

Bellefonte, Pa., February 14, 1890.

AN OLD-TIME QUILTING BEE. Yes, we held a grand reception and had everything in style,
With flowers everywhere and fruit as high as
we could pile, The aristocracy was there, all gorgeously ar-And every body acted just as if 'twas a dress And every body acted just as if 'twas a dress parade.

Lucinda—she's my wife—appeared in dresses rich and rare,

th furbelows and flounces and with flowers in her hair;

But somehow as I looked at her I couldn't help but see

The scene when first I met her at an old-time quilting hee.

How mem'ry will keep running back to othe" How mem'ry will keep running back to other days and scenes;
I sometimes quite forget that part of life which intervenes
Between the years when all I owned was youthful hope and health,
And later times which brought me more of worriment and wealth.
And so at the reception in the midst of beauty's glare. ty's glare, Her face, shough old and wrinkled, was the sweetest picture there— The one whose smile of friendship has forever welcomed me Since first I met her glances at the old-time

In those days which we old folks call the In those days which we old folks call the "happy long ago,"

The girls would in the morning meet and gainto his old listless attitude but for a Iy chat and sew;
They'd keep it up till evening, when the neighbor boys would come,
And hold a party or a dance before they left for home;
And when the quilt was finished then they'd take the old house cat
And place it in the middle while we loudly hollowed "Scat!"
The two the cat would jump between 'twas said that she and he
Would be the first to marry who were at the quilting hee.

And so that night I speak of, when the quilting all was done The girls were eager then to see which way the cat would run. I won't forget Lucinda as she stood there by my side, Nor how we blushed all crimson as they called us groom and bride.

I said it was an accident, and so I've always But anyhow before the year had passed we two were wed,
And to this very day there are no scenes so fair to me
As mem'ries of that evening at an old-time quilting bee.—Chicago Herald.

HAL'S BABY.

BY LILLIAN SPENCER.

It was a bleak December night, and the wind blew a gale. A gray mist had been gathering over the hills all the afternoon, and when the sun set in the cloudy west the shadows deepened, and snow flakes fell silently upon the hard, bare ground. Hal and I boarded the limited express for New York at Chicago, and were enjoying a cigar in the smoker. Hal had fallen asleep, and I was busily absorbed in my own reflections. I glanced casually, and with little interest at the scenes through I was being rapidly Now it was farm country, with miles of pasture, and here and ering from behind the towering hills; now smart towns with huge manufactories of steel and iron, where the atmosphere was thick with smoke and sulphur, and where there were dilapidated dwellings, crowded and cheerless, with wan-looking children crouching in the door-ways, seemingly stifled with the smoke which poured from the tall chimney shafts.

Then came level stretches of plain, where now and then a gaunt tree stretched forth its spectral arms and reflected weird shadows upon the frozen soil. And then long ranges of hill and dark flowing rivers whose waters lapped against the granite quays of the bridges which spanned them.

As I observed before, all this made but little impression upon me, I was so deep in my own thoughts. It was only when twilight shut out visible objects, and the lowering clouds overhead grew black, I awakened to the consciousness that it was night, and that Hal had been sleeping an hour. "Come, old fellow," I said, shaking

him, "wake up!"
"Hello!" he exclaimed, rousing him self and looking a little stupid.
"Nice sociable chap for a compan

ion, I must say." "How long have I been asleep?" sit-

ting upright and looking around him. "About an hour, I should judge." "Well, between you and me, Will, I meeded it. I didn't go to bed at all last night; so much to be done, all at the

last moment" That's a fine excuse for you to give," I said dryly. Hal laughed. He was the best natured chap in the world. A gize for the disturbance my little one big, strapping fellow, standing six feet has caused, and the great annoyance high, with merry blue eyes, clear cut features and fair almost to womanli- lieve me, I would have done anything ness He was a great swell too, and a universal favorite. Rich, young, hand-some, why should he not have been? We were now on our way to the great metropolis, and from there across the continent in the spring, with no single object in view, save that of getting as much enjoyment out of the journey as we could. I had been Hal's college chum and friend for years and I was as poor as he was rich. It was downright charity his taking me along, and from no one else in the world would I

