh was left standing upon a knoll.

Fritz screamed in terror. He was unarmed, and he saw certain death ahead. He leaped from the sleigh, tumbled into the box in which he stored his stock, and fastened both doors. The enraged bear attacked the sheep hides on top of the sleigh and tore them into shreds. Then he tried to tear off the top of the box to reach Fritz, who was holding the doors closed and expecting every moment that the top would break.

Then the unexpected happened. The sleigh was standing in the deep, smooth tracks made by the heavy sleds of the lumbermen, and the terrific exertions of the bear, with his added weight, suddenly started the outfit down the incline, shooting ahead with frightful velocity.

The bear realized his danger and growled as he crouched and clung to the guard rails on top of the box. Poor Fritz closed his eyes and braced himself for the shock which he well knew would soon come. The road was straight ahead for two miles. In the middle of the mountain a farmer's team pulled to one side just in time to escape disaster and to see the strange outfit shoot by with the speed of the Black Diamond Express.

Near the foot of the mountain is a sharp bend in the road. There the sleigh left the track, shot directly across the road and colliding with a huge pile of railroad ties.

Some hours later a sleighing party on its way home from a country dance encountered the wreck. The bear was jammed in between the sleigh and the timber, fearfully mangled and quite dead. Fritz was fished out of a huge pile of snow and woolen goods, stunned and lacerated. The sleigh was a wreck and the goods were scattered among the snowdrifts.

Fritz was carried to a farm house, where he received medical attendance. In a day or two he discovered his horse in a farmer's barn five miles ahead, and he rode it to his Hackensack home.

### LOGGING IN SWIFT CURRENT.

The past week has been favorable for loaders and for planing mills, but the river has furnished a four-mile current that swirled and formed around the logways, and, worse still, piled up logs in every imaginable position, drove some of them into the wrong boom, right under the shears and skins, while others took a dive, went on through and out beneath the boom logs at the lower end. In fact, it has been several years since the river drove by the mills in such haste, although it has several times been higher than it is at present. Boat captains coming across Sabine Lake say the north winds are driving the tides from the coast, and that there is little evidence in the depth on the bars at the mouths of the Sabine and Neches rivers or on Bluebuck bar of the great flood that feeders are pouring into that reservoir. One feature, however, that is clearly noticeable is the entire absence of any brackishness in the lake; the water as far out as the lighthouse at Sabine Pass, at the upper end of the jetties, is pure rain water. Whether or not the deepening of the channels at Port Arthur and at Sabine Pass has so facilitated the escape of floods as to permit them to escape faster than was possible in former years is not definitely determined by scientists, but log men and masters of sail and steamboats that plow those waters concur in the opinion that those outlets are prime factors in holding down both of the big rivers for several miles above their deltas, as well as emptying Sabine Lake so fast that only phenomenal downpours will hereafter flood lowlands near the coast, and when flooded the overflow will not last as long as it did prior to those excavations. An old log puncher said to-day that stronger lines are now required to check up a raft than were used a few years ago, where the river was even higher than it is now.—Galveston News.

### MAD BOAR NEARLY KILLS MAN.

George B. Burling, a farmer, residing two miles from Babylon, L. I., was nearly killed on a recent afternoon by a ferocious boar owned by Frederick R. Townsend, whose country seat, Unkeway farm, adjoins the Burling farm.

The boar, a costly prize winner of the Poland China breed, had been regarded by Mr. Townsend as very gentle, in spite of the fact that he had been warned of the animal's ugly disposition, and he had let his little grandchild and nurse play with it.

The boar climbed out of its pen and went to the Burling farm. Mr. Burling seized a club and started to drive the animal out of the yard. The boar refused to go, and, turning with tusks uplifted, rushed at Burling. The latter attempted to dodge, but the boar was too quick, and Burling was thrown to the ground, and while prostrate the boar's tusks pierced his legs, inflicting wounds six inches long in each leg and nearly two inches deep. The boar then fled.

