

In the Midst of Alarms

A boy alarming finds the scheme
Of college life
Death hark upon the football team
And in the style
Attendant on that annual rush
Yielded the cap,
Where lateness men in one mad crush
Are swiftly slain.

In baseball he may bite the dirt
From blow of bat,
And should he come through it unharmed
There is the "feat."
A college man must ever look alive,
I wish to state,
The only wonder is that some survive
To graduate.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

DAVID'S CHRISTMAS DONATION

BY HEDDICE SEYTHOUR HELLAR
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Cold, cheerless and desolate the rambling old farm house stood in all its dreariness outlined against a gray, wintry sky.

Once, ah! years ago there was comfort, love, peace, happiness within its walls. But it was so many, many years ago, that the oldest inhabitants of the surrounding country had almost forgotten about such things. Weeds peeped their unfruitful heads above the snow reaching from the dilapidated porch leaning like an old debilitated man propped upon two sticks, down to the broken gate depending from its rusty hinges fastened to the rotten post. Barks bursting with decayed hay, toppling and careening to the four winds of heaven, but solidified upon their foundations with the loads and tons of the wasted harvestings of years, stood out like grim silhouettes of despair and ruin against the chill landscape.

And above all galled the moon, pallid Lady of the Night; and she smiled serenely down upon the picture of fruitless harvestings, this phantasmagoria of neglect and ruin.

Within the farm house the paper hung from the crumbling and blackened walls in tattered, maddening ribbons. Rats gnawed at the doors of cupboards long since barren of food. And the marauders dragged from old bins that had not been replenished for years, cobs, and made merry with the mouldy remnants of bygone feasts through the deserted chambers, only to tease, tantalize and fret the heart, soul and brain of the only human inhabitant of the place, David Dreams, the reclusive, the miser.

"Drat 'em and cuss 'em! They're stealing food, my food," would growl the old reclusive tossing uneasily upon his dilapidated bed up in the attic. And the stars that peeped through the dust-laden panes of glass in the roof blinked at him and mocked him as he shivered among his rags.

The old man would rise, light a tall dip and go down the narrow back stairs leading to the cheerless kitchen and chase the thieving marauders through the hole in the cellar door. He would nail a piece of tin over the hole, and mumble with toothless jaws:

"There, they'll not come again until they gnaw another hole, drat 'em, cuss 'em!"

Back to his attic he would crawl, but before falling upon his ragged old bed he would open the little cache in the chimney wall and fondle and caress the roll of rusty rotting bills and rusty coins and say:

"It's all mine, all mine! My precious darlings!"

Did he sleep?

Like a child undisturbed; and if he dreamed he only dreamed of good cheer, comfort, ease and plenty as he lay stretched there upon the bed which he shared with the vermin—alone with his beloved money.

Greedy was his god, hunger his hand maiden. And he must work and toil unceasing, dig and use thrift else the gaunt wolf will come and snarl at his door.

In the entry leading to the musty cellar hung—as it had hung for two years—a petrifed slab of bacon. David Dreams would pet and pat it as he

But the bugs and beetles, the ants and the vermin could reach it—and they feasted away at its goodness until it was but as a shred.

"Well, it was real good of Mr. Dreams to send us this lot of money. My! but it almost takes my breath away—and him such a miser. Poor man! He went wrong when his wife died and when his son ran away to sea."

"I fear the world will turn about to-day, David Dreams has sent enough money to pay for all this nice dinner we are giving to the poor this Christmas day. My! but the money smells musty, the coins are all rust. What a lot of dirty money it is—"

"Never mind, money's money. I guess we made a mistake when we called him an old skink of a miser. He's sent us more money than all the rest together. Money enough to help us out on the new church—"

"Money enough to buy a new organ and a carpet for the Sunday school. We'll have a fine library and lots of things. I for one shall pray for David Dreams before this Christmas day passes—"

And the preparations for the grand Christmas feast went on. The pots



"Give me back my bacon"

and kettles bubbled and simmered, the turkeys were browned to a rich luscious and flavored to the proper point. The tables groaned beneath the load of good things, and the old town hall was merry from foundation to roof this glad Christmas day.

And while the feast was on an old man hobbled and stumbled down the country road leading to the town. He reached the door of the hall, opened it and burst in upon the merry gathering. His face was black with wrath as he stood there leaning upon his two sticks, and he looked like a demon of wrath as he fastened his eyes upon the merry ones.

"Give me back my bacon—I'm hungry. You have taken my food."

"David, sit down and eat with us if you are hungry. We are all so thankful to you for sending us the money—"

"I sent no money. I sent the bacon I was forced to send it by the ghost of David Dreams. He came to me last night and made me do it."