"Abominable night," he muttered, a little irritably for him, "and confoundedly cold, too. I had just about half enough sleep, and if you don't mind I'll get to bed." 'That suits me," I replid. "I am

have accepted the benefit.

with you." We crossed the platform and steped into the other car. A gust of wind and snow whizzed past as we opened the door, which called forth another grumbling imprecation from Hal, rela- at this.' tive to the weather. Decidedly he was sleepy. There not many passenger on his neck, Miss baby's cheek was press- comes as the process of physical dissolu-

uncertain light of the railway lamp,

lamps usually are, quite as ornamental. found them, and wore an expression rather bland than otherwise. A portly band-boxes next attracted my attention. | flushed forehead. observed she had a disposition to ply the conductor about every five minutes with inquiries. A spinster who sat upright in a most rigid position, an insipid Miss of seventeen or thereabouts traveling in care of the conductor, together with a short, stout, thick man of uncertain age and occupation, made up such earnestness in his face I knew he the list of passengers. No, there was another; I had quite overlooked him. He came on the train while we were in the smoker. A tall, dark man of about and when he parted with her in the it is deep and ever remain there. Be forty years, with a pale, haggard face and hollow, sunken eyes. His berth baby's white hand, and I knew it was had been made up and he was seated on the one Hal kissed last, before givon one side of it, his head resting on ing her back to her father. his hand, when Hal and I entered the car. Our section was directly opposite but he paid not the slightest heed, though we brushed past him in order to take our seats.

"Here, you porter," called Hal, as that linen-coated individual whizzed by, holding a pair of steps perilously near our heads; "make up this berth as quickly as ever you can, and don't wake me if I sleep till we get to New York."

At this the gloomy man looked up shrill little voice which echoed through the silent car and caused every one to turn around in the direction whence it

"By all that's unlucky," groaned

Hal, "a baby!"
"Not a doubt of it," I agreed. "And good lungs it has too," he went on pettishly. "I wish it would be

But the baby hadn't the slightest notion of this. To speak the truth it had not begun yet. The shrill cry continued growing louder and louder; the passangers commenced staring hard at the berth, and harder at one another. The garrilous old gentleman laid aside his magazine, and remarked sarcasti-"This is pleasant." cally,

The portly lady opened her watery eyes as wide as she could, and exclaimed: "Dear me."

The spinster wore an air of virtuous triumph and said nothing. I daresay she congratulated herself upon her lucky escape. The commercial traveler looked wicked. Hal, I am corry to say, swore, and tumbled into bed in no very enviable frame of mind. Presently every one sought his or her resting place, the lamps were lowered, and the porter made himself as comfortable as the rules of the company would permit. But through it all that baby cried. The storm raging without was mild in comparison with the storm raging within.

"By jove!" exclaimed Hal, "bed is a mockery. Of all the nuisances I ever came in coutact with, this takes throws the entire load upon the Lord, the palm. What do the parents mean grabs an old pipe, smiles as he smokes, by letting it scream like that? Why don't they attend properly to their business ?"

At this he opened the curtains, looked out, and calling up to me, said : "Will, the father has it, and he's holding it upside down."

The tall, dark man was striding up and down carrying, and most clumsily at that, the child, who appeared to be about two years old, and who beat him with her little fits and struggled to get on the floor, all the while crying lustily. The dark gentleman was perfectly unmoved; he paced the car in a mechanical way, paying not the slightest heed either to the baby or the many un charitable remarks he could not fail to

Seemingly not, for at that very moment she burst into fresh and more vigorous cries.
"Pitch her out of the window," sug-

gested the stout gentleman. "Do something," murmured the com-

mercial traveler. "Let her cry; it's likely to kill her," put in the spinster, complacently. "In the name of heaven," exclaimed Hal, springing out of bed in desperation and intercepting the dark gentlemen in his march, "why don't you give the child to her mother? That is what she wants. Give her to her mother and be done with it."