Burling dragged himself to his house and a physician was at once summoned. Dr. A. L. Woodruff answered the summons, and later Dr. Harold E. Hewlett, who had been sent for by Mr. Townsend, arrived. The wounds were examined, dressed and sewed up. The nerves and muscles of both legs were badly lacerated, and it will be a long time before Burling can leave his bed.

The tusks of the boar came very near severing one of the main arteries of the leg, and had this happened the man would have bled to death before help arrived. Mr. Townsend at once shot the boar.

### IN AN EARTHQUAKE AT SEA.

It is a strange tale of a strange marine disturbance that was told by Captain Montgomery of the whaling bark Alice Knowles, which has just arrived at San Francisco from the Siberian coast.

"We were lying some 200 miles off the Kurile Islands on the Siberian coast when the shock was felt on August 13," said he. "Almost a dead calm prevailed, and the sea was as smooth as a millpond. I was in my cabin when I suddenly felt the ship shaking like a leaf. It seemed that the deck was falling in on me. The whole ship rattled as from impact with some object. I knew that the disturbance was not caused by a heavy sea, and I rushed on deck. There I found the crew terror-stricken and gazing helplessly at one another. While on deck the shaking continued and a rumbling noise resembling thunder seemed to come from the depths of the sea. The surface of the sea was disturbed and was breaking up in confused masses. The rumbling noise and the vibration ceased simultaneously, and the sea again became calm. Both my chronometer stopped at 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon and I was set thirty miles out of my course by the incident. I didn't notice if the surface of the water was discolored, but for two days I sighted fishes floating on the surface of the sea."—Morning Oregonian.

### AN ANGEL OF MERCY.

Hats off to Mrs. H. A. Harkson. The story of her work as an angel of mercy at that wreck on the Jersey Central first gives you a glow in your heart, and then makes you want to cheer. When the terrible crash took place she was in her back yard, which is situated near the track. She didn't lose time going through the house, but seizing an axe, cut her way through the back fence. To get the injured into the building quickly she ordered the rescuers to tear away part of the back of the house. While attending to the dying she saw some tramps robbing a wounded man who was lying in the kitchen. She drove them out at the muzzle of a revolver. Truly a heroic soul. No horrors daunted her and no labors tired. She must have the heart of a woman, the courage of a soldier and the strength of a man. Her neighbors should be proud of her. And just think of it, but for this terrible disaster it is possible that nobody would have suspected that such a hero—heroine is too weak a word—lived in these parts. Long life and all honor to her!—New York Sun.

### SEVERE TRIAL OF ENDURANCE.

Perhaps no woman has ever had a more severe trial of endurance than a Miss Bell, who was much talked about in Switzerland last summer. She made only the most difficult ascents, and finally tried the Finsteraarhorn from a new and supposedly inaccessible side. With two guides, she got up a considerable elevation, when the weather suddenly became cold and stormy, and the party had to spend a night amid the rocks, with no protection. The descent on the following day could not be completed, and another, still more uncomfortable, night had to be spent on a glacier. The party arrived at the Grimsel Hospice at 10 the next morning. During the night spent on the rocks the party had a superb opportunity of seeing how mountains are gradually disintegrated. Tremendous flashes of lightning struck the rocks to the right and left of them, and rent them asunder.

### A RIDE BEHIND A SHARK.

A harpooned shark towed a launch load of hunters far out to sea yesterday afternoon, and the line finally had to be cut in order that the party could return to the harbor. In the boat were Deputy Sheriff Chillingworth, Captain Flint, McDuffie, McKinnon and Chester Doyle. They went in the launch to the outer end of the channel, and after maneuvring for some time a big shark loomed up near them. Captain Flint threw a harpoon, which buried itself fairly in the side of the selachian. The big fellow at once dived, and the boat soon sped forward, although the line was paid out very fast. After enjoying the tow for several miles the line was cut. The Deputy went overboard once, but was promptly rescued by his companions.—Hawaiian Gazette.