"You talk strangely, David Dreams. You surely sent us money—"

"It's a lie, a blasting lie. You cannot fool me with your cant and whine, parson. Give me back my bacon."

"You must be dreaming, David Dreams—"

"Stop! Dreaming—dreaming! Ah! it all comes back to me now. I did dream that I was forced by the old David Dreams, the David Dreams of other days, to send the bacon for the Christmas feast. I did send it—or thought I did. I—I made a mistake and sent—the money."

"David Dreams, the money is here yet. You can have it all back. But see the good it can do. Look at the poor people feasting as they never have before. See the glad light in the eyes of the little ones. Does it not touch your heart and make it warmer than it has been for many a year? Be one with us. Give up the old greed and become as a little child, sweet and innocent once more. Will you, David Dreams?"

David Dreams faltered. His limbs shook under him, and his heart fluttered. His eyes became moist and a strange lump came into his throat and choked him. He fell upon a chair and bowed his head. And one of the little tots came and wound her warm arms about his neck and pressed a soft kiss upon his grizzled cheek. The ice melted away from his heart and the warm blood flowed through his veins as it had not for many a year. When he lifted his face it was

another David Dreams that looked at the good people gathered there.

And after he had made merry with them all and enjoyed to the full the newness of his awakened heart he went back to his home—now no longer the home of desolation and ruin. For every nook and corner of it was lightened by the glorious light of kindness, love for fellow man and a sincere love for the God who opened his eyes this Christmas day.

ADVICE FROM THE PROFESSOR.

Perhaps Not Strictly in Order, but Still Good Sense.

A young Southern lawyer sat in the Supreme court in which Justice Henry M. Gildersleeve was trying a case. "This is the first time I have ever seen the justice," he said, "but if he's as broad-minded as other members of his family there'll be no narrow application of the law in this case. A relative of his, Prof. Gildersleeve, was my professor in the University of Virginia. I was in the same class of which young Bradley Johnson, son of the famous Confederate General of that name, who died last fall, was a member. One day several of us had been out on a carouse and had failed to appear for recitations. It was our duty to report to Prof. Gildersleeve and make our excuses. I think it was I that was deputed to present the excuse. I hadn't said much when the professor broke in with a sternness which made us wish we couldn't tell the difference between French wine and corn whisky.

"Young gentlemen," he said, "you must realize you have entered upon the stern realities of life."

"We all bowed humbly, wondering whether expulsion was to be our fate.

"Young gentlemen," he added, "never take it with water. I never do. Good day, gentlemen."—New York Times.

Supreme Test of Love.

"George, we have been married just a year to-day, haven't we?" said Mrs. Worthington, as George came home from work, tired and rather out of sorts.

"Yes, dear, did you think I had forgotten it?"

"No, George; but I just thought I would mention it. And, George, in all this time has your love for me wavered for an instant? Has the horrible thought come to you at any time that you had made a mistake? Do you still feel the same toward me that you did upon that night a year ago, when you promised to love me always, to care for me and protect me through the trials to follow? Do you still feel the same?"

"Why, dearest, how can you ask such questions, when you know that I have done all in my power and with my whole heart to make you happy; when you know that I would willingly do anything you ask?"

"Then, George," sighed Mrs. Worthington, as she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, "there is one thing I must ask of you."

"Yes, dearest."

"I shall have to ask you to go down and discharge the cook. I haven't got the nerve."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Appreciated Adulation.

Dr. Lorimer, on his return from abroad about two years ago, told this anecdote to the passengers of the steamship New England:

"The Hon. Justin McCarthy and I were the guests of a business men's club at the Imperial, Cork, Ireland, when the following story was told by the noted author, as a post-prandial:

"An old school chum of mine by the name of Michael Hooley went to America in the early eighties to seek his fortune. His first position was that of a street sweeper, and then he was called 'Hooley.' In about a year he became 'Fireman Hooley'; then he was promoted to 'Policeman Hooley,' and finally it became 'Alderman Hooley.' One bright autumn Sunday, after he became 'Councilman Hooley,' as he entered the doors of Tremont Temple, great was his pleasure when the entire congregation arose in a body and shouted: 'Hooley, Hooley, Hooley Lord God Almighty.'"

—Boston Herald.

Mysterious Disease.

A new sickness has appeared recently and is known as Morkus Sabbathic, or Sunday sickness, and is a disease peculiar to church members. The attack comes on suddenly every Sunday; no symptoms are felt on Saturday night; the patient sleeps well, and eats a hearty breakfast, but about church time the attack comes on and continues until the services are over for the morning. Then the patient feels easy and eats a good dinner. In the afternoon he feels much better and is able to take a walk, talk about politics and read the Sunday papers; he eats a hearty supper, and about church time he has another attack and stays at home. He retires early, sleeps well and wakes up on Monday morning refreshed and able to go to work, and does not have any symptoms of the disease until the following Sunday.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Like Meeting an Old Friend.