"Sir," said the dark gentlemen, stopping and speaking deliberately, "and you all, ladies and gentleman," turning and addressing the heads bobbing from gize for the disturbance my little one you have been forced to endure. Bein my power to prevent it. You, too suggest I give her to her mother. Sir, her mother is in the front car in her coffin. I must do the best I can."

No one spoke a word, and every head disappeared in his or her curtain in a trice. Hal stood dumbfounded for a moment, and then drawing himself up and speaking manfully said:

I am. Go to bed, and give this young lady to me," But do you think you could-

"I think so, if I tried." "Thank you. A little rest will be a great boon." "Come here, Miss," said Hal, holding out his arms. "Come along, or I'll take you anyhow."

To his utter amazement the tiny hands were immediately outstretched to him, and with a little sigh the baby nestled against his shoulder. "By all that's mysterious, Will, look

came a garrulous old gentleman, very closer and kissed her dimpled hands thin with white hair. who occupied and face, and held her tenderly in his four seats and essayed to read by the great strong arms.

"Will, come and see her," he called, which was of no more use than those "she's prettier than a picture."

Then disposed to take things as he at the fairy, there she lay asleep in all as some farmers raise mules. her baby beauty with a sweet smile curvrather bland than otherwise. A portly ing her rosy lips, and her golden hair old lady with a bird cage and several falling in tangled curls over her little

"She is pretty." I admitted.
"Pretty," echoed Hal. "Well, I should think so. Will, you may not believe it, but I'd give a good round sum if she belonged to me; I would, upon my word."

And when he looked up there was meant it. He held her so all night, scarcely breathing lest he should disturb her.

A Sermon From Parson Pomeroys.

GET UP AND GET.

Brick Pomeroy's Advance Thought. Beloved Blacksliders :- There is too much religious tobogganing going on in this country. Too much dragging the sled of sin to the top of the hill, then getting aboard of it, going to sleep, and scooting back down into the old sloughs of dirt, laziness, and its various concom-

Many of you sleepy heads do not understand what is meant by religion. You can always find it in a dictionary, but some of you would have to borrow telescope and look long and hard to find anything more than a shell of it in your hearts.

Religion, dear hearers, means friendship for a cause. Not a profession, and a going to sleep, and a sinking of the good far down as possible into the mo-rass of apathy. Friendship for a friend leads a man to hustle at times and to do something to help that triend along. Your parson would not give two grains of sand for all the friendship in the world that is not sufficiently alive, friendly and vigorous to befriend.

A man is pricked by conscience. He knows that back of the returning board are slathers of acts in his life he would not have the world or any decent person therein know of. He is made to feel that he is booked for the iron works that are not located in the New Jerusalem. He fairly smells the old-time brand of brimstone that men used to shake under the eyes and nose of a person in order to get an action of the hands toward and into the pocket. He looks at his past record and feels that he has always bit off more than he can chew without slobbering. He is afraid that his future may be located for the long term in a locality where the price of ice is never quoted. Then he joins a church. He reads that the proper thing to do is to throw all his burdens on the Lord. Then he packs up all the odds and ends of entailed, detailed, and dovetailed wickedness he has in the garret or down cellar, makes them into a bundle, of a power that he does not possess is goes to sleep, and labels it religion.

This is the fashionable way, but the essence of religion · leaked out and ran into the ground the moment the selfsatisfied saint threw his burdens on to the Lord, thus adding to the weight of the cross.

There is but one way to get there in good shape. That is to get up and git— to keep your machinery moving, if it is but one man and a wheelbarrow. If the world that you really feel an interest in the cause of human advancement. Never mind the Lord. He will take care of himself. The best way to please God, and to insure eternal happiness, is to get right to work doing all you can to help better the condition of men, women dirty rags, and some day you will be sorry for your neglect of your duty to your fellow man.