### A PLUCKY ENGINEER.

Edward Irish, a Wabash engineman, in charge of the Continental limited, made a recent run with frozen hands and feet. His train was seven hours late. At Lafayette he was compelled to crawl under the locomotive to make temporary repairs. When he had finished his hands and feet were frozen, but he completed his run to Danville, Ill., making up thirty minutes of the lost time. His hands and feet were swollen to twice their normal size. He is now in the hospital here, and amputation of all the frozen members may be necessary.—Chicago Tribune.

## SCIENCE & MECHANICS

An English chemist ascribes the famous London fogs to unconsumed carbon suspended in the air. The adoption of oil as fuel would, he says, do away with the fog.

A scientist connected with the Peabody Museum of Harvard University, who has been spending some time among the Maya people of Yucatan, says that they use their toes in many kinds of work as readily as they use their fingers. The Maya women, who always go barefooted, easily pick up a pin in that way.

A Swedish inventor named Elsenberg has constructed a machine which takes herrings as they come from the net, sorts them into the four sizes recognized by the trade, scrapes off their scales, cuts off their heads, splits, cleans and washes them inside and out. The machine does all this automatically, and turns out 20,000 herrings per hour.

A new grain, known as corn-wheat, is being grown in Eastern Washington. It has the nature of both corn and wheat, possessing the fattening qualities of corn and the corn flavor. In appearance it resembles wheat. Its grains are twice as large as those of ordinary wheat. It yields sixty on 100 bushels an acre, and seems to solve the problem of fattening hogs in the Pacific Northwest; corn is not successfully raised in that country.

A certain manufacturer of wood pulp noticed great clouds of sulphur floating away from the smokestacks of the nickel smelting works, and as he needed sulphur, he set some chemists to experimenting, with a view to saving it. They discovered a way to do this, and then he began smelting nickel ore himself, and from the sulphur obtained from the smoke, combined with limestone and water, he makes all the calcium sulphite needed in his manufacture of wood pulp.

Before the last meeting of the Delaware Valley Ornithological Club Mr. William Bailey spoke on the methods to be employed to attract native wild birds around country homes. Mr. Bailey thought that people were too willing to accept the dictum that English sparrows, with their noisy and quarrelsome ways, were in entire possession, and it was useless to attempt to attract native wild birds. He pointed out that such birds as blue jays and wrens might be persuaded to take up their abode about the house, if proper quarters were provided for them. In the first place, openings to bird boxes intended for wrens must be made small enough to keep the sparrows out. Secondly, it was necessary to bear in mind that the birds desired were wild birds, and wild birds are not attracted by elaborately-turreted pagodas so much as simple, homely structures—a tomato can with a hole in it, for instance. Another powerful factor in repelling the wild birds was the habit of keeping country grounds in such perfect order. Closely cropped grass and symmetrically trimmed bushes were not nearly so attractive to wild birds as grounds and shrubbery which are more true to nature. If you want nature's cherubs, be natural.

### Japanese Time Measures.

The Japanese divide the twenty-four hours into twelve periods, of which six belong to the night and six to the day, their day beginning at sunrise and ending at sunset.

Whether the day or night be long or short there are always six periods in each. To attain this the characters or numerals on the scale are adjustable.

Two of them are set, one to agree with the sunrise, the other with the sunset, and the four characters between them divide the space into equal portions.

Thus, when the period of daylight is longer than the night, the day hours will be proportionately longer than those at night.

Another peculiarity in their scale is that they use only six characters, those from four to nine, and these read backward.—London Express.

### Famous Locks.

A lock of hair cut from the head of Queen Marie Antoinette the day before she was taken from prison to the guillotine is being offered for sale in America, says the Westminster Gazette. It is now in the possession of a descendant of one of the military guards who escorted the Queen to her execution, and who is said to have been greatly impressed by her bravery and patience during the ordeal. The prices fetched by relics of this kind, whether of living or historical persons, are, according to T. P.'s Weekly, not very high. It is said that a lock of the Pope's hair was sold for about $10; Emperor William's hair brought only three shillings, and a few hairs from the head of Napoleon Bonaparte realized $20.