The elderly cannibal greeted the new missionary warmly.

"Jackson?" he said, with a vigorous pressure of the hand. "Surely not K. Hooker Jackson III?"

"Yes," said the young man, beaming. "Yes, the same."

"Then it will interest you to know, sir," said the savage, "that I once served your grandfather, the first K. Hooker."

"Indeed? And in what way?" the missionary said.

"Brotled," the other answered, grinning ominously.

Great Educator Dead



WILLIAM RAINY HARPER

William Rainey Harper, president of the University of Chicago, died Jan. 10, at his residence, Fifty-ninth street and Lexington avenue, Chicago. Death resulted from a cancerous growth in the intestines of more than a year's standing.

The end was peaceful and without pain. All the members of the family were at the bedside when the end came. To all Dr. Harper had spoken his farewell message. His last words were: "God always helps."

Sketch of Dr. Harper's Career.

William Rainey Harper was born in New Concord, Muskingum county, Ohio, July 26, 1856. His parents, Samuel Harper and Ellen Elizabeth Rainey Harper, were of Scotch-Irish ancestry. The boy who grew to be the great educator, was the oldest of five children.

Dr. Harper received his early education in Muskingum college, in his home village. Entering the college at the age of eight years, he completed the course with honors, and was graduated when 14 years old with the degree of B. A. At the graduation exercises he delivered the commencement day oration in Hebrew, the study of which even then had intensely interested him.

Following his graduation Dr. Harper remained at home for three years, pursuing his favorite studies, and when 17 years of age entered the graduate department of Yale university, and after two years received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Then, almost exactly thirty years ago, he married the daughter of President Paul of the Muskingum college, and although only 19 years of age, began life as the principal of the Masonic college at Macon, Tenn.

Dr. Harper retained his position as head of the Masonic college for one year only. He resigned the principalship to become a tutor in Denison university at Granville, Ohio, of which Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews was then president. Dr. Harper was appointed principal of the preparatory department of the college.

In 1880 Dr. Harper went to Chicago, taking the chair of Hebrew and Old Testament exegesis of the Baptist Theological seminary at Morgan Park. Here he remained for six years, and not content with the regular duties of his position organized a summer school for the study of Hebrew, taught the same language by mail, and founded the American Institute of Hebrew.

The call extended to Dr. Harper by the trustees of the Morgan Park seminary was extended with some misgivings, and upon the advice of President Andrews of Denison and the president of their own seminary, George W. Northrup.

In 1885 President Harper became principal of the Chautauqua College of Liberal Arts, which position he retained for six years.

One year after accepting this place he resigned his chair at the Morgan Park seminary and became professor of Semitic languages in the faculty of the Yale university. He also became professor of Biblical literature in the academic faculty. He carried on the duties of his three positions with great success and vigor until 1890. He remained at the head of the Chautauqua system until 1891, when he went abroad for a short season of travel and study.

Immediately preceding this time plans in which President Harper had taken an active part, were in progress for the reviving of the Chicago university, which was at that time leading a precarious existence.

In June, 1891, Dr. Harper assumed his duties of president of the University of Chicago. His aim was to make the university one of the greatest educational institutions in the world, and his untiring energy and devotion to his scholastic ideals enabled him to make his early wish a realization.

His views regarding higher educa-

tion met with the approval of the greatest minds of the time, and it is almost entirely due to President Harper's boundless energy that the endowments were secured for the university.

Almost in a day after accepting the difficult task of rehabilitating the university Dr. Harper gathered around him the brightest scholars in America and created a faculty of an ability equaling that of a university with a history of a century.

Four children, three sons and a daughter, were born of his union with Miss Ellen Paul.

WHY MOCHA COFFEE IS SCARCE

Methods of Cultivation and Transportation Primitive.

Back in the mountain districts behind Aden the Arabs grow mocha coffee. Each "farmer" has a few bushes on which he raises enough for his own use and a little extra to sell to the traveling buyers who go from one farm to another collecting the raw berries in very small quantities. Finally, a caravan is formed which transports the precious product to Aden, a journey taking two or three weeks. From Aden the coffee is exported, mostly to France and America, where it is worth almost its weight in gold. Genuine mocha will not be easily obtainable, or cheap, until the Arabs adopt modern methods of cultivation and build railroads from the plantations to Aden, the seaport. Apropos of this, a contemporary thinks it a miracle that statistics show that during the last six years the grocers of this country have sold 3,500,000 pounds of "pure mocha and Java coffee," while there has been but 137,000 pounds imported during the same period.

Newspaper Men in High Offices.