If religion is not worth keeping alive and in activity, abandon it and hibernate in a hog pen. If you join a church only to get into good society, the one who comes in just behind you is badly the world is full of them and more spoken for. If you wish your church to prosper, keep it clean. See that the plank walk leading to it is safe and pleasant to walk over. Be sure to fill the stove with fuel and your minister with food. Give what you give without grumbling, growling and grunting. The Lord loves a cheerful giver. The giver who worms and squirms, and hangs on to a dime till it is hot, don't get a particle of credit for what he gives. Give money. Give food. Give fuel. Give labor. Give something that is of the best and what is useful when you give; give it, and let it go. Give kinds Give kind deeds. Give help to those weaker and worse off than yourself; but give no adulation to any one simply because his shirt is finer, or his bank account bigger than is yours. Give sunshine to your brethren, your neighbors, and above all to your home To your wife, who is growing old while you are growing cold, give words "I humbly beg your pardon. I that are pleasant and thoughts that do not corode and depress all within

not corrode and depress all within your gates. Try to make others all around you This is religion. This happier. God's kind of religion. Protect girls in their virtue, boys in their manhood, adults in their earnings, and man in his sublime right to think as far, as fast, and in as many directions as it is possible to pierce the gloom. Be active. Get up and git. Do not sit in the house day after day trying your best to be sick. Do not grunt and growl every time a little pain or ache lights on you. Do not think that you are the only one who has money. The only one who has land. The only one who has sick-Miss baby's arms were tight around ness. The only one to whom sickness each year to the beautiful home Over There, where they are cared better than here, where affection is so often confounded with a desire to raise children

An when I crept out and stole a look | for financial profit to parents, the same

One active beech nut, given a chance, will result in a forest. One little good thought started right will go around the world and keep on its travels. It gets there by moving, not by sitting sulkily in the sawdust and wishing it were plum pudding. Get up and git. Move on. Catch on. Hold fast as long as you can, and if you are knocked off grab for the next car that comes, and you will git there. But don't start in the wrong direction. Do not start for a drunkard's grave, or you will be sure to git there. Do not start in to go it blind whenever some sucker or shrimp blows the horn for you to fall in, lest you f ll in where morning there was a tear glistening on active, or git out of the way, and in one baby's white hand, and I knew it was year see how much better off in mind, body and comforts you will be. Never mind the singing. The choir has the Grippe. Let us git, and go home.

A Dangerous Game.

All cool-headed thinking men agree with the Philadelphia Times that this is a dangerous game that the Republicans are playing in Washington. From the very beginning of the government it has been the unbroken rule that the participation a quorum was necessary for the transaction of business and that the presence of a sufficient number of members could be determined only by their response at

roll call. If this established rule was to be changed, thus changing in a most important respect the common body of parliamentary law, it should only be done by the deliberate action of the nouse under the safeguard of a carefully expressed rule. The Republicans at all, but by the arbitrary mandate of the Speaker.

We do not believe that the established law of all parliamentary bodice, which determines the presence of a member at roll call only by his recorded vote, ought to be changed. It has never done serious harm; it has often done important good. But the present question is not whether the rule ought to be

changed, but whether it has been. It certainly has not been changed, because less than a quorum cannot set aside an immemorial rule that requires the participation of a majority of the whole House, and on the motion by which the ruling of the Speaker was apparently sustained less than one-half of the House voted. The motion, therefore, was not lawfully adopted. The Speaker's declaration of its passage was in defiance of law and fact.