### The New Ambulances.

"Gracious, look at the speed of that automobile ambulance. I should think it would be dangerous."

"It is, rather. You see they are hurrying to arrive and pick up the victims run down by another automobile ambulance that passed along here a few minutes ago."

"See, they've run down several people on their own hook, but they don't stop."

"No, another auto ambulance will be along soon to care for them, and after it's all over an ordinary horse vehicle will have to come trotting along and take care of all the victims of the three ambulances."—Baltimore Herald.

## The Funny Side of Life.

### AN EYE OPENER.

His neighbors said he was a man
Whose life was clean and pure—
That such ideal morality
Thro' all things would endure.
But he became a candidate:
For office fat he ran;
And now his neighbors shudder at
The past life of the man.
—Boston Post.

### A PERFECT ANGEL.

Gladys—"So she married him just because he owned an auto?"

Penelope—"Oh, no! Because he never got mad when it broke down."—Puck.

### QUITE ANOTHER THING.

"He was unable to meet his bills, I understand?"

"Well, that's where you're wrong. He couldn't dodge them." — Chicago Post.

### IN THE NEXT CENTURY.

Teacher—"Who was the greatest military hero of that age?"

Pupil—"General Bloodanthunder. He collected bills amounting to $1,716,824,323.21."—Puck.

### ALL BROKE.


First Lawyer—"Did you break the will?"

Second Lawyer—"Yes, and the heirs, too."—New York American.

### STRONG TEMPTATION.

Judge—"Did the defendant, to your knowledge, ever invite another to commit perjury?"

Witness—"Yes; I once heard him ask a woman her age."—Boston Globe.

### A CASE FOR SYMPATHY.

"And she refused him? Does he seem much depressed?"

"Oh, yes! He told my brother it was the turning point in his career."

"Yes? The turning-down point!"—Puck.

### THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.

Mrs. A.—"When I was engaged to my husband he was the very light of my existence."

Miss D.—"And now——?"

Mrs. A.—"The light goes out every night."—Brooklyn Life.

### LENGTH UNKNOWN.

"But you really are getting seedy," persisted Mrs. Naggit. "Just look at your hair. How long is it since you've had it cut?"

"I don't know," he snapped. "I haven't measured it." — Philadelphia Press.

### MODEST.

In a reading class a little girl read thus: "The widow lived on a limbacy left her by a relative."

"The word is legacy, not limbacy," corrected the teacher.

"But," said the child, "my sister says I must say limb, not leg."—Woman's Home Companion.

### TUNNEL DISCOMFORTS.

The prairie dog that had started out to see the world was taking in the sights in a neighboring village inhabited by his own species.

"Well," he said, as he backed hastily out of a subterranean dwelling that a rattlesnake had pre-empted. "I see they have the same tunnel problem to solve here that they have in other cities."—Chicago Tribune.

### TROUBLE IN THE GARDEN.

Tommy Potato to George Cucumber—"My mother won't allow me to play with you. She says I'll catch warts."—New York Times.

### POOR LITTLE GIRL.

Little Agnes' face wore a very woeful look.

"Why, what is the matter, Agnes?" asked her father.

"Oh," she replied, twisting her face up most mournfully, and laying her hand on her breast, "I've dot the headache down here in my bweast, and it makes my tummy hurt" — Woman's Home Companion.

### THE GENTLE READER.

"Why has the old-fashioned reference to the gentle reader been discarded?"

"I suppose," answered Miss Cayenne, "that the publishers insist on cutting it out of the manuscript. They know that a large percentage of the people beguiled into purchasing modern fiction are likely to be in a most ungentle frame of mind before they get half way through the second chapter."—Washington Star.