Mayor McClellan of New York, an old-time newspaper reporter himself, has put not a few journalists into office in this his second administration. At the head of the fire department is Commissioner John H. O'Brien, who two years ago was a political reporter. Then there is a newspaper reporter at the head of the bridge department in the person of Commissioner James W. Stevenson. Health Commissioner Darlington was an editorial writer. License Commissioner John N. Bogart was a labor writer, Assessor Paul Weimann was a political reporter and Water Registrar Joseph W. Savage was a political reporter. All of these men are actively in control of departments and bureaus.

PRESIDENT ALVES OF BRAZIL

Chief Executive Has Held Many High Offices.

President Alves of Brazil was elected in 1902 for the four year term.



He was born in Brazil, and was graduated from Dom Pedro college, from which he holds the degree of doctor of laws. He was elected a state senator in 1871, and to congress in 1887. In 1889 he helped frame the new Brazilian constitution. From 1889 to 1902 he was consecutively minister of the treasury, federal senator, and governor of his native state of San Paulo.

THE CALL OF THE CANADIAN WEST.

The Greatest Wheat Crop of the Continent.

The year that has just closed has done a great deal toward showing the possibilities of Western Canada from an agricultural standpoint. The wheat crop has been very near to the 100,000,000 bushel limit that was looked upon as too sanguine an estimate only a short time ago, and the area that has been broken to fall wheat for the coming harvest will go a long way towards enabling the farmers of the West to overlap on the 100,000,000 bushel estimate next year. And while the spring and winter wheat have been doing so well during the past few years, the other cereals have been keeping up with the procession. Rye and barley have made immense strides, and peas and flax have been moving steadily along. Dairying, also, has been successfully carried on in the new provinces, and in every stage the farmer has been "striking it rich." To such an extent has the success of the West taken hold of the outsiders that the rush of our Americans to Saskatchewan and Alberta, which was looked upon as marvelous last year, bids fair to be largely exceeded in 1906, and as there are still millions of acres of free homesteads available, which the building of the new railways will render accessible to the markets, new wheat lands will be opened ere long. Amongst the first to avail himself of the opportunity presented will be the American can cities Dominion Government Agents are located, who are able and willing to give the latest and best information in regard to the new districts which the railways will open up, and there will be no abatement of the rush to the Canadian prairies during the coming season. Some time since a poet in the columns of the "Toronto Star" had the following stirring lines, which throb of the Western spirit:

There's a stir in the air, there's a thrill through the land,
There's a movement toward the great West;

And the eyes of all men for the moment are turned
To the country that we love the best.

For 'tis Canada's day in the world's calendar,
And to this merry toast let us sup:

"Here's to the land, the young giant of the North,
Where the prairies are opening up!"

They come from the East, and they come from the South,

They come o'er the deep rolling sea—
They come, for they know they will dwell 'neath a flag

That makes all men equal and free,
Then, once more the toast, and let every man rise

And cheer ere he sips from the cup:
"Here's to the land, the young giant of the North,

Where the prairies are opening up!"

Habit may be second nature, but it is seldom an improvement on the original.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind-colic. See a bottle.

Feminine beauty should appeal to the heart rather than to the eye.

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

No woman believes in saving money by buying fewer clothes.

Cures Cancer, Blood Poison and Scrofula.

If you have blood poison producing eruptions, pimples, ulcers, swollen glands, bumps and risings, burning, itching skin, copper-colored spots or rash on the skin, mucous patches in mouth or throat, falling hair, bone pains, old rheumatism or foul catarrh, take Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.).

It kills the poison in the blood; soon all sores, eruptions, heat, hard swellings subside, aches and pains stop and a perfect cure is made of the worst cases of Blood Poison.

For cancers, tumors, swellings, eating sores, ugly ulcers, persistent pimples of all kinds, take B. B. B. It destroys the cancer poison in the blood, heals cancer of all kinds, cures the worst humors or suppurating swellings. Thousands cured by B. B. B. after all else failed. B. B. B. composed of pure botanic ingredients. Improves the digestion, makes the blood pure and rich, stops the awful itching and all sharp, shooting pains. Thoroughly tested for thirty years. Drug-gists, 25¢ per bottle, with complete directions for home cure. Sample free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice also sent in sealed letter.

Even the barking dog stops to take a bite when hungry.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5¢ cigar, made of extra quality tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

If love is really blind, where does love at first sight come in?

For Immediate Use.

Little Girl—I want to get a mitten, please, an' charge—to me mother.

Shopkeeper—A mitten? You mean a pair of mittens, sissy.

Little Girl—No, jest only one that's suitable for a boy that's goin' to propose and be rejected.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

In the Wrong Place.

The country has made a mistake in sending so many canal-diggers to congress when their services are so needed with shovels down in Panama.—Knoxville Journal-Tribune.