It is the House, not the Speaker, that the Constitution empowers to "determine the rules of its proceedings" and "compel the attendance of absent members." Granting that the House might delegate to the Speaker the power to count as present members who do not answer to their names—a very dangerous power, because an arbitrary one—the fact remains that it never has

revolutianary and dangerous. But there is an appeal from a lawless tyranny. The people of the United States will have an opinion to express on this subject in about nine months

Threw Up a Tin Whistle

The Williamsport Republican makes the following statement: "Our readers will remember the publication in this paper nearly two months ago of you are a member of a church, show to the particulars of a destressing mishap occurring in the family of Mr. Charles Emerson, 806 Washington street, in which a child swallowed a tin whistle and for eight or ten days after the accident pertook of no solid food. After that period the child gradually grew better, but it was evident that the whistle was still making itself felt, as overhear. An hour passed, and, still the night was made hideous by those piercing screams.

"Thunderation!" roared Hal, "will the little beggar never have done?"

"Thunderation of men, women and children. All you do to make drunkards of men; prostitutes of women; beggars of children; the little done of the little beggar never have done?"

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"Thunderation of men, women and children. All you do to make drunkards of men; prostitutes of children; the little done of the little done His parents lived in the hope that the whistle would soon be taken from the child's stomach, yet they could not help worry over what might be the consequence from the unfortunate af-

Thursday afternoon about 4 o'clock George was descending a flight of stairs, sold. If you love the Good Father, whom men call God, why not stir your stumps in behalf of His children, and fell headlong to the floor, striking and when at a point within four or with great force upon the pit of his stomach. Shortly afterwards the child complained to his mother of having a sharp pain in the region of his stomach, and the parent adminstered an emetic, when the child commenced to vomit, and the whistle that had so long oc-cupied a place within the little fellow came up and dropped upon the floor."

Unreasonable Republicans.

Chicago Times.

A prolonged howl, compared with which the famous rebel yell was the sighing now being raised by the Republicans of the States west of the Missouri against idly?"

"Ez fast as er hoss ken trot, sah." of a zephyr through a rosebud, is just ing about is that, as they think, the President is neglecting them. That is, they are not receiving what they regard as their share of the spoils of the last Presidential conflict. Admitting that the President has discriminated against this part of the West, the Western Republicans need not expect President Harrison to be better than other Presidents in regard to securing his nomination and election and rewarding his supporters. The man is
tied hand and foot and what can he
do? We protest against this badgering
of a President who gave away in ad
additional results and result vance everything the government had and who now has nothing at his disposal with which to satisfy the ravenous applicants for government favors. Possibly the Western Republicans will object to this reasoning and say that the President is no way indebted to the Republican nabobs of New York and Pennsylvania, because, as he himself admits, his nomination and election were the work of "the board and these the invariably trave-lers one is sure to encounter. First Lord." But they must see that this argument cuts both ways, and that if New York.

-The safest way to approach a

She Will Face Sure Death.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31 .- Among the passengers on the Cunard steamship Bothnia, which arrived yesterday morning, was sister Rose Gertrude. She is on her way to the island of Molokai, in the South Pacific ocean, where those suffering from leprosy are taken to live out their suffering lives. Sister Rose Gertrude was at one time Amy Fowler. She was born but thirty-five years ago in Bath, England, where she was reared and educated. Her parents were

wealthy.

Miss Fowler decided to take the veil and joined the order of St. Dominic. After several years of usefulness to her fellow-beings news came from across the ocean that Father Damien was dead. His devotion to the lepers of Molokai was the sole topic of conversation among the women who labored daily under

Sister Gertrude's leadership.

She finally decided to master all of Pasteur's ideas concerning leprosy, and then go to the Island of Molokai, and devote the rest of her life to the lepers. Everybody to whom Miss Fowler spoke tried to persuade her not to go. remarkable courage she looks forward to her work on the disease stricken island with more than pleasure. She knows that she cannot live more than

ten years.
Miss Fowler was seen in her stateroom on the Bothnia yesterday morning. She is a neat little woman about 35 years old. She is about five feet two inches tall and is build very slim. Her face is kindly if not pretty. The features are regular and small, but well formed, and denote great determination. She was dressed entirely in black but not in nun's clothing. There were a number of prominent Catholic laymen have under taken to do it with no rule at the dock to meet her, and one young gentleman went down the bay to look after her luggage and personal comfort.

"I expect to get to Molokai by the middle of February. I do not intend to stay in New York at all and shall proceed as soon as I possibly can.'

Captain Jack Gossin's Wit.

In the whole list of officers now surviving of that Irish Brigade which fought so bravely during the war under Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher there is, perhaps, not a single one more renowned for dare-devil courage, ready wit and genial good humor than Captain Jack Gossin, who was Meagher's prized chief of staff, and who still lives to recall in the company of old friends the many scrapes through which he passed un-

Captain Gossin, though fast nearing the time when he must join some of his comrades on another camping ground, still looks hale and hearty, and is as buoyant in manner as the youngest of the auditors who listen to his stories. He enjoys those told at his expense just as well as those he tells himself. This

is one of the former: During a lull in hostillities several of to Gen. Sumner's headquarters appli-cations for leave of absence, but in evossin had to ride from the Irish Brigade position to the headquarhis usual buoyant manner and took his place among the crowd of officers wait-

"Hallo, Captain Jack!" shouted the General;

Brigade!" "Oh, not much, General," was the reoly; "but all the boys are complaining

your bad spelling. The old general grew purple. To have his orthography thus publicly criticised was worse than if a loaded rifle had been leveled at him in the midst of his

"What! What do they mean?" he hoarsely shouted. "What word was misspelled?" "Oh, General," calmly responded

Captain Jack, "they only complain that you always spell approved with a dis before it. Summer saw the joke, and after a hearty laugh said; "Well, Captain Jack,

I haven't spelled it that way for you

But Captain Jack declared that the only place he was safe from his creditors was at the front and wouldn't put the General's spelling to the test.

A Strong Writer.

"Stephen," said the colonel, speaking to an old negro who had come to cut the grass in the yard, "I am told that you intend to give your son a good edu-

cation.' "Dat's what I does, sah. I knows whut it is ter struggle erlong widout l'arnin, and I's termined dat my son shan't travel b'arfoot ober der same flint rock road dat I did,"

"A noble resolution, Stephen. There is something beautiful in the unculti-

W'y last week he write er letter ter his aunt dat lives mo' den twenty miles frum yere, an' atter while he gwine ter write ter his udder aunt dat libs fifty

miles erway.' "Why doesn't he write to her now?" "Oh he kain't write so fur yit. He ken write twenty miles fust rate, but I tole him not ter try ter write fifty miles till he got stronger wid his pen. But

A FINE JELLY .-- Cover two ounces of gelatine with cold water, and let soak one hour, add a pound of sugar and a pint of boiling water, stir until the sugar is dissolved, and add a pint and a half of cranberry juice. Strain and pour into a shallow square pan and set on ice. Cover two ounces more of gelatine with cold water and let soak pour over a quart of boiling water, a pound of sugar, the juice of four lemons with the grated yellow of the rinds, stir until dissolved, strain in a shallow and set to cool. When firm and hard cut in little blocks, and heap on a large mule is to go the other way around the flat glass dish, the red and yellow jellies alternately.

Uncle Gabe and the Bible.

United States Senator Colquitt of deorgia delights in telling a story of his efforts at missionary work among the Afro-Americans in the vicinity of his home, says a Washington letter to the New York Tribune. He selected as a specimen test "Uncle Gabe," a former slave, who had learned to read in a very crude way, and to whom he offered \$5 if he would read the bible through to the end. Gabe accepted the offer and took away with him a brand-new bible and began his wrestle with the scriptur-Two weeks later Gabe returned, bible in hand.

"Well, Gabe, how did you like the book ?

Gabe hesitated to reply and was pressed further.
"Well, Mars Colquitt, I tells you how it is. I don't like de book nohow." "Explain yourself; I don't catch your meaning," said the senator. "What part of the bible did you read,

Gabe ?' "I reads, sah, until I gits to whar Abraham fergits Isaac, and Isaac fergits Jacob and Jacob, he fergits Joseph, and den I reads no moah. There is too much fergittin, sah, tosuit me."

Australia's Big Trees.

The gigantic trees of California are familiar to all and are the monarchs of the New World, yet they are overtopped by the monarchs of the forest in Australia. One of the tallest of the American trees has a height of three hundred and twenty-five feet and is ninety-three feet in circumference at the ground. One of the Australian gums is over one hundred feet taller. This tree was discovered by some natives who were guiding a party of whites in one of the glens of the Warren river. They were riding along when they suddenly came upon the monster lying prone upon the ground. The trunk was hollow, about four hundred feet in lenth, and so huge that three Karri riders rode into it and turned or wheeled about without dismounting. Another of these giants was measured in the Dandenong and found to be four hundred and twenty feet in lenth, while there is a eucalyptus in the Berwick Range estimated at five hundred feet. To appreciate the height of these marvels of tree life we have but to remember that the largest could raise its upper branches over the Cathedral at Strasburg or the top of the great pyramid of Cheops.

Cow Stables.

With Windows, and Curtains, and

The Lancaster County Agricultural Society had its annual meeting the other day and Professor Wickersham, in relating his observations in Europe, said that cattle and dogs are used as beasts of burden, and cows are hitched to the the officers of the Irish brigade had sent plow. The farms are small and the owners can't afford to keep a horse. The Doctor frequently saw a woman ery case the papers were returned mark-ed "disapproved." A few days later Captain Gossin had to ride from the No manure is permitted to wasteters of Sumner. Gossin entered with every morsel of it is gathered up and used. Every foot of land is cultivated. After coming from the thoroughly tilled farms of Europe, Lancaster county looked almost like a wild country to "what news from the Irish | him. Two and three crops are taken off the land there each year. But few fences are found there; they are discarded as a matter of economy. Herdsmen, assisted by well-trained dogs, keep the cattle and other stock. The north of Holland is a great plain below the level of the sea, and the soil is immensely rich. Dairying is the one great industry of this country, and the cows are tenderly cared for; no farmer here takes better care of his favorite horse. The town of Brock is famous for it cleanliness. The streets, even, are kept scrupulously clean and neat, and visitors the oriental custom of removing their shoes before enterning the house. Curtains are hung at the windows, and plants in pots adorn the window sills of the cow stables.

How to Sharpen a Pencil.

"It really makes me tired to see the average man sharpen a pencil," said an old newspaper man in a stationery store to a Star reporter. "He will cut his fingers, cover them with dirt and black-en them with lead-dust, and still will not sharpen the pencil. "There is but one way to sharpen a

pencil, and that is to grasp it firmly with the point from you and not toward you. Take your knife in the other hand and whittle as though you had lots of pencils to waste. By following these directions and turning the pencil over you will soon have it neatly and regularly sharpened, and your fingers will be unsoiled and you will not need any court plaster to put on the wounds, because you cannot cut your fingers when whittling from them.

"This method is the best, whether the knife is dull or sharp. If the pencil is a soft one there is no sense in sharpening the lead. Simply cut away the wood, and in writing turn the pencil over, thus

writing with the sides of the lead.
"Another disgusting and senseless habit is placing the pencil in the mouth when writing. This is a relic of the days when pencils were as hard as flint and before the manufacturers were able to produce the smooth, soft pencils that are used to-day. This continual dampening of the lead will harden even a good graphite percil and make it hard and gritty. It is simply a habit, any way, and most habits are bad ones. -Washington Star.

Horrors of Mormonism.-Small Son-"Ma, what's Mormons?" Mother-' Um-men who have a

good many wives." "A good many ?"

"Yes; thirty or forty sometimes."
"Oo! That's awful."

"Yes, my son." "Just awful. I wouldn't like to have thirty or forty mammas to spank me."—New York Weekly.

-A man told of an adventure which was so horrible that he said it just raised his hair. "Well," said the bald-headed man in the back corner, "I'll guess I'll try it."-Judge.